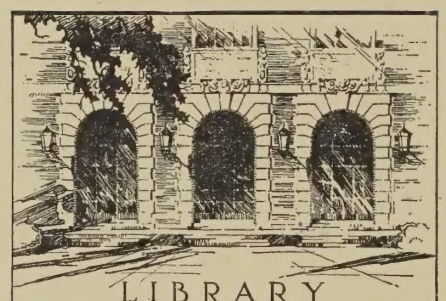

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In This Number

George Pattullo—Fannie Hurst—Forrest Crissey—Arthur Somers Roche—Garet Gar
Maximilian Foster—Corinne Lowe—Viola Rodgers—Helen Van Campen—H. G. W

HYATT

The Bearing that Serves the Greatest Number of Motor Cars

Satisfactory service to the owner is the first consideration of good motor-car construction.

No better proof of the good service of Hyatt Roller Bearings could be offered than their continued use in various locations by these manufacturers who make ninety per cent of all motor cars built.

Pleasure Cars

Abbott-Detroit	Dixie	Hollier	Moline-Knight	Princess
Alter	Dort	Hudson	Monitor	Pullman
Apperson	Dupont	Hupmobile	Monroe	Regal
Arbenz	Elcar	Imperial	Moon	Reo
Auburn	Elco	Interstate	Moore	Richmond
Bell	Empire	Jackson	Murray	Roamer
Biddle	Erie	Jeffery	National	Ross
Bour-Davis	Farmack	Jones	Nelson	Saxon
Briscoe	Fisher	Keeton	New Era	Scripps-Booth
Buick	Ford	King	Niagara	Sphinx
Bush	Fostoria	Kissel Kar	Oakland	Standard
Cadillac	Grant	Lambert	Oldsmobile	Stearns-Knight
Case	Gray-Dort	Luverne	Overland	Sterling
Chalmers	Great Western	McLaughlin	Packard	Stutz
Chandler	H. A. L.	Marion-Handley	Paige	Sun
Chevrolet	Hackett	Marmon	Partin-Palmer	Trumbull
Coey Flyer	Halladay	Martin	Paterson	Velie
Cole	Harvard	Maxwell	Pathfinder	Westcott
Crow-Elkhart	Hatfield	Mecca	Perry	Willys-Knight
Crowther	Haydock	Metz	Pilgrim	Woods Mobilette
Davis	Herff-Brooks	Mitchell	Pilot	

Commercial Cars

Armleder	Denby	Jeffery	Mercury	Rush
Atlas	Denmo	Jewett	Modern	S. & S.
Available	Duplex	Kelly-Springfield	Moon	Sanford
Bessemer	Falcon	Kentucky	Moore	Selden
Brockway	Fargo	King	Niles	Signal
Buick	Federal	Kissel	Old Hickory	Standard
Burford	"G-M-C"	Kosmath	Ottumwa	Stewart
Cadillac	Globe	Kressler	P. & C.	Sullivan Bros.
Chase	Gramm-Utility	Lambert	Packard	Superior
Clark	Hascall	Lane	Palmer-Moore	Thomas
Clyde	Hatfield	Lawson	Patterson	Tiffin
Coleman	Henderson	Lincoln	Paulding	Van Winckle
Columbia	Hendrickson	Lippard-Stewart	Pennsy	Velie
Commerce	Hercules	Little Giant	Pierce-Arrow	Vim
Corliss	Horner	M. & C.	Pullman	Vulcan
Dart	Indiana	Martin	Reo	Wichita
DeKalb	International	Maxim	Republic	Wilcox Trux
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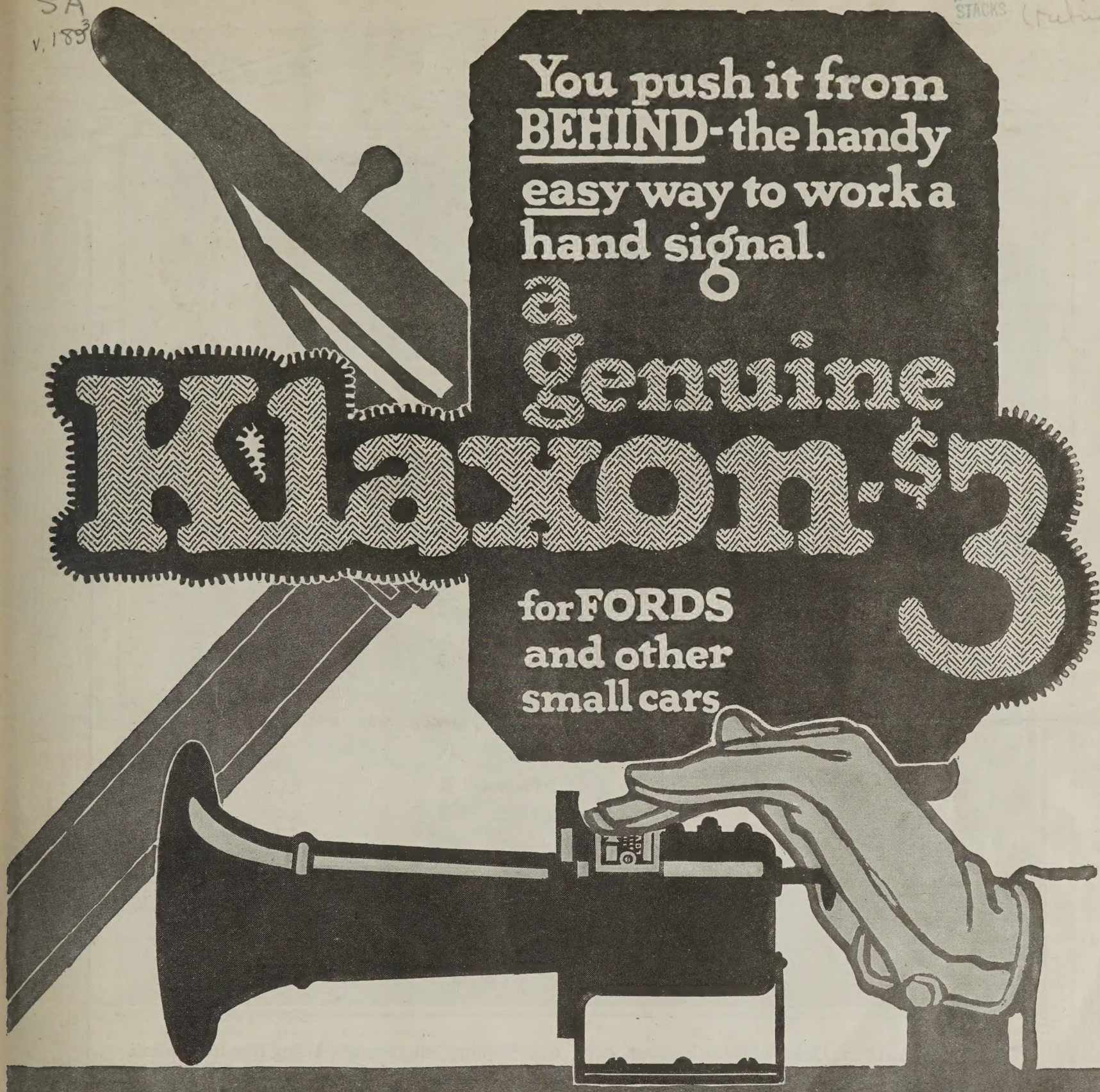

A KLAXON for 1,800,000 MOTORISTS

To Klaxon Dealers: Right now—on the streets and roads of the United States—there are more than a MILLION small cars with signals that are feeble, weak, unsatisfactory or entirely useless. Some are old-time bulb horns. Some are "Buzzers." Some are cheap hand horns. A big majority of the owners of these million cars will want the new Klaxon-3.

Because it has the KLAXON NOTE. Because it has the Klaxon OVAL Projector that sends the sound straight ahead instead of scattering it. Because it CARRIES. Because it WARNS. Because it pushes from BEHIND—the *new* and *better* straight-from-the-shoulder way. Because it ALWAYS WORKS. Because it has Klaxon QUALITY in it, the Klaxon NAME on it, Klaxon reputation BEHIND it. And because it costs THREE DOLLARS.

Add to this million cars another 800,000 small cars that will be sold in 1917—with equally unsatisfactory, ineffective horns on them. That's a possible market of 1,800,000.

How much of this market is in your own town? Estimate the number of cars there—and you can safely figure that TWO-THIRDS—two cars in every three—are bang-up good prospects for Klaxon-3s.

We are doubling the capacity of the largest signal factory in the industry to take care of the demand for KLAXON-3s. But we suggest that you write your jobbe at once to avoid disappointment in deliveries.

Klaxon Company, Newark, N. J.

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Ivory Soap removes the dirt without harming the finish. Its mild, white, pure, neutral lather does nothing but cleanse. Being free from alkali and all harsh materials, it is perfectly safe. Being free from unsaponified oil, it leaves no greasy film.

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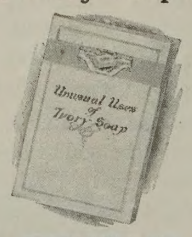
Directions for cleaning over a hundred articles not ordinarily washed with soap and water are included in this booklet "Unusual Uses of Ivory Soap." Thousands of women have found it very helpful. You should have a copy. It is free. Address The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. 25-A, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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THE PIKER'S MARKET

By Maximilian Foster

A FEW days ago, in one of the more or less palatial refreshment places that dot the Wall Street district, a group of plainly dressed men, all of commonplace appearance, stood at the bar, drinking champagne at seven dollars a bottle. All reports to the contrary, the bubbling grape is not Wall Street's daily tipple. "A piker's drink" is what the big men, the big operators and brokers, term it; though never mind about that. The bartender having rung up the check on the cash register, one of the men, a middle-aged person who, from his looks, might have been taken for a shopkeeper or a small professional man, produced a roll of bills.

The roll was huge. It was in its dimensions of the shape and size of a tomato can, added to which all the bills were of big denomination—all but one, it seemed. Buried in the roll was a single, simple V; and as the glance of the man fell upon it he hiccuped disdainfully.

"Here, you dog!" he grunted. "What're you doing among real money?" And, crumpling the bill into a ball, he tossed it to the floor.

This anecdote is not related because of its humor. It is not even alleged to be funny. The sole reason why it is published here is that it seems to cast a vivid and illuminating light on what, just now, is going on in Wall Street. Never has Wall Street had so much money. Never has the public shared so freely in that money. This, in fact, is the point to be dwelt upon. Not only have outsiders been running the market—running away with it, one might say—but they have never before been of such an obscure, indiscriminate class.

The anecdote just related was told to a broker, the head of one of Wall Street's biggest margin houses, and he nodded indifferently.

"I know," he said; "the Street's filled with clowns like that. This is the Public's Market, you know. You could call it the Piker's Market instead."

The Miraculous Flood of Inpouring Money

AS EVIDENCE of this the broker hauled out the firm's account book. Two hundred and sixty-two separate accounts showed on the book in question, and of this number only fifteen displayed transactions in lots of one hundred shares or more. The remainder were trading in lots of five, ten and twenty shares. However, this must not be taken to mean that the bulk of the present speculation is done in fractional lots—for that matter, in separate hundred-share transactions; there is still a mass of heavy trading taking place. The point is that, mixed in among this, more shoestring dabbling is going on in Wall Street than the Street ever before has known.

The cause—that and the reason for the present tremendous bulge in Wall Street securities—is known, of course, to everyone. Three years ago an air of gloom pervaded every brokerage office. It was predicted freely that the country never again would see a big bull market. It was said everywhere that the public was out of the market, and out of it for good. To all intents this was true. The public was, indeed, out of the market; and only a convulsion could bring it back again. It had been tricked too long. It had been jobbed and cheated; swindled so often that at last it had grown wise. Added to this, much light had been let in on Wall Street ways and methods by various legislative inquiries—by these and by what the newspapers and periodicals published. Consequently no market that was purely manipulative would ever again attract the public. If ever it came back it would indeed be only through a convulsion. Well, the convulsion happened.

It was the war, of course. But for the war—for the miraculous flood of money the European conflict has caused to pour into America—there would have been no big bull market. However, now that it has come, now that it is here, the wave swelling high, it is curious to look on and see how the Street is taking it; to look back, too, and see how the Street at the beginning took it. Nothing that ever happened is better illustrative of the fact that Wall Street speculation is gambling, pure and simple; that, so far as Wall Street, as a mass, is concerned, its trading is based on guesswork—based solely and entirely on chance. Few among those who dabble in the market saw at the outset what the war would mean. The majority, the mass of outsiders on which professional Wall Street fattens, guessed exactly opposite from the truth.

When Gloom and Disaster Stalked in Wall Street

IN JULY, 1914, the first gun was fired. The war was on, and instantly the conflict became the biggest bear argument ever heard in the Street. Of course, for a time there was logic in this. It was only natural that Europe, in frantic need of money, would throw into the market its hoard of American securities. This, in fact, it did—or, rather, it attempted to do it; and, to prevent what probably would have been the biggest panic the world has ever seen, the New York Stock Exchange closed its doors. This averted the panic; but, though it did, it could not avert the gloom, the despair that, like a creeping flood, settled down on the Wall Street district.

The country was saved; but it was saved only for the moment, said Wall Street. Ruin, it averred, was at hand. Give it time, give it a few months or so, and the United States would come crashing down financially with all the rest of the world. This prophecy, uttered as if by Jeremy, was heard in every Wall Street brokerage office. Rather curiously, it was uttered also in more than one more dignified financial rendezvous. The United States, it was repeated, faced the most perilous crisis in its history.

Perhaps it did. Perhaps, as it was said, the country trod the brink of disaster, of destruction. At any rate, so said Wall Street; and isn't Wall Street the country's pulse? The Street says it is. The Street, at the same time, believes it is. The only trouble was that while Wall Street, as a whole, was moaning its jeremiads, the country's industries had reawakened. Mills were going; factories were working; farms, mines, railroads—these and every other form of industry again were pegging away. In Wall Street there might be gloom—disaster, ruin and destruction might be stalking there; but, though it was, the rest of the United States didn't seem to heed it much. What it heeded was the rising stream of dollars—earned legitimate dollars—which already had begun pouring in. It thought little about Wall Street's distress. It cared even less about it too. So Wall Street kept on moaning.

That is the significant fact about the United States' historic financial center—the speculative side of that center, at all events: Its own misery it feels to be the entire country's misery. It is, in fact, the most self-conscious, self-centered community we possess. Given all its reputation for wiseness, for clearness of mind and alert farsightedness, the Street seems frequently incapable of seeing beyond its own nose. In this case, anyway, while the country had begun to roll up wealth, all that one heard from Wall Street for months was groans. On December 12, 1914, the Exchange reopened its doors. Again trading was resumed, but still the Street moaned on. It was, in fact, not until after the big boom in business—legitimate even if exceptional—was sweeping well

along in its growth that manipulative, speculative Wall Street began to blink, to open its eyes.

The bulge, to its astonishment, was everywhere. Every other market had risen, and these markets still were rising. Manipulation was not the cause, either. The rise in each case was natural. Iron was up. Copper was up. It was the same, too, with lead, spelter, tin and what not. Foodstuffs were up also—all rising, climbing. Wall Street, seeing this, blinked again. Yet it still couldn't see the truth. Stocks weren't up; the pet, precious issues on which Wall Street feeds were as yet anæmic, moribund. Therefore, averred Wall Street, the prosperity talk was all bunk. Wasn't there a war? Wasn't the war the biggest bear argument the Street had ever had? Convinced that it was, the speculative element resumed its dyspeptic prophecies. These it alternated with attacks on the Government, on the President and his policies.

In the light of recent happenings it is amusing now to turn back to the literature that in those days Wall Street was putting forth. Caution was its keynote, not thoughtful caution, but whimpering timidity. Of the country's prosperity, in so far as the market reflected it, no hint was evident. The "list" was still limp. The margin houses were still vacant of customers. As they said there, "you couldn't raise money on twenty-dollar goldpieces," and every broker who had sold his car in the starvation times of 1913–1914 was still afoot. Prosperity? It was a joke. Since it hadn't hit Wall Street, the Street didn't believe it existed. This isn't all, either. Even when it awakened to the facts, blinked again and saw the money rolling in, the Wall Street crowd—that gang of alleged "investors" which is believed to make the market—all did their utmost to discount and discredit the country's tide of prosperity. It wasn't real, said the gang. It never would last. Even the margin houses—most of them, at any rate—took that same stand. Clients with their commissions are the meat and drink of these concerns; without commissions and clients they would one and all go under; yet there was hardly one of these houses with foresight enough to grasp the facts at hand. True, when the market began to stir they did urge their clients to buy. It was their business to do so. The more their customers bought, the more the commissions that came in. But though indeed they urged, urged hungrily, too, it was a cautious, deprecatory urging. The rise was only temporary, they said. They also added that the market was probably being nursed along in order that those on the inside might get out gingerly on the outside. "Be cautious," was the warning. "Don't hang on long." To be brief—to be brutally frank—when the Street had the big bull market it had been hankering for all the years since 1907, the Street, as a whole, didn't realize the fact.

But then why wonder? Wall Street of itself does not make bull markets. In all its history not even the so-called inside interests have made one. Always and inevitably it is the public that does it. All that the bulk of these insiders ever do is to raid or job and manipulate. At times, to be sure, they may control the market for awhile. One stock or group of stocks they may breeze up or down; but they might as well seek to control the solar system as to try to control the entire list.

Fireworks in Bethlehem

IT WAS along toward the end of March and the beginning of April in 1915 that Wall Street first responded to the boom. In other words, it had taken the Street's alleged wiseacres something like three months to awaken to the facts. Meanwhile, under the noses of those who say they can read the tape a vast amount of quiet buying had been going on.

Little of this was Wall Street buying. It was inside buying, of course, but all the insiders were not of the regulation Wall Street sort. Instead, they were persons in a position to know—to know actually, not to guess as Wall Street nominally guesses. Those who did it were the men in charge of the industries that first felt the impulse of the rising tide. These men had begun to see, and to see clearly, what the war meant commercially for the United States. So while the profits were piling up, while Wall Street was still moaning and saying the country faced destruction, they began quietly to buy. An instance of this appears in that well-known and now historic war bride, Bethlehem Steel. The course of Bethlehem shows accurately the value of the Street's alleged foresight.

In December, 1914, when the Exchange reopened, Bethlehem sold round 42. To the insider—of the Wall Street speculative sort—the stock looked inactive and uninteresting. It was reported that the concern had been grabbing off big contracts for munitions, and the report was confirmed virtually by the company itself; but the news still was pooh-poohed. If Bethlehem was making money, rolling up a wad, why didn't the stock show it? Why didn't it rise, setting off fireworks? This, in fact, is the Street's way of seeing things. It believes nothing till the market shows it. Before long, however, Bethlehem did begin to rise. And presently it began to shoot off fireworks. Then, but not until then, the Street sat up and took notice.

As this is written, two years have passed since the Exchange reopened its doors. Bethlehem, selling then at 42, has in that time sold up to 700, and is now selling round 644. However, had anyone suggested in 1914—for that matter, until months later—that Bethlehem ever would do this, the insiders would have laughed in his face. The stock, in fact, is a sort of joke; for it fooled even those Wall Street persons who are really on the inside—namely, that small intimate group that is the financial district's famous board or boards of interlocking directors. They, too, discounted and discredited what was happening. At any rate, it is told gleefully how some of them—these the "wisest" at that—"got out from under," as they expressed it, when the stock touched 75. They "unloaded" at 75—not at 700. Sad, wasn't it? Indeed, it was more than sad, it seemed to some of them inconceivably bitter and unjust.

Bethlehem, the first of the war brides, is not, however, the only one. There are a dozen others. In December, 1914, General Motors sold at 86. Recently it was selling round 750, and has sold as high as 850. Then there is International Mercantile Marine. When the Exchange reopened that stock was kicking round underfoot, offered at $1 a share and no takers. Recently it was active at 47. International Paper, rising from 8 to a high point of 75½, is another; and so is Central Leather, ranging from 32⅝ to 123. One might go on naming them by the dozen; but their number is not the point. The thing to be digested is that in nearly every instance of a rise the alleged inside traders promptly got on the outside, "unloading," as they termed it, once they'd taken a few points' profit. To be sure, after awhile they got aboard again; but by then the bloom had already been taken from the flower. It was the raw public that had taken it.

This does not mean that speculative Wall Street has not made money. It not only has made it, it has made more than it has ever made before. Elated as it is, though, the elation is tinged with a note of regret. If only it had guessed! If only at the outset it had seen! That is the sad part about it—Wall Street did not see. It did not, for that matter, even dream what was coming.

Of All Sad Words

ONE afternoon recently half a dozen men, each man long familiar with the Street, sat at a table in a brokerage office. That day one share of General Motors had been sold at 750, a drop of 60 points from the previous quotation; and one and all they were animatedly discussing the stock. All six had made money in the security, but still one and all voiced complaint.

It was the old story: Why hadn't they got in at the bottom and hung on till the top? One of the six, to estimate what he'd "lost," drew forth a pencil and began to figure on the back of an envelope. The basis of his figuring was on a thousand shares bought at 86 on ten points margin, and sold at 850.

The result was vivid: Less interest and commissions, the net profit figured out $756,262.50.

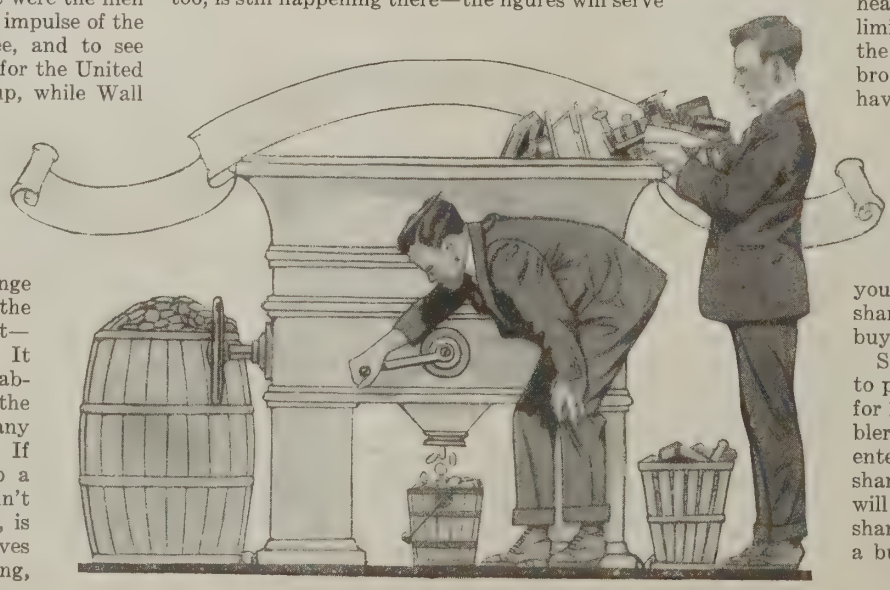
Gloom settled on their faces. They all sighed. Then with an effort they had changed to another topic, when the man with the pencil fetched another deep breath.

"Say," he exclaimed, "just think what'd have happened, too, if we'd pyramided every ten points up!"

The suggestion broke up the party. Silently they kicked back their chairs, and each departed in a different direction. It was too much to dwell upon. That was only human nature. You know what the poet says, that hackneyed line: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen. . . ." One wonders whether the poet wasn't a Wall Street speculator!

Just what has happened in Wall Street—what, too, is still happening there—the figures will serve to show. The year 1913 was a lean, bleak time in the market; the year 1914 was much worse. In 1913 the year average of daily sales was 279,740; while in 1914 the average sank to 236,610. As a whole, however, 1914 was much worse for Wall Street than these figures indicate, the average having been computed on the basis of working days. Thus, while in 1913—lean as it was—there were 83,362,6 shares dealt in, the total year's sales for 1914 were only 48,031,833. In other words, this means that for the year the average turnover for each member of the Stock Exchange's 1100 members was only 43,665 shares.

The profits from this would not pay office rent and clerk hire. However, notice the figures for 1915. From 48,031,833 shares in 1914 the sales on the Exchange for 1915 sprang to 173,654,186 shares. The turnover average 157,867 shares for each individual on the floor. Now, for 1916, it is estimated that the transactions for the year will reach 225,000,000 shares—a turnover of about 200,00 shares for each of the 1100 members. In November alone 35,709,915 shares were dealt in, an amount only 13,000,00 shares under the sum total for all of 1914. Added to this, in 1916 there already have been eight days on which more than 2,000,000 shares have been dealt in. The significance of this will be seen when it is remembered that until 1915 there had not been a single 2,000,000 share day since 1907. There were three in that year.



The Odd-Lot Traders

MILLION SHARE days no longer attract attention in Wall Street. They happen nearly every day. What is more, they will keep on happening till the market bursts. And that it is due presently to burst seems likely. At any rate, the prevailing uneasiness in Wall Street appears to forecast something like this. It is still further forecast by the class of persons that now are in the market.

Recently, in one of Wall Street's biggest brokerage houses, the manager of the place led the writer into the customers' room. The place was crowded. That day Ohio Cities Gas had begun to buzz and splutter. Selling at 7 early in October, it was now climbing fitfully to a high point of 124¼; and the customers' room was packed as closely as the proverbial sardine can. With a jerk of his thumb the room manager indicated the front row of chairs before the quotation board.

"See those fellows?" he asked.

The writer saw them. Like the men in the barroom—the fellows buying champagne at $7 a bottle—all were of ordinary appearance. As a matter of fact, few in the room were anything else.

"Well, listen now while I tell you what they are," said the manager; and one by one he gave their occupations.

There were eight men in the row of chairs. The first was a head gardener employed on a Long Island estate. In the chair adjoining was a drug clerk. The third was a retail shoe dealer from across the bridge in Williamsburg. The fourth was a university professor. In turn, the three next to him were a dentist, a retail butcher, and the proprietor of an uptown café.

"That's how it's going," voiced the manager. "Every piker in Christendom has broken into Wall Street with his shoestring."

Crowds in brokerage offices seldom seem a very elevating or elevated lot, but never before have they looked so obscure, so indiscriminate. In the odd-lot houses this is especially the case. Odd lots, it should be explained, are any fractional part of one hundred shares, a hundred shares being the unit of all transactions on the Exchange. Amounts under that are seldom dealt in; and, as the habit has become almost a rule, this apparently would prevent gambling on margin in less amounts. As a fact, it doesn't. To-day from 25 to 27 per cent of all transactions in the market are odd-lot trades; and what is more, a heavy percentage of this odd-lot trading is done on limited margins. Shoestrings of $100 or $200 are the rule, and in consequence money has been brought into Wall Street that otherwise would have gone to the bucket shops.

The system of operation is this: Houses engaged in the odd-lot business will sell any number of shares of stock, from 1 to 99, at the offered price of 100-share lots on the New York Exchange; conversely, they will buy any odd lot at the bid price. Thus, if 51 is bid for 100 shares of United States Steel, you may sell one or more shares for 51; if 100 shares of Steel are offered for sale at 51⅛, you may buy one or more shares at this price.

Say, however, that the stock the dabbler wishes to purchase or to sell is inactive, and the market for 100 shares is quoted 80 bid, 82 asked, the dabbler may either sell at 80 or buy at 82; or he may enter his order to purchase or sell at the next 100-share transaction. In this case the odd-lot order will be executed ⅛ under this forthcoming 100-share sale, if a selling order; or ⅛ over the sale, if a buying order. This fraction of a point is the

(Concluded on Page 64)

THE WRONG PEW

By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

In Complete Exhaustion She Slid Into Her White Iron Cot Against the Wall

FOR six midnights of the week, on the roof of the Moncrieff Frolic, grape-wreathed and with the ecstatic quivering of the flesh that is Asia's, Folly, robed in veils, lifts her carmined lips to be kissed, and Bacchus, whose pot-belly has made him unloved of fair women, raises his perpetual goblet and drinks that he may not weep.

On the stroke of twelve, when on stretches of prairie the invisible joinder of night and day is a majestic thing, the Moncrieff Follies—twenty-four of them, not counting two specialty acts and a pair of whistling Pierrots—burst forth into frolic with a terrific candle and rhinestone power.

Saint Geneviève, who loved so to brood over the enigmatic roofs of the city, would have here found pause. Within the golden inclosure of the Moncrieff Roof, a ceiling canopied in deep waves of burnt-orange velvet cunningly concealed, yet disclosed, amber light, the color of wine in the pouring. Behind burnt-orange portières of great length and great depth of nap the Twenty-Four Follies, each tempered like a knife edge, stood identically poised for the first clash of Negroid music from a Negroid orchestra.

At a box office built to imitate a sedan chair—Louis Quinze without and Louis Slupsky within—Million-Dollar Jimmie Cox, of a hundred hundred Broadway all-nights; the Success Shirt Waist Company incorporated, entertaining the Keokuk Emporium; the newest husband of the oldest prima donna; and Mr. Herman Loeb, of Kahn, Loeb & Schulien, St. Louis, waited in line for the privilege of ordering *à la carte* from the most *à la mode* menu in Oh-là-là, New York.

The line grew, eighty emptying theaters fifteen stories below sending each its trickle toward the Midnight Frolic—men too tired to sleep, women with slim, syncopated hips, and eyes none too nice. The smell of fur and fragrant powder on warm flesh began to rise on a fog of best Havana smoke. At the elevators women dropped out of their cloaks and, in the bustle of checking, stood by, not unconscious of the damask finish to bare shoulders.

When Mr. Herman Loeb detached himself from the human tapeline before the box office, the firm and not easily discomposed lines of his face had fallen into loose curves, the lower lip thrust forward and the eyebrows upward. Sheep and men in their least admirable moments have that same trick of face. He rejoined his companion, two slips of cardboard well up in the cup of his palm.

"Good seats, Herman?"

"I ask you, Sam, is it an outrage? Twenty bucks for a table on the side!"

"No!"

"Is that highway robbery or not, I ask you!"

Mr. Samuel Kahn hitched at his belt, an indication of mental ferment.

"I wouldn't live in this town, not if you gave it to me!"

"It's not the money, Sam. What's twenty dollars more or less on a business trip, and New Year's Eve at that? But it's the principle of the thing. I should be made a good thing of yet!"

"Twenty bucks!"

"Yes, and like he was doing me a favor, that Louis Slupsky in the box office who used to take tickets in our Olympic at home. Somebody at the last minute let go of his reservation or we couldn't have got a table."

"Twenty bucks, and we got to feel honored yet that they let us sit at a table to buy a dinner! But say, Herm, it's a great sight, ain't it?"

"There's only one little old New York! Got to hand it to this town—they're a gang of cutthroats but they do things up brown. A little goes a long ways, but I always say a trip to New York isn't complete without a night at the Moncrieff Roof. You sit here, Sam, facing the stage."

"No, you! An old bachelor has got the right to sit closer to a girl show than a married man."

They drew up before a small table, edging a shining area of reserved floor space and only once removed from the burnt-orange curtains.

"A ha!" exuded Mr. Samuel Kahn, his rather strongly aquiline face lifted in profile.

"A ha!" exuded Mr. Loeb, smiling out of eyes ten years younger. Blue shaved to the last hair and less aquiline, his was the kind of profile that has driven strong men to pose for street-car advertisements of Red Wing collars.

"What'll you have, Sam?"

"Say, what's the difference? I'll take a cheese sandwich and a glass of beer."

"Now cut that! Maybe I squealed about the twenty bucks, but that don't make me out a short skate. This isn't Cherokee Garden at home, man. I'm going to blow my brother-in-law to New Year's Eve in my own way, or know the reason why not. Here, waiter, a pint of extra-dry and a layout of sandwiches."

"If you can stand it, I guess I can!"

"It's not on the firm either, Sam; it's on me!"

"For the price of to-night Ma and Etta would hang themselves, ain't it?"

"Say, we only live once. I always tell Ma she can't take it with her when she goes. Anyways for the discount we got on those Adler sport skirts, we can afford to celebrate."

"Say, Herman, I wish I had a dime for every dollar what is spent up here to-night. Look at the women! I guess American men don't make queens out of their wives!"

"For every wife who's up here to-night I wouldn't take the trouble to collect the dimes," said Mr. Loeb with cunning distinction.

"I guess that ain't all wrong neither. It ain't such a pleasure to be away from your family New Year's Eve, but I can assure you I'd rather have Etta having her celebration with Ma and *Grossmutter*, and maybe the Bambergers over at the house, than up here where even a married woman can blush she should be."

"Take it from me, old man, a flannel petticoat in the family is worth all the ballet skirts on this roof put together."

"I bought Ma and Etta each one of them hand bags to-day at Lauer's for nine dollars. What they don't know about the price won't hurt them. Two for nine I'll tell them."

"To this day Ma believes that five-hundred-dollar bar pin I brought her two years ago from Pittsburgh cost fifty at auction."

"There's Moe Marx from Kansas City just coming in! Spy the blonde he's with, will you? I guess Moe is used to that from home, nix! There's a firm, Marx-Jastrow, made a mint last year."

"Look!"

The lights had sunk down, the sea of faces receding into fog. The buzz died too, and doors were swung against the steady shuffle of incomers. From behind the curtains a chime tonged roundly and in one key. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve!

Then the orange curtains parted and on a gilded dais the width of the room, in startling relief against a purple circle the size of a tower clock, the Old Year, hoar on his beard and with limbs that shivered in an attitude of abdication, held out an hourglass to a pink-legged cherub with a gold band in his or her short curls.

A shout went up and a great clanging of forks against frail glass, the pop of corks and the quick fizz ensuing. The curtains closed and the lights flashed up. Time had just sailed another knot into space, and who cared?

At a center table already a woman's slipper was going the rounds. It began to sag and wine began to ooze through the brocade.

"Well, Hermie, here's a happy New Year to you!"

"And to you, Sam, and many of 'em!"

"To Ma and Etta and *Grossmutter!*"

"To Kahn, Loeb & Schulien!"

"To Kahn, Loeb & Schulien and that to this time next year we got the Men's Clothing Annex."

They drank in solemn libation.

The curtains had parted again. A Pierrot, chalky white, whistled in three registers, soprano, bass and baser. A row of soubrettes rollicked in and out again in a flash of bushy skirts.

"Say, look at the third one from this end with the black curls all bobbing. I'm for her!"

"Where?"

"Gone now!"

Mr. Kahn leaned across his singing glass, his eye quirking into a wink.

"Old man, you can pull that woman-hater stuff on the home folks, but it takes your brother-in-law to lead you to the live ones. Eh?"

"You dry up," said Mr. Loeb, peering between the halves of a sandwich.

On a glass runway built over the heads of the assembled, a crystal aisle for satin feet, the row of soubrettes suddenly appeared, peering over the crystal rail, singing down upon the sea of marcelled, bald and dead heads. Men, sheepish of their smiles but with the small heels overhead clanging like castanets into their spirits, dared to glance up.

"Gad, Herman! What'll they think up next! Whatta you know about that—all those little devils dancing right over our heads!"

"There she is!"

"What?"

"The little one in the boy's black satin suit, with the black curls bobbing!"

"Watch out, Herm! You'll die of crick in the neck."

"I don't see any blinkers on you!"

"Hey, old man! Your mouth's open."

"I know. I opened it," said Mr. Loeb, his head thrown back and eyes that were suddenly bold staring up at the twinkling aisle.

At a table adjoining a man reached up, flecking one of the tiny black satin feet with a whirl of his napkin.

"When You Come Back From New York, You Bring Grossmutter a Fine Present, Not?"

Then Mr. Herman Loeb, of St. Louis, committed an act of spontaneous combustion. When came the turn of the black satin and the bobbing curls to bend over the rail directly above him, he flung wide his arms, overturning a wine bottle.

"Jump!" he cried.

Beneath the short black curls a mouth shaped like a bud, reluctant to open, blew him a kiss. Then came a cue of music like an avalanche, and quicker than Harlequin's wink the aisle was clean.

"Gad!" said Mr. Loeb, his strong profile thrust forward and a light on it.

"That little one with the black curls? Say! You can put her on your watchfob and take her home."

"Wouldn't mind!" said Mr. Loeb.

"You and Moe Marx are like all the women haters. You don't know it, but you're walking in your sleep and the tenth-story window's open."

"We oughtn't to come up here in business clothes," said Mr. Loeb, eying his cuff edges.

A woman sang of love. A chorus, crowned and girdled in inflated toy balloons, wreathed in and out among the tables.

"She's not in that crowd."

Men to whom life for the most part was grim enough vied for whose cigarette end should prick the painted bubbles. A fusillade ensued; explosions on the gold-powdered air—a battle *de luxe!*

Mr. Kahn threw back his head, yawned and slid a watch from his waistcoat pocket.

"W-ell, a little of this goes a long way. If we want to pull out of this town a day after to-morrow we've got to get down to Cedar Street early in the morning on that sweater job lot. It's about time for us to be getting across to the hotel."

"Wait!" said Mr. Loeb.

A jingling and a right merry cacophony of sound came fast upon the bubble bombardment, and then, to a light runnel of song, the row of twenty-four, harnessed in slotted sleigh-bells and with little-girl flounced frocks to their very sophisticated pink silk knees.

The devices of vaudeville are perennial. Rigoletto, who set a court's sides aching, danced to bells. The row of twenty-four, pink and white as if the cradle had just yielded them up, shivered suddenly into an ecstasy of sound, the jerked-up shoulder of one, the tossing curls of another, the naughty shrug of a third, eking out a melody.

A laugh rose off the crowd.

"Say, this town'll fall for anything! That act's got barnacles. But the little devils look cute, though. Say—say, old man, cut that out! This is no place for your mother's son. Say!"

Mr. Loeb was leaning forward across the table top, his head well ahead of his shoulders. Of the third from the end of the row of twenty-four, a shoulder shrugging to the musical nonsense of bells was arching none too indirectly toward him, and once the black curls bobbed, giving a share of tremolo to the melody. But the bob was carefully directed, and Herman Loeb returned it in fashion, only more vehemently and with repetition.

"Say, Herman, enough is enough! You'll have her here at the table next. It's like Al Suss always says, the reason he woke up one morning and found himself married to the first pony in the sextet was because he stuck a stamp upside down on a letter to her and found he could be held for a proposal in stamp language."

The line of twenty-four danced down and across the wide hairline that separates life and stage, butterflies sipping from table to table. The cabaret was done. Lights resumed and the business of food and drink.

Mr. Loeb flung out an arm, pulling awry a carefully averted pink sash.

"Say, little Jingle Bells, you and your friend!"

"Cut it out, Herm! If we want to be down on Cedar Street by ——"

"What's your hurry, little one?"

"It ain't mine, it belongs to the management."

"Won't you join us?"

"Herm, that job lot of sweaters ——"

"Oh, come on, little Jingle Bells!"

"My friend too?"

"Sure, your friend."

They teetered, the two of them like animated dolls, arm in arm, and so at ease.

"Here, you little Black Curls sit next to me, and you, Blondey, over there by my brother-in-law."

They fluttered into place.

"What'll you have, girls?"

"Anchovies and fine-chopped onions for mine, Joe. Tell 'em in the kitchen I said fine, and if the gentlemen are going to order wine, bring me a plate of oyster crackers first to take off the edge of my emptiness."

"Sure, another bottle of wine, waiter."

"Hermie, we ——"

"And you, little Jingle Bells, same as Blondey's order?"

"Yeh."

"Say, you know what?"

"No, what?"

"I fell for those bouncing black curls of yours before I was in the place five minutes."

At that there was an incredible flow of baby talk.

"Gemmemen ike ikkie gurl wiz naughty-naughty black curl-curlies?"

At Three o'Clock, in a Magistrate's Office, Herman Schulien Loeb and Sadie Helen Mosher Became as One

To a great flare of the Negroid music, the row of twenty-four suddenly turned turtle, and prone on a strip of rug, heads to audience and faces to ceiling, twenty-four pairs of legs, ankleted in bells, kicked up a syncopated melody. From a Niagara of lace, dainty insteps quivered an arpeggio. A chromatic scale bounced off a row of rapidly pointing toes. The third from the end, seized with sudden chill, quivered into grace notes, small pink feet kicking violently to the chandelier.

Men red with laughter pounded their plates. The rhythmic convulsion passed down the prostrate line, forty-eight feet twinkled a grand finale, and the curtains swung, then opened, remaining so.

"You bet your life I do," said Mr. Loeb, unashamed of comprehension.

Mr. Kahn flashed another look at his watch.

"Say, don't you know, you girls oughtn't to keep us boys up so late. Ain't there no wear out to you?"

The yellow curls to his right bounced sharply.

"He asks if there's a wear out to us, Cleone? I wish it to you this minute, Baldy, that you had the muscles in the back of my legs. I guess you think it's choice for us girls to come out on the floor after the show!"

"Sylvette!"

"Yah, it's my New Year's resolution to tell the truth for thirty minutes if I'm bounced for it. If you got to know it, it's a ten per cent rake-off for us girls on ever bottle of golden vichy you boys blow us to."

"Honest, Sylvette, you're wearing scrambled eggs i stead of brains to-night. Why don't you cry a few brini for the gemmemen while you're at it!"

That so quickened Mr. Loeb's risibilities that h dropped his hand over Miss Cleone St. Claire's, complete covering yet not touching it.

"You're a scream, kiddo! Gee, I like you!"

She drank with her chin flung up and her throat ver white.

"Bubbles! Bubbles! God bless all my troubles!"

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Mr. Kahn, smiling at he

"The gemmemen from out of town?"

"St. Louis."

"I had a friend out there—Joe Kelsannie, of Albuque que. Remember him, Sylvette?"

"Do I!"

"I'm going out there myself some day if the going good, and get me a cowboy west of Newark."

Mr. Loeb leaned forward smiling into her quick-fire eye

"I'll take you!"

"Stick her on your watchfob, Herman."

"No, sirree, I'll take her life size."

"Watch out, Hermie; remember the upside-down pos age stamp!"

"Want to go, Jingle Bells?"

"Sure."

"But I'm on the level, little one. No kidding. Da after to-morrow. St. Louis—with me!"

Miss Cleone St. Claire drew herself up, the doll loo receding somewhat from her gaze.

"Say, bo, you got me wrong. I'm one of the nine hundre and ninety-nine thousand chorus girls you could introduc your sister to. Aren't I, Syl?"

"You let that kid alone," said Miss Sylvette de Lon in a tone not part of her rôle. "When the traffic policema sticks up his mitt it's time t halt, see?" Lines not before di cernible in Miss De Long's fac had long since begun to creep ou smoky shadows beneath her ey and a sunburst of fine lines, show ing through the powder lik stencil designs.

"Come on, Herm, it's gettin late, and if we want to be dow on Cedar ——"

"You think I'm kidding th little black-eyed chum of your don't you, Blondey?"

"Sure not! You want 'er t grace the head of your table an wear the family heirlooms!"

"Well, Sam, you're my brothe in-law—married to my own siste and living under the same roo with me—am I a habitual lad fusser, or do they call me Hermi the Hermit at home?"

"Never knew him to talk te straight words to a skirt befor girls," said Mr. Kahn through yawn; "and if you don't believ it, go out and ask Louis Slupsky who used to play chinies wit him."

"Say, you," said Miss De Long edging slightly, "you're about a funny as a machine gun, you are If you got a private life, why ain' you back in St. Louis a night lik this showing her and the kids good time!"

She was frankly tired, her eye lids darkening.

"I wish to heaven I was," sai Mr. Kahn suddenly. "Take i from me, girl, it was nothing bu a business hangover kept me Come, Herm, if we ——"

"You think I'm kidding, littl Jingle Bells, don't you?"

Miss St. Claire sat back again her chair; her black eyes ha quieted. "If you ain't kidding you must be crazy wit the heat or dr——"

"Look at my glass. Have I touched it?"

"The man's raving, Syl! Wants to marry me and tak me back to St. Louis, Thursday."

"Cut the comedy and come! Herm, it's getting on t three in the morning."

"This little girl keeps thinking I'm kidding, Blondey I always knew if I ever fell for matrimony it would be just like this. Right off the reel. No funny business. Just bing! Bang! Done!"

"Catch me while I swoon, but he sounds on the level Cleone."

"Bubbles! Bubbles! God Bless All My Troubles!"

"Well, what if he is? Of all the nerve! Whatta you mow about me? How do you know I haven't got three rids and a crippled husband at home? How do you mow ——?"

"I know, little Jingle Bells! Why, I was as sure of you, he minute I clapped eyes on you, as if we'd been raised next door to each other. I can see right down in your little ife like it was this glass of wine."

Miss St. Claire threw out her arms in a beautiful and sleepy gesture.

"Well, boys, this is a nice little party, but I got to get up at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and I need the sleep. Oh, how I love my morning sleep!" She drew back, her bare outflung arm pushing her from the table. "If you'll call me and my roommate a taxi——"

"No, you don't, Jingle Bells!"

He placed a hand that trembled slightly on the sleeved part of her arm. She opened wider her very wide black eyes.

"Are you bats?" she said.

"I'm going to marry you and take you home with me, if I have to carry you off like a partridge."

"Cleone, I tell you the man means it!"

"You're right, Blondey. I never meant anything more in my life."

A sudden shortness of manner crept over Mr. Kahn.

"Man, you're drunk!" he cried, springing to his feet.

"See my glass!"

"Then you're crazy!"

"Sit down, old Baldy. Why's he crazy? That little roommate of mine is as straight a little girl as ——"

"Why, I tell you he's crazy! That man's the head of a big business. He can't kick up any nonsense like this. Come on, Herm, cut the comedy. It's time we were getting across to our hotel. Look at the crowd thinning, and what's left is getting rough. Come!"

"If you don't know how to behave yourself, Sam, in the presence of these ladies, maybe you better go back to the hotel alone. I'm going to see these young ladies to their door, and before we go me and this little girl are going to understand each other."

Mr. Kahn sat down again in some stupefaction.

"Well, of all the nerve! Who are you? Whatta you think I am! Syl, what's his game?"

Miss De Long thrust forward her tired and thinning face; her eyes had a mica gleam.

"Cleone, he wants to marry you. A decent man with a decent face from a decent town has taken a shine to you and wants to marry you. M-a-r-r-y! Do you get it, girl?"

"How do you know he's decent? I don't know no more about him than he knows about me. I ——"

"Ain't you got no hunch on life, girl? Look at him! That's how I know he's decent. So would you if you'd been in this business as long as me. Can't you tell a real honest-to-god man when you see one? A business man at that!"

"You got me right, Blondey. Kahn, Loeb & Schulien, Ladies' Wear, St. Louis. Here's my card. You give me an hour to-morrow, Jingle Bells, and I'll do all the credential stuff your little heart desires. Louis Slupsky knows me and my whole family. His mother used to stuff feather pillows for mine. Kahn here is my brother-in-law and partner in business. He's a slow cuss and ain't grasped the situation yet. But are you on, little one? Is it St. Louis Thursday morning, as Mrs. ——?"

"Herm! You're cr——"

"Syl—what'll I—do!"

"An on-the-level guy, Cleone. Marry! Do you hear: M-a-r-r-y! Say, and it couldn't happen to me!"

"Herman, man, I tell you you're off your head. Think once of your home—Ma, Etta, *Grossmutter*—with a goy girl that ——"

"Easy there, Baldy, you're adding up wrong. You and her both celebrates the same Sundays. If anybody should ask you for Sylvette de Long's birth certificate, look it up under the G's. Birdie Goldsmith. It's the same with my friend. Cleone, tell the gemmemen your real name! Well, I'll tell it for you. Sadie Mosher, sister to the great Felix Mosher who played heavy down at Shefsky's theater for twenty years. *Goy!* Say, Sammie, it's too bad a nut from the bug house bought the Brooklyn Bridge to-day or I'd try to sell it to you."

"Little Jingle Bells, if I put you in a taxi now and shoot up those credentials, will you marry me to-morrow at noon?"

"I—oh, I dunno."

"Marry, he says to you, girl. Think of the minus number of times girls like us get that little word whispered to 'em. Think of the short season. Moncrieff's a grouch. The back muscles of your legs! Marry, he says to you, girl! Marry!"

"To-morrow at noon, little one?"

"I—I sleep till three."

"And it couldn't a been me!"

"Little Jingle Bells?"

"Why, y-yes, I—I'm on."

At three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, in a magistrate's office, beneath a framed engraving of a judicial court in wigged session, Herman Schulien Loeb and Sadie Helen Mosher became as one. A bar of scant metropolitan sunshine, miraculously let in by a cleft between two skyscrapers, lay at the feet of the bride.

Slightly arear of them: Mr. Louis Slupsky; Mr. Samuel Kahn, with a tinge the color of apoplexy in his face; and Miss Sylvette de Long, her face thrust forward as if she heard melody. The voice of the magistrate rose like a bird in slow flight, then settled to a brief drone.

East is East and West is West, and St. Louis is neither. It lies like a mediator, the westerly hand of the east end of the country stretching across the sullenest part of the Mississippi to clasp the easterly hand of the west end of the country.

Indians have at one time or another left their chirography upon the face of St. Louis. But all that is effaced now under the hot lava of Americanism that is covering the major cities in more or less even layers. Now it stands atop its Indian mounds, a metropolis of almost a million souls, a twenty-story office building upon the site of an old trading post and a subway threatening the city's inners. There is a highly restricted residence district given over to homes of the most stucco period of the Italian Renaissance, and an art museum, as high on the brow of a hill as the Athenians loved to build. St. Louis has not yet a Champs-Elysées or a Fifth Avenue. And of warm evenings it takes its walks without hats. Neither is the café or the cabaret its evening solace.

It dines, even in its renaissance section, placidly *chez soi*, or rather *zu Hause;* the family activities of the day here thrown into a common pool of discussion.

On Washington Boulevard, probably sixty dollars a foot removed from the renaissance section, architecture suddenly turns an indifferent shoulder to period, Queen Anne rubbing sloping roof with neighbor's concrete sleeping porch of the hygienic period. Only the building line is maintained, the houses sitting comfortably back and a well hosed strip of sidewalk, bordered in hardy maples, running clear and white out to De Balaviere Avenue, where the *art-nouveau* apartment houses begin to invade. In winter, bare branches meet in deadlock over this walk. On the smooth macadamized road of Washington Boulevard automobiles try out their speed limit.

One such wintry day with the early dusk already invading, Mrs. Herman Loeb, with red circles round her very black eyes and her unrouged face rather blotched, sat in one of the second-floor-front rooms of a double buff-brick house on Washington Boulevard, hunched up in a red velvet chair, chin cupped in palm, and gazing, through perfectly adjusted Honiton lace curtains, at the steady line of home-to-dinner motor cars.

Warmth lay in that room and a conservative mahogany elegance—a great mahogany double bed, immaculately covered in white, with a large monogram heavily hand-embroidered in its center; a mahogany swell-front dresser, with a Honiton lace cover and a precise outlay of monogrammed silver. Over it a gilt-framed French engraving with Maternal Love writ in elegant script beneath. A two-tone red rug ate in footsteps.

Mrs. Loeb let her head fall back against the chair and closed her eyes. In her dark stuff dress with its sheer white collar she was part of the note of the room, except that her small bosom rose and fell too rapidly. A pungent odor of cookery began to invade; the street lamps of Washington Boulevard to pop out. The door from the hallway opened, but at the entrance of her mother-in-law Mrs. Loeb did not rise, only folded one foot closer under her.

"You, Sadie?"

"Yes."

"Herman home yet?"

"No."

"Smell? I fixed him red cabbage to-night."

"Yes, I smell."

"How she sits here in the dark. Thank goodness, Sadie, electricity we don't have to economize on."

(Continued on Page 41)

The Fat Pay Envelope and the Thin

By FORREST CRISSEY

PHOTO. BY CORBIT, 1915

The Remington Arms Company Plant at Bridgeport, Connecticut

IN THESE strange days, when Business is scattering showers of gold, several million men are asking themselves whether 'twere better to stick to white shirts and a Position or abandon these genteel signs of "class" and make a grab for overalls and a Job.

The Fates have sprung the "deadly parallel" on the salary check and the pay envelope, and turned the spotlight of comparison upon them, with an unprecedented candle power that compels attention. Probably the position and the job have never before been such close competitors. Certainly this country has never seen a time in the past when the salary check was less chesty or the pay envelope more puffed up with the pride of life.

More than one weary accountant has lately looked up from his task of figuring the wages, the overtime, and the various bonus rewards of a force of workmen, and wondered whether he wasn't in the wrong pew, and whether he wouldn't improve his personal finances by throwing up his position and joining the ranks of the humble jobholders. In certain sections of the country reflections of this sort are fast becoming a favorite indoor sport of office help. Somehow this seems to be rather a serious pastime and not highly productive of smiles. On the other hand the wageworker is inclined to wear a broad grin.

A pot-bellied, turtlelike craft, plying between the Wilmington pier and Pennsgrove—the natural port of entry for the great powderworks—carries thousands of toilers back and forth and is a genuine Tower of Babel, so far as the confusion of tongues heard on its decks is concerned. Almost every race is represented by the passengers to be found in its smoking room on any trip across. Italians rub elbows with Russians, and a Portuguese from the Azores borrows a light from his Polish neighbor.

As a boyish mountebank was entertaining the crowd by clever balancing tricks, a husky lad, fresh from a Delaware farm, leaned toward his Italian seat mate and timidly asked:

"Like your job over there?"

Instantly a smile flashed over the dark face, his white teeth gleamed merrily, and he laughed as only the Latins can laugh.

"Lika de job?" he exclaimed. "Ha! Ha! Eas-ah mon, kid! Eas-ah mon!"

"Dat's de right dope, too," volunteered a recruit from New York's East Side. "He's told de whole t'ing in a breath!"

And he had. It was Labor's judgment reduced to a single crisp sentence of American slang: "Easy money, kid!" Here was the wage-earner's acknowledgment to the War Bride.

Workers Who Buy Motors and Pianos

JUST outside the great works, where a million pounds of smokeless powder is made every day, is a workmen's village of nine hundred and eighty-one neat little houses, practically all of them containing six rooms, and every one equipped with a bath and electric lights. The cleanliness and order seen everywhere in this village are remarkable and suggest a military encampment.

"When it comes to the question of what the workers are getting in the way of wages," said my official guide, "those little houses ought to be taken into consideration, it seems to me. Their occupants pay only six dollars a month and they get their electricity at four cents a kilowatt. This means that the light bill of a tenant seldom exceeds seventy-five cents a month. A large proportion of the families occupying these houses had little or nothing when they came here, just following the outbreak of the big war and later. Many of them were absolutely destitute."

As we walked along the streets of this wonderful little village, which sprang up almost in a night and yet has an appearance of permanency, from house after house I caught strains of music—here the voice of a prima donna warbling a classic aria; there a piano repeating a Paderewski performance with a faithfulness that told unmistakably of the "player roll." Our ears were occasionally greeted with efforts of a simpler nature, indicating that the piano was responding to the touch of human fingers. When we reached the office of the quartermaster—who is, in an unobtrusive way, the controlling genius of the powder town—I at once put the question:

"Can you give me any idea of how many pianos, player pianos and phonographs there are in your village?"

"Certainly," quickly answered the quartermaster's assistant. "We have one hundred and fifty-five pianos, seventy-seven player pianos, and one hundred and seventy-six talking machines; but that isn't all, by any means. There are seventy automobiles and twenty-one motorcycles—all owned right here by the wageworkers of this village."

This statement served as preparation for a sight that met the eye at every plant we visited on Carney's Point—a parking space crowded with automobiles.

"I suppose those belong to the bosses, supervisors and other production executives," I remarked.

"They do not!" was the emphatic answer of my guide. "They belong to the operatives—the common toilers who do the unskilled work; men who live outside our little village and drive in to their shifts. You notice that car there in the eleven-hundred-dollar class? That is the property of an operative in the finishing department of this plant. His regular wage is four and a half dollars for nine hours, with seventy-five cents an hour for Sundays and legal holidays. He boards about eight men and carries them to and from their work. They pay him a dollar a day for board—so I understand—and a jitney fare. Under these conditions Joe can afford to own a good car."

Not long since a man connected with the quartermaster's department struck out into the country for half a day's hunting, to relieve the tension of the long strain he had been under in the construction work, when about twenty-two thousand men were working at Carney's Point. When he was ready to return he found himself some ten miles from the plant on a farm that had a half-abandoned appearance. At the house he met the owner of the place and asked whether there was any chance to get a ride into town.

"Sure!" was the answer. "I'm going to get out the jitney and start for the works in half an hour. I guess you think this farm looks rather tough. It does—but there's a reason! Anyone would naturally think that, with fresh eggs at from fifty-five to seventy-five cents a dozen and other produce in proportion, farms round here would be running at full tilt. But when the war boom struck this section I soon found out where I got off. Scouts from the powderworks and other munition plants were scouring the country all about here for men at big wages. Even if it had been possible for m to have paid five dolla a day, or thereabouts, i the big rush I could nc have secured a hire hand. Why? Becaus you cannot hold farr work strictly to an eight hour basis. The me know this and prefer t go into the works, wher they are through at th tap of the bell, unles they prefer to work double shift and doubl up on their earnings.

"There was just on thing for me to do in th face of this situation, an I did it—got a job at th powderworks. I bega at twenty-eight and half cents an hour, th dead line at which al American labor is startec here. Of course the bo nuses brought this u about forty per cent, an before long I managed t get a little advance o the basic rate. I work Sundays and holiday right along, and occa sionally double up on my shifts. This means that I knock down pretty good money.

"Some of my neighbors owning or renting small farms saw the situation in the same light that I did and decided to go out after powder money. They figured that the farms would earn them more money idle than at work under such wage conditions. I happened to own an automobile, while several farmers between here and town had not yet bought machines. This makes it possible for me to pick up a full jitney load going to and from my work, and my fares more than pay for my fuel and the cost of keeping up my machine."

A Talk With the Installment Man

A GENTLEMAN in Wilmington owning a farm a considerable distance out of town tells me that the only farm labor he can get is "colored," and that he is obliged to pay these negroes two and a half dollars for an eight-hour day, and feed and house them. He admits that it is well for him that he is not dependent upon the income from his farm for a livelihood. His income is also in the form of powder money. With this source of supply he is able to support a farm or two.

But to return to the powderworks. In the office of the quartermaster I was introduced to a caller with the remark:

"Here is a man who has a better line on the financial condition of the ordinary workers in these plants than has anybody else, perhaps. He is the collector for a big installment furniture house having accounts in about half of the houses in our village. This means that he knows how much or how little the families bring here when they come, and how they get on from month to month. For this reason he is very close to the people, and his view of their circumstances and affairs should count for a whole lot.

"So far as the company is concerned, its policy is to refrain from interfering in any way with the personal affairs of its employees. It is their landlord, to be sure; but its representatives enter their homes only upon request, or when it is absolutely necessary in order to look after the property. Of course when there is sickness or childbirth in a home, and the presence of a nurse is desired, the company is glad to send one. Because of this policy it is natural that men selling goods in the homes of our people should know more about their personal affairs than we do."

This keen commercial man to whom I was introduced, and who has the run of the homes in the village and enjoys the confidence of a large share of the housewives there, declares that it is difficult to overstate the meagerness of the equipment most of the families brought with them. Of course there were exceptions; but, owing to the fact that a period of decided labor depression immediately preceded the outbreak of the war, the condition of most wageworkers was then at the lowest ebb.

In this connection, too, it should be recalled that the great powderworks was one of the first to get under way

n meeting the military demands of the warring ations. Consequently the thousands of laborers ho poured into Carney's Point at the beginning f the boom came without a taste of war pros- erity and, as a rule, were lean and hungry, and raveled with little more household equipment nan could be carried in a box and one or two nawls. Many of them were not only destitute but n debt, and their transportation was furnished nem.

"Here," declared the collector for the furniture ouse, "is a typical case of what has occurred in ne homes of the wageworkers in this district ver since the war started: In a house not two locks from this office lives a man, with his wife nd children, who had exactly five dollars when e landed a year ago. Naturally the first thing ney needed was a cookstove. They had to have at once. This meant that I was sent for. The nan looked all right to me and so I gave him a ne of credit. He has bought and paid for more nan two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of fur- iture since their arrival. As a result their home s now comfortably furnished. The whole family s well clothed; and if the husband continues to earn as nuch money next year as in the past year they will not nly have a good household equipment, from the stand- oint of a workingman, but money in the bank as well.

"Every now and then a housewife will hand me a jolt. nly yesterday the wife of a powder presser, whose pay robably runs from twenty-four to twenty-six dollars a eek, met me at the door with the inquiry: 'How much do e owe you now?' I answered that the amount unpaid was ighty-three dollars. Instantly she asked whether I would ccept eighty dollars in full settlement of the account. nother woman, whose husband earns between five and ix dollars a day, offered ninety-five dollars in settlement or her balance of one hundred dollars. The discount habit s spreading through the village and the whole works. This s decidedly interesting to anyone in a position to realize he condition of the average family on its arrival at 'arney's Point."

Thrifty Workers Who Save Money

'OF COURSE there are cases of families who try to stave off their payments or beat us out of money; but these re mighty scarce now, for the undesirable element has been ery carefully weeded out. I do not suppose there is a fam- ly living in this little village here, just outside the works, hat has an income of less than ninety dollars a month. Many of them have a good deal more than that on the vage of a single worker. Some of the families, of course, ave two or three men in the plant bringing in good pay. s it any wonder that we find an outfit of good furniture, piano or player piano, or a musical instrument of the alking-machine type in homes of this sort—not to speak f an automobile in the little garage made from scrap umber?

"Though I find some cases where families have hard vork to keep up with their payments, because the father pends too much money on week-end sprees, these unfor- unate occurrences are not so numerous with the family nen as one would naturally suppose; and they are far nore frequent among the floaters, the unattached fellows who inhabit the bunkhouses. It must be admitted, too, hat extravagance is not entirely confined to the men, and

Pennsgrove Swarms With Jitneys

that sometimes this unprecedented prosperity goes to the head of women, who buy more recklessly than their husbands imagine. However, as a whole, this community is about as happy and thrifty as can be found anywhere, I believe."

Now a word about earnings outside the work of making military powder: A carpenter was pointed out to me, with the remark that his regular pay and bonus brought him five dollars and forty cents for a nine-hour day, with time and a half for Sunday work, which he never failed to put in. This man has no children, but owns an automobile which cost him a little less than seven hundred dollars, and a talking machine of the best type.

One of the most eloquent testimonials as to the effect of present earnings of unskilled laborers in the great powderworks on outside labor of the same character is given by the owner of the milk route that serves the powder village. This man is suffering from a state of prosperity that threatens to break him down through overwork. He gets a cent a quart for delivering two thousand quarts of milk a day; but he cannot get a driver to give him even temporary relief. He has offered sixty-eight dollars a month for one, without a single response.

In answer to the question: "Have you any deserters from the ranks of the White Shirt Brigade among your men in overalls?" my guide pointed out two young men just quitting their shift and remarked:

"The shorter of those boys was a clerk in a Wilmington hat store when the war broke out. His salary was ten dollars a week, and he dressed like a clubman—for a while! Being of the right sort he saw that he must either get a raise or else cut his expenditures in some miraculous way. His friend, there, clerked in a shoe store and drew twelve dollars a week. When they found out what workingmen were pulling down over here in the powderworks they decided they were paying altogether too high for white-shirt privileges; and so they took a plunge into overalls.

"Now one of them gets about twenty-two dollars a week and the other twenty-five. They are bright boys and it will not be long before they will be doing better than that. There are scores of men over here in the mills working as unskilled laborers who have given up positions, and sacrificed the associations that go with clean clothes and a white collar in working hours, in order to earn more money—in other words, to earn enough money to keep pace with the present high prices of necessities."

About the minimum salary for a clerk in the employ of the powder company appears to be sixty-five dollars a month. The range is up to a hundred dollars a month, broadly speaking. A storekeeper gets about a hundred dollars; but to these amounts must be added the twenty per cent bonus, and in some cases a special stock bonus. Outside the munition plants salaried men are not getting pay checks, as a rule, to correspond with this range of compensation. Business executives do not hesitate to admit that, as the scales stand at the moment, the wage-earner has at least a little edge on the salaried man. But they point out that there are compensations to offset this in the long run; that the instant when the present scale of powder production suffers a drop the unskilled laborer who is now receiving almost unbelievable pay, compared with any previous earnings, will be the first to find himself out of employment; that the salaried man will receive special consideration and every effort will be made not only to retain him but to do so, as long as possible, at his present basic salary.

Of course the appearance of the Dove of Peace will send all the bonuses and emergency rewards of every sort scurrying over the horizon. No doubt this parting with the pleasant-faced bonus will be sad and in many cases fiercely resisted; but it seems to be as inevitable as painful. Here, as everywhere else, employers are placing every possible emphasis on the fact that all special advances made to men on salaries are in the nature of emergency payments, made to relieve the stress of abnormal conditions, and are not to be considered as advances in salary.

The Prosperity at Eddystone

BETWEEN Wilmington and Philadelphia is the great munition center of Eddystone. Here a general manager sketched the situation tersely by saying:

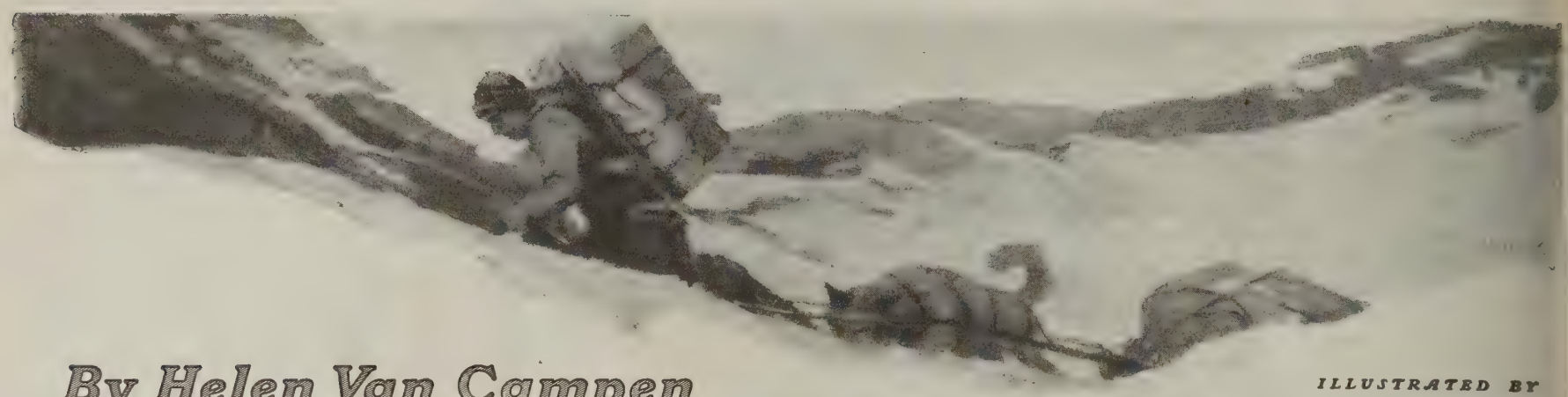
"Office men can go into the shop and earn six or seven dollars a day; and quite a number of them do this. Many more are prevented from taking the step because it would hurt their pride. For example, a man who has been a timekeeper or a timekeeper's assistant feels that he has, in a sense, been in authority over workmen, and that to change places would be a comedown not easily accepted, even with increased compensation. Storekeepers' clerks usually getting sixty dollars a month now receive eighty; the typical shopman ordinarily getting twenty-five cents an hour is now pulling down seven or eight dollars a day as a handy man.

"There are plenty of girls in these plants drawing five and a half dollars a day. Toolmakers who formerly drew forty-five or fifty cents an hour now get from ten to fifteen dollars a day, with time and a half for overtime. Most of them are spending their money rather magnificently, I regret to say. However, you can see that the yard out there is littered with motorcycles and automobiles. There is no doubt that the homes of all these workers, without respect to their grade, are improved in their equipment and their general conditions. Many of them are very greatly improved in these respects.

(Continued on Page 95)

Shells Made by Baldwin's Ready for Shipment to Dupont's for Finishing

THE LUCK OF A SOURDOUGH



By Helen Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IF THERE hadn't been a little better than wages in placer gold on Griffith Creek I couldn't have stayed with my quartz ground for nine years. I bonded it to some parties the second year after discovery; then some papers were packed in that fall, and here the guy, Rannols, was advertising how the wonderful Griffith Group had eight claims, five on the strike of the ledge; outcroppings showed the ledge to be from five to eighteen feet wide and distinctly defined for five thousand feet along the strike. Samples taken at frequent intervals, clear across the ledge, averaged two hundred and thirty dollars a ton. Then came half pages of guff about me, the discoverer, a man who had prospected the gold countries of the earth for thirty years—I ain't but thirty-eight right now—and they had me tossing out that, with the average width of over ten feet for the length of five thousand feet, there was fifty thousand cubic feet in the first foot from the surface, equivalent to twenty-five hundred tons at two hundred and thirty dollars—a little more than half a million in the grass roots, and millions beneath if it only went down a few feet!

It told how we was close to a fine wagon road, had ninety men at work and a cyaniding plant going up, modern bunkhouses on property, workmen's houses being erected, post office to be speedily petitioned for, and much less snow than people supposed fell in the Alaskan Coast Range. A restricted sale of stock was to provide capital for operating expenses. Then there came pictures—they had my name under a whiskery old pill who looked like he had been Siwashing it since '97; and the prints showed Bill Fairman's camp on Quartz Creek, and two of the dumps from Frank Young's camp at Cooper Creek—both placer properties; though I suppose that school-teacher money Rannols was after wouldn't know any different if he had made it all pictures of a quartz district.

I read those pieces while I set in a mosquito tent with my dogs—we was the ninety men and the cyaniding plant, and the millions in sight was the few surface cuts for which Rannols made a first payment of twelve hundred; my tunnel hadn't reached the vein then. I got hotter and hotter as I read over his lies, and thought of the suckers "Outside" who would be telling their friends about their Alaska Gold Mine—and whiskers on me, too, in the photo! And if I could have caught up with Rannols that morning—but he was back in the East, thinking up more ads. I went to Seward and cabled, but he didn't answer; and I doped out how I would write, and meant to, but letters are hard for a guy used to the hills and never getting mail, and it came October when the next payment on the bond was due. The money wasn't at the bank.

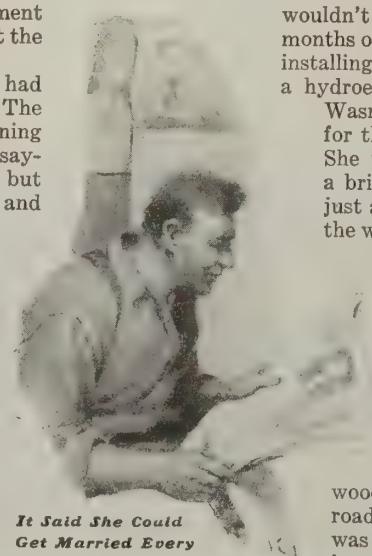
I waited one more boat, and then I seen I had an out, and the claims were mine again. The check showed up in November, he explaining how he had been to London for capital, and saying "Yours cordially, T. Harvey Rannols"; but I was through. They took up some ground and some options on Satan Creek, below me, locating on the snow over parties whose stakes had been drove in the summer; and they brought a gang of miners and muckers in the next spring, and actually put up buildings and worked me out of the ads without changing the rest much. They say he cleaned a bundle. The shacks have long ago fell down under winter snows, and picks and shovels and rusted barrows are in a heap in the superintendent's windowless office.

I was sure I really had something in the Griffith Group, and I didn't want to mix in with another bunk outfit; so, winter and summer, I drove my tunnel. But it was slow, like a one-man job is bound to be. I was high on a mountain, where the snow stayed until late in June, and I had to buck ice in the tunnel. It stayed about twelve above in the mine all year, and the drills broke from the cold. I drug all my timbers from a mile below, and packed grub up on my back and a little two-dog sled. I'd had to be hunting sheep all the time to keep more dogs; but a guy wants somebody round; and Dan and Polo, when they didn't hunt meat, stuck with me on the work. In the little valley, where my creek flows into Satan, it was sheltered, and I cleared enough land for a big cabin, storehouse, woodhouse and bunkhouse—somebody might come by, making for the head of Resurrection Creek, and I hate for a tired guy to sleep on a split-log floor. The ice got out of my garden by mid-May and the rhubarb was getting big by June first, and I always had vegetables left when the new ones began to bulge in the permanent daylight. Of course being at the claims made it chancy for things freezing down in the cabin; but when it was below twenty I would go down and light a good smudge, and look for Bingo, the tame otter, to wiggle up from the creek and screech for sugar—they love that.

When the high water lowered I lived at the camp and panned the creek, except a little time to snooze and keep a fire under the beans and meat; and when the nuggets and dust reached high enough in my bottles, that was the price of flour and fruit, and odds of grub, winter clothes, and powder for blasting.

I took one paper, with the Western mining news, and a weekly that had good pictures to cut out—society folks and actresses. That was how I first seen Lucette Loring's photo. It said she had flew in an aëroplane and made stuff for the Allies' wounded, and could get married every day, but wouldn't, because she was looking for her ideal man. She seemed little and sort of loving-eyed and smily. I didn't like a big lady, being a thick though not so very tall guy myself; still I am called a big man—two inches over six feet, though my brothers was all six feet four. They all got small wives, who run them.

Well, I thought, would anyone like Lucette notice me? But folks are the same all over; and, with me dressed flossy, and explaining how I had a rich property—and she would like the garden and the dogs, and the flowers everywhere, wild roses and hyacinths and big violets; I pick 'em myself when they first come. And Alaska is an awful gay country. People in the big camps are dancing and playing cards, and dog teaming by moonlight, and chasing off on launch trips for picnics—I would tell Lucette we wouldn't have to spend more than six or eight months on the Group, maybe longer when I was installing the concentrator and machinery for a hydroelectric plant to run mine and mill. Wasn't figuring on the cyaniding process, for there's too much sulphide in my ore. She would be interested. That is where a bright woman comes in. I didn't want just a dummy, who only knew how to get the wash white in rainy weather—someone dashing, like Lucette. I set down and wrote her how big the Group looked as a producer, and that I'd be going Outside when I could get away; and how I had her pictures.



It Said She Could Get Married Every Day, But Was Looking for Her Ideal Man

That fall I built some shacks for a chechako on another creek, and started his flume—he was putting it on the wrong side of the water; and I hauled and sawed his winter wood and showed him how to lay his railroad rail for sluices the next spring. There was three hundred made, and I put it by in a poke. I used moose drips for butter in the winter, and left out canned tomatoes and apricots and bacon—you hanker for bacon too. I was saving to go out for capital. I'd sent samples from the same batch to Nome, Salt Lake, New York and Seattle, and the returns checked mighty close. I had a mine! But it was twenty-two miles from a wagon road that was mostly mudhole, with a nine-hour climb into the air—you could get halfway up with dogs in winter, and I had swamped a trail so one horse could make it partway in summer.

It would take lots of cash to get going right; but I seen myself setting smoking a big two-bitter, across from swell-dressed chaps in a swell San Francisco office, who was taking over a big part of the Group and hiring me for manager. Nights when I had to stick by the stove, watching a mess of sourdough bread, I mulled over how I would spread out maps, assay certificates and estimates. With what I had in the old poke, I could put in the whole summer rocking out placer gold; and by fall I could go. It was a mean winter, extra heavy snow, and winds so strong that once the dogs and I stayed in the tunnel forty hours—you couldn't stand against it on that mountain. And my vegetables froze down below.

When the dogs and I holed up, nights, in the little wickiup near the mine, it was often fifty weather on the other side of us, and the stars crackled in the sky. I was getting mighty grouchy, nervous at the wind when it started, tired and lonesome. Nobody was working near me. It was all placer country except on my creek and the Rannols ground on Satan. I would look out at the big peak stretching off toward the ocean—everything white. And suddenly I said to the dogs they could hire another manager—I'd stay Outside, where there was lots of humans. After that day I wouldn't look at the hills; I was hating them too much. The thunder of snowslides began and warm breaths came up from below. I could thaw my powder without keeping the stove going all night. It was spring—somewhere.

I didn't want to help the ice out of my garden below; didn't care if I had one at all. I kept thinking of fresh fruit and canned tomatoes—and Lucette. The snow gave under my snowshoes when I mushed to the cabin one morning, and I went through into water every other step. I could smell ferns in my little valley—under the tundra, but coming. Bingo was asleep on the doorsill, and he screeched at my yell when I saw there was a letter hanging by a string from the Yukon porch—a letter, to me! It said "World of Folly Company. En Route," and was wrote in a good, strong, stand-up hand.

I couldn't see that warming turquoise sky for a minute—or the frisking dogs with their yellow eyes on me. She said maybe I would catch the show in California in June—it was mid-May now.

I went in and stared at her picture. Then I put important papers inside my vest, oiled all the guns and hung 'em up, and poured a couple pounds of sugar into a gold pan for Bingo. It was six that night when I hit Jim Logan's road house and store on the Interior mail trail, and hollered to his dogs to shut up. Grass was on the flats and fireweed and ferns were showing. A couple of mushers were sacking their own grub back of the counter, Jim's kids was all excited, and Nadia, his squaw, was sewing a yellow dress on her hand machine back in the kitchen, with Jim in his good suit, and the derby he bought in Valdez, in 1904, down over his fat face, turning the wheel. In half a minute they told that Jim was taking Nadia and the two youngest to Seattle—they would put Henry and Tessie in a private school, and Nadia could get store dresses and see the fine city.

Mrs. Noble, who cooked for an outfit over on Resurrection, had mushed in, and over the talking she was telling Jim and the squaw to get her a rose-pink satin corset, that had to be terrible small in the waist. She is a very hefty lady who wears male corduroys except for dances; but she

·is slender-waisted. I set there, keeping the dress pulled ight, until Jim said:

Why such a face?"

Because I come down to borry a thousand bucks and 'll need all you got."

We got lots a' t'ousand bucks, you foolish Griff!" says lia, giggling.

I'm willin' to give an interest in the Group," I says, ugh I had always meant to keep the mine clear.

im got red, and asked if he hadn't been a friend, and my trade, and who was I insulting? Then the kids all ted for the ink, and when I took out over the trail to n my dogs was left there, I had a twenty-piece to get corset, because she wouldn't trust them about the little st, and the thousand check was in my kick. I walked all ht—I couldn't have slept, that letter said the show s going to San Francisco; so was I.

A shirt-sleeved guy took me t doors whence actresses, painted, peeked out, and a ckery one says to another or, there was Lucette's skan!

The show was finished, and een the roses I had staked usher to send to the back, ore I glimpsed Lucette, who led:

"Come in!"

Now you read how the rdy outdoor man is struck mb and can't speak at a time e this; but that ain't so. She s out of her stage clothes d in a shimmery bright-green ess, with a white fox on her oulders—not a prime hide her, for the hair come out; t I knew of some silvers I uld send North for.

"Oh, you nice big, strong askan miner! Where's your r boots and hoods?" she ys—smily like in her picture; d she put a little hand into ine, and I shook it as easy as knew, and says:

"Never mind that; tell me you're glad I come round ree thousand miles to see the veetest girl alive!"

"Only three thousand? Vhy, we go five times that on e road in a season!" she says, oking disappointed. "Well, o matter. Tell me everything bout your frozen North."

"I got a cute garden," I ays. "I raise awful tender hubarb. It ——"

"Oh, I hate the beastly sour tuff! No peaches?"

"It's cold for them; but legant turnips and tomatoes. hey ——"

"They simply kill me! No resh figs? They're lovely in his state."

"No," I says, worrying; and, besides, I flashed myself n her glass, and my hair being so short looked funny. "But had young onions by July last year."

"Oh, the vile things!" she says, shuddering. "Tell me, are furs frightfully cheap there?"

"Good grades ain't never cheap to a chechako's notion. The idea is, they're used to bein' sold seconds, I s'pose, for firsts. Prime dark minks are three-six bits, as they run; but they might be up to eight a skin for a pick, while ——"

"Great heavens! What robbery! I bought this darling fox for eighteen."

"It's mighty small," I says. "An' it's a slipper—left too long in the trap."

"Huh! I think it looks well; but never mind—you've got a gold mine?"

She got close to the mirror and dusted on powder, and left it that way. Then she took out a gold affair and made her mouth redder—it looked good to me before. I was starting to explain about the Group when she says:

"Smell that? That beefy disgusting smell? They stuck a couple of vodeville acts in this piece when the original principals dropped out, before we came on the road; you saw the performing dogs? He cooks for them right outside the dressing rooms! I don't intend to put up with it; would you? I don't have to—I had offers for New York; but it was a good chance to look at the West, which is ridiculous, I think—fancy last night not getting holders for green corn, though it's early! I suppose that's something—barbarous, you know! And bringing salad first in this place! Now it's not a Latin custom—they can't claim that; and the French assuredly don't. Still, there the waiter stood until I insisted on the dinner coming; and he said, why, we hadn't touched the salad yet. Bah!"

"We'll get them Ententy Powers after him," I says; but she frowned, saying:

"On-tant is the correct pronunciation. He was an idiot—that's all. There are so many idiots. By the way, did you see last week's Seattle Times? They gave me half a column—though they ought to, heaven knows!"

"Last week I was ridin' out a seventy-mile gale on the ocean, comin' toward you," I says tenderly. "You wouldn't be 'fraid of the sea, would you?"

"Naw, it's breakfast; but they like watchin' me," says the guy. "They know I'm goin' to take 'em for their run to the beach."

"They're grand animals," I says, rubbing some soft necks, while the poodles whined for me not to quit. "Have a cigar?"

"Come away," says Lucette coldly. "No—down, you brute! Mussy things!"

I had not thought there was a live woman who didn't love dogs. I was walking her off when she says where on earth was all the cabs; so I hailed a taxi and excused myself, and in a minute we was in the pleasant gloom, setting close. And I kept thinking, would I or not put my arm round her, until I says: "Could you love a big roughneck who would treat you awful square?"

"Yes," she says.

And I began whispering how I had thought and thought of her; and she whispered she had thought about me! The dear little woman!

The cab halted where she had told him; and he soaked me two bucks, which I let go, though minded to wallop him, for we had come just three squares. A uniformed fellow rushed at us, but I had opened the door; and he cried good evening and Lucette's name.

"Give him a fifty-cent tip," she says.

"What for? He ain't done anything," I says.

"He knows me; and a person prefers not to be cheap," she says coldly.

I said nothing and did not give up, and she muttered. We had a table in the middle of a restaurant all white and gold and waiters; and parties came over to greet Lucette, who would introduce me as Mr. Griffith from Alaska, saying I had an enormous gold mine, and they would ask what was the opportunities up there, and, I must say, acted very polite toward me, though I paid all the checks. Finally she asked didn't I have a hard gray hat, so I would look more Northern. I had just blew six for a London derby to go with my dark suit.

"Them hats go well in the hills; but in our country they say if you come Outside in 'em, an' wear nugget jewelry, prices go up thirty per cent," I joked; but she said, just the same, it was more romantic.

We set there till I was nigh roasted and had to yawn inside myself; and it appeared that, unless they had a jump, she never got up until eleven, as her work wore her out. So I said when did she exercise; and it seemed she had no time, with a show every night and two matinées, as it made demands I could not understand. At the end she told me to give the waiter a couple of dollars. He was from Broadway—I guess so, for on her friends' drink checks he had short-changed me for about six bits; so I slipped him just a half when she wasn't noticing.

Lucette ordered me to come to her hotel for breakfast at noon, which was dinner for me; and parting, she gave me a melty look and squeezed back when I held her hand. I could hardly shave next morning, thinking of her and being shy of sleep too. Them cars jolting past got me, and I would leap up every time I heard a siren, which I had read was fire alarm; but some were on bicycles.

The first crack, I gave a man a gold five dollars for a bright penny; and when I counted up and went back he got sniffy and cried not to pull that dodge round there—the thieving rat! If it hadn't been downstairs in her hotel —— I was hot, anyway, for the tan shoes I had bought at a fancy-seeming trap in Grant Avenue dug into my foot just abaft the big toe; and when I took them back the man said he couldn't help it; they was what I had took.

"Took when you said, for sure, they was right for me. The linin's of both wrinkle an' the feet are blistered already! Feel that linin'!"

He said it was my size, and they belonged to the Retailers' Association, and when a shoe was worn it was sold; so I limped out, though I cussed him first. Next I eyed the windows and seen a rose-pink satin corset, and explained

In a Second I Was Telling Her About Them Nine Lonesome Years, and How Her Picture Kept Me Going That Last Winter

"My friend, Mr. Ed Thomas—the Georgia Thomas family—oil in West Virginia and street railroad in Savannah, you know—his yacht is four hundred feet over all and we've been in much worse storms than yours!"

She perked her little head at me—her inky-black hair was drew flat on each side of her small face and sort of plastered there; and big, long jet earrings waggled in the shade of a flat two-foot green satin hat. We kept looking, and she smiled—her teeth was nothing special, different sized and not white and shiny like I had supposed. But that wasn't her fault; and her black eyes was like the picture when she smiled—melty. A thrill hit me when she reached up—I was still standing—and touched my fingers. In a second I had sat on her trunk, marked "Theater," and was telling her about them nine lonesome years, and how her picture kept me going that last winter; and now the Group was a sure winner; and I could have yachts—though I get powerful sick in a swell.

She looked meltier then, sighing; and I sighed myself. She put on more powder abstractedly and a splash of perfume—some of the cussed truck got on me. Then she looked up; and, sure enough, in the corridor a guy was cooking dog grub!

And the little rascals that had been in the show was setting in a bunch, some asleep, and more bright-eyed and whisking tails at me, when I says:

"Hello, sports! You ain't figurin' to eat at this hour?"

to a friendly lady within about Mrs. Noble's waist, and she took great interest; and, though it was twenty-eight bucks, I took one, deciding I would stand the eight. Back in the room, I spread it on the bed, studying till I took my rule out of the grip. The waist was four inches wider than the hips!

Well, I set there; and though I had gone in easy the first time, it seemed like I'd rather be shot than return. But I had to; there was Ella Noble trusting me. When I got in a whole raft of dames were yanking corsets round, and fitters was swimming about in the crowd, some disappearing into little cubby-holes. I found the lady, and we had a fierce talk, her declaring it was the style—I said I had went into that; the party this was for, style or not, wanted a little waist! All the selling ladies and some customers got massed, asking what did a man know about it, and the corset was a pet.

Well, maybe so; but in the end I asked for my dough; and the clerk fainted and come to, moaning. I was half a nut myself then; but I stuck, for, dog-gone her, she got me right about that waist, in the start! The manager, in black, said it wasn't their custom; I could have another corset, but ——

"Girls," I says, "come through with that twenty-eight! I'll get it if I stand here an' holler all day."

They threw it at me then. I spent the next two hours looking at the displays, and there were some pinks. And I tried one place, where they said they had 'em small; but when I showed my rule they got dispirited, but cheered up when their boss said: "Dart it in." So at last I had found a way, and it was to be sent next day. Lucette had the shades of her sitting room drew way down, and when I pulled some up she says:

"Heavens! Put them down; that light is frightful! Oh! I feel dreadful! And I ripped a darling waist; and there's no hooks left on anything, it seems. I'm not carrying a maid; the management's too stingy to pay her fare."

There was a wardrobe trunk, like ads I had seen, and the clothes looked a trifle forgotten. Things lay on all the chairs, and she was in a light-blue trailing dress, with a busted ruffle catching chair-legs and rockers. But her hair was plastered slick on each side, and her feet cute in blue slippers. I thought we could go down to eat, but she said it was cozier here; so I phoned six or eight times trying to get a waiter, and he was Greek when he came and knew no English, but seemed amiable. It must have been two hours before he got the grub delivered, and then left out my strawberries. But I had eaten them every meal since reaching the Outside.

Finally Lucette decided to get ready, and bade me read while waiting. There was the Life of Lincoln on the table. Emerging all powdered and in violet silk, she sent me the first melty glance; and, thrilling, I says, after a tender smile:

"Turn round. Ain't something coming loose in back?"

The top part of the dress was, and she seemed desperate; but I can sew, and she found a box and some thin dark thread, saying to sew it very tight, so the belt, skirt and top would stay put. Then she stood and wiggled while I switched the needle for a bigger one and took a bigger spool; and at last we got to the street. She was going to a store for gloves, and I stuck outside, sweating in the heat, my stiff collar eating off my neck. In about three minutes she tore out, her eyes snapping as she panted:

"Oh, my heavens! You sewed it on the outside, with white thread; and every woman in there stared until I saw it in the glass! And here I am without a coat!"

"Gosh! Was that wrong?" I says; but she was backed to the wall, panting:

"That's it—laugh! You send American Beauties to the dressing room instead of over the foots, where it'd help my popularity; you won't wear the hat you should; and now—now!—I don't move a step until I have a coat—any coat! And you just go buy one! Anything to cover my shame!"

She was crying, and I slunk into the store and grabbed up a four-dollar sweater from a sale table; but when I brought it she said what did I think she was, and to get something decent or end it all right there! I seen my chance then, and I marched in and blew eighty bucks on a mustard-color satin gag that had big silk tassels and would go swell with her hair.

"You dear boy!" she says so sweetly; and my heart went quicker.

And with her beautiful in the new wrap, we rode in an auto—though going down hills and shaving other cars had me scared—through the Presidio and the Park, and back to the tavern to feed. She got a note at the table, and read it hasty, talking very swift meantime. But I didn't think of it then, for we had it all settled—we was engaged! She wrote on the blank side of her note, looked round, and, sighing, dropped it into a wrap pocket. When she had to go to make up I ordered more flowers, and staked my usher to do it right this night—over the foots, forty dollars' worth, with wide ribbons, and a card marked: "From Griff to Sweetheart."

I set in the audience, watching her come out and sing and dance. I felt like ordering a yacht like her friend's, and a fancy auto.

That gliding through the Presidio and the Park with her, earlier, wasn't much like packing hundred-pound loads up my mountain. She had set up like a queen, saying the Jersey Palisades was better than that Pacific—I don't know yet what they are.

Well, I had made a phone date with a big firm to bring my papers next morning. I done that in the store where we selected the diamond ring—four hundred; but that would soon be chicken feed to me, and she had gave me a light kiss at the stage door. I was in a happy fog, seeing her dance and sing, and people clapping; and I told myself, cities for mine! We could get a maid to keep her ruffles sewed. I could see how Lucette had got in love with me, for I was used to my hair now, and limping less in some patent leathers. I had showed her how city men can't balance, and just a poke will send them over—the guy had looked at her flip, anyway, hearing her talking rather loud about the show. She mentioned herself how my gray eyes stared right at people, and that making all that fortune was wonderful—the coming one, that was; she thought I had it already.

Naturally I attracted her, after them actors she had knew, handing her fool compliments—I had said to get them teeth straightened if it cost a thousand, and couldn't she do without so much lip rouge and powder—knowing she would prefer truth from a lifemate—and she must learn to rise early and walk at least a few miles daily.

The show ended, all of them singing and her smiling straight at me. I stuck in a cigar store a while; then the shirt-sleeved guy led me to her dressing room. The performing dogs was barking as they ran upstairs, and their stew smelled nice.

"Help with this—dear," says Lucette, and as I put on the new wrap that note dropped.

Instantly she slid a foot over the paper, talking very fast. It made me uneasy. Getting powder from a wide dish, she worked her foot near the theater trunk, pushing the paper under as somebody yelled her name.

Then She Stood and Wiggled While I Switched the Needle for a Bigger One

"Heavens! It's the manager's wife, our prima donna, I wouldn't go. Wait for me!" she says. "You'll pard me, dear?"

I just nodded. Next minute I dragged that paper o with my knife, and read:

Lose Mr. Alaska so we can take our midnight rid Bestest love! Answer on this or when passing my tabl next the door. Say what time, as if just bowing; will g you. ARTIE.

In her stand-up hand the other side said:

Hotel lobby; twelve. Shall tell him I have to rehearse new part. Bestest love! Thousand kisses! LUCY.

I recollected her pausing as we left the tavern, and young guy, with one of those pathetic little mustache standing when she bowed. In the corridor the performi dogs was clustered round the fellow lighting an alcoh stove for their meat kettle. One poodle put his nose u for me to rub, and he made me think of Dan and Polo home. My legs was wabbly as I found the stage door. had put the note in the powder dish, writing under h part of it:

You needn't rehearse that new part. Good-by!

The first parties I seen said their field men was in t Tolovana and up the Kobuk, and it'd be too late in t fall, when they got through, to look at my ground befo snow. But the second people had me there all morning a Market Street office, questioning, shaking their hea over my assays, until the senior partner says:

"Of course you know Henry Shultz, Mr. Griffith? thought you would. All right, is he?"

"Sure!" I says; though I wasn't keen on Hank, w had pulled some rough stuff at times, but was married n and running a sawmill.

"We don't think so," he says sharply. "And we we well acquainted with the Griffith Group before you ca in, sir! Also with the Rannols Exploration Company a Shultz and other robbers back of it. We can tell you mu of the Griffith Group, where our investigators found ten-foot prospect hole in place of the plant you gent men advertised, and with which you robbed the wretch public! Good morning, sir! And let us advise y to exploit yourself elsewhere than in a mining cent where men have memories and files!"

"If—if you was just not quite so old, the both you, I'd crack your heads together," I says; and rang a bell sudden, shrinking away from me. "I w a goat for Rannols—took the ground from him; spe mine ——"

"Call an officer if he threatens you, Parker," sa the old man to a clerk most as old who rushed "This is Griffith, Parker, of Rannols', you kno They got your poor little eight hundred for th precious stock."

The old clerk regarded me same as a snake, a I was too full of rage to do more than bust by h and get out. Outside I figured would I go back a trim the whole office; but it was only old men a females at typewriters.

I squeezed the canvas sample sacks in my pock until the rock cut through, and stood on one of the isles of safety in the street's center for an hour, t I climbed on a street car and rode on it till I cou face the hotel clerk I had told how I would be ri when I come in.

The next week was awful—my feet and back de from the pavements, and me whispering the nam of Griffith quieter to each office boy in the fina cial district. It seemed like my Group had beer scandal—Rannols, at the big blow-off, had ga a statement that there never had been any showi in those eight claims, though on Satan Creek the was gold! Those firms must have tipped each oth for in some they told me, first off, they didn't hanc anything except legitimate propositions; and th would have a little army ready to see I found t elevator.

I didn't go to any more shows at night; didn't anything except set in the room and sweat, and thi of Her and her Artie, and if Polo's leg, where t whistler he was digging out bit him, was better, a whether any volunteers had come up in the garde But I didn't want to go North—couldn't go, wh this trip was what I had figured on for years; and they wouldn't listen to me here, where could I g I would see some busy guy in a pinchback suit, a eyes like buttonholes, bustle in to see the board the Exchange, and wish I was him, or one of the who nodded to the desk boy in the offices where t money was, and strolled right in past the glass doc that said Private!

Finally I had visited all the places I knew, and eleven one blowy morning I stopped on a Californ Street corner, staring, without thinking of him, at stoutish gray-haired man in a wide window.

(Continued on Page 45)

THE GOLD TOKEN

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

MIND you, this is history. In the eccentricity of time the year 1896 was reserved for the exercise of man's favorite frenzy—that is, to make a fetish of his poor little tokens and invest them with magical properties. Whether white or yellow metal should be the symbol of evil was believed to be the answer to all good and evil.

Many strange things happened. A professor of bad economics, who thought the Gold Devil had queered his job, turned vender of good metal and polish. He came one day to Wall Street, where a lot of people, with paper money in their hands, were anxiously waiting for the doors of the United States Subtreasury to open. To show them a cleansing miracle, he scaled the pedestal of the Washington Statue and rubbed up the first President's heroic bronze shins. It was wasted advertising.

The paper money the people had in their hands was the kind called greenbacks and the clamor was to exchange it for gold while yet the government's diminishing store of that precious metal survived the daily raid of Europe. Each morning the gold reserve was less, the line of Jew and Gentile gold hoarders longer, and the demands of Europe more insistent. That had been going on for many weeks. The professor was not so mad as the people who were hoarding gold; and they were not so mad as other people, in the West, who cried for white money and worshiped a silver calf. All these together were less mad than Congress, with whom the President pleaded in vain to repeal the absurd law which required that, as fast as the Treasury redeemed the wretched greenbacks, they must be reissued. That was why the same greenbacks came again and again to be redeemed in gold, like an endless chain of evil.

Fancy a daily run on the United States Subtreasury! It was a fascinating spectacle. By a freak of irony there was nowhere to be had a better view of it than from the high windows of Cæsar's banking house, directly across the street. The irony lay in the fact that this was probably the Yellow Devil's habitat. Cæsar himself it was who, under pretense of believing in his country, meditated the crucifixion of its people upon a cross of gold.

You might have innocently believed it; for so many people did. But if by some stroke of strategy you had got inside the bank that morning, to see with what an air human beings could go about preparing so ghastly an event, you would have been deeply disappointed. It was very quiet there. Men went leisurely about with documents in their hands, or stopped at each other's desks and talked about the weather.

However, business had not begun. It was only nine-thirty. Cæsar had not come. Two men stood at one of the windows, staring out. One was the cashier, who believed in trifles and took big things for granted. The other was Sammy Postgate, prodigy, who believed in arithmetic.

"What a shame!" said the cashier. "It is too late now to do anything about it."

"It will last a week," said the other.

The cashier shook his head.

"It will never be the same again. Bronze is peculiar stuff."

"Bronze?" said Sammy Postgate. "W-w-what are you talking about?"

"A crazy peddler just now got up there and polished them bright, from the knees down. I saw him when he started, and telephoned over; but before they could reach him the damage was done."

"Is that what you see?" inquired Sammy, disbelieving at first. "Why, man dear, where's your imagination? Look! A run on the National Treasury! In a week the government will have to shut up, like a Jew banker on the East Side. It will quit! Stop paying! Turn them away! Put up its shutters! The gold bin will be empty! And here you are taking on because a peddler cleaned up G. W.'s shins!"

"Yes," said the cashier; "you say he cleaned them up. So a lot of people think; they would have the whole figure polished to match the shins. It takes years and years to give that beautiful color to bronze. When people have forgotten that they were ever such fools as to hoard their gold for fear the government would go bankrupt, that crazy peddler's work will still show. Bronze is funny stuff."

"If We are to Hold Our Own With Europe We Shall Have to Work With the Money of Highest Efficiency"

"They're not such fools as you think," said Sammy, scorning the peculiarity of bronze. "They are doing only on a small scale what this house has been doing in a big way for many months. They are protecting themselves. Why shouldn't the people get their gold while they can?"

The cashier made a gesture of impatience.

"It isn't theirs, for one thing," he said; "and you're as stupid as they are."

"I tell you the country is insolvent," said Sammy. "I've got the figures to prove it." He dropped his voice and continued: "The Old Man knows. We've sold thirty millions of securities in Europe in the last eight months—this house has—and some of them at a loss. What do you think that means? We have been getting out. That's what it means! They don't catch us in the wreck."

The cashier thought differently. The country could never go bankrupt so long as one man lived. Every morning, as he mounted the steps from the street level to the door of his banking house, Cæsar glanced backward over his shoulder at the gold hoarders and sneered. The cashier had seen this. It thrilled him. As for the government's having to suspend gold payments, that would not be allowed, either, so long as Cæsar lived. Had he not averted that disaster the year before when he placed an immense quantity of gold in the government's hands and took its bonds in payment?

Everybody predicted that he would smash up with it. Instead of that, the bonds advanced tremendously from the price at which he took them; and then the very people who said it was a hopeless undertaking in the beginning denounced him for having made a profit out of the government. People were queer. They would clean up the whole Washington Statue. But it was of no use to argue with Sammy. He could prove anything by arithmetic. He was a devil with figures. And besides, though everybody called Cæsar the Old Man, they should do it with reverence or affection; whereas Sammy did it flippantly. So the cashier shifted the attack unexpectedly and said:

"Trouble with arithmetic, Sammy, man invented it; whereas God invented people, and there is no telling what they will do. You'd better not let the Old Man find out how you are speculating in the stock market. He's very hard about that."

"What do you know about me?" asked Sammy uneasily.

The cashier regarded the young man's little fox face and did not reply. He waited for him to boast, as he was sure to do. "I'm not the only man in this house who speculates," Sammy added. "I've been successful. That's the only difference."

"It's beginning to be talked about," said the cashier. "There's nothing in it. I've seen too many young men get started that way. Success at the beginning is fatal. I never made a speculative trade in my life."

"That may account for your having risen in forty years to be a cashier," said Postgate in his worst manner.

With that he left the cashier to his contemplation of bronze and returned leisurely to his own desk.

It was now ten years since Cæsar, passing through the main corridor of his bank, happened to look in the direction of the mailing desk, saw Sammy for the very first time, stopped short, stared, and then returned to his private office, whither he summoned the subordinate who was responsible for all petty office affairs.

"There are two boys at that mailing desk outside," said Cæsar. "As I passed just now one was holding out his tongue for the other boy to wet the stamps on."

"I never saw anything like that, sir!" said the subordinate, terrified.

"Discharge the boy who was holding out his tongue," said Cæsar, "and send the other one here to me at once."

He waited. Sammy, who had wetted his stamps on another's tongue, presented himself, and was unterrified. Cæsar asked his name, his age, where he came from, whether he knew arithmetic; and then, at random, put this question:

"If exchange is four-eighty-eight, and Atchison is twenty in London, what is the equivalent New York price for Atchison?"

He motioned toward pencil and paper, but the boy answered correctly out of his head. Cæsar was startled. If exchange was four-eighty-eight-and-a-half, and Erie was nine in London, what was the New York equivalent for Erie? Again the boy answered correctly out of his head. At that, and with not another word, the great banker got up and went home.

Next day two new boys, instead of one, were hired for the mailing desk, and the one who could do problems in his head was sent to the Foreign-Exchange Department. He learned with amazing rapidity. In five years he was the most efficient member of the foreign-exchange staff, though not the head of it, owing to his immature age; and Cæsar was in the habit of asking him things and of calling upon him for statistics that required special and careful preparation. He was never disappointed.

At length came those gold transactions of Cæsar's with the government, in the conduct of which it became necessary to run a corner in foreign exchange, a thing that had never been attempted in the world before. Then Sammy was invaluable. One night, when they had toiled late downtown, he went with Cæsar to the library of the Fifth Avenue home, to work out calculations for the morrow; and afterward Sammy had been refreshed in the wonderful dining room, to which all the world had contributed objects of art.

It was there he met Helen, the daughter of Cæsar, who talked to him knowingly and, as he thought, almost confidentially. She asked him a lot of questions about her father. He had never imagined a woman like her. She was not beautiful. He cast about in his mind later for a phrase to fit her, and put it down that she was a "tremendous woman!" What amazed him most was that she treated Cæsar without fear and asked him questions that no man in Wall Street would have dared to ask him. Moreover, he answered them. Next day Sammy sent her a book about something they had mentioned, and she acknowledged it daintily in her own writing.

Thereafter his recreation, beyond arithmetic, was to elaborate the daydream of being called to Cæsar's private office and hearing him say:

"Mr. Postgate"—not Postgate, or Sammy—"Mr. Postgate, how should you like to become a member of this firm?" He knew exactly what he would say. Then Cæsar would name the terms and they would shake hands; and Cæsar would say: "Can't you come up for dinner to-night? Don't bother to change. Come just as you are." It would be very different dining in the Fifth Avenue house and meeting Helen as Cæsar's partner.

The aspect of Cæsar that interested Sammy most was that of speculator. He was perhaps the only subordinate in the great banking house who perceived clearly that its head was the most daring speculator of his generation in money, in exchange, in securities and in events; but on a scale so large and by calculations so imaginative as to lift his operations away above common definitions.

Knowing this, he believed that, even if Cæsar should find out that he had been speculating, he could successfully defend his conduct. His mind and Cæsar's had been working in parallel lines. He was sure of that. Out of his own intelligence he had made the staggering discovery that the country was statistically bankrupt. He had demonstrated it incontrovertibly, and he was going to lay it before Cæsar.

He had been asked to develop statistics in a certain simple form to show the country's exports and imports over a series of years. While he was doing this a startling implication of the figures presented itself to his mind. The country was insolvent! There was no doubt about it. The conclusion was irresistible. Having performed and delivered the routine work requested, he went further, on his own account, and proceeded to throw the figures into the form of an income account—as if the country were an individual or a corporation, subject to liquidation, with so much income, so much outgo, and so much surplus or deficit resulting. The outcome was amazing.

That the world doubted the ability of the country to continue paying its obligations in gold, everybody already knew. That there was grave doubt as to the ability of the country to pay its debts at all, in silver or gold or goods, was a very different matter. It was calamitous. Europe had been draining our gold away, not only because she feared that gold payments would be suspended but because we owed her a prodigious debt. It was steadily rising.

Taking the last year, for example, the outgo to foreign countries—namely, the money directly spent by Americans abroad; the freight paid or owed for exporting American goods in foreign bottoms; the dividends and interest paid or owed on American securities held abroad; and the profits of foreign corporations and persons doing business in the United States—

had been approximately	$400,000,000
The net value of American goods exported had been only	210,000,000
Leaving a balance of debt due to foreign countries, to be settled in goods or money, of	$190,000,000

One year alone was not so bad; but in fifteen years the outgo to foreign countries had been $3,600,000,000. In the same fifteen years the net value of goods exported had been only $1,300,000,000; leaving, to be paid in money or to stand owing, the enormous sum of $2,300,000,000.

No wonder that every fast ship leaving New York was a treasure ship, bearing gold to Europe! The country had not been able to pay its debt in goods and was being called upon to pay in gold. And, as Sammy said, the bottom of the gold bin was in sight!

Having worked up an elaborate demonstration of the country's statistical bankruptcy, in thirty typewritten pages, he styled it: "Profit-and-Loss Account, U. S." This, on the first favorable opportunity, he proposed to lay before Cæsar. He doubted not that Cæsar already knew. Indeed, the figures explained to Sammy everything he knew the great banking house to have been doing for two years past—its enormous accumulation of resources, in the first place, and its continuous heavy sales of securities abroad more recently.

But if Cæsar thought that he alone foresaw the calamity which could not much longer be averted he was mistaken. It would astonish him to learn that a foreign-exchange clerk had divined the truth. He might be very angry at first, though in the end he would have to say: "Postgate, this is something that must not be talked about. Let us keep it to ourselves for a while."

Sammy was in the midst of these meditations when a flutter went through the whole establishment, like the stir of leaves before a wind. The carriage of Cæsar had appeared at the head of Wall Street. The big hall man ran to the door to take his hat and stick the instant he should cross the threshold. The cashier left the window, pretending not to hurry, and found pressing work upon his desk. Sammy began to make figures on a pad. Two office boys on a bench sat up straight and stiff. The four junior partners, at their respective desks, assumed airs of expectancy. One scooped up his papers and stood ready to be called.

It Would Astonish Cæsar to Learn That a Clerk Had Divined the Truth

Cæsar passed rapidly down the corridor to his private office, a place set off with glass partitions, and spoke to no one on his way. He had no habit toward his subordinates. Sometimes he spoke and often he did not. But his omission always included junior partners as well as office boys; so there was no discrimination. His subordinates feared him more than they loved him. None hated him. As he sat down at his desk before his personal mail, all opened and laid flat, one letter on another, a male stenographer came and stood at his side, notebook in hand. There were no female stenographers in this banking house.

He attacked his mail ferociously. More than half of it he tossed to one side for the stenographer, without comment; they were letters to be acknowledged and filed. On others he made illegible marks in pencil. To one he dictated a few lines. At the last was a letter unopened, bearing a foreign stamp. He read it carefully and put it aside under a desk weight. It referred to a collection of art objects. He nodded the stenographer away and rang for a boy, who brought the junior partner.

"Is that D. & R. reorganization plan ready?"

"Here it is," said the partner; he had finished it at two-thirty A. M., and was very tired.

Cæsar took it—forty typewritten pages—and went through it as if it was a Mother Goose Picture Book. His faculty of absorbing such things by page impressions tremendously awed his partners. With the last page, on which were set forth the terms of exchange—new securities of a company-to-be for the old securities of a railroad that had gone bankrupt—he went more slowly. He actually read it.

He put the document down and made a few rapid calculations on a pencil pad. Then he got to his feet and walked heavily about the little office, thinking. The partner had left the glass door open. He saw what was coming and deftly closed it, but not in time to prevent Cæsar's first fierce exclaimer escaping to the corridor outside:

"Do you think this is a charitable institution?"

The rest was in pantomime, to an outside point of view. The other partners, the cashier, Sammy and everybody watched it through the glass partitions. Cæsar first lit a huge cigar and went over to the ticker, as if to look at the tape, which he forgot to do. He went back to his desk and picked up the offending document, to wave it menacingly in the junior partner's face. He flung it back to the desk from a distance, and then followed it, to beat the desk with his fist. As he warmed to the subject he walked faster and turned more sharply and unexpectedly, so that the junior partner had to jump to keep out of the way.

This lasted ten minutes and ended abruptly. Cæsar stopped before the Broad Street window, smoking, and stood there gazing out until the junior partner knew that he was free to take up his unsatisfactory work and go.

After a while Cæsar turned and beckoned another partner in, conversed with him briefly, and returned to the window. The second partner went out and began calling, in turn, by telephone the presidents of the twelve largest private and national banks in Wall Street. They were to meet Cæsar at noon. Before the last of the summonses was served, it was known all over the house that a conference of bankers had been called. The cashier tried to catch Sammy's eyes interrogatively, but the eyes of Sammy were in use. A boy was coming straight to his desk from Cæsar's office.

"You're wanted," said the boy.

As far as the door Sammy carried himself consciously. This might be his opportunity. But as he faced Cæsar he saw only the man everybody feared. He could not think coherently. He recalled the sensation of having once collided with a tree in the dark. Something was wrong. He had never seen the face so purple. Its ugliness had never affected him sickishly before. He avoided its menacing eyes, which had a trick of becoming focused upon a human thing fixedly, while the owlish brows, slanting at a steep angle upward, twitched violently. It was very disconcerting. Sammy wondered whether Cæsar had ever been a baby.

"No employee of this house is permitted to speculate," said Cæsar in a tone of regal annoyance.

So that was it! Cæsar had found it out. The situatio was not at all as Sammy had thought it might be. He ha lost the daring to meet it. Had his mind been workin parallel to Cæsar's? Suddenly he was not sure. And i it had, would that fact increase or diminish the wrath However, no common evasions of speech would avail. T plead would be fatal.

"I've something here I want to show you, sir," sai Sammy.

He produced his demonstration. As Cæsar did not reac for it he laid it on his desk.

"You know that?" said Cæsar, referring to the rul about speculation.

"I know it, sir," said Sammy; "but there is my reason. He pointed to the document.

Cæsar looked at it remotely. He took it up betwee thumb and forefinger as if it were soiled. The legen "Profit-and-Loss Account, U. S.," induced him to turn th first page. He saw at a glance what Sammy had done, bu went through it page by page to the last. Then he swun round in his chair, facing the window, leaving his back t Sammy.

It was a true and interesting statistical performance. T the mind of Cæsar it was nothing more. He was n worried about the statistical bankruptcy of the countr He was not thinking about Sammy's demonstration at a as he sat staring into Broad Street, crushing the paper i his hand. The figures, by a common trick of irrelevar suggestion, had thrown him back upon a train of unfinishe calculations.

His mental condition for several weeks had been that a chess player who thinks forward to the twentieth mov wants the twenty-first, and is just on the point of gettin it when a book drops, a man speaks or a clock strikes. Th whole structure collapses and has to be built up again fro the beginning. The problem his mind wrestled with wa how to keep the country in credit—gold credit—until i creditors should have confidence in it again.

Sammy, of course, knew naught of this. He was in a ecstasy of uneasiness. Fifteen minutes passed. The su pense was intolerable.

"I could add something to it," he said.

Cæsar wheeled about, startled. He regarded Samm with angry amazement and roared:

"What are you doing here?"

Sammy, though taken off center in that way, had so fa recovered his wits as to be able to think fast. He conclude it was a test. He was being bullied.

"You sent for me, sir," he answered with what face I could command.

Gradually Cæsar regained his objectivity. He looke with a puzzled air, at what he had been crushing in h hand, opened it out, read the legend, and recalled what was and why he had sent for his foreign-exchange cler With an exclamation of disgust he tossed the "Profit-an Loss Account, U. S.," into the wastebasket, and said Sammy:

"Go to the cashier and get two weeks' pay. You a discharged!"

How little a Postgate mattered! Cæsar turned his bac and forgot his existence. He stood at the window agai gazing with his mind's eye upon the calculation that was necessary to reconstruct and complete before th bankers were met. They were already coming in. One b one they hurried down the corridor to the conferen room. All of them were anxious, more fretful and mo impatient than Cæsar, whose back they saw as they passe his den. They waited for him in the conference room—te minutes, twenty, half an hour—and began to feel annoye They were never sure whether he did such things in aberra tion or to impress them with his contempt for their tim

Two of the junior partners stood in suspense outside h door, not daring to interrupt, but anxious to remind hi that the bankers waited. Suddenly he turned, looked his watch, and walked rapidly down the corridor to th conference room. It was artificially illuminated in da time. The bankers sat round a long oval table. Cæs never saluted them. He sat down at the head of the tabl rocked forward on the front legs of his chair, and spoke t the president of the largest national bank:

"How much credit have you got in London?"

He asked deep, impertinent questions in that way, wit a bluntness which was either supreme tact or the lack of i Men were accustomed to it.

"Not more than six millions," was the answer.

"And you?"—to the private banker who had importa connections in Germany.

"Aboud vour," he answered.

They were exposing to him, without self-protection, th final secrets of their resources. And they were afraid to hi One by one they answered, categorically, and among the they could raise sixty millions of foreign credit.

"I am going to assess the foreign stockholders of th D. & R. Railroad for twelve millions," said Cæsar. "The I have arranged to place twenty millions of new securitie abroad. That will be thirty-two. I can raise eight mor

ıich, added to your sixty, will give us one hundred mil-ɔn dollars, or twenty million pounds sterling, of foreign edit to sell."

"What do you propose?" asked the head of the largest ıtional bank.

"Up to a hundred million dollars," said Cæsar, "we have ıt to sell here all the foreign credit anybody needs to remit ɔroad, in lieu of gold. We must not let any more gold go it. Do you subscribe the amounts you have severally ımed? I subscribe forty millions."

The private banker with important connections in ermany was the first to speak.

"You vill untersdand," said he, "zat ve haff namdt, in ıch gaze, ze exdreme amoundt. I haff done so. Zat iss ze ıt! You haff now azked us to subscribe ze lasdt tollar uf ɔreign gredit ve gan raise. Zuppose id iss nod enuf? ıppose ve zell ze von hundredt million tollars uf voreign 'edit, und id iss nod enuf? Id iss ze ent!"

Cæsar was silent.

"Nobody can tell what will happen to-morrow," said ıe head of the largest national bank. "We are dealing ith psychological phenomena. There may be a panic ɔ-morrow. Bryan will speak to-night at Madison Square ·arden. We may need to draw heavily upon our foreign ·edit to protect securities. If we pledge it in this way we ınnot use it in any other emergency. If, after we have one this, the country goes for silver, we are ruined."

Another banker said:

"I have had discouraging reports this morning from my orrespondents in the Middle West. Even Ohio may go ɔr Bryan. I see nothing but repudiation ahead of us. 'he people are not sane. God help them!"

When they were all through they looked at Cæsar. 'hey were not sure that he had listened. Beating slowly on 'he table with both f his great spongy ists he spoke in his rresistible manner, ınd they knew be-orehand that when ıe had finished they vould subscribe.

"Let us admit," ıe said, "that if the ɔeople vote for free ;ilver we shall be ruined all in a heap three months from now. We do not know that they will. I think they won't. What we do know is that unless we act at once to protect the gold the government will have to suspend gold payments in a week, and we shall have to put up our own shutters before the people have had a chance to vote at all. I subscribe forty millions!"

They followed him. The conference ended in five minutes more, and Cæsar never so much as said "Thank you, gentlemen!" That afternoon, on the announcement that a pool had been formed to sell a hundred million dollars of foreign exchange, engagements of eight million dollars gold for shipment to London were canceled. The remitters of gold purchased bills of credit from the pool and sent those instead. Before three o'clock it was rumored on the Stock Exchange that the house of Cæsar was buying stocks.

Cæsar went home early. Sammy did not go home at all. After leaving Cæsar's presence he went and sat at his desk for half an hour before he could realize what had happened. He told himself again and again that he had taken it weakly. He ought to have gone back at Cæsar with a defense. He had better have been defiant than weak. He thought of all the things he might have said. At length egotism raised its indignant head. The greatest of speculators had discharged him for speculating!

He determined not to take his two weeks' pay. He would show his independence.

Besides, he could not so humiliate himself as to ask the cashier for it. He did not need the money. He did not need the job, for that matter. It was the disgrace of having been dishonorably dismissed that hurt. However, he had a profit of nearly fifty thousand dollars in the stock market. That was a lot of capital. He would become a speculator such as even Cæsar would have to respect.

On this turn of thought he wondered what the stock market was doing, or how it was closing, and walked out and round the corner to his broker's office to see. That was a mistake. He had never appeared in the broker's office before. All his business had been conducted by telephone. As he took a chair in the customers' room the broker came and sat down beside him.

"Anything wrong?" asked the broker.

Sammy started. Why should the broker think anything was wrong? He asked him that.

"No reason at all," said the broker; "only it's strange to see you here in the office, you know."

Sammy lingered for a few minutes and went out. The broker followed him.

"I hear your house is buying stocks."

"Oh, you do," said Sammy, and went on.

Then the broker knew that something was wrong. He easily guessed what it was.

At seven o'clock Sammy found himself in the neighborhood of Madison Square Garden. He had been walking about aimlessly for hours. It gave him a twinge to recall that he had expected to be detailed by Cæsar to attend the Bryan meeting and report upon it. A great crowd was moving in. He allowed it to pick him up.

The place was already filled. People were standing in the aisles. Lights blinked through a blue haze of smoke from the kind of cigars with which the electorate regales itself when it accepts the invitation to come and be seated and hear itself called sovereign. Sammy, despising everything, wriggled himself to the balcony and found a place to stand. He heard a woman say:

"But I have a ticket calling for a box seat."

"Unless We Act at Once the Government Will Have to Suspend Gold Payments in a Week. I Subscribe Forty Millions!"

He turned to see. It was the daughter of Cæsar. Her way was blocked. She could get no farther. A man said:

"It would do you no good, madam, to get through. The boxes are all filled. People took them without tickets. They couldn't be stopped."

She neither protested nor insisted. She was tall enough to be able to see and was evidently willing to stand. She pushed forward to a position only a few feet from where Sammy stood, and stopped. The stage was occupied by committees, prominent citizens, and so on, grouped in a crescent round a little table at the front, on which stood a pitcher of water and glasses. There were three empty chairs by the table. When the men for whom they were reserved came out from the wings the cheering for one of them—the middle one of the three—lasted ten minutes.

A man, who announced that it would be presumptuous for him to speak at all, spoke for thirty minutes, and might have gone on speaking forever if the scraping of thousands of feet and the coughing of the people had not warned him to introduce the Peerless One. As he stood forth, the cheering lasted twenty minutes and ten seconds, as is a matter of record; men held stop watches on it and the exact time was afterward reported in the newspapers. During an hour and a half the Peerless One, passionately in earnest, plausible to the multitude, and very awkward with his hands and feet, denounced gold, its works and its owners—and Cæsar more than all.

Then the human current set outward and Sammy, moving with it, drifted against Helen. In the passage of egress, thirty feet wide and a hundred long, in three levels, broken with steps, the human stream, hot, smelly and unamiable, piled up like a tide rip. Nobody could help it. One had to push, because those behind were pushing; and those behind couldn't help it, either, because back of them ten thousand were pushing. A man said:

"Look out, there! Your woman is fainting."

At that a fat woman began to scream hysterically:

"Oh, let me out! Please let me out!"

Sammy was directly behind Helen and was being pushed roughly against her. The human atom ahead of her was a broad-backed animal, incompressible. An idea occurred to Sammy! He could extend his arms straight ahead, one on each side of Helen's person, and by pressing hard against the animal in front take some pressure off of her. He did it at once. The thought that he was protecting the daughter of Cæsar, even without her sanction or knowledge, stimulated his imagination. There might be a panic. He would save her.

What revenge!—to be able to hand her over to Cæsar, saying: "There is your daughter, sir! I have had the honor to preserve her."

Neither Helen nor the broad-backed animal noticed. The pressure increased. Weak men were crying out: "Stop pushing!" Two or three women screamed at once. Once Sammy, who weighed only one hundred and fifteen, lost his feet and had to pull himself up by his hold on the incompressible animal.

"Here!" he shouted. "Be careful, can't you? You don't know whom you are crowding."

He referred to the identity of Helen, but the incompressible animal, who screwed his head round, misunderstood, and said:

"You make a lot of squeezin', young one, whoever you are."

Helen also misunderstood both the efforts and the concern of Sammy, and said to him:

"Can't you take care of yourself, please, without holding on to another person, and stop stepping on my heels?"

A minute later the three of them popped into the street. The broad-backed man, a son of toil, cast a glance of admiration at Helen as her full proportions were disclosed. She was very tall, deep-chested, and her slightest movement suggested an uncommon degree of physical efficiency. Her carriage was waiting. Sammy watched her into it and was deeply hurt. She had not cut him. It was worse than that—she simply did not know him! He could not have said—he told himself over and over that it would have been ridiculous for him to say—in the crowd or afterward: "I am Mr. Postgate." Moreover, he was now merely a Mr. Postgate, whereas before he had been a servant of Cæsar.

When Helen got home she looked into the library to see whether Cæsar was alone, as he had invited her to do. He was playing solitaire. He had been at it since eight o'clock, interrupted only by telephone conversations with the men he had sent to Madison Square Garden. As Helen entered he looked at her in his most amiable manner. She interested him tremendously when he had the leisure. Her intellectual curiosity delighted him.

"I heard the Bryan speech," said Helen, seating herself comfortably in a position to face Cæsar across his little teakwood card table. "Does it interest you?"

"Thank you, no," he said, and went on with his game.

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PUTTING ON PERCIVAL

A Story of a Mother-Proof Household—By Corinne Lowe

AND do you mean to say that you aren't even going up to look at Percival?" said Mrs. Bellwether Dulcimer, eying her daughter as she stood there in the great velvet-hung living room of the Dulcimer country place.

Mrs. Doré Van Hook looked a trifle startled; but the smile remained in curl.

"Oh," said she lightly, "why disturb him when he's sleeping?"

To this her mother replied with silence, and in this form of repartee the old society leader's gift was unquestioned. No words could have whistled through the air more sharply than the silence that ensued.

Mrs. Doré Van Hook had motored down that evening with her husband and house guest, Mr. Nelson Romper, from the Van Hook lodge in the Adirondacks. During a period of six weeks she had not laid eyes on her children. These, together with Miss Finch, had been staying with their grandmother, here at The Brambles. To-morrow, in the early morning, Mrs. Van Hook was motoring on to Hot Springs for several weeks, prior to the opening of the town house; and this night represented, therefore, the one possible moment for the phalarope parent to alight near her offspring.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Van Hook nervously, breaking at last the long silence.

She moved over to the great fireplace and held out her hands to the blaze. The challenge of the flames was a direct one, but Mrs. Van Hook met it superbly. The hands, which now let the firelight through like a shell, were exquisitely fragile; the figure, even in its smart bulkiness of motor togs, was hipless and lithe, and like scrolls of mahogany gleamed the dark hair. Yes, admitted Mrs. Bellwether Dulcimer rather enviously, this daughter of hers was now, at thirty-nine, imperturbably young.

Mrs. Van Hook Kicks Over the Traces

"YOU look happy!" jumped Mrs. Dulcimer out of her long scrutiny.

Mrs. Van Hook turned with a laugh.

"Nonsense, mother!" she retorted. "It's that new electric treatment I'm having for my eyes. Perfectly wonderful! You must try it."

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Dulcimer.

Did Dorcas really think she could be deceived? Didn't she realize the difference between this new look of hers and that of nearly all the people they both knew? Those others had a surfeited air. She, Dorcas, had a just-enough air. Just enough—that was happiness! And Mrs. Dulcimer could not have happiness going off like an alarm clock among those comfortable, sleeping standards of hers. It was with a distinct sense of danger that she now asked:

"Is Mr. Nelson Romper going with you to Hot Springs?"

Mrs. Van Hook wheeled about.

"Of course not," said she coldly. "Why do you ask that?"

The onyx eyes regarded her bitterly.

"How much is he worth—this explorer person?"

Her daughter started. It was exactly that question which, uttered in exactly the same tone, had put an end to her affair of twenty years ago. She looked down now into that chasm of unemotional wifehood and motherhood into which it had dropped her, and there was a long, long pause before her answer came.

"Oh, I don't know—nothing, I suppose—in money. But what does that matter? What have I got to do with Mr. Nelson Romper?"

"What have you got to do—— Just wait a moment." And without another word Mrs. Dulcimer went to the great table in the center of the room. "Here," said she, bringing back a paper which she thrust into the other's hand; "I thought you might like to see what the Weekly Gadfly has to say about you."

Dorcas Van Hook threw the paper angrily to the ground.

"You won't read it? Very well, then; I shall tell you what is in it. The article speaks of the increasing number of divorces among women in middle life. It asks why it is that matrons, and even grandmothers, who have worried along very comfortably with their humdrum millions suddenly get some flare when they are old enough to know better. It alludes to the threatened breach between you and Doré, and wants to know whether you will be the next to join the band of belated divorcées, of which ——"

"Stop, mother; for pity's sake, stop! I won't have my friendships ——"

"—— of which," continued Mrs. Dulcimer mercilessly, "Mrs. Sydney Glumheim, Mrs. Sweepwell Broome——"

"That horrid creature," cried Mrs. Van Hook—"going round to public dancing places with men young enough to be her sons! How dare they mention me in the same breath!"

"All very well," replied the mother; "until she was forty-odd she was an exemplary character. She was wrapped up so tight in her proper duties that she was like a rug put away from the moths. And nobody—no man could ever say that Cynthia Broome in her younger days ever gave him the slightest encouragement. That's why I wonder ——"

"Hush, mother! Here he is—please!" And the tall, bronzed man who entered put an end to this significant conversation.

It did not, however, put an end to the subject. The following spring Mrs. Doré Van Hook arranged a divorce from her husband, and soon afterward she married the bronzed explorer. In this arrangement Mr. Doré Van Hook behaved very handsomely. He settled a million dollars upon Dorcas, and with this sum she and Mr. Romper settled down permanently in Paris. In the years that were to come she saw her children only occasionally and casually. Meantime the fourth floor went along just exactly as it had before her departure.

The only person, indeed, who was crushed by Mrs. Van Hook's decision was her mother.

"Well!" snapped she. "So you've done it, have you?" She looked at this other being, who had constituted for her merely an ensign of victory, as resentfully as at some inanimate thing that had suddenly waked to defeat her. "You—at your age!" she groaned.

"Poor old mother!" said Mrs. Van Hook, feeling for the first time in her life compassion for this battering personality. "Of course you don't understand." She paused for a moment and then went on: "You see, mother," she tried to explain, "I've been trying for years to intellectualize my emotions. But I couldn't do that forever. There had to come a time when I emotionalized my intellect. Good heavens," she cried with sudden fury, "you can't expect a woman like me to live on time-tables all my life!"

"Time-tables! So that is what you call your children?"

"Well, what else?" said Mrs. Van Hook bravely. "For years I've been looking them up, seeing that they ran at certain times, studying them out. They were just part—I couldn't help it—of a worldly system and a worldly life. Besides," she added, "I'll be just as much good to them this way. Miss Finch is staying with them, and she and Doré have promised to carry out my ideas for their education."

"That's too bad!" remarked her mother. And with that she left her.

To Percival the news of his mother's step was broken by Miss Finch.

"Percival," said she solemnly to the small boy in the Norfolk jacket, "I have something very painful to say to you: Your father and mother ——"

The boy's handsome head turned above the round white collar and his eyes met hers.

"Divorced?" asked he calmly.

"Why, who told you?"

"Nobody; but I've often wondered about it. Barkley Shinn's mother and father are, and so are Stumply Vande Whoop's."

This maturity of Percival had been gained from the Newport Casino, from horse shows and other society occasions which threw the family group into unaccustomed relief. It plunged him now into another question:

"Will they marry again—father and mother?"

"I don't know—perhaps."

"And we—Marian and Hildegarde and I—where shall we go?"

"Oh—here, where you have always stayed."

"Oh!"

The small boy gulped down his disappointment. For a moment he had thought the change in relations might mean a change in environment. But, no! Adventure were like Wassilissa's doll—they hid away in books; far far away from unlucky rich children. It was this though which lay uppermost in his mind that night when he closed his eyes to the correct Persian figures of his bedroom.

"H'm!" remarked Tompkins, the fourth-floor footman to Percival's new nurse. "If 'e don't molt his mother easy But—my eye!—when Freda left us, then you just ought t 'ave 'eard 'ow 'e did go on!"

They Hire a Tutor for Percival

PERCIVAL'S new nurse was called Grunwald. She had been with him now ever since Freda's lamented depar ture, and in this time he had felt no more emotion for her tha for a spigot. She dressed him in the morning and evening she drew his bath for him; she took him to Central Park t play; and she "turned on" every practical occasion of hi life. But she had none of Freda's talent for life, or he wonderful fairy tales, or her dear, slanting, funny eyes.

Compared with Freda she was, indeed, very much like shining and methodical spigot beside an enchanted ro which draws unexpected streams from rocks and ari places. And when, at the age of eight, Percival was turne over to the double care of Tompkins, the footman, and Mr Agley Rasher, the tutor, he felt absolutely no regret fo Grunwald's leave-taking.

Mr. Agley Rasher, the tutor, was a young college mar with the tidy features, the serene gaze and the broad shoul ders you are led to believe, from the street-car advertise ments, are the exclusive and logical possession of thos who wear Sokocute pyjamas and Nift-tie collars. Mr Rasher was the master of every manly accomplishment He could box, swim, ride, bowl, play tennis and sail a boat in fact, his postgraduate course in Greek epitaphs of th fourth century had not interfered in the least with his reali zation of the well-rounded Greek life. Mrs. Van Hook ha picked out Mr. Rasher just before her departure. H represented her final touch of motherly solicitude.

"I want you to make a man of Percival," she had sai to Mr. Rasher. "Don't let him turn into a dreadful littl snob."

"All right," responded the young man cheerfully. An it must be said that he deferred the calamity.

Along with the new tutor came a change in the fitting of Percival's room—the third he had known since gradu ating from the splendid Sforza cradle. In all these exper considerations of the particular phases of his developmen

xtreme simplicity had been the keynote. Yet simplicity ere was exactly like that of the little Van Hook girls' fine ngerie frocks, which cost one hundred dollars each. This ay be understood from the fact that a simple little set of ursery or child's bedroom furniture, painted and made to der, costs as much as four hundred dollars. Add to this e curtains, friezes, carpets and services of the decorator, d you obtain the one thousand dollars the Van Hooks aid for each room's stimulating change of atmosphere.

After Percival reached the age of six months the splendid orza cradle and the silk-paneled walls had been overrned in favor of militant daintiness. The walls of his om were covered with Mother Goose figures; the furture, of whitewood, was sprinkled with rosebuds; a roseolored carpet was spread on the floor; and the latticework des of the small white bed—one of which let down on nges—were trailed with a realistic painted rose vine.

As soon as Miss Bongout, the decorator, beheld this om she indicated that Percival had been the victim of a efective æsthetic development.

"Pink and white," she murmured patronizingly to Miss inch, who was showing her about. "Rather unfermented, on't you think? Now I see this room with a lovely neutral ackground. I see"—squinting her eyes as though blinded y the glory of the vision—"up there a frieze of Persian gures—you know nothing is more beautiful than the rms in those old Persian manuscripts. The bed and furiture will be a lovely deep imaginative Persian blue; and s for the curtains—printed with the same figures as the ieze."

"Very well; do what you think is best," said Miss Finch neekly.

In the next months it was quite apparent that, though he laws of the Medes might have a chance, those of their eighbors were as undigressional as ever. The figures elected for Percival's frieze were aken from a Persian manuscript lustrating the story of the Flood, nd were painted in exquisite soft ones of blue and yellow and red. The hintz curtains at the windows reeated these forms in hand-blocked rinting. And finally, to go with the 'imaginative" blue furniture, there vas a little bowl and pitcher.

"But the boy's bath is right next loor!" protested Miss Finch.

"Oh," said Miss Bongout, "that loesn't matter—the thing is, the child must be taught to do things for himself. It will give him a sense of esponsibility to feel that he is pourng water into his own little basin."

"It seems to me," demurred Miss Finch, "that it is a terrible affectaion of simplicity."

But Miss Bongout proceeded reentlessly. With her harrow of correct aste she plowed up the nursery and owed it with correct Oriental forms nd colorings. Then she took in hand he little girls' rooms and prescribed for them "something soft and tender and maternal." Then, when the Fifth Avenue mansion was regenerated, she turned her attention to the country nome.

The Great Adventure

BUT in children's rooms there must be an everlasting rotation of furniture crops. What will suit a boy of four will not suit a boy of eight. So it was that Mrs. Van Hook's farewell solicitude for her son took the form of another scenic shift.

"I would give him now something bold and free and adventurous—the boy's mind, don't you know?—something like Treasure Island," advised the inspired decorator.

Along with Mr. Agley Rasher, therefore, Percival received this nudge to his fancy. Right here, too, it may be stated that the tutor did not approve of the other contemporary advantage.

"Seems rather too bad, don't you think?" said he to Miss Finch, "that a boy's dreams should be made so literal. He oughtn't to be charioted along by curtains and bedclothes and things. Why, when I was a boy my little bare room was alive with those very things!"

The difficulties of his task had commenced by this time to weigh upon Mr. Rasher. What was snobbery but a sense of separation raised to scorn for those from whom you were separated? Already, he could see, Percival had the sense of being set apart. How long could he be kept from the biting consciousness of superiority? The young tutor perceived that he would have to fight single-handed against all the odds of a set environment.

At his very first meeting with the boy Mr. Rasher had been conscious of his problem. Here was a well-bred boy of eight, tall, and with the look of health that was the result of his perfect physical environment. Yet there was no exuberance about him. The face was settled—already that of someone who has always accepted instead of selected.

"Gee!" thought the young tutor. "He's as pink and stiff as an ice." Aloud he said: "Percival, I hear that to-morrow is your birthday. What do you want most in the world?"

The small heir to fifty million dollars, gorged with French and German and dancing and music and athletics, the small boy whose every minute was filled with some specified outlet, looked up at him somberly, and Mr. Rasher never forgot his answer.

"I'd like," said the boy slowly, "one hour in which to do exactly what I want to do."

"Good!" thought the tutor. "He's all right so long as he can really want something."

"Well," said he kindly, "I'm going to make you a present of that hour. Only—will you tell me what you are going to do with it? That's fair now, isn't it?"

"I dare say," admitted Percival; and Mr. Rasher winced to see how carefully the boy had been sheltered from the American "I guess." Percival thought for a moment: "But will you let me go alone?"

"Where is it you want to go alone?"

"Why, on a street car—down to the Aquarium."

Mr. Rasher thought for a minute.

"Very well," said he at last; "I'll let you go."

The small pink face glowed and the big white teeth, with their scallops, showed in a grin.

"And you won't reconsider?" he asked anxiously.

"I won't go back on anything I say," replied the tutor, carefully corrective of Percival's purist speech.

Immediately after this conversation Mr. Rasher called up a detective agency and arranged to have Percival followed in his romantic adventure. In doing this the young man had a mean sense of cheating.

"Still," he argued to himself, "it's the same thing—pragmatically. He'll get the feeling of independence just exactly the same."

When Miss Finch heard of Percival's radiant moment of liberty she almost slipped out through the negligent hooks.

"But, Miss Finch," contested the young man, "it was perfectly safe. I had two men follow him every step of the way."

The Cost of Learning to Dance

"IT WILL put foolish ideas into his head," said Miss Finch. "You must never let it happen again. Why, not one of those Van Hook children has ever been out alone in his life!"

Mr. Rasher groaned. He could see his system of development shrinking to mere reading, writing and arithmetic.

During his eight years Percival had come into contact with many children. These, however, like everything else in his small life, were carefully sorted over and picked out. Of this fact Bailey's Beach, at Newport, offered abundant proof. In the morning no children ever come to this famous inclosure. It is entirely given over to grown-ups, each of whom is admitted only upon the recognition of proper credentials.

In the afternoon, however, every nurse at Newport brings her charge to Bailey's Beach—provided that charge can qualify by the proper amount of parental wealth and position. With this sterilized group of youngsters Percival learned the secrets of the bounded main. In time he found out that two miles below Bailey's Beach there was a public beach where the unfastidious ocean shared her purple robe with other children. But already Percival was beginning to feel that he had somehow been set apart.

To this knowledge even the democratic park contributed. From the time when Miss Rice wheeled him out in his crested and ermine-wrapped perambulator he had been taken each winter day to the fashionable Seventy-second Street entrance of Central Park. Here nurses, attired in English caps and cape coats, and united by the consciousness of ministering only to the most fashionable families, twittered among perambulators and roller skates and hoops. Here Percival was carefully guarded from children whose background was not similar to his own.

One day, when he was five years old, the little boy turned to Freda.

"Why do we never go to the park on Saturday and Sunday?" asked he.

"Oh," said Freda, "all sorts of children go on those days. Miss Finch never would allow it."

Likewise did his dancing lessons shield him from the cold outside atmosphere. These classes were conducted through the winter months by Miss Constance Leapton, a member of the same social set to which she ministered. Miss Leapton's classes, each member of which paid five dollars a lesson, generally met twice a week. These facts determined the weekly expenditure of thirty dollars for the dancing lessons of the three Van Hook children. It was deserved by the expert eliminations of "all sorts of children."

At the dancing classes Percival got his first taste of the managed propinquities from which he was to suffer all his life. There was in his class a very rich little girl, named Becky Donnerwell, whose father's country place adjoined that of the Van Hooks. Percival did not like Becky. She wore

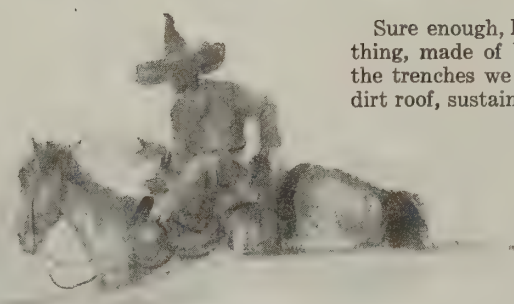
(Continued on Page 52)

He Settled a Million Dollars Upon Dorcas, and She Settled Down Permanently in Paris

THE WRONG ROAD

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN



"Give Me Something to Eat. I am Famished"

THIS younger brother of Dario Pez, sir, was a fine, handsome young fellow, who had the disagreeable vice of thievery.

"*Aunque la mona se vista de seda, mona se queda,*" said Dario Pez when he first saw him all covered with diamonds and a big gold chain, just like a gentleman—"'Though the monkey is dressed in silk, it is still a monkey.' Hey, Don Francisco?" But Juan Pez merely grinned in an impudent fashion and waved the rich cigar he was smoking. And the same night he lost eleven thousand dollars at Los Kenos. I know, because I won it. But where did this Juan obtain so much money, sir? Ah, that is the question!

That he was a very bad person in every respect soon became evident. The very day of his arrival in our army he entered the general's presence with a long piece of writing on a paper, and he was laughing heartily.

"What have you there, *hermanito?*" asked Dario Pez.

"It is a list of certain holy ones," answered this Juan Pez.

"And why do you make it? I did not know that you were religious. Let me see."

"It is this way, general: All the saints in the *capilla* were shot disastrously through the head by bullets during the battle, and we took down their names, I and Benito; so that in case we apply for a miracle we may keep in mind those who have already been executed and thus waste no time in supplicating them."

By goodness, sir, what do you know about that?

The family of Dario Pez were extremely affectionate, sir. Mark what happened: No sooner had his fame spread abroad, because of his achievements with the Army of Deliverance, than there arrived, as fast as their little donkeys and their own shanks could bring them, his father and mother, and their fathers and mothers; and four uncles, with their wives; and five aunts, with their husbands; and a sister; and twenty-two cousins, once and twice and three times removed; and the young fellow of whom I have spoken, who was younger brother to Dario Pez and seemingly much beloved of him because of his joyous nature.

They all went to live in the great house where Dario Pez lived with Lucita, his wife. He did not turn them off, sir. No; it is our custom for the head of the family to provide, which custom runs through all classes. The poor man looks to the head of his family; who looks to the *administrador;* who, in turn, looks to the *hacendado;* who derives his power from somebody above. And there you have it!

Dario Pez took care of them all. He was very kind to his family, sir. To his father he gave the butchering concession for the city, which carried the sole right to supply the population with meat; and he gave to the others, also, according to the degree of their relationship. But to this Juan Pez he handed the richest plum of all: He appointed him purchasing agent for the army.

It was a lucrative and highly desirable post, for the purchasing agent had the buying of all arms and ammunition, and supplies of whatever sort, and great sums of money must pass through his fingers. That some of it should stick was a natural supposition, and Dario Pez expected no less. Therefore this Juan was transported with delight, sir, and made his appearance in grand clothes, with handsome diamonds and a massive gold chain for his watch. He who had limped into the city a fortnight before in his bare feet, and with his stomach as flat as a board, now went about like a gentleman, with a noble rotundity in prospect. Also, he gave rich presents to certain ladies of his acquaintance.

You may well suppose that the officers of his Staff did not like this appointment Dario Pez had made. All of us had fought and starved in his service. And what had this Juan done?

"Cheer up, Don Francisco!" said Dario Pez to me. "I have not forgotten you. You will receive the game of Los Kenos."

That promise did much to improve my humor, sir, for the game of Los Kenos is very profitable to the owner. Yet I could not resist an impulse to warn him; which I did as delicately as possible, for this Juan Pez was his brother, after all.

"So you think he's stealing, do you?" demanded Dario Pez. "What gives you that idea?"

"Why, *mi general,* only look at him! See the rich appearance he makes, and his big automobile, and the gifts he has given."

Dario Pez made a little clucking sound with his tongue.

"So!" said he. "And do all my officers think the same? How much do they figure he has stolen, Don Francisco?"

"It must be thousands and thousands, general."

"So much the better," he rejoined. "He will have less temptation to steal now than a new man would."

And, sir, that ended the matter.

At this time we were very short of everything an army needs, for the capture of the city had exhausted our ammunition and the booty did not nearly offset the depletion. But we had the beautiful goldpieces wrung from El Señor Don Carlos Balderrama; and, so long as they lasted, Dario Pez poured them out like water for cartridges and rifles, shoes, blankets and warm underwear for his boys. He wanted everything good, Dario Pez did; and he wanted everything quick. Nor would he hear of obstacles. Prices meant nothing to him.

"We must have fifty thousand dollars at once for more ammunition," this Juan Pez would say; and, by goodness, sir, it would be turned over to him immediately.

"What about those cannon? I must have them within eight weeks," declared the general at the top of his lungs.

"Impossible! They cannot be shipped across the Line just now."

"There is no such word as impossible!" bellowed Dario Pez, banging his fist on the table. "I never want it used in my presence. Do you hear me, *hombre?* Those cannon must be got. If you cannot buy them, make them. Others have done as much. *Ah, qué pelado,* have I men in my army, or old women? What is the good of holding this great city if we cannot obtain a few little cannon?"

"I will try," answered his brother humbly; for he never crossed him.

A fortnight later he came swaggering into the room where the general was listening to me translate from a New York newspaper the events transpiring in our country.

"It is done, general. Come out and see."

"See what?"

"The new cannon."

"Is that so?" cried Dario Pez eagerly. "Let's go, *muchachos.*"

Sure enough, he had a cannon, sir—a queer-lookin thing, made of brass. It was set up in an angle c the trenches we had dug round the city, and a thic dirt roof, sustained by heavy beams, protected it.

This Juan Pez conducted h brother to the shells that the canno fired.

They were very ingenious, sir. A the end that would strike the objec was a nail.

"When that hits," he explaine "it is driven in and explodes th charge. Boom! Boom! Like tha general. And your enemies ar blown to bits!"

"Excellent! But make more of them, Juan. dozen is none at all. Where did you get the bra for this gun?"

"Over yonder."

"Where is over yonder?"

"In the *capilla,*" he answered defiantly.

"General," I cried, "this cannon has been fashioned ou of a cross; and so there is a curse upon it."

"What nonsense is this? We are grown men, and no children, Don Francisco."

"Nevertheless, it is so, general. The brass used in th making came from a huge cross, and the cross came fro the *capilla.* And it is generally known that devils hav been imprisoned therein these many hundreds of years.

By goodness, sir, Dario Pez opened his eyes.

"Devils, you say? Now that is a good one! How mar of 'em?"

"That is the story told to me. And it is general known to be true."

"Well, well! Are you crazy, Don Francisco? Do yo feel queer anywhere? In the head, maybe?"

"It is the truth about this cannon that I have learned

"Go on," said Dario Pez. "Take a long breath and te it. You say this cross has been holding devils safe yonder church for hundreds of years?"

"That is what they say, general."

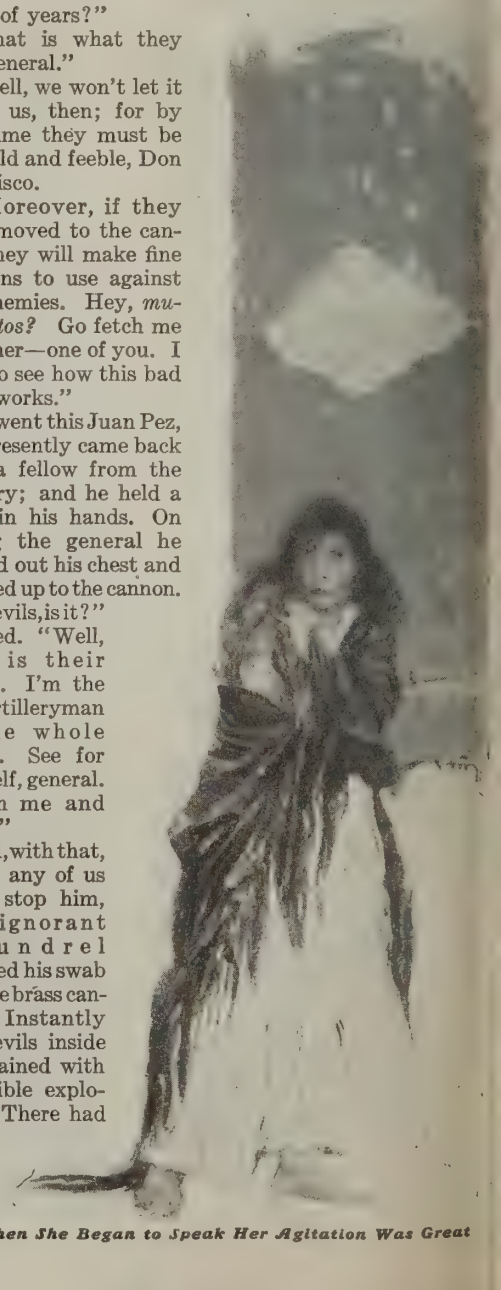
"Well, we won't let it worry us, then; for by this time they must be very old and feeble, Don Francisco.

"Moreover, if they have moved to the cannon they will make fine weapons to use against my enemies. Hey, *muchachitos?* Go fetch me a gunner—one of you. I wish to see how this bad baby works."

Off went this Juan Pez, and presently came back with a fellow from the artillery; and he held a swab in his hands. On seeing the general he swelled out his chest and strutted up to the cannon.

"Devils, is it?" he cried. "Well, here is their match. I'm the best artilleryman in the whole bunch. See for yourself, general. Watch me and judge."

And, with that, before any of us could stop him, the ignorant scoundrel rammed his swab into the brass cannon. Instantly the devils inside complained with a terrible explosion. There had



When She Began to Speak Her Agitation Was Great

een a shell in it, which the gunner did not know, sir. hree officers were killed and splinters wounded some sol- ers outside the emplacement, and one of the brass pieces ıssed through the hat of Dario Pez, parting his hair very atly.

Yes; that bit of brass from the devil-possessed cannon most did the job for Dario Pez and me. We were furi- ıs. We would have punished the boastful artilleryman verely, but he could not be found. He was scattered idely, sir.

This affair made Dario Pez very thoughtful. He was ot given to superstition, but when a portent is so unmis- kable none but a fool would ignore it. Therefore, he id to this Juan that night:

"Be more careful in future, brother, else something evil ill assuredly befall you. I have already cautioned ough. You must have respect for sacred things and act te a man of honor."

But Juan, sir, had spect for nothing. was not long be- re complaints out him reached ario Pez.

"What is this I ear?" he asked at ıpper one night. Why did you steal at automobile?"

"Steal it, general? was a present to ıe."

Dario Pez eyed im a while and ıen he grunted.

"He was here to- ay to tell me how ıe gift was made. ınd he showed me he marks of a saber. 'ake care, little ıan! I have raised ou up and I can as asily cast you own. You are on he wrong road."

This Juan, he said othing; but he did ıot give back the utomobile to the ightful owner. And he reason that he lared to ignore the varning was this:

"We must have nore cartridges, *her- nanito*."

"Give me the money and I will ouy them, general."

"But I have no more. It is all spent. Buy them anyway, and we will pay for them later."

"But they will not trust us."

"What!" roared Dario Pez. "They refuse to accept my word? The scoundrels!"

This Juan Pez glanced at him shrewdly and twirled his underlip, which was a habit he had, sir, when he was up to any deviltry.

"There is a way."

"Let me hear it, then."

"Print your own money."

The suggestion startled Dario Pez and he stared at his brother. Then he sprang up joyously and embraced him.

"Good for you, little brother! Good for you! You are a *gran hombre!* You use your head!" he exclaimed. "If only all my officers would do the same! A body without a head is merely a dummy. Have a bunch of money printed at once. And, listen—have my picture put on it."

Well, sir, it was done; and for a while things went merrily with us. We bought all we needed, and when the foreigners who sold us ammunition demurred at accepting our money, Dario Pez was not at a loss. No; he did not let that stop him.

He promptly took over cattle and bullion from the owners in our territory and paid for them at the market price in the new money. Then he shipped them by the trainload to the Border and received American gold in return. With that he bought rifles.

"It is a fine world, Don Francisco," he observed to me.

"Sometimes, general—yes. Then, again, not so much so."

"What I do not understand," he continued complacently, "is why a government should ever be hard up for money. It is absurdly simple, Don Francisco. With a printing press in good order, and an army of brave boys to enforce your decrees, there seems to me no excuse for poverty. It is a noble life we are leading, Don Francisco."

By goodness, sir, what do you know about that!

This brother of his was very haughty toward the officers of the Staff, so that we did not love him. Quarrels were frequent. We had done the fighting; we had bled and suffered; and along came this conceited boy to reap the reward of our sacrifices! What wonder that we resented his behavior!

"No quarreling," Dario Pez ordered. "I won't have it. There you go—two cakesellers in the street. One in front of the other will spoil his trade; and so they must fight."

He was very busy, sir. Dario Pez was organizing all the country under his control and getting his army in shape for a fresh campaign. Recruits came in every day and it was necessary to equip them.

That made much work for this Juan. Yet he had time for other matters. His extravagance and his doings were the talk of the town, but nobody had the hardihood to mention them to the general. Once Lucita repeated at dinner some gossip she had heard; but Dario Pez only shrugged his shoulders.

"Boys will be boys," he said. "You can't place an old head on young shoulders. I did the same, *chula*. Every man worth his salt is hard to control in youth. Like horses, like men—the mean ones are the best."

And this Juan pleased him greatly in one respect: That was in his attentions to a young lady of the city, the Señorita Teresa Jaurequi, the only child of a large landowner of the state who had espoused our cause. Juan made no secret of his intentions. He went boldly to Señor Jaurequi and made his proposal, and after taking due time to consider it—though he was prepared to accept the general's brother as his son-in-law on the spot, sir—the young lady's father gave his consent.

The Señorita Teresa was also very willing, this Juan having carried on his courtship very ardently and with far more discretion than I would have given him credit for. And then he was known to be fabulously rich; and he dressed like a lord and talked louder than the general himself.

So Fortune smiled on Juan Pez. His bride would inherit vast wealth and she was extremely beautiful, sir, and accomplished, and young, and ardent. What more could a man desire?

It was said, however, that she was a proud and imperious lady, and possessed of a very devil of a temper, which I fervently hoped to be true.

Well, at last the army was ready and began a march toward the north.

Where we were going, or what object we had in view, none of us knew. Dario Pez kept his own counsel and nobody liked to ask him.

On the fifth day we arrived at the American-owned plantation of Corralitos; and there we rested. The manager opened wide the whole place to the general. The cowboys, too, welcomed us. They mingled with our troops fearlessly, did those Mormon boys, and helped to make things pleasant.

By goodness, sir, the good things we had to eat! Cantaloupes were provided in thousands and our poor hungry soldiers filled their stomachs. The horses, also, got a fine feed; they ate all the hay, and everything else there was on the ranch. This was accomplished in sixty hours and it became necessary to move on.

We struck for La Ascencion, thirty-six miles distant. It was a very agreeable town, sir, and we remained in it a fortnight to enable Dario Pez to gather certain forces with whose leaders he had been negotiating.

We went in for amusements. There were many Mormon colonists in that vicinity, and they were of opinion that their horses possessed greater speed than ours. Dario Pez and his officers, they thought differently. To decide these disputes we held races, and we always used to bet on them.

Then a Wild Scream Made Me Jump and I Saw the Rifles Waver

Some days those Mormon boys would go back to their homes with bundles of our money. Yes; they would leave us broke and wondering what had happened. On the other hand, we managed sometimes to make them feel very sick, sir.

On three occasions they were obliged, those Mormon boys, to make trips to the Border with hides in order to get money to continue the sport.

We had cockfighting too. Dario Pez was passionately fond of the sport; and at all the contests of which he was a spectator he insisted on tying the spurs to the roosters' legs himself. This habit of his proved very successful, sir. After a while nobody would bet against the bird the general favored, for invariably something would go wrong with the other's spurs.

The fun seemed to do him good. He was happy. He would go round singing:

"Yo solito voy y vengo
Como las olas del mar."

Every afternoon he would take his soldiers into the open and lecture them. He would tell his boys not to waste ammunition; to let the enemy come to close range, so as to use bullets with effect. And he preached sobriety on every occasion.

"A man who gets artificial courage is no use to me," he declared over and over. "Let not the tares spoil the good grain, my children."

He was always at his best in the open. In the city, Dario Pez seemed restless, ill at ease. He could not work well and betrayed indecision; he often told me that the surroundings of a city were belittling. But out amid the whispering trees, or in the great waste places, or under the stars at night—then, indeed, he showed what was in him. He seemed to be in everlasting communion with the sky, sir. I have heard him call the stars by name—address them as friends—talk to them.

"Someone," he announced angrily, "has been smuggling stuff into the camp! I won't have it. Any man caught drunk will be severely punished. Tell that to your boys; and remember this—I expect my officers to set an example."

Well, sir, the first offender was this Juan Pez, sir. Perhaps he considered that the rule did not apply to him, being full of foolish pride. But Dario Pez speedily undeceived him.

"What! My own brother is insubordinate?" he shouted, his eyes beginning to roll; and he commanded that this Juan should be brought into his presence.

"Don Francisco," he then said to me, "and you, Captain Banda and Colonel Ochoa, you will each administer five strokes to this fellow with the backs of your sabers."

By goodness, sir, we stared at one another! We did not love this Juan Pez, but he was the general's brother and a fellow officer.

"And hear me, *hombres*," added Dario Pez: "If any one of you three withholds his hand he will receive twenty-five strokes himself from one who won't. I will stay and watch."

There was no escape. With Dario Pez looking on, we had to do our best. So this Juan stood quite still while we three swung our heavy sabers, one after the other, across his back; and we put our strength into it. At the last he fainted.

"Now," said the general when it was all over, "get away from my presence, Juan. I have heaped riches upon you; yet you defy me. I load you with honors, and you would bring shame on our name. There's a pill of my making."

It made us all sorry for the poor young man; but the affair soon blew over and seemed to have been forgiven on both sides. But this Juan, sir, never forgave.

Couriers brought word that a strong enemy force was moving from the west against the city, in which only a small garrison had been left on our departure. So it became expedient to return swiftly to that place and foil them. Dario Pez took three thousand of his cavalry and started at midnight on the return march, leaving the remainder of the army to follow as best they might.

By goodness, what a ride it was! Fifty miles in such a country is a heavy day's journey for cavalry, sir; but Dario Pez, he took his column a hundred and five miles without a stop, except to water the horses and swallow a mouthful of food. Our sufferings were terrible.

Colonel Ochoa remonstrated, telling him that it was nothing less than murder.

"What!" he exclaimed in great surprise. "They are tired? Why, I feel perfectly fresh, colonel."

Well, he got there with time to spare, for the enemy delayed at several towns. That is the way Mexicans usually fight, sir. They are always going to do great things to-morrow.

So the main body was enabled to rejoin him, and preparations went forward to meet an attack. In these the procuring of more ammunition played an important part, and this Juan Pez was kept busy night and day. We threw out relays of pack trains clear to the Border and poured a flood of real money into the greedy hands of the agents through this Juan.

While we were waiting for the enemy to venture into a favorable region for our attack a visitor arrived one day to see the general and took her place in the line of women who besieged his quarters daily in order to beg for favors. She was footsore and weary, for she had walked all the way from La Ascencion, sir; and when she began to speak her agitation was so great that tears trickled down her cheeks, and she sobbed convulsively.

"Clear the room, Don Francisco," commanded Dario Pez; and I did so. "Now," he continued, "tell me everything, *muchachita*. And do not be afraid. I am here to protect you."

By goodness, what she told him sent the general into a dreadful rage! He sent me on the jump for his brother. "Viper," he cried to him, "is what this poor girl says true? Look at her!"

This Juan did so, and turned a mighty sick color; but he was an impudent fellow and never at a loss for words.

"It is not," he replied stoutly. "I never saw the woman before, general."

"So!" said Dario Pez, bending his brows at him. "I do not believe you. But meantime you shall have the benefit of the doubt while I look into the matter. Don Francisco, escort this young lady to my house and inform the Señora Pez that she is under her protection.

"And listen to me, Juan: If what this child says turns out to be the fact, you will be in a pretty pickle. What about the Señorita Teresa? Bah! Get out of my presence! With your feet on the broad highway to honor and wealth, you branch off into the wrong road—monkey that you are!"

Lucita received the girl very kindly, she being poor and in misfortune. But Dario Pez had no time to investigate Lola's story just then; the very next day a courier arrived to tell him that the enemy were approaching to capture the city, and they had seven thousand seasoned fighters.

That was good news to the general. He had been waiting to catch them on the move, and now he made his preparations for an onslaught. It was against his policy to await an attack.

"The aggressor has the advantage," he frequently asserted. "It is half the battle, other things being equal. The man who hits first hits twice."

Accordingly he dispatched a force of five hundred cavalry under Colonel Ochoa to feel out the advancing army, and piled some infantry and the artillery aboard trains. These were to proceed slowly westward until the cavalry had got into touch with the enemy vanguard, and were then to take up certain prepared positions where Dario Pez planned to give battle.

I accompanied him, sir, on the first of these trains. He also took this Juan along, though, for some reason hidden from us then, he betrayed a strange reluctance to go.

"Let me stay here and continue my work," Juan entreated.

"What! Are you afraid?" cried Dario Pez.

"No, general; but I am sick."

"That is a good one! Do you hear him, Don Francisco? He is sick! A lot of *hombres* get sick with a fight in prospect, *hermanito*. So forget it and get busy."

Well, a terrible misfortune overtook Colonel Ochoa. He found several hundred of the enemy at a little place named Sauceda and immediately deployed his force, thinking to surprise them.

But he got a surprise himself instead, sir, and a very painful one; for, though taken unaware, the troops in Sauceda fought with spirit and drove back our cavalry, with much slaughter. And they did not appear to mind the fire of our men at all. Colonel Ochoa was furiously mystified. He could not understand it. His cavalry considerably outnumbered that opposed to it, but its fire was pitifully weak.

In a rage, the colonel, sir, grabbed a rifle from one of his troopers and sighted on a roof about six hundred yards away. Now he was a crack shot and he knew that the ball ought to send up a spurt of dust. But what was his amazement when he missed the roof altogether. Yes; the miserable cartridge failed to explode. Colonel Ochoa jerked it out and tried again. This time there was a faint report and the bullet went moaning a couple of hundred yards and then spent itself in a sandbank. Then the truth was revealed to him—his ammunition, sir, was no good!

There was nothing to do but order a retreat, and they slowly drew off. But he left seventy of our boys dead on the ground, the price of somebody's treachery. Fortunately the opposing commander did not pursue them, fearing, from the weakness of the attack, that it was only a trap; and so Colonel Ochoa escaped without further losses.

But judge of his feelings, sir. Think of his rage as he counted his losses, all the time knowing that the same disaster must overtake

She Came Proudly In, Sir, All Smiles and Good Humor; and She Was Dressed in Her Richest Dress

the whole army at the first battle! It was plain that condemned ammunition had been unloaded on us.

Not an instant was to be lost. He dispatched a courier and, lest Dario Pez should doubt his story and interpret it as an excuse for failure, he himself followed the rider, bringing some of the ammunition in a bag with him. I was in the car when he threw it down in front of the general and burst into tears.

"Send for my brother," commanded Dario Pez, holding two of the cartridges in the palm of his hand; and I saw the veins on his forehead swell up.

You can bet, sir, I did not let the grass grow under my feet in executing this commission. But Juan Pez was not on board the train. He had disappeared as by black magic.

"Is it so?" said Dario Pez with a strange calmness when I reported to him. "Then I know what I wanted to know. Send out and get him. He cannot have got very far."

Well, while our troop trains were slowly backing toward the city I headed a column of two hundred men which scoured all that region for this Juan. And we found him, sir. At last we found him. He had taken refuge in a woodcutter's hut up in some hills, and he hid under the bed when we approached. So does conscience make us cowards.

But we dragged him out and placed him on a horse and then we rode swiftly to rejoin the general. It was not, however, until we came within sight of the city on the third day that we overtook his train, which was at rest on a siding.

"Welcome, little brother!" cried Dario Pez, jumping up to greet him. "What time is it?"

This Juan was scared half to death, sir, and could by no means fathom the intention of the general; but he fumbled in his pocket and brought out the magnificent, bejeweled watch.

"Ten minutes past eleven, Excellency," he stammered.

"Good!" cried Dario Pez, his hand on his gun. "Fortunate above all men art thou, little brother; for thou knowest the hour of thy death."

For a moment I feared that, in his rage, Dario Pez intended to execute Juan with his own hand. Instead, he turned sharply away and said to Captain Banda:

"Tie him to the cowcatcher. He can carry our message to them."

By goodness, sir, he was going to set this Juan on a crazy engine and send him against the enemy! Yes; Dario Pez planned to delay them a while by wrecking their first troop train. To stop their advance he might have torn up the tracks as he retreated, but he wished to halt them where they were, and no force he might send out could reach the railway line at a point sufficiently distant because of their advance guard. Therefore, Dario Pez, sir, bethought him in this extremity of dynamite and a crazy engine.

It would have been no more than justice, and Juan richly deserved his fate; but there were reasons why such an act of retribution should not be performed. Sir, I knew what horror the execution of his own brother would inspire throughout the country.

It would make void every guaranty he might give of safety and protection. Therefore, I summoned all my courage to protest.

"But, *mi general* ——"

"What now, Don Francisco?" he roared at me, turning purple. "Do you wish a seat beside little Juan on the journey?"

"No, sir; but I am of opinion that the journey should not be made—at least, not in that fashion."

"Indeed! Why so? Hurry up and tell me, because the engine is puffing to be gone."

"General," I said hurriedly, drawing him aside, "calm yourself for one moment and listen to me."

"I am perfectly calm, Don Francisco. I never killed anybody in calm mood."

"Then, consider: the engine must travel many miles before it encounters the train you wish to destroy. If you place Juan on it, what assurance have you that in the interval he may not succeed in working himself free and thus undo the fine job you have planned?"

"We'll tie him so damned tight he'll never budge an inch until he starts for heaven," declared Dario Pez; but I could discern that my argument had made an impression.

"Besides, general ——"

"Besides what, Don Francisco?"

"Your enemies would say ——"

"Take him back to the city," commanded Dario Pez abruptly, and Juan was saved for the moment.

Well, sir, they sent that crazy engine against the enemy and Captain Banda rode in the cab. He conducted the engine very skillfully for many miles until he came in sight of one of the troop trains slowly climbing a long grade. Back of it lay a valley, and in the valley were three more trains, also full of soldiers.

By goodness, when Banda saw those trains he gave a whoop and threw that engine wide open! Then he jumped and rolled down the bank, and got up and ran as fast as he could into the hills. And the engine went on, sir, and blew the front cars all to hell very nicely; which would delay them several days at least.

While this was happening the army was moving back to the city.

"Don Francisco," said Dario Pez to me as soon as we began to pull in, "get a pack train together at once."

(Concluded on Page 83)

THE NEW ENGLISHWOMAN

As Seen by the Duchess of Marlborough and Lord Northcliffe

By Viola Rodgers

Miss Elsa More, Descendant of Sir Thomas More Family, Who is Superintendent of Viscountess Wolseley's School of Gardening at Glynde, Sussex

WHEN the great call to arms came to the men of her country the lady of England did not sit back stunned and dazed and helpless; she didn't gasp and have the vapors that were the ladylike thing for a startled English female to have in the chaste and virtuous days of good Queen Victoria, but she straightened up, took full measure of what there was to be done as her men packed their kits and scrambled off to the training camps and to the Front—and she did it! She is doing it; and she isn't talking about it or becoming maudlin over what used to be.

It is the "now" in the Englishwoman that has made her the great unexpected war asset of her country. Her task is set before her—she is going to it without regret, without tears, but with a firm determination to ride to hounds along with the men—this time they are the dogs of war. Her calm under the terrific cataclysm that has shaken the foundation stones of centuries-old family life and customs is hard to understand; we believe it to be indifference, but in not giving way to her sorrows the English lady follows the unwritten law of her class: It isn't done!

For example, an American reporter on a well-known London paper was given the painful assignment by the proprietor of the daily to convey the news—just received by them—of her husband's death, at Saloniki, to the Duchess So-and-So. The man told me how he took a stiff Scotch and then rode round the block several times before he had courage to present himself at her door; and how, later, she came down to her library to receive him and, with perfect control, asked whether he brought news of her husband's death. He answered in the affirmative, and the duchess thanked him for his courtesy and said:

"We must expect such things to happen. It's war, isn't it?"

Her dead husband had done his bit. She accepted it philosophically as such—that is, so far as not letting an outsider see her real emotion.

It is this training, this curbing of the emotional nature, which perhaps race and tradition give—the it-isn't-done of social ethics in England—that accounts for the remarkable adaptability of the women to their new outlook on life. It accounts for their taking up living and social conditions that make for the greatest self-sacrifice, deprivation and discomfort, with an enthusiasm and thoroughness and competence which have astonished the world. It has made it possible to equip in two years one of the greatest armies known to history and to supply munitions the like of which no country has ever seen.

In these huge dingy munition plants, where thousands of Englishwomen of all classes work day and night, ruining their looks, disfiguring their faces through the chemical fumes until they can scarcely be recognized by their friends, with vivid orange spots on face and arms, or completely covered with the ghastly saffron hue, these "canaries"—as their men comrades have dubbed them—work at the greatest personal risk to send their soldier boys munitions; and in so doing add their bit to England's defense.

The work in these factories—in the most dangerous high-explosive departments—is not being done by ignorant women of the slums, but by women, in three instances that I know of, from titled families, and many high-school teachers, women secretaries and former well-trained housekeepers.

Titled Ladies Who Do Their Bit

"AN ORDINARY, ignorant, undisciplined woman cannot do the delicate and dangerous work required in filling brass cartridge cases and fusing and packing them," a superintendent told me. "It takes women of discernment and intelligence; and we find that the more highly educated and refined the women workers in these danger zones are, the easier and more swiftly the work is done."

But, though there are a million and a half women preparing munitions, there are other millions not one of whom is idle. Ladies who went twice a year to Paris for their frocks and hats are getting into clothes and hats they have made themselves. Last summer it became the thing for women guests at country houses to go into the kitchen with the hostess and do up a few dozen jars of fruit and jellies for home consumption, or for the wounded boys in the hospitals. Every country house in England, without exception, was the convalescing home of wounded soldiers, with the nurses in spick-and-span simple blue and white wash frocks—women friends of the châtelaines of these great estates waiting on "their men" and getting them bucked up for the Front again.

Up in Thirlstane Castle in Scotland—in the beautiful Waverley country—the Viscountess Maitland, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Lauderdale, has taken complete charge of that enormous estate, thirty miles round. She acts as its factor, which is a sort of combination manager-superintendent. On this estate, with its great dairy, five enormous farm plants, an entire village and two churches, Lady Maitland spends her mornings in the business of the estate and in caring for its tenants. Besides this, she has kept up her gardens, and acted as head nurse in a convalescent-soldiers' home, into which the castle was turned all summer. Dozens of officers and soldiers came up to Thirlstane, and went back to the Somme after having regained health through the untiring attentions of Lady Maitland and her lady nurses.

Viscountess Wolseley, Who Has Enlisted an Army of Fifty Thousand Women to Work in the Fields and on the Farms While the Men are at the Front

On every estate in Scotland and England the same conditions prevail; and, so far as the outside world knows, social life is going on as usual. Débutantes, who formerly were invited to meet possible husbands, now milk cows, dig potatoes and pick the beans; dowagers make bandages or bind up legs and arms of wounded men. Lady Maitland has her husband, six nephews and her only son at the Front. It's the same story in every great house in England. In October, upon the death of Honorable Edward Wyndham Tennant, eldest son of Lord Glenconner, brother-in-law to Mr. Asquith, the fifty-fifth heir to a peerage had lost his life in the war.

As for giving up all social life, except where it is done to cheer the soldier boys on leave and in convalescence; as for the drudgery where luxury once prevailed, the English lady has nothing to say. Her new business is not society—nor is it philanthropy; but it is the business of war. She is just as much a soldier at heart as if she shouldered a gun and wore khaki. Her fighting spirit is as strong as that of her men, but she fights with different weapons. Can one believe, for instance, that the women who "man" every department, from the commissary to the X-ray machinery, in that great woman-hospital in Endell Street, where twelve hundred soldiers fill the cots, are not fighting for England just as much as the Tommy in the trenches? That's what these women ask you. They do not go into it as women, but as a part of the fighting strength of England.

The day of mincing Lady Bountifuls in England is ended. Philanthropy as a fad has been chucked out. It is no longer fashionable—in other words, it isn't being done—to affect an attitude of class. That's sheer intolerable swank, and nobody swanks in these days of work and war. Indeed, the ostentatious displays of any sort that make for telling the tale of social differences, either those of wealth or family, have gone—many think forever—in England. The coronet on the linen handkerchief is looked upon almost as snobbery now, in the days when the two hours spent on embroidering

Girls From Wealthy and Titled Families are Learning Practical Gardening

that fine class distinction, measured in time in the munition factory, or in making bandages, or relieving a death watch in some hospital, might save a life for her country.

A woman who rides in an automobile that is not in war service is made as uncomfortable by passing comment or jeers as if she were a Lady Godiva riding through the London thoroughfares. "Shame," indeed, is the word she will most often hear. The signs on billboards in all parts of London, in letters so large that he who runs may read, warn women against extravagance in dress, in all outward display, and in the necessity of economy in everything—in servants, in food, and in all forms of luxury; in fact, luxury no longer exists.

The social secretary, once so necessary in the busy life of the London hostess, has ended her little day. Even so wealthy and aristocratic a member of London social life as the Duchess of Marlborough does her own personal secretary work; and she is so busy she would have to become a nonunionist if the eight-hour law prevailed. Her working hours are longer than those of the scrubwoman.

"I work just as every Englishwoman must work—we must make no sex distinction in giving equal service to our country; we suffragists never have done so, but now all women have begun to realize that that must be," said the duchess.

Her ideas as to woman's place in war, and what it will do for her when war shall have ceased, were given to me in an interview in the library of her beautiful home in Curzon Street, in London:

"We are in war, and we must accept conditions—hardships; grief; whatever may come. It is hard for a mother to send her boys off to war. One of mine has already gone along, just as every mother's son has gone or is going. It is hard—war is hard—but what can be done by wasting tears and words? Nothing; absolutely nothing. Our incomes have been taxed almost half and they will be taxed more—what of it? We must just adjust our lives to the present conditions, as men have been trained to do.

"War has made, in a few fleeting months, changes in social conditions and personal outlook on life that under the slow, easy gait of undisturbed normal England would have taken a century or more to accomplish. But the new conditions for women have not come overnight. We, as suffragists, have been working quietly but surely, changing the mental attitude of Englishwomen, and have in part prepared them to meet the present great struggle with courage and efficient aid to our men; and if Americans believe that war alone has developed Englishwomen, it is a mistaken idea. The war has given us our opportunity. Englishwomen are as interested in and as well informed on all public questions as American women are.

"Indeed, they take a more active interest in politics than do the majority of American women. But the war has provided the opportunity for the exercise of their influence in those wider fields of usefulness so long denied to them. Women's varied resourcefulness and usefulness have definitely proved the active part they are destined to take in war as well as in peace, and have refuted the argument that has denied them the vote on the ground of nonparticipation. Their part in this war has been quite as important as that of the men.

"In the industrial world, in the medical and nursing professions, and in countless other vocations, women have replaced the men who have enlisted, and have proved highly efficient and dependable. What the men will demand and expect after the war depends on their altered outlook, and on the temperamental changes produced by the conditions of war—grave problems that will be worked out after the conflict.

"With women it is different. There is no question as to their future share in the economic development of their country. They have proved their capabilities and their fitness. They will no longer be content to remain idle or to work in positions that scarcely yield a living wage, as they have done in the past. Education for women will, I believe, be along entirely different lines from those adopted in the past, and the education of the younger generation must b highly specialized and technical as against what used to b known as 'accomplished'; it must train girls to be sel supporting in many cases, and in others economically ind pendent if they choose to be.

"As to the upper classes, the women will have to tal equal responsibility in the problems that will confront a classes in the days to come. Class distinctions have bee largely swept away among the women of England throug the suffrage movement, for they have, with a commo cause, met on a common footing. This new confraterni and *esprit de corps* will grow as necessity for common actio increases with the need of solving economic problems, whi even now are confronting all classes. With the high taxatio that the war has brought upon us, much luxury has had to be dispensed with.

"Things which formerly were looked upon as essenti to the happiness of women of the upper classes have gon in many cases not to return. Luxury, in the vulgar sen of display and foolish extravagance, will no longer obtai and it is a wise and good thing that this should be so. would surely be highly desirable to reduce the waste an vulgarity of display and extravagance in every country, a result of the war; for the example of ostentatious luxu has engendered a false notion of values through all classe and it has caused much suffering and distress to those wh have thereby lived beyond their means in the futile stri ing to keep up appearances.

"Many who have heretofore brought up their daughte in idleness will no longer be able to do so; and girls are n longer being brought up to regard marriage as their on ambition—for the opportunities of marriage will be great decreased, so that their education will have other objects view. They will have to take up vocations and profession careers, with the result that useful, well-trained, compete members of society will be made out of material whi heretofore has not worked out its fullest capabilitie

(Continued on Page 57)

A SCRAP OF PAPER

VIII

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

TRAIN after train left the terminal, but Dixon Grant boarded none of them. He had told Kirby that he would leave the city, and had agreed with her that it was dangerous for him to remain; but he was a red-blooded youth, and the more he considered leaving Kirby in the city while he betook himself elsewhere, the more his courage rebelled at the plan. If he were traced by the Masterman agents it was possible that his relation to Kirby might be discovered. He had never told any of his associates in the bucket shop of Kirby; he had never told any of his fellow lodgers; but detectives might learn of her existence. They might look up all his acquaintances in that artistic colony to which Kirby belonged and where he had first met her at a studio supper. He had always held aloof from his business associates, despising, as he did, the business in which he was engaged, and having a mild contempt for those similarly employed and without desire for a change of vocation. But the set to which Kirby belonged, and into which—by virtue of an old school friend become author—he had entered, knew that he and Kirby were close friends. If one of this set were approached, and should happen to talk, in some way or other Kirby might be subjected to annoyance, if nothing worse, and it ill became him to leave her to face it alone.

At any rate, not until he had communicated with Kirby and learned that she had accomplished her mission of storing the paper in a Masterman vault would he think of leaving the city. Brave and capable as he knew her to be, there might be a moment when two husky fists would be of infinitely more value than her ready woman's wit. Until she had arranged to hide herself, a move that, in his rising alarm for her, appeared to him as advisable as his own flight, he would be near at hand. So he stayed in the terminal—while trains by the score pulled out for Jersey and beyond—standing near a row of telephone booths.

Once, twice and again he entered the telephone booth, each time certain that she could not have returned from downtown so soon, yet unable, in his impatience that magnified danger, to let a reasonable time elapse. After the third unsuccessful attempt to reach her at the Greenwich Studios, he walked over to the cigar stand and purchased a smoke. He was lighting the cigar at the little gas flame when he was touched on the arm.

"Well, what have you been doing—tapping the firm's till?"

He turned to face Gene Carnahan, a fellow clerk in the office of Bryant, Manners & Co. It took an effort for him to return Carnahan's smile.

"If I had I'd not be standing quietly here, Gene," he laughed.

Carnahan was the only one of his fellow clerks with whom he had had much to do. They occasionally lunched together, and Grant rather liked the jolly little fat man, although they were not at all intimate. But Grant felt that Carnahan, like himself, worked for the bucket shop only because of dire need, and that Carnahan was as anxious as himself to get into something else. So a subtle bond of sympathy had been created between them.

Grant offered Carnahan a cigar.

"What's the point of the merry wheeze, Gene?" he asked.

Carnahan looked quickly at Grant. He got his cigar going.

"Personally, Dick," he said, "about the only thing that restrains me from grabbing off a bank roll from our esteemed bosses is the fact that I have a wife and two kids. The way Bryant and Manners get their coin doesn't establish for them any valid title to it, so far as I can see. It could hardly be termed stealing to take anything from them—at least, so broad-minded a man as myself wouldn't consider it such. So I'm not shocked. Dick, have you been nicking the office funds? If so, let me assure you that, while you're a confounded rascal, you have my deepest sympathy, my undying envy at your nerve, and my blessing and best wishes for a speedy voyage to a port where extradition doesn't reign. If you haven't—and of course you haven't—why does the Greenham Detective Agency take such an interest in your whereabouts? And since when have you become so pally with his lordship, Sir Fitz-Roy Bray?"

"Chop the chatter, Gene," said Grant. "Get down to cases. What are you driving at?"

"I just phoned the office. I've had the afternoon off to attend to some private business. I phoned to inquire about some work I'd left unfinished. Young Clarkin, the phone clerk, he of the cavernous ear and clacking tongue, slipped me some information which, in view of your repressed excitement, I will now pass swiftly on to you." He dropped the grandiloquent manner. "Clarkin, anxious as ever to disseminate information, told me that the Greenhams had just been in the office inquiring about Sir Fitz-Roy. Seems that he's a well-known crook named Harry Mack. The Greenhams wanted to know if Mack had phoned the office this afternoon and whom he had asked for. Clarkin said that you were the baby, and that he had given Sir Fitz-Roy, or Mack, your address. Said that the firm was quite het up about your not showing up this P. M. What's the answer, old top?"

Grant stared at Carnahan.

"When I know the answer fully, some da I'll let you know, Gene. In the meantim do you suppose you can forget having se me to-day? I haven't robbed anybod you're not making yourself an accessory

"As if I couldn't be a little thing like that for a man like!" said Carnahan. "I've forgotten I ever knew yo Dick. Is that enough?"

Grant pressed his hand.

"It's enough, Gene. Thanks."

"Forget it! And if you want —— There's my trai S'long, Dick." And the little fat man dashed off.

Grant looked after him. He had learned something the last few minutes—that he had a friend on whom could count. It was knowledge that cheered for a momer But only for that long, for then it was shoved aside by sterner knowledge, the knowledge that the Greenhar were upon his trail. His reasoning had been correct; had been traced by the Masterman agents. How lo before Kirby would be traced? He leaped again into t telephone booth.

He got the Greenwich Studios and asked for Mi Rowland's apartment. A voice undisguisably masculi answered. Grant's heart thumped.

"Is Miss Rowland there?"

"Who is this?"

"I wish to speak to Miss Rowland."

"Who is this?"

"The King of Spain," snapped Grant. "Is Miss Ro land there?"

He seemed to detect caution in the voice that replie

"She's just stepped out. Any message? It is her broth talking. Who is this?"

It was clumsy work; it would have been far better for t man not to have answered the telephone. For Grant stepp quietly out of the booth, paid for the call and walked swift out into the street. There he stood a moment in indecisio

Kirby Rowland had no brother! Who, then, could posing as that nonexistent brother except someone vital interested in the paper signed by the millionaires? course it might have been a burglar, it might have been t janitor, it might have been anyone at all playing an asini joke. But the probabilities were strongly against any su coincidence. It was an agent of Masterman, or else S Fitz-Roy Bray, otherwise Harry Mack.

He walked slowly down the street. Sir Fitz-Roy—Har Mack! He knew that Mack was a client of the firm, a that was all. He had nodded to the man occasionally, b no more. Why, then, should Mack have telephoned f him and inquired his address? Why should the Gree hams, commonly known to be retained by the Masterma

nterests, inquire for Sir Fitz-Roy? Because Sir Fitz-Roy, otherwise Harry Mack, had gained, and was known to have gained, possession of the paper now in the Masterman vaults—probably.

And Mack had telephoned him, Dixon Grant, because it was Mack who had placed in Grant's pocket the paper. But why had he parted with possession of the paper? Grant shook his head. Why had Mack chosen such a repository as Grant's pocket? Again he shook his head. The answers to those questions were not clear. Sufficient that the thing had been done, that Mack had learned Grant's address, that the Greenhams had learned as much as he, Mack, knew, and that —— The telephone conversation was no impertinent joke perpetrated by someone who had gained access to Kirby's room; it was no burglar. Burglars do not answer the telephone in apartments they are robbing. It was Mack or a Masterman agent. And this being so, where was Kirby? She was due home now, some little time ago.

His next to the last telephone call had been a bit too early for her return, but she should have been home a few moments after that. And that was almost three-quarters of an hour ago. What had happened in those forty-five minutes between her coming home and the answering of the last phone call by her pseudo-brother?

It was that question that made him leap aboard a southbound car and that made him fret at its slowness. It was a question that no fear for self, no fear for the wrecking of their great plan, nothing could prevent him from seeking answer to. For he loved Kirby Rowland, and if anything had happened to her he was to blame, because he had left her alone to face issues that would have appalled strong men.

But discretion is ever the better part of valor. His blood cooled on the all too slow journey downtown. If Kirby were, say, imprisoned in her own apartment he alone would be unable to rescue her by violent assault. Cunning would be needed, unless indeed he chose to give up their great plan. And that, imbued as he now was with her altruism, he hoped not to do. But cunning needs thought and wariness. So he swung off the car at the next stop, pulled his hat down over his eyes and, thinking hard, approached the Greenwich Studios at a gait that, being slower, was less an invitation to curiosity than the break-neck pace at which he had first started out.

He turned the corner of the street on which stood the Greenwich Studios. From the Greenwich Studios came two men; they turned toward Grant. His mouth grew hard as he recognized—too late to turn back, he thought, without being recognized himself—the handsome countenance of Harry Mack. And with Mack was a man who had been pointed out to him as Terence Greenham!

Their arms were linked; to the casual observer they would have seemed two middle-aged chums. To Grant's understanding eye that linking of arms was seizure; the twain were captor and captured. And they had come from the Greenwich Studios, which housed Kirby Rowland!

His slow pace slackened for a few strides into a dawdle. Mack was Greenham's prisoner. That meant, since they came from Kirby's house, that Greenham had caught Mack there, most likely, for it was hardly probable that Mack had led the detective there. If so he would not be held by the arm by the detective. They would have reached a compromise which would have assured Mack his freedom. The man capable of posing as an English nobleman, and of stealing the precious paper, would hardly be driven by threats. Grant knew character a little, and he had seen the handsome but hard face of Harry Mack too often to deem the man weak. They had met at Kirby's house; that was the answer. But where was Kirby?

This question, important though it was, he put aside for the moment. If necessary he would divulge the hiding place of the document and so save Kirby from harm. But until he knew what danger, if any, menaced her now, he would do well to keep his face from the eyes of Harry Mack. He turned abruptly into a tobacconist's and asked for cigarettes, while he kept one eye upon the door. The two men with the linked arms stopped outside the shop.

"Really, old fellow, you can't put a bullet through me because I want a smoke and insist on buying my own cigars, you know," said the voice of Handsome Harry, in the assumed drawl that fitted the identity of Sir Fitz-Roy.

"Very well," Grant heard Greenham reply. "But no tricks!"

It was evident that although Greenham had Mack under arrest he did not care to advertise the fact by a brawl. Still with linked arms the two men entered the tobacconist's. Inwardly cursing the luck that had driven them to enter his place of refuge, Grant bent over the counter as though choosing from its contents.

"What have you, my man?" Mack asked the shopkeeper. "All your deuced American cigars burn my tongue. Have you anything mild?" And then he touched Grant on the shoulder: "I say, my friend, can you recommend anything decent? My cousin here doesn't smoke, so he can't tell me. What would you recommend?"

"If I Get a Crack at That Paper, Masterman, I'll Certainly Print It"

And unless the sense of touch lied Grant felt the fingers of Harry Mack pinch his shoulder. There was nothing to do but answer. Face averted, wondering, ready for a mad dash past both men, Grant mumbled the name of the cigar he had bought at the terminal a while ago. But Mack was not satisfied.

"I say, you mention it as though you didn't believe it's any good at all. Can't you look me in the eye and give me your word of honor that it is a good cigar?"

"Come on, Mack, quit annoying the man," said Greenham testily.

But Grant lifted his eyes to Handsome Harry. Certain that the crook had recognized him and was making game of him, the young man doubled his fists and lifted his shoulders, prepared to swing at the nearest jaw, but the expression on the face of Handsome Harry made his fingers unfold. For the international crook, his back to Greenham, shook his head the least trifle, while his forehead wrinkled in a frown that could be nothing other than a warning. It was a signal that lasted only a fraction of a second, but was unmistakable. Then Mack laughed.

"Beg pardon for ragging you, sir. That cigar is really good? Give me a half dozen," he said to the tobacconist.

Mystified, inwardly trembling, wondering what could have been Mack's reason for the warning and what it meant and why the crook did not leap upon him, despite Greenham's presence, and demand the return of the paper, Grant lit a cigarette at the stand, still keeping his face from Greenham. The detective did not know him, so far as Grant was aware, but he might have obtained a description of Grant, and the latter knew not how effective, in a capable detective's brain, such a description might be.

Mack took his cigars with his free hand and paid for them with the same member. He put one in his mouth and leaned toward the lighter. He removed it; then turned toward his captor.

"I tell you flat, Greenham," and he enunciated the detective's name clearly, "I won't go back to those studios. I wouldn't for anything."

Greenham stared at his prisoner.

"Now what the devil do you mean by that?" he demanded, surprised into the question.

"Just what I say," said Mack. "There's nothing there for me, and I tell you flat I'll go nowhere without a reason. I'll go to your bally headquarters if you insist, but there's nothing at the Greenwich Studios and I won't go back there."

Greenham's jaw dropped slightly.

"Well, who the dickens asked you to? Look here, Mack, I'll have no more of your nonsense. You come along with me or I'll ring for a wagon!" Despite the presence of tobacconist and stranger, Greenham grew angry and did not lower his voice: "Why, you cheap con man, do you think you can make a rag of me? You've stalled long enough. Who're you trying to kid anyway? I've had enough of this! I've stopped to get a drink and now for a smoke, and I've had enough. Come on!"

"Why, blast it all, if you haven't a temper, Greenham, old cock! Deuced if I thought it of you! Lead on, my friend."

And smiling and chipper, Handsome Harry allowed the frowning detective to lead him from the shop. The tobacconist stared after them. He turned to Grant, as mystified as himself:

"Well, I'll bet that's a fly cop making a pinch! And I thought they were pals. Class to that crook, eh?"

"There is," said Grant dully. A moment later he, too, passed out into the street and turned again toward the Greenwich Studios. But he took only a couple of steps before he paused.

Why hadn't Mack recognized him? Or, rather, not that, for Mack had recognized him: his frown and nodded head were proof of that. But why hadn't the crook denounced him to Greenham? The chances were a million to one that Greenham had taken Mack into custody because of the affair of the paper, and million-to-one chances may ordinarily be looked upon as facts. Then why didn't Mack, under arrest, with his hold on fortune broken, denounce Grant? There was no use in trying to figure that out; let it suffice that Mack had not denounced Grant.

Sir Fitz-Roy Bray had not impressed Grant as being a fool; and Gene Carnahan had said that Bray was a crook named Mack. A crook clever enough to pass himself off as an English nobleman was not a fool. Then why the queer talk that had angered Greenham? Why should Mack want to anger his captor?

"There's nothing at the Greenwich Studios. I'll go nowhere without a reason."

These scraps from Mack's statements to the detective came back to Grant. Only fools make meaningless remarks. Mack was no fool: therefore, his remarks held meaning. For whom? For Grant!

It was clear enough. For reasons of his own Mack would not denounce Grant. More, he was shielding Grant, for he was warning the clerk that Kirby Rowland was not at the studios, and that there was danger there. There was no other meaning save that. And there was no reason in the world for Mack to attempt to deceive Grant. Kirby was not in the studios. Nor could she be under arrest. Mack had informed him of so much, that he would have informed him of this last had it happened. He felt a sudden, unaccountable faith in the man whom he knew to be a crook and who, undoubtedly, if his hard face were any indication of his character, would kill without compunction any who stood in his path.

Mack's hints were truthful ones. Kirby was not at home and, further, she could not be expected home. This last deduction was as plain as the first. Otherwise Mack would not have made the statement so emphatically that he would not go back to the studios. But how could Mack know

she was not coming back? His heart leaped as he answered that question—because she had come and gone!

But where? That was for Dixon Grant to find out. He set out at once in search of Kirby.

IX

THE clock on a near-by church tower struck eleven, each note distinct, menacing. The three men in the library seemed to brace themselves against the sounds, as slaves might before the lash of the whip. Their attitudes beneath the real whips could not more clearly have indicated their characters, for Blaisdell seemed to cringe as each stroke of the bell floated through the open window; Cardigan seemed to grit his teeth and square his shoulders; while Masterman's face grew more and more impassive as the strokes continued. Only his eyes, gloomy, brooding, showed the fire pent up within him. And thus, in other and less happy incarnations, might all three have stood physical torture.

A knock sounded gently on the door as the last stroke died away.

"Come in," said Masterman harshly.

A liveried servant showed for a second on the threshold.

"Mr. Greenham," he announced softly, then closed the door, himself outside.

As a captive at the stake might have looked at a rescuer Blaisdell looked at the detective.

"Well, well, well, have you caught her, have you caught her, have you caught her?" His teeth chattered, though his forehead was moist and his eyes feverish.

"Have you got the paper?" rumbled Cardigan, his head thrust forward.

Masterman merely looked at the detective, and it was to him that Greenham directed his answer:

"Not yet. But I hope ——"

"Hope," said Masterman, "is the refuge of the incompetent. What have you done?"

Greenham flushed.

"I have operatives at the railroad station. I've notified practically every hotel in the city to have their house detective keep on the lookout for a woman answering this Rowland girl's description. As I phoned you earlier in the evening, she got away by a trick, but it's only a matter of time when ——"

"When seconds mean millions, Greenham, kindly refrain from referring to time so carelessly," snapped Masterman. "She got away? A young girl—an artist, you said? Away from you, said to be one of the greatest detectives on earth! Greenham, at any other time I'd laugh. As it is—what else have you done?"

"I have operatives tracing her friends. I expect at any moment to hear from them that she has been located."

"Hope again," said Masterman, "when I want facts! And this Mack? Have you discovered his reason for interfering?"

"He refuses to talk," replied Greenham, "except to state that if he isn't released by midnight he'll have something to say to the papers."

"To the papers!" Cardigan's bull-like roar shook the chandelier. "Another bit of your damned incompetency, Greenham. When you had the man, why didn't you hide him somewhere? Why take him to headquarters where he could get lawyers, and—Greenham, if I had an office boy as big a fool as you I'd fire him!"

"Kidnaping isn't as feasible as it sounds," said Greenham angrily. "I did the best I could. I've had him locked up, and—you talk about kidnaping. What good would that have done? He's in league with this Rowland woman, that's certain, else why did he rescue her from Schmidt? And when he's turned loose he'll try to see her, won't he? And won't my men be on his trail?"

"And weren't they this afternoon?" sneered Cardigan.

"They'll not lose him again," promised Greenham.

"Perhaps," said Masterman. "In the meantime ——" He walked to the window and stared out into the night. Somewhere in this city was a chit of a girl who was defying him, Martin Masterman, whom no man had ever defied save to his cost. She was defying Martin Masterman—she would make her defiance good!

To-day she had asked the car lines of the city to issue universal transfers; to-morrow—but there must be no to-morrow! He turned back into the room and the light from the chandelier struck full upon his face, showing things there that up to that time had been hidden.

"Greenham," he said, "men may be made to talk. This afternoon it did not seem possible that Mack was in league with this woman. Their demands are so different."

He was silent for a moment. Might it not be possible that the woman's demands were made merely to show that there must be no trifling with the demands of Mack?—to emphasize, as it were, Mack's demands? He shook his head. This did not seem probable, much as he wished it were. Mack's actions during the afternoon, as learned by Greenham and reported to Masterman, gave the lie to that conclusion. The crook and the girl were independent factors. That Mack had aided the girl clouded this reasoning, but Mack was a blackmailer, pure and simple, while the girl—Masterman had never seen her, but she had talked to him, and the voice indicates much—more sometimes than features do. She was no blackmailer. Yet Mack had rescued her. He must have had a reason. He must know where to find her. There was ruthless purpose on the face of Masterman when he spoke again:

"You're right, Greenham, when you say that Mack will try to find this Rowland person. But you're probably wrong when you say that your operatives will not lose him again. He's too clever. If he knows where this Rowland woman may be found he must be made to tell! This is no petty matter; this is a matter that affects the business of the nation. And one man cannot stand in the way of business and progress. Understand?"

"You mean ——?" Greenham hesitated.

"Don't be an ass," snapped Masterman. "You're no child! I told you this afternoon that I'd stand behind you. And you merely placed him under arrest on some trumped-up charge."

Greenham wet his suddenly dry lips.

"Mr. Masterman, I thought you meant that any false-arrest stuff—any suits for damages ——"

Masterman cut him short with a gesture.

"I said I'd stand behind you. I meant it. Find out where this girl is!"

Greenham shook his head. "It's too late."

"Too late? Who says so? I tell you this woman must be found. I tell you ——" For the first and last time in his life

"Well, What Have You Been Doing—Tapping the Firm's Till?"

Martin Masterman lost control of himself. "Find her!" he cried; "find her!"

The demon unleashed in the soul of the master of transportation frightened Greenham. He answered almost in a whisper.

"It's too late!" he repeated.

"That's twice you've said that," raged Masterman. "Don't you understand that I control the authorities?"

"But not the judges; not all of them," said Greenham. "And Mack has seen a judge."

Masterman regained his self-control at once. He sat down.

"Seen a judge? Who?"

This gave him something to plot against, a chance for scheming. The world was a stage—his stage, and all men were actors—his actors. But just now it had seemed that the play was ended, the plot run out, and so he had lost control of himself. But there was to be an epilogue.

"How did Mack see a judge?"

"He didn't himself, but a lawyer did. He went to Judge Marchand, and the judge granted a writ of habeas, returnable to-morrow morning. Mack must have planted the lawyer; had some deal with him that if he didn't show up at a certain time to apply for the writ ——"

"Who's his lawyer?"

"A Jefferson Market shyster named Peterthwaite."

"Purchasable?"

"Too late. He found Marchand at his home and got the writ. Even if he backed out, Marchand wouldn't. There's one man that can't be reached."

Masterman nodded. No one need tell him of the incorruptibility of Judge Marchand.

"But a business necessity—Marchand might do something," said Greenham.

"He can't recall the writ if it's been served on the Commissioner—a writ demanding that Mack be produced in court to-morrow morning," snapped Masterman.

Greenham had known this as well as the financier. Only to ease the tension had he volunteered the suggestion. Masterman's face was impassive once again. His voice was chill.

"The writ is returnable to-morrow morning, eh? But that's ten hours off. In the meantime, Mack might be made to talk!"

"When he has to be produced before the judge in the morning?"

"Well?" The great man's tones were icy.

Greenham shook his head.

"I don't know just what this crisis is, Mr. Masterman, you haven't told me. But it can't be any greater than the one if anything happened to the man for whom Judge Marchand had issued a writ of habeas corpus. I know Marchand; I'll not monkey with him. And I advise you not to. Better let Mack go at midnight as he demands. The Citizen is after you all the time. If Mack should choose to talk to one of their reporters ——"

"Keep reporters from him," said Masterman.

"He'll talk to someone—the policeman on guard in the corridor. He said to tell you that."

"He said that this morning, but I thought a friend of his had the paper then. As it is no paper would believe his story, would dare to print it without proof."

"But it's known that I arrested him, and that I work for you. The Citizen's reporters are clever. They'd put these facts with Mack's story."

Masterman sank a little lower in his chair.

"Greenham, release the man. Have your men follow him, but—get the Rowland woman. I'll pay you—you know me. You needn't bother about pay. Greenham, she's won her first move. I leave it to you to see that she makes no other."

"The first move? Then the universal transfers——"

The liveried servant knocked again on the door.

"Mr. Lindley Jackson, sir."

"Show him up," said Masterman.

Still impassive, he turned to Greenham.

"Greenham," he said rapidly, "if Mack is released and his lawyer informs Judge Marchand of that fact, the habeas proceedings fall flat, don't they? Then let Peterthwaite—he can be bought—see Marchand to-night and tell him of Mack's release. Then—— Ah, Mr. Jackson, glad to see you. You know Cardigan and Blaisdell, eh? Sit down and have something to smoke." He walked with Greenham to the door. "Mack might elude anyone following him, eh?" he said in a whisper. "But if they shouldn't follow him? If they rush him away in an auto? You understand?"

Greenham nodded. Not for long was Masterman circumvented by the entrance of the incorruptible Judge Marchand upon the scene. Marchand, not knowing the gravity of the situation, merely thinking that Peterthwaite's client was some victim of ordinary police activity, would be satisfied with that shyster's statement that Mack had been

reased before the serving of the w: of habeas. If Peterthwaite's el uence had been enough to p suade the judge to issue the w in advance of any preliminary h ring before a magistrate; if he h played upon Judge Mar- cl nd's well-known distaste for p ce detention, under insufficient re son, of innocent men, he would b able to gull that able but too- tr sting jurist further. And Mack c ld be spirited away, made to ta . He came out of his dream o ustifying Masterman's faith in h self with a jar, for, seated at t wheel of a powerful runabout t t stood beneath an arc light, w s a man whom he knew well, Tm Hanrahan, of the Citizen. A oss the street were two other s all cars, and on the sidewalk, t king to Hanrahan, were two c er reporters from the paper c ned and published by Lindley J kson. Greenham stared.

"What's the idea?" he asked, a Hanrahan grinned and the c er two approached.

"You're news, old top," said Hanrahan. "When our respected l ss is invited at the witching h r to visit Masterman, he takes a few of us along. Where you g ing, chief? For I'm going the s me place and I'll take you with e."

And Tom Hanrahan could give a the trumps to the best detective at ever lived—Greenham ad- itted this himself—and score a and slam. He could not be uded. Right off the bat Mas- rman's scheme had been aten. There could be no kid- aping of Harry Mack while anrahan, at his chief's behest, as trailing the people who left the Masterman household.

"The Masterman Influence Can Get a Warrant for Your Arrest on Any Charge. For Mine Too"

Greenham made the best of a bad matter.

"Headquarters, Tom," he said.

A little later Handsome Harry Mack was released.

"I pinched him on general principles—international rook," Greenham explained to the reporter. "No charge gainst him; made a mistake. Meant to have him released arlier, but cable from England saying he wasn't wanted or job over there didn't arrive till late, while I was con- erring with Masterman about some matters that are obody's business, Tom, old chap. I didn't want Mack to ave to sleep in a cell if he's done nothing, that's all."

He had to tell all this, for the reporter, he knew, would ot leave him until he went to bed, and would certainly earn the detective's mission at police headquarters.

However, he still hoped to have his men trail Mack fter his release and carry out Masterman's suddenly onceived plan. But Tom Hanrahan had no explicit orders rom his chief. He was to trail whoever left the Master- nan household, on general principles; if there were no ews in them, he could drop the trail. There was no news, o far as Hanrahan could see, in Greenham. But an inter- national crook was always good for a few sticks on the ront page.

"Blind steer the boss gave me, eh?" mused Hanrahan. Well, then I'll get a yarn out of this Mack."

And when Mack was released the reporter proffered the se of his car, which Handsome Harry, with a grin at Greenham—he was no chicken, this Handsome Harry, and as quick to guess Greenham's impotent anger and its ause—accepted thankfully. In the reporter's high-powered unabout—owned, be it remarked, by Mr. Jackson—Handsome Harry sped uptown. After they had ridden for couple of squares the crook spoke to the reporter.

"I suppose you know," he said, "that Greenham's men re following us in taxis?"

"What's the answer?" inquired Hanrahan. "Where do ou and Martin Masterman hitch up?"

It was imperative, thought Handsome Harry, that he hake off the trailing sleuths. He understood perfectly hat the next time he was taken into custody he would be laced where no writs of habeas or threats to tell the news- apers what he knew would earn his release. Of course he ould tell Hanrahan the truth, and Hanrahan's paper would protect him from Greenham's agents. But, needless o say, Handsome Harry was not telling anyone the truth ust yet, not until his own game had been played and lost. And he did not intend to lose.

"The answer?" echoed Handsome Harry easily. "Well, uppose I should tell you that the Botticelli bought by Martin Masterman last winter for one hundred and forty thousand dollars was a fake, and that Martin Masterman thought he could prove I planned the fake and copped his money? What sort of a story would that make?"

"And those birds behind are unsatisfied still of your innocence and are trailing you to lead them to better evidence?"

"Go to the head of the class, Mister Reporter for the Citizen," laughed Handsome Harry.

They were crossing a crowded street. Hanrahan looked back again. A story that would make Martin Masterman ridiculous would tickle Lindley Jackson, who hated the millionaire, and Jackson was Hanrahan's employer.

"Those taxis can make forty-five if they have to. This baby," and he patted the wheel, "will do ninety. Do you like fast riding, Mr. Mack?"

"Anything less than fifty feels tame to me," grinned Mack.

"Well, let's be wild for once," said Hanrahan.

The runabout shot ahead like a bullet. A few squares farther on it was bettering fifty miles, and before many minutes the pursuing taxicabs were out of sight.

x

IN ONE corner Masterman discussed with Creighton, publisher of the Tribunal, some additions lately made to the Art Museum. Blaisdell, nervous, and showing slight traces of the fact that he had consumed three pints of champagne, complimented Highlands, owner of the Star, on the series of Sunday articles the Star was printing about the food sources of the country; a series, by the way, which proved to the satisfaction of its author, his employer and Blaisdell, that the country would starve but for the genius of the little greedy man who was Lord of the Granary and Market.

Sanderson, Mannering and Cowdray, owners of the Planet, the Orb and the Dispatch, chatted on various subjects with Cardigan. Yerkes and McGaffey, of the Wire and the Transcript, two papers as wide apart in politics and treatment of the news as the two poles, who through their editorial columns sneered and decried each other, chatted with every evidence of pleasure.

Only Lindley Jackson, owner, publisher and editor of the Citizen, sat alone. His champagne was untasted; the plate of sandwiches on the little table beside his chair remained undiminished. He even smoked one of his own cigars rather than the rare, expressly manufactured panetelas of Martin Masterman. Careless about his appearance apparently, one looked twice at Lindley Jackson, greatest newspaper genius of his age, before one saw that everything about him was in harmony. If his hair seemed untidy one noted that it was a careful untidiness. The loosely knotted tie with its poetically flowing ends matched the rumpled hair, and the soft shirt bore out the scheme. An artistic poseur, even the pose gave the effect required of loosely restrained energy.

A man of great genius, he was not above demanding flattery of his genius. Altruistic publicly, always making the Citizen stand for the rights of the people, privately he was a bit of a snob. But his snobbishness was intellectual; it was not based on any material possessions. He despised the three millionaires more because he deemed them vulgarians than because of their methods of acquiring wealth. His real, though unuttered, objection to colossal wealth was that it brutalized the possessor and all those with whom the possessor came into contact. He had no real love for the people, because he did not respect them. That, for centuries, they had permitted a few to rob them in wholesale fashion, and enslave them, made them worthy of contempt. He believed the people neither capable of self-rule nor worthy of it; but he believed, and sincerely, that because the people did not deserve a thing was no reason why they should not have it. The people could hardly make a greater mess of their affairs than was being made for them by others; it was their inalienable privilege to go to the deuce in their own way. He believed that all had inherited the earth equally; that one man had as much right to rule as another. That he might not be fit to rule was beside the question.

A queer combination was Lindley Jackson, and he fought with all his genius, unsparing of his health or wealth, for a people in whose genius, in the mass, he did not trust, because the divinity in each human being, however clouded by ignorance, carried with it title to a share in earthly power. So he believed, and so he fought. And now he glowered at Masterman. He hurled his cigar into a fireplace.

"I take it," he said, suavely insulting, "that we aren't here to discuss art, prize-fighting, or"—with a sneer at Blaisdell—"the wonderful genius of the gentleman who invented the food corner. We're here because Masterman wants something of us. What is it, Masterman?"

There were very few men who spoke to the master of transportation without the prefix "Mister." If they knew him intimately he was "Martin." Otherwise, "Mr. Masterman." But Lindley Jackson was one of the few who did not fear Martin Masterman. His great newspaper was financially independent of the financier. More than once had Masterman planned to ruin Jackson, but the latter had been too clever for him. He even forced the very interests he denounced to advertise in his paper, in very fear of what further injury he might do them.

Cowdray and Yerkes frowned at the publisher of the Citizen. Others stared at him, hostility in their eyes; but Masterman smiled ingratiatingly. He struck his library table with the palm of his hand, and those present came to attention as at a chairman's gavel. Masterman came directly to the point:

"Mr. Jackson is right; I beg his pardon for taking up his time with trivialities. I have invited you gentlemen who lead public opinion to come to my house because I wished to ask something of you. But not for myself—for the nation."

He paused and looked into every face. From all save one he received the glance of encouragement, of subservience, he wished. That one was the scowling countenance of Lindley Jackson.

"Patriotism, gentlemen," continued Masterman, "is not dead yet. I know that, and because I know it ——"

Jackson took out his watch.

"Five minutes of twelve," he interrupted rudely. "I have to be at my office at twelve-thirty. Forget the introduction, Masterman. Come down to earth."

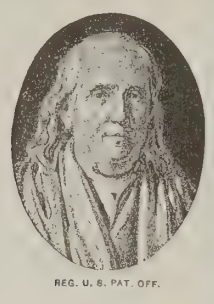
Masterman winced slightly at the interruption, but he held in his anger. It would not do to quarrel with Jackson.

"I will," said he. "To-night, gentlemen, there is loose a force that menaces—have I your assurance that what I say will be treated confidentially?"

There was a murmur of assent from all save Jackson. He answered: "You most certainly have not, Masterman. I'll print anything you say to-night if it has news value."

(Continued on Page 33)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Speaking of City Government

PERHAPS the ideal of automatic government is reached in Chicago, though many other American communities press her close for the palm. The fact came to mind recently upon looking over the newspapers of that city. They were saying that several thousand public employees would probably have to work without pay during the last month of the year, if they worked at all; that there was no money in sight to feed the horses in the Police Department or buy gasoline for the patrol wagons; that the whole Electrical Department would very likely have to close for lack of operating funds, thereby paralyzing the police and fire alarm systems and leaving many streets in darkness.

The trouble, it appeared, was that in something less than eleven months the departments had spent all the money appropriated for a year—for which situation, as one paper explained, "the City Council threw the blame on the department heads; while the departments hurled the blame back upon the aldermen."

Admittedly nobody in particular is responsible for government in Chicago; nobody in particular conducts it; the thing just runs itself in an impressionistic and opportunistic manner. If the public-school administration is in a mess, as has frequently happened of late years, you can blame the Board of Education, which will blame the mayor; or you can blame the mayor, who will blame the board.

If the city's money has been squandered there is a mayor, a set of department heads, a comptroller and seventy or eighty aldermen—all disclaiming any responsibility on their own parts and nimbly hurling the blame elsewhere.

The mayor promised to close the saloons on Sunday; but when it comes to keeping them closed he points to the state's attorney, while the state's attorney points to him. Murders are disagreeably common, for which the police blame the courts, while the courts blame the police.

No matter what happens, nobody is responsible; everybody can very plausibly blame somebody else. What Chicago needs is three men with complete power over local government in all its phases and absolute responsibility for the results they secure.

Goods and Men

A GREAT many people are nervous about the situation of American industry after the war. They argue that millions of able-bodied and skilled men in Europe will then be released from military service and return to civil employments. Meantime, by employing women and by higher organization, Europe has created a new and extensive labor power; so, when the soldiers go to work again there will be a fall in wages, and American factories will have to compete with relatively cheaper, better-organized, more efficient labor than ever. Consequently they want protection to prevent the flooding of our markets with the products of cheap European labor.

But mostly they want free trade in men—in labor itself. We know from experience that if real wages in this country are decidedly higher than in Europe a great quantity of European labor will flow over here. It will be almost wholly unskilled labor, and so directly in competition with that labor here which is poorest paid and least able to bear competition.

That a great accession of labor tends to keep wages down is so obvious a deduction from the familiar law of supply and demand that it hardly needs arguing. No doubt it stimulates production and increases profits. With some millions more of cheap laborers we should produce more goods and be in a better immediate position to compete for foreign markets, without the toil and bother of heightening genuine efficiency by discovering the best possible methods of making and selling goods. We should also be increasing our supply of poverty and ignorance, which is already quite adequate.

If the largest and easiest possible production of goods is the chief consideration, there is nothing more to be said. If men are the chief consideration—as various American statesmen have maintained—we want a restriction upon immigration such as the literacy test would impose.

The Orator

THE speaker evidently has several more hands than he knows what to do with—he tries hanging some of them on the back of his chair, putting some in his pocket and concealing a few behind his coattails; but there are still superfluous hands that want to feel of his collar and pull down his vest. He obviously fumbles round for parts of speech; stammers; repeats himself. His corrugated brow shines with a dew of perspiration. Observing these symptoms you stretch out your legs and settle comfortably back in your chair; satisfaction and contentment possess you, because you know the speaker is horribly nervous and just as anxious to get through as you are to have him; he will say no more than he feels to be absolutely necessary.

The next speaker rises with a bland smile, poses himself deliberately, looks out over his audience with perfect self-possession. When he opens his mouth, round, well-modulated tones issue from it; the words flow smoothly from an abundant and neatly ordered supply. Whereupon you look gloomily up at the frescoes or down at the floor, hump your shoulders and resign yourself to despair. Clearly this chap is an orator, thoroughly seasoned; he likes it. You know he will talk until you drop dead.

Oratory is a noble art, for which we have the greatest admiration; only no orator should ever be permitted to speak in public. Especially with this inexplicable but evergrowing habit of big dinners there should be an iron-clad rule that the speeches be made exclusively by shy amateurs, warranted to faint after thirty minutes.

The Library Habit

OUR mail makes us a bit peevish about public libraries in general. Many times every year we are asked to recommend a book containing information on this or that subject of general interest. We are always glad to comply to the best of our limited ability; yet we never answer one of these letters without wondering why public libraries do not impress themselves more definitely and extensively upon the consciousness of those who support them or whose beneficiaries they are supposed to be.

The writer of the letter is obviously intelligent or he would not be seeking information. By the same token he is interested in subjects of general concern. Yet, as obviously, he does not know that about three times out of five there is a public institution not far from him, supported at large expense, which not only contains standard books on the subject he wants to know about, but makes a special business of supplying him with those books promptly and without expense.

From its card index he can learn in five minutes what books there are on the subject, and attendants will fetch them to him on request. Invariably, in our experience, the library staff is informed and attentive. It will go to any pains, most willingly, to put the resources of the library at the disposal of an inquirer. Within its own walls the institution functions admirably; but a great many people do not know of it in such a way that, being athirst for information, they turn to it as naturally as a dry man turns to a water faucet.

The library habit is one of the best that any person can form. There should be a more strenuous effort to inculcate it. Meantime take the initiative yourself. Get acquainted with your public library.

A Tip

THE urban population of the United States is now divided into two parts, the smaller part consisting of those who have made money on the rise in stocks during the last year, and much the larger part consisting of those who have heard about it and are regretting that they did not wade in. Among this latter part are many who think seriously of repairing their oversight by wading in now.

We have no knowledge—or even an opinion—as to whether stocks will go up or down. But we have the historical information, which anybody can verify by looking up the record, that the time when everybody wades is usually about half an hour before stocks begin to down. Meantime, having taken the subject in hand, have no hesitation about giving this tip: Now is a go time to buy sound bonds; in fact, every time is a good ti to buy sound bonds.

Teaching Lincoln

HOW to link public-school education visibly and tang bly up with life—that is the school problem in a nu shell. Pupils are indifferent because a hundred and o things strike their keen young imaginations more vivid than the dry stuff in the textbooks does. Set the boys working out the batting averages toward the close of baseball season, and see how their interest in arithmet will quicken. To them Latin is a species of mental torme which one undergoes for the purpose of discovering that Gaul is divided into three parts. They would as lief should be six parts. The dime novel tucked inside t textbook on geography does not prove that the boy is du It proves only that the geography is dull.

We cannot think of anything more sure to engage t imagination and quicken the pulse of American youth th the study of Lincoln. It is the heart of America's stor red and warm. He saw the human side of the politics of h time, and that is all there is to progressive politics. It is that democracy, as a political movement, involves. T boy or girl who thoroughly knows Lincoln's life has receive a liberal education in the political history of the Unit States—and something of even higher value than that.

It is an education, moreover, that would attract and n repel youth, for it visibly breathes the life which you finds about it outside of the schoolroom.

Roads and Schools

EVERY sort of town in the United States gets its d share of the total increase in population, and a litt more. Population of incorporated places of less th twenty-five hundred inhabitants increased over a millio and three-quarters in the last census period, and near three and a half millions since 1890. At that date they ha seven and a half per cent of the total population, and 1910 nearly nine per cent. So with the towns from twent five hundred up to fifty thousand, while bigger cities ra way ahead of the general rate of growth. But farm popul tion declined from fifty-six and four-tenths per cent total population in 1890 to forty-four and eight-tenths 1910.

There are no glittering business opportunities in sma country towns, but there are many social opportunitie It is easy for people to get together in all weathers. T public schools are much better than those in that lar part of the strictly rural region where the barbarous on room ungraded institution prevails. So people are willi to live in small country towns.

The farm problem is in no inconsiderable part a matt of good roads and good country schools. Good countr schools are nearly impossible without good roads, for really good country school is a consolidated one, drawin children from an extensive district and giving them tran portation from home to school and back.

A farm on a poor road is a prison for women and childre part of every year. Nobody likes a prison.

Ability and Opportunity

THERE is no such difference in men's native ability a the difference in their situations would suggest. Nativ ability, in other words, is much more evenly distribute than opportunity. Lester F. Ward, a diligent student c the subject, observes that latent talent is quite commo and those who struggle up out of adversity, in the mai simply strike a better chance than falls to those who remai behind. Society, he says, has great unworked mines o ability; only ten per cent of its true resources in that lin has been adequately developed; another ten per cent i partly developed; eighty per cent remains almost untapped

The figures are more or less arbitrary, but the broaden ing of opportunity is democracy's real job. Free oppor tunity is mostly for the comfortably off, not only becaus their children are well nourished, well housed, encourage to play, able to continue in school, but because, by a subtl and universal freemasonry, the comfortably off are i touch with the most promising openings for their childre in business and the professions.

It is the comfortably-off father who knows men tha have the dispensing of promising openings. A little touc at the start gives his son an advantage over the boy wh has nobody to pull a string for him. It is his son who ca take the long view and afford an apprenticeship—such a many of the professions require—which yields very littl immediately, but promises much later on.

The key to this problem of wider opportunity must be ir the public schools; but we can hardly claim to have found it there yet.

How People Think About the War

By H. G. WELLS

AMONG the minor topics that people are talking about behind the Western Front is the psychology of the yielding pacifist and the conscientious objector. Of course we are all pacifists nowadays; I know of no one who does not want not only to end this war but to put an end to war altogether, except those blood-red terrors, Count Reventlow, Mr. Leo Maxse—how he does it on a vegetarian dietary I cannot imagine—and our wild-eyed desperadoes of the Morning Post. But most of the people I meet, and most of the people I met on my journey, are pacifists like myself, who want to make peace by beating the armed man until he gives in and admits the error of his ways, disarming him and reorganizing the world for the forcible suppression of military adventures in the future. They want belligerency put into the same category as burglary, as a matter for forcible suppression. The yielding pacifist who will accept any sort of peace, and the conscientious objector who will not fight at all, are not of that opinion.

Both Italy and France produce parallel types to those latter; but it would seem that in each case England displays the finer developments. The Latin mind is directer than the English, and its standards—shall I say?—are more primitive; it gets more directly to the fact that here are men who will not fight. And it is less charitable. I was asked quite a number of times for the English equivalent of an *embusque*. "We don't generalize," I said; "we treat each case on its merits!"

One interlocutor near Udine was exercised by our Italian Red Cross work.

"Here," he said, "are sixty or seventy young Englishmen, all fit for military service. . . . Of course they go under fire; but it is not like being junior officers in the trenches. Not one of them has been killed or wounded." He reflected. "One, I think, has been decorated," he concluded.

My French and Italian are only for very rough common jobs; when it came to explaining the conscientious objector sympathetically they broke down badly. I had to construct long parenthetical explanations of our antiquated legislative methods to show how it was that the conscientious objector had been so badly defined. The foreigner does not understand the importance of vague definition in British life.

The Conscientious Objectors

"PRACTICALLY, of course, we offered to exempt anyone who conscientiously objected to fight or serve. Then the pacifist and pro-German people started a campaign to enroll objectors. Of course every shirker, every coward and slacker in the country decided at once to be a conscientious objector. Anyone but a British legislator could have foreseen that. Then we started tribunals to wrangle with the objectors about their bona fides. Then the pacifists and the pro-Germans issued little leaflets and started correspondence courses to teach people exactly how to lie to the tribunals. Trouble about the freedom to pamphleteer followed. I admit it has been rather a sloppy business. The people who made the law knew their own minds; but we English are not expressive."

These are not easy things to say in elementary French or Italian.

"But why do people support the sham conscientious objector and issue leaflets to help him, when there is so much big work clamoring to be done?"

"That," I said, "is the Whig tradition." When they pressed me further I said: "I am really the questioner. I am visiting your country and you have to tell me things. It is not right that I should do all the telling. Tell me all about Romain Rolland."

And, also, I pressed them about the official Socialists in Italy and the Socialist minority in France, until I got the question out of the net of national comparisons and upon a broader footing. In several conversations we began to work out in general terms the psychology of those people who were against the war. But usually we could not get to that; my interlocutors would insist upon telling just what they would like to do or just what they would like to see done to stop-the-war pacifists and conscientious objectors; pleasant rather than fruitful imaginative exercises from which I could effect no more than platitudinous uplifts.

But the general drift of such talks as did seem to penetrate the question was this: That among these stop-the-war people there are really three types: First, there is a type of person who hates violence and the infliction of pain under any circumstances, and who has a mystical belief in the rightness—and usually in the efficacy—of nonresistance. These are generally Christians; and then their cardinal text is the instruction to "turn the other cheek." Often they are Quakers. If they are consistent they are vegetarians. They do not desire police protection for their goods. They stand aloof from all the force and conflict of life. They have always done so. This is an understandable and respectable type. It has numerous Hindu equivalents. It is a type that finds little difficulty about exemptions—provided the individual has not been too recently converted to his present habits. But it is not the prevalent type in stop-the-war circles. Such genuine ascetics do not number more than a thousand or so in all three of our Western allied countries. The mass of the stop-the-war people is made up of quite other elements.

In the complex structure of the modern community there are two groups, or strata, or pockets, in which the impulse of social obligation, the gregarious sense of a common welfare, is at its lowest. One of these is the class of the resentful employee, the class of people who, without explanation, adequate preparation, or any chance, have been shoved at an early age into uncongenial work and never given a chance to escape; and the other is the class of people with small fixed incomes, or with small salaries earned by routine work, or half independent people practicing some minor artistic or literary craft, who have led uneventful, irresponsible lives from their youth up, and never come at any point into relations of service to the state.

This latter class is more difficult to define than the former, because it is more various within itself. My French friends wanted to talk of the "Psychology of the Rentier." I was for such untranslatable phrases as the "Genteel Whig," the "Donnish Liberal," or the "Broad Minds of Hampstead." But I lit up an Italian—he is a Milanese manufacturer—with "these Florentine English spinsters who want to keep Italy in a glass case." "I know," he said. But he thought "everything that Marinetti, the Futurist, doesn't like" was much too comprehensive.

Before I go on to expand this congenial theme, let me deal, first, with the resentful employee, who is a much more considerable, and to me a much more sympathetic, figure in European affairs. I myself began life as a resentful employee. By the extremest good luck I have got my mind and spirit out of the distortions of that beginning; but I can still recall even the anger of those old days.

He becomes an employee between thirteen and fifteen; he is made to do work he does not like, for no other purpose that he can see except the profit and glory of a fortunate person called his employer, behind whom stand church and state, blessing and upholding the relationship. He is not allowed to feel that he has any share whatever in the employer's business, or that any end is served but the employer's profit. He cannot see that the employer acknowledges any duty to the state. Neither church nor state seems to insist that the employer has any public function.

The Cant of Rebellion

AT NO point does the employee come into a clear relationship of mutual obligation with the state. There does not seem to be any way out for the employee from a life spent in this subordinate, toilsome relationship. He feels put upon and cheated out of life. If he is a person of ability or stubborn temper he struggles out of his position; if he is a kindly and generous person he blames his "luck" and does his work, and lives his life as cheerfully as possible—and so live the bulk of our amazing European workers; if he is a being of great magnanimity he is content to serve for the ultimate good of the race; if he has imagination he says "Things will not always be like this," and becomes a Socialist or a Guild Socialist, and tries to educate the employer to a sense of reciprocal duty. But if he is too human for any of these things, then he begins to despise and hate the employer and the system that made him. He wants to hurt them. Upon that hate it is easy to trade.

A certain section of what is called the Socialist press and the Socialist literature in Europe is no doubt great-minded; it seeks to carve a better world out of the present. But much of it is Socialist only in name. Its spirit is anarchistic. Its real burden is not construction, but grievance—it tells the bitter tale of the employee; it feeds his malice; it schemes annoyance and injury for the hated employer. The state and order of the world are confounded with the capitalist.

Before the war the popular so-called Socialist press reeked with the cant of rebellion, the cant of any sort of rebellion. "I'm a rebel!" was the silly boast of the young disciple. "Spoil something; set fire to something," was held to be the proper text for any girl or lad of spirit. And this blind discontent carried on into the war. While, on the one hand, a great rush of men poured into the army, saying "Thank God! we can serve our country at last instead of some beastly profiteer," a sourer remnant, blind to the greater issues of the war, clung to the reasonless

Not a Moment to Lose

proposition: "The state is only for the capitalist. This war is got up by capitalists. Whatever has to be done—we are rebels!"

Such a typical paper as the British Labor Leader, for example, may be read in vain, number after number, for any constructive proposal. It is a prolonged scream of extreme individualism; a monotonous repetition of incoherent discontent with authority, with direction, with union, with the European effort. It wants to do nothing. It just wants effort to stop, even at the price of German victory. If the whole fabric of society in Western Europe were to be handed over to those pseudo-Socialists to-morrow, to be administered for the common good, they would fly the task in terror. They would make excuses and refuse the undertaking. They do not want the world to go right. The very idea of the world's going right does not exist in their minds. They are embodied discontent and hatred, making trouble; and that is all they are. They want to be rebels—to be admired as rebels.

That is the true psychology of the resentful employee. He is a desocialized man. His sense of the state has been destroyed.

The resentful employees are the outcome of our social injustices. They are the failures of our social and educational systems. We may regret their pitiful degradation; none the less they are a pitiful crew. I have seen the hardship of the trenches, the gay and gallant wounded; I do a little understand what our soldiers, officers and men have endured and done. And, though I know I ought to allow for all that I have stated, I cannot regard these conscientious objectors with anything but contempt.

Some Dismal Literature

Into my house there pours a dismal literature rehearsing the hardships of these men who set up to be martyrs for liberty. So-and-so, brave hero, has been sworn at—positively sworn at by a corporal; a nasty rough man came into the cell of So-and-so and dropped several h's; So-and-so, refusing to undress and wash, has been undressed and washed, and soap was rubbed into his eyes—perhaps purposely; the food and accommodation are not of the best class; the doctors in attendance seem hasty; So-and-so was put into a damp bed and has got a nasty cold. Then I recall a jolly van-load of wounded men I saw out there.

But, after all, we can be just. A church and state that permitted these people to be thrust into dreary employment in their early teens, without hope or pride, deserves such citizens as these. The marvel is that there are so few. There are a thousand or so of these hopeless, resentment-poisoned creatures in Great Britain against five willing millions. The allied countries, I submit, have not got nearly all the conscientious objectors they deserve.

If the resentful employee provides the emotional impulse of the resisting pacifist, whose horizon is bounded by his one passionate desire that the particular social system which has treated him so ill should collapse and give in, and its leaders and rulers be humiliated and destroyed, the intellectual direction of a mischievous pacificism comes from an entirely different class.

The genteel Whig, though he differs very widely in almost every other respect from the resentful employee, has this much in common: he has never been drawn into the whirl of the collective life in any real and assimilative fashion. This is what is the matter with both of them. He is a little, loose, shy, independent person. Except for eating and drinking—in moderation—he has never done anything real from the day he was born. He has frequently not even faced the common challenge of matrimony. Still more frequently is he childless. He has never traded or manufactured. He has drawn his dividends or his salary with an entire unconsciousness of any obligations to policemen or navy for these punctual payments. Probably he has never ventured even to reinvest his property.

He is acutely aware of possessing an exceptionally fine intelligence; but he is entirely unconscious of a fundamental unreality. Nothing has ever occurred to him to make him ask why the mass of men were either not possessed of his security or discontented with it. The impulses that took his school friends out upon all sorts of odd feats and adventures struck him as needless. As he grew up he turned with an equal distrust from passion or ambition. His friends went out after love, after adventure, after power, after knowledge, after this or that desire, and became men. But he noted merely that they became fleshly; that effort strained them; that they were sometimes angry or violent or heated. He could not help but feel that theirs were vulgar experiences, and he sought some finer exercise for his exceptional quality.

He pursued art or philosophy or literature upon their more esoteric levels, and realized more and more the general vulgarity and coarseness of the world about him, and his own detachment. The vulgarity and crudity of the things nearest him impressed him most—the dreadful insincerity of the press; the meretriciousness of success; the loudness of the rich; the baseness of the common people in his own land. The world oversea had by comparison a certain glamour. . . . Nobody took him by the collar and shook him.

If our world had considered the advice of William James and insisted upon national service from everyone, national service in the drains or the nationalized mines or the nationalized deep-sea fisheries—if not in the army or navy—we should not have had any such men. If it had insisted that wealth and property are no more than a trust for the public benefit, we should have had no genteel irresponsibles. These discords in our national unanimity are the direct consequence of our bad social organization. We permit the profiteer and the usurer; they make the resentful employee, and the genteel Whig inherits their wealth.

But that is by the way. It was, of course, natural and inevitable that the German onslaught upon Belgium, and civilization generally, should strike these recluse minds not as a monstrous ugly wickedness, to be resisted and overcome at any cost, but merely as a nerve-racking experience. Guns were going off on both sides. The genteel Whig was chiefly conscious of a repulsive vast excitement all about him, in which many people did inelegant and irrational things.

This child of the ages, this last fruit of the gigantic and tragic tree of life, could no more than stick its fingers in its ears and say: "Oh, please! Do all stop!" And then, as the strain grew intenser and intenser, set itself, with feeble pawings now, to clamber "*au-dessus de la mêlée*," and now to—in some weak way—stop the conflict—"*au-dessus de la mêlée*"—as the man said when they asked him where he was when the bull gored his sister. The efforts to stop the conflict at any price, even at the price of entire submission to the German Will, grew more urgent as the necessity that everyone should help against the German Thing grew more manifest.

The Freaks of War

Of all the strange freaks of distressed thinking this war has produced, the freaks of the genteel Whig have been among the most remarkable. With an air of profound wisdom he returns perpetually to his proposition that there are faults on both sides; to say that is his conception of impartiality. I suppose that if a bull gored his sister he would say there were faults on both sides—his sister ought not to have strayed into the field; she was wearing a red hat of a highly provocative type; she ought to have been a cow, and then everything would have been different.

In the face of the history of the last forty years the genteel Whig struggles persistently to minimize the German outrage upon civilization and to find excuses for Germany. He does this not because he has any real passion for falsehood, but because, by training, circumstance and disposition, he is passionately averse from action with the vulgar majority and from self-sacrifice in a common cause; and because he finds in the justification of Germany and, failing that, in the blackening of the Allies to an equal blackness one line of defense against the wave of service that threatens to submerge his private self. But when at last that line is forced he is driven back upon others equally extraordinary.

You can often find simultaneously in the same pacifist paper, and sometimes even in the utterances of the same writer, two entirely incompatible statements: The first is that Germany is so invincible that it is useless to prolong the war, since no effort of the Allies is likely to produce any material improvement in their position; and the second is, Germany is so thoroughly beaten that she is now ready to abandon militarism and make terms and compensations entirely acceptable to the countries she has forced into war. And when finally facts are produced to establish the truth that Germany, though still largely wicked and impenitent, is being slowly and conclusively beaten by the sanity, courage and persistence of allied common men, then the genteel Whig retorts with his last defensive absurdity: He invents a national psychology for Germany.

Germany, he invents, loves us and wants to be our dearest friend. Germany has always loved us. The Germans are a loving, unenvious people. But beware of beating Germany, beware of humiliating Germany; then, indeed, trouble will come. Germany will begin to dislike us. She will plan a revenge. Turning aside from her erstwhile innocent career, she may even think of hate. What are our obligations to France, Italy, Serbia and Russia? What is the happiness of a few millions of Belgians—whose numbers, moreover, are constantly diminishing—when we weigh them against the danger of incurring permanent German hostility? . . .

A Frenchman I talked to knew better than that.

"What will happen to Germany," I asked, "if we are able to do so to her, and so? Would she take to dreams of *revanche?*"

"She will take to Anglomania," he said; and added after a flash of reflection: "In the long run it may be the worse for you."

Some French Opinions

All the French people I met in France seemed to be thinking and talking about the English. The English bring their own atmosphere with them. To begin with, they are not so talkative, and I did not find among them anything like the same vigor of examination, the same resolve to understand the Anglo-French reaction, that I found among the French. In intellectual processes I confess that my sympathies are undisguisedly French; the English will never think or talk clearly until they get clerical "Greek" and sham "humanities" out of their public schools, and sincere study and genuine humanities in; our disingenuous Anglican compromise is like a cold in the English head, and the higher education in England is a training in evasion.

This is an always lamentable state of affairs; but just now it is particularly lamentable because quite tremendous opportunities for the good of mankind turn on the possibility of a thorough and entirely frank mutual understanding between French, Italians and English. For years there has been a considerable amount of systematic study in France of English thought and English developments. Upon almost any question of current English opinion, and upon most current English social questions, the best studies are in French. But there has been little or no reciprocal activity. The English in France seem to confine their French studies to *La Vie Parisienne*. It is what they have been led to expect of French literature.

There can be no doubt in any reasonable mind that this war is binding France and England very closely together. They dare not quarrel for the next fifty years. They are bound to play a central part in the World League for the Preservation of Peace that must follow this struggle. There is no question of their practical union. It is a thing that must be. But it is remarkable that, while the French mind is agog to apprehend every fact and detail it can about the British, to make the wisest and fullest use of our binding necessities, the strange English "incuria"—to use the new slang—attains to its most monumental in this matter.

So there is not much to say about how the British think about the French. They do not think. They feel. At the outbreak of the war, when the performance of France seemed doubtful, there was an enormous feeling for France in Great Britain; it was like the formless feeling one has for a brother. It was as if Britain had discovered a new instinct. If France had crumpled up like paper, the English would have fought on to restore her. That is ancient history now. Now the English still feel fraternal and fraternally proud; but in a mute way they are dazzled. Since Verdun the French have achieved a crescendo. None of us could have imagined it. It did not seem possible to very many of us at the end of 1915 that either France or Germany could hold on for another year.

There was much secret anxiety for France. It has given place now to unstinted admiration. In their astonishment the British are apt to forget the impressive magnitude of their own effort—the millions of soldiers; the innumerable guns; the endless torrent of supplies that pours into France to avenge the little army of Mons. It seems natural to us that we should so exert ourselves under the circumstances. I suppose it is wonderful; but, as a sample Englishman, I do not feel that it is at all wonderful. I did not feel it wonderful even when I saw the British aëroplanes lording it in the air over Martinpuich, and not a German to be seen. Since Michael would have it so, there, at last, they were. Michael had been a tiresome fool to insist upon it.

There was a good deal of doubt in France about the vigor of the British effort until the Somme offensive. All that had been dispelled in August when I reached Paris. There was not the shadow of a doubt remaining anywhere of the power and loyalty of the British. These preliminary assurances have to be made, because it is in the nature of the French mind to criticize; and it must not be supposed that criticisms of detail and method affect the fraternity and complete mutual confidence which are the stuff of the Anglo-French relationship.

Now, first, the French have been enormously astonished by the quality of the ordinary British soldiers in our new armies. One colonial colonel said something almost incredible to me—almost incredible as coming from a Frenchman; it was a matter too solemn for any compliments or polite exaggerations. He said, in tones of wonder and conviction: "They are as good as ours!" It was his acme of all possible praise.

That means any sort of British soldier. Unless he is assisted by a kilt, the ordinary Frenchman is unable to distinguish between one sort of British soldier and another. He cannot tell—let the ardent nationalist mark the fact!—a Cockney from an Irishman, or the Dublin from the Essex note. He finds them all extravagantly and unquenchably cheerful, and with a generosity "like good children." There his praise is a little tinged by doubt. The British are reckless; recklessness in battle a Frenchman can understand, but they are also reckless about to-morrow's bread and whether the tent is safe against a hurricane in the night.

British Methods

He is struck, too, by the fact that they are much more vocal than the French troops, and that they seem to have a passion for bad, lugubrious songs. There he smiles and shrugs his shoulders; and, indeed, what else can any of us do in the presence of that mystery! At any rate, the legend of the phlegmatic Englishman has been scattered to the four winds of heaven by the guns of the Western Front. The men are cool in action, it is true; but for the rest they are, by the French standards, quicksilver.

But I will not expand further upon the general impression of the English in France. Philippe Millet's *En Liaison avec les Anglais* gives, in a series of delightful pictures, portraits of British types from the French angle. There can be little doubt that the British quality—genial, naïve, plucky and generous—has won for itself a real affection in France wherever it has had a chance to display itself. . . .

But when it comes to British methods, then the polite Frenchman's difficulties begin. Translating hints into statements and guessing at reservations, I should say that the French fall very short of admiration of the way in which our higher officers set about their work; they are disagreeably impressed by a general want of sedulousness and close method in our leading. They think we economize brains and waste blood. They are shocked at the way in which obviously incompetent or inefficient men of the old army class are retained in their positions, even after serious failures; and they were profoundly moved by the bad staff work and needlessly heavy losses of our opening attacks in July.

They were ready to condone the blunderings and flounderings of the 1915 offensives as the necessary penalties of an amateur army, but they were surprised to find how much the British had still to learn in July, 1916. The British officers excuse themselves because, they plead, they are still amateurs. "That is no reason," says the Frenchman, "why they should be amateurish."

(Concluded on Page 30)

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(Concluded from Page 28)

No Frenchman said as much as this to me; but their meaning was as plain as daylight. I tackled one of my guides in this matter; I said that it was the plain duty of the French military people to criticize British military methods sharply if they thought they were wrong. "It is not easy," he said. "Many British officers do not think they have anything to learn. And English people do not like being told things. What could we do? We could hardly send a French officer or so to your headquarters in a tutorial capacity. You have to do things in your own way."

When I tried to draw General Castelnau into this dangerous question by suggesting that we might borrow a French general or so, he would say only: "There is only one way to learn war, and that is to make war." When it was too late—in the lift—I thought of the answer to that: There is only one way to make war, and that is by the sacrifice of incapables and the rapid promotion of able men. If old and tried types fail now, new types must be sought; but to do that we want a standard of efficiency. We want a conception of intellectual quality in performance that is still lacking. . . .

Mr. Joseph Reinach, in whose company I visited the French part of the Somme Front, was full of a scheme, which he has since published, for the breaking up and recomposition of the French and British Armies into a series of composite armies that would blend the magnificent British manhood and material with French science and military experience. He pointed out the endless advantages of such an arrangement—the stimulus of emulation; the promotion of intimate fraternal feeling between the peoples of the two countries.

"At present," he said, "no Frenchman ever sees an Englishman except at Amiens or on the Somme. Many of them still have no idea of what the English are doing. . . ."

"Have I ever told you the story of compulsory Greek at Oxford and Cambridge?" I asked abruptly.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Or how two undistinguished civil-service commissioners can hold up the scientific education of our entire administrative class?"

Mr. Reinach protested further.

"Because you are proposing to loosen the grip of a certain narrow and limited class upon British affairs; and you propose it as though it were a job as easy as rearranging railway fares or sending a van to Calais. That is the problem that every decent Englishman is trying to solve to-day, every man of that Greater Britain which has supplied these five million volunteers, these magnificent temporary officers and all this wealth of munitions. And the oligarchy is so invincibly fortified! Do you think it will let in Frenchmen to share its controls? It will not even let in Englishmen."

The Military Oligarchy

"It holds the class schools; the class universities; the examinations for our public services are its class shibboleths; it is the church, the squirarchy, the permanent army class, permanent officialdom; it makes every appointment; it is the fountain of honor; what it does not know is not knowledge; what it cannot do must not be done. It rules India as its back garden; it will wreck the empire rather than relinquish its ascendancy in Ireland. It is densely self-satisfied and instinctively monopolistic. It is on our backs; and, with it on our backs, we common English must bleed and blunder to victory. . . . And you make this proposal!"

The antagonistic relations of the British military oligarchy with the greater and greater-spirited Britain that thrusts behind it in this war are probably paralleled very closely in Germany; probably they are exaggerated in Germany, with a bigger oligarchy and a relatively lesser civil body at its back. This antagonism is the oddest outcome of the tremendous demilitarization of war that has been going on. In France it is probably not so marked, because of the greater flexibility and adaptability of the French culture.

All military people—people, that is, professionally and primarily military—are inclined to be conservative. For thousands of years the military tradition has been a tradition of discipline. The conception of the common soldier has been a mechanically obedient, almost dehumanized man; of the officer, a highly trained autocrat. In two years all this has been absolutely reversed.

Individual quality, inventive organization and industrialism will win this war. And no class is so innocent of these things as the military caste. Long accustomed as they are to the importance of moral effect, they put a brave face upon the business; they save their faces astonishingly; but they are no longer guiding and directing this war; they are being pushed from behind by forces they never foresaw and cannot control. The aëroplanes and great guns have bolted with them; the tanks begotten of naval and civilian wits shove them to victory in spite of themselves.

The Symbolism of Spurs

Wherever I went behind the British lines the officers were swaggering about in spurs. Those spurs got at last upon my nerves. They became symbolical. They became as grave an insult to the tragedy of this war as if they were false noses. The British officers go for long automobile rides in spurs. They walk about the trenches in spurs. Occasionally I would see a horse. I do not wish to be unfair in this matter; there were riding horses sometimes within two or three miles of the ultimate Front, but they are rarely used. From morn to eve the spurs ring everywhere.

I do not say that the horse is entirely obsolete in this war. In war nothing is obsolete. In the trenches men fight with sticks. In the Pasubio Battle the other day one of the Alpini silenced a machine gun by throwing stones. In the West African campaign we have employed troops armed with bows and arrows, and they have done very valuable work. But these are exceptional cases. The military use of the horse henceforth will be such an exceptional case.

It is ridiculous for these spurs still to clink about the modern battlefield. What the gross cost of the spurs and horses and trappings of the great British Army amounts to, and how many men are grooming and tending horses who might just as well be plowing and milking at home, I cannot guess; it must be a sum so enormous as seriously to affect the balance of the war.

And these spurs and their retention are only the outward and visible symbol of the obstinate resistance of the British official mind to the clear logic of the present situation. It is not only the external equipment of our leaders that falls behind the times; our political and administrative services are in the hands of the same desolatingly inadaptable class. The British are still wearing spurs in Ireland and in India; and the age of the spur has passed!

At the outset of this war there was an absolute cessation of criticism of the military and administrative castes; it is becoming a question whether we may not pay too heavily in blundering and waste, in military and economic lassitude, in international irritation and the accumulation of future dangers in Ireland, Egypt, India, and elsewhere, for an apparent absence of internal friction.

These people have no gratitude for tacit help, no spirit of intelligent service, and no sense of fair play to the outsider. The latter deficiency, indeed, they call *esprit de corps*, and prize it as if it were a noble quality.

It becomes more and more imperative that the foreign observer should distinguish between this narrower, older official Britain and the greater, newer Britain which struggles to free itself from the entanglement of a system outgrown. There are many Englishmen who would like to say to the French and the Irish and the Italians, and India—who, indeed, now feel every week a more urgent need of saying—"Have patience with us." The Riddle of the British is very largely solved if you will think of a great modern liberal nation seeking to slough an exceedingly tough and tight skin. . . .

Nothing is more illuminating and self-educational than to explain one's home politics to an intelligent foreign inquirer; it strips off all the secondary considerations, the allusiveness, the merely tactical considerations. One sees the forest not as a confusion of trees, but as something with a definite shape and place.

I was asked in Italy and in France: "Where does Lord Northcliffe come into the British system—or Lloyd George? Who is Mr. Redmond? Why is Lloyd George a Minister, and why does not Mr. Redmond take office? Isn't there something called an Ordnance Department? And why is there a separate Ministry of Munitions? Can Mr. Lloyd George remove an incapable general?" I found Mr. Joseph Reinach particularly penetrating and persistent.

I explained that there is this inner Britain, official Britain, which is Anglican or official Presbyterian; which, at the outside, in the whole world cannot claim to speak for twenty million Anglican and Presbyterian communicants; which monopolizes official positions, administration and honors in the entire British Empire, dominates the court, and—typically—is spurred and red-tabbed. It holds tenaciously to its positions of advantage, from which it is difficult to dislodge it without upsetting the whole empire; and it insists upon treating the rest of the four hundred millions who constitute that empire as outsiders, foreigners, subject races and suspected persons.

Inner Set and Outer Set

"To you," I said, "it bears itself with an appearance of faintly hostile, faintly contemptuous apathy. This is the Britain which irritates and puzzles you so intensely; so that you are quite unable to conceal these feelings from me. Unhappily it is the Britain you see most of. Well, outside this official Britain is Greater Britain—the real Britain. It is in perpetual conflict with official Britain, struggling to keep it up to its work; shoving it toward its ends; endeavoring, in spite of its stupid mischievousness, to keep the peace and a common aim with the French and the Irish and the Italians and Russians and Indians. It is to that outer Britain that those Englishmen you found so interesting and sympathetic—Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe, for example—belong.

"I do not want to exaggerate the quality of Greater Britain. If the inner set is narrowly educated, the outer set is often crudely educated. If the inner set is so close knit as to seem like a conspiracy, the outer set is so loosely knit as to seem like a noisy confusion. It is only beginning to realize itself and find itself. For all its crudity there is a great spirit in it feeling its way toward the light.

"This is the Britain of the great effort; the Britain of the smoking factories and the torrent of munitions; the Britain of the men and subalterns of the new armies; the Britain that invents and thinks and achieves. It has quite other ambitions for the ending of this war than some thin, haggled treaty of alliance with France and Italy. It begins to realize newer and wider sympathies; possibilities of an amalgamation of interests and a community of aim that it is utterly beyond the habits of the old oligarchy to conceive."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Wells.

Westinghouse

STARTING, LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT

Getting Away at the Gong

Westinghouse Equipment is Relied Upon Where Seconds Saved in the Start May Mean Lives and Property Saved in the End

Clang! Clang! What portent of destruction is the alarm of fire.

Doors fly open, firemen leap to their places aboard the apparatus, there is a whirr, then a throb of engines and away they go.

If ever a quick, sure get-away is needed, it is when the sudden summons comes to the fire fighter. Precious then is every second saved and filled with dire possibilities is every second lost.

That's why two of the largest manufacturers of automobile fire engines—the American-La France Fire Engine Co., of Elmira, N. Y., and the Seagrave Company, of Columbus, Ohio—rely upon Westinghouse Equipment—Westinghouse Generators to do their part in keeping the storage battery fully charged and Westinghouse Motors to make sure of a quick start in any kind of weather.

The same dependability that makes Westinghouse Equipment the choice of the builders of American-La France and Seagrave fire engines has led fifty builders of pleasure-cars, trucks and other motor-driven vehicles to adopt it, though it costs more.

This is a greater number of automobile manufacturers than use any other make of electrical equipment and includes manufacturers of such cars as Pierce-Arrow, Locomobile, F. I. A. T., Hupp, Stearns, Chalmers and others.

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Automobile Equipment Department
Shadyside Works Pittsburgh, Pa.

These Automobile-Builders Use Westinghouse Equipment

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Anderson Motor Co., Rock Hill, S. C.
Bartholomew Co., Peoria, Ill.
Ben Hur Motor Co., Cleveland, O.
Bimel Automobile Co., Sidney, O.
Chalmers Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.
Crawford Automobile Co., Hagerstown, Md
Cunningham, Jas., Son & Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Daniels Motor Car Co., Reading, Pa.
Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Ia.
Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Dort Motor Car Co., Flint, Mich.
Drummond Motor Car Co., Omaha, Neb.
Duplex Power Car Co., Charlotte, Mich.
Enger Motor Car Co., Cincinnati, O.
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Gerlinger Motor Car Co., Tacoma, Wash.
Gramm-Bernstein Co., Lima, O.
Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, O.
Gray-Dort Motors, Ltd., Chatham, Ont.
Hupp Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.
Kelly-Springfield M. T. Co., Springfield, O.
Kline Car Corp., Richmond, Va.
Lexington-Howard Co., Connersville, Ind.
Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn.
McFarlan Motor Co., Connersville, Ind
Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Milwaukee Locomotive Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mitchell Motors Co., Racine, Wis.
Mutual Motors Co., Jackson, Mich.
Murray Motor Car Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
National Motor Vehicle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill.
Ogren Motor Works, Chicago, Ill.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y
Riddle Coach & Hearse Co., Ravenna, O
Schoeneck Co., The, Chicago, Ill.
Seagrave Co., Columbus, O.
Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind.
Singer Motor Co., New York, N. Y.
Stearns, F. B., Co., Cleveland, O.
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To every motorist who feels the need of a better speedometer and a better clock

The Waltham Speedometer is the product of the genius, scientific experience, mechanical skill and manufacturing facilities of the world's greatest makers of fine timepieces. It bears the Waltham guarantee—insuring Waltham accuracy, Waltham thoroughness, Waltham durability, and Waltham distinction of appearance as well as of performance.

This new Waltham Speedometer has been perfected and manufactured so that the public may have an instrument which gives correct and dependable service at all times and under all conditions. Its use is a safeguard against the familiar annoyance of a speedometer "out-of-order."

The Packard Motor Car Company has adopted and is using the Waltham speedometer for standard equipment on its 1917 cars, which, together with the fact that the Waltham Watch Company manufactures and guarantees it, assures the public of an instrument of positive scientific precision.

The Waltham Speedometer will appear on other high grade cars in the near future. (Names to be announced later.)

If you are the owner of a Waltham-equipped car, then you *know* what a perfect instrument of accuracy and beauty the Waltham Automobile Clock is. You *know* what an advantage it is to have an *absolutely reliable* timepiece on your car. You have ceased to consider an automobile clock an accessory. You consider it a necessity,—just as do the makers of the following cars, who now include the Waltham in their regular equipment:—

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Cadillac	Locomobile	Pierce-Arrow
Cole	Lozier	Rauch & Lang
Crane	Marmon	Rolls-Royce
Detroit-Electric	Mercer	Simplex
Franklin	Owen Magnetic	Stearns
Haynes		Winton

But if your car is *not* Waltham-equipped, and if you have never bought yourself a Waltham, you are denying yourself a comfort and convenience of the utmost value to every motorist.

Durable and accurate.
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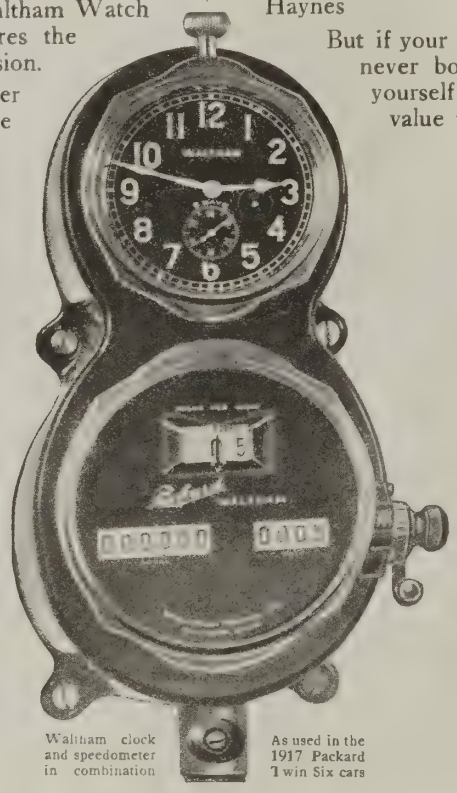
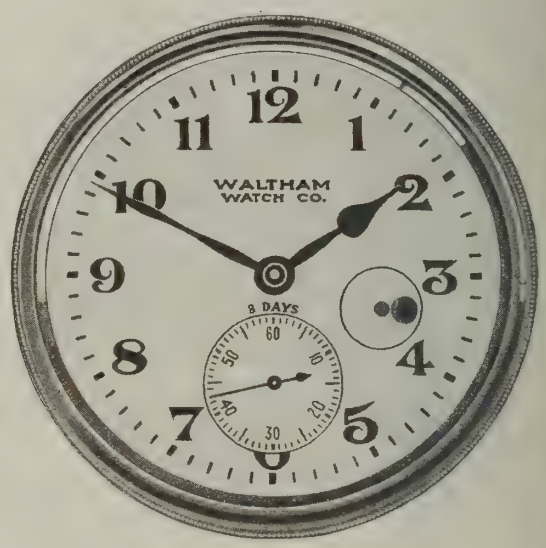


Waltham clock and speedometer in combination

As used in the 1917 Packard Twin Six cars



Fifteen jewels.
Two mainsprings.
Rewinding signal on dial.
Adjusted to all temperatures.
Proof against road shocks.
Runs 11 days with one winding.

Waltham Speedometer

The principles that have been applied to this speedometer are extremely simple—so simple as to be "fool proof." This overcomes at the start many of the speedometer difficulties so generally experienced by motorists. Special attention has been given to the flexible driving shaft (patented), which obviates a frequent source of trouble to the car owner. The Waltham shaft (patented), made of a special heat-treated nickel steel, is practically indestructible. This has been proven under severe laboratory and road tests.

The Waltham Speedometer is not affected by the extremes of heat, cold, altitude or climate incident to motor travel. Its registration of every speed of the car is instantaneous and accurate; moreover, the speed dial and odometer figures are legible not only from the driver's seat, but from the tonneau of the car. For test trips or touring with the "Blue Book," the trip odometer can quickly be reset to zero or any mileage desired—an exclusive and very desirable Waltham feature.

Agencies for rendering speedometer service:
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 1207 Michigan Ave., Chicago.
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 2025 Euclid Ave., Cleveland.
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Waltham Automobile Clock

It successfully resists the roughest shocks of the roughest roads, the wear and tear of vibration, and any and all changes of atmosphere or climate. It is the only automobile clock *always* accurate and *always* reliable under such handicaps, because it is the *only* timepiece in the world scientifically designed and constructed for automobiles and nothing else.

It has two mainsprings. It has a fifteen-jewel, stem-wind and stem-set movement which runs eleven days with one winding. An indicator on the dial gives notice three days before the movement runs down.

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The Waltham Automobile Clock is made in a variety of styles offering a choice of finish, and a selection of dials to suit car or taste. In its own field, the clock has the distinction and elegance of the fine Waltham watches, and harmonizes effectively with its surroundings in the handsomest of cars.

Your car should have a clock and that clock should be a Waltham. Inquire of your dealer in automobile accessories. Or if he doesn't have the Waltham, communicate with us.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

In Canada: 189 St. James Street, Montreal

A SCRAP OF PAPER

(Continued from Page 25)

It was an impasse. Unless Jackson could be made to reconsider this, there was no use in going farther in the effort to render harmless the bombshell which Kirby Rowland promised to fire. The financier was silent a moment.

"Look here, Jackson," he said at length, "be reasonable. It's a mighty vital situation. I can't even talk about it, can't even approach the subject unless I have assurance that my words will be kept secret."

Jackson thought in his turn.

"Masterman, you just mentioned some force that menaced something—probably yourself. Is it possible that I shall hear of this force from someone other than yourself?"

"It is," said Masterman. There was nothing else to say.

"Then go ahead—talk," said Jackson. "If I hear of this elsewhere I shall not be bound by my promise to you."

"Certainly not," said Masterman. "Not bound by a promise, but bound by patriotism. Listen: A certain paper was signed by certain men, who in that paper agreed, with other men, to follow a given course of action. I can be no clearer. That paper has been lost. The person who has found it threatens to take the paper to the newspapers. The publication of that paper would mean anarchy. I mean that. It is as serious as that, because the contents of the paper would be misunderstood by the people. Have I your promises, gentlemen, that, out of patriotism, you will refuse to print the contents of that document if it is offered to you?"

"In so serious a matter," said Cowdray pompously, "I am certain that none of my brethren of the press would think of printing it. You, Mr. Masterman, are not given to idle utterances. What you say is received with consideration. I think my colleagues agree with me."

There were nods of assent. Jackson sneered.

"How much of your bond issue did Masterman handle, Cowdray?" he laughed. "You'll have to do better than that, Masterman. I'll print such a paper if it's offered to me."

"Even though it wrecked business?" inquired Masterman.

Jackson smiled, crossed his knees and brought the tips of his fingers together.

"Of course, Masterman, it's clear that you and some of your precious friends signed this mysterious document, and it is equally clear that it must be inimical to the interests of the people. A newspaper's business is to print the news. What you do is news. What you do inimical to the interests of the people is tremendous news. If I get a crack at that paper I'll certainly print it."

"Though it might mean the end of the present order?"

"If this republic can't stand the exposure of the schemes of you and your fellow highbinders, Masterman, then heaven help the republic!"

"You have no patriotism!" cried Masterman.

"Patriotism, my dear man," smiled Jackson, "is capable of many definitions. I do not define it as love for a government; I define it as love for a people. I do not love the people—I despise them; but I am very sorry for them, sorry that they have been cheated out of their rights so long. If to restore to the people their rights it became necessary to tear down the system you have corrupted, then—I'd tear down the system. Am I clear?"

"Exceedingly," said Masterman.

"Thank you," said Jackson. "Now, then, why are we here? You did not call us here to tell us in inchoate terms of this document. You called us here to get our attitude in order that you might know what to do in case of our refusal to be gulled by you. That alternative has a news value, of course, or you would not have invited us to be present to-night. You have something else up your sleeve, Masterman. What is it?"

"Will you gentlemen excuse us a moment?" Masterman asked the others.

Obsequious assents were swiftly given. In response to a nod Jackson followed Masterman into another room. There the financier took out his pocketbook; he opened it.

"We are still speaking in confidence, Jackson? Well, I had doubts of your attitude in regard to the matter we have just discussed. I telephoned Mr. Warren Sheldon this evening. He immediately wrote and sent me this note. I shall read it to you:

"'*My dear Mr. Masterman:* Permit me to answer your telephonic question of ten minutes ago, to this effect: I have for Mr. Lindley Jackson the highest esteem and respect, though he has seen fit to pillory me as a conscienceless political boss times without number. But even though it has been my misfortune to oppose him in the past, it will be my good fortune to stand behind him in the future if you so wish. If your interests will be served by his nomination for the governorship, rest assured that it is a pleasure to me to serve you. With the highest esteem,

"'Yours sincerely,

"'WARREN SHELDON.'"

Warren Sheldon had, the year previously, snatched a nomination from the hands of Jackson. And now the great boss was to stand behind him—if Jackson willed. Jackson smiled.

"Because I have sometimes admitted that I do not believe the people have, as a mass, any common sense, people like you think I am a hypocrite in fighting for their rights. I don't blame you; small minds understand only small natures. But confound you, Masterman, I can't be bought. I'm a newspaper man first, last and all the time! I want the news, and the public wants me to give it to them! The public I serve because it ought to be served, whether it appreciates service or not. I want no more of your confidences or your bribes. You have news for my paper? Then give it to me now!"

There was a silence in the room, broken, as an hour earlier, by the strokes of the clock in the near-by tower. Only this time the clock struck twelve. And before its last deep tones had died away, in the next room Martin Masterman was making an announcement.

"To-morrow morning, gentlemen," he said, "the transportation lines of this city will issue universal transfers to all passengers. I bespeak, on behalf of the corporations interested, your own and the public's tolerance until the new system has had a chance. It will take time to print the millions of transfer tickets needed. There will be necessary reconstruction of many things." He paused. The cup of defeat was bitter. "This step is being taken for the benefit of the public, because the companies feel it is the public's due," he concluded.

Only Lindley Jackson dared to laugh at the last words of the grim-faced man who, all understood vaguely, had waged some sort of losing fight that night, but the gravity of whose defeat not even Jackson could guess at. Martin Masterman had invoked the aid of the press, and had lost! For if ninety-nine papers conceal what another paper prints, to the hundredth shall come the victory. This is one of the reasons why the press must be honest.

Silently and swiftly the publishers departed. News articles must be written, editorials prepared. At twenty minutes past one the first editions were on the street, declaiming, in deep headlines, the news which was to save a million nickels a day to the people of New York, and which was really the announcement of the first victory of Kirby Rowland's war.

XI

IT WAS Grant's first intention to call upon those of Kirby's friends with whom she might have taken refuge, but his second thought showed him the folly of this, not to speak of the waste of time. It would be better to telephone, though his anxiety for her safety could hardly brook the time required for telephoning. But if Greenham knew enough to find out Kirby's address, the chances were that he knew enough to put men to work tracing Kirby's social relationships. One of the Greenham men might have found Kirby already. He would be losing time, chasing from place to place. Four numbers he called without result; Kirby was not at these places, nor had her friends seen her. But the fifth call was answered by a voice that always thrilled young Grant.

"Kirby!" he gasped. "Then you're all right?"

"Why, how did you know? Aren't you in ——"

"Be right over," he interrupted.

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Guaranteed

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Every Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tire is a promissory note bearing our name.

It is a promise that the bicycle tire endorsed with the great name of Goodyear truly typifies the principle underlying all Goodyear products—

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ONE TON TRUCK

Easy to Sell Because Easy to Buy

Worth much more than you pay for it

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This organization has been identified with the growth of the motor-car business since 1895.

We concentrate upon the Koehler One Ton Truck. We build them by thousands—one just like the other—every part standardized. Koehler owners range from Maine to California; they are found in India, Africa and South America.

The Koehler One Ton Truck performs a service unsurpassed by any other truck of the same register. Thirty miles per hour on high gear with full ton load. For hill climbing on high gear it has no superior. Special alloy steel construction. The finest Internal Gear Rear Axle Drive—and a carefree, powerful *overhead valve*, 35 H. P. Motor, quick on the "pick up" and a mighty power generator on the long, hard pull.

Open house during Show Week. Come over. Forty minutes from Grand Central Palace.

OVERHEAD VALVES
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Dealers: Write us for open territory. Our national advertising campaign in this and other media is part of the co-operation which we offer to you.

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a clean, pure, *non-gummy* oil to keep typewriters, adding and billing machines, cash registers and other office mechanisms in perfect working order.

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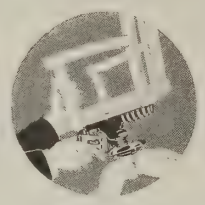

is the right oil to use. Instead of collecting dirt in the delicate bearings, as inferior oils do, 3-in-One works all dust and dirt out. Minimizes friction. Wears long. Never gums or dries out.

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This plan has vital advantages for both purchaser and dealer that are found in no other time-payment plan. It is simple, inexpensive and dignified. Free from legal complications and red tape. We have received communications from over 14,000 purchasers indicating their satisfaction with the Guaranty Plan.

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He had phoned from a drug store that was not many blocks distant from the apartments where Kirby's friend lived. A car left him a few steps from her door in five minutes. Another minute and Kirby had admitted him to the apartment.

"Alone?" he asked.

She blushed; whereupon he put his arms round her. Then she led him into the drawing-room.

"What happened?" he demanded.

She told him of her escape, and of her coming to the apartment of Jessie Sigmund, a fellow artist.

"I wanted to get somewhere, to think, to plan. I phoned Jessie and told her that I wanted her to put me up for the night. Jessie isn't the kind to ask questions, you know. She told me to come over, and offered to break an engagement she had made for the evening if I wished her to. But I didn't. So, as she was going right out, she left the key with the elevator boy. But why aren't you in Jersey? How did you know ——"

He told her of his experiences.

"Mack," he said thoughtfully, "saved us both. Why?"

"Underneath his crookedness and cruelty," she suggested, "he must have a streak of chivalry that made him ——"

"Not Mack!" laughed Grant. "He had his reasons, but chivalry was not among them. It wouldn't account for his tipping me off that you weren't at home, but that someone else probably was there. No, not chivalry. And yet, what was his reason? He hadn't experienced a change of heart, Kirby. He wants that paper for the money in it. It's beyond me!"

"Me too," she said. There was silence while both thought.

"Dick," she asked at length, "what are we going to do—you, I mean? You won't leave the city?"

"I've thought it all over," he answered, "and I absolutely refuse to leave you alone to face Masterman and Mack. I'm going to stay."

"Where?"

"Oh, I'll find a hundred places," he answered easily. "But you? Where will you stay?"

"Here, with Jessie."

He laughed. "How long before Greenham's men will be here looking for you? You slipped away once, Kirby, but they'll take care not to let you again. We must think ——"

The doorbell rang. They started.

"Don't answer," whispered Kirby.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"The hallboy knows I entered."

He had started for the door, but she ran in front of him.

"If it's one of Greenham's men I may be able to put him off. Don't let him see you."

She half pushed him into the little den off the drawing-room, and then she opened the front door. His eye at a crack in the den door, Grant saw a man face Kirby.

"Miss Sigmund?" he inquired.

"Well?" said Kirby.

"I'm looking for a friend of yours—Miss Kirby Rowland. Is she here?"

"Miss Rowland? There is no other woman here," said Kirby.

Though her back was to him Grant guessed the expression on her face: the slightly raised eyebrows, the faintly quizzical expression, with a touch of superiority in the eyes; the hint of a haughty curl to the lips.

"Then you ain't seen her to-day, Miss Sigmund?" persisted the man, politely abashed.

"And if I had, is there any reason why I should inform utter strangers of the fact? What is your business with Miss Rowland? You look, if I may say it without offense, like a detective."

"No offense at all, ma'am. That's me. I'm lookin' for the young lady, and I want her bad."

"Want Kirby Rowland? What on earth has she done?" Amazement was in every syllable.

"Why nothin', ma'am—leastwise, nothin' criminal, I don't think. But I got a friend that's mighty anxious to see her and ——"

"I can't believe any such thing," snapped Kirby. "You—you're insulting! Miss Rowland is well known to me. Good evening!"

She closed the door upon an utterly crestfallen detective. It was not what she had said; it was the *timbre* of her voice, the lightning play of expression upon her mobile features. There was abjectness almost in the man's manner as he backed away. Kirby Rowland could play the *grande dame* as well as any tragedy queen. She laughed as Grant emerged from the den.

"Did I do well?" she asked.

He did not answer as he walked swiftly across the room, raised the shade a few inches, and knelt on the floor, peering from the side of the window lest the electric light cast his shadow and betray his watchfulness.

"You did, Kirby," he then said softly, "but the game isn't over yet." He watched a moment, then beckoned to her. He made room for her to look out. "In that areaway opposite. See him—just a blotch in the shadows?"

Kneeling side by side they looked at each other.

"And what does that mean?" she asked nervously. "Didn't he believe that I was Jessie?"

He rose and helped her up.

"Undoubtedly he did—and does. But, Kirby, I wonder if either of us realizes the immensity of the forces we've set in motion against ourselves? That was a Greenham operative, as they call them, no doubt of that. Why did he come here? Because he had learned that Miss Sigmund is one of your friends? Why, not finding you here, hasn't he gone on to some other of your friends? Because, Kirby, there's a Greenham man watching the home of every friend of yours in the city. Already! I'll wager my life on it."

"Absurd," she scoffed. Yet her lips quivered slightly and her eyes took on a hunted look.

"That would take —— Oh, I know scores of people—over a hundred whom I meet round at various places."

"And if there were a thousand homes to watch, the Greenham shrewdness and the Masterman money would supply those men by noon to-morrow, Kirby. As it is ——"

"More absurd!" she said, though her expression belied her words. "How would they know my friends? And so soon? Of course I often call up Jessie, and the hallboy at the studios could have given her name and address; but the others? The ones I never telephone to and do not see often, but that are yet good friends?"

"Every newspaper office keeps a department devoted to clippings from its own and other papers," he answered. "Your name is there—lots of clippings about you, without doubt, for you're getting known in the art world. Moreover, you attend various functions given by people not without some social prominence. How simple! One of Greenham's men looked up 'Rowland—Kirby' in the clippings. He sees your name among the list of guests at various affairs. And the Greenham men are shadowing every one of those other guests, who may or may not be intimate friends of yours."

She was appalled.

"Not really?"

"I don't say that it's been done already to that extent. At least I doubt if every person whose name has been mentioned in the same item with yours has been shadowed. But by to-morrow—yes! Kirby, think what's at stake! What is the spending of a few thousand dollars to Masterman now? Miss Sigmund will be home—at midnight, you said? Well, leave it to that man across the street to find out the name of every person that enters this apartment house from now on! We were lucky just now. The night boy has come on since Miss Sigmund left; he didn't know that you'd got her key from the day boy. But when she comes home that man across the street will make inquiries."

"And what can they do now that we are prepared—that you are with me?" she demanded. "They don't dare ——"

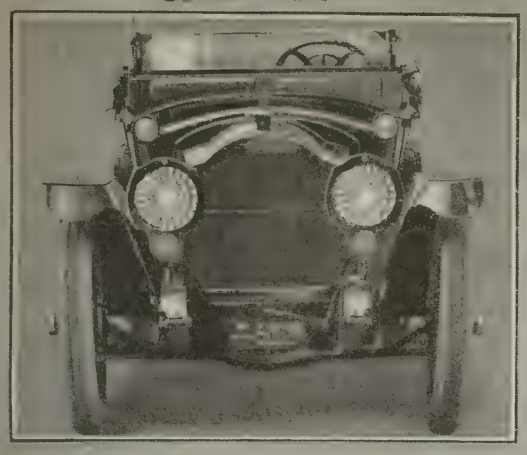
"The Masterman influence can get a warrant for your arrest on any charge," replied Grant soberly. "For mine too. And we'd never reach the police station. It would be a case of kidnaping, pure and simple. Unless we took some other person into our confidence and had them threaten Masterman—but that wouldn't do. Too many people knowing of it—it would be public property in a day or so. And that means—we'd almost rather lose than see anarchy destroy this city, this nation, wouldn't we, Kirby?"

She shuddered.

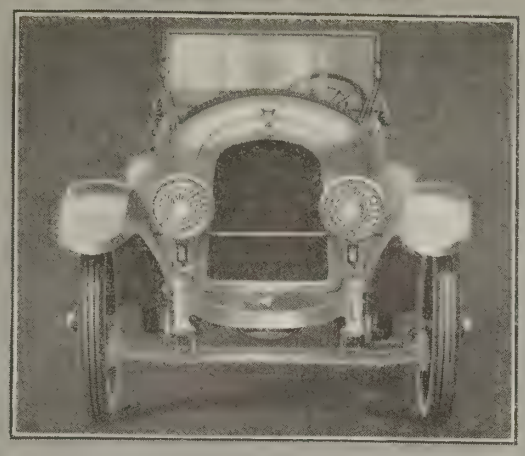
"But what can I do?" For a moment she was helpless, looking to him for suggestion. But she was the kind that rallies quickly. "Of course! I can go to some hotel. Now!"

(Continued on Page 37)

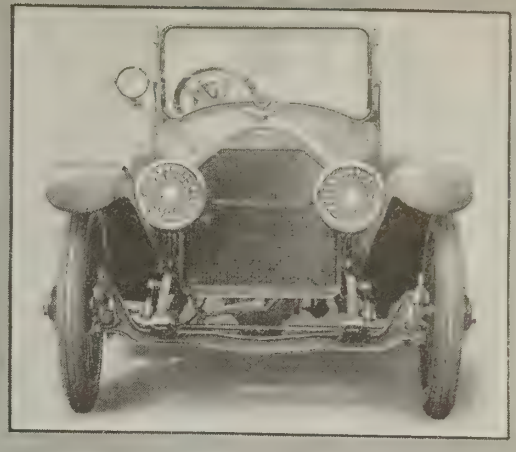
Packard TWIN-6



MARMON

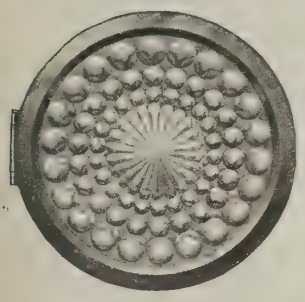


STUTZ

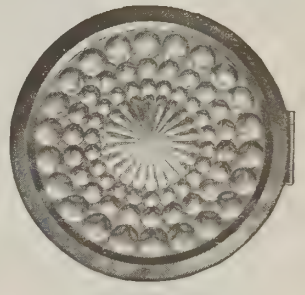


SEE THESE CARS AT THE AUTO SHOWS

All Have Adopted



WARNER-LENZ



At the auto shows in New York, Chicago and other cities you will see famous cars like the Packard, Marmon, Stutz, Hal (H. A. Lozier), Singer and McFarlan equipped with Warner-Lenz. Each has adopted Warner-Lenz as standard equipment, recognizing this invention as the final solution of night driving problems.

Between the writing and publication of this advertisement there will be several other cars added to the list.

This remarkable endorsement—together with sales to car owners of 300,000 pairs—is striking evidence of the general belief in the motor world that Warner-Lenz are certain to become universally used.

Solves Night Lighting

Automobile engineers, illumination experts, police and traffic officials and knowing drivers have not been slow to recognize the unusual merits of Warner-Lenz. Introduced but a few months ago, the popularity of Warner-Lenz has been phenomenal. Other leading cars are bound to adopt them as standard equipment—other thousands of drivers continue to buy in increasing volume.

Prices of Warner-Lenz Per Pair

Diameter in inches	East of Rockies
5 to 9, inclusive,	$3.50
9¼ to 10, inclusive,	4.00
10¼ to 12, inclusive,	5.00

West of Rockies 25c per pair extra

Please Read These Directions Carefully

Merely send us the name and model of your car with diameter of your present lens.

Warner-Lenz give a diffused light, penetrating and widespread. The whole road is shown ahead, yet you blind no one. And no car equipped with Warner-Lenz blinds *you*.

Safety—Comfort

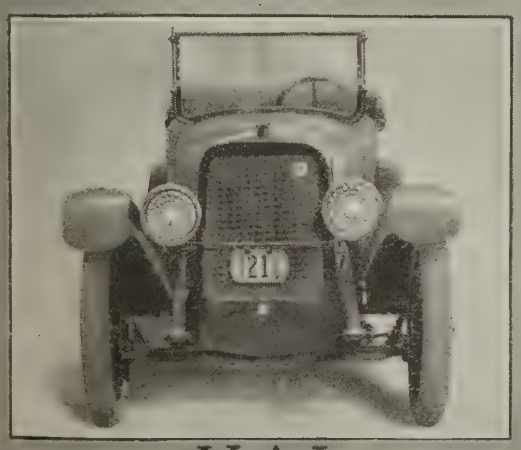
Warner-Lenz make night driving as safe and pleasant as daylight driving. In crowded city streets or on strange country roads. Nervous tension is replaced by a new freedom.

Any written description, however, is inadequate. You must drive behind Warner-Lenz to fully appreciate them.

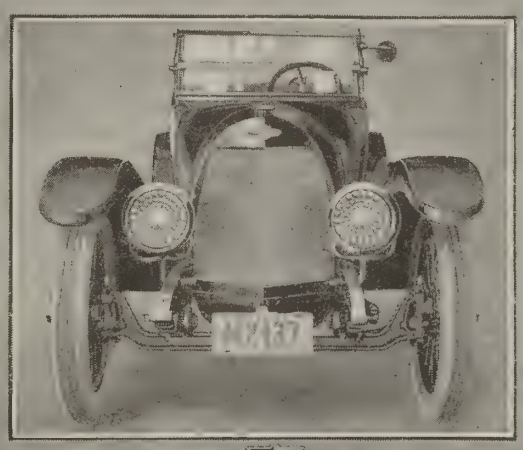
Wait no longer. You'll buy sometime. So gain protection and comfort *now*.

Your nearest accessory dealer will supply you. If he hasn't them and will not order them for you, write to us direct, giving name and model of your car.

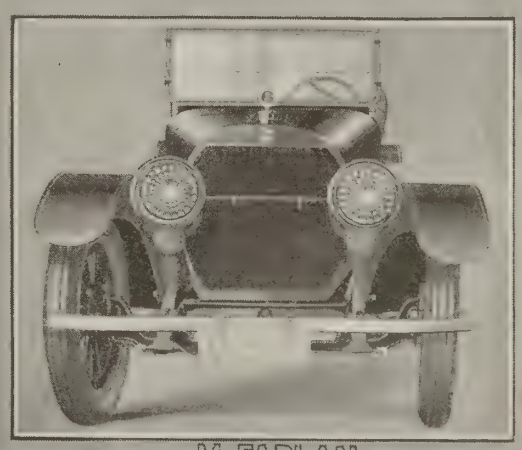
THE WARNER-LENZ CO.
918 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago



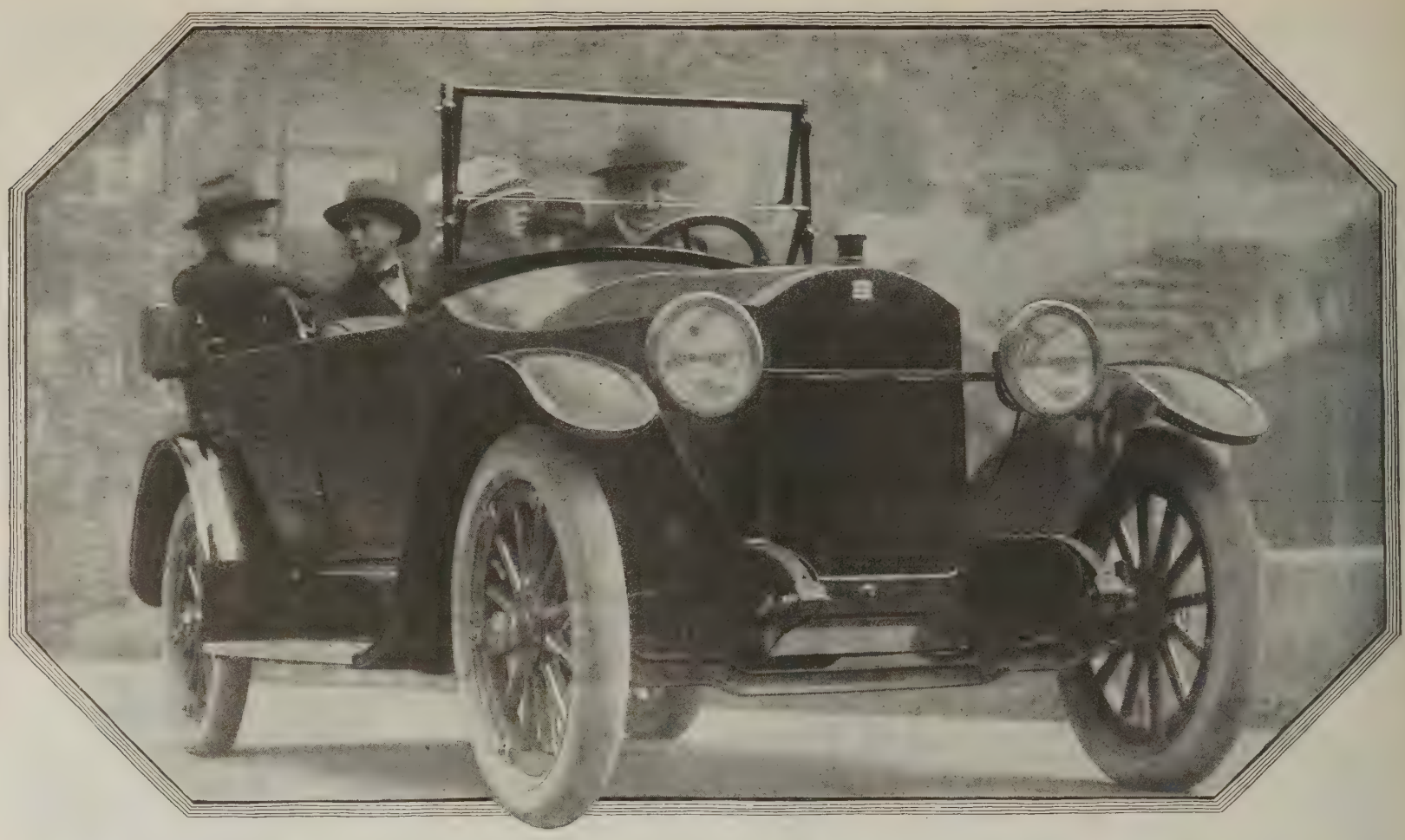
HAL TWELVE



Singer



McFARLAN SIX



The Success of the Liberty

THE success of the Liberty is that it meets the demand for a quality car, at a medium price, embodying every feature of owner comfort. The car itself is its own best salesman. It is self-selling—to motorists who know. That's why the Liberty is covering the country.

Liberty salesmen don't argue over this car. They let their prospect drive—they let him ride—the car does the rest.

The Liberty will sell itself to you in just this way—on performance. Go to your dealer's—or see the car at the automobile shows. Ride in it—drive it.

Compare the Liberty for driving ease and riding comfort with every other car made. Make your own investigation—for your own protection. Buy on facts.

New Driving Ease

Get into the driving seat. Your hands and feet fall naturally into correct driving position. Controls are where you would place them yourself—for comfort—for safety.

Try that surprising gear shift. Make even the unusual shift from third to second at full speed! Smooth—silent—no clash—mechanical perfection.

Try the clutch, which on most other cars requires hard pushing—and consequent fatigue. The Liberty clutch yields almost to the weight of your foot—yet it engages at a pressure of over a ton—smoothly—surely.

Try that infallible emergency brake applied with a pull *of one finger*. It stops the car instantly without a jolt—but without a doubt.

New Riding Comfort

A ride in the Liberty is a revelation. Ride anywhere—over car tracks and cobbles, ruts and breaks. You don't have to pick out the best road. Perfect springs and deep seats give a long, easy swing that means complete relaxation and solid comfort. You sit *in* the Liberty—not *on* it.

Get These Facts

Does your car steer hard? Steer the Liberty. Does your clutch throw hard? Try the Liberty clutch. Does your car ride hard in the back seat? Try the Liberty over the cobbles and the ruts. If you can't stop your car instantly, with a finger pressure, at full speed, try the Liberty emergency.

This is the straightforward way the Liberty sells itself to you—who know cars. It's a new kind of motoring because it is motoring planned, designed and built for one thing—your comfort, ease, convenience and pride. That's why the Liberty succeeds. Get into one today. Take this statement along and check it up—word for word. If it's true in every detail, you want a Liberty car.

See the Liberty at the National Automobile Shows, New York—Grand Central Palace—third floor—January 5th–13th; Chicago—Armory—January 27th–February 3rd. Five-passenger Touring Car and Four-passenger Close-Coupled Car, $1095. Detachable Sedan, $1295. Shopping Brougham, $2350.

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

LIBERTY SIX

(Continued from Page 34)

"Only Greenham and one operative have een you so far, eh—at least, so far as we now? That would help a little, but mighty ttle. You don't realize the whole extent f the Masterman power and the Green-am shrewdness. Kirby, I'll bet my last ent that every hotel in the city is on the ookout for a pretty girl that answers your lescription. Every young woman that en-ers any New York hotel to-night or to-norrow will be looked over, shortly after egistering, by a Greenham agent. Every ouse detective will have his eyes peeled or you, not knowing why you're wanted, ut simply knowing that you are wanted. That man who just came in here—the last hing in the world he expected was that you ourself would answer the door at his ring. Moreover, the light was in his eyes, while our face was in shadow, and you've put on something of Jessie's, haven't you?"

She nodded.

"She told me I could when I phoned her. We're about the same size."

"Well, that helped some. He was look-ing for a girl who wore the same sort of clothes you had on when Greenham saw you. But at a hotel—where every girl will be scrutinized, and where you couldn't al-ways have your face in the shadow, and where suspicion will be pointing toward you because you are young, pretty and alone—it won't do, Kirby."

"I don't suppose it would," she answered thoughtfully. "But there are hundreds of boarding and lodging houses. There no one would suspect anything, unless my descrip-tion were printed in the papers, and Mas-terman dare not do that, for fear of what I may do in retaliation."

"Right," he admitted. "But, Kirby, you can't be chasing round to a lodging house to-night. You have no baggage, either."

"Jessie's," she said. "I could borrow a suitcase and stock and to-morrow return the things, after buying others for myself."

"It might be done," he agreed slowly, "and still ——"

Again a ring at the door. Like a flash he leaped to the window and, kneeling, looked out. The blotch was still visible in the deep-ening shadows of the areaway. He rose and tiptoed into the den. She looked a question at him. He pointed toward the window.

"Still outside, so it's not he," he whis-pered. "Open."

From behind the den door, as before, he watched, ready to leap to her rescue if need arose. He dared not answer the door himself lest another Greenham detective be there and his presence in some manner arouse suspicion. While Kirby was probably being sought more earnestly than himself, she had deceived the first Greenham man and it was probable she could do the same thing again. It was not cowardice that made him seek concealment, it was common sense. For if this were a Greenham agent ringing at the door, the failure of Kirby to open it as she had done for the other man would inevitably make the man anxious for a good look at her. Whereas, if she went to the door her very boldness would win again. Then he laughed silently from his watching place as Kirby opened the door and disclosed the cause for all this wild reasoning—a dimin-utive messenger boy, with a very deep bass voice and a most worldly manner.

"Miss Jessie Sigmund, lady? Message for youse, ma'am. Kin'ly sign here, an' don't forget the han'some blond that brings the good nooze. I always loves to bring telegrams to the ladies, ma'am, because they're so gen'rous. God bless their lovely eyes."

He inhaled smoke from his cigarette, tipped his cap a trifle to one side, and looked at Kirby with all the harmless impudence of a cocky young sparrow. He was about sixteen, but an old man in experience. Silently Kirby tipped him and closed the door upon his thanks.

"Did you see his eyes, Dick?" she asked. "There were pouches beneath them, and they were old, old! And his hand shook. Sixteen or seventeen—no more. And look at him! He never was a child; he has had no youth. It's for him, and thousands like him, that we are fighting—that they may have a fairer chance; that the children may see green fields and breathe fresh air! At times to-day I've wondered if I dared go on. But there are thousands of boys like him, right in this city, who will never have a chance unless those who make conditions that raise a boy like that are forced to make better conditions. Dick, the univer-sal transfer is but the measure of our sword. If we succeed in our first move, what more may we not accomplish? We can't, we won't give up!"

"Give up, Kirby? Why, the fight is hardly started. But what about that tele-gram?"

She was holding it at arm's length. Tele-grams held for her the dread they hold for all women who receive them rarely. She continued to stare at it.

"Poor Jessie!" she said slowly. "Her father may be dead."

Grant laughed.

"Kirby, a moment ago you frightened me. I thought you were an avenging angel, and angels, as I understand it, never marry. Now I know you're a woman, and women do marry, don't they?"

She flashed a smile that was his answer.

"But what shall I do with this?" she asked.

"Why, put it on a table where Jessie will see it the first thing when she comes home."

"But supposing it's very important. She'd want to know."

"You know where she went? Then phone her and tell her that it's here."

"And frighten her half to death! Men are so silly!" she exclaimed.

"All right," he chuckled; "we're back where we started. Put it on the table."

"But supposing it's very important? It will be hours and hours ——"

"Then open it yourself," he suggested. "If it's news she ought to have, telephone her. If it isn't you can easily explain ——"

"I wonder if I ought to?"

"I refuse to make the final decision," he smiled. "You know Jessie pretty well; it wouldn't be prying curiosity that would make you open it. She couldn't very well be offended."

She opened the message and read it; then she looked at Grant. Tiny lines ap-peared at the corners of her eyes; her mouth pursed bewitchingly in puzzlement.

"Listen," she commanded. She read:

"'Inform Mastermans cannot leave Denver for three weeks. Going on camping trip.

"'ADELE.'"

"What's the answer?" he inquired.

"You don't read the art news, do you? Not so much as I do, anyway. This tele-gram is from Adele Rohan, a great friend of Jessie's—they were together in the Latin Quarter in Paris. She's a portrait painter who's created a *furore* in the last year. A genius, with all of genius' eccentricities. It was in the papers a month ago that Masterman had commissioned her to paint the portrait of his little girl. You've read of her—Laurel Masterman, his invalid daughter? Jessie told me at the time that she'd be surprised if Adele ever executed the commission. She hates the very rich. She's half French and half Western, you know, with the exuberance of both temper-aments. This is her method of flouting Masterman's millions. She wires a friend to inform Masterman; doesn't bother to inform him herself. Going on a camping trip when a ten-thousand-dollar commis-sion is awaiting her pleasure! And Jessie told me that Masterman and Adele had never met. He simply saw some of her por-traits of children at the last exhibition at the Academy, and wrote to her. He's never seen her!"

Her words were crisp and clear and her teeth met sharply over the last of them.

"Well?" said Grant.

"He's going to see her to-night!"

"Still I don't understand, Kirby."

"Men are stupid," she smiled. "Look, m'sieu, upon Ma'mselle Rohan, combina-tion of cowpuncher and danseuse! Look! For you may not have a chance again, m'sieu. I might flout you in a second and refuse to talk with you. I am a genius; no mere worker at miniatures, unknown and humble. I am Ma'mselle Rohan, m'sieu, and if you read the papers and believe them, you must know that I have all the grace of a Frenchwoman and all the strength of a bronchobuster. Also, I am eccentric, rude and careless as to whom I offend. I despise millionaires. I work when it suits me; I come when I choose and I leave in the middle of a portrait if the mood seized me. For, m'sieu, I am Adele Rohan, and a genius before whom mere riches bow down. Do you understand? Look!"

And she tore the telegram across and then across again, dropping the pieces in a wastebasket.

"Kirby, you wouldn't! It's madness. I won't permit ——"

"We aren't married yet, Dick, you know."

"Oh, no trouble at all! My case is a Belber —Fitall-equipped, you know—so I can get out comb, mirror or any toilet article I want, anywhere, any time."

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

STYLE No. 870: The "Belber Ocean Greyhound" Wardrobe Trunk—garment hangers mounted on "pull-out" trolley so all clothes are in reach in-stantly; drawers capable of hold-ing largest hats; secret drawer for valuables; garment-section lined with high grade Keratol.

THE QUALITY OF BELBER Traveling Goods extends to the most minute detail. Belber Fitall Bags and Suit Cases have an adjust-able strap holder for your own toilet articles. Belber Wardrobe Trunks have a finesse in appointments that provides not only a place for everything, but the handiest and best arrangement possible.

There are many ways in which you can be deceived in buying Traveling Goods. There is one way to be safe—ask for Belber Traveling Goods and see that this trade mark is branded on the trunk, or bag, or suit case you buy—

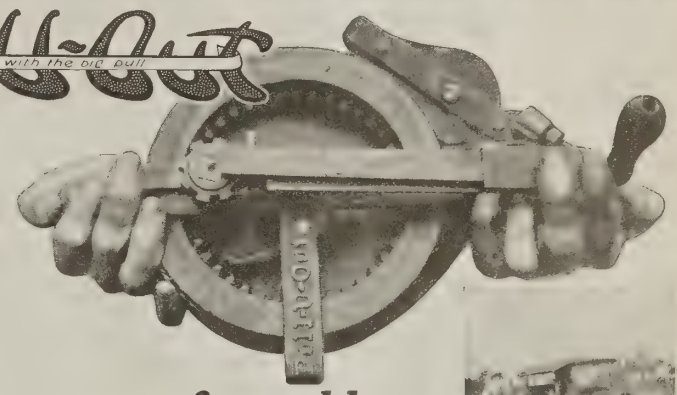
BELBER TRADE MARK TRAVELING GOODS
"Outwear Travel"

On sale at good dealers' everywhere

Send for the beautiful book, "Outwearing Travel," illustrating and describing Belber Traveling Goods of every style for every purpose,—it is free.

The Belber Trunk and Bag Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Pull-U-Out
The little thing with the big pull



Consists of a winding drum, lever crank, 40 ft. of steel cable, two 7-ft. chains, 3 stakes. Weighs only 28 lbs. and goes in space 4x6x14 in.

Pulls you out of trouble

Here is the little machine you've heard so much about. Small enough to go into your tool box, yet powerful enough to pull the biggest auto out of mud or ditch. Simply drive in the stakes, hitch on, turn the crank. Out you come without delay, damage or cost.

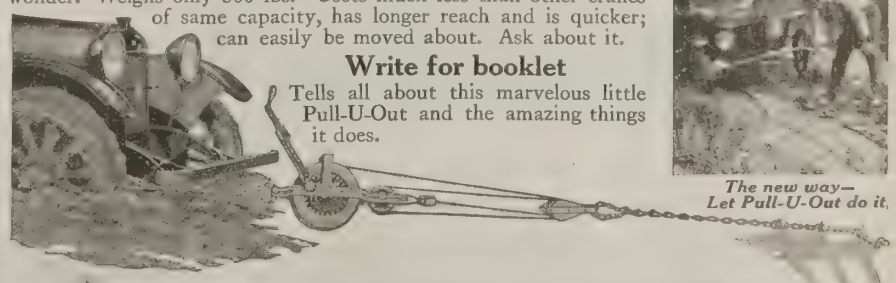
Pull-U-Out is wonderful. It combines a rescuing device and a tow line—two things every auto should carry. It is also invaluable as a hoist about the house or garage. In public garages and factories it is better and cheaper than a chain block.

Does things no other machine can do

Will work in any position. Lifts or pulls. Is light, portable and inexpensive. Can be rigged up to do all manner of jobs which now require several men. *Guaranteed to deliver or money back.*

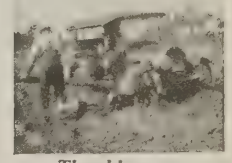
Pull-U-Out Portable Crane

We build a portable crane, which, used with Pull-U-Out, is a wonder. Weighs only 300 lbs. Costs much less than other cranes of same capacity, has longer reach and is quicker; can easily be moved about. Ask about it.



Write for booklet

Tells all about this marvelous little Pull-U-Out and the amazing things it does.



The old way—Everybody help

Ever have to do this?

The new way—Let Pull-U-Out do it

Pull-U-Out Sales Co., 2025 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Swift's Four Cut-out Calendar Dolls

Send to-day for your set

These big darlings, each with four beautiful costumes—all sixteen *richly colored*—are more than 18 inches tall, big as live new babies, can stand alone! Each doll is worth 25c. You will say you never saw such unusual calendars, even in the famous *Swift's "Premium" series*.

How your children will love them! How their little hearts will thrill with joy, when they dress and undress these big beauties!

You too must be stony-hearted if you will not find yourself smiling every day of 1917 as you look at these winsome little faces, and enjoying each season's change to a gay new costume.

Their Characters and Costumes

Who could resist Dashing Donald, the handsome boy doll, in any of his three gay sporting suits or his *surprise* costume?

Coy Clarabel with her bashful brown eyes, red lips and curly black hair would melt the heart of an iceberg. Nothing could be more fetching than her red, blue and green costumes.

Everyone loves Sweet Sylvia for her dewy violet eyes, and hair as golden as her nature. How pretty she looks in her white, rose, blue and red costumes!

As for Merry Myrtle, her brown hair and twinkling blue eyes are irresistible. In a pretty blue or pink or tan or scarlet costume she is sweet.

Send for these calendars—daily they will remind you of the rare quality of

Swift's "Premium" Ham and Bacon

How to Get the Calendars

One doll with four costumes, forming a complete calendar for 1917, will be sent to any address in the United States for 10c, in coin or stamps,
or—Trade Mark end of five Swift's "Premium" Oleomargarine cartons,
or—4 labels from Swift's "Premium" Sliced Bacon cartons,
or—4 covers from Brookfield Sausage cartons,
or—6 Maxine Elliott Soap Wrappers,
or—10 Wool Soap Wrappers.
[If you live in Canada send ten cents extra on each doll ordered to pay duty.]
NOTE:—All four dolls—with four costumes for each, making four complete calendars, sent for 40c or four times the number of labels or wrappers required for each doll.

Swift & Company, 4117 Packers Ave., Chicago

DINGEE ROSES Sturdy as Oaks

are always grown on their own roots. 66 years' experience. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. **Dingee "Guide to Rose Culture."** Describes over 1000 varieties of roses and other flowers and how to grow them. It's free. Send today.
The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 142, West Grove, Pa.

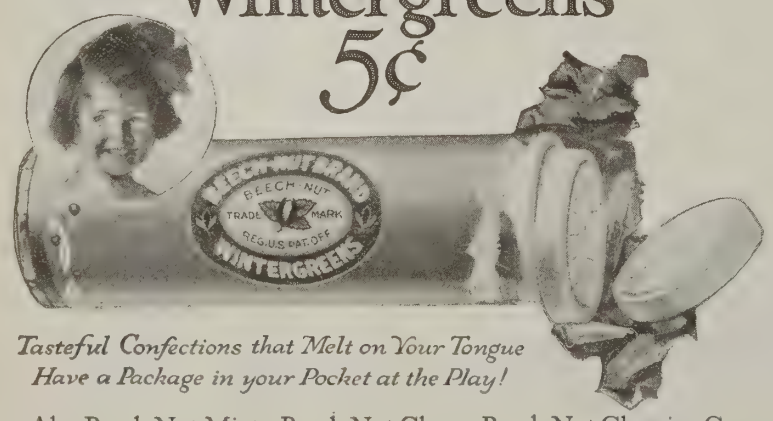
FUNNYBONE No. 4 is now ready. It contains the latest monologues, sketches for two males, and male and female, minstrel first-parts, parodies on popular songs, sidewalk patter; comic stories for after-dinner Speakers, etc., by the same author who writes for Al Jolson, Nat Wills, Frank Tinney and Nora Bayes. FUNNYBONE No. 4 costs 35 cents; or $1 per year (four issues), subscriptions can begin with No. 1 if desired.
FUNNYBONE PUBLISHING CO., 1493 Broadway, New York.

What 15c Will Bring You from the Nation's Capital

The little matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published **at the Nation's Center,** for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and that tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 23d year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new Friends. **The Pathfinder, Box 42, Washington, D. C.**

¶ A breath of mountain air without leaving town,

Beech-Nut Wintergreens 5¢



Tasteful Confections that Melt on Your Tongue
Have a Package in your Pocket at the Play!

Also Beech-Nut Mints, Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

"But the risk! Masterman may not know Miss Rohan, but his friends ——"

"I told you she was eccentric. She knows no one in New York but Jessie. She divides her time between Colorado and Paris; she is in New York merely between ocean liner and transcontinental train. And even if someone who has met her in Paris or Denver should see me—there is risk in everything, Dick. Where else can I go in safety? Some boarding house? I refuse. The risk of this other scheme tempts me. And, besides, what was it you said a moment ago? The man who came here—the last thing in the world he expected was for me, in flight from his fellows, to answer the bell. Will Masterman dream that I dare go to his own house? Remember Poe's story of the purloined letter. The safest hiding place is the most obvious; no one thinks you will be there. I am going to Martin Masterman's."

He knew how useless it was to battle against her will when this reckless mood was upon her. Moreover, there was hard common sense in what she proposed. She must go somewhere to hide. Why not in Masterman's house? Still he objected.

"Supposing Miss Rohan comes on after all? You'd be arrested as an impostor."

"I can risk that, Dick, in a war like this."

"But how will you manage? You haven't clothes ——"

"I'll take Jessie's suitcase with a few things; I'll leave a note telling her what I've borrowed. To-morrow I'll go shopping. I'll say my trunk is on the road somewhere. I have plenty of money; I took all that was in the apartment—two hundred dollars." She looked suddenly at him. "And you, Dick; have you any money?"

He smiled assurance.

"All I own in the world is in my pocket, Kirby. I'm stronger financially than you are. I have three hundred dollars. Not enough to make it worth while to bother with a bank account, and it's always with me. I'm all right. Do you really insist on going to Masterman's house?"

"I do. From there I'll dictate terms and never be suspected. And you can telephone me in perfect safety. Ask for Miss Rohan. Dick, what we've started we must finish, mustn't we? I am certain God is with us."

"He is always on the side of justice," he answered.

"Then since we work for justice, there is no wrong in my impersonating Adele Rohan. And luckily I can paint a large portrait as well as a miniature. By the time she is due here I will have worked out our plans—with your help, for we must see each other. And after that let Masterman find out; I don't care. But where will you be?" she asked with quick concern.

"In some lodging house," he told her. "I'll be safe; but, Kirby, go slow. Let's see how this transfer business works out before we demand more. You know it's the custom of the ages after all, and you and I—well, let's go slow."

"You don't believe we're doing wrong?"

"No, not that. But we want to see how it works out."

"It will work out for the benefit of the people whose war we wage," she answered.

She disappeared into a bedroom, where she put some things of Jessie Sigmund's into a suitcase. Then she reëntered the little parlor and wrote a note to Jessie. It was a request to keep her visit secret and to forgive her for not waiting to see her friend.

"It will do," she said, after reading it to Dick. "Jessie is my dearest girl friend, and what would make another suspicious will not have that effect on her."

"But you don't tell her about the telegram," remonstrated Dick.

"And give the whole game away? That would be bright!"

He flushed.

"I'm dull. But we'd better not leave the pieces of the message." He drew them from the basket and burned them. They looked about the apartment as a shipwrecked couple might look at the island that had given them succor, and which they dreaded leaving for the flimsy craft they had constructed themselves.

Then, having telephoned for a taxi and learned that it waited below, they left the apartment. Kirby gave the key to the night hallboy, and did not wait to notice if he was surprised. Undoubtedly he was, for the Greenham operative had given him a generous tip, and almost immediately he crossed the street and told the waiting detective that it could not have been Miss Sigmund who had opened the apartment door for him. But by that time the taxicab had rounded a corner and was gone. Later its chauffeur informed the Greenham operative that he had dismissed his charges at the terminal, but no one there remembered having seen a couple who answered to the descriptions of Kirby and Dick either take a train or another taxi. The reason was obvious. They had separated. Kirby had crossed the street and taken a taxi alone, for the house of Martin Masterman. Dick had gone to the express office and ordered the suitcase sent to Miss Adele Rohan, care of Martin Masterman. Then he had vanished into the subway.

While Terence Greenham reported to Masterman, and while the obstinacy of Lindley Jackson prevented Masterman from defying Kirby's demands, that young woman, thoroughly worn out by her exciting day, was sleeping in an apartment provided by the nervous, elderly wife of Masterman, who, born to comparative poverty, had never really grown used to wealth—at least, not so used to it that she dared snub genius. And genius had very brusquely refused to talk, but had demanded to be shown her room. She even refused to look at the sleeping child whom she was to begin painting on the morrow or soon after. For Kirby had heard Terence Greenham's voice as she passed the financier's library, and bed seemed the safest haven for her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ONE YEAR of the HUDSON SUPER-SIX

A year ago a stranger—an enigma. A new invention with astounding claims. It perfected the Six and turned interest back from added cylinders. It showed the way to real efficiency. Holder of all worth-while records. Applauded by 25,000 enthusiastic owners. The Largest Selling Front Rank Car.

A STORY UNPARALLELED IN AUTOMOBILE HISTORY

Two years ago, with us and with others, the trend was toward motors of the V-type.

We were then the foremost builders of the light-weight Six. Its advantages and limitations were fully understood by us.

Its smoothness of operation quickly made the Six the accepted type over Fours. But as the motors were developed limitations were encountered which prevented the realization of engineering ideals.

The problem was approached principally from the standpoint that if added cylinders were adopted, all such limitations would be banished.

For a time it seemed the Six would cease to command the leadership it had maintained.

Just before the New York Automobile Show one year ago, all interest centered in motors of the multi-cylinder type.

But at the Show, the Hudson Super-Six made its début. Then instantly interest swung to it.

We claimed a new type. The factor which had limited the efficiency of all types—Fours, Sixes, Eights and Twelves—had been discovered and overcome.

A new principle in design had been revealed.

What had been sought by leading engineers for years had been found by Hudson.

The simplicity of the Six could be retained. Motor limitations had been removed. Added cylinders were not needed.

So leadership, because of that, was accorded the Super-Six.

The trend to the multi-cylinder was arrested.

Numerous makers gave up their Eight and Twelve cylinder plans.

Let us review the year's developments:

The Super-Six Showed the Way

Hudson engineers approached the problem from a new angle. They solved it with a mathematical principle upon which a basic patent was granted.

By that single invention the most sought-for solution to motor car problems, regardless of the number of cylinders, was found.

Greater power was obtained. More flexibility was shown and when the car was tried for endurance it successfully met tests never imposed on motor cars before. These things we think essential to efficiency. *They are efficiency*. You will see by what the Super-Six has done in winning all worth-while stock car records that our claim to 80% increased efficiency is a modest boast.

Greater Proof of Endurance

Until the coming of the Super-Six practically all records for speed, acceleration, hill climbing and endurance were held by Fours. The Sixes had not done much.

A few records had been won by cars of the multi-cylinder type.

But the Super-Six instantly changed that condition.

We first proved the endurance of the Super-Six motor by running a stock chassis 1819 miles in 24 hours. That beat the best previous endurance record by 52%. It is perhaps the world's most coveted record.

We showed greater power by winning the Pike's Peak Hill Climb, the greatest "non-stock" event of its kind. And we defeated twenty famous contenders in the world's most trying power test.

We proved road service by driving a 7-passenger Super-Six Touring Car from San Francisco to New York in 5 days, 3 hours and 31 minutes.

Then we turned around and went back, completing the round trip in 10 days and 21 hours. Thus twice in one round trip with a single car we established America's greatest proof of endurance. It was the first car ever to attempt the round trip against time.

Our invention gives more power without added cylinders or weight. It gives quicker acceleration and adds a yet unknown degree to the endurance of the motor.

All this came from the solution of that one problem which engineers had been unable to solve. The power that had been wasted in the motor itself was delivered where it was useful and available.

This Turned Interest Back to the Six

But many did not distinguish between a Six and the Super-Six.

As a result all makers of Sixes profited. Many buyers thought by what the Super-Six had shown that any good Six could do as well. So when they found it difficult to get prompt delivery of a Super-Six they accepted a Six.

Now they know there is no similarity between Sixes and the Super-Six save in the number of cylinders used.

They know that without the Super-Six invention all motors are limited as to efficiency. They know that with the Super-Six invention any motor of one, two, four, six, eight or twelve cylinders delivers more power—is more flexible and will give longer service, many times over.

And they know that being patented such efficiency is exclusive to the Hudson Super-Six. It is the only known principle by which such efficiency may be obtained.

The Gasoline Saver

The Super-Six possesses many other exclusive advantages.

One is the gasoline saver, a device which adds gasoline mileage. By it the low-grade gasoline now on the market is made more efficient. At a nominal charge it can be quickly installed on any Hudson Super-Six not so equipped.

Note the variety of models in which the Hudson Super-Six is produced. Every taste is met. Every comfort provided for.

It is a fine car in every sense of the word. Men who want the finest will not be content with less.

One year of the Hudson Super-Six convinces us it is the only permanent type thus far produced.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster, 2-passenger	1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1950	*Prices f. o. b. Detroit*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

Introducing-

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA"

At the Automobile Shows in New York and other principal cities, we shall introduce what we sincerely believe to be the most beautiful car in America.

This, we admit, is a bold and sweeping statement.

It is probably the most sensational announcement that has ever been made by a manufacturer of medium-priced automobiles.

But we mean precisely what the words imply, and only ask that you reserve final judgment until you have seen our exhibits with your own eyes.

It is not our purpose, in this advertisement, to describe one single detail of the latest and greatest Paige Achievement.

We merely invite you to attend the Automobile Shows—key your expectations up to the very highest pitch—and determine for *yourself* whether or not we have been guilty of exaggeration.

A moment's reflection, however, must convince you that we would not and could not make any such claim unless it were substantially correct.

Our entire reputation and position in the motor car industry depend upon the accuracy of our public utterances.

Knowing this, it is not likely that we would voluntarily assume responsibility for a statement which could be refuted to our everlasting discredit.

If, though, you are still inclined to doubt, please remember that Paige has been one of the truly *creative* factors in the motor car industry.

From the very beginning our body designs have been absolutely unique and refreshingly distinctive.

If imitation is the most sincere form of flattery, we should indeed feel elated, because it is generally admitted that Paige designs have served as the models for practically every quality car in the industry.

Nothing could more strikingly emphasize the fact that Paige has *always* built beautiful cars—and can be logically expected to produce—"The Most Beautiful Car in America."

So far as the mechanical features of our product are concerned, you need only consult the thousands of owner records which have been established during the past seven years.

The Paige motor and chassis are world famous. They have been developed by the ripest engineering genius that the industry affords.

In them, we have incorporated every improvement, every refinement, that could possibly increase the efficiency of a smooth-running, ever-dependable motor car.

As we have said time and time again, you can only expect to get out of an automobile precisely what the manufacturer puts into it.

There is no substitute for basic quality. To build the truly great things in this world one must work with his Heart quite as well as with his Hands.

But for the present, we are going to say no more. When the doors of the first Automobile Show are thrown open to the public, our case will be in the hands of the jury.

It is then that we want you to remember this advertisement—every word of it—and determine for yourself whether or not our claims are justified.

Will you make it a special point, please, to see—"The Most Beautiful Car in America"?

At the New York Show—Space A-4

THE PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.

THE WRONG PEW

(Continued from Page 7)

She pushed a wall key, a center chandelier of frosted electric bulbs springing into radiance. In its immediate glare Mrs. Loeb regarded her daughter-in-law, inert there beside the window.

"Get your embroidery, Sadie, and come down by me and Etta till the men get home to supper. I want her to show you that cut-work stitch she's putting in her lunch napkins."

"Ugh!"

"What?"

Mrs. Bertha Loeb approached with the forward peer of the nearsighted. Time and maternity had had their whacks at her figure, her stoutness in no way enhanced by a bothersome shelf of bust, but her face—the same virile profile of her son's and with the graying hair parted tightly from it—guiltless of lines except now, regarding her daughter-in-law, a horizontal crease came into her brow.

"You want to go sit a while by *Grossmutter* then?"

"No. Gee, can't—can't a girl just sit up in her room quiet? I'm all right."

"I didn't say, Sadie, you wasn't all right. Only a young girl with everything to be thankful for don't need to sit up in her room like it was a funeral, with her mother and sister and *Grossmutter* in the same house."

On the mahogany arms of her chair Mrs. Herman Loeb's small hand closed in a tight fist over her damp wad of handkerchief.

"I—I ——"

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Sadie, you been crying again."

"What if I have?"

"A fine answer from a girl to her mother."

"I—you—you drive me to it—your questions ——"

"I shouldn't have the interest of my own son's wife at heart!"

"Can't a girl get—get blue?"

"Blue?"

"Yes, blue."

Mrs. Bertha Loeb reached out her hand with its wide marriage band slightly indented in flesh; the back of that hand was speckled with large, lightish freckles and trembled slightly.

"Sadie, ain't there just no way we can make you feel happy in St. Louis? Last night through the door to my room I couldn't help hear again you and Herman with a scene. Take your feet down off the plush, Sadie."

"Oh, yes, you heard, all right."

"Ain't you got a good home here, Sadie? Everything in the world a girl could wish for! A husband as good as gold, like his poor dead father before him. Ain't we done everything, me and my Etta, to make you feel how—how glad we are to have you for our Hermie's wife?"

"Oh, I know, I know."

"What maybe we felt in the beginning—well, wasn't it natural, an only son and coming such a surprise—all that's over now. Why, it's a pleasure to see how *Grossmutter* she loves you."

"I—I'm all right, I tell you."

"Didn't we even fix it you should go in a flat on Berlin Avenue housekeeping for yourself, if you wanted it?"

"Yes, and tie myself down to this dump yet. Not much!"

"Well, I only hope, Sadie Loeb, you never got in your life to live in a worse dump. I know this much, I have tried to do my part. Did I sign over this house to you and Herman for a wedding present, giving only to my own daughter the row of Grand Avenue stores?"

"I never said you didn't."

"Have you got the responsibility even to run your own house, with me and Etta carrying it on like always?"

"Am I complaining?"

"Do I ask of you one thing, Sadie, except maybe that you learn a little housekeeping and watch how I order from the butcher, things what every wife should know if she needs it or not? In the whole year you been my daughter, Sadie, have I asked of you more than you should maybe help the upstairs girl a little mornings, and do a little embroidery for your linen chest, and that maybe, instead of sleeping so late till noon every morning, you should get up and have breakfast with your husband?"

"If you begin going over all that again I—I'll just yell!"

"With anybody pouting in the house I just ain't got heart to do nothing. I don't see, Sadie, you had such fine connections in the East that ——"

"You just leave my friends in the East out of it. If you wanna know it, they're a darn sight better than the wads of respectability I see waddlin' in here to swap *Kaffee Klatsches* with you!"

"Just let me tell you, Sadie Loeb, you can be proud such ladies call on you. A girl what don't think no more of her husband's business connections than not to come downstairs when Mrs. Nathan Bamberger calls! Maybe our friends out here got being good wifes and good housekeepers on the brain more as high kicking in New York; but just the same Mrs. Nathan Bamberger, what can buy and sell you three times over, ain't ashamed to go in her Lindell Avenue kitchen, when her husband or her son likes red cabbage, what you can't hire cooked, or once in a while a miltz."

"Say, if I've heard that once, I've ——"

"Then too, Sadie, since we're talking—it's a little thing—I haven't liked to talk about it, but I—I got the first time I should hear the word Ma on your lips. You think it's so nice that a daughter-in-law should always call me Say, like a bedpost?"

"I—I can't, Mrs. Loeb—it—it just won't come—mother."

"Don't tell me you don't know any better! A girl what can be so nice with poor old blind *Grossmutter*, like you been, can be nice with her mother-in-law and sister-in-law too, if she wants to be. I didn't want I should ever have to talk to you like this, Sadie, but sometimes a—a person she just busts out."

And then Mrs. Herman Loeb leaped forward in her chair, her small tight fist pounding each word:

"Then let me go! Whatta you holding me here for? Let me go back, Mrs.—mother! Let me go! I don't deny it, you're too good for me round here. I don't fit! Let me go back to the old room and—my old roommate where—where I belong with my—my crowd. You tell what you just said to Herm! Get him to let me go back with him on his trip to-morrow night. Please, Mrs.—mother—please!"

"You mean to New York with him on his business trip for a visit?"

"Call it that if you want to, only let me go! You—you can tell them later that—that I ain't coming back. I—I've begged him so! I don't belong here. You just said as much yourself. I don't belong here. Let me go, Mrs. Loeb. Let me go! You tell him, Mrs. Loeb, to let me go."

Mrs. Bertha Loeb suddenly sat down, and the color flowed out of her face.

"That I should live to see this day! My Herman's wife wants to leave him! Oh, my son, my son! What did you do to yourself! A di—a separation in the Loeb family! I knew last night when I heard through the door and how worried my poor boy has looked for months, that it didn't mean no good. Since her first month here I've seen it coming. I did my part to ——"

"Yes, Mrs. Loeb, and I done my part!"

"Oh—oh—oh, and how that boy of mine has catered to her! Humored her every whim to keep her contented! I always say it's the nix-nux wifes get the most attentions and thanks from their husbands, I ——"

"I done my part. I tried as much as you to make myself fit in out here. I—I just ain't your kind, Mrs. Loeb. Yours and—Etta's. I—I can't be saving and economical when I see there's plenty to spend. I—I was raised with my brother down in Shefsky's theater, where nobody cares about monogrammed guest towels and about getting up before noon if they don't want to. The evenings here kill me! Kill me! I hate pinochle! I gotta have life, Mrs. Loeb. I hate *Kaffee Klatsches* with a lot of—I—I tell you I got different blood in my veins, Mrs. Loeb, I ——"

"No, no, Sadie Mosher Loeb, that kind of talk don't go. You got just the same *shabbos* like us. Saturday is your ——"

"Yes, yes, I'm in the right church all right, Mrs. Loeb, but I'm in the wrong pew. Mrs. Loeb, please can't you understand I'm in the wrong pew!"

And all her carefully confined curls, springing their pins, fell forward a shivering mass.

(Continued on Page 43)

Here, Indeed, *Is*

E. H. SOTHERN

As Angelo, the deformed and irascible banker of Naples, and again as the uncanny Duke d'Vesuvius, E. H. Sothern is indeed E. H. Sothern.

In all the splendid program offered during its twenty years of leadership among motion-picture producers

THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

has released no more unusual, intensely dramatic photoplay than

"THE MAN OF MYSTERY"

A Drama of a Man Who Returned from the Valley of the Shadow, to Live Again Among Those Who Thought Him Dead.

Supported by the popular actress, Miss Charlotte Ives, Mr. Sothern weaves the spell of his genius through all the tense situations of this unusual play.

"The Man of Mystery," and its two classic predecessors, "The Chattel," and "An Enemy to the King," record Mr. Sothern's genius incomparably on the motion-picture film.

See "The Man of Mystery" Now at Your Local Theatre

VITAGRAPH

THE NATIONAL SPIRIT OF COMMERCE

REPUBLIC INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE TRUCKS, with their remarkable efficiency, fittingly represent the Spirit of Commerce. More than 10,000 Republic Trucks in service in the forty-eight states, and eleven foreign countries, are making new service records. Enormous demand makes possible the Republic's low prices. More than 23,000 Republics will be built in the coming year in the largest factory in the world exclusively devoted to truck manufacture.

FIVE REPUBLIC SIZES Republic Dispatch Model 9, maximum capacity 1500 lbs., furnished complete, express body with canopy top, side curtains, glass front, electric light with generator and storage battery and electric horn, $750; or with solid panel body, $775; Model 10, 1-ton, with stake or express body and bow top, $1095; Model 11, 1½-ton chassis, $1275; Model "A," 2-ton chassis, $1675; Model "T," 3½-ton Dreadnaught, $2550.

Dealers and Service Stations in over 500 Principal Cities. Write Dept. Y for catalog of model in which you are interested.

REPUBLIC FOR SERVICE

REPUBLIC MOTOR TRUCK CO. INC.

ALMA MICHIGAN U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 41)

In that surcharged moment and briskly xuding a wintry out-of-doors, Mr. Herıan Loeb entered and stood for a moment ı the open doorway, in the act of removing is greatcoat.

"Herman, my son! Oh, my son!"

"What's wrong, ma? Sadie!"

"It's come, Herman, like I always preicted to Etta it would. Your wife, my oor boy, she wants to leave you. This hould happen to a Loeb yet—a separation ı the family! My poor boy! My poor oy!"

"Why, ma, what—what's Sadie been elling you?"

At that Mrs. Herman Loeb raised her treaming face, her eyes all rid of their oguery and stretched in despair.

"I didn't want to let out to her, Herman. wanted to make a quiet get-away, you now I did. But she nagged me! She agged me!"

"Ma, you shouldn't ——"

"She heard us last night and heaven nows how many nights before that. She's vise. She knows. She knows it's been a ear of prison here for ——"

"Oh, my poor boy! Prison! A girl like ıer finds herself married into one of the most enteel families in St. Louis, a girl what ıever in her life was used to even decent heets to sleep on!"

"Ma!"

"Till three o'clock in the afternoon she old me herself how her and them girls ised to sleep, two and three in a boardingouse room, and such a mess!"

"Ma, if you and Sadie don't cut out this owing I'll put on my hat and go back lowntown where I came from. What is this, anyway, a barroom or a home out on Washington Boulevard? You want *Grossmutter* to hear you? Ma! Sadie!"

"My poor boy! My poor boy!"

"I didn't start it, Herm. I was sitting up here quiet. All I ask, Herm, is for you to take me back to New York to-morrow night on your trip. Let me go, Herm, for—for an indefinite stay. It ain't this house, Herm, and it ain't your mother or your sister and—and it ain't you—it ain't any one. It's all of you put together! I can't stand the speed out here! There ain't none!"

"I guess she wants, Hermie, for her badgirl notions, you should give up the best retail business in St. Louis and take her to live in New York, where she can always be in with that nix-nux theatri——"

"No, no, he knows I don't want that!"

"If she did, ma, we'd go!"

"Herm knows it was all a mistake with me. I didn't know my own mind. I wanna go back along where I came from and where I belong! It ain't like I was the kind of a girl with another man in the case ——"

"We should thank her, Hermie, there ain't more scandal mixed up in it yet!"

"Ma!"

"My poor boy, what could have had his pick from the first girls in St. ——"

"Ma!"

There was an edge to Mr. Loeb's voice that had the bite of steel. He tossed his greatcoat to the snowy bed, walking between the bed end and the mantel, round to the crouched figure of his wife.

"There, there, Sadie!" he said in his throat, and stooping over her; "I give in! I give in!"

Her head flew up.

"Herm!"

"My son!"

"No, no, ma; it's no use trying to put anything but a jingle-bell harness on poor little Jingle Bells. She don't understand us any more than we—we can understand her!"

"That's it, Herm; that's why I say if you'll only let me go!"

"Oh, my God! A separation in the Loeb family! My poor dead husband! My daughter Etta, president of the Ladies' Auxiliary! *Grossmutter* ——"

"Sh-h-h, ma, you want *Grossmutter* to hear!"

"My son, the cleanest, finest ——"

"Ma!" There were lines in his face as if a knot at his heart were tightening them. "You mustn't blame her, ma; and, Sadie, you mustn't feel this way toward my mother. Nobody's to blame. I been thinking this thing over more than you think, Sadie, and I—I give in. She's a poor little thing, ma, that's been trapped into something she can't fit into."

"Yes, Herm, that's it."

"It's natural. My fault too. I carried her off like a partridge. Don't cry, little Jingle Bells! To-morrow night we leave for New York, and when I come back you're going to stay on with ——"

"Sylvette says ——"

"With friends, indefinitely. Don't cry, little Jingle Bells, don't! Sh-h-h, ma! There, didn't I tell you you'd rouse *Grossmutter!*"

With her hands stuffed against rising sobs, his mother ceased rocking herself to and fro in her straight chair, her eyes straining through the open door. A thin voice came through, querulous, and then the tap-tap of a cane.

Mr. Herman Loeb answered the voice, standing quiet at the bed end.

"Nothing is the matter, *Grossmutter*."

"Come and get me, Herman."

"Yes, *Grossmutter*."

He hastened out and reëntered almost immediately, leading Mrs. Simon Schulien, her little figure so fragile that the hand directing the cane quavered of palsy, and the sightless face, so full of years and even some of their sweetness, fallen in slightly, in presage of dust to dust.

"Bertha?"

"*Ja, Mutter*."

"Here, *Grossmutter*, by the window is your chair."

He lowered her to the red velvet armchair, placing her cane gently alongside.

"So!"

She moved her sightless face from one to the other, interrogating each presence.

"Sadie?"

"Yes, *Grossmutter*."

"How you holler, children. Everything ain't right?"

"Yes, *Grossmutter*. Ma and Sadie and me been making plans. To-morrow night Sadie goes with me to New York on my trip. A little pleasure trip."

The little face, littler with each year, broke into a smile.

"So, little Sadie-sha, you got good times, not? A good husband and good times! New York! To New York she goes, Bertha?"

"*Ja, Mutter*."

Mrs. Schulien fell to crooning slightly, redigesting with the senility of years.

"To New York! Nowdays young wives got it good. How long you stay, Hermie?"

"It's just my Pittsburgh-New York trip, *Grossmutter*."

"Sadie, come here by *Grossmutter*."

She approached with the tears drying on her face, her bosom heaving in suppressed jerks.

"Yes, *Grossmutter*." And patted the little clawlike hand, and the bit of white hair beneath the fluted cap, and a bit of old lace fastened with an old ivory cameo and covering the old throat.

"You got good times, not?"

"Yes, *Grossmutter*."

"And you'm a good girl, Sadie. Eh? Eh?"

"Y-yes, *Grossmutter*."

"When you come back from New York, you bring *Grossmutter* a fine present, not?"

"Yes, yes, *Grossmutter*."

"A quilted underjacket wholesale, for when *Grossmutter* rides out in wheel chair."

"Y-yes, *Grossmutter*."

To the saturnine, New York of its spangled nights is like a Scylla of a thousand heads, each head a menace. Glancing from his cab window one such midnight, an inarticulate expression of that fear must have crept over and sickened Mr. Herman Loeb. He reached out and placed his enveloping hand over that of his wife.

"Well, Sadie, you take good care of yourself, girl. No matter how we decide to—to end this thing, remember you're my wife—yet."

"Yes, Herman," said Mrs. Loeb through a gulp.

"Don't stint, and remember how easily you get cold from drafts."

"I won't. I will."

"If you find yourself too crowded in that room with your friend, get a better one farther away from the theaters, where it isn't so noisy—maybe by yourself."

"I'll see."

"You won't be afraid to go back to that room now with Sylvette still at the show?"

"N-no."

"If I was you—now mind, I'm only suggesting it—but if I was you I wouldn't be in such a hurry about getting back in that roof show, Sadie. Maybe in a few days something better may show up or—or you'll change your mind or something."

"I gotta get back to work to keep from thinking. Anyway, I don't want to be sponging on you any longer than I can help."

"You're my wife, aren't you?"

(Concluded on Page 45)

-be sure you get

McQUAY-NORRIS LEAK-PROOF PISTON RINGS

-the genuine

Made only by the McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Co., St. Louis—the inventors. Known only by the makers' name. Constructed in only one way.

No other piston ring has any right to the name LEAK-PROOF. That is the trademark name of the Genuine McQuay-Norris product exclusively.

The LEAK-PROOF design can not be copied—LEAK-PROOF service can not be duplicated—LEAK-PROOF durability can not be equalled by any other make of piston ring.

Genuine McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Piston Rings are made and carried in stock in over 2000 different sizes including all over-sizes in both widths and diameters. There are complete service stocks in jobbing centers from coast to coast. Your repair or garage man can install the size your motor requires at once.

Send for Free Booklet

"To Have and to Hold Power"—the standard handbook on gas engine compression. Simple, sensible, informative—of great value to anyone who owns or operates any motor or engine and is interested in economical, dependable power production. Write Dept. E.

Manufactured by

McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co.
St. Louis, U. S. A.

BRANCH OFFICES:

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cincinnati, Seattle, Kansas City, St. Paul, Atlanta, Denver, Dallas

Canadian Factory
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LEAK-PROOF

This angle-to-angle interlocking construction is the distinctive feature of the genuine McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Ring.

—and if you own a FORD

—put in a set of McQUAY-NORRIS LEAK-PROOF PISTON RINGS

LYNITE ALUMINUM PISTONS Completely equipped with

They reduce vibration, noise, riding discomfort, repairs. They mean speed, silence, smoothness, comfort, long life, economy.

"You have confidence in a man who lives up to his promise."

You like and trust a man who lives up to his promises.

You like and trust a tire that lives up to *and beyond* its promises.

That is why motorists have used United States Tires so consistently that our sales increases the past year on all the five types of tires are simply phenomenal and unprecedented.

Wise motorists have bought and continue to buy only those tires that live up to promises.

'Nobby'—'Chain'—'Royal Cord'—'Usco'—'Plain'

United States Tire Company

(Concluded from Page 43)

She sat, a small cold huddle in the center of the cab seat, toward him, her quivering face flashing out as street lamps bounced past. They were nearing the great marble façade of the Seventh Avenue Terminal.

"Herman I—I hate to see everything bust up like this—you—you such a prince and all—but like Syl says, I—I guess all fools ain't dead yet!"

"You've had time to work this thing out for yourself now, Sadie, but like I was saying before, anybody can play stubborn, but—but it's a wise person who ain't ashamed to change his mind. Eh, Sadie? Eh?"

They were sliding down a runway and drew up now alongside a curb. A redcap, wild for fee, swung open the cab door, immediately confiscating all luggage.

"No, no, not that! You carry that box, Herm. It's the padded underjacket for *Grossmutter*. Tell her I—I sent it to her, Herm—with—with love."

"Yes, Sadie."

She was frankly crying now, edging her way through the crowd, running in little quick-steps to match her pace to his.

At the train side during the business of ticket inspection she stood by, her palm pat against her mouth and tears galumphing down. With a face that stood out whitely in the gaseous fog, Mr. Loeb fumbled for the red slip of his berth reservation.

"Well, Sadie girl, three minutes more and ——"

"Oh—oh, Herm!"

"If you feel as bad as that, it's not too late, Sadie. I—you—it takes a wise little girlie to change her mind. Eh? Eh?"

"No—no, Herm, I ——"

He clenched her arm suddenly and tightly.

"If you want to come, girl, for God's sake now's your time. Sadie, honey, you want to?"

She shook him off through gasps.

"No, no, Herm, I—I can't stand it—it's only that I feel so bad at seeing you—no—no—not—not now."

The all-aboard call rang out like a shout in a cave.

He was fumbling at his luggage for the small pasteboard box, haste fuddling his movements.

"I'll be in Pittsburgh to-morrow till seven, honey. Sleep over it, and if you change your mind catch the eleven-forty-five St. Louis flyer out of here to-morrow morning, and that train'll pick me up at Pittsburgh."

"Oh, I ——"

"You be the one to bring this box home, with your own little hands, to poor *Grossmutter*, honey, and—and if you don't change your mind, why—why, you can send it. You be the one to bring it to her, honey. Remember, it's a wise girlie knows when to change her mind!"

"Oh, Hermie—Hermie!"

"All—aboard!"

With her hands clasped and her uncovered face twisted, she watched the snake-like train crawl into oblivion.

When she reëntered the taxicab she was half swooning of tears.

"Don't cry, baby," said the emboldened chauffeur, placing the small pasteboard box up beside her.

In the great old-fashioned room in Fortieth Street—of two beds and two decades ago—she finally in complete exhaustion slid into her white iron cot against the wall, winding an alarm clock and placing it on the floor beside her.

Long before Miss Sylvette de Long, with her eyelids very dark, tiptoed in and rubbing the calves of her legs in alcohol undressed in the dark, she was asleep, her mouth still moist and quivering like a child's.

At nine-thirty and with dirty daylight cluttering up the cluttered room, the alarm clock, full of heinous vigor, bored like an awl into the morning.

THE LUCK OF A SOURDOUGH

(Continued from Page 12)

"Worth lookin' at, eh—when he draws a salary of a hundred thousand a year?" says a young lad beside me.

"Who? He does?" I says, too miserable to care much; but he had spoke decently.

"Yup! That's Lounsberry. He draws it; and just sticks at that desk with nothing on it. Some salary! He's a managing director for his companies."

After a spell it reached me—a hundred-thousand salary! I leaned on the mail box, looking up. Once the gray man glanced out and I looked away; then back when he was writing on a pad. It came noon, and he was still there; and so was I, thinking mighty bitterly how one year of his pay would make the Group into a producer. Suddenly a spruce chap in blue serge came down the steps and hung round a bit before he asked:

"Did you wish something with the offices?"

"No," I says.

I was too melancholy to leave. I just kept staring. A hundred thousand a year! The Group could make me that, once started. The gray one took up a phone presently and looked out at me; then he got up nervously. About then another fellow came out and asked:

"Was you looking for somebody?"

"Just at a man who can draw a hundred-thousand salary," I says sadly.

Soon the gray guy inside spoke in the phone again, smiled abruptly, and next minute walked forth and says to me:

"Is that really all you wanted?"

"Yes, sir," I says. "It's a lickin' big wage."

"I work for it. I don't get much vacation," he says; and, lower:

"Wish I did. Had your lunch? Then come and eat with me; we'll go to the club and be peaceful."

"All right; I'll go you," I says; for in the North we are friendly quick.

He had pie and tea, and so did I, for I could not eat in the city like when at home; it made my head buzzy. He said it did his too; and he had just been East and the heat laid him out.

"Where you from?" he says. "A long way, I think."

"From the North—Alaska," I says, and I got uncomfortable—I wasn't going to even tell the locality, for fear something about the Group would come out; and I was through feeling like a kicked dog.

He didn't know it was my last day, but I let that out somehow, and he kept asking more—was I in Southeastern or Southwestern Alaska? And to my nodding to the last he said:

"Come down with something to promote?"

"No," I says.

"Mining man, though? I can nearly always spot 'em."

I ate my pie and the quiet waiter brought a good-smelling smoke, which he lit for me; and we got to speaking of climates, and whether rubber or leather was the best footwear for where I was, and if ladies ever took trips in there. I said sure they could, in the right clothes, with a guy who didn't mush too fast or too far with them. Of course the road-house bunks are pretty hard.

"I got a swell spring and mattress on my bed," I says; "bought from an outfit that was drilling through there and gave up. And I got a camp in the prettiest little valley in that section—water at the door and a fine garden, the hills flamin' with fireweed right now, an' salmonberries ripe. My mine's farther up the hill—a tough climb too; but you can see the whole world when you git there. You ought to see Bingo, my otter—friendly little sport!"

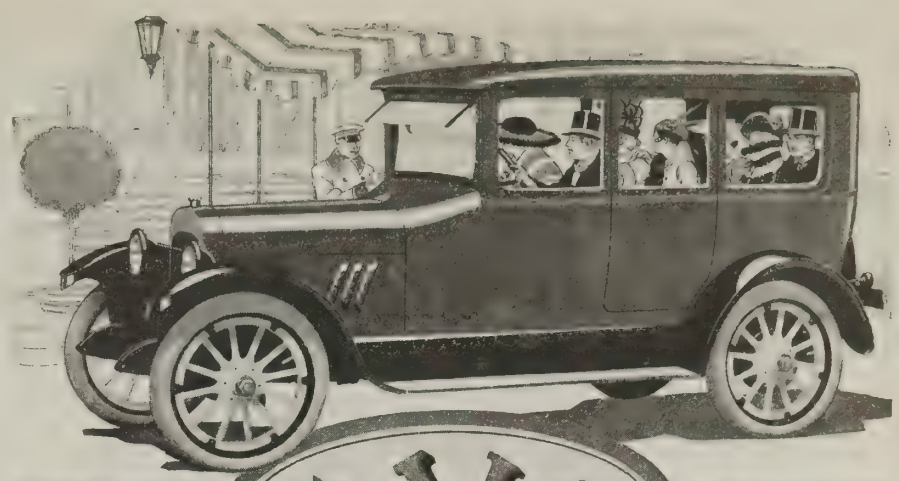
"How tame will they get?" he says, excited. "I had a fox when I was a kid in Dakota. My wife would be crazy over your place; she hates a town!"

"I sure got no cause to like 'em, bein' called a liar and a thief, and more," I says, and heard myself breathing noisy as I thought back. "I was made a mark of by a smilin'-eyed, honest-seemin' girl—six hundred and eighty blowed in two days on her! And then—she was in a show."

"There's others—good ones," he says. "Me and the missus met on a Saturday, and Monday began a wedding trip, with a couple of pack horses, from Denver to Laramie. We had the stock, and she said we'd save the train fares to buy furniture. We been together ever since; I ain't took one trip alone."

After a minute he showed me a little picture, and said that was his boss.

"If I had somebody I could go home and grind along a couple more years, till I open up some more, because capital's comin' into



A Car You Can Trust for Life

For Seven Years Heartily Endorsed by Owners

The Davis has passed the acid test of motor-car worth with flying colors.

For seven years owners have enthused over its performance—its quiet, powerful, sweet running motor, its dependability under all conditions, and its beauty, riding comfort and staunchness.

But by more than enthusiasm have Davis owners here and abroad shown faith in the car that has served them so well. A surprisingly large number still drive the Davis they purchased, not only recently, but as far back as four, five, six and seven years ago.

Our records also show that of those who have bought new models an astonishingly large percentage have re-chosen a Davis in preference to any other make. We believe no car in the country, of whatever class or price, can show such a tremendous proportion of re-sales, the practical endorsement of those who know the car best—the owners themselves.

Built with the utmost care, of the best standard parts on the market, the Davis is a car you can trust under all conditions. There is perfect harmony in its design—absolute honesty in its construction.

The Davis will give you perfect content and lasting satisfaction—a permanent possession you will be proud of in *any* company. Made in four models.

Model H—Light 6, Seven-passenger Touring Car, $1195.

Model J—Big 6, Seven-passenger Touring Car, $1495.

Model I—Light 6, Five-passenger Club Roadster, $1195.

Model K—Davis-Springfield, Seven-passenger Sedan, $1795.

All models have **Continental** motors, **Delco** starting, lighting, ignition, **Warner** transmission and steering gear, **Columbia** axles, etc.

See it at the New York and Chicago Shows, at any of the long established distributors here listed, or write us for catalog, particulars and the name of your nearest dealer.

GEO. W. DAVIS MOTOR CAR CO., Richmond, Ind.

Established 1902

Davis Motor Car Co. of New York, Inc. 1836 Broadway New York City, N. Y.

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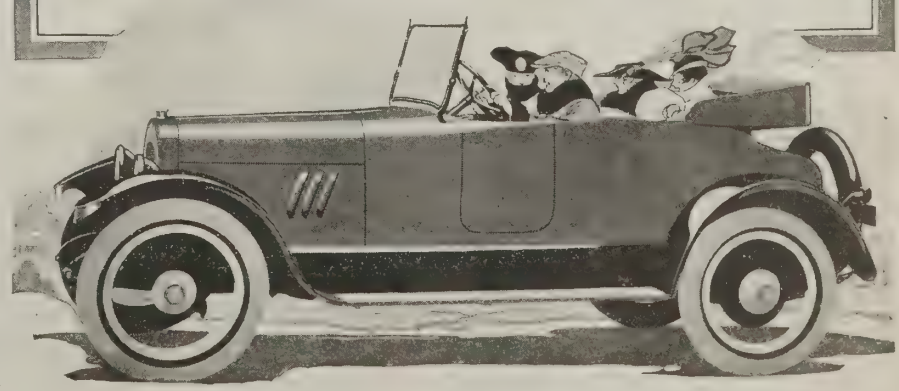
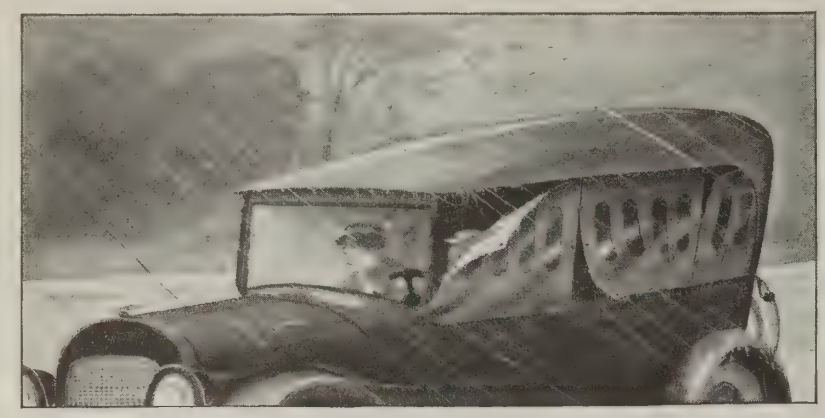




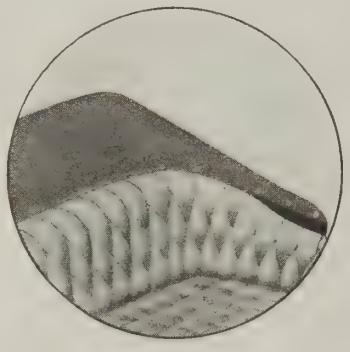
Do your curtains flap and gap? Stop it with "Lift the Dot" Fasteners

They stay fastened. No gust of wind can pull them loose. No careless push from an elbow can dislodge them. They hold the curtains flat and snug and secure. They are an ornament to the car.

"Lift the Dot" are the only self-locking fasteners made. They are easier to close than any other fastener. Then when you want to unfasten, simply "lift the dot" and the fasteners open more easily than the buttons on your coat.

"Lift the Dot" Fasteners have many uses on the modern car. Not only curtains, but dust covers, slip covers, pockets, floor carpet and extension tops are held more securely and are far neater and better looking when held with "Lift the Dot."

For side and rear curtains, "Lift the Dot" Fasteners are desirable. They simply cannot work loose. They hold the curtains flat and close. They add "tone" and cannot get out of order. They are fastened in a jiffy and open with a single pull when you pull from the end with the dot.



Many makers of cars are fastening dust hoods with "Lift the Dot" Fasteners instead of with straps. This avoids the necessity of lifting the rear seat cushion to buckle straps. It saves time. The dust cover fits closer and more neatly. The upholstery looks better without straps. No unsightly gaps show under the dust cover. The whole appearance of the car is improved.

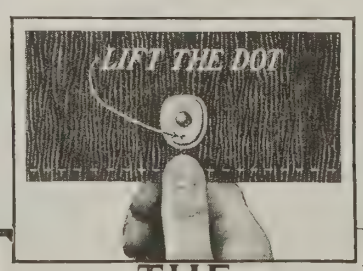
More than 75 leading American Cars and 29 European Cars use "Lift the Dot" Fasteners regularly, notwithstanding their higher cost. Ask for "'Lift the Dot' Fasteners throughout" when you buy a new car.

If you are troubled with flapping curtains on your old car, it is easy to put on "Lift the Dot" Fasteners and end all bother. Write for booklet and information.

CARR FASTENER COMPANY

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., AND DETROIT

INTERNATIONAL FASTENERS LTD., Leicester, England



"LIFT THE DOT"

our section; but not fast," I says. "I'm goin', anyway, of course, while I got money for a duckit left."

"What was the sticker here? Who was it you took your proposition to?"

"The sticker was them Hemitt & Ross people takin' me for a bunk," I says; and I got hot again. "I mighty near swung on one of those old coots. Why, at an average width of six feet I've got a surface showin' two thousand feet long that carries a hundred and thirty dollars gold to the ton; but it ain't on transportation or I could 'a' got backin' in the coast towns."

"Couldn't you snake an arrastra up the mountain and crush enough ore to pay wages for a small gang of men to keep on developing?"

"No. It ain't a free-millin' ore; too much sulphide. I'll have to build a concentrator down in the valley and tram over a bucket line from the hill."

Then I shut up; for I was not going to trouble a busy guy with something out of his line.

"And Hemitt & Ross wouldn't listen?" he says, reflecting as he signed our check. "You said it takes seven or eight days to your nearest port, eh? That's Seward? Grub pretty fair on the boats?"

"Seems so to us sourdoughs, who got to cook for ourselves at home," I says. "They claim that when the bakers run out of cranberries they paint a red fillin' in the pies. You ought to take your missus North."

It was killing hot when we went into the street. The wind had quit, and even he, who was used to it, rubbed inside his collar with a handkerchief.

"Well, so long!" I says when we had shaken hands at his corner and he had asked what was that name of mine again. I hadn't told it until then.

"I'm goin' home on the Mariposa Saturday night."

"Keep on hoping, pard," he says, and gave me another grip.

I tried to grin. I was on the Seattle train when I thought of not having asked who paid him that hundred-thousand salary; but it didn't matter. There was no lettering on his windows. It was 105 in the car, and full of females, all yap-yapping and ringing for the porter and asking how soon would we see Mount Shasta. It took most of two days and a night; and I was so hot, worn and gloomy that I just set there, dying by inches, hating Lucette, and wishing for Dan and Polo. We wouldn't have got on, with her disliking dogs—that ought to have warned me.

It was useless to peddle the Group in Seattle, where a chap might raise money for small Northern quick-return placer properties, but nothing big. I ought to have gone to the East, but it was too late now, with a hundred and forty left in the poke. I was going to stop off at Juneau and try for a job under Phil Bradley in the big Treadwell—stope bossing, or running a machine or mucking if I had to, so as to get together what I owed Logan.

With my ticket bought, I got a room way down Yesler Way, and went for dinner into a cheap flytrap in Railroad Avenue, where the docks are. It was awful hot and thick-aired in Seattle, with a mist coming from the Sound, and the sun baking the pavements. Inside this lunchroom a big blond girl, in a starched blue dress, showing some of her neck and strong plump arms, was serving and helping to cook. The guy who seemed owner went out as I reached a stool and ordered pork chops.

It was fierce over that range; but she kept spry, collecting from some longshoremen just finishing, doing a great panful of dishes—rinsing 'em very carefully—and washing out the dishtowels later, and jiggling my chops. You could tell she would never have a busted ruffle dragging. As I stared, eyes as blue as the pretty dress looked over the chop smoke at me. I stared more; and suddenly I remembered something that hard luck had drove from my head, and I says:

"You got a wonderful small waist; and I want——"

"Another word—just dare to breathe again—and I'll throw you out!" she cried; and even her soft neck flamed. "You loafing, insulting ——"

"No; I ain't!" I says, and I grabbed at her fist that was coming across the counter, while she hissed:

"Let go! I've seen your kind here, and they just come once!"

Her wavy light hair let loose a cute curl when she angrily jerked her hand free. I jumped myself, for the skillet was in her other hand; and I said that all I meant about the waist was I'd tried to buy a corset for a lady shaped like her and had a lot of trouble.

"Liar!" she says contemptuously. "Coward too! And you looked like a man!"

I tore out of the door then. In six minutes I rushed in with a long, lean box, and yanked out that rose-pink satin thing them women had pretended to dart in, and hadn't touched; but it was the Hemitt & Ross day I measured, and, though I phoned and said it was an outrage, that manager dared me to start a battle, and I had lost my spunk, and kept it.

"They swore to dart it in; but the darned corset'd fit me," I says; and she laughed.

Washing her hands quickly, she set it round herself over the blue dress; then removed it, saying that the styles were sickening this season.

"Your wife?" she says.

"No, ma'am," I says; "Etta Noble—she's cookin' for an outfit; and I think her and the foreman figure to wed when her clothes all come. She trusted me. Would you take a tenner for your time and go buy her a rose-pink satin one that's right for you?"

I put thirty-five on the counter. Her face had cooled; but it got red again, and she says:

"Not the ten till I earn it; then it'll take me out of jail—out of this. I had fifty saved, and sixty'll get me home. I've had enough city!"

"Where do you live?" I says; but she seemed not to hear.

Over in the room I set, sweating and wishing for brains. I could see them blue eyes, no matter what I was thinking. Her teeth were even and very shiny white—not like Lucette's. She would not be asking, the second you set at a restaurant table, if it was one of those provincial places where they didn't let women smoke—like Lucette.

It was about three in the afternoon when I kept hearing sounds in the next room, like a woman and kids crying. After a bit I went and tapped, but the sobbing was so loud they couldn't hear; so I turned the knob, and huddled on a bed were Nadia and the two youngest, looking like the end had come.

"Nadia, woman! Here now, quit, Henry and Tessie! Tell mamma it's Griff," I says; and poor little dark-skinned Henry blubbered and snugged up to me, and Tessie was wailing for some salmon.

"Oh, Griff! Oh, Griff!" the squaw says like she was dying. "Three day Jim go 'way to git one drink a' hooch; don't come no more. Children so hungry, an' I hiyu scare; no grub—three day."

"And left you broke? He ain't himself," I says. "Git ready to eat now."

"We got lots a' money; but hiyu scare—how we know? One time I go to downstairs; too much people—I too scare!"

She like to fainted, being so weak. I sopped cold water on her face and cooled that oven they were in by opening the door for a draft—Jim wouldn't have savvy to take 'em somewhere better. I slicked the kids while Nadia staggered round in her mussed yellow dress. She got her black hair into a nubbin, with a big red ostrich-feathered hat over it; and she took Tessie's hand and then hung to me; and I lugged Henry. All of them screeched and tried to run, at every auto truck—I ain't stuck on feeling they'll nip off at least an ankle, myself; and when a train rolled down the street Nadia stopped and made a Greek Church prayer.

"This is Jim Logan's family, and he hadn't been to a city in thirty years. They ain't fed for three days," I says to Blue Eyes when I got in the lunchroom, Nadia crying and Tessie bawling for her papa. "Go down the line and put all there is before 'em. Will I take 'em back to that box?"

"Gimme the little boy. There, darling! Oh, gracious alive, how terrible!" she says; and she rushed them where it would be private, in the box.

And in a minute she was back at the range. Henry gave her a wan smile, and she kissed him.

"Strong broth from a real chicken I had on for the boss' supper," she says. "Quick! Make 'em drink it. Will we have a doctor?"

"No; the Aleut blood's made to endure," I says. "They can just suffer and not whimper."

I set with them, keeping Henry from slopping; and after steak, potatoes, fresh tomatoes, beans, bread and coffee, the three

(Concluded on Page 49)

Cadillac Prestige is founded upon reason

THE *willingness* of so many thousands of people *to pay the Cadillac price* must, of course, be *founded upon reason.*

The *refusal* of so many other thousands *to pay more* for a car than the Cadillac price—notwithstanding their abundant ability to do so—must likewise be *founded upon reason.*

In one sense, the question of price does not occur to them at all—what they want is the *greater smoothness,* the *greater steadiness,* the *greater constancy* and the *greater comforts* which the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac provides.

They want the wonderfully *swift acceleration;* they want the *luxury of traveling* practically one hundred percent of the time *on high gear.*

They want the *sturdiness* and *dependability;* they want the *day-in-and-day-out, year-in-and-year-out service* and *satisfaction* which have always distinguished Cadillac cars.

They want that *comprehensive efficiency* which manifests itself in the Cadillac, not merely now and then, but at *all speeds and under all conditions.*

Every moment is a more pleasurable moment for them in the Cadillac—every hour an hour of greater ease—every mile a smoother, steadier mile.

Believing that *the Cadillac meets their ideals* of all that a motor car should be, is it not perfectly logical that the Cadillac should enjoy a *larger ownership* than any other *truly high grade car* in the world?

Body Styles

CADILLAC coach-builders have provided eleven styles of bodies from which Cadillac purchasers may choose, as follows:

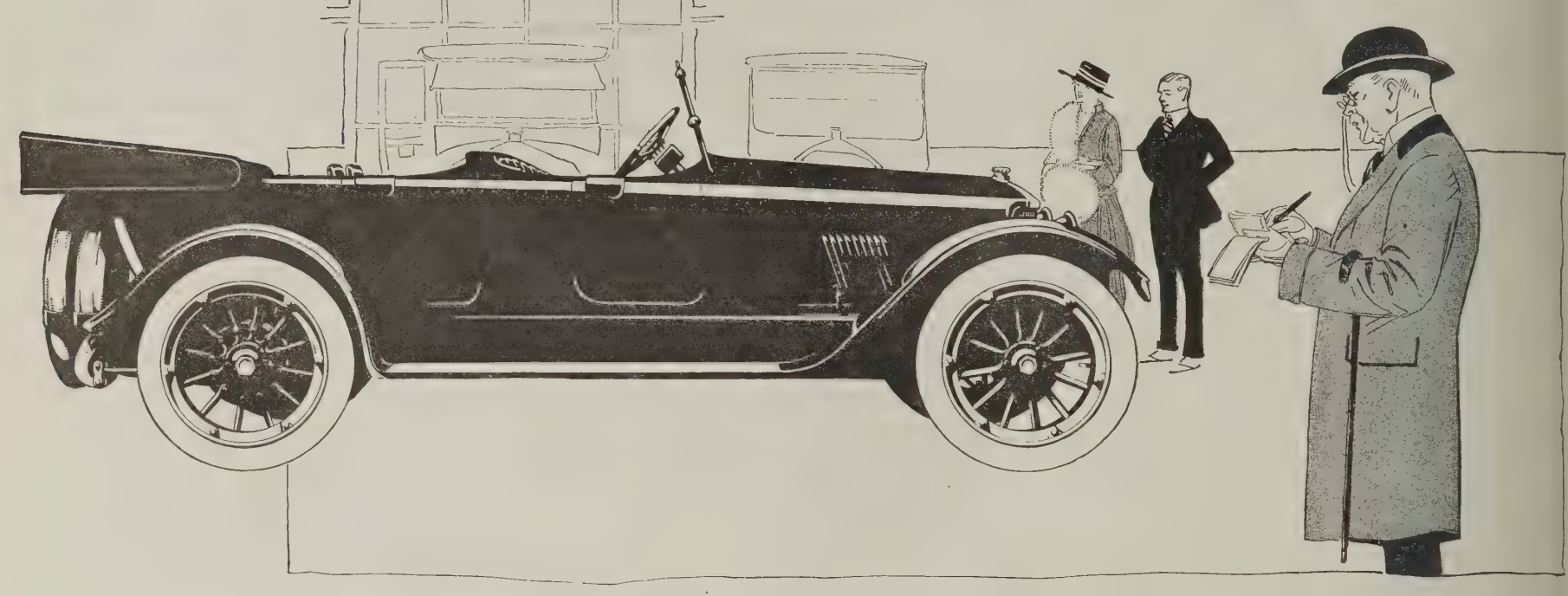
Seven-Passenger Touring Car
Four-Passenger Phaeton
Two-Passenger Roadster
Four-Passenger Club Roadster
Four-Passenger Convertible Victoria
Seven-Passenger Convertible Touring Car
Four-Passenger Coupé
Five-Passenger Brougham
Seven-Passenger Limousine
Seven-Passenger Imperial
Seven-Passenger Landaulet.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

Premier

$1895, Fully Equipped



The Aluminum Six with Magnetic Gear Shift

We ask you to compare this new Premier in every detail with the most expensive cars on the market, and when you have finished, you yourself will echo the question of thousands: "How do they do it at $1895?"

Here are the features of the one car that will make the Shows of 1917—*historic.*

An Aluminum Motor, designed and built in the Premier factory under the personal supervision of Earl G. Gunn, our chief engineer and the original American builder of aluminum motors. With only 300 cubic inches piston displacement, this overhead valve, six-cylinder motor develops upward of 72 horsepower. We question whether any motor in America can climb a difficult hill "in high" as slowly as *Premier*. Ask for a demonstration.

C-H Magnetic Gear Shift, as regular equipment and without extra charge, has been adopted by Premier. In so doing Premier leads the world as the car which first gave motorists this crowning and long-needed convenience as regular equipment. The mechanism which, by means of push buttons, controls Premier's gears, is the product of the world's greatest builders of electrical controlling apparatus, the Cutler-Hammer Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Cutler-Hammer manufacture the electrical controlling apparatus on United States battleships and submarines. The action of the device is simple and positive. Push a button and the gears obey. It keeps the control of your car right under your thumb—you can change gears on an up-hill climb without losing momentum. You can change gears in traffic in one-half the time required by the hand gear shift. It is as great an advance as was the electric starter. This device is unqualifiedly guaranteed by both the Cutler-Hammer and the Premier companies. Ask for a demonstration.

New Premier "Bullet Body Lines" supplant the conventional stream line which has characterized practically all motor cars for years. To this new mode, Premier adds the charm of an exquisite *gun-metal velours* body finish combined with wheels of natural wood. From a standpoint of durability and texture, Premier's finish is unsurpassed by that of any car. Premier's beauty is growing proverbial.

The Turning Radius is so short that the driver of a Premier car can almost spin it on its own axis—this must be seen to be believed. Ask for a demonstration.

An Eight-Inch Bridge Girder Frame, deeper by 50 per cent than the frame in most cars, forms such a solid and rigid foundation that body squeaks and rattles are almost impossible; and the frame's rigidity makes the car hold the road better at sixty miles an hour than most cars do at twenty-five.

More Body Room has been obtained on Premier, through clever and space-economizing design, than has ever been considered possible on a wheel base of 125½ inches—compare it with your present car.

The Driver's Comfort has been carefully studied. The new-type tilting steering wheel, the push-button gear shift, the design of the driving seat, and the easy-reach placement of everything that enters into driving, give him a chance to take a joyous part in the ride.

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Catalog of the new Premier Aluminum Six with Magnetic Gear Shift on request—Address Department B

Premier Motor Corporation, Indianapolis, USA

(Concluded from Page 46)

livened some, but a glance would have Nadia weepy again. And Blue Eyes, who had Tessie on her lap, told me to beat it out and hunt for Logan.

"Say, you're a mighty fine, kind-hearted girl!" I says as she went to the door with me. "Busy as you are and botherin' with them little critters!"

"Poor babies, with their papa lost!" she says; and her eyes were sure sweet. "I love 'em all."

"And you like dogs, don't you?"

"Had four at home," she says. "We let 'em in the house too. Maybe you don't?"

"My old Dan and Polo got bunks as good as mine!"

"I think you got a pretty kind heart," she says.

And we stood there, talking so a fellow having eggs couldn't hear, while I told her where I had come from, and how I was starting back that night—and being called a bunk by old Hemitt.

"From Alaska!" she says thoughtfully. "If that isn't strange! I presumed you were from east of the mountains. For my part, I thought I'd do some marvelous things in the city—and I'm what they call a hasher!"

"Just so you're on the level, it's no matter. But are you really goin' to give up?"

She nodded, saying she was glad to; and I got my nerve up and says:

"Is there—some guy waitin', back there?"

She shook her head, blushing; and I kept looking and thinking, until I says:

"I want that address, Blue Eyes; and when I've sold my Group —— Do I git it?"

"You wouldn't positively have to sell the Group," she almost whispered.

I grabbed her hand, and the blue eyes looked at me; and Lucette, and such daffy notions, went out of my mind and stayed!

While I was nosing into Second Avenue hotels hunting the bars for Jim, it was like I could still feel her warm strong fingers inside mine.

Falling out of the Louvre Saloon, at eight o'clock, came Jim Logan.

"Hello, Griff! Con-con-gratul-grat'lations!" he says. "Some rustler, ol' kid! Some pro-pr'ter-pro-mo-ter, landin' Group down South!"

"You fat drunk mutt, come on to the folks, or I'll pack you on my back!" I growled, yanking him forward. "I ain't promoted nothin'. Dog-gone you, that woman ain't eaten while you been lushin' round here—nice way to put them kids into a fancy Outside school! Come on, I tell you!"

He mumbled about being sick; but, sick or not, I urged him toward Railroad Avenue, he begging for a slower pace, he was so dizzy.

"Did so pro-promote!" he says, blinking. "Ol' foxy Griff nailed bigges' bug 'f all—heard 'im tellin' in Sea-S'lattle Hotel lobby; goin' straight f'r Griffith—Group!"

"You dope, lay off it! Guess you mean me—I'm goin' back to the Group, though I'll work for wages first to pay my debt to you. I sail to-night."

"Na-naturally," he says with care, and set down in the street until I jerked him up.

Guys ought to glim themselves when boozed. I never had so much as a glass of beer in my life—it is poor truck, all of it. We was near the lunchroom when a heavy whistle roared through the still hot night—the Mariposa's port call, a long and a short. Half hour! I carried him then, for I had a lot to tell my blue-eyed girl. My heart was galloping as I pushed him in and looked for her.

"Where is she?" I says, staring at the owner, who was cooking over the range. "Name? I d'know it! Her in the blue dress—she said she'd wait."

"She quit to-night—went home," he says, grinning. "This is for you, hey? Told me to deliver it sure. Your friends are still in the back."

"There's a message?" I says; and my heart went on again.

I hardly noticed Nadia and the kids come swarming out at Jim, who had gone limp and hung over a stool, mumbling. One corner of the note, stuck under the string of the corset box, was heavy with some coins; and she had written:

"Have darted it in myself; and as it fits me it will her. It was too beautiful to waste and I had little time to shop; so here is your fifteen dollars, and I paid myself that ten. "FLORENCE MARIE STUART."

"Say, you're pale! Want a little shot o' liquor?" says the owner; but I couldn't answer—just leaned on the counter while he went on: "I think she's from prominent people; but she didn't let on where. She was excited to-night."

"You got no notion—her address?" I says faintly; and he says:

"No, old pal, I haven't; but if I had, dogged if you wouldn't get it from me! She had me goin' too; but she wouldn't look at me!"

Jim was hiccuping that he'd take the wife and kids to a grand hotel—ride in autos and elevators; see the big Smith building; and find that school.

"Ah, no, papa; we see hiyu plenty city! Three day no grub! I think I die maybe; an' I don't let my child'en go no school Outside. You want go 'way from mamma, Henry?"

The kids was both sniffling how they didn't like it any more than she.

"Up, papa! Griff, please ketchum roadhouse bill an' tell all thank you very much. Some day maybe they come our road house; we good to them too. Papa, take Tessie by hand—we goin' with Griff right now!"

"Oh, say! Without the swell clothes or seein' a thing!" I protested.

"I see hiyu plenty," she says, crying again.

The lunchroom man had fried a doughnut man for each kid. Another whistle roared—fifteen minutes! I gave one despairing look at that letter from the girl and ran the Logans to our Yesler Way hotel. I took Henry, my suit case and Jim's big hide warbag. Nadia had a bundle in one mitt and held to my coat with the other, and little Tessie harried the wabbly Jim with shrill orders. Heading through Railroad Avenue, we pushed down the dock.

"That's the five-minute one!" I says as a whistle nearly lifted the dock's roof.

So we was started, and a part of the crowd there was shouting to a bigger crowd on the pier. I was going North, and them hopes that had flared inside me withered into nothing—just aches! It didn't seem that honest eyes like hers could lie; but she hadn't waited. Her sense must have told her to side-step a big dub she had only knew a day.

"Wha's a' matter, Griff?" says Henry, who set on my shoulder.

"Oh, just misery, kid," I says; and wished I was little like him.

I turned, because Jim was wabbling toward the rail and Nadia was staring.

"Look, mother! That's him!" says Jim—"him I heard in the Sea-S'lattle Hotel, that's goin' —— Oh, my head!—goin' to the Group with Griff. Lounsberry!"

"Who?" I says; but it was just a whisper.

Up that plank, from which quartermasters were pulling hand ropes and stakes, calmly strode the gray guy from San Francisco. He had on a soft hat and a soft collar, and motioned off a steward who reached for two big grips. A small lady, in a swell plain dark suit and nice but not fussy hat, was with him, carrying a dispatch case and a fishing rod and two guns.

"Jim Logan," I says, "git your wits, if you got any left. Who is that guy?"

"Why, Lounsberry," he says, taking it slowly—"J. J. Lounsberry, managin'—managin' d'rector them great Nevada—Utah an' Ari-Arizona prop'ties. His people's takin' up gold ground now. Tol' reporter goin' up—visit his frien' Griffith; an' crew comin' do ten-day samplin'. Crew next boat. But you know 'im, Griff!"

"I never thought of the copper people," I muttered. "No letterin' on his window! Goin' to my Group!"

They cast off. No more women, now, for me—and I had seen her in the camp in my valley! My mind had been laying out the next fifty years for us.

Because I'm tall, Lounsberry seen me over all the other heads, and he yelled:

"Hey, there! Hello, Griff!"

"Hello, yourself!" I says.

And, seeing him coming, my old heart began to pound; for if his men sampled the Group he'd go South with a Northern property, because he couldn't turn it down! I had a mine up there on the mountain!

"Oh, Nadia!" I says. "Why—why couldn't you begged an' prayed that blue-eyed girl to just wait till I could get back?"

"Come down more," says Nadia; and she was giggling as I bent. "Griff, that girl she live in Afognak, to the westward of us; an' her on this ship, goin' home! What you think of that?"

The lighted hills got black and then grew light again before it got to me. Then I says:

"She won't never get there!" And she didn't.

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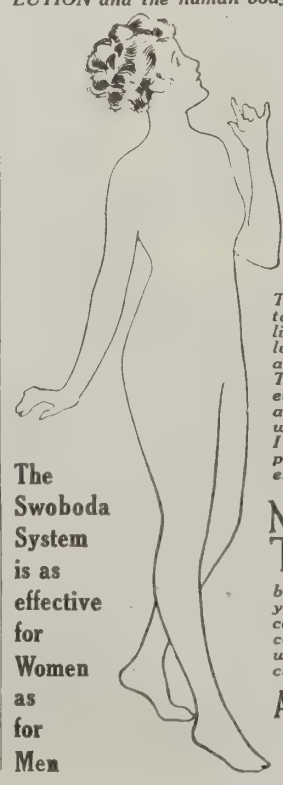

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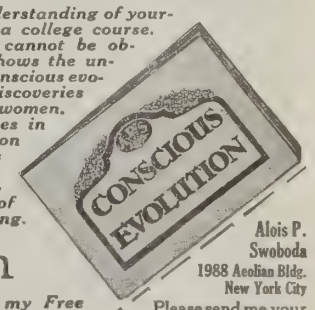

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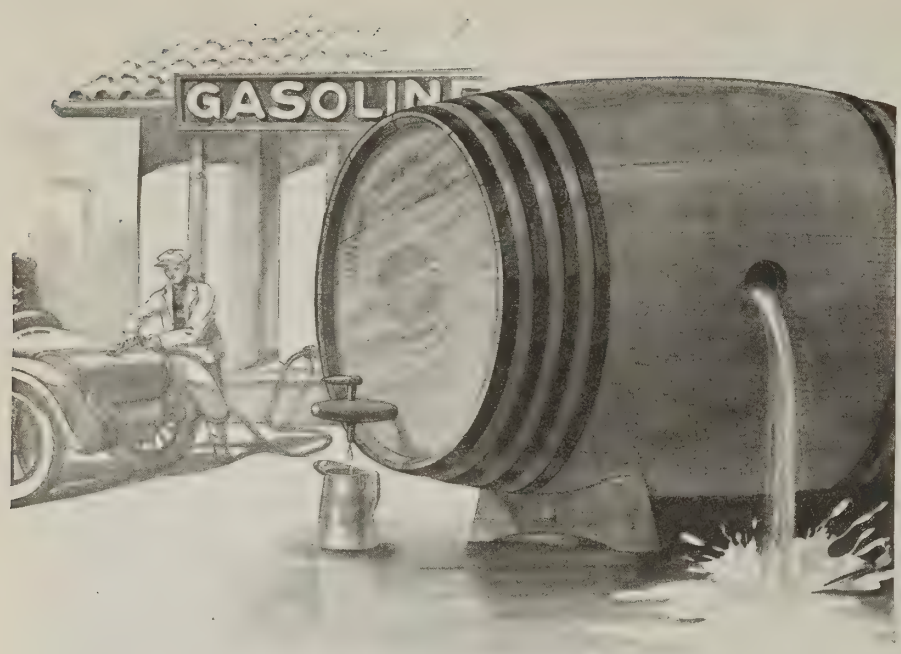

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WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

Inland Machine Works, 813 Mound St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

THE GOLD TOKEN

(Concluded from Page 15)

She had touched the wrong string. She marveled at the dexterity of his overlarge spongy hands with the cards, and was silent for a long while.

"Do you mind if I talk?" she asked at length.

"No," he said without looking up.

"Something you said at breakfast this morning has puzzled me greatly. We had been talking of labor waste as the only form of absolute waste in the world, and you said—I think I have it exactly—you said that, as the people who were ultimately to be most benefited by labor-saving devices had always and stubbornly resisted them, so now they were opposed to the gold-money standard. I don't see that."

Before answering her he put down the cards, lighted a terrific cigar, held it at half arm's length, and waved it gently to achieve a certain effect in spiral blue smoke.

"You can see that money at all is a labor-saving device?"

"With a little thought I might," said Helen. "The idea is new to me."

"People," he said slowly, "are continually engaged in producing and exchanging goods. A man who has produced a thousand bushels of wheat more than he needs for his own consumption wishes to exchange it, let us say, for cloth, of which another man has produced a surplus that he will be willing to exchange for wheat. Without money in general use, those two would have to make physical contact. That would entail a needless expenditure of time and labor. It is more complicated. The man who has a surplus of wheat does not wish to exchange all of it for cloth—no more than the other wishes to exchange all of his cloth for wheat. Each produces a surplus of one thing to be exchanged for a variety of other things. Now we invent money. It is simply a labor-saving convenience, universally adopted among civilized people—a thing of small bulk in which the exchange value of all things is instantly expressed."

"Yes; I see it now," said Helen.

"Then, if we admit that money of any kind is a labor-saving device, does it not logically follow that, as between several kinds of money, we should choose the greatest labor saver?"

"That is ——" said Helen.

"A ton of gold will do the work of eighteen tons of silver. The cost of moving a ton of gold from place to place is no greater than the cost of moving a ton of silver."

"I should never have thought of money like that," said Helen.

"It is a simple question of tools. So long as our competitor countries, or most of them, used the silver-money tool, it did not matter; but as all the countries with which we really compete have adopted the more efficient money tool, which is gold, we cannot afford to continue using silver.

"In 1873 the German Empire, having gained command of a large supply of money by extorting a huge war indemnity from France, proceeded to reform her monetary system. She adopted the gold tool. That displaced a large amount of silver from circulation in Germany, which, offered for sale on the world's silver market, caused the price of silver to fall. Then the Latin Union—France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland and Greece—abandoned the inefficient money tool and ceased to coin the five-franc silver piece. That caused silver to fall more. It is clear that, if we are to hold our own with Europe in the world's trade, we too shall have to work with the money of highest efficiency."

"Yes," said Helen.

"The larger and the more valuable the exchanges that take place between people," he said, "the more important it is. You can judge the capacity and prosperity of a people by the money with which they work. The poorest country in the world is probably Korea. The Koreans produce hardly any more than suffices for their own consumption. An individual income of four or five dollars a month is thought large. For their exchange, as you might suppose, they use the least efficient metal money known in the civilized world. It is nominally copper, but really a kind of spelter—five hundred pieces to the dollar.

"Imagine trying to conduct the exchanges of a great nation with money like that! What a waste of labor and time it would mean! If cheap money could make people prosperous the Koreans ought to be the most prosperous people in the world."

That finished the exposition. Leaving Helen to her digestion of it, he returned to his solitaire.

"People talk emotionally about a thing they imperfectly understand," she said. "That was what impressed me most this evening. Why not give wide publicity to the simple explanation you have made to me? It is very convincing."

"Nobody would believe it," said Cæsar shortly. "It's too obvious. A labor-saving device must win on its sheer utility, as this one will:"

"You are sure of the outcome, then?"

"Absolutely! We had only to keep the country gold-solvent until election. That was provided for to-day. Here; look at this! It's probably the finest collection of its kind in the world." He handed to her from the table a beautifully printed foreign catalogue of rare tapestries, and went on with his solitaire.

"It must be almost priceless," said Helen after ten minutes.

His game just then came out successfully. He pushed the card table from him and said:

"It is. I bought it this afternoon."

As they were leaving the library together, the extension telephone instrument on the table sounded an alarm. Helen, being nearest, picked it up at a nod of permission from Cæsar.

"One of your young men wants to speak to you," she said, putting the instrument down and holding out the receiver to him.

Cæsar impatiently put the receiver to his ear. "Who is it?" he asked.

A voice answered:

"It is Postgate. I ——"

Cæsar banged the receiver up.

That was the only way in which Sammy could hope ever to reach the ear of Cæsar again. It had failed. Very well! He would show even Cæsar that he could be dangerous. He went early to the bank the next morning and cleared his desk of private papers. Then he went and took a desk in the office of his broker; and at ten o'clock he waited, as everybody else did, to see the stock market fall into a terrible panic.

That did not happen. The market opened weak, rallied, and closed strong. It was rumored again that the house of Cæsar was buying stocks. The broker asked Sammy, who said he didn't care who bought stocks; the country was "busted!"

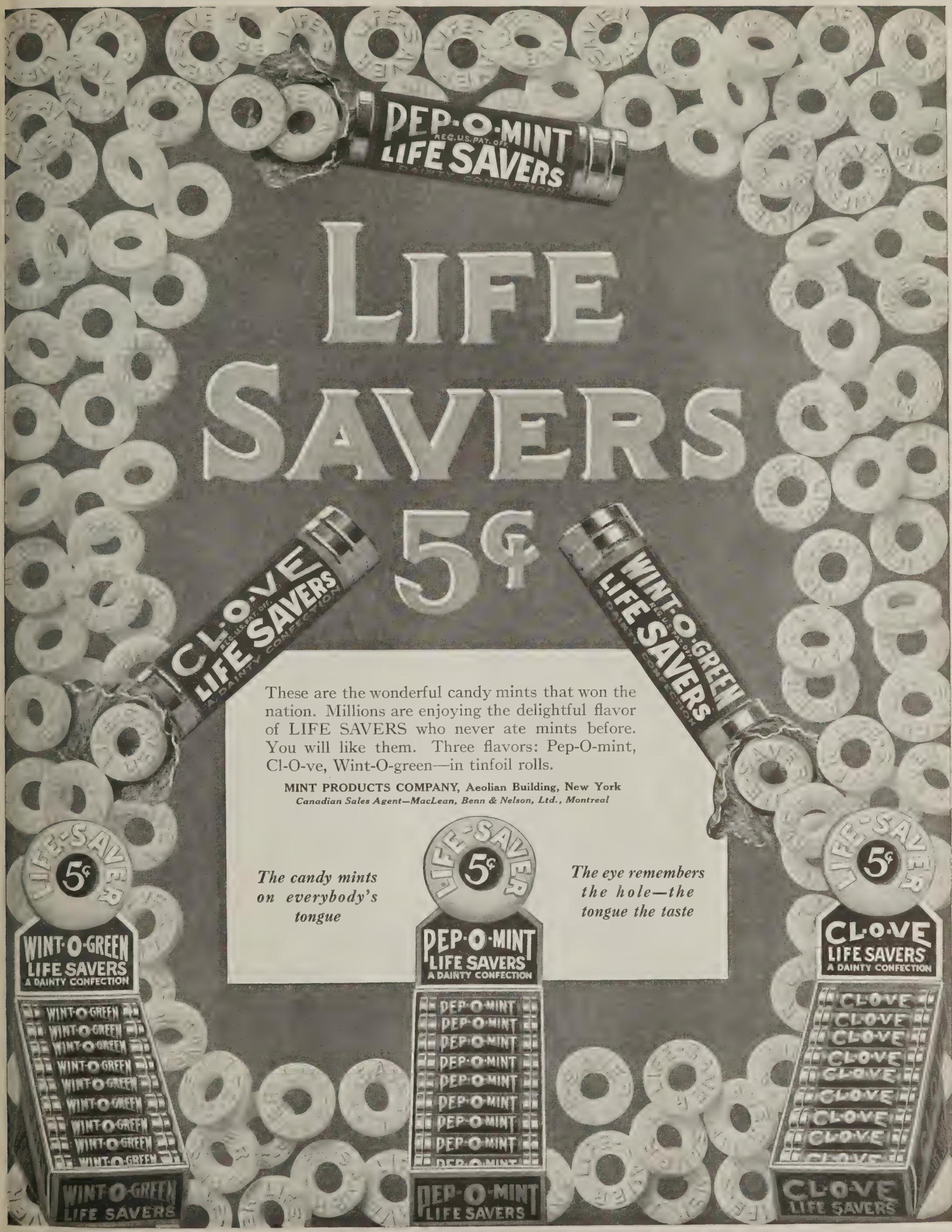
On the next day Samuel Postgate published a demonstration of the statistical bankruptcy of the United States. It was presented as the work of the foreign-exchange expert of one of the great international banking houses. It produced a sensation and caused speculators to sell a lot of stocks; but they sold them all to Cæsar.

The wall of silver ruin and bankruptcy, thought to be like granite and a thousand feet thick, was only a sheet of brown paper, and Cæsar had poked his finger through it at the psychological moment. The cause of silver was lost on the second Tuesday of the next November, but the cause of gold had already been won on the day he formed a pool to sell one hundred million dollars of foreign credit, to be remitted to Europe in lieu of gold. It was purely psychological.

Nobody wanted gold to hoard if he was sure he could get it, and the line of people, with greenbacks, at the United States Subtreasury dissolved. Cæsar's pool never sold so much as ten million dollars of foreign credit. Confidence was restored by daring. Europe never wanted to be paid off in gold, or at all—provided she could be; she was willing to take dividend and interest bearing securities instead of gold. And she took so many more of these than was necessary to pay our debt abroad, and so many goods besides, that, even before Sammy had lost the whole of his fifty thousand dollars, treasure ships were arriving at New York instead of leaving.

Postgate became, then, a customer's man in a broker's office and received a salary for advising other people how to speculate.

And, otherwise, it was as the old cashier had said: Other physical traces of that crisis have been effaced and people have forgotten how silly they were; but to this day strangers in Wall Street, who notice everything, pass the United States Subtreasury, look at the bronze figure of George Washington, and wonder why the man who started to clean it up, and got as far as the knees, never finished his job.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PUTTING ON PERCIVAL

(Continued from Page 17)

glasses and meek, thick braids, and from these prejudicing attributes Percival's eyes wandered to a little girl with taffy-colored hair and bright china-blue eyes.

In some strange fashion, however, he always had to dance with Becky. And as the frustrated little figure, in its shiny black pumps and white kid gloves, guided the grateful Becky through the waltz the nurses in the hall, peeping through the open doorway—each of the class had, of course, to be brought and taken away by a nurse—whispered among themselves: "I suppose they'll marry when they grow up."

As for parties, both Percival and his sisters gave many of these. On the evening of Percival's eighth birthday, for example, thirty little boys and girls arrived at the Fifth Avenue mansion under convoy of their respective nurses. For the occasion, the gardener of the Oaktops Estate had sent in several hundred dollars' worth of flowers; men in livery served the refreshments to the tiny guests; a small orchestra was there for dancing; and for a fee of one hundred dollars a specialist in children's entertainment devised games and put on a Punch and Judy Show.

From his corner of the room Mr. Agley Rasher viewed with undisguised dismay those thirty small faces, waiting for their amusement to be laid out for them.

"Just like their elders—always have to have a bunch of Metropolitan singers or a few cabaret artists cutting up for them," thought he. "No wonder these rich people never learn to amuse themselves."

Presently he voiced these sentiments to Miss Finch.

"Too much of the shredded stuff," murmured he.

"I beg pardon?" said this lady.

"I mean to say," said the young tutor, "that I don't believe in this elaborate sort of thing for children. Look at Percival now," and his eyes followed the staid, immaculate little figure in its Tuxedo coat; "he'd have a good deal better chance of getting some resources of his own if he were jumping round, saying 'Come on; let's play charades.'"

Miss Finch looked at Mr. Agley Rasher with the equivocal expression of one admiring a sunset from a barbed-wire fence. If only his chin had not been nipped out in exactly the right place these views of his would have been even more uncomfortable.

After he had been in the Fifth Avenue house for several weeks Mr. Rasher laid out a course of reading for his charge. "If he can't meet anybody in real life except his own set, let him meet them in books," was the line on which he moved. And he gave the eight-year-old boy David Copperfield.

Rasher Does His Best

Percival read thirstily of the little boy of Blunderstone Rookery, and it was plain that he considered David's misfortunes almost a privilege. Looking up one day from the chapter that tells of the hero's vicarious meal at Canterbury, Percival said:

"Gee, only my age and doing all those things by himself!" He gazed dreamily into space for a moment and then looked up suddenly. "I say, Mr. Rasher," he asked, "do things ever happen to rich boys?"

Mr. Rasher gazed curiously at his charge. It was the first time he had ever heard him allude to his wealth.

"Who told you that you were rich, Percival?"

"Why, nobody at all; but I must be, you see, because if I weren't I'd be living like boys in books."

Yes; in spite of Miss Finch's care that no reference to money should ever occur, Percival had drawn his own conclusions. How could he otherwise, indeed? Mr. Rasher thought he would have been very stupid not to have done so; in fact, he had always sniffed at the tale of a friend of his who had been tutor to the very richest little boy in America.

"Would you believe it!" had related this friend in support of his contention that rich children of wise parents were brought up in absolute unconsciousness of their surroundings: "That boy smashed his camera one day and came running up to me. 'Oh,' cried he, 'I've broken it, and where shall I ever get enough money to buy a new one?"

"Humph!" had snorted Mr. Rasher. "His powers of observation must have been limited."

"Well, yes, Percival"—and the tutor turned his tidy profile about—"you are rich—that's true."

"What am I going to do about it, anyway? How am I ever going to get a chance to fight or—or do anything?"

Percival looked at Mr. Rasher appealingly. Already he had commenced to love the tall young man with the chin clipped out in just the right way and the kind hazel eyes. Like Freda, Mr. Rasher was someone with whom you could talk. He hung now on his answer.

"Oh," responded the tutor cheerfully, "there are lots of rich boys who have done things—got famous, you know."

Percival's face lighted up.

"Who are they?" he asked.

Mr. Rasher looked at his watch.

"Five o'clock," said he; "time for you to dress for dinner now. But I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll make out a list of rich boys who have done things, and have it for you to-morrow."

Rich Boys Who Made Good

With this promise, the boy departed for his room. Beyond the studiously draped curtains of red and black he found Tompkins laying out his Tuxedo coat, his dress shirt and his pumps.

"My bath ready, Tompkins?" asked he.

"Yes, Mr. Percival; and I shall wait 'ere to 'elp you get into your things."

Since Grunwald's departure the fourth-floor footman had valeted Percival; and his services for the boy differed in no wise from those he would have performed for a grown-up man. Each morning and evening he drew Percival's bath; each morning and evening he laid out his proper clothes. After a suit was taken off he took it downstairs, cleaned and pressed it. In similar fashion the shoes were gathered up each evening, cleaned, and returned in the morning.

Nor were Tompkins' duties by any means trivial. Percival's wardrobe now cost an annual sum of several thousand dollars. A boy's tailor made him suits costing anywhere from thirty-five to fifty dollars, and overcoats costing seventy-five. His shirts, of specially selected materials, were made to order at twelve dollars each; his neckties were all of the finest silk; and a bootmaker made his various boots and shoes. Then, too, his varied activities had to be met by many types of costume. There were riding togs and tennis togs and sports clothes; there was a lightweight Tuxedo suit for summer and another for winter; there were several long-trousered and short-jacketed Eton suits, and any number of overcoats. The truth of it was, in fact, that the wardrobe of this miniature society man was little less fitful and expensive than that of his father.

The next day Mr. Rasher appeared in the nursery with his reviving list of rich boys. He had half a dozen or so names, ranging from that of Marcus Aurelius to young Van Rensselaer, the last of the Dutch patroons. In between were set Frederick Barbarossa, Henry the Fifth, of England, and that clever de' Medici boy, son of the rich old Lorenzo, who, afterward Pope Leo X, became a cardinal at fourteen. For days the tutor entertained Percival with tales of these youths. To them the boy listened greedily; but to any personal application of their success he constantly demurred.

"But, Mr. Rasher," he protested, "those boys all had countries they could rule over, or something like that; and there were Crusades going on, and all sorts of fights. Look at that Henry the Fifth—how he got into battles when he was only thirteen or so. Miss Finch would never let me get into a battle—now you know she wouldn't!"

The picture of the half-buttoned English lady bundling her charge into a limousine and sending him off to the field of battle with a tutor and a nurse tugged at the corners of Mr. Rasher's mouth.

"Well," said he, "perhaps not. But you can go into politics, you know—be a governor, or something like that."

Meantime Percival's two sisters had gone on their several ways of development. Marian was graduating from school the following year, and Hildegarde was now away at one of those easy-going schools in the country where horseback riding was the main feature of the curriculum.

The wisdom of this last step had been revealed by an examination given Hildegarde.

"Write me," said the teacher, "the twelve things you are sure you know."

In response to this Hildegarde had submitted a list commencing with Longfellow's Psalm of Life and ending in this piece of pure empiricism: A cockroach!

"Whatever can she mean by that?" wondered the teacher.

At last a light dawned on her. The science class had been responsible for it. Here Hildegarde had been asked to give an examination of this insect worthy of his position as a leading orthopterous citizen.

The result of this was that her father and Miss Finch decided to let her follow her natural bent, which was—briefly—a horse.

Yet Hildegarde was not a representative rich girl. She would have been just as likely to happen in any circle of life. The only proof needed of this fact was the high standing of her sister Marian. Marian, who was now sixteen, was, in fact, the kind of pupil who inspired her teachers to say: "The rich girl in our classrooms is just as interested and alert and resourceful as the girl who is brought up in a less guarded atmosphere."

Though, together with her maid and the one remaining governess, Mademoiselle Cauchois, the older Van Hook girl still lived on the fourth floor, she was already being trained for her flights into the outer world. This training came largely in the schoolgirl luncheons, which from time to time she was permitted to give in the big downstairs dining room. Here the girl was intrusted with the privilege of selecting her floral decorations, with the supervision of the menu and the seating of her guests.

In making out her lists for luncheons Marian always had conflicts with Miss Finch.

"What!" said the deputy mother one day, when looking over the list of guests invited to one of these luncheons. "You're not going to invite that Grafter girl, are you? What do you think of that, Mrs. Dulcimer?" And she turned to that militant lady, now staying in the house.

"Grafter!" screamed the old society leader. "Those dreadful people whose grandfather kept a pastry shop! Why, of course Marian can't have her! I declare these schools nowadays are nothing but derricks to pull *nouveau-riche* parents into society. Those Grafters have tried everything else and failed; and now this! Woodticks—just worming themselves in!"

Marian's supreme battle came, however, when she announced her intention of going to college.

"What!" exclaimed her father, looking dazed, as though she had just said she was going to a Tibetan monastery. "Oh, come now, Marian; what do you want to do that for? Well, well; see your grandmother."

The grandmother echoed Mr. Van Hook.

"What put such a notion as this into your head?" asked she.

"Because," said the seventeen-year-old girl, "I want to have an interest in life—not just this empty society round."

"Empty!" ejaculated Mrs. Dulcimer. "My life's been just about as empty as an automobile at a football game."

"But I want it to be filled with other kinds of things."

Grandmotherly Diplomacy

The old lady looked at her with her polished onyx eyes. In her long and successful career of keeping other people from doing what they most wanted to do she had learned one fast principle—always to yield the future. She wrapped it up now and handed it to Marian.

"Very well," said she gently, after a long silence; "I'll let you go to college—— Just wait; there's a condition: I'll let you go if you promise to come out next November."

The girl gave the promise with a light heart—one year was not very long to wait, after all. At eighteen, therefore, Marian made her début, and that same autumn Percival was sent away to school. The two events were about equally significant.

When it came time to leave, Mr. Rasher put out his hand and looked solemnly down into the boy's face.

"Good-by, Percival," said he. "Don't forget me, or what I've told you about those rich boys who made good."

The boy could not speak. He only gave one long look at the well-molded chin and the clear hazel eyes. It was as though he were committing to heart the beloved landmarks of a familiar scene, which he now might merely visit again. Freda, and now Mr. Rasher! It was too much. And the little ten-year-old boy, whose loves had all been salaried, whose communions were scattered like pollen before the wind, went to his room and cried. It was no wonder that already he had a deep conviction of the perishability of all relationships.

The school to which he was sent was one of the most fashionable of such institutions. This meant that it was one of the most simple. Pupils here were not permitted to have either motor or saddle horse. Even the democratic bicycle and canoe were tolerated only by special permission. All the boys were forbidden to leave the school boundaries. They could not go home for Thanksgiving; and even the legendary boxes from home were restricted to fruit.

Taken away from the stimulating curtains, removed from the ministrations of Tompkins, Percival slept now in a tiny room not much larger than a ship's cabin and curtained from that of his neighbor by a mere scrap of most "unimaginative" cretonne. For the first time in his life the boy now dressed himself and drew his own bath. Indeed, the sole relics of past pomp were the tortoise-shell toilet things, crested and initialed, with which Tompkins had stuffed his bag.

Percival Goes to School

Mr. Agley Rasher had cherished some hope of what Simpgelt might do for Percival; and, in a way, the hope was well founded. The school insisted upon a satisfactory scholarship. Its enrollment included a number of boys from families of comparative poverty. And in the classrooms absolutely no discrimination was made between poor boy and rich boy.

Mr. Rasher, however, had not counted on certain subtle discriminations. He had not counted, for one thing, on Mrs. Huckster Bluesang.

This lady, the wife of the head master, was round and dark, and as sweet as a chocolate cream; and she passed herself to only a favored few of the school's pupils.

Percival was doomed to be one of these few. When he was first received in Mrs. Bluesang's apartments she was standing on a handsome Bokhara rug, given to her by the richest member of last year's graduating class, and immediately in front of a vase of orchids, given to her by this year's wealthiest sixth-form man.

"And so this is Percival Dulcimer Van Hook!" dripped the lady, taking the boy's hand. "We are glad to have you, Percival; and I'm sure you are going to like it here."

"Yes, Mrs. Bluesang; I am sure I am," replied the well-bred little rich boy.

"I'll tell you what to do next Sunday—you come over to see me and we'll have a good time. I have a collection of butterflies that all my boys love—you like butterflies, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Bluesang," responded Percival enthusiastically; and the following Sunday he went.

When he got back to his corridor he dropped into the little room adjoining his. This was occupied by Norman Maldoon, an eleven-year-old boy from one of the New England cities. The son of a physician of that place, he had been brought up in comparative poverty; and the tuition at Simpgelt of one thousand dollars a year represented a great deal of pinching on the part of his parents.

"Where have you been?" asked Norman, turning round from his little chiffonier.

"Over at Mrs. Bluesang's. Why weren't you there? Say, she's got the daisiest collection of butterflies!"

The other boy gave his red hair a savage sleek. Norman's brushes were not real tortoise shell. They were celluloid and shabby.

"Why wasn't I there!" he repeated sneeringly. "Say, who do you think I am? My father isn't worth any fifty millions."

"Is mine?" asked Percival, turning wide-eyed to his neighbor.

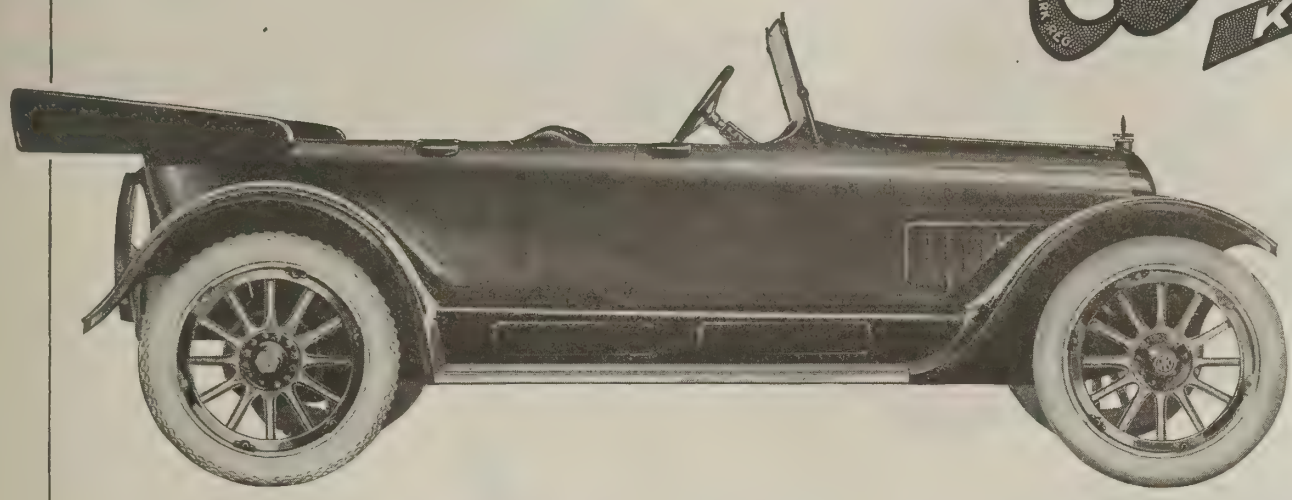
"Oh, come now; quit your kidding! Don't tell me you don't know."

"Honest!" said Percival, and he stared in bewilderment at that archipelago of freckles. "Who told you so?" he asked.

"Why, hasn't it been in the newspapers right straight along?—all about your thousand dollar party last Christmas; and the tree that had to be grown for you special,

(Concluded on Page 56)

Willys KNIGHT



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WILLYS-KNIGHT

Eight $1950

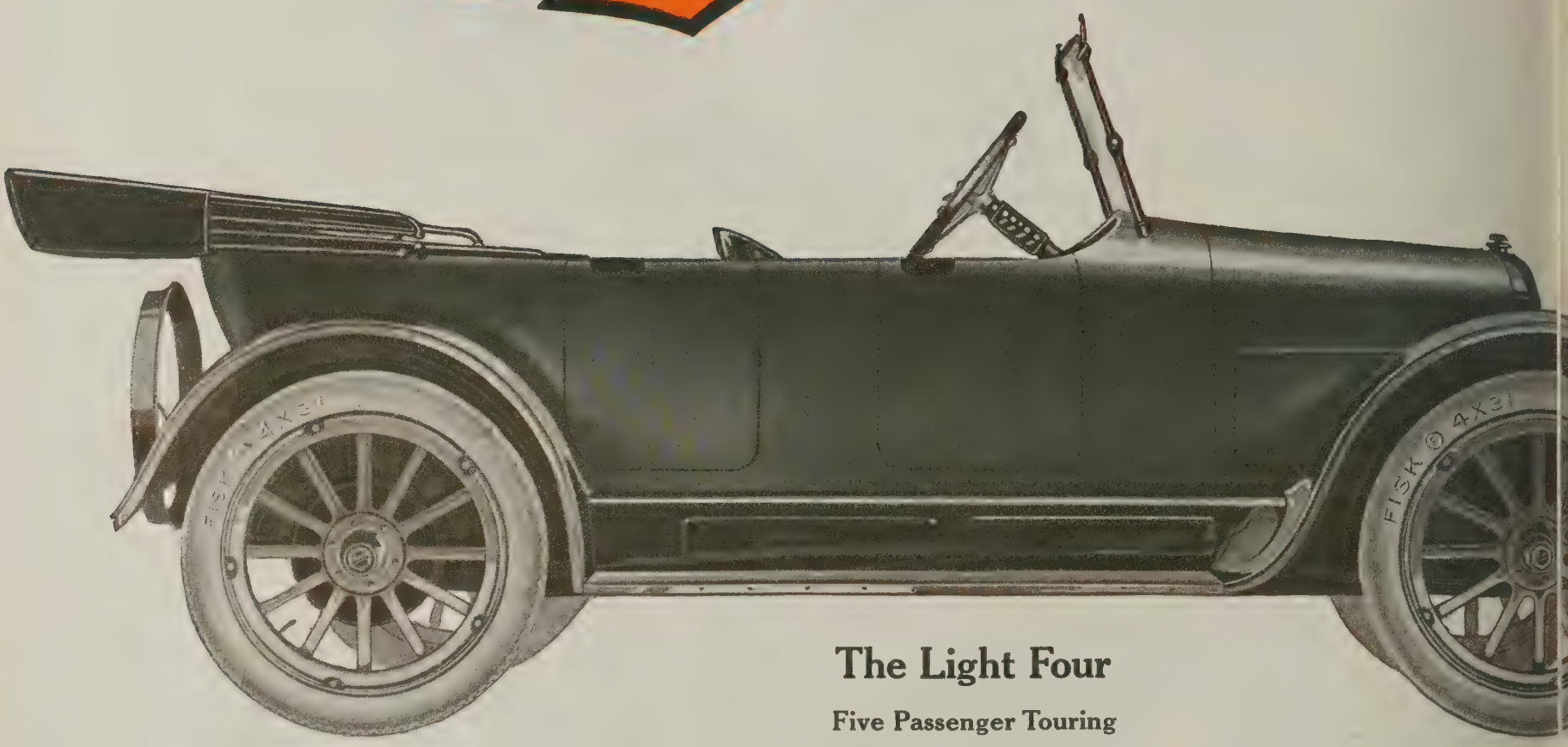
Seven Passenger Touring

Willys-Knight Four Coupé	$1650
Willys-Knight Four Touring	$1285
Willys-Knight Four Limousine	$1950
Willys-Knight Four Sedan	$1950

f. o. b. Toledo

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.



The Light Four

Five Passenger Touring

$665

f. o. b. Toledo

Specifications

Wheelbase 106 inches

4 cylinder en bloc motor with Helical Gear Camshaft Drive

42 inch Cantilever rear Springs

Auto-Lite Electric Starting and Lighting system

4 inch tires—non skid rear

Tillotson Carburetor

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One executive organization,
—*one* factory management,
—*one* purchasing unit,
—*one* sales expense,
—*one* group of dealers plan, produce and sell the entire line.

Buying power is concentrated. Costs are distributed over all these cars. The savings are enormous.

As a result we are producing cars of exceptional quality —and marketing them at unusually low prices.

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It has good style—built low with harmonious and full sweeping body lines. It is a beautiful car in every sense of the word.

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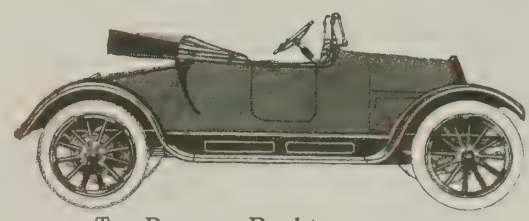
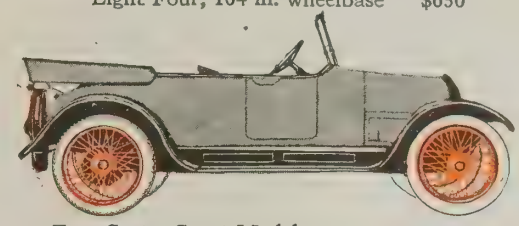
The Willys-Overland Co., Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Automobiles
"Made in U. S. A."

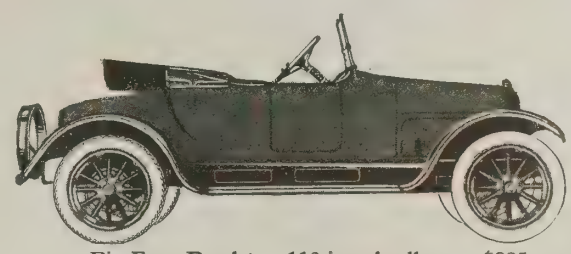
Overland



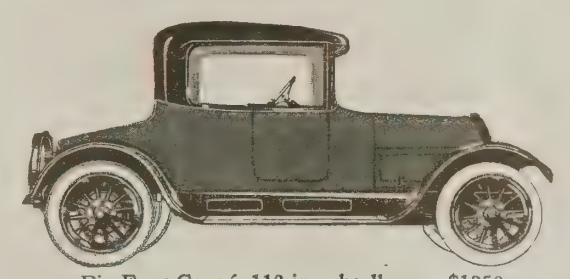
Two Passenger Roadster
Light Four, 104 in. wheelbase $650



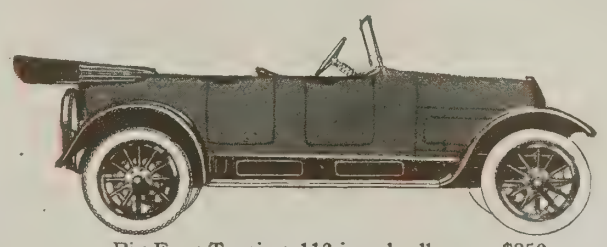
Four Seater Sport Model
The Country Club, 104 in. wheelbase $750



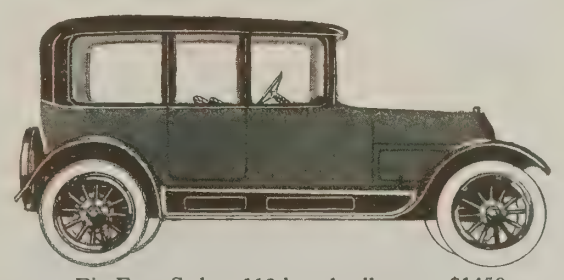
Big Four Roadster, 112 in. wheelbase $835
Light Six Roadster, 116 in. wheelbase $970



Big Four Coupé, 112 in. wheelbase $1250
Light Six Coupé, 116 in. wheelbase $1385

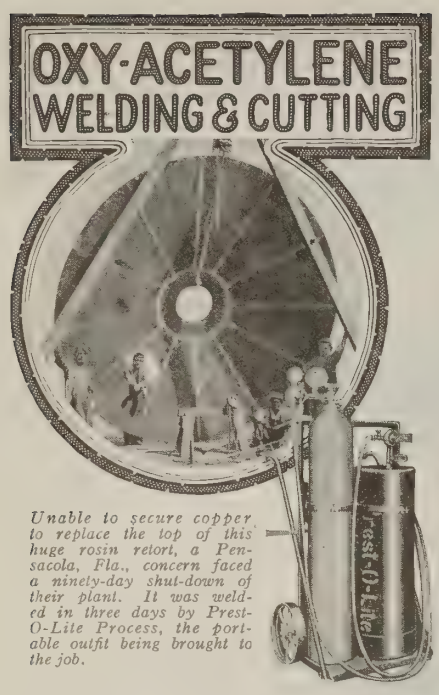


Big Four Touring, 112 in. wheelbase $850
Light Six Touring, 116 in. wheelbase $985



Big Four Sedan, 112 in. wheelbase $1450
Light Six Sedan, 116 in. wheelbase $1585

All prices f. o. b. Toledo



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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

(Concluded from Page 52)

up in Vermont; and the moving pictures you gave that night, which cost five hundred dollars; and all the expensive things you gave to your guests!" Each item came out with a whack of the brush. Norman was like the *tricoteuses* of the French Revolution, bookkeeping with their needles in aristocratic heads. "And how about that five-thousand-dollar cradle of yours they hunted all over Europe for? Do your six nurses and governesses and tutors still rock you to sleep in that?"

The well-bred little rich boy left the ill-bred little poor boy with an overwhelming bewilderment. They wrote about him in the newspapers! Perhaps boys and girls in Japan and Finland knew about him and his Christmas parties! What was that Mr. Rasher had said about being famous—why, here he was famous already, and without lifting a hand! And through the bewilderment ran a dizzy sensation of triumph. The preëminence all boys love was here, already prepared for him.

The breadth and depth of the triumph were all the greater because of their unexpectedness. Mingling heretofore entirely with children of his own class, he had never been the object of particular attention. At Bailey's Beach and Miss Leapton's everybody else had much the same apportionment as his own. The question of how much he was really worth had never entered his head. It had certainly never occurred to him that mere money could make him a hero.

In the course of the next few weeks, however, he was to be converted more and more to the general impressiveness of millions. One occasion, in particular, stamped him deeply. This was an incident arising from Simpgelt's rule to the effect that boys in the lower forms should not be given more than a quarter a week for spending money.

One Monday morning Percival, in company with Norman Maldoon, walked up to the head master for his allotment. Just in front of them a boy of twelve—Quentin Millrick, whom Percival had known all his life—was in conversation with Mr. Bluesang.

"Here you are, Quentin," said the head master finally; "here's your quarter."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, Mr. Bluesang," retorted the boy; "keep it for the canary bird's seed. I think I can get by on this." And, pulling from his pocket a thick roll of yellow-backed bills, he walked away.

"Gee!" remarked Norman to Percival some moments later. "Think of having all that money!" It was plain that he was dazzled, and Percival felt that his own prestige was endangered.

"How much is Quentin Millrick's father worth?" asked he suddenly of Norman as they walked over the campus.

The $100,000 Débutante

"Oh, 'bout ninety millions, I guess," said the careful tabulator of figures.

Percival felt, more than ever, that he had been beaten at his own game. He would write home for one of those sheaves of bills to show Norman Maldoon. And that moment there was born in the boy that competition in lavishness which was fostered by all his later associations.

When he arrived home that Christmas his sister Marian had been formally presented to society. This event had been highly endowed. The débutante's clothes, including an eight-thousand-dollar set of furs, a one-thousand-dollar wrap, and six sets of underclothes, made by Docile at two hundred dollars for each set, had cost twenty thousand dollars. Even more than this, too, had been expended on the great Arabian Nights' Ball which marked her entrance into society. This affair, like that of every fashionable and wealthy débutante, was given at Madeira's; and its background was tastefully composed of rugs, tapestries and Metropolitan singers.

For the Christmas celebration the Van Hook family always went to their country place on the Hudson. This year, as Percival sat down to the family dinner he looked curiously at his sister Marian.

"Is it true," asked he, "that father gave you a fifty-thousand-dollar string of pearls when you came out?"

"Why, Percival," cried Miss Finch, "what a vulgar thing to ask! Who told you such a thing?"

"Oh," said he carelessly, "a boy at our school; he read that Marian was called the hundred-thousand-dollar débutante. Tell me, Marian"—and he turned to his sister eagerly—"did you cost more than Quentin Millrick's sister?"

Marian gave a little laugh. She was now a lovely looking girl of eighteen, with the glossy gold and brown tints of a violin. To this resemblance the small head on the long throat, the slender line of the waist and the bounding curve of the body gave a final persuasion. And Marian was like a violin. She could be tuned to any key. Just as she had been absorbed by the life at school, she was plainly vibrating now to her new surroundings. Already the competitions and exhilarations of wealth were claiming her, just as they were claiming Percival. Her old grandmother had risked nothing in giving her the future.

Marian's adaptability was not by any means a chance thing. It was the product of a system of acceptance. All her life she had had education, amusement and travel laid out before her. It was not strange that now, when life offered her an unworthy and trivial program, she should prove just as tractable. In the close-companioned, dependent and weakening childhood of this system was found the reason why Mrs. Van Hook had submitted to her mother's will in giving up the young diplomat with whom she had been in love. It was equally responsible for Percival's easy acceptances.

Money, Money, Everywhere

During the next few years, it is true, Simpgelt showed no records of any failure on the part of the boy. There he was known as a fine, unassuming little chap, who was a good student and entered briskly into all the school activities. In spite of this fact, there was growing up more and more in the boy a consciousness of his separation from the rest of the world. This was particularly emphasized by his association with Norman Maldoon.

One day, when the boy was thirteen and in the third form at Simpgelt, he looked in at his neighbor pounding away at Cæsar's campaigns.

"I say, Norman," he asked curiously, "what are you going to do when you grow up?"

"I'm going to be a lawyer, first of all; but then I'm going into some big business. There's more chance to make money in business, father says."

Percival looked at the freckled face rather enviously.

"You want to make money?" asked he.

"Sure, I do!" He looked up at Percival. "What are you going to do?"

Percival looked rather vague.

"Oh," said he, remembering Mr. Rasher, "I don't know—I guess I'll be a politician."

"Betcha you never do a thing!" And the redhead stared up maliciously.

"Betcha I do!"

"What's the use? If I were as rich as you I'd never turn my hand."

In these first years the rich boy tried hard to keep the memory of Henry the Fifth and Frederick Barbarossa before him. They, too, had been blighted by money. Somehow, though, that was different. In those days people were fighting battles with money for something else. Here at Simpgelt all the poor boys were fighting, like Norman Maldoon, for money, and money alone. There was no Holy Land to restore; no kingdom to extend. And to battle for some vague ideal was much like fighting for a basket ball when everybody else was engaged in a scrimmage for á football. Such solitary aspirations were certainly the last thing for which his whole life—his life of being with somebody—had prepared him.

So, though he still had the desire to make something of himself, the boy somehow felt outside the combat. There was nothing to do but compete in lavishness with those boys whose background was the same as his own. As the result of this, Percival found himself at fifteen in possession of two cars—one closed and the other open—a special chauffeur; a motor boat, with a captain to run it; a sailboat, with a man to sail it; a valet; and some thousands of dollars' worth of clothes.

During the summer that he was fifteen Quentin Millrick, now one of his best friends, came to visit him; and in his honor Percival arranged a party for twenty boys and girls, all of whom were to motor over from neighboring estates.

"What are you going to give them?" asked Quentin when Percival was making the arrangements.

"Why, must I give them something? I hadn't thought of it."

"Oh, I'd give 'em some little trifle—the whole thing oughtn't to cost you more than four hundred. That's about all I spent on a party last week; just gave the girls card-cases and the fellows gold stickpins—that's all."

"But," stammered Percival, "I've overdrawn my allowance something fierce and I don't believe father would stand for it."

"That's easy," said Quentin cheerfully; "just go up to town and order them, and charge them to the office. Your father will never even notice it."

Percival hesitated for a moment.

"Oh, come now, Perc," urged his friend, "don't be such a boob! Say, I pulled a good one off on mother the other day. I asked her for seventy-five dollars, to go into town with Old Beetles, my new tutor; and—say, there wasn't a thing we didn't do, from the roofs down to Marie Doro's eyelashes! Right straight along Old Beetles had been footing the bills, and when we got home he asked me for the seventy-five. 'Not on your life!' says I. 'You'll get that over my dead body—no other way. You can just charge that up to the office.' Wasn't that a good one?"

Before this courageous and crafty Greek, how could the memory of Mr. Rasher prevail, any more than the faded rose in your album against the brand-new June? Mr. Rasher and Freda—both of these affections of the boy were pressed flowers, that was the trouble. They represented only isolated and solitary roses—not the garden of family affection, blooming on from one phase of development to another. And in the lack of that steady and accompanying source of affection and ideals the boy's will tumbled. He pressed the button there in his bedroom. The competition in lavishness was on.

The Grafter Girl Wins

Nobody came in response to the bell. He rang again—furiously, petulantly. At last one of the footmen appeared.

"Order Stiles," said he; "I want to go into town."

"Yes, Mr. Percival," replied the man, in his summer livery of whipcord. "The open car, of course, sir?"

"Of course."

A few moments afterward Miss Finch came into the room where the two boys were talking.

"Percival," said she severely, "I wish you wouldn't ring the bells so furiously. It makes such confusion. I've told you about it often."

The sulky-looking boy stared at her insolently:

"And I've told you often that I think we've got the slowest servants in New York. Why don't you get somebody who hasn't housemaid's knee?"

After that the boys motored into town and charged five hundred dollars' worth of gifts for the party. On their return they found the house in confusion. Even as they drove up to the door, in fact, both of Percival's sisters—now married to wealthy men—ran out between the two footmen.

"Oh, Percival," cried Marian, "we've just had such frightful news—a cablegram from father ——"

"Dead?" asked Percival stoically.

"Married!" shrieked both sisters; and they drew him into the living room.

"Married!" he gasped. "Who to?"

"That dreadful Grafter girl!" said Marian—"the one I used to go to school with. Grandmother was always fighting me about having her to luncheons; she said she was a dreadful climber."

"If she hadn't been she never would have married father," commented Hildegarde pleasantly. "Past fifty, and with that red face and fat tummy!"

"Why, she's young, then!" Percival's face grew white. "She'll have ——"

"Of course," said Hildegarde; "a warren of them!"

"Tough luck, old man!" said Millrick, grinning from the corner. "Never mind; you'll probably get the most of it—eldest son, you know. They don't generally like to cut the estate up into breakfast food."

"You don't know father, then," said Percival; "he's a regular fool! Anybody can get round him—can't they, Hildegarde?"

"Indeed they can!" chimed in both girls.

"Well," said Percival, "I'm done for!" And, with the tremendous rage of having his competition in lavishness suddenly cut short, he stalked out of the room.

It was for this noble emotion that the Sforza cradle, the careful nurses, the deputy mother, the Persian forms, the numerous lessons and the guarded atmosphere had preserved Percival Dulcimer Van Hook.

THE NEW ENGLISHWOMAN

(Continued from Page 22)

That is one of the reasons why the improvement and care of child life has interested me so much; for infants are the potential citizens upon whom England will have to depend in her period of reconstruction."

Lord Northcliffe, who before the war was looked upon by the suffragists, militant and otherwise, as a living menace to their cause, has been completely won over by the marvelous war work done by England's women.

"The war enthusiasm, which has killed all sorts of social amusement, which has converted young men and maidens who thought that golfing, lawn tennis, lunching and dining were essential to life, has effected what I believe to be a permanent change in the British life outlook," Lord Northcliffe told me. "I do not for one moment believe that when this terrific upheaval is over the frivolous life of hotels and seaside resorts will ever return.

"The war has proved that women are able to accomplish much more than was ever expected of them. I will take one case in point: For many years the London telephone service has been the stock joke of Londoners and visiting foreigners. To-day, by actually timing all calls, it is as good as any I know of, despite the fact that the masculine element has been completely eliminated from its administration.

"War seems to have the faculty of increasing human energy to an extent not hitherto conceived. The young women you see acting as car conductors were probably last year engaged in handing out ribbons; to-day they are taking fares for eight or nine hours a day and seeing to it that they are properly paid. The wages are ten or eleven dollars a week. They are provided with well-managed restaurants for themselves, rest rooms and medical attendance, and have proved to be every bit as efficient as men. To such an extent has this become the case that men are now ashamed to be seen doing this kind of work, and will all explain to you that they have been either wounded or discharged from the army.

"You will find no men—except very old men—acting as floorwalkers in stores, for example. Women are found to be quite as capable. Such work as running the dining cars on railroads is now in the hands of women, and is most effective. These, however, are small tasks compared with those of running the gigantic munitions factories we have established all over the country, which are employing between a million and a million and a half women; and it is interesting to note that there is competition among them to get the dangerous work."

The End of Class Distinctions

"We are not a very demonstrative people. Very little has been said about all these immense and intricate changes; but the fact about the war in its one-hundred-and-tenth week is that, while raising an army of five and a half millions, we have maintained our export trade at almost the highest figure it has ever reached. This is due to two reasons: First, the patriotic rush of women into every sort of occupation which could help the war and thus relieve men for the many tasks for which they are physically unfitted; and second, the command of the sea enables us to sell our goods to any people desirous of buying them.

"The war has broken down class distinctions in a way that nothing else could have done. Who, two years ago, would have imagined that wealthy young Mr. Jones would be serving as a private under a man who at that time was acting as his golf caddie? I know a lieutenant colonel, twice wounded and mentioned in dispatches, who two years ago was the janitor of an apartment house and had no more knowledge or thought of war than the average man has of the management of wild animals. In two years we have created an absolutely democratic army, and one whose obstinacy and tenacity, combined with the intervention of the British fleet, constitutes Germany's most gigantic blunder—that is, the blunder of Von Bethmann-Hollweg, consisting in not realizing that these vast forces would be put into opposition to the German schemes of the acquisition of Belgium, France and Russia.

"A great many people are worrying themselves about after the war, and what is going to happen to all the women now doing men's work. Well, we have found out that a great many men have been doing women's work. Lots of young men in your country who read this would soon find that if they did the sort of work they are doing in the United States in any of the war countries, their existence would be rendered impossible by the attitude of women. A very nice young American soldier, who was in London lately but of course not able to wear uniform, being an officer in the United States Army abroad—told me he simply could not stand the stares and whispered comments of women on the streets.

"All our banks are being run by women clerks. I do not think any young man will be able to take up that sort of work any more. My own bank, which is as old as the United States, has found that women clerks are quite as able as men. Men club servants have had their last day. The whole races of butlers, footmen and flunkies have gone. Each day sees a disappearance of some of John Bull's most cherished institutions. The butler seemed the most firmly intrenched man in the land two years ago. To-day the manservant who has enlisted, and goes home from the trenches on two or three days' leave, expresses very volubly his sentiments that he will 'never do that sort of work any more.'

"What will become of these young soldiers? Many of them will return to the business in which they were, but not in clerical capacities. They want to be higher up or have land of their own. Statistics collected lately as to what the young soldier at the Front wants when he comes home show that he wants land; and that fact I imagine will lead to a complete upheaval of landlords—not only in England but in the whole world. The Canadians and Australians are laying themselves out to catch these lusty young gunners and trenchdiggers; but we do not mean to let too many of them wander from the old country; and I have no doubt that very attractive propositions will be offered to retain them."

The Husbands of the Future

"The war has seen the practical disappearance of the horse as a source of amusement. The war has seen the checking of such games as football and cricket to an immense extent, and I do not believe they will ever be revived on anything like the scale we had them.

"Instead of people disliking soldiering, it has been found that, with all its hazards and horrors, war is a game that young people really like. Those who are now preparing for the struggle are so eager that they fear they may not arrive in France or elsewhere in time for a battle. The war has shown that women can run hospitals quite as well as men. Gardening is essentially a feminine occupation—and why not? Women operate elevators quite as well as men. Women are quite as good chauffeurs as men. Tradesmen's delivery wagons will, I am sure, never again be driven by men in England. A girl of eighteen can do it quite as well as any man.

"When these changes first began, the men did not like it. They felt that they had been robbed of a good deal of their importance. Many a man goes from his suburban home at Newark, Orange and Paterson, leaving his womenfolk in the delusion that he is going forth to do some wonderful task. Many men went forth—for generations, indeed—deceiving Englishwomen in the same way; they know better now. They know there is not much mystery at the end of the ride.

"As for husbands in the future, I imagine that, though there are not enough husbands to go round in Great Britain, there are probably quite enough in the vast areas of the British Empire, such as Australia, New Zealand and Canada. I believe the war will result in a much more speedy development of Canada. I have always thought that Eastern Canada was never sufficiently developed; and when the young people went from Eastern Canada to the West they left behind them ample opportunities for people who prefer ready-made farms to the task of breaking up the new soil of the Far West.

"The terrible depletion of the aristocracy, all of whom have lost numberless of their stock, is akin to the losses they incurred in the Wars of the Roses and the Civil War of 1640; but history has proved

(Concluded on Page 61)

Dyneto Factory in 1896

growth!

TWENTY years ago, the Dyneto "factory" was a little, frame—well, there's a picture of it up in the corner. Not much to look at, perhaps, but nevertheless almost sacred in the memory of those pioneers who pooled their time and talents there in serious, constructive industry.

Nothing succeeds like a successful idea. You can get some notion of the success of the Dyneto idea when you consider that the Dyneto Electric Company has moved five times since 'ninety-six—each time into larger, better quarters.

Dyneto STARTING-LIGHTING SYSTEMS

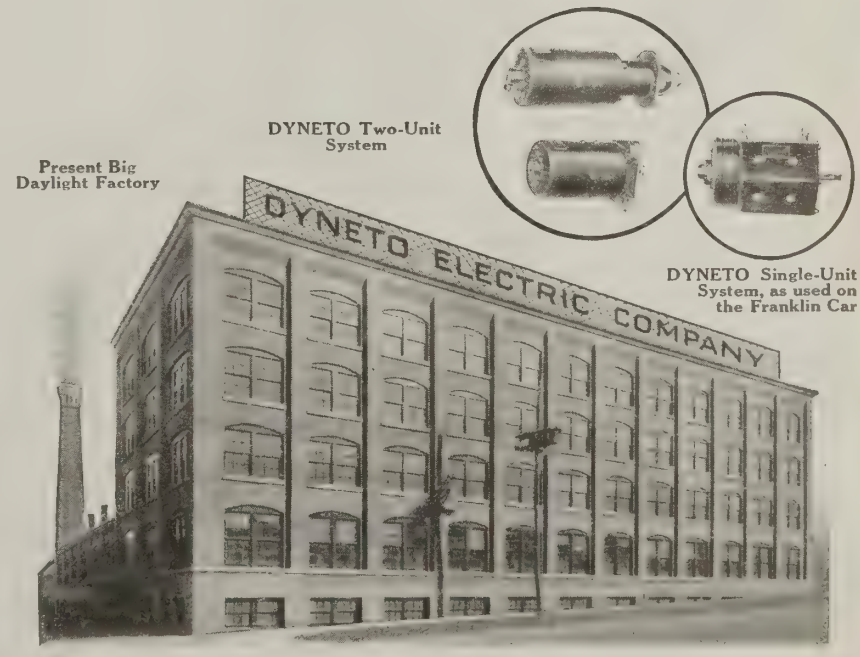
have become standard equipment on many of America's foremost motor cars. The big, new factory at Syracuse is running night and day on orders in hand for Dyneto Starting-Lighting Systems and Dyneto Electric-Lighting Plants—the simple, compact, make-your-own-light-and-power plants for farm, suburban and isolated places.

A starting-lighting system can make or mar the modern motor car. It is the very *heart* of the whole works. A car equipped with Dyneto Starting-Lighting is pretty sure to be a car that is efficient all around—a safe car to buy.

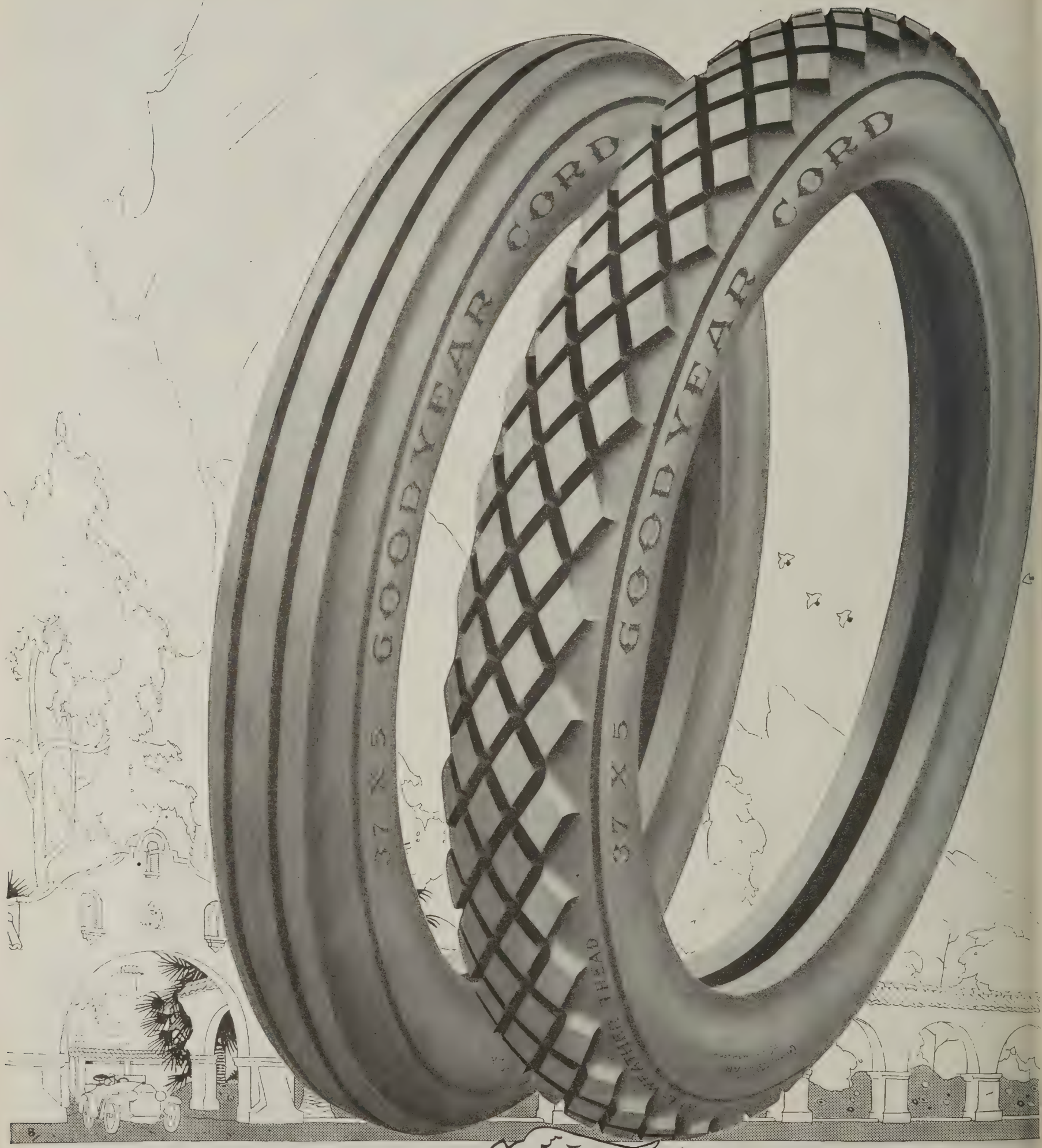
You cannot be too particular about the starting-lighting equipment. It is very, very important.

DYNETO ELECTRIC COMPANY

Syracuse, New York



Mission entrance before the Glenwood Hotel, Riverside, Cal.



GOODYEAR

AKRON

BOTH TIRES ARE GOODYEAR CORDS

Contrary to an impression more or less widespread, the Ribbed tread is not an infallible identification of a Cord tire.

The tread, as a matter of fact, has little to do with the separate and peculiar advantages the Cord tire affords—it is the shield upon the warrior, that is all.

We use two types of tread on Goodyear Cord Tires—All-Weather and Ribbed—and the basic tire-structure in both cases is the same. Both types surface a Cord tire affording all Cord tire advantages.

The All-Weather tread, which is our own design, we have found particularly effective on rear wheels.

Studded with big, rugged, clean-cut blocks, it grips the earth like a panther's paw, exerts the maximum tractive effort, and offers obstinate resistance to side-slip or skid.

Its double-thick construction grudges even slow wear to the thrust and drag of starts and stops, and in connection with the powerful carcass, prevents most punctures.

The Ribbed tread we use, of European design, has no pronounced non-skid virtue, and we recommend it rather for use on front wheels.

It is particularly advantageous there, in that its narrow ground contact makes steering easy. Like the All-Weather tread, though not quite to the same extent, it is thicker than is the rule, hence it also wears longer and prevents punctures better.

Both Goodyear treads have a part in the superiority of Goodyear Cord Tires, but the major causes of that incomparable performance which sets them apart from other types, spring from a deeper source—from sharp differences in principle and construction.

Goodyear Cord Tires are made of thousands of tightly-twisted long-fiber cords, densely strong, built up into a carcass layer by layer, without cross-weave.

These cords are surrounded by pure rubber, veritably upholstered with it, and the layers are insulated one from another by a substantial cushion of pure rubber. The cords move freely in the tire without contact, without friction, and their multiplied strength is knit to the unhampered elasticity of the rubber itself.

The result is a tire amazingly strong, surpassingly resilient and astonishingly efficient—a Goodyear Cord Tire.

A tire that travels stoutly, exultantly, securely—and in utter comfort.

A tire that serves better, goes farther, and lasts longer.

A tire that, while luxurious, also is economical; while distinctive, also is thoroughly serviceable; while livelier and swifter, also is more enduring.

Goodyear Cord Tires, because of their unusual flexibility, reduce gasoline consumption and engine effort, increase acceleration and car speed, defend car and occupants from strain and road-shock.

Because of their unusual strength they yield more mileage, greater ease of riding, wider freedom from trouble, delay and inconvenience.

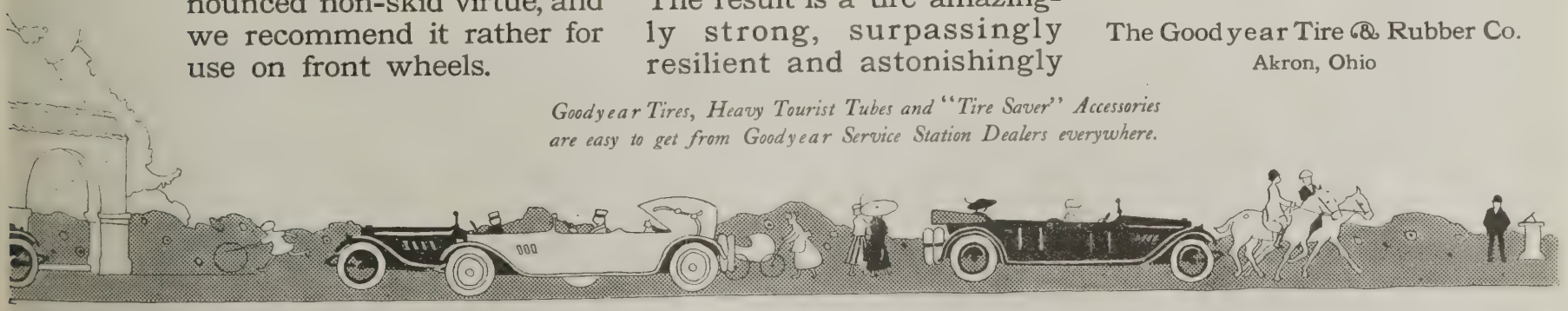
They are, in a word, the peak and zenith of tire accomplishment — abler, sounder, worthier than anything that has gone before.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and ***better.***

Goodyear Cord Tires come in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, in both All-Weather and Ribbed Treads, remember; for gasoline and electric cars.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.



CORD TIRES

Oakland

The Sensible Six

Sturdy as the Oak

A Great Car from every standpoint — that's the country-wide verdict on the new Oakland *Sensible Six.*

It's a big car — a roomy car — a car of *sensible* operating cost — one that any member of the family may drive with ease, pleasure, comfort and safety.

Its performance is a little short of astonishing. On the hills or in bad going the powerful, valve-in-head motor climbs and pulls in a way that delights even the veteran driver.

And in easy-riding quality, the *Sensible Six* is a revelation. The long, semi-elliptic springs and oversize tires smooth out the roughest going.

From every standpoint the *Sensible Six* is a *great big value* at the price. Send for our new booklet.

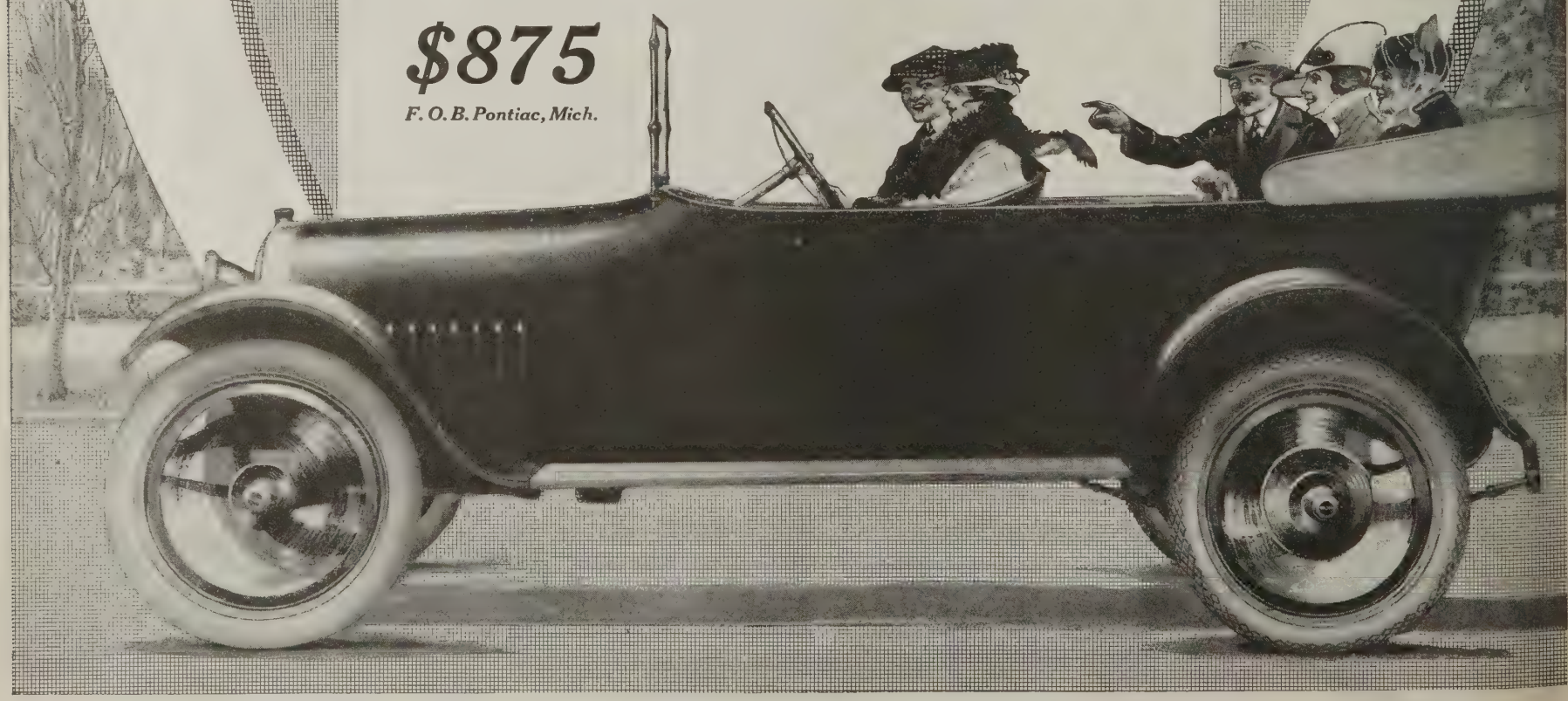
The *Oakland Eight* at $1585 is a big, powerful 7-passenger touring car for those who demand the utmost in speed, flexibility, and luxurious appointments.

(40)

OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY, Pontiac, Mich.

$875

F. O. B. Pontiac, Mich.



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hat strong family strains survive. You ave certain dominant family names in our country, and I imagine that our dom- ant families will regenerate. They were he first to dash into the war, thus showing heir virility; and I imagine that the vital orces left in their kinsmen will revive these amilies, just as I most firmly believe that, ith all its tragedies, the war has been a ery splendid awakening for the British eople."

The Viscountess Wolseley, whose family s one of the oldest and most historic in her and, has already done for the young women f England something of which she is ustly proud. It is the establishment of er school of gardening at Glynde, in East ussex, where young women from the well- o-do middle classes are being taught prac- ical farming and gardening in order to take he places of the men who have been taken way from the land by war.

"My school has proved a great boon al- eady to our country, and the demand for omen gardeners is far beyond the supply. Queen Mary only recently sent to me for ive gardeners for Buckingham Palace and Windsor, each, as no men are being kept in ome service of any sort who can be turned nto soldiers. I believe that the land, and ts cultivation, is England's best asset, next o munitions, at this time; and no young oman can better serve her country than by becoming a practical gardener. We need ood, we must have it, and the land must roduce it; so I am using every bit of my ime and thought upon getting strong, ealthy girls in all parts of England to be- ome interested in truck and other garden- ng, and in the culture of medicinal herbs, and in fruit growing. There are, to-day," Lady Wolseley says, "fifty thousand women registered already in England as women workers on the land."

New Conditions and New Methods

"A tremendous upheaval in method is ahead of us; and where perhaps we were indifferent before the war to the freedom and practical educational methods em- ployed in the United States, in its woman education, we shall find ourselves glad to profit in our own training by your methods," added the viscountess.

"I believe that such methods will be adopted in England after our war is over. We have been wrong in our training of girls. They—particularly girls of the upper middle class—have been brought up with the ideal of no work, and equipped with an education that means nothing to them, based upon a standard of economic valua- tions. This war, with its terrific loss of men, and with women becoming of necessity independent of man protection, shows glaringly the faults of an educational sys- tem that makes no provision for the voca- tional and professional training of our own women of the upper classes; and it is to those women that England in the future must look for her best assistance in work- ing out after-war problems. I have been for years imbued with the idea that our upper middle-class girls could be trained to useful occupations, and it was for that rea- son that, many years ago, I founded The Glynde College for Lady Gardeners. Our work has now come to be recognized; this war has proved the need of special voca- tional training. I can say that I have had more demands for women gardeners than we have been able to supply; and at excel- lent wages too."

Many fear the effect of the changed economic status of women of the lower and lower middle classes of England after the return from war of the men left, to again take their places at desks and positions they occupied before they enlisted. It will indeed be a problem, which cannot be ar- ranged either by committees or by Acts of Parliament. Women in the mass have, for the first time in their history in England, proved their power, their efficiency; and they have felt that strength which comes from wages sufficient to give them food, clothing and shelter, without the aid of man. Will they give up these positions and go back to the less- than-living wage that was theirs before war made havoc of all in- dustries operated in all branches by man labor?

After talking, as I have, to representa- tive women in every class in England, I should say no. The war has given woman her opportunity—she has proved her efficiency in places where male prejudice and usurpation have deprived her heretofore; and not only will she demand a higher economic compensation but she will demand better educational advantages, bet- ter economic equipment, and more definite understanding of her place in the political, social and economic life of her land. This position, taken by the lower classes, is al- ready making itself felt throughout the web and woof of all English life.

"What are we going to do after the war?" a great English lady asked me, throwing up her hands in dismay. "Why, at the present time, with our maids taking the places of our butlers and footmen gone to war, they have developed an impertin- nent attitude hitherto unknown in the serving classes. But what can we do? If we are not satisfied with them—why, off they go; and it is no easy matter now, with all the girls looking for lucrative places in munition factories, as conductors, as post- women and as telephone girls, in our big cities, to get women who will be satisfied with the wages that are given to maids and household servants!" she exclaimed.

"What of it?" another equally great English lady—Lady Henry Somerset—asked. "Why should working girls be satis- fied by underpaid positions and by waiting on ladies at a time when ladies' occupa- tions are gone?" By "ladies' occupations" Lady Henry Somerset intends to convey the "empty babbling and remorseless show" of former London fashionable life, with its court presentations, extravagant balls and dinners; its week-end house parties, given over to license and untold luxury; its "shooting" weeks; its Derby week; its annual routine of just one pleas- ure after another. She, like hundreds of other splendidly poised men and women of England—the clear-visioned scouts, as it were, of the army of social reconstruction—is thinking into the future, but accepting the now with fortitude and philosophy.

Though Lady Somerset once lived in the most fashionable section of London, in a great house, she now lives in a tiny studio, tucked away in Gray's Inn Square, in Hol- born, London; and last spring even that little apartment was almost swept away by a Zeppelin raid, when its living room, bed- room and dining room were completely de- molished. Her son, heir to the great title, is now at the Somme Front, doing his bit with the rest of them. And yet Lady Som- erset works away at the war job with the same beauty and dignity that in other days marked her as one of the great hostesses of London, and of the "Priory," where King Edward was wont to spend his Whitsun- tides.

Lady Somerset's Views

Said Lady Somerset: "There have been, in the past, too abrupt distinctions between the classes, which war will in a large meas- ure do away with; and it will be a splendid thing for England that this is so. Women of the protected upper classes will have to face a future which may mean they will have to go out into the economic world. There will be thousands of women left widows, and other thousands whose chances of marriage will be gone. This is a very big problem, with many serious sides. Just what will be done is largely a matter of conjecture; but it is something we shall have to face squarely.

"Our women have it in them to do, as this great war has proved beyond conjec- ture. They have proved that, thus far, they can be trusted with the vote if their future conduct keeps up to its present high mark. Women must learn discipline. If they do not burst out with demands, if they will only keep quiet and let their works, in- stead of words, speak, there is no doubt of their recognition in the matter of suffrage after the war, I am convinced. But they must keep themselves well in hand, for otherwise their present conduct will not count for them in after-war decisions."

The question of education is one Lady Somerset believes of vast importance to the women after the war:

"There will be a different attitude, I be- lieve, toward woman's education, to meet the demands of the new conditions. It will be more practical and vocational. To-day a woman of the upper classes and the upper middle classes is in great need of definite vocational training. Whatever talents and capacity she has cannot economically be of the highest value to the war or to the country."

As for after-war England, Lady Som- erset believes that much of the pomp and splendor and formality of the present sys- tem will vanish.

"The chastening influence of war—the terrific loss of life—will be felt in every cir- cle; and most keenly in the upper classes, where nearly every family has lost or will have lost so many of its men. Social condi- tions can never revert to the careless, easy footing of former years, for such suffering and loss cannot leave us without a deeper, clearer vision and a more definite idea of the essentials. It is so easy to forgo the rou- tine of pleasures that existed before the war. This has been proved by the past two years of practically suspended social life in this country. All the sorrows and losses will make, in the end, for a finer manhood and womanhood, with the delusions of the non- essentials swept from under. It is from the women of the morrow that England must expect much—and, I believe, can expect much," said Lady Somerset.

She is firmly convinced that the breaking up of the great land holdings, which will be one of the first radical measures to be dealt with by the government after the war, will be the best thing that can happen:

"Our soldiers must have land; it is wicked—worse than foolish—for us to hold on to these great estates for selfish pleasure; land so rich in future promise to thousands, and which is only enjoyed by the few at the present time. This in itself will remake England socially; and we, with England's best interests at heart and with confidence in her future, hail the day."

Mr. H. G. Wells' Forecast

In summing up the status of English- women after the war, H. G. Wells says:

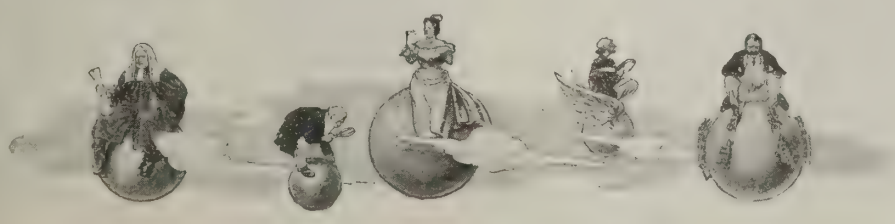
"In every way the war is accelerating the emancipation of women from sexual specialization. It is facilitating their eco- nomic emancipation. It is liberating types that will inevitably destroy both the 'at- mosphere of gallantry,' which is such a bar to friendliness between people of the opposite sexes, and that atmosphere of hostile distrust which is the counterpart in the minds of the oversexual suffragettes. It is arresting the change of fashions and simplifying manners.

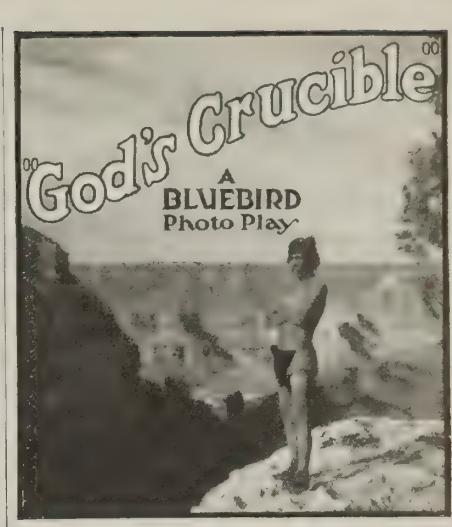
"Once, to be married was a woman's whole career. Household cares, a dozen children, and she was consumed. Now to be married is an incident in a woman's career, as in a man's. Nor will there be much wealth or superfluity to make levity possible and de- sirable. Winsome and weak womanhood will be told bluntly, by men and women alike, that it is a bore. The froufrou of skirts, the delicate mysteries of the toilet, will cease to thrill any but the young men.

"Marriage, deprived of its bonds of ma- terial necessity, will demand a closer and closer companionship as its justification and excuse. A marriage that does not ripen into a close personal friendship between two equals will be regarded, with increasing defi- niteness, as an unsatisfactory marriage. It is likely to be an affair of diminishing public and increasing private importance. People who marry are likely to remain, so far as practical ends go, more detached and separable. The essential link will be the love and affection, and not the home.

"And a type of marriage where personal compatibility has come to be esteemed the fundamental thing will be altogether more amenable to divorce than the old union, which was based on the kitchen and the nursery, and the absence of any care, edu- cation or security for children beyond the range of the parental household.

"This war is accelerating rather than de- flecting the stream of tendency, and is bringing us rapidly to a state of affairs in which women will be much more definitely independent of their sexual status, much less hampered in their self-development, and much more nearly equal to men than has ever been known before in the whole history of man- kind."





Staged and Photographed in the Grand Canyon of Arizona

YOU who love the fascination of Na- ture; who love the charm and grandeur of the great outdoors of the Grand Canyon region; you who believe in smiling cour- tesy and good will as against crabbedness, sourness and hatred,— will fully appreciate the appealing and unusual BLUEBIRD Photo Play— "GOD'S CRUCIBLE."

This remarkable and typical BLUEBIRD Photo Play will give you the greatest possible dramatic entertainment. It is more than a drama; and its presentation is possible only on a moving picture screen.

It's a
BLUEBIRD
Photo Play

The scenes laid in the Grand Canyon are be- yond description; the play itself wonderfully directed, splendidly act- ed. We urge you to see it. You will enjoy it immensely.

Be sure also to see the following BLUEBIRD Photo Plays—"THE BU- GLER OF ALGIERS"—"THE EAGLE'S WINGS"—"THE SIGN OF THE POPPY"— "THE PRICE OF SILENCE" —"THE HONOR OF MARY BLAKE"—"THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY" (from Dick- ens' immortal classic, "A Christmas Carol"). Watch for coming BLUEBIRDS announced in this publication each week.

BLUEBIRD
The Plays The Thing
Photo Plays

1600 Broadway, New York City

If it's a BLUEBIRD it's got to be good

Real Worth

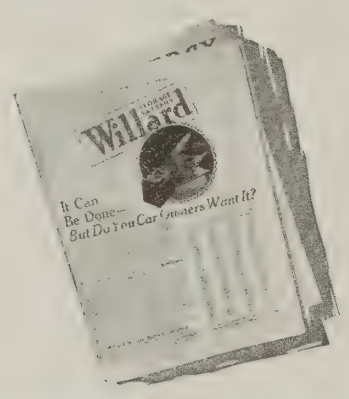
"What is it worth?" is often confused with "What is the price?" by those who do not think deeply.

But worth is a term indicating intrinsic quality, honesty of materials and construction, reliability in performance.

Price is purely relative, depending on temporary considerations—it is low when labor and materials are cheap, high when they are high.

Willard advertising has been first to tell car owners frankly what constitutes real worth in a battery, and why it cannot be cheapened without jeopardizing car owners' satisfaction. Willard Batteries have never been built to meet a price but to preserve that intrinsic quality, no matter what the temporary cost of rubber, lead or labor.

Over a million Willard Batteries in use indicate public approval of that policy.



Proper Care

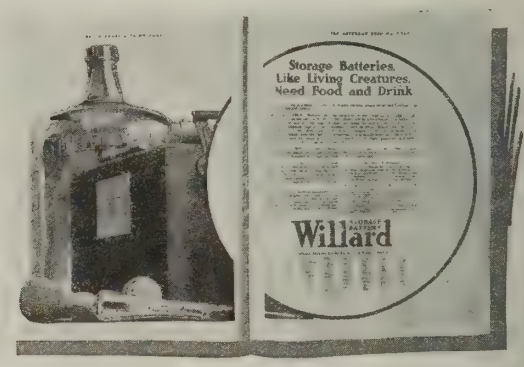
Batteries must not only be well built, they must be well cared for. Fortunately this care is not difficult, nor does it require much time on the part of the owner.

But it does imply some knowledge of the operating of a starting and lighting system, of the causes of battery troubles and how to avoid them.

Willard advertising has been the first great national campaign of education by which car owners have learned these things.

It has already brought about a better understanding of the storage battery and saved car owners thousands of dollars that might otherwise have been spent for unnecessary repairs and replacements.

Below is one of many Willard advertisements that have given real information to millions of car owners.



Will

Expert Help

Even the best of batteries with the best of care will wear out some day.

Even the best of starting and lighting systems will sometimes get out of order and injure the battery.

Even the most careful of car owners may sometimes make unreasonable demands on his battery.

Then he needs expert help, for service by the ignorant or the amateur is often worse than no service at all.

Therefore, Willard maintains Service Stations at which are Willard-trained experts, able to give reliable advice, competent to charge, repair or rebuild a battery.

If every new car owner would visit the nearest Willard Station *as soon as he gets his car,* without waiting till he has trouble, batteries would last longer.

And this is, in fact, becoming common practice.

The Result

Year after year the overwhelming majority of the builders of Electrically Equipped Cars include Willard Batteries in their regular equipment.

Abbott-Detroit
Am. La France
Anderson
Anger
Apperson
Armleder
Austin

Bell
Brockway
Bull Moose
Burford

Case
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Commerce
Crow
Cunningham
Cutting

Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day-Elder
Denby
Detroiter
Dixie Flyer
Dodge Bros. Motor Car
Dort
Drexel
Drummond

Eagle-Rotary
Elcar

Empire
Excelsior

Federal
F. I. A. T.
Fostoria Light Car
Franklin
F. W. D.

General L. C. E.
Gersix
Glide
Gramm-Bernstein
Grant

Halladay
Haynes
Herff-Brooks
Hollier "Eight"
Houghton
Hupmobile

Imperial
Inter-State

Jones

King
Kissel-Kar
Kline
Knox

Lane
Lexington

Liberty
Lippard-Stewart
Locomobile
Lozier
Luverne

McFarlan Six
McLaughlin
Maccar
Madison
Marion
Marmon
Martin
Meteor
Metz
M. H. C.
Mitchell
Moline-Knight
Monarch
Monitor 4-30 6-40
Monroe
Moon

National
National Motor Truck (Canada)

Old Hickory
Overland
Owen Magnetic

Packard
Paige
Patterson

Pathfinder
Peerless
Pennsy
Pratt
Premier

Reo
Republic
Richmond
Riddle
Roamer

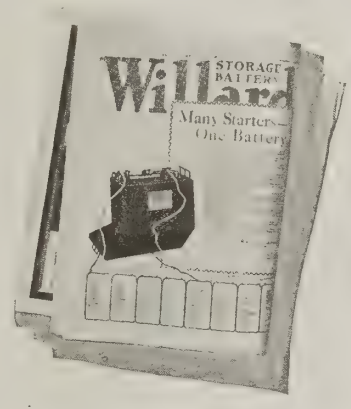
Sayers Scoville
Scripps-Booth
Simplex
South Bend
Spaulding
Standard
Stanley
Stearns
Stephens
Studebaker
Stutz
Sun

Thomas

Velie

Westcott
Willys-Knight
Winton

Willard Storage Battery Company
Cleveland, Ohio



STORAGE BATTERY

Lard

THE PIKER'S MARKET

(Concluded from Page 4)

broker's insurance, for whether the order is to buy or to sell, it cannot be executed usually on the Exchange until the odd-lot broker on the floor has sufficient odd lots in hand to make up one 100-share transaction. If he hasn't, the price may change long before he has, thus entailing a loss.

This market has seen the development of the odd-lot margin business. The older, more conservative of the brokerage houses look down on it, but the business is growing rapidly. One house that started in with a single seat on the Exchange and a capital of a few hundred thousands now has seven floor members employed in its trade, while its capital is rated in the millions.

The stories that come out of these places are epic. Nothing illustrates any better the fact that all the country's pikers are piking away in the market—that is, all those who already haven't gone broke. The stories, of course, deal largely with those dabblers who have run a shoestring into a fortune; but if one digs a little deeper, the tragic side of Wall Street gambling develops much more fully. Fortunately, however, there is enough that is humorous to leaven this.

One of the stories is about a man who early last January came down to an odd-lot house in lower Broadway. The man, it developed, was the driver of a beer truck. He was six feet tall, weighed more than two hundred and fifty pounds, and besides his accent, which was so thickly Teutonic you could have cut it with a cheese knife, he brought with him a hundred-dollar bill.

The Philosophical Truck Driver

The bill was ragged and frayed, looking as if it had been hoarded for years in a stocking. He wished to buy stocks, he said. When asked to state what stocks he wished to buy he answered artlessly he didn't know. All he did know was that he'd heard millions were to be made in Wall Street; therefore he wished to make them.

He was advised to buy Crucible Steel. Crucible, at the time, was low for the year at 52¾. Promptly Crucible went up. After it had gone up nearly ten points the beer-truck gentleman came round again. He wished to know about pyramiding, it seemed. The same man who had told him about making millions in Wall Street had revealed also that pyramiding was the way it was done. So by request the brokerage concern not only explained, but it carried the method into effect.

It proved very successful—at any rate, for a time. The truck driver found himself possessed of more money than he'd ever had in his life before; and resigning his job he took quarters for himself at a Broadway hotel, bought a motor, and, since he had himself run a motor for a living, he now hired a chauffeur to run his.

For three months he lived high. Every morning his chauffeur brought him downtown and at night he took him home. Then came the turn—the inevitable. There was a brief, momentary flurry in the market; and as the dabbler had pyramided too closely, paring down his margin to the danger point, the market in an hour cleaned him out. Not only that, he was left owing the brokerage concern something like $1100. However, having discharged his chauffeur, he sold the car for $1400, this paying the brokers as well as his hotel bill and leaving him with just $100 net.

A Shoestring Worn Thin

"Vell," he observed, when one of his fellow dabblers tried to condole with him—"vell, I got my hundred dollars yet, ain't it? And for three months I have a swell time, don't I?"

He is now back at his old job again, driving a brewery truck.

Stories like these, however, are not exactly the favorites in Wall Street. Instead, one hears on every hand tales of men who have made a killing, a knock-out. To be sure, most of these stories, on investigation, prove to be exaggerations; but still there are hundreds, if not thousands, of ordinary persons who have made fortunes in the last two years. Some of these—not a few—have made as much as a hundred thousand dollars on a shoestring. One man, a former clerk, is credited with having cleared $750,000 on a preliminary capital of $350. It can be done, of course; but the fact remains that the $750,000 winner already has dropped two-thirds of his winnings. The game is getting him, you know—getting his money—as in the end it always does. The fact is that for every dabbler who takes a dollar out of Wall Street, another hundred, perhaps a thousand, dabblers leave a dollar behind.

In one of the odd-lot houses there is a curious case. The dabbler in question was formerly a lawyer. The game got him, and giving up his law practice he transferred himself to the brokerage shop. In six months he was cleaned out, all that was left him of a former capital of $3000 being the margin on five shares of Steel Common on which he happened to be short. As also it happened, that he still had this was due to an error on the part of the margin clerk. Instead of having margin enough to cover his trade in reality he owed the firm $25.

"Don't close me out," he pleaded; "give me till to-night to make it up."

The leeway was given him, and that evening he came in looking rueful. He had been able to borrow only $75, and since he owed $25 and the management required a twenty-point margin on Steel, his margin was still shy. The management, however, stretched a point and let the account stand. Since then this dabbler has run his shoestring of $50 close up to $50,000, and there is a fair chance he will get away with it. Why he may is because he has few illusions. He himself will tell you the market always gets the dabbler in the end; and to provide against this, every week he draws out of his brokerage account every cent of profits above the $2000 or so he requires to margin his trades. The profits he gives to his wife. These she salts away in her own name; and as he himself has told her: "If you die in the poorhouse now, it'll be your own fault."

In this same office there is another instance of a dabbler who got away with winnings. The client was a scrubwoman, employed in the building where the broker's office is. She had been there long enough to get a smattering of Wall Street talk and methods; and one day she appeared with a roll of bills—$150 in all. The amount represented her savings for years.

"Scrubwork ain't no business for a lady," she announced. "I want to win enough to open a manicure parlor."

She invested the $150 in International Nickel and won. The winnings she put into Steel Common. She won in that too. "In Harlem," she said, "there's a place I c'n open for $1200. When I get that much I'll quit."

Beginners' Luck

To cut the story short, she made the $1200; and when she quit, as she said she would, she delivered herself of the following terse oration:

"Never again will y' catch me here again! Divvle a night's sleep have I had these three months gone! I'd rather earn me money on me knees next time!"

A doctor from Brooklyn is one of the same firm's clients. He came to the place with a shoestring of less than $500, saying that he wished to speculate and frankly confessing he didn't know one stock from another. Having looked over the board, he gave an order to buy ten shares of Republic Iron & Steel. The reason he chose the stock was because its initials on the quotation board—"R B C"—were the same as his. His guess was lucky. Republic rose, and in time he ran his shoestring into a profit of almost $40,000. Then came the U-boat panic last September; and his account, which at the time was heavily pyramided, was swept away overnight.

In the same flurry a young Cuban, a sugar planter, was among the dozens in this office who were caught. In three weeks this individual had run $30,000 up to $150,000. The day before the crash the manager of the office begged him to cash in. He refused, however, saying that he meant to run his profits up to a quarter of a million. In ten minutes after the opening, the Monday following that Nantucket business, he was wiped out clean.

It may be said, perhaps truthfully, that these stories are exaggerations, that they are only individual experiences. At the same time, grotesque as they are, they are by no means exceptional. Every brokerage office, if it sees fit, can hand out a hundred like them. Even in the bigger, the more conservative houses, where odd-lot marginal trading is frowned upon, the same condition exists. The bulk of the trading is being done by outsiders who have no business in Wall Street. They may trade in hundred-share lots or they may even trade in thousands; but the difference between these and the shoestring odd-lotters is only in the size of their trades. The number of those among them who have any real knowledge of what they are doing is negligible.

There is other evidence of this. To-day, in the financial quarter, most of the big investors, the real people with real money, seem inclined to put the bulk of their wealth into solid, conservative securities. What they fancy most now are the rails. The speculative crowd, however, hoots at this. In one group of accounts totaling 15,000 shares were only 350 shares of railroad stock. The rails, in fact, when contrasted with the industrials, the war brides, war babies and their ilk, seem almost neglected.

When the Ticker Lags

Just what this mass of indiscriminate speculation is doing to the stock market machinery is also evident. On December 4th no less than 264 listed securities were dealt in. The ticker, as a result of this, is often minutes behind the market. On November 6th, for example, it was twenty minutes behind the current quotations on the Exchange. When the market is steadily climbing, this does not matter so much, the truth being, as the Wall Street adage has it, that "the suckers always buy." All that happens is that they pay more for what they buy; but in a feverish market more than one dabbler has been cleaned out because the ticker was behind.

There was a case that illustrates this the day Baldwin Locomotive took to cutting up. The ticker that day was far behind the market; but when Baldwin showed at 120 the dabbler in question ordered the broker to buy. Instantly the stock ticker began to clack and splutter furiously, a mass of quotations showing on the tape. In a few minutes the price soared to 150⅛, when the dabbler gave the order to sell. He figured that his first order, at the worst, must have been filled round 130, and the order to sell anywhere round 145. What actually had happened, though, in the few minutes he hung over the tape, was that he'd bought at 150¼, the extreme high, and sold at 133—a loss of 17 points. He was cleaned out. The brief flurry had swept all his money away.

This fever of speculation, the thirst for money, that just now has the market by the throat, is not confined, however, to the market on the Big Exchange. It also is present on the Curb. Copper stocks have been the favorites, though stocks like Electric Boat, Midvale and Gulf States Steel have also shared in popularity. Where the most money has been made on the Curb—and, incidentally, lost as well—is in the Copper stocks.

As this is written raw copper, the metal, is selling round 33 cents a pound. The result of this has been that a vast number of copper securities, many of them the stock not of mines but of mere prospects, have been handed out to the public. The majority of these are destined to fail, but along with them have come a dozen or more that have proved to be "killings"—that is, the means of making fortunes overnight.

Soldiers Make a Peaceful Killing

United Verde Extension is the most sensational of these. In 1915 this stock sold at 80 cents a share. To-day it is selling round $42 a share and it has sold as high as $46.50. Magma Copper is another. In the same period it has risen from $15.50 a share to $69.50. Butte Copper & Zinc, selling at $5 in 1915, is now held at $21 a share. Tuolumne, issued at 50 cents this year, is now quoted at $2.50; Howe Sound, at $4.50 in 1915, is $9 at the moment; Calaveras, at 75 cents a year ago, is $6 now.

Green Monster is still another. It is said that the soldiers, the militia stationed on the Mexican border, made a killing in this, buying the stock at 70 cents a share. It is now selling round $3. However, all the copper stocks mentioned here have had something back of them. Contrasted with these there are a hundred fly-by-nights buzzing round on which the buyers are bound to lose all they've spent on them. The Curb management has of late been cautious about what stocks it will permit trading in, but even so, just as in the Big Exchange, manipulations and crooked deals sometimes get by.

How long this market will continue rising—any of these Wall Street markets, for that matter—this article does not pretend to forecast. It may last out the war, as some prophesy; or, on the other hand, it may not. Even in brokerage houses, whose biggest business is in margined accounts, the tone of talk is cautious. No one, in fact, seems able to forecast anything. There is so much money already in the country and so much more is in sight, already rolling in, that there is little use in forecasting just what will come about.

"Will the market last out the war?" one broker was asked.

"Don't ask me," he answered, "ask the war."

The general opinion, however, is that the end will come when the war ends. Before that, however, there is likely to be more than one raid made against the market as it now is going.

Already that active inside speculative interest ever present in Wall Street has begun to raid the public. A recent deal in the stock of one of the big industrial companies is an instance of this. There is still another instance in the stock-jobbing deal attempted by the interests in control of another manufacturing concern.

Take the first job: On the market's preliminary bulge, that of 1915, the company's stock rose from round 28 to very nearly par. Part of this was due to healthy prosperity, a part to manipulation. Round par, however, the interests that control the concern sold their stock and bought the company's convertible bonds. These, it should be understood, are convertible at any time into stock, so that the insiders stood in no danger of losing control of the concern. However, what they figured was that once their support was withdrawn, the stock's market value would contract. The bonds, though, even if stock support were withdrawn, would still hold their own. They might go down a few points—say five or so at the most—but then, what difference did that make?

Manipulation by Insiders

It was all as planned. The insiders, all directors in the concern, sold their stock and once their support was withdrawn from round par the stock sagged to a low level of 54. At that point the insiders reversed the operation. They sold their bonds and again bought the stock. To-day shares in that particular company are selling round par; and once more the inside coterie is leaking out its holdings and converting them anew into bonds.

The case of the other company is rather different. At the outset of the present market all the stock was held privately by the owners. It was a good stock then; it was earning good dividends; but the trouble was that the owners couldn't stand prosperity. Not satisfied with what they had, by a carefully conducted campaign they ran the quoted price to a point above $300 a share. The problem then became how to feed out the inflated issue to the public. As no stock selling as high as 300 and over looks good to the public eye, par value of the security was reduced from $100 a share to $25 a share. The quadrupled issue was then reissued at an arbitrary price.

For some reason the public didn't nibble. Consequently, as a fresh bait to make it bite, the stock being then on a 12 per cent dividend-paying basis and no one wanting it even then, a fresh dividend was declared, this consisting of two stock bonuses of five per cent each. To-day this company is still leaking out its stock. Sad to say, however, it is not doing so well as it expected. From the underwriting price its stock has sagged to about one-half its first price. It should reach, presently, a figure that the public considers represents its true value.

These two instances are each but single cases. A hundred could be cited. However, what alarms Wall Street the most—the real Wall Street, the big interests that control finance—is not the amount of stock-rigging deals that are going on. Instead, the source of their fear is what is going to happen.

A GLIMPSE OF MAXWELL MANUFACTURING EFFICIENCY

MANUFACTURING efficiency consists, not in speeding up the processes to the detriment of the product—but in eliminating all waste of time and expense in manufacturing. The progressive final assembly in the Maxwell factory at Detroit is a demonstration of the efficiency that characterizes the making of Maxwell Cars from raw material to finished product.

The various parts have been made—ready to be composed into a motor car. Each part is so accurately finished that it will fit into its place as well as any other similar part. It must be so or the rapid work of assembling the car, as it passes from one group of workmen to another, would be impeded.

A frame is first placed upon the rack, which moves along a few inches per minute. Paint is sprayed upon the frame before it passes through a drying oven—then it is ready for other parts to be built around it.

At one station the axles, springs and wheels are added—then the engine swings into place—next the radiator—now the transmission—wiring—steering gear. Soon the chassis is complete—it has taken just 15 minutes.

Meantime, the body has been moving slowly along a similar track. Part by part has been added until it is complete. At a given point bodies and chassis meet and are united, making the complete car ready for testing and shipping.

The Maxwell plan of assembling cars would greatly increase the cost per car to a maker of few cars. But considering the large volume of our business—almost 600 cars a day—it produces enormous savings, insures an almost perfect product and materially aids in making the Maxwell *"The World's Greatest Motor Car Value."*

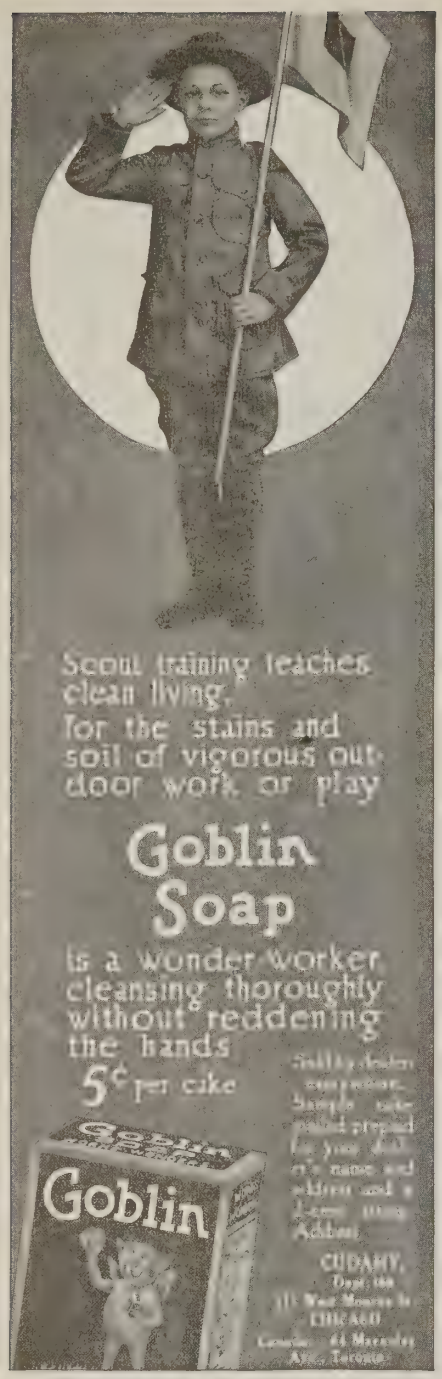
MAXWELL ENCLOSED CARS: Sedan, $985; Town Car, $915; Cabriolet, $865. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. All models completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.

IN CANADA: Touring Car, $850; Roadster, $830, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario

Touring Car $595

Roadster $580

Maxwell Motor Company Inc. Detroit, Mich.



THE GUIDE THAT KNOWS ALL TRAILS—
that shows you how to go—and come back in a straight line, that is never "all turned around."
The Only Guaranteed Jeweled Compass at $1.00.
Ask your dealer to show you the Taylor-made line of Compasses—Leedawl, $1.00; Litenite, $2.00; Meradial, $2.00; Aurapole, $2.50; Ceebynite, $3.00. If he cannot supply you or will not order for you, remit direct to us. Ask for Compass Folder or send 10 cts. for book, "The Compass, the Sign Post of the World."
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Business Fashions Change

By FRED C. KELLY

IT USED to be that a man who was a seller of goods was also a buyer—of food and drink and entertainment. To-day the professional buyer is just as likely—maybe a little more so—to buy for the seller, as for the seller to buy for the buyer. The old-fashioned salesman proceeded on the assumption that anybody who bought stuff from him was bestowing a personal favor and should be fussed over accordingly. Yet, when you stop to think about it, if an article is worth having, and the price is right, why is not the buyer of it just as much under obligation to the seller as the seller to the buyer? The man who buys the article prefers it to the money he pays for it, else he wouldn't take it.

I knew a young man once who was a bit of a soldier of fortune. He had a habit of running out of money at inopportune and unexpected places. On one of these occasions he had to choose between eating at cheap restaurants at his own expense and eating at high-priced hotels at the expense of somebody else. He picked the latter course, inasmuch as he felt at home—so he told me—only in an atmosphere of more or less grandeur. The cheap places jarred on his tender sensibilities.

His first step toward having his meals bought by others was to go to the Public Library and read up on the technical points of certain kinds of high-priced machinery manufactured in that city. Equipped with this information, he called up the head salesman of a big machinery concern and asked the salesman to call at his hotel. He gave out the impression that he was representative of a big firm in another city, which was in the market for such machinery.

He contrived to have different salesmen take him to dinner—and even to breakfast—for three or four days, until he got ready to leave town.

The point to all this is that this gracious grafter might have more difficulty in working a game like that at the present writing. He might have to go and get in line and endure a long, irksome wait before he would have a chance to talk with the head salesman. A man selling an article of real merit is often so busy just now in pacifying customers who are complaining about slow delivery that he hasn't any time left for entertaining prospects.

New-Style Motor Selling

A good example of this is in the automobile industry. Only a dozen or so years ago a great many automobile salesmen were somewhat the same type as wine agents. They were affable entertainers, and it was not unusual for them to abandon hope of selling a man a high-priced car unless they could do so when his mind was not altogether clear. To-day, if you buy any of several autos, you will probably try to work a personal pull with the agent in order to get more prompt delivery than some other customer. The chances are that you will not even ask for a very elaborate demonstration, but will buy on hearsay—that is, on the general reputation of the car. A great many autos—even of the higher-priced makes—are sold over the telephone, just like butter and eggs or any other staple commodity. No one expects his grocer to come round and buy him a drink before landing an order.

Just a few weeks ago a friend of mine determined to buy himself a small auto. He thought the thing over a long while before making up his mind, and the proposed purchase was discussed in his family until it naturally took on a lot of importance. It marked an epoch, in a way, such as when he got married and the time he bought his home. The passage from the pedestrian class to the automobile class was no trifling event. So, when he went to the marts to buy, he felt that he had coming to him a great deal of deference.

"I'm thinking," said he to the agent of the car he had selected, "of buying a car."

"All right," agreed the salesman pleasantly. "If you place your order to-day I might be able to get you delivery inside of a month."

He was courteous enough, but he talked in an offhand tone as if he had been saying:

"Will you take it with you or shall we send it round on the afternoon delivery?"

"I should have had a lot more fuss made over me," remarked the customer in telling of the incident, "if I had been buying a lawn mower, or even a good wrench."

When the Buyer Buys

However, the change of attitude is not so much on the part of the seller as on the part of the buyer. There is just as much selling competition as there ever was—probably more; and that is why the buyer has come to look at things from a new angle. A great many lines of goods are bought by professional buyers, and the professional buyer is the fellow who first saw the light. He found that being entertained or palavered over was costing him money—too much money. He decided that he was being played, as the saying is, for a sucker.

The seller entertains the buyer in order to place him in rare good humor and get him to buy at the highest possible price. The buyer awakened to the fact that in the long run he himself was paying for all meals and theater tickets provided by the genial and urbane persons who had things to sell. Inasmuch as he was paying the bill, then, why not appear as the host and get credit for the outlay, and make capital of it for his own purposes?

There was a chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the House of Representatives at Washington, not so many years ago, who used to give dinners to various dignitaries, sending out invitations in his own name and getting all credit for the entertainment, but assessing the cost among the various members of the committee.

This was, in a way, what used to happen and doubtless still happens between a great many salesmen and buyers. The buyer is entertained until he buys enough goods to pay not only for the goods but also for the entertainment.

John J. Hicks is head buyer for a great retail establishment in a Middle Western city and goes to New York several times a year to buy goods. He got a great deal of pleasure out of these trips East. What with theaters and dinners and automobile rides and one thing and another they formed bright little spots in his busy life. His host at a great many of these nice little parties was Max Izzent, or some such sounding name as that. Somehow or other the store Hicks bought for was never able to make much profit out of the goods it got from Max Izzent. Yet a rival store up the street sold a lot of the same line of goods; and from the way it pushed them, it looked as if it was making a good deal of money out of them.

John J. Hicks tried to buy the goods cheaper, but without success. He became convinced that the buyer from the rival store up the street must be getting them cheaper, else he would not have bought in such large quantities. Hicks also noticed that the rival buyer hardly ever accepted hospitality from Max Izzent. He therefore took a size-up of the situation—and bought some theater tickets. He bought them from a speculator at a fancy price, and they were for a show that was selling out, mostly, two weeks in advance. Then he went to the telephone and called up Max Izzent.

"Max," says he, "a friend of mine from Omaha was called home on account of the serious illness of his old Aunt Ella, and he gave me some tickets he had managed to pick up a week or so ago for The Cerise Nightie, up at the Juckandpudge Theater. I've been wanting to see that show, Max, but I don't want to see it unless I can have some good fellow like you along. Will you join me?"

Now Max had been taking Hicks to theaters, but that was purely a matter of business. Here, on the other hand, so it seemed to Max, was Hicks taking him just because he enjoyed his company. That was really quite flattering. He thought more of Hicks than he ever had before. Hicks was a good old scout, so he declared to himself, to prefer his society to that of anybody else in New York.

Up to that time Hicks had never felt like quibbling over the mere matter of price with Max Izzent after Max had been so hospitable toward him. Now, however, all this was changed. He was doing something for Max, which made him have a rather patronizing feeling toward Max. He could talk to him in fatherly fashion and tell him frankly that his prices were too blamed high! The consequence is that since then he has been buying things from Max for at least thirty-five per cent less than he ever did before.

Hicks Learns Diplomacy

Hicks learned the advantage of making a personal hit with the men from whom he wished to buy and winning their warm regard, instead of merely permitting them to ingratiate themselves upon him. One man with whom he had been dealing had recently built himself a big home over in a bleak section of New Jersey. Hicks found that the man was itching to entertain somebody in this fine new home, but it was so far out that his New York friends were slow to come. So Hicks drew him into conversation about nice places to live, and the man naturally fell to talking about his new house in Jersey.

"Sounds mighty good," remarked Hicks. "Why don't you ever invite me over there? You know how I hate the confusion and bustle of New York."

"Come over to-night!" exclaimed the salesman with enthusiasm, slapping Hicks on the back.

And Hicks went. It paid him to go, not only because he could do business with the man on a much more advantageous basis thereafter but because of the real pleasure it gave his host. In this instance the obligation all went toward Hicks, even though the other man was doing the entertaining. He felt grateful to Hicks for giving him an opportunity to show off his new house, just as a child is pleased when anybody seems to show a genuine interest in his newest toy. Hicks was a man more familiar with the social graces than the salesman himself, and the visit flattered him.

That's a Beautiful Graduation Announcement, Daughter—

and I notice it is made by QUAYLE, the same engravers and jewelers who made my own commencement announcement more than thirty years ago.

College, school and social leaders are usually particular to see that announcements or invitations for occasions of moment are engraved (on QUAYLE paper) by

QUAYLE & SON, Inc.
Steel Engravers & Jewelrymen
Albany, N. Y.

Better be sure that your invitation or announcement is exactly appropriate for the occasion by ordering it direct from QUAYLE.

The QUAYLE stamp has appeared on class day, graduation and wedding announcements, on graduation rings and class pins for some forty years.

QUAYLE quality GREEN GOLD is exclusive and extremely popular this year for Class Emblems of all kinds.

QUAYLE engraving and jewelry is sold only through QUAYLE salesmen direct to the user. Your money back, of course, if you are dissatisfied for any reason.

SHS 17

QUAYLE

The National McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association, Youngstown, Ohio

announces as ready for sale the Souvenir Gold Coins authorized by Act of Congress and passed unanimously in February 1916. The Coins are a beautiful design, containing on one side a fine portrait of President McKinley and on the reverse side a picture of the building.

Remit Three Dollars to The First National Bank of Youngstown, Ohio, and you will receive in return one of these coins by Registered mail.

FACTORY to RIDER

Saves you big money. Buy direct. Get a dependable bicycle and save money. RANGER BICYCLES in 44 styles, colors and sizes. Greatly improved; prices reduced. Other reliable models, $14.75 up. WE DELIVER FREE to you *on approval* and *30 days' trial* and riding test. Our big FREE catalog shows everything new in bicycles and sundries. A cyclopedia of information which every person should have. Write for it.

TIRES, lamps, wheels, parts and supplies at *half usual prices*. A few good second-hand bicycles taken in trade, $3 to $8 to clear.

Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you write and learn our *wonderful new offers*, low prices and liberal terms. A postal brings everything. *Write now.*
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. H-55 CHICAGO

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

A shift in buying and selling practices seems to be taking place slowly. Understand, I do not mean that there has been a complete change—a revolution or anything like that. But there is a difference. There is one class of buyers, however, who still expect to be carried about and fussed over with considerable éclat; and these are the buyers from the smaller towns, who are usually also the owners of the establishments for which they buy. They are a little behind the professional buyers from the big cities in finding out the advantage of entertaining the other fellow instead of letting the other fellow entertain them.

There is another vast advantage the professional buyer has over the small-town merchant who does his own buying: He is so much more concerned with various other details of his business that he gives little thought to whether or not he shall buy a certain lot of stuff until a smart salesman drops in on him.

Then what chance has he? He must match his wits against the salesman, who is a specialist at talking people into buying things, whether needed or not. The salesman has been practicing on his line of argument for weeks. There is scarcely a loophole of possible escape that he hasn't thought about scores of times in advance. The merchant, on the other hand, has to combat these selling arguments with such a line of defense as he can rig up on the spur of the moment. And this is not so easy as one might think. The chances are that the merchant will fall a victim to the salesman's cleverly worked-out conversation—and will overbuy.

I asked an old, experienced salesman once why so many retail enterprises sooner or later fail. Without a second of hesitation he declared:

"It's because they do not buy with sufficient care."

He went on to say that the smaller the town and the smaller the business, the more likely the storekeeper is to overbuy. Go into almost any small country store and you will find a large percentage of goods which are practically worthless—stuff that the proprietor couldn't sell in a hundred years, except at a loss. If you were to investigate, the chances are that you would find this percentage of useless stock growing smaller and smaller as you looked into bigger establishments, until in the case of a great department store there is practically no dead stuff on the shelves at all.

The trouble is that most of the business education has been along the line of selling. There are schools of salesmanship and talks on salesmanship and magazine articles about salesmanship, but right offhand I cannot think of ever having read a treatise on how to resist expert salesmanship.

The Tact of the Hat Clerk

A high-grade salesman was endeavoring one day to obtain an order from the head of one of the leading department stores in Pittsburgh. The two were warm personal friends, yet the salesman could not get his order. He finally gave up, somewhat in disgust, and the two got to talking of other matters.

"What," asked the salesman, "do you regard as the chief secret of your success?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Boggs, "it is being able to resist a man like you. Here we are, old friends; you're a gifted salesman and your goods are always the very best of their kind. It is always a strong temptation to buy from you. But I don't need anything from you at the present time. So I must say 'No.' Except for my ability to say 'No,' I should have been on the rocks long ago."

A once-successful publisher brought a great magazine to financial ruin a few years ago for that very reason. Every time he saw a clever manuscript he could not resist buying it. Before long he had thousands of dollars tied up in manuscripts stacked away in his safe. He could not have used them all in fifty years.

A big improvement has crept into the selling end of most retail businesses in the past few years. Men who sell goods from behind the counter are vastly more clever salesmen than one used to find. There are a good many obscure-looking men working behind counters who are so efficient in their quiet way that they can earn four thousand or five thousand dollars a year. They do it by selling rapidly.

A poor salesman, working on salary and commission behind a hat counter, for instance, would take so long to sell the average man a hat that his total commissions at the end of the year would be small. But to-day, if you go into a high-grade store to buy a hat or a suit of clothes, the chances are that the first hat or suit the salesman shows you will be the one you finally buy. There will not be any need to look much farther. The salesman, if he is a good one, will size you up and know just about what you want. If you have on a black felt hat he may assume that you want a change and will show you a hat of lighter color. If you have a full, round face he will not show you a hat with the kind of brim that would overemphasize the full-moon effect. And he will be careful not to insult you by showing you a hat much cheaper than the one you have been wearing.

"Let's see," says he, reaching out for the hat you have on; "what size do you wear?"

While you're telling him that you wear a seven-and-an-eighth, he is turning back the sweatband as if looking for the size; but in reality he is looking for a price mark and taking an inventory of the general quality of the hat.

If he showed you too cheap a hat you would not only feel somewhat insulted but would question his ability to find anything in his stock to satisfy you. It would be apparent that he was simply showing you hats at random. Offering you too expensive a hat would also be a mistake, as it would make you feel uncomfortable—as if you had got into a store out of your class. You would decide that they took no interest in the wants of the humbler customers. The smart salesman gives out the impression that the kind of hat you want is the very kind they make a specialty of—the kind they find most pleasure in selling.

Time and again I have gone into a store and bought the first hat the man showed me. I learned by experience that if I took time to look at others I should probably prefer the first one anyhow.

How Sales are Speeded Up

It used to be that buying a suit of clothes was an afternoon's job. First, it took a long time to find a suit that would fit. Then you discovered the suit which satisfied you in that respect was too high-priced or too loud in pattern. To get all the desirable qualities in one suit required a lot of looking and a lot of wearisome trying on. And, from the store viewpoint, it was costly—because it required more salespeople. To-day a good clothing salesman is supposed to have enough intuition to know at a glance just what the customer's wants are, and to know his stock so well that he can go at once and lay his hand on the very suit the customer will buy.

It is the same way with shoes. Instead of hauling out nineteen varieties of shoes and getting you all confused, the clerk guesses about what shape you want. Or perhaps you have told him what number in the window display most appealed to you. And, instead of asking you for your size, the clerk measures your foot.

In the case of a woman customer this is particularly wise, for a woman will often try to make herself think she wants a smaller shoe than she ought to have. Then her feet are uncomfortable and she nurses a feeling of malice toward the shoe store. The clerk knows that the size one's feet can be comfortable in will vary somewhat according to the width. So he goes quietly and picks out what the woman ought to have, while she is quite content in the assumption that he is picking out a much smaller size than he really is, and that her feet are dainty and *chic* to a wonderful degree.

It frequently happens that one can buy the same shoe at a lower price in one store than in another; but nearly always there will be a difference in the service, to offset somewhat the saving in the shoes. In other words, the tendency is that service and value in different stores will average up about alike. You go into a high-priced store and usually a clerk comes at once to wait on you, and stays faithfully with you until the ordeal is over and you have made up your mind which pair of shoes you will make your own. But you enter a store down the street, where you can buy the same shoes for, say, a dollar less, and the chances are that one clerk will be waiting on about six people, hopping from one to another like a Swiss bell ringer. He takes off one of the new customer's shoes at once—so that if the customer gets tired of waiting he won't leave. Then, as soon as he can

(Concluded on Page 71)

1 Minute after Midnight on New Year's Morn

Fifty Hazel Brown and Black Taxicabs Arrived at the Entrance of Hotel La Salle to Serve Its Patrons Exclusively.

FIFTY limousine cars in special design, richly upholstered and luxurious in every appointment, manned by trained and courteous chauffeurs, are now ready at your instant need. Here is a typical example of the refinements of service which await you at

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

This Taxicab service is maintained solely for the comfort and convenience of Hotel La Salle guests. The charges are among the lowest in Chicago. In every department of Hotel La Salle the highest standard prevails. No matter how many guests demand attention, eleven hundred trained employees give to each the closest personal service.

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO

ERNEST J. STEVENS, *Vice-Pres. and Mgr.*

The Only Hotel in Chicago Maintaining Floor Clerks and Individual Service on Every Floor

31 Extra Features
8 Styles of Bodies
Built by John W. Bate

Mitchell

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase.
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six.
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine.

Now 100% Over-Strength

Every Part Now Twice as Strong as Need Be

John W. Bate, the great Efficiency Engineer, now announces for the first time double-strength in every Mitchell part

In the new Mitchells we are ready to announce the fulfillment of a three-year ambition.

Three years ago, after one year in Europe, John W. Bate returned to the Mitchell plant.

He said, "I have one more thing to accomplish. And I learned it from the foremost European engineers.

"We build cars too fast in America. We try to build them too cheap. We give too little thought to endurance.

"I want to build you a lifetime car. I want to give every part in the Mitchell at least 100 per cent over-strength."

Now It Is Done

Mr. Bate came back. Since then he has given the Mitchell car 15 hours a day. Far into the night, week after week for three years, he has worked on this problem of strength.

He has worn out fifty cars in making tests to prove the strength requirements. When he found the strength any part required, he doubled it in the car.

He took part by part and brought each to this standard. Then he found a way to test each part to prove that it met the standard.

In last year's Mitchell we claimed 50 per cent over-strength. This work was not then completed. This year we can claim for every part twice the needed strength. And our daily tests prove this claim.

One Example—Springs

Let us cite one example—the Bate cantilever springs. You know how often springs break on the ordinary car.

These Bate springs have now been used for 18 months in Mitchells. Not one leaf in one of them ever has broken.

We have machines in our factory for testing them. These machines apply road action hundreds of thousands of times. We have thus applied months of incessant vibration to one spring. And never one has broken.

Yet these long cantilever springs are the easiest-riding springs in the world. No Mitchell owner ever needs shock absorbers. Mitchell cars have no snubbers or rebound straps. They are utterly unnecessary.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell —a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.
Price, $1460 f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.
Price, $1150 f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.

That is simply one part—one well-known weakness. Hundreds of parts have been given equal strength. Now over 440 parts of the Mitchell are built of toughened steel, drop-forged or steel-stamped. The parts which get the major strains are all of Chrome-Vanadium. Many parts on which safety depends are almost double-size.

175,000-Mile Tests

Two Bate-built Mitchells have already run over 200,000 miles apiece. Seven of them have averaged over 175,000 miles each. That is over 30 years of rather active service.

So this new Mitchell, in all probability, is a lifetime car. With proper care, you should never wear it out. Troubles and repairs are as nearly eliminated as can be.

The Lifetime Car

In times past, men bought a new car every year or two. Models were constantly changing. So a car's endurance seemed of less importance. That is why European cars so excelled American.

Now most buyers in the Mitchell class buy their cars to keep. And John W. Bate has rebuilt every Mitchell part to meet these new requirements.

That is the sovereign advantage we offer in Mitchell cars. It is not so visible as other extra features. But we figure it means double life to your car, plus safety and economy. And we know it over-tops every other result of John W. Bate's efficiency.

20% Extra Value
Due to Factory Efficiency
John W. Bate's 18th Model

Mitchell

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase.
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six.
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine.

Now 24% Extra Luxury

Deeper Finish—Finer Upholstery—31 Extras

In this year's Mitchells, on exhibit at the Shows, we have added 24 per cent to the cost of finish and trimming, attaining the height of luxury.

These new Mitchells will also give you a new idea of beauty.

The lines of the car, in many artists' opinion, are the handsomest ever attained. But our added cost lies in scores of details which are too often skimped.

Last year's Mitchells were luxurious, you know. In every large city they were regarded as models of motor car elegance.

But this year we have added just 24 per cent to the cost of the finish, upholstery and trimming. So the Mitchells you see at the Shows this year will be superb examples of artistic detail.

Our New Body Plant Saves This 24 Per Cent

In the past few months we have equipped ourselves to build all Mitchell bodies, open and enclosed. Our new body plant, with its lumber yards, covers 14 city blocks.

The Mitchell, we believe, is the only plant which builds all the bodies for a high-grade car. The saving we make pays for all this added luxury. Now we are building, under the Bate efficiency methods, 98 per cent of the Mitchell.

But the chief fact is this: We could not buy bodies at a possible price finished and appointed as ours are. Our requirements are too extreme. So this new Mitchell luxury was out of the question until our new body plant was completed.

Heat-Fixed Finish

We have built for one thing enormous ovens which hold many Mitchell bodies. Here our finish coats are fixed by heat. This adds immensely to the lustre. And it gives a finish which endures for years.

We have added 50 per cent to the cost of our leather to give you unusual upholstery. We have added 50 per cent to the cost of our cushion springs to give you better springs.

Those are a few of our conspicuous improvements. You will see scores of others. Every touch and detail reveals an added cost. Yet all this seeming extravagance, like all Mitchell extras, is paid for by factory savings.

31 Extras This Year

In this year's Mitchells you will find 31 extra features. That is, 31 attractions which practically all cars omit. Most of them are exclusive to the Mitchell.

Each is something that you want. They will cost us on this year's output not less than $4,000,000. Yet all of them come to you without extra price, because of our factory savings.

They include a power tire pump, Bate springs, a new-type control, a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment in front, a ball-bearing steering gear, engine primer on instrument board. There are 31 extras like those.

All Due to Efficiency

All of the Mitchell's unique attractions are paid for by factory efficiency. All this over-strength, all this added luxury, all these extra features. We owe them all to John W. Bate, the famous efficiency expert.

This model plant, which is all of his building, cut our factory costs 50 per cent. Our new body plant, by Bate efficiency methods, pays for this added luxury.

No other smart car offers anywhere near the value you get in the Mitchell. You can prove that in an hour. And that fact is due entirely to the genius of John W. Bate.

See these new cars at our showrooms or at Shows. Pass your own judgment on them. Learn what the extras mean.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Mitchell Models

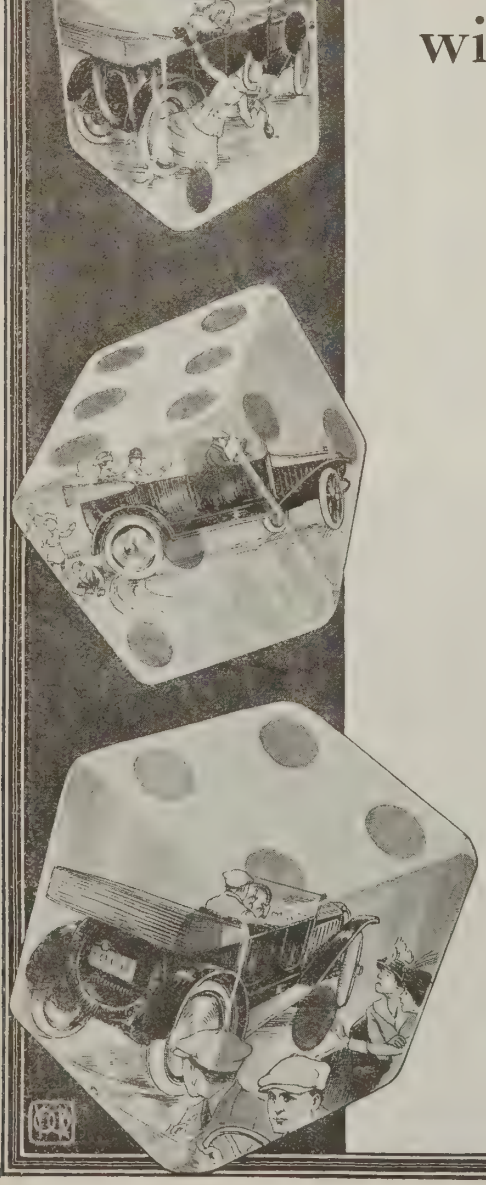
The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

The Gambler



The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others.

Some men would gamble with anything, from a counterfeit coin to life and property and all that they or others hold dear.

But at least they gamble for some stake which to them—if to no one else—seems worth the gamble. They do not risk their whole fortunes with only a few dollars to gain.

Why then, if time be precious, should they risk *all the time* allotted them here on earth, for the sake of a *few moments* of it now?

Yet, strange to say, this is just what some motorists do when *they fail to stop to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets.* They gamble their automobiles, their limbs, their very lives, and the lives of others on the road—for no more than a little of their time to put on *Weed Chains, the only dependable safeguard against skidding.*

Weed Chains for all Styles and Sizes of Tires are Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF WEED CHAINS
Bridgeport Connecticut

In Canada—Dominion Chain Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

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t round to it, he hands the customer a oe, to keep him interested—a good deal te giving a restless child a toy with which amuse himself.

This type of salesman is often a real tist in his line, and it is surprising how pidly he can dispose of a whole benchful buyers. He does it by giving each cus-mer the shoes he wants with the least ssible delay. If he had to yank down half e shoes on the shelf for each person, in the d-fashioned way, there would be chaos.

A smart salesman behind the underwear unter is quite likely not to ask a man what e he wears, but to pull a tape from his cket and breezily take the measure of the stomer's chest and waist. Then, keeping s own counsel, he fetches garments he inks will meet the customer's require-ents.

In the first place, not one customer in ten members his underwear size between rchases. If he thinks he wears a thirty-ght undershirt, when he really needs one size forty, he will either be dissatisfied ith the shirt—and the store—as long as e wears the garment, or he will try it on at me and then bring it back to exchange r something else—all of which means a rtain amount of effort and annoyance d expense on the part of the seller.

On the other hand, if the customer does member his size, and the salesman finds at it isn't in stock and offers him something se, the customer is certain something else on't do. Yet often another size would t equally well. For instance, a man who as been wearing a closely-woven under-irt, size forty, can easily make out with ribbed shirt of size thirty-eight. Or he ay be right in between thirty-eight and rty, and one will do about as well as the ther. So the smart clerk knows that fre-uently it is best to ask no questions and go ght ahead in his own way.

However, there are still a great many alesmen who entertain ideas and tastes I ould hesitate to adopt for my own use. t has always seemed to me that the world's orst salesmen are sought out and placed ehind the shirt counters throughout this road land.

For instance, it happens that I like to ear negligée shirts of a rather subdued, nobtrusive pattern, so that I may move mong people of high or low degree without heir being harassed by my shirt's acoustic roperties. Yet, whenever I go into a aberdashery to buy shirts I am waited on y a young man who seems to have conse-rated his soul to selling me something I do ot want. He shows me a lot of shirts with olor schemes that seem to have been designed to combine the attractiveness of a horse blanket and a bright new drug-store awning.

Haberdashers always seem not a little vexed when I fail to enthuse over shirts suitable only for minstrel parade and cakewalk wear. With a shirt on like that I should be haunted constantly by the fear that I might meet somebody I know. Frequently a spry young shirt salesman gives me a pitying glance, such as one bestows upon idiots and like people, opens up his vest, and proudly shows me that he himself is wearing one of the very patterns to which I have objected.

Once I went into an antique shop to look at a chair. The clerk was out for the moment and a colored porter kindly undertook to wait on me. The chair I had seen in the window proved to be not quite what I wanted, but the colored man was anxious to please his employer by making a sale. As a clinching argument why I should buy, he said to me in a confidential tone:

"I've got a chair about like that in my own parlor!"

The practice of mentioning a clerk's own preference or fondness for a given article is now considered, as they say in vaudeville, "old stuff." I know of one great department store which carefully instructs its saleswomen in the ready-to-wear departments that they must not, under any circumstances, say to a customer: "I like that on you," "That looks swell," or any such volunteer comments.

The fact that a certain type of salesgirl likes a garment might appeal to some customers as a good reason for not buying it.

This same store insists on just the right phraseology between a clerk and a customer—not only for the sake of courtesy but for greater efficiency. For instance, a clerk must not say to a customer: "Are you being waited on?" but, "Did you find what you wanted?" The latter form of inquiry has the advantage of applying to two different contingencies and the former to only one. It is drilled into clerks in this establishment that customers and possible customers in the store are the company's guests and must be treated as such. Those who look but do not spend must be made to feel that it is perfectly all right to do that very thing.

"We spend thousands of dollars every year in advertising," remarks the head of this concern. "These advertisements are invitations to the public to come in and see us—just as much so as engraved cards are invitations to a reception in one's own home. Having invited a person to see us we must make him feel at home when he comes."

Before the child-labor laws were in such general effect over the country, department stores used to take very young girls and train them gradually so that they absorbed the atmosphere of salesmanship by easy stages. To-day salesmanship is taught to inexperienced employees more by talks and class instruction. It often happens that a person who is not naturally a good salesman will be kept and encouraged because of some qualities which make a good foundation for the actual technic of selling.

A girl whose mental processes are a trifle slow—but who is especially tactful, has a courteous manner or limitless patience—may in time make a high-grade saleswoman.

A few stores of the better class aim not to employ any girl who has blondined her hair, because of a theory that, inasmuch as blondined hair is a faked article, a customer may unconsciously associate the idea of faking with the goods sold over the counter.

Be that as it may, no doubt there is a prejudice against blondined hair on the part of a lot of people, which might tend to detract from a blondined salesgirl's usefulness. I heard a store manager jokingly bewail the fact one day that his best salesgirl in the cloak department had peroxided her hair.

"I have a notion, after this," says he, "to hire nothing but brunettes."

One of the disheartening things, this same man told me, is that girls whose characters are perhaps not entirely above reproach often make the best saleswomen. They have a kind of *savoir-faire* and an insight into human nature that prove valuable.

The tendency in all lines of selling to-day is away from the so-called "trick stuff." It is dangerous to fool a customer into buying anything, no matter how meritorious the article may be. On the dining cars of a certain well-known railroad the menu cards always carry—or at least always used to carry—both at noon and in the evening, a line, stamped on in red ink: "Special Chicken Dinner To-day, $1.25." Then the dining-car conductor comes round and calls attention to this line, remarking casually:

"We have a special chicken dinner to-day. Very nice!"

Now the idea is to convey to the customer the impression that here is something out of the ordinary. The day before or the day after, or maybe any other day in the year, he might not have an opportunity like this to buy a special chicken dinner on the dining car at a flat rate. Yet that identical special chicken dinner is on the menu of that railroad twice a day—for both dinner and supper—every day in the year, including Sundays and holidays.

I know several persons who will never buy that special dinner, no matter how much of an inward craving they have for chicken, simply because they feel there is trickery in the method of selling it.

Similarly the public dislikes to have a store insist on any business method which is too obviously designed solely for the interest of the store rather than for the customer.

For example, I went one day to a candy and soda-water establishment, accompanied by a beautiful and estimable young woman, intending to buy a round of drinks. I found that none of the salespeople would accept my order as bona fide until I purchased a check representing the amount of my intended purchase. At that moment neither of us had fully determined just what we were going to drink. We were obliged to confer on this point, and then inquire for price quotations on the drinks we had selected; after which it was necessary to go to the cashier and pay twenty cents—I believe it was—for a check. Without this check, paid for in advance, we could not enter into the picture at all.

The whole thing suggested a distrust of its customers on the part of the store—as if there was a fear that, having quenched his thirst, a man would pull his hat on tight and make a quick dash for the door without paying for his drink or his ice cream. It is not my present intention to buy anything at that place in future, and I have found a number of kindred spirits who feel about it much the same as I do.

A big store advertised a special mid-summer fur sale for two weeks in August at greatly reduced prices. There was a set of mink furs for one hundred and twenty-four dollars, which ordinarily sold for one hundred and sixty-five dollars. The day after the sale had closed last summer a woman went to that store and sought to buy the mink fur set at the special-sale price. They told her she could have it only at the regular price of one hundred and sixty-five dollars. She explained that she had been out of town during the sale and did not feel that she ought to pay forty-one dollars additional only one day after.

The salesman admitted that it was tough luck, but was firm. She asked whether they wouldn't compromise and let her have the set for one hundred and fifty dollars. They would not. So she went away and the store lost the sale.

"But," explained the salesman, "she will do us a thousand dollars' worth of advertising by telling her friends of the incident. She knows now, and they will know, that our special sales are really great bargain offers, and on the level."

THE HEART OF THE SYSTEM

By BOZEMAN BULGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

THE report of the examining board showed five of the new commissioner's pet applicants to be deficient in hearing. Ten more had failed in the eyesight est and, to make it worse, the real Adonis f the lot was charged with having a fallen rch. All had been rejected. And these vere the athletic giants that John Ridgewood had personally selected as examples f what policemen really should be.

The new commissioner had been hit from ehind, and he knew it. Not unexpectedly he blow had come from the mailed fist of he system—the traditional enemy to all hange and progress in the department.

"All right," he said, as a clerk, carrying n armful of official papers, began to ar-ange them on the big table. "If they want fight they are going to get it."

"Were you speaking to me, sir?" inquired the surprised office man.

"Not particularly," Ridgewood informed im, "but I'd just as soon you heard it as nybody else. . . . My boy, there is going o be a fight in this department, and your ew commissioner is likely to be favorite in he betting."

"I'm not surprised, sir," replied the puzzled clerk noncommittally.

"Well, you may be," the official assured him, "when I tell you that I want an order ssued—and issued to-day—shifting every man on the whole force—captains, lieutenants, sergeants and patrolmen. And let me ell you something else—every pair of bad eyes, every pair of flat feet and every fifty-nch stomach—everything that catches on the teeth of my fine-tooth comb—is going on the scrap heap. I'll give this examining board a real job. This is to be a model police force and I won't have a man, not even an inspector, that's not as sound as those picked men of mine the board turned down."

Thereupon the commissioner tore the report on his pet applicants into bits and smiled inwardly as he watched the dazed look on the clerk's heretofore expressionless face.

"An excellent idea, sir," commented the office man, wondering whether he should depart or wait to hear more. To hide his astonishment at such free talk on the part of a commissioner he resumed his arrangement of the letters and reports.

"Never mind being so particular," said Ridgewood. "I can find what I want." His gesture indicated that the clerk should go and, as the commissioner fully intended, spread abroad what he had said. In an hour, the commissioner knew, the town would be buzzing from end to end.

Even as a newspaper man Ridgewood had detested detail, and this morning, in particular, his ruffled feelings rebelled at the idea of wading through a stack of letters a foot high. Petulantly he knocked over the pile, as a child would a house of playing cards. One lone letter skidded over the edge of the table and fell to the floor. The commissioner picked it up and, in preoccupation, toyed with the envelope.

He was a youngish official—this Ridgewood—but his ruddy face, topped off with a brush of reddish hair, was not that of an innocent. As a successful reporter John Ridgewood had frequently tackled the great police system from the outside. Now he was about to hit it a real blow from the inside. The flash of his blue eyes reflected the spirit with which he drew the sword, and the almost forgotten letter was rumpled in his tightening fist. Mechanically he reached for a paper cutter and ripped the envelope open. Inside was a simple request from Capt. Patrick J. Mulvaney, asking that, in the big shift, Patrolman Dennis McCarty be retained at his post on Ft. Jefferson Avenue.

"Huh!" he grunted. "So they are on already, eh?"

Ridgewood read the note again and again and with each perusal an unpleasant smile deepened round the corners of his otherwise good-natured mouth. Luck seemed to have fallen his way. The system unwittingly had tipped its hand. If that letter like the rest had waited a few hours longer he would never have known of this advance knowledge of his plans. Mulvaney had written a day too soon.

Captain Mulvaney, Ridgewood recalled, was one of the officers on the examining board that had just rejected the commissioner's ideal applicants—one of the very men that he had planned to break at the outset of his administration. And the captain's innocent-appearing request now furnished the very chance that the commissioner had been looking for—an opening through which he might shove the probe and by vigorous work reach, perhaps, clear to the very heart.

Ridgewood was entirely too familiar with police workings to attribute any mere kindliness to Captain Mulvaney's request; but, even on the assumption that the captain was after petty graft, the commissioner was puzzled to know just what Mulvaney could expect to gain by keeping McCarty in a quiet, residential street. It was a bit puzzling also to note that the captain—so prompt in his pleas for McCarty—had asked no favors for himself.

Ridgewood pressed a button on his desk. Almost instantly the door leading to an adjoining office opened and William Scanlon, confidential secretary to more commissioners than he could remember, appeared. He was a typical secretary—this Scanlon—and a valuable one. The new commissioner had reason to know that for ten years no newspaper man had been able to wheedle the slightest bit of information from Scanlon that had not been O. K.'d by his superior. To him the secretary needed no better recommendation.

(Continued on Page 75)

ANSWERING "Give Us A

From all sections of the country came the *urgent* demand—"Give us a *one-ton* GMC." Not that there was a scarcity of one-ton trucks—to the contrary. But buyers who had learned the value of GMC pulling power, dependability and low upkeep, naturally looked to TRUCK HEADQUARTERS for these qualities in a truck of one-ton capacity. Based on past experience they reasoned—if it's built by GMC it's right.

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The furniture dealer, the florist, the department store, the wholesaler, the expressman, the fruit grower, as well as scores of businesses requiring a truck of one-ton capacity, will find the new *one-ton* GMC the answer to every need.

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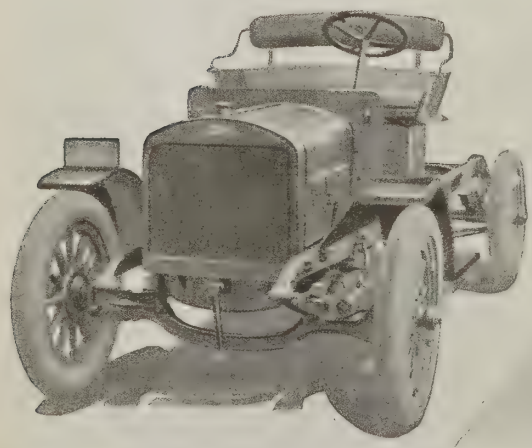

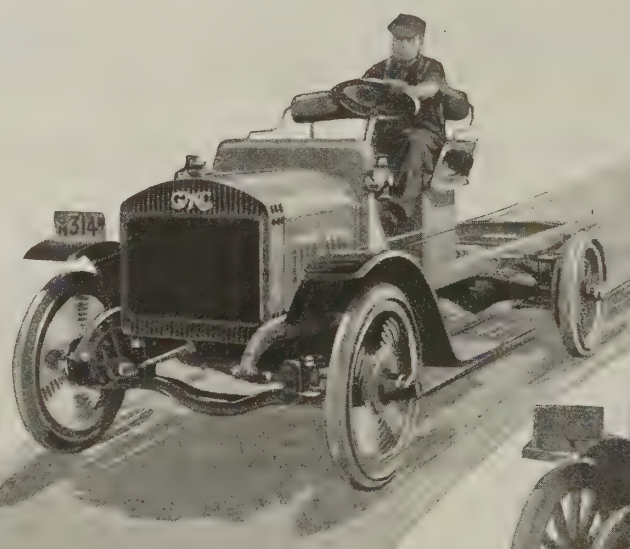

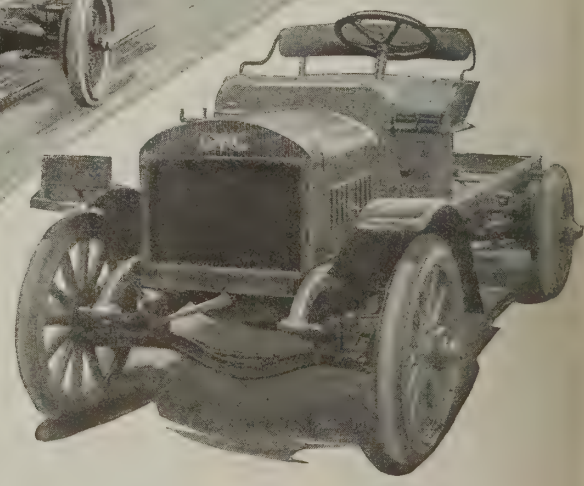

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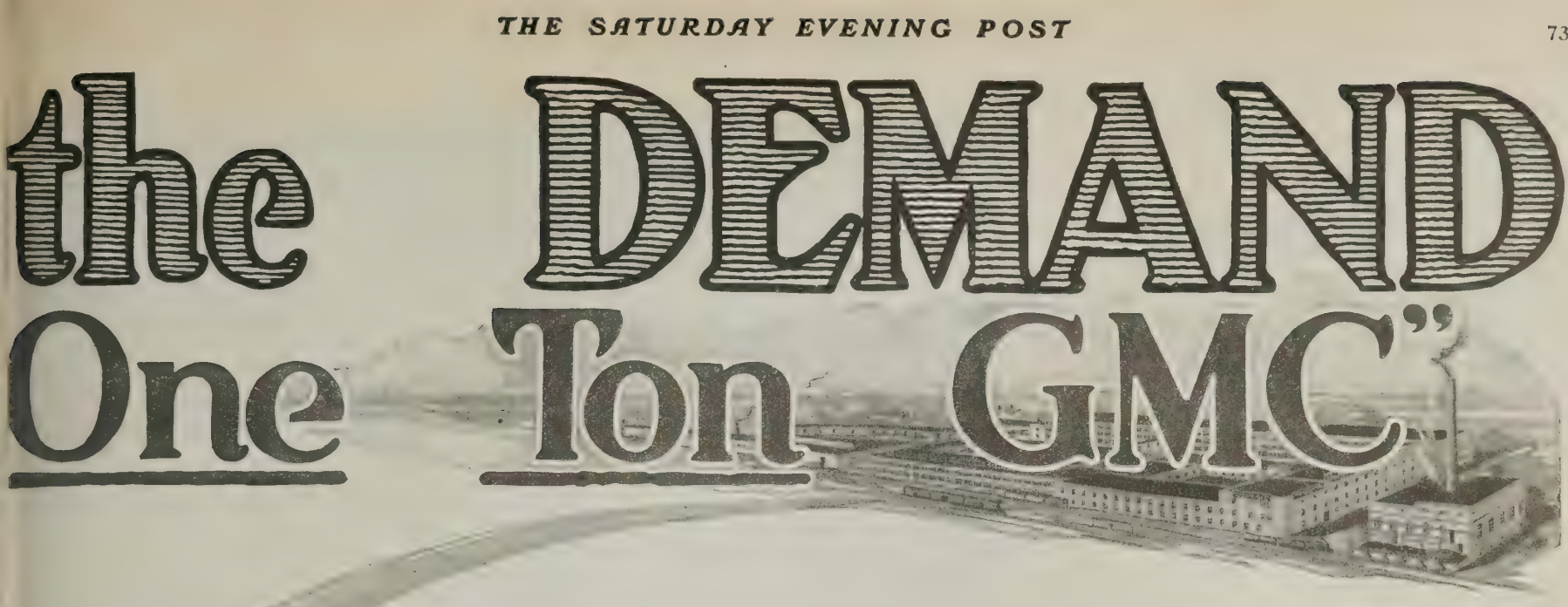

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(Continued from Page 71)

"Billy," Ridgewood addressed the secretary, forgetting for the moment he was no nger a newspaper man, "I'm going after is Captain Mulvaney, and I'm going to t him and his gang if it is the last thing lo."

Scanlon smiled and stood waiting. Ten evious commissioners had said the same ing.

"Get me all the reports—all the dope—u have on him, will you?" Ridgewood lded. Scanlon turned to follow instruc-ns.

"Just a minute, Billy. What do you ow about Patrolman McCarty—Dennis cCarty?"

"The old fellow up on Ft. Jefferson venue?"

"Yes, that McCarty. You may also get e a report on him for the past few years."

In a few minutes Scanlon returned with o large, bulging envelopes; the commis-oner noted with surprise that both bore ie name of Mulvaney. He looked up in-uiringly.

"This is all we have on McCarty," said canlon, in answer to the look, laying be-re the commissioner a single sheet of type-ritten paper. It bore nothing of unusual terest. The notations were deadly official.

"Well, then, tell me what you know about m?" requested Ridgewood.

"All I know about McCarty," said the ecretary, "is that he is a widower with two ildren; has been on that post for ten ears, and never come to headquarters. very time there is a shift a request comes om somebody for his retention, and it al-ays has been granted. The record there, ou will see, shows that he has not made an rrest in years."

The new commissioner drummed on the ble with a pencil.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"All that's official."

"Now you are getting to the point, Scan-n. Tell me what you know that isn't fficial! Mind you, I'm not asking any in-rmation on Mulvaney! I have that!"

"Well," Scanlon proceeded, "I know at old man McCarty's main job is to es-rt school children across the street, and ve heard that instead of arresting any-ody he tells them to go home and have a ight's rest."

"Does his method work?" asked Ridge-ood, smiling.

"It has so far. I'll bet that old fellow has ettled more arguments than any man on ne force."

"What did he do years ago, before he ot so old?" asked the commissioner. "Why asn't he ever promoted?"

"They tell me that one time, while off uty, McCarty went into a downtown build-ng where city explosives were stored and ept two policemen, asleep on the job, from eing burned alive. He couldn't expect nuch promotion for that stunt," Scanlon ent on, "because if the newspapers got he story it would have shown up the whole olice force." At this the new commis-ioner smiled reminiscently. "The gang aid his expenses in the hospital for six eeks, but I honestly don't believe the old ellow ever did really recover."

Ridgewood averted his face so as not to be-ray a glint of understanding that had come nto his eyes. He had struck oil. Even canlon himself was apparently inclined to ork for the retention of the veteran.

"All right, Scanlon, that will do," he said harply. "Have Captain Mulvaney report ere as soon as possible! And, say," he dded, "no matter what comes up don't let ne forget this case of McCarty."

Mulvaney's station was far uptown, and t was after the luncheon hour when he apped on the commissioner's door. In the neantime Ridgewood had lunched alone, hat he might formulate his plan of cam-aign. As a starter he had decided to try he outspoken and domineering bluff.

Mulvaney was a big, good-natured, cun-ing Irishman. His very appearance seemed o give sufficient evidence that he had fed vell on the smaller graft during his years on he force; but nobody had ever been able o catch him at it. In fact, there was no ecord of any serious charge having been iled against him. The books, on the other and, recorded many acts of his physical ourage against criminals of the dangerous ype. Mulvaney was an officer of the old chool—heart and soul a part of the protec-ive system that so often had withstood the ttacks of the reformers.

"Captain," said the commissioner, reach-ng for the crumpled letter, "I don't exactly understand this request of yours for keeping McCarty on his post, but I am going to grant it—for the present, at least."

"You'll be blessed for that, commissioner. Old McCarty is a good soul and I could tell ——"

"Moreover," added Ridgewood, ignoring the interrupted remark, "I am going to retain you in that precinct."

"I didn't ask that, commissioner," replied the surprised officer, "but you will certainly get the well wishes of myself and the wife."

The captain faced about to leave, but caught a glimpse of his name on the bulging envelopes on the commissioner's desk. He hesitated.

"Mulvaney," announced the new commissioner with startling abruptness, as he tapped the two envelopes, "I'm going to break you!"

The captain's amazed expression was not assumed.

"And what do you mean by that—breaking me?"

"I mean that there is a motive behind this McCarty request and I'm going to find out what it is. I am pretty well informed as to your petty grafting in the past. I also know that you are in the gang that has started in to tame me. I have not forgotten that you are on that examining board.

"You think you know a lot, but, believe me, you are not butting against one of those visionary officials who come in here with no real knowledge of cops—not this time."

For a second Mulvaney merely stared at Ridgewood, to whom as a reporter he had given many a good story.

"All I know, commissioner," he said, "is the things I need to know in the performance of my duty."

"Is that so?" said Ridgewood sarcastically. "Well, how did you know that I was going to order a shift in the department?"

"Why—er—why—er—all the new commissioners have done it in the past, sir. Naturally I figured that a man as bright as yourself would change the boys round."

"And you decided to beat me to it by tipping off the rest of the force?"

"I did nothing of the kind, sir, begging your pardon. I simply felt that it was coming, and there was a spot in my heart for Mac, and I thought—well, I figured I'd better write in time. You see, commissioner, old Mac is ——"

"I am not particularly concerned in old Mac," interrupted the commissioner; "you are the man I'm after."

"Well, sir, my record is an open book and it lies right there before you. There's no living man that's got anything on me!"

"But there may be something on you before I am through," Ridgewood assured him. "Let me tell you something, Mulvaney: I came into this department to straighten it up and I am too wise to expect any help. I have looked forward to this chance since I covered my first assignment in Mulberry Street."

"And I can say," said Mulvaney, "that no reporter was ever better liked."

"Never mind the blarney, Mulvaney!" said Ridgewood. "Don't try to fix things that way! And let me tell you something else: I know the workings of your police system, and I am going to get at the heart of it, and when I do something will rip."

The commissioner turned in his chair and, taking this as a cue, Mulvaney saluted and started for the door.

"Don't forget what I said, Mulvaney," was the commissioner's parting shot; "you can go out and pass the word that John Ridgewood is going to get at the heart of this system."

II

IT WAS just after the school hour and the old patrolman stood in the middle of the street, slowing up the cars and wagons that the crowds of laughing children might cross in safety. Two blocks away a small, inexpensive car, driven by a young man attired in motor coat and goggles, approached slowly. John Ridgewood handled the wheel with caution. All his life he had wanted to do just this kind of sleuthing—sleuthing for himself and not for facts that were to be published in a newspaper.

Still moving at a snail's pace, the commissioner saw the old officer walk to the curb and take a youngster with each hand. When the group passed the center of the street the commissioner decided it a good opportunity to make his first test. Speeding up the motor, he crossed the intersecting street at a speed of thirty miles an hour. Apparently the policeman did not see him. At any rate, he paid not the slightest heed.

"Mulvaney," Announced the New Commissioner, "I'm Going to Break You!"

A block away Ridgewood turned round and came back at the same speed, violently sounding his horn. McCarty did not even raise his hand, and paid no attention to the flying automobile until a group of boys on the curb called attention to it by wild waving of arms.

"Go on, ye devil!" the policeman shouted, after the car had shot by. "It's the likes of you that ——"

But that is all Ridgewood could hear. A half block away he slowed up and, at the next corner, deliberately turned his car so that there could be no chance of McCarty not seeing the license plates. Ridgewood made a complete circle, putting both his front and rear numbers in plain view. McCarty did not call him back and, after waiting a minute or two, the young man drove downtown.

The commissioner paid particular attention next morning to reports that came into the traffic department from uptown. In them he found no complaint from McCarty.

He made a memorandum of the incident, withholding his personal connection with it, and instructed Scanlon to see that the slip was turned over to Captain Mulvaney.

Still there was no report, no charge of neglect filed against McCarty. Twice Mulvaney had called at headquarters on what he said was important business; but as it did not concern the case in question, the commissioner sent out word to report to one of the deputies.

Two days later John Ridgewood noted with interest that McCarty was on the night shift, a change that came in the natural course of routine. He smiled at a suddenly conceived opportunity for killing two birds with one stone. He would prowl round Mulvaney's precinct at night and, at the same time, observe McCarty on his beat. As yet he had failed to find any connection whatever between the captain and the old patrolman.

Leaving his club in upper Fifth Avenue he hailed a nighthawk taxicab and ordered the chauffeur to proceed uptown. First he decided he would stop at a saloon near the station house and pick up what stray bits of information he could about the captain. He was sure of not being recognized. His youngish, man-about-town appearance was not at all in keeping with what the people of that section would naturally expect in a commissioner of police. Walking to the bar he asked a man he judged to be the proprietor to join him in a drink. A pinochle game was being fought out at a near-by table, and on this the commissioner commented jokingly.

"By the way," Ridgewood inquired casually after a time, "this is Pat Mulvaney's district, isn't it?"

"It is," said the saloon man enthusiastically, "and a good man is that Mulvaney. Deserves more notice than he gets too. You don't happen to be a newspaper man?" he suddenly asked.

"Well—yes," replied the commissioner, "but you needn't mention it."

"I thought so when you first come in," declared the saloon man. "Say," and he looked round cautiously, "if I wasn't under promise I could give you something on this Mulvaney that would put you in right. You couldn't stick round until late, could you?"

"No," said Ridgewood, "but I can come back. I'm on something else right now."

"Well," said the saloonkeeper, "you drop in here later and I'll give you a story that will make 'em set up. I can't say anything right now, because some of 'em that's concerned may be settin' round." He glanced at the pinochle players.

"I guess Mulvaney looks after you saloon people pretty well," Ridgewood suggested, now that he had the saloon man in what he thought a confidential mood.

"Oh, he gives us no trouble—just sees that things are orderly."

"And you are not the kind of a fellow—I can see that—who would forget a man like that, especially on Sunday, since the closing law has gone into effect."

"Not us," declared the saloonkeeper emphatically; "why, only last week I got a side of real Irish bacon from a ship steward, and Mulvaney went so crazy about it that I gave him pretty near all of it."

Ridgewood, in view of his intention to return and get the newspaper information, deemed it inadvisable to continue his questioning.

It was plain that the saloonkeeper suspected nothing wrong, which was a good state to keep him in.

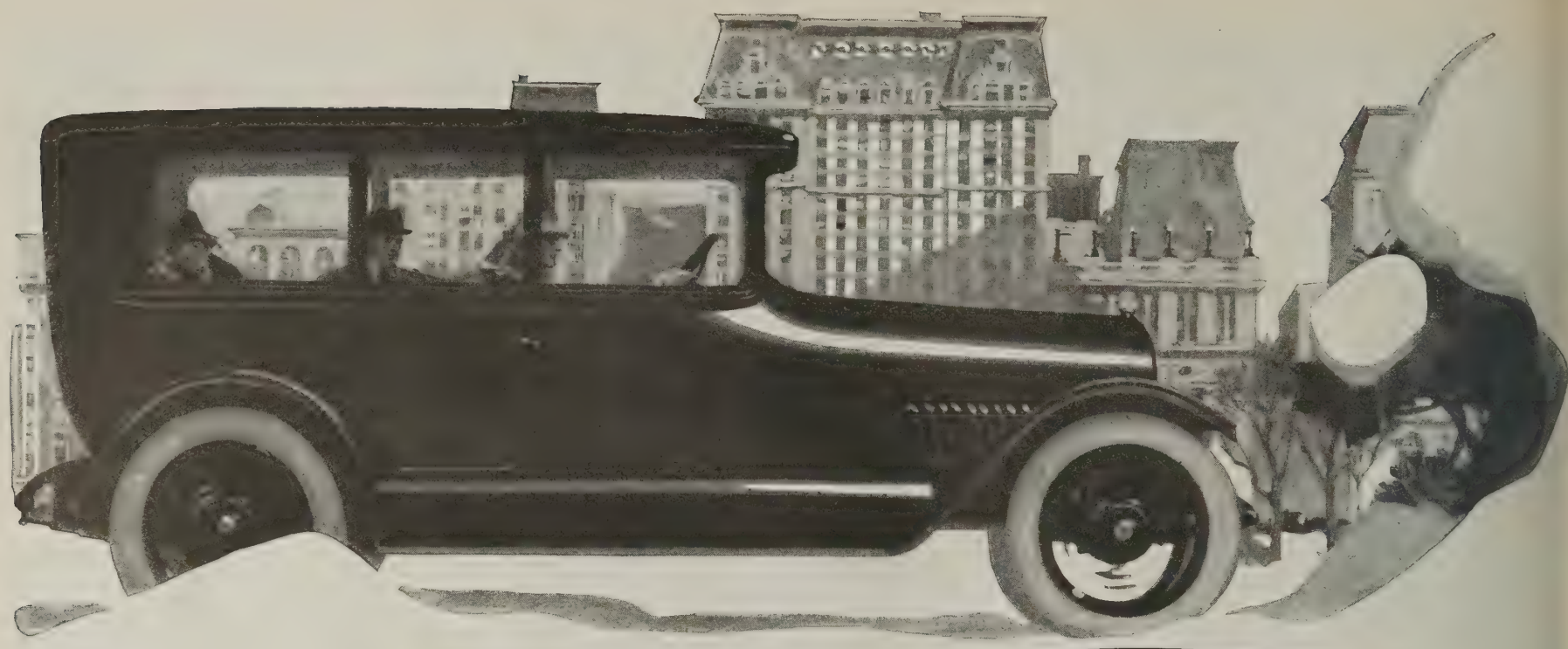
"Don't forget about coming back!" the new-found friend whispered to the commissioner as he was going to his taxicab. "It'll be well worth your while. Don't come to anybody but me! Name's Steve Wayburn."

"This is a queer twist," the commissioner meditated, when the saloon man had gone. "He is evidently a friend of Mulvaney's and yet, for some reason, he wants to turn him up!"

At the curb the taxi driver was up to his waist in the hood of the car, tapping and hammering. Getting nothing but mumbled, irritated answers, the commissioner waited until the chauffeur's head came out.

"What's the matter, driver?" he asked. "Can't you get her going?"

(Concluded on Page 79)



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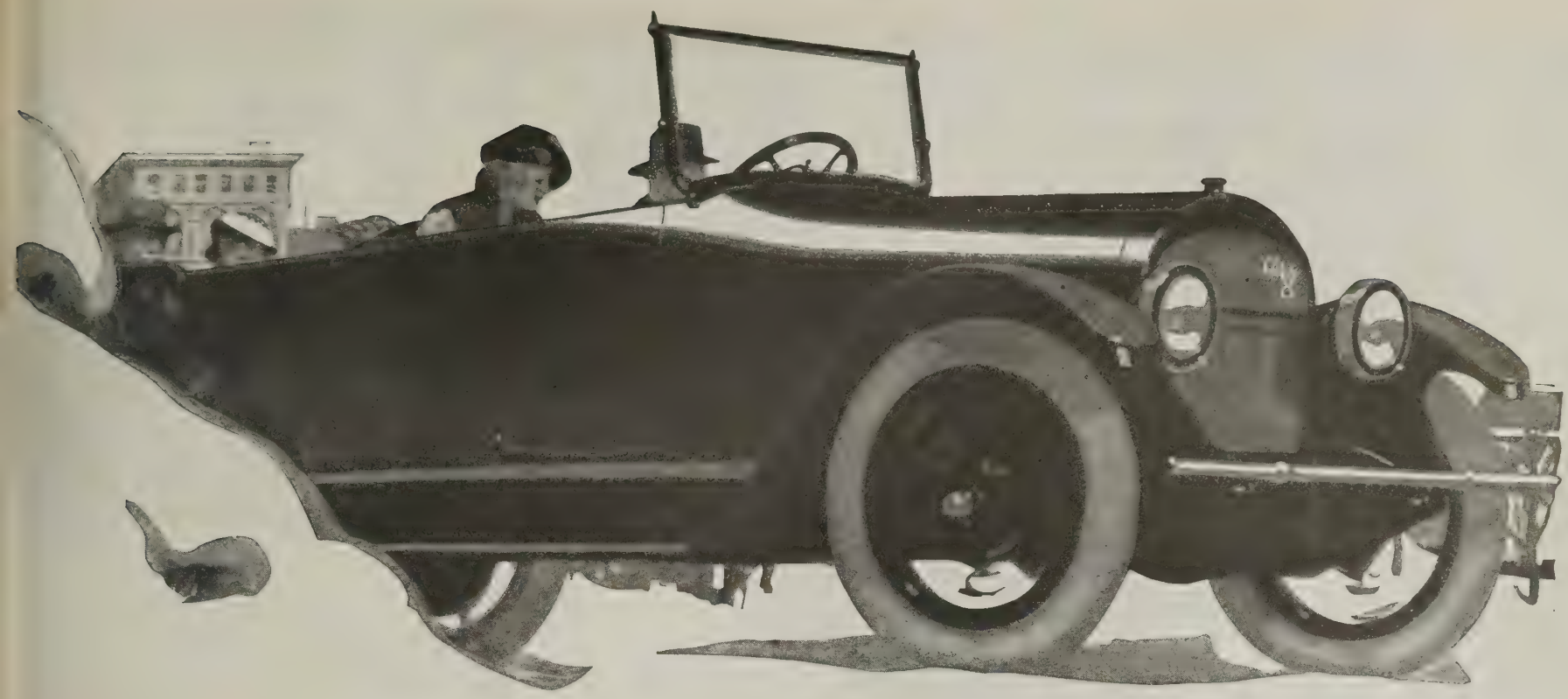
Prices f. o. b. factory

Canadian Prices

Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan, ...	$3250
Four Passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé, ...	$3250
Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car, ...	$2395
Four Passenger Cole Eight Roadster, ...	$2395

Prices f. o. b. factory, duty paid

Cole Motor Car Company



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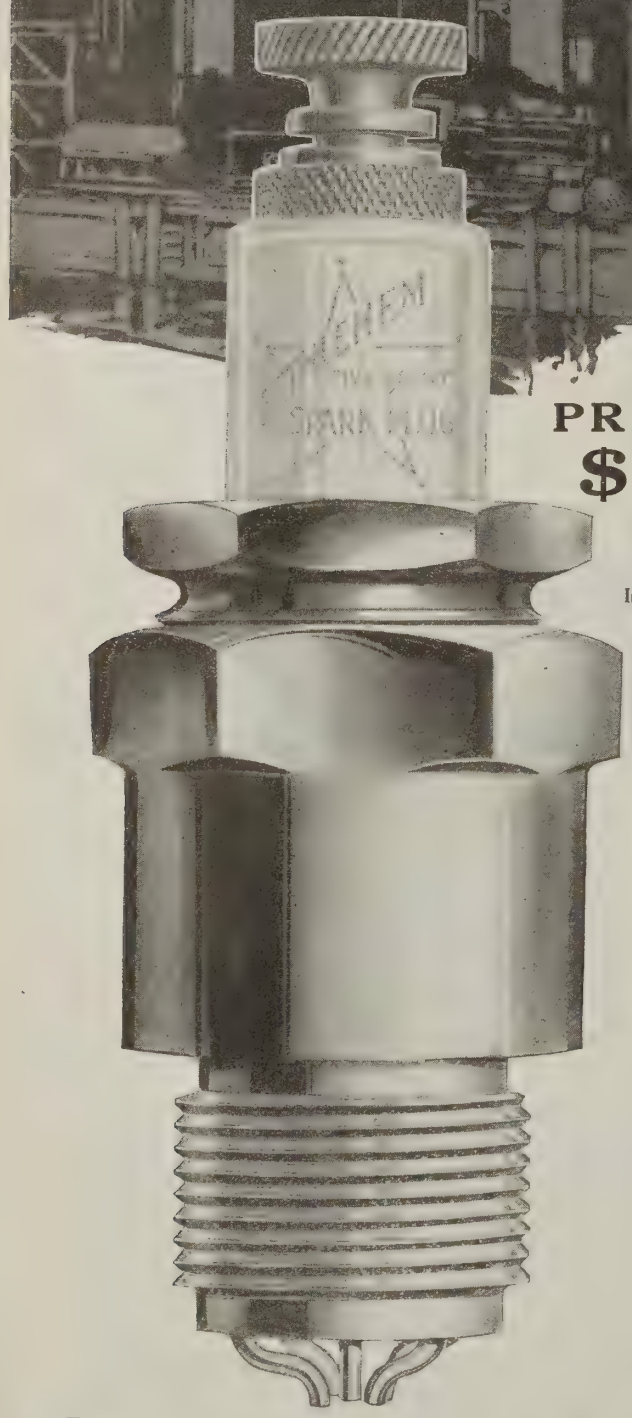

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BETHLEHEM PRODUCTS
SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.
E. H. SCHWAB, President

If your dealer should happen to be out of Bethlehem Five-Point, write us giving make and model of car; we will forward you a set designed for your particular needs.

Guaranteed for the Life of Your Car

(Concluded from Page 75)

"I don't know what's got into the old is," the man answered sulkily. "I told e boss a week ago to turn her in and dig e up a better one."

"Maybe I can help," suggested Ridge- ood, who was a pretty good amateur hauffeur.

Removing his coat, he joined the man; id together they worked, making test ter test, until the commissioner discov- ed the porcelain cracked in one of the ark plugs. The driver found a fairly good ie in his tool kit and, putting it in place of e bad one, they finally got the car under ay, but only for a few blocks. The motor on began skipping again and, with a uple of despairing coughs, the old ma- ine came to a dead stop.

"Here," ordered Ridgewood, now thor- ighly irritated, "let me get out! I haven't ne to fool with you any longer!"

"All right, get out then," came the surly ply.

"How much do I owe you?" inquired idgewood, reaching for his roll of bills.

"Four dollars and eighty cents!"

"Four dollars?" exclaimed Ridgewood. Why, that's robbery! I won't pay it! How you figure that out?"

"Three dollars for the ride and one- ghty for waiting."

"Why, you only waited half an hour out- de the saloon."

"Well, what about the time we took in tting started?" the driver demanded.

"You don't mean to say that I am charged r the time I helped you fix the car, do ou?"

"That's what I said, and it goes."

"You even charge for the time you keep e waiting?"

"I've got orders to charge for everything om the time I leave on a job, and there's use arguing. They make me pay and I ake you pay. Get that?"

"It's plain burglary," announced Ridge- ood, putting his bills back in his pocket. I won't pay it! Moreover, I have a good ind to arrest you for extortion."

"You'll pay this bill or take a punch in ie jaw," declared the chauffeur, drawing ack his fist.

"I'll ——" But the driver interrupted ith a blow that grazed the commissioner's ar. Even the head of a police depart- ent is human, and John Ridgewood let y a sudden wallop that struck the taxi river squarely on the nose. In another oment they were rolling over and over in ie street, fighting like cats and dogs.

A few passing pedestrians stopped to heer, and one more law-abiding than the est started off to find a policeman.

Ridgewood was rapidly getting the bet- er of the rough-and-tumble fight, when a rong hand took violent hold of his collar and yanked him to his feet.

"You boys'll have to stop this rough-house! Stop it, and stop it quick; d'yer hear me?"

To Ridgewood's complete astonish- ment—for under present stress he had forgotten the original object of his quest—he found himself facing Dennis McCarty.

"Officer," shouted the commis- sioner, still trembling with the excitement and indignity of his struggle, "I demand the arrest of this man."

"Yes," added the driver, "and if you don't put that guy in jail I'll report you!"

"Now you cool off," admonished the old policeman, holding them apart. "Go home and get a good night's rest!"

"I insist that you arrest this man," reiter- ated the commissioner, "on the grounds of extortionate charges and assault."

"I ain't on to them charges," retorted the chauffeur, "but this guy is a deadbeat and I want him locked up!"

"Now listen, me b'ys," ordered the cop: "Yez wouldn't like for yer families to know ye'd been fighting, would yez? Both of yez go home now, and come round here to-morrow when you are cooled off!"

"Look here, officer, we aren't children," began Ridgewood. "If you don't——" He was interrupted by the appearance of the roundsman, on his midnight tour of in- spection.

"What's all this about?" inquired the new arrival.

Ridgewood saw that he was not recog- nized.

"Officer," he said, addressing the rounds- man, "I have demanded the arrest of this man for extortion and assault. And ——"

"Yes," the driver interrupted, "and I want my money and I want this guy in jail."

The roundsman looked at McCarty in- quiringly.

"I'm just telling the b'ys to cool off and go home," the old man explained, "and when they are cooled off, they can talk it over and shake hands."

"And I am saying to you," chimed in Ridgewood, "that if this man is not ar- rested right now, I'll see that your case is reported to headquarters."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," retorted the roundsman sharply. "This is Mc- Carty's job and if you want to keep out of trouble you'd better do as he says."

"Oh, if that's the way you feel about it," replied Ridgewood, "I now demand that you, as superior officer, make the arrest.

"Say, if I Wasn't Under Promise I Could Give You Something on This Mulvaney That Would Put You In Right"

"Now You Cool Off," Admonished the Old Policeman. "Go Home and Get a Good Night's Rest!"

I am a citizen of this town and am fully informed as to my rights!"

The commissioner's form of speech con- vinced the roundsman that he was a man of education and perhaps one of import- ance. He shook his head in perplexity, as McCarty gradually withdrew from the discussion.

By this time John Ridgewood had calmed down and was in clear possession of his wits. After all, he concluded, there seemed to be some very definite reason for McCarty not making arrests; and realizing that he had accidently hit on a vulnerable point, he con- cluded to pound it for all it might be worth. Suddenly, too, he recalled Captain Mul- vaney's connection with the case.

"Call up your captain and report this at once, or you'll be in wrong yourself," he told the roundsman. "There's either going to be an arrest here or a lot of trouble later."

"No use in calling up," the officer in- formed Ridgewood. "Mulvaney wouldn't stand for it; and, besides, he ain't there."

"Where could I find him? Quick?"

"I reckon you'd have to go clear to headquarters. He's just cleaned up a gang of mail-box thieves. I met him on my way out starting downtown with Steve Wayburn, the fellow that helped get the dope."

Ridgewood suddenly recalled the saloon- keeper's tip and promise of a story. For a second his mind was diverted from the case at issue. He hesitated.

"Well, there's no use in gabbing round here all night," went on the roundsman, preparing to be on his way. "I tell you right now that there is nothing doing. The only thing for you to do is keep your mouth shut and move along."

The insolence of this was a little too much for the dig- nity of a department head. Ridgewood flared up and lost his caution.

"Officer," he said, "I'm going to show you some- thing that will per- suade you to have McCarty send this man to the station house, even if he has to send me with him."

He reached for the lapel of his but- toned coat. The roundsman was quick to detect the movement.

His long experi- ence made him scent something official. No police- man is immune from a fear of authority.

"And if you do show me," said the roundsman, "I'll tell you something that will change your mind." In the act of drawing the commissioner aside, the officer had caught a glimpse of some kind of gold badge be- neath Ridgewood's coat. "And," he added, "you'll listen too—I don't give a damn who you are."

"Well, then, talk quick!"

"I don't know if you have any family," said the roundsman, "but I have and Mul- vaney has and old man McCarty has."

"That doesn't interest me in the slight- est," said the commissioner, glancing over his shoulder at McCarty and the taxi driver. "Listen, officer; we might as well have this out. McCarty has not made an arrest in ten years and I know it. Mul- vaney is mixed up in it somewhere, and if you don't tell me the whole story in two minutes, McCarty will be off the force in two days—and you are likely to go with him."

"You know a lot, young man," agreed the roundsman, with sarcasm; "maybe you know, too, that if McCarty makes this ar- rest he will have to go into court."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Ridge- wood impatiently. "Isn't that part of his job?"

"But you don't know that if old Mac goes before a magistrate he'll lose his job. Every new commissioner makes a holler about policemen not being able to pass the physical examination, and this newest one, they tell me, is a worse crank about it than all the others put together."

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked Ridgewood, involuntarily reaching for his coat lapel. "What's that got to do with Mulvaney and McCarty and no arrests?"

"Young man," answered the roundsman, "McCarty hasn't heard a sound since he went into the big fire after them two cops—maybe you've heard about that?—and Mul- vaney's brother was one of them cops! Now show me your badge!"

His Regular Position

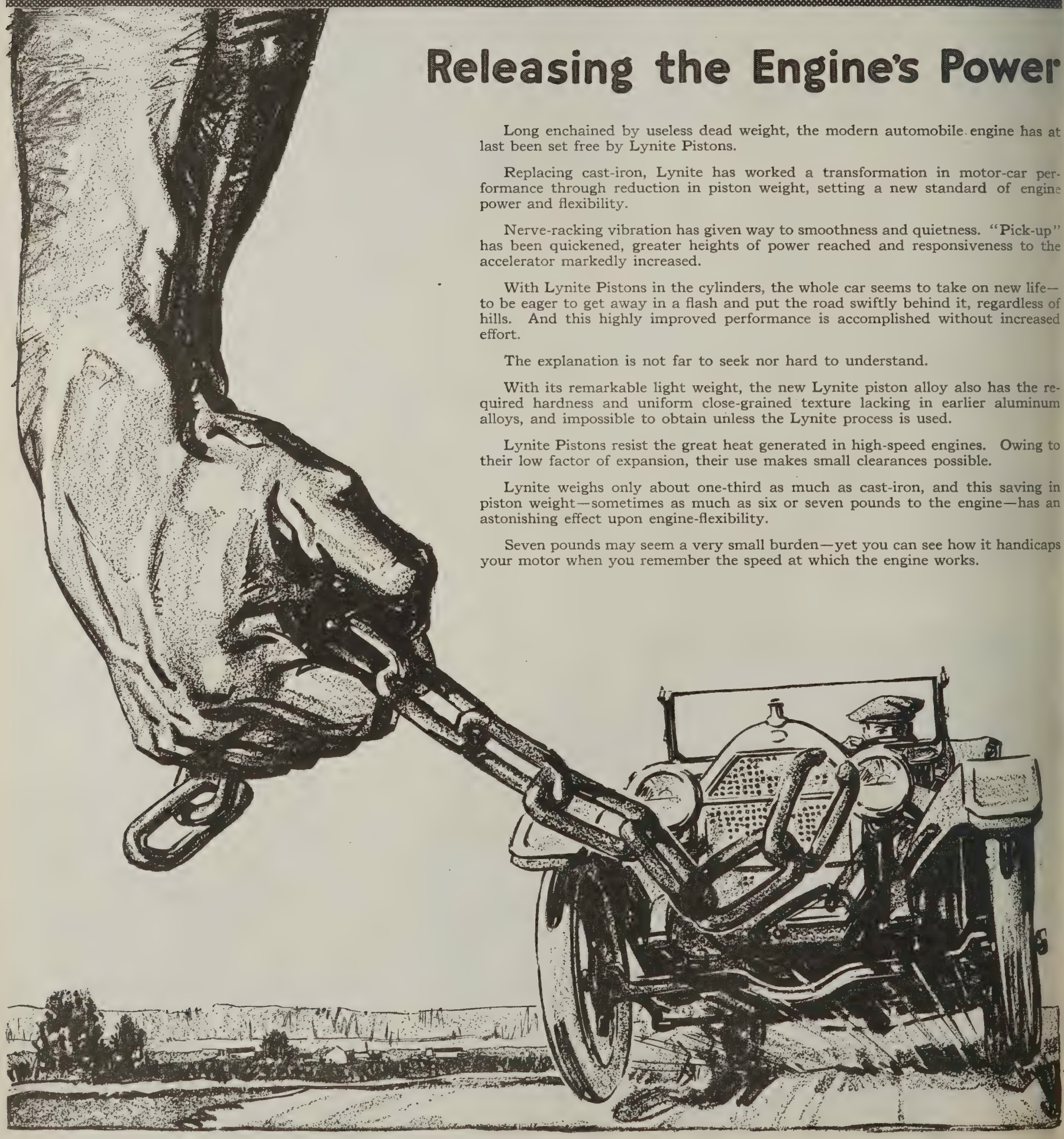
UP IN Vermont years ago there was a prominent citizen who cut quite a swath in state affairs, but who was believed to be quite extensively henpecked in the privacy of his domestic life. After figuring for many years as a factor in the Republi- can organization, he came out finally as a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination and made an active canvass.

But the powers that were decided on another man for the head of the ticket. As a sop to our hero they bestowed the nomi- nation for lieutenant governor upon him. From the convention hall a committee went to his headquarters to break the news to him, and to urge upon him the advisability of accepting second honor, since he could not have first.

The old gentleman took the tidings very calmly.

"Gentlemen," he said, when their spokes- man had concluded, "I had expected some- thing else; but I owe a duty to my party and I will consent to become your lieuten- ant governor. It is a post for which I deem myself to be peculiarly fitted by long expe- rience. I have been holding down that job at home for thirty-five years!"

LYNITE



Releasing the Engine's Power

Long enchained by useless dead weight, the modern automobile engine has at last been set free by Lynite Pistons.

Replacing cast-iron, Lynite has worked a transformation in motor-car performance through reduction in piston weight, setting a new standard of engine power and flexibility.

Nerve-racking vibration has given way to smoothness and quietness. "Pick-up" has been quickened, greater heights of power reached and responsiveness to the accelerator markedly increased.

With Lynite Pistons in the cylinders, the whole car seems to take on new life—to be eager to get away in a flash and put the road swiftly behind it, regardless of hills. And this highly improved performance is accomplished without increased effort.

The explanation is not far to seek nor hard to understand.

With its remarkable light weight, the new Lynite piston alloy also has the required hardness and uniform close-grained texture lacking in earlier aluminum alloys, and impossible to obtain unless the Lynite process is used.

Lynite Pistons resist the great heat generated in high-speed engines. Owing to their low factor of expansion, their use makes small clearances possible.

Lynite weighs only about one-third as much as cast-iron, and this saving in piston weight—sometimes as much as six or seven pounds to the engine—has an astonishing effect upon engine-flexibility.

Seven pounds may seem a very small burden—yet you can see how it handicaps your motor when you remember the speed at which the engine works.

PISTONS

Breaking the Chain of Iron

Up and down the pistons rush—faster, faster, faster—till each makes a full troke in one three-thousandth of a minute. One hundred times a second the useless eight of cast-iron has to be stopped dead, started again in the opposite direction nd raised to full speed in the space of a few inches.

The energy required for these countless stops and starts is virtually wasted— : has no part in moving the car.

The pressure of heavy cast-iron pistons against cylinder walls still further lows up the engine.

Therefore, every ounce stripped from the pistons without sacrifice of strength nd other necessary qualities obviously means better engine performance.

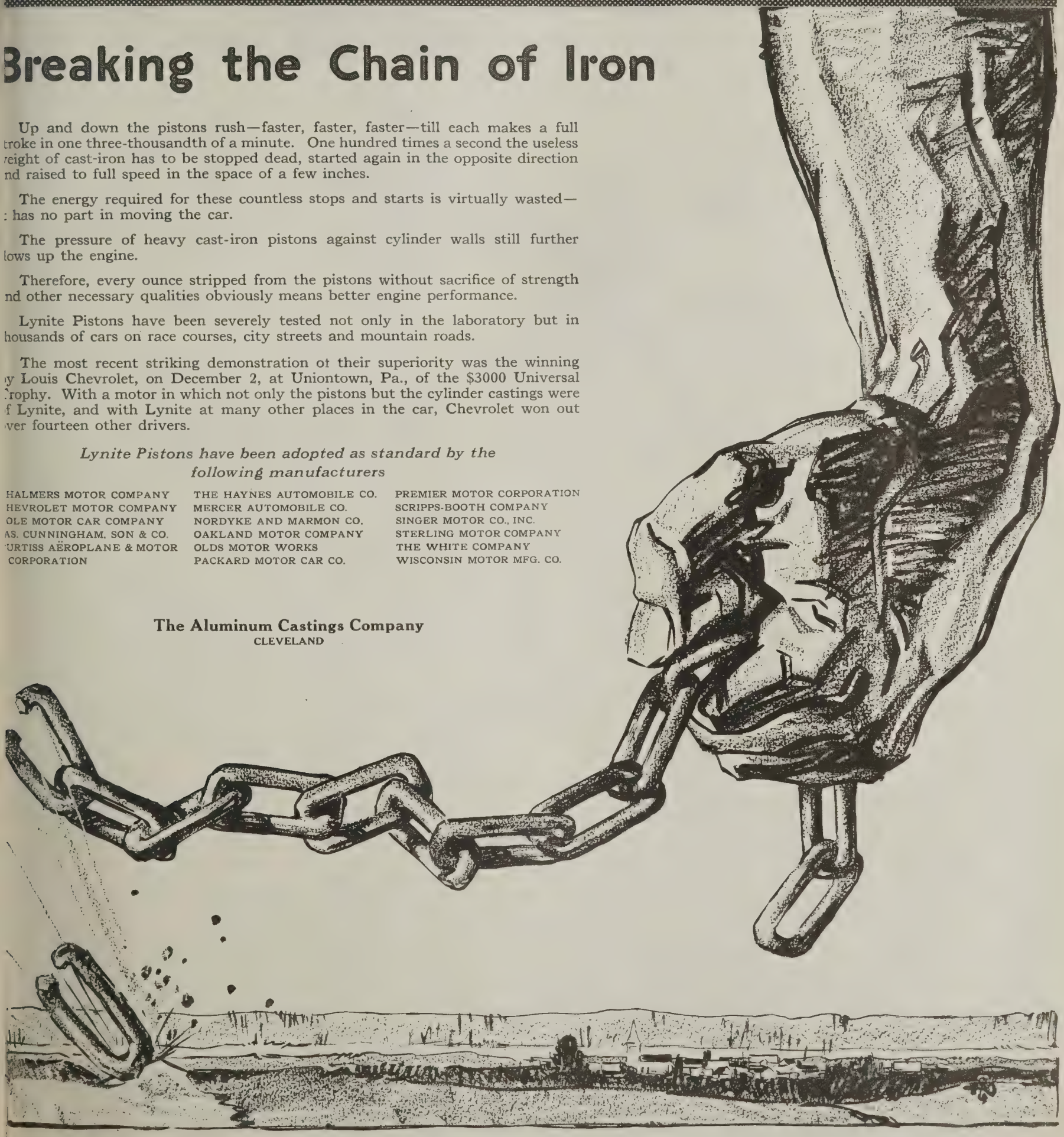
Lynite Pistons have been severely tested not only in the laboratory but in housands of cars on race courses, city streets and mountain roads.

The most recent striking demonstration of their superiority was the winning y Louis Chevrolet, on December 2, at Uniontown, Pa., of the $3000 Universal Trophy. With a motor in which not only the pistons but the cylinder castings were f Lynite, and with Lynite at many other places in the car, Chevrolet won out ver fourteen other drivers.

Lynite Pistons have been adopted as standard by the following manufacturers

HALMERS MOTOR COMPANY
HEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY
OLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY
AS. CUNNINGHAM, SON & CO.
URTISS AËROPLANE & MOTOR CORPORATION
THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO.
MERCER AUTOMOBILE CO.
NORDYKE AND MARMON CO.
OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY
OLDS MOTOR WORKS
PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO.
PREMIER MOTOR CORPORATION
SCRIPPS-BOOTH COMPANY
SINGER MOTOR CO., INC.
STERLING MOTOR COMPANY
THE WHITE COMPANY
WISCONSIN MOTOR MFG. CO.

The Aluminum Castings Company
CLEVELAND



Peerless
"All that the name implies"

Peerless Eight

Two Separate Power Ranges Give The Peerless a "Dual Personality"

No real lover of the motor car can sit at the wheel of the Peerless Eight for the first time without enjoying a new thrill of delight in its unequalled range of performance.

It presents those contrasts in performance which heretofore have been possible only in totally different types of cars. It is a car of class and distinction in *every* sense.

A "Loafing" Range For Ordinary Driving

In its "loafing" range it exhibits all the admirable traits you would expect in an eighty horsepower eight of real class.

Quietly, and without apparent effort, it performs in high gear, with velvet smoothness, at any speed from almost imperceptible motion to the fastest clip permissible in town driving.

And you have a pick-up which leaves you nothing to fear from any contender in a fast get-away.

And through all its varied performance in its "loafing" range, it is automatically operating on half fuel rations—in fact it uses fuel so sparingly as to shame many a lesser powered six—even many a four.

A "Sporting" Range For Brute Power and Speed

You have only to open the throttle wider to call upon its "sporting" range.

But instead of the usual response you change the whole character of your car.

You automatically open her double poppets and give her full fuel rations.

You have exchanged the soft purr of your motor for a deep growl of brute power—you have all ordinary contenders at your mercy and with nothing to fear from even the few cars that rightly claim the distinction of real class.

The Peerless dealer will gladly demonstrate this contrasting performance which gives the Peerless Eight the characteristics of totally different types of cars.

Prices: *On orders accepted by the Factory for shipment, until February 28th, 1917, Roadster, $1890; Touring, $1890; Sedan, $2750; Limousine, $3260. On orders accepted by the Factory for shipment, after February 28th, 1917, Roadster, $1980; Touring, $1980; Sedan, $2840; Limousine, $3350. All prices f. o. b. Cleveland and subject to change without notice.*

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

THE WRONG ROAD

(Concluded from Page 20)

"Consider it done."

"You start in five hours for the mountains."

"What! And miss the battle?"

"Miss nothing! You are going after ammunition. Dario Pez is not such a fool as to put all his eggs into one basket, Don Francisco. No; we still have enough sound cartridges cached to drive this scum from the face of the earth. So hurry!"

It did not take me three winks to get the pack train of mules ready for him. That was one thing Dario Pez taught his followers—quick obedience. He taught them, sir, by fear of punishment.

When I reported for orders Dario Pez was seated at the table where he worked, with his secretary; and in front of him was this Juan, with a soldier on each side of him, and an officer in charge.

"Beast of the worst kind!" Dario Pez was saying, and the cords of his neck stood out. "Thou hast betrayed thine own brother. Thou hast stung the hand that raised thee up. For money thou hast sent brave comrades helplessly to death. Better for thee, *hombre*, had thou never been born. But the woeful fact of thy existence shall be remedied, for thou art going to die."

On hearing this Juan began to shake, sir, and his knees would scarcely sustain him. He begged for mercy. Yes; the bold young fellow, who went about in diamonds like a fine gentleman and captivated all the girls, was at heart a miserable coward. He wept; he swore that he had been deceived and imposed upon; he promised to make restitution. In his fear he cast caution to the winds and revealed the secret of a fortune he had stolen. It was in an El Paso bank, sir, whither he had dispatched it for safekeeping.

Instead of appeasing Dario Pez, the confession drove him mad with rage. His temper was always terrible, sir; but never had I seen anything to approach the cold fury that seized him now. He leaned forward, with his hands on the table, and glared at his brother, and I read the death sentence in his eyes.

"So!" he said huskily. "And bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh! Major Orteja, a firing squad of five. And at once!"

That was all he said in answer. This Juan made a last effort: He threw himself on his knees and, crawling in this fashion toward the table, despite the efforts of the guard to hold him, tried to seize the general's hand to mumble it. Dario Pez snatched it away and dealt a blow that sent him sprawling across the room.

"What!" he bellowed, quivering all over. "Thou wouldst shame the mother that bore us both? Take him away! Take him away, major, before I slay him with my own hand and live to regret it."

Thereupon the guard picked up the prisoner and marched him out, Juan begging and beseeching to be heard. It was awful to witness, sir. The sight of a man unmanned sickens the soul and makes one ashamed.

No sooner had his cries died away in the distance than I strode up to the table and saluted.

"Well, Don Francisco? Ready?"

"Yes, *mi general*. But kindly send somebody else in charge of the expedition."

"Why so? What is this? Insubordination?"

"No, general. But I am going to die beside your unfortunate brother."

For a moment he gaped at me, and then his expression hardened.

"Very well, Don Francisco. If you wish to share the fate of a traitor, that is your affair. We will try to spare the needful bullets. Or would you prefer hanging?"

I did not like his tone, sir. Of course I did not seriously believe that he would permit me to be executed for my devotion to his interests, but his temper was so uncertain that such might easily happen. Assuredly Dario Pez would repent immediately afterward and mourn his loyal friend; but that would not bring me back to earth, sir, and I had no desire whatever to leave it.

"Answer me! Would you prefer hanging?"

"No, general. I do not wish to die. But, rather than see you commit a terrible mistake and give your enemies a weapon against you, I would share the fate of this pitiful boy."

"Silence!" he shouted furiously. "Another word like that and I'll give you a pill of my making. Listen to me, Don Francisco—a soldier's first duty is to obey. No excuse relieves him from it. He must execute orders. Were I to command you to go out and shoot your own father, it would be your solemn duty to do so. Would it not, Don Francisco?"

"Yes, general," I answered, my father being comfortably in Paradise; "but that would harm only me and mine. When you attempt to do something that will damage your own cause irretrievably, then I must protest, even though a protest means my death warrant."

"Enough!" exclaimed Dario Pez, banging his clenched fist on the arm of the chair. "Who'll dispute me next? I have said he must die, and he dies. Get out of my presence!"

I saluted and went out. When Dario Pez was in that mood it was as useless to reason with him as with a bleeding bull. Therefore I walked briskly from the house and started to run across the garden. I knew that he must see me from the window.

"Hey! Where're you going so fast, Don Francisco?" he called.

"To die with Juan, Excellency."

And, without slackening my speed, I sped from the garden in pursuit of the firing squad, which was marching up the street, followed by a large crowd.

I did not succeed in overtaking them until they stopped at the ruins of a house on the outskirts of the city. This was the place of execution.

"Wait!" I shouted with all my might. "Wait!"

As I burst through the people, Juan was struggling with a soldier and crying out that he did not desire to have his eyes bandaged, but that he wished to direct the firing squad himself. It was, in my opinion, merely an excuse to gain time, sir. He had not the courage to look into leveled guns, with their cold, cruel mouths.

"What's the matter now?" demanded Major Orteja when I sprang to the prisoner's side.

"I have come to die with him."

"Fine!" said this scoundrel, who seemed very cheerful over the whole proceeding. "Who gets your job?"

By goodness, I took a dislike to Orteja right there! Never since then have I trusted the fellow or favored him with my friendship. But as we thus confronted each other the crowd split apart again, as though a shell had cleaved through its middle, and here came Dario Pez, hot and out of breath.

"What foolishness is this?" he sputtered, and I heard Juan give a little whimper of joy.

He thought the interruption meant respite for himself, sir; and so did I. But we were mistaken; we did not yet know Dario Pez.

"Tie this fool up," he commanded—referring to me, I regret to say, sir—"and give him a sound beating. Now proceed with the execution, major. I myself will superintend it."

Two soldiers held me while the major stood the prisoner up against the wall and blindfolded him in spite of his opposition. That done, Orteja stepped back and lined up his men.

"*Preparen armas!*"

You could have heard a pin drop as the rifles were leveled. I held my breath. Dario Pez was stern and composed.

"*Sobre el reo apunten!*" cried the major; and then a wild scream made me jump, and I saw the rifles waver.

Orteja, he held his sword half raised and glanced uncertainly round him. And as he thus hesitated the front ranks of the crowd split apart once more and a woman rushed into the open space and straight toward this Juan Pez. It was the general's mother.

"Put up your guns!" he bellowed in a terrible voice, and the squad came to attention.

Dario Pez strode forward and tried to remove the mother's arms from round Juan's neck. But, by goodness, sir, the crowd hissed, and the women in the rear shrieked at him to leave her alone, murderer that he was.

"*Madre mia!*" he begged. "Come away! You are wasting the love of an excellent heart on a traitor. Go back! This execution must take place."

But she only clung the tighter. She knew what this Juan had done—but what did that matter? It did not count a grain, sir, with the woman who bore him. She locked her arms round his neck and would not move.

"If you kill him then I shall die, too, Dario. Or, listen—I am old and useless, and have not long to live. See—set me in his place!"

Dario Pez, sir, groaned and beat his breast.

"*Madre mia! Madre mia!*" he cried in a suffocated voice. "Come away! He is not worthy of your love. What nonsense is this? Die for him! You gave him life once. You cannot give it twice."

"Then you must pardon him, Dario," she cried; and the crowd, they huzzaed like anything, sir.

Dario Pez looked at her a while and then at the people assembled, and then at this Juan.

"I believe now," he said grimly, "that there is not a rogue on earth without luck. Take him away; but break his sword."

We had triumphed. There would be no execution. We were feeling mighty jubilant, sir. But it did not last long; for, as his mother stood fondling his hand, and the rest of us just stood there grinning at Juan, and the thoughtless crowd shouted "*vivas*," Dario Pez turned and said:

"But I am not through with you yet, *hombre*. Bring him back to my headquarters in an hour."

And with that, sir, he walked off, the assembled people making way for him and yelling approval of his clemency.

What would he do next? I was in the room when this Juan was led up on the carpet, sir, and I heard all that passed. Dario Pez sat at his table and all the Staff were gathered there by special summons. The general was curiously calm.

"My orders," he began, when silence had been obtained, "are that this prisoner be given his life, though it is rightfully forfeited by his baseness. I do this in response to the pleadings of one of my most loyal officers and in token of the great love his mother bears him.

"But to thee, Juan Pez, I say this: Poor and in rags thou camest to me. Poor and in rags thou shalt go. Major Orteja, escort him to the city limits and set him on the road to Baca, according to your orders. And now to work, gentlemen. Take the fellow away!"

They led him out and we went to work. In about an hour a lady was announced.

"Show her in," said Dario Pez at once. "Don Francisco, listen well to what is about to be said. You will learn human nature, *muchachito*, and it may be useful to you in the matter of women. They tell me you need it."

Before I could reply, the Señorita Teresa Jaurequi entered, being announced by the secretary with a fine bow and flourish of words. She came proudly in, sir, all smiles and good humor; and she was dressed in her richest dress.

"Ah, Excellency, it is good of you to send for me!" she said gayly.

"That is as it may be," answered Dario Pez. "Welcome to my poor house, señorita. It is yours. Don Francisco, bring the lady a chair. Have you no manners?"

As for him, he sat there without stirring, sir; and I fetched the Señorita Teresa a nice chair. And then Dario Pez began to talk to her. He spoke gently, sir, with a curious singsong that he always affected when he wanted to be polite to the ladies; but, by goodness, what he said hurt her like a whip.

"And so," he ended, "Juanito has gone. He will be at Baca to-morrow. Love speeds on nimble feet. Doubtless Love will be waiting for him there, with clothes and food and comfort for his wretchedness."

To this, sir, the Señorita Teresa Jaurequi said nothing. First she turned red, then white; and she glanced all about her—at me and the general and the windows—as though she found difficulty in getting her breath. And all the while her toe kept tracing a pattern on the floor.

"And he has gone for—he will never return? Never?"

"Never!"

The young lady drew a deep breath.

"He is, then—no—longer agent for Your Excellency? He does not enjoy your favor?"

"He is Juan Pez, of Baca, seller of goats' milk."

"I—you—thank you, general. I must be going. My parents will be anxious if—do not put yourself out, general ——"

"Good!" cried Dario Pez heartily. "I knew Love would find a way. You will be there waiting for him, will you not, señorita?"

But the Señorita Teresa Jaurequi had fled. And Dario Pez, sir, was laughing.

"Oh, *muchachito*," he said to me, "learn human nature! Learn it and the whole round world is yours. Come! We will go find Lucita. Our little visitor is with her and we will test the truth of Juan's denial."

Well, sir, we found Lucita and the nice young girl from La Ascencion in rocking-chairs near the fountain, and they were busily engaged in sewing. Dario Pez sat down close to the nice young girl, and began to speak with her precisely as he had done with the Señorita Teresa; but now he talked very gravely, sir, and did not employ the singsong.

"And doubtless Love will be waiting for him there," he ended, "with clothes and ——"

"Oh, general," cried the girl, seizing his hand and kissing it, "how can I ever show my gratitude? I will start now—at once. Perhaps I can overtake him."

"No, no," he replied; "you must not do that. My orders are that he shall go hungry and in rags to Baca, and to Baca he goes. But you may make a detour and arrive there before him. Hey, Lucita! Wilt thou instruct this child and give her what she needs?"

Lucita gladly agreed, sir.

"A heart of gold, Don Francisco," said Dario Pez. "The most priceless treasure life can offer. I knew Juan was lying. He does not deserve such good fortune. And now to business. You start immediately for the mountains."

Sir, I did so. But about three hours out I gave my officer his instructions and branched off the trail. It was in my mind to ascertain how this Juan Pez fared and then overtake the pack train by hard riding.

It was almost nightfall when I sighted him on the white road that crosses the big mesa, and approaching him was a line of burros, loaded with firewood for the city. A ragged rascal, armed with a stout staff, was driving them. When he met the burros in the road, this Juan did not give an inch from the middle, which created some confusion. The driver came running from the rear to ascertain the trouble.

"What, you big rascal!" he was shouting as I came up. "You would hog the road from me, would you? Take that, and that!"

I turned to look at the brother of Dario Pez. He was sitting on the ground, nursing his shoulder where the driver had struck him, and he was whining like a child who has been punished. But it was his appearance that amazed me most, sir.

By goodness, he was a fearsome sight! They had placed upon him the filthiest beggar's rags that could be found in the city, giving the beggar one of Juan's fine suits in exchange.

But that was not the worst. The upper portion of his body was entirely nude, and on his back they had printed, in large letters that would not rub out: "This is Judas."

"Don Francisco!" he cried at sight of me, ceasing his lamentations. "Oh, good! You have come to help me? You are a real friend, Don Francisco. Give me something to eat. I am famished. And then, your coat. It is very little to ask from a comrade, Don Francisco."

"Aye; but more than I may give, Juan. I can give you nothing."

"Then why did you come? Why did you follow me?"

"I wanted to see you," I replied; and, sir, try as I would, some of the secret joy his situation afforded me crept into my face.

On hearing my words this Juan jumped to his feet and started to run along the road. I watched him go. Presently he came to a point where the road forked. He hesitated an instant, then turned to the left.

"Hey!" I shouted at him. "That doesn't go to Baca. You're on the wrong road."

"The wrong road!" he wailed, bursting into tears. "Always and always the wrong road!"

After a while he rose and went stumbling forward, talking to himself and making many pauses to rest his feet. And so I left him, sir, whimpering along the road to Baca.

If This Were Our Only Chance to Tell You

If we had just this one chance to talk to *you*—If this were the one Timken-Detroit advertisement *you* would ever read—What message would we give you?

We could not tell you the whole story of motor-car axle importance; but we should certainly emphasize seven facts that every motor-car owner should know and remember:—

1 ***Human safety comes first*** in motor-car construction, and in respect to safety, the axles are beyond question the most important parts of the car.

2 ***A motor-car axle must be better than "good enough."*** It must exceed the stated requirements of the car builder in capacity to carry loads, transmit power, and stand up to the shocks and stresses of travel.

3 ***The axles must fit the car, and the car must fit the axles.*** The axle builder must see to it that his axles are of ample size and capacity to do the work required of them and that they are properly *engineered and built into* the car. The car builder should see to it that no radical increases in weight or horsepower are made after the type and size of the axles have been decided upon. For if radical changes are made it may jeopardize the owner's safety and satisfaction. In other words, axle builder and car builder must work together for a common principle.

4 ***The axle builder must be able to anticipate the future.*** He should not wait for new conditions or for his customers to demand new types and improvements in construction. He should be continually striving for something better than the best he can do today—and be the first to urge its adoption. He should make constant progress toward better design and quality.

5 ***The car owner must have assurance that the axle builder will continue in business.*** Thus, he knows that every part and piece of his axles can be furnished for replacement if the need ever arises. And that assurance can be given only by an old, established and successful organization.

6 ***Building motor-car axles is a task for a specialist;*** for to meet the requirements already mentioned will take all the experience, engineering ability, manufacturing equipment and financial resources of an entire organization, who will give it their exclusive attention. Thus, the axle builder, with his many customers, acts as clearing house for the combined experience of the whole industry.

7 ***Continued use is the test of axle-building leadership.*** It is years of continued use by many of the ablest and most successful of motor-car builders, it is the *high average of satisfactory performance in hundreds of thousands of cars*, that finally tests the soundness of the axle builder's principles and practice.

In all this we have not mentioned Timken-Detroit Axles by name. If this were our one chance to talk to you, we should devote it wholly to explaining what kind of axles we honestly believe you should have, whether made by us or by any other axle builder who can qualify under *all* of the foregoing principles.

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

For the Points of Severest Service 160 Agree

Actual use of Timken Bearings at the points of hardest service is conclusive evidence of their superiority for use at any point in your car.

The following builders willingly pay more for Timken Bearings because they *know* they will stand up:

GASOLINE PLEASURE CARS

Anger Engineering Co.
Apperson Bros. Automobile Co.
Baker, R. & L. Co. (Owen Magnetic)
Brewster and Co.
Buick Motor Co.
Cadillac Motor Car Co.
Case T. M. Co., Inc., J. I.
Chalmers Motor Co.
City of Chicago
Columbia Taxicab Co.
Crawford Automobile Co.
Cunningham, Son & Co., James
Daniels Motor Car Co.
Detroiter Motor Car Co.
Dodge Brothers
Dorris Motor Car Co.
Duesenberg Motor Co.
Fleetwood Chassis Co.
Hudson Motor Car Co.
Hupp Motor Car Co.
Jordan Motor Car Co.
Kissel Motor Car Co.
Liberty Motor Car Co.
Locomobile Co. of America
Lozier Co., H. A.
Luverne Auto Co.
Mather Casket Co., S. W.
McFarlan Motor Co.
Meteor Motor Car Co.
Moline Automobile Co.
Moon Motor Car Co.
Murray Motor Car Co.
Netherlands Automobile and Aëroplane Mfg. Co.
Nordyke & Marmon Co.
Olds Motor Works
Packard Motor Car Co.
Peerless Motor Car Co.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.
Premier Motor Corporation
Quaker City Cab Co.
Reo Motor Car Co.
Riddle Coach & Hearse Co.
Saginaw Motor Car Co.
Saxon Motor Corporation
Simplex Automobile Co. (Crane Model Simplex No. 5)
Singer Motor Co., Inc.
Standard Steel Car Co.
Stanley Motor Carriage Co.
Studebaker Corporation
Stutz Motor Car Co.
Thomas Motor Car Co., E. R.
Velie Motor Vehicle Co.
Waldon W. Shaw Livery Co.
Wayne Works
Wescott Motor Car Co.
Willys-Overland Co.
Winton Co.
Yellow Cab Co., The

ELECTRIC PLEASURE CARS

Anderson Electric Car Co.
Baker, R. & L. Co.
Walker Vehicle Co.
Woods Motor Vehicle Co.

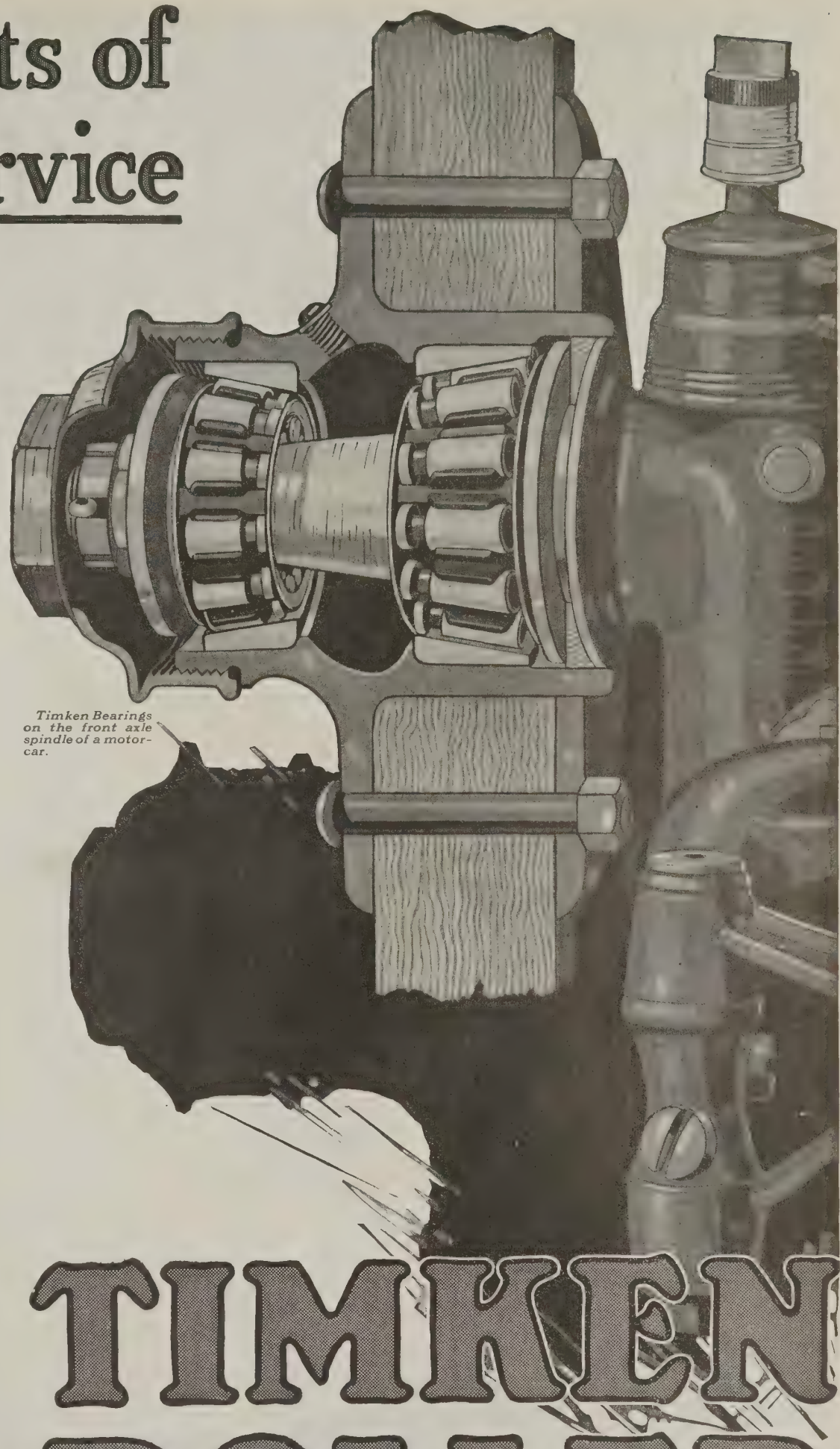
ELECTRIC, INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL CARS

Anderson Electric Car Co.
Atlantic Electric Vehicle Co.
Baker, R. & L. Co.
Buda Co.
Commercial Truck Co. of America
Elwell-Parker Co.
General Vehicle Co.
Hunt Co., C. W.
Lansing Co.
Orenstein-Arthur, Kopple Co.
Penna. R. R. Co.
Walker Vehicle Co.
Ward Motor Vehicle Co.
Way-Cleanse Co.

GASOLINE COMMERCIAL CARS

Abbot & Downing
Acason Motor Truck Co.
Ahrens-Fox Fire Engine Co.
American-LaFrance Fire Engine Co., Inc.
Armleder Co., The O.
Atterbury Motor Car Co.
Autocar Co.
Available Truck Co.
Bessemer Motor Truck Co.
Blair Motor Truck Co.
Bourne Magnetic Truck Co.
Bowling Green Motor Truck Co.
Brockway Motor Truck Co.
Cadillac Auto Truck Co.
Chase Motor Truck Co.
Chester County Motor Co.
Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co.
Corbett Automobile Co.
Crawford Automobile Co.
Croce Automobile Co.
Cross Front Drive Tractor Co., C. J.
Cunningham, Son & Co., James
Dart Motor Truck Co.
DeKalb Wagon Co.
Denby Motor Truck Co.
Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Co.
Diamond T Motor Car Co.
Dorris Motor Car Co.
Drednot Motor Truck Co. of Can., Ltd.
Ever Ready Mfg. Co.
Federal Motor Truck Co.
Fifth Ave. Coach Co.
Fitzhenry-Guptill Co.
Forschler Wagon & Mfg. Co., Philip
Gabriel Carriage & Wagon Co., W. H.
General Motors Truck Co.
Garford Motor Truck Co., The
Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Inc.
Henderson Bros.
Hendrickson Motor Truck Co.
Hupp Motor Car Co.
International Harvester Corp.
International Motor Co. (Mack)
Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co.
Kissel Motor Car Co.
Kleiber & Co., Inc.
Klemm, E. R.
Knox Motors Associates
Krebs Commercial Car Co.
Lansden, J. M.
Lewis-Hall Iron Works
Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co.
Locomobile Co. of America
"Maccar" Truck Co.
Maremont Mfg. Co.
Martin Carriage Works
Michigan Auto Trailer Co.
Menominee Motor Truck Co.
Mogul Motor Truck Co.
Moreland Motor Truck Co.
Nash Motors Co.
National Steel Car Co., Ltd.
Nelson & LeMoon
New England Truck Co.
Niles Car & Mfg. Co.
Packard Motor Car Co.
Palladium Autocars, Ltd.
Peerless Motor Car Co.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.
Rainier Motor Corp.
Reo Motor Truck Co.
Robinson Motor Truck Co.
Rowe Motor Mfg. Co.
Sandow Motor Truck Co.
Sanford Motor Truck Co.
Schacht Motor Truck Co., The G. A.
Seagrave Co.
Selden Motor Vehicle Co.
Service Motor Truck Co.
Signal Motor Truck Co.
Standard Motor Truck Co.
Stanley Motor Carriage Co.
Standard Oil Co.
Stegeman Motor Car Co.
Studebaker Corporation
Tait Bros.
Tiffin Wagon Co., The
Thomas Auto Truck Co.
Towar Truck Co.
Trafford Engineering Co.
Transport Tractor Co.
United States Motor Truck Co.
Universal Service Co.
Velie Engineering Co.
Viall Motor Car Co.
Walter Motor Truck Co.
Watson Wagon Co.
Witt-Will Co., Inc.

NOTE—The number of names in the above list is larger than 160, because certain manufacturers are listed twice, both as makers of pleasure cars and trucks.

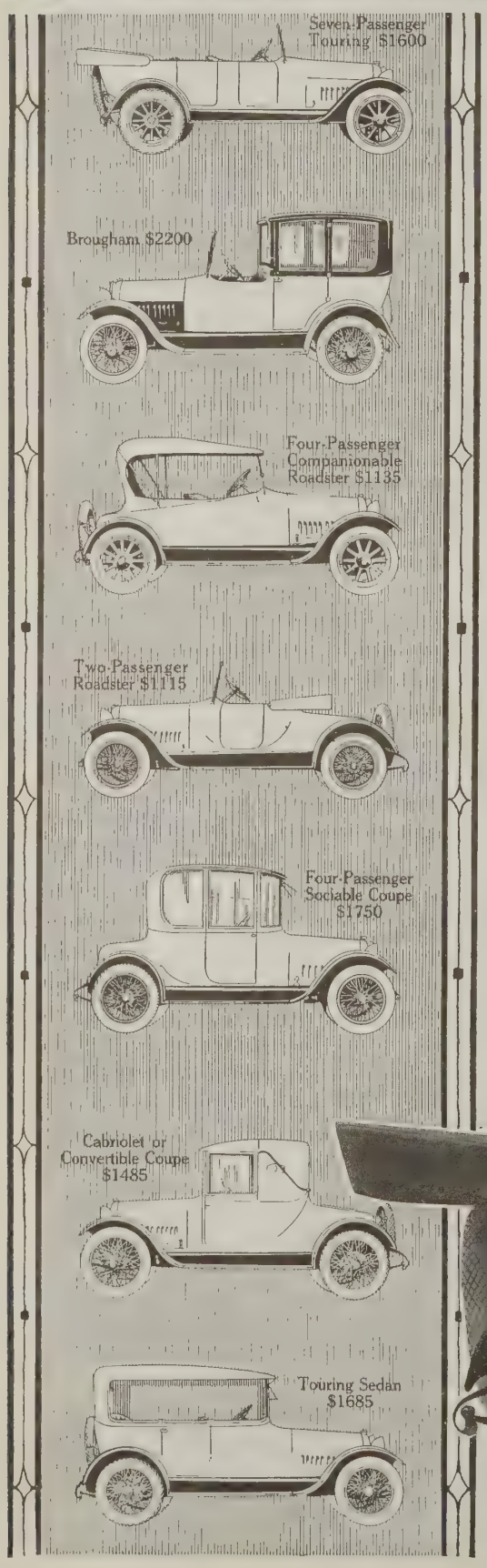


Timken Bearings on the front axle spindle of a motor-car.

TIMKEN ROLLER BEARINGS

TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

What The Velie Shows At The Shows



A Study in Comparisons

You have an exceptional opportunity to compare Velie values at the shows.

Your comparison may be complete; whether you are a part of a large family, or alone in the world, some one model is exactly suited to your needs.

Compare the New 1917 Velie Six by highest standards you know.

Judge by quality only. What better can you find at any price than the powerful Velie-Continental motor—Timken axles front and rear—long, underslung springs—multiple dry disc clutch—Remy automatic ignition—enclosed wiring—vacuum feed—push-button starter—everything in and on?

What could be finer than the Velie's graceful new streamline body—longer—roomier—with genuine deep-tufted leather and real curled-hair upholstery—Velie permanent mirror finish—with Snap and Style and Smartness up to the last minute?

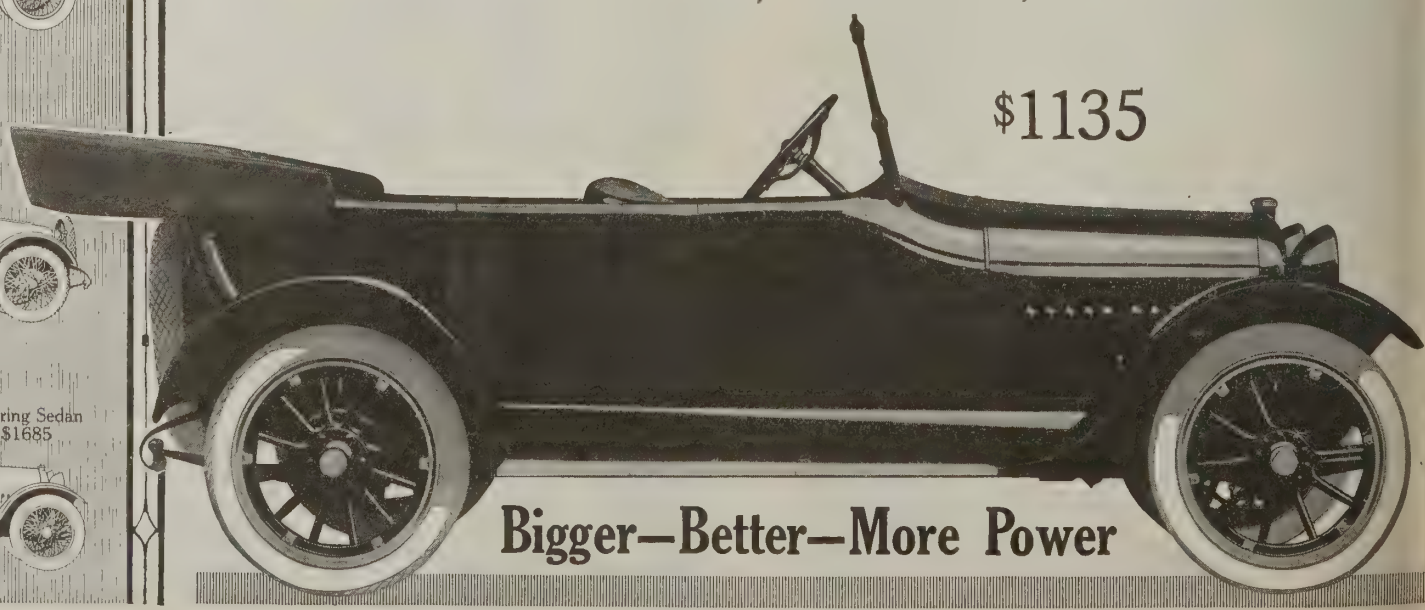
Such features are found only in a car built up to a long-maintained standard, and not down to a price. Built by an organization of the Velie's exceptional facilities—with half a century of manufacturing experience—and a mile of Velie factory—facts worth considering.

Velie cars may be seen on the main floors of the New York and Chicago Shows, or on your dealer's floor any day. See these cars—ride in them, and you'll agree comparison proves Velie values.

Catalog on Request

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION

125 VELIE PLACE, MOLINE, ILLINOIS



Bigger—Better—More Power

PEOPLE AND PENNIES

Links in the Drug-Store Chain—By John Mappelbeck

ALMOST the first day I worked in a drug store, as a boy just from school, the human interest of the business took hold of me. An old lady brought in a prescription yellow with age. Among other ingredients it called for five bumblebees. Even now the druggist is asked for many remedies of bygone generations, such as goose grease and skunk oil. In neighborhoods where foreigners live there is a demand for patent medicines so old that their wrappers and direction circulars give one a fascinating glimpse into the drug stores of past centuries. Bumblebees are an old-folks remedy for rheumatism.

Well, my boss was a conscientious man and a true pharmacist, with his heart in the compounding end of the business. If a prescription called for bumblebees he would put them in, if they could be obtained. We had no bumblebees in stock, so I was sent out to gather them. My knowledge of entomology was rather limited, for I was a town boy, and at the end of an all-afternoon hunt I came back with only a single specimen. Next morning the boss sent me farther into the country, and a florist allowed me to go into his greenhouses, where bees were humming. Up in one corner of the place I saw a little mud nest, with what looked like bees flying in and out. I got a pole and knocked it down, and learned the difference between bees and wasps by getting fearfully stung. By night, however, I had two more genuine bumblebees, and when I returned to the store, with a badly swollen face, the boss said these would do, for he could reduce the other ingredients in proportion, use the three bees, and make up the old lady's prescription three-fifths the quantity.

She was quite pleased when he explained it.

"You are an honest man," was her comment. "The last druggist who filled that prescription put in blowflies!"

I stayed two years with that employer and studied pharmacy under his guidance, to such good purpose that in another year I might have taken my examination and got a certificate. He was the typical druggist of his generation, a dispenser of medicine, absorbed in the technicalities, with no ability at all as a merchant. He made a customer feel that he was doing a favor in coming from behind the prescription desk to wait on him. His stock of sundries was a lot of shopworn stuff that had been on hand for years, purchased originally without any understanding of the needs of people. The boss didn't know people, in fact, and didn't like them, and had no more idea what was going on in his line than has many a small druggist to-day.

Early Cut-Rate Stores

It was fortunate for me that I quit before he made me a pharmacist too. For that might have killed my interest in people, which has been my best possession. Too much knowledge of the technicalities often blinds a man to the human possibilities. We differed over a technicality. I had become such a skillful bottle washer and handy man that he did not want to lose my services in that line by promoting me. So I left and found a new job in a bigger store downtown, and there soon saw opportunities for applying what I had learned of human nature; and I became so interested that I never studied pharmacy again.

I honestly believe that the drug business is the most human business that there is. Just think of the range of merchandise in an up-to-date drug store! There are supposed to be ninety thousand items in our trade—more than in any other line. The variety of things in even a small drug stock is so great that a man may wait on customers all day, and yet never have a call for the same article twice. Even if it is the same article, there will be some variation in its use. People go to the druggist for advice to a far greater extent than in any other line of trade, and they come in emergencies and trouble, so that there is every opportunity to know and help them.

Where all these articles come from, and what they are used for, and how they are used, and the people who buy them and want information about them, make an absorbing study—if your heart is in it—which gives constant suggestions for improving methods and stock. My heart has been in that sort of thing for thirty years. To-day I own an interest in a chain of two dozen retail drug stores, extending over several states, recognized as among the most successful mercantile enterprises in the country. It has all been built up from one store, and I had a share in the building. Our success has been based chiefly on a knowledge of human nature. We have studied people, learned what they wanted—often before they knew what it was themselves—gave it to them quicker and better than the other fellow, and if possible cheaper, kept an eye on to-morrow to see how times would change, and were ready to change our methods with them. Most of the things we have done can be done by other merchants, even the small ones—indeed, some of the small fellows have advantages over us nowadays, as I will show presently.

The Nine-o'Clock Trade

My new job was with the big cut-rate drug establishment downtown, a concern that had been opened up by people who came from some other city. My old boss hated, ridiculed and feared this cut-rate concern, and undoubtedly would have stigmatized it as a trust, had the word gained currency then. Those were the early price-cutting days. My new employers had measured the natural limitations of the drug business, as conducted by men like my old boss, and had set out to make bigger profits by increasing volume. Instead of a modest turnover of from ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year, gross, with a net profit of from ten to twelve per cent, they cut their margin of profit to five or six per cent and went after a hundred-thousand-dollar turnover. Prices were reduced on everything, goods piled to the ceiling, the store plastered with glaring signs, and special sales advertised. The business was run like a circus. Such methods were a novelty then and drew unheard-of patronage. That was the thing to do at that time.

To-day some concerns are still chasing volume with cut rates, in the same spectacular way, believing that the method is as potent as ever, and hundreds of small druggists still hate and fear the price-cutting establishments and regard them as oppressors, and feebly try to imitate their special sales. But we are now doing something entirely different, and in my opinion the days of price-cutting success are over, and the fellow who blindly chases volume is chasing the wrong thing.

We make one division of customers in our stores that throws light on present-day tendencies—nine-o'clock and two-o'clock customers. The nine-o'clock customer comes early, in response to bargain advertising. She has her mind firmly fixed on two or three articles that we are selling that day at cut prices, and will seldom buy anything else, because she wants to get away to some other store and take advantage of other bargains. It is not worth while to try building trade upon her, for she will not center her patronage in one store, and really has little patronage to give. If you advertise aggressively it is possible to clear off quite a volume of cut-price goods to nine-o'clock customers, and some merchants still imagine that this volume represents desirable business. But it cheapens the store, and the following that you might attract would melt away like frost before the sun if bargain tactics were abandoned.

The two-o'clock customer, on the other hand, drifts in placidly after lunch. She doesn't waste her time trying to save a few coppers. She is a liberal spender, seeks advice as well as goods, is open to suggestion, interested in new things, demands service, and when her confidence has been won is loyal to the store. So you can build on her endlessly.

From the customer's standpoint, the bargain is based on a wrong philosophy of buying. Regarding her as the purchasing agent for a family, the customer is matching pennies against her own time, convenience and energy, in return for goods that are seldom worth more than she pays for them. She is pitting her knowledge of merchandise against that of somebody who understands it far better than she does. That the bargain philosophy is wrong for the merchant, too, I can easily demonstrate by figures.

We saw through this bargain fallacy as soon as we began studying the important item of money received from the average customer. This record is kept in every store by the cash register, to which any merchant has recourse. Our average sale was thirty cents when we looked into this phase of the business. To-day we have reached forty-eight cents, building a penny at a time, and I doubt if any other drug store in the country has as high an average. From personal investigations I believe that the general average is not more than thirty cents. Now the merchant who attracts a big crowd of nine-o'clock customers by advertising and cut prices can dispose of an enormous stack of goods. But if he will study the amount spent by the average customer he will probably find it below twenty cents, and his effort in chasing volume has brought him neither profit nor lasting trade.

Now in our chain of stores we sell to fully ten million persons yearly. Suppose we sell each customer only a cent's worth more than last year's average! That is an additional revenue of one hundred thousand dollars. There has been practically no overhead expense in selling this increase, so we can clear from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars net profit on it. If it were sold to additional customers then overhead expenses, of course, would reduce the percentage of profit. We keep track of the number of separate items sold to each customer, another very important factor. When we started it was just one item. To-day we sell one and a half items to each customer, and the average is steadily being pushed up.

To increase sales per customer, both in amount and items, we have what we call our running-mate system, which is true salesmanship. Every article in a drug store will sell something else if you give it a chance. Our entire stock is classified so that one thing sells another. A woman buys a toothbrush. This suggests dentifrice or dental floss, which are running mates, and to make it easier for clerks to remember and offer such articles together we place them side by side in show cases and on shelves. The clerk who sells a toothbrush is expected to sell some running mate, such as a dentifrice. Sales slips are checked up, and the record of each clerk tabulated. If a third article, such as dental floss, is sold, we give a special credit to the clerk.

Selling Toilet Articles

Name any article in a drug store, and I can instantly name several natural running mates. Hair brushes suggest combs, complexion powder necessitates chamois, an eyecup should go with an eye lotion, and so on. This system can be applied to any retail business. In our own stock we have reduced it to about a dozen broad groups, taking in the whole store. One group includes everything for the hands and feet, another group the things for teeth and mouth, another the hair and scalp, and so on—complexion goods and perfumery, soap and sponges and articles for bodily comfort, shaving supplies, infant and invalid foods, surgical and rubber goods, handy remedies such as digestive tablets, drugs and medicines proper, and the prescription department.

Medicines were the backbone of the drug store a generation ago. The pharmacist made a living as a compounder of prescriptions, with patent medicines next in importance, and a limited stock of toilet conveniences last. But now all this is changed. The keynote of the present-day drug store is bodily comfort and personal pride, and the goods and selling methods are all changed accordingly.

Take the safety razor as an illustration. When men were shaved in barber shops sales of shaving soap, massage cream, and like preparations, were moderate. When men began shaving themselves there was a great demand for new goods from men who paid more attention to personal appearance. Toilet preparations for women have also become a necessity. We sell thousands of orange-wood sticks for manicure purposes, and the sale of a stick creates a demand for emery board, pumice stone, nail polish and a dozen other things for the hands. This demand extends to all classes of people. If wages are advanced twenty-five cents a day by the street-car company in one of the cities where we have a store, we can count absolutely on getting our share of that increase, for the conductor will buy a safety razor and spend more time on personal appearance, and the motorman's wife will feel that now she can afford a fancy toilet soap. The public has changed the drug store to such a degree in these matters that the pharmacist, trying to build business on the old basis, is not likely to get anywhere. And the druggist has changed the public.

Selling from behind the counter is based on an understanding of people. Knowledge of people is picked up by an interest in them, a study of their tastes, whims and individualities. We try to get our clerks interested in people. Any observing man or woman behind the drug-store counter, with the right point of view toward his fellow man, will find each day's experience full of enjoyment.

For instance, women usually shop in pairs, and the clerk who does not understand that he must sell to the other woman will have a hard time of it. The other woman is the friend of the one who buys and has come along as an adviser. If you do not sell to her she will find fault with goods, ask to see something else, and maybe wind up by declaring that they had better look elsewhere. But if you take her into the sale from the first, accord her a position as an authority, and simply ask her to agree with you, she will do it, nine times in ten, and everything will move along pleasantly.

Suiting Blondes and Brunettes

Then that elusive, electric something that makes one woman want what another woman wants is very helpful in selling when you understand and manage it. Many a woman has been at sea in choosing a hat until she saw a particular confection on another woman—a prospective purchaser. That is what she must have, and she will move heaven and earth to get it—and usually does! Not long ago a clerk in one of our stores was showing a woman a handsome toilet set. Another woman blew up like a whirlwind and bought it under the first one's nose, practically without examining it. The clerk on duty is one of our best salesmen. He called an assistant, ostensibly to wrap the goods, but whispered instructions to show the set piece by piece to the customer, so she would be satisfied with her snap purchase. Then, turning to the first woman, he said, "I'm glad you let her have that, because I've got something much finer for you." And then he sold her a set just about like the one she had lost! The salesman does not attempt to explain the psychology of such women; he simply reckons with human nature as it comes to him over the counter.

Blondes differ from brunettes. They like light odors in perfumes—for example, the lilies and violets—whereas brunettes prefer heavy odors, such as rose and lilac. Perfume sells many of the toilet articles bought by women. Complexion powder is made out of materials costing about twenty-five cents a pound, but it retails for from fifty cents to two dollars and a half a box, chiefly on account of the odor. It is a striking fact that each of the famous perfumers has built up his business on a single popular odor, and that he has never been able to make a second odor so popular. When the French perfumer concocts a new odor, he sends small lots to be tried out by the women of New York, London, Petrograd, Rome, Buenos Aires. To the extent

(Concluded on Page 91)

Stewart

The World's Largest and Leading Producer Of Fine Motor Car Accessories

Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal Price $3.50

Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal Price $6

Stewart Tire Pump Price $12

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug Price $1

Stewart Vacuum System Price $10

A Tip

JUDGE the accessories on the car you buy by the factory back of them. Analyze its methods of manufacture—its reputation—the service it gives.

THAT'S the safest way to determine the value of a car's equipment. Do that—and you will understand, better than ever, why Stewart Products occupy the commanding position they hold in the automobile industry.

STEWART Products are built by the largest automobile accessory manufacturer in the world. Stewart factories are the biggest—Stewart methods the most advanced—Stewart workmanship the most expert.

STEWART Products are backed by a service that extends into every important motoring center. You get honest advice and expert, courteous attention at any Stewart Service Station. That is the best possible guarantee of satisfaction. No other article you can buy for your person, your home or your car has such a broad, comprehensive service behind it.

INSIST upon being protected by Stewart mechanical excellence, Stewart workmanship, and Stewart service. Stewart Products are overwhelmingly favored. Practically all experienced motorists demand them. For instance:

The Stewart Speedometer:	Costs more—but ***over 95% of all American automobile manufacturers willingly pay the extra cost.*** It is the best designed—best built—most satisfactory. No other accessory so universally adopted. We shall build 1,500,000 in 1917. Have no other Speedometer on your car.
Stewart Vacuum System:	Used by over 70% of all car manufacturers as standard equipment. Has replaced pressure and gravity systems in nearly every instance. Less than 30% of all car manufacturers still use these other systems. Within a very short time we believe practically all car manufacturers will use the established Stewart Vacuum System. It is *the* system that insures an even, positive flow of gasoline under all conditions. See that it comes on your car. Or, bring your old car up-to-date by installing it. Price $10.
Stewart Tire Pump:	Saves you the hard, back-breaking work of pumping by hand. Keeps tires properly inflated—stops 90% of all tire troubles, adds much to tire mileage. Regular equipment on many cars, quickly mounted on any car. Don't be without it. Price $12.
Stewart Warning Signals:	None better built—none so popular—none so generally used. Thousands built daily. Either motor driven or hand operated. Never fail—absolutely dependable. Be sure your signal is a Stewart. Motor Driven, $6—Hand Operated, $3.50.
Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug:	Four sparking points instead of one or two. Absolutely sure fire. Core of Petriflint—heat proof—fracture proof—oil proof. Fits any motor. Adds economy, power and flexibility. Try a set of V-Rays next time you replace your plugs. Price $1.
Special Stewart Speedometer for Fords:	Most popular Ford accessory built. Hundreds of thousands now in use. Perfect in construction and workmanship. Price $10—or mounted in handsome enameled steel cowl board—$11.25. Get one if you own a Ford. Can be installed by anyone in a few minutes.

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Champion Toledo

Dependable Spark Plugs

In winter weather your spark plugs must necessarily stand up under violent extremes of cold and heat.

The porcelain insulators are subjected to most severe strains.

Champion porcelains are a quality product, scientifically constructed and tested, and cushioned against the force of the explosions in your cylinders by specially designed and patented asbestos lined copper gaskets.

Their dependability is proverbial.

Champion spark plugs are unqualifiedly guaranteed and sold by supply dealers and garage men everywhere.

The name "Champion" is on the porcelain of every genuine Champion-Toledo Plug.

Champion Spark Plug Co., Toledo, Ohio

(Concluded from Page 87)

that a novelty pleases women in one capital it will please in all, and will sell about the same in Paris and in Rio.

The man behind the drug counter caters to the four ages of woman. First his customer comes to him as a schoolgirl patron of the soda fountain. A little later he sells her toilet waters and complexion powders, and after that more elaborate toilet preparations, eyebrow pencils and beauty spots. Last of all, a matron, she comes for baby foods and household necessities. At this stage beauty spots are apt no longer to interest her.

Men have just as many peculiarities, and to know their idiosyncrasies is useful in selling. Take those who come for medicine. One customer likes the remedy that cured grandfather, and will try nothing new, while another seeks novelty always. There is the customer who takes medicine regularly because he is afraid of germs and sickness and believes he must ward them off. Another is open to suggestion and can be persuaded that he has almost any symptom. There is the Sunday-morning procession of those who were out too late with John Barleycorn the night before. There is a corresponding class who overeat and who come for digestive tablets the next day.

Pushing Specialties

Even in an article like chewing gum the attentive clerk can soon learn to distinguish the distinct temperaments of the purchasers and be guided accordingly in his sales work. One chews gum because he is of a restless nature. Another chews it for poise—it gives him something to do and puts him at ease with people. Others chew it for the digestive effect, for the sweetness or the flavor. People are very fickle about chewing gum, and will take kindly to suggestions. It is an excellent article with which to learn how to manage customers.

It is the business of the salesmen to gauge the customers and to serve them according to their temperaments, to sell them more goods than they ask for, and at the same time not to overload them. On a Saturday afternoon, by staging a prize contest in all our stores, paying a bonus of fifty dollars to the store that sells the largest quantity of a given article like talcum powder, say, we have often disposed of a thousand dollars' worth of goods; otherwise there would have been no extra turnover. Such a sale must be well staged, however, with the powder in a new odor or in convenient container, and window and counter displays must be effective. In many lines of goods we are scrupulous about having the customer decide how much he wants, even though we try to sell him more. If he asks for an antiseptic mouth wash in the small size, for instance, we show him the large size with the small, explain the difference in price and wait for his decision.

We still do considerable cut-price trade, but the building up of a large volume of profitable business rests on several other things besides bargains. One item is careful stock keeping—having everything for which there is a call. The percentage of sales lost by being short of stock is very large and increases overhead expense on everything sold. The smallest retailer can always be well stocked. Another item that makes for success is knowing what sells and what doesn't. For instance, if we arrange a display of nail brushes on a counter near the door, we slip under the pile a ticket telling the number put there in the morning. A count and comparison at night show whether that display was justified.

We spend a good deal of money on our windows, because they bring in what we call involuntary customers. Voluntary customers are those who were coming in anyway. Involuntary customers are those who were passing the store but, seeing something desirable in the window, stopped to buy. Thus is created a profitable extra business that reduces overhead expenses.

Prices are not the only means of distancing competition. During the past few years we have built up an enormous business in ivory-white toilet goods—hair brushes, mirrors, and the like, with backs of heavy composition that can be washed and engraved like ivory. The demand for this stuff we discerned when the trade was light. Wooden-back goods were the staple then. They had certain defects. They went to pieces when washed, were unclean and lacked daintiness. The public was ready for something better. We took up ivory-white, and made it a fashion and an attraction; and now it is a staple product with us, year in and year out. The average small retailer might not have had the demand or the capital to develop such a specialty, as we had; but, supplied with both market and capital, he would need, moreover, the capacity for looking ahead and sensing future business.

Go into the ordinary drug store to-day and ask for toilet goods, and you will probably be shown the old wooden-back kind, in funereal ebony, quite unsuited to a woman's toilet table—proof that the average retailer does not see the tendencies of trade, even after they have changed.

Another indication that bargain prices are not the backbone of successful retailing was our prescription department. In the cut-rate days we did all our compounding for a very small percentage of profit over the actual cost of the best ingredients, and we fancied that low prices would bring patronage. Not so! Our prescription business never grew until we discovered that the more people pay for medicines—within a reasonable price—the more confidence they have in them. Then we raised our prices. People want service nowadays, and they are not only willing to pay for it but judge service largely by prices.

The other day a customer came into one of our stores and laid down a prescription and a lot of price tickets.

"For several years," he said, "I've been having this medicine put up here, and you've charged me sixty-five cents for fifty tablets. To-day I learned that you sell one hundred such tablets for fifty cents. Here are the price tickets to show how much I've spent with you. Do you call that fair?"

"Those tablets at fifty cents a hundred are shelf goods," explained our manager. "When you have this medicine specially compounded we put our skill and knowledge against a machine-made product. One ingredient comes from South America, another from the Chicago stockyards, a third from Switzerland, a fourth from Formosa, and a fifth is made from the bones of animals. We gather all these things and keep them on hand, though some may be called for only two or three times a year. You can take your choice of the compounded or the shelf goods, but the way you've been buying in the past has given you the best service we know how to render."

The customer left his prescription to be filled again!

In each of our stores we do a year's business averaging close to a quarter-million dollars gross. That is a sum almost unthinkable to the druggist of a generation ago, and not every druggist of to-day can figure on such a turnover even in his imagination—he wouldn't know what the items were, or where to begin laying in stock, or how to take care of the people. He knows that we reach these totals, but he believes that we do it by price cutting, or by larger capital, or by superior purchasing power, or by some other apparent advantage. But we do it mostly by simple methods that he himself might adopt.

Bonuses for Managers

Suppose, for example, that he considered himself one of our store managers and ran his own place next month with the ambition of reducing controllable expense as much as possible. We pay our managers part of all they can save on controllable expense over fifteen per cent. Some store expenses are fixed—rent, taxes, advertising, insurance. But items like light, salaries and breakage can be controlled. Our managers save on these items, not by cutting clerks' salaries or skimping on electric light, but by improving their window and counter displays, pushing goods, helping clerks sell, and watching breakage and loss.

The average small retailer could do this. He could do most of the things we do. We have advantages over him in applying our methods and economies to a greater volume of business, and in offering better positions to high-class salespeople and managers. But he has advantages over us in a lower cost of doing business. Our costs are fully twenty-five per cent, and in some of the department stores it is more. The small retailer's costs run from nineteen to twenty per cent—he pays less rent, keeps open longer hours, and does more of the work himself. Success in retail lines to-day is not a matter of size but of intelligence, and the small man's intelligence will return just as good profits as the big chain-store manager's intelligence.

GUIDES WANTED—By Enos A. Mills

LAST summer a number of mountain climbers assembled in front of an inn in one of the National Parks. They were making ready to climb a fourteen-thousand-foot peak. The first stage of the ascent would be on horseback.

The last to mount was a young college fellow. He roused the contempt of his pony by mounting on the Indian side. He pulled the reins too tightly and threw the party into confusion by causing his horse to back rapidly, first in one direction, then in another. A young woman dashed to his rescue and loosened the reins. This young woman was the guide of the party and she understood her business.

She had the young collegian dismount and then showed him how to mount properly. Taking the reins in her left hand and catching the saddle horn in her right, she reached the left stirrup with her left foot and swung quickly and lightly into the saddle, explaining as she did so that in mounting one should always clasp the horn with the right hand, and never the roll or back part of the saddle, as this would necessitate letting go as one swung into place.

What Guides Should Know

Women guides are something new, but their number is bound to increase. They are likely to set a new and higher standard for the men to follow. This guide was an athlete, a graduate of Wellesley, and had been an outdoor girl all her life. She had a good acquaintance with birds, flowers and trees; could ride, row and swim; give first aid; build and extinguish a camp fire, and cook. She possessed a knowledge of natural history and the ability to impart it. This is an essential qualification. No longer can one be a guide unless one is able to tell others the story of Nature.

A demand exists for intelligent guides in the National Parks. There are sixteen of these and more than thirty National Monuments, all possessing a variety of scenic attractions; bears and birds; vast cañons; towering and icy peaks; glaciers; splendid forests; peaceful lakes and eager streams. Other like reservations will be added early to this list. Each of these is scenic—a magnificent hanging wild garden and, also, a wild-life reservation. All are managed for public recreation and education. People in rapidly increasing numbers want a guide who can tell them of the plant and animal life. Already the demand for such guides exceeds the supply. Thousands will be needed before an equal number of competent ones are likely to develop.

Soldiers are no longer to be used to guard National Parks; but in their place are to be civilians who will be called Park Rangers. A Park Ranger and a guide need similar qualifications and equipment.

Good guides now command from five to fifteen dollars a day. I know of one who has received twenty-five dollars a day. He is, of course, equipped with character, knowledge, tact and years of experience.

To be a real guide one needs to train as for lifework. Many young men have learned the way to the top of a peak or to the bottom of a cañon; then guided for one or two years. But they knew little of natural history, and were ready to drop out to try some other work the instant it appeared attractive or offered even a slight increase of salary.

Swiss guides are justly famed for their courage and climbing skill; also for their faithfulness and willingness to do the hard work necessary for success in their profession. As young men they were thoroughly trained for the lifework before them. But, though they fit well into their work, with rare exceptions they do not possess general outdoor information; hence do not attain the ideal of the American who excels in this occupation.

The days of wild and woolly gun-carrying guides are over. Facts about Nature are more romantic than any of the fiction that may be faked concerning it. These parks are for people who wish to hunt with a camera and to seek for animal character—not for hides and horns.

Since everyone who goes into a National Park wants information concerning the objects of interest, each guide should be able to tell concisely the part and place of the glaciers; the life history of the sequoia trees; the pioneering aspen and lodgepole pines; and to describe the grizzly bear, his habits and his neighbors. He should know how to write the biography of a lake; to tell the story of the gentian and of the numerous alpine flowers. He should know intimately the lives of the ouzel, the ptarmigan, the solitaire and the eagle. The guide of to-day needs to be an educator—an instructor.

He needs to have a wide range of information and to be capable of imparting this both directly and indirectly. Knowing the way is now a minor guiding necessity. Mental development and character are the essentials.

A guide, then, should have a fund of interesting information. One day, while some climbers were resting, the guide, a man who was thus equipped, simply called attention to the abundance of paintbrush—variously called the painted cup and Indian paintbrush—which was growing near by. He said that this plant is a parasite, and that in most cases, by digging down, you will find the roots of one specimen clasped over the roots of others. Of course its parasitic habits had given in part the form to its leaves and bracts. Many of the flowers, trees, birds and animals out-of-doors have interesting habits—interesting stories. Facts concerning the character of these are just what mountain visitors like to hear.

The regularity of distribution of plant and animal life, when called to their attention, interests most people. On the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, at a certain level, you will find cedar trees that are not found a thousand feet farther up the slopes; in the middle slopes are tree and flower growths unknown in the foothills; and still farther up, at the limits of tree growth, are trees not seen in the lower slopes. In the cañons that trend east and west the northern walls commonly are covered with spruces, the southern walls with pines; and on the ridges of east-and-west trend the northern slopes carry a spruce growth or a growth of other moisture-loving, cold-enduring trees, while the southern slopes carry trees that need less moisture and require more warmth. Each of these tree species has its peculiar insect enemies and its bird and animal neighbors. Then, too, each individual, pair or flock claims a small bit of territory and commonly lives closely within this; likewise insisting on neighbors' keeping within their own reservation.

Chances to Win Success

As much skill and application, and as much experience, too, will be required henceforth for making an honorable and successful guide as are needed to make one famous as a lawyer, a doctor or an editor. But a guide has opportunities for winning success much more quickly than the others.

The requirements of the guide are many. He is intimately associated with people. One day's companionship in the wilds often better acquaints people with one another than years of ordinary association. With hard work a guide should rise to distinction within a few years. In this time a thousand children, through his guidance, should have acquired a permanent interest in facts and fairies. In this time, too, he

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Remy Asks Only For Your Thoughts

THE purpose of this publicity is to attract your attention to the fine performance of Remy products wherever they are used.

All that we ask is that you will make a mental note of that fine performance whenever it comes under your observation.

If you will do that much, you are certain to form a favorable opinion of Remy.

If you, and many million other Americans, form that good opinion, more of the foremost manufacturers of motor cars, motor trucks, motorcycles and tractors will feel the pressure of your good opinion in due time.

That is all that we seek to accomplish.

Primarily, we deal almost exclusively with the manufacturer. Actually, we deal with you.

Your approval of Remy products is necessary to our permanent existence—it will be felt by the motorcar maker.

We are confident enough of our own product to feel that there is no motor car so fine but that Remy will confer added prestige upon it.

We ask you to remember Remy.

We ask you to check Remy performance in starting, lighting and ignition.

Remy will reap its reward if you will think pleasant and approving thoughts about it, and occasionally express those thoughts to others.

Remy Keeps the Battery Charged In Winter

THE perplexing problem of battery charging, encountered in both winter and summer, with slow, average, and fast car driving, has been solved by the Remy Electric Company through an improvement covered by basic patents.

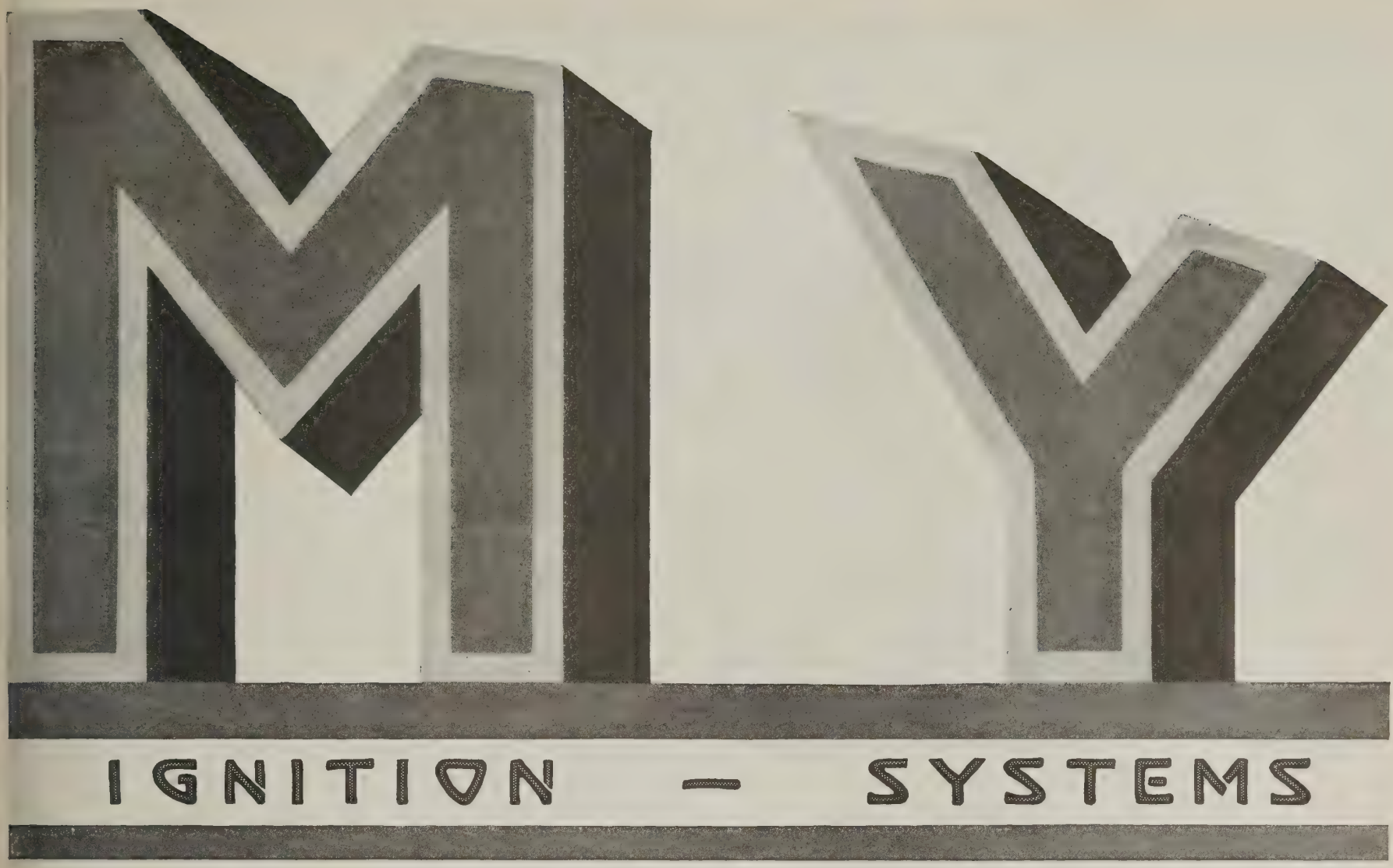
This improvement is a *thermostatic control* of the generator output. It will be incorporated in all Remy generators in due time.

In winter more electricity is required for starting and lighting than in summer.

This thermostatic control enables the Remy Company to provide car manufacturers with large-capacity generators for producing current at a high rate just when it is most needed.

At the proper moment, in both winter and summer, it reduces the high-charge rate to a safe but ample value, thus positively protecting the battery at all times.

This control is an integral part of the generator. It is entirely automatic. It never requires attention or adjustment.



Remy Was Ready When Motor Cars Came

THE name of Remy ranked high in the electrical world, back beyond the earliest days of the automobile industry.

With the advent of that industry, Remy was almost overwhelmed by a flood of prosperity.

Six years ago, it rose to an appreciation of the fact that in automobiles, as in all else, the true test is integrity, not volume.

Ever since, under the direction of new interests, the Remy business has steadfastly adhered to an ideal which subordinates everything else to the prime question of quality.

Remy experience began in 1899, with ignition devices for gas engines.

Without knowing it, Remy engineers were then solving electrical problems in advance for motor-car manufacturers.

They were ready to apply their solutions as soon as the automobile appeared.

They became, actually, automobile-electrical engineers—a combination unique even in this day.

Remy devices—Starting, Lighting, Ignition Distributor Systems and Magnetos—are applicable, singly or in combination, to motor cars, motor trucks, motorcycles and tractors. They are standard equipment on 32 makes of motor vehicles of all types.

Remy Electric Company

Sales and Engineering Offices, Detroit, Mich.
Factories and General Offices, Anderson, Ind.

Remy Expert Service Wherever You Are

CO-OPERATION with Remy users is the reason for the numerous Remy Branches and Service Stations throughout the country.

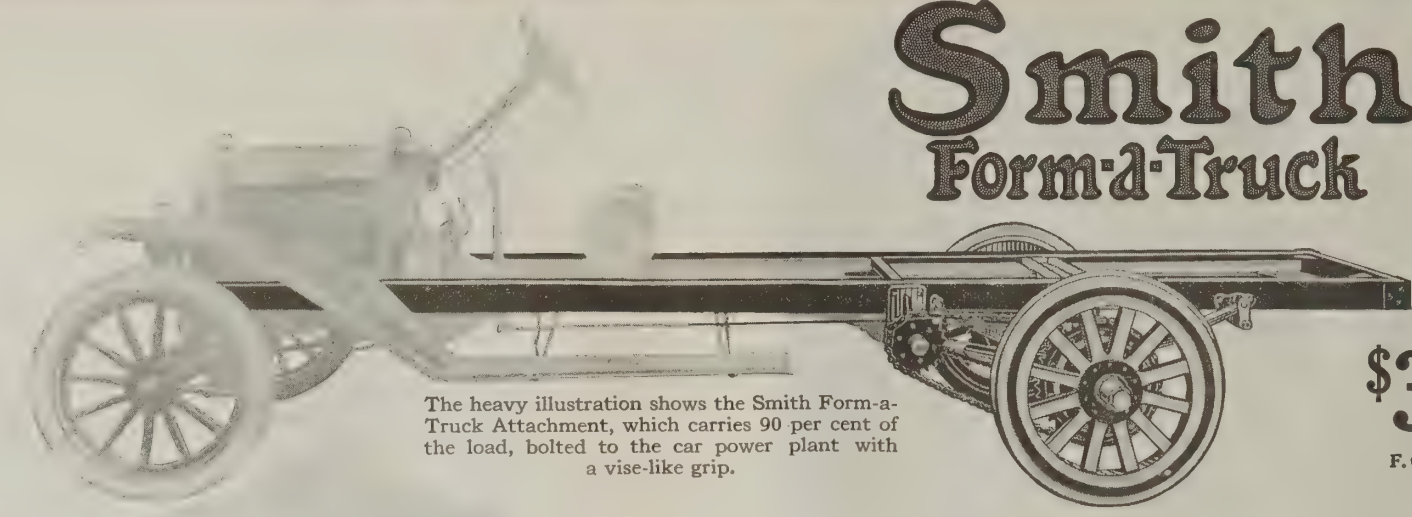
Remy's active interest continues beyond the sale to the manufacturer. It extends to the performance of its products in the service of the user.

At each Branch and Service Station are expert mechanics in the direct employ of the Remy Electric Company. They have been given a thorough working knowledge of all Remy products in the training school at the plant.

In addition, each Branch and Service Station has an equipment of special tools and testing apparatus built at the Remy factories.

The application of electricity to automobiles is a specialty. The important work of imparting to owners the special information that is necessary, and of rendering proper care, is carried out on a broad scale by Remy Branches and Service Stations.

Smith Form-a-Truck



The heavy illustration shows the Smith Form-a-Truck Attachment, which carries 90 per cent of the load, bolted to the car power plant with a vise-like grip.

$350

F. O. B. Chicago

Best for Winter Hauling

Over 9,000 Smith Form-a-Trucks are now in use in all parts of the country. Several thousand have been in daily service for a year or more. Thousands now ordered for delivering and hauling are to be placed in service during the winter months.

The enviable reputation established by Smith Form-a-Truck as "best for Winter use" is the result of the remarkable efficiency, sturdy dependability and high economy standards in all kinds of service under the hardest conditions of winter driving. Smith Form-a-Truck is light; with the Ford it weighs about one ton. Frozen roads do not wrack it and the tires stand up without being cut to pieces. The Ford power plant used in Smith Form-a-Trucks now in service is powerful for rough roads and deep snow—is reliable and efficient even on the coldest days.

This applies equally well to power plants of Dodge, Chevrolet, Maxwell, Buick and Overland cars, for which Smith Form-a-Trucks are now made.

The Smith Form-a-Truck dealer organization is built up of many of the biggest men in the motor-trade industry—each is the leader in his vicinity.

Send for your copy of "Delivers the Goods," a booklet crammed with valuable information.

Smith Form-a-Truck Co.

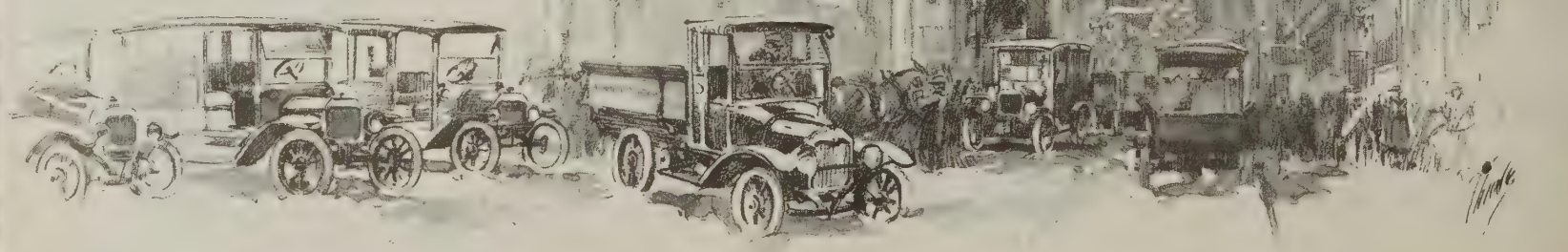
1470 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

Eastern Branch
1834 Broadway, New York

Pacific Coast Branch
Pico and Hill Sts., Los Angeles

Southern Branch
120 Mariette St., Atlanta

Kansas City Branch: 1808 Grand Ave.



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should have mastered his locality and obtained a good knowledge of the whole outdoors. He should have learned a little of human nature, and ought to be able to read and speak clearly and interestingly concerning the grand and lovely objects in Nature's wild gardens.

One of the best guides I have known is a celebrated Yellowstone Park guide, with whom I camped for a few days one summer. He had horse sense, was a genius for being ever vigilant; and the only people I ever heard him denounce were those who mistreated horses. His wilderness etiquette was faultless; he had the utmost consideration for those in his care, and a quick eye for the interesting and the beautiful. Under his direction all camp refuse was burned or buried; no scars, no junk, no remains of mutilation were left in sight. A New York lawyer who gave a picnic dinner by a campfire in the wilds won his hearty approval. The camp site was so carefully cleaned that only an expert trailer could have discovered that it had ever been used. The fire had been made upon a flat outcropping rock. At the close of the feast every scrap was buried, the rock brushed and the ashes also buried. This guide listened courteously to those with him who wanted to display their own information—even to those who indulged in Nature-faking or told stories that were whoppers; but he carefully avoided following their example. Local history he often related; and he was sure of an interested audience, for everyone enjoys local color and is glad to have past incidents brought to life. He was a true guide.

Whenever John Muir accompanied the Sierra Club members on an outing he was closely followed by everyone who could get near. Frequently he stopped to tell the life story of a tree, to describe the manners and customs of a flower. Here he pointed to the vast sculptured work of the ice; there he showed the graveyard of a lake that was born, lived its day, and now was covered with groves and forgotten.

Lessons From a Girl Guide

Think of being personally conducted to woods, lakes and streams by John Burroughs, while he bubbled over with stories about birds, their home life and their travels, chipmunks and their children, and his adventures with Nature-fakers! Who would not be delighted to go with a John Burroughs or a John Muir—with anyone who so charmingly told the stories and secrets of the wilderness?

It is splendid to have thousands of men, women and children coming home each year from their vacations talking merrily of the habits and customs of the animals and plants they learned about on their enjoyable yet purposeful holidays.

People are beginning to realize that outdoor information is a joy and a great advantage to children. One of the most helpful experiences that any child can have is a visit to a National Park with a guide who knows outdoor lore. Many of our great men and women say that Nature gave them the breadth of vision which helped them to succeed.

Each park is a wild-flower reservation, a place in which the flowers bloom in all their wild luxuriance and live their day uneaten and untrampled. Each park is a place in which guide and visitors may revel in botanical lore. Trees, protected from fire and from cutting, may here grow old and picturesque in their untrimmed and delightful individuality.

A National Park is also a wild-life reservation, and in all these parks the birds and animals under protection are becoming numerous and tame. Rare opportunity is thus afforded to study the habits of all wild life. Everyone who visits a park ought to have a camera. Photographing waterfalls, mountain sheep and other natural objects gives a definite purpose to each trip taken; and it also preserves, with startling, delightful fidelity, a picture record of the trip. A guide especially should be a skillful and an artistic photographer.

The young woman guide already mentioned, in addition to conducting her party successfully to the summit of a peak or to the shore of an Alpine lake, and bringing them back in good condition, during each trip imparted to them a great deal of outdoor information and in many ways incited keen and lasting interest in Nature.

Many an evening, round the big fireplace, her mountain climbers were enthusiastic over the incidents of the day. The matchless song of the solitaire had been heard. They had seen a cony, a snowshoe rabbit, a number of mountain sheep, or the track of a bear. With several talking at once, each would try to tell the listeners the difference between a Douglas and an Engelmann spruce. Before bedtime the girl guide was scheduled for other trips.

Once a lady and a party of children took this guide for a day at the forest frontier-timber line. The guide pointed out that the limber pines were growing upon the drier and the windswept slopes, while in the moister places were Engelmann spruce, Arctic willow and black birch. Here many of the more unfavorably situated trees were extremely small. Many of these dwarfed trees, though four or five inches in diameter at the base, and from two hundred to six hundred years of age, were not so high as the children's heads.

Here is her comment concerning a camp bird: "This is the Rocky Mountain gray jay, a confiding and quiet species of the alert, nervous and noisy jay family. Rarely does the most hardened murderer of birds shoot at it; and the woodsmen, miners and prospectors of the West are on exceptionally friendly terms with it. In the United States it is known as the camp bird or the camp robber; while in Canada it is known as the whisky jack or Canada jay." The children naturally gained more from this vividly illustrated lesson than they could gain from a textbook in the schoolroom.

One gray morning fate gave her a party of climbers who were afraid of the rain. Up to that time good fortune had coöperated with her tact and judgment in making every trip an easy success. Off they started, with the clouds drifting low. The sky continued to darken. Presently the deep thunders rolled. Then came a deluge of rain. Many of the party were apprehensive, but her unconcern gave them confidence. With a few stops she led them up the mountainside. By the time the rain came they were upon a crag from which the sun cast their shadows upon the storm-cloud's silver lining. These "folks afraid of the rain" had become so interested by this time that nothing would do for them but to descend into the dark wet clouds for the sensation of being rained upon. Lunch was eaten while all steamed by a blazing campfire.

Resourcefulness is indispensable to the guide—especially, of course, in the little-traveled regions. During one of my Canadian trips with a small party I thought it best to have a guide, and was advised to employ Dan McCloud. He proved himself one of the most companionable of mountaineers. We went on foot, but took along two pack animals. One afternoon we searched for several miles for a crossing over a narrow rock-rimmed turbulent stream. Where we stopped, this stream was confined between rocky vertical walls about eighteen feet apart and rising perhaps four feet above the surface of the water. These walls made it impossible to swim horses across and land them, even if the swift current had allowed this; but my guide was resourceful, and during my absence on a near-by plateau he bridged the place.

First, a small seasoned log was cut and dragged to the bank of the stream. Then, throwing a picket rope round a small tree on the opposite side, with one end of the rope attached to the log, McCloud hitched the other end to his saddle horn. Horsepower dragged the log to the opposite side. Here it was held, cut off the right length, put into place, and then wedged between the tops of the two rocky walls. When I returned McCloud was already busy with his ax flattening the upper surface; and upon this our two wise mountain ponies walked over. Having been a timberman in a mine, I appreciated the skill my guide had thus displayed.

Another afternoon we stopped to make camp, in a violent rain, at a place where we had hoped to spend a few days. Before I realized what was happening, McCloud had felled a spruce tree. From this he cut a short section and split it into thin shakes or boards. Wedging two poles between two trees for roof supports, he placed the shakes upon these poles, each shake overlying another, like shingles. The roof thus formed effectually shed the downpour of rain. An hour after we had stopped in the heavy rain I was writing my notes beneath this roof, while McCloud was busily engaged cooking supper under another shake shelter.

One day a porcupine walked indifferently in front of us along the trail.

"The porcupine is the stupidest animal in the woods," remarked McCloud.

"Why?" asked one of the party.

"I suppose," replied the guide, "he is so well protected, so safe from all harm, that it has ever been the business of the other fellow to keep out of the porcupine's way. Having his life thus shielded and an inexhaustible food supply in the boundless forests, he has not found it necessary to develop his wit."

I once invited a young Harvard man to go camping with me on the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains. He possessed an unusual knowledge of woodcraft. As he especially desired to try his skill in keeping track of the points of the compass by consulting the distribution of moss and lichen growths, one day he set off and traveled a few miles from camp. When it was time to return he examined the trees and rocks and correctly determined the points of the compass; but, not recalling the direction in which he had been traveling all day, he realized, like the Indian, that the camp was lost. Was the camp east, west or south? He had not the slightest notion. I did not look for him until the following morning. When I came upon him he simply remarked:

"Determining the points of the compass does not tell the direction to camp."

Mr. S. N. Husted is the oldest and most popular guide in the Rocky Mountain National Park. In nearly all respects he is the most capable guide I have known. He has the faculty of being entertaining, watchful, instructive and commanding, all without his party's realizing what he is doing or suspecting that he is a man with an iron hand. Many small boys and girls have been conducted by him to the summit of rugged Long's Peak. The parents of these children chose him because they realized that he was sympathetic and safe, and that he would give the children a day to be remembered.

The Man Who Could Not See

He skillfully holds a crowd of climbers together, keeping everyone alert and in good humor. Like any good guide, he is eternally vigilant in guarding against accidents, as well as watchful to prevent discord in the party.

He tells a good joke or makes some witty comment, and the next instant he is discussing the life history of the lodgepole pine, forest fires, the habits of the mountain sheep, or local winter climate. He is doing a distinct and honorable work for the world.

"I am disappointed in finding birdlife so rare," said a man one day as we sat upon the rocks. "I have seen only one bird this morning."

He was out with me on a short excursion. I had to tell him that I had seen at least twelve species of birds, and that directly before us at that moment were three species in plain sight. Why had he seen but a single bird? It was because his eyes had not been trained to see. A guide will give this training.

Guides have an excellent opportunity for gathering Nature material that may be worked up into good outdoor books. Daily association with inspiring and evervarying Nature, and the companionship of thoughtful people, mean pleasure and steady development. Few occupations offer equal opportunities for advancement. A guide may become an author, a lecturer, or may enter any field of his choice; but guiding itself is an occupation of amplitude and is a worthy lifework.

And, as before suggested, there is no reason why a number of these guides may not be women. The occupation calls for courage and refinement, for firmness, good humor and tact. There is rarely need for physical prowess or brute force. A Camp Fire Girl or a Boy Scout who has mastered the higher degrees, and who knows natural history, has the necessary guiding qualifications.

Guides who try have a fine chance of becoming distinguished citizens. May their tribe increase!

THE FAT PAY ENVELOPE AND THE THIN

(Continued from Page 9)

"In other words, some of the 'easy money' they have been getting has gone into home luxuries. Of course some of it has been spent in dissipation and reckless living; but I can take you to quite a number of canny old-timers—especially among the toolmakers—who have been consistently salting away their fat earnings. If you mix up with them and hear them talking together you will be impressed with the fact that they are deliberately preparing against a slump in conditions—at least in their own conditions—after the war is over.

"I only wish that the percentage of our workers showing this hard-headed common sense and keen foresight was not so small as it is.

"Considering the conditions under which the original force of workers was recruited, it is not strange that the men are not so thrifty as could be desired. We threw out a dragnet and had our recruiting stations everywhere. It was inevitable from this method that we should gather anything but a picked force. The process of elimination began almost immediately and about three hundred undesirables to each thousand workers put on the pay roll were fired.

"I am not sure but that the office men who have stuck to their salaries and positions in spite of the temptation to go out into the works and pull down big money have shown good judgment, instead of false pride and lack of nerve. It looks to me as if they will last long after the shopmen working on specialized piecework have gone."

At night Eddystone is a scream of light. The wheels never stop under those red-tiled roofs and within those glass walls; they will not stop until the war is over. By day, and especially at the change of shifts, the place resembles a country town upon which about fifteen big circus crowds have suddenly descended. Normally Eddystone is a town of about eight hundred inhabitants; in these militant days and nights about thirty thousand men and women, girls and boys, toil in the works of its two great munition companies. Seven special trains on three railroads daily drain the surrounding country, from various directions, of its workers, and return them to their homes at the end of their shifts. Hundreds of automobiles and motorcycles supplement the work of the trains and trolleys in moving the labor required in these sleepless plants.

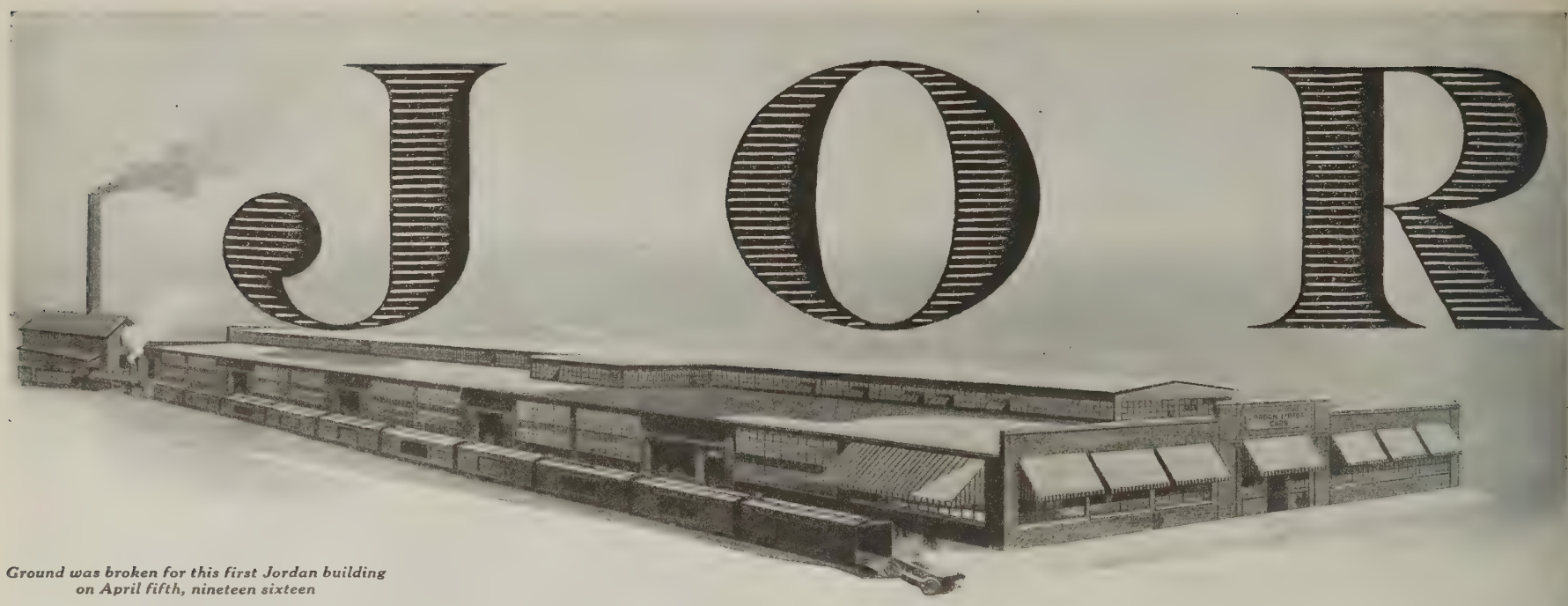
It took a certain automobile half an hour to beat its way through the crowd and pass a trifling distance to the railroad station. The employment chief in an Eddystone plant, who handles thousands of workers, says:

"As a rule we could get boys by hundreds at five dollars a week; now it is absolutely impossible to get them at eight and nine dollars. I don't know what the business houses in the Philadelphia district are doing for delivery boys; it seems to me we must have about all of them out here. They are on the light inspection jobs and work of similar character that brings them about thirteen dollars a week. This is certainly good pay for boys only about eighteen years old.

"Perhaps about the best indication of the extent to which the demand for labor has gone is the fact that four of the best employment offices in Philadelphia, specializing in restaurant labor and serving maids, tell us that it is impossible for them to fill our requisition for five waiting maids for our restaurant here in the plant. Evidently about all the girls in this section of the country who care to work are already in these factories, or others, where they are making at least nine or ten dollars a week, and from that up.

"Probably twenty-five per cent of our girls in this plant are on piecework. Their fingers become very nimble, which is a great consideration in the kind of work in which they are engaged. Plenty of our piecework girls are making eighteen, nineteen and twenty dollars a week. The very best of them are pulling down twenty-five

(Continued on Page 99)



Ground was broken for this first Jordan building on April fifth, nineteen sixteen

Success

IT is with considerable gratification that we announce the complete success of the Jordan idea in modern motor cars.

The Jordan idea went over from the start. It never wavered for a minute. It went over in the first 24 hours. Jordan success was swift and instantaneous.

To start with the dealer demand was over 1000% greater than all expectations. Over 3000 important, prosperous dealers wanted the Jordan line the minute they heard of the Jordan idea, purpose, plans.

Long had the public tired of the same old common-place lines and finish of every car that passed on the street. Long had they waited for some manufacturer to offer a model well seasoned with a little of the French, Russian, German and English taste in artistic motor-car beauty all blended into a new American being.

Then appeared the Jordan!

This big beautiful six-cylinder car of mechanical perfection took America by storm. And mind you, it was not its mechanical excellence alone—which is second to none. No. It was the smart, stylish, altogether out-of-the-ordinary custom-made bodies. Their beauty; their odd contrasting and harmonious colors; their long, low lines; the saucy tilt to the windshield; the same angle on the steering column; a new luxury in comfort-giving seat cushions and springs.

It was the new vogue that all Americans had been waiting for!

Below is the now-famous four-passenger sport model. It is a car brim full of pep—a car that instantly appeals to red-blooded young men.

And the pitch of the seat cushions, their height from the floor, the studied distance of the foot rail, the distinctive floor rug all say "custom made." Some car!

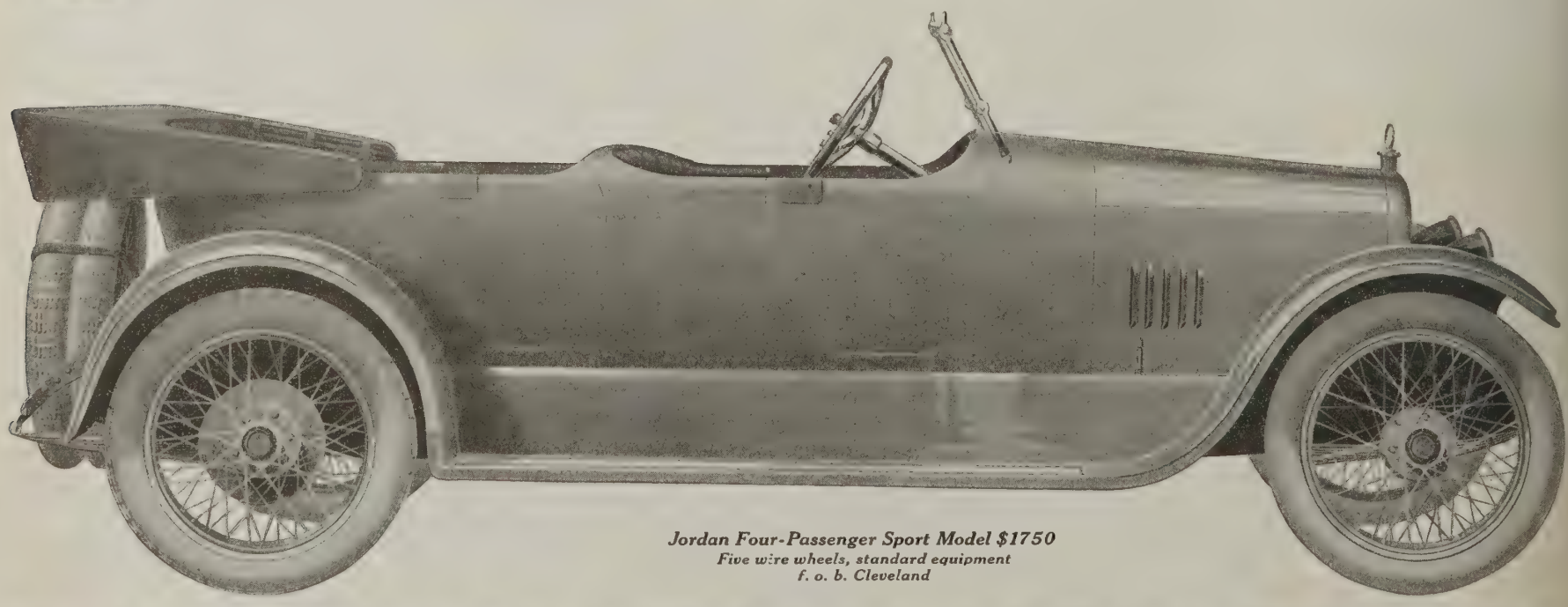
To really appreciate it, take another look—fit for a King, yet within the reach of all. $1750 complete—including five wire wheels.

So this year and next and for all time to come drive the car that by virtue of its true character and decided distinctiveness won success in 24 hours—the Jordan!

Standard Jordan Chassis

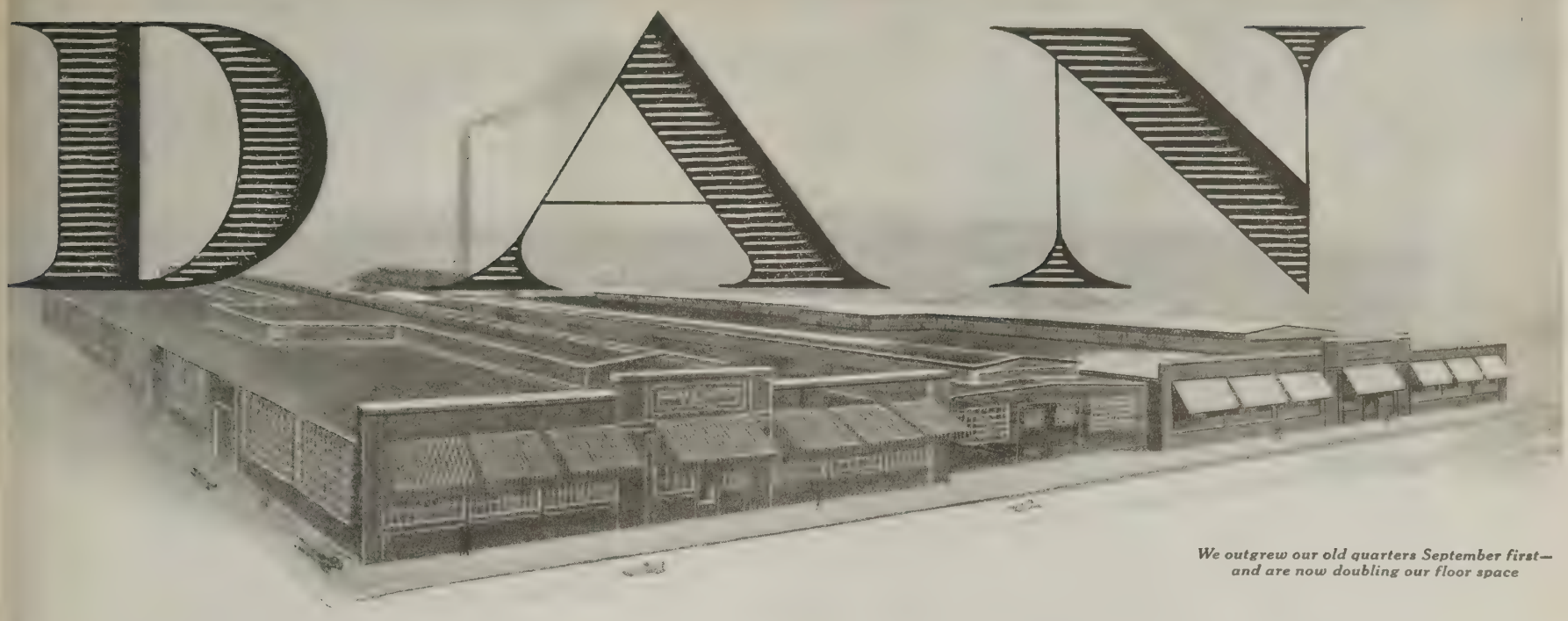
Continental Motor
Bosch Ignition
Vanadium Steel Springs
Timken Axles and Bearings
Firestone 35"x4½" Tires
Stewart Vacuum Tank
Bijur Starter

JORDAN



Jordan Four-Passenger Sport Model $1750
Five wire wheels, standard equipment
f. o. b. Cleveland

DAN



We outgrew our old quarters September first—and are now doubling our floor space

Progress

SUCCESS is of little value unless properly backed by progress. Nothing in the Jordan plans or plants ever stands still.

Our original plant was planned for a production capacity which we did not think would reach its peak for at least a year. But in several short months we were operating to 100% capacity with orders pouring in at a greater rate than we could keep pace with.

So the Jordan plant is being doubled. Do not misunderstand this. Production will not be heedlessly increased. The Jordan plan to build carefully, slowly and under the most rigid inspection will be followed absolutely. The Jordan ideal has not changed one iota.

The new Jordan factories will simply enable us to build Jordan cars on a larger scale—*but fully up to Jordan standards*. There will be no sacrifice of quality.

That constitutes real progress. Additional factories solely because the public *demands* more Jordan cars—not an effort to increase production for the mere sake of bigness.

The care and caution with which Jordan dealers were selected has become the talk of the industry. Any dealer to get the Jordan line had to qualify. We took a good long look at his past. If he did not measure up to Jordan standards we could not do business.

His character had to be as high as ours.

The more rigidly we enforced our examination of dealers the more we attracted the best caliber of men in the business. And as a result we have gathered together the livest, most honorable, most wide-awake sales organization of important dealers in America.

That's another form of progress.

During January we will appoint a few more dealers. Those desiring full information as to territory, models, etc., communicate at once with Jordan headquarters at Cleveland.

Remember—Jordan is a success.

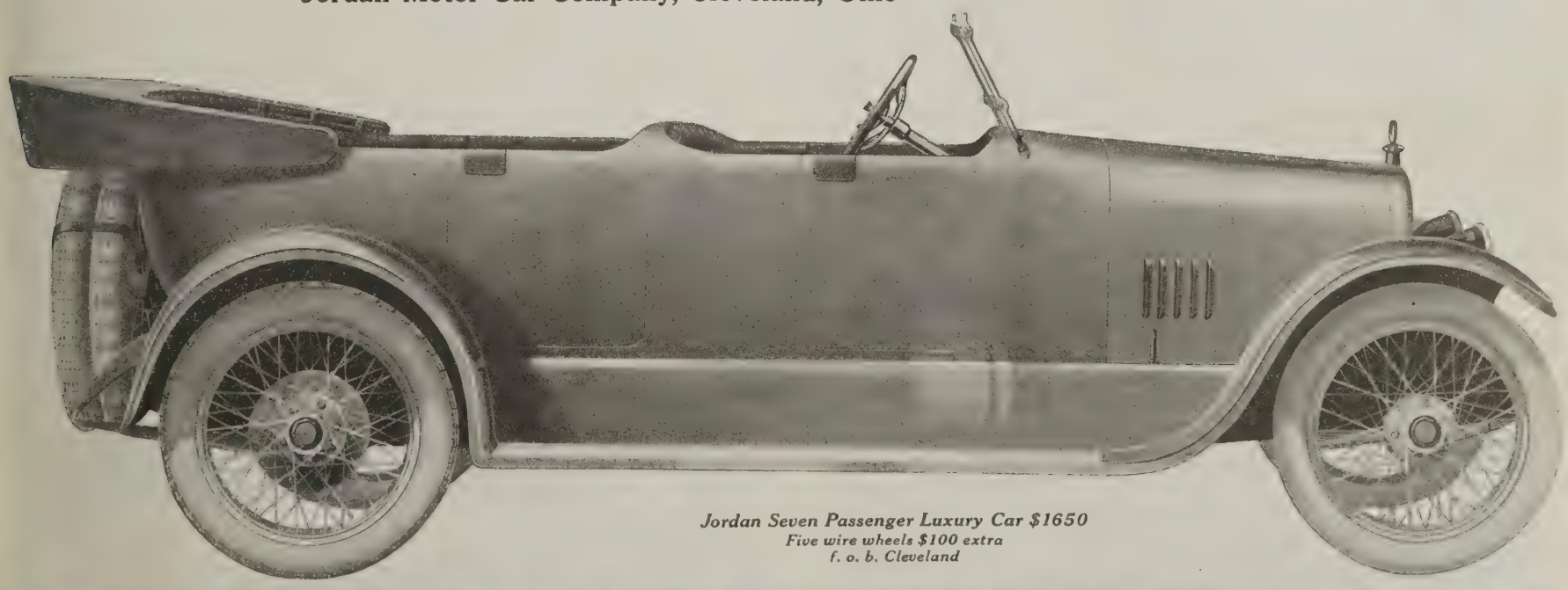
But Jordan success is only commonsense plus initiative which is always loved by every whole-souled American citizen.

Jordan Prices

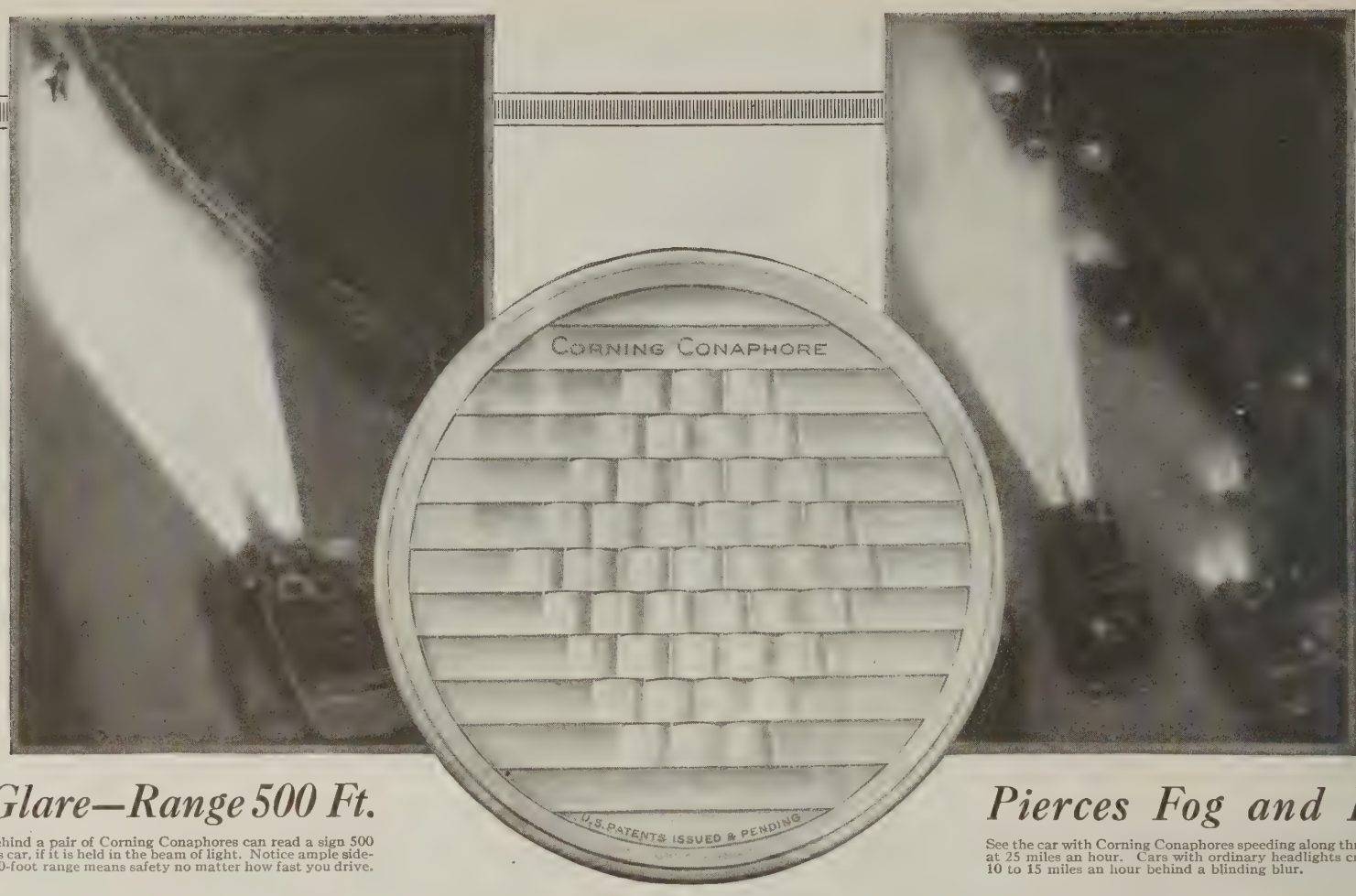
Seven Passenger Luxury Car $1650
Four Passenger Sport Model $1750
Wire wheels standard
Jordan Sixty Roadster $1650
Jordan Sedan $2350
Jordan Coupé $2300
Jordan Limousine $3000
Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

JORDAN

Jordan Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio



Jordan Seven Passenger Luxury Car $1650
Five wire wheels $100 extra
f. o. b. Cleveland



No Glare—Range 500 Ft.

The man behind a pair of Corning Conaphores can read a sign 500 feet from his car, if it is held in the beam of light. Notice ample side-light. A 500-foot range means safety no matter how fast you drive.

Pierces Fog and Dust

See the car with Corning Conaphores speeding along through the fog at 25 miles an hour. Cars with ordinary headlights creep along at 10 to 15 miles an hour behind a blinding blur.

CORNING CONAPHORE

Sets new headlighting standard

Motorists have long felt the need for a scientific headlight. They want a headlight with long range and strong side-light but no glare.

States and cities have emphasized the need for such a headlight by passing strict "anti-glare" laws in an effort to make night driving safe. A vigorous, nation-wide movement is now under way. During 1917, laws requiring the use of a scientific headlight will be enacted and enforced everywhere.

Ordinary Headlights Dangerous

The ordinary headlight is not satisfactory to motorists. It has a bulb to give the light and a reflector to reflect the light, but nothing to control the direction of the rays. The glass merely keeps out dirt and water. Such headlights may have long range, but they also have glare, because a large part of the light is projected at such a level as to dazzle approaching pedestrians and motorists. The driver has to dim continually. Tilting of lamps downward may reduce the glare, but it greatly decreases the range of the light.

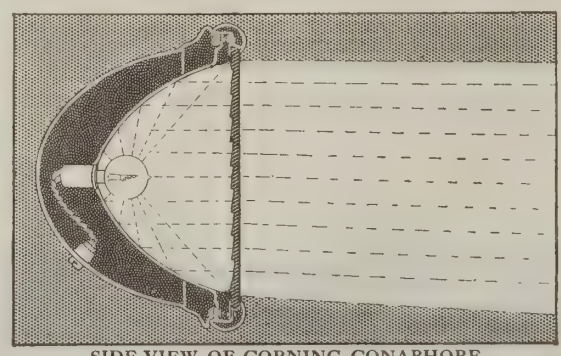
Function of the Conaphore

The headlight problem has been scientifically solved by adding to the bulb and reflector a third part, the Corning Conaphore. The function of the Conaphore is to direct the rays of light from the bulb and reflector, so that the beam will have long range, ample side-light, will not glare and will pierce fog and dust. Tests shown on this page prove the efficiency of the Corning Conaphore.

Scientifically Correct

Practically all of the signal glass used on American railroads is manufactured by the Corning Glass Works. This institution is the largest manufacturer of technical glass in the world, and maintains the *only* laboratory devoted to the study of signal glass. For many years these famous research laboratories have led the world in the art of glass making. It was in these laboratories that the Corning Conaphore was developed. This fact is the best guarantee that the Conaphore is scientifically correct in design and manufacture.

The Corning Conaphore has a smooth outer surface and a series of patented, horizontal corrugations on the inner face. This design bends down the light rays and shoots them out in a long, intense beam, never more than 42 inches above the road, which has wonderful range and ample side-light, but no glare.



SIDE VIEW OF CORNING CONAPHORE

Noviol Glass—A New Invention

Corning Conaphores are made of a new patented glass—Noviol Glass. This is a golden-tint glass which gives the Corning Conaphore a distinctive appearance.

Noviol Glass causes the beam of light to pierce fog or dust. It eliminates "back-glare." It makes the green along the roadside stand out. No ordinary headlight glass can have these features. The use of Noviol Glass is controlled by the Corning Glass Works.

Five Major Advantages

First Four Exclusive

1. Gives headlight range of 500 feet when a standard bulb of 21 candle power or more is properly focused.
2. Cuts out all the glare yet uses *all* the light, thus complying with all city and state "no-glare" laws.
3. Penetrates fog, dust or smoke, so you can easily drive 25 miles an hour under adverse weather conditions.
4. Has strong side-light which illuminates the roadside; the Noviol Beam makes the green stand out so you can distinguish bushes and ditches.
5. Never clogs with dust or mud in summer, or with ice or snow in winter, and is easily put on any car.

Made in Two Kinds of Glass

Corning Conaphores are made of clear glass as well as Noviol Glass. Clear glass Conaphores are equally efficient in giving long range and eliminating glare, but lack the added advantages possessed by the Noviol Glass of eliminating "back-glare" and penetrating fog or dust. We strongly recommend the Noviol.

Easy to Install

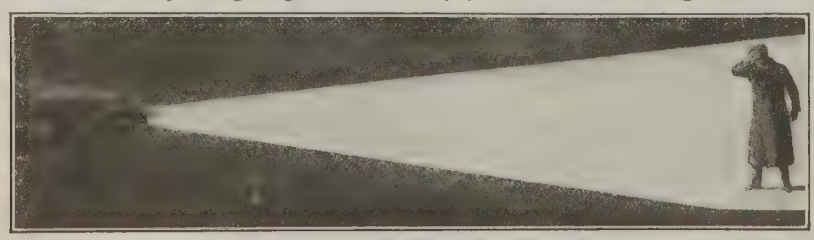
You will find the Corning Conaphore easy to install. Simply take out the glass now in your headlight and put the Conaphore in its place. Sizes are made to fit all cars. In ordering give name, model and year of your car, and diameter of your present headlight glass. All progressive dealers now sell Corning Conaphores. Put a pair on your car today.

Price List

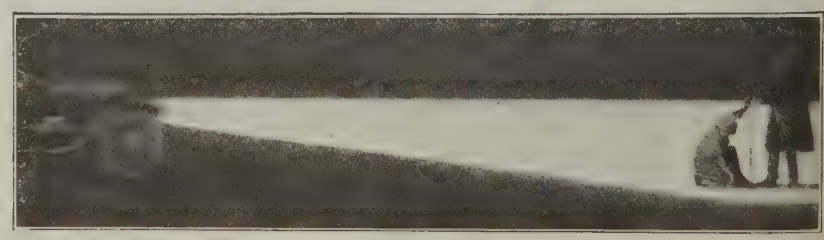
Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
3 to 4⅞ inches inclusive	$1.30	3 to 4⅞ inches inclusive	$0.80
5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	2.40	5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	1.60
7 to 8½ inches inclusive	3.50	7 to 8½ inches inclusive	2.50
8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	4.50	8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	3.00
10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	6.00	10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	4.00

Prices 25 cents more per pair West of Rocky Mts.
Sizes vary by steps of ⅛ inch.

CORNING GLASS WORKS
CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc., Managers
510 Foster Building **New York City**



ORDINARY HEADLIGHTS GLARE
The ordinary headlight blinds you with its glare. Glare means danger.



NO-GLARE
Light from Corning Conaphores is never more than 42 inches above road.

(Continued from Page 95)

a week, and the number of those making anywhere between twenty and twenty-five is by no means small.

"At the time when these plants were built, just after the outbreak of the war, we could get white labor at eighteen cents an hour. The price has moved up, until now we are using two hundred negroes at twenty-five cents an hour to do the roughest and cheapest kind of manual labor."

A small factory in Eddystone has published an offer of a premium of five dollars for every weaver sent to their plant, the reward to be paid after the new employee has remained a month. Storekeepers in localities combed by the Eddystone scouts complain that it is practically impossible for them to get clerks at any wage short of what the boys can earn in the munition plants. One of the special trains saps a territory in which is located a large tool factory that employs about seven thousand men. Toolmakers who were getting from thirty to forty cents an hour two years ago can now command anywhere from sixty to ninety cents an hour for a ten-hour day at the munition plants. For overtime they receive time and a half; and the pressure upon them for overtime, in making machine tools and in teaching others how to make and use them, is unrelaxing.

Of course the toolmaking plant referred to has been pushed to meet the offers of the munition makers, in order to hold the men they have trained and developed. The fact that a special train takes workers from that locality to Eddystone in quick time and without a stop, and brings them back, makes this competition decidedly acute.

No Place for Soft Hands

From a broad and industrious inquiry it would seem that the office pay in the Philadelphia district has not generally increased more than fifteen per cent—perhaps ten per cent would be a fair average—since the war started. For bookkeepers, for example, twenty dollars a week seems to be a popular salary. Of course hundreds of them are getting as low as fifteen in the district, though those in the more advanced positions receive considerably more than this. However, it is evident that the bookkeeper drawing more than one hundred dollars a month feels that he is in the upper strata of his vocation.

At Eddystone are many examples of men who have had the courage of their desires and have deserted their soft-handed callings for the fat rewards of the man at the munition lathe. The experience of a former school-teacher illustrates that there are two sides to this game of pulling down big pay as a pieceworker in a munition plant. He was making eighteen dollars a week in a clerical position, keeping output records. When he saw that machine men in greasy overalls were earning double that amount, and even more, he begged for a transfer and finally received it.

Now he is back at his old job, wearing a white shirt and a chastened smile. He declares that he will never again envy a munition-machine worker his bloated wage, and that his two weeks in overalls almost literally broke down his constitution. The munition machine, according to this former school-teacher, is no place for a man with soft hands and soft muscles. He was able to stand the pace for a bare fortnight and then surrendered to save himself from collapse. This man has plenty of company; his case is typical of many others who have left office positions for shell lathes, only to find that they are unable to endure this kind of labor, especially at the high-pressure speed demanded.

Necessarily some forms of munition-machine work are harder and heavier than others, and if the man from the office is fortunate enough to get a light job he is able to pass through the "hardening" process without breaking. One production captain in a munition plant made the interesting observation that an office man with a reasonable amount of education behind him stood an especially good chance of promotion after he had successfully undergone the severe initiation into shopwork that one now gets in the production end of the munition game. These men, he pointed out, quite generally make excellent production captains, and their chances of being retained in the shop organization after the close of the war are better than many of those who had been longer in shopwork.

"The production end of almost any business," says another man in charge of a shop force, "is a good field in which to make use of an education, of a knowledge of figures, and of a knowledge of what goes on in the office. It can be made to count for a whole lot, and some of the young fellows who have chucked their salaried positions in favor of a workman's job in this time of peculiar industrial stress are going to find that it has opened up for them a short cut to desirable and profitable places in the organization. Very likely a good many of them who would have remained clerks and bookkeepers will soon find themselves filling jobs of authority, which carry good pay, in the production force—if they have not already reached such a goal.

"This strange mix-up that we are now in, this period of unprecedented high pressure in turning out products of certain kinds, has already seen some remarkable developments in the way of bringing fresh executive talent to the front; and by the time a period of relaxation comes a whole lot of young men, unknown at the beginning of the war, will be decorated by their organization superiors and marked for big places. Such pressure as we are now passing through has many unwholesome and undesirable features; but it is certainly giving a lot of young men a chance to demonstrate their powers and attract the attention of the big men in industry, who are looking for men of forty-two-centimeter caliber to put into the big positions."

This pressure for munition production is also correcting many human misplacements. In a munition plant in the Philadelphia district is a young man who left a small bookkeeping position, paying less than eighty dollars a month, put on a jumper and took his stand at a machine. His present earnings are at least three times what he received in his position at a desk, and he feels that he has found himself and that he will never go back to his books unless forced to do so. Cases of this kind are common in munition plants, where the lure of big earnings at piecework has tempted young men to sacrifice their genteel positions and white collars for the sake of making sensational wages.

Men Off the Shelf

Another interesting development of the present abnormal labor situation is the fact that it has called back hordes of superannuated men who had come to regard themselves as permanently "shelved" because the light labor they were able to do was monopolized by boys. In the munition centers the messenger boy is almost an extinct race. His place is taken by the messenger man—whose legs are less nimble but whose mind is not so keen for crap shooting, movie shows and other allurements that beset the feet of the messenger boy who is having his first eager fling at the busy and fascinating world. One of these mature messengers, who admits that he will never see sixty-eight again, proudly remarked:

"I can carry a message just as well and just as quickly as any boy. Why not? I know how to use my head! In the long run that counts more than nimble heels. And it seems good to have something to do again—something that is light and does not tire me too much. It occupies my thoughts in a very pleasant way—besides bringing in nine dollars a week, which helps quite a bit in meeting the increased cost of living. I've been told that my work is so satisfactory that I'm to be raised to ten dollars in a few days."

In the financial district of New York dignified men who have passed the prime of life are supplanting boys as runners for the Wall Street firms to a considerable extent. They make stock deliveries mainly—a work that is simple but that calls for responsibility. The men who are filling these positions formerly held by boys are evidently giving general satisfaction. They carry their bulging stock wallets with a dignity that their youthful predecessors did not support, and they are not so speedy on the street; but it is generally admitted that they make as many deliveries in a day and with perhaps less noise and confusion than their nimble competitors of a younger generation.

Some of these venerable Wall Street runners get from eighteen to twenty dollars a week, while few of them receive less than twelve dollars.

Many stores in both Philadelphia and New York are also using old men as messengers and for other work formerly done by boys.

Everywhere in the Philadelphia munition district bankers admit a year of unprecedented deposits; there are few of them, however, who can boast of having raised the salary scale of their employees. Various reasons are assigned for this. Probably the real explanation is that the bank clerk is naturally a stayer and is less tempted to quit or change his occupation than almost any other kind of office help. Perhaps the fact that there is a certain atmosphere of class about bank work may have something to do with holding the bank clerk to his position when he sees the cost of living and the pay of the wageworker climbing to unprecedented levels while the figures on his own salary check remain the same.

A savings-bank official, who admitted that his bank had enjoyed a wonderful year, said that he could not raise his clerks' salaries because his is a mutual institution in which responsibility runs straight back to the depositors.

Another savings bank said that in the past ten months they had added nearly three thousand new accounts as against less than one thousand for the preceding year, but had not advanced salaries.

A street contractor, operating mainly in the suburbs of Philadelphia, was asked what he had to pay for the roughest and cheapest labor that he could find. He replied that he was in great luck if he could pick up a few Dagos or "Hunkies," unable to speak any English or to understand more than a few words of it, at two and a half dollars for an eight-hour day. Two years ago, he explained, he could get all he wished of this grade of workers for one and a quarter dollars a day. In New York the Irish foreman of a street gang tilted his clay pipe at an angle of disgust as he declared that if you were lucky enough to catch a green Hunkie for two dollars and fifty cents you couldn't expect to keep him at that wage for more than a few weeks, at best. Then the demand would come for two eighty-five and three dollars. He proudly confessed that he was receiving five dollars a day, himself.

Mention Wall Street in connection with War Brides, and your hearer will instantly brace himself for an Aladdinlike tale of riches made overnight by means of casting a few marginal crumbs on the tidal wave of speculation that has swept the country. There is, however, quite another side to this feverish activity in the stock market. This is the side of the Wall Street worker. A few days ago the bookkeeper for a brokerage house came out of his glass retreat to greet a friend.

"Bob," he exclaimed, "after the cruel war is over we'll swap apologies for having seen nothing of each other for six months! I'll just cover the whole situation by saying that, aside from Saturday and Sunday nights, I have been home to dinner just three nights in three months. And, even at that, I'm not so badly off as some of the men I know who are on Wall Street books. A few of the fellows have to work all night now and then—literally all night! It has been the most wonderful speculative period that ever struck the Street. Nothing to compare with it in many respects—in length of duration, for example, and in the fact that it has been almost a steady boom. We practically eat and sleep at our desks."

How Bookkeepers Fare

"What do we get out of it? That all depends on the individual. I could show you a young chap in a position about parallel to mine who is taking in about four hundred dollars a month earnings as an accountant. Of course we are forbidden to speculate to the extent of a dollar. Whatever we get must come from our bookkeeping efforts. First, there is our overtime work, and then there are many chances to do a little extra bookkeeping on the side and get good pay for it.

"The Street is full of commission brokers, men of the society type, who have a few special customers. These men are not disposed to do anything in the way of clerical work. Therefore, they are the natural meat of the experienced bookkeeper in times when trading is brisk. Men of this sort generally have desk room in the houses through which their trades are handled, and naturally the bookkeeper of the concern finds his services in demand by these commission brokers. Perhaps his own work is so hard that he can scarcely keep up with it; but the fiercer the trading, the more the commission broker is willing to pay to have his accounts kept in shape.

"The pay is so good for the time taken that the bookkeeper hasn't the nerve to refuse this side money—that is, until he has reached the limit of his capacity. When we see men by hundreds all round us who are making fortunes, it is hardly to be expected that we fellows who handle the figures should be able wholly to suppress our appetites for a little of this candy. We are shut out from going after it in a speculative way; and so it seems that we're all the more entitled to a taste of it in the form of increased salary.

"Some of the Wall Street houses have boosted salaries under this pressure; but you can bet that the advance has not been anything like the raise in the wageworkers' pay or the jump in the price of living. I'm not complaining, personally. My employer has been quite fair with me and perhaps most of the others are to their men.

"You see, I can't forget that this house carried me right along on the salary list in the dark days before the boom, when the gross commissions were almost nothing, net—and the rent went right along at the old Wall Street rate! If I'm inclined to feel dissatisfied now I remember those times and try to strike a general average. Lots of others look at it the same way.

"However, the fact remains that bookkeepers getting from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week—as many of them are in this city—can tell you that their little salary check is standing a mighty stiff strain right at the present time. I know one clerk, for example, in the stock department of a house here on the Street who gets sixty dollars a week. He is neither dissipated nor extravagant; but he finds that he has to do some rather close figuring in order to make that meet the reasonable demands of a family in these days when you cannot buy a pound of good creamery butter and a dozen strictly fresh eggs with a dollar."

The Shanghai Bus

In point of recognizing the strained situation in which the salary check of ordinary size finds itself, the action of a certain New York banking house deserves conspicuous mention. After a careful investigation into the increased cost of living this bank, according to common report on the Street, will distribute to its salaried men an emergency fund equivalent to thirty per cent of each employee's salary for the year. It is understood that other large banks will announce a somewhat similar emergency plan in recognition of the rights and necessities of the salaried men who have stuck at their posts in spite of strong temptations to quit.

The New York situation in the matter of domestic help is suggested by the experience of a certain resident of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, who offered a househelper forty-five dollars to induce her to remain with his family. She declined the offer on the ground that she could do better at one of the munition plants.

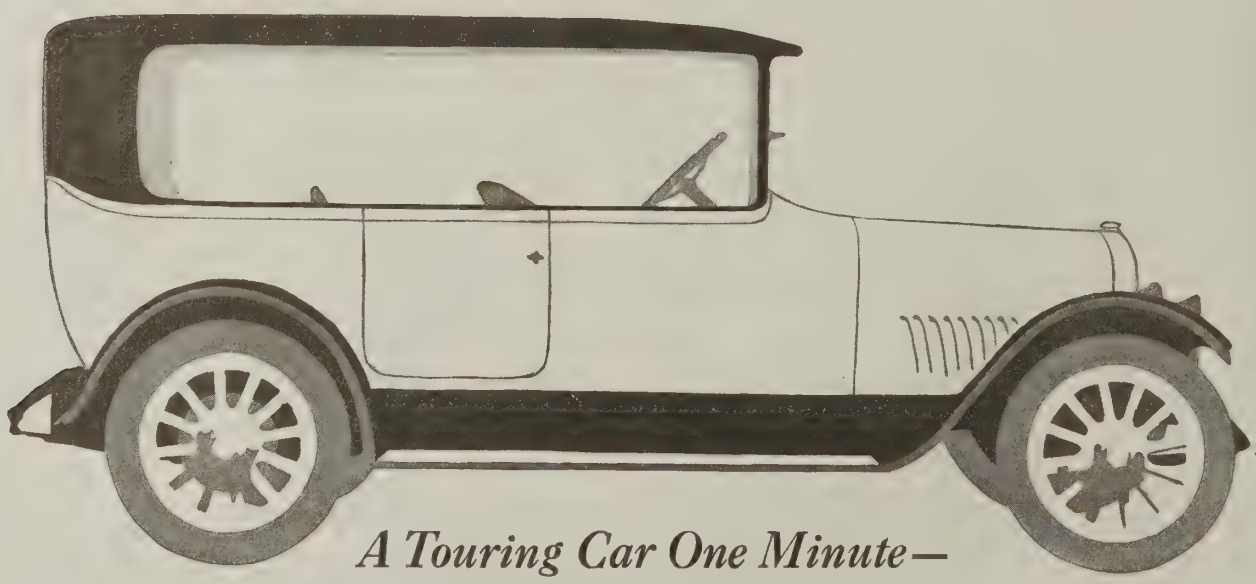
In the eyes of the established manufacturer of the Atlantic seaboard, about the most efficient engine of industrial destruction thus far devised is the Sunday shanghai motorbus which fares forth from a munition center to the mill towns of New England and the other down-East states, seeking whom it may impress. The owner of a textile mill located perhaps a little less than one hundred miles from Bridgeport, Connecticut, entered this complaint to the writer:

"The general public has no idea what the War Brides and their shanghai busses have been doing to manufacturers in established lines. Take it in our own case: We were far enough away from any large munition factory to feel reasonably safe about our workers; but we took the precaution to give them a substantial raise of rates, just the same. Things had begun to get into full swing down at Bridgeport when, one Sunday, two big automobiles stopped in our town. Its occupants approached a group of young men. They offered the boys cigars and then inquired where they were working. The lads answered that they were in the local textile mill. Then came an inquiry as to the wages they were getting. One of our boys replied that he was pulling down eighteen dollars a week and his partner was getting sixteen—which he allowed was a lot better than the twelve and fourteen which they drew when the war broke out. The visiting stranger laughed loudly at this and exclaimed:

"'Say, do you call that wages—sixteen and eighteen dollars a week? Lads, wake

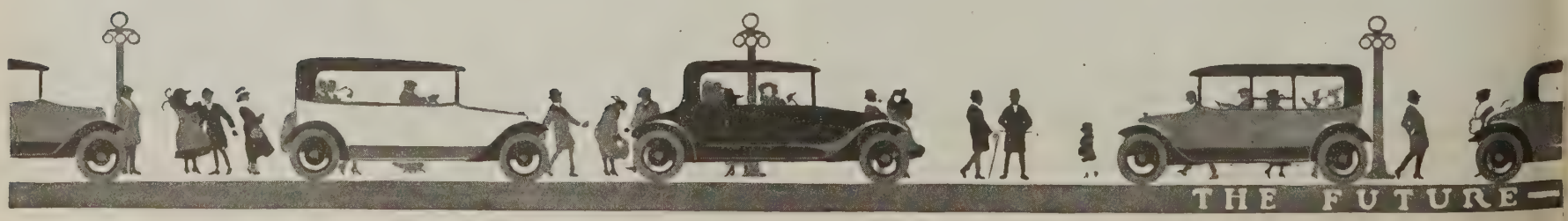
(Continued on Page 102)

WORLD RECOGNITION *of what* Springfield TYPE MEANS



A Touring Car One Minute—

This is The Springfield-Type Body Design
(PATENTED)
Originally designed, developed and marketed by the Springfield Body Company.



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THE Springfield-Type Body is a universal necessity—a Touring Car and Limousine in one unit, providing the very thing all America has been waiting for—a body that is both a closed car and an open car, all in one.

The Springfield-Type Body is instantly adaptable for winter or summer—rain or shine—day or night service—combining all the protection, luxury and appearance of the finest limousine as well as the freedom and advantages of the open touring car.

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We are building in Detroit the most modern and most completely equipped body-building plant in the world—permitting a tremendous production—making Springfield Bodies cheaper and better than ever.

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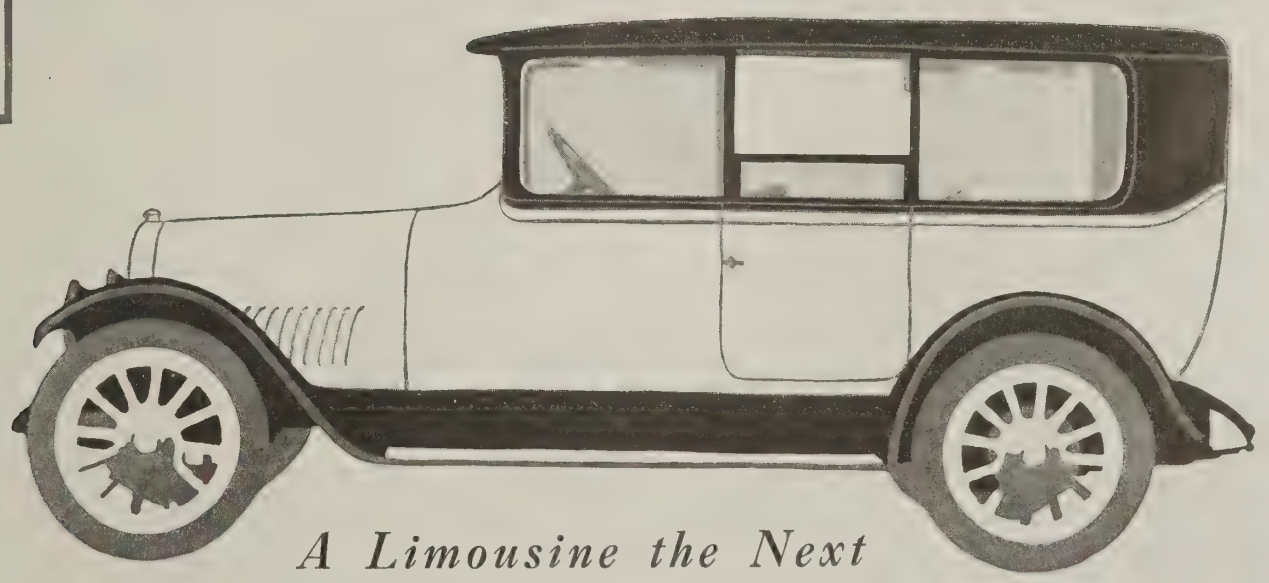

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GOLF AT FOOT OF PIKES PEAK ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY

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(Continued from Page 99)

up! How would you like to earn eight dollars a day?'

"Our boy from the finishing room granted that such a wage was beyond his dreams of avarice, and intimated that there was no such animal. Then the visitor displayed his credentials for the munition plant, and told the young men to get together a few of their friends from the mill and he would take them all down together to where munition money was falling in showers. He was in a hurry and there was no chance to fuss about giving notice to their boss. Opportunity was knocking at their town, and if they wished to get aboard there was just time for them to grab their clothes and be off. This is precisely what they did! On the way down the man explained to them that they would have to put in a lot of overtime in order to make their wages average eight dollars a day; but they were in for it then and eager for the change and excitement.

"Next morning the superintendent of our mill found that several men from the dye-house and the finishing room had been shanghaied by the press gang from the munition plant. This set the output of the mill back a week, at least. More than that, it disrupted the whole working organization, and we knew it was the beginning of a constant drain. What could we do about it? We had already given two voluntary raises in wages or rates, and we made another advance; but, of course, it was impossible fully to meet such competition. All we could do was to show our disposition along the line of an advance and try to convince our hands—and especially the older ones—that it would be more profitable to them in the long run to stick with us, even if it did make rather a strong demand on their loyalty at the moment.

"An intimate friend in the textile business said to me a few days ago that if he could get labor enough to put through the orders now on hand he could clear five hundred dollars a day; but that, as this was impossible without paying prohibitive rates which would demoralize the business for perhaps years to come, he was going to get out what product he could without paying war prices for labor, and let the rest go. Textile millowners all over the East will declare that this is a true picture of their own situation, and that the Sunday shanghai bus from the munition plant is about the most dreaded and destructive thing they know."

Robbing the Kitchen

The influence of the Sunday shanghai bus and its busy press gang is sharply illustrated by the experience of a maker of automobile parts in the New Haven district. He must meet competition for labor, because of contracts for his product. This man declares that the Monday on which he does not have to go through his plant and hand out a line of raises is a red-letter day. He is now paying six dollars a day to mechanics of the handy-man class, who would normally be glad to get two or three dollars a day.

The startling fashions that War Brides have introduced into the field of female labor is encountered in a graphic way in this same field. A large corset manufacturer there suddenly found that hundreds of his girls were flocking to the local ammunition plant, which employs about eighteen thousand hands and has much light work to which women are specially adapted. Instead of trying to stem the tide by offering fully competitive wages, these shrewd corset manufacturers decided to meet the situation by doing something decidedly original. Though they have done what they could within reason to keep a force of their trained employees with them, they have introduced a novelty stunt in the labor struggle by starting a new factory in which all the hands will be negro girls drawn from domestic service in that district.

This clever move is the latest development in a chain of interesting circumstances that have not added to the gayety of the housewives of that locality.

First, the establishment of the original corset factory drew white working girls from domestic service and left the field very largely to the girls from the growing negro quarter of that section. These colored girls soon demonstrated their cleverness as household servants, and the adjustment of the domestic situation was supposed to be permanent and complete. Then came the call for girl munition makers, and the corset factory saw its organization of workers raided for the benefit of the War Brides. Once more it has turned to the kitchens of the community to stop the gaps and refill its trenches, with the result that the housewife of this classic district who is able to retain the services of a negro girl at a wage of less than thirty dollars a month and "found" may consider herself decidedly fortunate.

A New York business man who owns a small farm not far out gives this glimpse of what the gentleman farmer is up against in these munition days:

"I saw something of what was coming; so I made a contract with my man that, for 1916, he would be given fifty dollars a month and ten per cent on everything sold from the place—this in addition, of course, to all the perquisites and findings usually given a man in his position. Naturally he grew a lot of stuff on the place and has sold a heap of it. Of course he has been pressed by the munition-plant scouts to throw up his contract; but he has stuck faithfully. On the other hand my good neighbors have been having their troubles. One rented his house to a man at a low consideration so that the tenant would help him out over the busy season with the farmwork. The man had scarcely moved in when the scouts came along and carried him off to the munition plant, where he has worked ever since. Another neighbor had a splendid crop of peaches which he allowed to remain unpicked because he could not get help—at least at a price that was not, in his opinion, prohibitive."

Why Traffic is Tied Up

The head traffic man of a big New York concern was told by the president of his company to go out and find why shipments were from fifteen days to a month late. At one point a freight manager made this statement:

"Right there in the yards are forty cars of miscellaneous goods, and one hundred and fifty more cars of the same sort are waiting outside. If you can lead me to anybody who'll get me the men to unload those cars I'll do 'most anything for you!"

Then the New Yorker had a bright idea and asked the freight man why the road didn't bring a few trainloads of negroes up from the South to do this sort of work. This suggestion was met with the classic story that is being told everywhere in traffic circles. It relates that a big railroad system, suffering from acute traffic congestion, thought of this plan and started to put it into effect on a big scale. They assembled negroes and started North with them.

When they pulled into one of the big munition centers these hundreds of freight handlers, who were going to relieve the traffic congestion, suddenly faded. They had been met down on the road by the industrious scouts from the munition makers. The frequency with which this story is heard wherever labor and traffic troubles are discussed—whether at the Atlantic seaboard or in Chicago—almost compels the hearer to believe that it has happened—not once but repeatedly.

The manufacturer's traffic manager also investigated the question of delayed express deliveries. When he complained to a local express manager in Chicago that his goods were allowed to stand round five or six days without delivery he was told:

"Come to the stables with me, please."

After they arrived there the express man pointed to a line of twenty horses and ten wagons.

"See 'em?" he asked.

"Well," responded the New Yorker, "why don't you get them out?"

"You get me the men—men who are fit to handle horses—and I'll get them out P. D. Q.! But, remember, it is impossible to use men in this work who are not used to handling horses and who do not know Chicago. We simply can't man those teams, and that's all there is to it!"

The industrial traffic man says:

"I have about twenty carloads of stuff packed here waiting for lighter service, and cannot get it. Ship traffic is also blocked for lack of men to do the unloading. The same condition exists at every railroad transfer point. It is and has been one long series of embargoes and blockades for every class of material in every form of shipment. The price that carriers are willing to pay for labor to break the congestion seems to have little effect on the situation."

The superintendent of New York City's Public Employment Bureau puts the situation in these terse words:

"As late as the spring of 1915 you could get plenty of rough, common labor at seventeen and a half cents an hour; but by this time the rate has gone up to twenty-eight cents, thirty-three cents and thirty-five cents for this cheapest form of labor. Boys can still be had for ten dollars a week—in some localities for even eight dollars; but these boys are less interested in the futures of their jobs and more in the immediate pay than previously. Now they want cash in hand rather than promotion promises. Of course this may not always be as shrewd a policy as it might seem, but it simply indicates the mental effect of the present labor situation on the boys.

"As to the clerks and lower-grade bookkeepers, this class of workers was most in evidence during the recent period of depression. Evidently the man of this type is the first to be fired and the last to be taken on here. I attribute this somewhat to the fact that New York is greater as a commercial city than as an industrial city. The wages of this class have remained fairly constant; they are getting just about what they were when the war started—just about enough to dress respectably but not enough to permit them to marry. It is true, of course, that you can find examples of where the salaries of this immense class of workers have been raised slightly. On the other hand, those raises are the exception rather than the rule.

"One curious effect of the war is that it has not only made a place for men who were thought to be too old for work but has actually revitalized a whole lot of them. Only yesterday a man of sixty or more walked in here with his shoulders squared, his eyes bright and his voice full of confidence as he asked for a job in competition with the young fellows just out of college; and he got it, too. The fact is, this happens right along. A few months ago a man well along in years came in here for a position and told this story, which was later verified: He had been in business for himself, made a very comfortable little fortune, and retired. He lived with his son; and the son lost everything, including his own health and practically all of the father's fortune. The father secured a good position through this bureau and is now earning a fair salary and giving satisfaction."

Men of Sixty-Five Make Good

"I recall another man, of sixty-five, who is making good as a superintendent of construction work on a big breakwater project. He had large interests in Mexico, but when chaos broke loose down there he was lucky to escape with his life.

"It seems to me that all along the line there is a reaction against the efficiency theories that have, in hundreds of concerns, eliminated experienced men of middle age and put in their places sprightly youths. Evidently the heads of these houses are to some extent swinging back to the conclusion that in times of great prosperity pressure, like the present, these newcomers of the efficiency school are out after the immediate coin and will go where they can get it, where men of more mature years and longer service will remain."

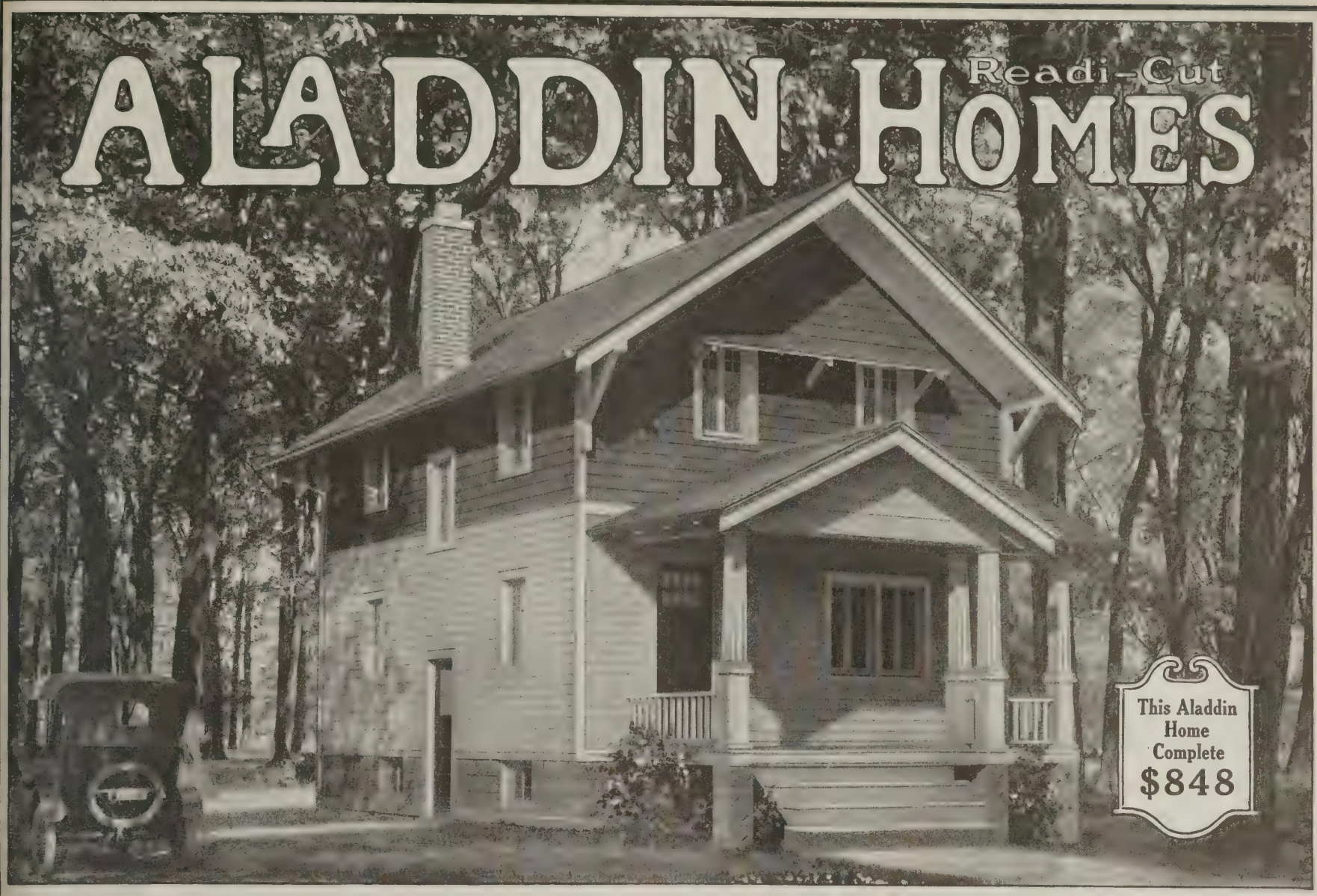
What is happening all through the Pittsburgh district is suggested by the personal story of a certain man who, just before the outbreak of the war, was working two days a week and receiving a total of six dollars. He had just lost one child and his wife was in the hospital. One of the terrors before him was the prospect that he was likely to lose all the payments he had made on the home he was buying. Then the "shell game" opened, and he went into it to the limit of his endurance.

As a result in his best weeks his pay check on piecework amounted to an average of fifteen dollars a day, and his earnings were seldom less than twelve dollars a day after he had become thoroughly accustomed to the new work.

His home is now paid for and comfortably furnished, and he has a very nice nest egg stowed away in the bank. If he desired he could keep on earning at this rate until the end of the war; and, with his increased facility in the work, he could probably touch the twenty-dollar-a-day point at which so many shell workers are aiming. Instead, however, he has quit the lathe and taken a job as foreman at much less than he could make at the machine. This action

(Continued on Page 105)

ALADDIN Readi-Cut HOMES



Avoid Rising Homebuilding Costs

You can cut 18% off present homebuilding costs. This means saving $18 in every $100. It means avoiding present rising prices on building materials. The one way to accomplish this is to *eliminate waste!* The Aladdin Readi-Cut System of Construction reduces the usual 18% waste in lumber to less than 2%. You won't need to postpone your home building if you build the Aladdin way. The truly wonderful Book of Aladdin Homes tells all the facts, with pictures, floor plans, specifications and prices. Shall we send you a copy?

How Aladdin Helps You Build

First, the plan: A hundred homes to choose from, and each as interesting, as charming and as practical as the one shown above. Next, the material: As clear and free from blemish as was ever taken from the forest. Read the great Dollar-a-Knot Guaranty. And last, the service: A knowledge and experience gathered from twelve years working with thousands of home builders—everywhere—a service that assists you in every step of your home building.

One of Your Neighbors is an Aladdin Customer

There is an Aladdin house near you wherever you live. Let us direct you to it. Look it over, inside and outside. Talk with the owner. Let him tell you about Aladdin Golden Rule Service. Let him tell you about the quality of material—about the big saving in money, the big saving in time and the saving in waste. Ask us for names of Aladdin home owners.

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Aladdin's Famous Dollar-a-Knot Guaranty

The famous guaranty of $1 per knot paid for every knot found in Aladdin Red Cedar Siding is continued for 1917, *AND* we have swept the last knot from Aladdin lumber inside and out. Every Aladdin House in 1917 will be furnished with knotless siding, knotless shingles, knotless outside finish, knotless porch work, knotless flooring, knotless inside finish, knotless door casings, stairwork—knotless inside and outside. Where else can you buy as good a home?

What is An Aladdin House?

Aladdin Houses are erected the same as other houses. Aladdin Houses are cut-to-fit—no waste of lumber or labor. The Aladdin price includes all materials cut-to-fit as follows: Lumber, millwork, flooring, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paint, varnishes. The complete material is shipped to you in a sealed box car, complete, ready to erect. Safe arrival of the complete material in perfect condition is guaranteed. Send stamps today for a copy of "Aladdin Homes," No. 300.

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309 Aladdin Ave., Bay City, Mich.

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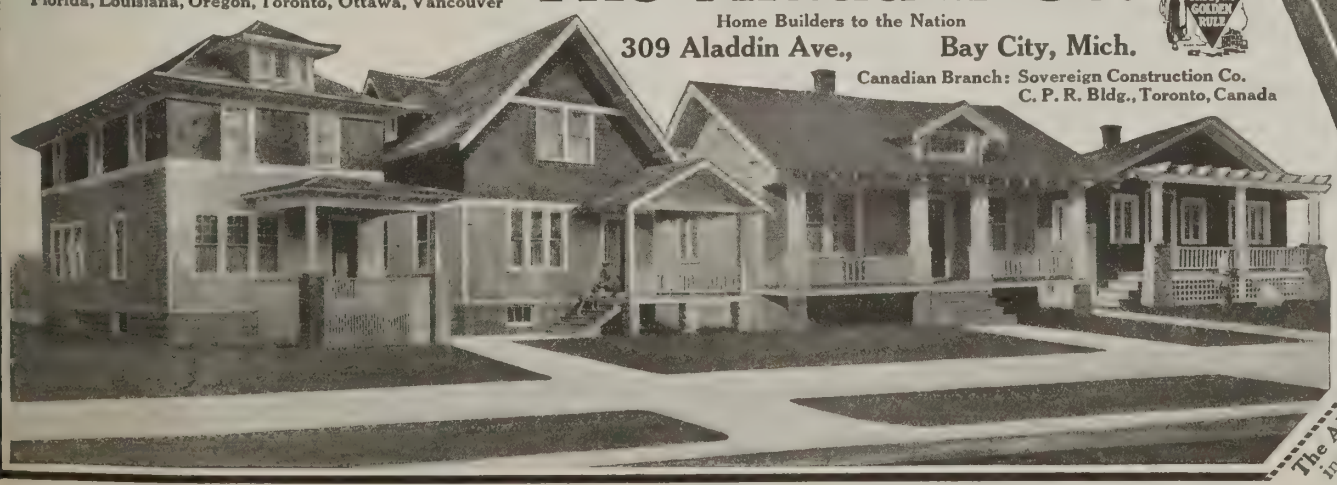

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It tells you what your home will cost. It shows photographs, floor plans, specifications and prices for every house.

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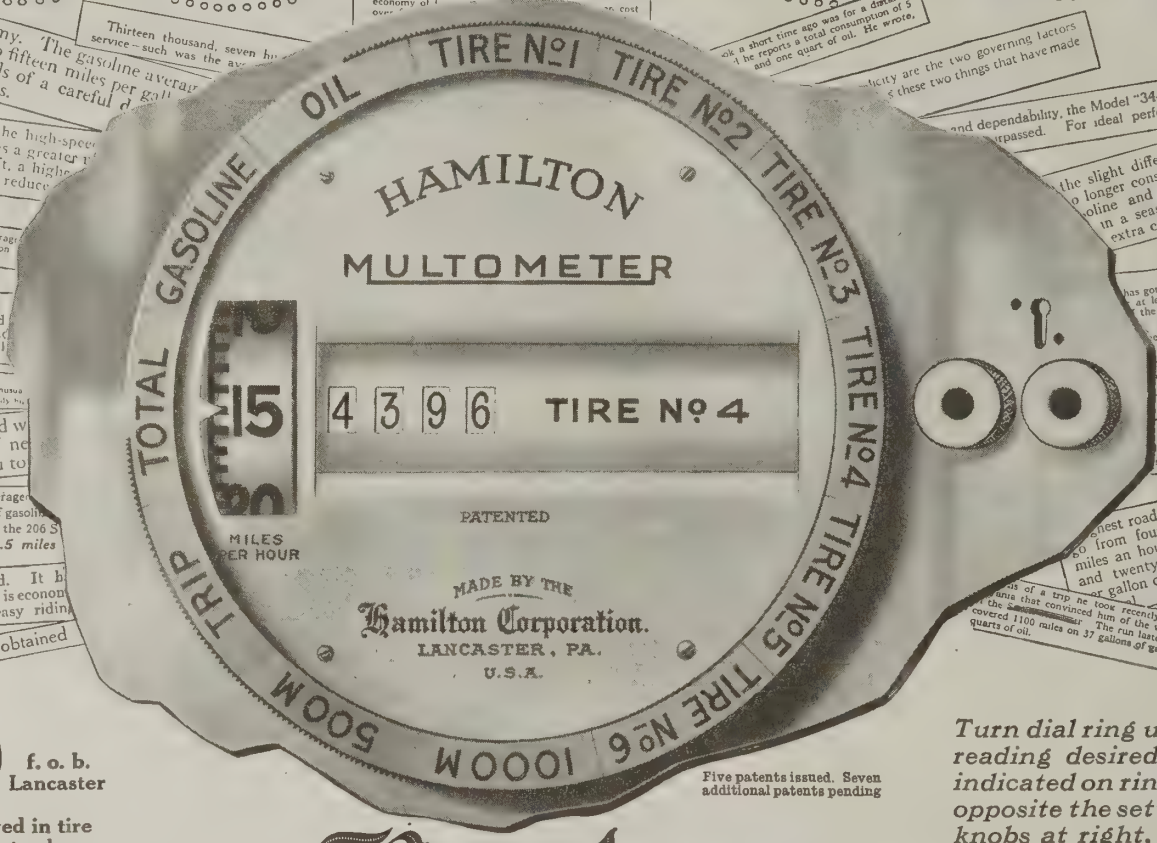

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Warning at each 500 miles
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Single flexible cable drive

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Tire mileage for each tire and two extra tires
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Lock to prevent tampering with records

Check Service Figures against Guarantees with the Hamilton Multometer

What does the tire manufacturer claim for the tires you are using—what does the manufacturer say is the average service?

Look these figures up—then check them with the record on the Hamilton Multometer. Are you getting full service—maximum economy—or are the tires giving out too soon?

Look up the average claimed mileage per gallon of gasoline—and oil—the car manufacturer's average service figures are based on a car's running perfectly. Check gasoline and oil consumption on the Hamilton Multometer. With it you can determine gasoline and oil mileage with absolute accuracy. Know what adjustments should be made at the end of 500 miles—1,000 miles of running—the Hamilton Multometer automatically gives you a warning of these necessary attentions.

Car and tire makers' guarantees and statements of average service take on a new meaning when checked by the Hamilton Multometer.

And the Hamilton Multometer registers car speed from 1 mile to 75 miles an hour—trip mileage up to 1,000 miles—total mileage up to 100,000 miles.

The Hamilton Multometer is easily adaptable to any motor car or motor truck—displaces ordinary speedometer—and is operated by single flexible cable drive either from transmission or front wheel driving gears.

The value of this accurate service recording instrument to motor truck users cannot be over estimated. It is the first positive check of ton-mile operating cost.

Write for full details regarding equipment for your motor car

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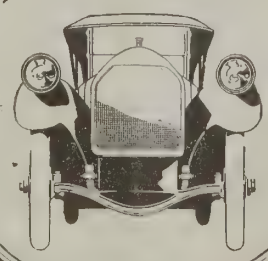
Hamilton Multometer, a Recording Instrument of Scientific Accuracy



Hamilton Watch Company Makers of "The Railroad Time Keeper of America"

(Continued from Page 102)

as been taken because he has been long-eaded enough to look out for the future nd shrewd enough to realize that he has leveloped to a higher plane of shopwork; in hort, he has put himself up into the super-ising class.

When surprise was shown at the fact that person in authority in the shop, holding a upervising position and working with his ead instead of his hands, should draw less noney than the men under him, I was met vith the statement that this is common.

How high the wage scale can climb in Pittsburgh under war pressure and the iecework plan is indicated by the admis-ion, on the part of the active head of one of the great steel companies, that rollers in ome of the Pittsburgh mills are making an verage of twenty-five dollars a day, and hat puddlers are doing practically as well.

This official declares that a very satis-factory proportion of these men are saving heir money. He regards this thrift as the esult, in a large measure, of the plan of encouraging employees to invest in the stock of the company, and making it possi-ble for them to do so on very advantageous terms.

When the man earning a modest salary looks with envy upon the bloated pay enve-lope of the munition-machine operator, he is likely to overlook several interesting facts which it would be well for him to con-sider before deciding to swap his white-shirt position for a place at the shell lathe.

For example, there is the plain muscular strain incident to lifting the shells into place in the machine and taking them out again. A production captain in one of the smaller munition shops of the Pittsburgh dis-trict, who knows the weight of every shell handled, figured that a lathe man in the twenty-dollar-a-day class handled twenty-six thousand pounds a day in and out of his machine. He also declared that the hands of many of these men who are pulling down the big money and working at top speed for as many hours a day as they can stand up to the job are often so stiff when they come to work that they resemble set claws, and about half an hour of slow work is required to limber them up into good working shape.

The Pressure of Production

In this connection a certain supervisor of shell production in a large plant, where boys of seventeen and eighteen years of age are averaging twelve dollars a day and many men are keeping their daily earnings to a point above eighteen dollars, makes the interesting observation that if the expe-rienced mechanics now working on shells had worked as hard—as many hours and at as intense a pressure—on the tasks with which they were engaged before America went into the munition business, their earnings would have been about eighty per cent of what they are now.

Of course this statement is made for the purpose of comparison and does not at all imply that these mechanics had the op-portunity to work overtime at that period. They did not. On every hand, in every munition district visited in this investi-gation, the same spirit of wage greed was found driving men to their utmost powers. In many cases this appeared to be almost as much a matter of personal pride in the high figure on the pay envelope as a desire for the money itself.

One foreman described the situation in these words:

"The game here is something fierce! Our crack men are driving the spurs into them-selves in a way that is absolutely merciless. Sometimes it seems to me they are simply wage-crazy. They are no longer content to touch the twenty-dollar-a-day point for about half the time, but they wish to put their daily average up to that figure—and a whole lot of them are doing it too. Of course the men over them are putting on all the pressure they can, because they are being pushed by the chief executives of their various companies. Again, the bonus they get is dependent upon what the work-ers under them do in the way of production miracles.

"No one outside the game can in the least appreciate how tremendous this pro-duction pressure is. There are shops in this district where output has been screwed up to a point that has given the supervising force a bonus of a hundred per cent; and even at that rate the crack men at the machines pulled down more money than all save one or two of the men over them. In other words, only the two men at the top of the shop's executive force drew salaries for the month larger than the pay of the best class of mechanics at the lathes."

How freely easy money is flowing in Pittsburgh is suggested by the experience of a salesman in a leading retail music store. Because of his ability in demonstrating disk machines he had been brought from a point outside the munition zone and was, therefore, unacquainted with the appear-ance and habits of the industrious shell-worker. He had hardly been in his new position a day when a request was received by telephone to have three of the best ma-chines of as many different makes sent to a certain address in the afternoon, so that they could be demonstrated that evening. The person making the request explained that an evening demonstration would be necessary, because that was the only time when the head of the house could be pres-ent and that it was impossible for him to call at the store in person.

When the demonstrator found his way that evening to the cottage designated in the order he was sure a mistake had been made, and almost decided not to call and make an inquiry as a matter of form. The cottage was one of a row that he classed in his own mind as laborers' shacks. There was nothing in his past experience as a sales-man to suggest to him the possibility that a family living in such surroundings could purchase the most expensive type of talking machine.

Contentment Everywhere

A knock at the door, however, brought the command: "Come in!" And he found himself in the presence of a middle-aged man, in shirt sleeves, smoking a clay pipe, who pointed in the direction of the disk machines and said:

"Shoot!"

From that instant the wife and daughter of the household took charge of the cere-monies until the grizzled smoker removed his pipe and remarked:

"That's the one for us. But, while we're about it, we may as well keep the one that was played just before this, and send it over to Mary. Then we'll want that outfit of records. Now figure up what the whole thing comes to and I'll write you a check."

The closing statement from "father" saved the salesman from extreme embar-rassment, not to say heart failure; for he had been unable to bring himself to believe that he should be justified in leaving two expensive instruments in such a home with-out "something to show for them." The check was for a little less than six hundred dollars.

An indication of the wage strides made by the common laborer is afforded by the fact that it is easy to find huskies, who were glad to get a dollar and a half a day at the outbreak of the war, who now receive from three-fifty to four-fifty a day for rolling shells from one point of the shop floor to another. There are many cases where com-mon labor not engaged in shell production gets five dollars and seventy cents for a twelve-hour day in the munition plants.

One of the happiest takers of War Bride money in the Pittsburgh district is an ex-janitor, who was getting seventeen and a half cents an hour when the war started and a little later secured twenty-four cents for sweeping floors. He used his acquaint-ance with one of the young college men who had been made a production captain in a munition shop to enter his plea for a chance at a lathe. The young man inter-ceded for him, and for the last ten months the humble graduate from the janitor's de-partment has made an average earning of thirteen dollars a day.

Perhaps his closest competitor, in point of satisfaction secured from the munition wage, is an ex-cigar clerk working in the same shop. Though he is not getting quite so much money as the former floor sweeper, he frankly declares that, for the first time in his life, he is making a living; and that he is also "salting down something for the day when the Dove of Peace throws the power off the shell lathes."

A shop neighbor to this greasy but con-tented graduate from the cigar counter is an ex-bank clerk from a Western State, who decided that a white collar, a salary of about sixteen dollars a week, and the privilege of talking to depositors through a grated window were all right for those who were either too proud or too soft of body to go up against the hard work of the munition plant; but that, as he was decidedly husky,

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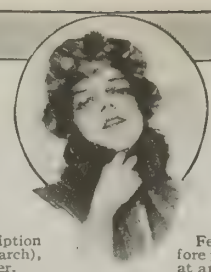

For Correct Styles—
For Patterns That Fit—
For Easier House-Keeping—
For a Guide in Buying—
For Fancy Needlework—
For Wholesome Stories—

More Than One Million Three Hundred Thousand (1,300,000) Discriminating Women Every Month Turn to McCALL'S MAGAZINE

We suggest that you send your subscription now to start with April (printed in March), our great Annual Spring Fashion Number.

February and March numbers may sell out before your order reaches us—buy them at 10c each at any News-stand or McCall Pattern Agency.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

Announces a Change in Price

The pages of McCALL'S for 1916, end on end, would reach from New York to San Francisco forty-five (45) times, and weigh over ten million (10,000,000) pounds.

In 1917, raw paper, of the high grade we use (one of the biggest items of expense in publishing a magazine of large circulation), will cost nearly twice as much as we paid last year. Besides, ink, type metal, engravings, labor—in fact, everything that goes into making McCALL'S—has nearly doubled in cost.

To lower McCALL standards, or cheapen McCALL quality, is unthinkable. The one and only thing to do is to increase our subscription price and keep on improving our magazine.

McCALL'S is now ten cents (10c) a copy, seventy-five cents (75c) a year, ($1.00 Canada; $1.50 foreign), beginning with the February, 1917, number, on sale this month. However, *for a short time only*, this opportunity is given to subscribe at the old low rates.

A RECOGNIZED FASHION AUTHORITY FOR NEARLY 50 YEARS

How often you hear, "She hasn't a bit of style." You know women possessing extravagant wardrobes, yet who are never stylishly dressed. You also know women who spend a very modest sum on their clothes and you wonder how they manage to dress so charmingly. Our Fashion Editor says, "*STYLE is a matter of TASTE rather than money.*"

Taste, you will agree, however excellent, must have a reliable guide. THE McCALL COMPANY of New York, founded 1870, makers of McCALL patterns (so favorably known for their style, fit, simplicity, and economy) and publishers of McCALL'S MAGAZINE (monthly), THE McCALL BOOK OF FASHIONS (Quarterly), McCALL'S EMBROIDERY AND NEEDLEWORK, etc., enjoys a prestige of nearly 50 years' success as Fashion Publishers and offers just such a guide in its monthly style news (recognized as authority), richly illustrated in black and white and in colors, by the choicest new, approved designs, and patterns that faithfully reproduce those designs.

1917 EDITORIAL PROGRAM

You and all your family will surely enjoy these February and March features:

"The Nameless Man," big new serial story of love, mystery and surprising climaxes, just starting, by Natalie Lincoln; "Keeping House for Presidents," Helen Hambidge; "The Strongest Pleaders," powerful love story, Mary Lerner; "The Long Way 'Round," middle-aged romance, Ruth N. Tuthill; "Mary Pickford's Movie Children," William Armstrong; "Providing for the Lean Years," practical article; "Compensation," love story, Lilian Ducey; "Latch-Strings Ajar," story of a young girl misunderstood, Katherine Kingsley Crosby; "The Church that Waked Up," Montanye Perry; etc. Stories and articles follow later from these popular writers: Helen Christine Bennett, Anne Gunter Boykin, Mariel Brady, Helen Topping Miller, William Hamby, and many others.

DEPARTMENTS THAT HELP

Many home-loving women have come to look upon McCALL'S as a "household necessity" because of these practical service departments:

Common-sense Beauty Talks, Annette Beacon; Correct Social Usage—What Priscilla Learned at Boarding-School, Mary Marshall Duffee; Words—How to Use Them, Emma M. Bolenius, text book Author; Home Millinery, Evelyn Tobey, Millinery Director Columbia University; Paris Fashion Letter, Paris Correspondent; Home Dressmaking, Margaret Whitney; Embroidery, Genevieve Sterling and Helen Thomas; Children's Page, Frederick White; Baby Welfare, Mary L. Read, Director School of Mothercraft; Foods and Food Values, Isobel Brands; Gardens, F. F. Rockwell; Household Decoration, Mary H. Northend; Parties and Entertainments, Martha Grossman; Housekeeping Exchange, Helen Hopkins.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT BEFORE MARCH 31, 1917 *(S.E.P.)*

Mark a cross (X) before items wanted. Pin this coupon to a sheet of paper, write name and address plainly and mail with Money Order or Check—send 50c or less in U. S. stamps, or send coins or bills by registered mail—(for Canada and Foreign no stamps accepted) to

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Please send....McCall's Magazine **one year,** 50c enclosed (75c Canada; $1.00 Foreign).

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P. S.—Also please send items marked below: McCall's Spring and Summer Pattern Catalogue, 2c enclosed. ....McCall Book of Fashions (Spring Quarterly), 35c enclosed. ....McCall's Embroidery and Needlework (500 Designs), 25c enclosed. ....Fund-Raising Plan for Churches, Schools and Societies. ....Bicycle Offer to Boys and Girls. ....$5.00 Pin Money for Spare Time. ....Cash Offers to Agents. ....Book of 300 Gifts and how to get them without money. ....Name and address of your McCall Pattern Agency nearest to me.

WHICH IS CHEAPER?

To buy a pair of new lamps and a new fender once in awhile—to have the car tied up for two or three days—or to invest a few dollars in bumpers for the front and rear of your car? You're going to have a smash some day—isn't it good business to be ready for it?

Gemco MILWAUKEE TRADE MARK

END THRUST BUMPERS

are the ones made on the correct End Thrust principle. They fit all cars and are furnished with diamond, channel or spring bars. They add to the appearance of the car, and are quickly and easily attached. *Ask your dealer.*

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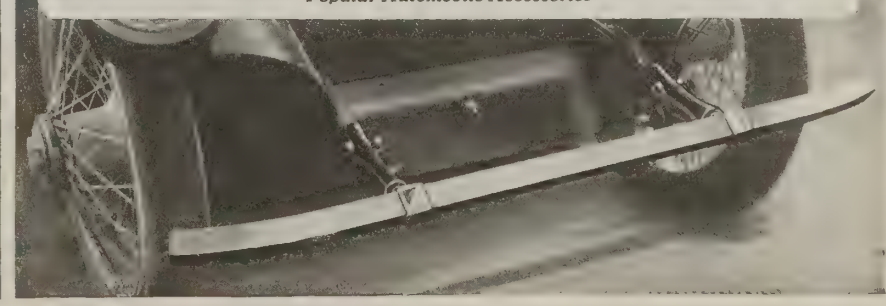
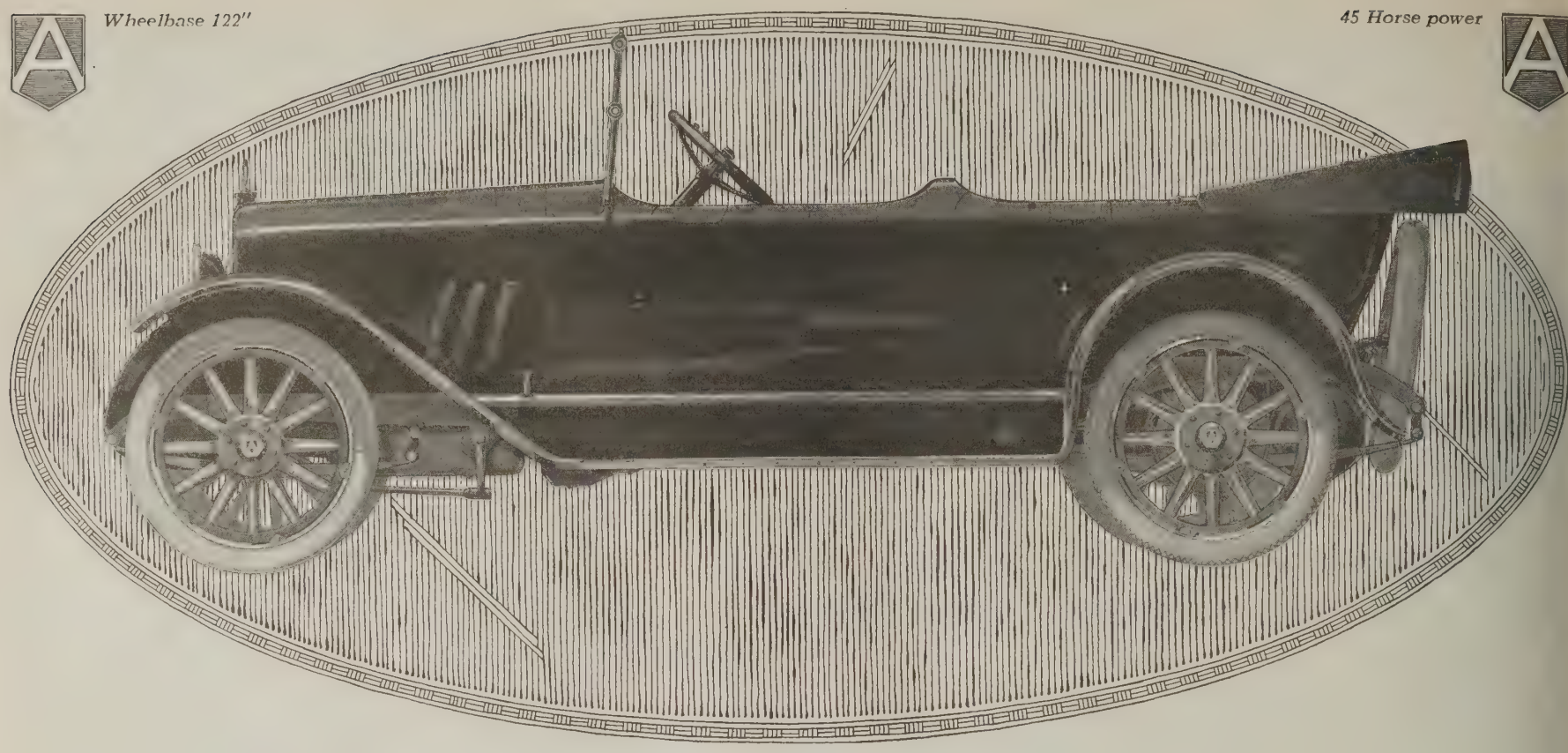


Wheelbase 122"

45 Horse power



WHY I SHALL DRIVE AN AMERICAN SIX THIS YEAR

Because it is a GOOD-RUNNING car, staunchly built and smooth in operation—a *perfect piece of mechanism* that will run the way I want it to run as long as I have a use for it.

Because it is a GOOD-SIZED car, big enough for all my needs, with ample legroom in front where you seldom get it and space aplenty in back for riding comfort.

Because it is a GOOD-LOOKING car—graceful and pleasing to the eye, with a real air of distinction about it—a car that I shall not be ashamed of when it is lined up alongside my friends' *costlier* cars.

Because, finally, it is built by LOUIS CHEVROLET and a group of engineering and manufacturing experts whose skill and ability are recognized wherever automobiles are made, and therefore I know that in the AMERICAN SIX I am getting a car that is planned and built as it should be and so will perform according to the most exacting standards.

For These and other good and sufficient reasons I am satisfied that I *should* drive an AMERICAN SIX this year—*and I WILL!*

Brief Particulars of the AMERICAN SIX

Power Plant—45 H. P. 3"x5" motor, cast *en bloc*, upper half crankcase aluminum, three-point suspension, water around each cylinder, valves 1 9/16", helical gears, Zenith carburetor, Gray & Davis ignition, six-volt 100-ampere-hour Willard battery. *Clutch*—Three dry-plate discs. *Transmission*—Selective sliding gear, three speeds and reverse. *Axles*—front, one-piece drop-forged I-beam; rear, three-quarter floating, spiral bevel gears, gear ratio 4 5/12 to 1. *Springs*—Semi-elliptic, front, 38" x 2", rear, 52" x 2"; Hotchkiss drive. *Wheelbase*—122", tread 56", wheels 32" x 4".

The AMERICAN SIX is on display at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows

NEW YORK AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION PLAINFIELD, N. J.

A Car to Compare with Costlier Cars

AMERICAN SIX $1285

(Concluded from Page 105)

e would go after his share of War-Bride noney. And he is getting it too. As he ends over a boring mill he does not cut uite so genteel a figure as he did at the ounter of the country bank, but his daily :age is seldom less than twelve dollars, and ometimes more than that. He takes no mall satisfaction in the reflection that his ages are at least equal to the salary of the resident of the little bank "out home" in he Western town.

Within fifteen minutes' walk from the unition shops in which these young men re making such startling wages you can ind thousands of clerks who are receiving alaries ranging from sixty-five to one hunred dollars a month. In fact the clerk in his district whose salary check is above ighty dollars a month feels that he is 'good"—or, at least, he has felt so until he bloated pay envelope of the munition worker finally disturbed his peace.

A bookkeeper in the Pittsburgh district admits that a man in his calling who gets above one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month is not ashamed to show his salary check to anybody. It is apparently true that clerks, bookkeepers and office men—the white-collar crowd—in the employ of munition-making companies are faring rather better, as a rule, than their compatriots working in parallel positions for concerns not engaged in munition production. At the same time there is no denying the fact that the rank and file of these men are not on a compensation basis which balances with the wage of the shopworkers at the present time. I have not found a single executive who was willing to say that such a balance does exist.

On the other hand, they admit that the salaried man as a rule must, at least to some extent, look to considerations other than the size of his salary check for consolation when his living expenses, on the one hand, and the wages of his friends in overalls in the plant depress him. There is, for one thing, the hope that he may be handsomely remembered at Christmas. Again, he is encouraged to consider the likelihood that his salary will continue at the same old rate after munition making has gone out of fashion in the United States.

"The Mysterious Dutchman"

The moment you enter the munition field known as the Automobile District you are made to realize that the War Brides have saved their most unstinted dispensations for the West. If you happen to reach Detroit at just the right time, and are posted so that you may wait at the proper place, you will see the figure of "the mysterious Dutchman," who is the center of more speculation than perhaps any other individual munition maker in America. This watchmaker came from Holland about twenty years ago and started a little shop where the cleaning and repairing of fine watches became his specialty. He struggled along, making a meager living until the guns of Europe began to roar.

Then his shop was suddenly visited by one of his customers who had become a scout for a big manufacturing plant that had taken on an immense munition contract. The next day the old watchmaker was missing from his bench. Though he occasionally reappears, the keenest newspaper men in Detroit have been unable to find out where he is concealed. But they do know that when the genial old Dutchman returns to his familiar haunts he leaves a trail of gold behind him—in the hands of the poor of his old neighborhood. "Poor," however, is only a relative term in Detroit at the present time, and indicates merely the minimum of prosperity.

The largess the genial Hollander dispenses is on a scale scarcely possible to any person with an income of less than from five to six hundred dollars a week. Those who are nearest to this man of mystery in the munition world stoutly assert the belief that his earnings are not less than a hundred dollars a day, and that he is engaged in the making of delicate mechanism for use in connection with certain types of high-explosive bombs or shells.

Though the exact size of the old watchmaker's earnings cannot be verified, there can be no doubt that they fully justify his title of King of Munition Makers. His sensational success in his new field serves to emphasize the keenness with which the scouts for the munition plants have combed the field of highly skilled labor as well as the lower ranks of workers.

A conductor on a trolley car running between Detroit and Toledo one day heard three negroes arguing loudly on the rear platform. Two of them were scoring the third for quitting his job in a machine shop—where he was working as fireman with a chance of early promotion to the position of engineer—to go into common labor. The one under criticism instantly retorted:

"You-all kin done keep right on learnin' t' be engineers—heavin' coal an' sweatin' yore clothes at three dollahs a day. Dat's what you-all's gittin'. Me? I's pullin' down ten bones every time de sun draps out o' sight. If you don't believe what I's tellin' you, just come roun' to de big boss at dat minution plant an' he'll put you on fer what I's drawin'."

This statement settled the dispute and the critics decided to desert their posts as stokers.

The case of a certain lathe man in a Detroit munition plant may be a little out of the ordinary, but not enough so to be wholly out of perspective as indicating how high an unskilled mechanic can push the pay-roll figures. In 1915 he was plying the uncertain calling of train butcher on an Eastern road and making, as a rule, from twelve to eighteen dollars a week. Now his pay envelope never contains less than sixty dollars, and sometimes more than seventy. He does a special task of lining or striping shell bodies.

Prosperity in Detroit

Conditions among the more skilled workers in munition plants are suggested by the experience of a man who was employed in an automobile plant, where he did fine work and earned about thirty dollars a week. Now his pay envelope, as a maker of fuse caps, or points, contains an average of about eighty-five dollars a week—and this with very little overtime to his credit. According to one of his superiors in the shop, who knows something of his family life, he lives on an extremely generous scale—"right up to the Detroit pitch"; but carries an extremely heavy line of life and accident insurance, considering the fact that he is described in his application as a mechanic.

According to the superintendent of the plant this man is typical, both in his earnings and in his use of them, of a large class of really skilled workmen in the munition plants of that district.

Detroit may be said to be almost literally staggering under its load of prosperity. One shrewd workman, who has been through several munition plants in other districts, declares that nowhere in this country are the War Brides and their followers cutting quite such high jinks as here. Here even salaries have been compelled to respond—at least to a degree—to the pressure. A high banking official in Detroit is frank enough to admit that banks in that city have been forced to raise the salaries of their employees or else see them absorbed by industrial concerns needing a greatly increased volume of office help.

Naturally this means that competition has boosted salaries in practically all offices in that city. But, again, it must be said there would be extreme difficulty in demonstrating that those salaries are on a par with the war wages which are filling the banks there with deposits and heaping the cash registers of merchants and business houses to overflowing.

A certain banker illustrates the condition with the statement that scores of new manufacturing concerns which have started business in Detroit since the beginning of the war have scouted everywhere for competent clerks, bookkeepers, and office help of every kind; and in their search they have not neglected the banks. The competition thus established has been met, according to this authority, in order to hold their experienced men instead of getting recruits from outside the city—or, at least, outside the immediate district—at pre-war prices. This, he declares, could be done without difficulty.

The tune to which the War Brides are dancing in the Calumet or Chicago-Gary district is suggested by the story of a laborer who will be here mentioned under the fictitious name of Mike Murphy. In 1914 Mike was working in a machine shop in that territory for the modest but respectable wage of seventeen cents an hour. When the War Brides beckoned, Mike responded, and proved to be fairly nimble at piecework. Not long ago, however, Mike and some of his associates struck, because it was decided that the rate then received was too low. For the week before Mike went out his pay check was only ninety dollars! Some preceding weeks, however, brought his pay up to a considerably larger sum, on account of overtime. About a month after Mike disappeared from the pay roll of the munition plant his family applied for charity.

In this same district a merchant declares that women who have never had more than a few dollars to spend at a time are now buying silks and furs.

"We do the best we can to give them true value for their money," he says, "and restrain their reckless extravagance; but it is apparent that what they are after is merely something expensive and showy. We have actually sold silk dresses and seven-dollar corsets to women who have before been utter strangers to anything that a refined woman would class under the name of lingerie."

Bankers throughout this district assert, however, that only the most common and unskilled labor is wasting its money in this way, and that the more skilled workmen, accustomed to earning fair wages under normal conditions, are saving their money to an extent which has immensely increased the deposits of the banks in that territory.

About fifty miles from Chicago is a town, of little more than four thousand inhabitants, surrounded by a rich farming country. A manufacturing concern already established there took a munition contract. The superintendent said he would continue only under the condition that he should be permitted to pick his own men and be allowed time in which to train them. He hired young men from the farms within a radius of twelve or fifteen miles. These husky boys had been used to receiving only a little more than a dollar a day, when they "worked out" at all.

Now they are earning from three-fifty to seven dollars a day and are saving a large percentage of their wages. One of these workers, who is representative of his class, started a savings account at a local bank while working on a near-by farm. In five years his balance in the bank was sixty dollars. At the beginning of 1916 he went into the munition plant and was soon earning six dollars a day, and overtime. In November last, after having withdrawn two hundred dollars with which to buy land, his balance stood at eight hundred and forty dollars.

What Mr. Ripley Says

It is interesting to contrast the wages and conditions just described with those in a large wholesale establishment in the same district, employing unskilled labor. This house has raised its packers' wages from eighteen to twenty dollars a week; its drivers' from sixteen and eighteen to twenty dollars; its boxmakers' from forty to forty-five cents an hour; its loaders' from thirteen and fourteen to sixteen and seventeen dollars a week; its checkers' from sixteen to nineteen dollars; and its truckers' from fifteen to eighteen dollars.

There has not, however, been a general raise in the salaries paid to the office help of this concern. In the factory of this house are employed a large number of girls, doing light work. Their wages have been increased from ten to twelve dollars a week.

With regard to the question of railroad salaries and wages Mr. E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fé, was asked whether he felt that there is an equitable balance between the wages and the salaries paid by his company. He said:

"If that question had been put to me, say, two years ago I could have given an affirmative answer and felt that it was a fair generalization of the situation. That is not now the case. Lately, organized labor has gone after an increase and secured it. Unorganized labor, especially in the broad field of what may be called middle salaries, has had little advance in pay since the great European war began. At the same time the cost of the necessities of life has increased immensely. This means, of course, that the man on a small salary or even a medium salary is the one who is feeling the pinch of increasing expenses most keenly.

"It is in recognition of these facts that this company will, on Christmas Day or at the end of the year, give to its salaried employees, and to all those who have not secured the advance referred to, a sum amounting to somewhere in the neighborhood of two and a half million dollars. Men drawing top-notch salaries in the organization will not participate in this gift."

$1 DOWN
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"I'll Play the 7-Ball!"

A combination! Good position if he makes it, with a chance to clear the table. If he misses, disaster! Every shot is a fresh problem, a new test of skill, judgment and nerve. That's why everybody likes to play Billiards and Pool.

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Can be set on your dining or library table or on its own legs or folding stand. No special room is needed. Put up or down in a minute. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard). Prices of Tables $15 up ($1 or more down). Balls, cues, etc., free.

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Burrowes Tables are now on sale in many cities and towns.

FREE TRIAL—Write us for catalog (illustrated), containing free trial offer, prices, terms, order blanks, etc.

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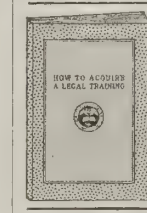

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It calls for uninterrupted operation—for a plant dependable day in and day out—no shut-downs through equipment weaknesses.

Thus, in planning for efficient, reliable power, business heads demand Robbins & Myers Motors for the twenty-one years' record of successful performance behind them.

Whatever the size—1/40 or 25 horsepower; whatever the service—large machine or small; whatever the circuit—direct or alternating current—there is a particular Robbins & Myers Motor for the purpose.

Makers of the best motor-driven equipment also prefer Robbins & Myers Motors for their dependable qualities. Whenever you see any electrical device equipped with a Robbins & Myers Motor, whether it be a vacuum cleaner for the home, an adding machine for the office, or a drill press for the machine shop, be assured that it is a high-grade product throughout.

You will rarely find a Robbins & Myers Motor on any appliance that does not measure up to the Robbins & Myers standard.

If you are a motor user planning for more and better power, write for data on motors to suit your particular needs.

If a manufacturer of motor-driven equipment, let us submit sample motors for testing. No obligation involved.

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THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio
The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturer of Electric Fans and Small Motors
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The Michelin Universal Tread Non-Skid is as good a tire as money can make or buy.

It not only contains the very ***best*** *rubber and fabric, but so much* ***more*** *of each of them that it weighs from 12 to 15% heavier than the average non-skid.*

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Ever since Michelin invented the pneumatic automobile tire and tube 22 years ago, Michelin Tubes have been recognized as the world's standard of quality.

Michelin Tubes do not grow brittle or porous with age. The exclusive process by which they are made on a ***circular*** *mandrel produces a truly ring-shaped tube which fits the casing perfectly without stretching or wrinkling. Consequently, the Michelin Tube possesses greater strength and durability, and does not puncture through pinching.*

Remember that, although of superior quality, Michelin Casings and Tubes are moderate in price. In justice to yourself, give them a trial.

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Williams'

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Don't try to bluff your beard—trick it. The Williams' Big Stick is a paradox. It's husky to look at but it yields a lather so soft and gentle and soothing that it sneaks in on Mr. Beard unawares and puts him in the discard.

The Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick gives you this magic lather in a nickel container with a metal grip for your fingers that grows in your affections as the stick wears itself away in your interest.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

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Then decide which you prefer or send 4c. in stamps for any one.

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STOP
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the supreme importance of the brakes on *your* car. In traffic, down the hills, when emergencies arise — safety and prompt action depend largely upon the brakes, particularly the lining. Brake-lining that *wears* is always dependable. It responds immediately when you press the pedal or pull the lever. Where safety is concerned, why not pay a few cents more and get ——

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BRAKE LINING

Longest Wear

RAYBESTOS wears to the last strand. Other linings may "grip" when first placed in the brakes, but they haven't that peculiar hardness which is so much a part of Raybestos. Raybestos is solidly woven of real asbestos, treated by a special process which *insures* continuous service. Guaranteed to wear one year. Otherwise, lining will be replaced. Security, economy, added convenience are valuable features woven into every foot of Raybestos.

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Established 1852

The new Auxiliary Seat, exclusively Studebaker, is as comfortable as an arm-chair. *(Patent Applied For.)* These large, roomy and comfortable chairs fold up and disappear under the tonneau seat when not in use, leaving the tonneau unobstructed and the carpet free from cuts or gashes.

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THE SPENDTHRIFT INVASION

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Arts of Wining and Dining Have Been Developed to a New Point of Sophistication

By Cameron Mackenzie

NEW YORK'S winter season—always a period of many significances—gets under way about the middle of October. Shortly before then that tribe of astute and heroic gamblers, the proprietors of the great hotels, restaurants, cabarets, and the like, compose themselves as best they can and prepare for their annual agony. It is always a ticklish time for them. One has lavished, perhaps, fifty thousand dollars upon a new open-air skating rink; another has plunged a hundred thousand upon some novel idea to draw the dancing throngs; a third, maybe, has a princely fortune locked up in a music hall. Through the summer they have been scheming and working and disbursing, and the time has arrived when they will be able to form fairly accurate guesses whether New York will have a flush, riotous, spendthrift winter to make them rich, or a dull, cautious, home-staying winter to leave them feeling poor.

This year these providers of luxury and pleasure began as usual to sniff the air when the opening of the season was due. At that time—mid-October—the city was full; even a casual observer could not have helped noticing the throngs in all of the public places where money is spent on a more or less lavish scale. The anxious, waiting watchers took heart and declared that the metropolis was in for at least a good winter. Mid-October advanced toward the first of November. The crowds increased; the hotels became comfortably filled; the theaters and shops did a brisk business. Our friends, the gamblers in appetites, took still more heart.

But they are not a hasty crew, and they adjured themselves to pause at conclusions. It was possible that the horde which overran the town was nothing more than a crowd drawn by the election and the celebration which the city has come to make of that occasion. Daily, however, the jam increased. Election night with its *furore* passed, and then the thing began to manifest itself in its full strength and abandon. Within a week the proprietors of the city's glittering palaces, to a man, realized jubilantly that New York was in for the fattest winter that it has ever had. Election, which it turned out had held as many persons at home as it had brought out, the definite passing of the infantile-paralysis scare, the stock-market boom, other causes, had loosed a pent-up flood, and a tidal wave beyond the pleasure venders' boldest dreams was upon the town.

The dreaded thinning out and quieting down after election never came. Instead, it seemed that the thousands upon thousands who had come to New York for that event had decided to remain, and it was certain that hourly fresh thousands were rushing in. Day by day the army swelled. Hotels comfortably accommodating eight for nine hundred guests began, by dint of many strange expedients, sleeping from twelve to fifteen hundred; cabarets, which had earlier trembled lest patronage should fail them and had hesitated at imposing admission fees, posted notices announcing unheard-of charges; great sections of theaters began to sell out at extortionate prices. Thanksgiving came, and there was a brief lull during which jaded hotel clerks caught a little sleep, and dance-floor managers were able to find a few moments between midnight and dawn to rest their tired feet. But then the carnival recommenced in its full volume and violence, and gives no sign of slacking down. There has never been anything equal to it before. The nearest approach to this winter's extravagance and excitement seeking was last winter's; but this far overtops that. Last winter there were certain definite types of spenders: There were those who had acquired sudden wealth, either through munitions stocks or munitions contracts; there was a large class of millionaire South Americans and of the idle rich, who found themselves more or less barred by the war from their former haunts abroad; there was the New York broker crowd, exultant that the stock market had revived and eager to celebrate. Together these various groups made New York, particularly in its night life, a town of much mad disbursing and unguarded living, and the winter was a lush one indeed.

But there was in the city last year still another class, a well-to-do, substantial class who, with the evidences of returning prosperity, had come to the city, perhaps for a holiday, perhaps for business, most likely for both. These people filled hotels and restaurants, but they kept their hands tight round their rolls of bills and scrutinized the checks the waiters brought. The great mass of last winter's throng seemed to think twice of the cost of theater tickets and of the price of admission to the cabarets, and so on. The difference this year is that not only are all those incautious spenders still spending incautiously, but their spirit of "Pooh, what's a hundred dollars!" has apparently seeped into that army which last year had not caught the virus of scattering gold about. Also, and most importantly, that army has swelled to incredible proportions.

This last fact is one of the most distinguishing features of the present New York winter. The number of persons, all of them with seemingly bulging purses, who have suddenly rushed upon the city from all parts of the country is astonishing. New York this winter is literally invaded, crushed, trampled down by thousands upon thousands of people from other communities of the United States. It is reliably stated that during the last week in November there were more strangers in the metropolis than during any other week in the history of Manhattan Island. Various estimates of the number of visitors during that time have been made. Those estimates range from half a million to seven hundred thousand, whereas a careful calculation made last winter placed the average number of nonresidents daily in New York at three hundred and fifty thousand.

In November the city's hotel and restaurant facilities all but collapsed. There are in the city now twenty-two hotels which may be rated as first-class. Some of these have normal facilities for as few as four hundred guests; others for as many as fifteen hundred. There are, perhaps, one hundred other actual hotels of various grades of excellence, the gross capacity of which probably exceeds the gross capacity of those of the more luxurious type. To say that in not one of these establishments, great or small, was a room to be had for a king's ransom during most of the week would be well-nigh

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Every One of These New Wonder Rooms is Nightly Jammed to its Utmost Capacity

meaningless. The problem with the hotel proprietors then was to find a nook or cranny in Newark or Yonkers or Brooklyn to which they felt that they could decently send old and valued patrons who had failed to make reservations.

Literally that was what happened. For some days any establishment within a radius of thirty miles of New York which could in any sense pass muster as a hotel, was filled with the overflow from the city itself, and it was not an unusual occurrence for a man in a white shirt front and his wife in a low-cut evening gown, perhaps wearing expensive jewelry, to rise from a gay supper party, costing someone eight, ten, twelve dollars a plate, in order to make their way to a small, doubtless dingy hotel in a dark street of Hoboken or Long Island City.

Meanwhile, within the city's great caravansaries themselves strange conditions reigned. One morning a man who was a guest at one of the most sumptuous of the hotels walked to the cashier's desk and presented a check to be cashed.

"Your room number, please?" the cashier requested.

"Bathroom J," the guest told him.

In that particular hotel, and in nearly all the others, the public bathrooms on every floor were converted into bedrooms by placing mattresses in the tubs, and in tubs merchants, bankers, leading citizens from all parts of the country, and sometimes their wives, slept, because it was a choice of that or sitting up all night in a lobby.

Hotels Full to Overflowing

IN ANOTHER of the large hotels a solid and very dignified citizen from a Western town, who with his wife was occupying a double room, appeared one morning at the clerk's desk and said quite seriously that he had a complaint to make. He was a known patron of the house and immediately he received solicitous attention.

"Your floors are too hard," he said.

The clerk looked bewildered; the management had not been reduced to sleeping their guests upon the floor.

"But ——" began the clerk anxiously, and then the man explained that the evening before his wife had encountered two women friends of hers who were wandering from one hotel to another in a dazed and distrait condition. They had tried, or hotel clerks had tried for them, twenty-three hostelries in search of accommodations for the night, but to no avail. Both of the women were utterly exhausted and the man's wife had offered to take them in. The three women had piled into the double bed which was in the room, and the man had made such disposition as he could of his none too lithe form upon the floor.

Ballrooms and banquet rooms in many of the hotels were converted into temporary dormitories. Proprietors, managers and their staffs in several instances surrendered their rooms. Cots were sometimes placed behind curtains at the ends of halls. Any number of establishments, which in the past have not enjoyed reputations to attract a careful clientele, have suddenly commenced housing as conservative and irreproachable citizens as there are in the land. Many of these places have jettisoned their old followings, and under the stress of this winter's rush upon New York have assumed overnight entirely new characters.

Another manner in which to show the magnitude of this onslaught upon the city is through the figures of advance hotel reservations. The reservation book of one hotel, which until this season usually contained only twenty pages of advance reservations at any one time, contained on December first forty-nine pages. The manager of another splendid palace asserted that there was not a room of any description, out of the eight hundred odd that he had to dispose of, unengaged for fifty-six days ahead. In addition to this all the more desirable and high-priced of the hotels report that they are compelled to turn away from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent of all of those who apply for accommodations. One manager sent one hundred and seventy-five telegrams in one day notifying applicants that his house was full. That same manager upon a day in the same week served meals to eight thousand and nine persons, and his is by no means among the largest establishments of the city. Last season at the same time he served approximately half that number.

To the multitude which has descended upon the city, that first commandment of the New York hotel keeper, that prices shall not be boosted temporarily during a rush, has been a godsend. Had that fixed practice not been followed, there would, especially at the end of November, have been no limit to what accommodations might have cost. But the practice was followed, and the room which cost ten dollars a day in the slackness of summer also cost ten dollars a day even when there were fifty persons clamoring for it at any figure. However, a bathtub with a mattress in it fetched, in many of the first-class establishments, four dollars a night!

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New York is Literally Invaded by Thousands Upon Thousands From Other Communities of the United States

Also, although the hotels adhered to their announced rates, the public often paid exorbitantly. For example, there was a man spending a considerable time in the city who had a friend coming on for a single night ten days later. He had tried vainly to make a comfortable reservation for him; nothing was available. One morning he chanced to be loitering near the clerk's desk and overheard someone surrender a room which the other guest had previously notified the management he would want for two weeks longer. The first man promptly took it at eight dollars a day for the intervening ten days until the arrival of his friend. Eighty dollars for one night's lodging! There is any amount of such evidence. Certain it is that, at least for any continuous period of time, New York has never been so full.

In the main the people who compose this multitude are the well-to-do people of nearly every community in the country. Two years ago they came scarcely at all; last year the man came alone and stayed a week; this year he has brought his wife and is staying a month. By day the woman shops while her husband either does a little desultory business or plays the market or visits a tailor. By night they dine and attend the theaters and cabarets. Widespread, general prosperity has given these people cash and a sense of security, and most especially has imbued them with a holiday spirit. During the periods of their visits they appear entirely unconcerned over the cost of anything they want and quibble at nothing. In short, New York has this winter a tremendous army of free-handed spenders and pleasure seekers, recruited by flush times, that it did not have before. That fact has worked out variously, but in no way more strikingly than in the extent and scale upon which white-shirt-front dissipation is being conducted in the city this year.

If one could get up above New York, between midnight and one o'clock of any week-day, and were able to look down into all the great cabarets and the restaurants, a visual impression of this strange, overwhelming phenomenon of American life might be gained. One would see, through a dazzle of light, vast rooms, every room so filled with revelers that waiters would be edging sidewise round chair backs in order to make their way. In some of the larger hotels there would be two or even three such rooms. Streams of people would be flowing out; fresh streams would be flowing in. The spaces in the centers of the rooms would be walled and wedged with thick masses of humanity.

Leaving out of the reckoning all but the really sumptuously appointed places, there are operating in New York this season approximately sixty of these new wonder rooms of pleasure called cabarets. Practically without exception every one of them is nightly jammed to its utmost capacity. In many of them every table for two weeks ahead has been reserved. But that is a matter of the smallest moment to the managements, because for every table not claimed by midnight eager applicants in abundance are pressed against the plush ropes. Any one of several of the larger establishments passes in as many as seven hundred and fifty persons every evening to sup and dance and spend. The enormity of the thing is amazing; so also is its lavishness.

How New York Amuses the Spenders

TO REGALE the crowds which have come to them the cabaret managers have outdone themselves this winter. Not only have the arts of wining and dining been developed to a new point of sophistication, but forms of entertainment more costly than ever have been introduced. One hotel pays a team of exhibition dancers fifteen hundred dollars a week, and its nightly expense for music is two hundred and fifty dollars. Several of the cabarets offer musical shows with large, marvelously costumed choruses and some of the highest-priced comedians of the stage. Three or four skating troupes, representing outlays of from five hundred to a thousand dollars a week, are performing in different of the night resorts. At one establishment an old-world marionette show has been introduced with great success; it is only one feature in a long program, but it costs two hundred dollars a week. One of the very largest of the hotels has begun the transformation of the entire acreage of its roof into three vast connecting rooms with glass partitions between: in one room there will be general and exhibition dancing, in another ice skating, in a third roller skating. More than a hundred thousand dollars will have been spent upon this project. If the proprietor of any one of these places was convinced that his particular pleasure-hungry throng wanted all-night grand opera, he would hire the most expensive singers in the world.

All of this is made possible not alone by the size of the crowds but by their prodigality. White-light prices have reached a staggering level. It has become perfectly

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In Many of the Cabarets Every Table for Two Weeks Ahead Has Been Reserved

DOUBTFUL DOLLARS

By Meredith Nicholson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

HAROLD looked at Reggie; Reggie looked at Harold; both fidgeted and turned their eyes to the blank wall. They sat side by side, in one of the cabinets reserved for the patrons of the safety vault of the White River National Bank, with a large tin box before them. A copy of the will of their father lay beside it. Harold seized this document and turned over the few typewritten sheets that recorded in strictly formal phraseology the testamentary wishes and intentions of George B. Raymond, deceased. The rustle of papers in a neighboring cabinet, the remote tinkle of a telephone, and light footfalls in the corridor floated across the partitions in a blur of sound. Reggie played nervously with his watch chain and waited for his brother to speak. Suddenly a grin crossed Harold's face, and he bent his gaze quizzically upon his brother.

"It's a sell; it's one of dad's jokes!"

Reggie swallowed, a process attended with so much difficulty that he tugged at his collar to gain greater freedom for his throat.

"You mean," he whispered, glancing at the door, "that there is nothing—nothing!"

Harold tapped the box and nodded significantly.

"You have said it, Reggie," he replied nonchalantly. "His will divides a million among his four children, but as a matter of fact he didn't have a cent. The humor is a little grim, but dad was capable of it."

He smiled at the remembrance of his father, who two days earlier had been buried with all the honors that may be paid a man of George B. Raymond's professional and social prominence. Raymond's legal ability had never been questioned. He numbered among his clients the biggest bank in town, the traction company and half a dozen other corporations that paid generously to be kept out of trouble. He was not only a lawyer of the first rank, a familiar figure in the courts of all the Mid-Western capitals, but a man of broad cultivation, a student of general literature and by general consent one of the best fellows in the world. Any public dinner over which Raymond presided—the most charming and witty of toastmasters—was bound to be a success, and his many admirers were in the habit of calling him the Joe Choate of the Ohio Valley. Money with Raymond was only a means to an end, and he distributed it lavishly for his own pleasure and that of his family and friends. Ladies with subscription papers always saw Raymond first; he never failed to lead off with something substantial to shame other citizens into equal generosity.

His identification through years with the legal affairs of big capitalists encouraged the belief that he had been let in on the ground floor of many schemes that had prospered mightily. His family's scale of living lent color to the idea that he was rich—very rich indeed, by the local standards.

"But that million—two hundred and fifty thousand apiece!" gasped Reggie. "He wouldn't have put a million in his will if he didn't have it! That wouldn't have been straight! And dad was the straightest man alive!"

Harold nodded his acquiescence.

There was no question of their parent's integrity. He bent toward his brother and laid his hand on his knee affectionately.

"There's no doubt about that, Reggie. But dad liked a practical joke. His sense of humor's what made him the good fellow he was; that's why he was the most popular man in the state!"

Reggie frowned and shook his head impatiently. It was not their father's humor or good fellowship that they had to determine, but the nature and extent of his assets, which the will implied were of the value of one million dollars. But Box 437, carried on the records of the safety-vault manager as belonging to George B. Raymond and opening readily to his key, contained only these items:

"Thirty Thousand Shares! Thirty Thousand! Dot, Lock the Door—Lock All the Doors!"

One copy of Lowell's Fable for Critics—first edition.
One copy—leaves uncut—of John Hay's Castilian Days—first edition.
One autograph letter, Washington to Hamilton, 1776.
One autograph letter of Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, 1859.
A recipe for Rum Punch in the handwriting and over the signature of Aaron Burr, 1829.
One autograph letter, William McKinley to George B. Raymond, 1899, on White House stationery, expressing regret that Raymond had declined the post of minister to Austria-Hungary.

In the collecting of such trifles as these, the late George B. Raymond had amused himself, though with characteristic generosity he had usually given away the rare books and autograph letters he acquired from time to time. The items that remained in the box had been retained more by chance than by intention.

"There may be another box somewhere," Reggie suggested. "We'd better go through his office safe again."

He grabbed a book from the box and ran the leaves under his thumb feverishly. Harold took the Fable for Critics from him and tossed it into the box.

"You needn't expect to find Government bonds stuck away in dad's books, and you needn't waste time looking for secret drawers and panels at the house or in the office. I tell you I've been into all that. Dad hadn't a thing but the old home, which is mortgaged for five thousand dollars, his law library, and about a thousand dollars in bank he got as a retainer the morning of the day he died and didn't have a chance to spend. I tell you," he went on earnestly, pronouncing the words slowly to be sure they were sinking into the consciousness of his awed and befuddled brother, "I tell you there are no assets. Maybe he meant to destroy this will or say something to us about it, but the end came too quick. He has a sixty-day note in bank for five thousand dollars—money he borrowed to pay for that limousine the girls were hollering for. We may as well face it right here and now—dad died busted—worse than busted!"

"But he made a lot of money—something like fifty thousand a year. He did that for years."

"And we spent it!" replied Harold grimly. "We spent it and more. He used to carry a lot of life insurance, but he cashed in all the policies and blew the proceeds. And for the last five years he couldn't get any more—the doctor told me that. The fact is that for five years dad has been doomed. He worked like a Trojan and never took any care of himself, and after mother died there was nobody to check up the family expenses, and we all got what we pleased and cried for more. Why, that house the girls had at Kennebunkport last summer cost a fortune to run! Mildred and Dottie are the most accomplished spenders in town.

"And you and I haven't been exactly thrifty, Reggie; nobody's ever complained of our penuriousness."

Mr. Reginald Raymond twisted uncomfortably in his chair. He had been expensively educated as an architect, but had thus far reared no monument to his genius save the Faraway Country Club house from which he had carelessly omitted the kitchen flue, until reminded by his chums on the board of directors that chimneys were usually considered essential to the utility and beauty of country-club kitchens. Reggie hung his head guiltily.

"And when it comes to that I don't know that I have much to say for myself," Harold continued. "Dad gave me every chance to get on at the law, and I'll never stop hating myself for not working at it instead of chasing golf cups. Father didn't pass his charms, graces and talents on to us, Reggie; we'll have to work to get anywhere, and the sooner we begin the digging the less likely we are to die in the poorhouse! The fact is we're two pretty sad pills. You can almost hear people saying: 'It's too bad George Raymond's sons are so worthless.' I'm not going to rub it in on you; I'm two years older and, with the running start I got, I ought to be ready to step right into father's practice. As it is I've got to fight to hold any of it. But I'm going to make the fight. And see here, Reggie, it's possible—it's possible—that dad willed us this stage money to give us a little breathing time. He made me executor and—and"—he lowered his voice to a whisper—"that puts it all in my hands, and I have sixty days to file an inventory and appraisement—two months for us to pose as having a quarter of a million apiece! Do you get the idea?"

Reggie stared at him dully and then shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Don't be an ass!" he blurted. "If we're a busted family the sooner we face the situation the better. Dad oughtn't to have done such a thing; it makes monkeys of all of us; and when the thing leaks out it's going to be a reflection on him. Great Lord, we can't ever live it down!"

"Listen to me; we're not going to live it down; we're going to live up to it!" said Harold patiently. "We've got sixty days' leeway. The newspapers have screamed our million in big headlines; in this town two hundred and fifty thousand apiece for the four of us sounds mighty big. We are not going to weaken on it; we're going to bluff it out and play up to the million.

"The public thinks we've got the money; even the judge of the probate court has no reason to question it. Those old boys that run this bank won't dare be fussy with me for fear of losing my account as executor. Instead of sneaking up and begging for a slight advance to help us pay the grocery bills, I'm going to go in and remark casually that I want ten thousand dollars to carry the estate until the January dividends come in."

"You can't put it over!" moaned Reggie. "You'll go to jail! This is the last bank on earth to try such a trick on!"

"The White River National," Harold resumed musingly, "judges by appearances, like all the rest of the world. I'm not only going to borrow ten thousand dollars, but I'm going to do it with a slightly bored air, as though ashamed to be asking for so trifling a sum. And then, with all the hauteur I can command, I'm going to intimate that I'm prepared to succeed father as attorney for the bank. Of course I shan't pretend to be father's equal as a lawyer, but I'll remark shyly that I'm somewhat familiar with the bank's run of legal business and that there are some matters pending that I'd like to go through with—a matter of professional pride, you know—and before I leave I'm going to have them sign the kind of contract father had with them, for ten thousand a year as a general retainer. And I mean to put it over."

Reggie took a cigarette from a silver case, eyed it absently and then flung it on the floor.

"You're crazy—plumb crazy!" he ejaculated.

"Don't be silly! Dad stipulated that I wasn't to be required to give bond as executor—which was thoughtful of him—and if we play the game right we can live on this million till we plant ourselves and the girls. I tell you I've thought of everything!"

"It's rotten; it's criminal!" faltered Reggie, twisting his cane in his hands. "You can't take such a responsibility; it's going to ruin you. Father always said if anything happened to him he wanted us to feel that we could rely on Uncle Walter, but it may be months before we can reach him."

"We've got to act right away and, as Uncle Walter is somewhere round the sources of the Amazon looking for freak plants, his advice isn't worth considering."

Their father's only brother, a much younger man, had been a broker in New York until a lucky investment in a Nevada gold mine made possible the indulgence of a passion for orchid hunting.

"If he'd fall off a mountain sometime," said Reggie hopefully, "we might get some of his money."

"He isn't going to die and leave us any money. Dad told me once that Uncle Walter's worldly goods are all destined to endow a botanical garden for their dear *alma mater*. Nothing doing there, Reggie!"

"From the way you talk anybody might imagine you were glad we're busted!" said Reggie bitterly.

"I'm as cut up as you are," Harold protested, "but I'm going to make a front—a grand marble façade, to borrow a term from your profession—and I want you to take the cue from me. I want you to stop carrying a cane in daylight, and make a rustling sound as of a young man about to touch off a pile of kindling right under old Mother Earth. Just now you're the best tennis player in this township, but you're going to bloom out as the most prosperous architect! You're smart enough, Reggie; all you need is to look busy and prosperous. The plans you made for Robertson's new house were nice plans; he hasn't closed with that Philadelphia chap yet. You want to call on Fanny Robertson and mildly suggest the new house and, if you work it right, you can play her to persuade Robertson to adopt your plans. If you were poor and struggling you wouldn't have a look-in; but you're rich—you've got a quarter of a million dollars, remember that! And Fanny's a mighty nice girl who would look well in our family circle.

"There's nothing, Reggie, that impresses the human mind like the idea you've got money. Any man's as rich as he thinks he is; it's all purely psychological. By the way, you lost out on the competition for plans for a courthouse last year—in Oklahoma somewhere, wasn't it? Well, dust 'em off and shoot 'em in to the county commissioners here right away. To-morrow's the last day for submitting plans for a new building, and I always liked those drawings of yours, except those fancy terraces, which were more appropriate for an art museum than a law foundry. And now begin looking quietly, elegantly rich but very busy, and keep your mouth shut. The girls? Well, you leave all that to me. We've got to find a couple of rich husbands for our sisters while the million lasts, and we've got to be quick about it. Mildred has kept Hornbrook, that wealthy furniture chap from upstate somewhere, dancing for a year, and it's about time she was stopping her foolishness. She seems to be inclining to Fleming, the young assistant at St. Timothy's—salary twelve hundred dollars, gross—but we can't stand for that. The girls have got to marry money while we're rich! And now let's put the estate back in the steel cave and go out and see what we can do to fool all the people most of the time!"

"His Will Divides a Million, But as a Matter of Fact He Didn't Have a Cent"

II

HAROLD and his two sisters were at the dinner table one evening two weeks later when Reginald came in hurriedly. The effect of their father's death had been to bind them more closely together, but now that the shock of his abrupt ending had passed, their intercourse had lost its subdued tone. Reggie's cheery salutation as he apologized for his tardiness caused them to eye him expectantly.

"Robertson's taken my plans! Contract signed and I've got a check for the first installment of my fee in my pocket!" he announced jubilantly.

Mildred and Dorothy chorused congratulations.

Harold rose and shook his brother warmly by the hand.

"It's in you, my boy; it's in you! They can't keep a good man down!"

"I suppose," remarked Dorothy, "you may live in the new house one of these days. You and Fanny have always hit it off nicely together, and I do hope ——"

"This is purely a business matter," protested Reggie, the blushes showing through his tan. "That Philadelphia architect couldn't figure in four bathrooms on the second floor, and my plans had five; and Mrs. Robertson kicked on the living room in the other chap's scheme, because you couldn't get out of it into the conservatory without going through the dining room. They're talking about building a summer home on an island in Lake Huron they've owned for years, and I'm after that job too."

"I guess Robertson has a pretty good opinion of the family," remarked Harold casually. "He's hired me to pass on a new issue of traction bonds. He and Tarleton have had a row about something, and he virtually said he was going to throw me part of his business."

"I know, Harold, that you've been terribly busy," Mildred began, "and I haven't wanted to trouble you, but there are some things we ought to talk over. Mrs. Merriam was here this afternoon about the new children's hospital. She says one day at the country club—she described the meeting and everything about it—papa promised her five thousand dollars for the building fund. She hasn't anything in writing, of course, but just as a matter of honor, boys, I really think we ought to pay it."

"Five thousand dollars!" gasped Reggie. "The woman must be insane!"

"I hope," said Harold calmly, ignoring the wild look in his brother's eyes, "that you told her it would be all right. Any promises of that kind father made must be respected. I'll call on Mrs. Merriam and assure her that the five thousand will be paid. The Merriam Manufacturing Company was one of father's oldest clients and we certainly shouldn't want to appear mean to the Merriams. It's possible—barely possible—I may be able to hold the business."

"And while we're talking family matters," continued Mildred, "there's something I want to tell you. You know I've been seeing a good deal of Mr. Fleming, Doctor Cable's assistant at St. Timothy's, and though his salary is small he's bound to succeed; he's devoted to his work and he's certainly doing wonders with the choir."

She paused, and in the silence Reggie kicked Harold's legs viciously. "What's the matter with Hornbrook?" asked Harold calmly. "I've been training myself to salute *him* as brother. As to Fleming, all I can say is that he plays rotten golf."

"He's the most beautiful character—a fine manly man," declared Mildred. "He isn't really like a minister—he's ever so sensible and broad-minded."

"He's a dear," cried Dorothy, "and sings wonderfully!"

"So do the nightingales, but they don't make any money at it," suggested Reggie.

"I don't mind saying," said Mildred pensively, "that I do like Bob Hornbrook pretty well, and if I were just a poor girl I might marry him. But now that dear papa has left us so much more than I ever dreamed of I feel free—free to marry a man I deeply love and reverence in spite of his poverty. My money will be of real help to Edgar in his work."

Reggie, choking on a macaroon, drank a glass of water at a gulp. It was a relief to his feelings to find that at last his brother was staggered.

"But, Mildred," Harold remarked with a fine affectation of brotherly tolerance of a sister's weakness, "it's hardly fair, after keeping Hornbrook on the string so long, to drop him this way. It's not playing the game! He's a splendid fellow—far and away ahead of that anæmic little Fleming. We've all got to stand together now that father's gone—one for all and all for one; that's the ticket; and a connection with the Hornbrooks would be a big thing for Reggie and me. Why, the Hornbrooks are one of the most influential families in the state—pioneer stock, social prestige and all that sort of thing, to say nothing of their boodle. You have another guess coming, Mildred! Think it over!"

Mildred was a stubborn young person, as Harold well knew, and if she had determined to marry a potential bishop, there was little likelihood of his being able to thwart her. He had not taken the rather timid approaches of the young minister seriously, but had assumed that, of course, Hornbrook, who came to town frequently for the very obvious purpose of wooing Mildred, would sooner or later declare himself. It was more than annoying, it was a downright calamity that threatened the family in case Mildred persisted; and there was nothing in the past history of his tall, fair, blue-eyed sister to encourage the hope that she would change her mind. Reggie, glaring at him, covertly signaled that the time had come for plain speech with Mildred. The mere announcement that her quarter of a million was all in the air would very likely change her ideas of marriage.

"I mean," Mildred was saying solemnly, "to hold my money as a sacred trust; and I've been thinking of all the good I can do with it. You know I've always been interested in charities and that sort of thing, and I've been thinking of the long future and of all the noble use I can make of my income—with Edgar to help me."

A heartbreaking groan from Reggie caused his sisters to glance at him apprehensively. He began coughing furiously and explained, between paroxysms, that a piece of salted almond had stuck in his windpipe. As there had been no salted almonds on the table, this explanation was somewhat lacking in plausibility. Harold thumped him on the back with unnecessary violence.

"You needn't murder me," Reggie roared, rising wrathfully.

"If that's what I get for giving you first aid you can perish the next time," said Harold, who, having relieved his feelings by the chastisement of his brother, was restored to something approximating his usual equanimity.

"About young Fleming," he remarked, as he resumed his seat and lighted a cigarette, "all we ask is that you do nothing precipitate. You girls should remember that the income on two hundred and fifty thousand dollars isn't much—not really. We've all flung money to the birds and with your tastes and love of luxurious ease, you'd find it pretty hard going with a paltry twelve or fifteen thousand a year and a clerical handicap."

"Money isn't everything, Harold," Mildred protested.

"It is if you haven't got it," remarked Harold. "Suppose we drop this for the present. Dot, what's on your mind?"

"Oh, there aren't any men in my landscape," Dorothy replied easily.

It was said of Dorothy, who was dark, that she was the most interesting of the Raymond children. She was far more independent and venturesome than Mildred. It was Dorothy who had, on a wager, driven into town and through Main Street on a loaded hay wagon commandeered at a farm adjacent to the country club. Dorothy's Airedales were a nuisance to the neighborhood; her runabout was a terror to pedestrians, but the neighbors and the general public were very tolerant of Dot Raymond. She had been shipped home from two boarding schools, owing to her careless habit of ignoring the rules, but nobody thought the less of her. Dot didn't know much, but a girl as pretty as Dorothy Raymond doesn't have to know much. With her brothers she had always been a good comrade, and Harold smiled indulgently, and Reggie sat up hopefully, as she pushed away the bonbon dish and folded her arms on the table.

"Prepare for a jar, all of you! I've got about enough of society and I've decided to do something different for a year or two, just for a change!"

"Good for you, Dot!" cried Reggie. "If you'd sprung another preacher on us I'd most certainly have screamed!"

"I'd come to this conclusion before papa died," Dorothy began seriously, "but didn't get a chance to talk to him. You see running a tea room and doing slumming and things like that are played out for girls like me. I want to do something interesting—something that hasn't been worked to death. And now that it's all understood about the money

ed we're really never going to suffer, I'm disposed to take a hot at business with Nellie Cummings. When her father ed last winter he didn't leave a thing—not a thing! And ou know a girl brought up as she was, and led to think ere would always be plenty, finds it pretty hard to be lt with absolutely nothing. We ought to be so grateful to ur papa for providing for all of us so beautifully."

Reggie cringed. Harold, who had steeled himself for any bw, nodded encouragingly.

"Cummings kept a broker's shop, as I remember," he marked, "but he wasn't satisfied with dealing in gilt-ge securities—his original line—tried to launch a bunch elocal fakes. An alliance with Nellie doesn't sound highly omising, Dot; but what's the rest of it?"

"Well, Mr. Cummings had a partner, and Nellie and I ve decided to buy him out. The firm's name, you know, worth something!"

Reggie showed signs of exploding.

"Cummings & Parker, Investment Securities, White ver Trust Building," murmured Harold musingly. "I ow the office; the furniture is worth about four dollars oviding there are no liens on it. If there are any securi-s in the safe, I advise you to burn them, to avoid getting xed up with the grand jury. That man Parker is a won-r for thinking up schemes. He and Cummings actually ganized a company to buy a lake in Indiana, with the a of salting the water and raising oysters—the only and oysters in the world! I hope, Dot, that you and llie won't feel that you've got to play all the Cummings Parker tricks, simply because you've taken over the ce furniture."

"Oh, about the furniture," said Dorothy, "Nellie and I ve picked a new set—everything the latest, in mahog-y, and each of us is to have a desk telephone—and we're ting up a lovely room for lady customers."

Reggie burst into idiotic laughter that brought the col-ed butler, an aged retainer, gaping to the pantry door.

"It's nothing, Thomas," cled Harold reassuringly. "Mr. Reginald is a little nerv-s, that's all. Now, Dot, if I understand you correctly, ou are considering paying me merely nominal sum t Parker for his interest in te furniture, fixtures and goodwill of the old unreliable m of Cummings & Parker. that right?"

"We're not considering it ny more," replied Dorothy; "we've already bought him ct and the new furniture ll be moved in to-morrow. I was up there this after-on, watching the sign man change the name on the or to read Cummings & laymond, and we're going t advertise in all the papers. Nellie knows a lot about the siness, just from hearing r father talk, you know. ll you have to do is to buy ond for nine hundred and nety-nine dollars and sell it to a customer at a thou-nd and ten.

"Of course it's volume of siness that counts, Nellie ys. And you know this wn is full of widows with oney to invest, and it's rfectly silly to think they ve to make their invest-nts through men brokers, hen women could do it just well."

"Absurd, perfectly ab-rd," Harold assented. But do you mind telling e just how much you're tting into the firm?"

"Well, I knew you were rfully busy with all papa's airs to settle, and I didn't unt to bother you, so I nt ahead and fixed things up with Mr. Parker. We id him ten thousand dol-rs for his interest and——"

"For what?" Reggie queaked.

"Please don't interrupt, eggie," admonished his other severely. "I'm re we should all be glad at Dot is so enterprising. Now go on, Dot. You are to furnish half and Nellie half—is that right?"

"Certainly," said Dot, assured by Harold's kindness. "Mr. Parker was ever so helpful and nice. He got his lawyer to draw up the partnership papers, and then he said he wouldn't trouble us for the money now, but would be perfectly satisfied to take our notes. So we gave him the firm note for ten thousand dollars. Poor Nellie hasn't any money, of course, but she'll pay me back out of the profits. Mr. Parker said the legal way was for us to sign the firm's name and then we both could endorse the note just for good luck.

"Reggie, don't let your mouth hang open that way! It makes me nervous."

Harold, unmindful of this appeal to the doddering Reggie, frowned, but only as one who is concentrating upon a subject of absorbing interest.

"You were twenty-one last July, as I remember, Dot?"

"Yes; Mr. Parker asked me about that. He said I was of legal age to sign papers and that it was perfectly all right."

"Dot talked to me about it," said Mildred defensively, "and I thought it would be fine for her to go ahead and arrange everything without worrying you. It seemed to me splendid for a girl to go ahead and do things without boring everybody about it. And Nellie is a lovely girl—a perfect dear—and they can't help having a lot of fun, and it seems to me fine, when we have so much, to help a girl who has nothing!"

"Bully! Perfectly bully!" ejaculated Harold, striking the table smartly to emphasize his pleasure at the whole arrangement. "Your note falls due—when did you say, Dot?"

"Oh, not till the end of the year. You see, Mr. Parker said papa's estate couldn't be settled—it's some kink in the law—until the end of a year, and he wanted to make everything convenient for me."

"Right! Parker seems to have given you good advice right through," exclaimed Harold joyously.

"But we must have a little working capital, Nellie says, so we can buy some stocks and bonds to show people when they come in——"

"Yes; you can't sell goods without samples," chirruped Reggie, running his hands through his hair. "A few little pink bonds in the show case——"

"Keep quiet or leave the room," said Harold sternly. "Go ahead, Dot."

"Well, Nellie only has two hundred dollars—that's absolutely all the dear child has in the world—so I'm going to put in five thousand right away."

"Certainly," said Harold, feeling in his pocket and drawing out a check book and fountain pen. "I'll give you this as an advance on your share of the estate; you're entitled to it. It will be charged against you, of course. You've got a real head on you, Dot, and I'll back you for all I'm worth. Now, Reggie, if you want me to go with you to see the little boss of the big machine about your adaptation of the Parthenon for the new Jackson County courthouse, I'm ready. I've got a date with Connor at Pat Foley's saloon. Kindly give hints of returning animation by ordering the limousine!"

III

IF REGGIE hadn't been too busy to worry, the strain of Harold's high-handed deception would have killed him. But Reggie was so busy that he had been obliged to double his office space and employ six draftsmen. Ripley, who held sway as the town's leading architect, had permitted a friend to sound Reggie as to the advisability of a partnership. Harold scouted the idea.

"Old Rip is scared, that's all," said Harold. "He sees that you're the coming man in these parts and wants to attach himself to your boom. In a couple of weeks, after the commissioners formally accept your plans for the courthouse, you'll have to hire an assistant just to meet your callers and explain that you can't accept any more work. There's bound to be some sore spots, but we've got to get used to that. Envious critics will be saying that it was our money, the Raymond million, that got you the courthouse job; I've already heard that I was bribing the commissioners. Perfect rot! Connor is anxious to do me a favor, as he wants me to consider running for Congress next year. This district hasn't elected a Democratic congressman in fifty years, and they're trying to snare somebody to tackle it next fall. They want a man of character and wealth who can appeal to the business interests, and they're willing to spend the people's money on you just to put me in good humor for making a sacrifice hit."

"When this bubble breaks——" began Reggie.

"When that time comes we won't need to blow bubbles any more! You've got all the work you can do for a couple of years; I've enlarged father's office and hired two real lawyers—men who can write a sound brief but without the knack of getting business on their own account—and they're doing the heavy work for me. That gives me more time to think."

"If I did much thinking I'd go crazy," mourned Reggie. "You know it's a sin and a crime to put over my courthouse plans just because we can; it's crooked! It ain't right! I don't know anything about a public building; that's a specialist's job! And Bob Arlington's been round to talk about a new flat his real-estate firm's going to build, and I hadn't the nerve to tell him it wasn't in my line!"

(Continued on Page 58)

"It's in You, My Boy: it's in You! They Can't Keep a Good Man Down!"

ENGLAND AND LABOR

By WILL IRWIN

WHEN the trades-unions of Great Britain met last autumn for their third congress since the war I went to Birmingham, expecting events of historic importance. Since the last congress Britain had leaped a gulf, cleared a hurdle. Conscription, from an ominous possibility, had become a fact. The working brawn of the nation was in the trenches of Flanders, or training for the trenches. The end of the war seemed then a little more distant than it seems now—in December—considering Germany's avowed willingness to discuss peace terms. People talked of a settlement late in 1917. The best directing brains of England were thinking on the reorganization after the war. What would Labor do? In England, more than in any other European country, Labor—with her direct representation in Parliament—holds the keys of the future. The Trades-Union Congress of 1916 looked extremely important.

They met; and virtually they did nothing. They faced not one of the pressing problems which capital and labor must settle between themselves after the war. Never have I seen an assemblage that so gave the appearance of not knowing where it stood. For example, the change in "restrictive trades-union practices" is going to be a vital question to British industry. In many, if not most, trades exists what Americans consider a pernicious deadlock—a set of customs that greatly restrict output. The employer says: "Come what may, I will not raise wages beyond a certain sum." The workman, through his trades-union, replies: "Then I will not produce beyond a certain maximum."

Lloyd George, when the munitions question grew acute, gained from both sides a promise to relax these rules and practices during the war. The situation has changed since then: more and more plainly British industry sees the industrial war with Germany that will follow the military war, and more and more plainly the real leaders of thought on both sides see that capitalist restriction on wages and labor restriction on output must be relaxed if Britain is to hold the pace. Now, despite hidebound ideas in certain quarters, despite religious and social prejudices, labor is the true progressive element in England. We expected some vital pronouncement on either side of this question—for the maintenance of trades practices or against them.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Hundreds of Ship-Building Employees in Belfast Have Offered Their Services to the Government

Legislators Without Constituents

HERE they were, if not exactly the brains of the trades-union movement in England, at least its elected representatives. They averaged considerably older than the delegates of our own Federation of Labor. This is the result of that fine old British loyalty which makes Englishmen hesitate to put out an old public servant who has given faithful services, even when an abler young man is trying for the position. They did not have the apparent force and energy of our own labor delegates; but, being older and more experienced men, they appeared more finished parliamentarians—more statesmanlike. They must, one and all, have held opinions on this vital matter. Yet they evaded the issue. They did bring up the matter—it was on the order of business—but the resolutions finally adopted were uncertain and ambiguous. As on this, so they were on every other vital matter. The liveliest debates were over minor questions, as when the energetic Ben Tillett brought up the religious issue by declaring that the clergy should be mobilized with the rest of England.

Woll and Mahon, our American delegates, introduced the resolutions of our American Federation, calling for a conference of labor at the same time and place as the Peace Conference. There followed a hot and lively debate, which was a measure of strength between the war party and the party inclined to peace. The war party, which repudiated the idea that a crushed Germany would be granted a Peace Conference, won by a vote of two to one. Still, this had nothing whatever to do with the burning issue of British labor.

This waiting attitude puzzled me at first; and I remarked it to a certain Englishwoman, a leader in the progressive forces of England, who watched with me from the platform.

"Why, they're legislators without constituents—don't you see?" she said. "Their people are in the army. They're not thinking of their jobs now, but of the war. These delegates have no instructions. They don't know how labor feels about these questions now. More than that, they don't know how it will feel after the war. If any of us"—and she sighed—"could foresee what the mind of the army will be!"

That is where labor stands—labor, the keystone of the British political and social system before the war, and its puzzle now. Some five or six million men, rising gradually toward seven or eight millions, have put on the king's khaki; and the great majority of these, in the nature of things, are workingmen.

What Will Labor Say?

THE journeyman plumber or weaver took the most intense interest in the industrial struggle before the war; his interest might be strained through prejudices and preconceived notions; but, at any rate, it was his supreme practical interest. He is thinking on something else now—an issue of life and death, horrible but fascinating. He is not the same man as the one who volunteered for "King and Country" in 1914, attested in 1915, or was drafted by law in 1916. He has enlarged his views by contact with all sorts and conditions of men who never touched his narrow life in old days. He has traveled, as he never dreamed of traveling—to France, to Egypt, to Mesopotamia. He has had intimate contact with other people—like the French and the British colonials, who do many things differently. He has found, by long trench conversations, that New Zealand has a labor government; that every French farmer owns his little bit of the land. He has enlarged his horizon as the horizon of a people was never enlarged before this war.

Again: In districts like the dock region of London, the laborer, under the old conditions, which such men and Lloyd George—the pre-war Lloyd George—were working to improve, lived always below the poverty line. Since he entered the army he has been well fed, well dressed, clean for the first time in his life. So, also, his wife, with the separation allowance, with employment on liberal terms open to her everywhere, has tasted for the first time the joys of comfort, and even of luxury. Will he submit meekly, numbly, to the old conditions when this war is over? Some two or three million British workingmen—with more millions to follow—have fought down fear and faced the issue of life and death. From now on they may be more ready to risk their all for what they believe or are led to think they believe.

So much for the liberalizing tendencies. But there is a countercurrent. All the strength of the nation, for the first time in British history, has been living under a military régime made by policy so strict that to obey even in the face of death, becomes instinctive. Never was

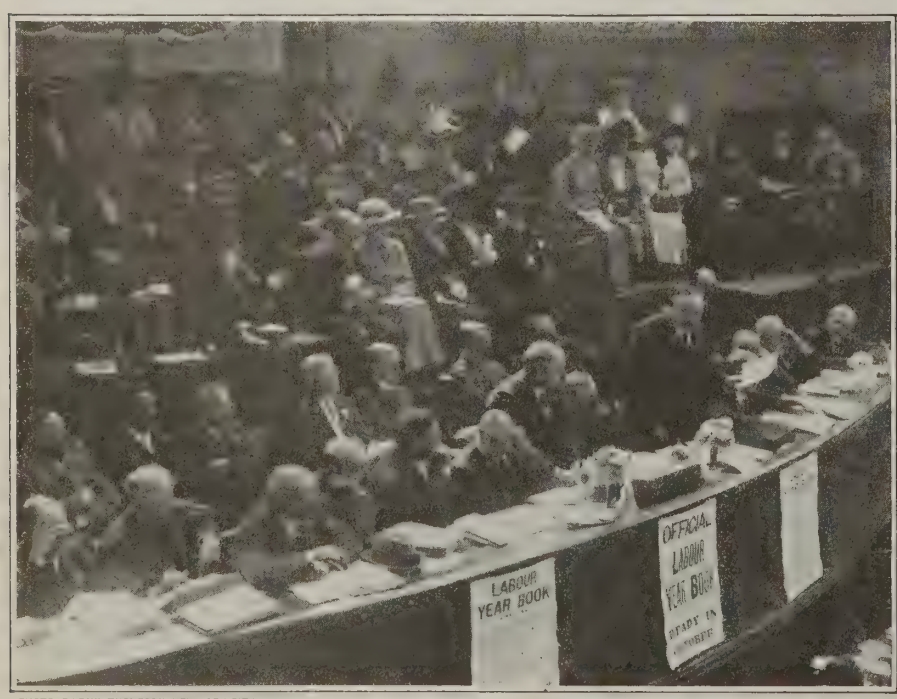


PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Chairman Making His Address at the Conference of Dock Workers

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Six Hundred Labor Delegates Listen to Mr. Asquith's Speech

discipline so strict as that of this war. Will the British orkingman put off the habit of obedience to that upper ass—which still furnishes most of the officers—when he its off his khaki?

None can venture an answer to that question, because ere is no precedent for a guide. Our Civil War was not a arallel case. We had no "class system" in 1865; our my, like the modern French Army, was officered by men all social classes, chosen on the basis of their abilities. or did our legions return to a close industrial life; they t themselves to the free task of breaking a continent. he most we can say, by way of parallel, is that the Grand rmy of the Republic formed almost a close political cor- oration after the war, making of old comradeship the main ct in their political lives.

Common in England now, I find, is a soft kind of upper- ass person, viewing the old England as the only possible ngland, who drops s head sentimentally one side, and says: "Ah, this war has en a great lesson to ir working classes. hey have met gentle- en intimately and arned to obey them id love them. Dis- edience was our ational vice. They ave begun to see that ey have misunder- ood us. After the ar they will be deaf the pleadings of emagogues. We shall ave no more trouble ith the demands of bor unions!"

This view is, of ourse, ridiculously iased and senti- ental; but it does il- strate a tendency at may quite pos- bly affect the coming ngland.

Now if the very lead- rs of union labor, who ave passed their lives tudying the ways and endencies of the Brit- sh workingman, stand ewildered before the uture, it does not befit n alien, who scarcely new England at all efore the war, to in- ulge in prophecy. I do not pretend to guess ow the army will feel, or which way the cat will jump. All ngland is guessing at that, and guessing most diversely.

"We shall have the people docile, so that they will let us administer affairs for their own good as well as for ours," Conservative of great ability said to me. "You Amer- icans have appropriated the phrase New England! After he war we are going to have a new England—the newest nation that exists!" said Lloyd George. "I expect a Conservative reaction, due to military discipline, in the period just after the war," said one of the ablest labor eaders in the kingdom. "But we'll work out of it, fast. Then we'll have the social revolution. It won't be a evolution of blood, mind you. We don't do it that way. We'll roar about blood and downfall, and then go ahead nd do what has to be done." "Labor must know its place; we can't afford agitation," said one employer. "We'll have a labor representative sitting on our board of direc- ors within two years after peace," said another.

Between these diverse opinions I shall not presume to udge; I can only state the elements of the problem.

The Natural Monopoly Possessed by France

THERE must be a fierce industrial struggle after the war. With taxes, made necessary by the war debts, running as igh as thirty or thirty-five per cent, each nation is going o put its best brain on the problem of recuperating at the expense of the others and of the neutral world. Willy- nilly, we shall be forced into it; and the main fight will be three-cornered—between Germany, England and the United States. Russia is not yet ready to become a factor, nd neither is Italy, though she is coming fast. As for France, she occupies just now a position the others may come to envy.

France, alone among nations, knows how to combine art and industry. When the Central Powers were cut off they tried to invent their own fashion designs, supplanting those of "the degenerate French." The results were to laugh. Twenty years ago the Italians, taking advantage of cheap Alpine water power and certain tariff conditions, started to get the silk-weaving business away from France. They succeeded admirably in the cheaper grades; but in the finer grades, where the art of design enters, they have never been able to compete for a moment. French art sense, French taste, give them a natural monopoly of the kind enjoyed by a great actor or a great singer. France, doubt- less, will find after the war, as before, that her natural monopoly is her best natural line of development; she will stand aside from the current.

Germany, England and the United States, on the other hand, have no natural monopolies except those of resources and position; they will come into direct competition. In this enumeration I count the Germanic element of Austria- Hungary as part of Germany.

Now each of the three competitors enters the lists with certain advantages. We have the positive benefit of our

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Lloyd George Addressing a Gathering of Munition Workers

capital accumulation, and the negative benefit of a nation undrained of blood and property by this unprecedented slaughter and destruction. Further, in what I may call the tactics of industry, as distinguished from its strategy, we are very strong. Since we took to factory management, we seem able to get more out of an establishment, with equal strain on the workers, than any other people.

The Germans are almost our equals in the tactics of industrial competition; but in its strategy we are as chil- dren compared to them. The art of coördinating all industry to the end of national supremacy is a German invention we have not learned to apply. This is the one great practical merit of the German, the method that has raised Germany in fifteen or twenty years from the fourth producing nation to the second. Perhaps they overworked their system; perhaps too heavy a draft on their industrial future made it necessary for them to force this war. I do not know.

Long before the war, one of the greatest international em- ployers in the world, a man of great, cool, philosophical judg- ment, arranged the nations for me on the scale of individual efficiency. He was not giving a mere opinion, but the result of figures and experiments covering many years. He put the American down at ten, and the Englishman at just a shade below ten—better than nine and a half.

"The factor which raises the American above the Eng- lishman is his adaptability; his way of rising to emer- gencies," he said.

The German, to my surprise, he ranked only a little better than eight; and so the list went on down to the Chinaman, at four.

"But why the German success at this rate?" I asked.

"Teamwork—nothing else," he replied. "They under- stand method, system and coöperation better than any other people."

Now England, in opening the new era, has over her great European rival two advantages—inherited momentum and this same individual efficiency. In spite of the German strides, she was still the greatest producing and trading nation. If the war turns out even a draw she will have increased that momentum, since she has been trafficking, trading, extending her commerce, while Germany has lain locked up behind the North Sea Fleet. In the strategy of industry she was not so bad, either—if inferior to Germany, infinitely superior to us. Where she lagged far, far behind was in those tactics of industry at which we are so good.

A superficial military education has been forced on most of us by the war; and everyone, I suppose, knows the difference between tactics and strategy, and will under- stand my figure of speech when I say that a Napoleon, laying out the strategy of a battle, cannot hope to win, however brilliant that strategy may be, unless his corps and regimental commanders understand tactics—are able to take this height or pass this road at the time demanded by the general plan.

So, in industry, you may lay out and apply a great general scheme of national industrial expansion, such as that which the Ger- mans have followed; you cannot make it succeed unless your individual factories are producing, dollar for dollar and man for man, nearly as much as your competitor. Now in this phase of indus- try England was lag- ging behind her rivals to east and west; and she must lag still far- ther unless there are some drastic changes. Upon those changes the leaders of capital and labor are thinking now, while they wait to see what the army will be thinking when it ex- changes khaki for blue jeans and tweeds.

Old Friends

THERE is in the average English- man a sterling quality of loyalty that makes him the best-wearing friend in the world. This personal virtue has its practical defect. He is loyal to his friends; he is just as loyal, often, to outworn ways and antiquated machinery. An Amer- ican company, manu- facturers of what we shall call the Perfection Typewriter, bought out the business of what we shall call the Marvel Typewriter. The Marvel was an old-line machine, which had grown so hopelessly behind the times that it had not been manufactured for ten years. The Perfection people got, with the deal, a set of spare parts to keep in repair those Marvels that still existed. The London office of the Perfection had almost forgotten about this deal when, last winter, they received a letter from a Midlands town asking for parts to repair a worn-out Marvel. They wrote back, stating that they had the parts, but urging their correspondent to replace his Marvel by the new, up-to-date, improved Perfection.

"Sorry," replied the British customer in the Midlands, "but we do not feel like putting out an old friend, which has served us well for twenty-five years."

Now this little deal in typewriters, though an extreme example, served to illustrate a tendency. There was a distrust of the new thing, be it coördination of machinery, improved machinery, or modern factory method—distrust on both sides of the industrial gulf. True, the war, with its searching demands on production, has changed much of this. In the munitions factories, at least, industry has taken to continuous and timesaving processes, copied from their enemies or from us, or devised with that inven- tiveness so strong in the English when circumstances shake them out of their apathy. I am writing now of the England before the war.

Out of this loyal conservatism, and out of England's curi- ous industrial history, had grown the situation at which I hinted in beginning this article—the pernicious dead- lock between the manufacturer and his laborer. Eng- land was the pioneer of modern industry. In the early years of the nineteenth century, when the factory system rose, the horrible old *laissez-faire* doctrine ran riot: Leave everything alone and it will right itself. So, before the day of Trades-Unionism, the British operative had his blood drawn and his vitality killed by fourteen and fifteen hours' work a day. Trades-Unionism, formed to correct this situation, was born in a spirit of intense antagonism. As for

the employing class, it resented the changes the unions demanded; it made a sanctified creed out of self-interest.

The overworking of the industrial class, "speeding-up" in its worst form, was the abuse Trades-Unionism was formed to correct, and the fight centered on this issue. Piecework is more general in British industry than in our own. The employers, in their war with the unions, adopted a process with which we have been troubled at times in our own land. They would take the work of the fastest and most expert workman, set that as a standard, so arrange the piecework schedule as to give him a fair weekly wage—and expect the workmen of lesser ability to conform to his standard. Of course most of them could not; it amounted to a device for lowering wages. In certain lines of employment the workman who set a high standard in piecework figured as a traitor to his class.

So, as the struggle went on, the employers seemed to fix their minds on a maximum wage. He who paid more than that wage, even though it be to his own interest, was a traitor to that class, as the workman who set a high piece-rate standard was a traitor to the other. The unions met this with a policy of their own: "Very well; if you restrict wages we shall restrict output." There rose, too, the custom known in British labor slang as "Ca' canny." We should call it "Soldiering on the job." It was the response of labor to injustices of capital they could fight in no other way. Restriction of output became a fetish with a certain wing of the labor party. Let me cite one example, extreme but illuminating:

In a certain Midlands town is a factory manufacturing bobbins for weavers. The employers enforced a maximum wage; the union enforced a maximum output. Almost any workman in the factory could turn out the week's maximum in three working days; they had nothing to do between Thursday morning and Sunday night.

Along with this, and working to the same end, went another policy of organized labor—or, at least, a section of organized labor. Up to seven or eight years ago, when the new Liberal government took hold, England knew as little about the general coördination of industry as the United States—and here I am stating the irreducible minimum. The tight, close conditions of British industry, the fact that England was the dumping ground for an empire, made her need even greater than ours. The chief phenomenon of badly coördinated industry is unemployment. Those long periods of idleness consequent upon a slight industrial depression were the curse of British industry. It was quite natural for the men in any given trade to believe that the less they produced the greater would be the demand for help, and the less, therefore, the unemployment. Restriction of output became a matter of altruism, of class loyalty.

Government for the Benefit of the Few

"OF COURSE it's unsound," said a certain enlightened labor leader. "You can easily reduce it to an absurdity. If to halve the product of any trade increases the prosperity of the workman, stopping production altogether should bring the millennium, shouldn't it?"

From the point of view of the trading class, with its motto of Business over Everything, the process is damnable. In the ultimate interests of the workmen themselves it was bad. But this must be said in justice: The lives of such working-class people as these proceed on a narrow margin above poverty. Loss of work means the loss of everything. They cannot afford to take broad views on their jobs; least of any class can they afford sacrifice to the greater national interests.

There stood the problem eight years ago, when a new spirit began to stir in England; when the Liberal government, against the fulminations of the Tories, tackled the problem of poverty and introduced, as a beginning, its "socialistic" measures, borrowed from the Continent.

It must be said, in justice and fairness, that this custom of restricting wages and output was not universal.

Wherever capital and labor had abolished it, British industry produced with the best. It had been abolished in the cloth trades; and neither Georgia nor New England could equal the scale of the Northern English mills. It was passing fast in coal mining; and the Cornish mines were only second to the Pennsylvania mines in the output for each miner. It lingered still in what the British call the "engineering trades," which include nearly everything that has to do with manufacturing machinery and metal goods; and there the British industries, for the most part, would not stand comparison with their American or Continental rivals.

We have revised, since the war, many of our opinions—even those based on fact. For example, we took it for granted—having heard it from the English—that poverty in England was a growing tendency; and that it was worse than poverty in Germany, the nation whose social teamwork we so much admired. Indeed, the situation, when the English began to study it, was distressing enough. British students of sociology have worked out what they call "the poverty line": the income below which an average family cannot live and keep its strength.

Before the war, this was set at twenty-four shillings, or six dollars, a week. In some districts, a quarter of the working class lived below that line. The average wage of agricultural laborers was only from fifteen to twenty shillings a week. That, however, brings in the land question, which is a little aside from the present topic. Yet it remains to be shown whether poverty was on the increase; or whether, in the decade just past, the Liberal element of England had, for the first time, awakened to its extent and begun to study it scientifically.

Another accepted idea may have to be revised: Germany had gone farther than any other European nation in social teamwork. Accident and unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, government employment agencies—all the measures which the Asquith government forced through in the face of the Tory batteries—were copied from that nation so soon to be England's enemy. Doubtless the British Liberal in those days rather overpraised the German system, as he underpraises it now. It remains to be proved whether Germany had abolished poverty.

Two great measures of poverty are the infantile mortality rate and the tuberculosis rate. As the British are now fond of telling you, both these rates were higher in Germany than in England. We have had proof of the true Prussian spirit since this war; and the English view deserves consideration. They say that Germany, as administered by her autocracy, had seized on some of the apparatus of Socialism, and especially its collective economies, while totally repudiating its spirit. The end and aim of the Socialist state, as conceived by magnificent German dreamers of the nineteenth century, was democratic. It was for the good of the individuals in the state.

The end and aim of the Prussian system is first the glory of the state as a whole, without regard to the happiness of the individuals who compose it—a hellish doctrine that we owe to the philosopher Kant; and then the welfare of the oligarchy. Those measures of social teamwork were intended not primarily for the good of the working class or any other class outside of the oligarchy, but for the efficiency of the state.

The oligarchy looked upon the working class somewhat as a scientific farmer looks upon his stock! Give them just enough food and comfort to bring them to the shambles in fair, fat, salable condition—and no more. I do not pretend to say whether this view is sound or is tainted by war prejudice. However, the statistics of tuberculosis and infant mortality remain. This Prussian spirit was not the spirit in which England attacked her problem.

The Kantian doctrine of a state with a soul, whose glory is the supreme duty of citizenship, had gained little currency in England, except perhaps among a limited class of the old aristocracy. The changes in England proceeded from a class of scientific humanitarians working for the happiness of all, as befits the spirit of a race that has given more martyrs to civic and political creeds than any other in the world. The ideal of the new British system was mostly kindness, as that of the Prussian system was mostly efficiency.

Before the war these constructive critics of industrial ways had their eyes set on a better distribution of the rewards of industry; national efficiency was with them only a secondary object. Germany was doing well—yes; but was not England still the greatest producing nation in Europe, the greatest trading nation in the world? The war, along with other shocks, revealed how fast Germany was growing; what a rival she had already become.

It revealed, also, the German capacity for organization and the German intentions on world trade. The British leaders of industry had their veil of preconceived notions torn in a dozen places; they saw through it to something like actuality. Industrial reorganization became a topic only a little less absorbing than the war itself. The leaders of the labor party and of liberal thought in general were forced to take this into all their plans.

One who knew the English before the war, or in its early stages, can scarcely believe them now, so open-minded have they grown; so amenable to new ideas. In July, 1912, I witnessed an episode of the London dock strike—Ben Tillett's famous speech, which started a small riot. Fresh from the sight of these men, with their dead eyes, their pinched faces, their hopeless expressions, I went among a group of genuine English Conservatives. It turned me a little sick to find them howling like scalded dogs because they had to pay a slight insurance tax for their servants. This was a plain violation of British rights, they said; besides, it was so hard to make the proper change! Those Liberal anarchists were ruining England! Now in October, 1916, I met one of these men again.

Wage Conditions After the War

"WELL," he said in the course of a general discussion, "we're ready to do what's just and right. If we have to put in a labor government like Australia, after the war, we can stand that, too, I suppose."

The thought of England, a current always so powerful but once confined in such narrow channels, has burst many and many a bank and is flowing already in channels vastly wider. To disturb, to change the good old British system of education, compounded of classics and sport—that was unthinkable three years ago. Now behold a research committee of dozens of great names, whose first task is a study of English education to see how classics may be replaced by science all along the line, and how board-school education for the working class may be supplemented by technical education. Invention, factory method, teamwork in foreign trade—the intelligence of England is studying them all, with what energy it has left.

That the heads of British industry, the prosperous and governing class, should look far beyond their own interests is to expect them to be more than human—which they are not. The most they manifest, and the most that can be expected, is enlightened self-interest. As a matter of fact, some of them are preparing to whipsaw labor in the same old way, hoping that the "discipline" ground into "the lower class" by two or three years in the army will render their employees more docile.

For a cold-blooded statement of intentions, commend me to a circular letter, passed round among a certain group of employers in the engineering trades, whereof a copy passed into the possession of a labor leader. Attention was called to the reduced labor cost brought about by employment of women. Still further reductions might be accomplished by careful management. Meantime the employers were urged to prepare for new conditions after the war, when male employees would be asking for their old jobs. A little careful organization, the encouragement of a sex spirit among the women workers, might forestall this. Against this, and as an example of enlightened self-interest, I may set the remarks of a certain large employer in the electrical business. He was speaking of the new women employees in his shops.

"They're doing good work," he said. "We have many small processes in our branch of the industry, and at these the women have proved, if anything, better than men. We're paying them liberally now. I only hope our fellows have the good sense not to try to reduce wages after the war."

Employers in general say that the old restrictive trades-union practices cannot continue in force if England is to meet Continental and American competition. Yet not all the employers can be got to see the other side of the shield, and admit that arbitrary limitation of wages must go into the discard along

(Continued on Page 35)

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Jim Larkin in Peaceful Occupation as Seen in Croydon Park, Dublin

THREE WITHOUT, DOUBLED

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

THEY ain't no immediate chance o' you gettin' ast out to our house to dinner—not w'ile round steak — and General Motors is sellin' at the same price al common dog biscuit's ten cents a loaf. But you ight have nothin' ent to do some nin' and hap- n to drop in on Missus and I a call; so I feel le I ought to give ra little warnin' ase that comes

You know they's lso' words that's alled fightin' rds. Some o' em starts a wl, no matter o they're spoke t You can't call ody a liar with- t expectin' to ea couple o' milk th—that is, if e party ad- essed has got nethin' besides lon juice in his ns and ain't had misfortune to fl asleep on the Inhandle tracks d be separated

The Hired Girl Brought in Some Half Sandwiches With Somethin' on 'em That Looked Like BB Shot

m his most prominent legs and arms. Then they's rms that don't hit you so much yourself, but reflects on ur ancestors and prodigies, and you're supposed to resent n for the sake of honor and fix the speaker's map so as en he goes home his wife'll say: "Oh, kiddies! Come d look at the rainbow!"

Then they's other words and terms that you can call 'em somebody and not get no rise; but call 'em to somebody e and the insurance companies could hold out on your dow by claimin' it was suicide. For instance, they's ung Harold Greiner, one o' the bookkeepers down to the ice. I could tell him he was an A. P. A., with a few adjec- res, and he'd just smile and say: "Quit your flirtin'!" t I wouldn't never try that expression on Dan Cahill, e elevator starter, without bein' well out of his earshots. d I don't know what it means at that.

Well, if you do come out to the house they's a term that u want to lay off of when the Missus is in the room. n't say: "San Susie."

It sounds harmless enough, don't it? They ain't nothin' it even when it's transferred over from the Latin, Without no cares." But just leave her hear it mentioned d watch her grab the two deadliest weapons that's within ach, one to use on you or whoever said it, and the other me, on general principles.

You think I'm stringin' you and I admit you got cause—at is, till you've heard the details of our latest plunge in e cesspools o' Society.

II

T WAS a Friday evenin' about three weeks ago when I come home and found the Wife quaverin' with excite- ent.

"Who do you think called up?" she ast me.

"I got no idear," I says.

"Guess!" says she.

So I had to guess.

"Josephus Daniels," I says. "Or Henry Ford. Or maybe was that guy with the scar on his lip that you thought as smilin' at you the other day."

"You couldn't never guess," she says. "It was Mrs. essenger."

"Which one?" I ast her. "You can't mean Mrs. D. T. Messenger."

"If you're so cute I won't tell you nothin' about it," ys she.

"Don't make no rash threats," I says. "You're goin' to ll me sometime and they's no use makin' yourself sick by yin' to hold it in."

"You know very well what Mrs. Messenger I mean," she ys. "It was Mrs. Robert Messenger that's husband owns is buildin' and the one at the corner, where they live at."

"Haven't you paid the rent?" I says.

"Do you think a woman like Mrs. Messenger would be ttin' into her husband's business?" says the Missus.

"I don't know what kind of a woman Mrs. Messenger ," I says. "But if I owned these here apartments and somebody fell behind in their rent, I wouldn't be surprised to see the owner's wife goin' right over to their flat and takin' it out o' their trousers pocket."

"Well," says the Wife, "we don't owe them no rent and that wasn't what she called up about. It wasn't no business call."

"Go ahead and spill it," I says. "My heart's weak."

"Well," she says, "I was just gettin' through with the lunch dishes and the phone rung."

"I bet you wondered who it was," says I.

"I thought it was Mrs. Hatch or somebody," says the Wife. "So I run to the phone and it was Mrs. Messenger. So the first thing she says was to explain who she was—just like I didn't know. And the next thing she ast was did I play bridge."

"And what did you tell her?" says I.

"What do you think I'd tell her?" says the Missus. "I told her yes."

"Wasn't you triflin' a little with the truth?" I ast her.

"Certainly not!" she says. "Haven't I played twice over to Hatches'? So then she ast if my husband played bridge too. And I told her yes, he did."

"What was the idear?" I says. "You know I didn't never play it in my life."

"I don't know no such a thing," she says. "For all as I know, you may play all day down to the office."

"No," I says; "we spend all our time down there playin' post office with the scrubwomen."

"Well, anyway, I told her you did," says the Missus. "Don't you see they wasn't nothin' else I could tell her, because if I told her you didn't, that would of ended it."

"Ended what?" I says.

"We wouldn't of been ast to the party," says the Missus.

"Who told you they was goin' to be a party?" I says.

"I don't have to be told everything," says the Missus. "I got brains enough to know that Mrs. Messenger ain't callin' me up and askin' me do we play bridge just because she's got a headache or feels lonesome or somethin'. But it ain't only one party after all, and that's the best part of it. She ast us if we'd care to join the club."

"What club?" says I.

"Mrs. Messenger's club, the San Susie Club," says the Missus. "You've heard me speak about it a hundred times, and it's been mentioned in the papers once or twice too—once, anyway, when the members give away them Christmas dinners last year."

"We can get into the papers," I says, "without givin' away no Christmas dinners."

"Who wants to get into the papers?" says the Wife. "I don't care nothin' about that."

"No," I says; "I suppose if a reporter come out here and ast for your pitcher to stick in the society columns, you'd pick up the carvin' knife and run him ragged."

"I'd certainly be polite to him, at least," she says.

"Yes," says I; "it wouldn't pay to treat him rude; it'd even be justifiable to lock him in w'ile you was lookin' for the pitcher."

"If you'll kindly leave me talk you may find out what I got to say," she says. "I've told you about this club, but I don't suppose you ever paid any attention. It's a club that's made up from people that lives just in this block, twenty o' them altogether; and all but one couple either lives in this buildin' or in the buildin' the Messengers lives in. And they're all nice people, people with real class to them; not no tramps like most o' the ones we been runnin' round with. One o' them's Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collins that used to live on Sheridan Road and still goes over to parties at some o' the most exclusive homes on the North Side. And they don't have nobody in the club that isn't congenial with each other, but all just a nice crowd o' real people that gets together once a week at one o' the members' houses and have a good time."

"How did these pillows o' Society happen to light onto us?" I ast her.

"Well," she says, "it seems like the Baileys, who belonged to the club, went to California last week to spend the winter. And they had to have a couple to take their place in the club. And Mrs. Messenger says they wouldn't take nobody that didn't live in our block, and her and her husband looked over the list and we was the ones they picked out."

"Probably," I says, "that's because we was the only eligibles that can go out nights on account o' not havin' no children."

"The Hatches ain't ast," she says, "and they ain't got no children."

"Well," I says, "what's the dues?"

"They ain't no dues," says the Missus. "But once in a w'ile, instead o' playin' bridge, everybody puts in two dollars apiece and have a theater party. But the regular program is for an evenin' o' bridge every Tuesday night, at different members' houses, somebody different actin' as hosts every week. And each couple puts up two dollars, makin' ten dollars for a gent's prize and ten dollars for a lady's. And the prizes is picked out by the lady that happens to be the hostess."

"That's a swell proposition for me," I says. "In the first place they wouldn't be a chance in the world for me to win a prize because I don't know nothin' about the game. And, in the second place, suppose I had a whole lot o' luck and did win the prize, and come to find out it was a silver mustache cup that I wouldn't have no more use for than another Adam's apple! If they paid in cash they might be somethin' to it."

"If you win a prize you can sell it, can't you?" says the Missus. "Besides, the prizes don't count. It's gettin' in with the right kind o' people that makes the difference."

"Another thing," I says: "When it come our turn to have the party, where would we stick 'em all? We'd have to spread a sheet over the bathtub for one table, and have one couple set on the edges and the other couple toss up for the washbasin and the clothes-hamper. And another two couple'd have to kneel round the bed, and another bunch could stand up round the bureau. That'd leave the dinin'-room table for the fourth set; and for a special treat the remainin' four could play in the parlor."

"We could hire chairs and tables," says the Missus. "We're goin' to have to sometime, anyway, when you or I die."

"You don't need to hire no tables for my funeral," I says. "If the pallbearers or the quartet insists on shootin' craps they can use the kitchen floor; or if they want beer and sandwiches you can slip 'em the money to go down to the corner."

"They's no use worryin' about our end of it yet," says the Wife. "We'll be new members and they won't expect us to give no party till everybody else has had their turn."

"I only got one objection left," I says. "How am I goin' to get by at a bridge party when I haven't no idear how many cards to deal?"

"I guess you can learn if I learnt," she says. "You're always talkin' about what a swell card player you are. And besides, you've played w'ist, and they ain't hardly any difference."

"And the next party is next Tuesday night?" I says.

"Yes," says the Missus, "at Mrs. Garrett's, the best player in the club, and one o' the smartest women in Chicago, Mrs. Messenger says. She lives in the same buildin' with the Messengers. And they's dinner first and then we play bridge all evenin'."

"And maybe," I says, "before the evenin's over, I'll find out what's trumps."

"You'll know all about the game before that," she says. "Right after supper we'll get out the cards and I'll show you."

So right after supper she got out the cards and begun to show me. But about all as I learnt was one thing, and that was that if I died without no insurance the Missus would stand a better show o' supportin' herself by umpirin' baseball in the National League than by teachin' in a bridge-w'ist university. She knew everything except how much the different suits counted, and how many points was in a game, and what honors meant, and who done the first biddin', and how much to bid on what.

After about an hour of it I says:

"I can see you got this thing mastered, but you're like a whole lot of other people that knows somethin' perfect themselves but can't learn it to nobody else."

"No," she says; "I got to admit that I don't know as much as I thought I did. I didn't have no trouble when I was playin' with Mrs. Hatch and Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Kramer; but it seems like I forgot all they learnt me."

"It's a crime," I says, "that we should have to pass up this chance to get in right just because we can't play a fool game o' cards. Why don't you call up Mrs. Messenger and suggest that the San Susies switches to pedro or five hundred or rhummy, or somethin' that you don't need to take no college course in?"

"You're full o' brilliant idears," says the Missus. "They's only just the one game that Society plays, and that's bridge. Them other games is jokes."

"I've noticed you always treated 'em that way," I says. "But they wasn't so funny to me when it come time to settle."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," says the Missus: "We'll call up Mr. and Mrs. Hatch and tell 'em to come over here to-morrow night and give us a lesson."

"That'd be sweet," I says, "askin' them to learn us a game so as we could join a club that's right here in their neighborhood, but they ain't even been ast to join it!"

"Why, you rummy!" she says. "We don't have to tell 'em why we want to learn. We'll just say that my two attempts over to their house has got me interested and I and you want to master the game so as we can spend many pleasant evenin's with them; because Mrs. Hatch has told me a hundred times that her and her husband would rather play bridge than eat."

So she called up Mrs. Hatch and sprung it on her; but it seemed like the Hatches had an engagement for Saturday night, but would be tickled to death to come over Monday evenin' and give us a work-out. After that was fixed we both felt kind of ashamed of ourselves, deceivin' people that was supposed to be our best friends.

"But, anyway," the Missus says, "the Hatches wouldn't never fit in with that crowd. Jim always looks like he'd dressed on the elevated and Mrs. Hatch can't talk about nothin' only shiropody."

On the Saturday I tried to slip one over by buyin' a book called Auction Bridge, and I read it all the way home from town and then left it on the car. It was a great book for a man that had learnt the rudderments and wanted to find out how to play the game right. But for me to try and get somethin' out of it was just like as though some kid'd learn the baseball guide by heart in kindeygarden and then ask Hugh Jennin's for the job in centerfield. I did find out one thing from it though: It says that in every deal one o' the players was a dummy and just laid his cards down and left somebody else play 'em. So, when I got home I says:

"We won't need no help from Jim Hatch and his wife. We can just be dummies all the evenin' and they won't nobody know if we're ignorant or not."

"That's impossible, to be dummy all the time," says the Missus.

"Not for me," I says. "I know it'll be tough for you, but you can chew a lot o' gum and you won't mind it so much."

"You don't understand," she says. "The dummy is the pardner o' the party that gets the bid. Suppose one o' the people that was playin' against you got the bid; then the other one'd be dummy and you'd have to play your hand."

"But I don't need to leave 'em have the bid," I says. "I can take it away from 'em."

"And if you take it away from 'em," she says, "then you got the bid yourself, and your pardner's dummy, not you."

Well, the Hatches breezed in Monday night, and Mrs. Hatch remarked how tickled she was that we was goin' to learn, and what good times we four'd have playin' together. And the Missus and I pretended like we shared her raptures.

"Ain't you never played at all?" she ast me; and I told her no.

"The first thing," she says, "is how much the different suits counts; and then they's the bids. And you got to pay attention to the conventions."

"I'm through with 'em forever," I says, "since they turned down Roosevelt."

Well, we started in, and Hatch and the Missus played Mrs. Hatch and I. We kept at it till pretty near midnight, with three or four intermissions so as Hatch could relieve the strain on the ice box. My w'ist education kept me from bein' much of a flivver when it come to playin' the cards; but I don't care how bright a guy is, you can't learn everything about biddin' in one evenin', and you can't remember half what you learnt. I don't know what the score was when we got through, but the Hatches done most o' the execution and held most o' the cards, which is their regular habit.

"You'll get along all right," says Mrs. Hatch when they was ready to go. "But, o' course, you can't expect to master a game like bridge in a few hours. You want to keep at it."

"We're goin' to," says the Missus.

"Maybe it'd be a good idear," says Mrs. Hatch, "to play again soon before you forget what we learnt you. Why don't you come over to our house for another session to-morrow night?"

"Let's see; to-morrow night?" says the Missus, stallin'. "Why, no, we can't. We got an engagement."

So Mrs. Hatch stood there like she was expectin' to hear what it was.

"We're goin' to a party," says the Wife.

"Oh, tell me about it!" says Mrs. Hatch.

"Well," says the Missus, "it ain't really a party; it's just a kind of a party: some old friends that's visitin' in town for a day or two."

"Maybe they'll play bridge with you," says Mrs. Hatch.

"Oh, no," says the Missus, blushin'. "It'll probably be rhummy or pedro; or maybe we'll just go to the pitchers."

"Why don't you go over to the Acme?" says Mrs Hatch. "They got Chaplin in The Street Sweeper. We'r goin', and we could meet you and all go together."

"N-no," says the Wife. "You see, one of our friends ha just lost his wife and I know he wouldn't feel like goin' t see somethin' funny."

"He's already laughed himself sick," I says.

Well, we wouldn't make no date with 'em, and the finally blew with the understandin' that we was to go t their house and play some night soon. When they'd wen the Missus says:

"I feel like a criminal, deceivin' 'em like that. But I jus couldn't tell 'em the truth. Bertha Hatch is the mos jealous thing in the world and it would just about kill he to know that we was in on somethin' good without sh and Jim."

"If you hadn't ast 'em over," I says, "we'd of been jus as well off and you wouldn't of had to make a perjure ou o' yourself."

"What do you mean, we'd of been just as well off?" sh says. "They done what we expected of 'em: learnt us th game."

"Yes," I says; "and you could take all I remember the lesson and feed it to a gnat and he'd say, 'Hurry u with the soup course!'"

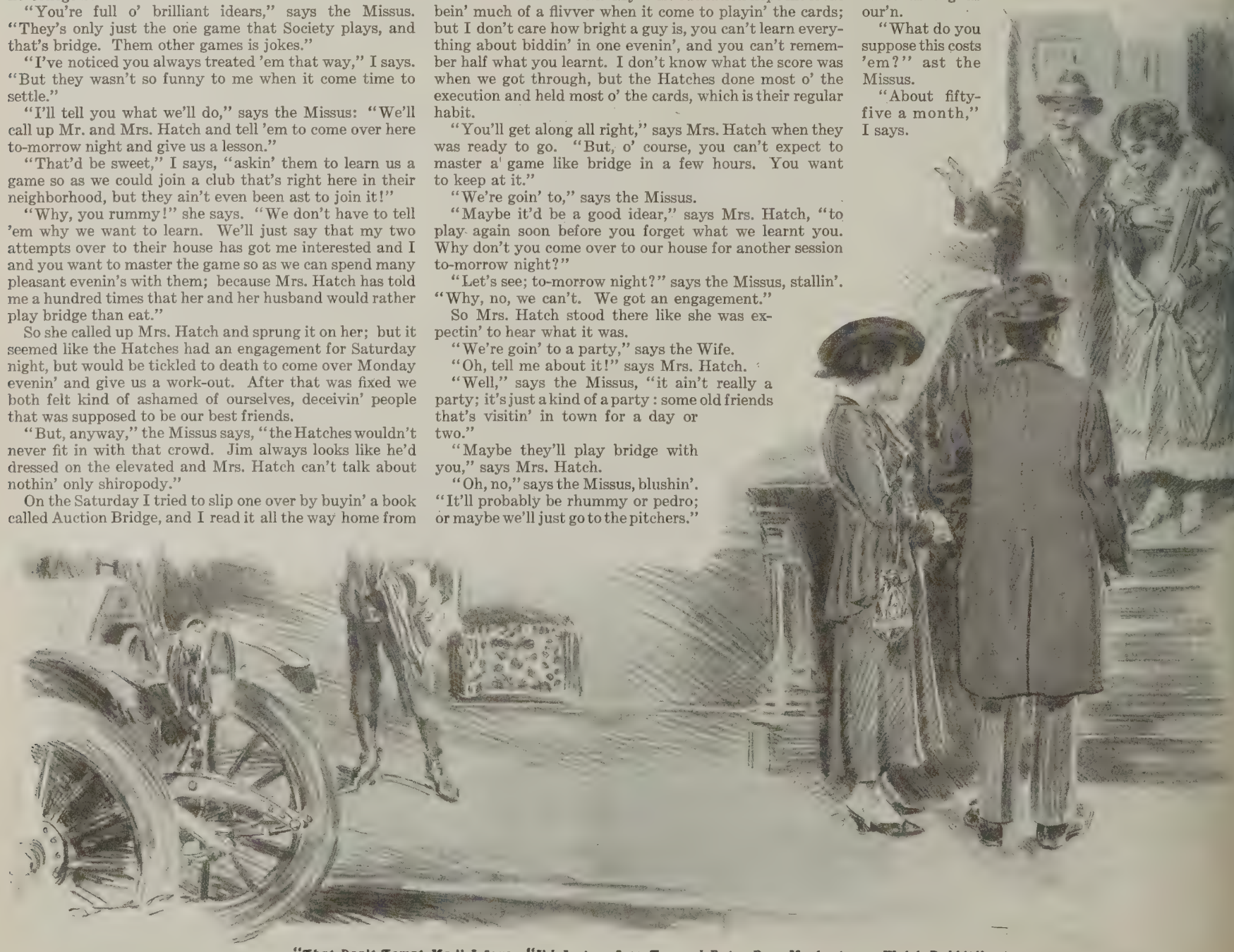
III

WELL, Mrs. Garrett had called up to say that the fee before the game would begin at seven bells; so I an the Missus figured on bein' on hand at half past six, so a to get acquainted with some of our fellow club member and know what to call 'em when we wanted the grav passed or somethin'. But I had trouble with my studs an it wasn't till pretty near twenty minutes to seven that w rung the Garretts' bell. The hired girl let us in and left u standin' in the hall w'ile she went to tell Mrs. Garrett w was there. Pretty soon the girl come back and says sh would take our wraps and that Mrs. Garrett would be wit us in a few minutes. So we was showed into the livin' room

The apartment was on the second floor and looked abou twice as big as our'n.

"What do you suppose this costs 'em?" ast the Missus.

"About fifty-five a month," I says.



"That Don't Tempt Me," I Says. "I'd Just as Soon Try and Eat a Raw Mushrat as a Welsh Rabbit"

'You're crazy!" says she. "They got this big livin' m and two big bedrooms, and a maid's room and a sun lor, besides their dinin' room and kitchen and bath. ey're lucky if they ain't stuck for seventy."

'I'll bet you!" I says. "I'll bet you it's nearer fifty-five n seventy."

'How much'll you bet?" she says.

'Anything you say," says I.

'Well," she says, "I've got a cinch, and I need a pair o' k silk stockin's. My others has begun to run."

'All right," I says. "A pair o' black silk stockin's to fy cents cash."

'You're on," she says, "and I'll call up the agent morrow and find out."

Well, it must of been pretty near seven o'clock when s. Garrett finally showed up. "Good evenin'," she says. suppose this must be new members. I'm fully glad you could ne and I'm sorry I sn't quite ready."

'That's all right," I s. "I'm glad to know y's others has trouble tin' into their evenin' es. I suppose people t does it often enough ally get to be experts."

'I didn't have no uble," says Mrs. Garrett; "only I didn't ect nobody till seven lock. You must of sunderstood me and ought I said half past ."

Then Mr. Garrett ne in and shook hands h us, and then the rest the folks begun to arre and we was introced to them all. I din't catch all their mes, only Mr. and rs. Messenger and r. and Mrs. Collins d a Mr. and Mrs. arks. Mrs. Garrett s dinner was ready d I was glad to hear it. They set me down beeen Mrs. Messenger d a lady that I didn't her name.

"Well," I says to Mrs. Messenger, "now we know you rsonally we can pay the rent direct without botherin' to to the real-estate office."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't do," she says. "Our agent's titled to his commissions. And besides, I wouldn't know w much to take or nothin' about it."

"We pay thirty-five," I says, "and that's all as you could for, seein' we only got the four rooms and no sun parlor. hirty-two and a half would be about the right price."

"You'll have to argue that out with the agent," she says. I was kind of expectin' a cocktail; but nothin' doin'. e hired girl brought in some half sandwiches, made o' ast, with somethin' on 'em that looked like BB shot and sted like New Year's mornin'.

"Don't we get no liquid refreshments?" I ast Mrs. Messger.

"No, indeed," she says. "The San Susie's a dry club."

"You should ought to call it the San Sousy, then," says I.

The Missus was settin' next to Mr. Garrett and I could ar 'em talkin' about what a nice neighborhood it was d how they liked their flats. I thought I and the Missus ght as well settle our bet then and there, so I spoke to r. Garrett acrost the table.

"Mr. Garrett," I says, "w'ile we was waitin' for you and ur wife to get dressed, I and the Missus made a little bet, air o' silk stockin's against half a buck. I got to pay out o dollars here for the prize and the Missus claims her her stockin's has begun to run; so you might say we're th a little anxious."

"Is it somethin' I can settle?" ast Mr. Garrett.

"Yes, sir," I says, "because we was bettin' on the rent u paid for this apartment. The Missus says seventy a nth and I says fifty-five."

"I never decide against a lady," he says. "You better y the stockin's before the others run so far that they n't find their way home."

"If I lose, I lose," says I. "But if you're stuck sixty-five better, the Missus must of steered me wrong about the mber o' rooms you got. I'll pay, though, because I don't ver welsh on a bet. So this party's really costin' me two d a half instead o' two."

"Maybe you'll win the prize," says Mr. Garrett.

"They ain't much chance," I says. "I ain't played this me for a long w'ile."

"Why, your wife was just tellin' me you played last night," he says.

"I mean," says I, "that I didn't play for a long w'ile before last night; not for thirty-six years," I says.

Well, when everybody's got through chokin' down the shot, they brought in some drowned toadstools, and then some little pieces o' beef about the size of a checker, and seven Saratoga chips apiece, and half a dozen string beans. Those that was still able to set up under this load finished up on sliced tomatoes that was caught too young and a nickel's worth of ice cream and cake and an eyedropper full o' coffee.

"Before I forget it," says Mrs. Collins, w'ile we was staggerin' out o' the dinin' room, "you're all comin' to my house next Tuesday night."

I was walkin' right behind her.

"And I got a suggestion for you," I says, low enough so as they couldn't nobody else hear: "Throw some o' the prize money into the dinner; and if they's any skimpin' to be done, do it on the prizes."

She didn't say nothin' back, because Mrs. Garrett had started to hand us the little cards that showed where we was to play.

"I suppose I better tell you our rules," she says to me: "Each table plays four deals. Then the winners moves w'ile the losers sets still, except at the first table, where the winners sets still and the losers moves. You change pardners after every four deals. You count fifty for a game and a hundred and fifty for a rubber."

"The way I been playin'," I says, "it was thirty for a game."

"I never heard o' that," she says; but I noticed when we got to playin' that everybody that made thirty points called it a game.

"Don't we see the prizes before we start?" I ast her. "I want to know whether to play my best or not."

"If you win the prize and don't like it," she says, "I guess you can get it exchanged."

"They tell me you're the shark amongst the womenfolks," says I; "so it's a safe bet that you didn't pick out no lady's prize that isn't O. K."

I noticed some o' the other men was slippin' her their ante; so I parted with a two-spot. Then I found where I was to set at. It was Table Number Three, Couple Number One. My pardner was a strappin' big woman with a name somethin' like Rowley or Phillips. Our opponents was Mrs. Garrett and Mr. Messenger. Mrs. Garrett looked like she'd been livin' on the kind of a meal she'd gave us, and Mr. Messenger could of set in the back seat of a flivver with two regular people without crowdin' nobody. So I says to my pardner:

"Well, pardner, we got 'em outweighed, anyway."

They was two decks o' cards on the table. I grabbed one o' them and begun to deal 'em face up.

"First jack," I says.

"If you don't mind we'll cut for deal," says Mrs. Garrett.

So we cut, and it seemed like the low cut got the deal and that was Mrs. Garrett herself.

"Which deck'll we play with?" I ast.

"Both o' them," says Mrs. Garrett. "Mr. Messenger'll make them red ones for you."

"Make 'em!" I says. "Well, Messenger, I didn't know you was a card factory."

Messenger laughed; but the two ladies didn't get it. Mrs. Garrett dealt and it was her turn to bid.

"One without," she says.

"I'd feel better if I had one within," says I.

"Are you goin' to bid or not?" she ast me.

"I thought it was the dealer's turn first," I says.

"I've made my bid," she says. "I bid one without."

"One without lookin', or what?" I says.

"One no trump, if I got to explain it," she says.

"Oh, that's different," I says; but I found out that most all o' them said "One without" when they meant one no trump.

I looked at my hand; but about all as I had was four hearts, with the king and jack high.

"Pardner," I says, "I don't see nothin' I can bid, unless it'd be one heart. Does that hit you?"

"No talkin' acrost the boards," says Mrs. Garrett. "And besides, one heart ain't over my bid."

So I passed and Mr. Messenger bid two spades. Then my pardner passed and Mrs. Garrett thought it over a w'ile and then bid two without.

So I passed again and all the rest o' them passed, and it was my first lead.

Well, I didn't have only one spade—the eight-spot—and I knew it wouldn't do my hand no good as long as I couldn't trump in with it; so I led it out. Messenger was dummy, and he laid his hand down. He had about eight spades, with the ace and queen high.

"I might as well take a chance," says Mrs. Garrett, and she throwed on Messenger's ten-spot.

Out come my pardner with the king, and it was our trick.

"What kind of a lead was that?" says Mrs. Garrett to me.

"Pretty good one, I guess," says I. "It fooled you anyway."

And she acted like she was sore as a boil. Come to find out, she'd thought I was leadin' from the king and was goin' to catch it later on.

Well, her and Messenger took all the rest o' the tricks except my king o' hearts, and they had a game on us, besides forty for their four aces.

"I could of made a little slam as well as not," she says when it was over. "But I misunderstood our friend's lead. It's the first time I ever seen a man lead from a sneak in no trump."

"I'll do a whole lot o' things you never seen before."

"I don't doubt it," says she, still actin' like I'd spilled salad dressin' on her skirt.

It was my first bid next time and hearts was my only suit again. I had the ace, queen and three others.

"Pardner," I says, "I'm goin' to bid one heart and if you got somethin' to help me out with, don't let 'em take it away from me."

"I'll double a heart," says Messenger.

"Oh, somebody else is gettin' cute!" says I. "Well, I'll double right back at you."

"Will you just wait till it comes your turn?" says Mrs. Garrett. "And besides, you can't redouble."

"I guess I can," says I. "I got five o' them."

"It's against our rules," she says.

So my pardner done nothin', as usual, and Mrs. Garrett bid one without again.

"I guess you want to play 'em all," I says; "but you'll have to come higher'n that. I'm goin' to bid two hearts."

"Two no trump," says Messenger, and my pardner says "Pass" once more.

"You'll get a sore throat sayin' that," I told her. "Don't you never hold nothin'?"

"It don't look like it," she says.

"Maybe you don't know what's worth biddin' on," I says.

"Maybe she'd better take a few lessons from you," says Mrs. Garrett.

"No," I says, kiddin' her. "You don't want no more female experts in the club or you might have to buy some cut glass once in a w'ile instead o' winnin' it."

(Continued on Page 69)

"What Seems to be the Trouble?" He Says. "This Ain't No Barroom"

WARD EIGHTY-THREE

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

Decoration Ceremonies in Ward Eighty-Three. This Soldier Received the Cross of War and the Military Medal

IT WAS my first morning at the hospital. The clock in the *vestiaire* stood at five minutes to eight. At eight I was to begin work. "Report for duty" was the way the formal summons ran. I was to report to Ward Eighty-three, the biggest, the heaviest and the most interesting ward in the entire hospital. Mrs. Monroe, who had charge of the untrained and unpaid volunteer nurses—or *auxiliaires*, as they are termed—had told me to await her in the *vestiaire*. Accordingly I waited, feeling awkward and strange and timid, like a Freshman on his first day at college.

To say that I was nervous would be considerably understating the case. Ever since entering the stone portal of the big American war hospital that morning, I had been smitten with a deadly ague of fear—fear lest in my abysmal ignorance I should do the wrong thing at the wrong time, or fail to do the right thing at the right time, and a man should die as the consequence—a man; a real, live, breathing man—one of those gay, muscular, bright-eyed little boy soldiers of France, with cigarettes perched rakishly behind their ears, that I had seen crowding the streets of Paris on their brief *permissions* from the Front!

Suddenly it came to me that fastening a handkerchief round the eyes of a blinking but obliging friend was a vastly different affair from fastening a firm, nonslippable bandage across the sockets of a man whose eyes have been torn out by a ball. And how did one stop a hemorrhage? You tied something somewhere. That was the extent of my knowledge on that point. In the confusion of my mind, I had even forgotten how to rescue a drowning man, a formula which has always fascinated me and which I have memorized at intervals ever since the age of ten, thinking that some day in such a fashion I might rescue my future husband. In short, all the carefully acquired artificial knowledge I had been able to absorb in a three-months' First Aid Course in New York, all the data, the neat lists of questions and answers, had faded clean out of me, like a cheap dye, now that I was faced up with the immediate and grim reality.

Volunteer Nurses of the American Ambulance

THAT course, and the light-heartedness with which I had pursued it, seemed all at once to me very remote, irrelevant to the present situation, and somehow like a joke in bad taste. I perceived, or I believed I perceived, that I was in a false situation. I had no business in that *vestiaire*, in that white uniform and coif. If at that moment there had been a train waiting outside the *vestiaire* door bound for the Grand Central Station, I should have taken it without a second's hesitation. There being none, I consoled myself with the reflection that, after all, I had not asked to come; that, on the contrary, I had been sent for and urged to begin without delay, as the hospital was undermanned at this summer-vacation season, and the wounded were pouring in, a great steady stream, from the base hospitals.

Moreover, I should not be alone, like a sentinel on his post. Over me, the *auxiliaire*, was the trained nurse; over the trained nurse was the head nurse; over the head nurse was the doctor of the ward; over the doctor was the assistant surgeon; over the assistant surgeon was the chief surgeon, or *médecin chef;* and over all of us, interlocking us together, was the French military system and the invisible but potent Papa Joffre. So that if I, alone, could not stop a hemorrhage, I could call my trained nurse; if she could not stop it, she could call the head nurse; if the two of them could not stop it, they could call the ward doctor; and if he could not stop it—but at this point I felt myself on safe ground. The affair was out of my hands!

"Have you ever had to stop a hemorrhage?" I voiced my secret fear to a young Englishwoman beside me, who was rapidly changing from her civilian costume into the crisp white linen *infirmière's* blouse of the wards.

"*Mon Dieu*, no!" She laughed as she pinned on her coif. "Not a chance, with so many nurses round. You'll have plenty of chance, though, to wash their feet—those that still have feet," she added soberly. "Is this your first day?"

I nodded.

"And did you have any training—I mean any real training—before you entered?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I took an examination in London; but the examiner was so weary by the time he got to me that he merely said 'Have you had the usual course?' And when I replied 'Yes,' he simply passed me through. But it doesn't matter. You soon pick things up. What's your ward?"

"Eighty-three."

She raised her brows at that and glanced at my feet.

"I hope you have comfortable shoes! That ward is the hardest in the hospital—nothing but big primary cases; every single *blessé* in bed. You'll have no chance to go to sleep at the switch," she added with a smile. "If your feet hurt to-night, rub them with cold cream, then alcohol; and lie with them up on the footboard of your bed. It takes the swelling out. Have you read the rules?" She waved her hand toward a printed sheet tacked up on the wall, nodded and hurried off.

I faced round, feeling more than ever like a Freshman on his first day, and read the following:

AMERICAN AMBULANCE

CONDITIONS FOR AUXILIARY SERVICE

The *auxiliaires* work under the trained nurses. They do not, as a rule, attend at operations; nor do they do the dressings, although they might be called upon to do a minor dressing, should the nurse consider them sufficiently experienced. The hours are from eight A. M. to six P. M. daily, with one whole day free one week, and one afternoon free the following week. *Auxiliaires* are asked to stay three months at least; six months if possible. The service is entirely voluntary, and *auxiliaires* must meet all their own expenses. Luncheon is provided at the Ambulance at a cost of 1.50 francs a meal ——

At this juncture the *vestiaire* door opened again. I wheeled—I had been wheeling every time it opened for the last ten minutes!—and Mrs. Monroe's brisk voice said:

"Ah, there you are! Sorry to have kept you waiting. I'll just take you to Miss Brooks, the head nurse of Salle Eighty-three, and she'll tell you where to begin."

Five minutes later in troductions had beer effected. Miss Brooks who, together with th doctor, two other nurse and an orderly, was bend ing over a bed fron which proceeded lou screams of "*Oh, là là! Oh là là!! Oh, là là!!! Bo Dieu! Doucement! Oh, l là!*" turned to the nurs beside her and said briefly

"Here's your auxiliary Miss Ransome. Is ther anything she can star on?"

Miss Ransome did no even glance up. She wa holding, firmly grasped i both hands, a man's le stiffly extended, while th doctor lifted pieces gauze from what appeare to be a deep bloody an suppurating crater in th thigh.

"One moment, please, she murmured.

The dressing of th wound continued. Th man renewed his hig agonized cries: "*Oh, là! Oh, Nom d'un Nom Doucement!* — Gentl there!"

I stood aside and dre a deep breath. The qua ity of anguish in tho tones had already turne me pale. Later I was learn to discriminate b tween sounds of pai There is the loud outcry of the man who is not in extren pain, but whose nerves have been so battered by shoc exposure and continued strain that he is no longer mast of himself. Second, there is the scream of the man, al suffering from shock and abnormally sensitive, who how at the mere approach of the doctor.

The Morning Rounds in Eighty-Three

AND finally, there is the cry of the plucky soul, strong endure, but whose agony has passed the limit of hum endurance. Such a cry, bursting out across the war simply stampedes the nerves; heard suddenly in t middle of the night it would fetch one out of bed in a sing leap, panic-stricken with horror; and even in a big ho pital, where innumerable sounds of pain blunt the ear, still takes the right of way, momentarily stilling the a As the days went on I was to learn these fine discrimin tions; but at present all screams were alike to me. I ga each one full value, one hundred per cent of anguish.

While the dressing proceeded I looked about me. Sa Eighty-three was a spacious airy room, lofty-ceiled, wi tessellated stone floors, and long French windows on t sides. One set of windows gave upon the rear of the buil ing, and the other side opened on a charming French ga den round which the huge structure is built, one roo deep, in the shape of a hollow square. Inside the salle t beds were ranged round the four sides and came halfw down the center, forming thus two passages that were no too wide for the busy morning traffic.

Everyone, I perceived, was already working under a f head of steam. Two doctors were in the ward, one on ea side, and the dressings were progressing steadily from b to bed. A nurse preceded the doctors, cutting down t bandages. The air was thick with cries and groans, the c of "*Doucement!* Easy there!" prevailing high above others like a monotonous refrain. French military ord lies were hurrying about, their arms piled high with stain linen; two blowzy-cheeked little *femmes de chambre* we down on their knees scrubbing the stone floor, their tongu and their *sabots* clattering together. Ahead of them a be old woman, with a great red hooked nose and a wide toot less smile, hideous as one of Shakspere's witches, was pa ing from bed to bed, gathering up the cigarette but chaffing the men and exchanging with them jests as bro as they were good-natured.

It was evident she was a prime favorite, for it w "*Grand'mère!*" "*Grand'mère!*" straight down the lir and chuckles followed in the wake of her sallies like bubb

n a stream. Here and there patients able to sit p in bed had removed their *chemises* and were oaping their chests with gusto. These *Grand'ères* favored with take-offs on their manly eauty. Bursts of laughter punctuated her hits.

"Here are your men," said Miss Ransome, oining me—"these twelve. You're not re-ponsible for the others. Suppose you begin ith Claudius there. Wash him. Rub his back ith alcohol. Then make his bed. Watch out r his broken leg!" she cautioned.

And she nodded toward that unfortunate ember, which, swathed as stiff as that of a ummy and dotted with numerous little rubber ibes that sprouted up through the bandages like nnatural flowers, was swung out upon an exten-on and held taut by a jungle of pulleys and ags and weights.

"He's had a hard time," she continued in a owered voice. "What with losing his eye and etting his leg infected—you see, he lay wounded ur days and four nights on the battlefield, with-ut water, before he was finally rescued—he's had tough pull. For weeks we thought he would ie. But he fooled us all—didn't you, Claudius?"

As she spoke English, the boy did not understand. He y regarding her with a bright dark eye, all the brighter r the black patch which covered its companion; and nally he asked in tones of weary politeness:

"You said, mees?"

"Change all his linen," she pursued unheeding. "He n raise himself an inch or two. When he's finished, go raight down the line and do the same to the others. I an't help you much this morning."

And she hurried away, leaving me with my first task—o wash the back and change the entire bed linen of a man ho could not stir more than an inch or two without xquisite pain!

"*Bonjour*," I said by way of commencement. "*Comment ça va?*—How goes it?"

"Bad. Very bad. That imbecile pig of a leg! Not a oment's rest did it give me last night. Cramp, cramp, amp!" He clenched and unclenched his fist with nervous ritability to indicate the nature of the pain, while the are of crimson in his thin cheeks testified to a heightened emperature. "I wish you'd cut it off to-night," he rowled, "and stand it over in the corner."

"I will—with my scissors," I promised. "And to-morrow, it's been good, we'll fasten it back on with safety pins."

"You needn't bother," he grinned.

The Philosophy of Claudius

WITH many gaspings and painful grimaces he got hold of an overhead hand grip, dug his head deep into the illow and managed to raise himself until his back described parabola perhaps two inches above the bed. "Quick! uick!" he commanded breathlessly. I washed him as best could. Afterward I glanced up at the chart hanging ehind his bed and read there: "Simondon, Claudius. ge, 21. Wounded May 25, 1916. Admitted June 7, 1916." laudius, aged twenty-one, had already white hairs in his ead, and his slight figure was shrunken and yellow and dry, ke that of a little old man. At the same time there was bout him something unquenchably boyish and debonair, hich made one wish to weep.

"Have you ever been in a charge?" I asked, to divert is attention.

Serving a Community of Fifty a Three-Course Meal—Soup, Meat and Vegetables, and Dessert—is a Man-Size Proposition

"Yes; ten of them. Not interesting! Not interesting at all! You stand there in a trench, water up to your knees, holding your gun and waiting for the order. You are cold, and still you perspire. You tremble with agitation. Maybe you stand thus for hours. Or you climb over the parapet and run. If the Boches retreat, yes, then it is interesting. If they come on, no, not interesting. Not interesting at all!" And he looked up at me with his sardonic grin. "War," he added, "is the stupidest game that a fellow with wits can play at."

A minute later he confided to me that he was to receive a decoration. He was to receive the Croix de Guerre.

"But that is fine!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, you think so?" jeered Claudius. "It's very fine, without doubt; but as for me, I'd rather have my eye than that pretty little medal hung on my chest. Can I see the world with that little medal? *Zut!* I prefer my eye—thanks."

For the moment his nonchalance completely deceived me. It was not until several days later when I came upon him unobserved, poring over the official notice of his decoration, and caught the look of pride, of emotion in the young face, that I really got the matter straight. Twenty-one is twenty-one the world over, and always hides its loves.

After washing Claudius and rubbing his back with alcohol, I made his bed. In France the bed is a sacred institution and the making of one is not a proper subject for jest. But I am not jesting when I say that the ordinary, casually made American bed, with its opportunities for ventilation and its light loose covers which one may kick joyously down to the foot in the morning, would fill the average Frenchwoman with amazement and scorn.

A French bed is something in the nature of a cocoon, with a hole in the upper right-hand corner, into which one artfully insinuates oneself at night, and from which one artfully disengages oneself in the morning. All apertures, save the small one at the top, are hermetically sealed—so tightly are the sheets drawn under the mattress, so smoothly are the covers laid on, so exquisitely are the corners mitered. One is all but sewed into bed.

To make such a bed is to produce a work of art, a creation. Thus, Jean and Marie make my bed every morning at the hotel, folding on each layer as close as the successive skins of an onion, while I watch them with respectful admiration. Once, feeling too warm in the middle of the night, I tried to remove a blanket. I struggled until four o'clock the next morning. Next time I am going to send for professional wreckers.

But the making of such a bed is, after all, a comparatively simple affair—for I am not in it! Let us denominate it Class C in order of difficulty. Class B is the making of such a bed with an occupant, but an occupant who can help himself—stir about. Class A is the making of such a bed with an immovable man in it; a man, moreover, attached to a network of apparatus—cords, pulleys, overhead weights and drains—all in such delicate adjustment that to jar any of them will wrench a cry of torture from the occupant.

To this last class belonged the bed of Claudius. When, after three-quarters of an hour's labor, punctuated by many exclamations of "*Doucement! Doucement!*" I straightened myself, Claudius was rather white and I was perspiring freely. Still, that bed was made—it really should be written Made!—and I surveyed it proudly. The lower sheet in particular had been difficult to dispose properly. To me it appeared at least twice too long for the mattress, and in the end I had simply wadded up the extra yards of length and tucked them under the pillows.

An Object-Lesson in Bed-Making

IT WAS during this latter operation when Justin, the orderly, came upon me. Justin is a squat, grotesque little old man, with the head of a gargoyle set on powerful Atlas-like shoulders. Being an orderly is his *métier*. He has been one in a French military hospital for twenty years, which is to say that Justin is a very wise man. I believe he could give points to Solomon, for Solomon was not a Frenchman. He regarded my bungling efforts for a moment in silence, and then said in tones of grave reproach:

"Ah, mademoiselle, it is not thus we make a bed in France! Permit me."

Saying which, he stripped the bed bare to the mattress and made it afresh, with the subtle perfection of Jean and Marie. My crumpled undersheet was drawn taut as a drumhead. Followed in swift succession the drawsheet, the top sheet and the blankets, smooth as rose petals and as firmly fixed.

Where, meantime, was Claudius, with his weak back, his smashed leg and his jungle of apparatus? Not a single cry had escaped him. A glance showed his thin dark face alight with amusement as he watched old Justin teach the strange "mees" how to make a bed with a live Frenchman in it.

"*V'là!*" said Justin, straightening himself. "That's the way we make a bed in France!" And he padded noiselessly off in his battered blue list slippers; it had taken him exactly six minutes by the ward clock.

The next bed, when I turned down the covers, revealed a patient whose linen was saturated and stiff with blood. Another undersheet to manipulate!

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" came a faint moan from the pillows.

"Where are you wounded?" I inquired, for this is the first fact a maker of beds must determine.

"Both legs broken below the knees," was the feeble reply.

(Continued on Page 45)

Grandpère the "Grouch" is the Third Man From the Front

Sergeant Girod, Who is to be Decorated for Leading a Hand-Grenade Attack

THE POMEGRANATE COAT

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

In Ping Yee's Dingy Window a Mandarin Coat Blazed Like a Flaming Eastern Sun

WHENEVER the time hung too heavily young Dr. Thomas Seton sterilized afresh his small private stock of instruments to their usual celestial state of asepsis. The pun is intentional and not undeserving, considering conditions where one purified one's drinking water with lumps of alum thrown into the great wicker cooler and drank with eyes closed—unless one was a clever young medico from the States and insisted on boiling—where the water, so to speak, might stop at *aqua* as against the variety known as *aqua pura*. Doctor Seton boiled his over a charcoal brazier—whether for drinking or washing or sterilizing—and tried not to think whence it was piped, nor to look out at the turgid yellow stream of sewage that ran less than five hundred yards from his window.

If he did not use up his recreation hours on his instruments he arranged his little brand-new pill cases for the thousandth time, or did any of a dozen absurd and puttering jobs—anything to keep him from thinking.

He had come to this little educational outpost of Central China a year ago with his mind aflame. Not, it is to be regretted, because of a holy missionary zeal to impart the science of physiology or anatomy to bland young Celestials, or to revolutionize their sanitation—though his conscience behaved well on both counts—but because his young blood had thrilled to the tune of adventure, because he had craved color—Oriental color.

He knew now that color was mostly yellow—a dirty range of it from muddy chrome to gamboge. He had seen it a thousand times from his little window here in the college. But he hadn't known it then, back in Pennsylvania when he had scorned partnership with Uncle Doc Chalmers and a comfortable berth in prosaic America.

"To go out to China for a few years!" It had caused spinal thrills throughout the community—had set him apart from the common run of fellows. As the papers had had it: "Our young fellow townsman is departing to occupy the chair of anatomy and biology in the University of Tien-Sheng." And it had sounded good.

The sensation had lasted fairly long: through the torturing tortuous inland journey in the wretched, foul little river boat—even for a while after he had come to the queer, shabby, cheap little university struggling bravely to set a firm foot in the East. Perhaps the gamut of feeling he had run was best expressed by the little room he lodged in.

In the first fever and passion for the Orient, he had let it into his room—masks, embroideries, weapons, suns and dragons had flowered on his wall. He even wore a mandarin coat to smoke in; had discarded his fork for chopsticks. Then came the day when he pitched these into the yellow river and, looting in his trunk, filled his wall with girls. Yes, girls! For one cannot be twenty-four, and tall and blue-eyed and comely in a nice, boyish, honest fashion, without having had a fair number of heart concussions and their attendant trophies. Young Seton had had perhaps more than his share. He had bundled up his scalps carelessly back home, but here—all together and spread over his whitewashed walls—their numbers shocked him slightly.

True, they were very inclusive. There were some cousins, who never do count, and some kept for old times' sake out of the dark ages of the past—at least ten years old, when he had first gone into long trousers and had beaued his first lady. Several of the names had slipped his memory and several cabalistic references in the inscriptions baffled him, but he had known them once. They had been his girl at one time and another; he had looked into their several eyes and held their respective hands, and now their presence sustained and comforted him in a desert of Mongolian masculinity.

For the dozen associates on the little college faculty awoke no responsive echo in his breast. The men were mostly too old, and the women ——! There wasn't one that roused even the most languid interest. Ladies no longer quite young, who wore broad, flat-soled shoes and tweed skirts and Chinamen's coats and European straw sailors for comfort and convenience, who spoke freely about their souls and discussed wet feet and removable dentistry, made scant impression on young Doctor Tommy, whose beauty-loving soul writhed before them. Small wonder he fled to his old sweethearts.

But after a while even they failed. His walls showed bare again—bare as a hospital. For his room was become a shrine to Prophylaxis and Asepsis. Only one picture was left—Eloise's. She had been the third to the last girl he had said good-by to on the night he left. But he knew now she was the one and only girl. There was that much to be said for Interior China. It had helped him to know the truth!

Gray-eyed, laughing Eloise, whose sweet, teasing face smiled out of the eight-by-ten platinotype on his dresser! He realized the sweet, teasing face was probably smiling from several other dressers—for Eloise, like himself, was an inheritor of the moonlight nook and the mistletoe bough—but it made no difference. Just as soon as he had the right—as soon as Uncle Jim Chalmers finished arrangements back home and his year's contract in this deadly pestilential hole was finished—and he had something to hang to, a chance at a nice brisk practice in God's country, he would put it up plain to Eloise. There had been reams of letters with pretty plain hints, and he guessed the other fellows didn't have much chance! He closed his eyes a hundred times and thought of Eloise's pouting lips and the kissable dimple in her cheek.

In the meantime he sat, this gray-and-yellow afternoon, re-reading a three-weeks-old letter from her:

So you see I miss you terribly, Tommy. It's so dull here without you. Last week the Gays had another dance. There were two fellows from Harvard. They brought that new maxixe step we've been so crazy about. I had every dance taken, and we danced terribly late—until four, just like a big city. Then Mrs. Lennard had another dance. And next week the Parkers have a house party. This week hasn't been so bad. The Harvard men are terribly good-looking, and one of them, Mrs. Gay says, has an awful crush—but you know I don't care at all for Harvard anyhow. Oh, Tommy, I wish you were home. It's dreadfully lonesome sometimes. But of course it's perfectly stunning to be way out there in China. You must be having such heavenly experiences. Harry West—he's taking me to the Bellaire Club series—asked after you. He called you the professor of bugs and bugology. It does seem terribly clever for you to be a professor. I must stop. Blanche Carey and Roger are coming for me in the motor.

The professor of bugs got no farther. He folded the letter carefully and replaced it. He looked gloomily about the cell-like purity of his room. He had a sudden nostalgic pang that embraced floating impressions of a shady small-town street, a brown old sitting room full of folks—home folks—and bright, flower-decked parlors full of the happy young people he knew. Then he set his jaw. He was no quitter. He'd stick it through. By gosh, life wasn't all fun and dancing! Meantime he'd tramp up to old Iki and walk off some of his disgust.

II

OLD Iki, a single knob of yellow earth terraced for rice fields, towered—the single elevation in the plain—three miles to the east. Seton had tramped to it a dozen times, had climbed to its summit and its short crooked pine, and scowled over the vista fully as often. Everybody did it. It was a sort of safety valve, when the longing for Europe and the outer world threatened to break bounds. For of course the ailment he endured attacked the rest at intervals, though in less degree.

Frequently his walks were marred by the presence of several others of the faculty making the same journey, but to-day, to his misanthropic delight, he had things his own way.

There was nobody on old Iki and no one going or coming. But on his way back he found someone.

There was a point on the river bank where the path wound close; where a flat shale of rock jutted and the muddy current under it flowed a shade less filthily. Here sitting on the rock, back turned to him, he discerned a figure. A woman's figure in the usual hideous habiliments—straw sailor, blue Chinese coat, black cloth skirt. He could not see her feet, but he did not need to—they would be the wide spatulate shoes of the university's ladies. Then he saw her hands move and got the flash of a knitting needle. His spirit groaned. It was Miss Wheeler or Miss Hagner, Miss Bayer being addicted to tatting. He had learned to discriminate. He spoke rudely, with violence easing his soul.

"All you need," he said, "is a queue, and you'd pass for Sam Lee, who keeps the laundry in Flint Street, back home."

The figure turned and looked at him, and his heart missed a beat. He was addressing a perfect stranger.

"I beg your pardon," he said, reddening; "I mistook you for someone else—someone I knew."

"I'm not anyone you know—yet. But you will, of course. I think you must be Doctor Seton. I am Margaret Irby. I came yesterday to teach in the English department. Won't you sit down?"

She waved the thick black sock she was knitting toward the flat rock, and Doctor Thomas lowered himself to it deliberately. In spite of the needles and the uniform, she differed from type. She wore no eyeglasses, and her teeth—even in a brief glance—he discerned were neither removable nor like a set of assayer's samples.

He thought her young—moderately—say twenty-eight to thirty, and her eyes were rather stunning and thickly lashed. It was impossible to discover anything more, for the stolelike coat and the hideous straw hat tilted over her tightly drawn-back hair. No woman, he concluded, could get away with such a rig. He had tried to imagine someone beautiful—like Eloise—in it, but imagination balked. A woman with any regard for charm, who had any charm would draw the line at it.

The stranger apparently read his thought.

"You were referring to my clothes, weren't you—a minute ago?"

Doctor Tommy blushed, but confessed.

"I was. I think the women in this college wear the ugliest things I ever saw. I don't see why they don't wear clothes that make them look like women—I don't see anyway why you put them on so soon."

"These clothes," she said gravely, "belong to Miss ayer. She loaned them. That's one of their virtues—
hey're so adaptable. Besides, as you say, they all wear
hem. So even when mine are unpacked, I hardly think
. . as Miss Wheeler says, they're both decent and com-
ortable, and there's nobody here to dress for anyway."

"There's me," suggested Doctor Tommy.

Miss Irby raised her eyes and studied him thoughtfully, ut did not reply. They were fine eyes, he thought, and hen she had lowered them he noticed the unusual length f her eyelashes against her cheek. Still eyes alone do not ake a woman charming. Her cheek, the young doctor hought, was too pale and, now that he noticed, the lashes hemselves had a certain suspiciously moist look. Could it e possible that this dignified new member of the faculty ad been crying before he came?

If so, it was probably because of homesickness, so Tommy bstained from the usual questions. He had no wish to ring on another attack. Perhaps she was not so old as e had first thought.

"May I ask whether the knitting needles and the wool re Miss Bayer's also?" he inquired.

She looked up at him again, but this time she laughed— nd Tommy subtracted five years from his original verdict.

"Mine," she said, spreading out the sock—a gigantic lack one. She hesitated a moment, then added gravely: I knit for the Canadian Society for the Alleviation of uffering Among Lumbermen."

"Good heavens!" said young Doctor Seton faintly. "I ever heard of such a thing!"

"It's a very noble charity," she said thoughtfully; then he smiled. "Do you happen by any chance to knit your-elf? Some men do—sailors, you know. I was thinking if ou did ——"

"I do not," cried Doctor Tommy hastily. "I knew a ellow in college who made his own neckties, but I can't do thing. If I did anything I'd rather it would be one of hose white. doily affairs. I have come pretty close to aking a set out of surgical auze, to fill in odd mo-ents."

"Yes," said the girl, "they old me down at the school bout you. You—you don't are for it here."

"I haven't said much, but nyone could guess. Wait ill you've been here three nonths! Lord, how anyone an stand it ——"

"You are encouraging. I as thinking something like hat before you came, and I oped you could make me eel differently."

"Oh, well, you've only een here since yesterday. erhaps—you—you—may e ——"

He floundered feebly, ooking at her furtively.

"Women—girls are ore adaptable—and then ou can knit socks, you now ——"

"It isn't a joke, really." he sat looking out at the uddy river. "I didn't uite expect it would be like his."

"Lord, the food you know nd all that ——"

"There's just one thing o do," she bent quickly low ver her sock, "one simply as to look on the—the bright ide and not think—and ake whatever offers—in the ay of amusement."

"Exactly—but you'll nd precious little of the ast."

"There's you," suggested he girl.

"Why—yes." The young octor stared, then added a hade stiffly: "I didn't ealize I was in the amuse-ent class."

"For me," she nodded ravely, "it would be very musing to have you to talk o. I've never known any oung men—that is, any oung and good-looking nen—well enough to talk o. I've known some to look t—some very nice ones—but none of them ever cared—very much—I think—to talk to me," she added meekly. Tommy looked at her with mingled pity and embarrassment.

"I'll talk to you whenever you like—if it will help," he offered generously. "We can talk about the States and our respective homes—and it may ease things a bit."

"That won't help me," she sighed; "you can't be homesick when you haven't had a home. I've always lived round in colleges with my mother. She was a professor, you know, Latin and Greek. But I've been going round alone now for three years. She was the greatest authority of her time on the ablative absolute." He looked at her blankly. "You've heard of the ablative absolute, haven't you?" she added tolerantly.

"Once or twice—but if you're interested in a thing like that I'm not surprised that men won't talk to you," he said feelingly.

"Oh, I'm not—myself. That was mother's line."

"My mother is not at all like that." There was a note of commiseration in young Seton's voice. "Her waist measures thirty-one inches, and she put up two hundred and eighteen jars of preserves and jam last summer. She bakes the flakiest pastry I ever ate, and her roast turkey and brown sauce, her pumpkin pies and baked beans ——"

He stopped. A faint sob broke from Miss Irby. She dabbed fiercely at her eyes with the black sock.

"If you utter another word like that I'll go raving mad," she announced tensely.

"But good heavens, why should you—if you've always boarded round ——"

"That's just it," she said; "you can be homesick with good reason. But think—think of being homesick without any right to be, without having anything to be homesick for, except secondhand things done by the college cooks, even on Christmas and Easter vacations."

"Jiminy!" said the young doctor thoughtfully. "That is exciting!"

The girl was silent a moment.

"Professor Teevey tells me it may be more than exciting here," she said presently. "There's a man called Wee Singh ——"

"Shucks! Old Teevey has Wee Singh on the brain. He's a bad lot, mixed up with the Boxer troubles; but there hasn't been anything in years—that is, except for local talent. They carve each other up now and then among the tongs.

"I've been looking after a grandson of Wee Singh's who's had typhoid, and two of his nephews are coaching up to go to an American College next year. I know more about old Wee than Teevey does. Don't let him feed you his Wee Singh stuff!"

Miss Irby gave a little feminine shiver. She began to fold up her knitting.

"I must go back; I have advanced English at four. They're reading Tennyson's Princess. Fancy it! 'A Plince was I, blue-eyed, and fail in face.'" She laughed, then sighed. "I've just come from six months of it in Shanghai."

Doctor Tommy cavaliered her back. He made an unwontedly careful supper toilet that evening—not with the heart he would have put into it if he had expected to meet Eloise or one of the girls from home, but—well, she was a new girl, at least, and he might as well show her that a little dressing up for his sake might be worth while. Moreover, he had a very decided feeling that at this particular moment there was some dressing up going on.

He was mistaken. When he went into supper he perceived with utter disgust that Miss Irby was still wearing the loose-coat costume like the rest. More, she outherodes Herod. Her brown hair was drawn back even tighter and plainer than any other woman present, and bound into a sleek, hard-looking knot on her neck. Minus the sailor hat she seemed startlingly young to Doctor Seton—not a day over twenty-one, he concluded in some surprise, and her profile was rather pretty he thought, in a wistful, girlish way. But it was only her profile he got after her first bow.

She listened all through the meal, and even afterward in the hall, to the elderly Professor Teevey, and Tommy indulged in little private snorts of impatience. They would be just the kind, those two, he thought with covert glances, to have lots in common—a girl who fixed her head like a billiard ball, and Teevey, with his eight-inch forehead and his double lenses.

The youngest male member of the faculty retired that night in a pretty dudgeon with his world.

He had no word with Miss Irby until two days later. Walking back from Iki, he found her on the flat rock, knitting in hand, looking out across the river.

"Your sock," said he, "does not appear to have increased in length since I last saw it. I hope your new impressions, especially those Teevey is giving you, are not going to interfere with your knitting."

"You do not admire Professor Teevey?" smiled the girl.

"I've nothing against old Teevey," he answered in an injured tone, "but I thought you were going to talk to me. You said as much."

"I am perfectly willing to let you talk now," laughed the girl, and Doctor Tommy, in his absorption, never noticed the shift in pronouns.

He accepted her invitation. For fifteen minutes he talked eloquently—of things back home, of people he knew, of Eloise and other girls, of college, and so on. He would have sworn he did not mention Eloise's name six times, yet when he paused Margaret Irby looked up from her work and challenged him directly:

"Eloise is the girl you love, isn't she?"

Below Them Came a Battering Rush at the Outer Door, a Strenuous Bombardment of the Last Barrier

Doctor Tommy blushed, but answered gravely: "Eloise is the girl I intend to marry."

"Is she . . . has she?" Miss Irby seemed to hesitate.

"She hasn't and she isn't," confessed Tommy, "but I'm sure she will when I ask her!"

"Dear me," said Miss Irby pensively, "it must be a wonderful thing to have a man planning a thing about one behind one's back like that, you know. It sounds so masterful. Are you always like that?"

Tommy felt that he was. To prove it, he ordered Miss Irby to put up her sock and go with him to see the view from Iki.

"Walking is what you need here, rather than knitting," he said in his most physicianly voice.

"I am not fond of walking alone," objected Miss Irby.

"I was not suggesting it."

He himself assisted her without delay in securing a good view from the hill top, and he offered to renew the opportunity for her every afternoon. Miss Irby accepted the invitation. They formed the habit of sharing Doctor Tommy's daily recreation hour and, in spite of all good intentions, the warmed-over letters in his trunk suffered.

Yet Tommy's conscience did not disapprove. So unworldly and unsophisticated a girl—there was much that he could do for her—so many little attentions that offered in a brotherly fashion would make her stay pleasanter. She seemed to like them.

She was always willing to go tramping, to make one of an impromptu picnic, to stroll in the bazaars and go with him to see the moon-faced Chinese babies. Presently—her own offer—she was assisting him in the occasional surgical case that called for his care. She was a cool, nervy little beggar, he thought, ready with gauze or bandage; nice, likable—a regular pal, for all her shortcomings; a girl who was a bit of a tease, who liked jokes—even his; a girl with a pretty hand, a pretty laugh; in short, his ideal of a little sister in all things save two. He could not cure her of her obsession for talking to Teevey, or of her hideous habit of dress. Save on Sundays, when she changed to stiff collar and mannish shirtwaist, she clung resolutely to her laundryman's clothes—and a doubt presently arose as to whether she knew how to look girly and pretty.

Perhaps a life in the shadow of the ablative absolute had quenched that, perhaps she had no other clothes. Perhaps she hadn't the money to buy them. He knew she was being economical. She had told him very little of her early life. There had been mention of school in America, of a winter with relatives in Minnesota, of a succession of schools in Hindustan and Shanghai, all chasing the ablative, he judged. She probably knew nothing of the things of girls. One day he remonstrated.

"What makes you do it?" he asked, while they sat under Iki's pine tree. "I think you have stunning hair—you must have a ton of it—and yet you strain back your eyebrows and paste it to your head like that. It sticks out on your head like a wen behind, and way up on top your sailor sits like a lid. I believe," growled Tommy, "if you'd let your hair out you'd actually be pretty!" He stumbled.

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Miss Irby, "that you don't think I am pretty?"

"It's all very well to joke," said Tommy gloomily, "but I'm perfectly serious. I'd give heaven knows what to see a girl's head all fixed out."

"Like Eloise's?" suggested Miss Irby with a ripple of laughter, "soft flowing masses of gold, parted softly over her little ears, and dressed high with a shower of tiny curls."

"Oh, if you will tease," said Tommy, "I've told you before Eloise's hair is black; and she hasn't half so much as you have. But she does fix it beautifully. I'd give——"

"I know," comforted the girl, "and I'm awfully sorry. But you know even if I did all that, just to please you, I could never take Eloise's place, could I?"

She faced him, her gray eyes full of laughter. Tommy's blue eyes met hers steadily—so steadily that the mirth suddenly faded from hers, and she drew a queer, quick little breath.

The young doctor himself scarcely realized how long the look lasted. It seemed to him that he had never looked so far into eyes before, nor realized how soft and velvety gray eyes can be. Then he pulled himself up and spoke indignantly.

"I don't think anything it meant to me would make any difference to you. You don't care to please me the least little bit, just as the merest act of friendship," he blustered.

The girl rose, laughing again.

"No," she said, "I'd rather not. Not even to please a 'Plince, blue-eyed, and fail of face,'" she rippled. "You see I love these clothes. I've gotten used to simplicity."

Doctor Tommy followed her with a sigh. Nice, thoroughly, but absolutely unfeminine!

But on the way back they passed through the Street of the Seven Suns and came to the shop of Ping Yee, the curio dealer. Before Ping Yee's window the girl stopped, with a strange little cry and a quick rush of color. Doctor Seton followed her eyes and saw it.

It was a mandarin coat, splendid beyond any mandarin coat of Tommy's experience or belief. It was made of some sort of dully shimmering gold stuff, splashed over with blossoms of the pomegranate, in rich scarlet and yellows, all cunningly wrought by hand. It blazed in Yee's dingy window like a flaming eastern sun.

But the young doctor was more amazed by the flame in the girl's face. In that swift admiring moment she was as femininely rapturous and entranced by the lovely gaud as any girl he knew would have been.

"I expect he asks a ton of money for it," she said.

"I'll just run in and ask," suggested Tommy, but Margaret Irby held him back.

"No, he's an old robber, Ping Yee, and it would be silly anyhow. What would anyone want of it? It's a museum piece really, or a Darling-of-the-Gods costume."

But by the time Tommy reached the college he found he disagreed with her about anyone's wanting a thing like that. A line from an old letter of Eloise's came into his mind. It referred to the "lovely Oriental embroideries" he had access to. Not a hint! Merciful heavens, a girl like Eloise didn't need to hint! But it was a suggestion Tommy warmed to now—if the truth be told—a little remorsefully. Only yesterday he had found a film of dust on that precious packet from Eloise, and he remembered, with a sort of horrified disgust, that her last letter had been neglected a whole day while he went with Margaret Irby to inspect a ruined temple at L'Bwang.

So he hurried back to the shop of Ping Yee. If a girl, as uninterested in clothes as Margaret Irby, could rave about a dud like that, a real girl, the fluffy sort like Eloise —— But the mandarin coat was gone from Ping Yee's window. Ping Yee was uncommunicative. It was a gentleman who had secured it, Tommy gathered—a large, fat, red-faced gentleman wearing brass buttons, according to the shopkeeper. A German captain of one of the little river steamers, Tommy concluded, since there were no tourists.

He went out disappointed. Though he did not admit it, he would have bought the thing as an offering to his conscience, but at the end of the street he heard something that drove all thought of his errand from his mind.

That afternoon a feud of long standing had been reopened between Wee Singh and the family of Afoos, after a peace of thirty years. A son of Wee's had been stabbed. It meant a fight of complex nature. For one thing, the Afoos had been influential in introducing the college there, and, though Wee Singh was a patron, in view of his old record his slight garment of civility was generally believed to be a mask. There was always the undercurrent of Mongolian animosity for aliens to consider, the swiftly seized opportunity to make a different issue.

Tommy was distinctly worried as he passed a group of whispering Celestials or came to a closed and empty bazaar. Old Teevey might not be so far wrong after all. For himself he did not care. He'd rather fancy a fling at the business—but the women!

He came in sight of the little college, its low rambling buildings inclosed by a stockade-like fence. Fences nor clumsy wooden gates would avail greatly, if this yellow, muttering Oriental tide surged against them. And if it did? Like a good soldier Tommy heartened his soul and strengthened his arm. A fellow had to stand up for his womenfolk, he thought with a little thrill. Noble unselfish women who carried the torch to the dark places of earth and, in particular, little fearless persons who went to outlandish places to teach the Anglo-Saxon.

In the gateway the young doctor looked back at the market place and bazaars and shook his fist. Let them come on! But, of course, it was quite likely Teevey was wrong.

III

BUT old Teevey wasn't. For a fortnight now life was changed in the little university. Classes were no longer held, nor rolls called. At first the mutterings in the town had kept to their sources. It was only after some days that they had rolled in a threatening wave against the university. That was the day Professor Teevey had gone out and dispersed a small demonstration of Orientals at the gate. After that the student body had fallen away rapidly, until there remained only a few negligible resident pupils.

The gates were locked now, and one morning all but one of the servants had disappeared. The faculty took it calmly. Miss Hagner tatted and Miss Bayer crocheted. The ladies performed the necessary tasks and the faculty exchanged joint bulletins daily on the usual small matters. Several of them had weathered through affairs of this nature before, and were cheerful, optimistic and patient. But every evening the men went round on a tour of inspection, and after a second demonstration they reënforced the planking of the gates and told off a guard for each gate.

"I will send a protest to the mandarin of the district this morning," said the president, Doctor Ames, "if there be any of our number who will carry it to the river boat. It goes out this evening. There will not be another for a fortnight, unless a special envoy be sent." He was a precise little man, the president, and beamed at his flock through his pince-nez.

Tommy spoke first, and gritted his teeth to realize that Teevey raced him neck and neck. But Tommy won.

"One is sufficient. The president spoke quietly. "We can not spare any more from here in case of trouble. And above all" — impaling Tommy through his pince-nez — "there must be no show of resistance, doctor, unless in defense of life. The safety of your comrades here demands that no spark be thrown on the waiting powder."

Tommy took the message. Margaret Irby went to the gate to see him off.

"For a cent I'd go with you myself," she suggested; "then they wouldn't dare hurt me."

(Continued on Page 65)

The Mission Yard Was Suddenly Filled With a Devil's Dance of Yellow Furies

A SCRAP OF PAPER

XII

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

N HIS sanctum in the Citizen office Lindley Jackson, the editor, read the morning papers and such afternoon etions as were already off the press. And asave his own paper treated the universal nsfer story in the same fashion. Corporations Have ils! Consolidated Car Lines Confer Benefit on Public! -Hearted Corporation Puts Public Above Dividends! this sort were the headings above the editorials, and matter below the headings was full of praise for Master- n and his associates. Martin Masterman had struck a nt blow at the theory of govern- nt ownership. He had shown that vately owned monopolies held the blic's interests close to their hearts. hen a whole city had uncomplain- ly been paying two fares for a ride in bway and surface cars, or three fares hey also rode in the Elevated, Martin sterman had freely and cheerfully cered the Consolidated Companies issue transfers from one line to the er or others. All hail to Martin sterman, the man who put the soul corporations!

Thus spoke the sheets owned by the n who, with Jackson, had conferred h the three millionaires the previous ht. But not so the Citizen, owned Lindley Jackson, yellow journalist, ius and champion of the people. kson turned to his own paper and ead his own editorial, hastily written previous night. It was headed, A mbler's Underhandedness, and was out as savage a roast as Masterman d ever suffered.

Without mincing words, Jackson arged Masterman with having organ- d a conspiracy to sell stock short, d then granted universal transfers in der that the market value of the nsolidated Car Lines stock might be de- ssed, affording Masterman an opportu- y to buy in at about fifty what he had sold und ninety. Masterman's greed was too ll known for the Citizen to have any faith his sudden altruism. Martin Masterman d nothing without a reason; money was only reason; therefore, to enrich his pri- te pocket he had mulcted his stockholders depressing the value of their holdings. Not that the itizen was against universal transfers; it had always fight for them. But this sudden granting of the right to e people savored of crookedness toward the innocent ckholders. Masterman could have announced the plan nths ago and given the market time to readjust itself; it was, the innocent and ignorant stockholders would impoverished and Masterman and his clique would be riched. The announcement was another argument in vor of the people's control of the things which they had de valuable by their patronage. For under Government nership men like Masterman could not rob a thousand ters to pay a dozen Pauls.

There was more along the same line, and the editorial s written to give the impression that the editor could y a whole lot more if he chose, and undoubtedly would en he considered the time opportune. Frowning, Jack- n reread his own editorial. In it he had not abused the nfidence of last evening. The word of Lindley Jackson s good. But Masterman had admitted that there was a ance that the mysterious paper of which he spoke might d its way into the hands of the publisher, in which case, course, Jackson would use it as he saw fit. And there is ch a thing as compelling chance. The publisher of the itizen gloomed at his desk.

What was the nature of the paper—the real nature—and w might it be obtained? He thought he knew the answer the first half of this question. Certain gentlemen, Mas- rman had said, had agreed in that paper to follow a ven course of action. His own logic told him what that urse of action must be—to sell Consolidated Car Lines ort. What Masterman had said about ruining business s tommyrot. Masterman was afraid that the contents that paper would become known to Jackson; hence had tried to tie up the publisher to an agreement to ep quiet about the paper. He had talked mysteriously of gue calamities which would result from publication of e paper, in order to obtain that withheld promise of sup- ression. That was all. Masterman feared that publica- n of such an agreement would mean jail for himself, and obably was sincere in his statements about black ruin to follow publication. For Masterman undoubtedly believed that if anything happened to himself the country would go at once to destruction.

"I Shut the Door in His Face, and—Tom, I Don't Understand It"

That was the solution of Masterman's mysterious attitude and his request of Lindley Jackson. Jackson smiled grimly. He would like nothing better than to put Masterman behind the bars. But now as to the other half of the question—how the paper might be obtained?

Abstractedly he turned over the pages of the Citizen. On the last page was a story whose heading, Martin Masterman Made a Monkey, attracted him. He read it. It was Tom Hanrahan's account of the swindle that had been perpetrated on the financier when he bought, for one hundred and forty thousand dollars, a painting purporting to be by the late Mr. Botticelli.

It was cleverly written; it avoided stating that the painting was a fake, but pointed to the fact that Harry Mack, notorious international crook, had been arrested on a charge of obtaining money by false pretenses; that the charge had been lodged by the Greenhams, well-known agents of the Masterman interests; and contained an interview with the crook in which the latter refused to deny that the painting was a fraud. Also it told of Harry's midnight release, of the attempted trailing of him by the Greenhams, and the crook's escape in a high-powered car, the name of the driver of which Hanrahan had neglected to state.

Jackson pressed a bell; a red-headed office boy answered.

"Ask Mr. Lyden who wrote the story about the Masterman painting," ordered the publisher, "and have him send the reporter in to see me."

Hanrahan had sauntered into the office half an hour ago, and was patiently waiting for an assignment when the city editor told him that Jackson wished to see him. He went at once to Jackson's private office.

"Sit down, Tom. Have a cigar."

Jackson respected the men who gave him their brains and hearts, and he did not pose before them. He passed a panetela to the reporter.

"How'd you drop on to that story about the Masterman Botticelli? Too busy to talk with you last night, and didn't suppose there was any need. You didn't report to me that you'd learned anything about the meaning of the conference at Masterman's—I mean, nothing suspicious happened that I couldn't have seen myself, I suppose. Eh?"

"Nothing," said Hanrahan. "And when I got into the office the other boys told me that you'd called the sleuthing off, so——"

"Sure. But about this Mack person? How did you tumble to it?"

"Greenham led me to it," grinned Hanrahan.

Jackson tilted back in his swivel chair.

"Tell me about it," he requested.

The reporter told him.

"I saw Terence Greenham at Masterman's," said the publisher thoughtfully, when Hanrahan had finished recounting his experiences of the night before. "I've never met him, but I recognized him. I wondered then why he should be there. I wondered more after Masterman had talked a while. I'm wondering now."

"Doesn't what I've told you make it clear?" asked Hanrahan.

"It would," said Jackson, "but for one thing."

"And that?"

"Is that I've seen Masterman's Botticelli. It was on exhibition at the Plaza last fall, and if old James B. Botticelli himself didn't paint that picture I never wrote an editorial. That painting is no fake. I know a little about art, and the day I saw the painting I was with Ralph Reid, who's the greatest little expert on Old Masters that ever breathed. Ralph pronounced it original. That's enough for me. It's a corking good story and it isn't libelous, and it makes a joke of Martin Masterman, which is very fine in our business; but just the same this Harry Mack was stringing you. He never sold a fake picture to Masterman; and Greenham's men never arrested him on that charge. It was for something else. What?"

"You can search me," said the bewildered Hanrahan.

"Me too," admitted Jackson. "But that something else has to do with Martin Masterman's reasons for asking me to be present at his house last night. I gave my word that I'd not divulge certain things that were said last night; but I can give you a hint, Tom. The governorship of this state is pretty enticing bait, isn't it?"

"It most certainly is!"

"And I'm about the last man on earth that Martin Masterman would want to see at Albany, eh?"

"I should think so," chuckled Hanrahan, thinking of the multitude of attacks the publisher had made on the financier.

"And yet, Tom, it wouldn't be the hardest thing in the world for me to become governor of New York!"

The reporter stared at his employer in silence. Jackson leaned forward until his face was close to the countenance of his reporter.

"Tom," he said, "it would take something pretty big to make Martin Masterman willing to see me governor, eh? Something big! So big that we want to know what it is. I can't tell you more; even a confidence given to a Masterman is inviolate. But this much I can tell you: Martin Masterman wasn't thinking of pretty pictures, whatever

their value, last night; he was thinking of mighty big things. And Terence Greenham wasn't at Masterman's to pay a social call. He was there on business—he must have been—business so big that even if Mack had defrauded Masterman it would have been dropped for the time being. But—and mind this—the Botticelli is not a fraud, as a dozen experts will probably announce in the late afternoon papers. Why, then, did Terence Greenham leave Martin Masterman at a time when Martin Masterman was scared—I can tell you that much, Tom—within an inch of his life, to go to headquarters to release a crook named Mack? And why did his men trail Mack, or try to, after his release? Because, Tom, this Mack has something to do with a thing so big that Martin Masterman, under certain conditions, would gladly see me, me the man who hates him, in the governor's chair at Albany! And what Mack has to do with this something big we must find out. Tom, it's up to you to locate Mack and—make him talk! Can you do it?"

"Maybe," said Hanrahan slowly. "I can try."

"You'll have to do more than that, my boy, if you want to be managing editor of the Citizen."

"Is that the reward?"

"If Mack talks the way I think he can, that's the reward. Now then, how're you going about it?"

Hanrahan arose and flecked cigar ashes from his coat. Like every other good reporter he would take an assignment to interview Satan without, after his first start, showing any surprise.

"I'll look up some of the hang-outs where his kind resort," he answered. "I ought to be able to find him unless he's keeping almighty close."

"Good!" said Jackson. "And if you want any money drop in on the cashier. I'll phone him to be nice to you."

"Thanks," grinned Hanrahan. "G'-by, chief."

Jackson grunted. He was already pressing a button, and the office boy entered almost as Hanrahan left.

"Tell Mr. Lovett I want him," said Jackson.

Within a minute Lovett, the blackmail man of the Citizen, entered the private office; but Jackson did not offer him the seat Hanrahan had vacated, nor did he invite him to smoke. There was a limit to Jackson's friendliness with his men, and Lovett was the limit. Not that Lovett was treated with discourtesy. On the contrary, Jackson treated him with courtesy, albeit frigidity. One does not insult the man to whom one pays one hundred and fifty dollars a week for bringing in more news stories than any other two men on the staff. And that's what Lovett did. But no one, least of all Lindley Jackson, who used him, respected him.

The blackmail man is one of the by-products of yellow journalism. It is his job to approach politicians suspected of being venal and try to bribe them, that their corruptibility and consequent shame may furnish reading matter for the public. It is the blackmail man who bribes chambermaids to steal the contents of wastepaper baskets that torn-up letters may be pieced together and printed for the edification of the readers of the yellows. It is the blackmail man who performs all the dirty work of the yellows, who rarely writes his stories, but furnishes the news which cleaner men must transcribe into print.

Lovett was a master of his art. There was nothing he would disdain to do for money. Such a man is mighty handy round a yellow journal, although his fellows never invite him into their poker games or to split a pint with them. Lindley Jackson despised the man. Yet it was his belief that the public had a right to know something of the private affairs of its political and financial leaders. Such knowledge could be obtained only by the use of men like Lovett. Men high in place and shamefully unfaithful to the public trust had been exposed in the Citizen through the medium of Lovett, and good had been accomplished. So Jackson justified his employment of Lovett; but he was not friendly to him.

"Lovett," he said tersely, "that man who gave you the tip last winter about Masterman's being behind that water-power bill—is he still in Masterman's employ?"

Lovett shook his head.

"Couldn't keep away from the drink," he said. "Talked. Masterman learned of it. Fired." Lovett never wasted anything, even words. It was commonly said of him that the only thing he ever spent was the evening.

Hanrahan Turned Pale; He Managed to Place His Glass Back on the Table, but That Was All

"I see," said Jackson. "Is there anyone else in Masterman's office that can be reached?" He would not use the word "bribe."

Lovett smirked.

"I've been quite friendly with the telephone clerk," he answered. "That's the only one I know in that office."

"Hm-m. Well, see him. Find out if—if anything's been lost in the Masterman office. If there was any particular fuss raised about it. Get all the gossip you can. And stop at the cashier's for money. Report as soon as possible."

When Lovett had left the office Jackson tossed his cigar away in disgust. He had gone dangerously close to breaking his word when he told Lovett to ask if anything had been lost. Still he had observed the letter of the confidence. Indeed, it might be argued that he had observed its spirit.

"Anyway, Masterman never fought fair in his life," he told himself. "I'm for the people and against him. If I stick to the letter of fairness ——" So he soothed his conscience.

Hanrahan, meantime, with a curl of his lips and a shrug of his shoulders, saw Lovett start in the direction of the private office. He was able to guess that the blackmail man was to be used to ferret information from someone near to Masterman—for he knew by his chief's seriousness that something big was in the air and that he would not be permitted to handle the case alone—and, glad that his reputation was such that no publisher dared ask him to deviate from the strictest newspaper ethics, closed his typewriter into his desk and started for the street. An office boy caught him waiting for the elevator.

"Someone on the phone for you, Mr. Hanrahan. Happened to see you going out and I chased after you. Lady too. Bet she's a queen!"

He grinned cheerfully at the reporter. Everyone loved Tom Hanrahan.

"I'll bet she is," smiled the reporter, and his change pocket was immediately minus one dime, and the boy was enriched by exactly that sum.

Hanrahan stepped into the booth the boy indicated.

"Hello! This is Hanrahan."

"Oh, Tom! I'm so glad I caught you. This is Jessie."

"And the top o' the mornin' to ye, Jessie mavourneen," he laughed.

He heard his laugh echoed nervously, as though the girl at the other end of the wire were a little overwrought.

"Why, what's wrong, Jessie girl?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, Tom, I'm a bit frightened. I don't know just how to—I can't tell you over the phone—I don't want to—something's happened ——"

"Well," gasped Hanrahan, "if that something is happening in fifteen minutes it's liable to get a swift punch on the jaw, for I'm coming up that fast to see you!"

"Do," she said. And again he caught that note of strain in her voice.

He started again for the street, this time on the run. If anyone had been bothering Jessie Sigmund —— It happened that Jessie's parents were rather strict and old-fashioned. They loved their daughter and she loved them; but they did not approve of a young woman's painting for money. They only tolerated the idea because they loved her too well to make her unhappy by refusing their assent to her coming to New York. It also happened that they did not approve of newspaper reporters—thought them wild, carousing youths. So it further happened that Jessie Sigmund and Tom Hanrahan kept their engagement very much of a secret, waiting for the day when Tom should become a managing editor, or at least a city editor, before shocking Jessie's folks with the announcement. No wonder Tom hurried! He was closer to-day, he felt, to his goal than ever before. He'd find Mack, become a managing editor, and marry Jessie. Meantime, something was bothering his girl. He bumped into a man and knocked him down, so great was his hurry to reach the Elevated.

XIII

A MAN should never put love before duty; but inasmuch as it happened that Hanrahan's first place of inquiry for Handsome Harry Mack was a rather low resort not very far from Jessie Sigmund's apartments, he did not feel that he was neglecting his duty in calling first on her. Moreover, duty is comparative. A man doesn't owe the same duty to his boss that he does to his country. Private business duties may well be set aside in favor of love. Anyway, Tom Hanrahan made a beeline for the home of Jessie Sigmund. Arriving there he found her in a state of alarm which, though quite a distance away from hysteria, nevertheless gave him concern. He put his arm round her, led her to a couch and made her sit down.

"Now then, Jessie, tell me what's happened to you."

"It's not happened to me, Tom, it's happened to Kirby."

"Miss Rowland, the miniature painter?"

"Yes, Tom, and I don't understand at all. Th-the telegram, the man watching the house ——"

"What's that?" he demanded truculently. "Where?"

She drew him to the window and pointed at a man lounging with careful carelessness down the street a bit.

"He's been here this morning, and he asked for Kirby. When I said that she wasn't here he said that she had been here, and if I knew where she was I'd better tell him quick or it would be worse for me. I shut the door in his face and—Tom, I don't understand it."

Hanrahan cast a menacing glance at the unconscious watcher down the street. Then he drew the girl once more to the couch.

"Now then, Jessie, tell me all about it—from the beginning."

His strength communicated itself to her; his firm clasp steadied her nerves. She even essayed a smile.

"Maybe I'm making a mountain out of a molehill," she began. "Last night, or rather quite early in the evening, Kirby phoned me. She said that she wanted to spend the night with me. Her voice seemed kind of—I don't know, not exactly frightened, but—worked up, I guess. I told her to come right over, that I had a dinner-dance engagement, but that I'd gladly break it and stay home if she wished. She said not to do that; merely to leave the key with the elevator boy, which I did. You know, Tom, Kirby is my dearest girl friend. We studied together, and she'll be bridesmaid at our wedding, if she doesn't do it first—then she'll be matron of honor. You haven't met her, for things have always come up to prevent, as you know; but she's the dearest, truest ——"

"If you say so, that's guaranty enough," said Tom stoutly. "Go on."

"Well, I left the key and went off. I came back about midnight. I was at the Morrisons' dance, as you know, and I

leeland Morrison brought me home. Well, the night boy ve me my key. I was surprised, but supposed that Kirby d decided not to stay, and went to the apartment here. the table I found a note from Kirby asking me not to s/ anything about her having been here, and telling me at she'd borrowed a suitcase and some things of mine, ich she'd return soon. Here's the note."

She handed it to Tom and he read it, returning it with- t comment.

"Well," continued Jessie, "I found a letter on my bureau at I'd forgotten to mail, and I rang for the elevator boy. hen he came I gave him the letter and, out of pure idle riosity, asked him what time Miss Rowland had left. He plied that she and the gentleman had gone out about nine ten, he couldn't remember just when. He described the ntleman,' because I was curious, and it seems to have en Dixon Grant, whom I know only slightly, but who ems to have been paying lots of attention to Kirby lately."

"You girls don't confide in each other much, for all your cumminess, do you?" grinned Hanrahan.

"Well," retorted Jessie, "I can't talk about you without l ting people know where my heart is, and that's a secret, i't it? Possibly Kirby has her own reasons for not having d me much about Grant. Perhaps he hasn't asked her t, and she hopes he will—girls keep quiet when things e at that stage, you know."

"All right," he smiled. "What next?"

"Well, just as I was beginning to wonder if Kirby had oped with Dixon Grant, and was puzzled why she should ke my clothing and not her own, the bell rang and a man isisted on talking with me. He said that he wanted to l ow where Kirby was. Not the man outside now, but other one. They both reminded me of policemen, some- w or other ——"

Tom whistled softly.

"Plain-clothes men or private detectives, eh? What did u tell him?"

"I told him I knew nothing about her, and got rid of m; but my own curiosity was aroused then, and I lay wake half the night zzling. And this orning a message me to me from the legraph office. It id that there had en an error in the ansmission of a legram to me; it id that in the mes- ge sent me last ght the word 'three' d been written in- ead of 'two.' The rrected message as to the effect that dele Rohan—who's en commissioned paint the portrait f little Laurel lasterman—is go- g on a camping trip, on't leave Denver r two weeks, and ants me to inform he Mastermans."

"Well? I don't get he connection."

"You will in a mo- ent," she answered. I didn't at first, be- use I had not re- eived the original legram. But I had oticed a piece of ellow paper in the replace. I must be born detective, om, or else I've im- ibed detection from earing you talk bout some of your tories. I picked at piece of paper ut of a little mass f ashes. It was the orner of a message lank. It had not been there when I left the apartment st night, I'm sure, so it's obvious that Kirby received and pened a message addressed to me. I made it certain by oing right to the telegraph office and asking to see the book which was the signature for the telegram. It was my ame, all right, but Kirby's handwriting."

She paused and looked at him a moment before continu- ng: "Tom, what on earth does it mean?"

"You may search me," he answered slowly. "Is Kirby— r—all there?"

"The sanest girl I ever knew," she answered indignantly.

"H'm! Then why on earth should she act so queerly?"

"That's what I want you to find out, Tom. I think a lot of Kirby. I'm worried; I've phoned the Greenwich Studios, where she lives, and they tell me there that she is not at home. I don't understand it, and—Tom, this is a bad city for a girl alone."

"Seems to me she wasn't alone. Looks as though she had her best-beloved with her, doesn't it?"

"But not going home; borrowing my clothes; destroying a telegram addressed to me—it isn't like Kirby. I don't understand ——"

The doorbell rang. Jessie stopped short her speech, smoothed her hair and opened the door. A messenger boy handed her a telegram. She signed for it and closed the door.

"Maybe this explains it," she said. She opened the message, and her eyes expressed surprise.

"It's not from Kirby," she said; "it's from Adele. She announces that she has changed her mind once again, and will leave Denver to-day; she hopes I have not told the Mastermans that she wouldn't be here." She laughed. "That's the flighty, brilliant Adele always. But she is a genius and can afford to do things that poor plodding grubs like myself—oh, well, I have you; let Adele have her genius!"

She flashed a smile on Tom, but she sobered again at once.

"Tom, you're the best reporter in New York; the best amateur detective, too, and that means, with all the newspapermen in this town, as good as the best professional. Tell me, can you find Kirby? Can you find out what's happened to her?"

"I'll try," he said. "Know anything about this Grant?"

"I've heard her say he was with some brokers. Bryant, Manners & Co., I think."

"Brokers nothing! Bucketshoppers, she means. Well, I'll try them." He did, on the telephone, only to learn from the careful telephone clerk—cautioned by his employers, as had been his employers by Terence Greenham, against letting slip any information whatsoever as to Mr. Dixon Grant—that Mr. Grant was no longer with the firm.

"Well, My Dear, I Was a Little Afraid. I Thought You'd be Angry at My Slipping in Here"

"Maybe he's lost his job," suggested Hanrahan. "That might have upset Miss Rowland."

But Jessie shook her head.

"Kirby has plenty for both, I happen to know," was her objection to this offered solution. "But that isn't all you can do."

Hanrahan laughed. "Indeed not! I'll tip off the police and have them keep their eyes ——"

"Police!" Jessie was scornful. "Indeed you won't, Tom Hanrahan! Have the police looking for Kirby Rowland! Absurd! Why, Kirby would never speak to me again. Is that as clever as you are, Tom? For if you can't think of anything better than the police or the newspapers—look here, Tom, after all, Kirby is of age and probably knows what she is doing. That I am worried is no reason that her private business should be known to police and public. You promise me that you won't have her name mentioned in the papers, or told to the police, or—Tom, I couldn't forgive you if you did."

"Of course I won't, dear," he promised. "But, as you must see, that limits me. But I'll go to her apartment—Greenwich Studios, you said? All right. And don't worry; she's probably O. K. If she isn't—well, bad news comes soon enough. Myself, I think that she's eloped with Grant."

"I hope so," said Jessie fervently. "Then we'd know she was all right. You'll try to find her, though?"

"I surely will," he said. "And speaking of finding people reminds me that I've got to find someone for the paper and I'm not doing it. Don't worry. By-by, dear." He kissed her and was swiftly gone.

Comforted by his assurance that he would find Kirby, Jessie went to her mirror with deft fingers to repair the damage to her coiffure done by his parting embrace, and so did not witness the little drama enacted a few rods down the street. The worthy Greenham agent who had relieved the man who had questioned both Jessie and Kirby the previous night—this latter had been clever enough to avoid rebuke from his employers by concealing the fact that he had met Kirby face to face; a fact he discovered shortly after the real Miss Sigmund came home—leaned against an iron railing, trying to seem as though he were just a simple-minded gentleman taking the air. Hanrahan walked up to him.

"The air," said the reporter abruptly, "is very bad on this street. Do you grasp my meaning?"

The man stared.

"Who you kiddin'?" he demanded.

"No one," said Hanrahan; "I'm in deadly earnest. To-day you threatened a young lady by the name of Sigmund. You're watching her place now. Undoubtedly you intended to keep an eye on me. You don't need to; here's my card—Hanrahan, of the Citizen."

The man took the card dazedly.

"What's all this about?" he asked.

"Just this—I want you to beat it. Understand? Move, vanish, git!"

"Who you orderin' round?" demanded the detective truculently.

"You," said Hanrahan. "If you aren't on your way in just two seconds, I'm going to hand you something that won't taste a bit nice. Furthermore, I'm coming back here later, and if I find you here I'll clean house with you. For your information and edification I'll inform you that when it comes to licking cheap detectives I am the one and only, blown-in-the-bottle, original White Hope. Your two seconds are up. Are you going?"

"Well, I like your nerve!" began the detective. He didn't speak again for a moment, for Hanrahan's fist, colliding with his mouth, cut short his words. The reporter bent over the prostrate detective.

"Are you going?"

"I'll have you pinched," mumbled the man.

"And I'll get you thirty days for annoying a lady! Are you going?"

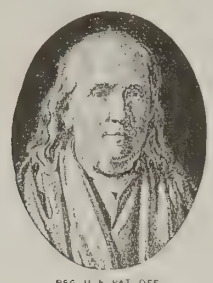
The law is even less kind to annoyers of women than Tom Hanrahan had shown himself. Also it had been impressed upon the Greenham operatives that secrecy was essential in this present mysterious case. The man shambled off, nursing a bleeding jaw.

"I'll get you!" he mumbled. "I'll get you yet!"

"So will the goblins, if I don't watch out," laughed Hanrahan. He watched the man out of sight, then continued

(Continued on Page 50)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 13, 1917

A Bit of Mere Gossip

AT THE beginning of this fiscal year there was a balance in the Treasury of some two hundred million dollars, and the Secretary calculates that by the end of the next fiscal year this will be turned into a deficit of nearly two hundred millions, which would seem to imply that, in spite of heavy additional taxation last year, the Government is going in the hole to the extent of about four hundred millions in two years.

Not, of course, that it matters at all. In reporting the figures the press, so far as we have observed, treats them as quite inconsequential. Figuring it out exactly would not be worth while, because a hundred million dollars, or two hundred millions, more or less, is so obviously unimportant. There is a perfunctory suggestion that the cost of preparedness accounts for whatever deficit may occur.

There is only a suggestion, official or otherwise, that this matter of spending a billion—or a billion and a half, as the case may chance to be—of public money is worth serious consideration for the purpose of determining how much of it the Government really needs to spend.

All talk about preparedness, in the face of continued indifference to economy and efficiency in the Government, may be taken in a jocular spirit; for it is clear that in looking over the state of the Union, with a view to heightened preparedness for either peace or war, an economical and efficient government would be the first item an intelligent outsider would insist upon.

A Legend for Bankers

BANKERS would have told you in July, 1914, that the supply of capital in Europe was strictly limited; that it increased through the difficult process of saving something each year out of income; and thus, that England, much the richest country, produced capital at the rate of about two billion dollars annually, Germany and France at a decidedly lower rate, and all other countries much below Germany and France. In May, 1914, a famous economist calculated the growth of capital in the United States, England, Germany and France, combined, at not much over ten billion dollars a year, of which about two-thirds was credited to the United States.

Since then England, Germany and France have raised over thirty billion dollars of capital for prosecution of the war. If they could do that the United States, under similar conditions, could probably raise twenty billions a year. Ask any banker what that would come to in the way of increased production of all the necessaries, comforts and luxuries of life.

There is no legerdemain about it. England, Germany and France did that by uniting the energy and enthusiasm of the people under capable direction. That is all there is to it. Set the people of this country to working and saving, with like unity and zest, under as efficient an organization, and capital would flow in torrents.

We are not united or organized. Leaders of business and leaders of politics are chronically at loggerheads. Capital and labor perpetually bristle at each other. Farmers are suspicious of railroads and of Wall Street generally. Behind a diplomatic front, Wall Street is pretty often contemptuous and indifferent to farmers.

Bankers occupy a peculiar position in the business structure. They are the medium by which the people's money is turned into industry. In proportion as they do not candidly and earnestly try, with a sympathetic and open mind, to understand politics, to understand labor, to harmonize and unify all round, they are not up to their jobs.

The Case of Gold

IN THE midst of afflictions that are natural to a sensitive mind which is misunderstood, Mr. Bryan may derive consolation from the fact that his celebrated cross of gold is already wabbling a bit, and another year of war might very likely fetch it down. Taking England, France, Russia and Italy together, government bank notes and deposits—payable in metal—have increased within a year by more than three and a half billion dollars, while stocks of gold have increased roughly only a hundred million dollars.

The Imperial Bank of Germany makes a better showing, with an increase of more than a quarter of a billion dollars in gold against an increase of about a billion dollars in notes and deposits, payable in gold. Some other paper money has been issued in Germany, however. That all the Allies, or all Europe, will be forced to abandon the gold basis is entirely probable. The United States would then be the only big commercial nation whose currency was redeemable in gold.

It is only in the last seventeen years that United States currency has been specifically redeemable in gold. A generation ago our currency was at a heavy discount for gold. England abandoned the gold basis during the Napoleonic wars, and France did so during the Franco-Prussian War. It was only at the end of the last century that Russia established gold payments. In comparison with Europe's other troubles, a paper currency which was not redeemable in gold, but which circulated at home with tolerable stability, would be merely an inconvenience.

And it is doubtful that the United States would derive any lasting advantage from being the only big country which remained on a gold basis. The presumption is that if Europe is poor and we are rich at the end of the war she will buy little from us and sell us much; she will bid high for our surplus capital and presently get enough gold to resume specie payments. Meantime, for some years, Mr. Bryan could point with pride to a prostrate ancient foe.

Speaking of Indoor Sports

BELOW are the rules for playing the greatest indoor game ever invented. Persons of either sex and of any age from six to ninety may engage in it with slight variations. It may be played at any hour of the day and in any season of the year; but it is especially appropriate for cold and stormy winter evenings.

The player first removes his shoes and puts on a pair of loose slippers. He then places a comfortable chair two feet and eight inches due south of a good lamp. Next—if a gentleman—he places a footstool or a smaller chair two feet and three inches due east of the first chair. He then places himself in the larger chair and elevates his feet to the smaller one—or the footstool, as the case may be. His next move—if a gentleman—is to fill a good brier pipe with prime tobacco, apply a match, and draw in his breath with a prolonged, unhasty action. He then takes up a good book, settles himself in the chair, and informs whatever members of his household may be present that anybody who speaks to him or otherwise disturbs him before eleven o'clock will be hit over the bean. Lady players and children should vary the above rules in detail, according to taste and the dictates of their elders. The joy of this game will be sensibly enhanced by a nice open-grate fire, located anywhere from ten to fifteen feet northwest of the player.

For cold winter evenings this game—measured by the yield of solid satisfaction in proportion to the outlay of money and effort involved—beats any other pastime ever invented by man. If you are not already addicted to it get the habit this winter.

Farm Yields

THE quantity of farm land under cultivation pretty nearly keeps pace with the growth of population. An equal division would give every inhabitant of the United States pretty nearly the same quantity of cultivated land as twenty-five years ago, when the prices of farm products were low. But no doubt it costs more to farm now than it did then. Up to about thirty years ago the land brought under cultivation was mainly rich and, with a dependable rainfall, required neither fertilization nor irrigation. Since then agriculture has pushed into regions less favored by Nature.

Dry farming requires more labor; irrigation and the reclamation of swamps require a considerable investment, which must be compensated out of the products of the soil. In spite of improved methods of cultivation, yields per acre have increased comparatively little in fifty years. Taking the ten-year average for 1866–1875, and the average for the five years preceding 1916, when crops were generally poor, the gain for the three chief cereals, taken together, is about ten per cent. Corn, which takes by far the biggest area, shows no gain at all.

As compared with thirty years ago, farming will continue to cost more effort. The celebrated business of tickling the land with a plow and making it laugh with a harvest will not answer. Land that has been farmed for a generation, land without rainfall and land that tends to slip back into the swamp are going to give the mere tickler another sort of laugh. To increase or even maintain the yield per acre requires more care and skill. Farming is a more difficult business than it was thirty years ago. Probably it will be increasingly a more difficult business. Compared with thirty years ago, probably food will always cost more.

Transportation Cost

MR. CARNEGIE used to sell pig iron at forty dollars a ton and steel rails at one hundred and thirty dollars a ton. For some years before this war boom the former ruled about fifteen dollars a ton and the latter twenty-eight dollars. Improved methods of production brought that drop in prices.

No doubt nearly everybody is more or less familiar with the fact that improved methods and large-scale production, from the close of the Civil War down to the beginning of the present war, brought a great decline in the price of various manufactured articles. The same causes brought a decline quite as great in the cost of transportation.

Thus it is calculated that for government in all its divisions the people of the United States paid in 1910 six times as much as in 1870, for manufacturing over five times as much, for mining seven times as much, and for transportation less than four times as much—the latter absorbing a steadily declining proportion of the national income. Comparing our costs with those of other peoples, probably transportation is the cheapest thing in the United States to-day.

Peace Terms

GERRYMANDERING the boundaries of Europe is not a matter of the first importance to this country. For us, for every neutral country and for every belligerent, the grand consideration—in comparison with which all others are decidedly secondary—is whether the terms of settlement definitely lessen the probability of another war.

There is only one possible way to accomplish that—namely, by a sweeping reduction of armaments and setting up some sort of international authority to which disputes between states shall be referred.

The old scheme of competitive armaments, and every nation the final judge of its own acts, will produce the old results. That is international anarchy, with no law that anybody is really bound to respect. A régime of international law must replace it or the probability of war will remain just what it was before, no matter how boundaries are rearranged or how much, for the time being, any nation is humbled. It was from the utter humiliation and helplessness of the Napoleonic era that aggressive modern Prussia emerged.

The old scheme has been very thoroughly tried out. Returning to it with a mere shifting of the weights and counterweights will not change its nature or effect. There must be complete recognition of a common European interest that is superior to any particular national interest.

This country's vital interest in peace terms centers there.

The Continuous Melodrama

FOOD prices are very high. Millions of people are injuriously affected thereby and complain about it. So the Federal Government seeks to discharge its duty in the premises by sending out flocks of detectives, special agents and district attorneys to see whom it can put in jail.

Such is our inveterate habit. No matter what unpleasant condition afflicts us, the first thought is that some malevolent combination must be responsible for it. If food prices are very low, producers of food blame speculators and want them arrested. The country seems to have a firmly rooted opinion that nothing untoward can happen except as some sinister individuals deliberately will it. If wages are low it must be because ruthless employers are determined to grind the face of labor. If labor is rebellious it must be because unscrupulous agitators stir it up for their individual gain.

Like devotees of good old melodrama, we demand a villain in every play. Adequate detective talent and a vigorous application of the policeman's club would cure all the ills of mankind. Run down the rascals and the problem is solved, no matter what the problem may be.

This produces a good deal of excitement; but, taking it in a large way, that is about all it does produce. If the energy spent in looking for a villain were devoted to looking for better methods of food distribution it would get better long-run results; but there would be fewer thrills.

Roughing It From London to Paris

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

IT REALLY began by my being turned back in the office of my hotel in London after I had paid my bill, handed out all my tips and had my baggage on top of a taxicab at the door. It was the manager who caught me.

"Starting for France?" he asked, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Yes, finally." And I refrained from adding "Thank heaven!"

"Well, I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid you can't go."

"Why not?"

"No ship."

"What, again?" I had already waited three days with my engine started and my hand on the clutch lever, so to speak. "Why didn't you let me know?"

"Just got word."

"Do they say anything about the prospects?"

"No, nothing."

"Or about the reasons for such a delay?"

"They wouldn't, of course—would they? But we know there are submarines about again, don't we? There could be no other reason, could there? And they won't send a boat across until they think it is fairly safe; you may be sure of that."

"Well, there is nothing for me to do but to gather up my luggage and go back to my room and wait, is there?" One gets that already-answered-question habit in England.

"'Fraid not. Sorry!"

"Go back and wait some more." This to myself in dolefulness of spirit.

And then came that night's thrilling experience up under the clouds.

It was not in any way a part of my extraordinary trip; but I was just waiting, and there it was. I was glad afterward that I had not missed it. I never like to miss a narrow squeak, so long as it is a squeak—and not too narrow. This really was not a squeak at all, but it was a good imitation while it lasted. About half past two in the morning I was jarred out of a sound sleep and rolled out of bed, all tangled up with the blankets, and with my heart pounding ten to the second.

"Well, there they are!" said I. "Zeppelins!"

A Good View of a Zeppelin Raid

THEN I suddenly remembered that I was on the top floor, where I had insisted on being placed for the sake of air. Horrible thought! Horrible thinness of roof! A terrified wail and a bell-ringing from every part of the hotel sang a sort of Hadean obbligato to a boom of big guns and a screech of shells that would have been unnerving if one had been in a state to be definitely conscious of everything. But one was not.

I heard next morning that it had taken the combined efforts of three men to keep a wild American from walking off in mid-air from a fifth-floor balcony of the same hotel in his mad eagerness not to miss anything; and his rescuers were cursing him roundly and wishing they had let him do it, because he had made them miss everything. I know just how he felt, though considering that he was at a party perhaps his feelings were assisted by something of which I was wholly innocent.

I could not get far enough out of my window to see what was going on directly above me, and I had to resist a desperate impulse to try a hand-over-hand trip to a better viewpoint down a telegraph cable that swung close at hand and out across a wide open space to a tower beyond. All the time I was perfectly certain that a bomb was descending on a direct line with my upturned forehead, and I was bracing myself against the window to meet it.

I was used to the searchlights. They do a nightly search of the London overhead, be it clouds or starshine; but they do it ordinarily in a leisurely, long-sweeping, majestic kind of way. This night they were in a hurry; they were agitated, and were swinging and darting hither and thither with a nervous swiftness that fairly yelled of excitement. They would focus together on a spot and instantly from every quarter would come the boom of guns, and round that spot a dozen shells would spectacularly explode. Then they would swing away like a pack of foxhounds seeking the right scent, while the roar of the guns from far and near was continuous.

Zeppelins? No; no signs of Zeppelins. The clouds hung low, and they were above them; and it was not until the great flare of light came that one realized—many things! Everybody saw the great flare; saw the monster flaming torch plunging earthward in its own unearthly aura; saw the dense blackness which followed it downward and down, and felt the hideous silence that settled behind the last echoes of the battle—which ceased almost immediately after that awful light went out.

I had been standing at my window in the dark, and not until that black silence fell did I turn and let terror really take possession of me. I groped my way to the door and flung it open. Outside, in the hallway, were half a dozen maids, leaning against the wall whimpering—all but one; she was standing, with a sputtering candle in her hand, giving the Germans a piece of her mind and wondering how many babies they would succeed in killing this time.

It was a refreshing bit of diatribe and brought me up smiling. Guests in pyjamas and kimonos were hobnobbing at the head of the stairway, and one determined-looking woman was standing with her finger pressed resolutely against the elevator-bell button, which she no doubt had been doing from the first instant.

"Well, cheer up! It's all over," I said to the maids.

"Not likely, ma'am," the garrulous one answered; "they're sure to come back."

"Oh, no; they won't. And did you know they got one of them?"

"Not likely," was the answer from the same person again; "our chaps don't do nothin'. Them Zeps can keep on comin' over here, and that's all there is to it!" Then she muttered to herself: "Who'd 'a' thought you got war right on the top o' yer own 'ead!"

"But they got one, I tell you!" I protested. "I saw it come down."

"If ye seen anything a-comin' down, ma'am, it was an English chap; make sure o' that!" said the same female.

And that restored me completely. She has had occasion to change her mind about the English chaps since then, has she not? I turned back into my room, smiling, shut the door, and groped the way to my bed in the dark; though I will admit that I felt inclined to seek further rest under it, like a scared pup, instead of on it, like a Christian.

Other days I waited; and my permissions to travel had to be renewed, with considerable bother, long waiting at consulates and excessive taxi fares, no such permission being good for more than two days ever, no matter what happens. Then came a certain Wednesday when I was told that the boat train would leave for Southampton on schedule time at ten of the clock in the evening; and that presumably the boat for Le Havre would leave next morning at daybreak. Some influential friends had reserved a cabin for me on the boat for Tuesday night; but on Tuesday night there was no boat. Thinking, however, that such a reservation would hold good for the first boat leaving, I went on my way rejoicing and landed in Southampton at clammy, cold, curdling midnight.

Cold Comfort From the Purser

HAVING a special passport, I was shunted along with the army officers and the Red Cross crowd, ahead of much of the English and a large section of the European population that happened to be traveling in the same direction, and got inside with the baggage inspectors in good time. And now I am not going to exaggerate one little bit. I don't have to; the simple truth is horrible enough. I paid a man an exorbitant fee to get myself and my baggage aboard as quickly as possible, though he kept saying to me:

"They ain't no hurry, ma'am; you've plenty of time."

"Well, I want to get to bed; everybody has to be up at daybreak, you know, and ready for the danger zone."

"Yes, I know; but you don't need to hurry none."

"What time do we sail?"

"I really couldn't say."

I started straight for the purser's office, ready to produce my little reservation ticket and get to my cabin forthwith. But about midway down the deck I was stopped by a line of people ahead of me, a line which snaked along the bulkhead, through the door and down two companionways to the purser's window. And you had to stand in line or lose your place. I stood. The line moved not so slowly and I soon learned why.

"Ain't got nothin'!" was the purser's brief answer to everybody. "Ain't got nothin'!" was finally the purser's brief answer to me.

"But I have a reservation," I replied—"cabin 50–52."

"Le's see." I handed over my tickets. "Oh, that was for last night's boat!"

"But last night's boat didn't go."

"Don't I know it?"

"Well, isn't this the same boat?"

"Same boat, yes; but different date. Sorry; but there is nothing left." And he ran his finger down his chart as though to make sure.

"Not a berth in another cabin?" I smiled encouragingly at his moving finger, as much as to say "I know an unusual situation when I see one and I'm disposed to be pleasant about it."

"Not a berth," he replied; and he added: "They're waitin' behind you, madam."

So they were. I drew to one side and looked them over. They were all that is conveyed to one's mind by the word mob. They were flushed and annoyed and nervous and ill-controlled; more French than English and almost as many women and children as men. I thought to myself: "Well, they had better

Sinking to the Chinese Level

be fairly certain that it is safe before they send this ship across the Channel." Then I sought a steward.

"Steward, can you get me a deck chair?"

"No, madam."

"Why not?"

"They are all gone."

"How does that happen?"

"Well, they's been people waitin' in Southampton for days for this boat and they let 'em come aboard early. Everything's taken."

"Oh, well," I thought, "it's only until to-morrow noon. I can stand it all right." And I went on deck.

It was bitter cold and people were lying everywhere, huddled in blankets and coats, while other people tramped up and down in the narrow space by the rail, trying to keep warm. There were more than five hundred passengers on the little boat and more than half of them were without a place to lay their heads. I thought I must find somewhere to sit down, anyhow; so I turned and went back down the companionway to the ladies' saloon. It was packed. Women had even stretched themselves out in the middle of the floor and were slumbering away as matter-of-factly as they might do in their own beds. Again I sought a steward.

"You can at least get me a blanket, can't you?" I asked.

"Well, I might manage that," he replied in a meaningful tone, a meaning nobody could possibly mistake.

I dug down and brought up a bribe, and got a blanket so promptly that I was certain sure there were plenty more where it came from.

"Another one," I said.

"Couldn't do it, ma'am. Sorry not to oblige you, but it would not be fair—now would it? Just look at all these here people here ——"

He was going on to another shilling climax; but I turned away in deep disgust, went back on deck, and began to search like a homeless hound for a corner in which to curl myself up. Amidships, near the funnels, I found a French officer and a beautiful girl locked in a close embrace and sitting upright on a bench that would have exactly fitted the uncomfortablest four-fifths of me; and I felt like asking them to get up and go on over and lean against the rail and look at the moonlight—as they should. But I only stopped to regard them for a second, and then turned, myself, to the deck rail.

Moonlight it was—glorious, glittering, cold, chilling moonlight; and a band of lit ripples lay out through the harbor entrance and across to the dark shore of the Isle of Wight. I sat down finally on the far end of the lovers' bench and gave myself up to moonlit melancholy. "Only the English could do it," said I to myself, trying to make myself believe that only the English could do it. But I suddenly thought—war!—and had visions of submarine terrors out there—out there! I wondered what dear mothers' sons were surrendering their lives out there.

Dreams and Nightmares

I turned to lay my weary head on the back of the bench and my heart lifted with a sudden discovery. Right behind the beautiful sweethearts was an open skylight, and nothing at all was lying along its ridge-pole—if that is what it should be called. Me for that! I spread my lone short blanket—and I suppose I should explain that my own steamer rugs and heavy coats had been left behind, with everything unnecessary, on instructions to "travel light." I spread my too short blanket on the ridgy center of the skylight and carefully stretched myself upon it.

By that time it was three o'clock in the morning and I was almost asleep standing up. The skylight was great! I heaved a sigh of relief and fell almost immediately into sleep—and incidentally into the nethermost depths of slumberous horrors. I had adventures that the really adventurous would envy. I fought a valiant fight with the prickly fiends of the outer dark; I was thrust into icy caves and swept with needle brooms to the blue icy edges of icy deeps. I struggled bravely, slipping and freezing, and clutching at blue icy gleams that bit into my fingertips.

And then I gave up. One always gives up. With a strangling sob I went over and started down—swiftly—down; but, midway in a long, long drop into abysmal depths, I was caught in the sharp talons of a flock of cold, snake-tailed, cooing doves, and was carried upward and up, and—oh, well, of course—into the dawn!

The dawn it was, and the cooing doves were the lovers murmuring of murmursome things on the benchback above me. I was glad they were there and awake, because the dawn in its just gray glimmering is a fearful thing. I struggled rather feebly at first, but I finally found one of my hands. It was tucked away under my lifeless body, and in its thin glove was all crumpled and blue and funny. Then I found I could wriggle a little, and after moments of tingling torture I was able to push the weight of my large aching head down against the inert mass of me and to slide off my skylight. But I set my feet squarely on the chest of a slumbering stranger, and he brushed at me in a way to make me know that I was figuring as something awful in his nightmare.

I write all this because, without knowing how it began, there is no realizing the rest of it. I would have bartered all the hopes that were in me for a cup of hot coffee somewhere—out of the dawn; but nowhere could anyone be found who might by any chance be able to administer to my wants. I carried my blanket and my misery round and round the deck, treading warily for fear of stepping on somebody, and finally I went inside and slid down on a step of the companionway, where I leaned against a nice rail and went to sleep again. I waked up every few minutes, but only just enough to hug myself closer to my own discomfort.

Food at Last

It was the hubbub that eventually brought me round, and I found that the people were packed, standing all the way down my companionway and the one below it to the dining saloon—or the purser's window; I didn't know which.

"What are you all waiting for?" I asked an English Red Cross nurse, who stood beside me.

"Breakfast, of course," she answered briskly; and she was kind enough to add: "If you want any you'd better stop right where you are and slip in with this relay. There are hundreds outside waiting to get in and they can feed only forty at one time."

"Only forty?" I yawned; and I peeked over the stair rail at the crowd below. "But there are a good many more than that ahead of us."

"Yes, of course; and one lot just went in."

"How long does it take for a lot to get through?" I yawned again.

"Well, this is the second, and the first took nearly three-quarters of an hour."

"That seems a long time."

"Oh, not very. They tell me we get ham and eggs and coffee and marmalade."

She looked bedraggled and she sounded hungry.

"What time is it, please?"

"About half past eight."

"Not really!" I looked at my watch to prove it; then I got solicitous. "Did you have a cabin?" I asked.

"Cabin? Well, rather not! I didn't have anything—not even a blanket."

"Isn't it awful! Where did you sleep?"

"Call it sleep if you like. I spent the night up on the forward deck."

And it did not occur to me until that instant that we were standing still.

"What are we stopping for, I wonder?" said I.

"We haven't started yet!"

"Oh, dear! That will make us late in landing, won't it?"

"We shall be lucky if we get off at all."

"Any prospects of not doing so?"

"All the prospects in the world."

But that is the sort of thing one does not believe on the instant. It sounded pessimistic and disgruntled, and I am nothing if not habitually hopeful. I sat where I was for another half hour; then went down with the crowd as the second breakfast relay gave way to the third. And I was right about there being more than forty ahead of us—there were more than eighty. One lot went in and we waited for them; then, when I thought our lot was really getting in, my Red Cross friend and I were stopped on the bottom step leading into the saloon, and a rope was swung across in front of us, as though there was some chance of its being difficult to control us. Only the English, however ——

If I could but describe that day! Breakfast was over about half past eleven and luncheon began at twelve. Luncheon was over about five o'clock and the tea relays began to pour down the companionways immediately. The tea drinkers were English mostly, and they were driven forth from the dining room in time for the commencement of dinner, about half past six. I gave up trying to get three square meals, because it practically meant moving from the table to the end of the line, moving with the line to the table, and back again to the end of the line—not quite, but nearly—a hideous rotation in an atmosphere of sweating stewards, unbathed humanity, bilge water and burning grease.

Considering the odors, I really was glad when the hot food ran out, or they decided not to serve any more, as they did before dinner was over; and we were reduced to cold ham, boiled eggs and warm soda water. I got that about half past nine that night, after a day I should remember as miserable even in the midst of the worst miseries that could be meted out to me, for my sins, in the Kingdom Come.

After wandering round and trying to maintain a little dignity for two or three hours I sat down flat on the deck, where I had to be stepped over, leaned up against a bulkhead and went to sleep again. The sun came round and scorched me; a cold wind blew off the water and froze me; and a continuous hubbub of conversation in all languages buzzed at the door of my consciousness like a million torturing blue-bottle flies.

Everybody else was as uncomfortable as myself, and underlying the discomfort there was a nervous thrilling fear, which set marks on men's faces and made women's voices high and hysterical. Outside the purser's window a placard had been put up early in the day instructing all those who wished to "abandon the voyage" to present their tickets and passports to such and such a port officer at such and such a time and place. The very phrase "abandon the voyage" sounded ominous; but everybody waited for everybody else to do it, and doubtless wondered, as I did, why they were so slow about it.

The second night passed as the first had done, except that I found a vacated chair and appropriated it, without a "By your leave" to anybody. I hauled it up close against the rail, where I could turn my back on the crowd; and in the first sweet comfort of sinking into it I decided to sit right there until we landed at Le Havre, if it took a week. But, of course, it would not take a week. We should be leaving by daybreak without a doubt, and it was just six hours across. Counting on slow running, we ought to be in by early afternoon of the next day anyhow, and I could go to bed in a civilized hotel and sleep the clock round! Oh, the world was not such a bad place after all!

French Deck Passengers

If they knew we would not sail, why should they not send us ashore and let us get a night's rest at a hotel in Southampton? Would they? They would not! Our passports were viséed at London or other points of departure, and they were good for nothing but a continuous passage from that point to Le Havre or Paris. Staying on the boat was by way of making a continuous trip and there was authority vested in no one to modify the regulations in any particular. Nobody could go ashore.

It was not until the second day that I really began to take an interest in people and things, and by that time bedlessness and bathlessness and foodlessness and discomfort in general had become a normal state. Out in the Near East, in the Ægean Sea and down Egypt way, one gets used to nomadic tribes infesting steamships; and they are one of the sights to write about in one's letters home to the folks. They litter all the decks in picturesque array and in blissful disregard of the deck rights of other people; but they carry with them many blankets and thick quilts, and even small stoves and cooking utensils, and plenty of good food—according to their lights—and their general comfort in comparison with what we were enjoying would be as the comfort of a palatial sleeping car compared with a tramp's ease in the place he bestows himself for a stolen ride, somewhere under a freight car. Yet we look down on these Eastern brothers and refer to them in a superior way as "The inevitable mob of deck passengers."

Deck passengers indeed! It was an amazing thing to me to see how quickly a civilized crowd could crack off its veneer of civilization against the sharp corners of an unusual situation and become the same kind of "mob of deck passengers," but without any of the nicenesses of Eastern habit to take the place of the habits they were forced to abandon. I looked round at the people sprawling on the littered decks and made some such remarks to my Red Cross friend.

"Oh, I don't know," she said; "though we are a little messy, are we not? I've never been in the East. Do they have bananas there? There is a perfectly good deep bay right over the rail. Does seem as though they might throw the peels and their cigarette ends over, doesn't it? But never mind!"

She was standing at the forward rail tossing cigarettes one by one to a crowd of French sailors on the well deck below.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Oh, don't you know?" she replied, as though she thought little of my intelligence.

"No; I've been shutting my eyes and ears to everything as much as possible, and trying to gather up a little sleep. Who are they?"

"French sailors picked up out in the Channel. Their ship was submarined and some of them were drowned."

I knew what she meant, of course.

"When were they submarined?"

"This ship picked them up on its way over; and they haven't a thing with them—poor things!—not even tobacco. That's why I am giving them cigarettes."

Change for Egypt and India

It was a nice little game, but I can hardly ever keep from asking questions. Why were they not provided with tobacco and all the usual comforts, instead of having to play doggy and "speak" for single cigarettes tossed down to them from the passenger deck? I was quite serious about it, and was sending down a few packages, to which they might help themselves like men. But my English friend scorned the suggestion and advised me not to be foolish.

"They are only French sailors."

"Yes, I know; but there ought to be ample provision made for them by the authorities. Think of lying in a friendly port after going through what they have, and not getting everything they want! Can't they go ashore?"

"Certainly not. Nobody can go ashore. And besides, they have no money. I quite agree with you that provision should be made for such cases, but it is not; so ——" She shrugged her shoulders and continued in Anglo-French: "*Dites donc! Soldat! Ici!*"—and threw down more cigarettes.

There was another ship like ours, and packed as ours was, lying in the harbor; and, besides, there were transports, freight ships, battle cruisers, torpedo boats and other craft. An occasional flare of excitement was caused by the sudden buzz of a seaplane darting away and cutting a shining spray-wake as it skimmed across the bay, preparatory to lifting itself into the air. Then a burst of song from one of the close-lying neighbor ships would break the monotony for a short space.

The second day was passing and I was looking forward to the mercilessness of the chilling night—the third—when suddenly something galvanized the crowd into strained interest. It was a port officer going from point to point on the decks and below decks and calling out:

"Any passengers desiring to connect with the P. & O. steamer at Marseilles for Egypt, Malta and India will please return to London this afternoon at five o'clock. They will be met in London by an officer who will arrange about tickets and passports, and a boat will take such passengers to-morrow morning at daybreak to Boulogne. The extra fare will be nine pounds!"

"The extra what will be what?"

This was the first remark I heard, and it was uttered by a woman who declared, for the benefit of all and sundry, that she did not have, or, as she would express it, had not got nine pounds; that she was going to Malta to join her husband; that she had two children in school; and that it was all a pitiful outrage! She had bought her ticket, and now she must either give up altogether or stay where she was and take a chance on missing the steamer at Marseilles. Some Red Cross nurses for Egypt were in the same predicament, because they were traveling on arrangements made for them, and there would be no time to go through the red tape necessary to get a larger traveling allowance.

(Continued on Page 27)

See your dealer's exhibit *of Simmons Beds*

A MAN FEELS THE SAME ABOUT THE BED HE SLEEPS IN AS ABOUT THE CLOTHES HE WEARS

He wants style and comfort—and he wants it to *fit.* A bed that looks as if it belongs, and was built to be slept in, may be the most satisfying piece of furniture in the room.

A Simmons bed is just that.

The building of thousands of beds every day in the year is a colossal manufacturing job.

But it represents more than volume alone.

It represents skill and forethought and care, which play their part in the making of every individual Simmons bed.

Above all, it represents an understanding of the needs of the American home.

Years of leadership in the metal bed industry have given the makers of Simmons beds a national vision.

They have made it possible to produce handsome, comfortable beds for every type of room, for every family—at a lower price.

Always Buy a Simmons Spring for a Simmons Bed

SIMMONS COMPANY

The World's Largest Makers of Beds and Springs

FACTORIES: KENOSHA, WISCONSIN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Branch Warehouses at

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Va., Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Atlanta, Indianapolis, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Portland, Ore., St. Louis, Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco, Denver, Milwaukee, El Paso, St. Paul-Minneapolis, High Point, N. C.

SIMMONS COMPANY — ½ OF YOUR LIFE IS SPENT IN BED — TRADE MARK — REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SIMMONS *Beds*

Firestone

Motor Car Snow Shoes

OVER deep snow and slushy roads Firestone Tires carry your car with maximum ease of going. They are steady, safe and sure.

The quality of rubber in the Firestone Non-Skid tread insures a firm grip, good traction and long added wear.

And this matchless Firestone quality is yours at prices charged for ordinary tires. This saving is possible only because of methods and machinery highly efficient and modernized up to the minute. Also because of enormous output, and wide distribution expertly and economically handled.

For safety and saving in the highest degree, ask your dealer for Firestone equipment.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

"There Goes Another Fuse!"

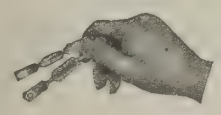
That means that I am again forced to wait for a new fuse while my machine stands idle. In the job before this, I had a couple of Economy renewable Fuses and a handful of Drop Out Renewal Links. When a fuse blew I could renew it in a jiffy, stick it back in the circuit and speed up again,—making money for my boss and for myself. I know how safe and saving Economy renewable Fuses are because I use them in every electrical circuit at home to protect my house and my family against the fire hazards of overloads, short circuits and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits."

"Glad you called this to my attention. Tell the superintendent to write out a requisition for Economy Fuses and bring it to me. I think I'll try them at home, too."

ECONOMY renewable FUSES

Sectional View, Ferrule Type

are made in all commercial capacities, ferrule and knife blade types. The cut shows a sectional view of a ferrule type Economy renewable Fuse.



When an Economy Fuse operates, these inexpensive "Drop Out" Renewal Links, inserted by any one in a moment or two, restore the fuse to its original efficiency.

ECONOMY FUSES

should be installed wherever electricity is used for power, light and heat.

The renewable feature cuts annual fuse maintenance expense 80 per cent. Safety is assured under all service conditions.

Economy Fuses have been carefully investigated by the United States Government Bureau of Standards.

Write for details. See our liberal sample offer, last published in The Saturday Evening Post of December 30.

Economy Fuse & Manufacturing Co.

Kinzie & Orleans Sts., Chicago

(Continued from Page 24)

However, there was nobody to give ear to any such troubles, and these people stayed aboard and took their chances, while a number of officers, and women going out to join officer husbands in the East, got instantly excited and began to add confusion to confusion in their hurry to get their baggage ashore. The crowd was so thick that my quick determination to try for some berth which might by chance be vacated only served to agitate me and to emphasize my helplessness. But a twenty-franc note, offered smilingly to a worn-out stewardess, got me a smile in return and a promise that she would do her best.

"And don't you do nothin' about it; I'll attend to it," she said.

The Mediterranean passengers got away, about twenty of them—not enough to thin the crowd to any marked extent; twilight came down and the chill of night began to creep into the air, and still my stewardess made no sign. I got impatient at last and went to look for her, only to find that she was looking for me, and that she had a berth all ready and freshly made up for me. I could have wept from sheer relief. If you think sixty-odd hours in your clothes under such circumstances is a joke, you have a curious sense of humor.

The stewardess led the way down the narrow corridor to—of all things!—my own reserved cabin, 50–52, explaining as she went that I was going in with "the English lady with the little white dog." Neither the lady nor the dog was there to receive me, for which I was duly thankful. For a moment, at least, I could renew my acquaintance with a sense of decency and privacy. I found water in the tank, and the stewardess gave me a clean towel and told me to be careful with it, because it would be the only one I could have. I could open my dressing bag and refresh myself; and this I was proceeding to do with almost normal cheerfulness when the lady and the dog breezed in—that is, the lady breezed; the dog seemed rather dejected.

The Lady With the Dog

Did anybody ever say just "Oh!" to you in a way that made you want to commit murder? Well, that was what the English lady said to me, and that was exactly the way she said it. She probably thought that, having lost one roommate, she would be permitted to occupy my cabin all by herself. And I rather sympathized with her, in a way.

Her white dog was very woolly and very fat, and must have been a most uncomfortable sort of sleeping companion in a narrow berth. They really needed a stateroom all to themselves. She got pleasanter right away, however, probably because, after all, a dog under such circumstances would do with a bit of explaining—as the English would express it.

"You won't mind my little dog, will you?" she said; he really was not so very little, though he was meant to be.

"Oh, not at all!"

"He is a nice little person—aren't you, Pettikins? He never makes the slightest bother."

And it just happens that I do like dogs, even fat, white, woolly ones, if they must be like that; so it really did not matter. Then—strange thing for an Englishwoman to do—she volunteered the information that her husband, an army man, had been in India for a year, and that she could not live in India on account of the climate. But he had been transferred to Egypt and she was now going out to join him. The English always go "out," you know; never up or down or across. They even go "out" to the United States, which implies a center of a world circle not to be mistaken by anyone who knows the English. She was not going on a P. & O. ship, but on a Dutch liner from Genoa, because it was safer.

"But how splendid!" I said. "How glad your husband will be to see you! These war separations are pretty dreadful, aren't they?"

"Yes, rather! And he will be so glad to see Pettikins too. I just couldn't bear to go to his fazzer wizout ums, could I?"

She stooped to caress Pettikins; but at that moment Pettikins was making strange curlicue motions, as though he was trying to make up his mind about something particularly important; and she picked him up by the very scruffy scruff of his neck and tossed him into the upper berth—which was hers, because of its superior advantages in the way of light and air. Then she fluffed away, up on deck again—a sweet-scented sample of real femininity in blue, with a coquettishly patterned veil drawn close about her little hat and her rather well-preserved and delicately tinted face.

I didn't care. I didn't care for any mortal thing. I wanted to go to sleep. No dinner for me—no anything—just bed. And I lost no time. The linen was new and glacial, the mattress was lumpy, and the pillow was stuffed with sawdust as tight as a Christmas pincushion; but of all the beds I ever slept in that was the most comfortable. I would have made an even bet with anybody that nothing short of a torpedo through the ship could wake me, once I got to sleep; but along about nine o'clock I came up out of the depths on the strains, in close male-quartet harmony, of I want to be—I want to be—I want to be down South in Dixie! Now what do you suppose that meant on an English Channel boat in wartime? I did not find out until next morning.

Barber-Shop Harmonies

The berthless passengers had discovered an American negro vaudeville troupe on the lower deck and a couple of other artists in the first cabin, and they were amusing themselves by having a concert for the benefit of the British Red Cross. There was a soprano, devoted to long, high notes and ragged cadenzas, which really needed an orchestral accompaniment to cover their deficiencies; but the gashes she cut in the atmosphere got healing balm from soft negro voices in Mah Ole Kaintucky Home! and Honey on Mah Lips! and were completely filled up by the wild applause that greeted even them from everything afloat in the harbor. It was a noisy hour; but I finally slipped back into the deeps, accompanied by the soothing of God Save the King!—and that finished that day.

Next day about noon an announcement got itself circulated through the crowd—it was posted, as a matter of fact, on the purser's window, but only a few could have read it; it just got itself circulated—that any British citizens, British citizens only, who desired to do so might go ashore until four o'clock. All others must remain on board. Whereupon a large company of smiling and greatly relieved British citizens hustled into their hats and got away as promptly as possible. That left the French people, some Belgians, some Latins from the south countries, and a nondescript assortment of humanity in which I figured as a unit.

I had read everything I had with me and a few things I had picked up where they had been too carelessly left by their owners; but I found somebody's short-story magazine—which I had not yet seen—in somebody's sheltered corner, along with somebody's rugs and things; and I proceeded to make myself comfortable, trusting to luck that it was a British cache and that I should have until four o'clock to enjoy myself. By that time food venders from the town, accompanied by a port officer, of course, had been allowed to come aboard, which was cheaper than feeding the mob; so all one had to do was to reach out and buy a ham sandwich occasionally and a bottle of warm soda water or beer, which one drank in a free-and-easy way, without troubling about such an unnecessary thing as a glass.

I was engaged in this kind of pleasing performance, and reading a tale of thrilling South Sea adventure, when a tinkling stringed instrument struck up on the other side of the deck and a gay boyish voice began to sing something about My Hooaloo-a-Hono-lulu Ba-a-a-by! And I just could not stand it. I got up and went over. There were other songs and I softly hummed what is known as a second for a little while, greatly enjoying myself. Then came She Wore a Tulip! when I and half a dozen others frankly joined up; and the first thing you know we had some close harmony that must have filled our colored compatriots on the deck below with professional jealousy.

We sang everything we could think of, from Robin Adair to Rosey O'Grady, with occasional flights into what our accompanist called "good stuff," such as Beauty's Eyes, Jerusalem, and Love Me and the World is Mine! But the ukulele, which the tinkling stringed instrument turned out to be, was better adapted to the Honolulu-lu-lu variety of endeavor; and, among us, we produced more hula melodies than I thought had ever been written.

(Continued on Page 29)

This little "Eagle Brand" girl wants her "Daddy."

Last August he left home and has not returned.

But if he sees this picture, little Jean thinks that he will come back and she wants him to know that she and her mother want him very much and will be very happy when he comes.

Jean's mother wrote a letter to Borden's in which she said that inasmuch as Jean was a splendid example of what

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

would do in the way of raising healthy, robust babies, Borden's might use her picture in an advertisement, coupled with an appeal to her absent "Daddy" to come home. She said that "Daddy" looked at the advertisements in magazines and would be sure to see Jean's picture. She further wanted "Daddy" to know that matters at home have been fixed up so that he now has no reason to remain away.

So here is Jean's picture and if "Daddy" sees it, please go home at once.

Borden's Condensed Milk Company,
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857. New York.

$815

F. O. B. Flint
for the Sedanet.
$1065 for the Sedan.
$695 for the Touring Car and Fleur-de-Lys Roadster.

The Sedanet

HERE is another Dort innovation—the Sedanet. It fills a need not heretofore satisfied in enclosed or open car types.

The Sedanet is smart, handsome—and as comfortable as a limousine for winter driving. The plate glass windows and side panels are quickly removable, making an equally fine open car for summer. Quick acting storm curtains are conveniently placed for use when needed.

Each top is built and fitted individually to the body of the car in our own shops. The finish throughout is beautiful, the construction solid and substantial—different, in short, from the ordinary "winter top."

The Sedanet is built on the famous Dort chassis—mechanically supreme.

With all its additional advantages the Sedanet is priced only slightly higher than the Touring Car.

"The Quality Goes Clear Through"

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Flint, Mich.

Canadian Factory: Gray-Dort Motors, Ltd., Chatham, Ont.

Twenty Years Hence

she will be as free from the many illnesses caused by neglected teeth as she is today. Back of this statement is the known experience of countless intelligent, middle-aged men and women who, like the girl in the picture, since childhood have used

Dr. Lyon's

For The Teeth

Powder ~ Cream

Prepared by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

You can look forward with confidence to a life-time of good teeth if you use Dr. Lyon's and visit your dentist twice a year.

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.
522 W. 27th St., New York

Purity Cross
Creamed Chicken
à la King

The Choice Delicacy of the "Four Hundred"

The proudest dish of the finest hotels and clubs now prepared by a Master Chef from the Ritz of Paris, *ready to serve at home. Only 25c and 50c at all fine grocers'.* Sent direct at $1.45 or $2.85 half dozen respective sizes, express prepaid if you mention your finest grocer's name. Book, "How and When," giving 41 ways to serve, sent if you mention your best grocer.

Purity Cross, Inc.,
Model Kitchens, Route 2B,
Orange, N. J.

Canadian Prices, 35c & 65c; $2.00 & $3.75, per ½ doz.

A Curtis Success

Wesley Kemp, of Colorado, is putting himself through Yale Law School on Curtis-earned dollars. Subscription profits have made this law course possible. His average summer earnings are $50.00 a week.

But—Kemp knows that this is the easiest time to secure a lot of subscriptions quickly, so he spends his vacation and spare time adding to his income under our plan.

If you, too, need more money, the opportunity is yours—now—to start the New Year right. You can turn your spare time into cash. A post-card will bring you details.

Educational Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
206 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from Page 27)

Meantime everybody left on board had gathered round. They were sitting perched on the rail in a long row and flat on the deck in a close circle, while the rails of the neighboring ships were crowded with people, who proved their eagerness for any kind of diversion by vociferous applause and yells for more.

I found a seat—or, rather, a place was vacated for me, I having become one of the "artists"—on a bench beside an American woman, who would have been a puzzle to me if I had been puzzling about anything, which I was not. She was just a nice, comfortable sort of person, who spoke my language as anybody can hear it spoken any day at Coney Island or any similar haunt of innocent American joy. She had sleek black hair, was rather smart in her get-up, and sang in a tone that made me homesick for a Broadway cabaret. Some polite Frenchman complimented her on her singing; and then she spoke. She was a pure delight.

"Say," she said, "don't talk to me! I know I can't sing for scorched prunes; but if I could sing as well as I can shoot—well!—say, they'd have to enlarge the Metropolitan Opera House on my account, and Geraldine Farrar would have to begin to play leads for her husband in her natural speakin' voice! And to think I have to set here waitin' for 'em to ketch submarines in nets! Say, I could pick the nip off a periscope, as far as I could see it, with an ordinary rifle!"

I took a deep breath first, and then I said:

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Don't you know who I am?"

"No."

"Well, I'm the crack lady rifle shot of the world, and I'm sittin' here losin' sixty dollars a day! That's what I'm doin'!"

"Why, how's that?"

"Me and Lon"—indicating the nice boy who played the ukulele—"were due to open in Paris two days ago, and we get paid by the performance." She was evidently worried about it; but she added with a whimsical little twist of her upper lip: "The only comfort I get out of it is that our manager, who had the nerve to send us over here—darn 'im!—loses too. Every sixty dollars we lose, he loses fifteen per cent of it; and the fifteen'll hurt him a whole lot more than the sixty'll ever hurt us."

"What do you do?" I asked.

Shooting for a Living

"What do we do? Oh, the usual stunt. Though it ain't so usual, either, because it's good. We've got a sketch with a lot of songs and some bully lines. The lines sure are gettin' good! Lon fakes some new ones every day of his life. He's good at that. Then I do a lot of fancy shootin', of course." I noticed how she gave her "fancy shootin'" second place, and I knew by that she was in love with Lon. "I ketch lead nickels in the air with rifle balls," she added, "and snuff out a row of candles as fast as you can think—and that sort of thing."

"Do you speak French?"

"Good Lord, no!" It was a slight explosion and I was afraid for a moment that I had offended her; but not at all.

"If you don't speak French what do you do about your lines for a French audience?"

"Well, we've had 'em translated; and, say, we're boning 'em hard. The only thing is, I'm a little bit afraid of our pronunciation. But it don't matter, really. If the lines don't get across we can cut 'em; and Lon'll do an extra song, and I'll put in some shootin' specialties. Say, I can do enough fancy gun stunts to hold an audience for an hour!"

"But, how wonderful! It must take a tremendous amount of skill."

"Betcher life it does! And yet, I don't know. It ain't a thing you can learn to do. It's all in your eye and you've got to be born with it. That's why it's valuable. I can't remember when I couldn't shoot; but I couldn't tell you how I do it to save me. There's no fake about it—that's one thing sure. I never use a sight and I really never take aim except in front of an audience, once in a while, in a delicate bit, to make it look harder. Say, the thing that's worryin' me is that if this ship gets it from a submarine or somethin' I'll lose all my stuff, my rifles and my costumes. And, say, I got some peaches too!"

"Well, I wouldn't bother much about that if I were you. If this ship goes down, with this mob on it, you are not likely to have much further use for your outfit, are you?"

"Say, I guess that's right, all right! Ain't it the limit? Well, thank Gawd, our manager's losin' his fifteen per! Come on, let's sing."

But for the moment we could not break up what was going on; in fact, it had been dividing my attention with my interesting compatriot all the time. There was a little French girl, as chic and as cunning as she could be, who had every unattached man on board interested, to say the least. She spoke English with a charming accent, and had a way of pushing her shaggy mane back off her forehead suddenly with a graceful swing of her arm, and looking up into the faces above her with very wide-open, inquiring blue eyes.

An American had engaged her in a little game of matching coins for the benefit of the British Red Cross, in whose sacred name anybody anywhere seems to be able to do anything. They were sitting flat on the deck in the midst of a tremendously interested group.

"Now," he would say, "heads, I win—tails, you lose!"

"Yes," she would answer prettily. "Aw ri'—go!"

Up would go the coin, and down it would come into his palm. Of course whatever turned up she lost; and while she cheerfully paid, the crowd shrieked with merriment.

"Heads, I win—tails, you lose!"

"Aw ri'—go!"

Games of Chance for Charity

It was a sweet little game and she lost one shilling after another. After a while a shrewd look came into her eyes, which indicated that she began to realize something was not quite right; but she did not accept an invitation to be the spokesman herself, with the same formula—to change her luck. The American was perfectly fair about that. Whether she got the joke or not I do not know, but she said finally:

"Now we stop that—eh? You play my game—*n'est-ce pas?* And ev' time you lose you pay to me one shillin'—*n'est-ce pas? Voilà!*"

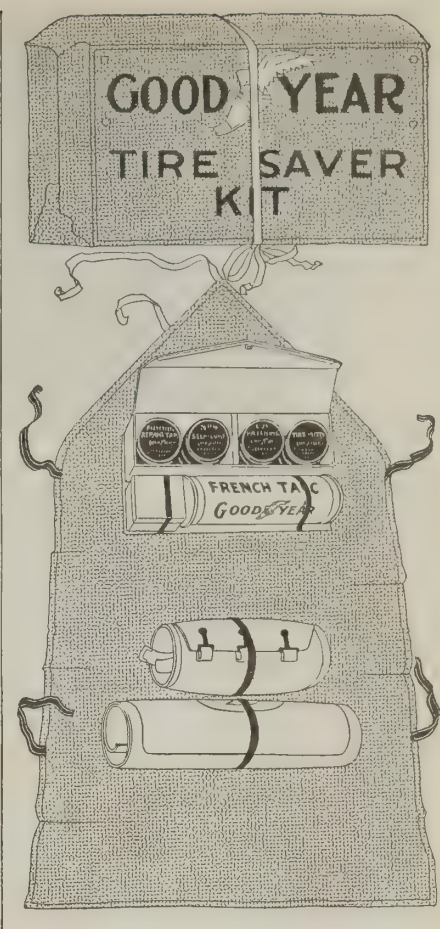
And she spread out a little row of coins and told him to change them, end for end, beginning at the middle, moving two coins at a time and never leaving a space—or something like that. She could do it with dizzying swiftness, and it looked so easy when she did it that everybody had to have a try at it. It was not long before she had a pile of money on her outspread skirt that the Red Cross might well accept with gratitude. And the Red Cross got it too. Make no mistake about that. She went straight inside and chucked it all into a tin contribution box that was nailed on the wall of the corridor.

It really was funny, most of it; though, underlying all the combination of grouchiness and lightsomeness, there was that curious nervous tension which expressed itself occasionally in some such remark as: "Well, never mind; we can't drown so long as they keep us tied up here, can we?" If I heard that once, I heard it twenty times. One felt that the interminable delay was a necessary precaution for one's own tremendous benefit, and it was all right.

But all the time I kept thinking about the operations out there in the Channel, wondering what they were doing, and how they were getting the submarines, if they were getting them, and what tragedies were being enacted.

There is no vision of horror on earth more horrible to me than the vision of men in a submarine under the sea, caught in a pitiless, strangling steel net. It is no way to make men fight, and I wish all the inventors and improvers of the submarine had been drowned in their infancy. However ——

One game of chance followed another until pure boredom drove the crowd back to a fresh demand on the ukulele, and we were in the midst of a sort of half-hearted repetition of the old songs when the English crowd came back aboard and put new enthusiasm into the artist soul of Lon by their eager appreciation. The fire he is going through has already done one splendid thing for the Englishman: It has melted his icy reserve and made him almost like other people. He will actually smile and speak to a perfect stranger without an introduction! And he will do it cheerfully, even almost heartily, and not as though it hurt him, as it used to do like anything. Lon went from one Honolulu song to another until he came to one which a small company of young English officers wanted to learn, so that they might introduce it in



Preparedness and Its Virtue

Not every motorist who travels with a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit in his car expects immediate trouble. But, in the knowledge that trouble *may* come, he feels it well to be ready for it. He holds security and peace of mind above price.

Of course, in the case of the Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit, the price is trifling—$3.50, $3.75, and $4.00, according to size—but the peace of mind it affords is none-the-less invaluable..

You should have this Kit in your car. You may not need it this week, or this month—but if you *do* need it, it's *there*. You'll want it there when trouble comes—it cannot serve you in the showcase of the dealer several miles away.

You'll find in its compact package an inside protection patch, outside protection patch, self-cure tube patches, cement, tire putty, talc, friction tape, valve parts and pressure gauge—everything you are likely to need. Get one, the next time you buy gasoline.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

8 Bears with 9 Shots

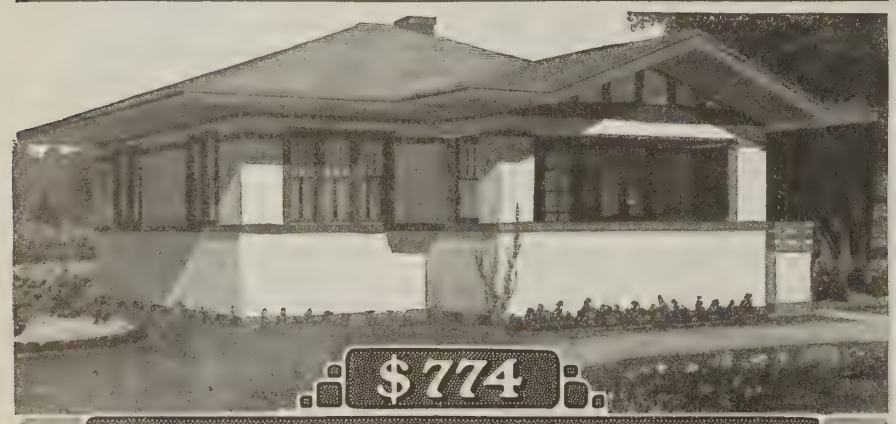
"I have tested the .250-3000 Savage I got from you last Spring on eight head of bear without a miss, and only shot one of them the second time."

Letter from Mr. James R. Gill, Cascade, Idaho.

Write us for a description of the rifle he used. Price $32.50; cartridges $5.30 per hundred. Gun dealers everywhere will be glad to show you this

.250-3000 SAVAGE

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 71 Savage Avenue, UTICA, NEW YORK



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Let our Adviser to Women help you build. Tell her approximately what you expect to pay and get her ideas—sound, practical and saving in many after-troubles. You don't have to be buying from us to get Mrs. Parker's help. Gordon-Van Tine Houses have many **home-comfort ideas and built-in conveniences for women.** Over 100,000 customers vouch for us. Houses built in every State and **all climates. Local references everywhere.**

Highest Grade Materials—Lowest Prices!

Best quality. Shipped **Ready-cut to fit—or not Ready-cut.** We alone price houses both ways. Former method **saves time, material and reduces cost.** Price includes everything. **Shipped promptly anywhere.** Prices from $300 up.

Write for Our New Book—200 Plans—FREE!

Just out—"Gordon-Van Tine Homes"—shows color photos, plans and Guaranteed "Mill-to-Owner" Prices. Get this book before you build. **Use the Coupon.**

Quantity House Buyers

We are in a position to deliver big quantities of houses, varied in plan and appearance, on short notice.

Those interested are invited to visit our plant at Davenport.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

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the trenches. And everybody knows what that means—over and over; over and over!

Meantime I had gone on talking quietly with the champion lady rifle shot of the world, and she was telling me how she and Lon were planning to settle down. They had as cute a little bungalow, near a certain live Western town, as you ever clapped your eyes on; and she was going in for a swell hairdressing parlor in town while Lon raised chickens. They had it all planned.

"No more of this for mine!" she said. "I've had enough. They ain't nothin' in it—except money. Say, ain't it funny the way they'll pay you good money for the sort of thing me and Lon do? But, he's good. I will say that. He bought me that ukulele for a birthday present last year and he's never given me a chance to touch it. Not that it makes any difference; it was just the same as it would be for me to give him some kind of a fancy new rifle. He can't shoot and I can't play. He can play any old instrument he ever saw. His specialty used to be the xylophone. A xylophone is too awkward to pack round nowadays; but, say, that kid sure can play a xylophone!

"He was doin' a fancy, all-round musical turn with a team that called themselves the M—— Family when I married him. And maybe you think we didn't take a tumble to the kind of thing we was up against! We started right in to savin' money and we've got nearly enough now to begin to do somethin' real with. Just one thing more we want: We are goin' to do a movie with a lot o' crack shootin' in it. We got the scenario and the contract; and that's goin' to be where we quit.

"Then us for the chicken ranch and the hairdressin' parlor! I'm goin' to take some hair lessons in Paris—though I really know enough already from havin' my own hair done so much. But I like to be honest. I don't want to claim to be a Parisian hairdresser when I ain't. And, say, I've got the plans and everything. I'm goin' to have my waitin' room in old rose ——"

The Scotchman's Repertory

And she went on to describe her dear honest dream, which goodness knows I hope may come true in its rosiest detail. Think of submarining such innocents!

Meantime Lon was sitting on the bench beside us teaching the young English officers My Honolulu Ba-a-aby! And a nice old Frenchwoman, sitting on the hard brass sill of the doorway on the other side of me, took occasion to get my attention for the purpose of saying:

"You Americans really are too extraordinary! I wonder what it is about you! Wherever you are there is always cheerfulness. It seems to me that all the Americans I have ever known have carried happiness round with them. Can you think what this ship would be like if you Americans were not on board? Not anybody else has uttered a sound."

Which was not quite accurate, but I knew what she meant. I was disposed to talk with the nice old thing and tell her just how we happen to be just what we are, but at that moment a Scotchman reeled up and leaned over Bill and me—Bill was what Lon called the shootin' lady, his wife—leaned over Bill and me to lay a hand lovingly on Lon's shoulder.

"Meestr-r-r Amer-ri-can," he said, "yer-r gr-reat! I thank you fer-r yer-r music." I cannot possibly roll his r's the way he did, nor can I describe the soft-lipped, watery smile on his flushed, sandy face. He spoke very, very slowly. He swayed gently back and forth, and continued: "But is it posseeble now that y'u could play My Hame is in the Heather-r-r?"

"No," said Lon shortly; "I can't."

He was a decent, sober, right-minded lad, and he was associating at the moment on rather nice terms with proud British officers. He did not like the intrusion.

"Weel, thot's bad!" said the Scot. "If y'u could only play My Hame is in the Heather-r, now—I'd seeng it fer-r y'u. I've got juist three songs: My Hame is in the Heather-r; Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled; and Seelver Threads Amang the Gold. Y'u must know thot now. It's an Amer-r-ican song."

"No, I don't."

"Weel, thot's bad! Was y'u at the concert last night?"

"Yes."

"An' why didn't y'u seeng?"

"Nobody asked me to."

(Continued on Page 32)

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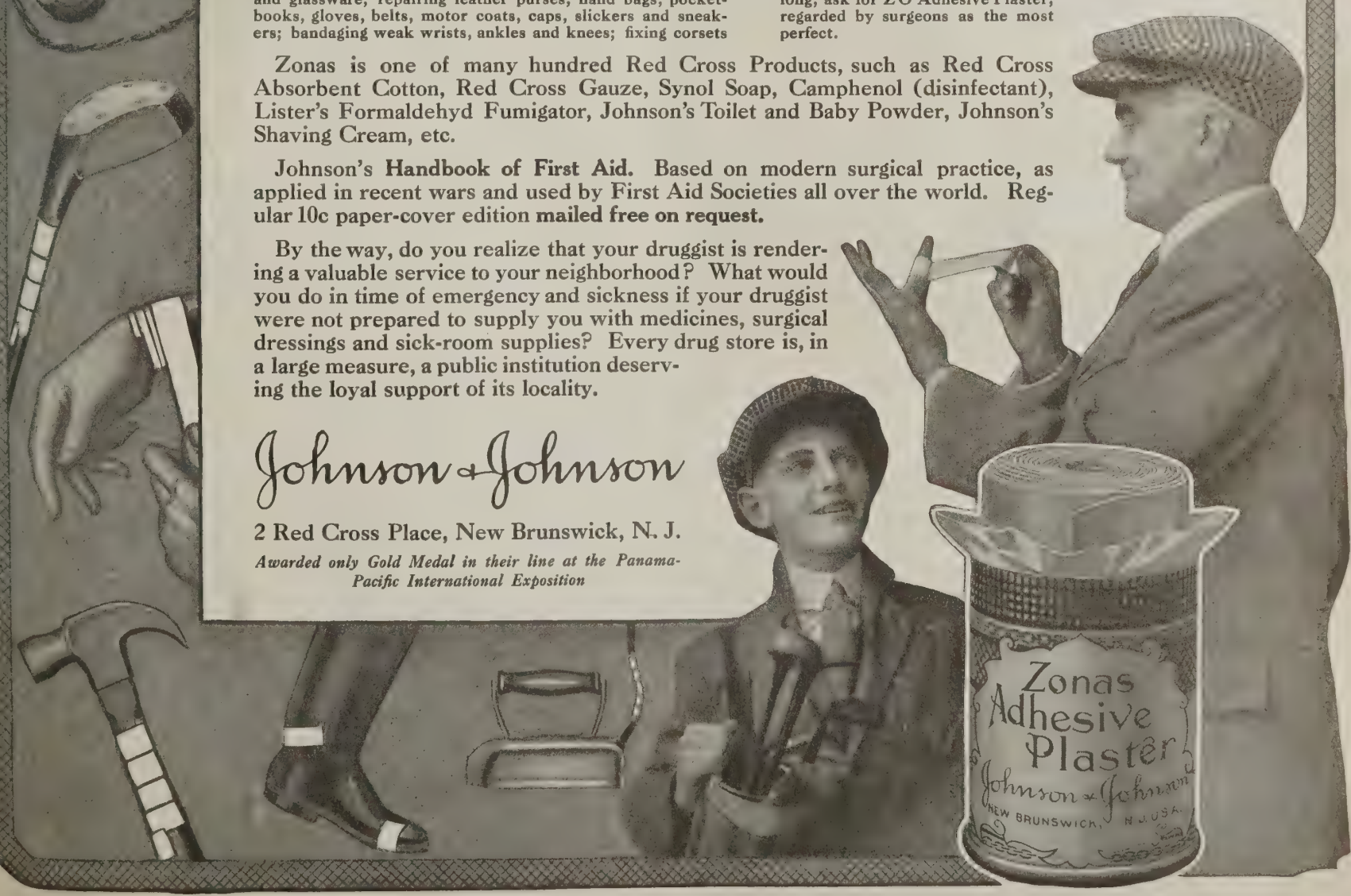

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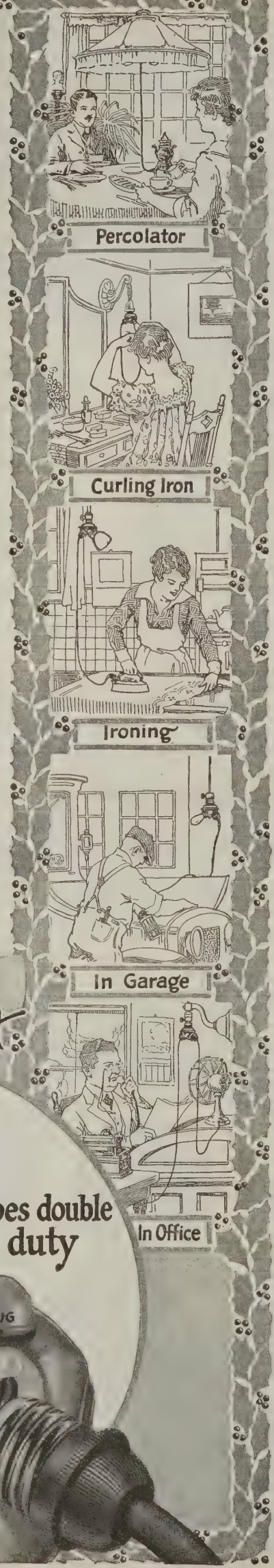


(Continued from Page 30)

"Now thot's juist it—juist it! Y'u shouldn't wait to be asked. I was seetin' there theenkin' to mysel' all the time—now it's yer duty to git up an' seeng an' put hairt into th' ithers. But I'm a teemid mon; thot's what I am—a teemid mon. But I juist sot there and thocht that if now y'u'd juist git up an' seeng y'u'd put hairt into th' ithers. Thot's what y' ought to do when y'u c'n do it—put hairt into th' ithers."

Lon had stood up at once in order to relieve Bill and me of the threatened burden of the chap, and he was getting rather impatient.

"You've been ashore, haven't you?" he said.

"Yes; a lot of us been ashore."

That was evident, for one must admit that he was not entirely alone in his blissful state.

"Time, too," he continued; "th' way some of these her-r-e offeecials ——"

"You went a long way, didn't you?"

"Not me! Juist up the hill yonder-r. I wouldn't git far-r fr-rom the dock, y'u know. Or-rder-rs to be back at four-r o'clock. Always obey or-rder-rs. 'Snecessar-ry. 'Squod if y'u don't."

"Where are you going?" Lon asked—not that he cared, but he had to say something.

By this time the man had a firm grip on his shoulder and they were the center of an interested group.

"I'm goin' to Leghorn to join my ship. I'm an engineer-r in the Royal Navy. An' y'u can't play My Hame is in the Heather-r, now? It's a gr-r-and song!"

"Say," said Lon, "if you don't mind taking a friendly tip from a stranger, your hame is not in the heather just now; your hame is in the hay. And if I were you I'd beat it."

"Well, I juist thocht thot the theeng fer-r a mon to do thot c'n do it was to put hairt into th' ithers; an' if it wasn't thot I'm a teemid mon ——" But, at that, Lon led him gently away.

A Rummy Lot

He reminded me of a Scotchman I encountered once out in the China Sea. He was older than this lad, but otherwise he was his twin brother—though at the moment sober. It was on a ship bound from Hong-Kong up to Shanghai, and the few passengers aboard were at luncheon at one of the long tables in the middle of the dining saloon. There was a very sick American from Manila sitting next to me, a tall, smooth-faced young man, with deep-set gray eyes, who had evidently just been through a siege of some kind of tropic fever, which still had its grip upon him; in fact, I learned afterward that he was merely trying to climb back into life by the usual route up sea to a cooler climate.

The Scotchman, who sat opposite us, across the narrow table, was the mumbling sort, and with a bur in his tongue that would have been delightful if there had been anything else delightful about him to go with it. All at once, apropos of nothing at all, he said:

"These Amer-r-icans out in thees pairt of the world are a rummy lot!"

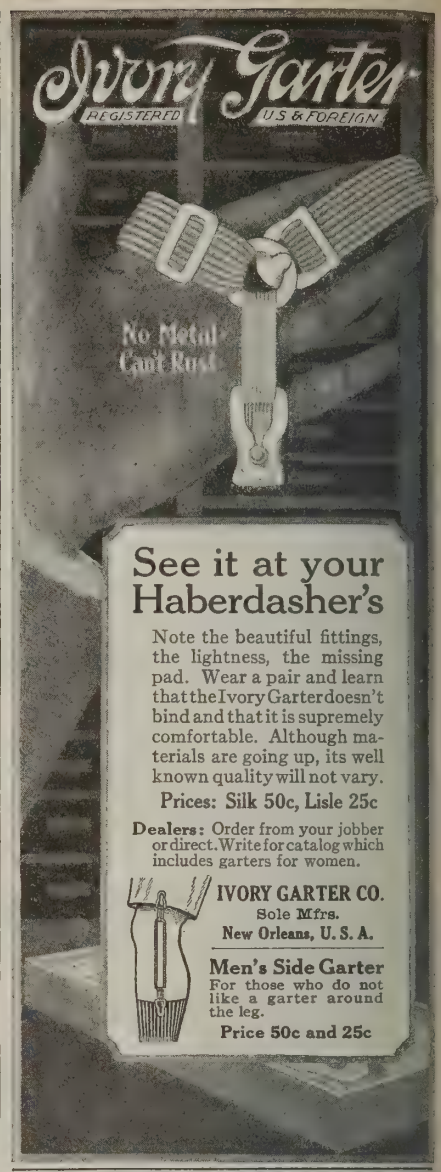
He rolled his r's outrageously and what he called us sounded more like roomy than rummy. Instantly the American laid down his fork and straightened up:

"I beg your pardon—what did you say?"

"I said the Amer-r-icans out thees way are a r-r-roomy lot!"

It was just like touching a match to a fuse. The fuse sputters lazily at first; but pretty soon, as the fire runs up the length of it, it begins to throw out crackles and sparks, and at the point where it connects with the main works there is an explosion. The sick American began very gently. He was polite; he was almost suave; but as he went on enumerating Scottish characteristics he grew earnest. His command of choice English was a joy to hear, and he finished with a vivid description of Glasgow on a Saturday night as he himself had seen it, when he had to walk warily in the streets to keep from stepping on the recumbent forms of inebriated Scotchmen.

He got up in the midst of this description, laid his napkin gently but firmly beside his plate, by way of emphasizing a telling point, and when he concluded, in a low sweet voice that you could have heard a mile, he turned and walked, as resolutely as his weakness would permit, toward the companionway. But before he got out of hearing



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the Scotchman, who had sat quite calmly through it all, raised his bristling red head in a funny, half timidly defiant kind of way, and said, loud enough for everybody to hear:

"Weel, I still theenk so!"

This relieved the tension, and everybody, even the American, laughed.

The Britishers brought back from shore a rumor that we were to sail that night at ten o'clock; but nobody believed it. They do not send passenger boats across the Channel in the night. They prefer to take their chances in daylight, because a night tragedy is a too fearful thing. However, the rumor persisted—we were to sail that night at ten o'clock.

I must go back and record that along about the second day a noticeable trend in the mental processes of the crowd began to make itself manifest, and that I was highly entertained by the way in which everybody began eying everybody else. Eying is the word, and it implies a curious kind of squint, which seemed usually to say: "Now who on earth are you, and what possible business can you have in a situation like this?"

Really, though, in looking at such a mixed lot of apparently free agents, an Englishman might well congratulate himself that his government has caused to be posted in all public conveyances a warning to all British subjects to guard their tongues. They were all over this ship, and "Your enemies may be listening!" is what they say. Sure enough, you never can tell! A majority of the men on board were in uniform, but the women were not so easily distinguishable as to race and their reasons for being there.

For instance, there was the stout one with very blondined hair. She was a human curio if ever there was one. She had a stiff straight-up-and-down chair, and so far as I could discover she sat straight up in it for four straight days and nights. I never saw her anywhere except right there in that chair, with her large blue eyes fixed on vacancy. I think maybe she imagined she was suggesting tragic history, the perfidy of men, and the tense emotions of life, which, being burnt out, leave a woman's eyes so very sad. Her hair was perfectly waved and dressed, and she wore, perched on top of it—four days, mind you—a little hat made of some kind of white birds' breasts. Her face was beautifully enameled, and the only motion I ever saw her make was with a small vanity box containing rouge sticks and a powderpuff. She wore high-heeled patent-leather shoes with white kid tops, and her black cloth gown fitted her ample figure so snugly that it made me ache.

The Mona Lisa Girl

Then there was the mysterious Mona Lisa American girl. She wore her hair in a Mona Lisa fashion and her black taffeta gown was cut square in the neck. Also, she affected a Mona Lisa smile—not unsuccessfully—and moved her brown eyes slowly and deliberately. She was one of the berthless mob; and, because she was an American girl, she rather worried me. She said she was seventeen years old and a student on her way to school in France; but she vouchsafed no information with regard to a family that would allow her to travel alone under such unexampled circumstances.

My twittering roommate twittered mostly to British officers, while I, in the end, took care of her dog. There were French groups, who stood or sat about on deck quietly talking together; and there was one little company of Spaniards, who *no-habla*-ed anything at all except their own staccato language. And then there was the long, lithe smoking lady, who appropriated the lounge at the head of the companionway and, with an imitation leopard-skin rug and a green veil wound round her head, made herself look like an advertisement of Egyptian cigarettes.

After all, if I had been looking for somebody to tie to in the crowd I think I should have selected Lon and Bill. They were as wholesome as green hickory. Vaudeville artists? Betcher life!—as Bill would say. But they were teetotalers and right livers, both of them. Incidentally they went to bed that night like Christians. They had a cabin!

It was after ten o'clock when red and green lights aloft on a tall staff at the entrance of the harbor announced that a ship was going out. Then came the rattle of an anchor chain from the Channel boat lying at the dock just ahead of us, and a long cheer rose from the crowds on the decks of everything within hearing. A troopship followed; then a cargo steamer, a great black hulk with just a few lonely sailors leaning against her rails. After that our anchor came up, a tug caught us by the bow, and we warped out into the path of moonlight, while in our wake came other craft, seeming as vibrant with relief as we were.

"Well, I'm glad we didn't have to lead the way," someone remarked, and there was a general assent.

We were glad we did not have to lead the way, but we found that each ship had to go her own way, just the same. We were not all bound for the same port. There were those that turned westward and made out through the Solent to the open sea, and we were to all intents and purposes alone with our own chances by the time we had run Spithead and rounded the east end of the Isle of Wight. There began the danger zone.

The Dutch say that a majority of the mines washed ashore on the coast of Holland have been British—more than thirteen hundred of them; but this seems rather strange when one reflects upon the fact that England employs more than one hundred thousand men on mine sweepers and auxiliary naval craft just to keep the Channel clear.

"To bed or not to bed?" That seemed to be the question occupying the minds of many persons; and "Not to bed" seemed to be the general answer.

And So to Bed

The ship was as dark as it possibly could be under such a moon, not a light being shown anywhere except at the masthead and presumably on each side of the bow.

About midnight, when we were all the way out in the Channel, I carefully picked my way through the silent crowd down the full length of the deck on one side and back on the other. I think I have not said that most of the people seemed to be traveling in pairs, and that many new pairs had achieved themselves during our long wait in Southampton. The beautiful French lovers were my first encounter, you know, and they afterward sort of adopted me. Wherever I sat on deck they would usually come and sit near me; and when they went for a walk or to look for food—the dears!—they would leave their belongings with me and ask me prettily whether I would please watch them while they were away. Whatever and whoever they were, they were adorable humans.

I walked up and down the deck; and in the shadow of the aft funnel I saw something to take my mind off myself for a moment. Say!—as Bill would say—Naughty! Naughty! There sat my sweet-scented roommate with the handsomest British officer on board. And he looked as though he was saying to her: "Cling to me, little one, I will save you!" And she looked as though she was saying to him: "Oh, you great, big, woo-underful man!" And she had never seen him in her life before she came aboard that boat! I know, because I happened to be with her when she exchanged her first remarks with him.

Having no officer and no bench and no blanket and no anything, I decided to go down and take my chances in my cabin.

When I got down below I found Pettikins asleep in the upper berth. I took the life preservers down from the rack overhead; placed them and my overcoat where I could get hold of them instantly. Then I stretched myself in my berth, with my clothes on, and almost instantly fell into a deep sleep.

I was wakened by a cuddling little voice, saying: "Well, tum to its mumsey—b'ess it!" And I knew the danger was all over. My roommate had come down to get "itsy b'essed sugarp'um!"—and we were lying, in the early morning sunlight, in the roadstead at Le Havre.

And that is crossing the English Channel in wartime. I have crossed several times during the past two years, never without the thrills and the unusualness, but only once before with such a long delay—and that was at Boulogne after a big storm had torn loose a number of British mines.

The British may not take one's temporary comfort into such consideration as one might desire on all occasions; but when you think of the thousands—not thousands: millions—of people they have sent in safety across that waterway during the past two years you just must take off your hat and make a low salaam.

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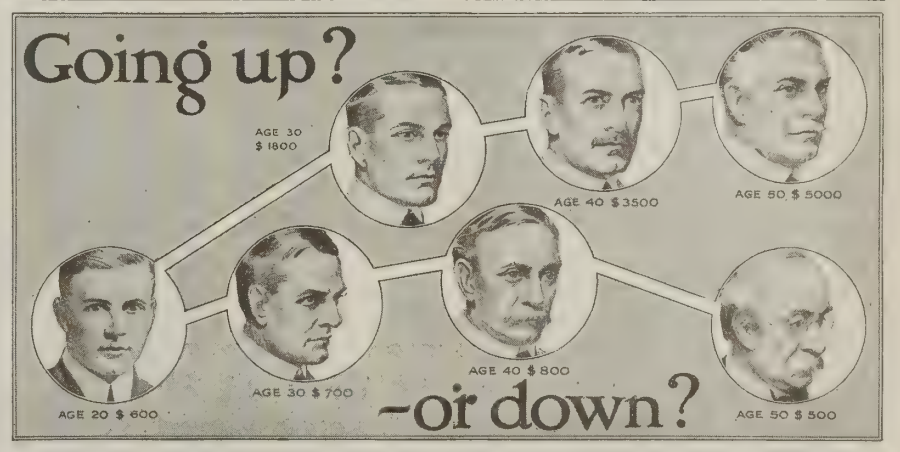

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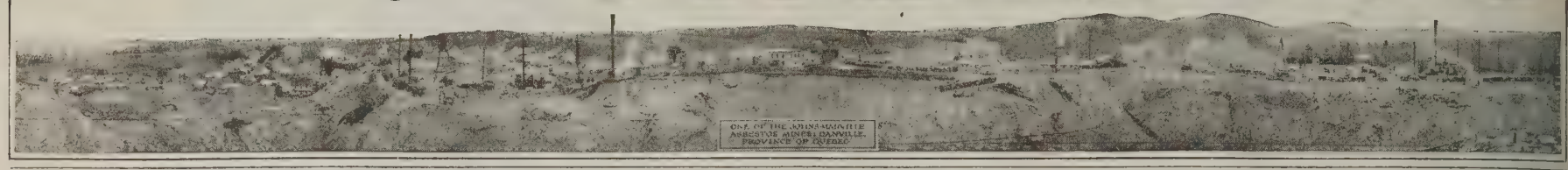


Asbestos

—secret of earth's dawn
—source of age-old fable
—wonder tale of voyagers
—curio of kings

—even today, still Nature's paradox, riddle of science—yet one of man's most useful servants.

* * *

MILLIONS of years ago, Mother Earth drew closer her mantle—and in countless fissures of the folded rock, through untold ages of flame, a marvelous mineral slowly formed. Nature's gift—Man's armor against fire—Asbestos.

Millions of years later an audience faces a theatre curtain—on it this word, Asbestos, spelling safety. Around are brilliant lights, energized from distant generators through a system safeguarded by this same Asbestos. Many here live or work in buildings roofed with Asbestos; here, too, are many housewives whose dining tables it protects. Even the motor cars, waiting without, have brakes lined with this same Asbestos—mineral of many marvels, fashioned to meet Man's needs.

Think of a rock, heavy and dense as marble, yet a nugget of silky fibres, a floss like thistle-down. Each fibre so light it floats on water—yet so rugged that these million years 'mid the chaos of earth's change have neither broken its slender thread nor marred its silken sheen. Like wool or flax, yet a mineral; both crystalline and fibrous, brittle and pliable—this is Asbestos—Nature's paradox.

The Ancients Held it in Awe

and wonderful tales grew with each telling. Legend made it the hair of the Great Salamander, the lizard that lived in fire; or again a wonderful plant immune to flame. Small wonder that Asbestos became the stage property of Magi, the costly curio of kings and their shroud on the funeral pyre.

Charlemagne astounded his warrior guests by flinging the cloth of Asbestos from the table into the fire, only to withdraw it unburned—even bleached and cleansed by the flame.

Marco Polo was the first to set his little world to rights. Returning from Tartary, he wrote, "In this same mountain there is a vein of the material from which Salamander is made. For the real truth is that the Salamander is no beast, as they allege in our part of the world, but is a substance found in the earth." And he tells how the rock was mined, pounded into wool in great copper mortars, and woven into napkins for the Great Khan.

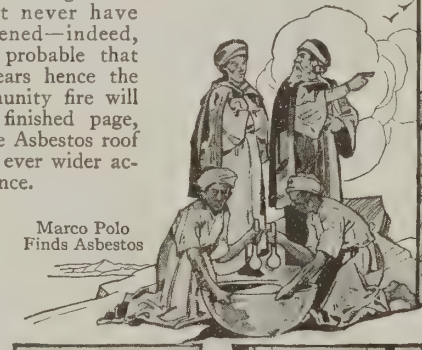
But for centuries after, Asbestos remained merely a curiosity.

Unique Combination of Properties

Compared with other materials, its aggregation of properties is unparalleled. Wood burns—Asbestos is unchanged by flame or by a temperature of 1500° F. Stone disintegrates—Asbestos defies erosion. Steel rusts—Asbestos is immune. Asbestos resists wear and the action of oxygen and acids, is a non-conductor of electricity, and insulates against heat or cold. The old Greeks named it ἄσβεστος—"inconsumable." And nothing was ever better named.

Its Service to Man But Begun

Had someone championed Asbestos earlier, the world today would be further along. The Chicago fire might never have happened—indeed, it is probable that 50 years hence the community fire will be a finished page, as the Asbestos roof gains ever wider acceptance.



Marco Polo Finds Asbestos

The Shroud of Kings

Steam pipes, once plastered with mud, are now being insulated by Asbestos to prevent waste of heat; engines improve their economy by Asbestos packings. Modern chemistry, too, requires this marvelous mineral for its filters. At every turn, in the homes or work-shops of the nation, we find Asbestos, converted into useful form.

How It Was Made Useful

Natural products are usually developed by necessity. But it was left to the vision and foresight of a business institution to realize the possibilities of Asbestos—and to supply the effort, the courage and resources to make Asbestos what it is today.

To really appreciate the task so successfully mastered by Johns-Manville requires a trip through one of their ten great factories. One must see giant machinery transform rock into felts—see paper pressed from pulp—see fibre and wire pressed back into rock-hardness for the brake blocks of some great lift or dredge.

In another section a complete textile mill,

Charlemagne's Table-Cloth of Asbestos

where this same rock of Asbestos is spun or woven—spun into thread so fine that a hundred yards weigh but an ounce—woven into cloth like linen or into heavier fabrics as thick as your finger.

On one side a tailor making clothes of flame-proof cloth; on another this same Asbestos combined with rubber for engine, pump, or compressor packings,—again into cements to withstand fierce furnace heats.

So it is made into Shingles, Roofings, Brake Linings, Insulations, Cements, Electrical Devices, Tapes, Clothes, Yarns—hundreds of products that enter every avenue of science and the useful arts.

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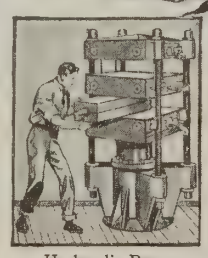

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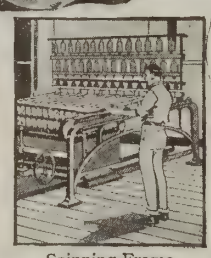

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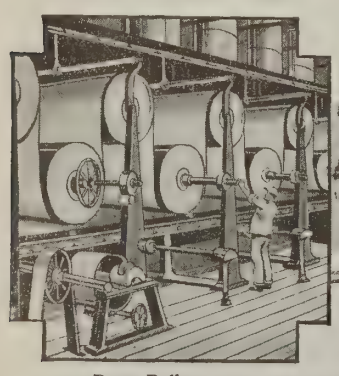

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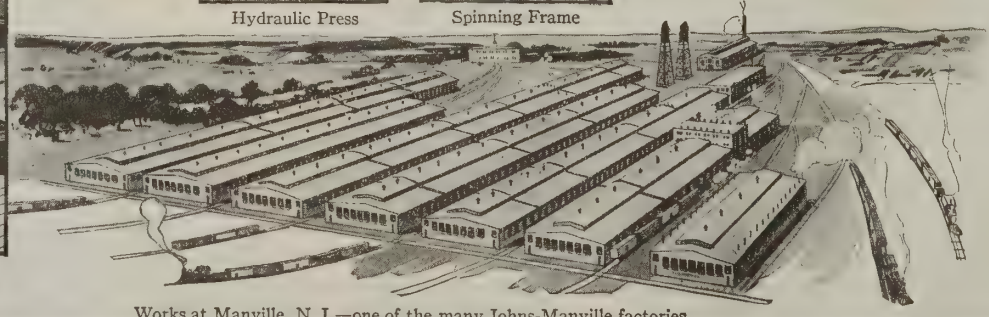

Works at Manville, N. J.—one of the many Johns-Manville factories

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COVERS THE CONTINENT

ENGLAND AND LABOR

(Continued from Page 10)

with limitation of output—that capital as well as labor must make concessions. Some do; these are the very men who adhere to the fairly revolutionary doctrine that labor should be represented in the directorates of the large companies.

The British workman, like the British employer, has a special psychology; and neither German methods nor American methods wholly go down with him. Your Briton of any class does not like to work so much as the German or the American. He sets value—and I think sensibly—on leisure. He wants time for a little sport and a little talk in his club or his bar. It may be this racial tendency, it may be an inheritance of the restriction-on-output system, but the English laborer seems often indifferent to high wages, while vitally interested in keeping the employer from loading him with too much work.

The munitions factories in this period of national stress have been importing American efficiency experts schooled in one or another system of scientific management. I find that the British Trades-Unionist looks upon them with general suspicion, believing their "premium bonus systems" are only excuses for "speeding up"—as in some hands they are; in fact, American speeding-up seems a kind of bogy with British workingmen. Again and again labor leaders told me, as a matter of common axiomatic knowledge, that the American workman is short-lived. And this anecdote was told twice in my hearing from the platforms of labor meetings:

"An Englishman inspected an American factory near New York. The superintendent showed him the plant, with great pride, and boasted of their tremendous output.

"'Your operatives are all young men, I notice,' said the Englishman; 'where are your old men?'

"'Outside,' said the superintendent; and he took him out and showed him a graveyard!"

However, the war may start a countercurrent; this is one of the decisions which must wait on the mood of that demobilized army. In these first three years of the war, the condition of the working class has been immeasurably improved by the demand for munitions workers. It is true that the prosperity is not universal; go down any block of lower-middle-class or working-class London, and you will find some families much better off because of the war, and a few much worse off.

The Munitions Agreement

Then, too, certain employers have not been roused to such a pitch of patriotism as to forget the main chance. When, in the celebrated Munitions Agreement, the Trades-Unions agreed to suspend restrictive practices, the government agreed, on behalf of the employers, that no one should be paid less than a pound—twenty shillings—a week. In October, 1916, certain factories were paying fifteen or eighteen shillings to some of their girls.

It was agreed, further, that there should be no cutting of the scale on piecework unless improved machinery was introduced. Certain employers were caught adding some inconsiderable or useless attachments to their machines and making this an excuse to readjust the scale. Labor is now, under this Munitions Agreement, deprived of its great weapon—the strike; labor courts adjust these things, and generally with justice. It has been noticed, however, that even in these times the workmen who complain most loudly get the most.

These are the exceptions. In some cases of very expert workmen, wages have risen to a point beyond the dream of avarice. Fifteen pounds, or seventy-five dollars, a week is not an uncommon wage in the Clyde works. Yet snap statistics, gathered by some of the labor leaders, go to prove that wages, as a whole, have not gone up so fast as the cost of living—the poverty line, which was twenty-four shillings a week in 1914, is now thirty-six shillings.

On the other hand, unemployment is unknown; the wife, the daughters, the boys can get continuous work. For this reason, most families, despite the rise in the cost of living, are well above the poverty line. The rise of standards is most noticeable in the very districts where poverty was most distressing, like the dock regions of London.

As I have said before, the mobilized British workman from the slum districts of London has known in this war—despite its dangers, its pain, its occasional great hardships—the blessings of ample food and clothing; known them often for the first time. His wife has bought new clothes for herself and the children; has been to the theater; has installed a phonograph. It is not in human nature to give up without a struggle a luxury once known; much less a comfort. When the British workman puts off khaki wages may appear to him a greater consideration than leisure.

Finally, there is the question of the women, too great and wide for thorough treatment in a general article. One of the superb things about this war is the force and fineness with which British women of all classes have risen to the emergency. Women of all the European nations are at war work; but the British woman is distinguished above all others for the spirit she brings to the task. She goes at it like a free soul. A large proportion of them are genuinely interested in the job; genuinely trying to get ahead.

Women in Men's Places

The rush of women to gainful occupations in England has been rather exaggerated. Not much more than three-quarters of a million have been added to industry since the war began. As a matter of fact, England had greater proportions of women workers than any other European nation; the labor market was already feminized almost to saturation. More significant than mere numbers has been the general rise of the women workers to higher, better-paid, and more specialized occupations, as when a domestic servant has entered a machine shop.

Some general statements about female labor have gone into the discard of abandoned theories, along with many other economic generalities. Where physical strength enters into labor women cannot compete with men, of course. But with every improvement in machinery, physical strength cuts a smaller figure in labor calculations.

The war has killed its hundreds of thousands of the best workers in England; it may—alas!—kill its millions. If, in the new spirit of English industry, the industrial lords of England succeed in raising production and extending markets to a point beyond the possibilities of Germany, that pathetic figure of post-bellum days—the unmated and unmateable woman—will retain her place in the factory system. War conditions have shown the leaders of England how many things done formerly by men can be done as well by women.

On most European railways the tickets are taken up not on the train but at the gate as the passenger alights. The ticket collectors, who simply sit on a stool, receiving and punching the tickets, used to be men; now they are women. Why employ a man for this work when a woman will do as well? Women are making good elevator operators, subway-train and omnibus conductors, department-store floor-walkers and clerks. Why not keep them in these occupations, releasing thereby some men for the higher processes of production?

The answer depends on the efficiency and intelligence the industrial lords of England display in their campaign for increased production and more equitable distribution. If they virtually abolish unemployment, if they stimulate markets to a point where the demand for labor exceeds the supply, well and good. If England settles back into the old conditions the industrial situation will be complicated by a sex issue.

In fact, signs appear that some of the gentlemen who still hold profits higher than patriotism are hoping to use that sex issue for their own ends—to replace male labor by female labor, always in the nature of things cheaper—and to fortify themselves by stirring up what the feminist argot calls "sex solidarity." If they can organize women against men they may achieve all they desire. Behold here a paradox of this war: the Conservative used to deplore "the war of the sexes"; now he prepares to encourage it!

It seems doubtful that this effort can succeed, even partially—whether the movement can be anything more than a slight

(Continued on Page 38)

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VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

CALVE, EMMA, Soprano (*Kahl-veh'*)

Ca

CALVÉ

Emma Calvé, half French, half Spanish, is descended from a prosperous and cultured family. She was born in 1864, at Madrid. The premature death of her father was followed by reverses, and the young girl knew that she must face a world in a more serious rôle than that of a society belle, so it was not long before the dark-eyed beauty found herself studying with Rosina Laborde, and afterward with Marchesi and Puget. As a pupil the young girl endeared herself from the first to her teachers, and made rapid progress. Although her début was made at Nice, her first important appearance was at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*, in Brussels, in 1882, as *Marguerite* in *Faust*. Her Paris début occurred in 1885 at the *Opéra Comique*, in *Chevalier de Jean*, but her first real triumphs came in Italy, where she made several tours, and when she reappeared in Paris as *Carmen* and *Santuzza* the Parisians made her their idol. She appeared in London in 1892, and Americans first heard her at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where she made her début in 1894, and her fame spread rapidly. Her beautiful voice, her remarkable gifts as an actress, her beauty and magnetic personality, united in presenting a picture at once alluring and fascinating. The singer's further triumphs in America are familiar to all, and although she spends most of her time in Europe, her admirers may find consolation in her Victor records.

Mme. Calvé's exquisitely trained voice, always remarkable for its beautiful timbre and emotional quality, was at its best when her Victor records were made. This great artist has recorded *exclusively* for the Victor the list of records catalogued here.

THE CALVÉ RECORDS (*Sung in French unless noted*)

		No.	Size	
Carmen—Habanera (Love is Like a Bird)	Bizet	88085	12	$3.00
Carmen—Chanson Bohême (Les Tringles des Sistres) (The Sound of Tambourine)	Bizet	88124	12	3.00
Carmen—La bas dans la montagne (Yonder Mountain) (with Dalmores)		89019	12	4.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Voi lo sapete (Santuzza's Air, "Well You Know, Good Mother") *In Italian*	Mascagni	88086	12	3.00
Hérodiade—Il est doux, il est bon (He is Kind, He is Good)	Massenet	88130	12	3.00
Marseillaise, La (*with Metropolitan Opera Chorus*)	de L'Isle	88570	12	3.00
Old Folks at Home (Swanee River) *In English*	Foster	88089	12	3.00
Pearl of Brazil—Charmant oiseau (Brilliant Bird) *Flute obbligato*	David	88087	12	3.00
Serenade—Chantez, riez, dormez *Flute obbligato*	Gounod	88119	12	3.00
Three Little Songs for Very Little Children (Trois chansons pour les tout-petits) (a) "Frère Jacques" (Brother James) (b) "Au clair de la lune" (In the Moonlight) (c) "Une poule" (The Hen) (*Pianoforte acc.*)		88572	12	3.00

CAMPANARI, GIUSEPPE, Baritone

CAMPANARI

Giuseppe Campanari, one of the most famous baritones e modern operatic stage, was born in Venice, and in life played the 'cello at La Scala. Young Campanari mbitious, however, and endeavored to improve his ally good voice at every opportunity. In 1884 he was aged by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and after rving in America took up vocal studies in earnest, making his first appearance as a singer in 1890, at a concert under the direction of Walter Damrosch. A season with Hinrich's Philadelphia Opera Company brought him to the attention of Mr. Abbey, and he was promptly engaged for the Metropolitan, where he remained for many years. The record of the favorite Toreador Song he has made for the Victor exhibits well his splendid voice, intelligent phrasing and good enunciation.

CAMPANARI RECORDS (*Sung in Italian*)

		No.	Size	
Carmen—Canzone del Toreador (*Toreador Song*)	Bizet	85073	12	$3.00

VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

CARUSO, ENRICO, Tenor (*Kah-roo'-zoh*)

Ca

CARUSO

Caruso's success is the greatest ever attained by an artist in this country. His American engagements have been a continuous ovation, the great audiences being held spellbound by the exquisite refinement, beauty and power of his voice.

Caruso is a native of Naples and was born in 1873. When he was a mere boy he sang in the churches of Naples, and the beauty of his voice arrested the attention of all who heard it. His father did not encourage the boy at first, but a few years later was persuaded to allow him to take a few lessons in singing. The family was very poor, however, and Caruso was forced to work as a mechanic. This work not being very profitable, he began to seriously consider whether he could not make more by singing.

He was eighteen years old when he met a distinguished baritone singer, who, after hearing his voice, decided that he would give Caruso substantial assistance. He therefore took him to Maestro Vergine, who was captivated by the beauty and purity of his voice, and began to give him vocal instructions.

Caruso made his début in 1894 in Naples, in a now forgotten opera, L'amico Francesco, afterward singing in various Italian cities and in Cairo. A South American engagement followed, and on his return, after a season in Milan, it was clear that here was one of the most promising young tenors ever heard in Italy. Caruso had made a success in various countries of Europe before coming to America in 1903, but it was his performance of the *Duke* at the Metropolitan on November 23d of that year which convinced opera-goers that the greatest of all tenors had arrived.

Caruso has made records *exclusively* for the Victor since 1903, and as the present contract with the tenor does not expire until 1933, the public is assured perfect reproductions of his voice for many years to come.

THE CARUSO RECORDS (*Sung in Italian unless otherwise noted*)

		No.	Size	
Africana—O Paradiso (Oh, Paradise!)	Meyerbeer	88054	12	$3.00
Agnus Dei—(Lamb of God) *In Latin*	Bizet	88425	12	3.00
Aida—Celeste Aida (Heavenly Aida)	Verdi	88127	12	3.00
Amor Mio (My Love) (Vocal Waltz)	Gaeta-Ricciardi	87176	10	2.00
Andrea Chenier—Un di all' azzurro spazio	Umberto Giordano	88060	12	3.00
Because *In French*	Teschemacher-d'Hardelot	87122	10	2.00
Bohême—Io non ho che una povera stanzetta	Leoncavallo	88335	12	3.00
Bohême—Racconto di Rodolfo (Rudolph's Narrative)	Puccini	88002	12	3.00
Bohême—Testa adorata (Adored One!)	Leoncavallo	88331	12	3.00
Canta pe' me (Neapolitan Song)	Bovio-de Curtis	87092	10	2.00
Carmen—Air de la fleur (Flower Song) *In French*	Bizet	88208	12	3.00
Carmen—Il fior che avevi a me (Flower Song)	Bizet	88209	12	3.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Addio alla madre (Turiddu's Farewell)	Mascagni	88458	12	3.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Brindisi (Drinking Song)	Mascagni	81062	10	2.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (Thy Lips Like Berries)	Mascagni	81030	10	2.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (*Harp accompaniment*)	Mascagni	87072	10	2.00
Chantique de Noël (Holy Night) ÷ (Christmas Song) *In French*	Adam	88561	12	3.00
Cid, Le—O souverain, ô juge, ô père! (Almighty Lord, Oh Judge, Oh Father) *In French*	Massenet	88554	12	3.00
Cielo Turchino (Neapolitan Song)	G. Capaldo-M S. Ciociano	87218	10	2.00
Core 'ngrato (Neapolitan Song)	Cordiferro-Cardillo	88334	12	3.00
Don Pasquale—Serenata—Com' e gentil (Soft Beams the Light)	Donizetti	85048	12	3.00
Don Sebastian—In terra solo (On Earth Alone)	Donizetti	88106	12	3.00
Dreams of Long Ago *In English*	Carroll-Caruso	88376	12	3.00
Duca D'Alba—Angelo casto e bel (Beauteous Angel)	Donizetti	88516	12	3.00
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear)	Donizetti	81027	10	2.00
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear) Act II	Donizetti	88339	12	3.00
Eternamente (For All Eternity)	Mazzoni-Mascheroni	88333	12	3.00
Faust—Salut demeure (All Hail, Thou Dwelling!) *In French*	Gounod	88003	12	3.00
Favorita—Spirto gentil (Spirit So Fair)	Donizetti	88004	12	3.00
Fenesta che lucive (The Shining Window) (Neapolitan Song)		88439	12	3.00
For You Alone *In English*	O'Reilly-Geehl	87070	10	2.00
Forza del Destino—O tu che in seno agl' angeli (Thou Heavenly One)		88207	12	3.00
Germania—Non chiuder gli occhi vaghi (Those Dreamy Eyes)	Franchetti	87054	10	2.00
Germania—Studenti, udite (Students, arise!)	Franchetti	87053	10	2.00

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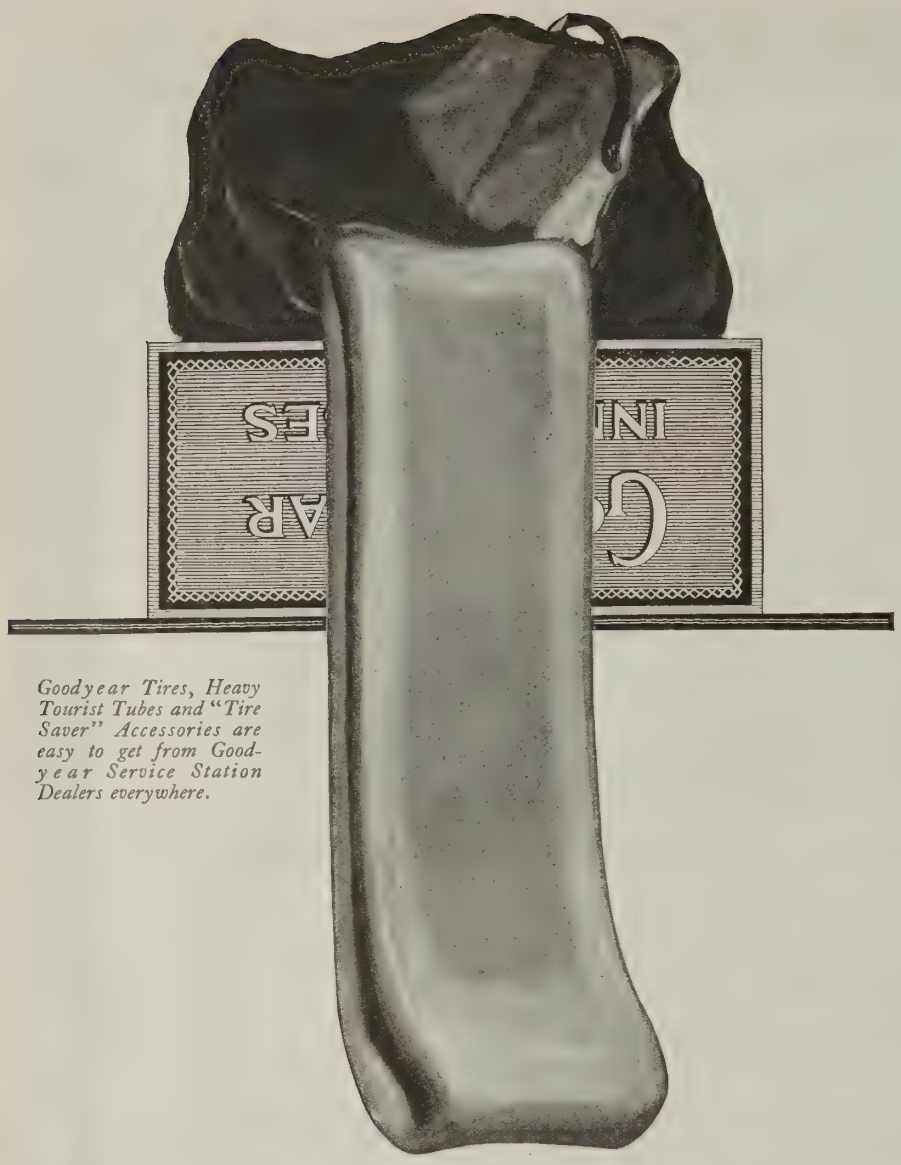

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

(Continued from Page 35)

complication. After all, only abnormal people hold the sex tie to be stronger than the personal tie; most of us have at least one person of the other sex who is dearer than opinion, or even principle.

Experience, British labor leaders tell me, has shown that, in a pinch, the women workers stand by their unions rather than their sex. This question has come up again and again in the past ten years, when employers tried to "dilute" certain trades by the introduction of low-paid women. It was found almost invariably that the women already employed in the trade resisted the innovation, along with the men.

"They don't think of it abstractly, as we do," said a woman labor leader. "They look at it in the light of some concrete case. Maggie says: 'Ere's Bill, my brother-in-law, gettin' his thirty shillings. What's poor Nellie goin' to do if they begin to put in girls at twenty bob and get him out of his job? Not if I have to starve!'"

The future of the feminine element in labor is, however, even more complex than that. The necessities of the times have given employment at fair wages to thousands and hundreds of thousands of women with no real technical or trade training—mere stop-gaps, doing the work as best they can, but doing it badly. They will not relinquish their jobs without a struggle; and on this point I can do no better than quote the general remarks of a woman who keeps a large stenographic and typewriting establishment in the city.

I had great difficulty in getting stenography and typewriting done in London. Once, wishing to have a manuscript manifolded for the military censor, I found that not a single agency would promise me the work in less than a week. Stenography has never been so distinctively a woman's occupation with the British as with us, and probably nine-tenths of the male shorthand writers have been mobilized.

"We daren't let girls go out of the office to do work," said the manager, "for fear people will steal them from us. We had eight or ten girls—good ones—at the beginning of the war. In the early days, when no one knew what was going to happen, we made up our minds that we'd all stand and fall together. We didn't lay off the girls or reduce their salaries. And I must say they've been very loyal—they've stayed, even when offered big wages to leave. We've advanced their wages as the labor rates went up; but they've never once struck for a raise."

Complex Labor Problems

"But when the great demand came we had to increase our force—take anyone we could get. A lot of girls, without much general education and with four or five months' hasty instruction in a business school, came in. Some of them will never make good, with all the education in the world—they haven't the brains. We do the best we can with them. We have a list of instructions that we make them learn by heart—mostly answers to the questions which people are likely to ask them.

"One of these girls goes out. She comes back with her notes, and tries to transcribe them. She makes a dreadful mess of the letter—badly punctuated, misspelled, long or unusual words all wrong—that sort of thing, you know. I take the copy, puzzle out the real meaning, correct the spelling and punctuation, and have it all retyped. When the customer sees this workmanlike letter and remembers how intelligently the girl answered the questions, he sends for her, as like as not, and offers her a job at once and a half her salary with us. I laugh when I think what happens when the girl tries to work on her own!

"These girls will go, after the war, of course. But they won't be contented to go. They won't see any reason why they shouldn't have employment at the old high wages. They'll have the vote, or most of them will, by that time; and you're going to see them marching down the Strand with banners, demanding that the government shall give them back their jobs."

Against this class must be put the hundreds of thousands of women who have made good and shown their ability to compete with men. Nevertheless, the incompetent woman will be a problem.

Complexities grow even more complex when you consider that the question of the land will enter into the reconstruction of England, as it entered into the Liberal program before the war. France, with a

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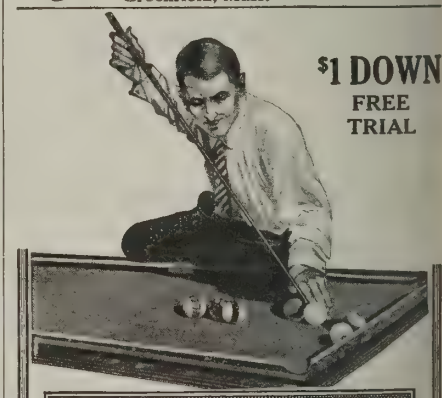

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The little matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder for 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 23d year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is at last. Send only 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send it on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in New Friends. Address

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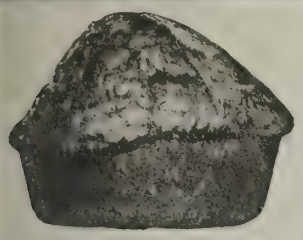

Health without drug-taking. If you need a natural, gentle laxative, just eat, each day, a delicious bran muffin made from

Pillsbury's Health Bran

The larger, cleaner, coarser bran flakes supply the right amount of roughage to accomplish the desired laxative effect. Then too—the Pillsbury recipe, printed on the Pillsbury package, produces a muffin that is really delicious! Don't doubt it—try it—forget medicine—use PILLSBURY'S HEALTH BRAN and bid good-bye to constipation.

Insist Upon Pillsbury's

Large Package 15c

(Except in far West)

If your grocer cannot supply you, send 25c for a full-sized package (the 10c additional is for wrapping and postage).

Department "S"

Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.
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The final perfection in hearing devices

The PORT-O-PHONE *For the* DEAF

At last there has been perfected a NEW hearing device—*not* "just another instrument for the deaf"—founded on absolutely *new* principles—as superior to other hearing appliances as the electric light is to the kerosene lamp. If you have tried *all* other devices and have not been helped—if you are thoroughly discouraged—then *you are the sort of person* who, in justice to yourself, should *try* the Port-O-Phone.

Write today for *your* copy of our intensely interesting

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which explains the many remarkable features of the Port-O-Phone; the FIVE YEAR *Guarantee;* the *easiest* pay-payment plan yet offered; and full details of our exceptional

15 Days' FREE TRIAL Offer

Our new Book explains that if at the end of 15 days *you* are not thoroughly *convinced* that the Port-O-Phone is the *most wonderful* instrument of its kind to be had—*superior* to *any* other hearing device—that it does *all* that we claim for it—it may be returned at *OUR expense.* We ask for no money in advance, nor do we obligate you to any promises. Could anything be fairer?

Give yourself a chance to hear—*write NOW* for the Port-O-Phone Book, a complete book on deafness; or, if you prefer not to wait, we will send the Port-O-Phone to you by return mail for 15 Days' Free Trial at your home. Treat yourself to a new experience.

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slightly smaller population than England, has four million landholdings. England has less than three hundred thousand. An undue amount of the best English land is in parks and unproductive. The men who tilled the soil of England are typically renters or day laborers; whereas the French farmer is typically a landed proprietor. That, if the advanced program goes through, must change also.

Heavy taxation, through a graduated income tax, which must keep up for a generation after the war, will in itself return much land to peasant ownership.

A certain rich and titled Englishman, strolling across his private hunting park to play golf on his private links, made a gesture that included the whole gentle landscape, and remarked in the casual tone with which your Briton advances his most tragic statements:

"I enjoy it while I may; my class won't have this sort of thing for long."

Even the lords of the land see a new era dawning.

And, as if this were not all complex enough, there remains another factor: The British are not all one people: they are two or three peoples. Norman and Anglo-Saxon have more or less mixed, and have learned how to get along together. But there is the "Celtic fringe," in Ireland and Scotland. Their ways and habits of thought are not English ways and habits—least of all in Ireland. What would suit the English will not suit them.

A New Order of Things

Yet England is approaching this problem with the same sturdy pluck with which she approached the problem of turning a peaceful nation, generally ignorant of military affairs, into a militant nation. "We'll muddle through somehow," they said in 1914, showing a kind of ingenuous pride in their own national faults that slightly irritated the friendly alien. "We'll muddle through somehow," they still say, but more apologetically. One who saw the ridiculous blundering of 1914 found it hard to believe that they could reach national efficiency in war.

Within two years they have achieved that miracle. In military affairs they muddle no more. That new British Army, raised for the most part by a volunteer effort which makes ours of the Civil War look slight—that army, trained, coördinated, instructed, purged of its old stupidities—stands as the future hope of the Entente, as the French was its past hope.

Whatever needs to be done they will probably do, after a series of those apoplectic rages that characterize British public affairs. If their new industrial state resembles Socialism—that word which used to make the Conservative shiver!—they will not condemn it for the name.

Only one thing will I venture in the way of prophecy: The system will not be German in spirit—there will be no Germanization of England. The Briton can be made to stand for discipline, for self-effacement as part of a machine, when that becomes really necessary; but he does not like it, as does the German. He is an individual; he prefers to give that individuality all possible play.

Now to illustrate the greater by means of the smaller: Everyone who knows factory management, and views it broadly, is acquainted with certain establishments that work well, return profits, give a due share to labor, under one or another of the modern systems of scientific management, wherein everything fits as in a complicated machine. Yet he knows of others which laugh at such systems, yet which profit just as much.

Probably there are as many roads to efficiency as there are ways to heaven or stars in the sky. The British will find their own way—one which gives their individuality its play and still yields results.

"Mailing Done In One-tenth the Time"

Read the Letter

"We have been using one of your addressing machines for the past three (3) years; the results are entirely satisfactory in every way. We find that we can address our mailing list in one-tenth the time that it formerly took. We have no trouble of any kind with the machine."

(Signed) Emanuel Blanc,
Distributer of Victor Talking Machine Company's Product,
2795–2799 Broadway,
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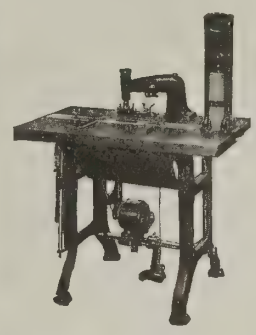

If you have a mailing list, large or small, be sure to read the letter shown at the left.

It shows how *you,* too, can reduce time and expense by using a DIREX-ALL for addressing, billing, listing, and all similar work now done by hand.

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With every DIREX-ALL goes our guarantee of time and money saved through its use. The DIREX-ALL does all that any other addressing machine will do—has advantages that no other has. It is the addressing machine with the typewriter ribbon principle, and one-piece metal plates.

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Whatever your business, whatever your line, whatever your location, write today for free book "Doing the Day's Work *Better.*" It shows the particular DIREX-ALL made for your use, and tells how it will save time and money for you—guaranteed!

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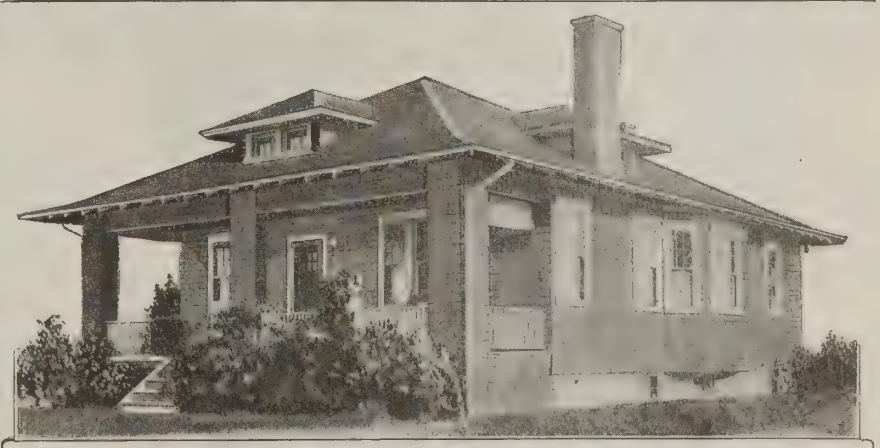

Only $1241

(Ready to Erect)

OUR famous Winsom. Sent all material cut—ready to put on the foundation. No wasteful sawing of lumber on the ground or in the carpenter shop. Nothing to pay for except what is actually used—a big saving on labor cost. Your carpenter can begin erecting the home at once. That's where you save time, also. You can be in your new home a month or two months sooner than by the old way of building. Get information. Send coupon below.

The Sterling System of Home Building

Saved $700

"I saved $700 over estimate of usual cost."—L. C. W., Penn.

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"Saved at least $450."—P. J. J., Penna.

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Find out about the Sterling Ready Cut System of home building. The modern way—the way that saves you money on material and on labor and saves your time. The system that gives you the best designs of the ablest architects without extra cost. Do not build until you see what a big saving you can make by the Sterling System. Compare the Sterling System which saws the material to exactness with automatic machines with the old handsaw method with all its mistakes (paid for by you). Get the facts. Then decide. We will gladly tell you all about this modern way of building. Let people who have bought Sterling homes tell you of the savings they made. (See testimonials in this ad. These names and others furnished on request.) Get this information without fail before you contract for a home. Also learn how we extend credit if you want it. Send the coupon now.

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Get our Book of Sterling Homes. A wonderful collection of designs. Taken from actual photographs. Also floor plans and specifications. Shows you just what you get in a Sterling home—and what you ought to get whatever way you build. Filled with valuable information. Gives you hundreds of suggestions, ideas and facts about home building. Send for it.

Write NOW! Don't delay on this. Even if you will not build until Spring, get this book and post yourself while you have leisure time to go into this matter. Be ready when the time comes to decide just what is best in design, arrangement and price. Mail the coupon and ten cents (to pay for postage and wrapping).

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I want all the information I can get on building, especially if it will save me money. Send your book "The Sterling System of Home Building." I enclose 10c for postage and wrapping.

*Name*_____

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For grown-ups and children

For new shoes—for new soles

As the Transcontinental Expres... is to the Old Prairie Schoone...

***THERE** are two travel methods. One is old. Once it was prized, but its day is done. There is another, and it is new. It was born in the living time—today—born of the necessities of today for the modern men and women who live today.*

There are two shoe-soles. One is of leather and is the product of an older time. It is not healthy for it is not waterproof; not foot-easy for it is not flexible; not economical for it will not wear.

There is another shoe-sole. It is not leather for it is the product of a generation that demands better than leather. It perfects every virtue leather has and possesses every virtue leather lacks.

That modern shoe-sole is called Neōlin—Neōlin, that scientific marvel balanced to a universal need.

★ ★ ★

Does *your* shoe-leather meet the problem of wear?

Neōlin has met it—yielding grim, invincible wear which has revolutionized men's conceptions of what sole-wear means.

Does your sole-leather meet the problem of foot comfort?

So is Neōlin to the Leather Sole

Neōlin has met it with a flexibility that captains buoyancy and is soothing as chamois or the touch of a well-worn glove.

Does your shoe-leather meet the problem of foot health?

Neōlin has met it with a waterproof, snug-foot tread, secure against wet as a cocoon and winter-proof as waterproof.

But how can any material be all these things, you ask, and yet light and ground-gripping and fitting even for the highest grades of shoes?

Modern science has given Neōlin all these qualities—has given it *every* quality you can ask of a sole. And it is always the same on any price of shoe, whether for man, woman or child.

Ask for Neōlin with the accent on the "O." Ask for Neōlin of your dealer, who should have it, or will next time if you tell him you *must* have Neōlin. Also have it soled on old shoes in black, tan or white—it costs no more. And to avoid imitations—*mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

—the trade symbol for a changeless quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Lemons are Economical

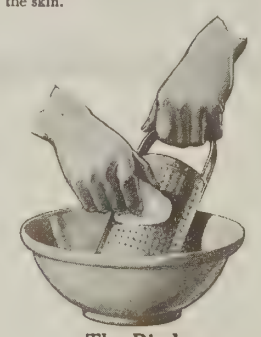
Every Part of a Sunkist Lemon has Scores of Valuable Uses. Learn What Lemons Do—See What They Save

The Meat

of the lemon in slices or quarters makes hot tea more delicious and healthful. It is also an attractive garnish for meats, game and fish.

The Juice

of the lemon is an important ingredient in scores of dainty recipes. It is an excellent cleaner of pots and pans, glass, brass and silverware. Lemon juice and milk generously applied to ink stains on white goods will remove the stains completely. And lemon juice whitens and softens the skin.



The Rind

Use the rind of the lemon in making sauces and lemon catsup to serve with fish. Try delicious candied lemon peel. Also use the grated rind in lemon pie.

We are issuing an interesting illustrated booklet which tells how lemons lighten the labors of housekeeping, and we are sending copies without charge to those who answer this announcement. The book contains recipes for charming lemon dishes as well as labor-saving ideas.

Thousands of housewives, who have already received these booklets, now know new ways of short-cutting old methods and reducing household expense. They have found lemons to be the most economical as well as the most useful fruit.

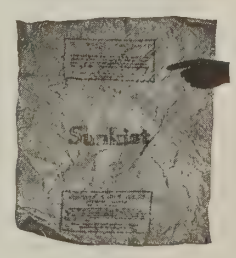
Every housewife should learn all the facts about lemons. Just say "send your book," on a postal card, giving your name and address — also the name and address of your dealer.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

Lemons are healthful. Sunkist Lemons are juicy, tart and practically seedless. They are mechanically washed until bright and waxy and are sent to your dealer in clean, crisp tissue wrappers.

Sunkist come in several different sizes at the same prices asked for ordinary lemons. Write today for the Sunkist Lemon booklet.



Even The Wrapper

in which Sunkist Lemons are sold is valuable because of the recipe printed thereon. Ask your dealer to send your Sunkist Lemons *wrapped*. The Sunkist wrapper is an assurance of receiving uniformly good lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Co-operative, Non-Profit Organization of 8,000 Growers
Dept. M 46 Los Angeles, California

"Lemons for Usefulness"

THE SPENDTHRIFT INVASION

(Continued from Page 4)

ridiculous for anyone even to consider entering most of the cabarets this winter without leaving all thought of expense behind. Only a flushed carnival crowd that had cast away every consideration but a good time would permit the imposition which the horde in the metropolis accepts with a careless grin.

Practically all of the big cabarets now levy in one form or another an admission fee. These charges vary from seventy-five cents to two dollars. In some cases the sum is paid at the door; in others it is merely added to the patron's check. Thus two men and a woman, upon entering one of these places upon an evening not long since, were led to a table by the head waiter. The party all ordered horse's necks—ginger ale and lemon peel. Not a word was said about the "cover" charge, as it is termed. The check in due course came and it was precisely seven-fifty—two dollars per person to start with and fifty cents apiece for the drinks. The guests inquired if the cover fee would be omitted in case food or wine had been ordered.

"No," replied the head waiter, "not if your check were a hundred dollars."

But the admission fees are only the beginnings. Once within any of the great cabarets of New York, one encounters a scale of prices which only a demand vastly exceeding supply could make possible. For example, eggs, which in various forms have become the almost universal supper dish of the city, are invariably at least a dollar a portion, and a portion is never served for more than one. Cocktails range from twenty-five to forty cents, champagne from six-fifty to seven-fifty a bottle. Rolls and butter are commonly twenty-five cents a person and small cups of black coffee a quarter each. There are plenty of fat purses to stand this sort of thing, and the cabarets can this season successfully take the position that those who object to their charges may stay away.

One marvels not so much that the public accepts cheerfully the unprecedented prices, but that it unmurmuringly puts up with some of the palpable tricks of the night-life conductors to extract in addition other forms of toll. There is one establishment, enormously patronized, which early in the season hit upon an expedient which has brought a rich return. This establishment is conducted upon two different floors. Upon the lower floor is a sort of combination lounge and supper room; upon the upper floor the dancing takes place. Shortly before eleven in the evening the lower floor is thrown open; the upper floor remains rigidly closed until the stroke of twelve.

The Check-Room Nuisance

At a little after eleven the theaters are out and the lower room begins to fill with people awaiting midnight; and during the forty-five minutes or an hour before the opening of the upper room the management assures itself a very tidy extra profit by a cover charge of seventy-five cents a person unless food, at the usual extravagant rates, is ordered. If one does have supper there in the lower room before midnight, it is only a preliminary to the real supper festivities of the night, which will come between two and four o'clock above. If one remembers the fact that stomachs are not indestructible, here is an entirely typical New York tax upon prudence.

The check-room nuisance manifests itself more flagrantly than ever. The dodge of separate coatrooms or ladies' room for everyone in the party has been resorted to everywhere and amounts to nothing more nor less than an added admission fee of twenty-five cents per person; for you will be made to feel that you do not belong if your tip, upon presentation of the individual check you have received, is not a quarter at the minimum. Then, too, there is that threadbare old device of the flower girl, who with her best smile brazenly plants a *boutonnière* on a man's coat lapel and holds out a cluster of two or three roses to the woman he has with him. The trick, when it works, generally brings two or three dollars. However, such is the spirit of New York's stranger horde that the very establishments which are the boldest in their extortions are also the ones to which the vast nightly throngs most eagerly flock. Thousands of close-fisted business men who have never paid a grocer's bill without adding it twice seem in a mad rush to offer themselves victims to various forms of the bi city's cupidity.

The practice of tipping head waiters an captains in addition to the ordinary waite has, like everything else, also run riot thi year. Again it is the stranger who is pri marily responsible. Not being known, h ingratiates himself at the plush ropes with bill. It has grown so that head waiters an captains expect solid tips as a matter c course. They do not maneuver for them a they used to, because it is unnecessary to d so. All that they have to do is to stand stil smirk, and let their bank accounts grow There is not so much of the sensationa tipping as there once was. Hundred-dolla bills are not slipped often any more, bu there is an almost unbroken flow of five tens and twenties. Far more people tha formerly tip, but they tip more modestly The other night a head waiter, standing b the door of a cabaret, bowed out ten parties something passed into his palm from som one member of six of them. It is a practica certainty that in not one instance was tha something less than five dollars.

Yellow-Backed Tips Preferred

There is a tipping story current in Ne York this year which concerns a gentlema and a checkroom boy. The man, who ha greeted his share of tardy sunrises this sea son in cabarets, had completed one pa ticular evening's festivities, and flushed wit wine, prosperity and dancing, discovered upon presenting his hat and coat check that he had nothing left in his clothes sav some large bills.

"Boy," he said to the attendant—wh really was not a boy at all but a thoroughl astute young business man with a wife several children and a small car of his ow up somewhere in the Bronx—"I'm short i change to-night. But never mind, I tell yo what you do: Buy ——" And he whispered the name of a copper stock. Any number o those nimble youths who ease luxurious in dividuals out of and into overcoats can sli into the market at any time with four o five thousand dollars. This one could He plunged, and the proceeds of the happ accident of the missing quarter or half do lar, or whatever it might have been, wer sufficient to set the young man up in business on his own account.

Of course stock-market tips are no ne form of compensating head waiters, waiters and the like. There was a time when nearl one guest in ten had some bit of confiden tial information that he was willing to im part to his favorites among those who serve him. There are many such now; but, ger erally speaking, speculative advice in lieu c cash is at a discount among the shrewdes employees of hotels and restaurants. I the past too many "good things" have gon astray for the canny servitors to gambl their takings on every hint that is offere on how to make a fortune. As a class the now prefer a yellowback every time, and as has been observed, expect to get it, whic adds to the general expense of the gay lif in New York.

But it is not alone in the charges of res taurants and cabarets that the roisterin thousands have raised havoc. Theate tickets, for example, have become a pro hibitive luxury for the average man, and i New York may cost almost anything thi winter. Upon one occasion, after the sea son had got well under way, an attemp was made on a Friday to buy orchestr seats for the next Saturday night for an one of the ten best-drawing attractions i the city. To begin with, it seemed that a tickets had got into the hands of specula tors; also that the speculators had alread disposed of the bulk of their supplies; and thirdly, that such left-over, none-too-goo seats as they still had could not be obtaine for less than fifteen dollars apiece. Ther was a particular rush at the time this at tempt was made; but, nevertheless, unde conditions normal to this year the goo seats for successful productions cannot pre vailingly be secured for less than five dollar apiece, and the best seats are usually hal as much again, mounting higher toward th end of any week.

What it all comes to is that people fro all over America have this winter swarme to New York in such numbers, with such fat purses and so bent upon pleasure, tha a not inordinate evening—an evening i

vich little, or perhaps no, wine is pur-ased—now means an expenditure for t-ee or four persons of from fifty to a hun-d-d dollars, and night after night thousands o-persons are spending such sums and more f- their gayeties. However, it is not these pple, composing the affluent army of in-vion, who are doing, except in the ag-ggate, the sensational disbursing of the nter. As always, the excesses of individ-u extravagance are committed, not by a g-at mass made carefree and jubilant by g-eral prosperity, but for the most part by t-t group, relatively small, to which boom t-es have brought large, sudden wealth. S-emingly there has never been so great a c-ntingent of overnight millionaires as there -s now and, exploring round the city, one g-hers many tales of their feats of spending.

One man, a munitions millionaire who h-d come to the city for the winter, became h-ed with the congested conditions of his h-tel and decided that he would fit himself -t a city apartment. Accordingly he se-c-ed one at an annual rental of eighteen t-usand dollars, and then proceeded to s-nd eighteen thousand more in having t- interior woodwork altered to suit his t-te. The changes which he made, such as t- erecting of a carved mantelpiece, all b-came a part of the building, and hence i-provements to which he could have no c-im at the expiration of the lease.

A fond mother from the Middle West, w-ose husband not many years ago wore c-eralls but whose income has recently be-c-me troublesomely large, arrived in the c-y to do her fall shopping for three small c-ildren. Among what she conceived to be t-ir requirements was an outfit of linen for e-ch. She visited one of the smart linen sh-ps on Fifth Avenue, and in a single after-n-on her purchases of linen for her three c-ildren amounted to more than seventeen t-usand dollars. Each child was equipped w-th bibs that cost twenty-five dollars a p-iece. Whether or not that is extravagance is a question which everyone may settle in-d-vidually. The man's income is computed a- one hundred thousand dollars a week, a-d, incidentally, you would not recognize h-s name if it were given.

Early in the season a music hall, built u-on a new scale of magnificence and repre-s-nting a huge investment, was opened. T-e initial performance was a big event to a certain class. Speculators got hold of m-ny of the best seats and played them v-ry close to the chest until the first night w-s almost upon them. A new munitions m-llionaire, whose evident ambition is to b-come a Broadway figure, arrived in the c-y only the day before the première. There w-s nothing to it but that he and a party o- friends must witness the next evening's p-oduction, and he started upon a hunt for s- seats "down front." He finally secured t-em at one hundred dollars apiece.

A Simple Way to Shop

Last year those incredibly rich South Americans, who before the war had always made an annual pilgrimage for several months to Paris, became a definite factor in New York life. Added to this group there are this year a large number of Cubans who have grown fabulously rich through the rise in price of sugar. Like the South Americans, they arrive with their wives and relatives and troops of children and nurses and maids, hire vast suites at a hundred dollars a day, buy automobiles for use during the period of their visits, and roam the shops, buying prodigious sums for enormous quantities of everything that takes their eyes.

The manager of one of the city's Babylonian ten-million-dollar hotels told of a woman who had set a new high point for that particular establishment in the matter of credits. She had come on from the West to do a week's shopping. The management had had her as a guest before and had known her for some years as a trustworthy person of moderate means but not of conspicuous wealth. The day after her arrival bills to the amount of a thousand dollars for C.O.D. purchases by the woman were presented at the cashier's desk. The woman had made no deposit and had not requested the management to make payments for her. Nevertheless, the bills were met.

Upon the following day goods to the value of several thousand dollars more were delivered. Although it was an unusual proceeding, the hotel believed that the guest realized what she was doing, and paid. The third day brought another heavy consignment, and there began to be anxiety. Meanwhile the woman was going about her affairs in the most ordinary manner, apparently entirely unconscious that some sort of explanation might be in order. The third lot was paid for, but when a fourth lot arrived the manager began telegraphing West for information. Word came back that the woman's husband was practically unlimitedly good, that during the last year he had become many times a millionaire, and that there was no reason why the guest should not have all the credit she wanted. Before her departure the hotel had paid for C.O.D. packages to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars.

As a simple matter of course and convenience the woman had adopted that method of doing her shopping.

The present writer was in the office of another manager when the telephone rang.

"Yes—yes, sir," said the manager over the wire, and there was a pause until: "Sixteen covers, you say, for dinner, and a quart of champagne at each place when the party arrives. Very good, sir."

The manager hung up his receiver, and after he had scribbled a memorandum turned about with a smile.

"The man who gave that order," he said, "is a broker. Three years ago he was so hard up that he got a job here in the city as a professional cabaret dancer. He kept himself alive in that way until the market came back. He's making up for lost time now. That champagne he's having served is seven-fifty a quart, and it's not unlikely that there'll be another sixteen bottles opened before the dinner's over."

What Can a Poor New Yorker Do?

There is any amount of that kind of thing going on in New York this winter; but, nevertheless, it is not the man or woman gone mad with sudden riches, but the stupendous crowd, drunk with prosperity, that is giving the city its present essential character. And this crowd has done much more than make the night life more riotous and costly than it has ever been. It has given the shops the heaviest season that they have ever had; it has forced upon the town, to the exclusion of many legitimate plays, an unparalleled number of musical comedies of the kind that are rarely seen in the smaller cities—gigantic productions, with marvelous processions of scantily clad choruses, and comedians and dancers without count; it has impelled a sudden rush of capital into the hotel business so that New York will have next year, among other new hotel structures, a fifteen-million-dollar, thousand-room hostelry. But most of all, this crowd has made the New York spectacle of this winter possible.

New York, in its glitter and noise and movement, is more a spectacle than it has ever been. No one picture can sum it up or adequately epitomize the spirit of the town.

None of the episodes related penetrates to the gist of the matter. Somehow it seems that, if one is in search of true significances, there is nothing more noteworthy than a picture of what the evening of the average, every-day New Yorker has come to be. By the average New Yorker is meant the man who would be affluent, even rich, in any other community in the world. Where is he while this mad, riotous, moneyed whirl is in progress all about him? Jostled to one side by the crowds, left gasping by the cost of town pleasure conducted upon a spend-thrift carnival scale, he has been reduced to that for which he has long chided his provincial cousin.

The rest of America has seized New York. It is theirs and they are turning it to their own uses, and the proud resident of the metropolis is the real stranger in the strange land.

He no longer either dares or has a chance to approach his own fleshpots. And so take as a final picture the ordinary New Yorker, the gay, ever-diverted person whom he has so long boasted of being, and observe him at nine o'clock of any evening stretch himself, yawn and creep to bed. That's what the invasion has done to him.

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Means MB Best

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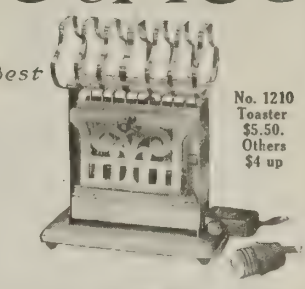

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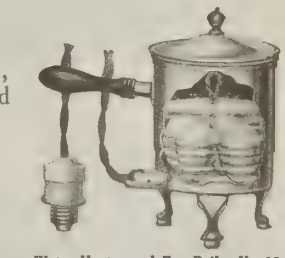

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BLUEBIRD PHOTO-PLAYS

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She had a secret recipe—the envy of all the mammy cooks on near and far plantations.

Today not only her recipe is yours—but the *complete* flour, ready-mixed.

You have nothing to add but water—nothing to do but bake!

No fuss, no bother, no depending on cook's luck—but perfect batter made in a minute.

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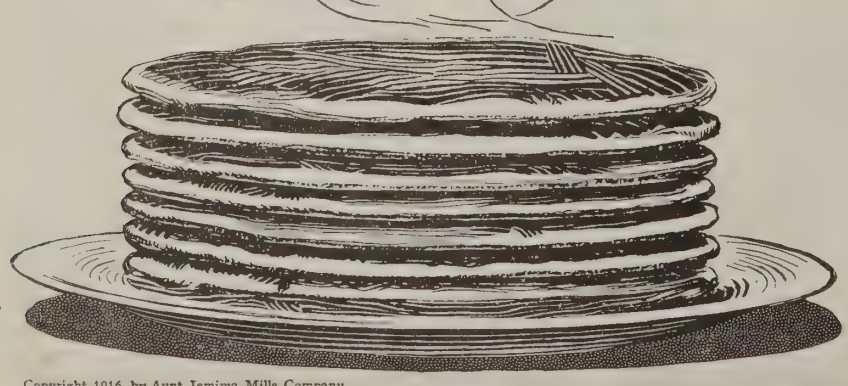

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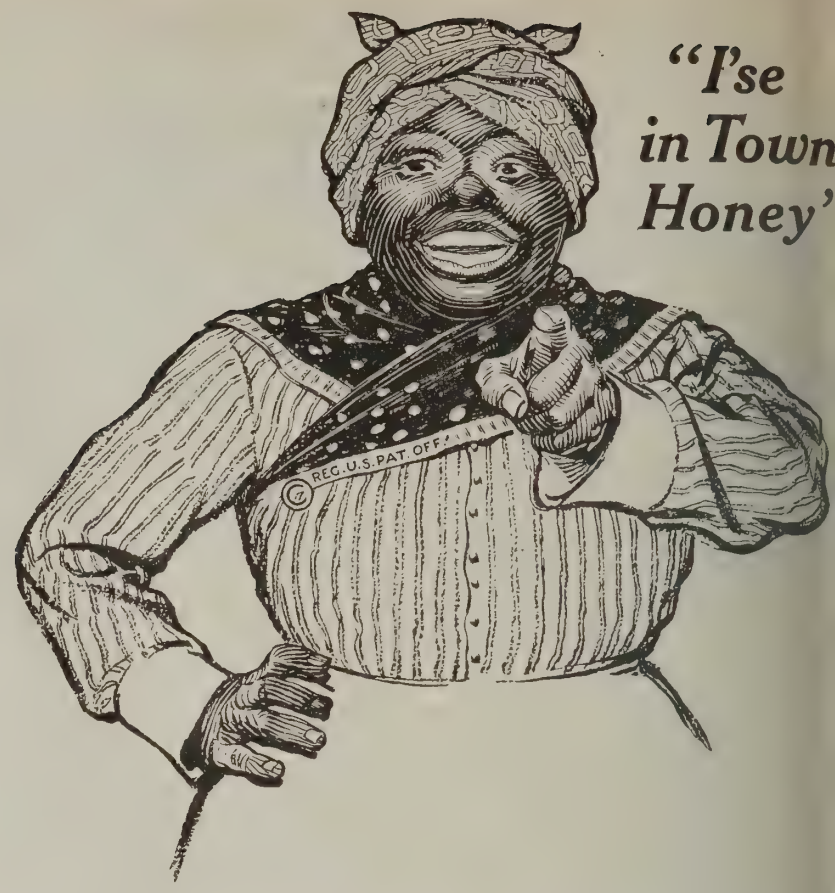

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WARD EIGHTY-THREE

(Continued from Page 15)

'Don't stop to do him now," said Miss Fnsome, approaching the bed. "He's jıt been brought in and is going up for opc tion. You can make his bed while he is aay. Look at those feet!" she exclaimed, pnting.

. looked. Beneath the caked and dried bod from his wounds the mud of the Snme was ground into his skin until it was bckened as if from powder.

'Some of them are worse than that!" d she. "Last week there came in to us a lile *poilu*, straight from the first-line tnches of Verdun. How long he had been hout a wash even he himself did not w. The doctor gave one long-range ff and said hastily: 'Send him to the hs!' It seemed, however, that he was acquainted with baths—at least not in t 'all-together' and in an American bathto; for the attendants said that he fought le a wild cat—and when he came back he vs crying! He had faced the cannon at rdun; he had been smashed to pieces by shell, and had his leg cut off up to his tgh with only a local anæsthetic without fiching; but he wept with fear at sight can American bath and demanded to be at back to the trenches!"

The bedmaking went on, somewhat raggily to be sure, for on those first days I s obsessed by an absurd and fantastic fr that sometime when I pulled away t drawsheet I should pull away also a ringled leg upon it. There was one bed, wever, which I grew to enjoy making, d that was the bed of Grandpère—fat, cty, profane, cross-grained, whimsical old andpère. He was notorious in the ward a grouch. Claudius declared that he had len jilted in love and had had the "black tterflies" ever since. He was what is own as an endless-chain smoker. He hted one cigarette from the end of anher and kept going the entire day through, th the result that his *chemise* front was ways full of little burnt holes and powred thick with ashes.

Nor was his bed much better. One swept t of it each morning aluminum filings, unks of bread, apple parings, handkeriefs, books, nutshells, letters, as well as numerable little pillows and pads with ich Grandpère combated the hated "curnts of air" from the open windows. The ct was, he got no peace day or night from badly infected leg, and sometimes he was rd driven for diversion.

randpa and the Old Machine Gun

Between him and a certain substitute rse in the ward there existed a violent d mutual antipathy. She was an excelnt nurse professionally, but hard, brusque manner, and without a single word of rench to build a bridge of sympathy beveen herself and her patients, among whom e was known as the old *mitrailleuse*. etween her and Grandpère was waged a rce battle each morning over the making his bed. She lectured him roundly in nglish for his untidiness, and Grandpère torted volubly in French, with a vocabury that would have enchanted a cowuncher. She was displeased with the state his *chemises*, and Grandpère was highly ispleased with her displeasure.

"What is she saying, the old *mitrailuse?*" he would whisper to me, his little ay eyes gleaming with mischievous humor. Why has she always the great anger?"

"She says you smoke too much—that our bed is full of trash."

"But, *mon Dieu*, that is my sole disaction! And what else?"

"She says you burn holes in your *chemise* nd that it is always covered with ashes."

"But—my word!—does she know nothg, then, of the laws of Nature—the old nglaise!—that ashes always tumble downard, not upward; and that fire always urns? Can I make the ashes go upward to the air? I am not God. I am only a renchman."

An hour later he would beckon me seretly over to his side, point to a fresh perration of his *chemise*, a fresh sprinkling f ashes, and whisper gleefully:

"Tell the old *mitrailleuse* to come and weep me out again!"

He enjoyed the encounters! And as they ere, indeed, his sole distraction through eary days, I sometimes humored him.

The dressings, meantime, continued, with their unceasing accompaniment of groans and cries of "*Doucement!*" A young surgeon told me that *doucement* was the first French word he acquired; and undeniably it is the word oftenest heard during the dressings period. This does not signify that the patients are, as a rule, given to outcry. On the contrary, these young Frenchmen endure the intensest pain with a kind of smiling white fortitude that brings a furtive tear to the eye.

Let me take, for example, the demeanors of the three whose beds are on a little sleeping porch on the terrace—Claudius, François, Emile. Their being on the terrace carries its own significant hint of special weakness. Of these three, Claudius, when under extreme stress, shuts tightly his one eye, thrusts his knuckles into his mouth and bites them until they bleed. If the pain has shaken him unendurably, when the doctor and the nurses depart he puts a pillow over his face and weeps into it silently.

François, on the other hand, an idyllically handsome aristocratic youth of twenty-one, with a smashed arm and leg, takes an opposite course. He looks his pain squarely in the face, as if it were an adversary, with an assumption of nonchalant scorn. Under a particularly painful dressing or probe his eyes grow steely and narrow, while his lips under the little golden mustache begin to smile sternly. As the pain increases, that smile becomes more distinct, more contemptuous and challenging. I have a notion that secretly François loves pain for the opportunity it affords him to test the fine unblunted steel of his young courage.

French Views of Germans

Emile, a Breton lad of twenty-two, with a ball through his lungs, has a different reaction. He hoists himself painfully up in bed, stares out upon the garden with his mystical blue eyes, coughs, winces; and at the end he lays himself down again, gasping, and says gently, "Sank you, mees!" That is all, a soft "Sank you, mees!" spoken in English to please me! Of those three reactions Emile's is the hardest to bear.

In lively contrast to these is the conduct of Grandpère. Grandpère no longer has any romantic illusions to sustain, no youthful reticences. The first article in his creed is that if you suffer pain you should yell. If it makes you feel better, begin to yell beforehand. And curse! Use all the powers of protest the good God has given you. Accordingly from the first to the last moment of a dressing he lets himself out, so to speak, and the entire ward chuckles over his choice list of epithets.

But, despite the amount of concentrated pain that it holds, the big airy ward is much more a place of laughter than of depression and gloom. When the dressings are finished, and the aftermath of painful throbbing has died down, the natural life and vivacity of fifty Frenchmen reassert themselves. They banter and chaff each other and discuss every discussible or undiscussible subject under the sun. Naturally the present struggle comes in for the lion's share of debate; nor is the feeling concerning it by any means unanimous. In that small bedfast community are ardent imperialists, conservatives, radicals, syndicalists and philosophic anarchists; and each one of them takes a hack at the great conflict from his own angle of vision. Nor have they within them the hate for the German that seems to animate some of the spectators on the side lines. At any rate he is not a monster; in fact, one was forced to believe from their many stories of good will that the average German was really almost human!

"What do you think of the Germans?" a young soldier asked me suddenly one day as I was taking his temperature.

"Their methods, you mean? I thought there were no two opinions on that."

"Very well!" he retorted. "Then you take the French side and I'll take the German side, and we'll discuss the subject. Begin, if you please."

"No; you begin!" I said, rather curious to hear what a wounded Frenchman would have to say in defense of his foe.

He talked for ten minutes, brilliantly, earnestly, caustically, holding the thermometer like a cigarette in one corner of his mouth; and at the end of that time he had proved not indeed that the Germans were right, but that war itself was so intrinsically degrading and hellish—despite what

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romanticists might say to the contrary of its elevating spiritual effect on the soul—that it exerted a debasing influence on whoever engaged in it, be he German, French, English, Russian or American.

"War is a rotten business for the individual," he wound up soberly. "And don't let them sidetrack you by saying it's the Germans. They're not monsters. It's war itself that's the monster. It's a bad microbe. A mean little soul it poisons, and a big soul it poisons also. The physical wounds—like this," he touched his bandaged shoulder—"you can see. The wounds on the soul are invisible. But, believe me, they exist just the same, and are even more ghastly. I know!" And he handed back the thermometer with a smile.

The real word-battles, however, take place between themselves. Sometimes an argument lasts for weeks, and they have a go at it every fine afternoon, wrestling with each other like the conversational experts they are. Sometimes it is only a brief but hot dispute. It was one of the latter that took place about a month after my arrival, between François and Claudius. That particular afternoon a concert was impending. It was to be given in the garden by a crack Belgian military band, and programs had just been handed round.

Claudius looked over his card and I saw his expressive face darken.

"The Marseillaise isn't down!" he exclaimed. "If they haven't the courtesy to play the French national air to wounded French soldiers in a French military hospital, I, for one, shall not listen to their old concert. I shall sleep!"

Saying which, he scornfully tossed the program over into the garden and composed himself for slumber. But François, who was feeling gay that day, could not permit such a remark to pass.

"I don't think so highly of that Marseillaise!" he remarked languidly, but with the light of battle in his eyes. "It's not a good song. On the contrary, it's a very bad song."

Claudius' one eye popped wide open. He fairly leaped into the combat.

"What!" he exclaimed, flushing with anger. "You say the Marseillaise is not a good song? You say this is not good?" And, propping himself up on one elbow, his eye still blazing, he chanted the immortal battle cry:

"'Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Marchons!
Qu'un sang impur,
Abreuve nos sillons.'

"*Voilà!*" cried Claudius, his voice shaky with emotion. "You dare to say that is not a good song?"

"Ah, the music's all right," admitted François loftily. "It's the words."

"And what's the matter with the words? Why aren't they good?"

"Why?" said François coolly. "Because they incite to carnage! '*Formez vos bataillons!*' But what for? To kill somebody! No, no; such words are not good."

The irrefutable logic of this, Claudius chose to ignore.

"You are not a true Frenchman," he declared scornfully.

The Admirable Clarice

François began to smile—the cold distinct smile of the dressings hour. He glanced round for a weapon. A cup of wine stood on his bedside table. His fingers closed round it.

"Say that again!" he remarked pleasantly.

Claudius' hand had likewise gripped his wineglass. Of the two he was much more passionate. He glared hardily and began:

"You're not a ——"

The head nurse appeared opportunely on the threshold.

"François," she said severely, "you know you mustn't drink that wine when you're going up for operation!"

François looked at the nurse, at me, at the wine in his cup, and from thence to Claudius, who by now was grinning broadly.

"I wasn't going to drink it," he observed mildly. "I was going to give it to the *camarade*, there!"

And he proffered it gravely to Claudius, who drank it down with equal politeness; then suddenly both of them tumbled back on their pillows and went off into boyish little yips of laughter under the startled eyes of the nurse. And, to finish off the episode, the Belgian band really played the Marseillaise after all.

The first few weeks I was in the ward w were enlivened each morning by the pe formance of Clarice. Clarice was a he and every day, at precisely ten o'clock, sh laid an egg. It happened in this wa There was a young one-armed soldier, a opera singer before the war, who, for th amusement of his companions, would l upon his bed and with his voice conjure a the animals of the farmyard into lively e istence. The deep growl of the watchdo the grunting of a pig, the whickering horses down in the meadow, the lordly cro of the cock, the busy cackling of the hen he reproduced them all with startling rea ism. The hen, in particular, he loved delineate.

The sound would start suddenly und one of the hospital beds—the low Tuc tuck, tuck-a-tuck! of a hen talking soft to herself as she scratched in the hay.

"Sh! It's Clarice! She's going to lay a egg!" somebody would cry; and all th ward held its breath during the operatio

After a period of soft clucking—Tuc tuck, tuck-tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck! which Clarice required to dispose herse suitably and discreetly upon her nest, profound silence ensued. Clarice was la ing her egg! The men lay perfectly sti smiling expectantly, glancing now an again at the clock. The hush was absolut It was Clarice's moment.

Presently a loud, triumphant cack issued forth: Tuck-tuck, tuck-a-tuck, tuc tuck, tuck-a-tuck! The egg was an accon plished fact. And Clarice, her proud du done, flew straight to her lord and maste who added his crow of patronizing approb tion. The illusion of the performance w perfect, and little Clarice was a source great delight to the men, who built rou her all sorts of romances.

"That's our little Clarice!" Emile e plained to me the first time I heard he "But she is admirable, that Clarice! S lays an egg each morning; and we give it a sick *camarade* for his *déjeuner!*"

When the Post Arrives

By the time the beds are made, cle bandages adjusted, vacant beds disinfecte the individual tables scrubbed and h drinks fetched from the diet kitchen, t day is well under way. The dressing meantime, proceed steadily down the war Sometimes, after a new offensive, when t big war hospital has received a fresh infl of the wounded, and every bed contains battered wreck, these dressings fill the e tire morning and continue straight throu the afternoon.

Those are trying days for heart and he and feet. Through all the hours the bu stream of traffic flows constantly throu this, the heaviest ward. There are m going up to operations on stretchers; m coming down from operations, unconsciou on stretchers; men being discharged, wi their meager little sack of possessions, al on stretchers. Good-bys are shouted "*Bon voyage!*" "All aboard!" "*En v ture!*" Or the orderly enters with a bat of letters—letters from home.

"Simondon!" he bawls cheerily.

"Present!"

"Girod!"

"Present!"

"Coussin!"

"Discharged!" a voice volunteers.

"Morel! . . . Morel! . . . Morel!"

"Give me that letter," says the he nurse quietly, for Morel cannot receive Morel is dead.

At about half past ten, when the ward in fair order, and the *blessés* under th fresh linen look like rows of good childr in bed, the *médecin chef*, or chief surgeo makes his rounds. As he approaches a b its occupant salutes, and then listens wi intense concentration to the strange En lish jargon of the ward doctor, who is ma ing his daily report. Perhaps he catch the word "operation"—which every soldi knows. After the surgeon has passed beckons and whispers eagerly:

"What did he say? What did the *méd cin chef* say? Operation?"

I nod.

"Only a little one. But no lunch to-da No good *pinard!*"

Pinard is the trench slang for wine, co responding to the English "booze." Th word, upon my lips, will nearly bring a laug from a *poilu*. But no laugh greets me th time. He sinks back upon his pillow, little white and very quiet. The day h suddenly lost its color for him.

(Concluded on Page 48)

A GOOD PERFORMING CAR

That quickly describes the Chalmers. It accelerates with a speed that surprises. It runs smoothly way down at 3 miles and maintains the "velvety action" at 50 miles an hour. Gears shift with the slightest effort. It steers simply. The front wheels cling to the crown of the road. The rear are right down on the ground. There is no sway and it drives with the directness of an arrow. Why? Because the Chalmers is a sound automobile, sound in design and sound in construction.

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SEAMLESS

Aluminum Bread Pans

In 1 quart of water dissolve 2 cakes compressed yeast, 2 tablespoons salt and 2 of sugar. Stir in sifted flour (about 3 qts.) until a stiff dough is formed. Add 2 tablespoons lard and knead dough, adding a little flour from time to time, until smooth and elastic. Cover and set in a warm place for two hours or until light. Form dough into loaves, place in "Wear-Ever" bread pans and let rise again until light. Brush lightly with milk and place in oven.

"Wear-Ever" Bread Pans take the heat quickly and hold it so that your bread will be baked evenly and thoroughly all the way through—delicious, crusty, whole loaves that the entire family will enjoy.

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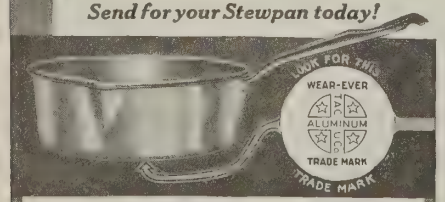

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(Concluded from Page 46)

After the great *médecin chef*—or God, as he is irreverently termed in the ward—has departed, with his halo of dread, *déjeuner* is the next important feature of the day. Serving a community of fifty a three-course meal—soup, meat and vegetables, and dessert—is a man-size proposition. Serving it on bed tables, often cutting up the food and feeding the armless patients, further complicates the task. The first day I completely lost my head. My clamorous young brood, nine of whom were under twenty-two, reminded me of nothing so much as a nestful of yawping baby robins waiting to be fed.

It was: "Look out for my leg, mees!" "More bread, mees!" "My *serviette*, mees!" "Have you forgotten me, mees?" "My God, my soup's tipped into my bed! I'm afloat, mees!" And all in a rapid bubble of French that made my head spin. At last, in sheer desperation, I addressed them in the American language: "You darned kids—shut up!" As was usual in those first days, it was old Justin who came to my aid and disentangled me.

The patients' *déjeuner* over, the *auxiliaires* have three-quarters of an hour off for their own, which they may get at the hospital or at some of the neighboring *pâtisseries*. As for me, that first day I choked down a few mouthfuls and then retired to the *vestiaire* to rest my feet.

The afternoon was cut off the same piece of cloth as the morning—more beds, more dressings, more bandages, more high shrill cries, more gayety and laughter. But about four o'clock in the afternoon something began to happen. It began to happen in bed Number Ten. Its occupant, a handsome dark lad of eighteen, had a gangrenous arm, the sight of which, with its deep gashes to let out the poison, turned one faint with horror. All the morning, at intervals, I had held a basin while he retched, or fetched hot-water bottles.

About four o'clock he began to babble of his mother, his brothers and sisters, and his home in the country. He laughed, chatted, cried out "*Maman!*" repeatedly, and tried to rise to go to her. Presently it was found necessary to strap his supple, strong young body to the mattress. At this time I had not the faintest notion that he was already in the antechamber of death, so alive he was, so palpitant with restless energy.

Suddenly he lay still. I had turned to get another hot-water bottle. "Never mind!" said the nurse, and at some quality in her voice I paused, startled, and looked again. He was gone. His passing had been as light and unpretentious as a breath of air through the open window.

After he was carried out I disinfected his bed and made it afresh, in a strange confusion of soul. Thus I had my first glimpse of that vast, interminable procession which must haunt the dreams of ambitious kings.

The Charge of Sergeant Girod

As yet, I have been to no battlefronts. I have letters, to be sure, which if presented in the proper quarters, I am told, would result in personally conducted trips to lines not engaged in an actual offensive. But those letters still lie, unsent, in my trunk. I may use them some day. But at present there is within me a reluctance to visiting ruins and battlefields. Perhaps it is because I have seen so many ruins who have returned from those battlefields.

Moreover, I have already been to the Front and I have made a charge. It was a hand-grenade charge, under the leadership of one Sergeant Girod, who since then has been awarded the Croix de Guerre. The announcement of the award reads, "For conspicuous bravery in leading a brilliant hand-grenade attack against the enemy while under fire from our own *mitrailleuses*." I know it was a brilliant attack, for I made it with him. It happened in this way:

It was six o'clock in the evening, and the big *salle*, with its forest of overhead apparatus, was wrapped in warm darkness, through which the bright, glowing ends of cigarettes bloomed like tiny stars. The electricity was out of order and the sole lights—two tall candles on the head nurse's desk in the middle of the room, with their straight still flames—lent an air of enchantment to the place. The men, their suppers over, lay smoking tranquilly, or chatted in undertones. To me it was the pleasantest hour of the day. I had lingered to make up another bed, the occupant for which, a fresh arrival, had not yet come down from the operating room.

"Can you stay a few minutes?" called the head nurse as she hurried past me. "I am called away; the nurses are down at first supper, and someone should be here when your man arrives."

I promised to remain. A few minutes later the big double rear doors were flung open and a dark jumbled mass appeared. The same instant a loud shout shattered the quiet gloom:

"*En avant, mes enfants! Vive la France! En avant! Toujours en avant! Ils approchent! Les Boches! Les infidels! Les brigands! Ils approchent à gauche! Regardez à gauche! A gauche!*—They're approaching on the left! Look out on the left!—*En avant, mes enfants! Toujours en avant!*"

It was a shout that would send a thrill along a dead man's spine. A ripple of laughter went round the room. Raised heads peered eagerly. The *brancardiers* came forward, two wheeling the stretcher and two more holding down the occupant, who was struggling convulsively to raise himself and shouting hoarse commands in a voice that could be heard a block away.

"Where does he go, mees?" came Justin's steady tones.

"Here—Bed Eight."

"*En avant! En avant, mes enfants! Regardez à gauche! A gauche! Ils approchent à gauche! Les Boches, ils approchent!*" The hoarse shouts did not cease for an instant.

The Night Attack

"He's leading a charge," said Justin, grimly pleased, as they paused beside me. "Hand grenades! He's a terrible fellow. He killed ten Boches coming down the stairs!"

Then, all together, with a "*Un, deux, trois—Allez!*" the four lifted him from the stretcher into bed.

He was a powerfully built man, fair, with blue eyes and a blond mustache, and his *chemise*, torn away in the struggle, revealed a torso that gleamed like ivory. Suddenly he looked up and gripped me with a hand of iron.

"*Criez avec moi: 'Vive la France!'*"

"*Vive la France!*" I repeated in a low voice, to soothe him.

"Louder! Shoutlouder: *Vive la France!*"

"*Vive la France!*" I said more loudly. "Lie still now. It's over. The attack is finished."

"And the Boches?" he queried eagerly. "They are gone?"

"All gone."

"No, no!" he cried violently, trying to rise. "They're not gone! They're still coming on! My God, see them! Wave on wave! *Regardez à gauche, mes enfants! Les Boches! Les brigands!* Ah, my poor comrades!" he murmured. "See them fall!" He turned to me, whom evidently he took for one of his grenadiers: "Citronne went down just then. Did you see him? Was he killed?"

"No; only wounded. Be quiet now. It's done."

"But not well done," he retorted impatiently. "We hadn't enough balls. Tonight we attack again. Listen well!"

And then he gave me my orders. It appeared that on each side of us were Moroccan troops who were to follow our attack with a charge. For a few minutes Girod was silent. Suddenly he broke out:

"Boom! *Soisante-quinze!*"—the French seventy-fives. "Boom! *Les canons!*" He appeared to be listening to the bombardment. Presently he sighed. "Ah, my poor wife! My poor Cécile! You know, I have a wife and three children—two boys and a girl."

It was evident to me that the sergeant had a presentiment that he was going to fall in the attack. After a long silence his voice came to me abruptly out of the dark:

"What time is it?"

I named the hour.

"Well then, my friend, we have still ten minutes. Let us smoke a cigarette before we part." A second later he was shouting at the top of his powerful voice:

"*En avant, mes enfants! Ils approchent! Les Boches! Regardez à gauche! A gauche!*"

Over and over he issued his commands to his grenadiers; over and over he shouted his warning cry, calling frantically for bombs that were not forthcoming; and always he was driven back, despairing, by the tide of Germans on his left. His brain, like a talking-machine record, had recorded faithfully every detail of that last wild, brilliant attack, terminating so disastrously because of the shortage of balls; and in his delirium he played that one record ceaselessly, with no thought, action or sensation omitted. But as the hours went by the record played slowly and more slowly with gaps of silence in between. Finally he slept.

There is another chapter to add to this episode concerning Girod. It happened some three weeks later. And as this is not fiction, but a plain reporting of facts, I hasten to add that Girod did not die.

Passing his bed, however, one afternoon I laid my hand casually on the iron bed-frame. It was trembling. The entire bed was vibrating steadily, gently, as if to the oscillation of some remote earthquake. Astonished, I looked at Girod. And Girod was trembling too. It was he who caused the tremor of the bed. Beneath the white coverlet his big body shook with a ceaseless mysterious agitation.

"What is the matter?" I cried. "Why are you trembling like that?"

He gave a faint, apologetic smile.

"I'm afraid!" he said simply. "I'm afraid of that operation this afternoon."

"But it's nothing," I assured him—"really nothing at all. Only a slight incision in the shoulder."

"I know. But—I'm afraid! You see——" He broke off, knitting his brows. "It was not always thus. Once I did not know what fear was—before —— That's why they made me leader of the bombing squad. I was reckless. But now—I'm afraid. I'm afraid of that little operation!"

"You've been under a strain," I said.

I recalled Girod's history. He had narrated it to me one rainy afternoon. From his wife, Cécile, and his three children, he had not heard a word since the war opened as they lived in the invaded territory. For the last six weeks before he was wounded he and his comrades had been in the first-line trenches, unrelieved, without food save for their reserve stores; and without water unless one crawled on one's belly at night to a spring in the dangerous strip of No Man's Land between them and the enemy's trenches.

A Letter From Claudius

Each night he crawled to the spring, filled his canteen and crawled back to his wounded companions. And then came one night when the spring failed.

"I crawled out there, as usual," Girod related, "and found it full of cadavers!"

"And after that?" I persisted.

But Girod made no reply.

"It's the strain, the heavy strain," he said again.

A nurse—the one known as the *mitrailleuse*—at that instant passed his bed.

"What's the matter with him?" she demanded brusquely. "What's he shaking for?"

"The operation," I said. "He fears it. It's the strain he's been under so long——"

"Pooh!" she broke out impatiently. "Some of these men can't stand pain any better than a baby!"

As the days and the weeks go by, the ward changes. Men recover or die, or are discharged to convalescent hospitals; and fresh wrecks appear in their places, sleep in their beds, and smile up to one from the pillow. The big *salle* is an antechamber with exits leading both ways—out into the great adventure of life and out into the still greater adventure of death. At the end of three months scarcely a single familiar face remains. But the exit leading back into life is always open. The recovered men return.

An aviator, whose leg had been amputated at the hospital, comes to announce that he is to have the honor of returning to the Front. He is the last of his class of eight—and he must fly with a wooden leg.

Even Claudius has been discharged. He has gone home to his mother and sister, of whom he is the sole support. A letter from him lies before me.

"My leg is no good," he writes, "and I never shall be able to use it to work. What shall I do? I shall have to ride that leg a day in a carriage! But where am I to get the carriage? I shall go to America! Do you think some rich—and pretty—young American mees would marry me and let me ride in her carriage?"

That, indeed, would be a solution for Claudius! And I am making his modest wants known, with the hopes that some pretty—and rich—young American "mees" may wish to take a flyer on a young Frenchman, considerably smashed but with his sense of humor intact. If she should, and can guarantee the carriage, I will send her Claudius' address.

Mother

MOTHER goes into the kitchen. She selects this; she selects that. She sees to it that her cooking utensils are spotless. She is cleanly; she is careful; she is *particular*. And the dish she prepares is the *event* of the day for the whole family.

Why? Because mother *thinks* of you, and you know it. You know her sole interest is in the home and the family, and she wants what you eat to be choice, and good, and wholesome, and of the very best quality. And you *enjoy* it all the more, because she is thinking of all this for *you*.

Because *we* believe food products should be handled and prepared with the *respect* due that which you are asked to buy and eat, we actually insist upon that same sort of *home influence* in this big institution of ours.

WE select; we choose; we are *particular*. This rule applies to *every* Wilson product, whatever label it receives.

For the very choicest, the *finest* quality, we reserve Wilson's Majestic label. This means that Wilson's Majestic Bacon is really the *heart* of the finest bacon-sides.

It means that Wilson's Majestic Hams are so rigidly selected that only an average of four out of ten can earn Wilson's Majestic label.

WITH meats of such surpassing quality, it naturally follows that our *particular* curing and smoking gives them their old-time flavor and "deliciously different" taste, which you will appreciate.

Order Wilson's Majestic Ham and Bacon today. Be *particular*—look for Wilson's Majestic label on the meat food products you buy.

All Wilson and Co. food products are prepared under U. S. Government supervision.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

CHICAGO NEW YORK KANSAS CITY OKLAHOMA CITY LOS ANGELES

Be *particular*—ask for Wilson's Majestic

Your Grandfather Knew These Rubber Footwear Trade Marks

WHEN he bought a new pair of rubber boots, the thing he was most particular about was to see that one of these trade-marks was plainly stamped on each boot.

Their names are names to conjure with; each one of them represents a modest beginning, a remarkable growth, a continuous record of quality production, coupled with honorable tradition.

The thought of making any article in any way or from any materials that were not the very best for the purpose would never have occurred to any of these great manufacturers.

To-day, these same trade-marks are on good rubber footwear for *your* guidance in buying. Only an expert can distinguish good from poor rubber footwear by external appearance and touch. Thus it becomes a matter of self-interest and self-protection for you to make certain that any rubber footwear you buy is marked with one of these famous brands.

Seventy-four years of successful manufacturing and the experience of forty-seven great factories are back of every pair of rubber shoes, overshoes, arctics, boots, etc., produced by the United States Rubber Company, the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

Rubbers that fit wear twice as long as rubbers that do not fit

United States Rubber Company

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US RUBBER SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

A SCRAP OF PAPER

(Continued from Page 21)

toward the Greenwich Studios. He felt much better. Be he ever so civilized, there is nothing so gratifying to a man as the discovery that he still "packs a punch." Humanity is very human, after all.

XIV

MOSE, the colored elevator boy at the Greenwich Studios, glared at Tom Hanrahan.

"What you askin' me questions for? You another one of dem bulls? Believe me, mister, I hopes you chokes if you is. Miss Rowland she had plenty annoyance from you people yesterday, and if I knowed where she was I wouldn't tell you. I just wisht I'd seen dem men lay a hand on her; I'd just about busted dem. Go long outa here, white man! I got nothin' to say."

The reporter pulled a bill from his pocket. It had a V on it, and would have been able ordinarily to purchase the soul of Mose. But not to-day.

"Put your money away," he growled. "Ain't got nothin' to say; don't know nothin'. And just you listen to me! Miss Rowland, when my wife was sick, she got de doctor and hired de nurse, and—what you take me for? Git along, git along!"

Hanrahan smiled in his friendliest fashion. The most uncommunicative persons had thawed before that smile, and given the reporter valuable information. The decent, clean soul of the man showed in that smile.

"Look here," said he, "I'm a friend of Miss Rowland. I'm afraid something has happened to her. You talk as though something did happen to her yesterday. What was it? I give you my word that I'm her friend.

The colored boy shuffled his feet.

"Dat sounds all right, boss, and I believe you. But dere's one of 'em upstairs now, and de owner of dis house give me orders to keep my mouf closed, and—you're dead sure you're a friend of Miss Rowland?"

"Do you know Miss Sigmund?"

"De lady what's chummy with Miss Rowland? Sure I do."

"Call her up and ask her if it's all right to trust me. Hanrahan's my name."

Mose looked the reporter over. If ever a man looked honest Hanrahan was the man.

"I ain't got such a awful lot to tell anyway," said the negro. "What dere is I'll tell you, boss. But I dassent do it here. De man upstairs might come down and see me, and he'd tell de owner, and de owner would fire me—just like dat!" And he snapped his fingers.

"But I'll be off for de afternoon in ten minutes. De other boy'll be here den. You jus' wait round de corner, will you?"

Considerably puzzled, Hanrahan assented. In less than the specified time Mose met him.

"Here's what happened," he began. "First, a gemman calls on Miss Rowland. Real swell. He stays about a minute. Then another gemman calls on her. 'Pears like they're ol' friends, and 'pears like they ain't. For they both looks in the letter box as though to find out if she lives here, but neither of dem phones up to her first. Jus' tells me to take 'em up. Well, Miss Rowland comes down about two seconds after de second gemman calls. She's in a hurry. About three minutes after dat I hears a banging upstairs. I shoot de cyar up in time to see de second gemman comin' through her door, what he'd busted wid a chair. I grab him, but he flashed a badge on me, an' I know he's a bull. He outs of the buildin' like a flash, an' I start after him, wonderin' what's up. But the elevator bell rings, an' I has to go back.

"It's five minutes before I'm free to look out, an' den, before I gits to de door, de first gemman and de second gemman—an' anodder gemman, dey all comes in. An' de first one—de swell gemman—an' de third gemman, is all mussed up like dey been scrappin'. And it looks like de first gemman is pinched by de odder two. Well, I'm puzzled by all dis, an' refuses to let 'em go upstairs. But de owner lives here, you know. Dey ask for him, and dey buzz him in a corner, an' it's all right. I has to take 'em upstairs. Well, little while passes, and de first gemman and de second gemman comes out arm in arm, but lookin' like de swell one is prisoner of de other. And de third gemman stay in Miss Rowland's apartment, and de owner tells me dat if she gets any phone calls to connect de third gemman. She only gits one, and I hears him tell the party what calls dat he's Miss Rowland's brother. Dat call came jus' as I'd taken de two gemmen downstairs. But de gemman what phones he don't come down here, and after awhile de gemman upstairs has a visitor who's upstairs now—been dere all night, takin' de place of de gemman what answered de phone, I guess. He's got a badge, too, for he showed it to me, and says if I talks he'll put me in de cooler for eighty years.

"An' dat ain't all! For when I gets through las' night de fruit man on de corner tells me what happened in de street. 'Pears dat when Miss Rowland ran outa the building a man grabs her. He's got her by de arm when anodder man jumps on him an' bats his jaw. While dey're scrappin' Miss Rowland ducks through a tenement, and she's gone. Den de second gemman what busted the door open comes down with a gun, and—well, dey comes back here, like I tol' you. But dey ain't got Miss Rowland. cuss 'em! and I hopes dey don't, no matter what she done. I'll bet she ain't done nothing either, a nice li'l' lady like her. And dat's all, and for de Lawd's sake, don't tell no one I told you, for I'd lose my job, mister."

Hanrahan promised. He cross-questioned the boy; got him to describe the three gentlemen. Though he did not recognize two of them, he did recognize the "first gemman." For that person wore exactly the clothes had the same colored hair, and was the same general build as Harry Mack, whom he had left at a Tenderloin restaurant at one o'clock that morning!

Harry Mack! What connection had he with Kirby Rowland? And who were these other two? The description of one of them might fit Terence Greenham; but Mack's raiment had absorbed Mose's attention to the neglect of the other two. If only he could be sure that the others had been Greenham men. But why not be sure? It was not so very long after this fracas, according to the record of Mack's arrest which he had scanned the previous night, that Greenham had brought the crook to headquarters. Could there be anything in Mack's tale of the faked portrait after all? Miss Rowland was an artist. Was it conceivable that she was in league with Harry Mack to palm off fraudulent old masters on unsuspecting financiers, using her knowledge of art in combination with Mack's knowledge of ways that were evil?

It seemed a good theory. But Lindley Jackson had stated positively that the Botticelli was an original! The suddenly evolved theory was smashed to smithereens. Hanrahan gave the colored boy the five dollar bill and assured him that Miss Rowland was guilty of nothing, and that the people who were pursuing her would land in trouble. Then, cautioning him to say nothing about their talk, if he really were grateful to Miss Rowland for her many kindnesses, he left the boy and started for Village Hall. But neither in that dive nor in any of a dozen that he visited that afternoon could he find anyone who knew of Harry Mack other than by reputation as a big gun. Harry Mack, he decided, though a famous crook, was not the sort who traveled with the cheap gangsters who make up the cream of the city's admitted underworld. Mack went with only the highest-class crooks, and such crooks were more apt to live abroad, preying on their fellow Americans in a foreign land. The Americans on a vacation, or purchasing art works, were the victims of Harry Mack and his kind.

He soon decided it was hopeless to attempt to find Mack in these haunts of the underworld. But in certain hotels of the Tenderloin, at night, a man of Mack's vocation might be reasonably expected to be found, unless he were strictly undercover. Hanrahan returned to his office. It would do no harm to look up Mack in the office files; there might be some record of the man's life there that would tell him who were his criminal friends, if he had any in the city. And to these Hanrahan could apply for information as to the present address of the crook. It was his only chance anyway. There were now two reasons why Mack must be located. He had rescued Kirby Rowland from the Greenhams. Undoubtedly, therefore, he knew where Kirby was. And Kirby was Jessie's friend. On his

(Continued on Page 53)

KISSELKAR
EVERY INCH A CAR

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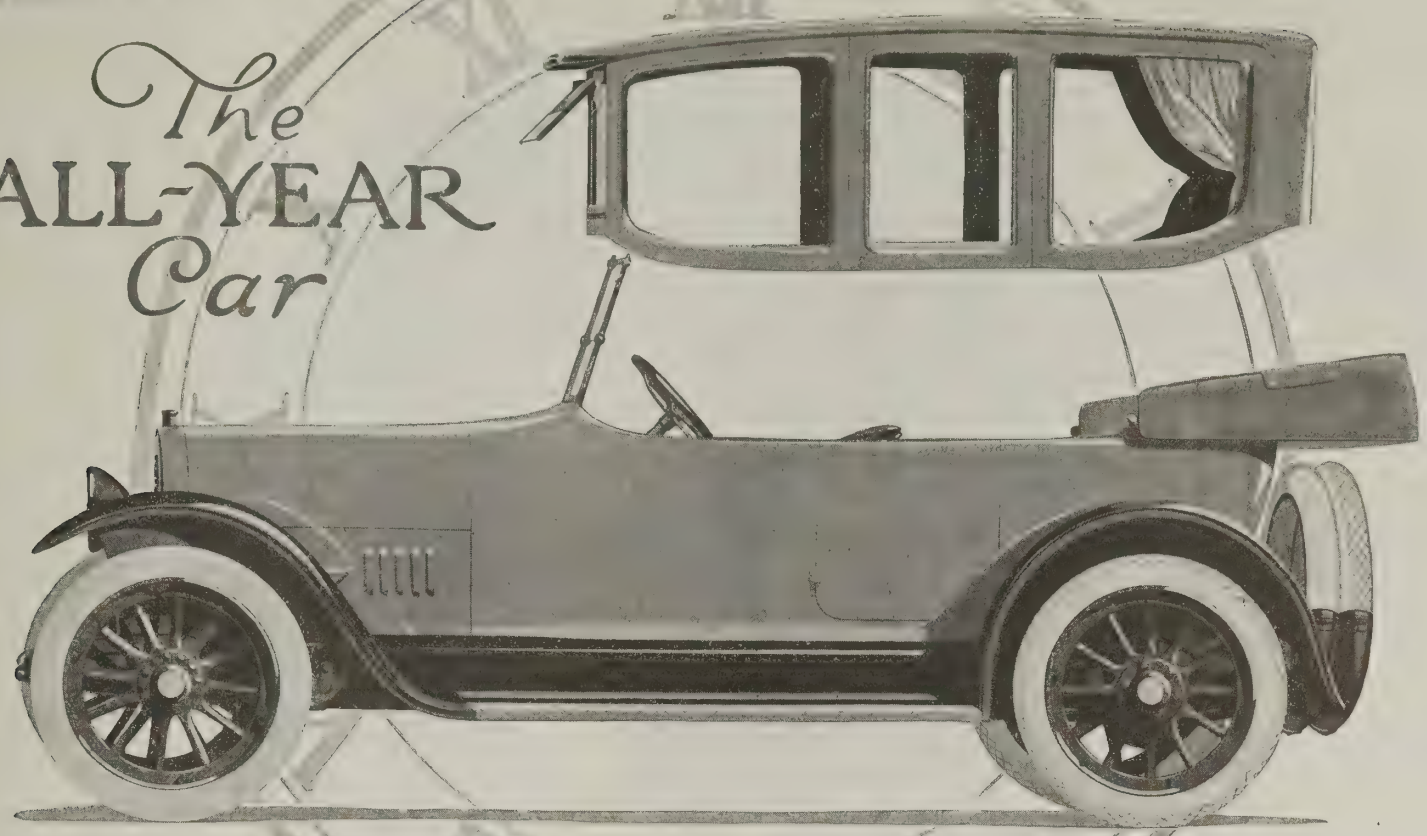

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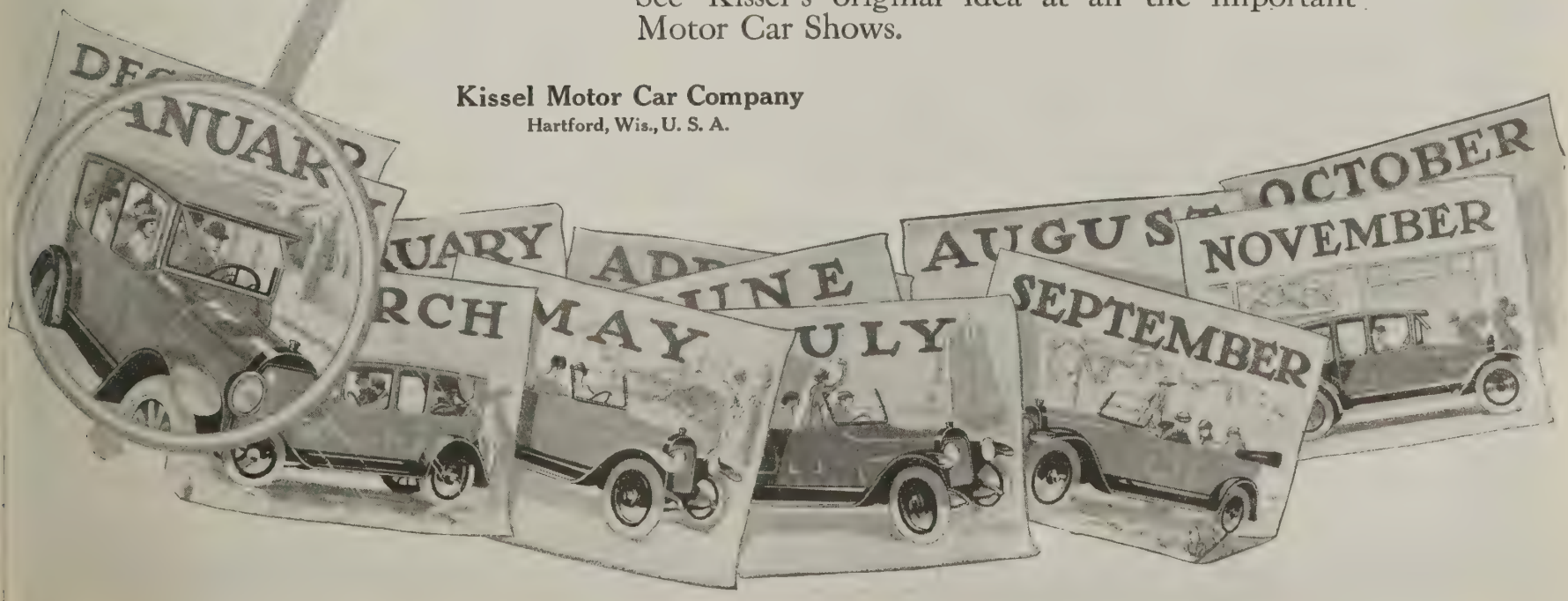


If shells will stand *this*— they are waterproof!

A bad rain, or dropping in a leaky boat bottom would get them nearly as wet. Whether you hold The Black Shells under a faucet or hunt all day in a mean drizzle with pockets full of water—they are waterproof. You can soak a Black Shell for half an hour in a glass of water, and even then you will find it still chambers perfectly in your gun and ejects smoothly when fired. Try this test yourself!

US THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

Ask your dealer for The Black Shells. If he hasn't them, mail one dollar to nearest selling agents to pay for a box of twenty-five and they will ship prepaid. Be sure to specify gauge and details of load. This is a trial offer and holds good only in those towns where The Black Shells are not now sold.

General Selling Agents: National Lead Company, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati; John T. Lewis & Bros. Company, Philadelphia, Baltimore; National Lead & Oil Company, Pittsburgh; United Lead Company, New York; Selby Smelting & Lead Company, San Francisco.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 2688 TRINITY BUILDING, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 50)

ay downtown to the office Hanrahan reiewed what he had learned. He weighed l of Kirby's actions as related to him by ssie. The girl was crazy, or else a bad iaracter. No question about that. Only a rson mentally or morally unsound would ave destroyed the telegram addressed to ssie. And yet Jessie Sigmund was no fool. didn't seem reasonable that Jessie could ave chummed with a girl and never even ispected that that girl was not all right in ery way. Still, the two hadn't been so timate in the past few months, and people iange in a mighty short time.

Puzzling thus he reached the office. He ent at once to the morgue and looked up ie clippings about Harry Mack. There as a record of Mack's recent arrival in is country and his departure therefrom. lso his name was mentioned several times having been arrested—always abroad—iarged with various offenses of which later, seemed, he had been proved innocent. ut there was nothing to indicate who, if ay, were his pals in this country. The reorter decided to make a round of the upwn hotels in the hope of locating his man chance; but as he started to leave the fice a boy brought a note to him.

"Mr. Jackson left this for you. Said he'd back at midnight—gone to some banuet, I think—and that even if you didn't ve anything, to wait for him."

"Thanks," said Hanrahan.

He opened the note. It read:

"*Dear Tom:* Sent Lovett out on this asterman matter. He reports that teleone clerk at M.'s office told him that ere was quite a to-do in M.'s office yesterly about some paper that had been lost. ater a woman called up M. Evidently a ranger, for she didn't know M.'s private mber but called up office. When told M. as busy, as is always done when calls me over listed wires, said to tell M. that e wished to speak about a paper signed M. and certain other gentlemen. That's l clerk got. None of this is for publicaon—yet! I must observe a confidence. ut that confidence applies merely to pubcation, I take it. Therefore, get busy. or Lovett also learned that after paper as lost Masterman offered ten thousand clerk who would recover it. It had blown it a window. Also the Greenhams are sy on the case, as you know. I'm certain is paper has something to do with unirsal transfers. Take my word for it, but ot to be used in your story. But I'm not vulging any confidence in what I'm writg, because what Lovett learned was used by our putting two and one together—Masterman and Greenham, and ack. Get hold of Mack if you haven't ne so already. If we can make him talk think we've got the biggest story of the cade. JACKSON."

Hanrahan leaned back in his chair and ought over the situation. A woman had lled up Masterman in words that might construed to hold a threat. Later the reenhams tried to arrest a woman, but e was rescued by Harry Mack. Later reenham, after a conference with Masterin, went to police headquarters and reused Mack. Mack then was followed til he, Hanrahan, aided him to elude his ursuers. What was the answer?

The answer was this, clear as day: In me scheme that affected the Masterman iterests, Kirby Rowland and Harry Mack re partners. Kirby had fled to Jessie's ir refuge, not daring to return to her own udio. Then Dixon Grant had located her, d they had decided to seek some safer ot. That was clear. Suddenly Hanrahan ought of the burned telegram of whose istence Jessie had learned only by accint. Why had Kirby done this? What ssible reason could she have for withholdig from Jessie the information contained the telegram?

And then, lightning-like, came the answer that.

Kirby Rowland was not withholding inrmation from Jessie nearly so much as e was withholding it from Masterman! nother link; another evidence that Miss owland was inimical to the financier. But hat petty spirit actuated her enmity? hy hide from the financier information out such a trifle? But was it a trifle? irby Rowland was an artist. It seemed rtain that, with Harry Mack, she was eming something inimical to the Masrman interests; also that the Masterman ents knew of her part in the plot against eir employer, were seeking her, and she had chosen a hiding-place where Masterman would never look for her—in the Masterman house itself, impersonating Adele Rohan!

It was clever reasoning and it held no flaw! Straight up to the Masterman mansion he would go, ask for Miss Adele Rohan —— But Jessie had insisted that what she had told him was for his ears alone. Without her first aid he could never have deduced what he had. It was up to him to see Jessie first, explain as much as he could—hang confidences anyway! He and Jackson were tied up with them! However, he could explain to Jessie all that he had learned, and she would, of course, tell him to go to Kirby. But he must see her first! He must play absolutely fair with the girl he loved. He jammed his hat on his head and started for the door.

"Oh, Tom!"

It was Lyden, the city editor, calling.

"In an awful rush, boss! Chief has me working on a special assignment ——"

"Well, stick round a second," grinned Lyden. "The business office thought there might be a story in this 'ad,' and they're stalling the man downstairs until I get a slant at it and send someone down. Read it."

"Oh, all right," snapped Hanrahan. He grabbed the "personal" which had been handed in at the business office, and which that department had promptly rushed upstairs by automatic tube. This was the advertisement:

"K. R. and D. G. If don't hear from you by Thursday at six P. M. will tell all to newspapers. Address this office. H. M."

The name of Kirby Rowland was buzzing in Hanrahan's brain. Almost unconsciously he fitted it to the first initials. Having done that it was obvious that he should fit Dixon Grant and Harry Mack to the other initials. He crumpled the paper in his fingers and ran for the door.

"I'll tend to this, Lyden," he called over his shoulder, and the city editor, amazed, watched him disappear through the door, and heard him wildly ordering the elevator boy to return and get him.

Harry Mack was in the business office downstairs, wondering why newspapers were so fussy about accepting advertisements, when Hanrahan touched him on the shoulder. He wheeled, to meet a smile.

"Nice work last night, Mack. You fooled me to the queen's taste. However, I got a readable yarn, even if it wasn't true. But now I want a more readable yarn that is true. I want you to tell me just what your little game is; what you've been trying to do to Masterman; and how Miss Kirby Rowland figures in it. Going to talk?"

Over the face of Handsome Harry spread a smile of admiration.

"Hanrahan, you certainly are there! How on earth—sure, I'll talk. I'm always willing to talk when the game is up. I know when I'm licked. Will your paper treat me right?"

"Have to ask the boss about that," said Hanrahan, elated at his easy victory, "but he's always mighty generous to whoever hands the paper a tip. Spill it."

"It's a long story. Let's go somewhere and sit down," suggested Mack.

"All right," agreed the reporter. "Right across the street is a good place."

He led the way to a well-known resort of the downtown thirsty. They sat down in a booth and ordered high balls, for which Mack insisted on paying.

"Now, then," said the international crook, "how much do you know? Ask me questions if you like; that's the quickest way."

"How much do I know?" echoed Hanrahan. "Well, I know that you and Miss Rowland have some club you're holding over Masterman's head. I know that you rescued her from the Greenhams yesterday; I know that she's shaken you, she and Dixon Grant—am I right? Yes—and that you're threatening to tell all unless they communicate with you at this office. I know—and this is no breach of confidence, Mack, though I learned it in confidence, for you know it yourself—that Masterman lost a paper which you evidently have found. Judging by your 'ad,' I should say that Miss Rowland has double-crossed you in some way. Now then, talk."

"You know a lot," commented Mack admiringly. "You're certainly one clever newspaperman! I suppose you even know where Miss Rowland is now?"

Despite himself he could not keep eagerness out of his tones; and Hanrahan felt that if he told Mack where he believed

Cut Your Own Hair At Home

As Easily as You Shave—With an

American Safety Hair Cutter

(McDonough Patent)

Here is a new, practical article for men, one of the most useful and economical since the invention of the safety razor. What the latter does for shaving, the American Safety Hair Cutter does for hair-cutting.

With it you can cut your own hair—quickly and cheaply—*and you can do it yourself at home.* It is easy to operate, the same motion being employed as is used when combing your hair. It cuts closely or trims lightly, just as you desire. There is no gouging or "cat-stepping," no clipping or "chopping."

This Man Hasn't Had a Barber Cut His Hair for 18 Months

We have an affidavit on file that the man pictured above has not had a barber cut his hair or shave the back of his neck since May, 1915, and that his hair has been cut all the time between May, 1915, to date, with an American Safety Hair Cutter.

A—Highest Grade Hard Rubber Comb
B—Screw to loosen slip cap over blades
C—Blades Holder
D—Removable Hair-cutting Blade

Makes Hair Cuts Cost as Low as 2c

Perhaps its greatest appeal to men is its extreme economy. Figuring hair-cuts at the prevailing price of 35c each, this cutter will pay for itself in nine hair-cuts. After that, considering the fact that the blades which it uses cost little and last for more than one hair-cut, your hair-cutting cost should not exceed from 2c to 5c. *What can you buy that will give you a greater saving?*

Requires Little Attention

Two American Safety Hair-cutting Blades are used, one on each side of the comb. With the exception of their occasional renewal, the cutter requires little attention. American Safety Blades, specially ground and tempered for hair-cutting, can be bought from drug and hardware stores or direct from us in packets of a dozen for 60c.

Ideal for Cutting Children's Hair or as a Gift for Men

Women will find it particularly valuable and a great time and money saver when using the American for cutting children's hair. It makes an ideal gift for men, combining as it does the seven cardinal features of a perfect gift—sentiment, novelty, durability, price, convenience, sanitation and economy.

Complete outfit, including cutter, comb, and six blades, with complete instructions, costs only $3. If your hardware dealer or druggist doesn't have it, write us direct and we'll send postpaid $3

American Safety Hair Cutter Corp'n, 967 Liberty Ave., Room 232, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dealers: Write us for terms on this fast selling article

In Big Homes and Little Coal Bills Cut ½ to ⅔

Guaranteed With the Williamson Underfeed

ALL houses look alike to the Williamson UNDERFEED. Big or little, in town or country, whether heated with warm air, hot water, steam or vapor, the same thing holds true—*coal bills reduced ½ to ⅔, guaranteed with the UNDERFEED.* That guarantee hits right at your pocketbook. As evidence of this sure UNDERFEED saving read the following letters:

Coal Bills Less Than One-Half

"The UNDERFEED has given me the results I anticipated when I purchased it. My coal bills compare very favorably, being less than one-half. I use Carterville Wash nut coal. The cost per ton is $3.75, delivered. I am using about 8 tons. I am heating five rooms and three upstairs. The furnace has been in use since 1911."

(Signed) ROBERT CLARK, Janesville, Wis.

Another Saving of One-Half

"I like the UNDERFEED fine; I heat five rooms in the coldest weather with but little effort. It has been as cold as 20 below zero here this winter. I am going to get thru the winter with about half the expense for fuel that I did with my base burner and have kept warmer and quite a bit more space heated. I have been using mixed coal, Iowa with some slack and some Illinois lump coal."

(Signed) D. E. WILSON,
Sec'y and Mgr. of Milton Independent Telephone Co., Milton, Iowa

Heats seven Rooms for 16 dollars

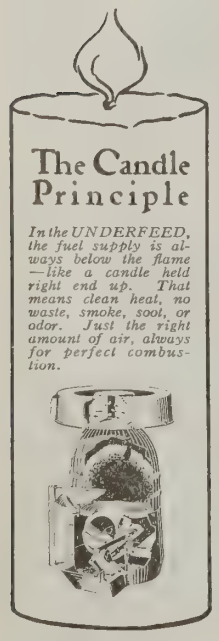
"I heat seven rooms both night and day with the UNDERFEED, using Virginia Splint slack, costing me less than sixteen dollars. I started the furnace early last fall and kept it until late this spring. My house sits on a hill exposed to the winter winds on all sides. A number of my friends and neighbors have looked at my furnace and talk of changing from top-feed to UNDERFEED as it costs so much less."

(Signed) ARCHIE HIMBECK, R. R. No. 2, Sparta, Mich.

And we can show you hundreds of other letters just as interesting, telling of coal bills cut ½ to ⅔—*guaranteed with the Underfeed.*

WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED Furnaces Boilers

Cut Coal Bills ½ to ⅔ Guaranteed



This great saving is due to the UNDERFEED'S scientific principle of combustion. New coal is fed from below. The hot clean fire is always on top—never disturbed by fresh coal being dumped on, or chilled by the opening of top-feed doors. Heat never wasted by fire having to fight its way up against dead coals.

Smoke, soot and gas—valuable heat elements—are consumed as they pass up through the fire.

And the UNDERFEED burns the cheaper grades of coal as effectively as others burn the costlier grades. That's a first big saving you're always sure of!

Get this Book now—FREE!

It is called "From Overfed to UNDERFEED." Pictures and describes it all. Shows how easily a boy of 12 can operate the UNDERFEED. No stooping—everything done from a standing position. This book will be the means of saving you many good coal dollars sometime—*guaranteed!* So, send for it today—no charge—no obligation. Simply use the coupon—NOW!

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
121 Fifth Avenue Cincinnati, Ohio

The Williamson Heater Co., 121 Fifth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅔ with a Williamson UNDERFEED.

Warm Air_____ Steam or Hot Water_____
(Mark X after System interested in)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*My Heating Contractor's Name is*_____

HEATING CONTRACTORS: Let us tell you about the Williamson UNDERFEED and our proposition—both are winners.

Kirby Rowland to be he would get no information from the crook. He had no reason for thinking this, but instinct is sometimes stronger than reason. Somehow he felt that Mack's complaisance was a blind; that perhaps the international crook was not quite so ready to tell everything as he appeared to be.

"Would I be asking you questions if I could locate Miss Rowland and ask her? She'd be easier than you, Mack."

"Maybe," said Mack grimly. "Then that's all you know?"

"All I intend telling you," smiled Hanrahan.

"Then I guess I haven't any conversation to waste on you," said Mack.

He pushed back his chair as though to leave. Hanrahan smiled. A mighty good poker player was Tom Hanrahan, as his fellows on the Citizen would vouch.

"So? Very well, then. How's it going to affect your game when I publish in the morning's Citizen that the paper lost by Masterman is a signed agreement between Masterman and ——"

It was a most artistic pause; a wonderful bluff. It worked. The face of Mack went dead white. Then he forced his lips to curl a smile.

"You win, I guess. If I tell the whole story I get something, eh?"

"A generous something," promised Hanrahan.

"And my name won't come out? You won't tell a soul who gave it to you? But how can I be sure? Other people know now in your office, and they may give me away."

"Not a soul knows what I do about the matter," said Hanrahan eagerly.

A faint flicker showed in Mack's eyes. He was a good poker player too.

"That right? Well, drink up! Here's success to me in my line and to you in your line." He held out his glass and Hanrahan permitted his own to touch it. There was an almost invisible flick of Handsome Harry's little finger.

"How!" said the international crook.

They drank. Hanrahan turned pale; he managed to place his glass back on the table, but that was all. He slid from his chair to the floor. Handsome Harry Mack smiled.

"There's one guy that's honest; you can tell it in his eyes. He said no one knew about the stuff he mentioned but himself; he said no one would learn about my part in it. Well, I guess he told the truth in the first part of that; I'm dead certain about the last part. For he won't talk to anyone for a while yet."

Quietly he left the booth. No one noticed that he left his companion lying on the floor. Hanrahan was not discovered for fifteen minutes, and by that time Handsome Harry Mack was far from Park Row.

XV

MRS. MASTERMAN stood timidly on the threshold. Kirby dug at her eyes with her small fists and yawned. Then she sat bolt upright in bed and stared at the unfamiliar surroundings. She swept windows, walls, table and bureau with an uncomprehending eye. When she saw Mrs. Masterman she remembered. She smiled, and the nervousness and timidity of the financier's wife melted away before the charm of those curved lips and crinkled eyes. She advanced boldly into the room.

"Well, my dear, I was a little afraid. I thought you'd be angry at my slipping in here; but a girl who smiles like that isn't one to be afraid of, is she?"

Kirby's smile deepened.

"I don't think I'm very awesome," she confessed.

"You didn't look it as you lay there sleeping," said Mrs. Masterman. Her eyes clouded with tears. "You looked so like our first child, the one that we lost when she was sixteen, that —— Did you rest well? Did I wake you up? I hope not. But Laurel is wild to see the lady who's to paint her, and I was as quiet as possible ——"

"Waked up of my own sweet will," laughed Kirby. "And now I'll get up."

Mrs. Masterman backed away.

"Will you breakfast here? Or would you care to join Laurel in the breakfast room? She isn't well, and she doesn't rise as early as my husband or myself. It would give you a chance to begin studying her, and ——"

"I'd be delighted," said Kirby. "In half an hour."

And in just that time, radiant from her toilet, Kirby entered the breakfast room, where the nervous wife of the master of transportation, whose health had been wrecked by giving birth to a child in middle life, and whose child was as delicate as the plant for which she was named was not, awaited her. The introductions were speedily accomplished, and Laurel Masterman, a gentle little girl of an exquisite beauty rendered pathetic by its delicacy, gave her heart at once to the brown-haired painter. Indeed, before the breakfast was half over she announced that she loved Miss Rohan and that the artist must write her name in the little girl's birthday book.

Only the feeling that the end justified the means, and that the work in which she was engaged, to which she had dedicated herself, as it were, held so tremendous a good as to condone a little bad, forced Kirby to inscribe the name of Adele Rohan in the book. And as she did so, she prayed fervently that the Mastermans did not, by any mishap, know the age of Adele Rohan. For Kirby had written the other woman's name on the page given over to March sixteenth, her own birthday, and gave the date of her own birth.

"And it isn't just for show—I won't forget you," promised Laurel.

At which Kirby tried to smile, but would have found it easier to weep. For, cruel though Masterman was, his wife and daughter were gentle. It was necessary for Kirby to conjure up an image of the tough little messenger boy of the previous evening, to remember the conditions which poverty created, and which bred hundreds of thousands, boys and girls, like that little tough to corrupt the generations unborn. It was hard to have to strike at Mrs. Masterman gentle, thoughtful, considerate; it was hard to launch a blow that would in any way at all injure little Laurel. Only the thought of what she believed to be the greater good in whose accomplishment the innocent must suffer, prevented Kirby from seeking immediate excuses for withdrawal from her great plan.

It had been easy to picture Masterman as a sort of human devil grinding down the poor. But the way in which his little girl spoke of him, lovingly, tenderly, the pride and affection evidenced by Mrs. Masterman every time she mentioned his name—these created another Masterman, a husband and father, tender, true and strong. And if an hour of conversation with the wife and daughter of the man whom she sincerely believed to be the worst enemy the enlightened progress in the world could make her resolution waver, what would two weeks do? She must steel her heart; she must nerve herself to go ahead with what she had planned.

"And though ignorant and jealous people try to decry him, he's one of the greatest men that ever lived," Mrs. Masterman was saying.

"Think what he's done for the country, how he's labored that transportation might be better, that businesses might be combined, that waste might be avoided. And how generous! Millions he's given to different charities and institutions of learning. And to-day—why, he's caused his road to issue universal transfers! I shouldn't wonder if the city lines all over the country were forced to follow his lead. It's a great thing. The papers—would you like to see what they say about him?"

Kirby would; and a servant brought sheafs of the morning editions. She glanced at them all, and learned enough to know that Martin Masterman, by many editors at least, was considered a great public benefactor. The public would probably praise Masterman. She hid a smile as she thought of how unwelcome all this praise must be to Masterman; how at this moment his detectives were scouring the city for her, who had forced him to pose as a public benefactor. She read the Citizen, and smiled again to see how far astray the shrewd reasoning of Jackson was. But it gave her food for thought. She must be careful not to give Masterman a chance to further enrich himself by short selling. He'd not have opportunity to do it this time, but he might next. And now she asked herself what her next demand should be. Whatever it might be, it must be made quickly. She had eluded the financier's detectives, but Adele Rohan would be here in a few weeks. Before that time she must have compelled the financier to do many things.

A servant entered.

"A telephone for Miss Rohan."

She followed him to the hall, where, in a little room partitioned off for privacy, was the telephone.

(Continued on Page 57)

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Swung the Pendulum

BACK TO SIXES

Up to showtime last year it seemed to most insiders that the Six was doomed. It had too great a limitation. It retained too much vibration. It seemed that all Six makers must follow the makers who adopted multi-cylinder types. But mark how that trend has changed. The Super-Six dominates now.

Again and again motor engineers have arrived at what seemed to them a permanent type.

Again and again some added efficiency has thrown their favorite type into the background.

Thus motors progressed from one cylinder to Six. And then to the light-weight Six. That held supremacy so long that it seemed to many the permanent type.

But It Wasn't The Ultimate

Hudson stood foremost in the Light Six field. So we, better than others, knew that type's limitations. We knew that vibration was far from eliminated. That friction and wear sacrificed too much endurance.

And we, among the first, sought a way to betterment in V-type Eights and Twelves.

But, during our experiments, Hudson engineers found a way to correct the Six. They evolved an invention, now controlled by our patents, which added 80 per cent to the Six-type efficiency. That is, to its power and especially endurance.

Tests made in our factory proved that no other type compared with this Super-Six. So we abandoned all others—Sixes, Eights and Twelves—and committed the Hudson to this.

The Showtime Sensation

At last year's Shows the Super-Six was the center of attraction. Our Claims—based on shop and laboratory tests and on speedway tests—then seemed too good to be true. But the records were official. And from that day to this the Super-Six has held the ruling place.

Proof Upon Proof

In the past year, in a hundred tests, the Super-Six has proved its supremacy. It has won all the worthwhile records. Again and again it broke all stock-car records for speed, for hill-climbing, for quick pick-up.

And above all it showed an endurance never before thought possible in a motor car. In the 24-hour test it broke all records by 52 per cent. It twice broke all trans-continental records in one round trip from San Francisco to New York and back. It won the Pike's Peak hill-climb record against 20 competitors—the world's greatest event of its kind.

In one year it won 25,000 enthusiastic owners. It became the largest selling front-rank car. And numerous makers, finding V-type motors so far outmatched, quit them and went back to Sixes.

The Super-Six Will Stay

All evidence now marks the Super-Six as the true permanent type. It comes very close to perfection.

The Super-Six is not like old-type Sixes. The Six limitations are what forced this invention. The vital feature which redeemed the Six is controlled by Hudson patents.

Many men, delayed in getting a Super-Six, have turned to other Sixes. Many have since regretted they did not wait for the Super-Six. There is no relation between the Super-Six and other Sixes. Its performance, and especially endurance and smoothness, is greater even than that between a four and an ordinary Six.

Now we have added a gasoline saver which means to the Hudson owner tremendous economy. And now we have brought all Hudson bodies up to the Super-Six standard. You never have seen more exquisite creations.

If you want the greatest car built, regardless of price, it must be a Super-Six. Any Hudson display—and a half-hour's test—will convince you of that fact.

Phaeton, 7-passenger,	**$1650**	**Touring Sedan . . . . . .**	**$2175**	**Town Car . . . . . .**	**$2925**
Roadster, 2-passenger,	**1650**	**Limousine . . . . . .**	**2925**	**Town Car Landaulet . .**	**3025**
Cabriolet, 3-passenger,	**1950**	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		**Limousine Landaulet . .**	**3025**

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

BRASCOLITE

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

WHEN you buy the Brascolite you're buying better illumination—not just fixtures. The fixture designs are there—beauty, variety and adaptability to all tastes and decorative schemes; but primarily the Brascolite is designed to answer your *real* object in putting in a lighting system—the dissemination of maximum illumination with a minimum consumption of current. And the light itself is *right*—broadly diffused, soft and white. As closely as the phonograph reproduces the human voice the Brascolite simulates the light of day.

Best Suited to Eye Health and Comfort—Because

the design is scientifically correct. The glass bowl softens and diffuses the lamp rays and disposes of glare. The flat, depolished reflector dispenses the lamp rays which are reflected upward from the bowl and softens and deflects them to the broad area to be illuminated.

Maximum Illumination for Minimum Current Consumption—Because

there's practically no waste. There is a minimum amount of lamp ray absorbed by either bowl or reflector—practically all rays produce illumination *in the right place*. Also—as the Brascolite carries its own ceiling (the flat, depolished reflecting plane) it is independent of the height, finish, smoothness and color of the natural ceiling and walls of the room to be lighted. Other systems must depend upon these factors for furnishing their reflecting planes.

This all means that to light a given area fewer units (or lamps) are required. Fewer lamps mean lessened current consumption. Therefore,

We Guarantee You Better Illumination and Greater Economy in Current and Maintenance

Another point in economy—Brascolite is adapted to the use of gas-filled, high candle power lamps of low watt consumption. Watts measure current—that's what you pay for.

Ask your local dealer to demonstrate Brascolite efficiency to you. Make sure of getting the genuine. Do not be deceived by fixtures designed to look, at a glance, like Brascolites. Being unable to duplicate the Brascolite constructive principle, they've tried to imitate its appearance—but *none* can duplicate its efficiency. Look for the name stamped on edge of bowl and inner surface of the fixture.

Write us for portfolio containing photographic reproductions of many kinds of installations—explains the Brascolite principle and illustrates the infinite variety of designs.

LUMINOUS UNIT COMPANY **ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.**

NEW YORK, 30 Church St. BOSTON, Old South Bldg. SAN FRANCISCO, 639 Market St.
CHICAGO, 19 South Fifth Ave. PHILADELPHIA, 1020 Land Title Bldg.
Canadian Distributers: Northern Electric Co. Ltd.

(Continued from Page 54)

"Miss Rohan?" It was Grant's voice.

"Yes."

She could almost hear him sigh with relief.

"All right?"

"All right. And you?"

"Same here. When can I see you?"

She thought a moment.

"I'll have to do some shopping. The art department of Lacy's in an hour. And be careful," she added softly.

"I understand. Good-by."

He rang off. Trembling a little, Kirby rejoined Mrs. Masterman and Laurel in the breakfast room.

"Your friends, I suppose, will make so many demands upon you," said Mrs. Masterman with a tinge of regret in her voice, "that I don't suppose we'll see much of you outside of business hours?"

"And I want Miss Rohan lots," announced Laurel. "I want her to begin painting me to-day."

"Oh, but I didn't bring anything with me," smiled Kirby. "I have to shop for brushes, palettes, paints ——"

"When you accepted my husband's offer he commissioned an art dealer to turn the playroom into a studio," said Mrs. Masterman. "There is everything there—everything an artist could possibly need. My husband said so."

"That was kind of him," said Kirby. "But still, you don't understand artists, I'm afraid, Mrs. Masterman. Not my kind, anyway. Before I paint a portrait I must study my subject; it's character, not mere feature, that I try to place on the canvas. I won't start painting for several days."

"Oh," said Laurel disappointedly. "But you're going to study me? How lovely! And I'll be my goodest good for you. Won't you come now and see the studio?"

Kirby naturally was in a fever of impatience to see Dick. Finally she convinced the mother and daughter, against their reluctant wills, that she was not only in lack of certain things which she could not permit their courtesy to supply, but was also a bit worn out.

"Of course! Three days on a train. You simply mustn't work for several days."

She ordered a car for the girl and, shortly before the time agreed upon, Kirby entered the art department of Lacy's. She had refused the proffered services of Mrs. Masterman's maid, and so was alone. Dick was waiting for her. Their hands met, and they sat down on a seat near the door.

"Well," he asked excitedly, "have you seen the papers?"

"I have. We've won!"

"The first battle. And you're perfectly safe, you feel?"

"So safe that I'm ashamed! Dick, it doesn't seem fair or right! Mrs. Masterman and her dear little girl—why should we have to strike the innocent with the guilty?" He smiled.

"I hardly think we'll deprive them of a single automobile, Kirby. We aren't going to make Masterman restore his fortune to the people, you know. We're simply going to cinch things so that other fortunes like his can't spring into existence again. What's the matter—weakening?"

"Not at all," she answered; "but I hate deceit. And I'm playing a deceitful part, that's all. But still—where did you spend the night, Dick?"

"A hotel off the Square. Easy for me, hard for you. You're certain that there's no suspicion? You haven't been followed?"

"That's why I hate it. They accept me so trustfully for what I profess to be."

"Has Masterman seen you?"

"Not yet; but he's to dine at home to-night, and—but I'm not afraid of him. It's the deceiving his wife, poor, nervous little woman. And his daughter; I almost love her already, Dick. To think that she'll learn ——" Her mouth hardened. "War isn't a path of roses, is it? But we must decide what to do next. I don't know enough about conditions. I can see things that are wrong and should be righted, but I want to right them right! Have you made any plans?"

"You haven't commented on my haggard appearance," he said aggrievedly.

"You are tired," she said quickly. "Poor Dick!" She squeezed his hand surreptitiously, and a smile chased away the lines of weariness on his face.

"Perfectly well now," he said. "Planned? Well, rather! I've been up all night planning. I'm more eager than you know, I fear, Kirby. Do you realize, girl? Yesterday we were excited. We said and did things in a haphazard fashion. But now I've a night of thought behind me, a night of planning, a night of work! Kirby, we're going to make Masterman, Blaisdell, Cardigan, and those allied with them, restore to the people that which they have taken. We've begun a little on transportation; we'll go further. And we'll start on foodstuffs; on coal. Listen!"

He drew a piece of foolscap from his pocket.

"Typewrote it in a hotel before you were up," he said. "Here are the demands we make of Masterman: First, a flat passenger rate of one cent a mile on every road he controls. Of course, where commutation tickets are less than that, the commutation rate to stand. A reduction of twenty-five per cent on every freight schedule. An increase of wages of thirty per cent to every man employed on those railroads. That will do for Masterman—for the present.

"Cardigan: Coal to be reduced to four dollars a ton to the householder—at once! Wages in the mines to be increased one hundred per cent—at once!

"Blaisdell: The price of all meats and of other foodstuffs prepared by concerns under his control to be reduced one-half. Wages paid by him to be increased forty per cent—at once! There, what do you think of that?"

She frowned.

"Isn't it a bit too radical, Dick? Won't their businesses fail?"

"Exactly! And then the Government can buy them in. The Government isn't going to have its eyes closed while these things are happening. The Government will step in when these great concerns show signs of bankruptcy. We'll give the Government the tip; we'll—Kirby, a government is as successful as its citizens, and no more so. And a government can't be successful when its citizens are hungry, ill clothed, badly housed, as hundreds of thousands are to-day in this country. We're going to make anew this country. We've started already. Early this morning I mailed this list of first things to Masterman; this is a carbon I have here. I gave him forty-eight hours in which to put these plans into effect. If he doesn't ——"

"Dick, would we really, do you think, publish this paper?"

"I haven't thought of that contingency," he said. "The rich are cowards; wealth makes them so. Fear of what we can do will drive Masterman and his gang. Kirby, we've won! For as soon as these things go into effect the war is over. Masterman and his crowd will never go back to the old order. The people will never let them."

"But you gave them forty-eight hours. The Citizen this morning claims that Masterman has been selling short. You and I know differently; but can't they sell short now and reap colossal profits?"

"It's too big a thing," said Dick. "If the stockholders of all the concerns to be affected by our demands learned that Masterman and his associates had been selling short, they would think the whole change a mere gambler's trick, and murder would follow. It surely would, Kirby, and Masterman has sense enough to know it. He'll take no chances of that. He would dare trim a thousand people, twenty thousand, but not half a million. He'll reap no profit."

Kirby rose.

"You'll call me up on the telephone each day, Dick? And how long shall I have to play this hateful part?"

"A couple of days, that's all. It's only that you may be safe. For Kirby, if you are found and your safety threatened, I'd give up the whole business."

"And I too," she confessed. "It's wrong to place one above the many; but that's love, isn't it, Dick?"

"It surely is—with me, at any rate," he told her. "But the whole thing will be over soon. Then with Masterman involved so that he cannot retreat, we won't care if he knows our identity."

"I will," said Kirby. "His wife and child—oh, well, good-by, Dick. And phone me."

There was not even opportunity for a stolen kiss. They dared not be seen on the street together. They were not really safe even here. Someone might see them. Some Greenham operative might be buying a present for his wife. They separated and went in opposite directions.

Downtown Martin Masterman, Cardigan and Blaisdell looked into the grinning face of ruin.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

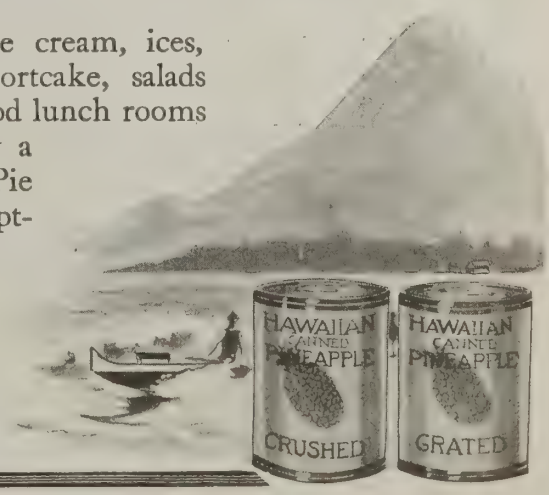
The Best Bakers Everywhere

are using Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Canned Pineapple to bake this most delicious of all pies for your table. Hawaiian Crushed and Grated Pineapple is the perfect, mellow filling, dripping with luscious juice and full flavored—the sun-ripened fruit right out of the Hawaiian fields.

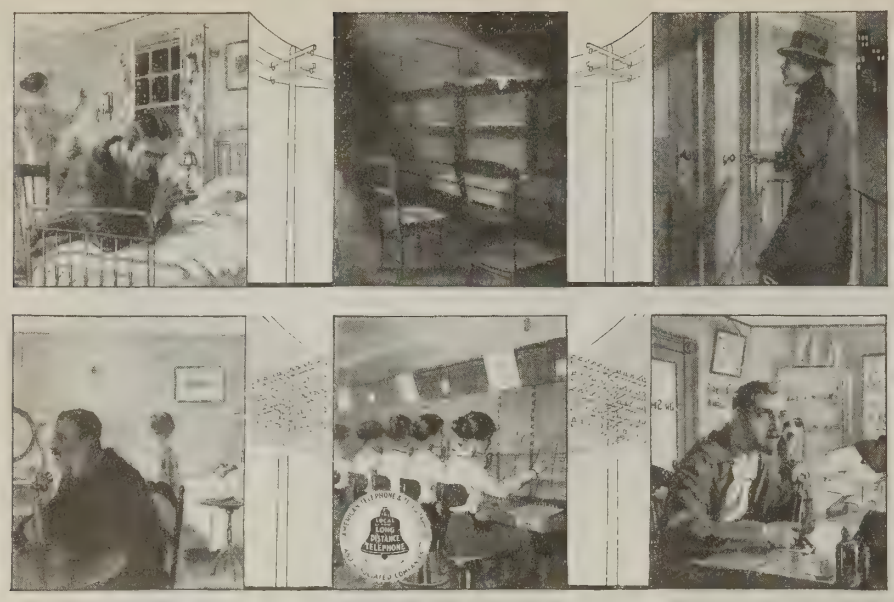
Hawaiian Canned Pineapple

Crushed or Grated

is made into the ice cream, ices, sherbets, sundaes, shortcake, salads and pies served at good lunch rooms and restaurants. Try a piece of Pineapple Pie today—it's a very tempting luncheon dessert.



ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PACKERS
Garland Building,
Chicago



Best and Cheapest Service in the World

Here are some comparisons of telephone conditions in Europe and the United States just before the war.

Here we have:

Continuous service in practically all exchanges, so that the telephone is available day and night.

A telephone to one person in ten.

3,000,000 miles of interurban or long-distance wires.

Prompt connections, the speed of answer in principal cities averaging about 3½ seconds.

Lines provided to give immediate toll and long-distance service.

In Europe:

Nine-tenths of the exchanges are closed at night, and in many cases, at mealtime.

Not one person in a hundred has a telephone.

Not one-eighth as many miles in proportion to population and territory.

In the principal cities, it takes more than twice as long for the operator to answer.

No such provision made. Telephone users are expected to await their turn.

As to cost, long-distance service such as we have here was not to be had in Europe, even before the war, at any price. And exchange service in Europe, despite its inferior quality, costs more in actual money than here.

Bell Service is the criterion for all the world, and the Bell organization is the most economical as well as the most efficient servant of the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

¶ A temperance peppermint cordial:

Beech-Nut Mints 5¢

Tasteful Confections that Melt on Your Tongue
~ Taste them after Dinner!

Also Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Wintergreens, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

DOUBTFUL DOLLARS

(Continued from Page 7)

"Well, I should hope not!" Harold ejaculated. "To one of your artistic temperament it is only with the greatest condescension that you tackle flats and public buildings; but of course you've got to make 'em pay a whopping big fee to soothe your feelings. I wish you'd cut out the sob stuff. Everything's going better than I expected. If we'd confessed at once that dad's million was all a pipe dream, you and I would be borrowing money to pay our office rent; as it is, people think we don't need business and are simply throwing jobs at us. I kept the general counsel for the W. K. & S. cooling his heels in my outer office for an hour this morning. He dropped down from Chicago to persuade me to undertake a condemnation proceeding to get more switching room for their yards. Father always represented them here when they had anything too big for the local attorneys they keep busy fighting damage suits. That job will be worth five—maybe ten thousand dollars. If we were paupers, do you think he'd have come to me? Not on your life!"

Darting into the club for a hurried luncheon, Reggie was appalled, a week later, to find Harold there, with the Reverend Edgar Paulding Fleming. The two were seated at a table in the bay window of the dining room. Reggie saw at a glance that they were lingering over a luncheon which had taxed the resources of the club kitchen. If he had needed further proof of his brother's insanity it was amply provided by this wholly unnecessary social attention to the penniless clergyman Mildred had threatened to marry. He stole into one of the card rooms, had a glass of milk and a sandwich brought to him there, and sent a card to Harold demanding an interview at the earliest moment possible. Thereafter he paced the floor, and as Harold seemed in no haste to leave his guest, Reggie covered several miles before his brother appeared.

"This can't go on; it's got to stop right here!" Reggie declared as he locked the door. "I tell you we're headed for the penitentiary if the lunatic asylum doesn't get us first. If you're going to encourage that young pauper to marry Mildred, so that we'll have to support 'em both for the rest of our days, I'm done! I quit right now! I'm going over to the bank and tell what you're doing; I'm going to ——"

His mind was evidently not clear as to the alternative terminus, for he ceased abruptly as Harold yawned and picked up a pack of cards which he began to shuffle languidly.

"If you're out of gas, sonny, I'll bring you up to date in the matter of Mildred's suitor. I don't want you to think I've been asleep. The Hornbrooks are not doing as well as I thought they were. In fact, their company's about to issue some preferred stock, which doesn't have a healthy look in so old a concern. With only a million dollars in our family, I don't think we want to take on a brother-in-law whose financial soundness is at all questionable. Much as I like Bob Hornbrook, we simply mustn't take a chance on him. As soon as Mildred sprang Fleming on us I got busy looking up his family connections and previous condition of servitude. A little Sherlocking brought me the cheering information that he has a rich uncle in Boston. This old boy put Fleming through college, then chucked him because he wanted to tackle the ministry; the aforesaid uncle wanted to put him in a stocking factory—less spiritual but more profitable. It's certainly to Fleming's credit that he carried himself without help through the theological seminary. I sounded our bishop yesterday and he told me Fleming's sure to go to the top. Delegation from a big Pittsburgh church has been here taking a look at Fleming and were most favorably impressed. So it doesn't look so bad, brother."

Reggie snatched the cards which Harold was laying out for a game of solitaire and flung them across the room.

"You fool!" he shouted, pointing a quivering finger at Harold. "You have the nerve to tote that fellow to the club and throw expensive food into him, just to encourage his attentions? Look here, Harold, I've stood a good deal, but this is too much. It's all off. I'm done with this whole business. But I want you to remember ——"

"Cut the long farewell stuff, Reggie. I tell you I know what I'm doing. Fleming came to me like a man and said he wanted to marry Mildred—I being the older brother and the head of the house. That was at the office yesterday. A straightforward, manly chap; I've taken a real shine to him. He told me all about himself, his break with his uncle and his own hopes, and so on. He said he knew a poor man in his profession oughtn't to marry a girl who had been brought up in luxury; he felt a delicacy about asking a rich girl to marry him. He was mighty humble before Mildred's quarter of a million."

Reggie groaned and buried his face in his hands.

"But Fleming had written to Uncle Ellery to ask his advice and incidentally his forgiveness. Fleming is a much cleverer man than we've given him credit for, Reggie. Well, he showed me the old man's letter. It confirmed the opinion I had formed of him from letters I got from people I know at the home of the sacred cod. A rather tart, cynical, old party—the type of Bostonian you see in exclusive Boston clubs; nothing to do but complain of the club ventilation and sneak down to a bank every little while and clip the merry coupon for exercise. Otherwise they fight the gout and read Thackeray—nothing later unless somebody writes a new life of John Quincy Adams. An interesting type, Reggie. I know Fleming's uncle as intimately as though I'd gone to school with him. Well, when Fleming came to me yesterday like the good chap he is, to ask our sister's hand in marriage, he showed me a letter he had just got from Uncle Ellery. What he wrote was this—I committed it to memory while Fleming was bragging about Mildred:

"'*My dear Nephew:* If you've found a girl with a quarter of a million dollars who's willing to marry you, you must have improved a good deal since our last meeting. I'm getting on in years, and while you've been a sad disappointment to me I'm not unmindful of the fact that you are the son of my only sister and the last of the line. Pray convey my compliments to Miss Raymond! I remember a speech her father made at a dinner of the Puritan Club here ten years ago. It was admirable in every way. I have deposited one hundred thousand dollars in securities to your account with Briggs, Marin & Co., and am inclosing a draft for one thousand dollars, as a further token of my regard.

"'Affectionately yours,

"'ELLERY E. WAYBURN.'

"What do you think of that, my dear, doubting brother? You'll go on talking about my insanity and lack of moral sense, will you? I tell you the position I took the day we found father had died broke was unassailable. We never stood to lose! There's just one little rift in the lute and I'm hoping to patch that up. They've sprung father's subscription for stock in that Murtrie gasoline engine the papers were full of a couple of years ago. The engine was good, but not what was claimed for it, and dad refused to pay. Parker sold some of the stock, but, like everything else he and Cummings handled, it came to nothing, though it made a neat approach shot to the grand jury. A chap named Anderson came to see me a week ago with the subscription paper, and tried to convince me that he had a valid claim against the estate."

"Don't tell me—don't tell me you're going to recognize any claim of that sort!" moaned Reggie. "It was bad enough paying five thousand you didn't have for that hospital, just as a matter of protecting father's honor; but this, really this ——"

Harold snapped his cigarette case, dropped it carelessly into his pocket, and smiled patronizingly at his brother.

"I've compromised with Anderson and paid him fifty cents a share for a block of twenty thousand, giving my personal note for it. It never rains but it pours, Reggie. About a week before Anderson tackled me, Murtrie, the inventor of the engine, came to see me. It seems that this man Anderson organized the company, with every ignoble intention of freezing Murtrie out of it as soon as he got it going. Murtrie is a nice old chap and not as big a fool as he looks. By a stroke of inspiration he's got a new twist on his engine, which puts the original on the scrap heap. He didn't know about dad's subscription—just came to me on the strength of my growing reputation, and wanted my advice about getting hold of his original patents, which Anderson got him to

(Continued on Page 61)

Why has it taken some manufacturers thirty years to discover that the best Belting Material does *not* grow on a cow?

An outlay of Ten Dollars on scientific belting often shows the way to the saving of Hundreds!

ALEXANDER T. STEWART used to say that the average merchant is just *average* because te *little things* mean nothing to him. Ie must have a fire or a strike or a war t jolt him out of the habit of letting ell enough alone.

* * * *

There are over eighty thousand manufacturers in the United States and Canada hose machinery is dependent upon elting for power transmission.

Single plants use anywhere from ten ten thousand belts.

Eighty per cent. of these belts cost on average less than ten dollars apiece.

Slipshod performance and short life an *individual belt* seem of small importance—but if each belt cost one housand dollars or if all the belts in the lant should give out at once, there ould long ago have been a great cry om manufacturers for a belt at once *ientifically constructed* and at a *cost elative to its service* and not based on ne market price of hides.

* * * *

For thirty-five years Leviathan-Anaonda has had *built* into it the things hich practical men have recognized s needful to make belting a *dependable* nd *scientific success*.

Leviathan-Anaconda belts are made various ply of solid fabric, impregated with special compound, so treated, retched and aged as to produce a strong liable belting, well nigh indestructible.

The *processing* of Leviathan-Anaonda is not a matter of surface only—t is *through and through*. Leviathan-Anaconda performance is dependable down to the *last ply of fabric*.

Two thousand belts in this plant. Suppose they should all quit at once!

* * * *

More money will be paid out in dividends in January, 1917, than in any previous month in American history.

In eight thousand plants now using Leviathan-Anaconda, a proportion of such dividends will be directly due to the savings effected by the use of these belts because of their *low cost* and the quality of their *performance*.

Many business concerns think they can solve their belting problem by signing a contract with somebody. That is on a par with the idea that you can give a community morals by legislation—or that a man pays his bills when he signs a note for the amount of them.

The way to settle the belt question for your factory, whether it be large or small, is to *select one position and try a Leviathan or Anaconda belt on it*. Then watch it work. Many factories have tried this plan. In over ninety per cent. of them the *test cost less than ten dollars*.

* * * *

Leviathan-Anaconda is not sold by the yard—it is sold as a cost-reducing service. Therefore it is sold direct to the user.

The men who represent it are specialists in laying out scientific transmission. Their services are available to the engineer of any factory in the United States or Canada.

You must *know conditions* in order to meet them. Our special charts show how to keep transmission, conveying and elevating costs in your own plant. We send these without charge. Our book about belts is a valuable addition to any engineer's library.

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTS
for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating
MAIN BELTING COMPANY, Philadelphia
New York Chicago Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham
CHARLES PURDEN, Birmingham, England
THE M. METT ENGINEERING CO., Petrograd, Russia
WM. A. CAMPBELL, Havana, Cuba
AIN BELTING CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Toronto
ADOLPH GRANDJEAN, 211 Rue Lafayette, Paris
HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO., Honolulu

Discard Every Wasteful Carbon Lamp for Sunlight's Only Rival

THE Power House can give you *all* the light you want, but the socket *only* as much as the lamp you put in it.

If, in your sockets you have old-style carbon lamps, replace them with EDISON MAZDA and enjoy *three times as much light*, and a finer, brighter, whiter light too, without increasing your current bills one cent.

Because carbon lamps can only give a limited amount of light; —because if you want MORE light with them you must use MORE of them and spend MORE for current; it is both to your pleasure and your *profit* to put in every socket the modern lamps of bright white brilliance, the lamps of economy, EDISON MAZDA.

In usual household and office sizes, EDISON MAZDA Lamps cost 27c. each: for convenience they come packed five-in-a-row in handy cartons. You can get them individually if you wish, of your lighting company or nearest MAZDA Agent.

EDISON LAMP WORKS
of General Electric Company Harrison, N. J.

Made in U. S. A. and

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

—Backed by— MAZDA Service

(6373)

Save Your Worn Tires

Get 5,000 Miles More Service by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads the same as European Motorists have been doing for over 3 years. 30,000 American Motorists have done this in the last 8 months and are saving $50 to $200 a year in tire expense.

5,000 Miles without puncture is the signed guarantee you get with every Durable Steel Studded Tread.

We Deliver Free without a cent deposit, prepay the express and allow you to judge.

Special Discount offered to motorists in new territory on first shipment direct from the factory.

Stop throwing away your worn tires—mail the coupon below for details—be sure and put in your tire sizes.

Guaranteed 5000 Miles Without Puncture

MAIL TODAY—SAVE THE DISCOUNT
The Colorado Tire & Leather Co.
15 Tread Bldg., Denver, Colo. A-45 Transportation Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 720-451 Woolworth Bldg., New York City.
Without obligation send me free catalog, copy of guarantee, sample and booklet "10,000 Miles on One Set of Tires."
Name_____
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My Tire Sizes are_____

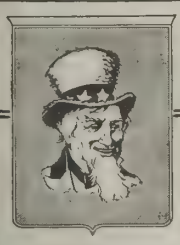
Fuller Brush Trade Mark
Sanitary Brushes
Twisted Wire Back

A better tooth brush
Rotary bristles clean better. Brush can be removed from handle for cleaning—more sanitary. Bristles can't come out—can be renewed for 15c when worn out—handle lasts indefinitely. Brush complete 40c by mail.

A brush for every purpose
each built on the twisted-wire back principle—bristles can't come out. Suggestions: No. 82, Hair Brush; $1.00; No. 81, Cloth Brush, $1.25; No. 94, Fountain Auto Washer, $2.00; No. 103, Friction Shower, $3.25. Write for catalog showing complete line. *Representatives—make money selling Fuller Brushes. Big demand—agreeable work. Write for details.*

Fuller Brush Co., 72 Union St., Hartford, Conn.

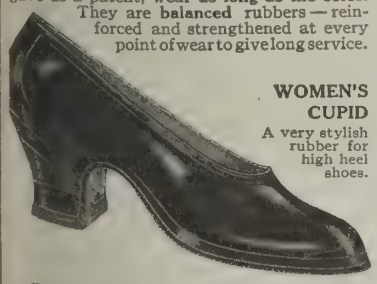
No. 105 Fuller Patented Tooth Brush 40 cents



TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

Top Notch rubbers and arctics are different from any other rubbers made. Not only are they remarkably stylish, fine-fitting and beautifully finished—but they combine lightness and beauty of line with exceptionally long wear.

Most rubbers break through at the heel long before the rest of the rubber is worn out. But the patent Clincher Cushion heels of Top Notch rubbers, upon which Uncle Sam gave us a patent, **wear as long as the soles.** They are **balanced** rubbers—reinforced and strengthened at every point of wear to give long service.



WOMEN'S CUPID
A very stylish rubber for high heel shoes.

Try on a pair of Top Notch rubbers and see how snug they fit—how small they make your feet look. Their style and fit, combined with their great durability, make them the most economical and satisfying rubbers you can buy.

Write for our money-saving illustrated booklet "L" and the name of the Top Notch dealer in your town.

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
Beacon Falls, Conn.
New York Chicago Boston
Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco

(Continued from Page 58)

assign to the corporation. The assignment covered all future improvements in strictly legal form.

"Anderson thinks the scheme's dead and is chortling over blackmailing me out of ten thousand dollars. He doesn't know about Murtrie's improvements, or that he's been down to New York and had a firm of engineering experts pass on the new idea. It's a big thing, brother, a mighty big thing. The engineers wired the old man to-day that they've started West with one of the biggest men in the automobile game. They're on the train right now headed this way." Harold leaned forward and patted Reggie's knee. "My dear boy, things are simply blowing into the window for us. We're not going to lose a chance of planting ourselves firmly on the bed rock of prosperity while the million lasts. And now I want you to run back to your office and figure a few thousand feet of additional radiation into the specifications for heating the courthouse."

"More radiation! There's enough provided for now to keep that building red hot at the North Pole."

"But that isn't enough!" replied Harold from the door. "Connor's got a steamfitter friend he's going to throw the heating contract to, and he wants to sugar it for all it's worth. Don't look at me that way, Reggie! It isn't your morality that's involved; it's the low tone of our politics that puts power into the hands of Connor and his rotten commissioners. It's the apathy of the electorate, our dear fellow citizens, that's responsible for a condition that makes it possible for Connor to adopt your oft-rejected plans and hand the contracts to the highest bidder. You are perfectly innocent in the matter, my boy. You'll have to excuse me now, as I've got to go over and see what sister Dot is doing to aid the family fortunes."

When Harold reached the offices of Cummings & Raymond, dealers in investment securities, he found the firm engaged in the pleasant pastime of cleaning out the safe.

"You know," said Dorothy, rising to greet her brother, "we're going to make a specialty of serving tea in the ladies' room, and we haven't any place to keep the tea service, so we thought we'd clean out the rubbish and use the safe."

"Admirable!" cried Harold approvingly as he surveyed an array of papers and account books heaped on the floor. "I was going to suggest that you keep the office canary in the safe, but it's much better to use it for the tea service. How's the firm coming on?"

"Oh, we've sold a bond! Esther White came in this morning with a thousand dollars her father had given her for a birthday present, and we sold her a traction bond. We lost ten dollars on it, but Nellie thought we'd better sell it a little below the market. Didn't you, Nellie?"

"Well," Miss Cummings explained, "Esther's father has heaps of money to invest, and if she tells him that we're selling cheaper than other brokers he's likely to bring his business to us."

"That's perfectly sound," Harold acquiesced. "If you trim the market price a trifle, you can't fail to get the accounts of cautious investors like White, who are always looking for bargains. The only trouble is you may start a bear movement in traction and precipitate a panic. Let's see what you're chucking here."

He bent down and began poking over the litter from the safe. There were stock books of half a dozen defunct corporations, which had been promoted by the late firm of Parker & Cummings, and detached shares in all manner of organizations that had died in their incipiency.

"Girls, you mustn't let the janitor have this stuff; at the present price of paper you must not overlook the rag man. Well, well, well!"

He sank upon the floor, inspecting with deep absorption a packet of certificates fastened together by a rubber band.

"Thirty thousand shares! Thirty thousand! Girls, run and make the kettle boil! Dot, lock the door—lock all the doors!"

"Of course, if those things are of any use we'll have to tell Mr. Parker about it," remarked Dorothy as Harold began folding up the certificates. "That would only be fair!"

"Not at all," remarked Harold with an indulgent smile. "Parker thought he'd sold you a solid gold brick when you bought him out, and his bill of sale covered everything in the office. And, besides, he's

ROYAL Typewriters

ROYAL Typewriters
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AMERICAN SMELTING & REFINING COMPANY

The American Smelting and Refining Company is the largest company of its kind in the world.

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It investigated, experimented, compared and then chose the ROYAL Typewriter.

ROYAL STANDARD TYPEWRITERS
make the big business organization complete

They were invented and are designed to meet the typewriter needs of the business world today.

They are the finishing touch to that office efficiency which the successful business organization must maintain.

They fit exactly into the high standard of organization, of personnel and of equipment of the biggest smelting and refining company in the world.

They round out the effectiveness, the sureness, the exactness, the specialized ability of that organization.

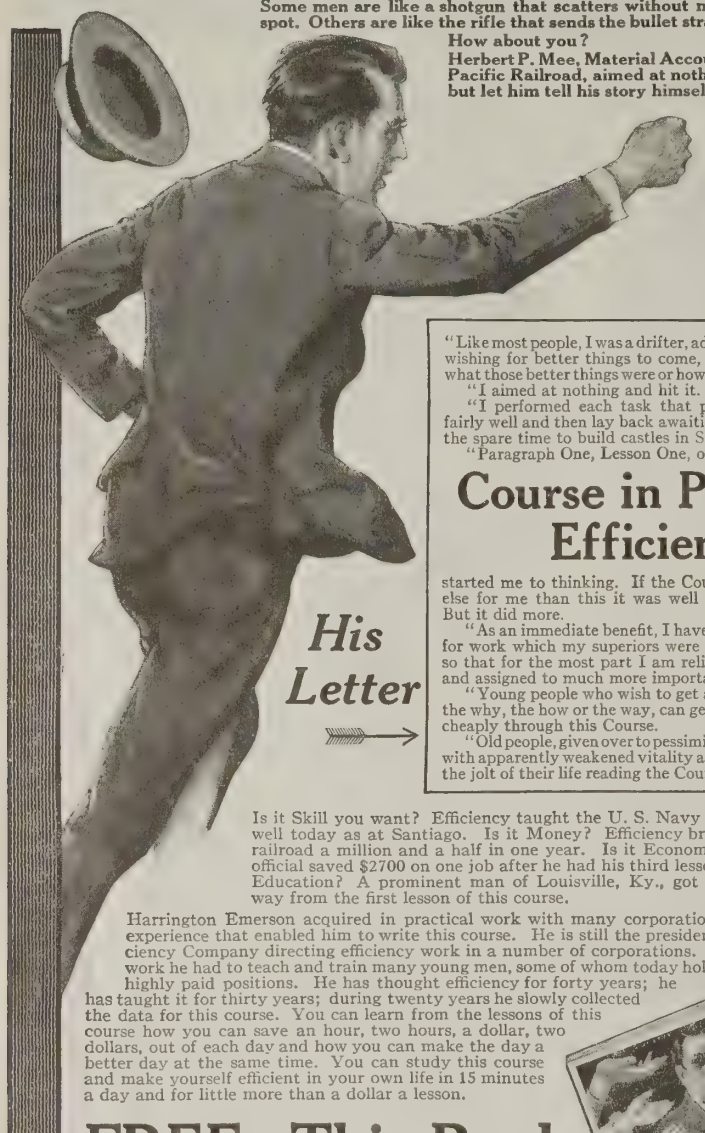
You need the ROYAL in your business. Telephone or write our nearest agent and a representative will call. Let the ROYAL prove itself to you and for you.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
Royal Typewriter Building 364 Broadway, New York
"Compare the Work"

Stop Hitting at Nothing!

Some men are like a shotgun that scatters without much force in any one spot. Others are like the rifle that sends the bullet straight to the bull's-eye. How about you?

Herbert P. Mee, Material Accountant of the Southern Pacific Railroad, aimed at nothing and hit it—*until*—but let him tell his story himself:



His Letter

"Like most people, I was a drifter, admiring success, weakly wishing for better things to come, with no conception of what those better things were or how to proceed to get them.

"I aimed at nothing and hit it.

"I performed each task that presented itself, did it fairly well and then lay back awaiting the next task, using the spare time to build castles in Spain.

"Paragraph One, Lesson One, of your

Course in Personal Efficiency

started me to thinking. If the Course had done nothing else for me than this it was well worth the price paid. But it did more.

"As an immediate benefit, I have an increased capacity for work which my superiors were not slow to recognize, so that for the most part I am relieved of my old duties and assigned to much more important work.

"Young people who wish to get ahead, but don't know the why, the how or the way, can get the information very cheaply through this Course.

"Old people, given over to pessimism, loss of interest, and with apparently weakened vitality and enthusiasm, will get the jolt of their life reading the Course through but once."

Is it Skill you want? Efficiency taught the U. S. Navy to shoot 1200 times as well today as at Santiago. Is it Money? Efficiency brought a great western railroad a million and a half in one year. Is it Economy? A California state official saved $2700 on one job after he had his third lesson of this course. Is it Education? A prominent man of Louisville, Ky., got his first big step that way from the first lesson of this course.

Harrington Emerson acquired in practical work with many corporations the knowledge and experience that enabled him to write this course. He is still the president of an Efficiency Company directing efficiency work in a number of corporations. In his work he had to teach and train many young men, some of whom today hold highly paid positions. He has thought efficiency for forty years; he has taught it for thirty years; during twenty years he slowly collected the data for this course. You can learn from the lessons of this course how you can save an hour, two hours, a dollar, two dollars, out of each day and how you can make the day a better day at the same time. You can study this course and make yourself efficient in your own life in 15 minutes a day and for little more than a dollar a lesson.

FREE—This Book

14 Chapters—In Colors—Illustrated

Send for this book. It contains the answer to the ever-present question of "Where's the money coming from?" Some of the chapters:

What is Efficiency? For whom is Efficiency? How you are taught Efficiency. Are you ear-minded or eye-minded? Find out what you are actually doing with your time. Most failures are due to guesswork. You use only half your power. To what do some men owe their success? Health culture. Personal finances. Mr. Emerson's message to you.

There is no standing still in life. If you're not going forward, you are going backward. If Efficiency doesn't grow on you, inefficiency will. This course will send you forward to your goal—it will put you on the shortest, quickest, easiest road to success. Send the coupon for information now—today. It costs you nothing and may be the biggest thing you ever did in your life.

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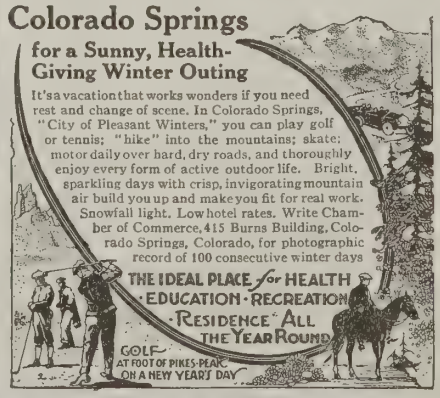

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He was trained by members of our Faculty. You too, if you like to draw, should succeed—with the right training.

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Earn from $25 to $75 per week. Become a Commercial Designer—uncrowded field—dignified profession. Learn to draw during your spare time by our home study method. **Easy to learn, easy to apply.** Send today for beautiful catalog in colors. Also our folio of commercial illustrations. Free for the asking.

Federal School of Com'l Designing, Inc., 34 Warner Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

discounted your note and left for parts unknown and a thousand sleuths couldn't find him. He shrewdly surmised that, as soon as you found out you'd been stung, you'd be terribly peeved and ring up the police. These shares of the Murtrie Manufacturing Company are going to par—they'll go away above par. Look through all the books in the office and see who the suckers were your predecessors in business snared on that stock! We want to get all there is in sight. The Murtrie engine is going to be the only one you'll hear about for the rest of your lives. We'll make that engine right here in town and double the population. Yes, lemon, Nellie; I never cared much for canned cream. By the way, your idea of running your advertisement on the woman's page of the Journal strikes me as admirable. They ran it right next to Antoinette's Beauty Hints this morning."

"Don't you think we ought to have a private wire?" asked Nellie as he took his cup. "All the big brokers have one."

"Well, I'm rather against it," replied Harold after an instant's pause. "It would give a vulgar commercial tone to your office. You need a smart boy to guard the door and you can have him sneak into Billings & Carter's and copy any quotations from their board that you're particularly interested in. I'd keep a domestic finish on this shop and not litter it up with telegraph instruments. Of course, as business grows and your customers bring their crocheting here on rainy afternoons, it might be well to arrange for a service covering the winter races, but you'll have to consider the moral aspects of mingling the ponies with premium bonds. Just now Murtrie is your big card. These shares are going to climb like a frightened squirrel and you're right in on the noncombustible concrete floor. This is real stuff, girls; there's no fake about it."

"Mr. Murtrie used to come to our house at all hours to see father, and nearly drove him crazy," said Nellie. "He had funny whiskers and never wore any collar."

"Thank you for mentioning that," said Harold. "I'm going to doll him up so he'll take an impressive photograph. I want to have that all ready when we begin our publicity work. His name is going down in history with Bell and Edison—one of the world's greatest mechanical geniuses. By the way, if a chap named Anderson comes here asking if you know anything about this stock, remember that you are hard of hearing and don't tell him anything."

IV

HAROLD and Reggie rarely met. Harold was reorganizing the Murtrie Company, a task of magnitude, and had no time for family affairs. Reggie, finding his brother inaccessible, abandoned his rôle of prophet of evil and plunged into work up to his eyes. Success had exercised an exhilarating effect upon him; his ambition was aroused and he was anxious to make the most of the opportunity created by Harold's daring.

A few days before the expiration of the period for filing the inventory, he was at work on plans for the Robertson country house when Harold summoned him to his office. As he entered his brother's private room he saw at once that something was amiss. Harold sat crumpled in a chair by the window.

"Turn the bolt," he ordered gloomily.

"What's happened?" asked Reggie doggedly, placing his back against the wall.

"Uncle Walter landed in New York yesterday, got his first news of father's death, and sent a night letter of condolence which I found waiting for me here this morning. And an hour ago this blew in." He tossed Reggie a telegram that read as follows:

"Who has charge of brother's estate? Wire full information at once, as I wish to make report of securities I hold for him. Market value to-day about nine hundred thousand but properly handled will reach a million. These were investments I made for him in rubber and copper and half interest in Tin Cup Gold property in Nevada. Will come out and discuss matters with you next week."

Reggie read the telegram through twice and then lifted his eyes guardedly.

"It isn't possible—it's some kind of a fake," he whispered, turning the message over as though expecting to find support for his doubts in the printed matter on the back.

"I've been through a private letter book of dad's I'd overlooked, and it's true enough," said Harold dejectedly. "Dad kept the stuff in New York, so Uncle Walter could manage it for him. The original capital was only twenty-five thousand and dad never told us about it, knowing our capacity for blowing money."

"Then what the devil's the matter? You look as though you'd lost a million instead of finding it!"

Harold pulled his feet from the window sill and swung round upon his brother.

"It's rotten—rotten! After the start we've got, after all we've done to play up to that fake million, here's this real money coming along and spoiling it all! You and I have gone to the top in our profession in sixty days, not because we wanted to or cared, but because we had to or take the count, and now —— I tell you we can't take this money; we're ruined if we take it!"

"But it's ours—we can't just shake it," suggested Reggie.

"We're going to shake it; we've got to put it out of sight! I've thought it all out since I called you up. We'll put it through the estate in due form and give the girl her share; that's only square; but you and I, Reggie, are going to have careers. We're going to be a credit to dad! We're going to pool our two quarters and forget all about it and bone to our jobs, as though we didn't have a cent. But it's going to be hard to keep poor—that's the hell of it, Reggie. Why, we stand to make a fortune out of that Murtrie stock, to say nothing of my legitimate law practice that I'm going to freeze to like a January night. And everybody's bragging about you—you've arrived with both feet! Being rich isn't anything to being a success, Reggie. You're beginning to feel that; I can see it in your eye!"

"You're dead right," Reggie assented. "I'd hate to let go of my work now. It wouldn't be fair to the people who've trusted me with jobs!"

"Certainly not," remarked Harold. "And now that I'm up against it, with more law business than I can handle, I'm not going to let any of my clients suffer. I mean to be honest, too, Reggie; I could have skinned old man Murtrie alive, without violating professional ethics, but I'm making a rich man of him. I'm going to live up to father's reputation if it's in me to do it."

"I'm glad you feel that way," said Reggie with traces of tears in his eyes. "You'll forgive me for saying it, old man, but you'd go in for con games—blue-sky finance and that sort of thing—you'd be a wonder. You could fool kings and emperors; money would roll uphill to meet you coming down."

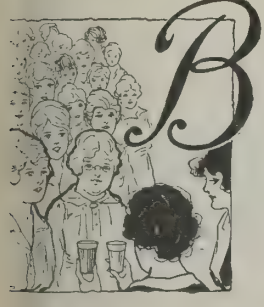
"Thank you for the compliment," Harold replied, flicking a thread from his sleeve, "but there wouldn't be any fun in being a professional crook; it's too easy!"

This Test Proves RED WING is the GRAPE JUICE With the Better Flavor

EIGHTEEN women who were under the impression that there was no difference in Grape Juices, were selected to make a comparative test of Red Wing and four other leading brands.

All labels and identifying marks were removed from the bottles. Then each woman tasted the Grape Juice poured from each of the five bottles and signified which one she thought best in flavor, richness and color.

Every one of them chose Red Wing.



BUT to make the test even more conclusive, water was then added to the samples—*25 per cent more water was added to Red Wing than to the others.* Again the women were asked to signify their preference. *And again Red Wing was the choice of these eighteen women!*

Some people have the same idea regarding Grape Juice that these eighteen women had *before* making the above test. They buy Grape Juice as they buy beans. They ask for Grape Juice—that's all.

MANY haven't learned yet that Red Wing is as far superior to some grape juice as ripe grapes are to green.

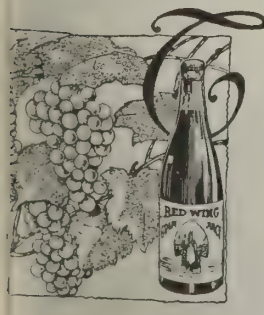
Now here's another test—very, very simple—which will set anybody right on the grape-juice question:

Merely try Red Wing.

You will instantly recognize the distinctive excellence in flavor and purity.

AND besides the unquestionable quality of Red Wing, consider the economy. Red Wing will go 25 per cent farther. You can serve one-fourth more people with Red Wing and still retain the delicious flavor, the rich body and sparkling color. You'll notice the difference when you make Sherbet, Punch, Pudding or any of the many dainty Red Wing dishes.

Try Red Wing. You will appreciate the fresh-grape flavor and attractive color.



THERE is a reason for Red Wing's wonderful flavor. It is the pure, free juice—the first, light crush of the finest, select grapes grown in the famous Chautauqua Belt. It is *real* Grape Juice—unadulterated, unfermented.

Next time you buy Grape Juice remember to ask for Red Wing. Try it once and you'll buy it always.

We have a booklet of Red Wing recipes we'll be glad to send you.

PURITAN FOOD PRODUCTS CO. Inc., Fredonia, N. Y.

Sales Branches: Chicago, New York, Boston, San Francisco

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Mezzo-Soprano, Metropolitan Opera Company

GIOVANNI ZENATELLO
Tenor, Boston-National Grand Opera Company

ANNA CASE
Soprano, Metropolitan Opera Company

MARIE RAPPOLD
Soprano, Metropolitan Opera Company

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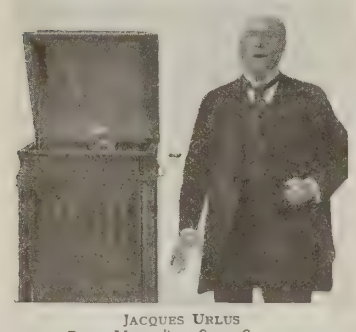
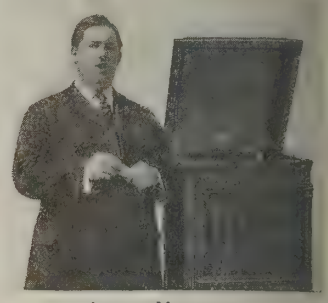


JACQUES URLUS
Tenor, Metropolitan Opera Company



ARTHUR MIDDLETON
Basso, Metropolitan Opera Company

OTTO GORITZ
Baritone, Metropolitan Opera Company

THOMAS CHALMERS
Baritone, Boston-National Grand Opera Company

It is the object of this advertisement to differentiate Mr. Edison's recent invention from any and all talking machines. There are nearly one hundred different makes of talking machines on the market. The New Edison is not a talking machine.

The pictures on this page were taken while these twenty different artists were actually singing or playing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their work.

These astonishing tests are chronicled in three hundred of America's leading newspapers, which concede that an artist's performance cannot be distinguished from the New Edison's Re-Creation of it.

The NEW EDISON

is positively the only instrument which has successfully sustained the test of direct comparison with living artists. May we send you the brochure "Music's Re-Creation," and the booklet "What the Critics Say"?

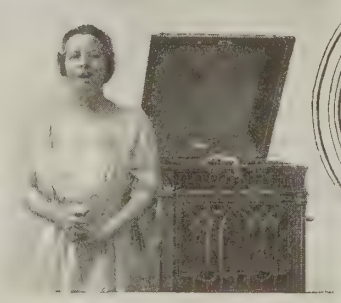
THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc. Dept. 2351, Orange, N. J.

ALICE VERLET
Soprano, Paris Grand Opera

JULIA HEINRICH
Soprano, late of Metropolitan Opera Company

The RE-CREATION *of Music*

GUIDO CICCOLINI
Celebrated Italian Tenor

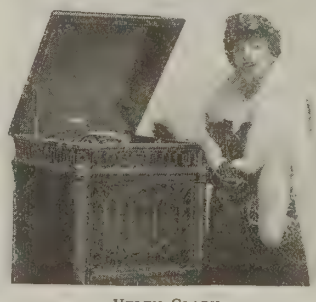


CHRISTINE MILLER
Concert Contralto

ELIZABETH SPENCER
Concert Soprano

BETSY LANE SHEPHERD
Concert Soprano

MARIE KAISER
Concert Soprano



HELEN CLARK
Concert Contralto

HARDY WILLIAMSON
Tenor, late of Century Opera Company

IDA GARDNER
Concert Contralto

GLEN ELLISON
Popular Scotch Baritone

THE POMEGRANATE COAT

(Continued from Page 18)

Sheer horror deprived Tommy of speech r a second.

"If you so much as set a foot—the toe of ur shoe—outside this stockade, you little ol ——" he gulped.

"Oh, well, don't call me names. I won't. ut, Tommy, you—you've got to come ck." She was very white as she spoke. It was only when he was well started that remembered she had called him Tommy. ell, why not? Conventions didn't matter a time of emotional stress like this.

It was an uneventful trip. Some young oligans dogged him to the boat and llowed him homeward, throwing refuse his coat and offering him jibes and lewd stures, which, remembering the presint's counsel, Tommy bore, though his nd was taut on the revolver in his pocket. e panted with rage about it afterward, alking in the college yard with Margaret by.

"Gad, to knuckle down and swallow it l—things like that—when I could have shed 'em down the line and cracked a w heads!"

"And what about our chances and your vn? All your fine schemes—and Eloise?"

"I'm not thinking of Eloise just now," apped Tommy, and never noticed. "I'm linking what a fool and quitter I've been. y the Lord Harry, if we pull out of this m going to stick it out here—full conact—and pound some sense into their eads. I'll teach 'em if they can trifle with n American. Look at all we've done for m! Look at Miss Bayer and Miss heeler! Miss Wheeler herself nursed a t of these cursed Afoos through the allpox a year ago, and now every moth-'s son would stick us if they had the ance!"

It was the waiting that Tommy found e hardest. The settling down with an apearance of stoicism to a semblance of eaceful occupation, when the storm might eak at any time. He wanted to rush out petuously against all this Oriental stealth d indirection and strike good honest lows for independence. It galled him to ait the Oriental pleasure, to lie passive efore threats, to make the rounds of their rtifications with Teevey and the other rofessors, and to work up their scanty urces of defense.

Perhaps he could not have borne it but r Margaret Irby. She was like a bright ame, these days—a steady, clear-headed, rave little spirit, like no one Tommy had er known.

"Aren't you afraid?" he asked one day. I never knew a girl like you. You now ——"

"Oh, I'm a poor sort, really," she said. When—when the time comes—if it does—shan't be any better than any girl. I just on't realize—and then—we've got you."

They were walking in the college yard gain and the light of the gate lantern fell n her face. And Tommy saw how little nd white it was for all her fine spirit, and great wave of tenderness rose in his throat.

"Yes," he repeated, "you've got me." nd he said it a second time a little unteadily, and for a little space they were lent. Yes, those days were the worst of all. ot easy for a man of blood to attend rayers and Bible class quietly, to wind ool for Miss Bayer, to play checkers with rofessor Maxwell or discuss English polics with little Doctor Ames. The only andotes he knew were the cleansing and iling of his automatic, recalling those bouts the orchard back home when he and Dan randall had "wiped the eye" out of a ostage-stamp at forty feet—it was thirtyve from the stockade gate to the college oor—and eternally walking and talking ith Margaret Irby in the compound.

Their taste in conversation was catholic, nd Tommy never quite remembered the ubjects afterward, but they were the only ally peaceful moments he knew.

And one evening the waiting was ended. he jingo Teevey came into the dining oom and reported that he had sneaked out s far as the Bazaar of the Purple Moon nd got the latest.

Some more of the Wee Singhs had been illed and the south quarter of the town as burning. The faculty went up to a alcony and verified this. The whole sky as a lurid crimson. Teevey was almost ndecent in his triumph.

"I will give ourselves just two hours," e said, looking at his gun-metal watch.

He underestimated it slightly. It was eleven when the cracked college bell sent a wailing note through the halls.

The ladies had retired to their dormitory, but now they assembled in the main corridor as instructed. They were very quiet, and at Miss Wheeler's suggestion they knelt here and Miss Bayer began to read from her Bible. Tommy caught the clear, steady drone of her voice as he went to his station.

"'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want,'" he heard her reading quietly.

The gates were already guarded—Doctor Ames, Professor Teevey, and little Professor Wilson at the north gate, Professors Ralph, Van Twiller and Maxwell at the east gate. Tommy, Professor Burt and Professor Wallace took stations at upper windows, where they could look over the stockade fences and cover the approach to the gates.

The redness in the sky had been creeping nearer, and suddenly from the Bazaar of the Purple Moon a hideous stream of sound issued; a yelling, diabolic mass of human bodies. It bore straight upon them and, according to the watchers' several natures, turned their blood to flame or ice.

A shower of stones struck the north gate; a squealing, screaming cacophony rose on the air. Then came a steady thud, thud on the timbers of the gate; a flare of torches in the air. A revolver spoke from within, its cracking note snapping against the thicker sounds as little Doctor Ames fired a warning high into the air. Tommy at his station above the east gate, peeping at the orgy, felt himself go cold.

"They'll be round here in a minute," he thought. He could get the reek of the burning torches, the fat smell of pine wood; the wind brought stray sparks, like gold butterflies of the night, the odors of burning wreckage. "They'll try to fire us out," he thought; "it's going to be hell."

There was no time for further thought, for the assault swerved suddenly round to his gate, and he heard the crack of revolvers again on the north side. They came against the east gate with a scattering rush, and he fired straight into the mob; there was a moment's pause before they rallied. He saw two men creeping low along the wall. They had burning torches. He shot again, and one went down.

"Fire us—would you? Rats!" he yelled, and sent another volley.

He thought of the women kneeling below and their calm trust in the Lord who was their Shepherd, and a burning exaltation filled him. He was the Shepherd's assistant, and they should not trust in vain. He remembered Doctor Ames' last counsel:

"We are a Christian colony, my friends, and we bear the light of civilization. Not unless in actual defense of life ——"

In defense of life! Well, at last—at last!

He fired his revolver again and again, and for a time lost all count. Yet for every pause there came a rally; the devils seemed to be legion, a squealing, pig-tailed hell band that seemed to be born anew every moment out of the body of the night. Suddenly a voice spoke in his ear:

"They have twice fired the north stockade—the women are drawing water and assisting. But I think we can hold them, doctor!"

Yet even as he spoke, this hope failed. There came a sudden thickening of smoke and glare in the yard; they saw the little guard running in retreat from the north side, and the east post join them. Firearms spoke; but the mission yard was suddenly filled with a devil's dance of yellow furies. The guard made the central building with a hairbreadth margin. Behind bolted doors they stationed themselves afresh. They could see the yellow glare of the burning barrier and the newly fired refectory coming bright against the night.

"Our turn next," thought Tommy as he recharged his revolver.

It was then that Miss Bayer spoke at his elbow:

"Doctor, Margaret Irby's not with us. She's in the women's building—saw her run when the gate went down."

The women's building! It stood on the other side of the refectory—a matter of a few minutes before it, too, blazed.

"I can shoot!" said Miss Bayer. "I have brought my pistol!"

"Take my place!" directed Tommy.

A man was creeping up along the veranda roof! His eyes caught the fire and

"I See Where My Puffed Wheat Goes"

But the More That Goes the Better

The last thing to restrict is a child's love of Puffed Grains. And these are the reasons:

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains. They contain what every child must have. Much they contain—phosphorus, minerals, gluten and vitamines—is discarded in flour-making.

And Puffed Grains completely and easily digest. Every food cell is exploded. So at any hour and in any form Puffed Grains are ideal foods.

They Don't Last—That Is True

People eat Puffed Grains for breakfast—with sugar and cream or mixed with fruit.

In the forenoon, perhaps, the girl of the house uses them in candy making. In the afternoon, the boy, perhaps, eats them like peanuts, buttered or salted. For supper they are floated in bowls of milk.

Thus Puffed Grains are always the most popular foods in the house. But they are all-food, remember. Every food cell is blasted. Every granule digests.

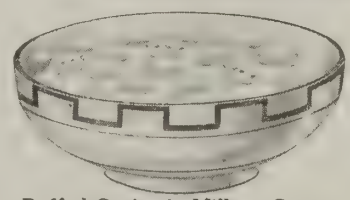
They don't tax the stomach. And they supply what most foods lack, and what every person needs.

Don't limit the use of Puffed Grains. Keep all three on hand to supply a variety, and tempt a still larger consumption. For these are the perfect foods.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West



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These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. They are steam-exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Every food element is fitted to feed.

They seem like confections—thin, airy bubbles, with a taste like toasted nuts. That's why folks so enjoy them. But their purpose is to supply whole grains in a form which the body can utilize. In no other way known can that be accomplished.

Eat Puffed Grains in some way daily.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1459)

Keep your protecting arm about them—even when you're sick!

WHILE you are well and strong they lay their troubles and their joys in your hands. But a fearful day may come when you're sick, when an attack of pneumonia or rheumatism may lay you low, and then **—what will you have to give them?**

Those loving faces hold a plea to you to

ÆTNA-IZE

Guard against the day when you will be ill and your income stopped. It costs so little—it means so much to protect yourself. The little money you spend for an Ætna Disability Policy, covering both accident and sickness, makes no difference to you now, but it will make a tremendous difference to you if the bad day should come.

It costs only $60 a year if you are in a "Preferred" occupation and under 51 years of age, and brings you:

$25 a week up to 52 weeks while you are ill. $25 a week for 100 weeks—nearly two years—if you lose the sight of both eyes by disease, or the use of both hands or feet or one hand and one foot by paralysis. Also payment of hospital charges, up to $12.50 per week, for ten weeks, or for a surgical operation.

$50 a week as long as you are disabled by a railway, steamship or burning building accident. $25 a week if disabled by an ordinary accident. If you are killed in an accident, or lose two limbs or both eyes, you will get from $5,000 to $15,000, depending on the character of the accident and on the number of years you have carried the insurance. Half as much for loss of one hand, foot or eye.

Send this coupon today, and then whatever misfortune comes you will be ready for it.

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Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.
The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance

Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines

An Ætna Agent has a national advertising campaign working for *him* all the time

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ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.
I have marked the kinds of insurance I wish to know about: Accident ☐, $250 Health ☐, Disability ☐, Life Certificate ☐. My age is ___ years. I am in good health.
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Occupation
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17 A

shone like jet beads. Miss Bayer pointed the gun at him, her lips moved in prayer, and she closed her eyes as she pulled the trigger. When she opened them he was not there.

Down this same veranda pole Tommy slid; his feet in landing touched something soft and wriggling and squealing. He spurned it and ran, head low, across the yard. It was dark as yet on this side—a path of shadow running straight to the dormitory door. He made it untouched, unseen. Bolting the door behind him, he took the stairs at two leaps. There was a long corridor at the top and another door. This, too, he locked. At the end of the hall he saw her!

She was standing just inside a small upper window, looking down at the smoking havoc. At his voice she turned and looked at him, and his heart caught. It was the girl he knew, yet someone different. Her dark hair was tossed and had fallen loose; it rippled, beautifully luxuriant, round the pale oval of her little face; her eyes were like stars; two spots of rose glowed in her cheeks, and from head to foot she shimmered in a robe of riotously golden cloth, splashed with the splendor of rich embroideries. She wore the pomegranate coat, and she was like the spirit of fire herself—rose and silver and gold.

She smiled at Tommy, her eyes wide.

"It's death—isn't it, Tommy?" she asked bravely. "That's why I came back here. I wanted you to see me just once—this way. Foolish, wasn't it?" Her voice broke suddenly. "Just—vanity—and I couldn't get away."

He went up close to her and took her in his arms.

"Margaret," he whispered, "did you think I wouldn't come to find you? Why, I love you."

"I hoped so," she nodded.

They were silent a moment, then:

"It's just you and I now—isn't it?" she whispered against the riot of sound without.

"Just you and I," he said, "but we're going to have our chance." And his arm tightened about her.

"I've—some protection too," she whispered, and she showed him a little pearl-handled knife in her hand. "For me," she whispered, and Tommy kissed her.

"You've still got me," he said.

"Yes—you!" She nestled close into his arm.

There seemed to be a sudden lull in the riot outside; the flame shadows danced bright as ever, but the noises seemed to have receded, as though the attack had fallen away to gather fresh strength. In the lull, to the two behind the barred door a strange calm fell.

"Tommy," whispered the girl, "tell me—you loved me—even as I was—in those dreadful things I wore."

"I didn't want to," said Tommy, "but—you're my girl!"

"I—I wanted to be—but I didn't want it—propinquity stuff, Tommy—I wasn't going to do a thing to show you that I—I can be—pretty."

"Pretty!" said Tommy. "You're beautiful—always! And in that coat you're the loveliest thing I ever looked at."

The lull outside had grown sinister and the girl shivered.

"Tommy—I'm frightened—I want to live—now," she sobbed suddenly, "and I have so many things to tell you—to confess—about—about the lies I told you. You may not care so much for me when you know. I did it just for silly amusement. I mean about Hindustan and my mother and the ablative absolute—and all those colleges we lived in. My mother's like yours—the real home kind—and if she knew this ——" She sobbed again. "I—I just was foolish—and spun those yarns to keep me from being so miserable and homesick. She's on a farm—mother—in Minnesota, and Ole Nansen, our Swede, runs it; those socks were for him. And, well—I thought it was fun at first—saying all that nonsense—and partly to punish you for not remembering me, when I knew you right away down there on that rock. You see, you had forgotten me ——"

"Forgotten you!" gasped Tommy.

"I have the picture you gave me yet," she went on, "a snapshot. You have a pipe in your mouth—a terrible pipe, though Ralph Seward told us you never really smoked it because you got so sick. You have a rakish cap over one ear and your trousers pulled fearfully high—to show your socks, I think. There was something wrong with the focus, for your feet are

(Concluded on Page 69)

Prize Competition

IN order to demonstrate the artistic possibilities of pencil sketches the makers of the

10¢ VENUS PENCIL

offer seven prizes for drawings on any *American* subject.

All drawings become the property of the American Lead Pencil Co. None will be returned. Contest closes Feb. 15, 1917. On back of drawing, which must be not larger than 8" x 10", write clearly your name, address, and make and hardness of whatever pencil you use.

For the Best Drawings

First Prize $50 Second Prize $20
Third Prize $10 Fourth to Seventh Prizes $5 each

In case of a tie, prizes will be duplicated.

The judge of the drawings will be Mr. Dexter W. Hewitt, publisher of "Arts & Decorations." The names of the winners will be published.

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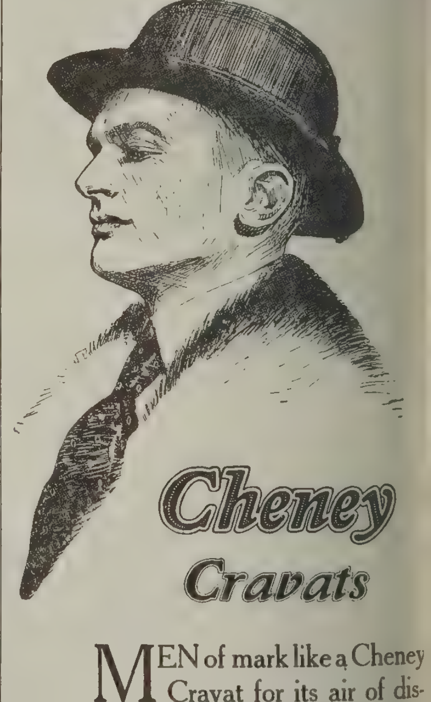

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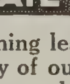

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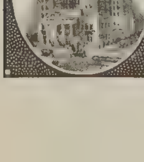

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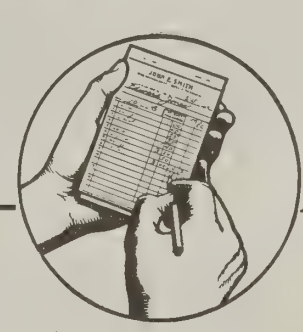

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(Concluded from Page 66)

imply enormous. And right under them ou wrote: 'When this you see, please hink of me.' Why I kissed that little napshot for a whole year, Tommy!"

"But in heaven's name, who are you?"

"I am Eloise's poor relation. I spent a hole month with her the summer I was ixteen. I was little and shy and wore a igtail, and all the boys called me the Little Mouse, but the second evening you chased ie round the grape arbor and kissed me. nd you told me when I left that no one ould ever take my place!"

"Little Pegs Irby! Little Mouse! And felt hollow all through when you went way."

"I—I think I just stayed feeling hollow, 'ommy. I thought so—that day on the ock."

But they spoke no more, for the storm elow them broke. There came a battering ush at the outer door, a flocking of feet on ie stair, a strenuous bombardment of the ist barrier.

And Tommy, holding his true love against his heart, leveled his gun and fired. But the chamber was empty. And the door came down as it snapped. But it was not Asia—it was Europe and civilization that besieged them.

Little Teevey, pale and tousled, a streak of blood on his cheek, like Abou Ben Adhem led all the rest of the college.

"A close call—a near shave, doctor—but we are happily out of it without serious damage. A detachment of soldiery from the mandarin appeared in time to drive away our marauders."

Then a curious thing happened. The professor of bugs and bugology was seen shamelessly to gather the professor of English literature into his arms—who by the way looked like a lady mandarin ready for a fancy ball—and to kiss her with violent unrestraint and emotion. And Professor Teevey is sure he heard her addressed by the utterly undescriptive and inadequate term:

"Little Mouse! Little Mouse!"

THREE WITHOUT, DOUBLED

(Continued from Page 13)

Well, I bid three hearts; but Mrs. Garett come up to three no trump and I ouldn't go no higher. This time I led out y ace o' hearts, hopin' maybe to catch eir king; but I didn't get it. And Mrs. arrett copped all the rest of 'em for a ttle slam.

"If your husband ever starts drinkin' ard," I says, "you can support yourself by ellin' some o' your horseshoes to the Rusan Government."

It wasn't no lie neither. I never seen ich hands as that woman held, and Mesenger's was pretty near as good. In the our deals they grabbed two rubbers and couple o' little slams, and when they left ur table they had over nine hundred to ur nothin'.

Mr. Collins and another woman was the ext ones to set down with us. The rules as to change pardners and Collins took ie one I'd been playin' with. And what oes she do but get lucky and they give us nother trimmin', though nothin' near as ad as the first one. My pardner, this time, as a woman about forty-eight, and she cted like it was way past her bedtime. hen it was her turn to say somethin' we lways had to wait about five minutes, and ll the other tables was through a long w'ile efore us. Once she says:

"You'll have to excuse me to-night. I on't seem to be able to keep my mind on ie game."

"No," I says; "but I bet you'd perk up the lady's prize was a mattress. When ou're goin' to be up late you should ought take a nap in the afternoon."

Well, sir, my next pardner wasn't nobody else but the Missus. She'd started at he fourth table and lost the first time, but in the second. She come along with the usband o' the pardner I'd just had; so ere we was family against family, you ight say.

"What kind o' luck you been havin'?" ie fella ast me.

"No luck at all," I says. "But if you're nywheres near as sleepy as your Missus, I nd my wife should ought to clean up this me."

We didn't. They held all the cards exept in one hand, and that was one my lissus tried to play. I bid first and made a no trump, as they was three aces in my and. Old Slumber begun to talk in her eep and says: "Two diamonds." The lissus bid two hearts. Mr. Sleeper passed, nd so did I, as I didn't have a single heart my hand and figured the Missus probly had 'em all. She had six, with the king gh and then the nine-spot. Our female oponent had only two, and that left five r her husband, includin' the ace, queen nd jack. We was set three.

"Nice work!" I says to the Missus. You're the Philadelphia Athletics of auc-on bridge."

"What was you biddin' no trump on?" ie says. "I thought, o' course, you'd have ne high heart and some suit."

"You don't want to start thinkin' at our age," I says. "You can't learn an old og new tricks."

Mrs. Nap's husband cut in.

"O' course," he says, "it's a man's privge to call your wife anything you feel ke. But your Missus don't hardly look d to me."

"No, not comparatively speakin'," I says, and he shut up.

They moved on and along come Garrett and Mrs. Messenger. I and Mrs. Messenger was pardners and I thought for a w'ile we was goin' to win. But Garrett and the Missus had a bouquet o' four-leaf clovers in the last two deals and licked us. Garrett wasn't supposed to be as smart as his wife, but he was fox enough to keep biddin' over my Missus, so as he'd do the playin' instead o' she.

It wasn't till pretty near the close o' the evenin's entertainment that I got away from that table and moved to Number Two. When I set down there it was I and Mrs. Collins against her husband and Mrs. Sleeper.

"Well, Mrs. Collins," I says, "I'll try and hold some good hands for you and maybe I can have two helpin's o' the meat when we come to your house."

The other lady opened her eyes long enough to ask who was winnin'.

"Oh, Mrs. Garrett's way ahead," says Mrs. Collins. "She's got a score o' somethin' like three thousand. And Mr. Messenger is high amongst the men."

"Who's next to the leadin' lady?" I ast her.

"I guess I am," she says. "But I'm three hundred behind Mrs. Garrett."

Well, the luck I'd just bumped into stayed with me and I and Mrs. Collins won and moved to the head table. Waitin' there for us was our darlin' hostess and Messenger, the two leaders in the pennant race. It was give out that this was to be the last game.

When Mrs. Garrett realized who was goin' to be her pardner I wisht you could of seen her face!

"This is an unexpected pleasure," she says to me. "I thought you liked the third table so well you was goin' to stay there all evenin'."

"I did intend to," I says; "but I seen you up here and I heard you was leadin' the league, so I thought I'd like to help you finish in front."

"I don't need no help," she says. "All I ask is for you to not overbid your hands, and I'll do the rest."

"How many are you, Mrs. Garrett?" ast Mrs. Collins.

"Thirty-two hundred and sixty," she says.

"Oh, my!" says Mrs. Collins. "I'm hopeless. I'm only twenty-nine hundred and forty-eight. And how about you, Mr. Messenger?"

"Round thirty-one hundred," he says.

"Yes," says Mrs. Garrett, "and I don't believe any o' the rest o' the men is within five hundred o' that."

"Well, Messenger," I says, "if the men's prize happens to be a case o' beer or a steak smothered in onions, don't forget that I'm payin' you thirty-five a month for a thirty-dollar flat."

Now I'd of gave my right eye to see Mrs. Collins beat Mrs. Garrett out. But I was goin' to do my best for Mrs. Garrett just the same, because I don't think it's square for a man to not try and play your hardest all the time in any kind of a game, no matter where your sympathies lays. So when it come my turn to bid on the first hand, and I seen the ace and king and four other

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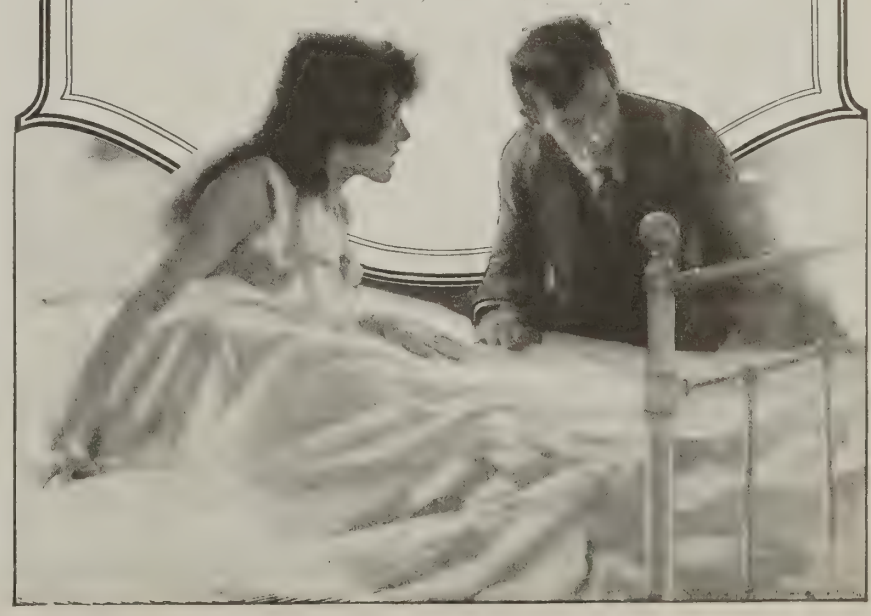

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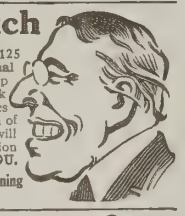

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hearts in my hand, I raised Mrs. Collins' bid o' two diamonds, and Mrs. Garrett made it two no trump and got away with it. On the next two deals Messenger and Mrs. Collins made a game, and Mrs. Garrett got set a trick once on a bid o' five clubs. The way the score was when it come to the last deal, I figured that if Mrs. Collins and Messenger made another game and rubber, the two women'd be mighty close to even.

Mrs. Garrett dealt 'em, and says:

"One without."

"Two spades," says Mrs. Collins.

Well, sir, they wasn't a spade in my hand, and I seen that if Mrs. Collins got it we was ruined on account o' me not havin' a trump. And w'ile I wanted Mrs. Collins to win I was goin' to do my best to not let her. So I says:

"Two without."

"You know what you're doin', do you?" says Mrs. Garrett.

"What do you mean, know what I'm doin'?" I says.

"No talkin' acrost the boards," says Messenger.

"All right," I says; "but you can depend on me, pardner, not to throw you down."

Well, Messenger passed and so did Mrs. Garrett; but Mrs. Collins wasn't through.

"Three spades," she says.

"Three without," says I.

"I hope it's all right," says Mrs. Garrett.

"I'll tell you one thing," I says: "it's a whole lot all-righter than if she played it in spades."

Messenger passed again and ditto for my pardner.

"I'll double," says Mrs. Collins, and we left it go at that.

Man, oh, Man! You ought to seen our genial hostess when I laid down my cards! And heard her too! Her face turned all three colors o' Old Glory. She slammed her hand down on the table, face up.

"I won't play it!" she hollers. "I won't be made a fool of! This poor idiot deliberately told me he had spades stopped, and look at his hand!"

"You're mistaken, Mrs. Garrett," I says. "I didn't say nothin' about spades."

"Shut your mouth!" she says. "That's what you ought to done all evenin'."

"I might as well of," I says, "for all the good it done me to keep it open at dinner."

Everybody in the room quit playin' and rubbered. Finally Garrett got up from where he was settin' and come over.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he says. "This ain't no barroom."

"Nobody'd ever suspect it o' bein'," I says.

"Look what he done!" says Mrs. Garrett. "He raised my no-trump bid over three spades without a spade in his hand."

"Well," says Mr. Garrett, "they's no use gettin' all fussed up over a game o' cards. The thing to do is pick up your hand and play it out and take your medicine."

"I can set her three," said Mrs. Collins. "I got seven spades, with the ace, king and queen, and I'll catch her jack on the third lead."

"And I got the ace o' hearts," says Messenger. "Even if it didn't take a trick it'd make aces easy; so our three hundred above the line gives Mrs. Collins a score of about ten more'n Mrs. Garrett."

"All right, then," says Garrett. "Mrs. Collins is entitled to the lady's prize."

"I don't want to take it," says Mrs. Collins.

"You got to take it," says Garrett.

And he give his wife a look that meant business. Anyway, she got up and went out o' the room, and when she come back she was smilin'. She had two packages in her hand, and she give one to Messenger and one to Mrs. Collins.

"There's the prizes," she says; "and I hope you'll like 'em."

Messenger unwrapped his'n and it was one o' them round leather cases that you use to carry extra collars in when you're travelin'. Messenger had told me earlier in the evenin' that he hadn't been outside o' Chicago in six years.

Mrs. Collins' prize was a chafin' dish.

"I don't blame Mrs. Garrett for bein' so crazy to win it," I says to her when they couldn't nobody hear. "Her and Garrett both must get hungry along about nine or ten P. M."

"I hate to take it," says Mrs. Collins.

"I wouldn't feel that way," I says. "I guess Mrs. Garrett will chafe enough without it."

When we was ready to go I shook hands with the host and hostess and says I was sorry if I'd pulled a boner.

"It was to be expected," says Mrs. Garrett.

"Yes," I says; "a man's liable to do most anything when he's starvin' to death."

The Messengers and Collinses was a little ways ahead of us on the stairs and I wanted we should hurry and catch up with 'em.

"You let 'em go!" says the Missus. "You've spoiled everything now without doin' nothin' more. Every time you talk you insult somebody."

I was glad that we didn't have to go far to our buildin'. The Missus was pleasant company, just like a bloodhound with the rabies.

I left her in the vestibule and went down to help Mike close up. He likes to be amongst friends at a sad hour like that.

At breakfast next mornin' the wife was more calm.

"Dearie," she says, "they don't neither one of us class as bridge experts. I'll admit I got a lot to learn about the game. What we want to do is play with the Hatches every evenin' this week, and maybe by next Tuesday night we'll know somethin'."

"I'm willin'," I says.

"I'll call up Mrs. Hatch this forenoon," she says, "and see if they want us to come over there this evenin'. But if we do go remember to not mention our club or tell 'em anything about the party."

Well, she had news for me when I got home.

"The San Susies is busted up," she says. "Not forever, but for a few months anyway. Mrs. Messenger called up to tell me."

"What's the idear?" I says.

"I don't know exactly," says the Missus. "Mrs. Messenger says that the Collinses had boxes for the opera every Tuesday night and the rest didn't feel like goin' on without the Collinses, and they couldn't all o' them agree on another night."

"I don't see why they should bust it up on account o' one couple," I says. "Why didn't you tell 'em about the Hatches? They're right here in the neighborhood and can play bridge as good as anybody."

"I wouldn't think o' doin' it!" says she. "They may play all right, but think o' how they talk and how they dress!"

"Well," I says, "between you and I, I ain't goin' to take cyanide over a piece o' news like this. Somehow it don't appeal to me to vote myself dry every Tuesday night all winter—to say nothin' o' two dollars a week annual dues to help buy a prize that I got no chance o' winnin' and wouldn't know what to do with it if I had it."

"It'd of been nice, though," she says, "to make friends with them people."

"Well," I says, "I'll feel a little more confident o' doin' that if I see 'em once a year—or not at all."

IV

I CAN tell you the rest of it in about a minute. The Missus had became resigned and everything was goin' along smooth till last Tuesday evenin'. They was a new Chaplin show over to the Acme and we was on our way to see it. At the entrance to the buildin' where the Messengers lives we seen Mr. and Mrs. Hatch.

"Hello, there!" says the wife. "Better come along with us to the Acme."

"Not to-night," says Mrs. Hatch. "We're tied up every Tuesday evenin'."

"Some club?" ast the Missus.

"Yes," says Mrs. Hatch. "It's a bridge club—the San Susie. The Messengers and Collinses and Garretts and us and some other people's in it. Two weeks ago we was to Collinses', and last week to Beardsleys'; and to-night the Messengers is the hosts."

The Missus tried to say somethin', and couldn't.

"I been awful lucky," says Mrs. Hatch. "I win the prize at Collinses'. It was a silver pitcher—the prettiest you ever seen!"

The Missus found her voice.

"Do you have dinner too?" she ast.

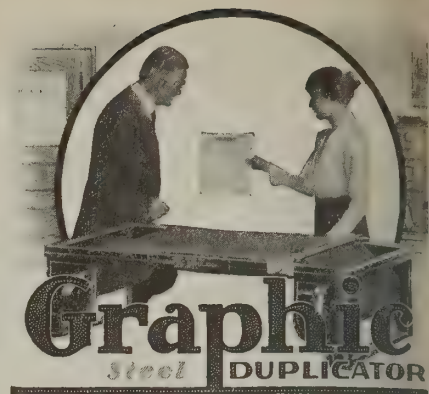
"I should say we do!" says Mrs. Hatch. "And simply grand stuff to eat! It was nice last week at Beardsleys'; but you ought to been at Collinses'! First, they was an old-fashioned beefsteak supper; and then, when we was through playin', Mrs. Collins made us welsh rabbits in her chafin' dish."

"That don't tempt me," I says. "I'd just as soon try and eat a raw mushrat as a welsh rabbit."

"Well, we got to be goin' in," says Hatch.

"Good night," says Mrs. Hatch; "and I wisht you was comin' with us."

The movie we seen was called The Fly Cop. Don't never waste a dime on it. They ain't a laugh in the whole show!



Graphic Steel DUPLICATOR

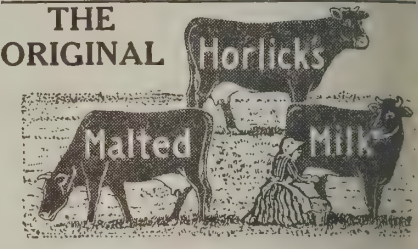
Pays for Itself in Any Office

in a very short time. Makes from 10 to 150 copies in fifteen minutes! Duplicates typewritten and hand-written letters, orders, bills, reports, bulletins, sketches, etc., **direct from original**—no fussing with stencils. Saves 4¾ hours out of 5. Costs only $15. Does **same work** as most expensive devices. And besides you receive a special SERVICE that **helps you get business!** Let us send you all details—FREE. Mail this advertisement with your letterhead. It will be the first step in promoting greater efficiency in your office and saving you much time and money. Write **now.**

Graphic Duplicator Co., Dept. A-1, 228 W. Broadway, N. Y. City

Live Dealers and Agents Wanted

THE ORIGINAL



The Food-Drink for all Ages

Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. More nourishing than tea, coffee, etc.

Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

HIGH-VALUE PATENTS
—the ONLY kind Wanted and BOUGHT by Manufacturers. Send 8c. postage for new book of Extraordinary Interest to Inventors
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, 59 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

Her side partner is a Baker-Vawter ledger.

"2 Bookkeepers now do the work of 3 – statements out the 1st (formerly the 10th) — books proved daily — no expert operator needed"

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

As in THE BIG MAJORITY of all cases, Baker-Vawter Company furnished the ledgers, leaves, etc., to go with the BOOKKEEPING MACHINE which has brought neat, type-printed, accurate, machine-figured statements and books into use for the concern whose experience is above related.

That THE BIG MAJORITY selects Baker-Vawter loose leaf equipment *proves* its merit over all others — as *investigation* will prove to *you!*

For impartial facts about bookkeeping machines, write for Baker-Vawter salesman to call.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
Originators and Manufacturers 1137
Loose Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment
Gen'l Offices & Factories Benton Harbor, Mich. Eastern Office & Factory Holyoke, Massachusetts
Sales Offices in 42 leading cities; salesmen everywhere

No. 47 of a series

remarkable photograph
a fire. The burning of
ie wooden warehouses of
ie Grand Trunk Pacific
id of Dodwell & Co., at
eattle, Washington.

Ocean Steamship Company's
Warehouses at Savannah, Ga.,
G. Bassinger of New York City,
ngineer. 125 tons of Armco Iron
nployed for Sidings, Cornices
id Flashings by the Sheet Metal
ontractors, The Dowman-Dozier
lfg. Co. of Atlanta.

The final saving possible with the universal use of Armco Iron for all purposes requiring rolled or drawn metal, would compare favorably with the amount America could save by cutting out all her unnecessary fire losses.
From "Defeating Rust"

Fire is a risk, Rust is a certainty; both are resisted by Armco Iron

The Victor Safe & Lock Co. of Cincinnati, leading manufacturers of safes, locks and bank vaults, adopted Armco Iron for the sheet and plate portions of their products after a rigid investigation had satisfied them that it was the most durable metal available.

Armco Iron is used in tremendous quantities in fire-proof buildings that are built for permanency.

To insure against such fires as pictured above, great dock warehouses have been built, at many Atlantic and Pacific ports, largely or wholly of Armco Iron. These warehouses will resist rust, too, as no other sheet metal construction can.

ARMCO IRON

is firmly established in the building world. A rust-resisting sky line seems a thing of the near future.

Roofing, coping, penthouses, skylights, water tanks, ventilators of Armco (American Ingot) Iron are already common specifications.

Window frames and sash, Armco Iron Lath, doors and heating ducts are a few more places where Armco Iron is used in rust-resisting construction.

Armco Iron resists rust because it is pure iron—the purest made. Every phase of its manufacture, from the furnace to the shipping platform, is the object of scientific and conscientious care. Armco Iron is, therefore, the most nearly perfect in respect to evenness and all the other qualities that form the basis of rust resistance.

If you do not know of a building supply manufacturer or dealer who furnishes Armco Iron products, write to us and we will put you in touch with one who can supply you.

Lasting Grave Vaults and Caskets are made from Armco Iron by the Galion Metallic Vault Co., Galion, O.; The Springfield Metallic Casket Co. of Springfield, O.; The National Casket Co. (branch offices in principal cities), and (caskets only) by the Cincinnati Coffin Co. of Cincinnati, O.

If you do not know the whole story of Armco Iron, send for

Book—"The Story of Armco Iron"—Free

It points the way to *eventual* economy. It tells the story of the struggle to produce pure iron—rust-resisting iron. Pay the rust-tax no longer—send for the book today.

AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

he trade mark **ARMCO**
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THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO., Box 843, Middletown, Ohio

Licensed Manufacturers Under Patents Granted to The International Metal Products Company

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ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

"The Gas of a Thousand Uses"

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene

(Ready Made Carbide Co.)

This remarkable gas solves thousands of welding, soldering and brazing problems

For instance, in laying over ten miles of 2-inch pipe to cover a floor, 210 ft. by 90 ft., in the immense new Winter Garden Ice Rink, San Francisco, oxy-acetylene welding (Prest-O-Lite Process) made possible one continuous, leak-proof pipe 55,000 feet long. The same process is used for welding gas, oil and steam pipe lines in every kind of construction work.

Oxy-acetylene welding *fuses* at intense heat two or more pieces of metal, giving a stronger, neater and more permanent joint.

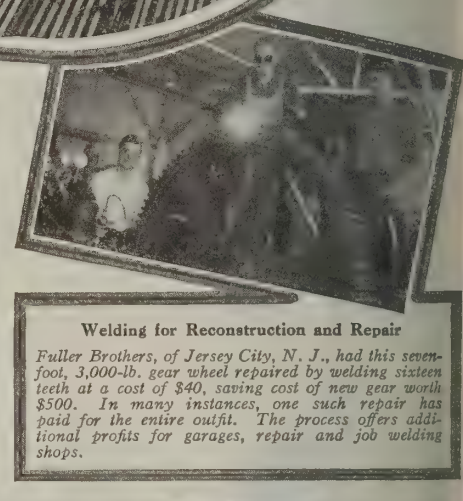
In the manufacture of metal products—from delicate surgical instruments to massive locomotives—in nearly every leading industry of America, the Prest-O-Lite Process is introducing new economies and better methods. If you now use a bolt, rivet or threaded joint, it will pay you to investigate its possibilities.

Millions of dollars worth of valuable castings, machine parts and tools are being reclaimed from the junk pile through this process alone.

The Prest-O-Lite Process is inexpensive. We furnish a high-grade welding apparatus for $60 (Canada, $75). Acetylene service and special metal-cutting blow-pipe provided at extra cost. It is simple to operate—any average workman who understands metals can do efficient work quickly and easily.

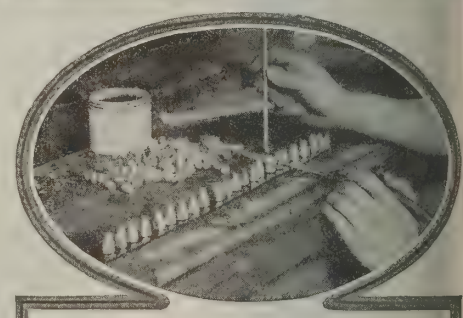
The great, universal system of Prest-O-Lite Service furnishes ready-to-use dissolved acetylene in convenient, portable cylinders in sizes to suit every need. It insures prompt exchange of empty cylinders for full ones—everywhere.

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene gives better welds, quicker work, lower operating costs. Makes the outfit portable for use inside or outside the shop. Avoids the initial outlay and depreciation of making crude acetylene in carbide generators.



Welding for Reconstruction and Repair

Fuller Brothers, of Jersey City, N. J., had this seven-foot, 3,000-lb. gear wheel repaired by welding sixteen teeth at a cost of $40, saving cost of new gear worth $500. In many instances, one such repair has paid for the entire outfit. The process offers additional profits for garages, repair and job welding shops.



Blow-Torches for Brazing and Soldering

The Style "A" acetylene blow-torch, used above for brazing fuse plugs, costs but 75c (Canada, 85c). It is quicker, more convenient and more economical than the gasoline blow-torch. Used by dentists, jewelers, factories, repair shops, etc.

When you need intense heat or brilliant light

A Convenient, Economical Lighting System

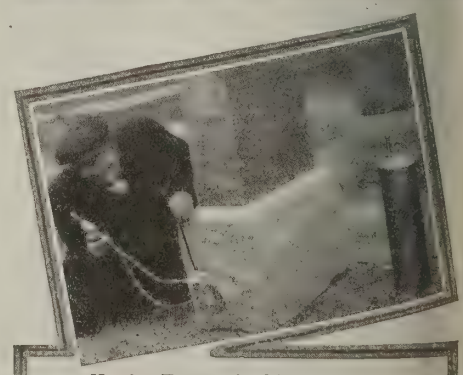
Harvey Myers, a prominent attorney in Covington, Ky., is one of many house-boat owners who use Prest-O-Lite for illuminating purposes. Prest-O-Lite gas is, in many instances, the logical solution of difficult indoor and outdoor lighting problems.

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene is used by chemists, blacksmiths, farmers, dentists, manufacturers and thousands of others. At least one of its many uses may solve a heating or lighting problem for you.

For heating it is used in a wide variety of special blow-torches and burners—for soldering, brazing, lead burning, removing paint and putty, "wiping" lead joints, reducing precious metals, tempering and annealing small metal parts, and scores of other applications requiring concentrated heat.

For lighting it is used for churches, tents, tractors, stereopticons, boats, etc. A simple, inexpensive stem and burner attachment for other lighting uses costs only 55c.

Ask us for illustrated literature and full information on welding or any other use for Prest-O-Lite gas in heating or lighting.



Heating Torches for Many Purposes

The Prest-O-Torch is being used for heating granite, marble and other monument stone, to facilitate chipping out imperfections, and removing scratches, tool-marks, etc.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc., 53 branches and charging plants in the principal industrial centers

U. S. Main Factory and Office, 861 Speedway, Indianapolis, Indiana

Canadian Main Office and Factory, Department I, Merritton, Ontario

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

Can you read that type

and with the same glasses see distant objects clearly?

IF you cannot, then you need KRYPTOK ***(pronounced Crip-tock)*** Glasses—the invisible bifocals which combine near and far vision in one crystal-clear lens.

KRYPTOK Glasses enable you to adjust your vision from printed page to distant view, *instantly*. You see everything as clearly and distinctly as with the eyesight of youth.

KRYPTOKS end the trouble and annoyance of removing your reading glasses—or awkwardly peering over them—every time you look at objects more than a few feet away.

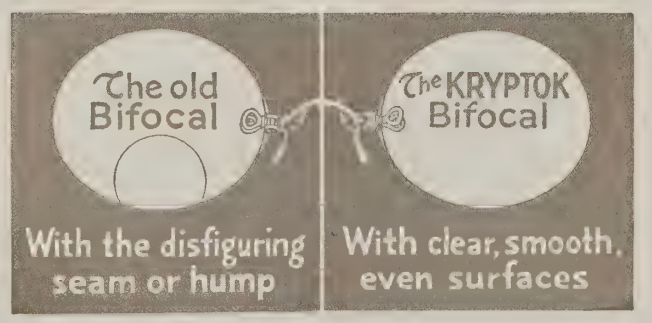
They free you from the even greater inconvenience of fussing with two pairs of glasses.

They are making the old-style bifocals, with the disfiguring seam or hump, a thing of the past.

KRYPTOK Glasses are entirely free from that unsightly, age-revealing seam or hump. Their surfaces are clear, smooth and even.

KRYPTOK GLASSES

THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS



When you are wearing KRYPTOKS, no one can tell that they are double-vision glasses. Yet the upper part gives the necessary correction for far vision and the lower part for near vision.

In comfort and convenience; in improving the appearance; in preserving the eyesight; in the wonderfully clear vision which they give—KRYPTOKS are a revelation to people who have been accustomed to the old-fashioned bifocals or to simple reading glasses.

KRYPTOK Glasses are made on strictly correct optical principles and are universally recommended by oculists, optometrists and opticians. Ask *your* oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOKS. Attend to it this week, which is being observed from coast to coast as "Kryptok Week."

Write for Booklet, "Eyesight Efficiency"

Eyesight Efficiency is the title of a booklet which should be read by everyone who needs glasses for near and far vision. It will be mailed upon request. When writing for your copy, please give (if possible) the name of your oculist, optometrist or optician.

KRYPTOK COMPANY, Inc., 1049 Old South Bldg., Boston, Mass.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

As "Lucia" in "Lucia di Lammermoor"

FROM PHOTO © MISHKIN

BARRIENTOS

THE new-found treasure-voice of the Metropolitan Opera—the world's greatest coloratura soprano—can now be heard on Columbia Records *exclusively.*

All the exquisite art of Barrientos is faithfully reflected in her rendition of the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia," the brilliance and flawless perfection of her singing of "Silence O'er All" from "Lucia" and the miraculous final note of the "Valse" from Gounod's "Mireille."

Hear these wonder-records at your dealer's *today*—and you will have heard Barrientos *herself!* "Hearing is *believing.*"

New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month

Columbia Records TRADE MARK

Note the Notes

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An [illegible]ated Weekly
Founde[illegible]nj. Franklin

JAN. 20, 1917 5c. THE COPY

MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK

This is the Saxon "Six" Sedan — a fine-quality, all-year car. For warm day driving simply lower the windows and you have all the airy coolness of an open car. For cold days merely raise the windows and you have the comfort and privacy of a costly limousine. Five wire wheels standard equipment. Price $1,250, f. o. b. Detroit.

There Is a Strong Public Belief In the Superiority of Saxon "Six"

At last it has dawned upon motor car buyers in general that, strictly speaking, there is no rivalry between a car of less than six cylinders and Saxon "Six."

It has become obvious, even to those uninitiated in engine intricacies, that the "six" motor is inherently superior to the motor of fewer cylinders.

Why this is true is easily grasped.

With less than six cylinders propelling the car there are bound to be slight intervals between explosions.

With six cylinders, as in Saxon "Six," these intervals between impulses are eliminated and the power-stream produced is of practically perfect continuity.

Necessarily, then, in the "less than six" with fewer impulses at any given time the force of each impulse must be **more severe** upon all moving parts.

In Saxon "Six," for instance, as compared with one of the best known "less-than-six-cylinder" cars of like price, there are nearly 98% more impulses per minute at 20 miles per hour.

So naturally each impulse at any given time is far **less severe** upon moving parts.

Another disappointing feature of this "less than six" is the fact that there is considerable vibration. This is caused by the intervals between impulses spoken of before.

And this vibration causes friction, which is the greatest enemy of the motor. It spells greatly shortened efficiency, and far higher repair and replacement costs.

And it means impaired performance in every phase of motor car work.

A gradual awakening to these disadvantages of the "less than six" has incited buyers to a more careful investigation before purchasing.

And investigation has usually terminated in the same clear-cut conclusion — that Saxon "Six" is unmatched by any less-than-six-cylinder motor of like price.

So that public preference has swung strongly toward Saxon "Six" as the best car at less than $1,200.

To such an extent that production has never proved quite great enough to satisfy the demand.

This in the face of the fact that each year has seen double the number of Saxon "Sixes" built.

Saxon "Six," of course, has other very material advantages.

For one, it accelerates with unusual rapidity, going from standing start to 45 miles per hour in 23 seconds. That is 22% faster than the time of the best "less than six" we know of.

For another, Saxon "Six" is so amazingly flexible, by virtue of its highly perfected six-cylinder motor, that it relieves you of the necessity of gear shifting to an unheard-of extent.

And another is the tremendous speed and power of Saxon "Six." There is a greater amount than you are ever likely to require. It is there so that no set of road conditions can ever balk you.

Lastly, there is the economy of Saxon "Six" in the matter of repairs, and gasoline, too. 206 stock-model Saxon "Sixes" in a 300 mile non-stop run established an average of 23.5 miles per gallon of gasoline.

Saxon "Six" is $865, f. o. b. Detroit.

(687)

SAXON "SIX"

A BIG TOURING CAR FOR FIVE PEOPLE

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

Big Ben

A *Westclox* Alarm

To Beat the Time Clock

BIG BEN men are *all there* men, when the day begins at the works.—They make the time clock *boost* their game—put them in strong with the boss.

For, everywhere, it's factory talk that Big Ben starts the day—he gives the boys their breakfast call long before the whistle toots. They used to pound the pillow right up to the last dot—till Big Ben showed 'em a better way—as the paymaster soon found out.

Just give Big Ben a trial, *yourself;* make *your* roll-over-time pay, have extra time about the house, and beat the last-minute bunch.

You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's seven inches tall, spunky, neighborly—downright good all through. He rings two ways—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your jeweler's, $2.50 in the United States, $3.50 in Canada. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if your jeweler doesn't stock him.

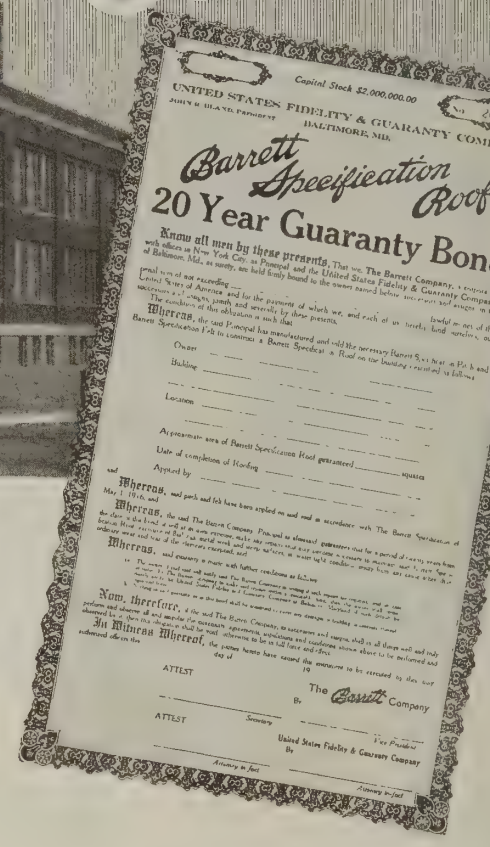
Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Results—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. **Western Clock Co.** Makers of *Westclox*

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo, Sleep-Meter, Lookout and Ironclad

Office Building of Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad, Nashville, Tenn. The owners are protected by the Barrett 20-Year Guaranty Bond.

Barrett Specification Roofs



UNITED STATES FIDELITY & GUARANTY COMPANY
BALTIMORE MD.

Barrett Specification Roof
20 Year Guaranty Bond

Know all men by these presents, That we, The Barrett Company, a corporation as ... of Baltimore, Md., as surety, are held firmly bound to the owners named below ... Whereas, the said Principal has manufactured and sold the necessary Barrett Specification Felt ... Barrett Specification Pitch to construct a Barrett Specification Roof on the building described as follows ...

Whereas, the said The Barrett Company, Principal as aforesaid, guarantees that for a period of twenty years from ... Whereas, and parts and felt have been applied on said roof in accordance with The Barrett Specification of ... Whereas, and guaranty is made with further conditions as follows ...

Now, therefore, if the said The Barrett Company, its successors and ... shall in all things well and truly ... In Witness Whereof, the parties hereto have caused the instrument to be executed by their ... day of ...

ATTEST The Barrett Company
ATTEST United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company

This is the Bond that guarantees your roof for 20 years.

Why We Can Afford To Give a 20-Year Guaranty Bond—

Many people have asked: "How can you afford to give a 20-Year Guaranty on thousands of roofs all over the country laid by hundreds of different local roofers?" Well, the answer is simple.

First, We know the materials are right because we manufacture them.

Second, The Barrett Specification, while it may seem complex to a layman, is straightforward, plain-sailing to experienced roofers.

Third, Under the guarantee plan the roof must be constructed under our supervision and receive our O. K. both as to materials and workmanship.

We further know from 50 years' experience that a Barrett Specification Roof, properly laid, will last a good deal longer than twenty years *without maintenance or repairs.*

A Barrett Specification Roof is constructed of five plies of Specification Felt, with a liberal quantity of Specification Pitch (the greatest waterproofing material known) between each layer.

No other type of roofing approaches a Barrett Specification Roof in the amount of protective waterproofing material used in its construction.

The weight of this waterproofing is not less than 235 lbs. to 100 sq. ft. compared with 75 to 125 lbs., at most, in other types of roofs.

And on top of all this waterproofing material is laid a wearing surface of gravel, slag, tile or vitrified brick.

That's why it lasts. That is why we can safely guarantee it for 20 years.

How to Secure the 20-Year Guaranty Bond

The 20-Year Guaranty is now given on all Barrett Specification Roofs of 50 squares and over in all towns in the United States and Canada with a population of 25,000 and over, *and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.*

Our only requirements are that The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed and that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us.

Further information promptly furnished upon request.

A copy of The Barrett 20-Year Specification, with roofing diagrams, sent free on request.

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

The Barrett Company

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

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Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria
The Paterson Manufacturing Company, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

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Volume 189 *PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 20, 1917* *Number 30*

ONE EVERY MINUTE

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN the war broke out in Europe, Wilberforce Shadd had worked for the grocery jobbing firm of Morris & Cunningham sixteen years. He had been married twelve. Before his marriage he did not know what it was to fear anything or anybody. Unfortunately, Mrs. Shadd's childhood was a series of daily humiliations which made it impossible for her ever to forget her dear dead mother's ceaseless prayer: "If I only had five dollars that I could call my own I'd feel independent!" Mrs. Shadd's father was honest though improvident, and as he was always in debt and always was trying to pay, there was never any cash in the house that any member of the family could call her own.

Ann Elizabeth grew up to be a pretty girl, sun-browned, but pathetic by reason of a slenderness suggestive of under-feeding, and a look in her beautiful blue eyes as though the world were a bill collector to whom she was saying: "I'm sorry. You'll have to come another time!"

She was not at all mercenary, being too unaggressive for that, but it certainly was not Wilberforce's good looks or his kindly and considerate ways that made her marry him. What happened was that she accepted her mother's association of earthly happiness with financial independence and of financial independence with five dollars in cash. Shadd, who was a nice, likable chap, was paid every Saturday and always had money in his pocket—actual cash. It was inevitable that she began to associate Shadd with happiness, and finally with that happiness that needs a home to complete it. As for the worshiping Wilberforce, he saw in Ann Elizabeth a beautiful girl bound to become more beautiful by becoming exclusively his; and, moreover, one whom it would be wisdom to wed since she was a wonderful manager. To have an improvident father is an excellent training for a bride, and Wilberforce clearly saw—it was in the month of May—that there was no need to wait to save up. They could economize after they were married.

Hen Did All the Talking Because He Was Full of Wall Street and Had to Talk

And so Ann Elizabeth Page and Wilberforce Shadd were married and began to save. They paid for the furniture on the installment plan. It made saving compulsory and, therefore, relatively frictionless. But Ann Elizabeth saved a little more than the furniture money. To feel that within the little luster cream jug on the mantelpiece snugly reposed one five-dollar bill and two ones gave her a feeling of both comfort and security. It was great to have something she did not have to hand to the collector every Thursday!

After they had paid in full for the furniture, Wilberforce suggested a little theater party in celebration of their emancipation; but Mrs. Shadd said very earnestly:

"Darling, if we got along so comfortably without spending this money foolishly, we can keep on not spending it. I can't forget how it was the constant worriment that shortened mamma's life ——"

"All right, ducky," quickly interrupted Shadd, who had heard the story many times, and kissed her. Nevertheless, she told him all about her mother's unanswered prayer.

She had her way, and the little hoard grew until it was so large that she was afraid to leave it at home, thinking of burglars, and afraid to carry it abroad with her, mindful of footpads. There was also the danger of dropping dead from heart failure or of being run over by an automobile. After several months of insomnia and dyspepsia she let Wilberforce have his way and deposit it in a savings bank, only to regret it the very next day—it was such a comfort to have the money in cash within physical reach! But inventive, like all women when they wish to do what they should not and at the same time not do it, she adopted the plan of laying aside a fixed sum every week but of depositing it only once a month. After twenty-nine days of hoarding she could afford to suffer one day for the sake of safety.

Wilberforce could not bear to make his pretty young wife unhappy by refusing to do as she wished, especially when it was for their own good. In the beginning when she carried her thrift to the extreme of interfering with his pleasures he remonstrated with her. But just as he gave up smoking at her suggestion, in order that both of them could feel they could afford the expensive neckties he liked, so did he give up his Sunday trips to Coney Island, in order to pay for an easy chair without which no home-body can be happy. They bought the dining-room rug by giving up his Thursday night bowling club. He had fondly dreamed of doubling the pleasure of his mild dissipations by sharing them with his wife. Instead, he increased her happiness by giving up his own.

And yet the worm half-turned at times. Whereupon, tragedy visible in her startled eyes, she would ask: "Suppose you lost your position?"

"I'd get another!"

"You can't pick up a good steady position everywhere. And even if you did get another, what would we live on until you found the other job? No, Wilberforce, darling, after you've got something laid by you can be as independent as you please."

And rather than see the azure skies of her eyes cloud over with the prescience of famine, he would give up the reckless purchase of a new suit and, instead, give her the money to put in the savings bank.

That dream of hers beat him—the dream of a golden independence to be acquired by force of habit. It is the tragedy of life that whoso lives by habit perishes by habit. If this were not so, the wise would be both happy and immortal; instead of which, as Solomon discovered, "How dieth the wise man? as the fool."

To be sure the poison worked so slowly that Wilberforce Shadd did not become aware of his own condition in time to swallow the antidote. After four or five years of regular hours for eating, drinking, working and loving—that is, of happy married life—he capitulated to the obvious necessity of regularly laying by a portion of his salary. The power to do so became in due time one of the blessings which Providence vouchsafes to the lucky ones who get regular wages. Wherefore, his fear grew that he might lose the job which enabled him to save money every week in order that he might not be afraid of losing his job!

Occasionally the young couple enjoyed the luxury of trembling together over the one tragical possibility of their lives. But they would get their bank book and look therein,

and assure each other that if it were not for their savings they might indeed be afraid of losing his position. And then Mrs. Shadd reduced her hopes to one: That she might always have some money in cash that she could call their own. Whereupon he hoped that he might never lose his job.

And Shadd did not see that in becoming a slave to one habit he developed the far worse habit of forming habits. The friction of the unexpected makes some people unhappy. Shadd was the kind of man who wished all his days to be alike. He found comfort in making himself regularly miserable every morning by looking on his desk for a notice of dismissal. The failure to get the notice regularly gave him something to be grateful for during the rest of his working day and kept his nature sweet. Whenever Lipps, the office manager, approached, Shadd braced himself to hear the fatal words. When Lipps walked away without having uttered the death sentence, Shadd relaxed delectably. There was more comfort for Wilberforce Shadd in expecting the worst than in hoping for the best.

Old Mr. Morris and young Mr. Cunningham, his employers, took less and less notice of the clerk who insisted upon turning himself into a bit of office furniture. But that same clerk reflected on the safety of inconspicuousness, and became reconciled to the thought of not getting an increase in salary if, on the other hand, it meant not losing his job. After a few years his very face took on a peculiar expression—the look of a man forever afraid but forever telling himself that Fate, which always threatened him with dire things, was only jesting.

His fellow employees liked him, since there was nothing about him to arouse envy or contempt. He was kindly and considerate by nature, and he had additionally cultivated a dislike of violent emotions. Every morning he made it a point of greeting cordially two of his co-workers. One was William Ross, whose father had worked fifty-two years for old Mr. Morris' father, and then, according to the office legend, had died of a broken heart after Mr. Morris the First died of pneumonia. William himself was so old that he was utterly useless. He received eighteen dollars a week, ostensibly for keeping people from committing suicide by being crushed to a pulp at the bottom of the freight-elevator shaft. Of course everybody knew this was merely an excuse for giving the old chap regular wages without hurting his feelings. To Shadd old Ross gave comforting evidence that Morris & Cunningham were not addicted to the ruthless dismissal of faithful employees.

The other habitual friend was James Molloy, who, after being a promising lightweight, took the count and became a truck-driver for Morris & Cunningham. After five years the firm promoted him by raising him in the social scale. They made him chief packer and paid him five dollars a week more, but he got one hundred dollars a week more work out of his men. He could lick any two of them.

The reason why Shadd liked Molloy was that years before James had replied to a question:

"Afraid o' gett'n' fired? Aw, hell! Dere's more jobs lookin' for me than I kin fill in nineteen mont's and t'ree days, if I tried 'em out at de rate of six a week. Fergit it!"

And Wilberforce found pleasure in being brave by proxy. The firm would not summarily discharge him—as William Ross and his salary showed. And if it did, there was James Molloy to prove that better jobs were waiting for a good man to fill at the rate of six a week—for nineteen months and three days.

"No, Wilberforce, Darling, After You've Got Something Laid by You Can be as Independent as You Please"

II

WILBERFORCE SHADD, three months after the fall of Liège, was so sick of war news that he took to reading the scientific articles in his Sunday newspaper. On this Sabbath an eminent professor, of whom Wilberforce had never heard, had consented to be interviewed, and thus enabled the newspaper to prove that success could be won by anyone who went about it scientifically.

"A full-grown man's consciousness of himself has very little to do with that same man's success or failure. It is all a matter of his compulsions. He yields and is pushed upward or downward, as the case may be. A strong desire produces a soul deafness to everything else. The big captains of industry, the empire builders, the successful careerists everywhere, all have it. They get what they desire because they simply cannot hear arguments, threats, entreaties or moans. On the other hand, a given fear begets a fixed habit, and that habit drills a hole into the soul reservoir of his dynamic force.

"A man ceases to be a man when he ceases to have the potentiality of success within him. If a failure could diagnose his own case, he could cease being a failure and become at least a potential success by the simple expedient of ceasing to do that which made him a failure. But few men will acknowledge to themselves that they are failures, just as most men deny that they are henpecked when it is a fact that all American husbands are henpecked. A man whose life is not his own is a failure. Let such a man slay the tyrant—his fear of his wife which has engendered so many other fears, all of them success destroying! When she insists upon a Yes, let him say 'No' and stick to No!

"For a failure to realize he is a failure, he must ascertain the particular fear which made him one, and then determine honestly how that fear came to be born. Somebody planted the seed—his grandfather, his wife, his only child. Don't swat the individual mosquito within reach and think you have done away with malaria. Drain the breeding-pool! Don't fight your one dominating fear. Fight the source of all your fears. Be honest with yourself and learn who caused your failure. Then be ruthless!"

Wilberforce Shadd put down the newspaper with an unconvinced look. Was this writer right?

"Be honest with yourself!" he read again. To do this he frowned. The frown made him feel aggressive, and that made him ruthless toward everybody, and most of all toward himself.

The trouble with him was that same vision of a destitute old age which so stupidly benumbs all classes of men to-day. Financial fear; that is, the fear of losing his position—whence came that fear? He did not have it before he married. He did not have it immediately after he married. It came after he had been married some years. It came from his wife's constant harping on the need of saving a little every week, in order to have money in order not to fear the present or the future. Instead of valor, what came of that fear was the fear of everything.

Wilberforce Shadd saw clearly what had happened. His wife was to blame for his failure. His salary had not been raised in five years. The cost of living had gone up, and still he had not asked for a raise. And he was doing more work too. Half the time he acted as cashier. He had the work but not the pay—nor, to be just, the responsibility.

But how could he cease being afraid of his fear? The fear of years would die hard. All American husbands were henpecked. He had not realized it before. He had done what he had because he would not hurt his wife's feelings. In doing so he had become what he was.

He thought over his life and hers and determinedly went back to first causes, until he saw that his failure was due to that fixed idea of his that he must not be dismissed because he must save something every week.

By George, hereafter he must not save something every week!

Of course he had to live with Ann Elizabeth. She was a good and loving wife. He must not hurt her feelings. It would be much better to be fired! He felt like the man who committed suicide rather than run the risk of being killed in a duel. Death—that is, dismissal—offered the only solution.

What would he tell his wife? She would give him the money on the first of the month—on the very next day. He must be ruthless with her! The article said so. He was a rank failure because he was afraid, afraid of everything and everybody. He must not be afraid. He would ask for a raise. The worst that could happen was to be refused. No, they might dismiss him!

He must think calmly. There was time enough to be resolute in. Besides, why should asking for more salary and being refused necessarily mean that he must lose his position? He would sleep over it. A man always acted more wisely after sleeping on his perplexities.

On the next morning he decided that he was not yet really a failure, but that he was in danger of becoming one if he did not stop being afraid of everything and everybody. He was afraid of losing his job, and yet he had money enough in the bank to keep him and his wife two years.

Yes, but not enough to keep her silent two days! Poor thing, she worried so! He felt so sorry for her that he forgot himself for five minutes. He then decided to ask for the raise that same day, provided the opportunity offered.

He began to think that he ought to make his opportunity, instead of waiting for one to arrive of its own free will and accord. That is why, after breakfast, just before he left for the office, he said to his wife:

"I may have some news for you to-night."

He looked so serious, not to say menacing, that her face turned gray.

"Not—not—you're not afraid you—they ——" she stammered.

"I've been afraid too blamed long!" he accused her loudly. He regretted he had not said "damned," like a man, instead of "blamed," like a woman. Therefore, he slammed the door as he went out.

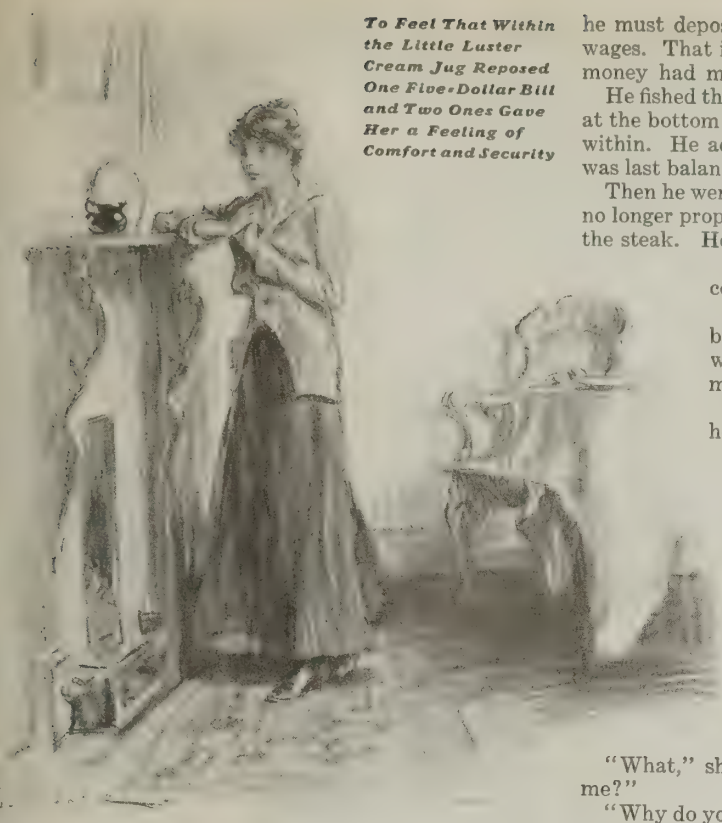
His anger grew as he walked, so that when he took the subway at Eighty-sixth Street he did not feel like reading the newspaper. From force of habit he glanced at the front page.

"STOCKS SCORE GAINS!" he read in one headline. That was it! People who gambled, damn 'em! made money, and those that worked faithfully got poorer and poorer!

Yes, but those that gambled were reckless devils. No, they simply were brave men, and those who meekly took what was given them and said thank you were cowards and deserved no better than they got from their employers.

He would be different!

And yet Wilberforce Shadd could not help his customary shudder in anticipation of his dismissal, as he looked on his



To Feel That Within the Little Luster Cream Jug Reposed One Five-Dollar Bill and Two Ones Gave Her a Feeling of Comfort and Security

desk for the fatal missive. And then he called himself names for being such a coward. He was almost desperate when Lipps, the office manager, stopped beside him.

"By gad, I don't know what we're coming to!" grunted Lipps. "Here I've got a bill from the butcher that—why, it takes a millionaire to afford meat these days."

"Yes," agreed Shadd, "it does. I often wonder," he added subtly, "how people with small salaries manage."

Lipps shot a sharp look at Shadd. Did this person dare to dream of being sarcastic? Wilberforce's heart quailed. He made haste to add, conciliatingly jocular: "Americans eat too much meat. I guess I'll be free from dyspepsia." And he looked at his chief for permission to live.

Perhaps Lipps suspected what was going on in Wilberforce Shadd's mind, or perhaps he was thinking of his own case. At all events he said: "That's all right, but I'll tell you something, Shadd: A man who has a steady job is lucky to keep it. Some of these fellows who are making money out of war orders will be digging ditches 'somewhere near Paris'—New Jersey—for a living before many months."

"I guess that's right," assented W. Shadd. To himself he called it a narrow escape. After all, as long as he kept a job that enabled him to save something every week he wasn't so badly off. Some men were born to be rich; others to be paid by the week.

On the way home from work that night he met Hen Wilkins, an old high school mate and chum. Hen was glad to see Wilberforce and Wilberforce was glad to see Hen.

Wilkins was an animated sapience. Whatever he knew, he knew to a certainty, as anyone could tell from his words, voice and manner. Even as a boy Hen had that way about him, that converted his most casual utterances into religious dogmas. There had grown a legend about Hen's success in life which carried respect with it. Somehow Shadd assumed that Hen's was an unusual mind but, like all unusual minds, abnormal and therefore not altogether sound or safe. Hen, in short, was a success who was not successful.

Hen did all the talking because he was full of Wall Street and had to talk, while Shadd, being full of good nature, was willing to listen. While listening to Hen speak about Undersea Craft Company, Wilberforce Shadd could not help admiring the wonderful optimism of the speaker and his admirable confidence in his own judgment. It was obvious that Hen could read the future like print. It took a good hour of sober second thought to realize that Hen was fooling himself. And even then, the realization of it made you like Hen all the better, poor chap!

Wilberforce was still smiling tolerantly at Hen Wilkins' tip as he entered his apartment. His wife turned her left cheek toward him as though she dared him not to kiss her—as all wives do after the third year of matrimony—whereupon he kissed her with relish twice, just to show her, as all husbands do when they feel guilty. She might be overworrisome, but she could not help it any more than she could help her skin's being as smooth and fresh as a girl's.

She broke the silence, saying almost encouragingly:

"What you grinning at?"

"Oh, something Hen Wilkins was saying to me." And as she looked mildly expectant, he added: "It's too long to tell now. I'll keep it for after supper."

"All right; I've got the steak on."

He washed his face and hands. Then he remembered it was Monday night and the first of the month, and that he must deposit her month's savings out of his month's wages. That is what made him bitter. Her saving of his money had made him a coward and therefore a failure!

He fished the bank book from under the newspaper lining at the bottom of the third bureau drawer. Four bills were within. He added the few deposits made since the book was last balanced, and found he had $1832.68.

Then he went into the kitchenette to tell his wife that he no longer proposed to be a spineless cactus. He perceived the steak. He would prepare her for the blow.

"It certainly looks fine," he told her in a congratulatory tone of voice.

"Yes. I made him change it three times before I got it. As long as I've got to pay war prices for every morsel we eat, I want my money's worth."

"I guess they don't fool you very often," he said admiringly.

"It's the same price everywhere. They've got a combination," she explained.

This made him think of the high cost of living and therefore of his fear of being discharged. And that made him think of the article he had read, and how he had not asked for the needed raise and how she was responsible for his failure.

Thinking of her misdeeds—sowing the seed of cowardice in him—made him look at her compassionately. Her own eyes instantly became fearful.

"What," she asked tremulously, "are you hiding from me?"

"Why do you think, my dear," he said, mildly rebuking, "that I must be hiding something from you?"

"Because you look so guilty."

"I was just thinking ——"

He paused, in order to find some reason that would not hurt her feelings.

"What?" she prompted, pale-faced in advance.

"Er—of what Wilkins said." He smiled as if at the recollection, but in reality it was with relief. Ruthlessness came harder than he thought.

"What did he say?"

"I met him on the car and he got off at my corner. He's got a notion he's going to make a million."

"A million what?"

"Dollars."

"He's crazy," said Mrs. Shadd.

Nobody could do that; only the privileged few—with whom she was not on speaking terms.

"N-no," murmured Wilberforce charitably. "No, I wouldn't say crazy; but like all speculators a little off on that one subject. You know, the war ——"

"Do you mean in Europe?"

"Of co—— Yes, dearie. Well, here's what Hen says to me: 'Ever read Mahan's book on the influence of sea power in history?' 'No,' I says. 'Neither did I,' he says, 'but I read what a newspaper said about it. The dope is that whoever controls the sea wins the war. It's always been so from the earliest known war to the present.'"

"Well, nobody's won the war yet," said Mrs. Shadd, to show she read the newspapers.

"No. 'Well,' Hen Wilkins says, 'who's got the best navy? England! What in blazes is the use of Germany having a crackajack army and big artillery if she can't have the sea? None! Now what does Germany stand to lose in cash if she loses the war? Her whole wad—thousands of millions. Well, now, listen: You can't make a battleship in less than two or three years. A little submarine can sink a big superdreadnought. You can make submarines for $50,000 in sixty days and sell 'em for anything you've a mind to ask. Another thing: You can't deliver a battleship, even if Uncle Sam gave you permission, because the British Channel Fleet would put it out of business. But you can deliver the submarine in any harbor—provided the cash is deposited in New York, U. S. A. I figure that anything that can shorten the war is worth a million apiece,' says Hen. 'Now, do you suppose Germany is going to shy at ten or twenty or a hundred millions to win the war?' Of course," finished Wilberforce Shadd with a knowing smile, "I had to say 'No.'"

"Why did you have to?" asked Mrs. Shadd.

"Why—why, I just wanted to lead him on. So Hen went on to tell me that the Undersea Craft Company had sixty-five submarines off Staten Island, completely equipped to the last torpedo, with stores of food, liquid oxygen and gasoline to take them to any German port. He said the company was capitalized at only $10,000,000. At a million per submarine they'd have $65,000,000. That's equivalent to a dividend of $650 per share. In fact, all Hen wanted was one dividend and then quit."

"Why would he quit?"

"He'd have enough." Shadd thought he himself would quit in Hen's place.

"H'm!" Mrs. Shadd shook her head. She would never quit, once dividends began.

"Of course if the company took contracts to supply the other belligerents and could keep the revenue officers from snooping too close, it would stand to make billions! So Hen says whoever picks up a few shares of Undersea Craft Common, which is selling at about a couple of dollars a share, and puts it away and forgets he's got it, will soon be swearing to the tax assessor he really isn't worth a penny over nine and a half millions, honest he ain't. So I left Hen," finished Wilberforce with a forgiving smile, "swearing by the bones of his ancestors that he would buy as much U. C. Common as he could carry. You know that's a curb stock and a man has got to buy it outright. Hen wanted me to ——" He broke off abruptly. It was quite obvious he was not telling the whole truth. It wouldn't help matters to have her know that Hen had asked him for a loan to enable him to pick up five thousand shares. The worst of it was that he had lent Hen two dollars in cash—the price of one share.

"Wilberforce Shadd!" said Mrs. Shadd, and pushed back her empty plate to the middle of the table as though she wanted room. "Do you think for one moment that I'll let you lose all my savings ——"

"Lose your savings?" echoed Shadd rather vacantly.

"Yes, my savings. If I hadn't made you save money every time you wanted to throw it away ——"

(Continued on Page 33)

"Look Here, I Want You to Buy Some Stock for Me"

THE ENCHANTED CAPTAIN

How Villa Came Back—By George Pattullo

WHAT do you think they are now calling Páncho Villa down in Mexico? El Capitán Encantado—no less—The Enchanted Captain, using the word "Captain" in its higher sense.

Hasn't he come back from the very jaws of death and, by the fire of his own genius and force, triumphed over the armies of the First Chief? He has. Was not the First Chief backed by the support of the United States? He was. And did not the Barbarians of the North announce, with blare of bugle and beating of drums, that they would get Páncho for what he did at Columbus and scatter his forces to the winds? They did. Yet he is there in full view, with more than twenty thousand men under his flag, the virtual master of Northern Mexico. That is the way the Mexicans reason it out.

When one comes to examine the facts it appears a remarkable achievement for a bandit. What wonder the *pelado* holds Villa to be something more than man! What wonder that he looms almost supernatural to the ignorant peons! He is the one great hero they have, and when the chance comes they follow him. They are rallying to him by the thousands. Whoever fights Villa now, fights the very spirit of Mexico.

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Villa is the Only Great Military Leader They Have and the Idol of the Masses

Of course we don't want to believe that; we would rather consider him a picturesque outlaw, who can be eliminated without our mixing in it. But there is nobody in Mexico capable of the trick. His strength grows prodigiously. There is no faction that can contend against him.

And yet there can never be peace in that harried land until Villa is suppressed. Two agents, and two only, are capable of accomplishing the feat—death and the American Army.

There has been a persistent effort to minimize his recent successes. The motives are obvious: The Carrancistas have to do that to keep up their bluff at authority, and we prefer to shut our eyes lest it become our duty to go after Páncho. It may be that this course will be impossible for us to sustain ere this article appears, and we shall be driven to act. The bulk of our people don't want that; but a situation understood loses much of its danger, and it would be well to face the real facts.

The Idol of the Mexican Masses

THESE are that Villa is again a formidable menace. His various commands will total close to twenty-five thousand men. The Mexicans won't fight him. It is true that their *jefes* can lead them into action against the bandit, but they go half-heartedly; and the first decent chance they get it's "Viva Villa!" and they bang away at their own officers and go over joyously to Páncho. Witness what occurred in Chihuahua City on September sixteenth.

He is the only great military leader they have and the idol of the masses. And, to give the devil his due, he is their only real patriot, whatever we may think of his methods.

Since September first Villa has acquired mastery of hundreds of miles of railroads and scores of towns; he has captured fifty per cent of the rolling stock of Northern Mexico and holds whatever territory he desires. The bandit could have Juarez any day he wanted it, so far as Carrancista opposition is concerned; but he prefers not to take chances so close to the American forces at El Paso. Jimenez, Parral, San Andres, Chihuahua City—he takes them as he needs them, evacuating when he wishes to trap another enemy force. Perhaps by the time this is published he will have Torreon, too, with its rich stores of cotton and wheat and corn.

And now he has proclaimed his mission. It is to drive out the army the Barbarians of the North maintain on Mexican soil. He has summoned Mexico to rise and sweep them from the face of the earth.

It is a trump card to play. The average native hates the gringo worse than a Chinaman, and Páncho can get ten willing volunteers to fight the United States where one would respond for service against his own breed.

As a declaration of the ideas that animate him, his manifesto to the people of Chihuahua, issued from San Andres the second week in December, is interesting. Here are a few of its gems:

"Our beloved country has reached one of those solemn moments in which, in order to oppose ourselves to the unjustified invasion of our eternal enemies, the Barbarians of the North, we should be united. We have had since last March an American Army, commanded by Pershing, in the Galeana district, constructing cement roads from the other side of the Rio Bravo to the San Buenaventura Valley, which has become, for the present, the base of operations for the abhorred Yankee. This has been done with the patient consent of the so-called Constitutionalist Government, which would like to build ammunition factories to continue the destruction of Mexicans with bloodshed, to make it easier for its leaders and allies to enter the interior.

"It is, therefore, a great and arduous task we must fulfill as Mexicans. I summon you to take up arms to overthrow the most immoral government we have ever had. . . .

"Without hope of seeing a change of conduct in the present rulers of this country, I have the honor of stating to the Mexican people that from this date on I will have my troops enter in the most active way possible, and will start military operations to overthrow the traitors and to put at the head of the government any citizen who, by his recognized integrity and civic virtues, can put Mexico among the free and cultured peoples, a place legitimately ours. . . .

"No military nor armed citizen may be nominated for President, because the army has its own definite uses. There are no exceptions to this rule. . . .

"Since the date of this document, the revolutionary army declares void all the concessions, privileges, etc., granted by the so-called Constitutionalist Government, excepting only the marriage licenses, certificates of birth, death, and all laws connected with the civil status of persons. . . .

"The revolution needing the resources of natives and foreigners alike for the reconstruction of the country, we will not be responsible for debts or claims made by foreigners. . . .

"No foreigner may acquire real estate or any other property hereafter if he has not been naturalized as a Mexican for twenty-five years, and has not resided continuously in this country during that period. . . . All property of foreigners is hereby confiscated to the nation.

"It having been demonstrated fully that the North Americans have been in the greater part responsible for our internal strife, which they have been fostering, as is proved by the unjustified and continued presence on our soil of their troops, all North Americans are declared incapable of acquiring any property, as well as Chinese. . . . All railroad lines, with all their stock, are hereby confiscated for the use of the nation. Foreign companies which claim rights of property in the railroads will not be considered. . . . Mining properties of the country, which are owned by foreigners, will be confiscated also for the use of the nation.

"To stimulate the Mexican manufacturer and to increase industries generally all over the country, all mercantile operations with the United States are hereby suspended. All rail and wire communication will be eighteen miles below the international boundary, to enforce this provision.

"All military chiefs are urged to require all male inhabitants of their respective territories to take up military training, to be prepared for the great struggle with the invader. Those who refuse will be declared traitors and shot, their property being confiscated."

Happenings Since the Columbus Raid

ALL of which makes it look as though the Enchanted Captain was organizing for a real struggle.

But how did he do it? How did Páncho Villa come back?

When pressure of other affairs made it expedient to drop the bandit off the front page, the newspaper correspondents eagerly seized the opportunity afforded by the Carrancistas. They buried Villa in fifty-seven lonely and unwept graves. One day he was shot to avenge a woman. Another, the American cavalry had riddled him with bullets. And, of course, the Carrancistas used to kill him off every morning before breakfast. Whenever they failed to do so you could be reasonably sure that their spokesman was sick in bed.

Here is the story of Páncho Villa from the date of the Columbus raid, on March ninth, as nearly as it can be gathered. It would be presumptuous for me to assert that it is flawless. But in my estimation this is as faithful a narrative of his doings as can be obtained from any sources outside of Villa himself.

Let me state at the outset that the American Army never actually engaged a force under personal command of Villa during his flight. Twice they almost had him when he was lying wounded; but they did not know it. The Mexicans who gave Pershing's army trouble were Carrancistas, armed civilians resentful of the presence of foreign troops, and small bands of Villistas under Julio Acosta and Candelario Cervantes.

PHOTO. BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Francisco Villa and His Staff

The chief himself was in hiding, to recover from a dangerous wound. That explains his months of inactivity. And the Carranza forces made no real effort to effect his capture. A large portion of the time he was within striking distance of them, or actually under their noses.

To understand properly what follows, it is necessary to go back to November of 1915. Carranza had been recognized by the American Government, and permission had been granted to transport five thousand of his troops across United States territory for the defense of Agua Prieta, on the Arizona line. From the moment of that recognition Villa was a gone goose; and he knew it.

He failed dismally in front of Agua Prieta and started a retreat, going by way of Cananea and Nacosari back to the state of Chihuahua. I was over a portion of his trail not long afterward; it was strewn with the skeletons of horses and mules. Arrived in the capital, he was faced by a desperate situation. The Carrancista forces, with the material support of the United States to draw on, were pressing him hard. Many of his *jefes* were frightened, seeing doom ahead. The people were worn out and starving; there was no more fight in them. The country was wrung dry. One after another of his captains announced that they were through with Villa and hastened to join what they felt convinced would now be the winning side.

Realizing he was up against it, Páncho went out on a balcony of the National Palace, in Chihuahua City, one day in December, and made a speech to the populace. It was a farewell.

"You are sick of me now," he said. "You are exhausted and miserable. You do not want any more fighting. I leave you. But don't forget this—the man you hate at this moment will be back within nine months. I will never desert my country. I have never fought for personal enrichment, but for the people. Therefore, I will come back. Hear me! I will answer your call in the hour of need."

He is always picturesque in what he says, and has astounding magnetism to drive home his words. The people huzzaed and Villa went off to Bustillos, to which point he had summoned his forces for disbandment. They came from all the surrounding region, nearly eighteen thousand men.

There he released them for a period from his service and bade them good-by. They were passionately devoted to him; but they had, also, had their fill of fighting and privation, and were eager to be gone.

Villa Wounded and in Hiding

THEY broke up, but not all of them departed with their equipment. Some, operating under powerful chiefs, went off as units; but the majority, thus assembled to take leave of Villa, laid down their arms.

He buried in the vicinity of Bustillos twelve thousand rifles, eight light cannon, some machine guns, and nearly two million rounds of ammunition. They would need them later, he explained. Foresight is one of Páncho's most valuable assets.

This equipment was cached in several spots, some of it being buried near Colonia Dublan, now the American base. Ten heavy cannon and several caissons were among the lot.

Then he went off into his old haunts, with some hundreds of the faithful, to resume the life of a bandit. And one March day he was overcome by a fit of rage against the Americans for their treatment of him and headed for the border. In the darkest hours of the night he swooped down on Columbus, New Mexico, and there laid up more trouble for himself than had beset him in his entire career.

Twelve hours after his mad act he repented the impulse in bitterness of heart. A presentiment of what it would bring down on them assailed Villa. He upbraided Pablo Lopez and Candelario Cervantes, his lieutenants.

"Now see what you have done!" he cried, with a fine disregard of his own leadership in it. "This will bring a whole nation on our backs."

Lopez merely groaned. He was on a stretcher because of bullet wounds in both legs, and had been carried in that manner from Palomas.

They struck into the Sierra Madre, on the border of Sonora. Their plan was to go south and fall on Guerrero in order to seize the ammunition and supplies of the garrison under Cavazos. He had about two hundred men and they anticipated no great difficulty.

Toward the end of March they tackled Guerrero about dusk and by dawn held possession of the town. It lies in a sort of bowl. Villa was entering the place as conqueror when some Carrancistas on one of the surrounding heights opened fire unexpectedly. A soft-nosed bullet caught him in the right leg below the knee, fracturing the bone in three places.

That is the way he obtained his wound. He was not shot by the pursuing American forces; and the stories about young Arrieta cracking down on him with a .45, in Guerrero, because Páncho had stolen his sister are without a shred of truth. Villa doesn't have to steal women in Mexico.

His followers took him into the house of Señor Fernando Gonzalez, where his leg was dressed. Then they put him in a buggy and took him into the Sierra Tarahumar by easy stages. There he was concealed by the Indians.

While he was in hiding, the forces operating under his flag split up under various leaders and went off to prey where they thought the pickings would be easiest. The Carrancistas saw their chance and grasped it. If they could announce that Páncho Villa was dead and convince the Americans of it, perhaps the expedition would be withdrawn. At any rate it would help their cause enormously to make people believe that he had been killed, and they set energetically to work on the job. The elimination of Páncho made their own task of pacification immeasurably lighter and gave them a weapon to use in negotiations with Washington for the hobbling and gradual retirement of the pursuing army.

It so happened that a large portion of the American press and public was utterly weary of the whole mess, and they jumped at the chance to believe that the cause of it all had been wiped out. They wanted to forget Mexico and return to business. Consequently the bandit was proclaimed dead, and Carranza commanders solemnly promised to produce his body immediately. Numerous bluffs at doing so were attempted, but they were feeble efforts at the best; and, despite the fact that energetic Carranza agents buried Villa over half of Chihuahua, strong doubts lingered in the public mind that he was really out of the way. The American military authorities never believed it for a moment.

All the while he was in the region of Guerrero, being nursed by the Tarahumar Indians.

Gossip and rumors were flying like wildfire over that country concerning the American column under Pershing. Word reached Villa that a force was approaching Guerrero, and he ordered that he be taken up into the mountain fastnesses, where Julio Acosta, one of his former generals, had his retreat. Two youths accompanied the wounded bandit on this trip—Juan Murga and Javier Hernandez.

Dodd's Cavalry on the Trail

BEFORE they had gone far the rapid advance of a detachment of Dodd's cavalry surprised them. The two attendants fled, taking everything belonging to the wounded man, and leaving him alone with a horse. Villa was in bad plight. The Barbarians of the North were close upon him and he might be discovered any minute. In this extremity he turned his horse loose and hid in a cave. From there he saw about fifty troopers ride by. They passed within ten yards of him. He has since asserted that he also witnessed from his cave an engagement between the American troopers and some Mexicans.

Villa dared not venture out, lest he be seen and taken. He remained in the cave three days, without food and suffering horribly. His leg swelled and turned black. Murga and Hernandez had left him without water, and he was almost unconscious a considerable portion of the time.

Then up to the cave, on the third day, came Nicolás Fernandez with a stretcher. Some Indians had advised him of the chief's hiding place. Fernandez and his men carried Villa toward Bachiniva, which town they circled in order to avoid the Carrancista garrison; on to El Royo, nothing more than a plantation, where the mother of Tomás Morales, one of the nine men who made up Villa's first army, dressed his wounds. Morales was killed in a fight against the Federals in 1913; Páncho was much devoted to him.

As soon as could be they moved on to Rubio. Followers joined him every hour. They had to cross a plateau miles in extent, which was bare of shelter of any description. Not a gulch or a tree offered screen; but they accomplished it, moving in the dark. They reached San Antonio de Orenales and then took refuge at a small ranch near the Bustillos Plantation.

Here they were unexpectedly set upon by a force of Carrancistas during the dressing of Villa's wound. He had only fifty men with him. While these went into action, to hold

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Rebel Wounded Lying on Flat Cars and Tended by the Women Camp Followers

DOUBLOON GOLD

By John Russell

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I REMEMBERED the big chap with the China-blue eyes and the great mop of tangled fair hair. I had seen him one night, a month or so before, at Monte Carlo, where he wound up a run against the red by snapping the sovereigns off his cuff links. And here, in the Casino Pavao, at Funchal, I remarked him in almost the identical gesture. He fumbled through all his pockets before he found and tossed out upon the board a goldpiece, broad and ruddy as his own open-air face. Now, as then, I saw him summon his last reserve for a final plunge. The coin fell on *manque*, and there he let it lie.

We were in charge of a highly superior banker at that table—a model banker, a window model of a banker, with spade-cut beard, jet brows, waxen face, and a perfectly faultless armor of full dress. Throughout the evening he had been spinning the wheel and shooting the little marble along its saucer rim with the detached regularity of an automaton. But when this strange token dropped shimmering beside him he stood like one transfixed, then bent over to stare, and presently passed a signal to the fat croupier across from him. And both of them stared at the thing, which shone like a full moon on the smooth green pool of the table.

I was not so sure of the rest. But it seemed to me that a sudden flame lighted their professionally indifferent eyes, that the spark of some swift excitement leaped between them. I say I could not be sure, because I was tiptoe with eagerness myself.

Nobody else was paying any noticeable attention to the big gambler or to his fortunes. A silent crowd jostled stiffly about the board, three deep, unmindful of the heat, the puddled air, the aching blue-white lights—a cosmopolitan crowd, such as one finds in the season at a minor crossroads like Madeira, where types are varied, if not extreme.

There was the English invalid contingent, of course—the prop and frigid corrective of so many subtropical resorts; and the local social element, dark, dapper and Portuguese, playing a wary and penurious stake; and the casual commercial, chiefly Teuton, playing high and stolidly; and the whole hodgepodge of chance tourists from the steamers in port—South Americans, South Africans, lean and yellowish administrators from the West Coast, one or two frock-coated Arabs, with the fez, Spaniards from Canary, and Hebraic gentlemen from the ends of the earth. In short, a Casino crowd, solely intent upon the game, and restrained from any common human sentiment like curiosity by its own multiplied strangeness.

And I rejoiced that this was so; for I desired no competition, and I meant to get that big gambler's big goldpiece, one way or another.

"*Faites vos jou'!*" The banker had recovered sufficiently to make his spin, droning with guttural accent the familiar phrase: "*Faites vos jou', mess'h!*"

I suppose every traveler likes to esteem himself rather a dab at collecting. How else account for the populations that live by the sale and the manufacture of assorted relics? I had lugged a bag of ancient coins half round the world, and I desperately wanted that particular coin, so large, so curious—and genuine—being offered as a bet. But there was something more to my temptation.

The day had been tinged for me with the charm and color of this Old World island town, lying like a flower wreath on a mailed breast, with its rioting gardens, its twining streets, its grim basalt barriers and savage beaches. I felt the lure of authentic adventure in pursuing such a memento, a goldpiece possibly historic, stamped with the flourish of dead kings. One has the sense at times of spying from ambush upon a promise of emprise and some great gain. It is the glamour of things, a magic flush on dull and sordid fact. It starts up anyhow, at a face, a whisper, a strain of music—a stock quotation. True, in the present state of a fallen world it often proves counterfeit—and expensive, too often. But what of that? One follows still; if only for the sake of the story.

"*Faites vos jou'!*" advised the banker, who himself presided over romantic possibilities at a dollar a throw.

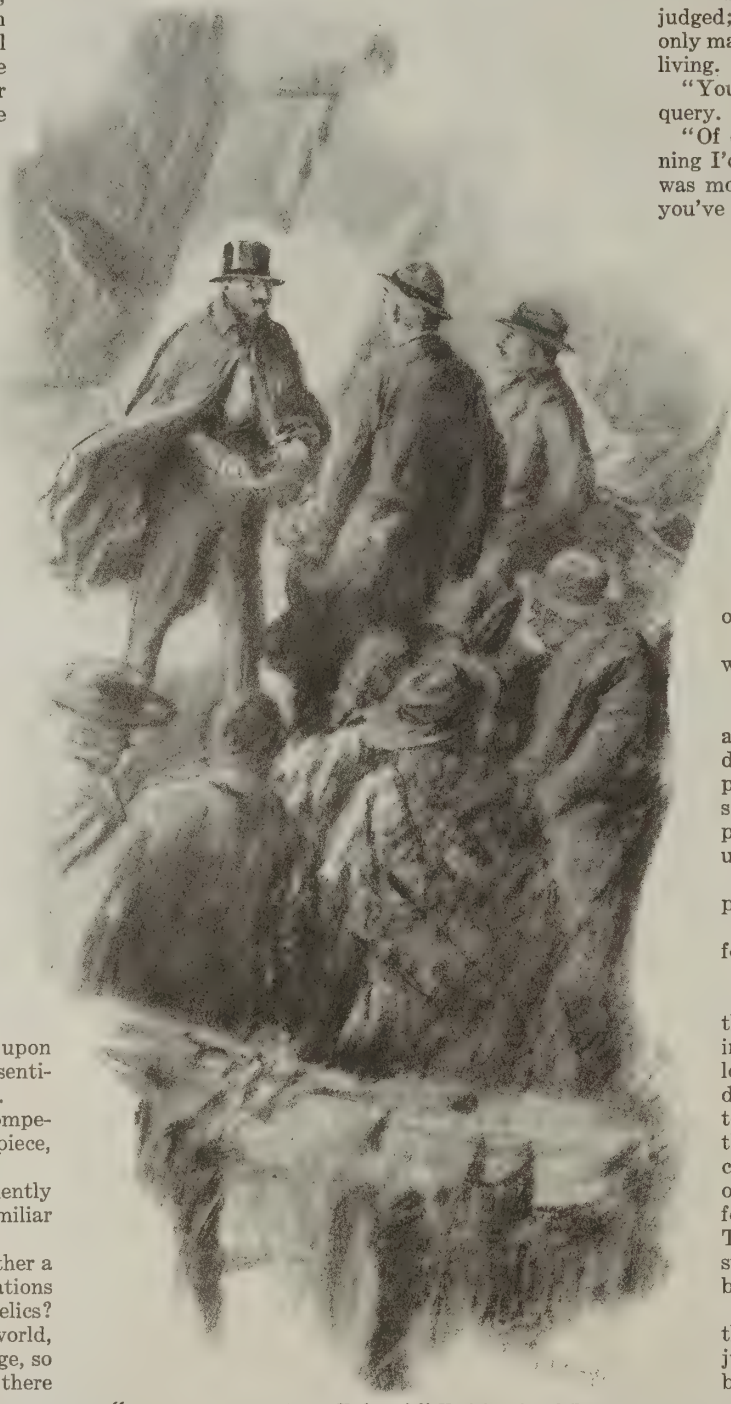
By the judicious use of an elbow I worked my way through the press. There fell the usual interval of suspense while the marble circled low. It gave me my chance to lean over the shoulder of the big gambler, who sat glowering and expectant, and to murmur in his ear.

"I'll take it up for ten pounds," I offered.

He nodded, without so much as looking at me; and I dropped five American eagles beside his stake.

"*Rien ne va plus!*"

But I had already effected my exchange; and I snatched away the big goldpiece just as the marble struck, hopped, and rattled into a socket.



"Gentlemen, You Been Kidnap'," He Was Good Enough to Explain. "We are Sorry; But it Was of a Necessitate"

"*Vint e uno*," announced the banker, surprised into his own native tongue; and I caught the unmistakable quiver of a live disappointment as his glance crossed mine with the flash of a knifeblade.

The gambler waited until a silver rake had swept away his eagles. With a visible effort, then, he braced himself against the table and rose. He turned to me, met my smirk of triumph with a frown, and plowed out of the throng to the natural refuge, the little barroom on the terrace side, where I followed him quite shamelessly.

II

THE hour was early; we had the place to ourselves as we pledged each other in the quaint device they call a cocktail at the Pavao.

"You made a good bargain," he said, setting down his glass. "There must be at least twenty-five dollars' worth of pure gold in that slug if there's a penny—let alone its curio value."

His manner had a rough edge. Anyone who has lost over the green cloth knows the spleen it can raise against all reason. I was the better pleased next instant when he broke through, with a smile of sound good nature:

"Here's hoping it brings you better luck than mine."

I liked that smile, and the voice, easy and true as a bell, and the whole hearty, big-boned cast of him; and I marveled what twist had made a splendid great fellow like this, with his arching chest and walking-beam breadth of shoulder, the hanger-on at unhealthy gaming rooms. He was neither old nor young enough to be merely foolish. Forty would be about his age, I judged; but his eyes were new, like those of a child, and the only marks about them were the little sun crinkles of outdoor living.

"You were willing to sell," I reminded him with a half query.

"Of course!" he nodded. "When the game gets me running I'd stake my shoes if I could sell 'em. And ten pounds was more than the bank would have paid. All the same, you've got a rare piece, cheap."

"Just what have I got?"

"A doubloon—don't you know? One of those queer Portuguese cart wheels. Sink it! I made sure I'd found a lucky at last—anybody would."

I echoed that glorious old word:

"A doubloon?"

"Aye!" He smiled again. "Pieces of eight—what? The pirates used to cut throats for 'em."

On sudden impulse I risked a small experiment.

"I've no wish to profit by your misfortune," I said. "This is evidently very valuable. Call the ten pounds a loan."

He glanced at the coin as I laid it before him; and then, with a widening of pupil, at me. I was startled to see him hesitate.

"No," he decided. "No. But look here, that's decent of you. I will say it's downright decent."

"Not at all," I protested virtuously. "It might be worth many times what I paid you."

"That wouldn't worry me."

But something was worrying him as he frowned down at the golden disk. I felt a trouble on the man that bit deeper than his losses. He had an odd, abrupt trick of passing a hand hard over his brow as if to brush away some constant irritation, a gesture at once naïve and passionate. At such times he looked about him with an uneasy air, puzzled and, I could almost say, resentful.

"You must be very much attached to the thing," I persisted.

He slid it back to me brusquely, with a jab of his forefinger.

"Thanks. Would you mind putting it out of sight?"

We were sitting at one of the small tables that lined the side of the little room. It so chanced that I sat facing the bar, which was not a proper bar at all but a long, low sideboard, whereon an attendant compounded drinks. My new friend was at my left and thus failed to see what now I saw—a detached head glaring out of the wall, sharp and definite as a cameo. I was slow to connect this singular phenomenon with a strip of mirror over the sideboard and regarded it merely with wonder, for the face was very much alive, convulsed and eager. Tardily, then, I recognized the jet spadebeard of the superior banker, and at the same moment felt a hot breath stirring in my back hair.

"Hello!" I exclaimed, and spun round in time further to recognize a pair of perfect coattails; they were just disappearing through the doorway into the *salle* behind me.

He could not have had ten seconds' start, but when I reached the doorway the fellow had vanished in a fringe of bystanders. Another banker, bald-headed and not in the least superior, was now in charge at roulette, and I noticed that the fat croupier had also been replaced.

I turned back to the attendant at the bar, a popeyed nondescript in a white jacket.

"Who was that?" I demanded indignantly. "Who is that man, and what the devil did he mean by blowing down the back of my neck?"

He stared at me, with fluttering lids, chalk-faced—I was to appreciate presently what terror rode that obscure soul.

"*Não compriendo*," he stammered, though I had heard him use good-enough English of a sort in wheedling for tips. Impatient at his stupidity and my own jumpy nerves, I flung away from him—or, rather, I started to fling and was halted there in my tracks.

Now the contact of a revolver is something that no man need be taught to identify. It is a part of instinctive knowledge. When a hard blunt nose snuggled suddenly under my lowest rib I required no verbal order to make me stand quite passive and obedient. So I did stand, while still mechanically resisting the furtive, tremulous fingers that came stealing round my wrist, trying to force my hand open.

I was not half so frightened as amazed, and certainly not half so frightened as the creature himself. I knew it must be the wretched little attendant who was tickling me with that revolver, and that he was trying to hold me up for something—what it might be I scarcely thought. If he had

been respectable in any way, through strength or skill or personality, I believe I might have yielded. But to be robbed by this miserable hireling, this popeyed dispenser of bad cocktails, himself in a state of the most abject funk, roused all the stubbornness of which I was capable. As if a sheep had assaulted me!

I suppose I should have allowed myself to be shot ingloriously had not the big gambler discovered what was going on. In two steps he was by me, pouched the weapon with a fist like a muff, and simply abolished Popeye.

"Easy now!" he warned him. "Don't yell!" It was an absurd anticlimax to see that bold, bad gunman being crammed upright to keep him from falling in a heap. 'Reposo yourself, matey, if you know what's good. Be quiet—comprendo so much? Nobody's going to hurt you."

Somehow I found myself back at the little table. The gambler occupied the chair at my right this time, whence he could watch my late enemy, who hung collapsed over the bar. Except for these trifling changes, the whole incident might have seemed illusion.

"What was that for?" I managed to ask.

The gambler answered with a negligence that struck me in my condition of mind like an affront:

"Well, the lad's of no importance—don't you see? He had to do what he was told and he wasn't up to his job—that's all. But I thought we'd best keep him in view. No sense having him run off to report."

"How true!" I said with a faint attempt at emulation. "One concedes the frivolity of having the lad run off to report. After all, he could only confess that he had failed to murder me. But suppose I do it?"

"What—complain?"

"It occurs to me I might. I'm not vindictive, but I really don't care for pistols with my drinks."

"Who to?"

"Why, to the manager, I suppose; the maestro—the man who holds the gambling concession in this place."

"That's the johnny with the beard. He would be pleased to get a complaint from you!" he snorted. "Why, it was he who gave this poor fool his orders!"

"Oh!" I said, for lack of more adequate comment.

"And he, again, is only a lesser devil. And if you should call the police, or the military, or anybody, all the way up—the governor himself—you'd probably find the same."

I regarded him to know whether he was serious. He was; and his laconic method of statement had an extraordinary effect of bitterness. Action had lent him brief relief, but the cloud of some fixed discontent dwelt in this strong soul. Even as I watched, its shadow deepended upon him again.

"From your account they seem prepared to spare no pains in making the visitor feel quite at home," I observed—"up to the point of inducing him to remain permanently. Was there any other object in the recent attention to me, do you think?"

"You've got it in your hand."

I unclenched my hand and sat blinking down, with some astonishment, at the thing I had held throughout and was still holding—the Portuguese doubloon. His smile was grim this time.

"Pieces of eight—what? They used to cut throats for 'em."

"Who wants the thing so badly?" I asked guardedly. "Who's after it?"

"Number One," was his cryptic answer.

"Number One!" I cried. "Which Number One?"

"Do you think I'm trying to mystify you?" he returned impatiently. "Look here—I've had that confounded relic only since yesterday myself. They tried these same tricks on me until I got tired and wrung a little yellow viper's ears for him. Well, Number One wants it. Number One is the cause, the source, the trouble maker, for whose sake they move. In telling you every bit he could tell me—just that: Number One."

I drew a long breath. Adventure—romance? The most hardened novelist must have admitted that here was a promising lead. From the opened windows on the terrace came a stealthy, sudden rush of rain, confusing and drowning the fret of the sea below. The curtains flapped inward and we had a whiff of the island night, warm and damp, charged with the heady scents of lush vegetation. Back in the ballroom they were starting a waltz of Waldteufel's, I think it was, some jingly strain that ran with the clink of money on the tables. A suitable setting for a wondrous tale; but it was borne upon me that if I wished full value for my venture I should have to play up now, and play up sharp.

This difficult man was not the kind to unbuckle offhand. He was hardly what one might call a subjective peddler of his wares. He would not care two pins for my thrills, my quest of fancy, which to him, in his own heavy obsession, must seem the most contemptible trifles.

With studied carelessness I took the doubloon on my thumb, flipped it and stuck it in my pocket.

"No wonder you were so willing to make a trade!" I said dryly. "One would say the liabilities outweigh the assets. As they have now descended to me, it remains to inquire whether they were honestly come by."

I had caught him fairly out of himself. He sat up as if stung, seemed ready to retort, and then yielded with a laugh—deep-throated tribute.

"You want an abstract of title?"

"My dear sir, I'm frank to say that's what I wanted from the first. I remembered you from Monte Carlo, you see."

With his elbows on the table he pressed his hands over his eyes absently, in that singular mannerism he had; and when they were clear he searched me again, gauging my significance in some alien train of thought.

"You seem entitled to it," he acknowledged slowly, "if only by your cheek, you know. Please note you came asking. I shouldn't care to punch your head later for calling me a liar."

And this was the way I won his story at last.

She Did Not Flinch, Save for a Tiny Quiver of Nostril, Thin and Clear

III

"DO YOU happen to carry any good, live, working superstitions about you?" he began, and marked my blink of surprise. "No? It's a pity. Things must be so much simpler to a man who's satisfied to trust in laws outside himself and his own vision. A streak of fatalism, hey? What a comfort! No use kicking about anything—it's all been arranged for you. Or astrology, now: The stars were in the wrong house, which naturally accounts for Jemmy Jones being in the wrong pew. What 'o, there's warm cheer for Jemmy!

"Why are you and I chumming here together on this hole-in-a-corner of an island, for instance, with no end of a silly yarn between us? Likely you'd much rather be somewhere and doing something else—I'm blessed, but I should. Yet here we are; and both our lives, from a world apart, have led us up to this very minute. Now why? Coincidence maybe. Well, coincidence must be worked a bit threadbare explaining things for people.

"Take my own case: I was born in the Riverina of New South Wales, the back lots—sheep country. That's where I belong—and look at me! Quite a gap to bridge—what?

"My father went out there as a jackaroo, without a penny; and before he died he could ride straightaway all day across his own paddocks. Nothing ever turned him from his natural destiny, which was raising good sheep, and plenty of 'em. In twenty years I don't suppose he was off the station twice; it suited him. It would have suited me too. Roving and changing and mucking about in crowds—no; I was fed up with that when he sent me away to school. After his death I stepped into his place, of course, and I never had any notion except to carry on as he had done before me to the end of my billet. Never any notion up to a day about three months ago, when there came a cablegram from England.

"Well, it's what I say—a man is better off if he has some simple and handy system of accounting for life. He goes to bed in his own private heaven and he wakes up in the general hell. And what's the reason? There isn't any, unless you believe in black cats or astral influence, or the curse of Shielygh—or something.

"That cablegram was to inform me that my father had left another family back home. Previous, so to speak. Previous and legitimate. Naturally everything he'd acquired in Australia in near half a century belonged to them: the stock; the land; the house I was born in; the very picture of my mother on the wall—everything but me, being an encumbrance on the estate. A fair knockout, wasn't it?"

His voice held the level acerbity that no man with a boy's eyes has any right to know.

"Did I fight? I started to—rather! At first, you see, I didn't begin to understand what it was had hit me. I took my two years' wages as overseer—I'd a right to that, at least—and I came on to England, with my comb over one eye, regularly scratching after trouble. And then I found the only people I could fight were three elderly gentlewomen who lived together on a Yorkshire lane in a little cottage covered with climbing roses. They were most polite and had me in to tea; and we talked about something—a sale of work in aid of the local church, I think. At that it was rather heroic of them, you know. The entertainment of a new and unsuspected half brother—sinister, hey?—must present difficulties to the maiden mind.

"I made none, of course. I saw their solicitor next day and helped straighten out his papers for him. After which I departed.

"The only thing I took away was a bit of family history."

Such was his blunt way of putting it; yet I was not so dull as to miss a glimpse of what it meant, the sacrifice he had made in his bitter grievance; the true and knightly spirit he must have shown toward those three innocent gentlewomen, so lightly and whimsically touched in his narrative.

At this point he paused and reached into the side pocket of his dinner jacket.

"Have you seen the guidebook they sell about the streets here," he asked—"the English Guide to Madeira?"

I blinked again at the abrupt transition, but his hand came away empty.

"Never mind," he resumed. "I'll show you something presently to surprise you. Meanwhile hark to the family record:

"It seems my people had inhabited their corner of Yorkshire time out of mind. That's a common thing enough, a rural line rooted deep in the soil. But, what isn't so common, they've managed somehow to keep the precious old ancestral name alive and going—from the Ark, perhaps. Yeoman, franklin and squire, as they say, there is always a Robert Matcham above ground somewhere. Robert Matcham, the descendant of uncounted Robert Matchams—d'ye see? It was my father's name, and when he made his break to Australia the tradition was too strong for him: he never changed it—which explains how the solicitor came to trace him at last. You'd hardly call it a fortunate heirloom; but it's the only one I've got—my sole inheritance—for Robert Matcham happens to be my name as well."

He seemed to mean it as a sort of introduction, in spite of the discomfortable irony of his tone.

"It's now three months, as I tell you, since Nemesis or Belial or coincidence—whatever you like—began to play this scurvy joke on me. It hasn't quit yet. To what end, hey? What's it about? What's it damn well for? Perhaps that sounds like whining. Well, it's only whining for a chance to hit back at something or somebody. Wait till you've been caught up by the scruff and cuffed blind, as I've been, and no place to get your teeth in. Listen now:

"My one idea was to get a part of what I'd lost, money enough to buy a little place of my own away there in the bush, the only thing I cared about or knew. I needed a stake—not much, just a bit of stake. An easy thing for an able-bodied man, you'd say. But could I get it? Well, I'm broke again as I sit here—you'll understand why your suggestion of a loan rather knocked the smoke out of me—and what I've been through in trying makes a pitiful comedy.

"There was a syndicate undertook to send me out as managing partner on its big station in Victoria. They only required a deposit, which I paid; and when I went round for the receipt that syndicate had vanished into thin air. I found a place with a wool merchant, who promptly failed. Twice I booked for Sydney on my own—missed one boat through a train wreck, and the other was libeled at the dockhead. I tried stowing away, and got as far as Havre before they threw me off.

"Gamble? I gambled the way another man gets drunk—from exasperated craving, knowing the folly of it. Longchamp, Enghien, Monte Carlo—you follow my course? Once and again I made a winning, but never quite enough; and finally Monte Carlo left me flat. You say you saw me there? Then you know how flat that was. At Marseilles I had to ship for mere bread on a friendly tramp going round to Lisbon.

"Now notice how a man is made to look like a monkey on a string. I didn't even know where that tramp was bound till she anchored in the Tagus. The same evening I got caught in a monarchist riot on the Rocio, had the clothes torn off me and landed in a cell. They released me next morning, with handsome apologies and a coat, not so handsome, which they said was mine. It wasn't; mine was gone to rags. But in the lining of the one they gave me I found two Portuguese bills, and something else: a ticket by the Empreza Nacional steamer sailing for Madeira—within the hour! I took it. My word! What else was there to do?

"You'll observe I never was in Madeira before—never meant or wanted to come here; had hardly heard of the isle.

"I landed yesterday; and perhaps you can guess the first thing I did in a place where horses are so plenty and so cheap. Man, I was crazy to get a saddle between my knees again—me that was raised in a saddle. So I hopped aboard the likeliest nag and rode for the open, out the coast—eastward, it seems. Why again should it be eastward? I can't tell you; but it was the way that offered, winding along between the mountains and the sea, where the lava rocks prop the sugar terraces, black and green in layers, and the blue water below.

"Well, I rode on for an hour or more until the path led me down to the very edge of the tide, where I had rough going over a cobbled strand. At a certain place, which I need not describe, the girth slipped and I had to dismount to tighten it. And now, friend, I've brought you into the bit at last; and you can draw your own moral, for it was there, standing almost in the wash, as I was ——"

He seemed to hesitate on the phrase.

"You found the doubloon?" I finished for him.

"Winking up at me from the beach like a yellow eye!" he roared, and his big fist crashed upon the table and dropped a silence between us. I sat nonplused.

"Nobody could blame you after that," I said, at length, "for thinking you had a lucky. As you tell it, the whole purpose of your Odyssey was the finding of that pocket piece."

I should have laughed—had I not chanced to meet his clear blue gaze fixed upon me with deadly candor.

"Is such your opinion?" he asked.

"You were certainly justified in backing the thing for all you were worth," I answered lamely.

"I see I may have to punch your head after all." He smiled quietly. "I've no skill to show you how it struck me; that's the trouble."

He reached into his pocket again and this time brought out and flattened carefully before him, with his powerful, deliberate hands, a little red-bound pamphlet. "Then let me show you what I'd been reading along the way."

IV

I TOOK the pamphlet from him with expectation at low ebb. It was the guidebook to Madeira, a product of the local printer, I judged, thrown together to catch the coppers of the tourist trade. I took it, I say, rather skeptically, and glanced down the page to which he had folded; but before I had scanned the half a shock went through me. My incredulity vanished like mist in a wind. For here is what I read:

As for the dixovery of this lovely Island of Maderia, which is indeed a glorious pearl in the sea, it was probable in 1370; but not by the Portuguese, which come much later. The first was dixovered by sad accident by a lovely, oldest legend, by an Englishman named Robin à Machin, Roberto Machim, or Robert Matcham. He was brave lover of a too beautiful woman to describe, named Anna d'Arfet, his dear love, which he could not marry because the enterprise was not recommended by the patrons.

Hizory teaches us these two evaded together to establish in France and took shipment with a pilot captain friend named Pedro Morales, who was great fighting pilot of Spain. They delivered free on board and everything of best description, until the ship ran against a storm, which was indeed terrible. Many days they blow where the Pilots could not say; and after varied assortment of troubles they came against this strange shore of Maderia and all wrecked. So perished in each other arms this famous love story, which are indeed a sad and lovely legend.

The pilot Pedro Morales exaped and went away to Portugal, where he told the King about this Island. So it was dixovered again by a navigator for the King, and always the populations since named the place Machico, after Robert Matcham and Anna d'Arfet, which died together on the shore.

I had no least desire left to laugh when I had finished, not even to smile at the method of the quaint chronicler through whose commercial phrase there penetrated such a heroic gusto of sentiment. Again and more subtly, more alluringly, I felt the presence of that valid marvel, the delightful fantasy of truth, for which no man ever quite outgrows the yearning. It was here, under my hand.

"Where did you get this?" I demanded.

"Bought it from a hawker on the streets. Everybody buys 'em. They tell you the price of hammocks and seats in the theater and where to get sugar-cane brandy and 'article of native indus'ry.'"

"But is it true?"

"Quite true. Do you suppose I wouldn't go to the municipal library and see? You'll find it in all the history books, just as he says there—the local tradition about the discovery of Madeira."

"And you yourself are Robert Matcham!" I murmured.

All the excitement was on my side. Except for his single outcry, with the vivid flash of color it had lent, he betrayed none. "Have you chanced to examine the coin yourself?" he asked in his level voice.

I felt a kind of anger against him, that any chap with such a yarn should take such an indifferent way to spin it; and presently plucking out the doubloon and holding it under the lights, I came to the crowning wonder of all.

It was a rude bit of coinage, in size and weight considerably better than a double eagle, of a metal too soft to have long withstood the direct friction of the waves. An incrusted discoloration gave me a hint that it must have lain well bedded down; the bright scratches told what recent battering it had suffered on the rocks. On the reverse I made out a coat of arms, almost obliterated; but the obverse was clearer. It bore a profile head, with the titles of Fernando I, King of Portugal, and under that—the date.

"Thirteen-seventy," I read; and repeated aloud with a gasp: "Thirteen-seventy! Why—that's the very year!"

He nodded slowly.

"Do you realize what this means?" I cried at him. "In the same year this piece was minted a man of your own name set sail from England and was lost on these shores! It might

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"Easy Now! Don't Yell! Reposo Yourself, Matey, if You Know What's Good"

Ready! Action! Camera! Go!

PHOTO. FROM FOX STUDIO

Sixty Tons of Water Will Presently Come Tearing Down the Stairs and Wash These Merrymakers Into the Sewer

By ROB WAGNER

BARRYWORTH in the movies? You're not serious, Kirk—surely! It's too shameful to contemplate! Why do you wish to sentence me to the lowest rung on the dramatic ladder when I've been so near the top? If my health really demands an outdoor life, as the medicine men declare, I'll get me a job selling orange orchards to Eastern tourists or driving an auto hearse. But the moving pictures? Not so long as I can look the world in its fishy eye and tell it to climb a tree!"

Yes, I said all that, and more, less than ten years ago; and I meant every word of it. The person to whom it was addressed was Kirkland, manager of the Tobosco Stock Company; the place was Los Angeles; and the time, to be exact, was January 5, 1907.

When nowadays you see the name of some world-famous star aggressively and proudly proclaimed on great twenty-four-sheet posters as appearing in a new film drama, it seems incredible that the moving picture should have grown from such a contemptible beginning to one of the highest forms of dramatic expression—and all in less than a decade!

To make those remarks of mine doubly absurd, here I am, sitting down to write of the photo play, not as a carping critic, but as a director—and, as things go, a fairly successful one.

The wheel of fortune that brought me to this unique position revolved somewhat as follows:

Four solemn and frowning diagnosticians sat round my bed in The Players, in New York, and gravely shook their heads, thereby registering "Not a chance!" When they left, my domestic manager came to me and said: "Stanley Barryworth, those ridiculous men have told you that your final curtain is due to ring down in less than a month—but I guess they have never heard of the Arizona Desert. We leave to-morrow."

The Healing Power of the Desert

MRS. BARRYWORTH is small and optimistic; but optimism in this case was difficult to share—for had I not been condemned to death by four very expensive doctors? Manlike, I thought their syndicated wisdom was more likely to be correct than the hunch of a mere woman. Besides, even if I did survive and starve the unwelcome colonists in my poor old bellows, what could an actor do in the desert?

Here I was, in the fullness of my manhood, one of the best-known stars of the stage; risen in my work from property boy to playing Shaksperean rôles and high comedy; big, and apparently as husky as ever. Yet I "had it"; and the desert was my only chance of survival.

Well, I'll say this much for women: Their hunches make the frowning wisdom of the male appear like the center of a doughnut. The owl looks wise, but his brains would never give him a headache.

Besides, who knows as much about a man as his wife?

When Mrs. Barryworth defied the pathological pilots, and took charge of the sinking ship, she soon had daughter and me bundled into a train and headed west. At Nogales we disembarked; and she immediately set to work and chartered a prairie schooner, loaded it with provisions, and in three days we had set sail on the great American Desert. She had anticipated my starving æstheticism by packing along paints, brushes and small canvases; for I was to paint my way across the great, gorgeous wastes of Arizona, until we reached California. Painting had always been my avocation and now I was to indulge my soul to its limit.

I will not dwell at length upon this voyage, for it had little to do with the story I am about to tell. But I picked up immediately and within a year I was apparently as well and strong as ever. When we finally landed in Los Angeles I had with me about forty canvases, which I immediately put on exhibition in a local gallery. Though the critics treated me kindly—or charitably—and I made a few sales, the result would scarcely have permitted my choosing painting as a profession.

Feeling that I had entirely recovered, I accepted the blandishments of a stock company, which flatteringly advertised my appearance as a momentous event in local dramatic circles. Within six months, however, I abruptly learned that I was not yet well enough to devote myself to the indoor confinement of the stage, and had about made up my mind to seek employment among the cow-punchers back in Arizona when Kirkland called me into his office and urged me into a life of dramatic crime.

I gave my objection to this urge in the first paragraph; but Kirkland, with more vision, believed there was a great future in motion pictures, and he was not at all impressed with my very superior attitude.

"Don't get too sniffy, old top," he said; "it won't be many years before actors better than you will be cavorting before the camera. Films have already killed melodrama, and they'll go after the big stuff too. This fellow Dodds, who wants you with him, is going to do notable things with canned drama; and if you take my advice you'll jump in and grow up with him in this newest of the arts. Your shame can be temporarily concealed by sworn secrecy and grease paint."

After all, there seemed to be something sporting about the adventure; and I finally agreed to meet this chap Dodds, who was the director of a moving-picture company pioneering in California.

I found him a quiet, modest, gentlemanly fellow, and I was very much impressed with his seriousness and artistic optimism; so, finally, I accepted his offer. I was to start anonymously in outdoor pictures, and was secretly to receive one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. This was less than half of my salary when I was in my dramatic glory, but four times as much as the highest-salaried lead in the picture company. However, the rôles I was to play would at least permit me to live in the open; and, besides, I almost shared Dodds' hope of a splendid future for the film drama. By occasionally working in Mrs. Barryworth in character parts, and daughter as a juvenile, we all felt that we could at least live. Many people did not consider this important; but we did.

Rough-and-Ready Studio Methods

THE studio was a strange affair—a few shacks, an office, a dressing room, and a square platform, without sides or top. The cast was made up of cowboys, Indians, and a few actors, real and alleged. However, they were all adequate to the character of work the studio was doing, for the pictures were mostly holdups, train robberies, Indian fighting, and rodeos. Besides "Westerns," they were turning out comics—so called.

It was all lowbrow stuff, but purveying with profit to the taste of that period.

Contrary to the popular tenderfoot stories of the fiction writers, I was received cordially and generously. The cowboys did not think me a sissy because I could not bust an outlaw. Bronco-busting is as much a matter of special training as trap shooting or billiard playing, and the boys did not expect me to risk my neck in any vain four-flushing; in fact, I found them much better-mannered and more kindly than I had been led to believe in stories I had read of them. Furthermore, they recognized my particular excellence and would watch my dramatic technic with the wistfulness of children.

But I learned right away that good acting was not a first requisite in my new art, nor repression, nor quiet subtlety of expression. Action—action—all the time! The stories were usually violent or mawkishly sentimental; but always tempestuous.

As our locations were usually in the mountains or on the desert, we had small use for "sets." The side of a barn, with a few borrowed pictures nailed on; a carpet laid on the ground; a couple of chairs; a table—and behold an "interior" of the sheriff's home! A volume of Dante's Inferno served as a Bible, a law book, dictionary, and for purposes less polite, in all scenes where a book was needed. Sometimes, when we wanted to be very splashy, we had a set painted by a real scene painter. The men were "hired off" the legitimate stage; and, having worked under its traditions and artificial lights, they did not change their technic to meet the fierce white light of day.

As we had no diffusers our interiors were made in strong sunlight, which often resulted in shadows of the actors pointing east, while shadows on the scenery headed west.

PHOTO. FROM FOX STUDIO

The Director and Camera Men Ready to Start the Picture as the People are Swept Beneath This Bridge

PHOTO. FROM NEW YORK MOTION PICTURE CO., CALIFORNIA

Thomas Ince Directing a Round Peg Into a Square Hole

Instead of the painted mountains receding in atmospheric perspective through the open door or window, they looked like little painted mountains only a few feet away. Even when we attempted realism by sticking a eucalyptus branch in the ground, like as not it would cast a shadow on the sky!

These sets, painted on canvas, would shake like aspen leaves every time anybody opened or closed a door. An adobe wall or prison tower would suffer perpetual seismic disturbances whenever the action became at all rough. As we had no windbreaks, curtains and papers would fly about as though a tornado had come tearing through the transom.

We built one set, on the top of a department store downtown, which consisted of four "flats," eight feet high, with some tobacco advertisements tacked on the wall. This was an interior for a scene in a modern Carmen story.

To the film fans of to-day, used to the magnificent sets of the great feature plays, those of the early days would seem grotesquely inadequate and funny; yet they were most pleasing to the popeyed peasantry of that uncultured period.

I recall one picture made by a certain studio, which was incorrect in almost every conceivable detail. It was a Puritan story, in which the costumes ranged all the way from the Queen Elizabeth doublet to the powdered wig of the eighteenth century. The Puritans made the sign of the cross upon entering church, and when they were attacked by mounted Sioux Indians in war bonnets they staved off the enemy with rifles loaded at the breech.

Of course the least research would have informed the director that Massachusetts Indians shaved their scalps and had no horses. Even a schoolboy should not have made the other blunders.

Those Western pictures, made in Eastern studios, where the cowboys used bangtailed park horses and English saddles, and the sheriff looked like a New England "constibule," got by east of the Alleghanies and in Europe; but out here they were howled at.

Scenario departments were yet unknown—every director writing his own stories. Actors were paid from fifteen to thirty dollars a week; and, as can be seen from our stage equipment, our overhead expenses were very small. Under these primitive conditions we began to turn out five or six thrillers a month, very few of them costing more than four hundred dollars, and some as low as a hundred. A famous director, who, it is said, has spent more than a million dollars on one story, told me that the first picture he directed cost just seventy dollars.

The Whetstone of Endeavor

THE queer thing about the terrible stuff we were making was that it sold like hot cakes, and our Eastern bosses frowned upon further elaboration, expense, or "highbrow" pictures.

I may say in beginning that you might have had better pictures sooner if even these first directors—that is, some of them—had been allowed any expression of their real artistry. But always back East there were men grouped round a mahogany table who were interested only in cumulative nickels; they were the absolute arbiters of the stuff we made.

How we struggled and fought against the ignorance and inertia of our management! Dodds, for instance, one day tried some close-up stuff, only to get a letter from the New York office telling him not to repeat this offense. "Who ever heard of men talking when they were cut off at the knees? Show their feet!" At another time we made a whole story where the camera deliberately threw the background out of focus in order to concentrate on the figures; and the film came back with an order to retake eighteen scenes and see that every nail in the background showed plainly.

However, we managed to put one over on the New York office. We made Damon and Pythias, but in order to fool them we modernized it into a hair-pants story; yet we retained the motive of the classic from which it was adapted.

I do not wish to imply that Dodds and I were the only ones who wanted to make beautiful pictures. There were several men struggling with their bosses and the public taste, and it is interesting to note that those men are at present at the top of the heap. The director whose first picture cost seventy dollars made even those cheap productions artistic; but he never really expressed himself until he was able to command his own money.

It is fashionable among certain directors to think that public taste is so low that it does not pay to address pictures to a higher appreciation. Most of the early directors believed this; but their estimate was based upon an abnormal condition, for a few companies absolutely controlling the market could give the people anything they pleased—and they had to take it. Only an open market could really determine what the public wanted; but competition in the early days was negligible.

PHOTO. FROM THE MUTASCOPE COMPANY

The Crude Construction of the Early Days of the Movies

Among the "wildcat" and "independent" companies struggling for existence there were a few men of vision—more, I think, than we had in our dear little Trust; but they were unable to market their pictures profitably, while we turned out the worst pictures imaginable and still made money.

When, along about 1910 or 1911, the camera patents which had given us our monopoly began to lapse, independent companies came into the game, and with their competition there began the most brilliant period of the motion-picture industry. Competition may be wicked in the struggle for the staff of life, but for things of the mind and heart it is the whetstone of highest endeavor.

Pretty soon, all over the United States, companies sprang up overnight; any fellow with a few thousand dollars could hire a camera man, throw up a studio, and start taking pictures.

With the multiplication of companies, which came like mushrooms, attendance increased, and for the next five years there was a veritable debauch of picture making. Everybody made money, and competition compelled spending it. Those were the golden days of the industry.

Dodds and I disloyally welcomed our new rivals, for we felt that competition would force our mahogany bosses to new and finer efforts. And, sure enough, we built a magnificent studio—concrete and steel—the finest, at that time, in the land. Then we started to spend money on equipment and personnel; and, the legitimate stage being in the dumps, we were able to corral a few fairly good actors.

We spent lavishly on everything except stories—supposed to be of little account. If we had a beautiful he-doll and a popular baby-doll, all we had to do was to provide a bunch of action in order to get a picture. This we did by ourselves. Dodds, being a busy person, usually unloaded this work upon my fair old back, and thus he was the cause of my becoming "one of the most prolific dramatists of the twentieth century." I wrote sometimes as many as three great dramas in a week! Any unusual occurrence would serve to hang a story on. I would often film the event and write the story afterward.

Once, while doing some pirate stuff on Santa Cruz Island, we learned of the wreck of the Santa Rosa, at Point Conception. So Dodds loaded me, with a hero, heroine, villain and camera man, into a launch, and told me to beat it over and get some pictures. Neither the villain nor the camera man could run a gasoline engine—this was before the day when even the extra man has his "motah"; so little Stanley became the engineer of a fragile little craft that put to sea on the tail of a great storm. It was sixty miles across the raging main to the wreck of the coaster, and the only reason we ever got there was because of a special Deity who looks after fools. We were very frightened, especially as our engine went dead about fifteen miles from shore and we began to drift toward New Zealand, seven thousand miles off our port bow.

Realistic Hardships of the Sea

BESIDES my function as navigator and chief engineer, I had also to work at my trade of dramatist; for it was up to me to write a scenario for our wreck, picture. This was rather difficult, as I did not know whether I should have a hero or heroine with me when we made a landing. They were both so ill that I feared their prayers for death would be answered. The wrenching that those poor children gave their plumbing speaks wonders for the human anatomy.

The camera man also grew very white round the gills during those four hours when we drifted helplessly in the swell and wind. He lay on his back and looked, but said never a word. But the villain became more sinister every minute. He held his stomach, but lost his temper. If he ever got ashore! Well, the things he promised are too terrible to contemplate; but the worst that could have befallen me was to have him beat it and leave me villainless just when I needed villainy the most.

Having steered our course since sundown by the lights of Point Conception, and later by the fires the refugees had built upon the beach, we reached our destination at just two A. M.

It's queer how everybody's point of view changed in the warmth of those fires and the thrilling stories of the folk about them. The camera man had come back to earth—figuratively as well; the hero and heroine were glad to be alive; and even the villain did not want to desert his part.

PHOTO. FROM UNIVERSAL FILM COMPANY

Pavlowa and Gerard Rehearsing The Dumb Girl of Portici

At sunrise they were still taking off passengers by means of a tugboat and life-saving apparatus; so that was our hance. The sea had gone down enough to permit a trip to the steamer. We made about ten scenes aboard, even to the loading of the lovers into the breeches buoy. Then we went back to the beach and made a bully one of the sweethearts coming ashore, while the villain rushed up and cut the cable, so that they went plunging into the sea. On this occasion the picture was made only up to the point where the villain starts to cut. The rest of it was staged six weeks later in the harbor off San Pedro.

That was one of the best wreck pictures ever done; even the story was pretty strong, for had I not put heart—and other things—into it? Chances to get scenes like this were rare, but we could always build stories round the laying of a corner stone or a colored funeral. Is it any wonder we never bought scenarios when we could write 'em as we went along? To be sure, many of the stories were pretty punk, but so great was the public demand that even this tremendous outpouring of one-reelers was insufficient.

The comedies of this period had even less structure than the dramas. A tramp, dude, burglar, policeman, girl, boy, father, mother, yap farmer and Chinaman were the *dramatis personæ* of nine-tenths of the comedies. Any two or three of this cast would start out with a camera man at the morning and, without the least idea of what the day would bring forth, would cut didos whenever and wherever a dido suggested itself.

The one motive in the lives of these alleged comedians was to pursue or to be pursued. All the jumpy slapstick-ing of the first two hundred feet was a mere prelude to the pursuit of the burglar, which, starting with a single householder, accumulated like a rolling snowball until the whole village—nursemaids, police, charwomen and tinkers—went tearing through the streets in the most undignified fashion. If the leading pursuer fell, the others, instead of running round him, piled up on his wriggling form like football scrimmagers. We all laughed at these sprightly races; and if the pursuing bunch ran into a scaffolding and spilled the mortar, or blindly ran off the end of the dock into the drink, we howled our heads off.

PHOTO. FROM UNIVERSAL FILM COMPANY

Scenes are No Longer Painted, They are Built

Low Costs and High Profits

A COMPANY near us, which did nothing but comics, had made arrangements with the fire department to turn in false alarms at the studio, so that in case of a picturesque burning they could beat it out and make some foolish scenes. So enthusiastically had the neighborhood hook-and-ladder company entered into the spirit of the thing that on one occasion they loaned all their rubber coats and helmets to the cut-ups; and when an alarm was turned in the actors arrived at the burning dwelling fully equipped for their comedy, while the firemen had to put out the fire with consequent singeing and drenching.

Another time a telephone call announced that the oil fields near Bakersfield were on fire; so there was a chance to pull some real diabolism. They sent a camera man and a villain over there at sixty miles an hour, and made a picture of the dreadful man setting fire to a well; which had resulted in the burning of the country for miles round.

These comedies superseded the old camera tricks, wherein the feathers flew back into the pillow and swimmers popped feet foremost out of the water and landed on the springboard. Comics never ran more than five hundred feet and sometimes were as short as eighty. They were called split reels, and were usually tacked on to some drama that was shy the footage necessary to bring it up to the standard one thousand feet. Crude and elemental as these pictures were, they contained the germ of real comedy—as I shall show later on. The drama lacked story and structure, but they had the "punch"—that quality which to the bourgeois mind is so essential in a picture.

These were the great days of the moving picture! Life was full and splendid. As our work was only vaguely planned, we never quite knew what the immediate future held for us. It is true that art languished and we were simple purveyors of punch; but our stuff was selling.

Selling? Why, pictures that cost only a thousand dollars would net the manufacturer twenty thousand dollars! And even though the Trust had been broken and independents everywhere were making pictures, we had the great plants and were still supreme, because of the momentum of our equipment and our names. When we began to make two-reel and three-reel pictures—features, so called—we started to spend money and became wildly extravagant. Some of our stuff cost as much as a dollar and a half a foot! A three-reeler for twelve hundred dollars! Stupendous! And to think that in less than six years we should see productions costing close to a million dollars—seventy-five dollars a foot!

But our little twelve-hundred-dollar pictures were the grand little money-makers. I happen to know of one that netted the company more than ninety thousand dollars.

It was these great profits that wrought such ominous consequences. Knowing that we were making fortunes for our bosses, we were not particularly careful of our expenditures. True, we had not gone into the expense of the tremendous sets of the present-day pictures—nor were salaries insane; but when we wanted a certain location we went and got it. A director would send a company of twenty-five a distance of two hundred miles to get a single scene. We bought properties, rented trains and steamers, with the utmost prodigality. Yet our earnings kept miles ahead of our expenditures.

The public had gone movie-mad; but its madness did not make us a bit mad. We wrecked trains, rescued maids, pursued burglars, upset apple carts, with the most joyous abandon. Whereas before 1910 there were only about eight or ten manufacturers, with perhaps five or six companies each, by 1913 there were hundreds of them, some of the largest having as many as twenty companies. From whence, then, came all the directors? Actors could be recruited from the stage; but the stage could not possibly supply the thousands of directors who came into being almost overnight.

Well, they came from here, there and everywhere. Of the five directors in a neighboring studio, one had been a cowpuncher, one a policeman, one a messenger boy, one an undertaker—and, curiously enough, he was making comics—and only one from the stage. Others had come into the game as extra men, scene painters, camera kids and publicity men; and, as there was a constantly increasing demand for more directors, they were recruited right on the lot. I actually know of a chauffeur, with no more experience than that of piloting alcoholic beach parties, who was "chauffing" one morning and directing the next.

Needless to say, drama that is purveyed by the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, is likely to have about the dramatic standards of those tradesmen; yet in all walks of life Opportunity sometimes raps on the door of one who is equal to it. A few of our most popular directors were rescued from these humble occupations and are now great artists. The success of some of them is one of the most hopeful things of democracy. Many mute inglorious Miltons would not remain mute if they had an opportunity to sing.

I know of one chap who, only two years ago, was a butcher's boy, delivering meat at a certain studio. He went to the managing director and told him the Park Commission was going to drain a lake in one of the parks, and he had written a story round it in which the villain would open the gates, letting the water out, while he and the heroine would submit to being dragged through the black muck of the bottom by a rope from shore. The stunt sounded messy enough to be promising; so the director let the lad make the picture. So well did he do it that to-day he is getting two hundred and fifty dollars a week, and earning every cent of it.

Though uneducated and uncultured in the general acceptance of those terms, he had received a splendid education in the University of the Street, and knew human nature to a rare degree. Having a whimsical slant on the foibles of men, he now directs some of the most riotous comedies at which the world laughs.

Dodds' End

BUT these men were uncommon five years ago. The average director produced pictures no higher than his brow, and many of them had brows like old *Pithecanthropus erectus*. Coarse and vulgar men abused their enormous powers shamefully. They would roar and swear, hire and fire, at their own sweet will.

Fortunately, at our studio, Dodds, who was an artist and a gentleman, had permeated the place with an atmosphere of joy and decency. In the most exasperating circumstances he never lost his temper or raised his voice. Had he lived, he would to-day have been one of the great men of the profession; but—alas!—he was most tragically killed at the studio by a Japanese gardener who went suddenly insane.

This real tragedy, happening in a place where for two years we had been pulling stage violence of all kinds, had a curious psychological consequence. When the boy opened fire on Dodds, who was sitting at a desk, an actor who on the screen had always been applauded for his splendid heroics made his get-away faster than I am telling it. And the fellow who showed real heroism by jumping in and overwhelming the heavily armed murderer had probably been hissed at more than any stage villain of the time. He was 'way out by the gate, doing some roping stunts with the cowboys, when he heard the shot; but he knew by its sound that it was a ball cartridge, and with one bound he was in the studio, grappling with the Jap boy.

Among the women the same contrasts were noticeable. Several of them screamed and ran away in abject terror; yet one red-headed lass, who has since become famous for her nerve, daring and art, sat perfectly still, though one of the bullets crashed through the window right behind her.

Dodds' death cast a gloom over the studio for many months. It had the effect of a stimulant upon me, however; for I was more than ever anxious to realize the ideals that the poor fellow believed were latent in the pictures. I had been coöperating with him for several years and had directed many stories in which I had acted the lead.

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SAVING IT FOR DAD

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

"If it Will Give You a Bit of Comfort to Try—Why, Go Ahead and Do Anything You Want To"

MARK SAWYER'S office door bore the word "President"; on the doors of the twins' offices appeared respectively the words "Treasurer" and "Secretary." But Mark's title was empty of anything except compliment, for power had departed from him because he was sixty-five years old and was the father of twin sons who forgot that he had created the business from nothing but energy and ability.

So Mark, being a loving but wise parent, gave each of the boys twenty per cent of the stock in his company, and retained sixty per cent for himself—at the same time effacing himself from active participation in the company's vicissitudes. He became, so to speak, an interested spectator with a reserved seat.

Mark's last important official step had been to increase largely the size and capacity of the plant; to add new lines of manufacture; and to accumulate an amplitude of indebtedness, perfectly justified by the concern's condition and prospects.

Then he stepped out—"to give the boys a chance," as he expressed it.

Luke and Peter, the twins—the Sawyer family showed a bias toward Biblical names—took hold with enthusiasm.

"Dad," said Luke, "you've worked like a dog all your life. Now you sit round and watch us go to it! Just forget you have anything to do with this institution, except to spend the money it earns."

"Sure," said Peter; "and don't worry. Luke and I have grown up in this woodenware game, and if there's a new wrinkle in it that we don't know, between us we'll start out to find it before dinner. Give us a couple of months to grab hold and we'll show you the most up-to-date, most efficient woodworking plant in the country."

The old gentleman's eyes twinkled.

"No more of the old man's back-number tactics go, eh?" he said.

"You know, dad, you've been pretty—conservative—about adopting new ideas."

"Once," said Mark, "there was a kitten that tried to teach the old cats a better way to catch mice; but when the kitten got its growth it went back to watching the mouse-hole just like the rest. That's the way I built up this business—by watching the mouseholes. I grabbed every mouse that came in and watched to see that none of 'em sneaked away. . . . But this mill belongs to you boys. Catch your mice any way you want to—only catch 'em."

The old gentleman walked into his office, shut the door, put his feet at a comfortable elevation, and lighted his pipe. If the prospects of inaction, of becoming an idler rather than a pulley, gave him uneasiness he showed no signs of it.

Peter and Luke laid out their campaign.

"The main thing to give our attention to now," said Luke, "is getting this mill done. We stopped operations in January and ought to be able to start again in June."

"Maybe we can shave that a little," said Peter.

But they didn't shave it. June saw the mills still inactive, with not days but weeks and possibly months of construction ahead. The war had intervened. Labor and materials were hard to come by, and their prices gave one something to think about with uneasiness. Hitherto day laborers had been plentiful at a dollar-seventy-five a day. Now they were scarce at two dollars and even two and a quarter. Shafting, pulleys and machine work had advanced—not by leaps and bounds, but by aëroplane flights.

"Pete," said his brother, "the machinery alone is going to run thirty thousand dollars over dad's estimates."

"Labor will go five or six thousand."

"And, at that, we can't get enough of it."

"Dad picked the right minute to get out. This is going to be no job for an old man. It'll take all the energy and strength and ideas we've got—and then some!" said Luke gloomily.

"Anyhow, we've got money enough to finish up. Thank goodness, dad fixed up that matter with the bank!"

"We've got enough to finish construction," said Luke, who was the financial and office man; "but we'll have just about a nickel to start moving on. And how long will it be before we get returns? Sixty days. And where will the pay roll come from? Tell me that! The pay roll for sixty days will be fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars. And supplies and material?" He mopped his forehead.

"Lucky for dad we're here!" said Pete. "We'll pull it through for him."

"Got to," said Luke. "We could start out at our age. Thirty-four years hasn't anything to be afraid of. But dad—where'd he be if anything happened?"

"How much are we going to need?"

"I figure about thirty thousand will do the business."

"Where'll we get it?"

"We'll have to find a bank to take our paper. We ought to have little trouble with that. This plant will show a value of two hundred and thirty thousand. We've borrowed fifty thousand so far. That isn't our limit, by any means."

The boys' figures were correct—if everything went through as they planned. But things seldom do. Only two days later a veneer lathe that was being skidded up an incline to the second floor became unmanageable and slewed over the edge. It had to be sent back to the factory, and repairs and freight amounted to nine hundred dollars. Two weeks later the boilers were fired and an attempt was made to start the engine to turn over and test out the machinery of one department. But the engine failed to start. Instead, it sucked over a few buckets of water from the boilers, with the result that the cylinder blew up, badly scalding the engineer, wrecking the roof of the engine room and making necessary the purchase of a new cylinder. Cost of the accident, twenty-two hundred dollars.

The result of these and a multitude of other mishaps, large and small, was that the mill, instead of starting up in June, was not ready to turn over till the first of October—and, instead of being paid for by the money from the last loan, faced a sheaf of material and machinery bills amounting to thirteen thousand dollars.

Then the twins went out to borrow money, applying now for fifty thousand dollars instead of the thirty they anticipated. Much to their chagrin and disquiet, the best they could do on the notes of the concern was twenty-five thousand dollars; which left them eighteen thousand dollars short of Luke's estimate of the minimum it was possible to commence business on.

"If she only runs now!" Peter said, in one of the conferences that were becoming almost hourly affairs—conferences of two, with the old gentleman in his office, taking no worry and supposedly smoking good cigars, with no thought for the morrow. "I never saw a new mill start up without some sort of trouble—but this one's got to!"

"You figure we ought to turn out eight carloads a week. That's about six thousand dollars. If a few folks come in with the cash and take their two per cent in fifteen days—why, we'll get past. If they don't——" Luke did not need to finish the sentence; in fact, he had finished it on a number of occasions before.

"There's as much chance of manufacturing to capacity the first week or the first month as there is of pouring kerosene on a cake of ice and burning it up. If I get out a couple of carloads for shipment in ten days I'll think I've done a good job."

That first week was difficult for the boys. Peter lived out in the plant; Luke sat in his office and figured, but got no pleasure from it, and listened to the small whistle blow for shutdowns. It seemed to him it had got the habit and couldn't stop. He was a high-strung, fidgety individual, and he came to hate that whistle with an active, virulent hatred. He personified it as the voice of a Jeremiah wailing of inevitable ruin.

And still the old gentleman sat in his office, smoking cigars and refraining from worry. Probably his hearing was a trifle affected by years, so that the sound of the whistle had no tale to tell him.

"Don't worry, dad!" had been said by each of the twins until it had reached the dignity of a creed; so dad was not worried—or if he was worrying he never mentioned it to the boys.

But Mother Sawyer was not so easily deceived.

"Ain't things goin' all right, Mark?" she asked more than once.

"I'm just fidgitin' a mite," said the old gentleman. "I hain't used to this job of loafin' yet."

"Why don't you buckle in and do somethin', then?"

"The truth is, ma, that I'm growin' old and sort of forgetful. And new ways of doin' things have come up that I don't know nothin' about; and I'm gen'ally a back number."

"Mark," said Mother Sawyer severely, "be you lettin' them childern run over you?"

"Now, ma," said Mark with a twinkle in his old gray eyes, "them boys is bein' right kind to me. I hain't got a worry in the world. If you could see the trouble they put themselves to so's to keep me from worryin' it 'ud do your heart good."

"Then there's somethin' to worry about?"

"I calc'late the boys is a mite disturbed in their minds. Just how much grounds for it they got I don't know. I hain't allowed to bother my head. But they do a heap of discussin'; and I dunno's I've heard one of 'em laugh right out for weeks."

"Pa," said the old lady, "be you goin' to let them two childern fool away what you worked a lifetime to build up? Eh? Hain't it about time you was takin' off your coat and bucklin' in?"

"Can't be done, ma. I've taken my step. I stepped out! I put it up to the boys to run the mill, and now I can't shove 'em aside, can I? 'Twouldn't be fair."

"I s'pose it 'ud be fair to sit by and let them lose every cent you got—at your age! Be you hankerin' for a trip to the poorhouse?"

"I was there visitin' the superintendent once, ma; and you hain't no idee how comfortable it is! Each old feller gets a plug of tobacco in the mornin' and don't have nothin' to do all day but chaw it."

"I'm agoin' to speak to them boys myself."

"No, you hain't, ma," said the old gentleman gently, but in a tone his wife had come to know as accompanying stubborn determination. "If the boys ever ask for help they'll git it—but I don't calc'late they'll ask. Till they do, things stands as they be."

Mother Sawyer made her disgust apparent by actions, ıt abandoned argument. She was not a woman to waste ords that might be valuable at a later day.

From the moment actual manufacturing started, the ys faced the problem—not of showing a profit, not of oducing dividends, but of meeting the bare pay roll. For emselves they drew only what was absolutely necessary live; but their father's weekly salary check was not terfered with. Dad mustn't know. Dad mustn't worry. o hear the boys talk of their father, one would have ured him helpless and in his dotage.

"Poor old dad! Peter, we've got to pull it through for m. This concern simply can't bust!"

"Of course we could look after him and mother; but it uld break his heart to be dependent. We're doing some tter. Three cars this week. How's collections?"

Luke shook his head. So far, there hadn't been any such ing—no collections; and the pay roll continued inexobly. Nothing else was met; nothing could be met. Timr bills, which were to be met weekly, began to climb. arloads of containers for shipping the product were in the orehouse unpaid for, the discount day past, the thirty ys drawing to a close. Smaller bills for supplies, parts d necessities lay accusingly in a drawer, where Luke umbed them over daily, dreading the day when they uld be past due and creditors would begin making comfortable inquiries about their money.

"We've got orders enough. Business is good—if we uld only ship and get returns. We can't hope to manuture at a profit this first month; but we've got to get r money out of what we do turn out! I checked up the ls again to-day. What d'you suppose they amount to? d for heaven's sake, Peter, cut down on buying!"

"I haven't bought even a nail that wasn't necessary. t I've got to have what I've got to have. How much did y total?"

"Counting containers and timber, fourteen thousand l odd."

"Not such an awful lot," said Peter hopefully.

"It wouldn't be if we didn't owe seventy-five thousand notes, and if we had a little capital to run on, and if they n't all come due in a bunch. In another week we'll have scratch gravel to raise the pay roll."

And that is about all they did. Bills arrived at the paste stage; dunning letters arrived; the concern brought at a point where its condition, from being merely carious, was one of imminent ruin.

"There's something that can be done," said er. "We've got to reach out and pull off someng. We've got to get money somewhere. Just ing here and manufacturing isn't going to pull out. We can't make it fast enough."

At the expiration of sixty days Luke succeeded nducing the company from which their timber ne to take sixty-day notes for the amount due m—notes aggregating upward of ten thousand dars. The container people, to whom an item of thousand dollars was now due, refused to make her shipments, and the tone of their letters sugted an uneasiness that might result in trouble. er smaller creditors grew insistent.

"What keeps me awake nights," said Luke, "is t some little fellow, who has two hundred dol coming, may get frightened and kick over the le dish. Let somebody start suit—and the le hive will be down on us!"

"Make another riffle at borrowing some money," gested Peter.

Luke had tried and tried again. Money was tight, and statement of the company did not appear to warrant board of any bank in venturing a part of the money er their control; but there was nothing for it but to try gn. He went to the city.

The board of one of the largest banks listened with cour- to his story—and then gave him a mild shock. Any k now, short of the announcement of actual bankcy, would have been mild.

"Your statement isn't inviting on its face," said the ident, not without kindness. "If you young men were wn to us, even by reputation, we might, notwithstandbe justified in taking a chance on you. Perhaps you o't know it, but to-day more money is loaned on men on assets! A man of known ability can borrow, on oing, more money than an unknown or suspected man get on gilt-edged collateral. The first thing we look to e moral risk—which includes the business ability of individual under discussion."

"But ours is a well-known concern. We've been in ness forty years and have always discounted our bills."

"The concern—but not yourselves. You, as you tell have been in charge of affairs only a few months. From moment of your taking charge matters seem not to e prospered. Mind, I am not saying you are at fault. ry act you have performed may have been the act of a petent business man—and it may not. It may have e good business for you to arrive at the condition you en. If we knew you we could tell better. But we don't y you. Therefore, in your case the moral risk—the man risk—is such an unknown quantity that we must decline to help you out. I'm sorry."

Luke tried his persuasive eloquence on two other banks in vain and boarded the train for home in discouragement but with new matter on hand to reflect upon—namely, that he and Peter were negligible quantities in the financial world. Bright, up-to-date, able they might be; but they were unproved.

They were not under suspicion—not that exactly—but there was no assayers' report on them. Nobody knew how much they ran to the ton—and the gods of finance traded few jackknives unsight, unseen.

He reported to Peter, who took the thing less seriously.

"Well," said he, "we've got to show 'em. But while we're showing 'em we've got to save this shop for dad. Nobody'll help us, so we've got to help ourselves."

"How?"

"First and foremost, by staving off creditors. That's your job. When a dunning letter comes in it's up to you to dictate a reply that'll make 'em sorry we don't owe twice as much. Second, we've got to economize. Nobody ever pared expense down so far that another slice couldn't be hacked off. That's my job.

"Third, we've got to manufacture and ship faster. That's my job. Fourth, we've got to get our money out of our shipments quicker; and that's your job."

"Pa, be You Goin' to Let Them Two Childern Fool Away What You Worked a Lifetime to Build Up?"

"That's all good; but what if those container people break in with an ultimatum? How about that?"

"Comes under head Number One."

"There's always a time," said Luke, "when the market drops from under promises and persuasion."

"I presume the timber folks might shut down on us too. I never mentioned that before, but it's a possibility."

"If only we'd gain on it, I wouldn't care if it wasn't more than a hundred dollars a month. But we don't. We keep up the pay roll; we pay our small incidental bills; but we don't pay off anything—and timber keeps gaining on us."

If two young men ever wriggled and twisted, and made black appear—if not white—at least a little grayish, to stall off financial ruin, Luke and Peter were those two young men. It is remarkable how long a business that is actually stubbing its toe on the edge of insolvency can stagger along before it falls. . . . And still Old Man Sawyer sat behind his door, with the ironic title of President on it, and didn't worry—and didn't know. The boys were saving it for dad!

And then, on a Tuesday, proving that any day in the week can be unlucky if pressure is brought to bear, a gentleman from Peoria, Illinois, alighted from the train and walked, with brisk determination, to the office and asked for Luke.

"Mr. Sawyer?" said he. "My name's Judkins. We know each other by letter pretty well."

Luke felt suddenly as if he wanted to sit down—as if, in fact, he would have to sit down. It had come at last; for this Judkins was none other than the Judkins of the Container Company, whose letters had grown stronger and stronger on the subject of something in the line of immediate cash payments.

"Sit down, Mr. Judkins," said Luke, recognizing with astonishment that his voice sounded calm and natural, and was not, as he feared, a sort of hysterical scream.

"How's your father?" said Judkins. "I suppose he's away sowing his wild oats, now that he's turned things over to you. He and I used to smoke cigars together once on a time."

"No; dad's here," said Luke. "He hasn't taken any active part in the business for six months; but—you know how it is at his age—he likes to be round and watch what's going on. But we don't let anything worry him or bother him. He's entitled to a good long loaf."

"He is that!" said Judkins. "I'll loaf with him before I go back; but now to get down to brass tacks—what are you fellows going to do?"

"Why," said Luke, "we're going right along, digging in as hard as we can."

"Thinking of asking for a receiver?" asked Judkins, with his eye seeming to Luke to bore into his very brain.

"Why, no. We're all right. We've been a little close. Delays and labor ——"

"I know. But you owe us a whopping bill, and you owe other folks, and you've borrowed to your limit. I've favored this concern all I could, but I can't afford to lose five or six thousand dollars. I know you think you can pull through; but so does every fellow who gets in over his head. Now, not to keep you in suspense, I've talked you over with my board of directors, and the conclusion they came to was to send me here to tell you that I had to have at least half of what you owe me in cash—or to start suit. And starting suit means the appointment of a receiver."

The stenographer rapped on the door, a diversion that helped Luke to pull himself together.

"Mr. Barnes is in the office," said the young woman. "He's got to catch a train and wants to know if you can see him."

Luke turned to Mr. Judkins, who nodded his head and said he would be glad to wait, for the whole afternoon was before him.

Foreboding weighed on Luke's mind as he went out, for Mr. Barnes was president of the lumber company that supplied the Sawyers with their logs—and moneys in the total sum of nearly thirteen thousand dollars were due them—some on notes, some on open account.

"Mr. Sawyer," said Mr. Barnes, "we've got to have a showdown." Mr. Barnes wasted no words in useless preliminaries. "I just want to notify you that we will furnish logs till the end of this week; then if the amount due us, above the face of the notes we hold, is not paid, we shall shut off on you—and ask for a receiver. There's nothing to discuss. Our decision is final."

"Very well," said Luke, still astonished to hear his voice sounding as usual. "We'll try to fix you up. You don't give us much time, though."

"We've given you more already than we should," said Mr. Barnes. "Good afternoon!"

Luke didn't go back to his office and Mr. Judkins. Instead, he walked steadily out into the mill to find Peter.

"Pete," he said when he found his brother, "it's come! We're busted. Judkins is here. Barnes just left. You might as well blow the whistle and send the crew home. We're done!"

"Hold on a minute!" said Peter. "They've got your goat. Tell me."

Luke told him with minute detail.

"But we can't bust," Peter said stubbornly. "There's dad. We've got to save it for him."

"Save it! I tell you it's gone now! We'll be in the hands of a receiver before to-morrow night."

"Poor old dad! We've got to tell him! We've foozled his business for him, and we've got to go in and stand there, with him looking at us, and tell him. . . . Come on! Let's get it over before I lose my nerve and run away."

For the moment, Mr. Judkins, of the Container Company, was forgotten, while the twins, with something of the air of schoolboys on their way to make a confession of putting sulphur in the furnace, rapped on their father's door.

"Come in!" called Mark; and they entered.

The old gentleman sat before his desk, his feet on its scratched top, smoking a cigar—and not worrying.

"Huh!" he said, looking them over with his twinkling gray eyes. "What you been up to now?"

"Dad," said Luke, his voice breaking, "we're busted."

Mark lowered his feet.

"What? Up-to-date efficiency and all?"

"Don't rub it in, dad. We've kept it from you because we didn't want you to worry; but things have gone wrong from the start. And when we got to manufacturing and showing a profit it was too late. We couldn't get money, and the debts kept climbing; and now Barnes and Judkins are going to throw us into bankruptcy."

"We don't care a darn for ourselves," said Peter unsteadily. "It's you! We've been trying to save it for you. Anyhow"—he said this lugubriously—"we've kept you from worrying about it."

"Oh, sure!" said Mark. "Bein' my age, I kind of miss some faculties I used to have. For instance, I can't see any more; and I can't hear; and I can't reason. Sure, you've kept me from worryin'. Your intentions was good and kind. . . . And now what?"

"Why—nothing, dad. We're goners!"

"You can't think of anythin' more to do?"

"We've done all that can be done. The end of the rope has slipped through and we can't grab it again."

"Don't figger an old feller like me might do somethin' in this here emergency?"

"Nobody can; but if you think you can, if it will give you a bit of comfort to try—why, go ahead and do anything you want to."

"Figger you'd sort of like to have me set in the game?"

Luke looked at Peter and Peter looked at Luke. There was something about their dad that heartened them. Perhaps it was a survival of their childhood, when they thought he was the most wonderful mortal under the sun, and believed in him, and depended on him with their whole hearts and souls—as every father should make his sons regard him.

"Dad," said Luke, "if we ever needed you I guess this is the time."

"All right!" Mark said. "Judkins is here, hain't he? Thought I see him pass my window."

"He's waiting for me, in my room."

"You boys go out and set on a log pile and whittle a spell," said Mark. "I'm goin' in and chat with him."

Mark rose and went into the next office. There was a new spring in his step, a something in his manner that was almost eagerness. The battle horse was once more scenting the fray.

"Hello, Frank!" he said to Judkins. "Glad to see you, even if you have come with both barrels loaded and a knife in your sleeve."

"Sorry, Mark; but things didn't look good to us, and the board sent me on."

"With instructions to get your money or spill the beans?"

"That's about what it amounts to."

"Um. . . . Well, let's get business off our minds, and then talk about things—eh? Now here's where you get off. We've bought about six hundred thousand dollars' worth of stuff from you, first and last, and we've paid for it. Owe you along about six thousand now? Eh?"

"Yes."

"Now then, Frank, my friend, maybe we can fork over that money to-day, and maybe we can't—that isn't the question. The point is, we don't want to. The next point is that we represent a business of sixty thousand a year to you—and we'll keep on representing it; for I ain't busted—not by a darn' sight!

"We need what money we've got, and the fellow that holds a gun to my head hain't goin' to be popular. Now I'll give you a check for what we owe and you can take your foot in your hand and hike, or you can take this firm's note for ninety days and stay and visit."

"You mean ——"

"I mean, if you want our business, give us something when we ask for it. We've never asked you for anything. Take the note and keep the business, or take the money and it's the last you ever get out of this concern."

"I don't get you, Mark. You're making a lot of talk with a capital I in it. Where do you come in? We thought you were out of it for good."

"Did, eh? Listen, friend—right now I'm the whole bag of tricks; and maybe I'll keep on being it."

"You've taken charge?"

"Perzactly!"

"Hum! . . . Ah! That changes things some. We know you! You assure me it's safe to take your note?"

"It's a chance I'd take, personal, to hold a million dollars of business in the next ten or twelve years."

Judkins considered a minute.

"Make your note," he said at last. "It's a bet I'm making on you."

That afternoon Mark and the boys had a talk. It was brief.

"Do I get the idea?" asked Mark. "You want I should take hold till things blows over?"

"There's no use," said Luke; "but we'd like to have you try, just so you'll see we've done all we could."

"I'm the boss?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Mark, "you kids git you a pack of cards and a cribbage board, and git into your office and play that pastime till I call you out. That's your job—keepin' out from underfoot. Start now. . . . How much stock we got?"

"About fifteen carloads, packed in the warehouse; but a rotten assortment. We can't ship a car to-day."

"How much unpacked?"

"Probably from fifteen to twenty cars of pins; two or three cars of turned stock, and the kilns full of veneer stuff."

"And about logs enough coming along to run half the mill? That's the trouble with assortment, hain't it? Tryin' to give a little timber to every department and gittin' no real assortment anywheres?"

For the Moment, Mr. Judkins Was Forgotten, While the Twins Rapped on Their Father's Door

"Yes."

"Git your cribbage board."

With that Mark stamped out to find the superintendent.

"Bill," he said, "I'm the works. Just got hired. Here's what happens: Shut down every department except the veneer and dish room. Ram every log that'll make veneer into veneer. Everybody from the other departments packs pins. Everybody! Git after it."

The result of this eruption was that the warehouse began to bulge with the packed product. Twelve veneer dish machines ran their full ten hours a day, turning out their forty thousand dishes each—building an assortment that made shipments possible. All hands packing pins turned out a matter of three thousand boxes a day, or two carloads. The second day a car went out; and after that a car went every day. Meantime Mark went to the bank.

"I know you fellows have given me all the money the law allows; but I want more. Here's the idea: I want money quick, and returns from shipments mean waiting from fifteen to thirty days.

"Now, then, every time I ship a car I'll fetch you the invoice and shipping papers. You pay me ninety per cent of the face for them, reserving the balance. I pay you a thirtieth of one per cent for each day that goes before the invoice is paid. See?"

"It's unusual, Mark. . . . What are you fussing round for? Thought you'd retired!"

"I've retired like a feller with that insomnia thing. Both eyes is darned wide open. I'm ringmaster and clown and performers in that show right now."

"That's different," said the banker. "Guess we can fix you up. We were getting fidgety about the boys."

This emergency measure gave Mark money to travel on, so to speak. His pay roll of fifteen hundred dollars a week was taken care of and some four thousand dollars in addition was to hand. Of course this was a temporary aid, for as soon as the accumulated product was shipped no more funds could come in from invoices; but danger, imminent danger, was pushed some weeks away. For instance, Mr. Barnes, of the lumber company, was paid what he demanded, and peace reigned in that quarter.

Nobody knew better than Mark Sawyer that what he was doing was makeshift, and dangerous makeshift, with a day of reckoning ahead; but what he must have was time, and anything that gave him time gave him a chance. He had gotten rid, for the moment, of the two most troublesome creditors, and by his extraordinary inflation of shipments he was taking care of all current expenses and making a little gain. But soon the stock would be shipped out; shipments would fall. If timber failed to come in, in sufficient quantities to run the mill, he would inevitably find himself losing ground again.

The task confronting him was: First, to raise a lump sum of, say, twenty-five thousand dollars; and, second, to compel the lumber company to live up to their contract for timber—or to get timber elsewhere.

"We owe about ninety thousand dollars," he said to himself, "and forty of that we hain't got any business to owe. I got to get that back somehow."

Then came a letter from Barnes, of the lumber company, which gave Mark a good hour of cogitation. The letter was a notice that the firm's note for six thousand dollars would not be renewed at maturity—and maturity was fourteen days distant!

"That letter means," he said to himself, "that Barnes hankers to get into the woodenware business, and this looks to him like the time and place. If he can bust us, and then bid us in at, let's say, fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars less'n we're worth, not countin' goodwill and sichlike, he stands to make a nice little wad. If he had this mill, ready to run at a cost of somewheres round two hundred thousand, and his sawmills and his timber—why, I calc'late he'd have a perty sweet thing. And that's what he's aimin' to bring about."

At the end of the third cigar Mark hauled down a dusty atlas, containing detailed maps of the adjoining townships, and studied it carefully.

"I hain't never knifed a man, even when it would show a profit—nor I hain't meddled with his schemes, but I guess this here situation sort of justifies a change of heart," he said. And then he called in the boys.

"How's cribbage?" he asked.

"You're game to take it this way," said Luke. "Have we got to the end?"

"Well," said Mark, "a feller with a telescope might see it from here, if he was to look through the little end; but sich hain't my habit. . . . Take a look at this map and see what kind of business men you are in a pinch."

They bent over the map spread out on the desk.

"Here," said Mark, "is Barnes' holdings—all up and down the east side of four townships, and stretchin' most across the bottom of two. Over here, shut-off-like, he's got a chunk of two sections. All the rest of it's timber, some cats and dogs, with one good whopping piece and a couple of good-sized ones thrown in. See?"

"Yes."

"Well, is there anything in it for us?"

Luke looked at Peter, who shook his head in a melancholy manner.

"What's the use, dad?" he said.

"I was figgerin' on buyin' a little stumpage, maybe."

"What with?"

"Some credit, a lot of bluff—and talk that listens like real money. Look here! Barnes bought up and put out of business Green's mill, over Dexter-way. He bought Wiggins' portable mill. Just a year ago he bought up and closed down that little chair company over there in Waverly. Why? Because he wanted to control all the timber in this valley—that's why! Because he wanted to fix it so's if anybody wanted to sell timber there was just one place to sell—and that to him. Right, eh?"

"Yes," conceded Peter.

(Continued on Page 69)

A Boycott With a Brass Band

The Garment Trade Moves Out

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Every Week Day, Between Twelve and One o'Clock, Shoppers Were Driven Away and the Sidewalks Made Almost Impassable

By James H. Collins

SOLID, serious New York business men, representing maybe one hundred million dollars, getting together to spend an afternoon—playing with dynamite! At least it looked like that in the beginning.

A great crisis had arisen in their affairs. They met at an uptown restaurant to discuss it and find a solution if possible. But before proceeding with their talk they went into a private room, carefully locked the door, and made certain that all proposals should be passed upon by an attorney.

These gentlemen owned or directed most of the big establishments in the Fifth-Avenue shopping district. For years they had been developing that district, linking it up with street-car lines, subways, railroad terminals and hotels, making it a center for choice merchandise of every kind—dry goods, garments, millinery, footwear, silks, linens, furs, jewels, plate, china, glass, musical instruments, antiques, pictures, books and the like—sold in the great department stores and in the little specialty shops. It had become a shopping center, not merely for New York but for the nation, a retail street second to none in the world. And now, almost overnight, it was threatened with destruction.

Another variety of business had been creeping into the side streets flanking the Avenue. Huge loft buildings for manufacturing purposes had been run up, and as fast as they were finished filled with firms in the women's-garment industry, which came up from streets farther south, round Union Square, bringing their thousands of employees. Every week day, between twelve and one o'clock, these garment workers thronged the Avenue to get a breath of fresh air during the lunch hour. The sidewalks were packed with them and made almost impassable. Shoppers were driven away. Hotels lost their lunch business. All that makes Fifth Avenue vanished wherever the employees of Potash & Perlmutter swarmed during the noon hour—character, color, atmosphere, leisure, dignity.

Such congestion had been familiar for years below Twenty-third Street, but it had been assumed that it would never cross this deadline. Now it was over the line and steadily moving north; it had already reached the Thirties. Many business men predicted that it would sweep on up Fifth Avenue, overwhelming the whole retail and residence district, and that nothing on earth could stop it. A gloomy outlook! For such an invasion from the East side would wipe out the heart of New York as effectively as if it were swept by sixteen-inch shells.

What the Committee Has Accomplished

TO THESE gentlemen had come together to see what they could do to check the invasion. They locked the door because it seemed as though something terrible would be needed. At that period the problem was new and more or less unknown. The method they had in mind was drastic. It amounted to a boycott. If employed without due safeguards it might be illegal—in restraint of trade. Before going ahead they wanted to be certain that they were within the law.

Most of the Fifth-Avenue merchants bought goods of the women's-garment manufacturers. If they all agreed to purchase no goods of business houses that had invaded their territory, that would clearly stop the sweep of factories northward.

Moreover, the garment manufacturers were housed in new loft buildings erected by speculative builders. The speculative builder operates with money borrowed from banks, life-insurance companies and other lenders. If the banking interests could be brought to refuse further loans on loft buildings in the Fifth-Avenue district another check could be put on the invasion. For men of such business influence as met together that day this was quite feasible.

They had two powerful weapons, these Fifth-Avenue merchants, a club and a knife, and by using them blindly forthwith they might have amply protected their interests. But before going ahead on the obvious course they appointed a committee to make a thorough study of the whole situation; and when this Save New York Committee got deep into the situation it was able to deal with the difficulties, not by force, but by intelligence, persuasion and public spirit.

Here are some of the things that have been accomplished in six months:

A canvass showed that about two hundred and twenty-five manufacturers had invaded the shopping district. More than two hundred of these were led to sign agreements to move out at the expiration of their leases. Some have moved already, and fully ninety per cent will move in a little more than eighteen months. The influx of other manufacturers has been stopped.

Instead of merely safeguarding Fifth Avenue against the intrusion of factories, a great section called the Save New York Zone has been set aside for restriction. It extends from Thirty-second Street to Fifty-ninth Street, south and north, and from Third to Seventh Avenue, east and west. In this zone, comprising a hundred and fifty city blocks, no factories will be permitted in future.

Real-estate values have been influenced for the better. The invasion of factories lowered values in the retail section, and also in the manufacturing section from which the invaders had moved. The northward movement has been checked. Factories are being sent back to the south, in the districts where they were established before. The balance has been restored and realty values have improved in both districts.

As the factories move out, steps are being taken to replace them with wholesale concerns and manufacturers' salesrooms, which do not employ thousands of factory workers and so cause congestion. Their new location will give better purchasing facilities to the throngs of out-of-town buyers who flock to New York every year.

Best of all, something has been learned about the business troubles of Potash & Perlmutter. The women's-garment trades, so little understood even in the metropolis itself, make up a tremendous industry. More than one-quarter of all New York's manufacturing industries turns upon the cloaks, suits, skirts, waists, millinery, laces, furs, silks, underwear and trimmings of women's clothes. The women's-garment industry employs perhaps a quarter-million persons, pays wages and salaries exceeding two million dollars weekly, and makes goods worth more than half a billion dollars yearly. Only eleven states in the Union have that much total manufacturing output. The business of Potash & Perlmutter, if distributed through the West, would double the present manufacturing output of a dozen states. Something has also been learned about the haphazard real-estate operations that have dominated New York's growth and caused such enormous loss and congestion.

New York has the large carelessness and provincialism of a true metropolis. Like London, Paris and Berlin, it is an aggregation of self-satisfied villages that live pretty much to themselves, while growing into each other. The inhabitant of Billingsgate, in London, where the fish and the cockney accent come from, knows nothing of the West End and the fashionable world, and in New York the East Sider knows so little about the Central-Park region that sightseeing automobiles are actually run there for his benefit. In Manhattan a new bridge thrown open or a subway system finished takes enough of the population to some new section to make a city the size of Indianapolis, but the average resident, a mile or two away, will probably not be aware that such a community is in existence.

Putting on the Legal Screws

THIS provincialism and the lack of a general city plan have made New York rich territory for the freebooting real-estate operator, who has the town constantly torn up with his inchoate improvements.

"This will be a mighty fine town when they get it done," said a visitor, contemplating New York's building activities and street excavations.

"Yes," agreed the seasoned New Yorker, "but they'll never get it done!"

Some years ago a new bank building was being erected in Union Square, when the city, hunting for a courthouse site, contemplated condemning several blocks in that neighborhood. Eventually a site was found elsewhere. But had the project gone through the city would have started tearing down that new bank building—an action typical of New York, the gigantic, the expanding and, until just lately, the planless.

The Save New York Committee found that it had legal means of forcing Potash & Perlmutter out of the fashionable shopping district. Money-lending interests saw the folly of making more investments in loft buildings which would damage previous investments by lowering real-estate values. The Fifth-Avenue retail concerns were willing to enter into an agreement in buying that gave preference to manufacturers outside the threatened zone. Having settled matters from their own point of view, the committee called on Potash & Perlmutter to hear what they had to say.

And Potash & Perlmutter had a good deal to say. They explained that, far from wanting to invade the Fifth-Avenue section, they were more or less helpless victims of real-estate speculators, backed up by Dame Fashion. Brought there partly against their better judgment,

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THE GARB OF MEN

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY IVAN DE IVANOWSKI

THEY used to say—and how long ago it seems since they used to say it!—that the world would never see another world war. They said that the planet, being more or less highly civilized with regard to its principal geographical divisions, and in the main peaceably inclined, would never again send forth armed millions to slit the throats of yet other armed millions. That was what they said back yonder in 1912 and 1913, and in the early part of 1914 even.

But something happened—something unforeseen and unexpected and unplausible happened. And, at that, the structure of amity between the nations which so carefully had been built up on treaty and pledge, so shrewdly tongued-and-grooved by the promises of Christian statesmen, so beautifully puttied up by the prayers of Christian men, so excellently dovetailed and mortised and rabbeted together, all at once broke down, span by span; just as it is claimed that a fiddler who stations himself in the middle of a bridge and plays upon his fiddle a certain note may, if only he keeps up his playing long enough, play down that bridge, however strong and well-piered it is.

We still regard the fiddle theory as a fable concocted upon a hypothesis of physics; but when that other thing happened—a thing utterly inconceivable—we so quickly adjusted ourselves to it that at once yesterday's impossibility became to-day's actuality and to-morrow's certain prospect.

This war having begun, they said it could not at the very most last more than a few months; that the countries immediately concerned could not, any of them, for very long withstand the drains upon them in men and money and munitions and misery; that the people at home would rise in revolt against the stupid malignity of it, if the men at the front did not.

Only a few war-seasoned elderly men, including one in a War Office at London and one in a General Staff at Berlin and one in a Cabinet Chamber at Paris, warned their respective people to prepare themselves for a struggle bloodier, and more violent and costlier, and possibly more prolonged, than any war within the memories of living men.

At first we couldn't believe that either; none of us could believe it. But those old men were right and the rest of us were wrong. The words of the war wiseacres came true.

Presently we beheld enacted the intolerable situation they had predicted; and in our own country at least the tallies of dead, as enumerated in the foreign dispatches, began to mean to us only headlines on the second page of the morning paper.

Then they said that when, by slaughter and maiming and incredible exertion, the manhood of Europe had been decimated to a given point the actual physical exhaustion of the combatants would force all the armies to a standstill. But the thing went on.

It went on through its first year and through its second year. We have seen it going on into its third year, with no sign of abatement, no evidence of a weakening anywhere among the states and the peoples immediately affected. And so, figuring what lies in front of us and them by what lies behind, we may, without violence to credibility, figure it as going on until all of Britain's able-bodied adult male population wears khaki or has been buried in it; until sundry millions of the men of France are corpses or on crutches; until Germania has scraped and harrowed and combed her domains for cannon fodder; until Russia's countless supply of prime human grist for the red hopper of this red mill no longer is countless but countable.

There is a town in the northern part of the Republic of France called Courney. Rather, I should say that once upon a time there was such a town. Considered as a town, bearing the outward manifestations of a town and nourishing within it the communal spirit of a town, it ceased to exist quite a time back. Nevertheless, it is with that town, or with the recent site of it, that this story purports to deal.

There is no particular need of our trying to recreate the picture of it as it was before the war began. Before the war it was one of a vast number of suchlike drowsy, cozy little towns lying, each one of them, in the midst of tilled fat acres on the breasts of a pleasant land; a town with the gray highroad running through it to form its main street, and with farms and orchards and vineyards and garden patches round about it; so that in the springtime, when the orchard trees bloomed and the grapevines put forth their young leaves and the wind blew, it became a little island, set in the center of a little, billowy green-and-white sea; a town of snug small houses of red brick and gray brick, with a priest and a mayor, a schoolhouse and a beet-sugar factory, a town well for the gossips and a town shrine for the devout.

Nor is there any especial necessity for us to try to describe it as it was after the war had rolled forward and back and forward again over it; for then it was transformed as most of those small towns that lay in the tracks of the hostile armies were transformed. It became a ruin, a most utter and complete and squalid ruin, filled with sights that were affronts to the eye and smells that were abominations to the nose.

"Let Me Go! Let Me Go Back! I am a Soldier of France!"

In this place there abode, at the time of which I aim to write, a few living creatures. They were human beings, but they had ceased to exist after the ordinary fashion of human beings in this twentieth century of ours. So often, in the first months and the first years of the war, had their simple but ample standards been forcibly upset that by now almost they had forgotten such standards had ever been.

To them yesterday was a dimming memory, and to-morrow a dismal prospect without hope in it of anything better. To-day was all and everything to them; each day was destiny itself. Just to get through it with breath of life in one's body and rags over one's hide and a shelter above one's head—that was the first and the last of their aim. They lived not because life was worth while any more, but because to keep on living is an instinct, and because most human beings are so blessed—or, maybe, so cursed—with a certain adaptability of temperament, a certain inherent knack of adjustability that they may endure anything—even the unendurable—if only they have ceased to think about the past and to fret about the future.

And these people in this town had ceased to think. They were out of habit with thinking. A long time before, their sensibilities had been rocked to sleep by the everlasting lullaby of the cannon; their imaginations were wrapped in a smoky coma. They lived on without conscious effort, without conscious ambition, almost without conscious desire: just as blind worms live under a bank, or slugs in a marsh, or protoplasms in a pond.

Once, twice, three times Courney had been a stepping-stone in the swept and garnished pathways of battle. Back in September of 1914 the Germans, sweeping southward as an irresistible force, took possession of this town, after shelling it quite flat with their big guns to drive out the defending garrison of French and British. Then, a little later, in front of Paris the irresistible force met the immovable body and answered the old, old question of the scientists; and, as the Germans fell back to dig themselves in along the Somme and the Aisne, there was again desperate hard fighting here, and many, very many, lives were spent in the effort of one side to take and retain, and of the other to gain and hold fast, the little peaky heaps of wreckage protruding above the stumps of the wasted orchard trees.

Now, though, for a long time things had been quiet in Courney. Though placed in debatable territory, as the campaign experts regard debatable territory, it had lapsed into an eddy and a backwater of war, becoming, so to speak, a void and a vacuum amid the twisting currents of the war. In the core of a tornado there may be calm while about it the vortex swirls and twists. If this frequently is true of windstorms it occasionally is true of wars.

Often to the right of them and to the left of them, sometimes far in front of them, and once in a while far back in the rear of them, those who still abode at Courney heard the distant voices of the big guns; but their place of habitation, by reasons of shifts in the war game, was no longer on a route of communication between separate groups of the same fighting force. It was not even on a line of travel. No news of the world beyond their limited horizon seeped in to them. They did not know how went the war—who won or who lost—and almost they had quit desiring to know. What does one colony of blind worms in a bank care how fares it with colonies of blind worms in other banks?

To Them Yesterday Was a Dimming Memory, and To-Morrow a Dismal Prospect Without Hope in It of Anything Better

You think this state of apathy could not come to pass? Well, I know that it can, because with my own eyes I saw it coming to pass in the times while yet the war was new; while it yet was a shock and an affront to our beliefs; and you must remember that now I write of a much later time, when the world war has become the world's custom.

Also, could you have looked in upon the surviving remnant of the inhabitants of Courney, you would have had a clearer and fuller corroboration of the fact I state, because then you would have seen that here in this place lived only those who were too old or too feeble to care, or else who were too young to understand.

All tallied, there were not more then than twenty remaining of two or three hundred who once had been counted as the people of this inconsequential village; and of these but two were individuals in what ordinarily would be called the prime of life.

One of these two was a French petty officer, whose eyes had been shot out, and who, having been left behind in the first retreat toward Paris, had been forgotten, and had stayed behind ever since. The other had likewise been a soldier. He was a Breton peasant. His disability seemed slight enough when he sustained it. A bullet bored across the small of his back, missing the spine. But the bullet bore with it minute fragments of his uniform coat; and so laden with filth had his outer garments become, after weeks and months of service in the field, that, with the fragments of cloth, germs of tetanus had been carried into his flesh also, and lockjaw had followed.

Being as strong as a bullock, he had weathered the hideous agonies of his disease; but it left him beset with an affliction like a queer sort of palsy, which affected his limbs, his tongue, and the nerves and muscles of his face. Continually he twitched all over. He moved by a series of spasmodic jerks, and when he sought to speak the sounds he uttered came out from his contorted throat in slobbery, unintelligible gasps and grunts. He was sane enough, but he had the look about him of being an idiot.

Besides these two there were three or four very aged, very infirm men on the edge of their dotage; likewise some women, including one masterful, high-tempered old woman and a younger woman who wept continuously, with a monotonous mewing sound, for a husband who was dead in battle and for a fourteen-year-old son who had vanished altogether out of her life, and who, for all she knew, was dead too. The rest were children—young children, and a baby or so. There were no sizable youths whatsoever, and no girls verging on maidenhood, remaining in this place.

So this small group was what was left of Courney. Their houses being gone and family ties for the most part wiped out, they consorted together in a rude communal system which a common misery had forced upon them. Theirs was the primitive socialism that the cave dweller may have known in his tribe. As I say, their houses were gone; so they denned in holes where the cellars under the houses had been. Time had been when they fled to the shelter of these holes as the fighting, swinging northward or southward, included Courney in its orbit.

Afterward they had contrived patchwork roofage to keep out the worst of the weather; and now they called these underground shelters home, which was an insult to the word home. Once they had had horse meat to eat—the flesh of killed cavalry mounts and wagon teams. Now perforce they were vegetarians, living upon cabbages and beets and potatoes which grew half wild in the old garden patches, and on a coarse bran bread made of a flour ground by hand out of the grain that sprouted in fields where real harvests formerly had grown.

The more robust and capable among the adults cultivated these poor crops in a pecking and puny sort of way. The children went clothed in ancient rags, which partly covered their undeveloped and stunted bodies, and played in the rubbish; and sometimes in their play they delved too deep and uncovered grisly and horrible objects. On sunny days the blind soldier and the palsied one sat in the sunshine, and when it rained they took refuge with the others in whichever of the leaky burrows was handiest for them to reach. If they walked the Breton towed his mate in a crippling, zigzag course, for one lacked the eyes to see where he went and the other lacked the ability to steer his afflicted legs on a direct line.

The wreckage of rafters and beams and house furnishings provided abundant supplies of wood and for fires. By a kind of general assent, headship and authority were vested jointly in the old tempestuous woman and the blind man, for the reasons that she had the strongest body and the most resolute will, and he the keenest mind of them all.

So these people lived along, without a priest to give them comfort by his preaching; without a physician to mind their ailments; with no set code of laws to be administered and none to administer them. Existence for them was reduced to its raw elementals. Since frequently they heard the big guns sounding distantly and faintly, they knew that the war still went on. And, if they gave the matter a thought, to them it seemed that the war always would go on. Time and the passage of time meant little. A day was merely a period of lightness marked at one end by a sunrise and at the other by a sunset; and when that was over and darkness had come, they bedded themselves down under fouled and ragged coverlids and slept the dumb, dreamless sleep of the lower animals. Except for the weeping woman who went about with her red eyes continually streaming and her whining wail forever sounding, no one among them seemingly gave thought to those of their own kinspeople and friends who were dead or scattered or missing.

Well, late one afternoon in the early fall of the year, the workers had quit their tasks and were gathering in toward a common center, before the oncoming of dusk, when they heard cries and beheld the crotchety old woman who shared leadership with the blinded man, running toward them. She had been gathering beets in one of the patches to the southward of their ruins; and now, as she came at top speed along the path that marked where their main street had once been, threading her way swiftly in and out among the gray mounds of rubbish, she held a burden of the red roots in her long bony arms.

She lumbered up, out of breath, to tell them she had seen soldiers approaching from the south. Since it was from that direction they came, these soldiers doubtlessly would be French soldiers; and, that being so, the dwellers in Courney need feel no fear of mistreatment at their hands. Nevertheless, always before, the coming of soldiers had meant fighting; so, without waiting to spy out their number or to gauge from their movements a hint of their possible intentions, she had hastened to spread the alarm.

"I saw them quite plainly!" she cried out between pants for breath. "They have marched out of the woods yonder—the woods that bound the fields below where the highroad to Laon ran in the old days. And now they are spreading out across the field, to the right and the left. Infantry they are, I think—and they have a machine gun with them."

"How many, grandmother? How many of them are there?"

It was the eyeless man who asked the question. He had straightened up from where he sat, and stood erect, with his arms groping before him and his nostrils dilated.

"No great number," answered the old woman; "perhaps two companies—perhaps a battalion. And as they came nearer to me they looked—they looked so queer!"

"How? How? What do you mean by queer?" It was the blind man seeking to know.

She dropped her burden of beetroots and threw out her hands in a gesture of helplessness.

"Queer!" she repeated stupidly. "Their clothes now—their clothes seemed not to fit them. They are such queer-looking soldiers—for Frenchmen."

"Oh, if only the good God would give me back my eyes for one little hour!" cried the blind man impotently. Then, in a different voice, "What is that?" he said, and swung about, facing north.

His ears, keener than theirs, as a blind man's ears are apt to be, had caught, above the babble of their excited voices, another sound.

Scuttling, shuffling, half falling, the palsied man, moving at the best speed of which he was capable, rounded a heap of shattered gray masonry that had once been the village church, and made toward the clustered group of them. His jaws worked spasmodically. With one fluttering hand he pointed, over his left shoulder, behind him. He strove to speak words, but from his throat issued only clicking, slobbery grunts and gasps.

"What is it now?" demanded the old woman.

She clutched him, forcing him to a quaking standstill. He kept on gurgling and kept on pointing.

"Soldiers? Are there more soldiers coming?"

He nodded eagerly.

"From the north?"

He made signs of assent.

"Frenchmen?"

He shook his head until it seemed he would shake it off his shoulders.

"Germans, then? From that way the Germans are coming, eh?"

Again he nodded, making queer movements with his hands, the meaning of which they could not interpret. Indeed, none there waited to try. With one accord they started for the deepest and securest of their burrows—the one beneath the battered-down sugar-beet factory. Its fallen walls and its shattered roof made a lid, tons heavy and yards thick, above the cellar of it. In times of fighting it had been their safest refuge. So once more they ran to hide themselves there. The ragged children scurried on ahead like a flight of autumn leaves. The very old men and the women followed after the children; and behind all the rest, like a rearguard, went the cripple and the old woman, steering the blind man between them.

At the gullet of a little tunnel-like opening leading down to the deep basement below, these three halted a brief moment; and the palsied man and the woman, looking backward, were in time to see a skirmisher in the uniform of a French foot soldier cross a narrow vista in the ruins, perhaps a hundred yards away, and vanish behind a culm of broken masonry. Seen at that distance, he seemed short, squatty—almost gnomish. Back in the rear of him somewhere a bugle sounded a halting, uncertain blast, which trailed off suddenly to nothing, as though the bugler might be out of breath; and then—pow, pow, pow!—the first shots sounded. High overhead a misdirected bullet whistled with a droning, querulous note. The three tarried no longer, but slid down into the mouth of the tunnel.

Inside the cellar the women and children already were stretched close up to the thick stone sides, looking like flattened piles of rags against the flagged floor. They had taken due care, all of them, to drop down out of line with two small openings which once had been windows in the south wall of the factory cellar, and which now, with their sashes gone, were like square portholes, set at the level of the earth. Through these openings came most of the air and all of the daylight which reached their subterranean retreat.

The old woman cowered down in an angle of the wall, rocking back and forth and hugging her two bony knees with her two bony arms; but the maimed soldiers, as befitting men who had once been soldiers, took stations just beneath the window holes, the one to listen and the other to watch for what might befall in the narrow compass of space lying immediately in front of them. For a moment after they found their places there was silence there in the cellar, save for the rustling of bodies and the wheeze of forced breathing. Then a woman's voice was uplifted wailingly: "Oh, this war! Why should it come back here again? Why couldn't it leave us poor ones alone?"

"Hush, you!" snapped the blinded man in a voice of authority. "There are men out there fighting for France. Hush and listen!"

A ragged volley, sounding as though it had been fired almost over their heads, cut off her lamentation, and she hid her face in her hands, bending her body forward to cover and shield a baby that was between her knees upon the floor.

From a distance, toward the north, the firing was answered. Somewhere close at hand a rapid-fire gun began a staccato outburst as the gun crew pumped its belts of cartridges into its barrel; but at once this chattering note became interrupted, and then it slackened, and then it stopped altogether.

"Idiots! Fools! Imbeciles!" snarled the blind man. "They have jammed the magazine! And listen, comrade, listen to the rifle fire from over here—half a company firing, then the other half. Veterans would never fire so. Raw recruits with green officers—that's what they must be. . . . And listen! The Germans are no better."

Outside, near by, a high-pitched strained voice gave an order, and past the window openings soldiers began to pass, some shrilly cheering, some singing the song of France, the Marseillaise Hymn. Their trunks were not visible. From the cellar could be seen only their legs from the knees down, with stained leather leggings on each pair of shanks, and their feet, in heavy military boots, sliding and slithering over the cinders and the shards of broken tiling alongside the wrecked factory wall.

Peering upward, trying vainly at his angled range of vision to see the bodies of those who passed, the palsied man reached out and grasped the arm of his mate in a hard grip, uttering meaningless sounds. It was as though he sought to tell of some astounding discovery he had just made.

"Yes, yes, brother; I understand," said the blind man. "I cannot see, but I can hear. There is no swing to their step, eh? Their feet scuffle inside their boots, eh? Yes, yes, I know—they are very weary. They have come far to-day to fight these Huns. And how feebly they sing the song as they go past us here! They must be very tired—that is it, eh? But, tired or not, they are Frenchmen, and

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A SCRAP OF PAPER

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

XVI

MARTIN MASTERMAN had but one passion—that was his invalid daughter. Power, place and fortune, these were not passions—they were a disease with him. For Laurel he would have faced poverty cheerfully. No man is wholly bad, and Masterman, unmoral rather than immoral, hard, cruel, grasping, had his soft spot. If any doctor could have convinced him that it lay in his power to heal the little girl, and had demanded therefor all of Masterman's fortune, Masterman would have given it.

Laurel dined seldom with her parents—once or twice a week at the outside. When she did it was an event, planned a couple of days in advance, and Masterman allowed nothing to prevent his attending the function. The day following the loss of the fateful paper he left Cardigan and Blaisdell at five o'clock to keep his engagement to dine at home. What good did it do them to sit and brood? The Greenhams were doing the best they could, and the Greenhams were the best detectives in the business. If the Greenhams couldn't find the girl and young man who had procured the paper from Harry Mack—well, no one could find them.

"And if they don't," Blaisdell had piped, in reply to this summing up of the situation by Masterman, "what then?"

"Then," said Masterman heavily, "we confess defeat and do as this pair of precious maniacs demand."

"That means ruin!" cried Blaisdell.

"And our refusal means the same thing, doesn't it?"

There the argument had ended, to be succeeded by futile worryings. There was nothing to be done, except hope that the Greenhams would succeed in finding the possessors of the paper and wresting it from them. And the Greenhams were working as they had never worked before, for Martin Masterman had held before the two brothers the promise of a reward which would lift them at once into the wealthy class. They were combing the city. The three millionaires could do nothing save irritate one another. So Masterman went home.

Kirby dreaded the meeting with Masterman. She had pictured him as some all-devouring ogre whose baleful glance alone was enough to wither and shrivel ordinary humans. Instead, she met a grim-faced old man, deeper-lined of face and more burning of eye than anyone she had ever met. The events of the day, Kirby could see, were telling on him, but she noted the effect merely because she knew the cause. To his wife and to his daughter he seemed the same gentle husband and father he had always been, for they knew only his soft side. Mrs. Masterman was absolutely convinced that her husband had never done a wrong thing in his life, but was the victim of jealousy. She believed none of the charges made against him. Her faith was supreme.

The dinner passed pleasantly. Masterman, on being introduced to "Miss Rohan," had given her one moment of fright. On hearing her voice he had raised his eyebrows faintly.

"Your voice is vaguely familiar, Miss Rohan. Have I ever heard it before?"

"Possibly," said Kirby, with a flash of her teeth, "but I do not know where."

"My imagination probably," said Masterman. Then he spoke to her of Paris, of Colorado, complimented her on her work, asked what sort of portrait she planned to paint of Laurel, and other conventional questions. But mostly he devoted himself to his little daughter, causing Kirby to wonder at the many-sidedness of human nature. Here was a man whose every business action tended to reduce the opportunities in life of millions of children. Yet he loved his own daughter above everything else. Though in his business life he was relentless in pursuit of power to the exclusion of aught else, yet at home his every smile, his every look, his every caress showed that he was as human as other fathers. Why, then, this cruelty toward the world?

She began to understand: Masterman recognized nothing save family. Community, nation, world, these were less than nothing to him! Only his family counted where tenderness and generosity were concerned. Like the caveman, he protected his own, cherished them, but with all others he was at war. The family was his unit and his whole!

This was the explanation. He had the caveman's attitude toward the world and, like the caveman, had been outgrown by the rest of the world, passed in the race of civilization. Kirby told herself that, though the innocent suffer with the guilty, it is the greater good that counts. So she steeled her heart once more.

The meal passed. Laurel, clinging to her father's hand, insisted that he see her birthday book.

"I've four more names in it since you saw it last, daddy," she said. "You must see them."

He assented, and she sped away to her own room to fetch the volume.

"You are going to give me your best efforts?" queried Masterman, while his daughter was away. "Miss Rohan, no one, not even her mother, understands my little girl as I do. She has the soul of Joan of Arc! You have seen her; you know she is lovely; there is no doubt of your technical skill; you can reproduce her features. But so can a thousand other artists. I obtained your services for two reasons: One is because you are a fair and just woman. How do I know? I am somewhat of a connoisseur, Miss Rohan, despite that lying tale about my Botticelli in this morning's Citizen. I can read between the strokes of the brush even as one may sometimes read between the lines of a story or letter. I saw your portrait of Señora Davost, the Spanish dancer. That woman is a bad woman, and a woman like you," and he bowed, "would recognize and despise her in spite of her charm and good looks. And yet, in your portrait, while you do not hide the evil that is in her, while you bring it out upon the canvas with a soul analysis that is almost uncanny, you do not stop there. You also bring out the traits of generosity, of impulsive nobility that are in her soul. I read them in your painting, and I admired you. For it is not every woman, nor yet every man, that can be absolutely fair. And you were, when it was not necessary, for all the señora wanted was a portrait of herself, showing her hair, complexion and figure, eyes and teeth. But you painted her as the Book of Judgment must have her recorded.

"That is one of the reasons why I want you to paint my daughter—because you will accord her her spiritual due. The other reason is really part of the first—because you have genius. So then, Miss Rohan, you will paint, not the daughter of Martin Masterman, but a little girl named Laurel. For genius and a sense of fairness mean no compromise with yourself. Other artists have painted Laurel—they have made a doll of her, because they thought to flatter my pride in her. But you will give me her soul on canvas, and when she is gone—for she is not here for long, Miss Rohan—I shall have my child, not a painted image of her, to look upon."

Kirby, swept away by the man's emotion, touched him on the arm:

"Oh, Mr. Masterman, if you feel that way about her, I think ——"

But a smile, not directed at her, cut short the words that would have inevitably caused suspicion. Masterman had caught sight of Laurel returning.

"Here it is, daddy. Here's the book."

They were in Masterman's library now. Masterman was seated in a heavy armchair. Opposite him sat his sad-eyed, nervous wife. Laurel drew the book away as her father reached for it.

"Get out your pen first, daddy," she commanded. She looked at Kirby. "I give my own presents to those whose names are written here," she announced proudly. "But little girls don't always know what grown-ups want, so daddy gets something else for them—always. He never forgets!"

"You see, Miss Rohan"—the financier's smile left his daughter to rest on Kirby a moment—"those whom my daughter loves must pay the price. They must be prepared to accept the regard of Laurel's father, unwelcome though it may be."

"As if anyone isn't proud to have you love them, daddy," exclaimed Laurel indignantly.

There was incredulity in the whimsical smile which the financier turned on Kirby.

"When the important person feels his way I don't suppose it should matter about the rest of the world," he said.

Then he opened the book. Laurel's hand guided his. They found the first of the names, the second, the third and the fourth—Adele Rohan's. Carefully Masterman had written down the names of the first three. At the name which Kirby had written he found difficulty with his fountain pen.

"All out of ink," he said with a smile. "I'll have to get another."

He rose and walked into the little workroom which adjoined his library. Kirby stared after him, wide-eyed with apprehension. "Conscience does make cowards of us all!"

Not by the flicker of an eyelash had Masterman shown any emotion on seeing the signature of Adele Rohan. It was merely a coincidence that his pen should have run dry at the very moment it devolved upon it to transcribe the name of the Western-Parisian artist. It did not mean that Masterman knew the chirography of Miss Rohan, and, therefore, realized that an impostor was sitting in his library. Yet, though it was the merest coincidence, Kirby's muscles grew tense, and her brain was suddenly as alert as though pricked with needles. But she relaxed at Masterman's speedy return. He had another pen in his hand and his countenance was alight with that tenderness which she knew he reserved for his daughter.

"Now for Miss Rohan's name and birthday," he laughed.

He worked sideways into the chair on whose arm Laurel was still perched. With her arm about his neck, and her cheek close to his, while she watched the operation, he wrote the name of Adele Rohan in the little notebook which seemed wholly devoted to the uses to which it was being put tonight. He closed the little book, placed it in an inside pocket, swung Laurel into the air and set her gently on the ground.

"And now to work," he said. "Daddy has a hundred and one things to do, so shoo-ooh!"

He waved her from the room laughingly, and she rebounded to his mirth.

"But Miss Rohan must stay with me till bedtime," she said, grasping Kirby by the hand.

"Miss Rohan may want to read or write letters," suggested Mrs. Masterman, "or perhaps she would like to call upon some of her friends in the city."

That a young lady, unattended, should go out at night to pay calls was contrary to Mrs. Masterman's idea of the conventions; but artists, especially women artists, even when as charming and well-mannered as Miss Rohan, were apt to be unconventional.

But Kirby shook her head.

"I'd rather play with a certain dear little girl I know than do anything else," she said.

"Then by all means do what you'd rather do," said Masterman with a genial smile.

But the benignity left his eye the moment that Kirby, hand in hand with Laurel and followed by Mrs. Masterman, left the room. He strode to the table, picked up the birthday book which Laurel, with the inconsequence of childhood, had left behind her, and carried it into his workroom. He placed the book upon a small table upon which was already an unfolded letter. The letter was dated

"This, Masterman, is a Warrant for Your Arrest"

Denver and was signed by Adele Rohan. Kirby's belief that Masterman and the girl she was impersonating had never met had been correct, but she had not thought upon the fact that they must have corresponded.

Swiftly Masterman compared the two signatures. He did so carefully, although anyone would have been certain at a glance that two different hands had penned them. He wanted to be quite sure! There was, of course, the possibility that Miss Rohan had dictated this letter, and that someone had not only written it but signed it. But there was nothing in this note, which was an acceptance of his offer of ten thousand for a portrait of Laurel, and which stated that the artist would arrive at about this very time, to indicate that it was other than Miss Rohan's own handwriting.

"Certainly," said Masterman to himself, "she would not commission anyone with so vile a handwriting to write her letters for her, eccentric though she may be. It's her own handwriting!"

Then who was the impostor? Masterman answered that question without hesitation. It was Kirby Rowland, the young woman who had over the telephone given him the command about universal transfers.

Masterman might have conversed with Kirby a year without definitely recognizing that voice which sounded so vaguely familiar—that is, without extraneous suggestion. But that extraneous suggestion had come with suspicion. It is often so. We meet a person who looks familiar, but we cannot name him. Then he mentions casually that he hasn't been in Philadelphia for seven years. We know him! The train of thought leading to recognition has been started.

So it was with Masterman. When he discovered, to his own satisfaction at any rate, that the guest in his household was not Adele Rohan, but was an impostor, he remembered at once the only place where he had ever heard her voice before—over the telephone the previous day. At first his rage was almost ungovernable. Not quite certain, or rather not willing to admit his certainty, until the two signatures were laid side by side, he had exhibited that wonderful self-control that had done so much toward placing him where he was.

His first impulse was to send a servant for Kirby and force the truth from her; but he dismissed that idea at once. There was a bare possibility that the guest in his house was not an impostor. Masterman never acted on impulse when great issues were at stake; he never acted on mere knowledge; he acted on evidence! And he wanted all the evidence obtainable. Quite calmly he sat down before his private telephone and had himself connected with the superintendent of the telegraph company, which Masterman practically owned.

"I want you," he said, "to find out for me at once if a Miss Adele Rohan, an artist, has left Denver and, if so, find out her destination." He gave the address which was on Miss Rohan's letter. "I want an answer within one hour."

"You'll have it, Mr. Masterman," said the superintendent obsequiously, and Masterman hung up. But he joggled the receiver again almost immediately. This time he connected with Terence Greenham, and demanded his immediate presence. After that he called up Cardigan and Blaisdell, and those harassed gentlemen promised to be with him as soon as swift automobiles could convey them from their homes, where they had been pacing their respective libraries, torn by a hundred fears.

Blaisdell and Greenham arrived almost together, Cardigan a few moments later. A servant, used to surreptitious visitors, smuggled the three men into the Masterman library without anyone else suspecting their presence. Masterman refused to talk until all three men were present. Then tersely he told them of his suspicions.

"But why wait for the Denver message?" demanded Greenham. "I've seen her; I'll know her! Send for her!"

"But wouldn't it be a good idea to find out if she really is Miss Rohan? It may not be Kirby Rowland masquerading as Adele Rohan, it may have been Adele Rohan masquerading as Kirby Rowland. She isn't alone in this, you know, Greenham. If by any chance she really is the Rohan woman, it will be the Rohan acquaintance among whom we must search for this Dixon Grant. That will help, won't it? Of course, if she is really Kirby Rowland, you'll have to stick to her acquaintances in hope of locating Grant. This woman, whatever her real name is—and we'll know that in a little while—isn't alone. Remember that! We've got her; before taking her let's find out what we can. Smoke."

In full control of himself he smoked in silence, while Blaisdell and Cardigan walked the floor, and Terence Greenham tried to compute how much Masterman would lop off his promised reward if Masterman had really succeeded where the detective had failed. Then the phone tinkled. Masterman listened a moment, then spoke:

"I want you, Keeler, to send at once to this house a message for Miss Adele Rohan. It must bear the Denver date line of a couple of hours ago. Have it brief. Something like this: 'Come at once.' Sign it 'Elise,' or any other name that suits your fancy. Understand? At once!"

He turned to his companions.

"Well, gentlemen, Keeler has received word from Denver that Miss Adele Rohan left that city, bound for New York, this afternoon! There is no possibility of mistake. Miss Rohan is well known in Denver, and the Denver office of the telegraph company even sent on the number of her drawing-room. I knew it before, but I am certain now—the young woman at present playing in the nursery with my daughter is not Miss Rohan; she is the woman who possesses the paper we lost yesterday."

"Then bring her in here," roared Cardigan, "and we'll make her give it up!" Masterman shook his head.

"I've had the pleasure of conversing with the young lady, Cardigan. The girl who's had the nerve to come up to my house when she knew that I'd give a fortune to get hold of her is not the kind to surrender in a moment. Besides, Laurel has taken a fancy to her, and no force is to be used on her."

Cardigan, fists doubled, glared at him.

"Then what do we do? Beg her to hand it back? Why are we here?"

"No," said Masterman coldly, "we don't beg her. Nor do we use force. We use restraint. You spoke of incarcerating Mack in your Long Island place. What's the matter with taking this young woman down there?"

"I suppose she'll come gladly," sneered Cardigan.

"There are measures, my dear Cardigan, that are effective without being brutal. It is one of those we shall use." He unlocked a desk and from a drawer he took a small bottle and a roll of surgical gauze.

"I think chloroform will do the work, eh?" He looked at Greenham, and the detective took bottle and gauze from the financier's hands.

"I can use it," said Greenham. "Send for her."

Masterman hesitated a moment.

"We'll give her a chance first. I'll try to reason with her. If I can't—this library is sound-proof—we'll go ahead with the chloroform. Then, Cardigan, you can carry her out the side entrance; I'll have a servant tell your chauffeur to move down there. And then—take her to Bellmere. When she wakes up in the morning and finds that she's locked in a room—who's down at Bellmere now?"

"Only a caretaker," answered Cardigan. "And he'll keep his mouth shut—he and his wife."

"Good," said Masterman. "Well, then, when the young lady learns that she's to remain in Bellmere until she surrenders that paper—after I've had a little talk with her, convincing her that she'll stay there until she dies of old age if she doesn't surrender it—I think we'll have no difficulty with her."

Blaisdell put his finger on the weak spot in Masterman's logic:

"But the men with her—Grant and Mack? Perhaps they have the paper? What good'll it do ——"

"Despite all that's happened—Mack's rescue of her and all that—I still do not believe that Mack and the girl are in league together. In the first place, their demands are so utterly opposed; in the second, I cannot conceive of this young woman's having anything at all to do with Mack. He is a blackmailing scoundrel; she, though acting insanely, is a lady who would not stoop to use the paper for personal profit. Why Mack rescued her I don't profess to understand, but that it means that he has any understanding with her I refuse to believe. And I'm sure that Mack hasn't got the paper. She has it. Why, that's it!" he exclaimed. "She has it, was on the verge of capture—was captured—and Mack rescued her. He rescued her, thinking that he could later obtain it from her. But he was immediately locked up, and since his release she's been in this house. Though she was out to-day—shopping, she told my wife—I do not believe she saw Mack. He is out of the game—for the present, at any rate.

"And the other man—Grant. From what you have told us, Greenham, it seems certain that he is no friend of Mack, although the latter gave him the paper. But he is a friend of Miss Rowland. More—he must be her lover. To no one else would he have confided the nature of that document. To no one else would he have apportioned a part in this little play.

"If this man Grant communicates with me I shall tell him that unless he surrenders the paper—provided that she hasn't it—he will never see her again. Further, if he threatens publication I will inform him that when it comes Martin Masterman's time to be destroyed by his enemies he will take whatever of those enemies he can along with him. I will tell him that publication means death to me; it will also mean death to Miss Rowland. Any more objections?"

The others were silent. Masterman spoke again:

"We'll give her a chance. If she is stubborn Cardigan will take her to Bellmere. You, Greenham, will at once order a woman operative, impersonating Miss Rowland, to take the night train to Chicago. Then let her disappear for awhile. This is merely in case Grant should try to trace the young woman. He might hire some private detective agency to locate her. They would learn that the supposed 'Miss Rohan' had received a telegram and left at once for Denver. It merely covers her trail. For I shall see that my servants know of the telegram which Keeler will send here, and of Miss Rohan's sudden departure.

Not Only Was the Game Up, But Masterman Had Him on the Hip!

"Then, if Grant loves the girl—and he must love her—he will know that it is useless to attempt tracing her, and if he has the paper in his possession he will surrender."

"You count a lot on the effect of love, don't you?" sneered Cardigan.

"The force that has made history is hardly to be scoffed at," was Masterman's reply. Then he gave his last instructions:

"Greenham, you keep after this Grant—and Mack, too, though I cannot see where he figures. Cardigan, you stay with this girl at Bellmere; but"—and he spoke with sudden vehemence—"if you harm her you'll settle with me. You, Blaisdell, go home and try to stop whimpering. Ready?"

He pressed a bell; a servant came, and immediately left to inform Miss Rohan that Mr. Masterman would like to see her in his library. Little Laurel had just been put to bed, and Kirby was on the verge of retiring to her own room. Mrs. Masterman and Kirby, in fact, were just parting in the hall outside Laurel's bedroom when the servant gave Kirby the message.

"If Mr. Masterman gets to talking art he doesn't know when to stop. I think I'll say good night now," smiled Mrs. Masterman. Impulsively she kissed Kirby, and with a heavy heart—why is it that a spy, doing a gallant service, despises himself?—Kirby went to the library.

Once across the threshold, seeing that Masterman was not alone, recognizing the faces of Blaisdell and Cardigan from their newspaper pictures, she would have turned and fled the room; but Greenham was too quick. He closed the door and locked it; and Kirby recognized him. She knew the purpose of the meeting. But the color came back to her cheeks as quickly as it fled. Her lips curled in a smile; her eyes sparkled with that light that illumines the eyes of the born fighter going joyously into battle. She had had tremors before; she had been frightened before; but this had been as the nervousness of the soldier on the eve of battle. Battle itself she did not dread. Moreover, she had taken a quick liking, that was really warm affection, for Laurel Masterman. It irked Kirby to be masquerading in the home of Laurel. She was glad the issue was joined. She waited for Masterman to speak.

"Miss Rowland," he said heavily, "you are in my house on false pretenses. You can go to jail for that."

"I dare you to send me there, Mr. Masterman," she smiled.

"We'll discuss that later. First, I want a paper which you possess. We won't beat about the bush, please. You know the paper I mean."

"Certainly. I shall not give it to you."

"Then we shall be compelled to search your effects."

She laughed.

"You are perfectly welcome. It is not among them."

"Then you will tell us where it is."

Again she laughed.

"You think so?"

"I am certain of it. If not now—in the future."

She met his eye.

"Mr. Masterman, I will never surrender that paper until the work which I have begun is finished. You may kill me, if you dare, but you will not get that paper."

Only a fool could have doubted her sincerity. There was nothing to be gained by argument. Resolute, unafraid, defiance in every inch of her, Kirby faced the master of transportation; and the great financier was a reader of character. He knew that it was hopeless to argue, futile to threaten. The only thing to do was to imprison Kirby, wait for Grant to make a demand, and then use her as the club to swing over him.

Ten minutes later a burly man descended the steps of the side entrance to the Masterman mansion, bearing a limp figure in his arms. He placed his burden inside the waiting limousine, and spoke one word to the chauffeur: "Hurry!"

XVII

GRANT telephoned the Masterman home in the morning. Both Kirby and he had agreed that telephoning was not the safest thing in the world, yet, if he asked for Miss Rohan, and their conversation was confined to conventionalities, there seemed hardly any risk. He, of course, would give an assumed name if requested to tell who wished to speak with Miss Rohan. There might be danger, but in the midst of the dangers which surrounded them this particular one seemed almost negligible.

"Miss Rohan is not here," said the servant who answered his call.

"Not there!" Grant was aghast. "What do you mean?"

"She left last night for Denver," was the amazing reply.

For a moment, dazed, Grant could say nothing. And when he could it was merely a feeble question:

"Are—are you sure?"

"Certainly, sir," said the servant icily. "If it's anything important you may speak with Mr. Masterman. His instructions are that anyone calling for Miss Rohan shall be connected with him if desired."

"Let me speak to him," said Grant hoarsely.

A moment later a harsh voice sounded in his ears.

"Well, who is this? Someone asking for Miss Rohan?"

"Yes, a friend of hers. I'm told she left for Denver last night."

"Are you inquiring for Miss Rohan or Miss Rowland?" queried the financier.

The game was up! Grant choked back an explanation.

"Either one," he stammered.

A grim chuckle came along the wire.

"Well, to any friends of Miss Rohan that happen to have known of her presence in town, I can only say that she received a telegram last night and took the night train for Chicago en route for Denver. To anyone asking for Miss Rowland, I can only say that if that person knew of Miss Rowland's presence in my home he must also know of the existence of a certain little paper. Am I correct?"

Grant glanced over his shoulder. He was telephoning from a drug store. His was the only booth. It would be impossible for Masterman to work the trick he had attempted when Kirby had phoned him—that of trying to attempt detention of the person talking with him. Drug stores do not have house detectives amenable to the sudden commands of money. Escape was easy if necessary. And of this last, now that Kirby was known for what and whom she was, he was not certain there was necessity. The game was up! Yet he temporized.

"And if you are correct? What then?"

"Then, Mr. Dixon Grant," snapped Masterman, "if you care to see Miss Rowland again you will turn that paper over to me at once."

"And supposing that I meet threat with threat? Unless I hear from Miss Rowland within the hour—she knows where to reach me—and learn that she is not annoyed by you, I will turn that paper over to the newspapers."

"Who wouldn't print it," jeered Masterman.

"Are you sure? I have noticed that one paper, the Citizen, seems glad to print anything that tends to show you up for what you really are! Furthermore, you seem to think yourself that certain papers would print it, else why did you grant universal transfers? Let's not bluff. You've hidden Miss Rowland away. You've taken advantage of her assumption of Miss Rohan's identity to concoct a telegram calling her away in order that anyone anxious to see the real Miss Rohan would be fooled. And also to clear yourself of any charge of abduction. Very clever! Only it doesn't work, Mr. Martin Masterman! One hour! If I don't hear from Miss Rowland by then I turn that precious document over to the papers!"

"And if you do, Mr. Grant, do you know what will happen? My life will be in danger—in fact, I am prepared to admit that I do not believe there is a spot on earth where

I would be safe from the people. I am ready to take my medicine; but someone else will take it before myself. As surely as I speak to you now, Mr. Grant, so surely will Miss Kirby Rowland go before me! If I'm to die, so does she—and first! Now then, do you print that paper or do you give it up to me? I'll reward you. You'll not lose anything by abandoning this insane scheme of yours to ruin property. You'll be rich ——"

A click at the other end of the wire made him realize that he was pouring his golden promises into a lifeless machine. For Grant had hung up and staggered from the booth. Not only was the game up, but Masterman had him on the hip! There was no doubting the sincerity of Masterman's threat. Grant believed implicitly that the publication of that paper meant the signing of Kirby's death warrant. His first impulse had been to promise Masterman surrender of that paper at once; to tell him where it was. That he did not yield to his impulse was due to no lack of love for Kirby, no disregard of the danger that menaced her; it was due to common sense—common sense which, even in this moment of surprise and shock, bade him hesitate. Dimly he could see that there was a weakness in Masterman's position, that the financier was by no means impregnably intrenched in his demands. But he realized that until his brain cleared from the cloud that Kirby's capture had caused he was in no position to deal with Masterman. One thing alone was clear to him—while publication of that paper was withheld Kirby was safe! Masterman would not dare harm her, knowing the inevitable result. Masterman would wait.

As he walked up the street his mind cleared; his mental processes became lucid once more. He sat down on a bench in a little park and reviewed the situation. Kirby had been captured; she had been smuggled away to some hiding place. Her trail had been covered by the pretense of her having received a telegram calling her to Denver. To the police Masterman could say that he had no idea that Miss Rohan was not what she represented herself to be—the eccentric portrait painter. Ostensibly, Miss Rohan had started for Denver; in reality, she had been taken ——

She was not in the Masterman home, that was positive. Masterman would not dare keep her there. So he had had her taken somewhere else. That was as certain as the course of the sun. And so was something else: Before abducting Kirby, Masterman had tried to get the paper from her. No one but a fool would have failed to demand the paper. Masterman was no fool. He had demanded it, and he had not got it! If he had he wouldn't be asking Grant for it. Why hadn't he got it? Because Kirby had refused. And why had Kirby refused? Because the game wasn't up!

It was clear as crystal. Kirby didn't want the paper surrendered. If she had—well, she'd have told Masterman where it was. Why argue any further than that? Moreover, Kirby knew the name of the hotel where Grant was stopping. She'd have got him on the phone and told him what had happened. But why wasn't the game up? Because Kirby relied on him, Dixon Grant, to play it through to a winning finish!

She relied on his wit to extricate her from her danger, and then go through with their plans to the end agreed upon by them.

And if Kirby wasn't a quitter, if Kirby was game enough to risk indignity and restraint, he must do his part. For the time being Kirby was safe. While the paper was unpublished Masterman faced a weapon as dreaded by him as Kirby's capture was hateful to Grant. The odds had shifted, that was all. Instead of being in favor of Grant and Kirby, they were even now. It was up to Grant to rescue Kirby and cause another shifting of the odds in Kirby's war. But how? There must be a way! Kirby, by her refusal to surrender the paper, showed her faith in Grant to find that way. It was up to him to justify that faith. He slumped farther down upon the bench, his brain clear now, and working at its utmost efficiency. Where had they taken Kirby? How could he rescue her?

Half an hour of concentrated thought and his head was dizzy with the problem. It was clear enough what must be done. How to do it he did not yet see clearly. Mechanically he reached for a morning paper, discarded by some earlier loiterer in the park. The sheet was open at the "Want Ads" page, and the first column of this page was devoted to personals. Idly, hardly seeing what he read, his eye went down the column. It stopped and read one advertisement a second time. It was the personal inserted by Harry Mack in every morning paper save the Citizen, which had not run his advertisement for the two simple reasons that Hanrahan had taken it away with him and had not returned, and that Mack had neglected to pay for its insertion. But as in the one intended to be inserted in the Citizen, this one gave the newspaper publishing it as the place to address Mack.

There was no question in Grant's mind as to whom it was addressed to. And this was Thursday. At six P. M., if Mack kept his word, the game would be out of the hands of the self-constituted battlers for the people. And publication—it would not matter to Masterman that Harry Mack caused the publication—Kirby would die. Now, indeed, the game was up! Mack could undoubtedly tell a story so convincing that his inability to produce the paper itself would not greatly affect credence in his tale. A paper like the Citizen, for example, careless of libel suits, would print greedily Mack's story. And Mack would give Kirby's name and his, Grant's. He must see Mack at once, and try to prevent his thwarted cupidity from wrecking a plan destined to ameliorate the conditions of the poor. The man's conscience must be appealed to. Grant must try —— Here Grant laughed at the idea of Mack's having a conscience. Then he remembered how Mack had rescued Kirby from the clutches of the Masterman agents.

Grant had scoffed at the idea that chivalry had actuated that rescue. But did it matter what had actuated it? Mack had done it. For his own reasons Mack had not wanted Kirby captured by Masterman. And then Grant laughed again at his own stupidity. For as Masterman had reasoned so did he at last. Mack had saved Kirby because she held the paper which he did not wish to pass into Masterman's possession. That was the answer to that riddle. And if Mack had saved Kirby once, would he not try it again? And could not Mack, with his underworld cunning, be of invaluable assistance to Grant? Grant alone could hardly hope to rescue Kirby if she were guarded properly. But with Mack—he smiled at the idea of forming an alliance with the crook; but he needed help, and the shrewd brain of Harry Mack could give that help. He entered a telegraph office and swiftly wrote a message:

H. M. Will be in café of Hotel Blank waiting for you.

D. G.

He delivered the envelope to a clerk.

"This will go at once? How soon will it be delivered?"

The clerk saw that it was addressed in care of the Dispatch.

"Boy ought to get down there in the subway in ten minutes."

"Give him this for speed," said Grant, and passed a coin to the clerk. A moment later a boy dashed out of the office, and Grant entered the Blank and made his way to the café. Inside of an hour Harry Mack entered. For he had left instructions with the Dispatch business office to have any answers to his advertisement forwarded to him by special messenger at once, at a downtown address he gave, and he had wasted no time on receiving Grant's note.

He sat down opposite Grant.

"Well? Going to declare me in, are you?"

Grant looked at him.

"Mack, do you really intend to use this paper as a lever for blackmail?"

His First Impulse Was to Send for Kirby and Force the Truth From Her

"If you must be so crude of expression—yes," replied Mack.

"And there's no way in which I can persuade you to join with Miss Rowland and myself in using it as a weapon to get the people their rightful dues?"

Mack sneered.

"I can get twenty-five thousand from a newspaper for what I can tell them. Twenty-five thousand is a drop in the bucket compared to what I ought to get; but even a drop is a sizable drink to a man dying of thirst. I don't even get the drop working with you crazy people. Of course I'm going to use that paper for myself. But I'll divide the coin in three pieces—one for each of us. What's the answer? Do you join with me, or do I grab what I can from the papers?"

"Why hurry?" inquired Grant.

"Because you people will gum the game," snarled Mack. "You'll get caught by the Masterman gang and lose the paper, and then where'll I be? You people are the kind that wouldn't back my story up if you didn't have the paper. You'd be afraid of trouble. You'd be afraid of anarchy and heaven knows what not if you corroborated my statements. No, you people aren't after the coin. You'd have got it before this if you had been. Your girl gave me an idea of what you wanted. You want to reform the world. With the paper in your possession you think Masterman will do as you say. He ain't got sense enough to see that you people wouldn't publish the thing anyway, for fear of awful consequences to the country. That's the way I dope you two anyway, and I'll bet I'm right!"

Grant met his angry glance.

"Maybe you are, Mack; but, as you say, no paper is going to pay you a large sum for your story unless Miss Rowland and I corroborate it."

"By your actions," amended Mack. "By the fact that you two are lying low and hiding from Masterman. That'll be corroboration enough, considering the straight yarn I can spring."

"But you're too good a sport to sell for twenty-five thousand when there's a chance for millions."

"Where's my chance?"

"As long as Miss Rowland and I have the paper you think you have a chance, eh?"

"I know I've got a chance," snarled Mack. "But you won't have the paper long. Masterman's gang'll land you—and then I lose."

"And supposing that Masterman had landed Miss Rowland? Would you try to rescue her, thinking that later you could get hold of the paper?"

"Mr. Grant," said Mack, and his voice was menacing, "let's drop the foolish talk. I won't give my story to any paper. Twenty-five thousand or so won't buy that secret from me. I want a million. I put that advertisement in to scare you people. I've done it. I want to get hold of you. I've done it. Now you hand me over that paper or I'll finish you here in this café!"

"But I haven't the paper. It's locked away in a vault, and Miss Rowland is the only one who can get possession of it."

"Then lead me to her. I mean it, Grant. As I'm a living man, you'll be a dead one if you don't. Where is she?"

"Now we're getting down to cases," said Grant, apparently unmoved by the threat. "I don't know where she is."

"You what?"

"And as I don't care to entrust anyone else with the secret of this paper, I thought you'd help me find her," continued Grant calmly. "After we've found her and rescued her—well, then, Mr. Mack, I'll listen to your talk about gun play. But I haven't the paper. I can't get it. Miss Rowland can. Do you want to help me find her, with the understanding that after she's rescued you and I are on opposite sides again?"

Mack removed his hand from his pocket. Not until then did Grant realize how absolutely serious Mack had been. For the coat pocket sagged as the hand was removed and the weapon inside settled back into place. Mack was desperate, but Mack also was the only person Grant knew who could help him now. Wars, even people's wars, can make as strange bedfellows as politics. After Kirby was rescued—but let the future and Dixon Grant take care of Kirby. Kirby would come to no harm from Mack; Grant would die first. Moreover, armed men have been disarmed before this. The risk was slight, thought Grant, compared to the stake at issue—the rescue of a people.

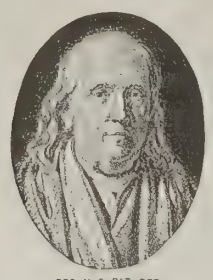
"What's happened?" demanded Mack.

Swiftly Grant told him of Kirby's venture into the house of Masterman, and his own recent telephonic conversation with Masterman.

"You, Mack," he finished, "are powerless while Miss Rowland is in Masterman's hands. Though I warn you that you'll not get hold of that paper while I'm able to prevent you, you can see that you have absolutely no chance to get hold of it while Miss Rowland is a prisoner. Will you help me?"

(Continued on Page 41)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 20, 1917

Another Side to High Prices

HERE is an anthracite coal mine. The operator can take out forty per cent of the coal at a minimum cost a ton—as he used to do twenty-odd years ago. With improved methods, which involve more expensive equipment and a greater mine cost, he can take out sixty-five per cent of the coal, as at present. The supply of anthracite being strictly limited, so far as known, it is good long-run economy to recover sixty-five per cent and pay somewhat more a ton.

For many years we got cheap lumber by ruthless slaughter of forests, taking the timber that was easiest to reach and wasting much of the rest. On a long view we could have afforded to pay more for lumber then and conserve the timber supply. Cheap coal was wastefully burned; cheap lumber wastefully used. Many instances might be shown where cheapness that involves waste is not good economy.

Especially where it involves waste of human material. Cheap clothes and sweated labor, cheap articles made by overworked children, are not a good investment. Cheap food and discouraged farm boys do not spell long-run prosperity.

High prices that inspired better methods of distribution might well be a gain. In this matter of coal it has been declared that distribution to consumers in cities costs fifty cents a ton more than it should; which—according to a recent statement by members of the Geological Survey—is more than half of the total return on a ton to all the capital invested in the coal industry, including coal lands, mining machinery, railroads and coal yards.

If these high prices brought about a thorough study of our methods and habits of production, distribution and consumption they would be profitable in the long run.

More Coöperation

IF A MAN is selling lead pencils, first of all he wants people to use lead pencils, and in that basic respect his interest is identical with that of his competitors. He ought to be working heartily with them in every legitimate means of promoting the lead-pencil habit.

The principle applies in many cases where it is not so obvious. Banks generally opposed postal savings, in which they saw nothing but competition with themselves. At present, deposits in postal-savings banks are increasing at the rate of a million dollars a week. At the latest report there were six hundred and sixty thousand depositors in these institutions, with more than a hundred million dollars to their credit.

Meantime deposits in other savings banks have increased as never before. Far from injuring other savings banks, postal concerns have helped them. They have got some hundreds of thousands of persons into the habit of saving and made them potential bank customers. They have enlarged the common market.

Savings banks and life-insurance companies are in the same general line of trade. Both have something to sell to those who should make provision for the future. Their tendency has been to regard each other somewhat as competitors; but they ought to work heartily together on the sound principle that whatever either of them can do to enlarge the market for their common article—namely, provision for the future—will ultimately benefit both.

There is a lot of this purblind competition—for example, fratricidal jealousies between railroad and trolley, newspapers and periodical publications, gas and electric light. A pull together to enlarge the common market would be more to the point.

Saving and Insurance

NINE years ago savings banks in Massachusetts were authorized to write life insurance. The idea was that, by cutting out the expense of solicitation and of sending an agent round to collect the premiums, the cost of industrial life insurance could be considerably reduced. In nine years, according to a statement before us, the banks that took advantage of this authorization have written fourteen thousand insurance policies for a total of some six million dollars, which is merely a drop in the bucket.

A sound article of insurance was obtainable at low cost—waiting for anybody to come and take it. But there was no push behind the plan; no one to urge it. So comparatively very few people did come and take insurance.

Recently an enterprising Middle West savings bank formed an alliance with some life-insurance companies and launched a lively campaign to drum up savers and insurers on a plan that made a man's savings-bank balance automatically available to pay his life-insurance premium. Other banks are adopting the idea, and an important accretion of savings and insurance will probably result from it.

The motive, of course, is selfish—the bank wants more depositors; the insurance companies want more policy holders. But it is incomparably better for people to be drummed into saving and insurance through somebody's self-interest than for them not to save and insure.

By a great advertising propaganda the British Government has been selling millions of pounds of war-savings certificates to wage-earners. It wants the money to prosecute the war, and by a vigorous application of that interested motive it has got hundreds of thousands of people into the good habit of saving.

Ideas do not take hold in proportion to their goodness. They take hold in proportion to the steam behind them.

An Opening

BOTH major parties confessedly are bankrupt in issues. Neither stands for any broad, definable program.

What the country most needs is better organization. Europe, for the time being at least, is going over bodily to state socialism, because Germany has demonstrated that the energies of a nation can be more efficiently coördinated under centralized state management than on the individualistic, competitive plan.

We do not want state socialism; but we do want better coördination of national energies. Every intelligent person who looks at Europe, then at the United States, and calculates upon lively after-the-war competition between Europe and the United States, agrees to that.

Both parties have been, in about equal degree, agencies of disorganization and disunion. They have really done nothing to harmonize the pull of interest against interest—as in the case of labor and capital, producer and carrier—but rather have played upon those antagonisms for political gain. Only incidentally have they tried to teach sound economic thinking. They have carefully inculcated hostility to organization in business—only recently coming round, with various reservations, to sanction coöperation among manufacturers for export trade.

Will either party commit itself to a definite principle and program of better organization? That would involve looking over production, distribution and consumption, pretty much as the nations at war have done, to see where coöperation will give a better result than mere blind competition. It would involve continuous effort for a better understanding between interest and interest. It would involve a great propaganda of sound economics.

There is an opening adequate for the most soaring political ambition. But better organization means a lot of hard, sincere work. Is politics up to it?

Justice

A LADY suffering from low spirits carefully empties her revolver into the body of her husband. Of course she is not put on trial for murder. Society does not demand of her simply: "Were you mentally competent?" and "Did you deliberately kill this man?" Instead, she is permitted to put the deceased spouse on trial, without benefit of counsel or clergy; and a sloppy-minded, sensation-hunting audience, morally naked and unashamed, is treated to a real-life, heart-interest circus performance.

She was very happy; her husband was very rude; she is quite sure he was unfaithful; her own flirtations were merely the blind outreachings of an agonized child-soul that found cruel prison bars between itself and the gumdrops it craved. This part of the performance evokes prolonged slobbering from the more susceptible female auditors.

The judge sits by, a figure of shame, helpless to prevent the most solemn function of the law from being converted into a cheap and nasty melodrama.

When a murder trial holds rigidly to this: "Were you mentally competent?"—the answer to be given by disinterested experts—and "Did you deliberately kill?" slobbery sentiment will have to get its thrills at the movies; but there will be fewer murders. At present the "unwritten law" is the law that applies to murder in the United States.

Food Prices

THE final report from Washington puts the outturn of cereals in the United States in 1916 at over a billion bushels smaller than in 1915, and the farm value at over eight hundred million dollars greater.

That smaller production means more money to the producer is an old story. In 1912 farmers raised over three billion bushels of corn, and its farm value on December first was estimated by the Government at slightly over one and a half billion dollars. In 1916 they raised only two and a half billion bushels, and its farm value was over two and a quarter billion dollars—the farm price being eighty-nine cents a bushel against forty-nine in 1912.

Undoubtedly war helps to raise prices, for men are better fed when engaged in destruction than when engaged in production. The International Institute of Agriculture, at Rome, calculates the world's wheat crop for 1916 at a trifle under three and a half billion bushels and its consumption at more than three and three-quarter billion bushels; so there would be an actual lack of bread somewhere but for the large reserve carried over from the big harvest of 1915.

Smaller production and war demand are the big facts about high-priced food.

Shipping Outlook

MARINE war-insurance rates recently advanced to the highest point since the early weeks of the war. In two months last fall England lost, through mine and submarine, about half as much tonnage as in the whole year 1915. Our consul general at Christiania reports that Norway, the next heaviest sufferer, lost ten million dollars' worth of shipping in the same two months.

Up to last fall the submarine, as regards shipping economics, had been little more than a homicidal nuisance. The damage it inflicted was relatively so slight that one could get insurance against it at about one per cent, and shipyards turned out new tonnage about as fast as the old was destroyed. But the loss of five hundred thousand tons by two nations in two months and a rise in war-risk rates to eight per cent for North Atlantic and fifteen per cent for Mediterranean waters suggest a possibly very different complexion. The rise in insurance rates was partly due to a fear among British underwriters that rejection of Germany's peace overtures would bring more vigorous submarine warfare.

That fear, along with last autumn's destruction, suggests that the end of the war—in spite of Germany's interned merchant fleet—may find the world short of ships; in which case a ship would be an excellent investment.

The consul general at Christiania reports that the amount of tonnage now building for Norwegian owners in shipyards at home and abroad cannot be definitely stated, but is estimated at about twelve hundred thousand tons, "a large amount of which is building in American yards." This is no doubt much more ocean tonnage than is building for American owners. Mostly we are still just talking about merchant marine.

It is high time to get that new Shipping Board at work and to inject some ginger into this subject.

The Point of View

YEARS ago a very famous Englishman visiting the United States was escorted by a humble American citizen to a luncheon in a private house. The bottle-nosed cabby manipulated his vehicle so carelessly that the cab step was a good two feet from the carriage block, and the visitor had to step into the mud. The native apologized for this inadvertence; in the rush of American life, he said, many of the nicer points were overlooked. But the Englishman shook his head and asked: "What can your country come to?" He could see no promise for a country that landed distinguished visitors in the mud.

If you had been surveying the state of Italy under Austrian domination along about 1845 you would have found much that from the American point of view seemed utterly unbearable. But to a fine old Italian nobleman at that time the United States seemed the most dreadful of all habited regions of the earth. "There can be nothing more frightful," he solemnly averred, "than a country where servants refuse to give the name of master to those whom they serve."

Of course he was quite right from his point of view. It all depends upon that.

WOMEN, WAR AND WAGES

By Forrest Crissey

UNDER the pressure of war production, industry in America has learned many new things about work and workers; but few of these facts promise greater importance for the future than the findings on the score of the mechanical abilities of women.

Examples given along this line by managers, superintendents and production captains in munitions plants are so extreme as to stagger credulity and make any writer who has a proper regard for his standing hesitate to repeat them—even when they are hedged about with all the qualifying circumstances that he is able to see in connection with them.

Here is an example of what I have encountered along this line of inquiry. It is offered without any reflection upon the veracity of those who have given the statements, and at the same time with the frank admission that they must be accepted or rejected by each reader according to the measure of his faith. All that the writer vouches for is the fact that these statements came from men in high positions as production executives in munitions plants.

"I know of a case," declared the head of a large plant in the Philadelphia district, "where a young woman was put on a machine which had been handled, up to that time, by a man who was considered a very fair worker. Of course an exact record of the number of pieces turned out by him had been kept.

"After this young woman had been at the work for a much shorter time than the man she had succeeded, my attention was called to her score. She was turning out just two and one-half times as much work as he had averaged. True, she was an exceptional girl—probably the most proficient in a force of more than four hundred; but the fact remains that she had many sister workers who were not hopelessly behind her. In short, the girl munitions worker has demonstrated that the somewhat common masculine notion to the effect that the feminine mind is generally incapable of grasping mechanics is utter rot."

A Girl's Amazing Shop Record

THIS story was repeated to a production executive in one of the largest munitions plants in the East, with the comment that it seemed incredible and altogether too much to ask readers to believe.

"If that's too much for you," exclaimed this man in authority over hundreds of women workers at lathes, punches and presses, "you certainly can't stand for a statement of some of the things that have happened right here under my own eyes."

"Well; tell me the worst," I replied.

"There is a certain punch job here that had been held by a machine-tool man who was drawing sixty cents and turning out six units of product to the hour. He was considered a good man at his job too. Among the young women who came to us when the pressure for production decided us to use female help was one who demonstrated, right from the jump, that she had a keen, quick mind, and that her fingers were under its complete control.

"Consequently we decided to try her out on the machine-tool job to which I have just referred. She was put on a nineteen-cent piece basis and given the ordinary amount of coaching. In a very short time she turned out fifty-one perfect pieces in an hour as against the six pieces produced by the man whose place she had taken."

After watching for a moment the effect of this on his hearer the executive resumed:

"You are at liberty to accept this statement or not, as you like. I'm frank to admit that I would have hard work to swallow it if it had not occurred right under my own eyes, and if I were not in a measure prepared for it by the astonishing performance records of scores of other young women workers. The truth is, women are wonderful workers along mechanical lines. They have a deftness of movement and a touch that are marvelous and that turn out work with surprising facility. They are nimble of mind and of finger; and as ordinary operators, tool operators and inspectors they have given an account of themselves calculated to warm the heart of any executive who is pushing for production. In this connection it should be said that the quality of their work is up to a high standard that keeps pace with its volume."

"What about the future for women in mechanical lines?" he was asked.

"I'm not predicting anything beyond the fact that women must be reckoned with in this field. Their performance in this time of high pressure has put them on the map in a way that cannot be ignored. Both American industry and American workingwomen have found out something by this experience that neither is going to forget."

The production head of a large Eastern munitions plant makes the interesting point that girls and women take their tasks at the lathes, presses and benches with more seriousness than men, and that their minds are focused on production with an intentness that translates itself into remarkable results.

"And when it comes to a natural feeling for mechanics," exclaimed this authority, "you would be astonished at the startling demonstrations we have of that here at our plant every day! It is simply another case of feminine intuition taking the short cut and beating the man to it. There are girls who have been working here only a few months, and who are without technical training, who have an understanding of machinery that one would think impossible except as a result of an engineering course.

"Another point that does not get past the manufacturer is the fact that the girl operator does not begin to break so many tools as the boy or even the man at the same stage of experience. My observation is that a force of girl workers in a factory like this breaks about one-third as many tools as an equal force of men and boys—at least, this is true in the use of pellet tools. This is mainly because of the girl's natural manual dexterity. Her fingers move deftly and she does not fumble and blunder like the ordinary boy."

The president of a company making shrapnel fuses says:

"I don't know how we could even handle the job of fuse assembling without women. The adaptability of girls for this peculiar task is simply astonishing. They 'catch on,' as the saying is, with almost incredible quickness. It is hard to exaggerate the value of this distinctive feminine quality of adaptability in mechanical work of this kind. And you can hardly say too much on the score of their intuitive dexterity, their facility with their fingers. This is why they leave the men and boys far behind, as a rule, when it comes to work on primers and fuses, and tasks of that character. The same is true in drill-press work, where nimbleness and sureness of movement are the essential factors in large production. The fingers of the girl or the woman fairly flash in their movements; but they are as sure as they are nimble."

Of course the leading European nations have been learning the lesson of woman's mechanical efficiency on a much larger scale than has the United States; but here it points to a different problem. There the adjustment must naturally be more simple, for the reason that several million men, whose places in industry have been taken by women, will never return to their old jobs. England has now about three and a quarter million women workers, and of these nearly three-fourths of a million are said to be filling places vacated by men who have gone to the Front. In Germany the most plausible authorities place the number of women who are doing industrial work at 4,793,000—or only 495,000 fewer than men thus engaged.

Though the readjustment in the United States, due to the fact that women have demonstrated their natural fitness and feeling for mechanical pursuits, will not be on a scale remotely approaching that of the European countries, it will be more complicated in principle, for the reason that the withdrawal of the abnormal demands on labor due to the Old World war will release the full quota of male workers to fill our normal working demands.

The Office Woman's Wage

FORTUNATELY this problem will not have to be solved in a moment. But it is well to remember that it is posted on the bulletin board of coming events! When womankind put on overalls and took her place at the lathe and the machinist's bench she certainly "started something." All manufacturers who have used women in their plants are agreed on this point.

Now for a glimpse of what has happened to the female salary earner who has stuck to the beaten paths that lead to office doors instead of to the entrance gates of munitions plants. The stenographer and the clerk represent the most numerous battalions of these workers in conventional fields, where the invisible portion of the salary check is the privilege of keeping soft and clean hands, and meeting the public.

Probably the most surprising statement that may be made concerning the present-day status of the stenographer is that her pay has advanced precious little in the last decade. No doubt many stenographers, and perhaps most employers of stenographic talent, will be inclined to question this; but fortunately one of the largest furnishers of this type of workers in America has kept extensive records, covering all the important cities of the United States for a period of more than ten years. This big typewriter company has been a natural source of supply for all grades of stenographic help, and consequently its records are sufficiently comprehensive to afford the basis for an average that is really representative of the whole field.

These records show that in 1906 the average weekly salary received by stenographers in the four largest cities of the country were: New York, $12.90; Chicago, $12.44; Philadelphia, $11.45; Boston, $10.45. To-day the score stands: New York, $13.21; Chicago, $13.02; Philadelphia, $11.66; Boston, $11.67. The average gain in the

DECORATION BY CARROLL T. BERRY

average stenographer's salary check in these great centers in ten years has been: New York, thirty-one cents; Chicago, fifty-eight cents; Philadelphia, twenty-one cents; Boston, $1.22.

Detroit appears to have done the largest job of salary boosting for its stenographers, so far as any important industrial city is concerned. In 1906 it was paying an average of $8.72, while this year the record stands at $13.52—an advance of $4.80. Richmond is a close second, with a gain of $4.46. San Francisco's average to-day is the highest of any large city, the figures being $15.10; ten years ago its average was $13.62. In connection with the fat wages received by workers in the great munitions center of Pittsburgh it is interesting to note that, according to this authority, the average pay given its stenographers in 1916 is $11.69.

All this, however, does not go to show that there have been no decided changes in the stenographic world as a result of war conditions.

A woman who handles this class of help for perhaps the largest employment organization in New York City declares that a distinctive development of to-day is the more independent and selective attitude of the stenographer who knows she is competent. She subjects both her present and prospective position and employer to a scrutiny not in the cards before. The typical stenographer, in other words, is keenly alive to the possibility of improving her working conditions or salary, or both.

"Her tendency," remarks this expert, who has observed so many, "is to 'shop' round until she is exactly suited. One girl of my acquaintance declined a good position because the location was outside the zone of a five-cent car fare from her boarding place. She said there were plenty of other equally good positions that were not open to this objection. The business man who needs a stenographer may insure himself against getting or keeping a really competent one by intimating that there is a liability he may require stenographic work on Saturday afternoons.

"Hundreds of harassed employers have lost their most valued stenographers of late by asking for overtime work—especially on Saturday afternoons. Again, it has been a period of extensive change and readjustment on the part of the experienced stenographers who have become dissatisfied with the atmosphere of their positions."

According to this authority, if any competent stenographer in New York City is remaining in a position where her employer or any of her working associates are distasteful to her, she is decidedly out of fashion and behind the times. Girls who have previously put up with irksome conditions are now often compelling their employers to change those conditions, or else they are moving on to new places that promise pleasanter environment. In a word, the capable stenographer of 1916 is decidedly "choosey," and keeps her hat and coat within easy reach. If her employer values her services he will do well to remember that it now takes only a slight cause to move her to another office.

Top-Notch Stenographers

Though the average salary of the stenographer has not advanced to any conspicuous extent within the last two years, or the last ten years, that average is admittedly held down by the immensely increased number of novices fresh from the shorthand schools. In other words, the seasoned and capable stenographer is in position to-day to command a somewhat higher salary than ever before. To a considerable extent she is living up to her opportunities in this respect; but she is apparently quite as much interested in securing working conditions exactly to her liking as in getting an advance in salary. At least this is the observation of a shrewd woman who passes upon hundreds of female applicants for stenographic positions of a better sort. In her opinion there is quite an improvement in the quality of the general run of applicants in this field, due to the fact that the great bulk of beginners became absorbed by industry in the earlier stages of the war boom.

Then, too, this same pressure has relieved the stenographic field of hundreds of girls who were unfitted by birth or lack of education to become competent office help, but who are admirably adapted to the bench or the lathe of the munitions plant, or to a line of mechanical work in a factory that has had its working force depleted by the demands of the munitions makers. Naturally this shifting of that element in the stenographic field least adapted to its demands also has the effect of improving the class of beginners now available for the shorthand schools.

Fewer girls of almost no education, who distinctly lack the mental quickness necessary to secure even a moderate success as stenographers and typists, crowd into the classes of shorthand schools simply because stenographic positions appear to give more leisure and comfort, and perhaps more pay, than a "store job." They can make unprecedented wages at munitions work without the mental stress and the expense of a course of study. Therefore, the ranks of shorthand undergraduates are relieved of a considerable burden in the way of vocational misfits.

This same authority says there is unquestionably a larger number of highly paid office positions open to women to-day than ever before; that a competent law stenographer, for example, is often able to secure thirty and even thirty-five dollars a week; and that these figures are also within reach of the woman stenographer who is capable of handling dictation and correspondence in German, French and Spanish. Uncle Sam's increased trade with foreign countries has created hundreds of good positions for the stenographers who are at home in languages other than English, says this woman who finds desk positions for hundreds of girls and women of the better grade.

Women Bookkeepers' Pay

"Another office helper," she says, "who has bided her time to secure concessions is the bookkeeper. If she is fairly competent her employer will do almost anything within human reason rather than let her go. He has, perhaps, a keener dislike for changing bookkeepers than for changing stenographers. The bookkeeper has not always realized this, but the pressure of war prosperity has brought this out conspicuously.

"In one way the woman bookkeeper has, in a sense, been a little more independent than the average man in the same line, for the reason that the man has more often been the breadwinner for a family. At any rate, she has experienced a decided awakening to the fact that she is now in better position than ever before to get the concessions necessary to make her situation more comfortable, and perhaps more profitable. This fact is not allowed to escape my attention for a moment, because I receive inquiries daily from this class of women workers, who are looking about for places better to their liking, or for those to which they can go if their present employers do not grant them the concessions they ask."

When this specialist in female office help was asked whether many of these office positions were not held by women who are no longer young, she answered:

"Certainly they are! Do not think for a moment that gray hairs are a handicap to a woman applicant for a position of this class and character. If anything gray hairs count as a help. The average business man might prefer a young woman for ordinary stenographic work, but when it comes to a woman who has the handling of accounts, of moneys, and even of highly technical matters—like legal stenography, for example—I am convinced that he looks with favor upon gray hairs and the settled temperament and ripened judgment which are supposed to go with them.

"What salary does a good woman bookkeeper get? I could, by consulting our records, show you scores of them who are drawing twenty-five dollars a week now. Of course some are drawing still better than that. That, however, is way above the average, and is mentioned only as an indication that competent women bookkeepers are not lightly considered, especially in these days of readjustment."

Shorthand schools have an unprecedented enrollment of students who are, according to a visiting expert, of uncommon fitness for work. In seven of these schools it was found that all their students were placed as fast as graduated, and that this failed to fill their applications from industry by about twenty-five per cent.

According to the head of an organization which places many thousands of stenographers every year, Greater New York alone has more than forty thousand stenographers and typists, of which fully four-fifths are girls and women. By this authority the great army of stenographers is divided into two classes—juniors and seniors—the latter being those who receive more than twelve dollars a week. The juniors are estimated as representing sixty per cent of the whole body of operators.

One specialist in the placing of women who work in offices makes the interesting observation that the girl clerk does not find it quite so easy to place herself in a new position as does the stenographer, for the reason that her experience does not "carry" from one position to another so readily as the stenographer's.

"Only a few weeks ago," remarked this keen observer, "I had an example in point, which is typical of a large class of experiences in the same line. A girl came in here who was getting fifteen dollars a week checking invoices. She was determined to leave her place at once, because certain elements in her environment were distasteful. Both her appearance and her record were excellent. The only opening for her at the moment seemed to be a position in which her work would be estimating materials. Her experience in checking invoices does not count in her new work and she is, therefore, set back to twelve dollars a week. If she was a stenographer she would undoubtedly have escaped this setting-back process. This is one of the disadvantages of doing clerical work instead of stenography."

The influence of the war upon the earnings of women appears to parallel, as a rule, the effect it has had in the field of male earnings. In other words, the largest increase in pay has come to the rougher and harder forms of labor. The scrubwoman has at last come into her own and has had a decided uplift in her wage scale, while the earnings of the "saleslady" and of the office girl have stuck at about the same old figure.

The head of a large Chicago department store says that scrubwomen who were content to get six dollars a week before the war can now command from nine to twelve dollars, with three meals a day at the store restaurant. This authority explains that foreign women of the immigrant class generally seek employment as scrubwomen when they land in this country. After they have been here about six months they generally contrive to master enough English and to learn enough of American ways to step up from the scrubbing squad into more profitable work.

Since the outbreak of the war, however, hardly any women of this class of labor have arrived from Europe. Those in this field, however, have graduated from it and left vacancies that can be filled only by a raise of wages ranging from fifty per cent to one hundred.

Good Times for Cash Girls

About the same situation has developed in the department store in regard to porters. The green immigrant man just over is naturally inclined to look for work as a porter. In this capacity a fair wage was a dollar and a half a day before war conditions made themselves felt. A store that secured all the porter help it needed at this figure is now paying two dollars and thirty cents and expects it will not long be able to meet its needs at that price.

The lowly cash girl of the department store is one of the star beneficiaries of the war-wage scale. Where before she was content to start in at two dollars and a half a week she now begins at four—sometimes at five. Stock boys have been advanced at about the same rate. They now begin at six dollars a week instead of at four.

One of the most interesting effects of the war-wage situation is the earlier attainment of long trousers on thousands of boys. The pressure of the demand for boy workers has become so intense that this symbol of adolescence is available at a younger age than ever before to the boy who prefers to go out into the present wage harvest rather than stick in school.

Though it is true that the present period of the swollen pay envelope has made it possible for thousands of families to keep their boys in school, whereas before it was not possible, it is also true that the boys, like their fathers, have tasted the blood of big earning and of a scale of spending beyond their former dreams. They are eager to get their share while the getting is good—irrespective of the fact that they are not positively compelled to toil and turn their entire earnings over to the head of the family.

The pressure of war prosperity has produced few effects more interesting than that of eliminating certain forms of juvenile loafing in the big industrial centers—at least in reducing it to a state of unpopularity that it has never known under conditions of ordinary industrial activity.

Here's one example, and the way in which this unpremeditated uplift worked out in an individual case is typical of an extensive class of experience. The pool rooms of a certain West Side district in Chicago were frequented by a boy who came of a fairly decent family, but fell into bad ways and contrived to pick up enough money to maintain his vice by "skinning greenhorns" at the pool tables. Of course he was welcomed by the management of the pool room, because he acted as a "come-on," who encouraged business. In this way he was able to "rustle" about eight dollars a week from the pockets of pool players who overestimated their skill with the cues.

The Temptation to Work

Once or twice, it is said, this young man fell into the hands of the law for some minor offenses and was sent to the bridewell. In short, he had taken the preparatory course in criminal training. Then came the war, with its urgent demand for workers. Consciously or unconsciously the attitude of the police and of the officers intrusted with the enforcement of the law seemed to change from passive tolerance of the pool-room and saloon loafer to that of resentment against idling and loafing.

This new form of moral pressure made itself felt to a decided extent in the locality frequented by this boy. Week by week his appointed job became more lonesome and less interesting, attended by an increasing number of unfriendly glances. At last he surrendered to this uncomfortable pressure, and when offered a job paying almost four dollars a day he went to work. He was surprised to find how interesting a real job was, and how agreeable it was to find himself regarded with the friendly eyes with which the world looks upon a producer. The sensation was decidedly different from that of being regarded as a loafer and a "skin." The boy was skillful with his hands and made good on his job.

Finally, however, his ambition was awakened by his work to the point where his mind was made up to a life enlistment in the ranks of the workers. He saw that a steady job, with a future before it, was more important than easy money for the passing moment. Consequently he watched his chance and found an opportunity to change to an eighteen-dollar job in a factory, where he has an excellent prospect ahead.

One informant familiar with this phase of city life says that he is personally acquainted with half a dozen young men who would not work at low wages, but preferred the shifty arts of loafing and panhandling until war prosperity came along and offered its prizes. This was a temptation too strong to be resisted, and these professional loafers have now left their life of idleness and belong to the dinner-bucket brigade. In the opinion of this informant it is probable they will remain permanently in the ranks of the producers; at least they will stick until a period of depression throws them into the old life of idleness again. Work is much a matter of habit and is decidedly catching—especially when adorned with the enticing bait of big wages.

The peculiar situation the middle-class male salary worker has been up against throughout the war period is graphically shown by the experience of a certain steady and ambitious young man holding an assistant chief-clerkship in a large financial institution in Chicago. His salary is about one hundred dollars a month.

Four years ago he determined to get ahead, taking two hundred dollars in savings as a basis. He used that as a first payment on a lot, on which he borrowed enough to build a house. His monthly payments amounted to thirty-five dollars, decreasing slightly each month. When nearly two years had passed he had paid about $528 on his principal and had an increased value in the property of nearly four hundred dollars. This gave him a total saving of some $928 above his rent, which had been twenty-eight dollars a month. He sold the place at a net profit of $748.

Then he repeated the operation; and at the end of eighteen months he disposed of

(Continued on Page 29)

Good Morning, Have You Used Pears' Soap?

Yes, you've heard that before, but—*do you* use Pears' Soap?

Do you know that Pears' is recognized by chemists as the *ideal* toilet soap? By physicians, as ideal for the complexion?

Do you realize that back of every cake of Pears' is a standard of purity and skill more than a century old?

Do you know that the ordinary toilet soaps you buy contain a large percentage of water?

Do you know that there is not even a trace of moisture in Pears'? That every cake is aged *a year* before it is offered for sale?

Do you realize that a King can have no purer soap than Pears' and that the poorest man can have no more economical soap?

Do you know that Pears' Soap sells for only 15c a cake (box of one dozen, $1.50)? That Pears' Glycerine Soap (scented) sells for 20c a cake (box of 3 cakes, 51c)? They last twice as long as ordinary, un-aged, water-laden soap.

Thousands of families have standardized on Pears'. This means they have ceased to experiment, and order Pears' by the dozen cakes when their supply runs low.

Of course your dealer has Pears'. He has many customers who would refuse to consider any other kind.

If you wish to test Pears' for little expense, Walter Janvier, 419 Canal Street, New York (Pears' United States Agent), will send you a trial cake of the unscented for 4c in stamps.

Pears' Soap, made by A. & F. Pears, Ltd., has the largest sale of any high-grade toilet soap in the world.

This trade mark appears as a water-mark in every sheet

Eastern Star Business Papers

THE Eastern Manufacturing Company owns and operates at Bangor, Maine, one of the biggest writing paper plants in the world. Its excellent strategic position on tide-water, close to its own forests, gives it a decided advantage in freight rates.

The Eastern controls the important raw materials and processes that affect cost or quality of its papers. Its up-to-date machinery is operated by cheap electric power from a big hydro-electric development. An efficient system of scientific management increases production and reduces overhead. Its ownership of 200,000 acres of spruce forest assures a permanent supply of wood. It owns and operates its own pulp mills and bleach-making plant. The enormous volume of its purchases wins the lowest prices on the big rag markets.

All commercial papers are a mixture of wood and rag fibers. The art of paper making is to mix the right proportions in the right way. Writing paper can be made of rags alone. So can a ring be made of 24-karat gold. One would be about as sensible as the other. For every grade of Eastern Star Business Papers the mixture of rag and wood fiber is scientifically determined by exhaustive study of the practical use to which the paper will be put.

These are the essential manufacturing economies that will help business men understand how we can give so much quality at so little cost in all writing papers bearing the Eastern Star water-mark.

It's the manufacturer's control of raw materials that determines the price you pay for paper

Look at that sheet of paper on your desk, so familiar that you never think of the wonder of it. Listen. To bring that scrap of paper to you:—

Woodsmen felled trees in a northern wilderness in the zero-depths of winter. Lumberjacks risked their lives driving logs down mountain torrents.

Men toiled over great vats like witches' cauldrons that boiled and stewed with steam and gases.

Chemists peered into retorts and test-tubes and stirred strange mixtures in their laboratories.

Ragpickers combed the world's great cities.

Miners burrowed hundreds of feet into the earth.

Tugs towed barges around stormy headlands.

Waterfalls were harnessed to great dynamos to breed tame thunderbolts of electricity.

Men brewed chlorine gas, the terror of modern warfare, and turned it to a peaceful purpose.

All that and more men did to bring to your desk one crisp sheet of Eastern Star Business Paper.

There is a suitable quality at a right price for each purpose—letterheads, business forms, ledgers, advertising printing, and every commercial use

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Bangor, Maine

(Continued from Page 26)

his second place at a net profit of six hundred dollars, making the total earnings he had made by investment and by judicious discretion in the business of building about $1348 at the end of three and a half years.

At this point the increased cost of living began to pinch. Unfortunately he had invested about eight hundred dollars in another lot. Because of the big increase in the cost of building materials and building labor, the house he had planned was not put up. Now his lot is lying idle and the taxes are making him groan.

Living expenses have increased immensely and his present rent demands more from him each month than did his payments for his first house.

In the last six months he has saved nothing. Instead of watching his thrifty savings scheme add a little each month to his resources, his eyes are now fixed on the high cost of living, the thermometer of which is steadily climbing. Semimonthly his glance anxiously shifts to the figures on his salary check. They have not moved up a peg. As a self-starting thrifter he is a little discouraged; and when he hears what munitions workers and all other laborers, from common to semiskilled, are getting his disposition undergoes a severe strain. He says the only possible relief he can see ahead is the hope that he may be continued in his position and at his present salary when thousands of unskilled laborers who are now getting unprecedented wages are out on the street looking for jobs.

This young man, who receives one hundred dollars a month, is unable to draw any appreciable amount of sympathy from his fellow clerks. Most of them are able to point out to him that he is getting considerably more than they are and that he has at least something salted away for a rainy day. They remind him that they have reason to complain if anyone has.

Speaking of the situation generally, junior bank clerks appear to be getting from thirty-five to sixty dollars a month, depending upon their length of service; while, upon the same basis, senior clerks receive from sixty-five to eighty dollars a month. Bank "cage men" are a little better paid, their salaries ranging from seventy to ninety dollars a month. "Currency men" and stenographers seem to be in about the same class on the salary list, drawing from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a month. Stenographers drawing eighty-five dollars a month or more, however, are usually classed as secretaries.

The Tale the Tellers Tell

The salaries of tellers range from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month in the large banks. If the man at the receiving or paying window who handles your funds gets one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, or more, he is above the average, and his ability is being recognized in his pay.

When official rank is reached in banking circles salaries have a remarkably wide range, but the starting point is about twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Many bank presidents receive salaries of more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and it is reported that some of these officials get in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars a year.

Though every bank clerk begins with the idea of becoming a president some day, times like the present compel him to turn sadly speculative eyes upon the callings where the worker enjoys less "class" and fewer white collars and sport shirts, but more coin at the end of the month.

The general manager of a New York labor exchange which handles about nine hundred accepted applications a month says that bookkeepers and clerks generally have not been advanced in salary to exceed ten per cent since the start of the war. He even believes that ten per cent is a high estimate. Bank clerks have benefited to some extent, in his opinion, by the war pressure. Every financial institution has been swamped with business, and consequently the call for additional help has been loud and strong. Contrary to precedent and tradition, therefore, the bank clerk and bookkeeper have looked at their positions in the light of competitive demand, and have forced a raise out of the scheduled order for advancement.

According to this man, whose observation is remarkably broad, the bank clerk who changes one employer for another, as a rule, does not realize more than three dollars a week as a result of his move. Young boys just starting at clerical work, in positions which are expected to be permanent and lead to promotion, begin at six dollars a week now, instead of at four dollars, and are extremely scarce at that. Male stenographers of the better grade, when taking initial positions, now receive fifteen dollars a week as against ten paid before the war.

In concert with nearly all students of the salary problem of to-day, this expert in furnishing office help calls attention to the fact that the perplexed employer of to-day is more inclined to pay an advanced price for the new or additional office help he must have than an advance in the salaries of his established helpers of the same grade. Of course he justifies this attitude on the ground that he will retain his old employees after he is obliged to dismiss the later recruits to his pay roll.

The extent to which the conflict between the classy allurement of the white-collar position and the sordid attainments of the munitions-maker's wage is pressing for an adjustment in the minds of workers is oddly illustrated by the experience of a young man in the Philadelphia district.

Back to the Overalls

His family had been inclined to education and had a decided leaning toward the professions. At the outbreak of the war, when the labor scouts were beating the highways for helpers who wanted big earnings in preference to genteel positions, Jimmy yielded to their bland statements and felt quite heroic—especially after he struck his gait and made an average of six dollars a day straightening rifle barrels.

It was rather expert work and for that reason was decidedly interesting. Consequently Jimmy was happy in his job until a particular circumstance impressed him with the fact that he was not living up to family traditions in making his way by the sweat of his brow rather than by the exercise of his mental faculties. After an inward struggle of some duration and seriousness Jimmy finally decided in favor of the family traditions and secured a transfer to the clerical department of the munitions plant, where his salary check was just one-half of what his pay envelope had contained, on the average, when he was a wage-earner.

For a time the consciousness that he was in the class to which he belonged, and that his working garments were neat enough to wear to a family gathering, seemed to fill the void between eighteen dollars and thirty-six. After awhile, however, Jimmy began to work his arithmetic overtime and to neglect the worship of his proud family traditions. He grew restless and irascible, and finally applied to the management for a shift back to his old job, on the ground that his eyes could not stand the strain of clerical work. But now they have no difficulty in squinting along the length of scores of shining rifle barrels and detecting the slightest curvature; and they can also see eighteen dollars a week in his savings account that was not visible when he wore a white collar at his work.

The question as to how the men who are helping to prepare "preparedness" for Uncle Sam are faring in comparison with those who are making munitions for other nations is both interesting and pertinent. On this score Col. George Montgomery, commandant of the Frankford Arsenal, at Philadelphia, said:

"There has been no advance whatever in the pay of government clerks, so far as I am informed, since the advance in prices; but there has been a very appreciable advance in the pay given to labor and to shopmen.

"In 1909 we were able to get plenty of labor for $1.50 a day. During the years between 1909 and this year that rate was advanced to only $1.76; but within the present year it has gone from $1.76 to $2.40. Ordinary workers on machines have been advanced from $1.76 to $2.24 and $2.40 a day here at the Arsenal. These men are not skilled mechanics at all in any sense of the word. We pay a little more to those working outside the shops than to those working inside. Other people here earn up to $3.50 and four dollars a day, without counting piecework reward.

"The fact is, we have men loading shells who have been earning seven dollars a day, without any overtime. And they deserve it. Before piecework was established the men did not make so much, and we did not have to pay so much before the present labor stringency began.

BLUE STREAKS

These Tires Must Be the Best We Can Make

Every Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tire is our card of introduction to some boy. Through this tire he gets his first impression of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. And first impressions are lasting.

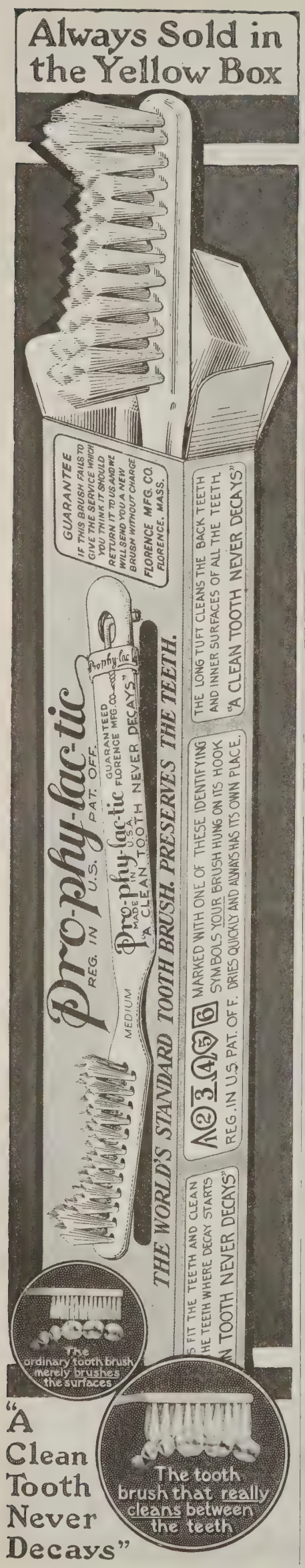
Some day that boy will own an automobile and we will want to sell him tires for it. Or he will own a power plant and will be a prospect for belts and packing.

Can't you see that we *must* give him in Blue Streak Bicycle Tires a product that will reflect credit upon the name of Goodyear?

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

"Smacking Good"



"Last July toolmakers were advanced twenty per cent. They have been advanced once since then. The advance in the pay of mechanics was as follows:

"Machine-tool makers have been advanced from the rate of $3.52, maximum, to five dollars a day. The lowest-paid have been advanced from $2.76 to $3.24 a day. Foremen have been pushed ahead from $4.25 and five dollars to from six to nine dollars a day. As a matter of fact, there are only two who are getting nine dollars a day. They are night foremen. They are practically night superintendents. They get three thousand dollars a year. Of course they get no piecework payments. Neither do mechanics working on instruments, because the work is too irregular and not of sufficient volume to warrant piecework payments.

"Operatives of automatic screw machines get $4.56 a day, and piecework raises that. Though these men—about fifty in number—are not machinists, they are bright and resourceful workmen. If they were not they could not operate such machines.

"The men in the shops have had large advances. In other words, it was no more than natural that we had to meet competition. On the other hand, the clerks have had no advances; though, of course, they have to pay just as high prices for necessities as the shopmen."

The Pay of Railroad Men

Railroad salaries out on the lines are certainly not on the munitions scale. When the average station agent compares his earnings with those of the members of one of the "brotherhoods" of railroad employees he is not moved to any great amount of hilarity. The country-station agent in the Middle West who receives above seventy-five dollars a month is undoubtedly more fortunate than most of those who hold down jobs like his. If he has half a dozen men or more under him his pay may amount to close to a hundred dollars a month; but if it goes above that point his post is an important one and he must show himself to be an executive and a business-getter.

The freight clerk out on the line is able to command fifty-five dollars a month and a cashier about sixty-five. A telegraph operator and ticket agent is not likely to receive much under sixty-five or more than seventy-five dollars a month in salary.

A prominent railroad executive remarked that the clerks and their helpers receiving from forty to eighty-five dollars a month are, of all railroad employees, the ones who feel the present high cost of living most keenly, because their salaries are stationary and the range of their natural and legitimate wants is continually increasing.

In spite of all this, there seems to be no trouble in filling these posts with young men who are intensely disinclined to step out of the white-collar class. Not a few of them, according to this railroad official, whose view is a broad one, have had some college training—about enough, perhaps, to give them the feeling that it would be beneath them to work for wages instead of a salary, even though the wages were decidedly the larger.

He does not consider it unnatural that these young men should prefer to do clean work instead of dirty, or that they would rather wear neat business suits, white collars and sport shirts at their work than to go about in soiled overalls. He only makes the point that for the first time in the history of this country there is a genuine economic pressure to determine how high a value, in dollars and cents, young men of this class put upon the gentility of clerical pursuits—upon white-collar associations as contrasted with the grime of the shop.

Apparently one must count on working in a city railroad office for at least five years before being able to draw ninety dollars a month; and he must give a good account of himself, at that, in order to reach that point on the salary scale. On the other hand, brakemen and firemen start at about that rate of wages. At least in the West the brakeman or fireman who is fairly steady and capable may reasonably expect to find himself drawing a hundred and fifty dollars a month within from three to five years from the time when he begins his work with the railroad.

In other words, the testimony of those familiar with promotion and pay in railroad service indicates that it takes the clerk longer to achieve a ninety-dollar-a-month position than is required for a brakeman or a fireman to reach a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar job—and overalls and dinner-pail living are decidedly cheaper than natty business suits and the sort of sustenance and associations they demand.

In the words of a rate clerk, whose brother has just been promoted out of the fireman class:

"Bill has it over me, coming and going. His pay is not quite double my salary and he doesn't have to spend a cent to put on dog—not a cent! The more grease and dirt he can accumulate, the more efficient he appears. What's more, he's independent. Lord, he's independent! That's a luxury to an office man. He has to play up to a lot of superiors who are all pulling in different directions. The dignity of a position and the splendor of a two-dollar shirt are the most expensive mistakes I ever made. Bill's pay envelope proves that to me every time I see it. I'm certainly in on the wrong side of the railroad game.

"As a boy, in Sunday-school, I learned a text to the effect that blessed are the humble: for they shall be exalted. If that verse wasn't built to fit these days in the field of work and its compensation, then I can't understand a line of the Scriptures. Right now the brand of meekness that doesn't balk at putting on overalls and grabbing a dinner bucket is the sort which is inheriting the earth at the rate of about three hundred and thirty-three and a third per cent."

A traveling salesman for a large wholesale grocery whose territory is nearly one hundred miles from Chicago makes this interesting comment on the condition of the clerks in the retail-grocery trade of a district that is decidedly prosperous:

"The best-paid retail grocery clerk in all my acquaintance—and I have more than three hundred customers—draws twenty-five dollars a week and has a reputation throughout my entire district of being a wonder. Other clerks speak of him as a man who has arrived, and they think of his salary check with a mixture of envy and admiration. They may well envy him, for the rank and file of them are not getting more than fifteen dollars a week; in fact, I am convinced that the average pay of this class of workers is not more than twelve dollars a week.

"In other words, they are getting about two-thirds as much as the commonest kind of street labor commands in their towns. A laborer who can scarcely speak English is able to get three dollars a day in many of the towns where these experienced clerks—most of them keen, energetic and faithful boys, who are keen business-getters—are getting twelve. In some of the towns in my territory the difference between the pay of the unskilled wage-earner and the experienced grocery clerk is considerably larger than this."

The Ill-Paid Grocery Clerk

"One of my best friends is a grocery clerk who draws a salary of only twelve dollars a week—and he's a capable clerk, too, who's been behind the counter for years. It would naturally be supposed that he would at least have the advantage, by reason of his position, of securing his family food supplies at a price that would not yield his employer a profit—but such is not the case. He pays the same scale of prices as the customers he waits upon.

"Not far from him lives a mason who is by no means remarkably proficient at his trade. He is just a good, fair workman, who prefers to leave the more difficult and fancy tasks in his line to others, while he puts in the foundations of farm buildings. This mason gets seven dollars a day, and his board in addition, when handling country jobs. The carpenter who works with him receives two dollars less.

"If either of these men was to put in the hours the grocery clerk gives to his employer the results would be rather startling; for this would mean from six in the morning until seven at night for all week days, save Saturday, when the clerk is lucky to leave the store before ten or eleven at night.

"It would not be fair to leave the impression that the retail grocers are, as a rule, underpaying their clerks. The fact is that a very large proportion of them are paying their help all their businesses will stand. In other words, the retail-grocery business is not an easy road to wealth and its net profits are far smaller than the public supposes. Many of these merchants could improve their own financial condition if they were able to change places with the masons, the carpenters and the ordinary mechanics of their communities—more especially at the present time, when it is difficult for them to get many kinds of goods, without regard to price."

Generalizations regarding salaries, wages and savings are difficult—and they must be accepted as generalizations only. Wide and persistent inquiry among all classes of men whose opinions might naturally be expected to be closest to the facts indicates that the average increase in salaries for office and clerical help since the European war began has not been above ten per cent, and is probably nearer six per cent.

On the other hand, the average wage increase in that period has been so great that one hesitates to make the most conservative guess that can be made. Possibly the average increase in wages would not be more than fifty per cent the country over; but to one who has been mixing with munitions workers and seeing their bulging wage scores this guess looks altogether too conservative. Certainly there are thousands upon thousands of cases in every munitions district where the increase has been several hundred per cent. These instances, moreover, are by no means confined to munitions workers.

If there is any section of the country where common labor cannot command from thirty to thirty-five cents an hour it is decidedly well concealed from the munitions scouts who are after workers. This same grade of labor was receiving from fifteen and one-half cents to twenty and one-fourth before the war—that is, when it could find employment at all.

How much the cost of living has increased since the war began is a matter of much speculation. Some very plausible authorities assert that the average is forty per cent. One large financial concern in New York is said to have made a searching investigation into the increase of living expenses, so far as its own salaried employees below official rank are concerned, and to have found the increase to be thirty-one per cent.

How Much is Saved?

What percentage of salaries is being saved must remain a matter of conjecture. Banks in munitions districts and officers of munitions companies and of concerns most sensitively affected by the activities of the war stocks very generally express the opinion that the salaried men under their immediate observation who receive pay checks large enough to permit them, by the exercise of fair economy, to save anything are, as a class, putting away about fifteen per cent of their earnings.

They include in savings life and accident insurance premiums and real estate and stock investments, as well as bank deposits. But this percentage does not apply to salaried men in general, without regard to where they are located, or to all grades of salaried men in the munitions centers.

As to the relative amount of savings "salted away" by the wageworkers in the service of the munitions plants, the general opinion of their superintendents, and of bank tellers, to whom they would naturally take the overflow from their fat pay envelopes, appears to be that it does not amount to more than five per cent of the total wage pay roll of the plants under their surveillance.

Probably the world of salaried workers never descended upon the Christmas stocking with quite the hopeful hunger that characterized their approach on the morning of December 25, 1916. Where expectations had not already been satisfied by pre-Christmas announcements on the part of employers, the big question in the minds of the salary-earners was whether the signer of the familiar pay check would "come across" with the bonus, or "extra," in recognition of the greatly increased cost of living.

All other possibilities under the patronage of Santa Claus became insignificant beside this question. Hundreds of employers of office help gave generous checks to all persons on their salary pay roll. One large Wall Street financial house, for example, gave each clerk a bonus amounting to one-third of his salary for the year, besides an extra bonus of twelve per cent.

Some of the banks in the same district announced a salary increase of ten per cent, besides a bonus of ten per cent. One large public-service company distributed about six million dollars to its salaried workers.

As a rule the employers of salaried help placed special stress upon the point that the Christmas check was "a gift—not a raise."

The New Year Brings No Change

A year ago we said:

Borrow an AutoStrop Safety Razor

Use it for 30 days. If you like it, pay $5 for it. If not, return it.

To Dealers: This is your assurance of the continuation of our Trial-Offer sales policy. Actual results justify this. You may rely upon full protection against loss under its operation. Write for particulars.

WE devoted a whole year's advertising to this extraordinary offer. We wish every man who shaves to have an opportunity to try this razor.

Those who know the convenience of self-shaving, should experience the supreme comfort of shaving daily with an edge that does not grow dull, but actually improves while in use.

The unusual merit of the AutoStrop Razor makes it safe for us to leave the decision to your personal satisfaction, and this offer is made without any qualification whatever.

The habit of self-shaving is so great a convenience that it is never abandoned unless it involves discomfort through poor equipment and dull blades.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor is more than a razor, more than a safety device. It is stropped, it shaves and is cleaned without removing the blade; and like a perfectly stropped, ordinary razor, the blade improves with use.

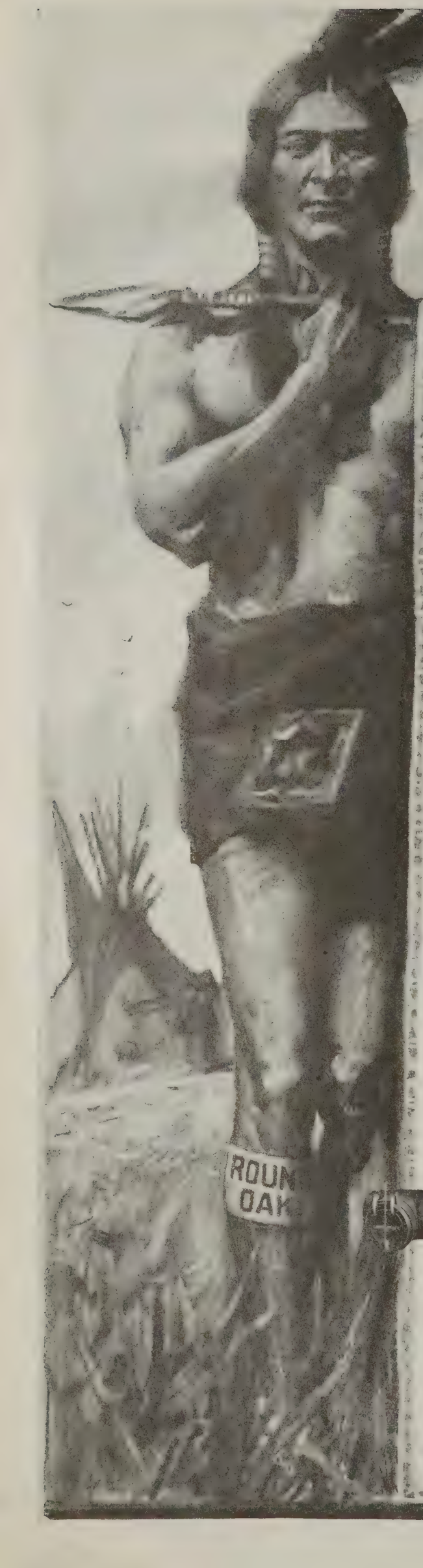
That is why we offer it on approval. That is why dealers loan it on 30 days' trial.

Write to us if you have any difficulty in borrowing it from a dealer.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Ave., New York

This offer is also good in Canada. 83 Duke Street, *Toronto*

Heat Your Home Nature's Way-*with* Warm Moistair



Avoid Sickness! Save Money!!

NATURE built the perfect heating system. She gave the sun to warm us, the breezes to circulate the air, seas to furnish humidity—without which no human can live.

While men lived in the Open, coughs, colds, catarrh, pneumonia and tuberculosis were scarcely known. These ugly maladies are due largely to indoor life. And the principal cause has been the grossly unsanitary method of heating, ventilating, and humidifying hitherto employed.

Dirty, stagnant, breathed-over worn-out air—alive with disease germs and dry as tinder—sends thousands to an untimely end, impairs the health and efficiency of millions.

But no longer need *any* family be exposed to such danger.

There is now a heating system which heats and ventilates, *Nature's way*—with warm, MOIST AIR. This is the ROUND OAK MOIST AIR HEATING SYSTEM!

Steam and Hot Water have supplied heat. Warm Air Furnaces have supplied fresh air. But the Round Oak System supplies not only ample warmth but *everchanging Moistair*—free from dust, gas, smoke and other impurities.

When you replace your present heating plant or build insist on getting a

Round Oak Moistair Heating System

"Made by the Makers of the Genuine Round Oak Stove"

ROUND OAK MOISTAIR HEATING SYSTEM

Makers of Good Goods Only

Five Star Points of Round Oak Supremacy

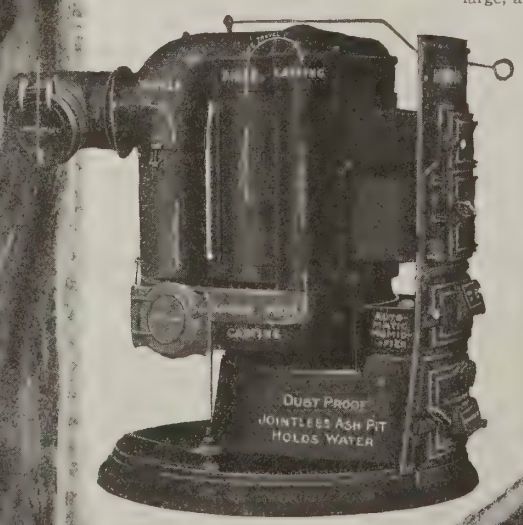
* **Health** Only Heating System that automatically ventilates and HUMIDIFIES.

* **Comfort** Delivers pure, warm, everchanging moist air, free from dust, gas, smoke—fitted with gas-tight doors and dampers.

* **Economy** Longest fire travel all inside casing; improved hot blast *Ring*; extra deep fire pot; extra large combustion chamber affords perfect combustion, most heat on minimum of fuel.

* **Convenience** Simple regulator controls entire system. Self-cleaning. Ashpit dust-proof—seamless; fitted with sprinkler. Non-leak door frames cast on—not bolted. Easy to operate.

* **Durability** Materials used stand highest physical tests. All hinge pieces *drilled*, not cast. Never a bolt, where a rivet will do! Tight fittings guaranteed. *Good for generation of service.*



Of the 60,000 Round Oak Heating Systems in operation today, each, so far as we can learn, is giving unqualified satisfaction. Each is giving its owner a warm, cheery, comfortable home; each is flooding that home with *fresh* air; each is automatically humidifying the air; each is proving an extra durable plant, easily operated and requiring but little care and attention. And lastly, each

SAVES FUEL BY THE TON!

Properly humidified air at 68 degrees is more comfortable than dry air at 75 degrees. Add to this the further fuel economies effected by (1) the **Round Oak extra deep fire pot** with combustion chamber full size to the top; (2) longest fire travel inside the casing; (3) air-tight perfect fire control—and you will realize that every Round Oak owner makes a *fuel saving of 20 to 35 per cent.*

The Round Oak Moistair story of "Health, Comfort and Economy" is too big to be told here. But it is *all* told in book form, and if you'll send for and read it, you'll find it tremendously interesting—and instructive.

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ONE EVERY MINUTE

(Continued from Page 5)

"I didn't buy what I wanted, so that if the savings belong to anybody ——" began the turning worm.

"Of course they belong to somebody. But that's no reason you should think that you can take 'em out of the bank ——"

"Hold on! I only told you that I met Hen Wilkins and that he said ——"

"I know what he said. A silly, crazy yarn that wouldn't fool a three-year-old ——"

The seed of rebellion within the soul of Wilberforce Shadd was sprouting. He said almost firmly:

"You really can't point to anything he said that isn't sound sense, my dear. If you admit that the control of the sea ——"

"Whoever heard," she interrupted, "that anybody made money in Wall Street?"

"Well, there was Harriman and ——"

"Who? Everybody I ever heard of loses money down there. Suppose you lose the money that you want to take out of the bank and ——"

"But I don't want to lose it. And I'm not going to."

He saw that her plump bosom was heaving. Her cheeks were flushed. She looked very pretty. Nevertheless, he must not do what she commanded him to do.

"Then why do you talk about it? Oh, Wilberforce, if you knew what it means to feel that you haven't a cent in the world that you can call your own, you wouldn't want to take the few dollars we've saved up with so much trouble ——"

It was the old story, the enslaving argument, the refrain of her lachrymose wail. He must do something to emancipate himself.

He must disobey her. He must!

"I will!" he cried shrilly.

"W-what?" she gasped, and gazed at him with such horrified incredulity in her eyes, that obeying a blind impulse to seek safety and success by sticking to his resolution he fled from the room.

III

HE HALTED, out of breath, at a corner three blocks distant and began to think. He felt that he had won a victory. A wave of courage engulfed his soul. He would be different in the future. By being different he would cease to be a failure. This thought cheered him greatly as he walked toward the savings bank.

He owned $1800. Not only did it represent the savings of years but it stood for all the pleasures he had not had. How many nice neckties he had not bought with that money! How many cigars he had not smoked, how many laughs at the theater he had not laughed! It was supposed, in return, to make him feel like telling all the world to go to Hades. Instead, what he felt like saying was "Leave me alone, please!"

The money had made him a coward!

Yet the rich were supposed to be arrogant. How much money would it take to make him arrogant? Millions! And he never would make more than he was making. He knew it!

That was the worst of it—he couldn't even delude himself into thinking that he would be rich some day. Not to dream of success was to be dead beyond all hope of resurrection. If what Hen Wilkins said could only be true he might make a lot of money.

Pshaw! The kind of man he was would never make money!

A burst of self-anger set fire to something within him and made him grit his teeth.

"I'll show them!" he muttered—aloud, as though he actually heard many derisive voices.

"I'll take the money out of the bank and make money with it," he asserted.

At the door of the institution that was supposed to be a reservoir of minted courage which would keep clerks from fearing to lose their jobs, he hesitated. Whereupon he again accused himself of cowardice and literally goaded himself into entering the institution. He approached one of the tellers.

The lack of practice at being a brave man made him loquacious. He smiled and said:

"I know I can deposit money after the usual hours, Monday nights, because I do it the first Monday of every month. But could I take out money?"

His sustaining anger having oozed out of his system, Wilberforce Shadd now hoped that the clerk would say No.

Instead, the clerk behind the bars stared a moment at Mr. Shadd, distinctly sneered, and replied in a voice full of insulting skepticism:

"Yes, if you have any money here to take out!"

It was a fresh prick, and Wilberforce's gorge rose again.

"I haven't got as much as a millionaire like you has," he said angrily, "but if I can take out ——"

"Unless you've got so much you need a truck, I guess we won't go out of business if you withdraw your deposit to-night."

"I'll take it all out," threatened Mr. Shadd with a fierce frown.

"You'll find blank checks just behind you," retorted the clerk with a murderous smile; and Wilberforce, with trembling hands, filled out a check and received from the savings bank $1832.68 in cash, the savings of ten years of a wife whose father had blighted her youth in order that she might blight her husband's life.

He clutched with a veritable death-grip the roll of bills that represented his entire fortune, and walked out. Once in the street he recalled every hold-up yarn he had ever heard. He saw a pedestrian coming who wore a woman's garb; but that merely made him remember that it was a favorite trick of thugs, as per Sunday newspapers, to don feminine habiliments in order to approach their victims unsuspected.

He forced himself to reason calmly. He concluded that if it had not been for his wife he never would have taken the money from the bank or risked having it stolen. She had accomplished this by forbidding him to lose the money in Wall Street.

He would not lose it. He would make money. Hen Wilkins was a clever chap. Just where was he wrong in his argument? Nowhere!

He saw again Hen Wilkins' confident face as he predicted that a fortune awaited all holders of the stock that was going to end the world war. With his soul in a tremble, Wilberforce Shadd decided that if he bought that stock he would make money.

If he had money how different life would be! He heard himself telling Morris & Cunningham to keep their job. No need to be vulgar. He would resign and live on the interest of his money.

Why not?

Fabulous fortunes had been made in Wall Street. Everybody knew it. Wall Street was the only place where a man could make a lot of money by risking a little.

He couldn't go to Wall Street at night, but he could and would go to the residence of his tall friend, Francis T. Woodcock, who was a member of the New York Stock Exchange and, therefore, just the man through whom to lose the money. He used to bowl with Woodcock before Woodcock moved into a house in West Eighty-seventh Street as a result of several years of relentless stockbrokering.

"I'll do it!" he threatened; but still walked toward home. If he did and made money, a lot of money, it would be heaven.

He saw what desirable things he could change dollars into!

"I'll do it!" he told himself again, and determinately walked toward Woodcock's house.

The broker was surprised to see Shadd; also a trifle disturbed by reason of the subtly desperate look on Wilberforce's face. Like all good stockbrokers, Woodcock specialized in face-reading, to enable him to size up the other brokers' real intentions when they were offering or bidding for stocks in which Woodcock had orders "at the market."

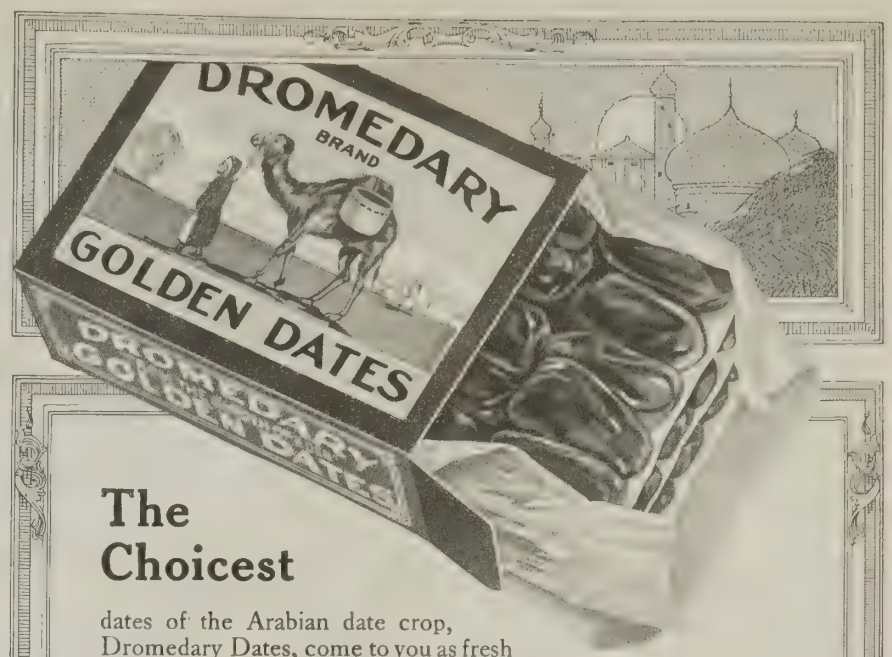
To play safe, the face-reader now looked at his watch and synchronously put on an expression of intense regret.

"Hello, Shadd! Glad to see you. What can I do for you?" He shook hands with Wilberforce with hasty cordiality, and once more looked at his watch with one of those transparent efforts at concealment that accentuate the guilt. Mr. Shadd was impressed by the manifold occupations of this man who had but a minute or two to spare. In this hour of business he also must be all business. His fingers tightened on the wad they had not ceased to death-clutch since leaving the bank. He said quickly:

"I've come to give you some money."

Mr. Francis T. Woodcock promptly and naturally smiled. Then he grew serious, even forbidding. It was a new one and he nearly had fallen for it.

(Continued on Page 35)



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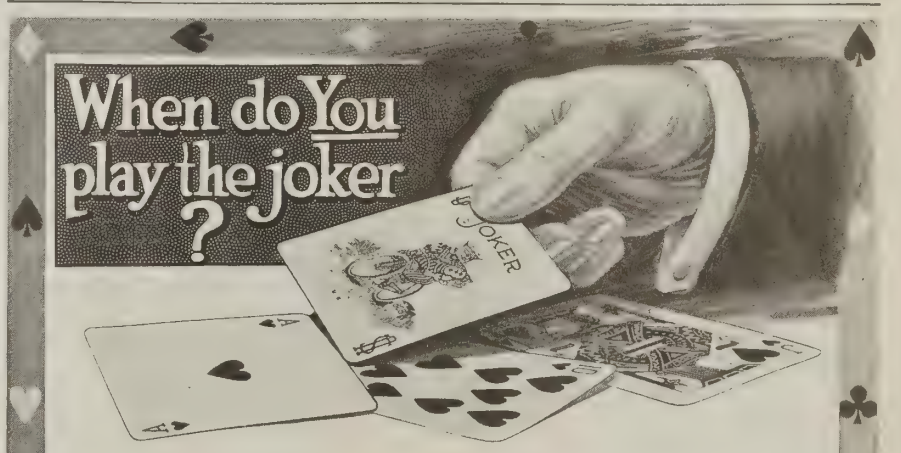

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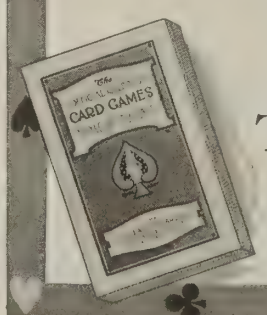

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United States Tire Company

(Continued from Page 33)

"And after you've given it to me," the broker spoke coldly, "how much do I give you back?"

"That," answered Shadd, playing for time in which to prepare his little speech, "is something that I cannot tell." Seeing the distrust in the broker's eyes grow acute, he went on: "Look here, I want you to buy some stock for me."

"If you'll come to the office——"

"I—I c-can't," stammered Wilberforce Shadd, who did not see how he could very well tell this man he was afraid the firm would discharge him. "I—I—I can't get away from my work during business hours just now. We are rushed to death."

Stimulated by the excellence of his own excuse, he went on briskly: "I didn't think you'd mind taking the money and save me going downtown. I've brought it in cash—ah—so that there wouldn't be any trouble—er—about the check not being certified, you know."

He took the money from his pocket, gave it to the broker, said "There's $1832," and sighed with relief.

"Where did you get it?" jocularly inquired Woodcock after he had it in his possession.

"It represents our—no," he corrected himself, and said firmly, "it represents my savings. I took it out of the savings bank."

"They allow you only a measly four per cent," interjected Woodcock, to show that as a conservative business man he approved Shadd's action.

"Yes. Well, I want you to buy me as much ——" Wilberforce Shadd paused and stared blankly at his tall and ruthless friend, Woodcock. He had forgotten the name of the stock Hen Wilkins was crazy about.

"What's the stock?" asked Woodcock, in the voice of an overworked dispensary surgeon asking "Which leg?"

"Wait a minute," entreated Wilberforce Shadd, and endeavored to recall the name. There would be a first dividend of 650 per cent out of war profits from Germany for winning the war by controlling the sea by submarines, under the sea ——

"Undersea Craft common!" exclaimed Wilberforce Shadd triumphantly.

"What!" shrieked Woodcock, who still had a shred of conscience. "If you want to throw your money out of the window, why don't you do it without witnesses, instead of asking an old friend to cheer you on?"

"Look here," and Wilberforce Shadd spoke firmly, not being married to Woodcock. "Look here, I know what I'm doing. It's straight, scientific psychology."

"Ouch! Ouch!" squealed Woodcock so agonizedly that Wilberforce Shadd frowned angrily. This man was seeking to dissuade him from making money. But Shadd explained gravely: "I've doped it out that, of all the stocks you chaps in Wall Street trade in, Undersea Craft common is the——"

"It is! It is!" feverishly anticipated Woodcock. "The very worst! Why, I'm not sure the company did not go out of business years ago."

"That's all you know," said Shadd courageously, thinking of the money he would surely make. "It hasn't occurred to you that whoever controls the sea wins the war, and that since the company makes and sells submarines ——"

"You'll need a d——d good one to dive after your money!" broke in Woodcock.

"Mr. Woodcock, you may be wonderfully well posted and know all about—er—normal securities and gilt-edge investments and first-mortgage bonds and such things; but"—and here Wilberforce Shadd looked earnestly at the broker—"you don't know everything!"

"I admit I don't," said Woodcock grimly. "I only know that you've been reading fool editorials by naval experts. Does your wife know what you are doing?"

"She does not," said Shadd, and almost shivered. The reaction made him add hotly:

"Will you take the order or do you wish me to find another broker? In that case give me my money back."

"I hate like the deuce to execute such an order," said Woodcock resignedly, since he could not return the money; "but I suppose you know what you are doing."

"Do I know what I am doing?" echoed Wilberforce Shadd, and thought of his years of suffering. He had become a slave, a coward. But he would no longer be one. He'd rather be flat broke. He finished in a ringing voice: "You bet your life I know what I'm doing!"

The words and particularly the voice impressed Woodcock so that he said coaxingly:

"Say, old fellow, just what do you hear about U. C. common?"

Shadd instantly thought of Hen Wilkins' impassioned oratory. To repeat it would make it sound like nonsense. He replied firmly:

"I can't tell you. I'm sorry."

"Why can't you?" persisted the broker, sure now it was a confidential tip from the inside.

"I—I can't," said Shadd. Then in desperation: "Do I get a receipt?"

"Excuse me," said Woodcock coldly, thinking it distrust. "Of course you get a receipt," and he led the way into the library, which also was den, lounging room or cardroom, according to the visitor's errand.

The broker made out a receipt, gave it to Shadd, jotted down the latter's office address, and shook hands with the cocky little chap who wanted to buy eighteen hundred dollars' worth of one of the worst of the "cats and dogs" in which people had lost money on the Curb years before.

IV

ON HIS way home Shadd wondered whether he ought to tell his wife what he had done. This, he reflected, would involve telling her why, and he could not tell her why without telling her that she with her foolish fears had robbed him of his manhood. And if he blamed her for making his life a failure, what would she say, how would she feel—the loving wife who couldn't help worrying because her father's improvidence had driven her to it?

"Poor Ann Elizabeth!" he muttered. Then he thought of himself.

"Damn!" he said.

He decided it was wiser—that is, safer—to say nothing. Then he hoped she would ask no questions. He had never lied to her and it did not occur to him that he might begin now.

He kissed her more affectionately than usual. He loved her; and he feared; and he hoped.

"Where's the book?" she asked abruptly. A black cloud enveloped him. He couldn't speak. When he could he said:

"What book? Oh, yes. It's—in the bank. Ah—they—they have to balance it."

"It isn't six months ——"

"New rule!" he broke in desperately. "All the banks do it now. It's all right."

"I guess it is, if you say so, dear," she said trustingly.

Now how in blazes could he tell her that he had taken that money—her savings as much as his—to speculate with in Wall Street? Why had he taken it out of the bank at all? It was drawing four per cent, and everybody lost money in Wall Street. And the end of all unsuccessful gamblers, who had only themselves to blame, was the morgue or the penitentiary!

Gone! The savings of a lifetime, the refuge against a destitute old age, gone!

Eighteen hundred dollars!

What a lot of money any lot of money is when it is all the money you have in the world!

Ten thousand hardships endured in order to have that money in the bank—golden crutches for the days when the keepers of the house should tremble and the strong men bow themselves! The sweat of a life of toil solidified into eighteen hundred pieces of silver; courage coined and laid away for the day when he must be brave.

All gone!

And whose fault was it? Whose if not this woman's? If it had not been for her he wouldn't have had this money in the bank, and the tragedy of taking it and losing it would not have been enacted. And she must not know it was enacting under her eyes, like the ass that he was.

"I'll go to bed now," he told her. "I want to stop at the watchmaker's tomorrow morning." He had never before lied to her; but he wasn't going to make her unhappy.

After a night of troubled sleep he rose and was out of the house a half hour earlier than usual. Fortunately she did not notice that anything was the matter.

He wished to call up the broker and tell him not to buy that stock, but to hold the money and he would call for it. At 9.30 A. M. he told Mr. Lipps he wished to get a piece of toothache gum and went to the corner drug store—to telephone to Woodcock. He dropped his nickel in the proper slot with hands that trembled, and got the broker's office.

"I want Mr. Woodcock, in a hurry."

"He's out at the moment. We expect him in any minute. Will anyone else do?"

"Well, I just want to get my—er—my—It's a personal matter and I'd rather talk to Mr. Woodcock." Life wasn't worth living!

"If you tell us when and where to call up, the moment he comes in ——"

"No. I'll call him up in five minutes."

"Better make it ten. Hold on! Here he is! One moment." Shadd waited in an agony of suspense.

"This is Woodcock. Who is it? Oh, good morning, Shadd. Just got in. Out all morning getting that stock for you. I had to pay nine dollars a share. The two hundred shares was all the man had. Lucky thing I went out myself, for just after I grabbed the stock there came a bid for it over the phone. Somebody wanted all the U. C. common they could lay their hands on. What did you want to say to me?"

Wilberforce Shadd, realizing that his fate was in the hands of a Higher Power, replied resignedly: "Oh, I just wanted to know if you had bought the stock."

"I got it all right."

"Good ——" began Shadd, who, having lost all hope, could think of nothing but "good-by," but could not bring himself to say it when he recalled that "good buy" and "good-by" were the same over the telephone. But the broker took the syncopated farewell to denote approval and said:

"Don't mention it."

Shadd emerged from the telephone booth a corpse that somehow had not yet lost the power of locomotion. He felt he needed a bracer. For a moment he thought of having a drink of whisky. Then he thought that if he did, and Lipps smelled liquor in his breath and discharged him, he might as well curl up and die, now that he had nothing in the bank!

Nothing in the bank!

"Say," he said to the drug clerk, "I feel sick—kind of faint in my stomach. Will a drink of aromatic spirits of ammonia help me?"

"It won't hurt you," confessed the clerk.

"Give me one," said Shadd, forgetting to say "please" in his distress.

The money was gone!

He drank the bracer with the air of a Socrates gulping the hemlock, and returned to the office.

"Feel better?" asked Lipps with a perfunctory sort of kindness.

"Ye-es, thank you," said Shadd, and hastened to his desk.

V

THAT night his wife talked to him about the latest advance in sugar. What she had to pay for beef was an outrage. And at that she had been obliged to go to a Harlem cut-rate market. There was no use in going to their old butcher. He was a robber not only as to price but also as to weight.

"Yes, I know," said Wilberforce gloomily, and prayed for the miracle of silence. He loved his wife, but his secret was blackmailing his soul out of its usual placidity.

"Other people," she said, avoiding his eyes, "are getting raises."

He knew what was coming, so he said coldly: "And others are losing their jobs on account of the war. Molloy told me he had orders to let one packer and one driver go last Saturday."

She sighed, the nervous sigh of a person who chronically fears and therefore chronically has a weight squeezing the air out of the lungs. She inflated her chest, but instead of growing courageous merely allowed herself to deflate again.

It was fully five minutes before she said: "I don't see—really I don't, dear, though I've tried and tried—but I don't see how we can save as much as we have. There's the bills for you to look over ——"

"That's all right, sweetheart," he said kindly. "We won't save for a while, that's all. As long as we've got our health ——"

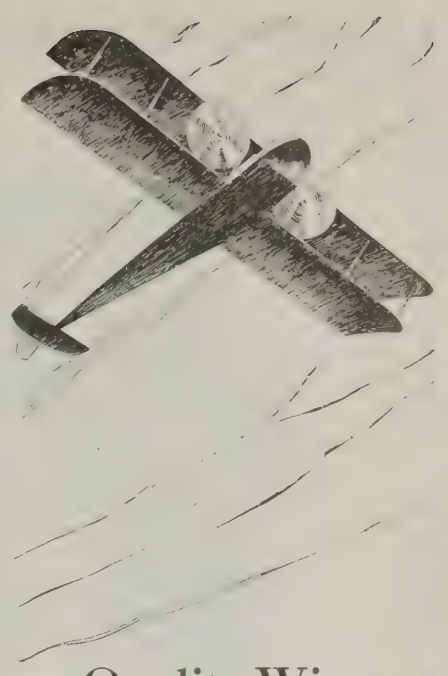
"That's the most important thing," she assented without enthusiasm. "At the same time, when you know you are not eating up every cent you make ——"

"Maybe I'll—I'll—get a raise," he said. Then quite boldly, almost threateningly, "I can ask for it!"

"Oh, Wilberforce! Suppose they said no and let you go, now that we are not going to be able to save up much. By the way, you haven't brought the book home. Is it in the bank? I can stop and get it ——"

An icy hand clutched his heart. This is no mere figure of speech. He distinctly felt the four fingers and the thumb; they were very cold, and they gripped very tightly.

(Continued on Page 37)



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(Continued from Page 35)

Then his heart got back on the job, the worse for the gripping.

He had assumed that the money had been lost. It was merely common sense to ask Woodcock if it had been a total loss. Then he must beg the broker to get some of the money back. Whatever was recovered he would instantly deposit in another bank, keep the book in the office and say nothing about the shrinkage.

If he could get a thousand back out of the eighteen-hundred-dollar investment, he would be more than happy!

"You haven't answered, Wilberforce," his wife reminded him.

"Answered what?" he said, in order to gain time in which to acquire a frozen face.

"Shall I get the book at the bank?"

"They wouldn't give it to you; and, besides, I've got it in the office. I think I ought to keep it there hereafter."

"Oh, Wilberforce!" she said tearfully. She did not like to tell him that she loved to look over the figures and add them and rejoice that they had that little nest-egg. She didn't wish him to think that she was getting to be a miser, because at times she feared she was.

"Won't you bring it home?" she pleaded.

She looked so broken-hearted that he couldn't help saying: "Very well. I'll try to remember to bring it to-morrow. It's in the safe."

He hoped it might be in the bank safe, so that it wouldn't be altogether a lie.

"Thank you, dear," she said, and looked her gratitude.

He couldn't bear it. He almost told her what he had done. That night he scarcely slept, thinking about that nonexistent bank book. He knew that sooner or later he must tell her. Well, suppose he got only a thousand back? It was better than losing the entire eighteen hundred. Woodcock, whom he had known for years, might be a decent chap after all.

On the next day, Wilberforce Shadd asked Lipps, the office manager, for permission to prolong his luncheon hour, and went to the office of Francis T. Woodcock & Co.

He was very brave on the way down, fully determined to hear the worst and be done with it. When he reached the door to the broker's office he hesitated. The toothache had ceased and he no longer wished to see the dentist.

While in doubt, a man may hope. When he knows that every cent is lost, there remains only death. As Wilberforce Shadd stood there, a man who evidently was a stranger to doubt and dyspepsia came out.

"Wish to see somebody in the office?" he asked, and smiled pleasantly at Shadd. Wilberforce gratefully thought him a fine man, not knowing that the kindly looking stranger was long of 'em to the hilt in a roaring bull market.

"Yes; I'd like to see Mr. Woodcock."

"Well, he's in there now, but he won't be in five minutes."

The stranger to dyspepsia—long of 'em and all going up!—stepped back into the office and held the door open for Wilberforce Shadd to enter.

"Hey, Frank! Somebody to see you!" Woodcock came out. He did not seem surprised to see Wilberforce.

"Hello, Shadd! Got my message?"

"No. What message?"

"Why, about an hour ago I told them to telephone to you and find out if you wanted to do anything about that measly stock of yours."

That the heart can stop beating without causing death to the owner thereof is not a theory but a fact established by Wilberforce Shadd then and there.

"That's why I came," said Shadd; "though I didn't get your message."

He felt as if he had turned into lead. He asked himself why he had taken the eighteen hundred dollars from the bank. Then he asked himself the same question again. Then he shook his head. He didn't know why—now.

"It's fourteen bid," said Woodcock. "That means exactly one thousand dollars' profit."

"How—how—do you make exactly a th-thousand?" asked Shadd, not daring to hope it was true, yet hoping away!

"Of course, if I deduct commissions it may fall short by a few dollars. I call that being—er—careful!"

"Careful?" echoed the dazed Shadd.

"Well, close then," corrected the tall broker defiantly. "I call it a d——d good three days' work."

Shadd was blinking furiously. All he could see was the gate to heaven wide open. Above it he saw dollar signs made of glowing stars. He had made money, not lost it! He had beaten the game! He had taken the first step toward a fortune!

"At $14 a share you can get $2800 for your stock—that is, if you get a hustle on and slide out before the suckers get wise to the play," continued Woodcock. "The talk is, of course, that if the company can get some big contracts from the belligerent powers it will mean big profits ——"

Shadd laughed hysterically. Then, to account for his laughter, he explained sheepishly:

"I couldn't help laughing when you said if the company got big contracts ——"

"Of course," interrupted Woodcock seriously, even respectfully, "if you know what's going on ——"

"I do! I do!" cried Shadd.

"You might tell a fellow. When it gets to 30 or 40 you'll probably blame me for not advising you to load up to the guards."

At 30 or 40 it would be $6000 or $8000.

"You think so?" Shadd, who was now breathing pure oxygen, meant to ask whether Woodcock really thought the stock might sell at 30 or 40—preferably 40. Shadd himself did not know any reason why any stock that could sell at 14 should not sell at 30 or 40. Woodcock naturally thought the cagy, close-mouthed Shadd was making fun of him. It annoyed him, so that he said, almost rudely:

"Well, if you want to sell now at 14, I'll see what I can do."

"Is that the best price?"

"I'll find out," corrected Woodcock, "if I can still do as well as that," and he sent to the Curb for a quotation on Undersea Craft common. It came back: *U. C. 16 bid; offered at 20.* The broker read it aloud and added reluctantly, being an honest man: "That means we might do a little better than 16 for your stock."

Shadd, whose mind was now working most actively, instantly figured that at 18 he would get $3600 for his stock. He had doubled his money. And yet he had been praying for the boon of losing only $800.

"I was a darned fool!" he began, unaware that he was thinking aloud.

A young man, thin, nervous, ferret-faced, shrewd-eyed, came in. He nodded at Woodcock and looked distrustfully at Mr. Wilberforce Shadd.

"Spit it out, Eddie!" commanded Woodcock.

"Say, you sent out a while ago for a quote on ——" He paused.

"On U. C. common," prompted Woodcock.

"It's 20 bid. I think that maybe I could get you 21 or 22 ——"

"Fade, friend, in the general direction of the pavement." Then as Eddie looked injured, Woodcock asked: "What's it offered at? And, remember, we're buying it here!"

"Well, it isn't offered ——"

"Oh, no! What's it offered at?"

"At 35," defiantly confessed Eddie. "Of course nobody is going to pay that price!"

"And your customer?" coldly inquired Woodcock.

"He's a nut. Honest, his people ought to put him away. He's lousy with it and wants to get rid of it. Somebody's got to get the commissions, and it might as well be me. Maybe I could work him up to give 23, but I wouldn't promise ——"

"No. Well, you needn't hurt yourself trying to look as if you didn't know in your heart of hearts that I was a d——d fool, Eddie. Wait for us in the other room, will you?"

The moment they were alone, Woodcock said to Shadd: "There, Shadd; you probably can get 25. I don't want to urge you to do anything. All I say to you is that you've got five thousand beans waiting for you to put in the bank if you give the word. Five thousand dollars!"

Shadd saw what $5000 would mean. It was wealth, and wealth was happiness. But the unscrupulous little curb broker, Eddie, who looked like a regular fox and was so anxious to buy the stock, had reluctantly admitted that 35 was asked for U. C. common. That meant that nobody except Woodcock was willing to sell the 200 shares Shadd owned for less than $7000.

The square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Also $7000 was better than $5000.

"I won't sell at 25," said Shadd. Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. He thought of 35 and 25. They were not equal to each other. Wherefore Shadd added: "Certainly not!"

"You know best," said Woodcock, and left the room to tell Eddie to be grateful he didn't have him arrested for trying to obtain money under false pretenses.

In the meanwhile, Shadd, knowing himself to be a coward and beginning to fear that Woodcock might return and irresistibly urge him to accept even the $5000, astutely went away, trembling with excitement and happiness. He had made money and he was going to make more.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A BOYCOTT WITH A BRASS BAND

(Continued from Page 17)

through cunningly planned combinations that made them afraid to stay downtown when their competitors were moving up, they had found rents too high and the advantages to themselves, their customers and their employees nothing like what they had anticipated.

Almost from the day it was born the women's-garment industry has been the football of the real-estate manipulator and promoter.

The first ready-to-wear clothes for women were made in New York back in the early seventies, with cloaks as the beginning. Women's suits followed in the eighties, and dresses and waists in the nineties; and since then the business has expanded in countless well-made, well-fitting, ready-to-wear garments for women, children and infants, American in every phase and feature, as any American woman who has searched the shops abroad will testify.

This business is the backbone of New York's manufacturing industries. It has also offered opportunities for advancement and prosperity to the thousands of Hebrew and Italian immigrants who have come to New York the past generation. When Abe Potash and Morris Perlmutter land from Ellis Island this business offers them jobs, an education in American business methods, and later sometimes a chance to go into business for themselves. Eighty per cent of our whole output of women's ready-to-wear clothing is made in New York. Small concerns are constantly making a start in aprons, petticoats, waists, trimmings, feathers and what not, and by energy, industry and singleness of purpose are growing into important manufacturing enterprises.

The business started far downtown, in the region of Grand Street, when there were still fine retail shops in that neighborhood. Its factories drove the retail business to Union Square. Then real-estate speculators moved the factories north, ruining land values round Grand Street, and the retail shops were driven to Twenty-third Street. Again the speculators moved the factories, and the shops went to Fifth Avenue, where they hoped to be left in peace. But the factories began to follow, and there was no other place for the shops to go, and so they were finally forced to make a stand and fight for life.

The New York real-estate speculator has been operating on a system peculiar to the metropolis, which has favored the planless moving about of different interests and industries. An obscure promoter, whose chief stock in trade may be an intimate knowledge of East-Side firms and conditions, gets hold of a site in some uptown street and erects a factory building. All the mechanism of New York money-lending seems to favor him in carrying out a project that would not be feasible elsewhere. He pays one hundred thousand dollars for the land, and puts up a building costing two hundred thousand dollars. He can borrow sixty thousand dollars on the land, and perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand on the building.

While the job is in hand he runs short of money, and the lenders advance him more to protect their own interests. When the building is done it stands as a masterpiece

REMEMBER bread-and-jam time after school when you were young?

"Starvation hunger" brought on by exercise!

Wingfoot part way home tonight—after your day's work. You'll find that youthful appetite returned.

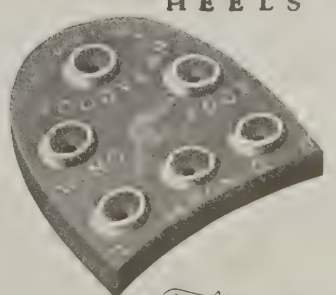
* *

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heel. A new pair free if yours do not.

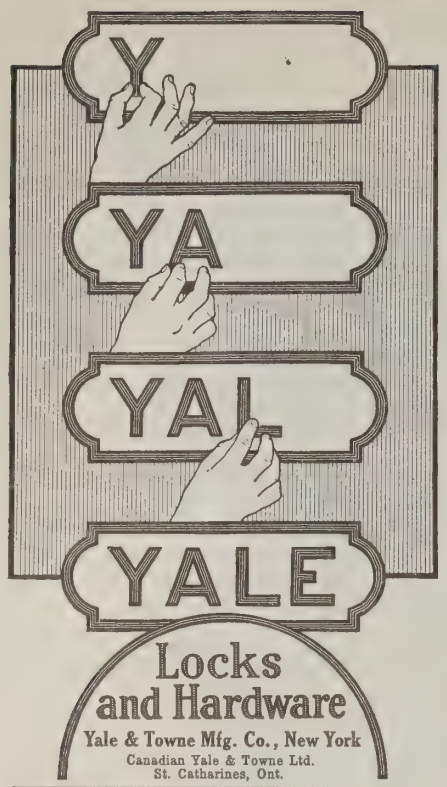
Wingfoots in black, white and tan, for big folks and little folks—50c—put on by shoe dealers and repair men.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

WINGFOOT HEELS



GOODYEAR AKRON



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Fits any Socket and Lamp

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FIVE CHANGES OF LIGHT

1917 Model

Delivered TO YOU FREE

A sample 1917 model *"Ranger"* bicycle, on approval and 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing *complete line* of bicycles, tires and supplies, and particulars of *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our *low prices* and *remarkable terms*.

RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Make money taking orders for Bicycles, *Tires* and Sundries from our big catalog. Do Business *direct* with the leading bicycle house in America. Do not buy until you *know* what we can do for you. WRITE TO US.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. K-55, CHICAGO

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In the homes of the wealthy, nails or tacks are prohibited in any room.

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with their transparent glass heads and needle points, are used exclusively to hang Prints, small Pictures, Draperies, etc., and Moore Push-less Hangers for heavier articles. Samples and booklet *"Her Home"* Free.

Moore Push-Pins. Made in 2 Sizes. *Glass Heads, Steel Points*
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LE PAGE'S GLUE 10c

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NATHAN FLEXIBLE NO-METAL ARCH SUPPORTS

give immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature to restore normal strength to weakened arches. Relieve and prevent flat feet. At dealers' or direct.

FITS ANY SHOE

Write for Booklet and Free 10-day Trial Offer

View of arch cut with knife

Nathan Anklet Support Co., 90-B Reade St., N.Y.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

in borrowing, with its first and second mortgages. While it is going up the promoter canvasses for tenants, skillfully playing competitors against each other, so that one firm is afraid to stay behind in its old locality when rivals are moving into this new structure. Various tempting inducements of low rents for a year or two may be employed to help along the enterprise. When the building is filled the promoter sells it bodily to some investor, as a profitable plant.

Then the promoter puts up another loft building, with his profits, maybe in that very neighborhood, financing and filling it in the same way. With dozens of promoters working on that scheme one building often robs another of tenants. For fifteen years New York has been suffering from building booms of this description. Fictitious real-estate prosperity in one neighborhood is accompanied by real-estate panics in other sections, and lower values usually result in five years where any section has been invaded by a loft-building boom. These methods have been possible because organization and control have been lacking among the banking interests, the city authorities and the business and real-estate interests.

This was what the Save New York Committee learned when it probed into the difficulties of the garment industry. And it also ran plump into Dame Fashion as a disorganizer. While the women's-clothing industry had been growing up in the metropolis, a men's-clothing industry had also been developed along almost the same lines technically, but in a vastly different way in organization and standardization.

An Unstandardized Industry

The making of men's ready-to-wear clothing started in numerous small plants. As the experimental stage of the industry was passed, however, the business centered in large factories, and these were established in suburbs and smaller cities, where expenses were reasonable and congestion problems absent. The men's-clothing manufacturers have a strong national organization for dealing with general problems. Men's fashions are fairly stable. The season's models can be planned months ahead, and manufacturing lends itself to routine.

But the women's-clothing industry, unorganized and unstandardized, is so close to fashion changes that routine manufacturing is said to be almost impossible, and location in a factory town not to be thought of.

"Why don't you fellows move your factories over to Brooklyn," asked the committee, "and maintain just a salesroom here in New York for your customers?"

All sorts of answers were given to that question, but the principal reason seems to be that many of the garment concerns are too small to separate factory from salesroom, and even the large houses have to keep all their facilities close to their customers. It is nothing out of the ordinary for a buyer in these lines to order a certain garment from a model, but with changes in cut, trimming, and so forth, that must be carried out in a few hours. For buyers are anxious to show the public novelties, and manufacturers keep as close to buyers and fashion changes as possible. It is necessary to have workrooms, designers, salesmen, supplies and all other parts of the business together, and to work from hour to hour in many cases. Even then, when Dame Fashion changes her mood, the garment manufacturer may be left in a quandary.

Men's clothing is a fairly settled industry. Women's clothing is not. Various efforts have been made to organize it, but without success. It is still an industry in the making, despite its vast extent, and about the only way in which the manufacturers hang together is in moving to the same locality, so that buyers calling on one concern will find the others handy.

The Save New York Committee used both its club and its knife. The Fifth-Avenue shops agreed to give the preference in buying goods to manufacturers outside the threatened zone, at the expiration of one year, which was considered ample time for everybody to move. And the banking interests were led to see that more discrimination in lending money in that zone would protect their investments and realty values generally.

To put matters bluntly, the committee had all the weapons for a vigorous little boycott. By using only its club and knife it could have prevented more factory building in the zone, and probably it would have driven out all the manufacturers already established there. With a bit of secrecy and some high-handedness, evacuation might have been secured quickly, effectively—and intolerably. However, the committee took the curse off its boycott—and here is a suggestion for making a boycott pleasant and popular:

From the beginning, everything was conducted as openly as possible. The Fifth-Avenue merchants subscribed a fund of twenty-five thousand dollars, which was spent for big page advertisements in the New York newspapers, telling everybody all about everything. The danger to the city's finest district was shown, and the way to save it pointed out. The committee told exactly what it was doing, and why, and how, and this very openness took off all the curse, purified all the motives, disarmed resentment and criticism, and aroused public spirit and support everywhere.

After that, clearing the zone and insuring its future protection was a matter of patient adjustment of the individual difficulties of the invading manufacturers. Everybody understood the why of moving, and approved it, even those who were put to great inconvenience. What puzzled them chiefly was the how.

Mr. Perlmutter Has the Floor

Morris Perlmutter grew eloquently sentimental when the committee called on him, in the handsome new offices of Potash & Perlmutter, fitted up rococco, in antique bronze and Circassian walnut.

"Gentlemen!" he exclaimed dramatically. "Listen! For a lot of Fifth-Avenue retail fellers telling us we got to move, we should care nothing at all. Most of our customers is out-of-town firms, y'understand. This is the swellest place we ever had. We like it! We love it! Me and Abe, we live here all the day and half the night yet. All what we got in this world, everything what we been able to make since we come to America, poor young fellers, since way before the Spanish war, it's here, *Gott sei Dank!* But, gentlemen, more as our office, more as our customers, more as our business, more even as our very lives, we love New York. For, what we got, we got it in New York. *Aber* there was no more New York, like you pointed it out in the papers, I see myself our finish. Good night! We got a slim chance. So soon we could find out how we should get rid of our lease, and where we should move back to, move it is! And if your committee got more expense in this *Geschäft* as they counted on, and needs some more money for to save New York, call on us—y'see?"

And right there again is a question! When Abe and Morris moved north at the bidding of the real estater, they went into quarters larger than they had ever occupied before, and in a thoroughly modern manufacturing building, fireproof, light, clean, and conforming to the rigid factory regulations—very different from the loft building of twenty years before, from which they moved, and startling in its contrast to the converted brownstone residence where they first started in business. When they looked round to see where they could move back south, there was no building available of the same size and modernness.

In other words, there had to be coöperation between real-estate men, bankers, manufacturers and the committee, in order to erect modern loft buildings in the old manufacturing district, and these projects the committee took up in detail. Quarters for firms that were moving out within a year were found. But others had leases running for two years or more. They could not be moved back south until modern factory buildings were ready for them. So the committee had, in their cases, to extend the time set for giving preference in the buying of goods, and also to work with property owners and builders to provide proper quarters. The upshot was a comprehensive plan for centralizing the garment industry in a permanent home, where its customers could conveniently reach all the manufacturers, and all manufacturers be on a fair footing with their competitors.

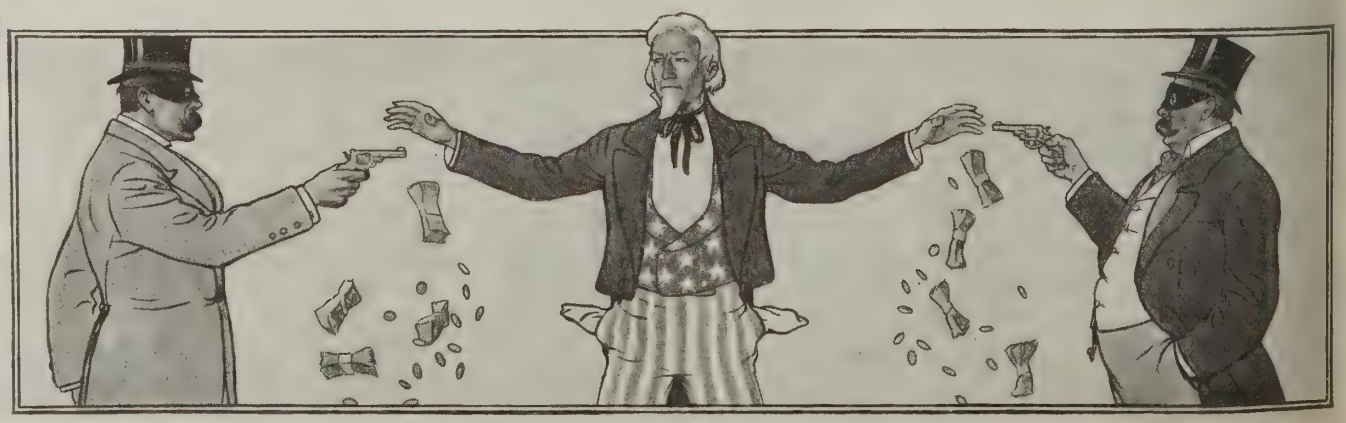
A Lesson for Other Cities

Another phase was the finding of unobjectionable tenants for the loft buildings in the zone to be vacated by the manufacturers. This called for constructive work in creating a permanent center devoted to the showrooms of manufacturers and wholesalers, locating them where they would be handy to the hotels for out-of-town buyers.

During the past fifteen years New York, aided by the energetic real-estate promoter, has been pretty thoroughly scrambled by the construction of new bridges, subways, tunnels and street-car routes. Conditions have finally become so chaotic that something must be done to unscramble the town. Factories must be located in suitable districts, wholesale business centralized in other sections, residence neighborhoods protected against invasion, and real-estate values stabilized so that taxes will yield revenue for running the community. The future of New York has been safeguarded by a new zone system, imposed by law, under which certain classes of buildings only can be erected in certain districts. To provide for the future by such a zone system is one thing, but to move objectionable concerns out of an invaded district is another.

From one aspect the work of the Save New York Committee may look like turmoil round the parish pump, and people in other cities might well ask what bearing this local New York problem has upon them. But from another viewpoint it has a national lesson. The tendency to let a city grow unregulated will be found in communities one-tenth the size of the metropolis, and any community that permits itself to become scrambled in this way will have the same job of unscrambling sooner or later.

The committee thought it was simply going to make a few badly needed repairs to the parish pump when it started operations. Somebody was hurting certain business interests. Things could be set right apparently by vigorously swatting that somebody with the weapon closest at hand. But investigation laid bare a big civic shortcoming. Practically everybody in New York was responsible, and matters had to be explained to everybody. At the outset, all that seemed to be needed was a brisk, quiet little boycott. What happened, however, was the education of an entire city in its laws of growth and the arousing of a civic spirit that would correct this evil and prevent its ever happening again.



Wanted-A $50,000 Man

The response to this advertisement, run in several cities by a big Boston corporation, was enormous. Hundreds of applicants presented themselves, but one by one they were turned down. Their training and knowledge of business principles were not broad enough to fit them for the position. What was wanted was a man with a trained mind—a man who knew the great fundamental principles upon which all business is built.

There are many big positions waiting, right now, for men who are prepared to fill them. Yet qualified men are seldom found. There is a dearth of good material, a famine in the market. In almost every big business there are $10,000 and even $15,000 positions open, waiting for the right men to step in.

It is the knowledge of the fundamental principles of business, and the ability to apply these principles quickly and exactly, that make men valuable executives. Each move, each decision they make must be backed up by a clear grasp of the *why* and *how* of the problem at hand.

The problems that an executive must face are far more complicated than those listed below. Yet, these comparatively simple problems are the very rocks upon which business careers are smashed. Sooner or later you, too, will meet these questions. How will you answer them?

Do you know why most inexperienced promoters fail in trying to raise money for a new business, and how to avoid their mistakes?

Do you know what facts to get in order to figure the percentage of its sales that a business can afford to spend for advertising?

Do you know how to satisfy a bank as to your deserving a loan?

When you hire a man do you know what questions to ask and what to leave unasked in order to get a line on the applicant's character without his realizing it?

What are the essentials a business man should watch for and satisfy himself on before he signs his name to a business paper?

Can you answer a letter of complaint so as to satisfy the complainant and yet preserve the firm's prestige?

Can you analyze the market of a proposition so as to tell accurately whether it will be cheaper to sell direct by mail or thru usual trade channels?

By comparison of a series of financial statements, can you tell whether the business is going as it should, and then put your finger on the weakness or strength shown?

The knowledge that carries men thru

You cannot catalog the answers to these broad questions. Circumstances vary. But the big underlying principles always remain the same. It is the knowledge of the basic principles that carries men thru to success.

It is this broad grasp of the fundamentals of business that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is giving to more than 50,000 business men today.

The Modern Business Course and Service of the Institute gives you a logical foundation on which to build your future business knowledge and experience. All departments of business are covered and presented to you in interesting, practical form.

Based upon the actual experience of thousands of successful business men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits to you thru the Modern Business Course and Service the best thought and practice in modern business. It will give you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business—it will give you a knowledge that could otherwise be obtained *only* by years of bitter experience—if at all.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing are represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. This Council includes: Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York. Judge Elbert H. Gary, Head of the U. S. Steel Corporation. John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer. Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce; and Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for this Course and Service along with ambitious young clerks in their employ. Among the 50,000 subscribers are such men as H. C. Osborn, President American Multigraph Sales Co.; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co.; George M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mills; William H. Ingersoll, Marketing Manager of the biggest watch company in the world; N. A. Hawkins, General Sales Manager of the Ford Motor Co., and scores of others equally prominent.

In the Standard Oil Co., 242 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation, 450; in the National Cash Register Co., 194; in the General Electric Co., 282; in the Pennsylvania Railroad, 87; and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

Helps men succeed in a big way

What the Alexander Hamilton Institute has done for its subscribers will probably never be known in its entirety. But daily there filter into headquarters in New York many intensely human stories, showing what the Modern Business Course and Service has done for its subscribers

One day you hear of a brilliant lad of twenty-two, in a big New York bank, rising to a $9,500 job, and giving credit to the Institute for his success.

The next day a factory manager writes that the Course has just helped him save his firm $7,000 a year and that a "fair slice" of this went to increase his salary.

The next day a man in a Western concern tells how he saved the firm $37,000 a year *by one suggestion*, and what happened then to *his* salary.

These are only typical cases. There are literally thousands of them. Such remarkable cases are cited by the score in "Forging Ahead in Business."

"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of this 130-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," copy of which we will send you free, will repay you many times over. It will help measure what you know—what you don't know, and what you should know—to make success *sure*. This Course and Service will fit you to grasp the opportunities that are bound to come to those who are prepared.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

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Send me "Forging Ahead in Business"—FREE

Name_____

Business Address_____

Business Position_____

No Other Six Resembles Hudson Super-Six

Don't Be Misled—It is a Hudson Invention

Sixes have come into renewed popularity since the Super-Six won the top place. But the Super-Six invention—controlled by our patents—added 80 per cent to the six-type efficiency. And that 80 per cent is what gave it supremacy, when the V-types threatened to displace the Six.

Late in 1915, remember, the Six in front rank cars seemed a waning type. Even the Light Six, which Hudson gave first rank, had revealed some vital engineering limitations.

It had not solved the problem of motor vibration. It had not minimized friction and wear. Its endurance had proved disappointing.

Sixes at that time held hardly a single record. They were mostly held by Fours.

And leading engineers, including the Hudson, were seeking a remedy in Eights and Twelves. At that time the Six, for high-grade cars, seemed to be giving way to 8's and 12's.

What Saved the Day

It was the Super-Six invention, remember, which then saved the day for the Six.

Hudson engineers discovered the shortcoming. By a basic invention they corrected the fault. They ended nearly all the vibration. They doubled the motor's endurance. Thus they created a motor which has since won all the worth-while records.

Don't think that the Super-Six is like any other Six.

'Twas the Super-Six That Won

The Super-Six, in a hundred tests, has out-performed all other motor types. It has not merely broken records. It has made new records which, a year ago, no man considered possible.

It broke the 24-hour endurance record by 52 per cent. It broke the transcontinental record twice in one round trip. A Super-Six touring car went from San Francisco to New York and back in 10 days and 21 hours.

It beat twenty famous rivals up Pike's Peak. It broke all stock-car speed records, and all for quick acceleration.

Then, after 7,000 record-breaking miles, it showed itself in new condition. Not a part or bearing showed evidence of wear.

No other motor ever built has shown anywhere near such endurance.

All By Saving Waste

The Super-Six develops no more power than other like-size motors. It simply delivers more. It almost eliminates motor friction and wear by ending nearly all the vibration.

That vibration, which wasted power, was the great fault of the Six. It is that which led to the Eight and Twelve as a possible solution. Any motor in which that fault remains can't compare with the Super-Six.

A New Gasoline Saver

The Hudson Super-Six, in endurance and performance, stands foremost in the world. The new-style bodies which we have created make the car look its supremacy. A new exclusive feature—a gasoline saver—gives it this year another advantage.

It now outsells any other front-rank car. It has 25,000 enthusiastic owners, who know that no rival can match them.

You can prove in one hour, at any Hudson showroom, that this car deserves its place. And that no other car, at any price, can be classed with its performance. Do that before the spring demand overwhelms us.

Phaeton,	7-passenger, $1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster,	2-passenger, 1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet,	3-passenger, 1950	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A SCRAP OF PAPER

(Continued from Page 23)

"Can you drive a car?" demanded Mack with seeming irrelevance.

"Yes; why?"

"Day before yesterday Cardigan wanted to drug me and take me to his place on Long Island. Masterman has country places at Bar Harbor and Pinehurst. Too far! Blaisdell's nearest country place is in the Thousand Islands. Now they wouldn't let any more people into the secret than necessary. They wouldn't send her to some other millionaire's place. Too risky. Cardigan's is the nearest place. It's a cinch they wouldn't keep her in town, so she must be in the country, and that means Cardigan's country place at Bellmere. You've heard of it?"

"Seen photographs in the Sunday papers," said Grant.

"So have I. Well, that seems the most likely place to look for her. Easily reached by automobile, no need of taking her on a train where crew and passengers might see something to arouse suspicion. And it's the place Cardigan proposed taking me! I'll bet she's there!"

"Then, let's start now," said Grant, rising. "It will take us four hours to get there, including the time we waste now getting started."

"No hurry," said Mack. "We don't want to get there until after dark, you know. Still, we'll want to get down to Edgewater, the nearest village to Cardigan's place, and scout round. Come on, let's hire a car!"

At eleven o'clock that night an electric wire, cleverly concealed in the shrubbery that girded the lawns about the Cardigan country house, was trod upon by the foot of Harry Mack. Within the house six Greenham operatives prepared for action. Ten minutes later Handsome Harry Mack and Dixon Grant were dragged into the presence of Martin Masterman. For the master of transportation was a very shrewd man. It had occurred to him that Grant might learn where Kirby was, and that Cardigan and an aged caretaker might not be sufficient to cope with an outraged lover. And as he wished to question Kirby, and to try to succeed where the Cardigan threats had failed, he had come down to Bellmere himself, bringing the Greenham operatives.

He looked from one to the other of the captives who had been surprised and overcome before Mack could even place his hand on the automatic pistol in his coat pocket.

"Well, gentlemen," said the master of transportation, "Miss Rowland won't tell where that paper is. One of you gentlemen will! No? I don't want to use force, gentlemen, but I want that paper! Cardigan, bring in the girl!"

And Kirby Rowland, sick at sight of brutal fingers crushing the throat of Dixon Grant, told the hiding place of the paper.

"In my own vaults!" said Masterman, gasping. "Of all the nerve ——"

He never finished that sentence, for at that moment the front-door bell clanged ominously. Bellmere had other visitors besides Mack and Grant that night; and these later visitors came not like thieves in the night, but boldly and unafraid. And they pounded on the front door.

"There's a dozen of 'em," gasped a Greenham operative who had peered through a window. "A dozen, and I just heard one of 'em orderin' the others to fire their guns at the lock to bust it in!"

Masterman glared.

"Cardigan, open the door for them and see who and what they are. Threaten them with the law. If that doesn't warn them off advise them that armed men are here and will resist any forced entrance."

But it takes more than threats, more than bullets, to stop the advance of United States marshals. They swept in like a tide, and at Cardigan's protest one seized him by the arm and declared that he was under arrest.

"On what charge?" demanded Cardigan.

"On the charge of conspiring in restraint of trade, and on a warrant issued by a United States Court! And we want Masterman! Where is he?"

They flooded into the house, followed by two men whom Cardigan, fear clutching at his throat, recognized. So did Masterman, a moment later, and he thanked the presence of mind that had made him order Kirby, Dixon Grant and Harry Mack hidden away in a room on the top floor.

"What does this mean?" he blustered, glaring at the men he recognized.

But his bluster broke down when one of them, ignoring his question, said:

"In addition to other charges, Mr. Masterman, there will be the one of kidnaping, for which I guarantee you twenty years behind the bars unless you immediately produce one Kirby Rowland, alleged to be detained by you."

Masterman knew the game was up. He looked at a Greenham operative. The man sullenly left the room. A moment later the three prisoners were confronting their erstwhile captors and their rescuers in a room where economic history was shortly to be made. For the thin-faced man with the stern manner was Morley Ellis, attorney-general of the United States of America; and behind him stood Lindley Jackson.

XVIII

WHEN Handsome Harry Mack flicked a pellet into the high ball of Tom Hanrahan, he thought that his little finger had sent enough of the narcotic into Tom Hanrahan's glass to render the reporter harmless for at least ninety-six hours. But the international crook reckoned without the newspaperman's wonderful constitution. Hanrahan had been a football star and captain of his crew at college. And during the four years that had elapsed since graduation he had kept himself in fine condition. Within twenty-four hours after being found unconscious on the floor of the Tube, Hanrahan awoke. He found himself in a small room whose white furnishings were proof of its connection with a hospital.

"Well, where the deuce — how the deuce ——" Then he knew, and despite a splitting headache and a nausea that enfeebled him he rolled out of bed and staggered toward a half-opened closet wherein he could see his clothes hanging. Halfway to the closet he collapsed, and the noise of his fall brought in a nurse from the hall outside. A passing doctor came in answer to her cry, and together they managed to get Hanrahan back into bed. But when the nurse put something to his lips Hanrahan had recovered his senses again and brushed it aside.

"Get Jackson — Lindley Jackson," he gasped.

"Here, here, my man, drink this," commanded the doctor. "You're mighty sick! No time to talk now."

He put his arm about Hanrahan's shoulders and raised him that he might swallow the easier. But a sudden fury seemed to sweep over Hanrahan. He broke the doctor's grip and hurled the glass across the room, where it splintered in a score of pieces.

"I'm Hanrahan—of the Citizen. Get Jackson—Lindley Jackson!"

The doctor looked at the nurse.

"Is this so? Did you find any papers on him?"

The nurse shook her head.

"Just some letters without their envelopes. Over ninety dollars, so we put him in a private room. His clothing was expensive too; but no identification."

The reporter listened to her, then spoke again.

"Inside pocket—my vest—police card. Send for Jackson—vital—important—get him."

The nurse sped to the closet; she brought out the waistcoat, and in that neglected pocket which Hanrahan mentioned she found his police identification card.

"Better phone his employers," suggested the doctor. "Tell them the man was found drugged in the Tube last night; that no one there seemed to know who he was; that we have just discovered his identity; and that, while he is in no danger, perhaps someone in the office might care to see him. Add that the man states that he has something of vital importance to tell his employers."

Hanrahan heard these instructions and sank back on his pillow with a sigh of relief. Twenty minutes later Lindley Jackson, who for twenty-four hours had wondered about Hanrahan, greatly perturbed entered the sick room. The doctor had told him of Hanrahan's condition, had stated that only a man wonderfully endowed with physical and mental strength could have recovered so quickly, and warned Jackson not to excite his employee.

Hanrahan thrust out a feeble hand.

"Got the goods, boss. Had most of it, and then met Harry Mack—wanted to put personal in paper, threatening Kirby Rowland and Dixon Grant with exposure unless they came across. Mack got wise that I was next to his game. Drugged me. Guess they must have a new barkeep in the Tube. All the old-timers know me." He grinned feebly. "Here's the dope: Mack found paper lost by Masterman. Kirby Rowland, chum of girl I know, Jessie Sigmund—and Miss Sigmund started me on right trail—got hold of paper. With Dixon Grant, friend of hers, started some game of their own. Masterman's agents—Greenhams—after them. Miss Rowland hides in Masterman's house under name of Adele Rohan, the artist. Rowland girl is artist herself. Don't know about Grant. Get the girl. She can tell story. In Masterman's house. I know it. Don't ask me how—get her! She'll talk. You'll find some way. But before you get her"—and now he fought desperately with the drowsiness that attacked him—"ask permission of Jessie Sigmund. Gave me first tip. Must have her permission to use tip. Got to be square or she won't—she won't—marry me. Got to be fair ——"

His voice died away. He was not to speak again for fifteen hours; he was not to be his old, jovial, healthy self for a month. Jackson looked down at him. His eyes softened; he patted the unconscious head.

"Some boy!" he said. Then he turned to the doctor.

"The best the hospital can afford, doctor," he said curtly. "Send the bills to me. Have you a telephone?"

Of course they had, and Jackson was led to it. He found Miss Sigmund's number in the book and called her up.

"Miss Sigmund? . . . This is Lindley Jackson, publisher of the Citizen. Mr. Hanrahan, one of my men, has informed me that before seeing Miss Kirby Rowland I must ask your permission. . . . Question of honor, I believe. . . . You gave him a tip that has led to her discovery. . . . Why doesn't he ask you? Well, Miss Sigmund, he's ill—not seriously, no. . . . Yes, you can come up and see him—Presbyterian Hospital. . . . Drugged—all right in a day or so, I assure you, Miss Sigmund. . . . We may act, then, upon whatever tip you gave him. Thank you. . . . No, don't worry; he's all right. Sleeping and in no danger. . . . And when he's able to talk, Miss Sigmund, kindly tell him that the paper gives him a month's vacation, and that he's to be managing editor on his return."

Then, with a last command that Hanrahan be treated well, Jackson dashed from the hospital and into the car that awaited him, giving his chauffeur the name of a hotel.

In ten minutes he had sent up his name to Morley Ellis, a guest at the hotel, and was riding in the elevator to Ellis' room. The attorney-general met him at the door. They shook hands warmly.

Each admired the other tremendously, and in addition to admiration and liking there was gratitude on the side of Ellis, for Lindley Jackson's money and support had made Ellis district attorney of his state. In that office he had made a remarkable record, and upon the accession of his party to national power Jackson, who had supported the new administration with both money and brains, had forced upon a president, reluctant to appoint so pronounced a radical, the name of Morley Ellis as his attorney-general.

Ellis never forgot a friend. He knew that what he was he owed in great measure to Lindley Jackson. He was his own man, nobody owned him, but he knew his debt and would pay on demand, provided the demand was in accord with his conscience. And Lindley Jackson's demand would not offend the conscience of Ellis! Jackson got right down to business.

"Meant to see you to-night anyway, Ellis," he said, "but didn't think it would be on business. However, it is. You're over here investigating the turpentine crowd, aren't you?"

Ellis nodded.

"Suppose you've got a pile of blank warrants, eh?"

"Lots of subpœnas and a few warrants, yes."

"Would you have the nerve to arrest Martin Masterman?"

Ellis smiled grimly.

(Concluded on Page 43)

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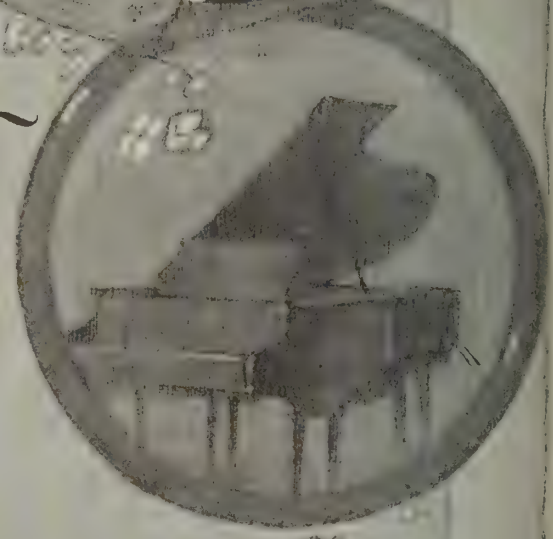

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(Concluded from Page 41)

"You know me, Lindley. Show me some evidence justifying his arrest, and I'll act."

"Then you'll act," said Jackson grimly.

Swiftly he reviewed the events of the past twenty-four hours, beginning with his invitation to attend the conference at Masterman's house and ending with the words of Tom Hanrahan.

"Of course," he ended, "I learned of the existence of this remarkable document only in confidence. I would not have thought to search for it except for what Masterman told me. And yet, what I've found out is without betraying the confidence. It was not to be expected of any newspaperman that, learning of the existence of such a paper, he should make no effort to find it, even though knowledge of its existence was learned in confidence. Masterman himself admitted that the paper might be brought to me. In that case I saw no reason why I shouldn't make an effort to have it brought to me. At any rate, right or wrong, I feel that I'm relieved of my promise to keep silent. From outside sources I have learned what Masterman was so anxious to keep secret. Further, before even exacting any confidences he mentioned a force that menaced something—himself. I've tried to be fair to him, Ellis, but the thing is too big. So then, do you summon a bunch of marshals, raid Masterman's house, get hold of the Rowland girl, force her—if we can—to tell the nature of this paper, arrest Masterman—or not?"

"You've given me evidence enough, Lindley," replied Ellis, "to make me believe that there is a criminal conspiracy behind this universal transfer business. And as the Consolidated Car Lines does a business in Jersey City, and is therefore an interstate concern, it comes under the control of the Federal Government. We'll raid Masterman in an hour."

And in just exactly that time Morley Ellis rang the bell of the Masterman mansion. Behind him were a dozen United States marshals. It was the United States Government against the Masterman money, and servants who would have scoffed at the police broke down before the attorney-general.

In ten minutes Ellis had learned that Kirby Rowland was at Cardigan's place at Bellmere, and that Masterman had gone down there an hour earlier. The servant who had aided in the laying of the false trail to cover Kirby's whereabouts, who had witnessed bribe money time and again, dared not lie to a member of the cabinet. And four hours later the attorney-general, Jackson, Cardigan, Masterman, Mack, Grant and Kirby Rowland, with a dozen or more marshals and detectives to act as supernumeraries, staged the final act of the drama that had begun when the hand of Handsome Harry Mack seized the paper that had blown from Masterman's office.

XIX

"MISS ROWLAND," said the attorney-general, "am I right in presuming that you have in your possession a paper signed by Martin Masterman?"

The old gray wolf of finance was not dead yet. He showed his teeth.

"I have it in my vaults," he snarled. "This woman just confessed to me that she had placed it there. You can't get it!"

"No?" Ellis smiled his thin-lipped, frosty smile. "I have yet to learn of the vault that will refuse to open for the United States Government! Miss Rowland, will you kindly tell us the nature of that document?"

Again Masterman spoke.

"There is a million dollars, Miss Rowland, to be distributed between you and Grant and Mack if you refuse to answer that question. No, Ellis, don't threaten me! You think you can jail me. For what? For kidnaping? But I think the young lady will listen to reason, a million dollars' worth of reason, and will refuse to press that charge. For conspiracy in restraint of trade? Prove it! My lawyers will fight for twenty years! Miss Rowland, refuse to answer him."

"And, Miss Rowland, the alternative is jail for contempt of court," said Ellis. "We have evidence that you know of a paper, have a paper, that would convict Martin Masterman and others of agreeing to sell Consolidated 'short' in advance of granting universal transfers. A conspiracy! Am I correct?"

"You are not," said Kirby. And while Jackson and Ellis gasped, Masterman smiled. But only for a moment, for Kirby went on: "Clear the room, Mr. Ellis, of your detectives, and then I will tell you ——"

Mack broke his silence.

"You'll tell him? So help me, if you do, I'll ——"

Grant, recovered from the throttling to which he had been subjected in the effort to make Kirby confess to Masterman, wheeled upon the crook.

"You'll do nothing, Mack," he said softly. "Nothing! You've bragged about being willing to go to the chair for either of us. You'll never see the chair. One threat against Miss Rowland, and I'll save the state expense—with my own hands!"

Mack stared into eyes as coldly angry as his own were hotly venomous, and gone were his dreams of great wealth. Opportunity had knocked, but she had not paused. He sank down into a chair and was a mere spectator and auditor of what followed. He held a part no longer.

Cardigan's voice broke the pause that followed this by-play:

"Make it more money, Martin!"

Kirby stilled him.

"Don't waste your breath," she counseled. Then she looked at her lover. "Will you tell, Dick, or shall I?"

He nodded:

"Go ahead, Kirby."

She turned to the attorney-general; her voice was calm, almost unexpressive.

"Mr. Masterman, Mr. Cardigan and Mr. Blaisdell signed a paper. In some way that paper got into the hands of Harry Mack there," and she pointed at the slumped figure of the international crook. "Mack placed it, for some reason or other—probably because he was in danger of arrest—in the pocket of Mr. Grant. Mr. Grant showed it to me. It seemed to me that with that paper Mr. Grant and I could reconstruct the country. We began by demanding that Mr. Masterman grant universal transfers in this city. We had made further demands—that he and his associates reduce railroad fares, the price of coal and food, and that they increase wages. We thought that in this manner the great corporations would be unable to meet expenses and that the Government would be compelled to step in and take charge. Which was what we wanted—all utilities, all wealth, to be owned by the people. Then Mr. Masterman captured me and, by hurting Mr. Grant, forced me to confess that I had hidden this paper in his vaults, under the name of Margaret Blake."

She paused.

"But the contents of the paper?" demanded Ellis and Jackson almost in the same breath.

The girl walked to the door and opened it; the detectives and marshals had left the room and were not in the hall. She returned. "It would not do for others to know the contents of this paper," she said. "Too many know it now. Gentlemen, it was an agreement whereby Masterman, Cardigan and Blaisdell agreed to act in concert with certain bankers. They were to cease the mining of coal, cease the production of food, cease the manufacture of all raw materials, call all loans issued by banks to all merchants, reduce all transportation facilities to an absolute minimum! In short, they were to tie up not only business but the function of eating—of living, practically. That was the paper!"

Ellis gasped.

"But the reason, Masterman, the reason?"

"To make money, more money. What better reason could we have?" said Masterman. "To make all the money possible to be made. To get the money of this country into the hands of the men who've made this country! If I could have trusted Cardigan and Blaisdell not to betray me by selling stocks short —— But you can't trust anybody in this world but yourself." He glared at Ellis and at Jackson. "Arrest me! Publish the story! And then what will the people say when they learn that half a dozen men could have done what I and my associates proposed doing?"

Never so tremendous, so virile, so scornful of mere humans had Masterman been as in this the hour of his defeat. Ellis stepped back from him, staring incredulously at the man whose ruthless motives had at last been disclosed. He spoke softly, incredulously.

"So this was your plan, Masterman?"

He drew a paper from his pocket. "This, Masterman, is a warrant for your arrest." He tore the paper into several pieces, then rose from the chair into which he had dropped.

"Miss Rowland, may we attend you back to town?"

Masterman's jaw dropped; Jackson stared; the others stood rigid in amazement.

"Good Lord, Ellis, are you mad?" gasped Jackson. "Aren't you going to arrest Masterman?"

The blue eyes of the thin-faced radical who was attorney-general took on a filmy look. Prophets scorned have worn that look—a look of communion with something beyond, something greater than this world holds.

"Arrest him? Jackson, it's too big! With that paper I could do anything. I could do as this enthusiastic but misguided young lady hoped to do. I could break the power of money, force Government ownership, could create a Utopia. But I won't!

"Why? Because a Utopia created by force could not last! The people are not ready for it. When they are it will exist already. But the time has not yet come! Only what God puts into the hearts and minds of men may last for long! Men do not want Utopia! If they wanted it they would have it. By struggle man shall achieve, not by gift! That is and has been God's law! And a Utopia created but to fail—as it inevitably would to-day—would postpone the coming of the real Utopia a thousand years. When men are ready for a world for which the Golden Rule shall be sufficient government, that world will be theirs. It cannot be forced upon them ahead of God's destined time!

"Arrest Masterman and let the world know? Masterman is right! The people, with definite proof of the puppets they have always been, would tear down in a day a nation it has taken a century to build! I will not see it torn down! Come!"

"But you can make yourself president," cried Jackson. "I get your point; almost I agree with you; I do agree with you! But the power, man, the power! You can win all your cases against the trusts! You can make a record such as no prosecuting officer has ever made! The White House—Ellis, are you mad? Don't publish the paper, but keep it to force Masterman, not to establish Government ownership or the Utopia you talk about, but to yield to the laws already established! You will win your cases ——"

But Morley Ellis shook his head.

"While that paper exists the nation is not safe! I want it destroyed. Someone would find it some day. In whatever place I put it, it would be found! The White House? Man dear, that's why I want it destroyed! I am ambitious. If the paper were in my possession God knows to what ambition would lead me. I might use this paper to force the moneyed interests to support me. I dare not use it legitimately; I will not use it illegitimately! If I cannot enforce the present laws against the trusts with the means provided my office, then I am a failure; and failures do not belong in the White House!"

He looked at Masterman.

"In your own heart, Masterman, you are convicted of being a traitor to your country. You have been false to your kind, and you know it. No words of mine can add to that knowledge. Come!"

He turned again to Jackson and Kirby, who stood with Grant, staring at a man whom suddenly they knew to be worthy of standing beside the greatest the nation had produced.

But Masterman stopped them with an upraised hand.

"Ellis, I thought all men were like myself; that all craved power, and merely pretended love for their kind because they were failures. But you have given up something for the right! I used to believe all you preachers of the people's rights were crazy—or liars. But you're a better man than I am, Morley Ellis, and it's Martin Masterman talking! A better man. You have eyes; you see! You almost make me see with your eyes. I have thought you a faker, a demagogue, but you're a man! And—Ellis, hereafter the trusts will obey the laws strictly. Your cases will not be defended. You will win for the Government.

"It's only in stories that a man reconstructs his whole view of life in a moment, not in real life. But, Ellis, you've made me think. And you, Miss Rowland; you gave up a fortune for the sake of others. I'll remember that."

He swept the room with his fiery old eyes. They lighted on Handsome Harry Mack. The harsh lips curled in a smile.

"Mack, you and Cardigan and myself are the same breed. No reason why we should quarrel. You're clever; if you want a chance in the world—an honest chance, not blackmail millions—well, I've been given another chance, there's no reason why you shouldn't be. Come to my office to-morrow."

Mack lifted his eyes. He did not answer, but his eyes spoke for his lips. Foreign to all his principles were these happenings of to-night, but something stirred in the breast of Handsome Harry Mack which we might call conscience. He felt a sudden desire to earn rather than to steal.

"And you, Grant," went on the suddenly mellow voice of the financier, "would you work for such a scoundrel as myself?"

"If you had my kind of work," said Grant.

"Books?"

Grant shook his head.

"I'm a civil engineer. I couldn't get work, so I entered Bryant & Manners' office. But it's not my line, and I hate it. If there were some construction work ——"

"Come to my office to-morrow," said the financier.

He looked at Kirby.

"Miss Rowland, to-day my daughter wept because you had gone away. I understand that you are an artist. Could you not come to my house? You are a miniature painter, eh? I would like one of my little girl. Miss Rohan will paint the portrait that shall hang in my study, but you will paint the likeness that I shall always carry with me. Will—will you come? It is not Martin Masterman who asks you; not the man you believe to be responsible for the poverty of millions—a poverty he will try to remedy, my dear, if you do not ask too much—but it is the father of a little girl named Laurel, who loves you and is unhappy because her new friend has gone away.

"You think I am a bad old man. Maybe I am, my dear, maybe I am not. At the moment it looks as though I were, and that my whole life has been wrongly employed. But I have only done what others before me, countless others, have done in lesser degrees—gained power and forgotten the weak. And even if I am guilty of evil, surely my little daughter is not to blame for my sins, sins which shall be balanced by good because Martin Masterman can play the game!"

He lifted his shaggy old head. "You had me down, Ellis! You let me up! I was beaten and spared. I do not strike the hand that spared me!" He turned once more to Kirby. "Will you come to Laurel, not to me?"

Kirby's hand stole out and gripped the fingers of Dick.

"If—if my husband"—and she blushed—"will let me, I'll come to both."

Next day Martin Masterman announced the gift of ten million dollars to found recreation parks for the children of the city. The papers which announced this munificent gift also announced Morley Ellis' great victories over the trusts. The Citizen was the only paper which did not express surprise over the failure of the trusts to fight the Government suits; but the Citizen gave no reason for its lack of surprise. Even Lindley Jackson, most violent radical, had yielded to the argument of Ellis. And he saw, as Ellis saw, that the time was not ripe for a people's war; and when it should be ripe there need be no war. For what belonged to the people would by that time have been given to them.

Time cannot be advanced. God does not hurry.

(THE END)

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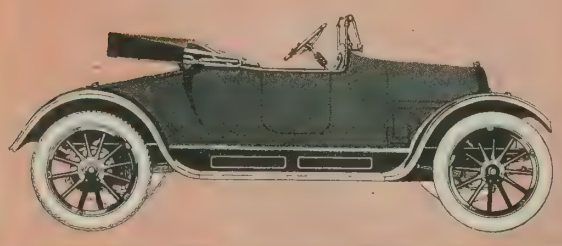

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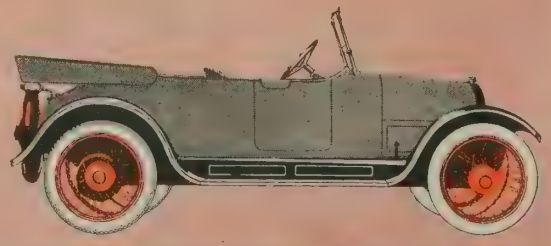

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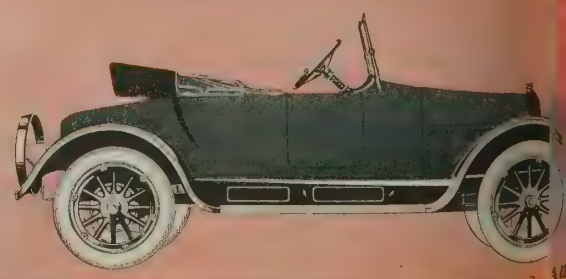

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orward which of itself
could not fail tremendously to increase Overland prestige.

Soft, deep cushions, large four-inch tires, generous wheelbase (106 inches) and long resilient cantilever rear springs, combined with carefully studied balance throughout, give it riding qualities which would be exceptional even in a much larger, heavier car.

See What You Save

This brief description of the Light Four will serve to illustrate Overland quality standards which are higher than ever and which are characteristic of the entire line.

And straight through from top to bottom quality considered with price will show you values in every class, possible only as the result of this consummation of our plans.

—*One* executive organization,
—*one* factory management,
—*one* purchasing unit,
—*one* sales management,
—*one* dealer organization, produce and sell the entire line.

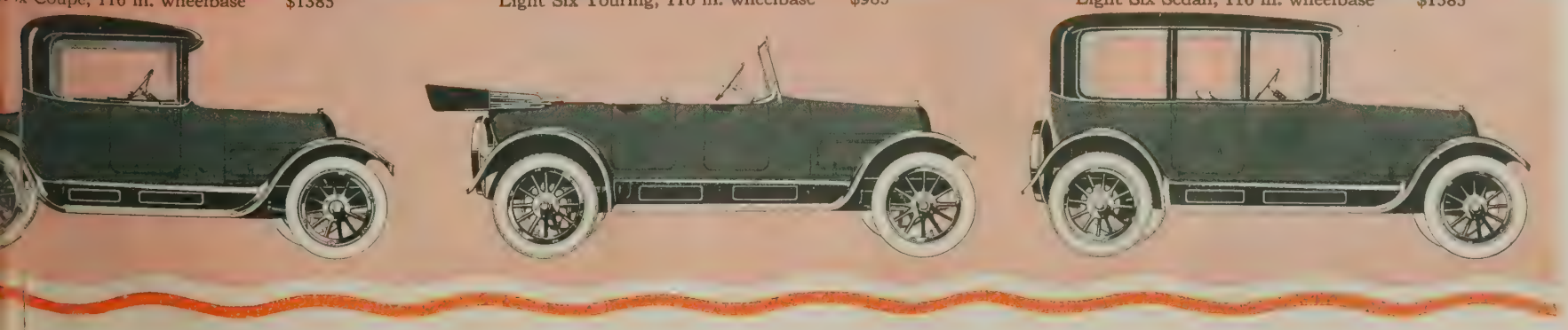
Enormous economies thus effected are distributed so that every car shares proportionately.

And buyers of Overlands, regardless of class, save materially.

See the Overlands *first.*

, Toledo, Ohio

ght Automobiles



Coupé, 112 in. wheelbase $1250
ix Coupé, 116 in. wheelbase $1385

Big Four Touring, 112 in. wheelbase $850
Light Six Touring, 116 in. wheelbase $985

Big Four Sedan, 112 in. wheelbase $1450
Light Six Sedan, 116 in. wheelbase $1585

GTD

American Industries Threatened

American manufacturers have been supreme in turning out high grade machinery and going a long way toward winning the world market, in spite of high labor-cost and of methods in some respects both wasteful and inefficient.

To maintain leadership after the war, our manufacturers *must* correct their methods, eliminate the inefficiencies, adopt standardization.

There is shown below a Thread Limit Gage, one of the many G. T. D. Gages. The two pairs of points are set by standards to maximum and minimum limits respectively and sealed. Any bolt that is too large will fail to pass the upper points, or if too small will fall through the lower ones.

Using Limit Gages, an inexperienced workman can gage thousands of parts in a day, without error in measurement, and the manufacturer *knows* the parts will be interchangeable. Not only is accuracy insured, and material and money saved, but also assembling of parts is much more rapid, and the average quality of the finished product greatly improved.

For information as to Gages and their wide field of uses, send for the Bulletin on Limit Gages.

Greenfield Tap and Die Corporation
Gages-Taps-Dies
Threading Machines, Reamers, etc.
Greenfield, Massachusetts

AMERICA FIRST

DUNLOP
GOLF BALLS
For winter tourists!

EVERY DUNLOP is made from start to finish at the great British plant of the Dunlop Rubber Co. DUNLOPS are world renowned for distance, accuracy and record breaking low scores. Try DUNLOP "29" (medium) or "31" (heavy).

For sale by golf professionals and golf clubs.

$9 per dozen. 75c each.

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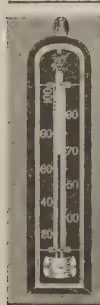


Tycos
THERMOMETERS
for Every
Household and
Industrial Use

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER N.Y.
There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

THE GARB OF MEN

(Concluded from Page 20)

they can fight. Oh, if only the good God for one little hour, for one little minute, would give me back my eyes, to see the men of France fighting for France!"

The last straggling pair of legs went shambling awkwardly past the portholes. To the Breton, watching, it appeared that the owner of those legs scarcely could lift the weight of the thick-soled boots.

Beyond the cellar, to the left, whither the marchers had defiled, the firing became general. It rose in volume, sank to a broken and individual sequence of crashes, rose again in a chorus, grew thin and thready again. There was nothing workmanlike, nothing soldierlike about it; nothing steadfastly sustained. It was intermittent, irregular, uncertain. Listening, the blind man waggled his head in a puzzled, irritated fashion, and shook off the grasp of his comrade, who still appeared bent on trying to make something clear to him.

With a movement like that of a startled horse the old leader-woman threw up her head. With her fingers she clawed the matted gray hair out of her ears.

"Hark! Hark!" she cried, imposing silence upon all of them by her hoarse intensity. "Hark, all of you! What is that?"

The others heard it too, then. It was a whining, gagging, thin cry from outside, close up against the southerly wall of their underground refuge—the distressful cry of an unhappy child, very frightened and very sick. There was no mistaking it—the sobbing intake of the breath; the choked, distressed note of nausea which followed.

"It is a little one!" bleated one woman.

"What child is missing?" screeched another in a panic. "What babe has been overlooked?"

Each mother took quick and frenzied inventory of her own young, groping out with her hands to make sure by the touch of their flesh to her flesh that her offspring were safely bestowed. But when, this done, they turned to tell their leader that apparently all of Courney had been accounted for, she was gone. She had darted into the dark passage that led up and outward into the open. They sat up on their haunches, gaping.

A minute passed and she was back, half bearing, half pulling in her arms not a forgotten baby, but a soldier; a dwarfish and misshapen soldier, it seemed to them, squatting there in the fading light; a soldier whose uniform was far too large for him; a soldier whose head was buried under his cap, and whose face was hidden within the gaping collar of his coat, and whose booted toes scraped along the rough flagging as his rescuer backed in among them, dragging him along with her.

In the middle of the floor she released him, and he fell upon his side in a clump of soiled cloth and loose accouterment; and for just an instant they thought both his hands had been shot away, for nothing showed below the ends of the flapping sleeves as he pressed his midriff in his folded arms, uttering weak, tearful cries. Then, though, they saw that his hands were merely lost within the length of his sleeves, and they plunged at the conclusion that his hurt was in his middle.

"Ah, the poor one!" exclaimed one or two. "Wounded in the belly."

"Wounded?" howled the old woman. "Wounded? You fools! Don't you see he has no wound? Don't you see what it is? Then, look, you fools—look!"

She dropped down alongside him and wrestled him, he struggling feebly, over on his back. With a ferocious violence she snatched the cap off his head, tore his gripped arms apart, ripped open the coat he wore and the coarse shirt that was beneath it.

"Look, fools, and see for yourselves!"

Forgetting the danger to themselves of stray bullets, they scrambled to their feet and crowded up close behind her, peering over her shoulders as she reared back upon her bent knees in order that they might the better see.

They did see. They saw, looking up at them from beneath the mop of tousled black hair, the scared white face and the terror-widened eyes of a boy—a little, sickly, undernourished boy. He could not have been more than fourteen—perhaps not more than thirteen. They saw in the gap of his parted garments the narrow structure of his shape, with the ribs pressing tight against the tender, hairless skin, and below the arch of the ribs the sunken curve of his abdomen, heaving convulsively to the constant retching as he twisted and wriggled his meager body back and forth.

"Oh, Mother above!" one yowled. "They have sent a child to fight!"

As though these words had been to him a command, the writhing heap half rose from the flags.

"I am no child!" he cried, between choking attacks of nausea. "I am as old as the rest—older than some. Let me go! Let me go back! I am a soldier of France!"

For all his brave words, his trembling legs gave way under him, and he fell again and rolled over on his stomach, hiding his face in his hands, a whimpering, vomiting child, helpless with pain and with fear.

"He speaks true! He speaks true!" yelled the old woman. Now she was on her feet, her lean face red and swollen with a vast rage. "I saw them—I saw them—I saw those others as I was dragging this one in. He speaks true, I tell you. There was a captain—he could not have been more than fifteen. And his sword—it was as long as he was, nearly. There are soldiers out there like this one, whose arms are not strong enough to lift the guns to their shoulders. They are children who fight outside—children in the garb of men!"

The widow, who continually wept, sprang forward. She had quit weeping and a great and terrible fury looked out of her red-lidded eyes. She screeched in a voice that rose above the wails of the rest:

"And it was for this, months ago, that they took away from me my little Pierre! Mother of God, they fight this war with babies!"

She threw herself down on all fours and, wriggling across the floor upon her hands and knees, gathered up the muddied, booted feet of the boy soldier and hugged them to her bosom.

In the middle of the circle the old woman stood, gouging at her hair with her hands.

"It is true!" she proclaimed. "They are sending forth our babies to fight against strong men."

The palsied man twisted himself up to her. He shook his head to and fro, as if in dissent from what she declared. He pointed toward the north; then at the sobbing boy at his feet; then north again; then at the boy; and, so doing, he many times and very swiftly nodded his head. Then he repeated the same gesticulations with his arms tha he had made at the time of giving the firs alarm of the approach of the enemy. Fi nally he stooped his back and shrank up hi body and hunched in his shoulders in a effort to counterfeit smallness and slightness all the while gurgling in a desperate at tempt to make himself understood. Al at once, simultaneously his audience grasped the purport of his pantomime.

"The Germans that you saw, they wer children too—little boys like this one?" demanded the old woman, her voice al thickened and raspy with her passion. "I that what you mean?"

He jerked his head up and down in vio lent assent, his jaws clicking and his fac muscles jumping. The old woman shove him away from in front of her.

"Come on with me!" she bade the othe women, in a tone that clarioned out high an shrill above the sobbing of the boy on th floor, above the gurgling of the cripple an the sound of the firing without. "Come on!"

They knew what she meant; and behin her they massed themselves, their bodie bent forward from their waists, their head lowered and their hands clenched like swim mers about to breast a swift torrent.

"Bide where you are—you women!" th blinded man commanded. "You can d nothing. The war goes on—this fight her goes on—until we win!"

"No, no, no, no!" shouted back the ol beldam, and at each word beat her tw fists against her flaccid breasts. "Whe babies fight this war this war ends! An we—the women here—the women every where—we will stop it! Do you hear me We will stop it! Come on!"

She pushed him aside; and, led by her the tatterdemalion crew of them ran swiftly from the cellar and into the looming dark ness of the tunnel, crying out as they ran

Strictly speaking, the beginning of thi story comes at the end of it. Yesterday, i the morning paper, I read, under smal headlines on an inner page, sandwiched in between the account of a football game a Nashville and the story of a dog show a Newport, a short dispatch that had been sent by cable to this country, to be printed in our papers and to be read by our people and then to be forgotten by them. An that dispatch ran like this:

BOYS TO FIGHT WAR SOON

GERMANY USING SOME SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD HAIG WANTS YOUNG MEN

LONDON—The war threatens soon to become struggle between mere boys. The pace is said to b entirely too fast for the older men long to endure. I is declared here that next year, in 1917, the Entent Allies will be facing boys of seventeen in the Germa Army.

General Sir Douglas Haig, commanding the Britis Expeditionary Forces, is said to have objected to th sending out of men of middle age. He wants youn men of from eighteen to twenty-five. After the latte year, it is said, the fighting value of the human un shows a rapid and steady decline. . . . The olde men have their place; but, generally speaking, it said now to be in "the army behind the army"—th men back of the line, in the supply and transport d visions, where the strain is not so great. These olde men are too susceptible to trench diseases to be great use on the firing line. England already is regi tering boys born in 1899, preparatory to calling the up when they attain their eighteenth year.

So I sat down and I wrote this story.

THE THIRD ENCOUNTER

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

A DEALER'S life is full of disappointments — any of them will tell you that—and Simon Caleb's had been no exception. Of all the bitter disappointments which had come his way not the least was that in connection with the strange old man he met on Dartmoor.

Caleb was visiting some of the remoter districts of Devon at the time in search of Welsh dressers, luster teapots or any other odds and ends the unsophisticated cottagers might be prepared to sell for about a third of their real value.

It was in a tiny house, just beyond the village of Mary Tavy, that he came upon the old man. Caleb had walked up the lane and, sensing that there was no one in the front room, had flattened his nose against the windowpane. To his astonishment he saw the room was furnished with a remarkably fine claw-and-ball-foot table and four Chippendale chairs of very rare design.

Caleb fairly gasped, and in another moment was rapping his stick against the door. It was opened by a quaint little old man in a shabby pair of breeches and waistcoat. He wore a green baize apron, with a white one over it. On his head was a skullcap embroidered with forget-me-nots and scarlet pimpernels. His sleeves were rolled up, showing a pair of hairy hands and arms, knotted and gnarled with toil. He had a simple, almost babyish face, and sported a short stubbly beard. He peered at Caleb benignly through a pair of pebble glasses and asked him what he needed.

"I've had a long trudge," said Caleb glibly, "and my throat is that dry I came to beg a drink of water."

"Won't you take a drop of cider?" said the old man. "I was about to have one myself. Step inside and sit down while I draw a jug." And he held open the door of his little sitting room as he spoke.

Caleb was enchanted. If ever he had seen a soft thing, here it was. While the old man was away he feasted his eyes on the furniture.

"No doubt about it," he murmured to himself; "these are the goods."

When his host returned, bearing a jug and two blue china tankards, he casually remarked:

"You've some nice bits of furniture here."

"You like 'em?" asked the old man, pouring out the cider.

"Quite nice," Caleb allowed, without too much enthusiasm.

"You know a bit about furniture perhaps?" the old man asked.

"Yes; I know a bit."

"Would you take these pieces to be genuine?"

Caleb did not entirely approve of the turn the conversation was taking. It appeared as if the old man might have some knowledge as to the value of his property, which would never do. Accordingly he assumed a critical expression and lied.

"They are effective enough pieces," he replied, "but they are certainly not genuine."

Then, intensely to his surprise, the old man clapped him upon the back and cried:

"Well done, sir! You are perfectly right."

"Eh? Beg your pardon?" exclaimed Caleb.

"You are a smart man, sir," the other went on; "one of the smartest I ever run against."

"Eh?" repeated Caleb, still uncomprehending.

"I made every bit of it myself."

"You're a liar!" broke forth from Caleb in spite of himself. "You never made these pieces any more than I did."

The old man took this remark in the light of a pleasantry.

"'Tisn't everybody would have spotted it," he said. "Why, sometimes when I turns out a thing I hardly know it from the original. Come along and see a bit I'm workin' on now."

So saying, he bundled Caleb through the back door and into a large shed, in which stood a carpenter's bench and a great assortment of broken-down pieces of furniture of different periods.

"Are You Mr. Simon Caleb?" He Asked of a Fusty-Looking Old Man

"These are all genuine," the old man rattled on, "and I uses them as models. There! Little Queen Anne table I'm makin'—see? When I've finished the joinery I polishes it up in the back room yonder and brings it down to the right color. I use naught but old wood; 'tis that makes it hard to tell the difference—that and my way of treating the surface. Lovely work! Keeps me happier nor any wife would. On'y thing that troubles me is that I mayn't be able to go on."

"How's that?" asked Caleb, who by this time had realized that he was in the presence of a veritable genius among woodworkers. "What's to prevent you goin' on?"

"Money," said the old man sadly. "Wood and tools costs a lot and I haven't much to spare."

"But you ought to be rich, bein' able to turn out stuff like this."

"I don't sell," said the other gravely. "I makes for my own pleasure. Maybe, here and there, a friend has a sample of my work; folks I can trust implicit—d'ye see?"

It was then that Caleb made the mistake of his life.

He introduced himself as a dealer in antiques of very high repute. He offered to supply the old craftsman with all the materials he wanted and give him fifty per cent on all sales. He asked for an option on the whole of his output.

"Stuff like yours," he wound up, "is good enough to deceive the Archbishop of Canterbury himself."

"Deceive?" roared the old man. "Understand me and then get out of here. It is folks of your kidney as stops me from selling what I make. Yes—because you'd be after taking people in with it. I'm an honest man; and, please God, I'll stay so. D'ye think I've so little respec' and rev'rence for those great masters Chippendale and Sheraton that I'd shame their memory by pretending my poor handiwork was theirs? I come to this place to get away from smooth-tongued robbers and sharks like you. Yes—so I did! So the sooner you clears out of this, the better."

And Caleb went.

Memory of that interview never failed to rouse the bitterest feelings in Simon Caleb's breast.

"If I'd have had that fellow workin' for me I'd have made me fortune," he declared. "I'd have sent stuff to Christie's and no one would have been any the wiser."

That, of course, is a matter for doubt, for shrewd men assemble in those famous salesrooms; but there is no doubt whatever that Caleb would have tried.

Mutual help being the essence of happy marriage, people who are engaged cannot begin the study of each other's requirements too soon.

Lord Louis Lewis was removing the peel from a Duchesse pear, balanced on the end of a fork; while his fiancée, Miss Jill Marston, sat opposite to him, in the dining room of the Clarence Hotel, cracking walnuts and placing the exquisitely skinned quarters beside his plate. The last of the peel having gone, he cut the pear in four pieces, extracted the core and proffered her the results.

"I have received an invitation to dine with a relative of yours on Saturday next," he remarked.

"Oh!" said Jill. "Who?"

"The Duke of Bethincourt."

"Then I certainly shouldn't go. Beth is a horrid little beast."

Lord Louis smiled.

"And yet," he murmured, "it is said that blood is thicker than water."

"He is only a second cousin twice removed," she returned. "I wouldn't be sorry if he were removed altogether."

"He wrote me a very charming letter."

"That's quite likely. It is also likely he will give you a very charming dinner; and more likely still he will borrow a hundred with the liqueurs."

"Dear me!" said Lord Louis. "And is he like that?" Jill nodded emphatically. "Tell me the worst," he pleaded.

"I can't," she said, "because I'm glad to say I don't know it. I do know that he drinks too much and that he ran through all his own money and most of his father's, who was a dear."

"Died a few weeks ago, didn't he?" queried Lord Louis.

"Yes; after selling the estate and nearly everything else to pay Beth's gambling debts."

"I wondered why the old duke had taken that house in the Avenue. Wasn't there a room in their old place which Queen Anne was supposed to have occupied?"

Jill nodded over a mouthful of pear.

"Um! There was some furniture in it you'd have loved!"

"Sold?" asked Lord Louis.

"Rather not. Uncle Jack had it put in a special room at the Avenue house."

"That being so, I am sorely tempted to accept your degenerate cousin's invitation. The Queen Anne Room intrigues me."

"It is a lovely period," said Jill. "One of my dreams is to have a Queen Anne Bedroom."

"For the future," said Lord Louis Lewis, "my chief ambition is to make your dream come true."

When people who are engaged begin to talk in that strain the wise man will remove and leave them to pursue its course alone.

Lord Louis accepted the invitation and presented himself on the day and hour indicated. *(Continued on Page 50)*

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

Ginger Ale

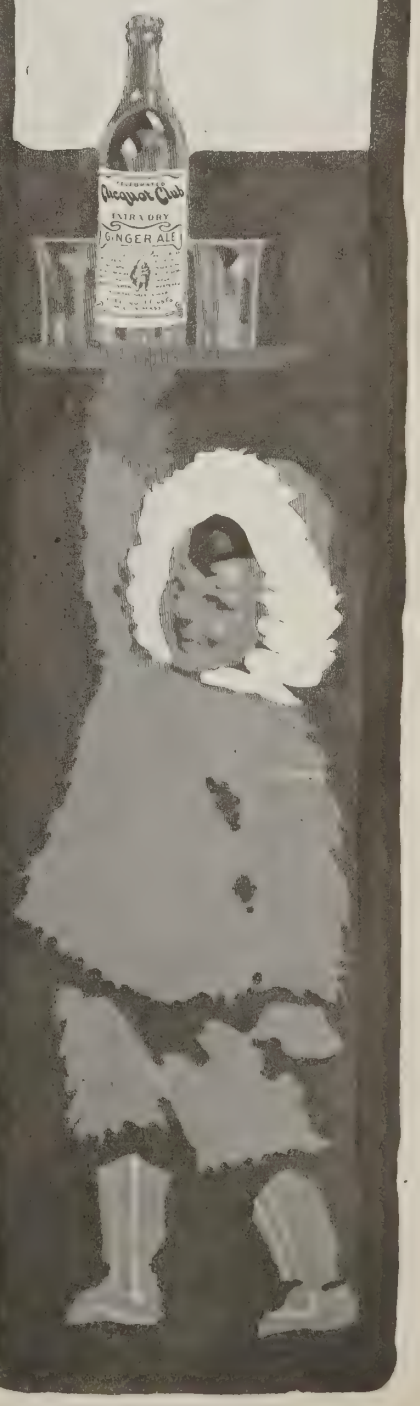
When ginger ale is bought for the home, by the case, it is usually Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

Clicquot is an ideal home beverage—sparkling, lively and harmless.

It makes thirst a pleasure.

Good grocers and druggists sell it by the case. Also at fountains, clubs, hotels and cafés.

The Clicquot Club Co.
Millis, Mass.



Before the new Detroit Athletic Club
—the Automobile Capital of America

GOODYEAR

AKRON

THE SUPERLATIVE TRIBUTE

DOWN here in Akron our files are stuffed with enthusiastic letters from users of Goodyear Cord Tires.

There are thousands of these letters, each conveying its separate and particular note of approval. Some of them are brisk, brief, factful; some fairly glow with admiration for the tires they praise.

The experiences they detail, and the mileages they recount, are little short of astounding. Records of 10,000, 15,000, and even 20,000 miles of service from a single set of Goodyear Cord Tires are not uncommon.

But there is one letter here transcending all the others in importance—we call it the superlative tribute.

It recites, in effect, the experiences not of one man with one set of Goodyear Cord Tires, but of thousands of men with thousands of sets, in service under every condition of road and travel that broad America can offer.

It was written by Mr. Alvan Macauley, President of the Packard Motor Car Company, of Detroit, on his own impulse. It is expert testimony, voluntarily given.

"We have just ended the first year's use of your tires as standard Packard equipment," this letter reads—*"and have renewed with you for a second year.*

"Your tires have been so exceedingly satisfactory to us and to the owners of our cars that a word of appreciation from us is deserving. Our owners have found your tires exceedingly satisfactory in the following important qualities:

(1)—"Easy riding, comfort, resiliency and ability to absorb road-shocks.

(2)—"Durability and high mileage secured.

(3)—"Economy in gasoline consumption.

"In every respect in which a tire should be good, we have found your tires fully measuring up to expectations. We have never had a more successful or satisfactory tire equipment."

This letter is signed by President Macauley. It is, in many respects, the most remarkable indorsement of a product we have ever seen.

For it is the authenticated expression of a man at the head of an institution producing an article famous the world over for quality, the annual output of which can be valued only in multiplied millions—an expression commending, without reserve, a vital part of that article's equipment, after it had been tested at the hands of everyday users for a year.

Highly important as this indorsement is to us, it is even more important to the prospective buyer of automobile tires, as an unmistakable and unerring indication that Goodyear Cords represent the utmost in tire value and tire worth.

And the letter given here is not the only instance of President Macauley's outspoken approval of these tires.

In a communication to Packard dealers, written perhaps three weeks earlier, he concluded with these words:

"We call your attention to the very extraordinarily good service we have received from Goodyear Tires, since we find it not unusual to secure 8,000 to 10,000 miles before the tires have to be discarded."

There can be no higher praise. There can be no surer guide for you in the selection of superior tires for *your* car than this.

Chosen for the Packard Twin Six—Goodyear Cords are standard equipment on the Franklin, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White, the Haynes Twelve, the Stutz, the McFarlan, the Roamer, the Lexington "Thoroughbred Six," the Daniels Eight, the Owen Magnetic, the Milburn Electric, the Detroit Electric, the Baker Electric, and the Rauch & Lang Electric as well. They will be underwheel three out of every four cars starting their careers on Cord Tires in 1917.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better.*

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 47)

The Duke of Bethincourt was twenty-eight years old and the direct product of overbreeding; which is quite as bad, if not worse, than no breeding at all. His face was colorless and cavernous; his eyes heavy lidded and slow of movement. His hair was so smooth as to resemble some form of lacquer. He had an irritating habit of polishing his finger nails on the lapel of his coat.

His greeting of Lord Louis was more than cordial.

"Delighted to welcome you, Lewis," he said; "and as you are marrying into the family I hope we shall become fast friends."

Lord Louis thought it unlikely, but refrained from observing as much.

The dinner, an elaborate affair of many courses and many wines, began pleasantly enough. The Duke of Bethincourt, however, addressed himself to the bottle with more energy than wisdom, and by the time the quails were served his tongue was so loosened that he began a series of amative reminiscences reaped from his lurid past.

Finding the subject distasteful, Lord Louis intervened with some personal adventures in search of antiques.

The duke enjoyed these very much, particularly one about Simon Caleb and Mr. Palliser, furniture dealers of the City of Bristol, who had tried to swindle Lord Louis in the matter of the Cellini Saltcellar, to their own undoing.

"What a pair of crooks!" he cried. "I suppose they cleared out—what?

"No. Caleb continues his business in Hennigan Street," said Lord Louis.

By the time they had lighted cigars and returned to the smoking room Lord Louis was painfully aware that his host was intoxicated. He experienced the greatest difficulty in articulating words of more than two syllables. His conversation began again to ramble through the glades of Eros, and he explained how many past indulgences were the cause of much present embarrassment, financial and otherwise.

"Th' ol' man lef' me jolly badly off," he declared. "If I get fif'een hun'ed a year after th' will's proved I'll b' lucky—dam' lucky! 'Fernal exec'tors taking a long time to wind up th' estate. Tol' me, t'day, be 'nuther four, five months—p'raps six. Tol' me mus' be 'conomical. I ask you! People won' wait—they dun a feller. Women worse than men—mush worse! Jolly glad you're marryin' int' th' fam'ly. Jill's a goo' girl—a straight girl; strai's a die!"

Lord Louis frowned.

"There are things, Bethincourt, too obvious to require indorsement," he said. "You will oblige me by making no further encomiums on my future wife."

"You miss th' point," continued the duke, unconscious of the reproof. "What I mean's this: Bein' one o' the fam'ly, shan't mind comin' t' you when I'm in a hole."

Lord Louis rose and glanced at his watch.

"Before I go," he said, "I should very much like to see the Queen Anne Room."

"So you shall," said Bethincourt, struggling to his feet—"so you shall—if I can fin' th' infernal key."

"The key?"

"Room's locked—val'ble stuff. Old Queen Anne slep' in th' bed—she's dead now. I know where 'tis—on my chain. Come on!"

The Duke of Bethincourt made very heavy weather in traversing the hall, but he contrived to unlock the door and with a perilous gesture invited Lord Louis to enter.

In the room were a carved bed, a tallboy, a very delicate little chest of drawers and mirror, four chairs and a writing table. There was nothing very remarkable about the pieces: they were merely well-made and well-proportioned examples of the period. Their chief charm lay, of course, in their association with the departed sovereign.

Lord Louis caressed the glowing surface of the little writing table and passed a loving hand over the front of the tallboy.

"The preservation of these pieces is wonderful," he remarked.

"My folk were crazy 'bout th' stuff. Silly, when you come t' think of it. After all, wha's it 'mount to? A few bits and sticks—tha's all."

"They belonged to a queen," said Lord Louis coldly; "and as such demand our respect."

"Don't get it, then—not from me. Som'ing better t' think 'bout."

And he launched into a long recital of his financial woes. But Lord Louis was an unsympathetic audience, who offered neither practical nor verbal help.

"Tell you wha' 'tis, Lewis," said the young man, pointing an accusing and unsteady forefinger; "you're a miserly ol' devil! Sorry t' 'ave to say 't; but tha's what you are."

"Bethincourt," Lord Louis replied, "you are doing less than justice to the traditions of your family."

"Go to th' deuce!" said the duke with an airy gesture.

Lord Louis moved toward the door.

"Good night," he said; "and thank you for showing me the Queen Anne suite. I can, at least, compliment you on that part of the entertainment."

"Look here," said the duke, sobering a trifle; "if you are so struck on the stuff, why not buy it?"

"You can hardly be serious," said Lord Louis.

The duke explained that he was entirely serious. Furniture was nothing to him, and if Lord Louis cared to put up two thousand pounds he could have it and be welcome.

Lord Louis considered the point with mixed feelings of excitement and contempt. Presently he said:

"I shall take no advantage of your offer to-night, as your condition may cause you to make suggestions you may regret later on. If, however, you are of the same mind to-morrow I might be prepared to accept the proposal. *Au revoir.*" And he let himself out of the house.

At eleven o'clock the following morning he was back again, having responded to a note from the Duke of Bethincourt.

"Yes, I am willing to sell," said the duke. "I can see no other way. What did I tell you you could have the set for?"

"Two thousand," replied Lord Louis.

The Duke of Bethincourt laughed. "I must have been far gone!" he exclaimed.

"For the Future My Chief Ambition is to Make Your Dream Come True"

"You don't imagine I meant it? It's worth double that."

"On the contrary," said Lord Louis, "as furniture, pure and simple, it is barely worth a quarter. I am willing to pay the extra fifteen hundred, however, for the historic interest."

"I might let it go at three thousand," said the duke.

Lord Louis rose and buttoned his glove.

"Then you must seek another market," he said.

"What an impatient chap you are!" declared the other. "There, there! Sit down. To tell the truth, a couple of thousand would come in extremely useful just now. So if you'll give me your check I'll receipt for it and send along the stuff when the legal matters of my pater's will have been settled."

"I don't quite follow you."

"It isn't in my power to let you have it before. The delay won't be over six months. Plenty of time for your wedding."

"Very well," said Lord Louis. "I will ring up my solicitor to come round and draw up a contract."

"But I suppose I can have the check now?"

Lord Louis raised his eyebrows.

"I will give it you when the furniture is available," he answered.

The Duke of Bethincourt made a great fuss at this, but eventually consented.

"You are a tight-fisted beggar!" he said. "I was counting on that money to have a little flutter on the Grand National."

The solicitor appeared, the contract was drawn up, signed, and carried away to be stamped.

When his guest had gone the Duke of Bethincourt reviled the name of Lord Louis Lewis and drank deeply to his downfall and future misery.

The week that followed surpassed all others in his experience for bad luck. Everything went wrong. He was dunned; he lost at cards; and he had the ineffable anguish, at the Grand National, of watching the unbacked horse which he had so greatly favored win at a canter. Wherefore his rage against Lord Louis knew no bounds. About this time he made the acquaintance of a certain Mr. Edgar Salmon, who had made half a million by sheep farming in Australia. It was murmured abroad that this gentleman's methods of doing business were not always guided by the strictest principles of honesty. He spoke the English tongue with the purest Australian accent.

To borrow his own phrase, he was "leounging areound, on the lookeout for a few bits of first-class stuff" for the place he was building at Brisbane.

It flattered him greatly to know a duke, even though rather a degenerate example of the species, and he did not mind spending a bit of money for the sake of the *cachet* given to his vulgar dinner parties by Bethincourt's presence.

It was after one of these affairs, the rest of the guests having gone, that the duke confided the story of his deal with Lord Louis.

"Ts-s!" said Mr. Salmon. "Why didn't you let me know? I'd have put deown three theousand for that stuff and not minded waiting for it."

The Duke of Bethincourt declared that such luck as his was more than flesh and blood could endure.

"Well," said Mr. Salmon, "he hasn't got the stuff—and you haven't been paid. What's wrong with turning the deal over to me?"

"Can't be done," wailed the duke. "I've signed a contract."

"Never put your name to paper!" said Mr. Salmon, and recounted several anecdotes in support of the advice. Bethincourt heartily applauded his friend's business acumen and invited him to stroll round and have a look at the Queen Anne set. The invitation was readily accepted.

Mr. Salmon, as a connoisseur, lacked several essentials. He had no taste of any kind, but it pleased him to pay high prices for what he bought, for the pleasure of boasting about it afterward. He thought it would be very fine for a Brisbane sheep raiser to sleep in a bed once occupied by a queen, and to keep his offensive neckwear in a chest of drawers where the lavender-scented garments of a sovereign had reposed.

"I am pretty sick abeout missing this chance, Bethincourt," he said.

"So am I," said the duke.

"Seems a pity we can't come to some arrangement abeout it. Let's have a look at that contract." The paper was produced and examined. "H'm! He's pinned you deown, all right."

He turned his eyes covetously toward the furniture; then suddenly slapped his thigh.

"I say, Bethincourt!" he exclaimed. "I've got a notion!"

Briefly the notion was this: Why shouldn't Bethincourt raise a duplicate set for Lord Louis? He'd seen the originals only once; and, after all, there was nothing very unusual about them. There must be plenty of similar pieces knocking about, if one took the trouble to look for them. He—Mr. Salmon—would plank down three thousand pounds for the set then and there, and not mind waiting for delivery.

To the duke's credit it should be stated that he did not accept the proposal without demur. Probably he would have refused outright but for Mr. Salmon's masterly tact. With a wealth of oratory, and appropriate gestures with his check book, he denounced the meanness of Lord Louis. Whereby the Duke of Bethincourt fell from grace and became a partner to a fraud.

"He'll never suspect!" declared Mr. Salmon. "You'll show him the duplicate set in this room and in the same positions in which he saw the originals. There's not a scrap of risk—and that's where the advantage of your name comes in"—a remark which caused even the Duke of Bethincourt to blush.

He forgot his scruples, however, when Mr. Salmon's fat check had been tucked into his pocketbook. He awoke the next morning with a feeling of great uneasiness.

"I've let myself in for it," he mused, rubbing his finger nails on the front of his silk pyjamas; "but where the deuce I am to find duplicates I don't pretend to know."

At breakfast an idea came to him. He remembered the tale Lord Louis had told about Simon Caleb.

"That fellow bears my lord a grudge," he said.

An hour later he entered Mr. Caleb's shop in Hennigan Street.

"Are you Mr. Simon Caleb?" he asked of a fusty-looking old man who was winding up a grandfather clock.

The old man snuffled and said he was.

"You have been mentioned to me as knowing all about furniture," proceeded the duke. "Now I have six or seven pieces of Queen Anne that I want duplicated."

Mr. Caleb blew his nose.

"I have no facilities for making furniture," he said.

"You misunderstand me. I want some genuine pieces—exact replicas of the ones I have."

"Might be managed," grunted Caleb. "May I see the stuff?"

"Certainly. If you are free we can go at once. I have a car outside."

On the drive up Caleb asked the name of his patron.

"I am the Duke of Bethincourt," replied the other.

"Oh!" said Caleb. "Is it the Queen Anne set you want duplicated, then?"

"Yes," replied the duke with a start. "How did you know?"

"Thought it might be," said Caleb laconically.

Together they entered the house. The Duke of Bethincourt produced his keys and admitted Caleb to the Queen Anne Room.

"Here we are!" he said.

Simon Caleb stuck his hands into his pockets and, chanting a tuneless air, wandered round. He peered at the chairs, the bed and other appointments of the room. Sometimes he pushed his glasses to his forehead and scrutinized some detail at a range of about one inch. During the whole examination he made no remark. Then he took off his glasses, wiped them, put them on again, blew his nose, and sat down on the bed.

"Well?" said the duke, who found the ordeal a little trying to his nerves. "Can you get me some replicas?"

Simon Caleb whistled a scale of eight notes up and down again. Then he said:

"No, Your Grace, I can't; and, what's more, no one can."

"You surely don't mean that!" gasped the duke. "There is nothing out of the ordinary about these pieces."

"Yes, there is," said Caleb. "No end of little things you'd never find in another set. It was made by one man, this was; and he had his own ideas in the way of moldings and what not. Look at the back slats of those chairs! Different from any I've ever seen. That tallboy too! See the proportion? Never find another like it—and my fee is thirty shillings."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the duke. "But this is serious. It is absolutely essential that I should find a duplicate set. Can't you suggest a way of helping me?"

Caleb's shrewd little eyes narrowed. "Not being in Your Grace's confidence,"

(Continued on Page 54)

Science Has Created a Perfect Baking Powder

Several years ago a group of American scientific men determined to solve the baking-powder problem.

Their company had long been producing the materials used by baking-powder manufacturers, and included some of the most eminent men in chemistry. These scientific men cast aside all tradition, attacked the problem from its beginning and worked over it for years. Finally they were satisfied.

Samples were sent to famous cooking experts, who reported that this was the most wonderful baking powder they had ever tried, that less was required than of other baking powders, and that the results were *perfect.*

A great American pure food authority examined it and stated that this baking powder "has qualities of excellence and physiological relations which entitle it to the confidence and patronage of the public."

So the General Chemical Company offers to the public at a fair and moderate price the product of their genius—

RYZON

THE PERFECT BAKING POWDER

¼ lb., 10 cents ½ lb., 18 cents 1 lb., 35 cents

The finest and best known hotels, restaurants and clubs of New York City use RYZON. Institutions and cooking schools have adopted it. Thousands of American homes now use RYZON daily. Dealers are recommending it to their best customers.

And small wonder! RYZON is pure. It is healthful. It is economical to use, and the RYZON Baking Book insures perfect baking results.

The choicest recipes from the prize selections of ten thousand women, with Master Recipes from the Country's foremost cooking experts, edited by Marion Harris Neil, make the RYZON Baking Book a treasure for any home. It is the first scientific, accurate baking manual based on the use of standard level measures.

The RYZON Baking Book is for users of RYZON. It may be obtained free through grocers with the first order of RYZON. If your grocer cannot furnish it, the RYZON Baking Book, with a pound of RYZON, will be sent postpaid upon receipt of one dollar by General Chemical Company.

Leading grocers who desire to stock RYZON and obtain the RYZON Baking Books for their customers, are invited to communicate with General Chemical Company.

GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.
FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK

31 Extra Features
8 Styles of Bodies
Built by John W. Bate

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine

John W. Bate's Standards

Judge if You Want Them in Your Car

The Mitchell claims your attention because it embodies the final result of Bate-method Efficiency. See what that means.

What the Mitchell offers is something unique in the field of high-grade cars.

That is, Efficiency carried to a fine art—in the factory and in the car.

It is coming, perhaps. It must come. But the Mitchell started with that aim. We have spent 15 years in developing it. Every building, every machine, every part and detail was designed with efficiency in view.

And we had the master expert. Since efficiency was first considered—30 years ago—its foremost factor in lines like this has been John W. Bate.

From the Beginning

We employed John W. Bate to design the first building for making the Mitchell car. And he designed it with the present plant in view.

It now spreads over 45 acres. But it is all like the first small plant. One-story construction; no elevators. No hitch, no delays—just ceaseless progress—from the steel to the finished car.

About 98 per cent of the Mitchell—including all bodies—is now built here, under Bate efficiency methods. Our best information is that such a car could not be built elsewhere within 20 per cent of our cost. And our extra values prove it.

15 Years of Efficiency

We employed Mr. Bate to direct our start. For we were old manufacturers then. In 68 years of fierce competition we had learned what efficiency meant.

But our first car was soon out-of-date. All our machinery soon had to be changed. We saw in this line the constant need of an efficiency engineer.

So Mr. Bate has remained here. And for 15 years—save for one year in Europe—he has directed the Mitchell production. That is why the Mitchell stands today unapproached in efficiency as applied to a fine car.

A Saving of 50%

The Mitchell in time became standardized. The present type was adopted. Since then every factory machine—more than 2000 of them—has been adapted to economical production of this type. Our factory cost has been cut in two.

Our prices have been lowered immensely. Our engineering standards have been raised to the limit. Our margins of safety have been doubled. Endurance has been multiplied. And all the extras conceivable, in finish and equipment, have been added to the car. All these have been paid for out of factory savings, evolved by Mr. Bate.

Now Another 15%

Last November we started operation in a new body plant. With the yards it covers 14 city blocks. From now on all Mitchell bodies, open and enclosed, will be built in our plant by Bate efficiency methods.

This will save at least 15 per cent on our bodies. Every penny of this saving goes into added luxury, as detailed on next page. So this car's extra beauty, extra finish and luxury, now show in a startling way the results of efficiency.

That's another new advance in fine cars. To save all body makers' profits and put them into added beauty.

When you see these results, you will want your next car built under Bate methods, we think.

TWO SIZES

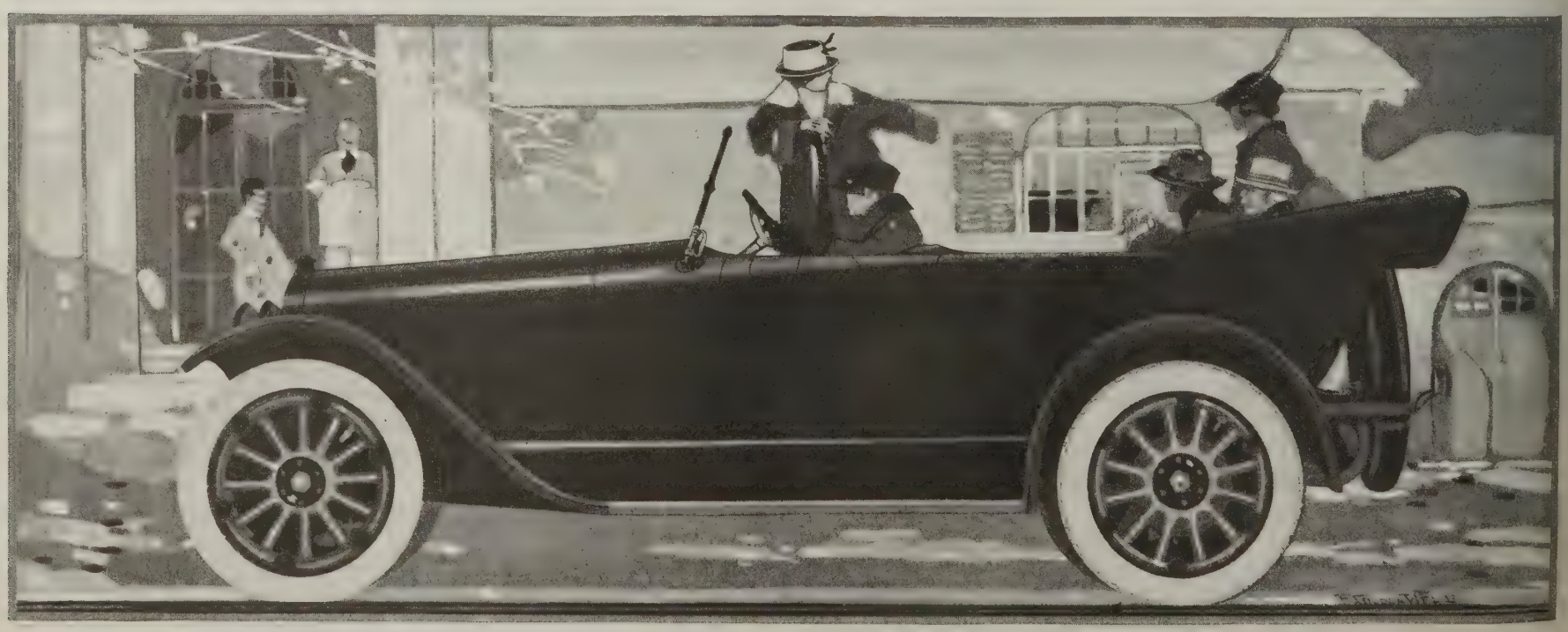
Mitchell —a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical, 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.



20 Per Cent Extra Value
Due to Factory Efficiency
John W. Bate's 18th Model

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine

Some Notable Results

100% Over-Strength
24% Added Luxury
20% Extra Value
31 Unique Features

Here are some of the chief results of Bate efficiency methods. They mean more than economy, you see. They mean an ideal car.

The standard in the Mitchell for some years has been 50 per cent over-strength. That is, one-half more strength than needed in every vital part.

Even that was considered extreme. Under that standard the Mitchell attained a world-wide fame for endurance.

Seven Mitchell cars built under that standard have averaged 175,000 miles apiece—over 30 years of ordinary service. Two have exceeded 200,000 miles, and are still in good condition.

Because of that standard the Mitchell is called "The Engineers' Car." Many noted engineers have selected it. Every Mitchell dealer has a list of them.

Now a Lifetime Car

But in 1913 Mr. Bate spent a year in Europe. And he became impressed with the over-endurance embodied in costly cars.

He came back and said, "I shall aim in the Mitchell at a lifetime car, even for American roads. I shall double the over-strength."

In three years he has done that, part by part. He has worn out fifty Mitchell cars in learning strength requirements. And he has invented tests to prove for each important part twice the needed strength.

Now, for the first time, we announce Mitchell cars built to a new standard—100 per cent over-strength.

All Toughened Steel

Now over 440 parts in the Mitchell are built of toughened steel. Hardly a casting remains in it. All important parts are oversize. All parts which get a major strain are built of Chrome-Vanadium.

Let us cite one conspicuous example of this Bate over-strength. Rear springs, as you know, break under shocks very often. Countless lay-ups are due to that.

The Mitchell for two years has used Bate cantilever springs. In all that time—on thousands of cars—not one has ever broken. In all our factory tests, designed to learn the limit to these springs, not one leaf yet has broken.

Yet they are the most comfortable springs ever used on a motor car. Rough roads are like pavement to them. Shock absorbers are never necessary, never used. Not even rebound straps or snubbers.

Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

Added Luxuries

Our new body-plant savings go into added luxury. This year we have added 24 per cent to the cost of our finish, upholstery and trimming.

We have added 50 per cent to our leather—50 per cent to our cushion springs. Dainty touches have been added to a hundred details.

And now our finish coats are fixed by heat in enormous ovens. This gives a deep, enduring lustre which will long keep new.

The new Mitchells stand out among any cars as exquisite, artistic productions.

31 Extra Features

And this year we embody 31 extra features. That is, comforts, conveniences and economies which are generally omitted. No car at any price, we think, embodies more than four.

They include a power tire pump, reversible headlights, a new-type gear-shift, a ball-bearing steering gear, an engine primer at driver's hand. There is a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment in front, a tool box under hood. You will see 31 such extras.

We claim that in these ways the Mitchell offers 20 per cent extra value. Much more as compared with some cars.

See if you agree. If you do, you will want these results of efficiency.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 50)

he replied, "I can add nothing to what I have said. I think I mentioned what my fee was."

He rose as if to go.

"One moment," said the duke. "It is like this, Mr. Caleb: In an ill-advised moment a few days ago I agreed to sell this set. I have since found out that, under the terms of my late father's will, I have no power to do so. I am faced with the awkward problem of having to return the money—which, I regret to say, I have already spent—or deliver the furniture. It seems as if I shall be obliged to do the latter, in which case I must have a duplicate set so as to keep my father's executors in ignorance. You will, of course, respect my confidence."

Simon Caleb assumed an air of the utmost piety.

"I would rather not be mixed up in an affair of this kind," he said. "My reputation ——"

But the duke did not allow him to finish the sentence.

"You can cut that out, Mr. Caleb," he said. "I know all about your reputation from Lord Louis Lewis."

Simon Caleb started.

"Oh, you do!" he exclaimed. "I suppose it isn't him that's bought the stuff—is it?"

"Yes; it is," came the reply.

"Then," said Caleb, "if you think I'm going to help him to get the goods you have made a big mistake. Good morning!" And he laid his hand on the doorknob.

"Hold on!" said the Duke of Bethincourt. "Suppose I tell you I mean to keep the genuine set myself and let him have the spurious one? Doesn't that appeal to you?"

Simon Caleb scratched himself behind the ear and smiled.

"I wouldn't mind putting one over on Lord Louis Lewis," he said; "and I'm not above confessing as much."

"That's the spirit!" said the duke, slapping him heartily on the back.

"It would have to be a very clever fake, Your Grace," went on Caleb. "I wonder whether I could get it done?"

His thoughts seemed far away. Suddenly he darted forward and looked at the brass fittings of the tallboy and dressing table.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "That's lucky! I can get plenty of genuine ones like these. If the old man would tackle the job ——" He halted, then said abruptly: "I'll let you know in a few days. If it comes off I shall want forty per cent of what Lord Louis has paid you."

"To be strictly honest," said the duke, "he hasn't paid me yet; and he won't until the stuff is delivered."

"I see," said Caleb very slowly. "Then you were out to scalp him all the time?"

The duke nodded.

"He's an unpleasant fellow, Mr. Caleb."

"How much is he going to pay?"

"Two thousand. Here's the contract." He drew it from his pocket as he spoke.

"Good enough!" said Caleb. "Then you'll pay me eight hundred pounds when you get his check."

"And for that you will ——"

"I'll provide the duplicate set—if any man alive can do it."

Thereupon they shook hands; and Caleb, with a staccato little bow, withdrew.

As he shuffled homeward his thoughts were far away in distant Dartmoor. Not in that part where Prince Town Prison rears its granite wall as a warning to wrongdoers, but to a quieter recess, set back from the main road, above the little hamlet of Mary Tavy.

"If I could only hit on a way to make him do it!" Caleb muttered to himself. "There must be a way. But what are you to do with a man who ain't to be tempted by money? I wonder ——"

A vague idea began to take shape in his brain. The old woodworker had confessed that occasionally he did jobs for friends, or people he could trust.

"Thing 'ud be to find somebody he would trust—somebody of high standing, who'd bamboozle him into taking on the job."

It might almost have been regarded as the working of Fate that at this point of his reflections he should have observed the person of Mr. Palliser mouching along on the opposite side of the road.

Caleb had not seen his late partner since their disastrous venture with the Cellini Saltcellar, the failure of which he laid at Palliser's door. Nevertheless, the ingenuity of the man was remarkable.

Caleb eyed the shabby figure as it proceeded, a little ahead of him, in the same direction. Palliser was evidently down on his luck. The idea of further association with the man was most distasteful to Caleb, but he was bound to confess that he knew of no one more likely to succeed with the old craftsman of Dartmoor.

Acting on impulse, then, Caleb whistled twice. It was an impertinent sort of whistle—the kind one employs to attract the attention of a lowbred dog. Palliser stopped and turned round.

"Bless my soul!" he said. "Simon Caleb!"

Caleb adopted a very high hand.

"If you'll walk round to the shop, my man," he said, "I might be able to put a bit of work in your way. But you can keep to the other side of the road, as I'm particular who I'm seen walking with."

In the Intervals Between Story-Telling He Contrived to Find Out the Names and Vocations of All Present

Mr. Palliser had his pride; also, what is more valuable, an understanding of the human mind. He knew that Caleb would not have addressed him unless he wanted something pretty badly. Accordingly he pulled his hat over one eye, looked Caleb up and down contemptuously, and sauntered off in the opposite direction.

In matters of diplomacy Caleb was no match for his late partner. Palliser had gone barely twenty paces before the crook of Caleb's stick arrested farther progress.

"Don't be touchy!" said Caleb. "I was having a bit o' fun—that's all. It'll pay you to come round to the shop."

Palliser had every intention of doing so, but he demurred not a little before consenting.

"Very well," he said; "but I hope you are not goin' to waste my time."

A few minutes later they forgathered in Caleb's parlor.

"We've talked over one or two little deals in here, Simon," said Palliser reminiscently.

"We 'ave," returned Caleb; "and if you want me to keep my temper you won't remind me of it. The question is, Do you think you could look like a gentleman?"

Then, observing a hot retort on the tip of the other's tongue, he went on hastily: "I believe you could. Clean-shaved, with a good suit of clothes, you'd pass as a gentleman in any company."

Palliser did not reply, but he struck an attitude on the hearthrug that an earl would have found hard to outrival.

"It's a delicate undertaking," proceeded Caleb, "and I'm not above admitting that some people would say it was sailing a bit close to the wind."

"You wouldn't be in it if it wasn't," observed Mr. Palliser.

Caleb ignored the interruption and, without mentioning Lord Louis' name, recounted what had just taken place at his interview with the Duke of Bethincourt.

"But where'll you get the stuff copied, Simon?" said Palliser. "Modern imitations don't fool a blind man."

"That's where you come in," said Caleb. "I never told you about the old chap on Dartmoor, did I? Then I'll tell you now." And he did. "Go down to Dartmoor," he concluded. "Get to know the old chap. Palm yourself off as a gentleman. Might not be a bad plan to put a handle to your name—Sir John Palliser sounds good. Win his confidence—see? Get him to copy the stuff. You can do it."

Palliser digested the plan in silence; then said: "Who is the fellow these fakes are to be planted on?"

"That I don't know," replied Caleb, thinking it inadvisable to mention Lord Louis' name. "But that doesn't matter to us, does it?"

"No; but I was just thinkin'," said Palliser, "if, b' any chance, it 'appened to be Lord Louis, I should stand off."

Caleb blew his nose.

"It's hardly likely to be," he said brazenly. "Anyway, I don't see what difference it 'ud make."

"We've had two goes at Lord Louis," said Palliser, "and I don't seem to recall any particular success in either of 'em. My nerves is gone, where he's concerned. I give him best, Caleb; so I tell you."

"That's not like you, Palliser."

"P'raps not; but, anyway, I'm not such a fool as to tackle a third encounter if I can help it."

"Well, we needn't waste time talkin' about that," said Caleb. "Will you do the job?"

"On terms," replied Palliser.

Mr. Palliser was never shy where terms were concerned and he now struck a hard bargain. He was to have four new suits, shoes, hats, socks, and all other impedimenta of a knight on a holiday. Five and twenty pounds for the week he proposed to spend on Dartmoor—traveling and hotel expenses. If he succeeded in inducing the old man to do the work he was to receive five pounds a week until the furniture was delivered, and a final sweetener of twenty-five per cent of Caleb's profits.

That evening Caleb consulted with the Duke of Bethincourt, who would have agreed to anything to extricate himself from the difficult predicament.

Mr. Palliser placed an order for four suits with the best tailor in Bristol and made innumerable purchases from hatters, hosiers and bootmakers.

The Duke of Bethincourt received some fairly staggering accounts for the decking out of Mr. Palliser's person, which, one regrets to state, are still unpaid.

While his clothes were being made Palliser spent what leisure was left him, after the barbers and manicurists had had their way, in studying the habits of the Upper Ten. He acquired a walk and a manner of swinging his cane only to be observed in the highest circles.

By a stroke of luck he came upon a copy of Stevenson's New Arabian Nights, and did his best to emulate the polished address of that cream of gentlemen, Prince Florizel of Bohemia.

At last the day arrived when, with a pile of elegant luggage, he entered a first-class compartment of the Devonshire express.

Caleb, who had come to see him off, could not refrain from expressing admiration at the picture of traveling nobility Mr. Palliser presented.

"You look Sir John Palliser to the life!" he exclaimed.

"Haven't made up my mind to take that name," said Palliser. "I may think of something a bit more classy."

During the journey Palliser solved the problem of his future identity. Being alone in the carriage he threw back his head and laughed. The very thing! He would borrow, for the nonce, the august name and title of Lord Louis Lewis.

In the past he had worked for that nobleman and had had endless opportunities for studying his charming manners. He recalled Lord Louis' quiet way of dealing with all emergencies; his unfailing good humor, his gracious bearing toward those on the lower rungs of the social ladder. A hundred details crowded on Palliser's memory and he determined that his impersonation should lend luster to the original.

Accordingly he inscribed a new set of labels, which he tied to his luggage while waiting for the Lydford train at Oakhampton. A few curious passengers read the labels, and it was gratifying to observe their looks as they watched the pseudo Lord Louis lighting cigarettes and throwing them away half smoked, or playing imaginary golf with his silver-mounted Malacca walking stick.

Palliser alighted at Lydford and hired a fly to convey him to the village of Mary Tavy.

He was much distressed to find there was only a small inn, for he had looked forward to putting up at an expensive hotel. However, he bade the coachman carry his traps within. The proprietor, a simple-minded Devonian, was very effusive to his guest and apologized for the humbleness of his entertainment. Palliser inspected his room with kindly tolerance.

"It will serve," he was pleased to remark. "I perceive the sheets is passably clean, and an old campaigner, like what I am, can put up with a bit o' discomfort once in a way."

A little parlor was set aside for his use, and within half an hour he was seated before a dish of delicious troutlets, and a pigeon which had fallen to mine host's muzzle-loader. He addressed the landlord's daughter, who attended to his wants, by the title of "My good girl!" or "My dear young miss!"

In order to suggest an aura of gracious birth he ordered a bottle of Château Yquem;

(Continued on Page 57)

Detroit, Mich.

Newcastle, Ind.

Maxwell

Dayton, Ohio

Dayton, Ohio

MAXWELL CARS ARE MADE IN MAXWELL FACTORIES

ALL of the finest and highest-priced cars in the world are made complete in their own factories. The manufacturers of these cars know that, in order to safeguard the high standards to which they attain—in order to be sure that every part is made as they want it made—the work must be done under their personal supervision.

Some manufacturers of assembled cars advance the argument that it is better to purchase the various parts from specialists. We do not agree with this argument. We maintain that this plan is not better, but is merely more expedient.

It requires large capital and years of effort to establish the facilities for actually manufacturing instead of simply assembling cars.

We know that Maxwell Cars could not be made as well if the parts were furnished by detached organizations instead of being manufactured in our own plants. There must be unity in the finished car.

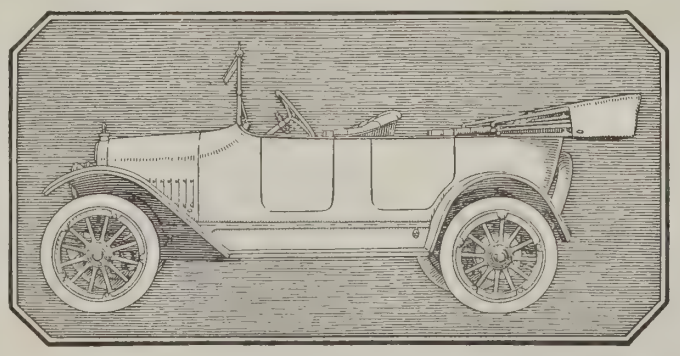
Hence we have four great factories making all the vital parts for Maxwell Cars. Only the accessories and a few minor parts are purchased from outside sources.

The Maxwell Factories represent an investment of thirty-eight millions of dollars ($38,000,000). They contain fifty-seven (57) acres of floor space and they employ twelve thousand (12,000) men. This enormous investment is at stake in the operation of the Maxwell business.

We are making one hundred and twenty-five thousand (125,000) cars this season. Our future success and the growth of our business depend upon the satisfaction which these one hundred and twenty-five thousand cars—and the thousands of Maxwells made in years past—give to their owners.

These vast plants and the great investment which they represent are not only a guarantee of satisfaction to Maxwell owners. More than that, they explain why Maxwell Cars can be sold at such low prices.

With our own plants operating efficiently and making practically every part used in the car; with unlimited capital enabling us to purchase materials most advantageously; with building a single standardized chassis in great quantities—we are able to offer *the greatest automobile value obtainable anywhere in the world.*



And we have the satisfaction of knowing that the Maxwell Car is as much an outstanding value for quality as for quantity. We are wholly responsible for Maxwell quality. We know that it is built into the car—in our own shops.

Roadster, $580; Touring Car, $595; Cabriolet, $865; Town Car, $915; Sedan, $985.
All prices f. o. b. Detroit. All cars completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.
Canadian prices: Roadster, $830; Touring Car, $850, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario.

Maxwell Motor Company, Inc.
DETROIT, MICH.

How I Make My "Pay Outs" Pay In

By William Flintzer

I had my delicatessen store on upper Second Avenue, New York, for two years before I fully realized that there are two parties to profit —Pay Out and Pay In.

Profit isn't merely a matter of cash received—it's even more a matter of cash paid out.

You can't always control prices but you *can* control expense.

That is, you can *if you know what your expenses are.*

I didn't know—but I decided to find out.

So I bought a Burroughs Figuring Machine.

The Simplest Kind of Bookkeeping

I keep my own books.

On the back of each "pay out" ticket from the cash register I make a note of what the amount is for. At odd moments I classify these tickets: merchandise bought for cash; merchandise charged; salary; heat and light; rent; furniture and fixtures; and general expense—all are grouped separately.

At the end of the day I list each item on the Burroughs, and total each group.

This machine-printed, accurate list is pasted in a yellow book as the day's record.

These daily totals are added for the month to show the monthly expenses under each division.

I don't guess at anything—I get facts. Monthly receipts are totaled and pasted in a cash book. Then expenses and receipts are compared.

I know each month just what my percentage cost of doing business has been—and my profits are there in plain figures.

In more ways than one the Burroughs Machine has helped me. It relieves me of figure worry. I use it in checking invoices. It prevents mistakes. Above all, it shows me the progress of my business from day to day and year to year.

Figure knowledge has been a big factor in my success. Is it any wonder I wouldn't be without a Burroughs Machine?

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Ninety-eight models of Burroughs Machines afford a wide selection. Your banker or your telephone book will supply the address of the nearest of the 170 offices maintained by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in the United States and Canada.

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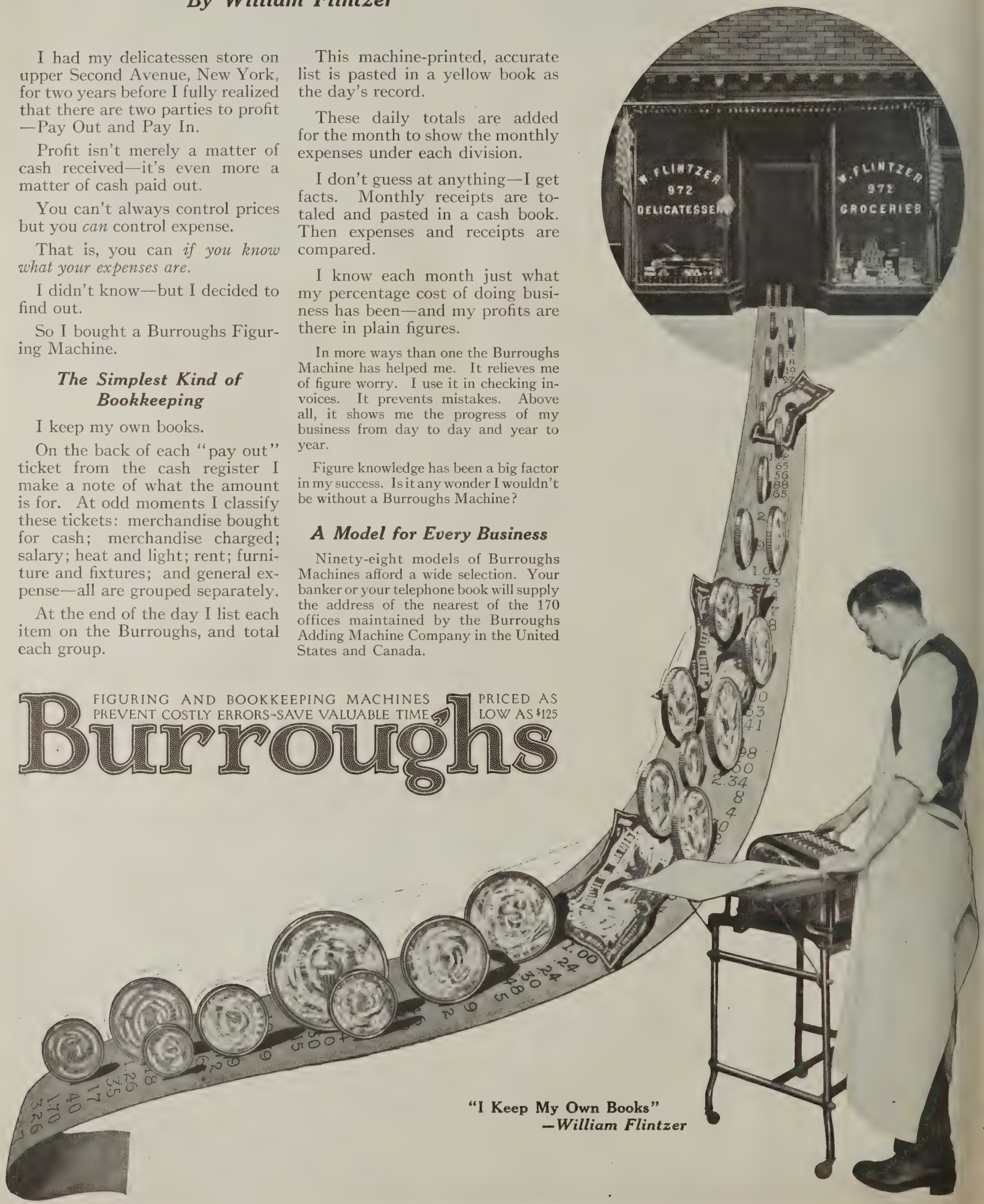
PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs



"I Keep My Own Books"
—William Flintzer

(Continued from Page 54)

, on learning that neither that particular tage nor any other was obtainable, he tented his lordly palate with a pint of -and-half.

When he had finished he announced the ntion of taking a liqueur in the bar and e his host time to spread the tidings of great condescension before putting in appearance.

Giving the assembled company a very d evening, he graciously called for a nd of drinks. Thereafter he made him- most agreeable, and recounted many cdotes suitable to the intelligence of his ience.

n the intervals between story-telling he trived to find out the names and voca- s of all present, including some who e not. Thus he learned that everybody Mary Tavy, with the exception of a cer- Mr. Higgery, was engaged in either ling to the soil or raising those beasts ch graze upon it.

He put a question as to Mr. Higgery's ployment, and from the answer it ap- red that this gentleman spent his time making chairs and tables. Why? No could tell. He er sold anything. haps he was a bit nge in the head. Takes a wunner- pride in his work," mine host. "But poor old chap's a low-spirited these rs. Told me he ld scarce afford to wood any more. s' be purty short, ink. Used to be here most every nt; but now 'tis y of a Wednesday Saturday us ever un."

It is Wednesday nt to-day," said liser.

Dessay as you'll un, then."

ure enough, a lit- later on Mr. Hig- y put in an earance and was ented to the spu- s Lord Louis with eremony.

alliser was a little in his greeting— coldness as a per- of substance uld affect when king with inferi- s and when Mr. igery happened to ress him while he conversing with ezer Hannaford, owner, he re- ed:

Wotsay, my good a?" in quite a cor- ve tone.

was plain that Higgery, no less s the others, was essed by the per- nity of Mr. Palliser desired to present self in attractive colors. He mentioned s wn poor skill as a craftsman and begged e nobleman, should he happen to be sng, to step into the cottage and have ck round.

"ll see about it, my good Higgery," Palliser; "and I can't say fairer than a"

For two days Palliser, with consummate ct made no effort to better his acquaint- e with the old man. On the morning te third they chanced to meet and r. Higgery raised his hat in response to a rt salutation from the silver-mounted alacca.

"nd how do we find ourselves th' oring, Mr. Higgery?" inquired Palliser.

" bit down, y' lordship, thanking you 'Tis the trouble of a small purse nd he high prices of wood and tools."

" perceived you was not yourself, my oodman," said Palliser. "But don't take ; here's always a silver lining before aw"

They conversed in this strain for a few inutes and Mr. Higgery repeated his vitation of before.

"ell, I don't mind havin' a look if your omile isn't too far off," said Palliser very graciously. "But I must confess to a feeling of lassitood to-day and my feet ache something crool!"

All excitement, the old man ushered his famous guest into his humble abode. Palliser managed everything in a masterly fashion and acted the lord to his own complete satisfaction.

It is true he made one or two little slips of the tongue—as, for instance, his rejoinder when Higgery showed him an exquisite little spider-leg table, and claimed to have made it.

"Yes; did it all myself!" said the old man with justifiable pride. To which Palliser replied "Go on!"—an expression it is doubtful that Lord Louis would have employed.

"Well, my good Higgery," he allowed when he had seen everything, "there's no doubt at all you can turn out delectable furniture. I hope and pray you are never tempted to pass these things off as bein' genuine!"

This sentiment made an immediate appeal to Mr. Higgery, who condemned all furniture frauds as the vilest of offenses. Palliser heartily agreed and spoke feelingly on the beauty of honesty, which, he declared, was dearer to his soul than any other virtue.

They parted on the best of good terms and met again at the bar during the evening. Palliser invited Mr. Higgery to take a glass of something in the privacy of his parlor.

"I've been thinking things over," he said, "and wondering whether you would care to do a piece of work for me."

Mr. Higgery listened attentively while Palliser told a story of a beautiful Queen Anne suite of furniture in his possession. It appeared that his brother, Lord Archibald Marmaduke Lewis, was to be wed in six months' time; and now, in view of the said Archibald's great love for the Queen Anne suite, he—Palliser—had conceived the idea of having it duplicated as a wedding gift. Now would Mr. Higgery care to take on the job?

Mr. Higgery could hardly speak from excitement. He protested that nothing in the world would give him greater satisfaction.

And so it was arranged. The original set he was to copy would be sent down during the forthcoming week. The wood and any other materials he required would be paid for, and he was to receive one hundred pounds as remuneration when the work was done.

"But you'll have to keep your nose to the grindstone, old son—I mean, my good Higgery," said Palliser, by way of conclusion, "because the stuff must be finished in time for the wedding."

Mr. Higgery called heaven to witness that he would work day and night rather than disappoint his noble patron.

Then Palliser wrote to Caleb—and Caleb congratulated Palliser. The genuine Queen Anne set was dispatched to Dartmoor. Old Mr. Higgery rolled up his sleeves and got to work. The Duke of Bethincourt breathed freely for the first time in many days, and the pseudo Lord Louis Lewis returned to Bristol, covered with glory and four new suits, to enjoy six months' idleness, with five pounds a week in his pockets and the prospect of a fat commission when the completed copies were delivered.

We now approach a point in this narrative which owes so much to chance that one hesitates to set it down. It came about in the simplest manner three months after the foregoing scene.

Lord Louis' fiancée, Miss Jill Marston, had to pay a duty visit to a relative in Scotland. Being at a loose end, it occurred to Lord Louis that a week's motor tour through Devon would be a pleasant way of killing time till her return. Accompanied by a friend of his preëngagement days, Mr. Russell Yorke, they covered many a highway and byway of that delightful country.

One day, as they were passing over Dartmoor, Lord Louis observed that his engine was running very hot. Stopping the car, he found that the water in the radiator had reached a low level.

The roof of a cottage showed at the end of a short lane near by, and together they strolled thither to beg a pailful from the well. An agreeable old man opened the door and asked them to step into the hall while he went in search of their need. There was a half-open door a little to the right of where they stood, through which part of a Queen Anne tallboy was visible.

"That's a good piece," said Lord Louis, and when the old man returned with a brimming can he asked permission to have a look at it.

"Well, My Good Higgery, I Hope and Pray You are Never Tempted to Pass These Things Off as Bein' Genuine!"

Readily acquiescing, the old man led them into the room.

"Beautiful!" said Lord Louis.

"A fine old piece!" said Mr. Yorke.

Following his usual custom, Mr. Higgery hastened to disabuse their minds on the point of the tallboy's antiquity.

"You can see for yourselves, gentlemen," he concluded; "the polish is hardly dry."

Lord Louis and Mr. Yorke were amazed.

"If this is indeed your work," said the former, "you are the finest cabinetmaker of the age. It is easily the best reproduction I have ever seen."

The old man's face saddened.

"Ah, sir," he replied, "Chippendale was the finest cabinetmaker of his age, and Sheraton of his; but they went beyond that—they had the Idea. I can use my tools as well as either of 'em—better maybe, for 'tis a subtle thing to give a semblance of age to a new piece; but I haven't got the Idea, and never had. If the imagination had gone with the craft King George might have seen his period in furniture as well as any of the others."

They continued talking for a little while, the old man confiding why he never worked for the trade. He told them the piece they had seen was part of a commission he was executing for a very highborn gentleman, whom he could absolutely trust.

Lord Louis would have liked to have seen more, but Mr. Higgery did not invite him into the workshop, where the genuine Queen Anne set was reposing, because he doubted whether his employer would approve. He insisted on walking with them as far as the car, so as to bring back the empty can. Then Mr. Yorke and Lord Louis shook hands with him very heartily and drove away.

Presently Mr. Yorke said:

"Wonderful work!"

And Lord Louis replied:

"Astounding!"

"I am ashamed to confess," said the first speaker, "that I left a finger mark on the wet polish of the tallboy. I simply hadn't the courage to own up."

Lord Louis smiled.

"I doubt whether I should have had," he admitted. "Did it show much?"

"Fortunately not. It was on the narrow edge of the second drawer—the part that closes inside."

"It is curious," said Lord Louis; "but, to the best of my recollection, that tallboy is identical with the one I am buying from Bethincourt."

"Really!" said Mr. Yorke. "But there is not a great deal of variation in the designs. I wonder for whom he is making the copies?"

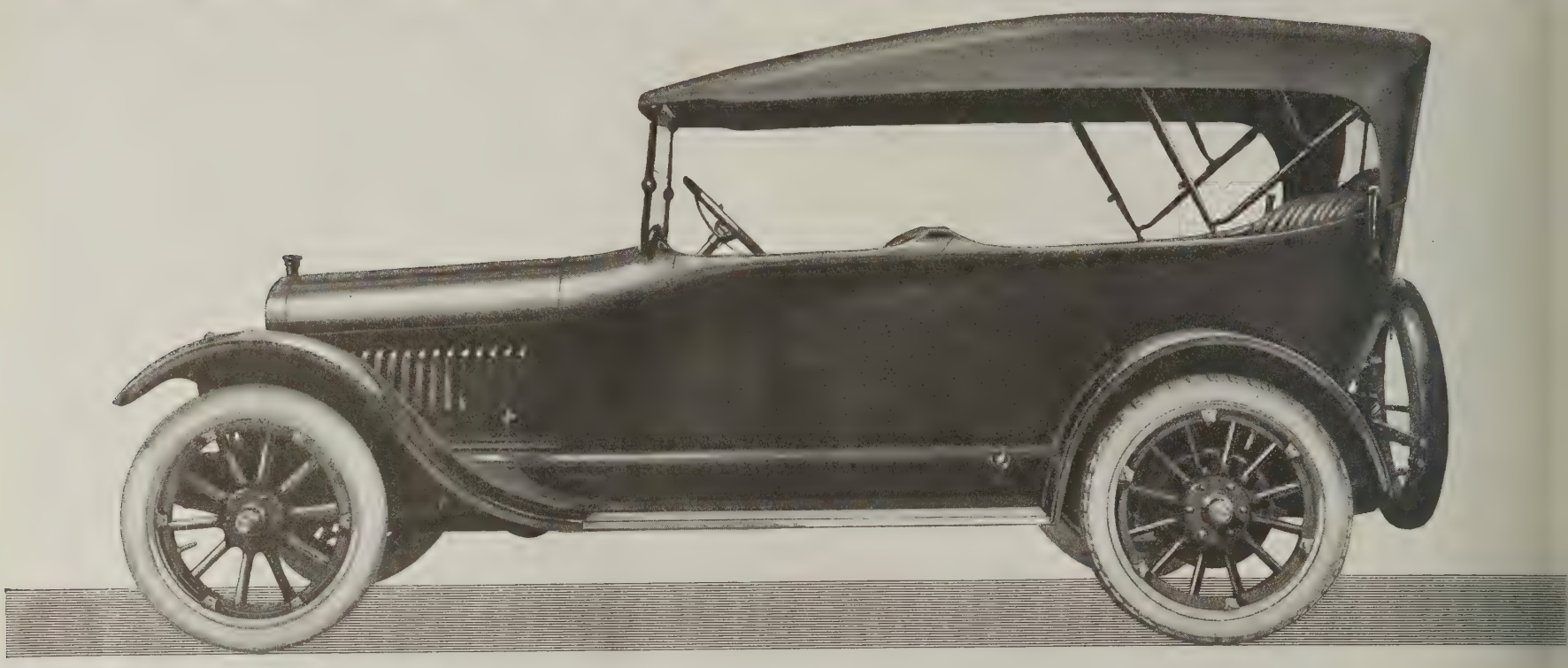
Three months later Simon Caleb, accompanied by Mr. Palliser, called on the Duke of Bethincourt.

The legalities in connection with the old duke's will had been settled, with results disappointing to a young man of extravagant tastes. The three thousand pounds from Mr. Salmon had long since been dissipated, and the Duke of Bethincourt was quite looking forward to the margin of Lord Louis' check which would be left him after settling up with Caleb.

Up to this point Caleb had paid for everything—Palliser's five pounds a week; Mr. Higgery's fee; and all the materials. The only score the duke had settled was Palliser's original twenty-five pounds. Caleb had protested a bit at first; but his hold on the duke was a fairly good one, and he had no real objection to laying out his capital in so excellent an investment.

(Concluded on Page 61)

CHANDLER



This Great Car Leads All Sixes

THOUSANDS of men and women who would pay hundreds of dollars more for an automobile, if *paying* more would *get* them more, choose the Chandler. They are not seekers after a low price. They desire the best six-cylinder motor regardless of price. They desire a Six because time has shown that a six-cylinder motor, correctly designed, gives all the power and all the *flexibility* of power that any motor can give; that such a motor has the life and snap and "go" they desire; that such a motor is genuinely economical in cost of operation.

So these devotees of the Six choose the Chandler, because through four years of intelligent, conscientious, manufacturing effort, and without radical or experimental changes of design, the Chandler motor has been developed to a point approximating perfection.

Chandler Low Price is Important, Too

While with so many the question of price is of secondary consideration, still Chandler leads in price today quite as distinctly as it has always led.

In the face of advanced cost of all materials and labor, the Chandler price is but $100 higher than two years ago. And the car is finer than then. Not a feature has been cut out of it. Much has been added.

And other cars in the Chandler field have advanced as much as three hundred dollars the past year, either because of necessity or opportunity.

The Chandler Company has not been willing to take advantage of a situation which would have permitted price inflation.

And this year we shall probably build and sell more cars than any other manufacturer building a car of even similar quality.

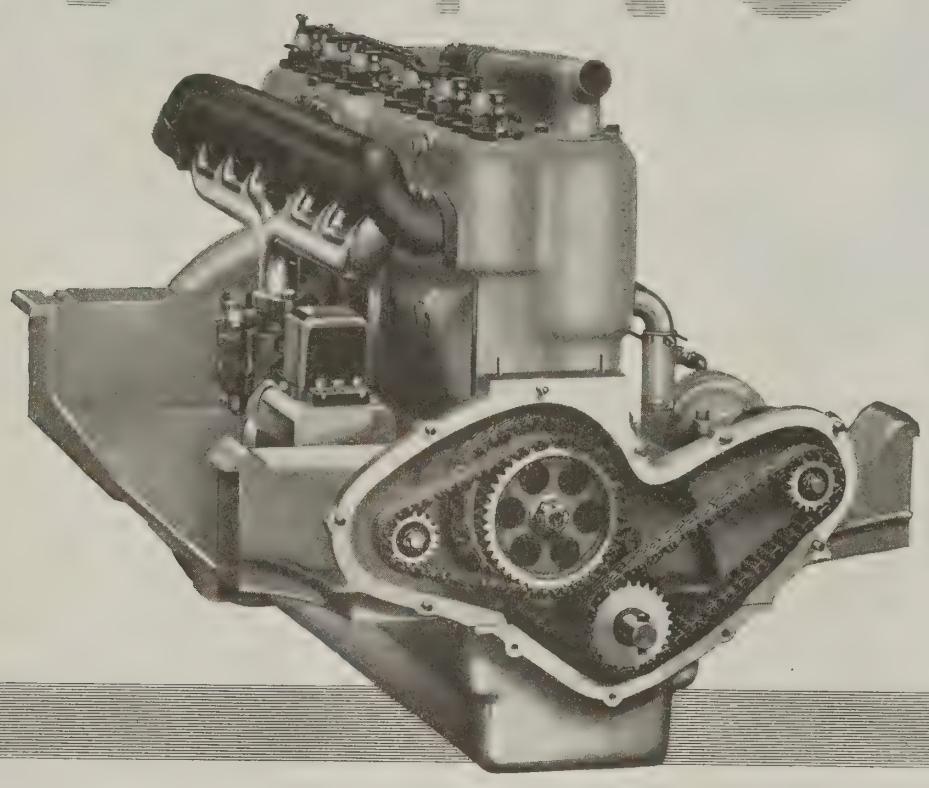
Owners Named it "The Marvelous Motor"

Chandler owners gave the Chandler motor the name by which it is now so commonly called—"The Marvelous Motor." Upon the remarkable performance of this motor, more than upon the beauty of its body design or the economy of its operation, the popularity of the Chandler car has grown. Men in position to *know*, believe it the most highly developed six-cylinder motor in the world. Its power, flexibility, freedom from vibration, its life, its responsiveness, are little less than marvelous. It has been well named.

Motor Refinement is Evident

The refinement of Chandler motor design is evident at a glance. The solid cast aluminum motor base extends from frame to frame and

SIX $1395



Because of its Marvelous Motor

insures rigidity of the engine mounting. Upon this motor base, and easily accessible, are mounted all the features of engine equipment. The Chandler crankshaft is heavy and perfectly balanced. Crankshaft and connecting rod bearings are extra large. The cam, pump and magneto shafts are driven by three big silent chains, running in a constant shower of oil. Starting and lighting are furnished by separate electric starting motor and separate electric generator. Ignition is by Bosch high tension magneto.

Built in the Chandler factory, under the constant supervision of Chandler officials, the Chandler motor naturally reflects in its operation, the most capable and careful workmanship, in every detail of its construction.

Wide Choice of Beautiful Bodies

You who demand such a motor as the Chandler demand grace of body design, also, and richness of finish. In its big seven-passenger touring car and graceful four-passenger roadster, the Chandler offers two of the most attractive models ever presented to the public. The popularity of the Chandler Roadster has created a demand never even approached in previous history of the trade. The four-passenger convertible coupé, with seating arrangement similar to that of the roadster, the seven-passenger convertible sedan, and the limousine, seating five in the enclosed compartment, are other models in the Chandler line. All these types of body are mounted on the one standard Chandler chassis.

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $1395
Four-Passenger Roadster, $1395 *Seven-Passenger Convertible Sedan, $1995*
Four-Passenger Convertible Coupé, $1995 *Limousine, $2695*

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SOFTEN the lights as you start this wondrous record playing. Let the magic of Thibaud's violin paint pictures for you in the darkness.

See—as Thibaud saw when he played—a vision of radiant *Thaïs*, idol of all Alexandria, beautiful beyond men's words.

See her as she muses—alone—struggling against the strange Power, greater than all earthly things, that has crept in upon her soul—has made her dissatisfied with her wanton life.

Listen to the haunting melody rise to its thrilling climax, then subside to the serene calm that means—*regeneration.*

With ravishing beauty of tone, with thrilling depth of feeling, with the eloquence of one who has sought out the hidden places of the soul, Jacques Thibaud, master violinist, plays this masterpiece of Massenet.

Hear it at the Pathé dealer's near you. Hear also great foreign singers who have never sung here; famous foreign orchestras and bands; foreign musical novelties. If you do not know the address of nearest Pathé dealer, write us.

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NEW Pathé Double Disc RECORDS for FEBRUARY 1917

THE NEW EXCLUSIVE THIBAUD RECORDS

THE exquisite music of Jacques Thibaud is familiar to countless Americans who prefer art in its fullest sense to mere pyrotechnics.

60048	**Thaïs** (Massenet) Meditation **Aria for the G String** (Bach) **Jacques Thibaud, Violinist,**	Piano Accompaniment	29 C/M (about 12 in.) $2.00
60046	**Melody in F** (Op. 3, No. 1, Rubinstein) **Piccolini** (Guiraud) **Jacques Thibaud, Violinist,**	Piano Accompaniment Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C/M (about 12 in.) $2.00

(To be issued early in February)

NEW OPERATIC SELECTIONS
By Muratore, Didur and De Cisneros

MURATORE is the success of the Chicago Opera season. His first appearance as *Canio* in *Pagliacci* was the occasion of a great demonstration. For this month's Pathé list, Muratore has sung, with all the richness of his superb lyric tenor, the pathetic "Vesti la giubba" (On with the Play), which closes the first act of *Pagliacci*. He also sings the gay "La donna è mobile" (Woman is Fickle) from *Rigoletto*. This double record is a treat for music lovers.

64005	**I Pagliacci** (Leoncavallo) "Vesti la giubba." Sung in Italian. **Rigoletto** (Verdi) "La donna è mobile." Sung in Italian. **Lucien Muratore, Tenor,**	Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C/M (about 12 in.) $4.00

TO be able to offer exclusive recordings by the famous basso of the Metropolitan, Adamo Didur, is a great privilege, as well as a striking tribute to Pathé reproduction. Didur this month uses his remarkable voice with telling effect in the popular "Porter's Song" from *Martha* and a famous *Ernani* aria. Do not miss hearing this double record.

62027	**Martha** (Flotow) "Canzone del Porter" **Ernani** (Verdi) "Infelice e tu credevi" (Unhappy One) **Adamo Didur, Basso,**	Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C/M (about 12 in.) $2.50

THE famous selections offered by Mme. De Cisneros this month have never been sung more strikingly before. The power and richness of this great mezzo voice and the warmth of color in the orchestral accompaniment are wonderfully reproduced.

62023	**Le Prophète** (Meyerbeer) "Ah! Mon Fils" **Martha** (Flotow) "The Last Rose of Summer" **Eleonora de Cisneros, Mezzo-Soprano,**	Orchestra Accompaniment	29 C/M (about 12 in.) $2.50

NEW BAND AND ORCHESTRA NUMBERS

A NOVELTY is offered this month in the waltz from Richard Strauss' opera, *The Rosenkavalier*. This waltz, together with a new intermezzo by Onivas, is played with great feeling and resourceful orchestral effect.

20110	**La Coquette** (David Onivas), Intermezzo, **The Rosenkavalier** (Strauss), Waltz,	Pathé Concert Orchestra Imperial Symphony Orchestra	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c

THESE two characteristic numbers, with xylophone and bird effects, played by the Pathé Military Band, are going to be great favorites with lovers of novelty.

35090	**In Tunis** (Pericat), Polka with Xylophone Effects, **Quail and Cuckoo** (Fleche), Pastoral Polka,	Pathé Military Band Pathé Military Band	29 C/M (about 12 in.) 85c

NEW WHISTLING SOLOS

HERE are two more novel selections, whistling solos by a man who stands alone in his particular art, and recorded with great naturalness on this Pathé disc.

20119	**Sphinx Valse** (Francis Popy) **Chaffinch Mazurka** (Julius Becht) **Joe Belmont, Whistling Soloist,**	Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c

THE NEWEST POPULAR MUSIC

PATHÉ has captured another unique artist in Miss Ruth Roye, who is one of the best-known headliners in vaudeville. For the new Pathé list Miss Roye has recorded two of her favorite songs. Other selections this month cover the range of the most popular hits.

20104	**When They Go Through a Tunnel** (Lewis, Kalmar and Cottler) **Ruth Roye, Soprano,** **How's Every Little Thing in Dixie?** (Yellen and Gumble) **Joe Remington, Baritone,**	Orchestra Accompaniment Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
20105	**Since Maggie Dooley Learned the Hooley Hooley** (Kalmar, Leslie and Meyer) **Ruth Roye, Soprano,** **Take Me To My Alabam'** (Dillon & Tobias) **Joe Remington, Baritone,**	Orchestra Accompaniment Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c
20106	**Hello! I've Been Looking for You,** from N.Y. Hippodrome Show (Golden and Hubbell) **Louis J. Winsch, Baritone,** **Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!** from "Show of Wonders," Winter Garden (Goodwin, Tracey and Vincent) **Louis J. Winsch, Baritone,**	Orchestra Accompaniment Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
20115	**Hawaiian Sunshine** (Wolfe, Gilbert and Morgan) **Sam Ash, Tenor, with Chorus** **Samoa** (Halsey K. Mohr) **Joseph Phillips, Baritone,**	Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc. Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
20100	**There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl** (Grant Clarke and Fisher) **Justice Lewis, Baritone,** **My Skating Girl,** from New York Hippodrome Show (Golden and Hubbell) **Justice Lewis, Baritone,**	Orchestra Accompaniment Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
20080	**Mississippi Days** (McDonald and Piantadosi) **Peerless Quartette,** **Whose Pretty Baby Are You Now?** (Kahn and VanAlstyne) **Roy Randall, Baritone,**	Orchestra Accompaniment Orchestra Accompaniment	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c

NEW PATHÉ "DE LUXE" DANCE RECORDS

THE Van Eps Trio, the Pathé Dance Orchestra and the American Republic Band present new selections which are full of that swingy rhythm, which immediately excites dance desire. The "Dance o' the Dollys" was written especially for the Dolly Sisters for use in their comedy, "His Bridal Night."

20107	**Hawaiian Blues** (Stanley Murphy) Fox Trot **On the Dixie Highway** (Leo Friedman) One- or Two-Step	Van Eps-Banta Trio Pathé Dance Orchestra	27 C/M (about 10½ in.) 75c
20041	**Dance o' the Dollys** (Milton Ager) Fox Trot **Volplane Waltz** (Burnett)	American Republic Band Pathé Dance Orchestra	27 C M (about 10½ in.) 75c

Dealers Everywhere are Equipping Other Phonographs to Play Pathé Discs

(Continued from Page 57)

The following figures indicate the future visions of Lord Louis' check for two ousand pounds:

e Duke of Bethincourt—after paying Caleb orty per cent	£1200
leb—after paying all expenses	390
liser—twenty-six weeks at £5 a week £130	
Twenty-five per cent on Caleb's profits 130	260
:gery—whose beautiful work made the above rofits available	100
terials, and so on	50

"Everything is ready, Your Grace," said leb.

"Excellent!" said the duke.

"It will have to come back in two jour-vs," said Palliser, "because the motor ry will only hold half. I didn't like to go furniture people for a bigger one, for fear y might talk. Question is which lot you nt back first."

"The reproductions," replied the duke. Ve can then get our client round to see m and pack them off before the other comes in."

Three days later Mr. Higgery's reproduc-ns were arranged in the same order as the ginals were when Lord Louis had first n them. The Duke of Bethincourt was ighted.

"They are marvelous!" he exclaimed. will let our client know that he can have m at once. You, Mr. Palliser, might re-n to Dartmoor to-morrow to superin-d the loading of the genuine set. As n as I have received the check I will send yours, Mr. Caleb."

n response to a letter from the Duke of hincourt, Lord Louis drove to the Ave-early next morning. He instructed his uffeur to bring up the large luggage car to take the gardener with him to help k the furniture.

he Duke of Bethincourt met him in the en Anne Room and spoke feelingly ut his sorrow at parting with the set. d Louis paid the check, pocketed his re-t and drove away, the larger car, con-ing the furniture, following behind.

rrived home, he had all the pieces placed small room on the ground floor, which been cleared for their reception. When was done he lit a cigarette and feasted eyes on his new acquisition, and felt oi.

e was so employed when Mr. Russell ke put in an appearance and joined in examination. He expressed the greatest iration, pulled out the drawers of the ring table, and generally had a field day ng the different pieces. Indeed, had it been for his irritating habit of fussing t with things it is probable this story ld never have been told. He was prying t the second drawer of the tallboy when ave an exclamation of surprise.

"This is odd!" he said. "You remember elling you I had made a finger mark on tallboy the old fellow on Dartmoor ved us?"

"Well?" said Lord Louis.

"There is a mark in exactly the same e on this one."

Lord Louis crossed and examined the to which his friend was pointing.

"How very curious!" he said, and a puz-le expression came over his face. "Yorke, od you oblige me by wetting your hub, rubbing it on your boot, and mak-n imprint on this piece of paper?"

When this was done Lord Louis com-ared the two carefully. Then he straight-ne up and looked very serious.

"That young blackguard has swindled e, he quietly observed. "I have paid wo thousand pounds for an imitation set."

Mr. Yorke whistled.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I am going to Dartmoor to have a little nversation with our old friend," he replied. I shouldn't wonder if there is trouble el for somebody before very long."

Lord Louis Lewis' motor car entered the llage of Mary Tavy and drew up before Mr. Higgery's door at four-forty-five the afternoon.

Receiving no answer to his knock, he alked round to the back of the house. cross the yard stood a barn, with wide-en doors, into which Lord Louis stepped. He had hardly crossed the threshold when he caught sight of something that caused him to catch his breath violently. Arranged along one wall of the barn was the genuine set of Queen Anne furniture. He was mov-ing forward when he heard the sound of a step behind him, and, turning round, he saw the old man.

"Ah! Why, if it isn't the gentleman who was down here last spring!" exclaimed Mr. Higgry.

"Sir," said Lord Louis coldly, "I should be glad of some private conversation with you."

"Come on, then," said Higgery. "My work's done. We'll step into the house."

They had entered the little sitting room before Lord Louis spoke again.

"Last time I was here, Mr. Higgery," he said—for the old man had mentioned his name as they crossed the yard—"you assured me you were an honest man."

"And so I am. What do you mean?" demanded Higgery with some heat.

"You said you were copying a set of furniture for a titled gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell me his name?"

"Certain'y! There's no secret about it. His name's Lord Louis Lewis."

"Ha! Then you knew these imitations were coming to me."

"Be you Lord Archibald Marmaduke Lewis, then?"

"I am Lord Louis Lewis."

"That you're not," exclaimed Higgery, "for 'twas with Lord Louis I made the arrangements!"

"Come, come, sir!" said Lord Louis sharply. "This is nonsense. I have never done business with you, directly or indirectly. Please be good enough to explain what you are talking about."

"I will," replied Higgery. "No man shall take away my character."

And he launched into a description of how he had met the spurious Lord Louis and consented to work for him, because he was a nobleman and a person to be trusted.

"I am afraid," said Lord Louis, "you have been shamelessly imposed upon. If you will listen to me I will explain how."

Systematically he reconstructed the details of the swindle.

Old Mr. Higgery shook with indignation.

"Sir," he said, "if your words are true it is the angriest man alive you see before you. You shall have your chance of proving them, for Lord Louis himself is coming here to-night to see the genuine set packed in the van for to-morrow's journey."

"Then, with your permission, I will wait till he arrives."

It was a quarter to six when the sound of Mr. Palliser's footsteps was heard in the lane, followed immediately by a jaunty knock at the door.

Mr. Higgery admitted him with every show of respect, and invited him to enter the parlor. A gentleman was sitting there, who rose as Palliser came in. The pink light of the setting sun fell on his face.

"Good Heavens! It's Palliser!" exclaimed Lord Louis.

Palliser turned as white as a sheet.

"Lord Louis Lewis!" he gasped.

That was sufficient for Mr. Higgery. With a bound, he seized Palliser by the throat and flung him sideways against the table. Under the shock the table collapsed and a pot of geraniums crashed to the floor beside the struggling pair. Mr. Higgery's disengaged hand came into contact with the main stem of the plant. He gripped it and brought down the mass of earth and roots into Palliser's open mouth. Then Lord Louis intervened and wrenched the combatants apart.

"Come, come!" he said. "Let us discuss this matter temperately."

Palliser rose from the floor, spitting out mold and trying to extricate a large piece from his eye.

"My lord," said he, "how did you come to be mixed up in this affair? When Caleb asked me to take a hand he swore solemn you had nothing to do with it."

"You were not aware these imitations were for me?"

"I swear I wasn't!" said Palliser.

"Then why," demanded Lord Louis, "did you masquerade under my name?"

Palliser shuffled uneasily.

"He wouldn't work for the trade," said he, jerking a thumb toward the indignant Mr. Higgery; "and as I was using your lordship's manner I made so free as to borrow the title as well."

Lord Louis concealed a smile.

"The penalty for that offense is very severe, Mr. Palliser," he said.

"Your lordship is always generous," he faltered.

"Silence!" said Lord Louis. "Do not speak again unless I address you. I understand a van is calling here to-night for the genuine set, which is to return to Bristol to-morrow." Palliser nodded. "Then, Mr. Higgery, will you please superintend the loading up and let me know, at the Inn, what time they propose to start in the morning? Palliser will come with me."

Taking Palliser's arm, he led him to the waiting automobile, which was concealed farther up the lane. As they drove down the village street they met a covered motor lorry.

"Is that the van?" Lord Louis asked.

"Yes," said Palliser.

Lord Louis addressed the driver.

"You will load up and be ready to start by five in the morning," he ordered.

"Very good, sir," said the man.

"Thanks," said Lord Louis, and started his car again. "By leaving at five, Mr. Palliser, we should be at Bristol in time for a late lunch. You have a room at the Inn, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And a parlor too, maybe?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Good! I will share both with you. Your title will make it easy to persuade the landlord to put up an extra bed. By the way, I have no intention of destroying the illusion you have created among these simple folk; so I beg you to sacrifice none of the manner which, I understand, you have patterned from me."

Together they entered the Inn and the private parlor beyond the bar.

"If you will sit away from the door," said Lord Louis, "I will ask you to excuse me while I write a letter. Have one of these cigarettes—I am assured Lord Louis smokes no other."

The letter he wrote was addressed to Mr. Russell Yorke and contained some very minute instructions. Inside the envelope he placed a second letter, sealed, but addressed to no one.

"The last post for the first delivery at Bristol leaves here at seven, Mr. Palliser. To make quite sure this letter shall arrive in time we will register it and have it expressed. Will you accompany me as far as the post office?"

As they were walking back through the village Palliser plucked up courage to ask:

"My lord, what are you goin' to do with me?"

Lord Louis gave his arm a friendly pressure.

"I shall be guardian of your slumbers for one night," he replied. "In the morning you will occupy a seat in my car. We shall follow the furniture van to Bristol, where you, the driver and myself will lunch together at the King's Head. After that, Mr. Palliser, I think it unlikely we shall meet again."

"Did you pay for the imitation set, my lord?" asked Palliser tentatively.

"Alas, yes!" replied Lord Louis.

It may be imagined that to share a bedroom with a nobleman of such integrity as Lord Louis Lewis would have been most gratifying to a person of humble origin; but Palliser has since confessed that the night was the worst he ever spent. It is probable, had Lord Louis shown any disposition to sleep, Palliser would have left him in undivided possession of the room. But Lord Louis did not sleep; he sat up, smoking cigarettes and making the tenderest inquiries whenever his stable companion showed a disposition to move.

Shortly after two the following day a furniture van and a motor car entered the outskirts of Bristol. Lord Louis drove abreast of the van and said to the driver:

"We will leave the cars at Curzon's Garage while we have lunch. We are well ahead of time and you can deliver the furniture at the duke's during the afternoon."

They entered the garage a few minutes later.

"We shall be back in about an hour," said Lord Louis to a man in a suit of dungarees. "Give me your arm, Palliser. The King's Head is only a moment's walk."

As they passed through the doors of the hotel the motor lorry they had left at the garage was winding up the hill toward Clifton. Lord Louis' chauffeur was at the wheel and Mr. Russell Yorke sat beside him.

Lord Louis made himself more than charming at lunch, and fully an hour passed before they made their way back to the garage.

Palliser could not for the life of him fathom what Lord Louis' game had been. There was the van, with its contents, in exactly the same position they had left it. It would have taken a very keen eye to detect any difference between Mr. Higgery's copies and the originals, and Mr. Yorke had paid particular attention to Lord Louis' written instructions with regard to reloading the van. Even a wisp of straw which had projected beneath the foot of the chest of drawers was in exactly the same place after the transposition had taken place as it had been before.

"Good-by, Mr. Palliser," said Lord Louis, climbing into the driving seat of his motor car. "I trust so much of my society has not proved irksome."

He took a sovereign from his pocket and gave it to the driver of the van, then engaged his gears and was off.

Palliser returned home, sat on the bed, and wondered what had happened—or what was going to happen. Lord Louis met Mr. Yorke in the hall of his house.

"Very nicely done!" he applauded.

"It was a happy thought of yours," Yorke said. "I venture to say I carried it out in the spirit as well as the letter."

"The letter," said Lord Louis, "I trust, you placed in a drawer of the tallboy which has gone to His Grace the Duke."

Mr. Yorke nodded; then pointed to where the genuine set of Queen Anne was lined up in the hall.

"You have won," he said; "and I congratulate you."

"Yes," said Lord Louis; "but, after all, I have got what I paid for."

The Duke of Bethincourt was standing by a window when the van containing the furniture drew up.

"Don't unload," he said. "I want you to take it round to 37, The Vale."

Mr. Edgar Salmon, of 37, The Vale, cast a roving eye over his new possessions.

"Fine!" he remarked.

He pulled out the drawers of the writing table and the tallboy, and in one of the latter he came upon an envelope. Being addressed to no one, he broke the seal. The letter ran thus:

Dear Bethincourt: Dissipation, they say, rots the intelligence; I fancy this must be the case with you, as otherwise you would hardly have been so ill-advised as to attempt to foist upon me a set of reproductions.

The genuine Queen Anne suite is now in my possession; and I return you these excellent imitations, with every expression of contempt for your dishonorable failure.

I urgently suggest that you wind up your affairs in England and seek a different portion of the atlas for the exercise of your unique talents. A refusal to do this will result in having to face the public reproaches for your action.

Yours faithfully,
LOUIS LEWIS.

Mr. Salmon thrust the letter into his pocket, grabbed a hat, and rushed round to the duke's abode.

"You young swine!" he shouted. "So you thought to do the crooked on me, eh?" And he flung the letter on the table.

The Duke of Bethincourt was very white about the lips when he had finished reading.

"How—how did he change the stuff over?" he gasped.

"Damn that!" yelled Mr. Salmon. "Where's my three theousand peounds?"

The money was gone; but Mr. Salmon salvaged Lord Louis' check from the wreckage and stuck to the imitation set, which thereby cost him a thousand pounds, for all it was made for a hundred.

Having received no letter from the Duke of Bethincourt, Simon Caleb presented himself at the house in the Avenue the following afternoon. All the blinds were down and there were three cabs laden with servants' luggage at the door.

"Where is the duke?" he asked of a lady who had once been the cook.

"Went abroad this mornin'—all in a hurry," she replied.

That was all the information Caleb could obtain. No address—nothing! People who saw him returning from the Avenue thought the poor old man was quite mad.

Palliser lay low for a week; then curiosity and avarice got the upper hand of his discretion. Simon Caleb looked up with an awful expression as he entered the shop.

"Simon," said Palliser, "what about my commission on that Bethincourt deal?"

The Famille Verte jar which Simon Caleb threw caught Mr. Palliser full on the side of the head.

The local newspapers, commenting on the wedding of Lord Louis and Miss Jill Marston, observed that the bride's distinguished relative, the Duke of Bethincourt, was not present. He had gone abroad for an indefinite period.

Among the beautiful wedding gifts, they said, was a Queen Anne bedroom suite, at one time the property of that sovereign herself, from the bridegroom to the bride.

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NONE BUT THE BRAVE

By Philip E. Hubbard

NUMBER 047316, Private Steevens, A., formerly of the Line, and now, by the grace of need, of the Mechanical Transport, who is a cunning worker of metals, gave a last shrewd blow to the glowing steel, ink-tinked his hammer twice on the face of the anvil, lifted the once crumpled, now straightened axle on which he and his "striker," Private Drake, had been toiling for the last twenty minutes, squinted along its length and, being apparently satisfied with its appearance, laid it aside to cool.

I stop my work and stroll over to the forge while Private Steevens busies himself with preparations for the manufacture of a "Souvenir," such as he is wont to turn out in his spare time.

From odd pieces of Hun shell, aluminum nose rings, or cases of French .75's, he makes the most engaging ornaments; and, provided he uses no British cartridge or shell case, and so keeps within the letter of the law, I have nothing to say against his doing so.

He is a wizard with metals. I have seen him draw down a most unpromising chunk of German steel, once part of a shell, into a fine rod, and of it fashion a most ornamental toasting fork. And I remembered that the Padre attached to our Field Ambulance had asked me to remind my craftsman that he had promised a replica of his fork for the use of the Church Militant.

Now the first fork had taken about four hours of Steevens' spare time; so I was a little surprised, on placing my order, to see my smith turn to a corner of his forge and from it produce a second fork, even more elaborate than the first.

"You've been pretty quick over this one," I remarked.

I had a momentary suspicion that Private Steevens must have been making souvenirs in the forbidden hours of the day's work; but reflection told me that this was unfounded, since I had not left the camp that day. And, to do my smith justice, it must be said that he is punctilious in his obedience.

Private Steevens solemnly, but quite respectfully, shut one eye.

"Can yer keep a trade secret, sir?" he asked.

"Yes—if you wish to confide one to me."

The Ingenuity of Mr. Nickalls

"I finished 'arf a dozen o' these 'ere forks last night, arter I finished that one fer yer, sir."

"Half a dozen! But the first one took you four hours."

"Ho, yes, sir; but it wos the drorin' aht took orl that time."

"But isn't this drawn out?"

"Yes, sir; to a cert'in hextent—but it can't made aht o' shell."

"Then what is it?"

"D'yer remember that time at Eastoutre, sir, w'en we run short o' steel an' couldn't get none, an' 'ad them brackits ter make—an' yer found the church railin's wos all good wro't iron, sir?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Well, sir, we used up abaart 'arf one side o' the fence making up them brackits for the cars, an' it seemed a pity ter leave the job 'arf done; so I 'ad the rest o' the rails aht an' brought 'em wiv us w'en we moved, sir."

"But this is something rather like a swindle, Steevens."

"W'y, sir? The Padre won't never know I ain't made aht of a nice bit of 'Un shell what 'as tore a poor British soldger all ter bits. 'E fair makes me sick, sir!—no offuse ter yer, sir—the questi'ns 'e arsks abaart these 'ere sooveneers: Am I sure this 'ere bullet wos the one w'at went through the 'Un's stummick? or, Did I really get that bit o' shell aht o' the lootenant's cranyhum? 'E's a fair vampire, 'e is, by 'is 'orrors."

"Oh, well," I said; "it's none of my business—provided you don't go pinching the government stuff for your fakes. I shall never believe in your souvenirs again, though."

"W'y not, sir? I ain't never sold yer a fake; I ain't lookin' fer trouble, sir. An' this is fair tradin'—stan's ter reason, sir, I couldn't make a profit on me work if I 'ad to spend four hours on every sooveneer—I ain't got so much spare time as orl that, sir. Besides, yer mark w'at I sez: in anuvver six munfs there'll be factories up, an' workin' overtime, puttin' aht 'undreds an' thousan's o' sooveneers o' the war w'at ain't never been nearer a battlefiel' than Birmingham."

"Very likely," I replied. "We live in a commercial age."

"Ye're right, sir. Yer'd 'ardly believe, sir, the numbers of men w'at's practicin' their trades an' gorn inter business 'ere in Flawnders! There mus' be thousan's of 'em, one way an' anuvver. Fer instance, there wos a bloke down Lillers way, workin' on the 'orspital barges—ever see 'em, sir?"

I was able to reply in the affirmative, and Private Steevens continued:

"Yer remember that woopin' great canal w'at runs from Lillers down ter G. H. Q.? Well, this bloke—Nickalls, 'is name wos—wos skipper o' one o' the tugs they use ter tow the 'orspital barges wiv, an' 'e wos carstin' abaart fer suttin' ter do in 'is spare time. An' one day a farmer bloke, w'at 'ad a farm close by the canal, comes an arsks 'im if, nex' time e' goes down ter G. H. Q. wiv a string o' barges, would 'e mind 'avin' a small scow, w'at belonged ter the farmer bloke, tied on be'ind an' towin' it down, an' bring it back empty nex' time 'e come up?

"Well, this bloke, Nickalls, 'e wosn't doin' any free trawnsport fer no French blokes, though the canal wos, in a way, the French blokes' own country; so 'e makes a arrangement wiv 'im ter tow the scow down an' back fer ten francs—five down an' five back—an' ter drop it at the wharf down there fer a pal o' the farmer's to unload an' take the stuff ter market. An 'e done it ter rights, an' no questi'ns arsked—nobody 'oo's a landsman ever does know w'ether things is right or wrong on any kind o' waterman's job; an', any'ow, the Naval Reserve bloke w'at commanded the barges didn't know nothink abaart boats, bein' a serliciter, or somethin', w'en there wosn't no war.

"So Nickalls, 'e sees as 'ow 'ere's a way o' makin' a bit on the quiet; an' 'e requisitions a ole barge w'at didn't seem to 'ave no owner jus' then—probably servin' wiv the French Awmy—an' in 'is spare time 'e paints er the same as the 'orspital barges, an' paints 'Stores' on 'er bow an' stern. An' 'e makes an arrangement wiv the farmer blokes round abaart ter cart all their stuff down ter G. H. Q. for 'em. The farmers wos at their wits' end ter know 'ow ter get their stuff carried, becos' the railroads wos all 'ung up wiv troop traffic, an' the French bargees 'ad gone aht o' business ter go scrappin'; an' Nickalls, 'e gets a fair monopoly o' the job.

"'E 'ad ter take a partner in down at G. H. Q., becos' o' gettin' the stuff unloaded; but 'e 'ad the sense ter go ter one o' the French blokes down there an' take 'im as a partner. An' Nickalls useter drop the stores barge at a wharf jus' outside the town on 'is way down, an' by the time 'e come back on the return trip the French bloke 'as the barge ready ter sling a line ter Nickalls, an' 'e tows 'er up ag'in, an' nobody ain't none the wiser."

Lending a Helping Hand

"'E an' the French bloke wos makin' a pot o' money aht o' the business w'en I come away—pretty nigh all profit, yer see, w'at wiv our gover'mint providin' the tug an' payin' fer the coal. They didn't pay no lock dues on the canal, neither, bein' 'orspital barges; the on'y out-o'-pocket expenses wos squarin' the bargee on the last barge ter make the line fast an' cast orf at the right place; an' 'e wos a simple sort o' cove w'at 'adn't got any ideas beyond a gallin o' beer."

"But suppose somebody had asked questions and found out?"

"Serpose somebody 'ad started ter arsk questi'ns o' Rockefeller w'en 'e started in business? 'E'd 'ave 'ad 'is tale ready ter pitch; an' so 'ad this bloke, Nickalls. E'd on'y gotter say as 'e didn't know there wos any 'arm in givin' the French farmers a 'elpin' 'and on account o' the entong cordial; an' orl as would 'a' been said would be 'Don't do it any more!' At the worst 'e'd 'ave 'ad ter close down the business; an', as it wos, 'e wos doin' so well that 'e reckoned that if the war on'y 'ung on fer abaart five years 'e wouldn't 'ave ter work any more so long as 'e lived."

"Still," I said, "that's rather an exceptional case."

"I dunno, sir," said Private Steevens, filling his pipe from my offered pouch. "There wos anuvver bloke up 'ere that run quite a big business openin' a shop w'at didn't belong to 'im. Yer reckollec', sir, arter Wipers was shelled aht, all the people cleared aht o' this town for a time, becos' it looked mos' remarkable as if the 'Uns'd start on it next?"

"Yes; I remember—it was deserted for nearly six weeks."

"That's right, sir—it was; an' this bloke wos put in on perlice dooty, an' found 'isself a billet in a little shop on the Square. W'en things quieted down a bit an' troops begun ter come through ag'in, this bloke sees 'is chawnce ter do a bit o' business; so one night 'e goes round on perlice dooty an' collects all the likely stuff 'e can lay 'is 'ands on from other shops—seegars an' fags, an' note paper an' fag papers, an' anythink w'at 'e knew our chapses'd be likely ter buy. An' w'en 'e'd got the shop stocked up proper 'e opens the shutters one mornin' an' sticks up a big card, w'at 'e'd written, ter say the shop wos open; an', sure enough, there wos a fair run on the bank by Tommies w'at thort they could get things cheap from the hunsuspectin' Belgi'ns.

Smith's Private Graft

"They didn't know so much abaart the Belgi'ns as they does now; but, instead of a poor Belgi'n refugee, all they finds is this perlice bloke, sittin' in the shop, 'oo tells 'em the owner 'as just run aht fer sutthink, but if they wants a packet o' cigarettes, they're a franc a packet; an' 'e'll take the money an' give it ter the woman w'en she comes in. 'E even sold some seegars to 'is own orficer—the Town Major—and told 'im the same tale an' never got so much as serspected—I always did think they picked orficers w'at wos soft in the 'ead fer Town Majors—beggin' yer pardon, sir, for speakin' so free.

"Well, this bloke told me 'e took fifteen pounds the first week an' a bit more than that the next, an' no expense w'atever! 'E 'ad to close down the third week becos' the people begun to come back, an' 'e couldn't take a chance on the real owner turnin' up. 'Owever, 'e made a matter o' thirty pounds aht o' nothin' at all—w'ich ain't so bad."

"That is another exceptional case," I objected.

"Well, sir, there wos a bloke—Smith, 'is name wos—used ter be howner of a garage down Isleworth way—an' w'at a garage bloke don't know abaart makin' charges ain't worth considerin', as yer know, sir. 'E was a 'eadquarters dispatch rider on a motorbike down near Bethune, 'oo made quite a tidy bit by collectin' charges on every telegram 'e delivered."

"Oh, nonsense!" I said. "You don't expect me to believe that?"

"W'y not, sir? It wos w'en the Territorials an' the first lot o' K.'s come aht; an', as yer know, sir, most of 'em 'adn't been long enough on the job to know much abaart the awmy, or to know that the awmy don't pay fer anythink if it can 'elp it. 'E got the idea, first, from a bran'-new second lootenant, 'oo wos so pleased at gettin' a real dispatch on a real battlefiel' all to 'isself, that 'e up an' gives this bloke, Smith, a couple o' francs an' tells 'im to get a drink. That gives 'im the nod; an' for abaart a month 'e collected anythink from a franc up to five francs fer what 'e called porterage, an' the poor blighters paid up like lambs.

"'E might 'a' been doin' it now, on'y 'e made a bloomer an' tried ter get three francs' pay-on-delivery charge aht o' w'at 'e thought wos a Terrier second lootenant just aht from 'ome. 'E wos, too; on'y w'en 'ee wos at 'ome 'e 'appened to be a feenanceer on the Stock Exchange, 'oos name wos Ikestein; so, o' course, 'e ain't payin' away no three francs without a argyment about it. An' w'ile they wos flappin' their mouths abaart it up comes a wanderin' general an' wants ter know w'at it's all abaart; so Smith collects a court-martial an' gets abaart fifty-six days' Field Punishment, Number One, instead of 'is three francs. Serve' 'im glad, too!"

"Still, that's another exceptional case, Steevens. The ordinary man in the ranks doesn't get these opportunities."

Marrying for a Living

"I dunno, sir; 'e can always marry fer money. There's blokes aht 'ere marryin' fer a livin', an' doin' well at it."

"Marrying!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Yes, sir. W'y not? You often 'ears o' English lords marryin' rich Hamerican hairesses—w'ere's the 'arm in a Swaddy doin' the same? There wos a bloke in my old battalion w'at 'ad spent quite a lot of 'is time gettin' married. 'Owever, 'e overdid it w'en we come aht 'ere. Yer reckollec' me tellin' yer 'ow we 'ad a munf's rest back at ——, be'ind the Lines, sir?"

"Yes."

"Well, the very fust day we wos back there, Bill—I won't tell you 'is other name—'e spots a little caffy doin' a roarin' trade wiv our chapses; so 'e goes in ter 'ave a drink. The howner wos a widder woman 'oos 'usban' 'ad got 'isself killed at the start o' the war, an' Bill sees as 'ere's a chawnce fer a good 'ome in France. So 'e makes the runnin' wiv the widder, an' before we'd been there a fortnight 'e puts up the banns, or w'atever it is you does in this country, an' 'e marries 'er. Big, lusty wench she wos, too.

"Well, they lives very 'appy fer abaart a fortnight; an' the caffy does a bigger trade than ever on account of all our blokes goin' there w'enever they could, in the 'opes that Bill'd stand 'em free beer, like 'e did the night 'e got married—on'y 'e never lorst 'is 'ead ag'in like 'e did that night; an' then we wos pushed up ter the Front Line ag'in.

"Then comes the big gas attack, an' our Line gets pushed back a lot, an' that brings the village w'ere Bill's caffy wos within range o' the 'Uns' shellin'; but, o' course, Bill didn't know abaart that. So, w'en things quiets down a bit, Bill manages to get a pass to go an' see 'is brother in anuvver ridg'mint—w'at's been dead abaart five years, as a matter o' fact—an' 'e goes down ter this villidge an' finds the 'Uns 'ad been shellin' it an' 'ad registered one slap on 'is caffy.

"'E wos fair upset abaart it. Yer see, 'e wos fond o' the widder, an' the caffy 'ad looked like bein' a good thing fer 'im all the time 'e wos aht 'ere; an', as it wos, 'e not on'y wasted a day's pass, an' dug up 'is brother fer nothin', but 'e 'as all the trubbel o' goin' down ter this place only ter find that one blessed 'Un crump 'as made 'im a French widder man an' knocked 'is caffy out o' business at one go."

"It doesn't seem to be quite the game," I said.

"I dunno, sir. It'll bring a bit o' new blood into the country. They'll get to hunnerstan' English a sight better'n w'ot they do now. In abaart fifteen years' time, w'en the families is growed up a bit, yer'll 'ardly 'ave to shout at 'em at all to make yerself hunnerstood, like you do now. An' then, look at the flip it's goin' ter give the cross-Channel traffic w'en the war's over! Those blokes w'ot don't settle down 'ere orltergether 'll be poppin' acrost now an' ag'in to see their wives an' families, an' collec' a bit to go on wiv from the caffys an' businesses w'ot their French wives is runnin'—do a lot o' good, I should say, one way an' anuvver."

"But suppose, Steevens, that the wives should take it into their heads to come to England and look their husbands up?"

"Ferget it, sir—they won't be allowed to land. W'at's Parlymint been an' passed a Aliens' Act fer? Besides, these French women ain't so fond o' gaddin' abaart. They're 'ard-workin' women w'at'll stay at 'ome an' look arter the business."

"I hope you are not contemplating marriage with Mathilde?" I said.

"Me, sir? No bloomin' fear! I ain't a marryin' man; besides, I can earn all I wants at me trade."

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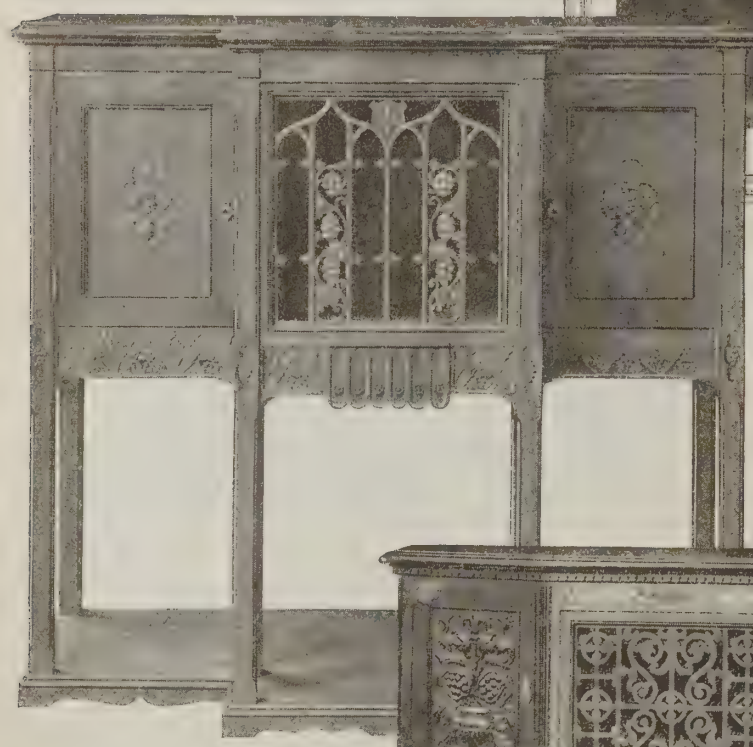
Reproduced from a celebrated cabinet of the reign of Louis XII, now the property of the French Government



FRENCH GOTHIC

(OAK)

4 feet 6 inches long and 4 feet high

XV Century, with skillful restraint of flamboyant Gothic conception

ELIZABETHAN

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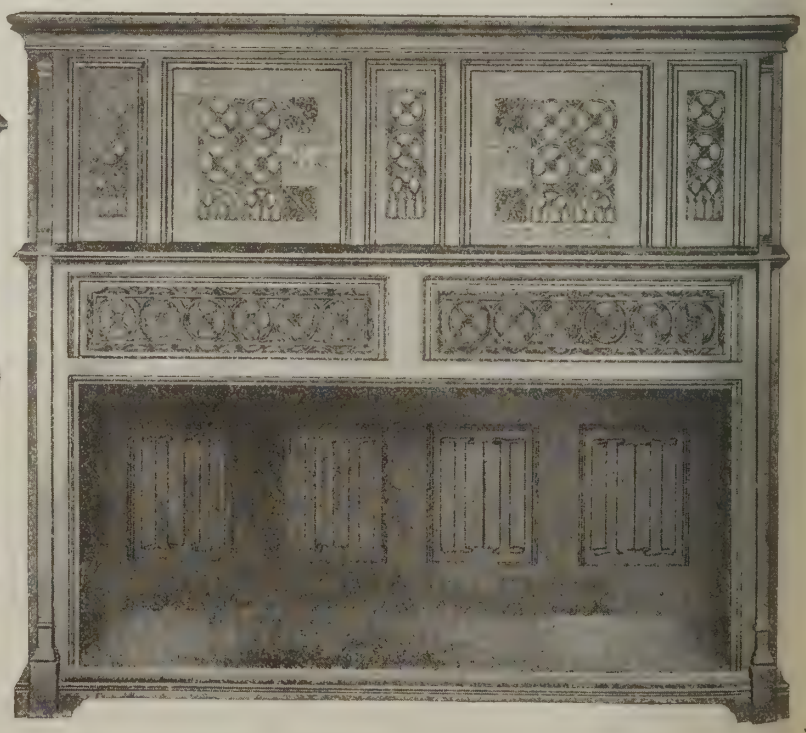
Reproduced from an old English court cupboard



FRENCH GOTHIC

(OAK) 7 feet 6 inches long and 6 feet 3 inches high

Very early XVI Century, illustrating the parchment panel in its best form

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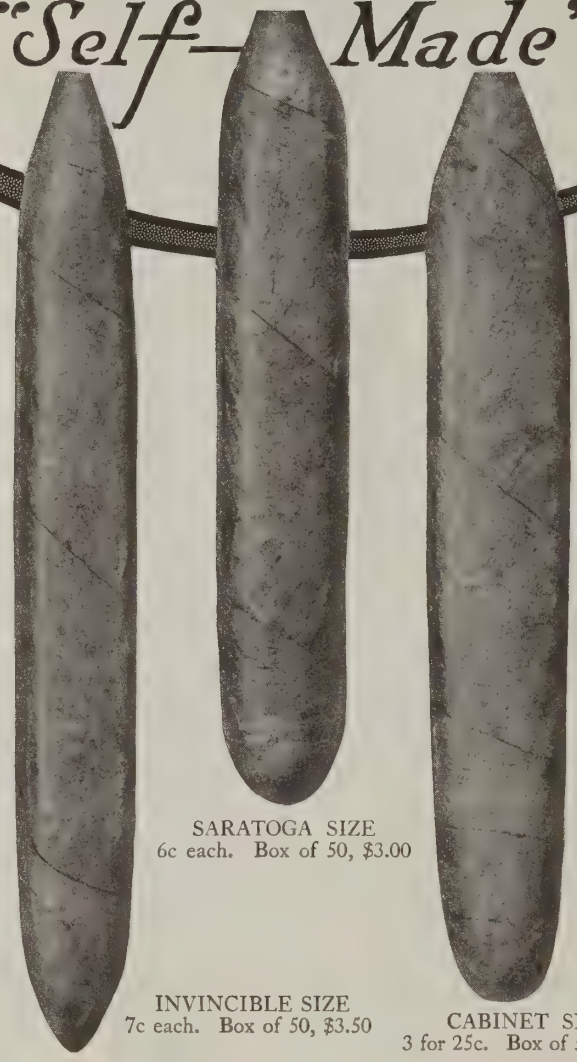

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SAVING IT FOR DAD

(Continued from Page 16)

"He's got six-seven year run off his own holdings, but he's got to have twenty-thirty year to charge off that mill he's got. And he figgers he's got it. He figgers all that timber's as good as bought at his own price. Now looky!" Mark drew his finger from the top of the map to the bottom, between Barnes' major holdings and his two sections that stood isolated. "What you calc'late would happen if somebody went and grabbed up that strip—eh? Cuttin' Barnes off from all the rest to the west. Huh? Tickle him, eh?"

"Dad," said Luke, "I hate to say anything that may hurt your feelings; but any notion like that is insane!"

"Sure!" agreed Peter.

"Git back to your cribbage!" Mark said gruffly. "What you lack hain't so much brains as nerve."

Down the line Mark's finger had indicated were, first, a number of small timber lots—quarter sections and up. Below them was a rectangular limit of eight sections, four sections from north to south and two sections wide. Below that was an irregular-shaped piece, roughly taking the form of an L, which dropped just below Barnes' land and swung slightly under it. In all, these pieces contained about thirty thousand acres of hardwood and spruce. To the west of them lay fifty to sixty thousand more—and upon the whole ninety thousand acres hung the destiny of the lumber company and of Mr. Barnes.

Mark went to his superintendent, gave him minute directions for the running of the mill, and said:

"I'm goin' away for a few days. If anybody asks you where, say you forgot."

He then went to the bank, where he drew out in currency twenty-five hundred dollars of money that it was impossible his company could spare. It was blood from the heart. Following that, he rented a rig at the livery and drove northward.

In three days he was back; and, taking down his atlas, he blocked off in red the sections of timber along his line of attack. The lands so marked extended from the northern end of the valley southward through the tract of eight sections. The largest piece at the bottom remained in white.

"Got 'em, all but that," he muttered. And them options cost me twenty-one hundred too. No options for old Purdy, though. Cash deal or nothin'. Seventy-two hundred acres that old coot's got, and he wants twelve-fifty an acre; and that's ninety thousand dollars. Twenty-five thousand down—the rest on mortgage. Huh!"

He went to the door and called Luke.

"Son," he said, "I'm going to the city. Want you along."

"What are you going for, dad?"

"Goin' to borrow a trifle of twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Dad—why, dad, we've tried that. It can't be done."

"It's got to be done! Git your bag packed."

Luke went hurriedly into Peter's office. "I'm afraid," he said with his voice breaking, "that this thing's got dad hard. It looks like—like ——" He couldn't go on, but tapped his brow with significance. "He wants me to go to the city with him while he borrows a mere nothing of twenty-five thousand."

"Better go with him, Luke, to keep an eye on him. If he's set on going—why, he'll go, hell or high water!"

So it came about that Mark Sawyer boarded the early morning train in company with his son, arriving in the city shortly after noon.

They went to the identical bank that had declined to loan to the boys because their moral risk was an unknown quantity. Luke was accompanied by sensations of a nature as unpleasant as to make him no desirable companion. They were shown at once into the office of the president.

"Mark Sawyer, eh?" said that gentleman. "Never met you before, but often wanted to. That timber deal you pulled off back in ninety-six—remember that? Sly, that was doing business!"

"Met my son, though, hain't you? Tried to borrow money from you a while back."

"Surely. He and his brother are active in the business now, I understand, and you've retired."

"Do I look retired? No, sir; I'm up without the aid of an alarm clock, with my pants on, ready for trouble. Just now I'm running the business, such as it is, and the second generation's playing cribbage for a spell."

"Indeed! . . . And what can we do for you?"

"Money. Want twenty-five thousand. Not on the plant—on a deal I'm figgerin'. Here's the idee."

He spread before the bank's president his map, laid before him the sheaf of options, and outlined tersely the situation.

"I've got to have the cash to pay Purdy. The whole thing hangs on that. . . . Don't seem quite friendly to Barnes to slice into him that way; but he's tryin' to bust me!" Old Mark's eyes snapped and his clenched fist threatened the equilibrium of the president's inkwell. "Do you get the notion of it?"

"Yes," said the president; "but—it's purely speculative."

"Purely fiddlesticks! If somebody gets your finger in a pair of pincers you'll holler. Can't dispute it. I've got Barnes in somethin' worse'n pincers, and he'll holler, too; but when he's done hollerin' he'll pay within reason to get that land. Maybe he wouldn't, knowin' I held it. But he won't know. If this loan goes through, our paper'll print a story about a new lumber outfit that's bought up the land and is goin' to start buildin' a mill to cut out two hundred and fifty thousand feet a day. And that company, Barnes'll see, is between him and that other sixty thousand acres, shuttin' him off from it for good. He's got to buy!"

The president sat back, with closed eyes, for five minutes.

"If you weren't a known man," he said finally, "I wouldn't even bother to listen to such a yarn; but you're Mark Sawyer, who pulled off that deal in ninety-six. You know timber. You never backed a loser. You've always been a success—and no man ever lost a dollar by you. Moral risk, A Number One. I'll call in enough of the board to talk it over."

Luke gazed at his father with bewildered eyes. He himself had come for a legitimate loan and had been refused; his father, a back number, whom he had come to look after and protect, was listened to with respect when he described a proposition that sounded to Luke like wildcatting of the highest order. And that phrase "moral risk" sat heavy on his mind. It was something his father had, and apparently had in merchantable quantity. Luke's education made a remarkable advance in a few seconds.

Presently three members of the board appeared and to them Mark again outlined his plan.

"I'm for it!" said a stout man called the "Judge."

"Me too!" said his neighbor on the right. "I'm glad to have Mr. Sawyer for a customer of this bank. And I'm glad to see him getting a bit of Barnes' hide. I wouldn't loan that man a dollar on a government bond! All you'd be loaning on would be the bond—with nothing back of it."

Again Luke felt the impact of the moral risk.

"You can take the deed in the bank's name if you want it that way," said Mark.

"Not necessary. Fix it some other way."

"Rather you would," said Mark. "You'll notice these options run to the Judge, here. If he'll handle it for me I want him to oversee this end—look after the law, and sich-like. I don't appear, you know."

"We'll take the deed in his name, then."

And so it was settled.

That afternoon incorporation papers for the Palmer Lumber Company were filed with the Secretary of State. Mark Sawyer's name did not appear among the incorporators.

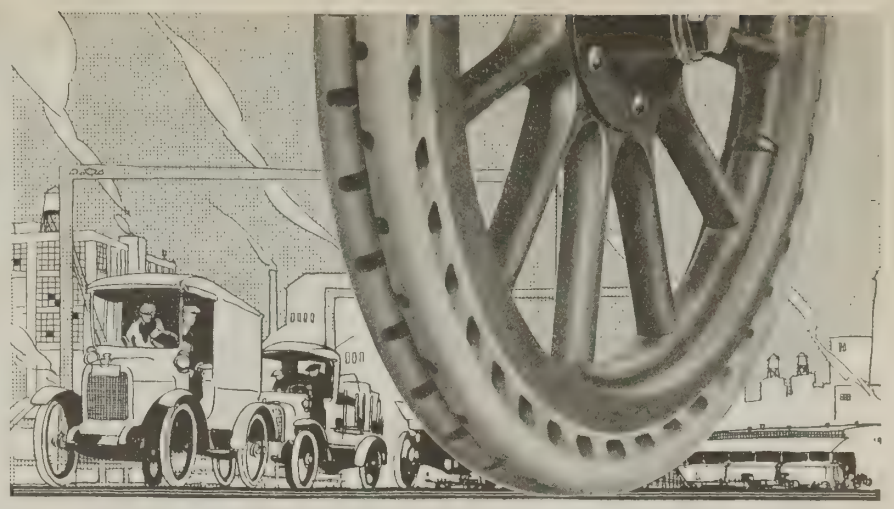
On Thursday the local paper carried a full account of the transaction, as it saw it, and an accurate description of the new sawmill, to be erected at once. Then followed two days of waiting.

The third day Mr. Barnes appeared in Judge Palmer's office; and the Judge could not see him, but wired for Mark, who arrived next morning. After that Mr. Barnes had no difficulty in obtaining an interview with the Judge.

"What's this about a lumber company you're heading?" he blustered.

"You have the facts, I guess."

"I know you, Palmer. You're not a timber man. You haven't the money or the backing. You can't swing it."



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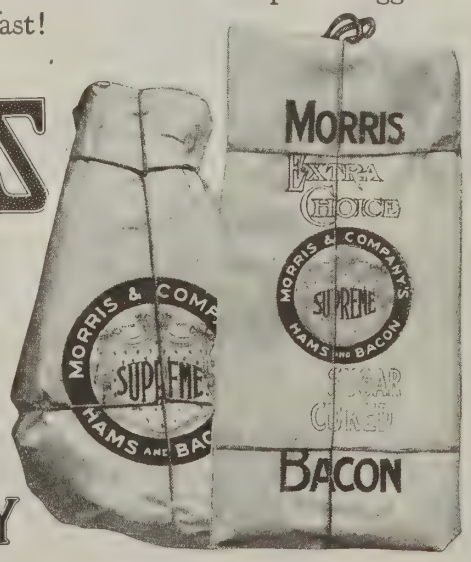

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"It's swung," said the Judge succinctly.

"That timber was as good as mine," said Barnes.

"Not quite," said the Judge suavely.

"Morally it was mine."

"Hum!" said the Judge.

"I've got to have it!"

"Sorry. We see a legitimate profit there; we have the timber and we're going ahead."

"I'll take it off your hands at what you paid and take care of the expense you've been to."

The Judge smiled. Barnes threatened, blustered, begged; but the Judge maintained a courteous firmness.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said finally, as though in disgust: "We have thirty thousand odd acres. They cost us twelve dollars and a half an acre. If you want them you may have them for fourteen—if not, why, we're satisfied as things stand."

Again Barnes had much to mention; but, though he roared loudly, he thought deeply. The land was a bargain at twelve dollars and a half; it was reasonably cheap at fourteen. And he was caught. He was caught as he had never been caught before.

"How long does your offer hold?" he asked in capitulation.

"Till two o'clock this afternoon," said the Judge, and got to his feet, indicating that the interview was at an end.

At ten minutes to two Mr. Barnes was again in Judge Palmer's office. In his pocket was a certified check for seventy-two thousand one hundred dollars. He laid it on the Judge's desk.

"Just a moment," said the Judge, getting up and going to the door of the adjoining office. "Mr. Sawyer!" he called.

Mark came in, with Luke in attendance—respectful attendance.

"Give it to him," said the Judge. "It's his. . . . And, Mr. Barnes, my advice to you is, hereafter, when you enter into contractual relations with an individual, do not use them in an effort to wreck his business—especially an individual of the known potentialities of Mr. Sawyer. The check to Mr. Sawyer, please."

The boys and Mark Sawyer were going over matters in Mark's dining room next morning.

"It gives us forty-five thousand dollars, cash," said Luke, the amazement not yet lost from his voice.

"Leaves us owing less than fifty thousand. Why, it puts us clean on our feet!"

"Calc'late so," said Mark. "And now I guess I can step down again. You'll go better from now on. Throw away your cribbage board and grab hold."

Neither Luke nor Peter replied, but a significant glance passed between them.

"Let's get down to the office, dad," said Luke.

They walked down through the village streets, and the two young men breathed more deeply of the forest-scented air; perceived more homely beauties in the place; looked upon the world and found it good. Into the office they went, pushing their father ahead to his door, the door on which had been the ornamental but purely complimentary title of "President."

Now freshly added below it were the pregnant words: "and General Manager"!

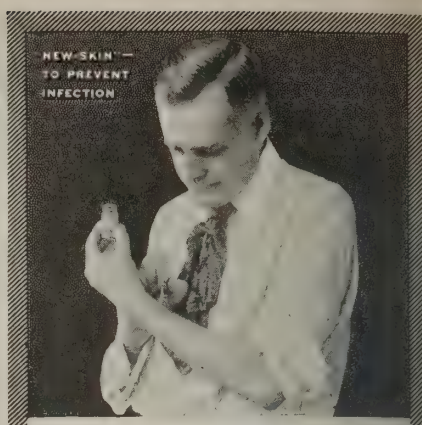
No Drawing Power

A THEATRICAL producer in New York, whose education was not acquired from books but in the University of Hard Knocks, put on a new farce by a well-known writer of dramatic comicalities. Somehow the play did not seem to go very well on its first night. After the performance the manager met another playwright in the lobby.

"Well, what did you think of the show?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm afraid it's salacious," admitted the dramatist.

The producer fetched a deep sigh, as though his own forebodings had been confirmed. "I guess you're right," he said. "I don't believe it's got a chance to make money, neither."



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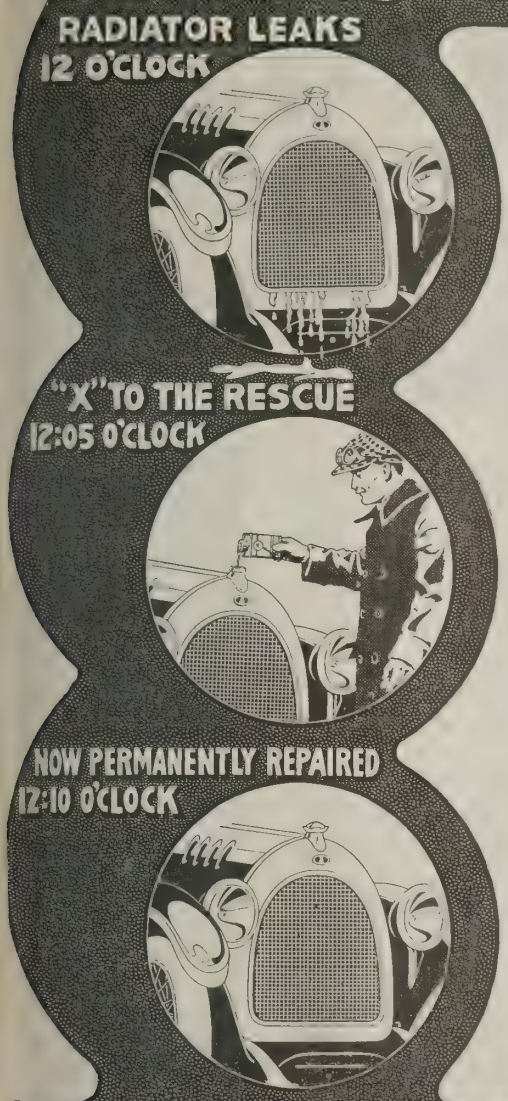

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TRADE MARK

CAR OWNERS! How would you like to be told by your repair man that your radiator repair job bill came to $25? It will, if you neglect this message. In time, the small leak you notice now will get worse. It's bound to. The corroding elements of the water in your radiator are gradually eating away its thin metal walls. You can save an expenditure of many dollars. You can put your radiator in perfect condition, make it scale proof, rust proof, leak proof by the use of "X" Radiator Liquid. Yes, and you can do a $25 repair job yourself in ten minutes with one can of "X" by simply pouring it into the radiator. It works automatically by closing the leak. It makes no difference whether it is in the radiator, water pump, water jacket, hose or hose connection around packing, "X" goes directly to the spot. "X" cannot clog the radiator. It is not a compound, not a cement, contains no glue, meal or other harmful dope to ruin your car. "X" is a scientific process recommended by radiator manufacturers, endorsed by automobile engineers.

DEALERS! "X" Radiator Liquid is backed by men big in enterprise. They are sure of the product, know beyond question that it is going to benefit hundreds of thousands of motorists, so it will be advertised to the limit. Just as it has attracted intense interest, made thousands of dollars of sales when demonstrated at the big Automobile Shows in New York and Chicago, so will this advertising make sales, create interest and a demand that means sales and profit for you. Every wise car owner will carry a can of "X" as regular equipment in his tool kit. Every radiator should have "X" liquid in use as a preventive against leaks. There is a jobber who carries "X" in your district. Write him. Use the coupon shown below. It contains a special time offer to make it doubly profitable for you to act now—today. Use the display stand for reinforcing our broadcast advertising. Every motorist will be reminded when he sees your display that he needs "X." And he does. And so you do.

THESE JOBBERS CARRY "X" AND WILL SHIP TO DEALER PROMPTLY

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E. J. Day Co.; Weinstock Nickols Co.; Chanslor & Lyon Co.

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San Francisco
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"X" Laboratories: — For the enclosed $1.50, please send me, prepaid, full size can of "X" Radiator Liquid. You agree to refund my money if "X" does not fulfil the claims you make for it.

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LARGE CAN FOR RADIATORS UP TO 25 GAL. CAPACITY $1.50 PRICE 75¢ FORD SIZE FOR FORD, SAXON AND OTHER SMALL CARS

Don't accept substitutes—look for the Big "X" on the can. If your Dealer cannot supply "X," write us direct—the coupon makes this easy. Canadian Prices: Large Can $1.75; Ford Size $1.00.

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Introductory Offer to Dealers

Display Stand and $1.50 Can FREE!

SIGN AND MAIL TODAY

One $1.50 Size Can "X" Radiator Liquid and Display Stand Free!! Use this Coupon to Send Your Order to any Jobber Mentioned on this Page. (This offer for immediate acceptance only.)

Gentlemen: Please reserve for me and ship_____ (mention date) "X" Radiator Liquid Assortment No. 1, consisting of 6 large ($1.50) cans; also 12 small (75c.) cans; same to include, FREE, 1 large ($1.50) can, Display Stand, Adv. Matter, etc. S.E.P. 1-20

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DOUBLE CABLE BASE

FEDERAL TIRES, in white "Rugged" tread or black "Traffik" tread, are safe tires for winter use. They are scientifically built to help your car hold its own against slipping or skidding.

Federal Tire quality is exceptional. It ensures maximum service always—even under the roughest and hardest of winter road conditions.

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Federal Tires are especially built for "Extra Service." They are recommended and sold as such by leading dealers everywhere.

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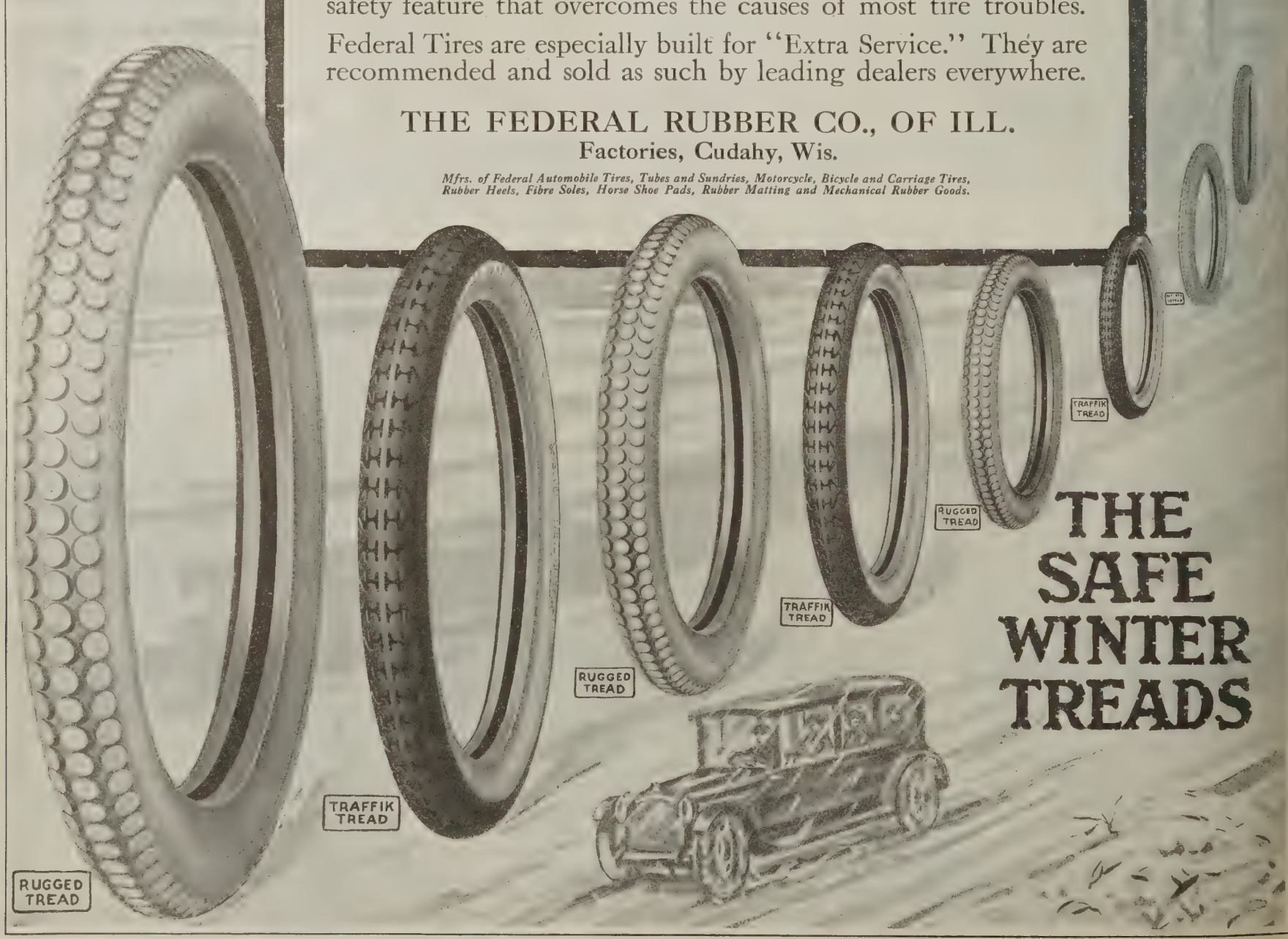

THE SAFE WINTER TREADS

THE ENCHANTED CAPTAIN

(Continued from Page 7)

off the enemy so that he might escape, a woman and an ancient man of the neighborhood carried the bandit on a stretcher into a dry arroyo. There he was found later by his followers, who took up the stretcher and headed into the dense forests that have their beginning near Bustillos.

They climbed up into the Sierra Madre and left him in charge of Indians. He remained concealed near the Chihuahua-Durango line and then changed his hiding place to the Nonoava region, northwest of Parral.

At this time Villa's condition was really serious. Gangrene had set in. But the Indians undertook to cure him with herbs, and he had faith in the treatment. The Tarahumaras of the region have a tremendous reputation for healing with boiled herbs. They even claim to possess a cure for cancer.

Recovery in Villa's case was slow and painful.

He had several relapses. A Jap, who had been a cook in Villa's official family when he was at the pinnacle of his power, nursed him under direction of the Indian herb specialists.

That the treatment failed to come up to expectations is proved by the fact that Villa realized toward the end of April that he would need skilled medical attention to save his leg—and perhaps his life.

One day a physician of Parral was called to Pilar de Conchos, ostensibly to attend the wife of a man employed by the Boquillas Electric Company. He was taken to a small house, where he found a wounded soldier, wearing a thick beard. The doctor recognized him as Páncho Villa. He had been shot below the knee in the right leg, which was in bad shape, as the bone had been shattered and he had apparently gone a considerable time without the attention it needed.

The wounded man asked the doctor to make regular visits. This he could not afford to do, since the distance from Parral was too great. Accordingly Villa was moved to the village of Minas Nuevas, not far from Parral, and lay there in a tiny ranch house until the latter part of May, the physician making frequent trips to dress his wounded leg.

He was in hiding there, and a helpless cripple, when the force under Major Frank Tompkins, of the Thirteenth Cavalry, had their fight with the Mexicans at Parral. Carranza forces were close to his retreat constantly. At the time the American troops passed from Balleza back to Parral, Villa was watching their movements as they went along the road.

Villa Comes to Life Again

Then the American pursuit was halted and the bandit breathed easier. He seems never to have feared capture by the Carrancistas to any extent; whether from contempt of them or through an understanding, is hard to say.

Under proper medical care Villa gradually improved. He gained strength and weight, and immediately he began to chafe for action.

He sent a couple of couriers to scout for information and sound the sentiment among the people. They came back with word that most of the population of the region believed Páncho Villa was dead. The Carrancista campaign to this end had been successful. The bandit was furious.

"Go back and tell them I'm alive. Here is my signature," he commanded.

Immediately the news spread, his old followers began to flock to him. Bunches of ten and twenty and thirty came in under their own *jefes*. They were amazed and transported with delight. They looked upon their chief's recovery as a sort of miracle. From that moment he was The Enchanted Captain.

Páncho quickly recovered his spirits. He is at his best against difficulties and there was work of the hardest sort ahead. He sent messengers to all the ranches and small towns of the region, announcing that the time had arrived for the resumption of operations and summoning the men to his flag. This was in the latter part of June.

Evidently he had been thinking hard during his illness and had come to the conclusion that some new stuff was required to attract adherents. At any rate he produced it. Páncho flung a new standard to the breeze. His was now El Partido Democratico—the Democratic Party.

Volunteers appeared in large numbers. A lot of them came on the run, of their own volition, and some were brought at the end of a rope. Villa set to work on the task of mounting and equipping his forces.

For this purpose he moved toward the Bustillos district in order to dig up his buried stores of rifles and ammunition. And when all were armed he marched against San Andres, whose garrison fled in panic. San Andres is Páncho's lucky town. It was there he got his first start against Huerta, in 1913; and it was there he married Luz Corral. So now he made the place his headquarters, from which he kept couriers galloping in all directions day and night. Soon he had nearly four thousand men.

Captured by Strategy

Though various bands under Villista chieftains were operating early in the summer, they kept in small bodies, on account of difficulty in securing food, until their chief ordered a concentration. His first action of any consequence was on the Corralitos Ranch, southeast of Jimenez; and in this Páncho showed that he had been studying tactics to advantage during his long rest.

One of the Ramos brothers was his opponent. Villa sent a small bunch of men against these Carrancistas, as though ignorant of their strength. They advanced confidently to the attack and drew the full enemy fire. Then the bandits beat a retreat. It was skillfully executed. Ramos' force came pouring in pursuit, sure of victory; and Páncho with his main body fell like an avalanche on their rear, utterly routing them. He took about a thousand prisoners and a considerable quantity of ammunition.

His foe is always Villa's chief source of supply.

"Why should I worry about weapons?" he has often boasted. "I can get them from my enemies."

Up to date he has done so whenever his needs became pressing. Villa's problem is not to find men, but to equip them; and he will be able to do even that if the United States shall lift the embargo on ammunition so that the Carrancistas can import it. Nothing would suit the bandit better. To permit shipment of arms to Mexico is the same thing as sending them to our sworn enemy. The bulk of them will fall into his hands, either by capture or desertion; for a Carrancista to-day is a Villista to-morrow.

Having disposed of Ramos, he occupied Jimenez without opposition and obtained there supplies and recruits. Then he moved on to concentrate his bands at Santa Rosalia. His strength was growing hourly. Eight hundred Yaquis from Sonora joined him and accessions from the ranks of the First Chief's army were considerable. At this time Villa traveled in a buggy on the march. In walking he used a crutch, but he could mount a horse with assistance.

While all this was going forward, Trevino had large forces scattered over the state. They were seemingly reluctant to fight Páncho, however, and it was common talk among the natives that an understanding existed between certain Carranza *jefes* and the brigand they were supposed to be hunting. It seems difficult to explain their apathy in any other way.

From Agua Puerca, near Santa Rosalia, he sent out detachments into all the surrounding country to rustle up horses and supplies, and then struck for a small mining town called Santa Gertrudes. A Carrancista garrison held Satevo, his old home; he fell upon the place like a thunderbolt and wiped out the entire force.

San Andres, only fifty miles from Chihuahua City, was his headquarters; and one day, without announcing his name, Páncho got General Trevino on the long-distance telephone.

"Hello!" he bellowed. "This is me—Villa—the bandit. I am waiting here for your generals. Why don't you send them out to meet me?"

Trevino replied:

"Whom do you want most to meet?"

"Nobody better than yourself."

The Carranza commander sent General Cavazos, who was feeling warlike and declared an intention to eat Páncho alive, crutch and all. The bandit ambuscaded him not far from Santa Ysabel, and out of

Football and Marksmanship —Two Great Sports for Boys

Sports That Teach Manliness

Leading educators say that every American boy should know how to swim, to box, and to handle a gun and shoot straight. He should also be able to play well at least one good outdoor game—football, baseball, or tennis.

The two newest Daisy models, the Daisy Pump Gun and the Military Daisy, have changed the ideas of the entire country about air rifles. Hundreds of thousands of boys and young men are using these rifles to study the sport and art of marksmanship. Nothing so attractive or so safe has ever before been offered to the American boy and his parent.

Orders came in to us so fast just before Christmas that we couldn't keep up with the rush, and many boys were disappointed. But don't give up your plan of owning a Daisy. We are catching up now, and if your dealer hasn't the Daisy model you want right in stock, he will be glad to send and get it for you.

The Daisy Pump Gun has the genuine pump action of a high-grade sporting rifle, 50-shot repeater, length 38 inches, adjustable sights, turned walnut stock; price **$3.50**

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Other Daisy Models, 25c to $2.50.

At your dealers or direct from factory, postpaid, on receipt of price. Send for descriptive circular.

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DON'T Do This— Just Do THIS!

Stop Spring Squeaks

The Easy Way—With 3-in-One

Lubricating auto springs the old way is a slow, disagreeable, dirty job. The new 3-in-One way is quick, clean and easy. Don't waste energy jacking up the car, loosening the clips and forcing the leaves apart. Just buy a Handy Oil Can full of 3-in-One for 25 cents. Squirt the oil along the edges of the leaves and on the ends of the springs. *That's all!*

3-in-One

does the rest. It penetrates between the leaves—lubricates them perfectly—stops all squeaking. Prevents breaking of springs, 85% of which is caused by rust. Takes stiffness out of new springs.

3-in-One is the right oil for all magnetos. Manufacturers recommend it. Ford owners use it on the commutator—makes cranking easier. All motorists should use it for brightening up the car-body, polishing windshield, preserving upholstery and cushions, preventing rust on metal parts.

FREE Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Special Automobile Circular—both free. Send a postal to:

Three-in-One Oil Co., 42 EUW. Broadway, New York

Atwater Kent *Ignition*

Your motor needs a sure, hot dynamic spark, produced with mathematical accuracy, to obtain the utmost power—that is why it is Atwater Kent equipped—or ought to be.

Your name, address and make of car on the edge of this sheet will bring booklet and data covering the application of the Atwater Kent Magneto Replacement System to your motor.

Atwater Kent equipped Franklin Car at Smith Memorial, Philadelphia.

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"I wanted to be my own boss

ORVILLE W. STREET

and I wanted work in which profits would increase in proportion to the time and ability devoted to the job. That is why I took up Curtis work," writes Orville W. Street, of Washington.

Mr. Street is making $85.00 a month now. In another year his annual earnings will be from three to four thousand dollars. He has an eye to the future, too, and says:

"One advantage of this work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* is that it means something permanent."

If *you* want to break away from the time-clock; if *you* want to get out into the fresh air and be your own boss; even if it is but $10 or $20 for some special purpose—write us today.

Our big Winter business, comprising thousands of new, renewal and gift subscriptions, is beginning to pour in. You can share in the profits. Address your application—

AGENCY DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
222 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

the entire Carrancista command Cavazos, one captain and four soldiers escaped.

Pancho is always doing dramatic things; he would make a fine stage director. Witness his raid of September sixteenth on Chihuahua City. It was perhaps the most picturesque event of his entire campaign of 1916.

He had scattered his troops round San Andres and Bustillos, as far as Madera, to which point he was already operating trains. Suddenly he ordered a small force toward El Fresno, a ranch seven miles from Chihuahua City, which Villa owns personally. He bought it at the height of his power for thirty thousand dollars. His men engaged the small Carrancista garrison there and drove them in panic.

Pancho then moved in and occupied his own home. There was an enemy force of about six thousand in the city, within plain sight; but the fact did not seem to give the bandits any concern. They held cockfights and went happily about their business.

On September fourteenth Villa sent a letter to Trevino, announcing that he would be in Chihuahua City on the sixteenth to shake hands with him. He added that he might be hungry, in which case he would require something to eat. Therefore, he hoped General Trevino would prepare a suitable reception.

Now September sixteenth is the Mexican national holiday. It is equivalent to our July Fourth, and the natives celebrate it with bands and jubilation.

Of course Trevino considered this message a bluff. It had been his experience that Villa usually did the opposite to the plans rumor credited him with; and yet—and yet—the garrison grew uneasy.

At nine o'clock on the night of September fifteenth the Enchanted Captain entered the capital, heavily cloaked, accompanied by Martin Lopez and several other *jefes*. Bands were playing and the streets were thronged.

They went to La Partida, a gambling house, and there mingled with the men, attracting no particular attention. Pancho wished to hear what the city was saying, to sound out the sentiment. He was rewarded with much favorable talk.

"Pancho is coming. He'll be here soon," said one.

And his companion replied with a cautious glance all round:

"I, for one, shall be glad to see him."

Satisfied in his own mind that the civil population would welcome him, Villa returned to his camp and issued final instructions to his commanders. About eleven o'clock he gave the signal; and as the chimes of the churches were ringing out El Grito de Dolores the first shouts of "Viva Villa!" apprised Chihuahua that the bandits were upon them. Indescribable confusion ensued.

Villa took with him for this attack only five hundred men, divided into four columns, under Martin Lopez, Baudelio Uribe, José Beltran, Nicolás Fernandez and Tarango. He himself remained with one of these *jefes* in a little house in the residential section; the others led the fight.

Villa's Force Grows

The Carrancistas were paralyzed with fright. Their officers had been at a banquet and some were asleep; they could not find their commands amid the tumult. Consequently the Carranza forces fired volleys into each other. General Trevino ran out to direct the defense and a man of his own bodyguard blazed away at him. The fellow was a former Villista. The bullet caught Trevino in the arm.

The bandits seized the penitentiary, the governor's palace and the federal building. Thereupon Villa went to the palace, stepped out on the balcony and made a speech to the crowd below.

"Viva Mexico!" he shouted. "You do not have your liberty. I will give you your liberty, for I am your brother. Do not be afraid; I am going to return in a few days."

Of course they yelled; and Pancho went briskly to work collecting plunder. He held the city until almost nine o'clock in the morning. Meantime Trevino had made his way to Santa Rosa, where his artillery was stationed. About daylight he opened up on the palace and the theater. Tarango, one of Villa's commanders, sent to take the palace, was caught there by this fire. It became a question of surrender or death. Tarango chose death. He leaped from the roof to the ground, dying instantly. Some followers imitated him.

The fire growing hotter, Villa resolved to withdraw. He sounded the retreat and his forces moved out, taking with them sixteen automobiles filled with arms and ammunition, and some artillery under escort of Carranza troops. Villa had entered the capital with about five hundred men. He lost about sixty in the fighting, and departed with nearly two thousand! The difference represented desertions from the garrison to his flag.

He also took with him a bunch of prisoners from the penitentiary. Among them were José Inez Salazar, Flores Maller and José Rochin. Pancho seemed very glad to see Salazar, a former chief of Red-Flaggers who had fought against him more than once. The bandit embraced José warmly and promised to give him command of an army.

Some months previously to this, Salazar had gathered about two hundred followers and sent a manifesto broadcast, announcing that he was affiliated with no faction and recognized no chief, but that he proposed to conduct a revolution on his own hook for the relief of stricken Mexico.

The new movement did not get very far. Salazar fooled round for a month and found pickings so meager that his men deserted in disgust. The country was swept clean; there was no loot worth the name. Therefore he sent word to General Gavira, a Carranza commander, that he was willing to surrender, with all his force, if granted amnesty; and Gavira, who had a wholesome respect for Salazar's military prowess, and was ignorant of his strength, readily promised it. The formal surrender took place at Guzma. Salazar's army consisted of himself, El Mudo, El Tuerto and El Tito—in other words, he had three men, known as The Mute, The One-Eyed and The Little One. All were nearly starved and mounted on wrecks of horseflesh.

A Deal in Ammunition

Salazar was very grateful to Gavira and presented him with a pair of field glasses. He appears to have enjoyed his liberty until August, when he was thrown into prison at Chihuahua for alleged complicity in a plot with Colonel Tames. It was from that prison Villa released him on September sixteenth. By last accounts in command of four thousand troops. For all I know, The Mute, The One-Eyed and The Little One may be among them.

Another recent stunt of Pancho's, and very characteristic of him, was directed against General Gonzales, at Juarez. The bandit needed ammunition for his warfare. In some manner he obtained Trevino's code—from a captured staff officer, it is said—and forged a telegram in cipher from Trevino to Gonzalez, asking for the speedy dispatch of a supply of ammunition to Chihuahua. Gonzalez sent what was asked. Villa thereupon captured the train and wired Gonzalez in his own name, thanking him courteously for the shipment.

The stroke of September sixteenth increased his prestige enormously. Men laughed over it and applauded. Hundreds hurried to join his army.

Next he sent a formal notification to General Elizondo, at Cusihuiriachic, that he would make an assault on the town at eight-thirty A. M., September twenty-seventh. He did so, completely routing the enemy and then occupying Cusi. While there he received word that another Carranza army was moving against him, under command of a brother of that Ramos he had previously beaten. Pancho resolved to meet him in the open; and luck favored the bandit, as it has a way of doing. Ramos, encountering his own allies, retreated from Cusi, mistook them for Villa's men, and attacked.

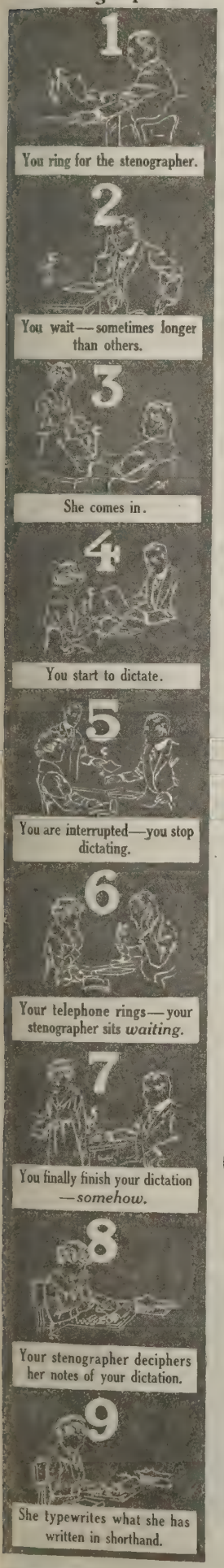
A brisk engagement began. At the height of it the bandit swooped down and finished the business for both. Only a remnant escaped to Santa Ysabel. Ramos himself fled to Chihuahua City, badly wounded.

And now it was Ozuna's turn. Up from the South he came, with three thousand men and eleven trains of provisions and ammunition. Villa gave him battle near Palomas. His tactics were the same as at Corralitos. Two hundred of his force engaged Ozuna's army, which drove them back. The Villistas fought vigorously as they retreated. Ozuna pressed his advantage hotly, which resulted in his forces becoming strung out. The main body of Villistas contrived to get round in his rear and cut the railroad.

(Concluded on Page 77)

Compare The Dictaphone with what you think is modern—stenography

Dictating to a stenographer



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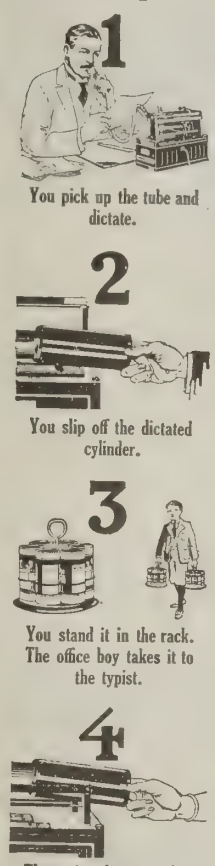

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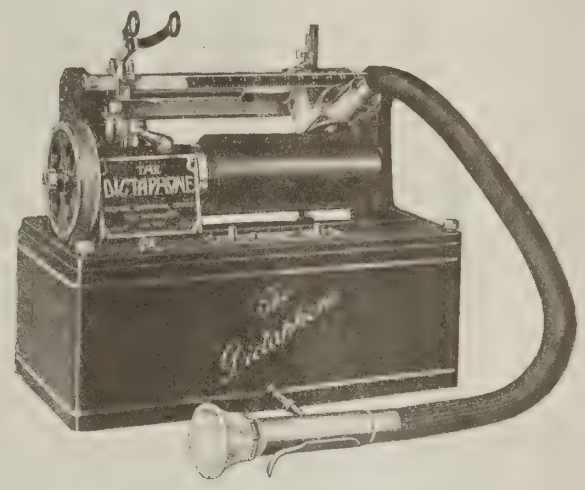

That explains the simplicity and efficiency of The Dictaphone. That it saves a third on the cost of letter-writing and produces vastly more letters and better letters; that it makes dictating a matter of ideal convenience, are some reasons why thousands of business men dictate to The Dictaphone. The same reasons why you, too, should dictate to The Dictaphone.

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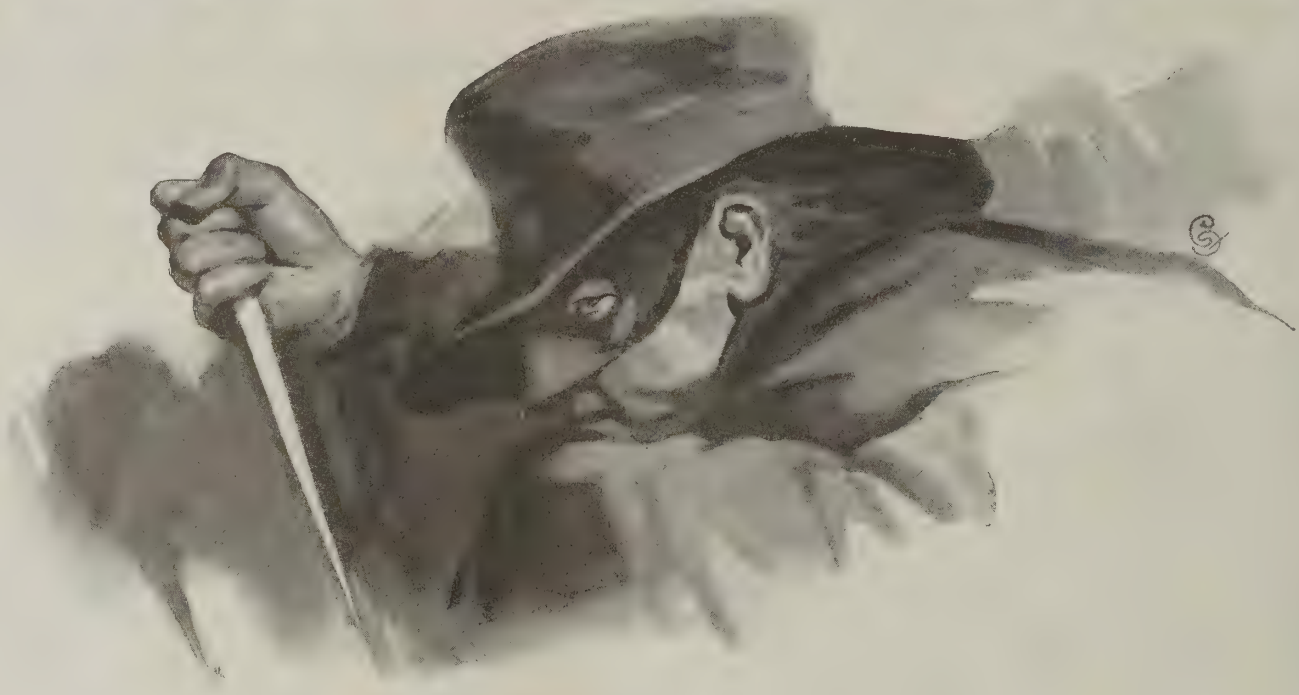
"ACID-MOUTH"



"The Secret Enemy of Teeth"

In the dark the masked assassin hides. Unseen, unheard, he creeps upon his unsuspecting victim. Then—he strikes. The worst has been done.

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No respecter of persons is "Acid-Mouth." Rich man, poor man, "Judy O'Grady," "The Colonel's Lady," you, your family, your friends—*all* are subject to "Acid-Mouth." Unless—and only unless—preventive measures are taken.

It is estimated that nine out of every ten persons who neglect to guard against "Acid-Mouth" suffer from it. It is the estimated cause of 90 to 95 per cent of all tooth-decay.

To ward off "Acid-Mouth," to prevent tooth-decay, to keep your teeth sound and white and gleaming, use Pebeco twice daily and visit your dentist twice yearly. That is the sure way.

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Test Papers enough for a family test to show how many have "Acid-Mouth" and how Pebeco counteracts it. The Free Sample of Pebeco will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts.

Pebeco leaves a fresh, keen, refreshing taste. Children and grown-ups soon learn to like it immensely. Its business is to polish your teeth beautifully—to remove unpleasant odors—and to help you keep your own teeth for life.

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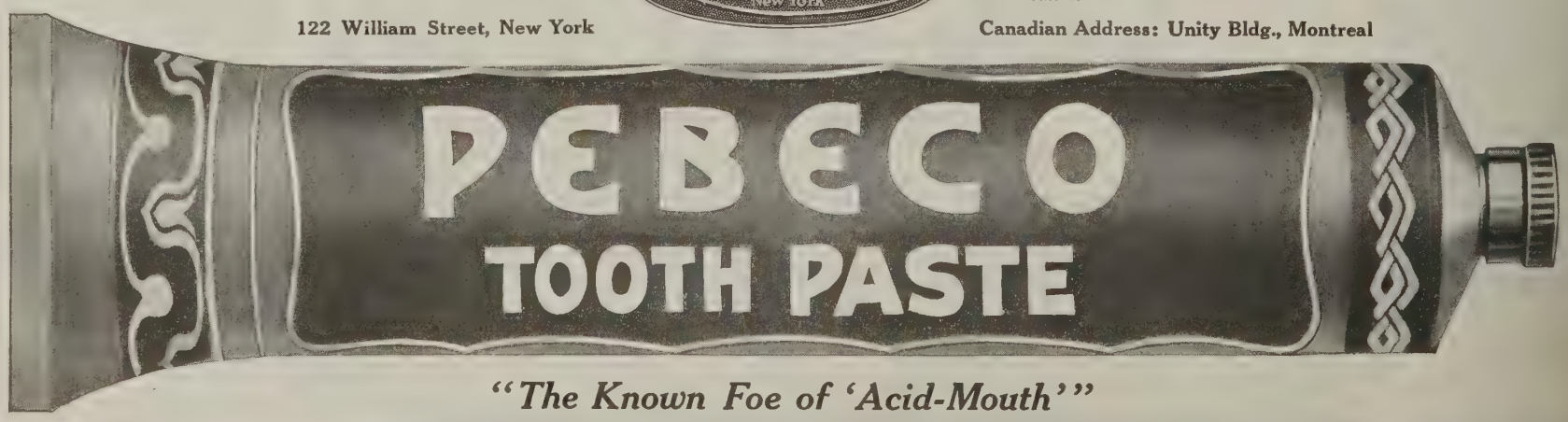

"The Known Foe of 'Acid-Mouth'"

(Concluded from Page 74)

Ozuna's men pursued the fleeing Villistas into a cañon of the foothills, along whose sides Páncho had stationed twenty men every hundred yards for ten miles, under command of José Inez Salazar, late of the Chihuahua prison. When they began to pour volleys into the enemy a panic broke out. Villa then attacked from front, rear and both sides; and Ozuna's men fled like scared sheep. He lost all his trains and ammunition.

The bandit took the loot toward San Andres, from which point he began to organize for an attack on Chihuahua City. He occupied Santa Rosalia and there received advices that General Maycotte was advancing against him, with five thousand men, over the Mexican Central Line. So once more Páncho disposed his forces for battle; and he gave Maycotte an awful drubbing.

"I have the bandits beaten!" Maycotte wired, during the battle, to the Arrieta brothers, who were at Jimenez with a considerable force to support him. "Come to my aid, to repel reënforcements."

The Arrieta brothers replied:

"We are moving instantly."

So they were—they moved back to Torreon as fast as they could go.

El Capitán Encantado seized all of Maycotte's trains and returned in triumph to Santa Rosalia. He did not execute the prisoners. He seldom does now. It was formerly his custom, whenever he captured any Carrancistas who would not immediately join his cause, to order a firing squad; but he had been thinking things over while he lay sick.

"A weapon can be easily bought," he said severely to Baudelio Uribe, one of his commanders, "and a cannon can be snatched from the enemy. Everything artificial can be secured by money, or by making it. But when we kill a man it takes a long time to reproduce him."

Therefore he now takes a less destructive method of identifying his foes to the world. He brands them with acid on the cheeks or forehead; and the mark he puts there is V. C., the initials of Venustiano Carranza. Hundreds of these burns have been treated at Juarez. Another method of marking his enemies is by cutting off their ears. After the battle with Maycotte, Villa sent eighty-three mutilated men back to Trevino to assure him that the reports of Páncho's demise were unfounded.

With Maycotte out of the way, the victorious rebel turned his eyes toward Parral, where General Luris Herrera was intrenched with an army. Once, during the summer, he had made a feint at it, only to be driven off through the eagerness of Uribe in attacking before Villa's arrival with the main body. Parral is naturally defended and a hard nut to crack, but he was determined to do it. Leaving only a small garrison in Santa Rosalia, he announced he would go to the hot springs in the mountains, and sent his forces out, himself preparing to follow in a buggy. Instead of going there, however, he headed for Parral, which he reached on the morning of November fifth.

The Assault on Chihuahua City

Tidings of this reaching him, Herrera got cold feet and withdrew in the direction of Santa Barbara, about eighteen miles away; but the bandit caught up with him that same afternoon and battered his army to pieces. Villa captured all his ammunition, a pack train of two hundred mules, and more than fifty thousand dollars of silver bullion.

Then he returned to Santa Rosalia. The bandit was now in complete control of that part of the state. His troops held all the region from Santa Ysabel to Madera, which is not far from the base of Pershing's army, and his trains operated from Ortiz and Jimenez to Parral.

But his hardest task was still ahead. He was going to tackle Chihuahua City itself.

Gathering his forces, he started from San Andres toward the capital with from ten to twelve thousand men, and early on the morning of November twenty-third the first shots were fired. His men broke up barbed-wire entanglements with bombs and gained a line of trenches during the next two days; then pretended to retreat—only to return to the assault with added fury.

After four days of tough fighting the Villistas stormed Santa Rosa Hill, the key to the city. It was there Trevino had his artillery, and when that was lost Chihuahua was doomed. The bandits rushed triumphantly through the streets, while the disbanded Carrancista troops fled toward Ojinaga and other points. Trevino was wounded a second time, and his men received a warm reception from their own allies in Aldama, who declared for Villa.

By this victory Páncho obtained thirty-two cannon of the 75-millimeter kind, five of which were disabled, however; seventy-five machine guns; and seven thousand rifles. He also dug up a great quantity of ammunition that had been buried in the cellars of the Federal Building.

The bandit was in his glory. He worked like a ninety-horse-power engine and soon had Chihuahua organized. There was some promiscuous looting and he had five of his followers executed. Any looting there may be he wants done systematically and in order, and proposes attending to it himself.

"You're not a German," he said sharply to José Bovio when the latter lined up with a bunch of German residents.

Bovio said he was an Italian mining man.

"All right," said Villa. "You go and fetch all the storekeepers to me."

"Suppose I can't get them all, General?"

"Any you can't find don't own stores—they'll belong to me, *hombre*," was the reply; and it produced a fine attendance of foreign merchants to meet the conqueror.

Attack Better Than Defense

Villa looked them over and demanded three hundred thousand pesos. They responded with less than two hundred thousand, claiming it was all they could raise. But he got his hands on a large quantity of bullion.

"General," Bovio announced, "the consuls in the city wish an audience with you to intercede for the Chinese."

"I don't want to see them," answered Villa. "Consuls are only fellows who can't stay in their own countries, anyhow."

During the few days he held Chihuahua City nearly a hundred Chinamen were murdered. And Villa looted like a medieval freebooter. Whole trainloads of food and medical supplies, hay, forage and gasoline were sent out daily. One of them was recovered. The last to leave before he evacuated the city was captured by Murguia, who came up from Torreon and reoccupied Chihuahua for the First Chief.

He did not arrive in time to take any part in its defense under Trevino, and it has been charged that failure to get reënforcements to the capital was due to treachery in Mexico City; but the fact of the matter is that Salazar was holding Murguia off with four thousand men somewhere north of Bermejillo, and keeping him extremely busy. They clashed at Jimenez and the Villista commander was obliged to fall back, but not before accomplishing the destruction of the railroad track, which delayed Murguia's advance. Indeed, Páncho utilized reports of Murguia's approach to fool Trevino, and thereby got close to the city before the Carrancistas realized it was an enemy army and not the expected relief.

Though the reasons for his evacuation are not known, it is probable that the bandit's rooted antipathy to defending a place prompted him to move out. He distrusts that method of fighting. His theory is that the advantage lies with the attacker, and, unless in overwhelming strength, he prefers to let the other fellow hold a town; then when he needs it he will take it.

By withdrawing to Fresno, only seven miles distant, he enticed Murguia into the capital, which is exactly where he wants him. At this writing Villa is striving to wipe out Murguia's force there. That done, he will have all clear behind him for a march on Torreon, which he will very likely take before this is printed.

Where will he end up? One guess would be as good as another. But it is certain that he will dominate the Mexican situation while he lives, and that when Villa dies he'll die with his boots on.

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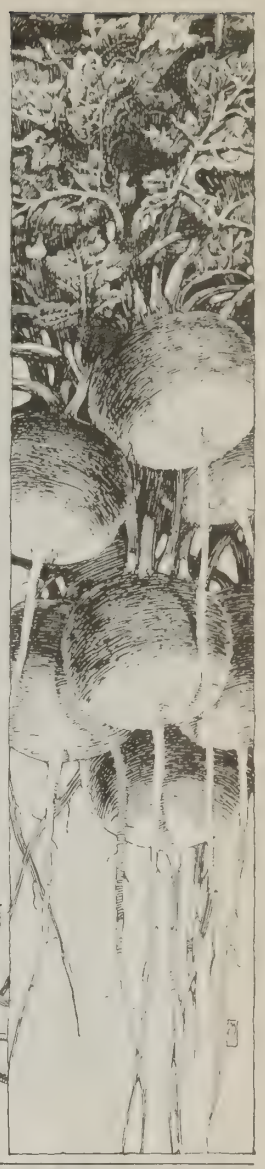

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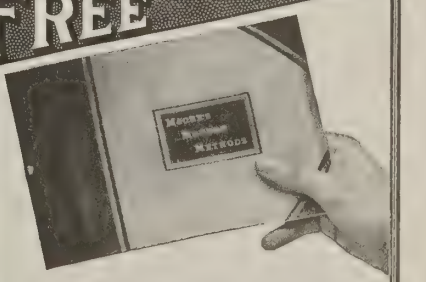
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DOUBLOON GOLD

(Continued from Page 10)

easily have come with him—the ship was Spanish. It probably did come with him! He may have owned this gold; he may have held it, clinked it, gambled with it! And now to be flung up out of the wreck, more than five hundred years afterward, not for the first comer to find, not for just anybody, but for you—at your feet! Do you get that?"

"It figures out to fifteen generations, doesn't it?" was all the answer he made.

"And the place—the place! The book says they still call it Machico. Was it there—is it possible it was there you found the coin?"

"Within a stone's throw of the village itself."

I could only stare at him.

"Coincidence — what?" said Robert Matcham grimly.

He folded up the little book and put it away without haste, and pressed his hand over his eyes again; and suddenly the simplicity and passion of that action hit me like a blow. The man was seething. Within the stolid bulk of him lay pent a pit of emotion. He could not vent it; as he said himself, he had no skill. But I saw how each casual word had come molten from its source and how immeasurably that very lack of art had added to its stark sincerity.

I sat back with a long sigh.

"Go on telling in your own fashion, please," I begged.

"There's little left to tell. I was rather muddled at first—I don't know that I'm much better now. But, all the same, it was stupid of me to flash the doubloon when I got back to Funchal. I didn't even know what the thing was, you see; and so I asked the first shopkeeper with an English sign at his door. You should have seen the rascal's eyes bulge.

"It's clear enough I touched off a regular blessed conspiracy with that coin. What it means you can guess as well as I. I've had a pack of penny detectives on my trail ever since—the maestro here was dogging me all last night. I squeezed all I could out of one lad—how their head devil is called Number One. And that's all I know."

"But why should they be so eager after one doubloon?"

"I don't believe they are so eager after one doubloon," he answered with slow emphasis.

"And what do you propose to do about it?"

"Well, it's some time since I got any good of proposing anything much." I saw the lean muscles tighten along his jaw. "But I'm not dead yet." He glanced at his watch. "It's now eleven o'clock. I can get a horse up to midnight at the hotel. Before dawn I propose to take my morning plunge off the rocks, not far from the village of Machico."

"Alone?" I demanded.

He looked at me oddly.

"Suppose you answer that yourself."

I sprang to meet his grip across the table, and thereby almost lost the use of my fingers.

"Come," he said as he rose, with his compelling smile on me; "you're about the best coincidence I've met yet."

V

IT WAS still raining when we climbed into a curtained bullock shed, one of those public conveyances that snatch the visitor over the pebbled streets of Funchal at a slithering speed of two miles an hour. The *carro* is hardly a joyous vehicle at the best of times. We sat in close darkness, oppressed by an atmosphere of wet straw and leather, listening to the mimic thunder on the roof, the gibbering of the yoke pin and the wail of the driver, a goading fiend in outer space. Possibly these melancholy matters heightened the dour mood of my new friend, who stayed silent. To me they were nothing, for I hugged myself in a selfish content.

Gold! It was all gold—real gold of romance; sunken treasure; mystery; legend; and a most amazing and veridical trick of Fate that had cast back five centuries—no less!

I sought to conjure up that other Robert Matcham from the long past; that "lover of a too beautiful woman," who ran across the sea with his heart's desire in the old wild way. A bold and gallant figure, I was pleased to fancy; an adventuring squire or swaggering free companion in those red, rude times; a traveler by the sword; perhaps a follower of the Black Prince to the Spanish Wars, wherein he might have made such stout allies as the "pilot captain" who served him for his flight.

I pictured him on the deck of his tempest-tossed galley against a strange and savage coast, standing among the hard-lipped sailors, with the woman at his side, facing death as one of that breed would know how to face it; but defiant, clinging to life and to love with grim tenacity, with a tremendous will to survive. He would be hard to kill—such a man—elemental; desperately resentful of the mischance. And I thought I could almost fix the image of him; and he was big-bodied, full-blooded, with arching great chest and tangled hair and fierce Saxon blue eyes.

The *carro* drew up with a sudden jolt; the curtains parted on a dazzling flood of light.

"Would the gentlemen kindly to step down?"

The gentlemen would, both somewhat surprised at having reached the hotel so soon, but rather more surprised the next moment at finding that this was not the hotel at all.

We were in an open, wind-blown street on the water front, where the rain and salt spray drove in our faces and the few lamps showed neither house nor garden. Beside the sea wall lay an automobile; we could hear the churn of its engine, and its headlight split the dark in a sharp wedge and threw a bright zone against the high stone embankment across the road. Midway, and just before us, stood the one who welcomed us so suavely.

It was the roulette banker, he of the spade-cut beard and the superior clothes. He was still superior, in a topper that shone like varnish and a long cape tucked most jauntily over one arm. And he smiled and smiled, like a villain downstage with the spot full upon him.

"Now w'ere," he inquired—"w'ere are that damn doubloon?"

He was effective—the sartorial rogue; and doubtless he knew it. He stroked his beard and thrust his hand to his hip; and behind him on the embankment his huge shadow moved alike, as if some monstrous power there was pulling puppet strings upon him.

"Gentlemen, you been kidnap'," he was good enough to explain. "We are sorry; but it was of a necessitate. If you got away with that gol'piece you are—'ow you say?—leaving us dished up. Therefore"—he waved a ringed hand—"therefore, we arrange' to 'esitate you here, so nize and comfortable."

He would have passed in comic opera anywhere; but the dart of his black eye was keen, his voice crisp and assured. I admired him—with reserve; aware that we were lost in a strange city and that this amiable brigand seemed to know quite well what he was about. Aware more particularly of the forward-drooping shoulder and lowering gaze of Robert Matcham.

I felt rather like a man who travels with a box of dynamite—in no position to kick very hard at any incidental pocket picking along the road.

"Is this a holdup or only the request of a loan?" I asked.

"We are many enough to make it whatever we please," he said with a gleam. "I think maybe you bes' call it a public ex'bition of rare and valuable coins."

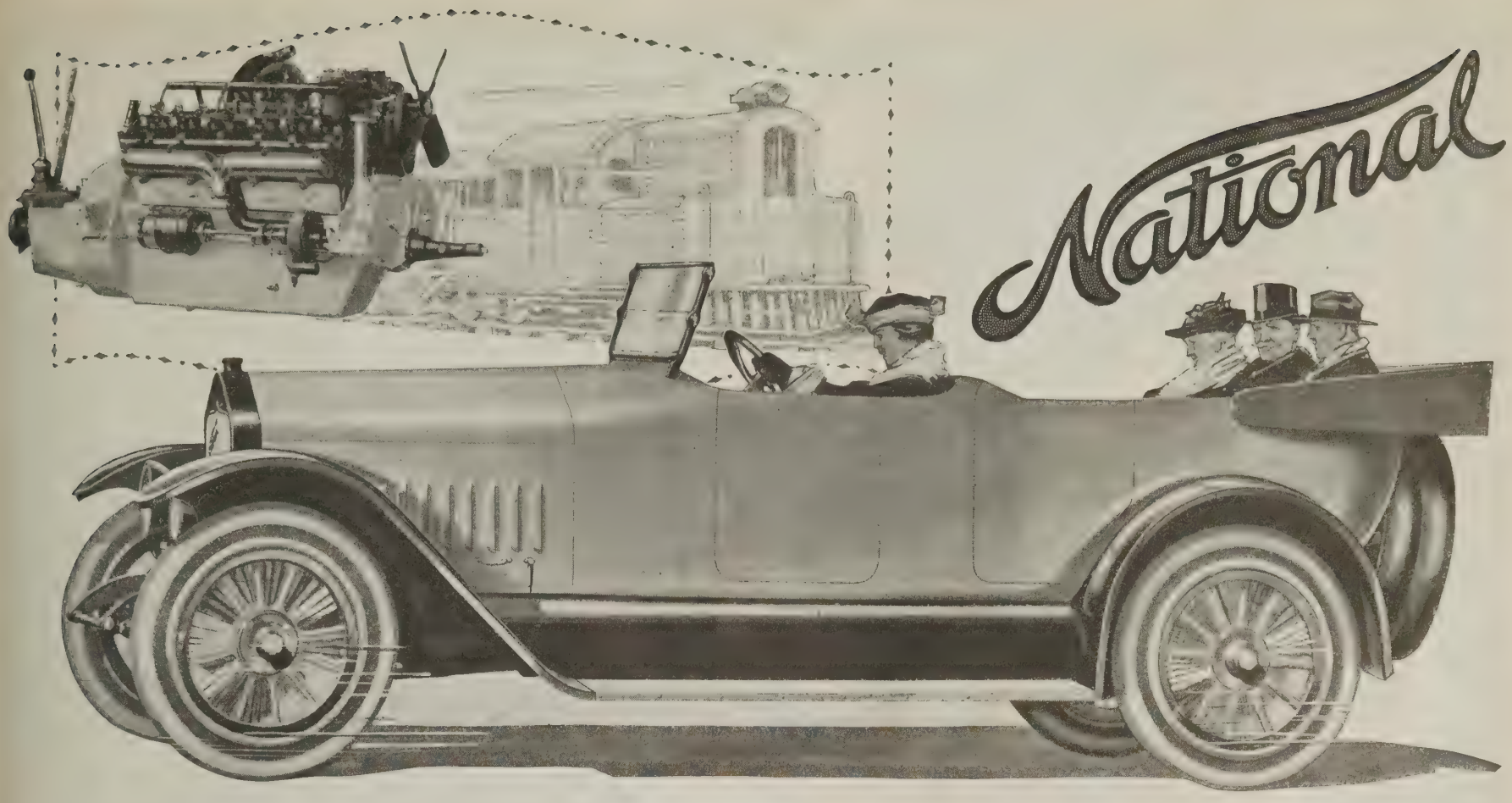
I thought so too. He was not bluffing. I could detect the scrape of feet all about us in the dark. It seemed to me the one needful thing was to bring Robert Matcham through in safety. I certainly did not intend that there should be any explosion on my behalf or for the sake of any single doubloon. From which considerations I made haste to submit with the best possible grace.

"Allow me," I said, "to contribute to such a worthy design."

Robert Matcham took a lurching step, but I caught him by the sleeve and forestalled any other answer by tendering my prize.

There was no pose about the banker when he grabbed it, held it to the light and loosed a shrill Portuguese yelp of triumph. The whole street seemed to echo and then fell as suddenly quiet. It was daunting to feel that lonely place alive with unseen

(Continued on Page 81)



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10c Tins 5c Metal-Lined Bags
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(Continued from Page 78)

watchers. I hoped that now they might let us by; but I had not understood their purpose.

"Sir, I give you kindes' thanks." The banker was bowing, in character again. "Your intelligence are only equal', I 'ope, by that of your frien'. Jus' one more little, so little favor."

He turned to Robert Matcham and held up the doubloon between finger and thumb, so that his eyes blazed over it in the light; and I knew then, with a springing pulse, that the affair had passed quite beyond me and must take its own fateful course.

"You will inform us please w'ere you fin' this."

"Me?" said Robert Matcham with concentrated vehemence. "I'll see you fry in hell!"

The other's suavity fell away from him like a disguise. His teeth showed white in his beard; he gesticulated and the shadow behind him danced with fury.

"In 'ell! In 'ell? Look out! Tha's a place—tha's a place w'ere people speak out of their mouths the way they are told! They make you talk in 'ell, mister, whether you like or not!"

He controlled himself with a strong effort.

"Sir, why you should demand so peevish to be sorry? You got no business with that coin—no; not one damn little affair. What does it make to you? Be nize, now."

Robert Matcham only glowered at him.

"It was by Machico. Yes? Tell me anyways it was near Machico. It must 'ave been. Tell me that."

"No!" said Robert Matcham.

"No?" But once again he clutched his beard. "You want money to tell? Put your price."

"No!" said Robert Matcham; and the word came hot as an oath.

One instant I saw the banker toss his arms like a semaphore; the next we were overborne. Of that I retained chiefly a bewilderment at the force of our captors and the ease with which they dealt with us. Shy with the gun they might be, and indeed it is no natural weapon of their race; but these operators knew the use of trip and hamstring—the hugger-mugger arts; none better. My feet were driven from under me; my wrists paralyzed; I was caught and wound like a cocoon; and when I dropped it was on the cushions of the automobile. And, though this might be a slight-enough feat regarding myself, it was the measure of their cleverness that I found Robert Matcham already there, packeted in a helpless bale. I believe he had no chance so much as to lift a hand.

"You won' be nize with me?" The banker's chuckle floated back to us. "Then you can try being not nize with our Number One, and see 'ow you like it!"

He left us that threat to ponder during our journey to Machico. For it was Machico. Where else? As soon as they whisked us away toward the eastern coast road I knew it must be Machico. Where else should they take Robert Matcham, whose five centuries looked down on him this night? The rain had ceased; the clouds were lightening and shredding out to sea when we arrived.

VI

THERE stands a tiny ruined *fortaleza* on a hill near the southeast point of Madeira, whereof I know more than most folks. You may seek and never find it, for it is now quite lost among the sugar fields, overtopped by the rank cane. Its square tower, whence the first lords of the soil used to keep stern ward against the Moorish marauder, was long ago shorn to the lowly uses of husbandry and built about with arbors; but its walls are a yard thick under the plaster, thick enough for a dungeon—or an inquisition chamber. No place could be more secret, and a man might lie hid there, like a toad in a hollow rock, never to be traced.

This was the obscure and really sinister prison to which they brought Robert Matcham and myself by tortuous ways along the terraces. And here they carried us in from the forecourt to a low-ceiled hall and set us up for judgment, where many another unhappy captive must have stood before.

It was dim and chill as a vault, relieved only by a hanging iron lamp, which shed one yellow splash of light in the center. For some time I could discern nothing outside that wavering radiance on the deep-worn flags of the floor, though conscious of shifting figures in the gloom, of whispered stir and preparation.

For myself I had no great fear. The thing was so remote, and in itself so certain, sure, inexorable; a play of issues that held no part for a trifler like me. I was only a supernumerary, who had blundered on at the climax; a spectator who, having bought a stage seat, finds himself hustled into the riot. I had "come asking"; and it was hard for me to take our picturesque knave and his plottings and struttings quite seriously.

But how of Robert Matcham? The case was very different with him. When I glanced at his face I knew the possibilities for that harried giant to be just exactly as serious as life and death.

Throughout the long run he had spoken only once; and of all the comments he might have made!

"It was wrong of me to let you in for this," he had said very quietly; one of those phrases that throw a lightning glint on a whole nature.

He would yield no more. Circumstance could prod him no further. I swear the fellow was volcanic to the touch. Heaven help the first brigand within reach if ever they loosed him again!

A door opened behind us and closed again with a heavy jar, and quickly we were aware of a new presence. The waiting hush took an electric quality, a tension. Someone was standing there, across; and I peered nervously, for this could only be the chief of the band, the "head devil," on whose will or whim we must suppose ourselves to hang. I scarcely know what I expected; what image I had formed of that mysterious Number One, who had put such strange events in motion. Something very alarming and formidable, at least, and certainly very far detached from the sort of greeting that reached us now. Its words came rippling like notes of music:

"I am sure there must be some meestake. It could not be theese who rafuse a kindness to a stranger! Pedro—theese are zaintlemen! Pedro—Pedro—you shall answer to me! Oh, stupid-head—always to bungle some more!"

I despair of conveying that trick of speech, subtly exotic—like the tang in some rare wine. But the voice! Each has heard such a voice for himself, once or twice perhaps, and felt his blood leap to answer, singing. It was a woman's voice, mellow-throated as a bird's.

Robert Matcham raised his head at the first sound of it; but still we could see nothing to distinguish the speaker—only a vague apparition, nebulous, tall and slim. She moved before us, and presently sank half-reclining on some divan or deep settle midway of the room.

A hurried, anxious mumble seemed to show that the unfortunate Pedro made his excuses; but she waved them away.

"*Messieurs,*" she said—"*Senhores*—I must truly apologize to r'ceive you so. My friend' have exceed' their instruction. I would not that they should treat you with such rudeness. I would not have you sink us *criminel*. Believe me—no!"

But, though she protested warmly, I could not observe any offer to release us.

"And English too!" Her soft drawl was a caress. "See how *bête* is that Pedro—to sink he could make you tell anysing to a r-robber in the street! Of course you would not tell! But me—I shall ex-plain so clear and so simple; and then you shall understand. Attend me, please:

"There is a great treasure on the shore of these island. A gr-reat treasure wrecked with a ship long taime bifore. Always, always it is known—only where? Thad nobody can know! By Machico, they say—yes. But z' waters by Machico are deep and cruel, and thad ship has went all to li'l' piece' hundreds years ago; and only the gold—the heavy, heavy doubloon gold—r'main down there; and to find it is not possible. So at last thad story is nearly forgot! You see?

"But listen now: Only three mon's ago a poor fisher boy finds a one coin on the rocks. Somewhere—somewhere he finds it, and quick the news shoots to Portugal, to Spain. My friends and me, we heard thad news. We are very much excite'; for w'ere thad coin is—you comprehend—there z' rest must also be! So we make a company among us; and me, bicause—oh, bicause I am not quite unknown in several co'ntries and I have some little hinfluence, it may be—I am bicome the Madame Presidente—ze Number One. Yes.

"We hurry to Madeira. And what do you sink? Thad boy—thad poor fisher boy—he don' know w'ere he find thad coin!

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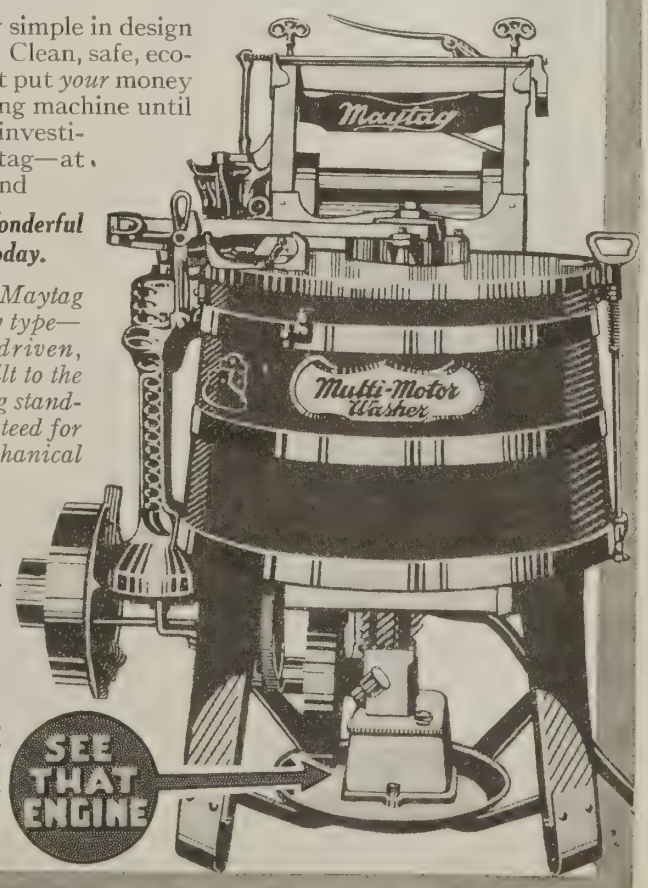

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True, I tell you! We take him here; we take him there—no good! He never can remember w'ere he found it. He is so stupid—a li'l' fool' in the head, thad poor João, who now makes drinks in the Casino. *Pobrecito! Pauvre gars!* And so our treasure is lost again.

"Until you come along—you big zaintleman there. You are a stranger, a foreign'—knowing nothing of all this. You take yourself for a walk by the beach and, very first thing—what? You pick up another one coin of this treasure! Ah, thad is so remark-able! Thad is a wonderful, truly! But what can we do? We must know w'ere you pick it up—thad is es-sential to us. And nobody knows but you. So now you understand why my friends should make you all this trouble."

The red dot of a cigarette glowed to life between her lips, and by that tormented spark we glimpsed a face that seemed to advance out of the darkness and to retreat again as swiftly—the merest fleet vision of an exquisite and roseate loveliness.

She waited for an answer; but Robert Matcham made none.

"Perhaps," she said, with the gentlest concern, "perhaps I do not make myself yet quite clear. You will r'mark thad we are going to know! Somehow or another we are going to know. Thees is a too ancient claim of ours—writ' on ancient parchmen'—and nobody can kip us from it now, when we are so close. *Voilà!*"

The stillness weighed again and I saw Robert Matcham's great chest heave and fall.

"I, too, have a claim," he said, his full, deep tone rolling under the roof like an organ pipe.

She drew herself up to stare toward him.

"How?" she breathed.

And it was given Robert Matcham then to have his say out.

"Either that or nothing!" he declared quite simply. "Either I have a claim or there's no sense to life. Lady—look at me! Do you see a fool, a weakling or an imbecile? None of these, I think.

"When a man has been knocked blind and silly by his luck; when he's been hammered out of all hope and pride in himself—what can he do, lady? Well, there's one of two things for him: He can lie down and curl up like a worm, and confess he's only a lump of flesh, with no more control over his destiny than a bit of flotsam on the sea. He can do that—or else he can sink teeth and claw on the first hold and make it have a meaning; stick to it, and die sticking!

"I've had enough. I call enough! I'm half a world out of my place. I've lost everything I ever wanted; stood every mock and failure—a plaything for events. And now there's got to be a meaning: I'm going to put a meaning to it. If there's a treasure, as you say, it's mine; it must be mine; it's got to be mine—and it's going to be mine or nobody's! And all hell can't make me speak!"

The fellow seemed to swell beside me; I heard the ropes creak about his limbs; and heard, too, the sharp-drawn gasp of the woman in the shadow.

"No! And how do you think you can privent?"

"Well," said Robert Matcham—and his voice rang with high exultation at last—"I can begin this way!"

His bonds snapped from him like thread; his fist went to his breast and came away armed with glitter—João's revolver, which he had hidden there. It spat saffron, twice and thrice, toward the door. He followed on and met a rush of opposing figures. I saw the fat croupier fall. I myself was bowled over, deafened by the bursting clamor, trampled, kicked in the head. Half-stunned, I writhed round to watch the struggle, adding my feeble pipe to the din.

"Go on, Robert Matcham!" I yelled. "Go on! Smash through! Oh, smash 'em!"

They swarmed upon him, reaching for their deadly holds. Three had him about the waist; another clung to his feet; still others barred his path. So I saw him for the click of a shutter; and then, roaring with battle, he broke away, stripped them off like rats, waded on—plucked up the last one bodily and used him like a flail.

He was free! Free long enough to tear the door open and step back for a dash—and there she met him.

A bright bar of light cut in from the outer court and shone full upon her—a splendor of beauty to stop a man's heart in his breast. She was dark, like some tinted pearls—dark as he was fair—and ripe as her own lips. Her eyes, heavy-lidded, were slightly lifted to him with an amorous languidness. She did not flinch, save for a tiny quiver of nostril, thin and clear like a roseleaf, and the rise of her bosom, and when her little hand crept up to her throat.

So she stayed, and so he stayed, while the uproar died and fell away into the void—long and long; while time lost all count; while these two exchanged such a message as five centuries could not change, but no man can guess or words declare. And then ——

"Robert," she said, "this is your treasure!"

"Anna!" said Robert Matcham. "Anna!"

I heard them—I, myself; I heard them.

VII

IT WAS the spade-bearded banker who brought me to.

"So," he nodded, with an amazing grin, "you are not a daid? Tha's nize! Now there are not any daids at all, and everybody being much pleased."

I blinked up at him from the divan on which I lay, and then round the room, gray and bare in the dawn, which had stolen in by opened door and casement. The banker sat down at a little table near by and beamed at me. I noticed that he carried one arm in a sling, but otherwise he was still the model rogue, jimp and smiling. There was no one else in sight.

"They are all down 'elping to fish up that box of gol'pieces," he explained. "You didn' know that, eh?"

"Where?"

"Below the beach. Your frien' showed the place; and, sure enough, there we dived and foun' it. But him —— Oh, *là là!*" He chuckled. "Him and her, what do they care? They 'ave gone off together by their lones to see the sunrise—those dears!"

"Who was she?" I cried, starting up dizzily.

"What? You not know that divine *ballerina*, that dancer so sublime, that singer so sweet?" He kissed his finger tips. "Anna Darfetho, of Lisbon, and Paris, and Madrid! Only now—good-by! It is finish'! She are going with him to Australia. Imagine! And what for, do you think? To spend their share—'Oly Virgin!—in raising little woolly sheeps together!"

"Share?"

"Oh, we all share—that is agree'. Only me—you understand, I am—'ow you say?—the tiger for eat the mos'. Yes, I get the mos', because truly it should belong all mine. Be'old—for this our fazers used to cut the throat."

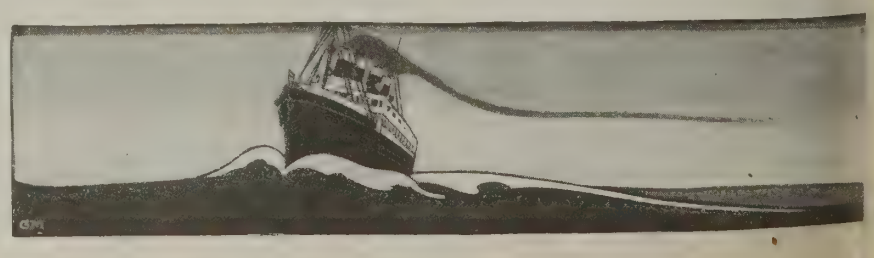
He took up from the table one of several blackish, common-looking lumps, like slag, and weighed it; and smiled his smile of the gentlemanly brigand who gloats upon the fortune won. And as I stared at that superior knave the whole stupendous marve closed up with a final click.

Pilot? Pilot? I remember the quain phrase of the chronicle: "Great fighting pilot of Spain"—pilot? Pirate, rather. Pi rate, of course!

"Then you must be Pedro Morales?" gasped.

"Ah, you know my name?" he twinkle pleasantly. "What, another coincident?"

But I had had enough—enough of coinci dence, of romance and adventure and au thentic thrill to last me for some time, an rather more than I had bargained for wit my ten pounds. I groped my way out int the open and the brisk morning breeze; an there, looking down to seaward through a alley in the cane, I saw the new sun com up, as round and broad and ruddy as—a a doubloon.



New Facts About Teeth

Which Supplant All Former Theories

By Wm. M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

The Source of All Tooth Troubles

Is a Slimy, Albuminous Film

Now it is known that a film on the teeth is the basic cause of all tooth troubles.

That discovery has upset many former theories. Now it is known that tooth preservation demands that film's removal.

You can feel the film, with your tongue—a slimy film—even after brushing. But you cannot see it, for the film, unless stained, is transparent. That is why teeth look clean.

It absorbs stains—nicotine stains in particular. That is why teeth discolor.

That film is albuminous. Therefore it forms a perfect breeding place for germs. And germs are a cause of pyorrhea.

It clings to the teeth, grows thicker and firmer, and finally hardens into tartar. And tartar is another cause of pyorrhea.

It holds food particles which shortly ferment, forming lactic acid. And that's the cause of tooth decay.

So that film causes all tooth troubles.

The most common is tooth decay. That is caused by an acid which that film holds in contact with the tooth. The film protects it where it can't be reached by neutralizing alkalies.

The most dreaded is pyorrhea. That is a disease caused by tartar and germs. Both are the result of that film.

Tartar is hardened film. Stains and discolorments are in the film.

Thus clean teeth mean filmless teeth.

Brush them as often as you will in your present way. While that film exists your teeth remain unclean. They remain unsafe. Germs are bound to breed around them. Decay cannot be avoided. Teeth will not long stay white. New-day dentistry is founded on this fact.

Feel your teeth now. That film is there, no matter when you cleaned them. Your dentist will assure you that it must be kept away.

Brushing Does Not Remove It

Many Applications Harden It

That film resists the tooth brush, and in crevices escapes it. So ordinary brushing does not clean the teeth.

Many applications have alkali in them. And alkali hardens albumen.

That is why our old methods proved ineffective. That is why tartar formed. That is why teeth discolored and decayed. That is why they bred germs, despite all our attention.

We brushed them, but did not dislodge all the film. A stain like iodine will prove this.

Three years ago a way was found to keep rid of this film by the aid of a digestant. Five governments already have granted patents on it.

The way is called Pepsodent. The basis is pepsin, the digestant of albumen.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated by an acid. And the usual acid—hydrochloric—is destructive to the teeth.

The solution was found in an acid salt—a neutralized acid which will activate pepsin. That discovery made Pepsodent possible. And with it came this revolution in the use of dentifrice.

Pepsodent brings activated pepsin in contact with that film. The object is to digest and dissolve it, so brushing can remove it. Two or three applications will show its amazing results. Your teeth will feel as though just cleaned by a dentist's polisher. You will know that the film has met a dentifrice which it can't resist.

Send this coupon for a One-Week Tube to prove this. We will mail it free. Use it, and let the clear results argue for themselves. You will never go back to a method which leaves your teeth coated with film. Please act today. Clean, white, filmless teeth are too important to delay. Cut out the coupon now.

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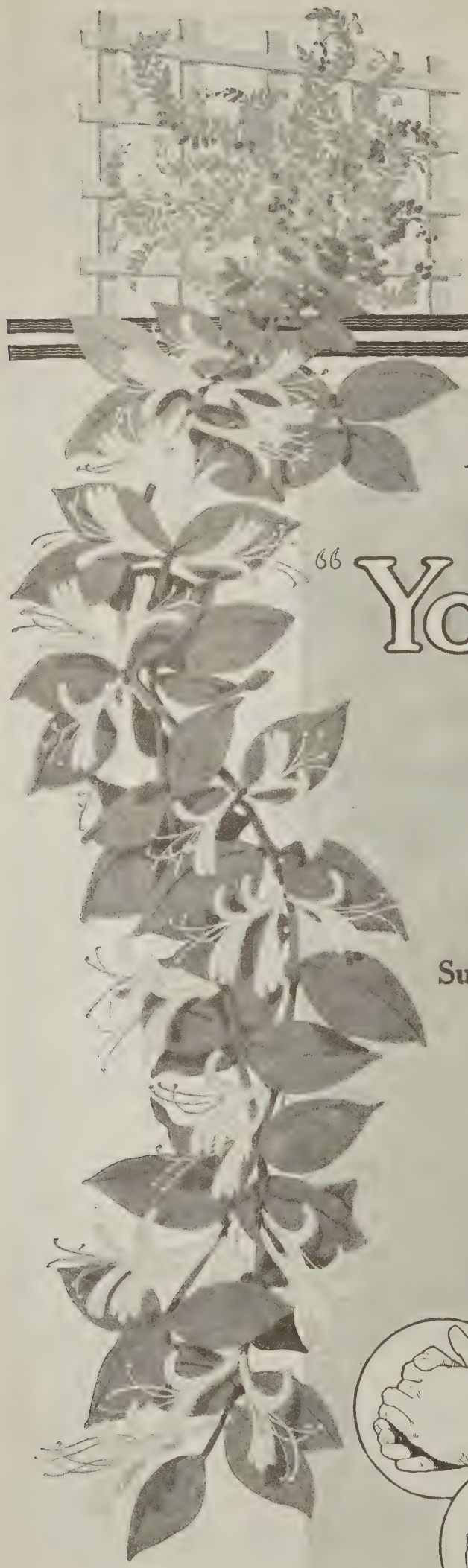

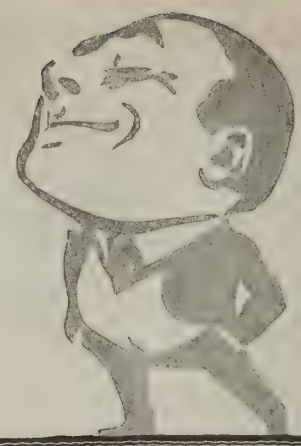

HOW do you know where the honeysuckle grows?

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and your memory holds always dear the places of your childhood that were so purely *fragrant* with the yellow and white blossoms. You can't forget anything that has impressed its pure fragrance upon you. Pure *fragrance* is the *Soul* of things. A tobacco with a pure, satisfying *fragrance* is *a smoke with a Soul.*

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made, as it is, from a blending of rich, ripe Burley leaves, grown in the Blue Grass section of Old Kentucky, TUXEDO has a pure *fragrance* that is all its own.

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INCORPORATED

READY! ACTION! CAMERA! GO!

(Continued from Page 13)

Not from choice, however, as the dual rôle was too strenuous; but the fact was I had become better known as a lead than as a director, and the Eastern office wanted me in the former rôle.

By this time, too, I had entirely lost my sniffy attitude toward the pictures and I rather proudly permitted my identity to become known. True, I received many letters and occasional visits from the co-stars of my legit days, and they usually expended much interest, but more pity, to see me sunk so low; but I had only a few years' waiting to find them, one after the other, rapping at the door.

I have said that the power of the director in the early days was almost absolute, and this was true in his relation to his producing force; but he had one serious check upon him, and that was the manufacturer. With us, this overlord usually lived in the East; so the friction was often most exasperating. The owner demanded a certain type of picture, and he, in turn, got his taste from the exhibitor. Of course the exhibitor got his point of view from his picture fans and was loath to try anything new.

These men insisted that their patrons demanded the rough stuff; so our bosses spent our artistic lives in every kind of violence imaginable.

It was a most hopeless inertia and conservatism that well-nigh made some of us give up in despair. I recall our first efforts to put over a two-reel story. The exhibitors fought us tooth and nail, and it was only after a most threatening controversy that we were finally permitted to make one. Then, as now, the manufacturers and exhibitors underestimated the public taste, for the two-reelers went famously—then three-reelers—four—five; and now we have them in ten, twelve and fourteen.

With the beginning of the multiple reel we had to begin actual stories—two thousand feet of action was not enough to sustain interest; and we began to buy scenarios and to dramatize popular magazine tales.

Within a very short time the public taste had so changed, and the fans had become so sophisticated, that more and more care had to be exercised in all our productions. Painted scenery gave way to solid sets built of real material, and the cost of productions went up and up. Also, with the feature picture there came into the business the stars of the stage—at first the lesser lights and finally the greatest of them all. Some of the stars drew much bigger salaries than even the directors; nevertheless, we made money. Notwithstanding the fact that the stars drew more than we did, our powers were still supreme.

Artistic Work Mangled

Though we were all-powerful, our troubles were manifold. We were, as yet, either writing most of our own stories or adapting those we bought; and often I would lie awake until the small hours of the morning, organizing in my mind the continuity of my scenario. Then I had to order and supervise all sets, choose my casts, and often seek my locations.

We might get a picture half made, when the weather would change, and we would have to dismiss the cast for a week or more, and then renew the taking of the picture. This was always dangerous, for costumes or props might be mislaid, or the set struck so as to make room for some studio stuff that could be taken in the rain. Then came the task of rebuilding the first set exactly as it was before; or, to cap the climax, the second lead would get his hair cut; or some other idiot would pi the picture in some outrageous way.

Perhaps we would employ some outside person for a certain character, because of his type, and he would do very well at first, and fall down entirely in the big scene; then we would either have to employ a new person to do the previous scene all over, or skin down the part to nothing, with the chance of spoiling the story. Often, after we sent the film East, we got most of it back for retakes, because the Eastern laboratory would claim that the film was weak or scratched—there was always a feud on between our Eastern and Western laboratories; or because the big boss couldn't see the feet of the hero in a certain scene; or somebody else couldn't read a street number a block away.

Never, by any chance, did we see our pictures run in positive or with the titles. These were made in the Eastern laboratory.

When, finally, we went to the theater to see our child projected on the screen, we would find that certain scenes had been cut or new titles substituted. As if this was not enough to break our hearts, careless projectors would tear the film, cut out the torn parts and splice the ends together again, with the result that a person sitting at a table would suddenly jump way across the room. Projectors often even deliberately cut several feet out of a film if they happened to be enamored of the girl in the picture.

Remember this, girls: Whenever your friend Harry, who projects down at the Excelsior Theater, gives you three feet of film of your favorite actor, the chances are that he has all but ruined a scene that was the result of infinite pains and labor.

Usually the whole artistic effect of a picture depends upon the tempo, and we would make and take our scenes with the utmost care that this might be correct. Imagine our æsthetic joy in going to a theater and seeing our people go through their scenes as though the whole cast was on casters! This would be accomplished by projecting the picture faster than the standard speed, and was done for two purposes—one to rush through the program in order to corral a new handful of nickels; and the other to put pep into the show. Punch and pep—how I hate those words! I firmly believe they have been the greatest curse to our art. Think of putting pep into Hamlet!

Some Early Troubles

Another of our earliest troubles was in getting permission to use certain locations. Before the films became "respectable," people were very tight across their chests about allowing their estates to be used as backgrounds for violence and rough-stuff comedies. It was almost impossible to get public officials to appear publicly or to gain their consent for any picture purposes. Ex-President Taft helped immensely in this respect. Seeing the historical possibilities of the films, and being too genial to refuse, he permitted the first official pictures to be made; and during his Presidency he often permitted directors to use the White House. Since then, the respectability he lent our business has opened the way to every reasonable demand we make.

But there are certain locations that are becoming harder and harder to get. At present it is the saloon exterior in California. When the wet-and-dry agitation began there some months ago the saloon men realized that it was mighty bad for their cause to permit the use of their places for moving pictures, for the reason that they were almost invariably made the background for some form of crime or intemperance. Now we have to build our own saloons.

The success of the feature story soon began to make the one-reeler less popular, and almost every studio turned to the manufacture of the multiple reel. A feature story, at first, was intended to dramatize some well-known popular novel or stage success, or to exploit the personality of a famous star; but it soon grew to mean any film that was more than two or three reels long. Many of the so-called feature films of to-day are nothing more than the old one-reeler padded out; in fact, many of them are retaken from one-reelers the companies hope you have forgotten. But the exhibitors are feature-crazy, and it's pretty hard now to sell a one-reeler, no matter how good it is.

The feature film, however, gave the director the chance that he always longed for—a fine story, good actors, unlimited money, and time in which to make the picture. These were the grand old days for the reckless producer and still more reckless director.

Money was pouring in so fast that the cost of production was hardly considered. Great companies of expensive actors were kept on salary, and often would work but a few days a month. Furniture was bought, huge sets built, and armies of men employed with almost insane recklessness. Trains were wrecked, real ships sunk; aëroplanes, touring cars and great buildings were tossed into the dump just to get a few feet of realism.

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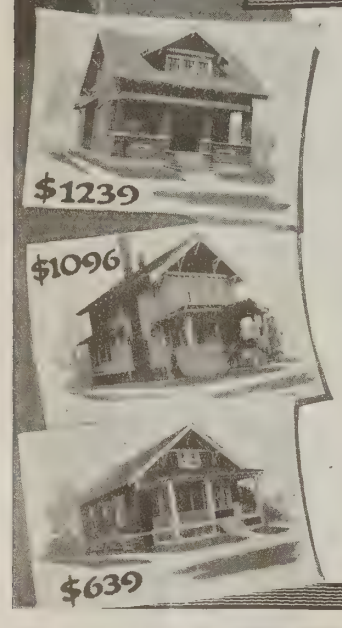

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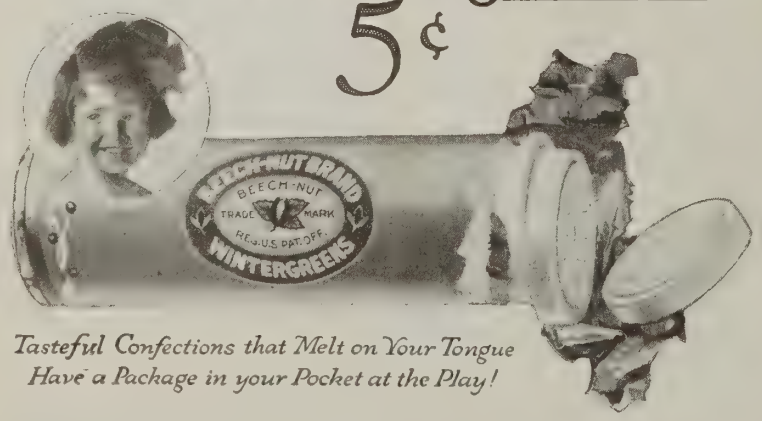

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I recall one instance of a fellow, directing in one of the largest studios here, who employed more than two hundred people for a ballroom scene. The script called for the tango, or some new dance; but when the orchestra struck up it was found that only a few could dance modern steps. Rather than change to a waltz, which everybody could do, the director lost his temper, ordered the scene stopped, and then announced that the company was to report at the studio daily for a week, as he was going to have that scene if it necessitated employing a dancing master to teach the whole cast! This he did; and that one little thirty-foot piece of film cost the company six thousand dollars.

Another chap ordered thirty-six tons of coal for a mine picture. His assistant, hoping to save money, bought six tons for the foreground and thirty tons of crushed rock for the rest. This, when washed with lampblack, looked exactly like coal. When the director was told of the deception—he never would have noticed it—he ordered the scene stopped and everybody away until he had real coal, by heck! That kind of realism is pretty expensive.

This condition couldn't last, for the sheer spending of money had its limits. Only companies of unlimited resources could finance the huge productions; and sooner or later the fans would cease to marvel at the big stuff and would demand quality rather than quantity. Even the comic fellows are beginning to feel the reaction from useless expenditures, and are more bent now upon real comedy than the destruction of valuable property.

The Custard-Pie Motif

After the "pursuit" picture, directors were at their wit's end until the most famous impresario of knockabout fun invented the motif of the custard pie. A custard-pie bombardment has two very strong elements of humor concealed in its action—one is surprise; and the other is messiness. There are lots of "nice" people who think it is vulgar and outrageous to laugh at such elemental humor; yet there is something fundamentally funny in seeing a body's face projected through the soft goo of a custard pie.

If you do not believe this, try it some day on your neighbor when he pushes his head over the fence to say good morning or to borrow the lawn mower. Hit him full-on, butter side out, with a custard pie, and see whether the result is not funny—or tragic; a hair often divides the two. If you try this experiment you will learn that only a complete bull's-eye is funny. If the pie should hit on the edge, or only partially break, the joke is held in suspense and spoiled; but if you "moon him," I assure you the neighbors for miles round will all laugh. My, the number of custard pies that we have wasted while one of the comedians perfected his technic and aim! A good custard-pie thrower is invaluable in the comics. It is queer that the pie must be custard.

This same director also invented the comedy police, who have had more trouble with the real police than any actors on the screen. The humor of the wild exploits of these volatile officers of the law is based upon two motifs—one is the collapse of dignity; and the other is a kid desire in the hearts of nearly all of us to see authority get it in the neck.

There has been no great comic inspiration in the last few years—we can't laugh forever at the pursuit, the pie, or the police. So the comic studios, taking their contagion from the drama, have gone in to spend huge sums on sets.

The money blown in on a few feet of film is incredible. Only a month ago one of our directors was going to do a comic in which the fellow on horseback chases a girl; and just as he gets to the edge of a cliff she ducks, and the horse with his man rider jumps over the cliff into the ocean. At first they couldn't find a jumping horse; and, as the authorities wouldn't permit pushing the horse off, they had to train one. It took two weeks in the big studio tank—going up a few feet each day, until the horse got to the high dive.

There is an old rumor that once upon a time a mouse ran up a clock. Our comic director, believing that the clock in question was on a lady's stocking, attempted to repeat the feat for a two-reeler he was making. For three days a camera man stood at alert attention while the lady sat in receptive horror and a foolish little mouse ran everywhere except up the clock. Every inducement was resorted to, so that the mouse might fulfill the nursery rime. Even a piece of cheese—the kind that mice are reported to relish—was balanced on the lady's knee; yet he preferred the lower altitudes. After all this labor and expense the result was finally attained by trickery.

The Dearth of Comedy Material

Bears and monkeys are sometimes put through months of training to get but one or two scenes. The sets necessary to show the flooding of a hotel from top to bottom, where the guests are all washed out into the sewer, are also very expensive.

And now in the comics comes the same reaction, from great expenditures and startling destruction to something less expensive, but with more brains. Comedies of situation are superseding the slapstick and the custard pie. Our greatest difficulty is in getting stories. We have the plants and we have the comedians; but where, oh, where is our boasted national humor? A perusal of the scenarios sent to the comic studio is one of the saddest and most lugubrious experiences I have ever undertaken.

It is difficult enough, heaven knows, to get good dramatic stories. One reason, no doubt, is because situations are fairly limited, and the output of the studios in the last five years has been so enormous that there is mighty little left which has not been done. Good plays for the legitimate drama are difficult to get, and our problem may perhaps be appreciated when it is known that one studio will sometimes turn out in a month as many plays as New York produces upon the stage in a year.

But, if dramas are hard to get, comedies are even harder. Every script that comes in is put into all the test tubes in the laboratory to find even the germs of a good comic situation; if, perchance, one is discovered the author is encouraged with enthusiasm, hope and money. Yet, because our comedians either do not understand the needs of the comics, or because their humor finds expression in some other way, the stuff sent in is almost hopeless. It therefore devolves upon the poor, worked-out director to frame most of his own stories.

Now that my place as an actor has been taken by any one of the great army of film favorites, and I have become only a publicly inconspicuous director, Mrs. Barryworth is anxious that I shall seek fresh immortality as a comic-scenario writer; but—alas!—I fear I am just like the rest of my countrymen, whose wits seem brighter in repartee, exaggerated metaphor and whimsical observation than when they take their pens in hand.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Wagner. The second will appear in an early issue.

The talk has turned to equipment

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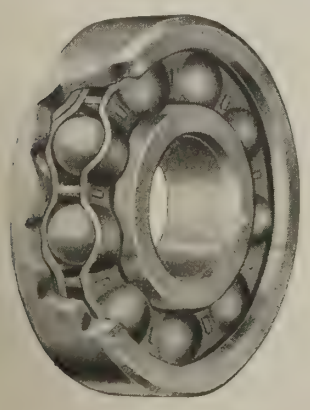

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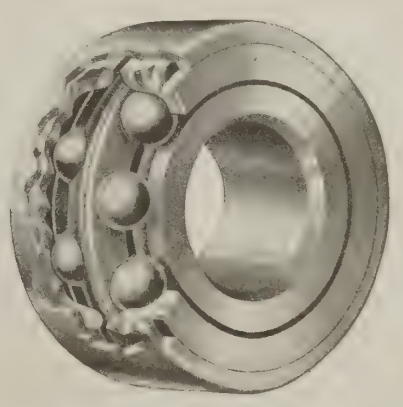

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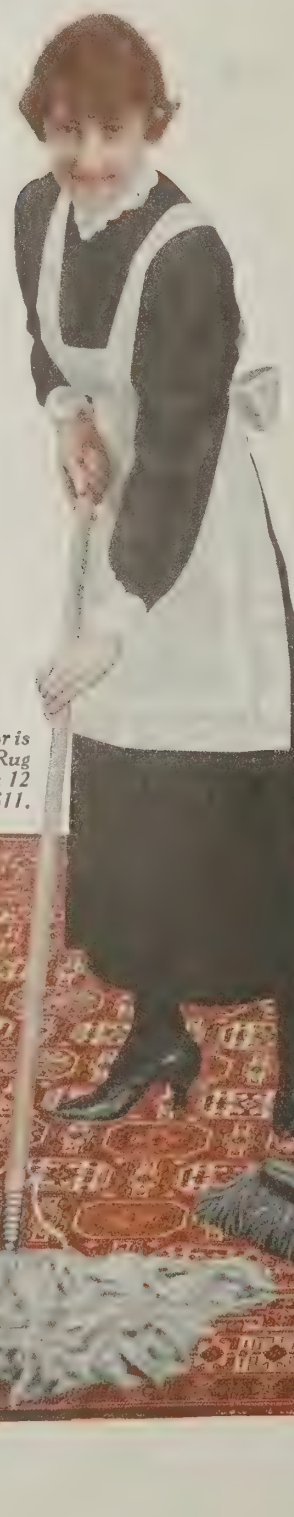

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THE NEW ARISTOCRACY

By WILL IRWIN

MOST Americans without immediate ties of blood in the belligerent countries have made up their minds—in a general way, at least—that Armageddon is a struggle between oligarchical governments and general democratic governments; which is one secret of the general sympathy, ranging from boiling hot to lukewarm, for the Entente Allies. On one side stands France, probably the purest large democracy in the world; England, an imperfect democracy steadily working toward perfection; Italy, a monarchy always on the verge of republicanism; and Belgium, somewhat in the same stage of development. Russia, it is true, has lined up with these democracies; but Russia is far away from us, and we feel that she does not give the tone or set the pace for the alliance. The tone has been given by Great Britain, most democratic among monarchies; and the pace has been set by France, a nation so advanced in democracy that she has been able to make a most effective army, under thorough discipline, through a system of social equality which resembles that of an old-time cow-camp.

On the other side, Germany, both giving the tone and setting the pace for the Central Powers, has repudiated democracy, as we know the term. Her monarch, long before the war, reaffirmed the doctrine of the divine right of kings. In half of his proclamations he calls on the God who guards his dynasty—"he has mobilized the Almighty," say the French. An open oligarchy—this is the phrase which most nearly describes the political and social creed prevailing in Germany, in spite of the Social Democrats. At the head are "the best people," the "well born." When ability arises, when it makes itself insistent enough, the oligarchy must open up and let it in. This new ability has now received the *cachet;* its sons and daughters will be "well born." So is the force and strength of the oligarchy renewed a little in each generation, and so the oligarchy rules, "as God intended it should."

This oligarchy must be responsible; it must take care of the people. But if it fails to do so, that is a matter which lies for settlement not between the oligarch and the people, but between the oligarch and his God—whether that God be the Trinity or Odin. It is a matter of private conscience. This, though not the idea of every German, is that of the group which controls the war. Under Germany is Austria. The class in power there is German, holding to the same idea. The late Francis Joseph was forced in 1859, by the efforts of Garibaldi and Napoleon III, to surrender his Italian provinces to the new United Italy. "These provinces to be ceded to the people therein residing to choose whatever form of government they may wish," read the document presented for his signature—I quote not literally but in substance.

Francis Joseph gave it back. "The people have no right to choose their form of government," he said; "the principle is immoral. I will lose my kingdom sooner than sign this document." He compromised finally by handing over Northern Italy to Napoleon III, who handed it over to the people. Now such ideas still largely prevail in the group that governs Austria. Turkey is an absolute monarchy, zealous for a religion that makes democracy almost impossible. Bulgaria is still under dominance of the king idea.

The Germans of the governing class and, for the most part, of the higher commercial class, are perfectly frank about their system. "Democracy is a failure," they say. We have grown used to democracy in our century and a quarter of national life; it has become an axiom. We no more doubt that it is essentially right and must prevail than the religious among us doubt that Christianity is right and must prevail. If people oppose it, we think in our hearts, it is because of self-interest. Surely they can no more believe that they are right than the ordinary sinner against the moral law believes that he is right.

We do not know, until we encounter the aristocratic school of thought in Europe, that these people have made a social religion, for which they will perform even the supreme sacrifice of death, out of the self-interest of a class. We do not realize that they consider democracy, as we know it, an experiment, bizarre, unsound, perhaps wicked, which ran its course like a disease in the nineteenth century, and which must fall before a more practical, sound and moral form of society.

Now when the superficial observer begins to discuss the war in the neutral countries of Europe he finds opinion divided along pretty definite social lines. I was in Spain a year ago. Spain has a religious issue with France. The most devout country in Catholic Europe, she resents the suppression of the church establishments. Whenever that question did not affect judgment I found the line-up almost strictly social. The aristocracy

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Coronation of King Frederick I of Prussia in 1701

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Dining Room in the Palace of the Bavarian King in Munich

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Ceiling and Mural Decorations in a Royal Bavarian Palace

was pro-German. The revolutionary element, the industrial element, the progressives in general, were pro-Ally. That open-minded and liberal young ruler, the king, was pro-Ally, partly doubtless owing to the influence of his English queen. Yet the old grandees were so wholly pro-German that war talk, in spite of royal preferences, had been forbidden at court.

"The situation at the palace is funny," said the court reporter of a Madrid newspaper. "Court reporter" means something other than "police-court reporter" in Madrid. "You can't talk of the fashions, because that would involve the shortage in Parisian styles—and the war. You can't talk of finance, because that would involve the present state of the stock market—and the war. You can't talk politics, because that would involve the war all along the line. The weather was a safe topic until last week, when the little Duchess of X, who's noted for her blunders, said that the rain must be caused by the firing up North—and the Queen Dowager nearly burned a hole in her through her lorgnette! Now they're down to personal compliment and scandal!"

The situation, I found later, was almost exactly the same in Holland. The sturdy little country of the dikes was mostly pro-Dutch, ready to smite whomsoever made the first move into their territory; yet in private opinion the court was all pro-German, the truly liberal element all pro-Ally. The queen was maintaining neutrality with difficulty in view of the pressure from her Germanophile intimates. An allied government sent a man to find the real opinion of Sweden. "Omitting those who have been hit in the pocket by our blockade, and ignoring such issues as the fear of Russia," he said, "I find the aristocratic element solid for Germany, and the democratic element all for the Entente." So, I am told, it went in Italy before that country entered the war. Switzerland has no special aristocracy, being more democratic than even France. She has divided on lines of blood; she merely furnishes the exception.

A Spanish Nobleman's Views

IT WAS a young noble of Spain who gave me the cue, if cue were needed. Most of the upper-class Europeans will not discuss such subjects with an American, holding us to be hopeless heretics. But he was more frank or more aggressive than the rest, and in an evening of conversation he laid out the aristocratic view on this war. Germany was winning, he said; and, though he did not like many things about the Germans, especially their prevailing religion and their manners, he believed that the hand of God was in it.

"We had grown dead in the head," he went on. "Science and modern invention came in the nineteenth century. We did nothing to control or use them; so this damned noisy democracy got its start. Now Germany has shown how autocracy can be made effective. She has brought it up to date. She will win. Her idea will prevail in the world. Before we die we'll see a king in France, and you Americans will have to fall into line or perish. Of course it will be hard for you. You haven't any real aristocracy, but your aristocracy of wealth will serve until you get something better."

Now this man was young; and he was stating the extreme unmodified view, without light or shadow, inevitable to his years. Yet in his violent way he was expressing the true opinion of European aristocracy, the true reason why they incline toward Germany in this war. Autocracy and oligarchy brought up to date—aristocratic government made possible and successful in a twentieth-century state—that is the idea of Germany, they feel; and the great success of the German idea in the early stages of the war has filled them with hope.

This, however, does not state the whole situation as it exists at present in Europe. The battle for and against democracy is not only external but internal. Not only are France and England, with their democratic majorities, fighting against a set of nations held and governed by aristocratic minorities, but the aristocratic minorities in France and England have taken heart of grace from the success of German method, and are preparing to renew the struggle, which they had almost lost, against the growing democratic ideal.

Old Ideas Cast in New Forms

THESE people, of course, do not favor Germany as a nation. They hold to a set of old-fashioned ideals, and to none more strongly than that exaggerated nationalism which is the parent of wars. But they have seen the German system successful; they have seen the Western nations, under the pressure of war, adopt many of its features. They propose to beat Germany—no part of the Entente nations is sterner in this resolve than they; but when they have her beaten they would like to take her system, modified to suit their national characteristics, and impose it upon their own peoples.

These oligarchs are a minority in England and still more so in France. However, in England they are very able, and they are not without brains in France. Out of these terrible times has come unexpectedly a new struggle—the principle of hereditary and sanctioned power against the principle of popular rule. This struggle, begun with the war, will not end with the peace—rather, the sharpest conflict may begin when the armies return to the plow and the lathe. The battle for democracy, which in 1914 we complacently thought won, has only entered a new phase.

It may seem quaint for a writer to sit down in the year 1917 and define democracy. Most of the defining, one would think, was done more than a century ago in such documents as Tom Paine's Rights of Man—perhaps, also, in Mary Wollstonecraft's Vindication of the Rights of Woman—and the Declaration of Independence. But the new times have cast old ideas in new forms; and here is the philosophy of the two schools of European political thought, as they appear through the confused battle hazes of Europe. Like most Americans of this generation, I have no patience with the aristocratic view; but I shall try to be fair.

The aristocrat, or the person of common birth who accepts the system, believes in his bones that there is a kind of divine sanction for the classes, for the special privileges and emoluments granted the upper class. Equality shocks him, appeals to him as something grotesque. An Englishman of aristocratic ideas was speaking to me last summer of the prison camps for German civilians. "The camp at X goes very well," he said. "All sorts in there—gentlemen, middle class, servants, tradespeople. The camp at Y is simply ridiculous. All well-to-do men there—just alike in social circumstances. It's a dreary place—no point to it!"

Indeed, to the aristocratic temperament, whether it inhabits the person of a duke or a butler, social equality appears like a view across a perfectly level and barren plain—one longs for hills and valleys—there is "no point to it!" What sense of art they have rebels against such a system; for all the beauties and romance of those old lands are intertwined with the aristocratic system—their ruins were the homes of nobles, their cathedrals the offerings of prelates, their paintings the luxuries of kings.

The most blind and zealous converts to the aristocratic system in Europe I have found among expatriate American artists. They will tell you that art cannot flourish save in an autocracy; that beauty is impossible save under an "orderly arrangement of society." It was one of these who, knowing me as a journalist, reproached me for "putting into the minds of the lower classes ideas beyond their grasp." This is the spirit infusing much great European literature of the nineteenth century—for example, Matthew Arnold's Culture and Anarchy, and the art criticism of Ruskin.

Virtually it is feudalism, kept alive by the spirit of conservatism. In the upper layers of the system, its brains and force, it is based, quite unconsciously, upon self-interest. The maintenance of the system enables the hereditary aristocracy to have without struggle, to hold without work. But almost any man can in a few years make a creed, a thing to live and die by, out of self-interest.

Military Aristocracy and Pacifist Democracy

I HAVE never been able fully to understand why a belief in the sanctity of war goes always hand in hand with the aristocratic idea; but so it does in my observation. Perhaps this is because war was the highest expression, the supreme sacrifice to humanity, in those feudal times from which aristocracies draw their sanctions. Perhaps, also having enjoyed most of the immunities, privileges, pleasures and dissipations of the normal world, they are driven on by a half-unconscious desire for the supreme, unnatural excitement, which is war.

However, nothing about the present mind of Europe impresses me so strongly as the fact that aristocracy is by nature militant; democracy, naturally pacifist. Whenever I find a man in Europe who glories in the war, who longs to get back to it; whenever I find one who calls it the "purifier of nations"; whenever I find one who believes that it has "rescued us from decadence"—I find, on further investigation, that he is an aristocrat to the marrow of his bones.

Whenever I find a man who loathes it, but is "doing his bit," standing a life he abominates for the security of his nation, fighting for a permanent peace and for the dim hope that this will be the last war, I find, upon better acquaintance that he is a democrat. Here, also the issue is joined between oligarchy and popular rule. We have grown accustomed to think that the defense of war a monopoly of the Germans. This only because the aristocratic element controls German and has free, frank expression. The German Bernhardi called war a "biological necessity," "cleaner of nations." Yet Lord Roberts in an essay published since his death expresses the same idea: "The war has saved us from decadence."

Making allowance for the difference between the smooth chary, English method of expression and the blunt, violent Prussian method, Roberts is exactly as militaristic as Bernhardi. Indeed, he betrays himself

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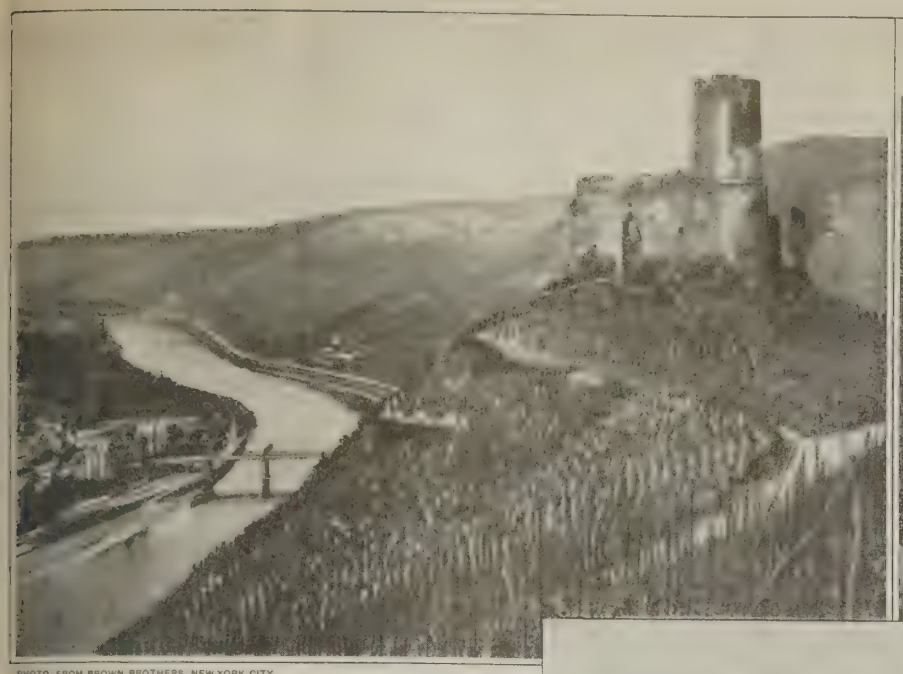
The Great Working Class Has Never Known the Chance to Grow Soft



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Castle Landshut

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Stolzenfels Castle

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Limburg, Germany

what he is when, in his catalogue of British degeneracies, he mentions, along with loose morals and luxuriousness, the "demands of labor unions." To him, they who have dared organize to enforce their rights against the upper class and the accepted social order are sinners, are decadent, along with the frankly immoral.

The aristocrat, of course, is not without reason for the faith that is in him. His highest activity, war, he defends with vigor and subtlety. The philosophical basis for the defense of war, imperfectly expressed throughout the ages, was finally crystallized by Kant in his harmful political philosophy. That gentle and ascetic old person, who pondered and wrote in an age when any philosophy, not scientific inquiry, was the basis of thought, worked it out that a state has a soul apart from the individual souls that compose it. The duty of citizenship is to advance the state without regard to the interests of the individuals in that state. If, by a given political movement, like a war, the interests of the state are advanced, it matters not whether every person in the state is rendered poorer and unhappier. The glory of the state has been achieved and the highest duty is fulfilled.

The modern philosophers of war have simplified and modified Kant in this manner: Life, they say, is struggle. We must struggle to fulfill our destiny. The highest expression of that principle is the struggle in groups—those groups bound together by proximity, blood and character, which we call nations. The struggle between nations, in its "highest" form, is war. Between wars, nations are only gathering strength for new battles; peace is but the rest at the end of each round. If nations rest too long they take to certain soul-destroying activities, like the mad pursuit of pleasure, just because there is no nobler outlet to their surplus human energy, their lust for activity.

I may say here, before going further, that this point of view presupposes a mind which does not look far beyond its own class. The appropriate reply to these people came to me in an indignant remark of a certain English workingman. An Oxford don had just said to me: "The war has been a blessing; we were growing soft." I quoted this to the workingman. "He means," said the latter, "that his class was growing soft!" The German coal miner, the British weaver, the French peasant, the great working middle class, have never known the chance to grow soft. Work, struggle against adversity, the discipline of industrialism, have kept them hard and virile. The proof lies in the history of this war. After the longest peace that Europe ever knew, the European peoples have shown such valor and hardihood as makes all the old heroic ballads seem tame.

The Instinct of Aristocracy

ON THE question of the right to rule, the European aristocrat has borrowed from modern science a reason for the faith that is in him. Whatever one thinks of evolution as a theory, all hands agree that the process of breeding works along the same lines both in men and in animals. Strong horses breed strong colts; able men breed able descendants. Not that the immediate children are always able; the strength skips here and there in a manner which used to puzzle Science until it found the Mendelian Law.

Almost every noble race is founded upon ability. The first ancestor to bear the title won it by a big brain and a strong hand. Behind the Dukes of Marlborough lie a John Churchill and a Sarah Jennings; the Duc d'Orléans, who claims the French throne, sprang from the loins of Henry of Navarre. The descendants of these able ancestors breed with those of similar supermen. So we have families "well born" in the scientific as well as the social sense. They have a right to rule; it is best that they should rule, the logical aristocrat insists, because they are a picked breed. They know better the interests of the "lower classes" than those people can know them themselves.

The true basis of the aristocratic feeling, as I have stated, is a kind of instinct. These people believe in the aristocratic theory, first of all, because they like that sort of thing; they thrill to old, sanctioned forms; to the inheritance of beauty from a feudal age; to those subtleties of human contact which rise when one is master and one is man.

The basis of the democratic feeling is probably no less an instinct. The democrat thrills to the future as the aristocrat to the past. Artificial distinction between man and man jars on him. He glories in the thought that a Lincoln, spelling out his letters by the light of a pine knot, may become the guiding star of a whole great people—as the aristocrat smiles sentimentally at the thought that the young heir to the earldom will some day rule in his father's ermine over a peasantry happy because of his goodness.

Carrying it farther, the democrat, however his ideals may be blurred by self-interest, clings at least to a dim faith that his system will work more and more to eliminate the wide inequalities among men; to end poverty and unnecessary suffering.

As the aristocrat has his supernatural sanction—the divine right—and his philosophy to bolster up his theory of government and his attitude toward war, so has the democrat. His divine sanction is the social philosophy of simple Christianity, nowhere openly expressed in the Scriptures, but everywhere implied—"Men are not equal—some are weak and some strong; some are clever and some stupid. Nevertheless, I will order my conduct on the theory that they are equal. Because I am strong, I will not oppress my brother who is weak; because I am clever, I will not scorn my brother who is stupid; nor will I deny him opportunity."

Democracy Opposed to War

HE HAS his answer—if not philosophical at least scientific—for the aristocratic theory of breeding. H. G. Wells, in his article on the Passing of the Effigy, has expressed it better than I can. To breed a picked stock within a race is against the law of Nature. She does not proceed in that way. The improvement of a species does not mean the creation of supermen. A species does not advance by volcanic upheavals which throw up mountain peaks; it is rather like the slow, even rising of a tide. To lift the whole mass together—that is the democratic ideal, and also the natural ideal. The vindication of natural law in politics is the fact that though aristocracies, based as they are on a principle of artificial selection, may produce able people for a time, they all fade away in the end to a pale or vicious decadence.

Essentially democracies are opposed to war—this despite the fact that, in the vital but confused century during which the idea spread, the most advanced nations have started many wars—even wars of conquest.

As I have said before, wherever in the present European crisis you find a true democrat, you find also a pacifist at bottom, for democracy has the instinct of the mass, which does not need war—as an aristocracy may—to "revivify" it; to make it virile again. They are fighting as well as the best—these democrats of France and England—but always with the main hope that the defeat of German military power may give to their sons and grandsons permanent peace.

Democracy believes, like aristocracy, in a higher struggle. But, with a world full of unnecessary suffering and inequalities, a world of natural forces only half subdued, it believes that the surplus soul force of humanity has a better outlet; that it has something wiser and more lovely to do than mere killing. That theory of a state with a separate soul it will not accept. "The greatest good for the greatest number" is the democratic meaning of the state.

Such are the philosophies, such are the aims, of the opposing forces that have renewed in Europe a battle we thought already won.

Now comes in a new political current which vastly complicates affairs—socialism, using that rather hazy word in its broadest sense. In nineteenth-century Europe, and mostly in Germany, rose a school of political philosophers who hoped to eliminate the inequalities and the unnecessary wastes brought about by competition. The movement, as first conceived, was tremendously democratic; many of its founders were also communists—we are getting well enough educated to know that communism and socialism are different things. They had their eyes first on wiping out inequalities of financial circumstance, and only second on the elimination of waste.

(Continued on Page 77)

HELENKA

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY IVAN DE IVANOWSKI

"Ce n'est pas pour rien qu'on connait les Russes"

HELENKA LAVORSKA, holding a fresh copy of Chopin's Chant Polonais in G-Flat in her thinly gloved left hand, came slowly out of the Conservatory of Warsaw and paused at the top of the flight of steps leading down into Sigismund Square. Already it was nearly five o'clock, and the November twilight was waning. Here and there in the Krakowskie Przedmiescie blinked scattered lamps. If she was to reach home before dark she must not delay, for it was a long walk across the Alexandrovsk Bridge to New Praga, the suburb on the other side of the Vistula, in which the Lavorskis lived, and there were many drunken soldiers now in Warsaw. Usually her father, who taught in the conservatory where his daughter was a pupil, saw her safely home, but to-day there was a rehearsal of the orchestra at the Filharmonij, in which he was a second violin. Helenka was used to going about alone, in spite of the fact that wherever she went four men out of five turned and looked after her. She had always gone about alone for the simple reason that there had been no one to go with her.

The sunset gun boomed from the citadel, and the flag on the Radziwill Palace fluttered down. From the neighboring barracks came a faint bugle call, and suddenly the electric lights along the Nowy Swiat broke out all at once. Helenka took a fresh grip on her violin case with her right hand and descended to the street. In one way the fact that it was getting dark was a protection. Not so many men would turn and look at her. She was used to it anyway, for they had always done so, ever since she was a little thing with a big mop of flying yellow hair. She took it for granted that they did so to everybody and thought no more about it. But since August, when war had been declared, the streets had been full of soldiers, many of whom were rough and boisterous.

Helenka's father was a nervous, anæmic man, whose long, cigarette-stained fingers were always—even when he was not playing—moving over an imaginary violin. A dreamer from childhood, he still dreamed of the day when the Filharmonij should give a symphony of his own composition and he should conduct it. In his waking moments he lusted fiercely for a free Poland, for the Lavorskis were descended—a long way, perhaps, but still descended—from the old Polish nobility, and several of them in the past had been deported to Siberia for more or less cogent reasons. Jan Miczieslas Lavorski hated a Russian as he loved his violin. As for Helenka, he hardly was aware of her existence except when occasionally he was moved by her playing. Some day, he thought, she might make a musician. In reality she played far better than did he.

Helenka's mother was a tubercular Lithuanian—a Zamoyenski—given to a voracious reading of romances, woolen shawls, and a conviction amounting almost to a religion that fresh air was the root of all evil. She was a talented pianist; dabbled in poetry; and, like her husband, luxuriated in an emotional patriotism fostered and at times rendered actually dangerous by the activity of the Russian authorities.

Thus the Lavorski apartment on the third floor, in the side street in New Praga, was a happy-go-lucky place, where the irregularity in the meals served to accentuate the slight irritability which so often characterizes a household devoted to high art.

Helenka had inherited her love of music directly from both her parents, and indirectly from a widely heterogeneous southeastern ancestry a passionately idealistic temperament. Like them she dwelt in a world of the imagination, peopled only by great and noble souls who, to an orchestral accompaniment of Beethoven or Tschaikovsky, fought and died for Poland or for romantic love. Love! Helenka was eighteen. Her only idea of love was that of an all-sacrificing, soul-devouring passion that transmuted all it touched into a golden purity and transfigured those who experienced it into perfect beings, incapable of wrongdoing. Some day, she dreamed, the shadow of a young, heroic figure would fall across her path—a brilliant musician, poet or patriot—and from the moment of the first look that passed between them there would be complete understanding—Pelléas and Mélisande, Paolo and Francesca!

Meanwhile there was Ignacio. At times she felt that she almost loved Ignacio, but he was so far removed from her ideal that she had never allowed herself to consider the matter seriously. Ignacio was not a brilliant musician, poet or patriot, yet he was nevertheless something of all these, and had Helenka only known it he was much nearer to the man of her imagination than appearances indicated. He was in fact a promising young member of the Filharmonij, much more likely eventually to lead it than her father; but she was so used to Ignacio that it was hard to get up any excitement about him. He was always ready when wanted. Always hanging about—"on tap," as it were. This fact, at Helenka's period of life, robbed the situation of all romance for her. On the other hand he loved Helenka with a doglike devotion, and his uncle Mertwinski, who was a wealthy grain merchant without children, had signified his intention of leaving him everything. Helenka's father and mother were unqualifiedly in favor of the match. But Ignacio was not her ideal. She was quite sure of it, although she could not explain exactly why when her mother asked her. Certainly he was not the golden prince of her reveries.

At the curb Helenka found herself delayed by the passing of a regiment of the Preobrajensky Guards, a stalwart body of men, swinging by confidently in heavy field equipment, bound for the Mokotowski barracks on their way to the western front. But Helenka hardly noticed them. Warsaw had always been full of soldiers ever since she could remember. It was the headquarters of several army corps, and there were barracks and parade grounds everywhere, in which troops were forever drilling, marching and countermarching. Since August the streets had been crowded with them, and the sound of drums and military bands was incessantly in one's ears. At first, even habituated as she was to the varied uniforms of the Czar's army, she was quite thrilled at the sight of so many strange types of soldiers in so many picturesque costumes. Ignacio had pointed them all out to her—the Siberian Fusiliers, the Cossacks of the Don, the Petrograd Guards—who were passing now—the Lithuanian Legion, the dark Bessarabians in their black lambs-wool caps, the Galicians, the heavily booted Finns, the Podolians, and the wild-looking Turkestan and Kirghiz troops. And all day long the artillery was lumbering through the streets, and wonderfully attired officers, on horseback and in great gray automobiles, dashed up and down the boulevards.

The last company, followed by the stretcher bearers, plodded by, the crowd dispersed, and Helenka looked for a good place to cross the street, for the thousands of booted feet had churned everything into a sea of yellow mud. She was about to step off the curb under the light of a friendly lamp when an automobile coughed at her elbow and she shrank back just in time to avoid being run down by a huge military motor, the chauffeur of which was struggling with the brakes. The next instant the machine had skidded, bumped heavily against the curb, and projected a stream of liquid mud over the front of Helenka's dress and the roll of music in her hand. She expected to hear only a torrent of half-subdued abuse from both driver and occupant.

Instead, however, the door of the tonneau was thrown quickly open and a tall young man in officer's cloak and kepi leaped to the sidewalk and saluted her with an expression of rueful solicitude.

"A thousand pardons, *panie* [mademoiselle]!" he exclaimed in Polish. "I'm afraid my awkward chauffeur has quite ruined your dress—and your—music!" he added sympathetically.

There was nothing in his apology at which Helenka could possibly have taken offense, had she wished.

"It is nothing, sir!" she stammered, looking at the ground. "It was not his fault."

"But it was! Or rather mine! I pray your forgiveness, mademoiselle."

He had come quite close, and the first slight look of amusement had disappeared from his face. There was something also in his voice that made Helenka raise her eyes.

"Oh ——" she began and found herself unable to proceed. A wave of joyous trepidation swept suddenly over her, for his expression was so kindly and regretful, and above all he was so handsome.

"The poor music!" he continued, taking it from her resisting hand. "Let me see what it is."

He unrolled it and held it to the uncertain yellow light of the street lamp.

"Ah! The divine Moja Pieczotka of Chopin! I can never forgive myself! And perfectly fresh, too! Come, you must let me buy you another," he pleaded.

"No—no!" she murmured irresolutely.

"But I, too, am a musician. I have often played it on my own violin—G-flat, is it not? You must let a brother fiddler make good the damage. Surely there is a music store near by—in the Ujazdowska perhaps?"

He took her elbow gently.

"It will take but a moment in the machine," he urged.

Already he was wiping off the music with his handkerchief and had relieved her of her violin case. Her heart fluttered uncontrollably. She knew it was quite wrong and yet—he was the most wonderful person she had ever seen. And it was perfectly true that he had ruined her music. If she did not go with him—just to the music store—she would never lay eyes on him again. She could not let him disappear that way, forever!

Already he was drawing her toward the open door of the motor. And then, before she knew how it had happened, she was inside the car and he was tucking a heavy fur robe trimmed with foxtails all about her. Helenka had never been in an automobile before.

"A Thousand Pardons, Mademoiselle! I'm Afraid My Awkward Chauffeur Has Quite Ruined Your Dress"

II

AN HOUR later Helenka was safely deposited within two blocks of her mother's apartment in New Praga, a new roll of Chopin's music in her hand and a new song in her heart. She had met her ideal at last and, as she had always foreseen, they had understood each other perfectly from the very first moment. There was only one slight hitch in the romantic program, and that was the fact that, while he was both a poet and a musician, he was not a Polish patriot but a Russian officer—a major of Hussars stationed at the front near Lowicz. So far, of course, the

acquaintance had been almost conventionally formal. They had gone directly to the music store and bought the music, and then at his suggestion they had motored down to the Zelazna Brama, or Iron Gate, and had tea, to make amends for his rudeness and to show that there was no hard feeling. Of course she had told him who she was and he had told her his name—Major Zamarkroff—Paul Zamarkroff—and how when he was not with his regiment he lived with his aged parents on a farm not far from Moscow.

At first, because he was Russian, she had been rather afraid to talk freely with him; but he soon put her at her ease by assuring her how deeply he had always pitied Poland, and what a great debt the world of art owed to her unhappy country. Then, before she was quite aware of it, she found herself telling him all about her father and mother and her studies at the conservatory; and how when she was a little girl, in order to deceive the Russian authorities who had forbidden any patriotic Polish instruction, her parents had organized a so-called dancing class, and while the orchestra had played in the hallway the children had been taken into a back room and instructed in the history of their country.

Before tea was over they had told each other all their hopes and ambitions, but nothing important had passed between them except that she had promised to meet him in the Lazienki Gardens on the same day of the next week, when he hoped to motor in again from the firing line. If he could not come he said he would drop her a post-card. So after Major Zamarkroff had given her an ecstatic whirl down the Marzalkowska as far as the Russian barracks, he had conveyed her carefully across the bridge and, having kissed her trembling little hand, had put her down to run along home with her violin. Then, having watched her disappear with a last wave of her hand round the corner, he had had his chauffeur take him to Le Cércle de la Noblesse, the smart club of Warsaw.

There Was a Thundering in Her Ears—and Footsteps Running—a Figure Loomed Behind

Prince Paul Zamarkroff was a young Russian nobleman about thirty years of age, with a doting father and mother who believed that nothing was too good for their son, and allowed him all the money he cared to spend. As might have been expected, after experimenting thoroughly in what life had to offer in the way of enjoyment, he had come to the conclusion that, so far as consistent with preserving his neck, there were only two pastimes worth his trouble—love and war—and that anything was fair in either. He was a reckless sportsman, brave, lavishly generous, cynically good-natured and, like most of his associates, highly superstitious. In his dealings with women he was a past master in gentleness.

Le Cércle de la Noblesse was crowded when he entered it and reeked with cigarette smoke. He had intended only to stop for a moment before returning immediately to Lowicz, for he had gone away without leave and his absence might possibly be noted and commented upon. Ordinarily he would have called for a bowl of caviar and a pint of champagne and, after a cigarette, have left the club; but his meeting with Helenka involved a necessary and hence invariable consequence—namely, a game of cards. He firmly believed that to be lucky at cards was to be unlucky in love. Conversely, therefore, if he could lose enough playing *windt*, he could feel certain that the gods looked favorably upon his new acquaintance with Helenka. What if he lost a thousand rubles or so—his muzhiks would earn enough to pay for it! And he would thereby gain in the affair what he called *la confidence*. Accordingly he strolled to the card room and stood in the doorway until those about one of the tables observed him and invited him to cut in. A rather fat officer, in cavalry uniform, was dealing, wheezing audibly as he dealt.

"One—two—and three—and four," he counted, slapping the cards down on the table heavily with a pudgy thumb. "One—two —— By the way, Zamarkroff, have you heard the news?"

Prince Zamarkroff took a six-inch cigarette from an inlaid case.

"That we shall be in Berlin by the first of May?" he inquired. "I've known that a long, long time. I've selected my lodgings there already—furnished."

"All the same," retorted a wiry little officer of artillery, "it's only three hundred and fifty miles. What is that? Nothing at all—once they break!"

"Oh, tush!" exclaimed the first officer. "I mean real news. Listen! The Grand Duke struck his chief-of-staff in the face yesterday!" The artilleryman whistled.

"Dirty business!" he muttered.

"An old trick of his!" nodded Zamarkroff, lighting his cigarette. "What a bear! His ideas of discipline are simply ridiculous! As if you could treat men like children or muzhiks! And make a man a better officer by punching him in the nose!"

"Quite right," interposed the fourth member of the party—a civilian. "You can't do that, of course. His violence is what puts the old boy in the wrong. But his ideas of discipline, as you call them—of obedience, for example—are perfectly sound in my opinion. I'd shoot any man who deliberately disobeyed orders, and I'd hang any man who stole a ruble!"

"Who would there be left?" asked Zamarkroff innocently. "We four, of course! But the rest of the club would be empty!"

"Sh-h!" warned the cavalry officer. "Don't speak so loud! I know a general who has made two hundred thousand rubles since the war began—just in horseflesh!"

"Where can I meet him?" drawled the artilleryman. "I lose so much at this accursed game, I shall have to do something of the sort myself before long!" He picked up his hand. "One on spades."

"Two on hearts," bid Zamarkroff. It was part of his code inevitably to bid on hearts under these circumstances.

"Pass," said the civilian.

"Pass," echoed the dealer.

"Two on spades!" snapped the artilleryman, thus keeping the trump.

"Three on hearts," retaliated Zamarkroff.

"Devil! Three on spades!"

"Four on hearts."

"I retire!" growled his opponent, and Zamarkroff took his partner's hand and spread it upon the table. It contained eleven hearts! Zamarkroff had been bidding on nothing at all, yet could not fail to take every trick!

As the game proceeded the same sort of thing occurred over and over again. With nothing in his hand—and doubling on nothing—he continued to win everything. In half an hour he had won two thousand rubles! The artilleryman rose disgustedly.

"We might just as well have handed you blank checks at the beginning, Zamarkroff!" he groaned.

But to his surprise—and to that of the others—the prince seemed dejected.

"Colonel," he cried disconsolately, "I would give ten thousand rubles not to have won your money. What can I do with it? Please give it to the Red Cross in my name!" He shoved over the pile of notes. "Waiter, a couple of bottles of champagne!"

III

HELENKA found her mother, her worsted shawl drawn tightly about her shoulders, reading Turgenieff's Clara Militch in front of the fire. It was after six o'clock and the table had not been laid for supper.

"It is fortunate you do not inherit my tendencies," remarked her mother at the sight of Helenka's glowing cheeks and the unwonted brightness in her China-blue eyes. "Your walk did you good. Set the table for four. Ignacio is coming. Do be kind to him! He is simply crazy about you!"

But Helenka needed no instructions to be nice to everybody. The walls of her threadbare life had suddenly fallen down. Through the grimy window of the little dining room, where before she could see only oil tanks, there now stretched away the myriad blazing lights of the boulevards, to Lowicz—to Berlin—she could hear the triumphal blare of the Russian national anthem—to Moscow—to the whole world—to the stars even! And she saw a vision of Paul Zamarkroff in full uniform, covered with decorations for bravery, and herself in a wonderful silk dress, playing a duet together upon their violins, in a big room with a raftered ceiling, while two old people, who were not her father and mother, sat before a huge log fire and gazed lovingly at them. And her cheeks grew pinker and her eyes brighter, until when her father and Ignacio came in at seven o'clock they were startled at the sight of her. She was unusually demonstrative with her father, but when Ignacio tried to kiss her she would not let him, although her heart was full of affection for both of them—for everybody. Neither then nor later did she notice that her lover looked worried and that his eyes followed her about the room apprehensively. But he did not, as was his custom, say anything that evening about his hopes for the future; and when she went to say good night and close the front door after him she found him examining the two copies of the Moja Pieczotka, which, when she came in, she had tossed upon the table in the hall.

"Spoiled your music—got mud all over it!" he said in a strange voice. "Don't let the same thing happen to—your life!" and he went quickly out without looking at her.

Helenka's breath stopped and her cheeks went first pale with apprehension and then scarlet with anger. She stood there trembling, listening to Ignacio's steps upon the stairs as they grew fainter and fainter. What did he mean? How dared he say anything like that? Had he seen anything? Well, what if he had? She had done nothing wrong—nothing whatever—nothing that she was not quite ready to tell her father and mother all about—if necessary. It was probably just a chance remark. Ignacio was a melancholy, depressing sort of person anyway. She hated him. Beside Major Zamarkroff he was a yokel—a clodhopper!

She went back to the sitting room and began to talk and laugh excitedly.

"Really," said her mother after a while, "I don't know what is the matter with you to-night, Helenka! Did Ignacio say anything?"

Then Helenka was guilty of her first evasion—the first of many which in swift gradation became misrepresentations, prevarications, falsehoods, lies.

"Yes!" she answered with a shy little blush, letting fall her eyes. "He did!"

"I hope you accepted him at last!" exclaimed her mother.

"I—didn't refuse him!" replied Helenka, still telling the literal truth.

IV

TRUE to form Major Zamarkroff met Helenka in the Lazienki Gardens the following week. At first he had been discouraged by the fact of his winning so much at the card tables the very night that he had met her, but she was so ravishingly pretty and innocently charming when he next saw her—so exceeded his recollection of her in fact—that he cast all prudence—all superstition even—to the winds. And because he said that the fact that he was a Russian ought not to prejudice him in her eyes—or in the sight of her father and mother—he succeeded in making an asset out of a liability, for it enabled him to offer a valid reason why they must for a while at least keep their acquaintance secret.

It was at their third meeting, as they were walking at twilight under the chestnut trees of the Saski Ogrod, that he told Helenka of his undying love. He had thought himself in love, he said, many times before, but never had he felt as he now felt toward her. He thought of her every moment of the day and night. He was sick with love for her. Would she marry him—after the war was over? She, poor child, showing in every glance and movement that she believed him utterly, clung to the arm that he pressed round her in the darkness and murmured—as was proper and maidenly—that she must think it over—it was so unexpected—and—yes, of course, she liked him very much indeed. And so, the next time, bundled in furs beside him as they raced along in his gray car, when he asked her she gave a breathless assent, and he crushed her in his arms until she was frightened. Paul only laughed at her; but after that he used to meet her in the automobile often twice a week; and because sometimes they liked to prolong their walks or rides into the evening, Helenka used to take her things over to her friend Sophie Yaska's at Tiraspol, a near-by suburb, and with her mother's consent spend the night there. She made Sophie her only confidante, and Sophie, who knew vastly more of the world than Helenka, acted as a sort of unseen but highly effective duenna.

At last Major Zamarkroff, becoming a trifle *ennuyé* at these somewhat banal, if thrillingly romantic, meetings, proposed one day to Helenka that some evening the following week he should take her to dine at the Hotel Potocki. The suggestion was a dazzling one, especially as it connoted the fact that Paul no longer felt it necessary for them to conceal their engagement. The next instant, however, Helenka was plunged in despair—she had no clothes which could possibly be worn to so smart a place. But Paul made nothing of this objection. He would send her a dress—as many dresses as she wanted—with shoes and—and stockings to match! He would send them to Sophie's, and he would come there to fetch her the night of the dinner. Delighted, Helenka told Sophie about the plan. But this wiser virgin asked why, if Major Zamarkroff was going to abandon secrecy, he did not first make the acquaintance of Helenka's parents. What difference did it make to him whether he went to visit them the day before or the day after the dinner? The first would be more *de rigueur*.

Helenka apologetically repeated her friend's criticism of their little scheme to her Paul, who accepted it generously. Of course he would go to see Helenka's parents then and there if she wished. It merely occurred to him, however, that they might have some hesitancy about allowing her to accept the dress—as a present from a Russian. They might even violently object to him as a future son-in-law! They would not feel that way, of course, after they had known him a while and adjusted themselves to the situation, but just at first —— So if she cared to go to the Potocki at all, it would perhaps be better to take no chances—and go. He could wait on the Lavorskis the next day.

This reasoning was convincing to Helenka, and sufficiently so to Sophie to lead her to say:

"Well—if you want to go so much!"

"Wouldn't you?" challenged Helenka.

Sophie looked at her friend, who could hardly stand still from excitement.

"I suppose I should!" she conceded.

That settled the matter, and the very next afternoon Helenka and Sophie went with Paul to the smartest dressmaker on the Krakowskie Przedmiescie, and there selected a wonderful model of pink silk trimmed with ermine—such as queens wore, he said—with golden epaulets and golden shoes—real golden shoes to match! He would not tell her what it cost, but she was sure it would take all his pay for months. He laughingly admitted as much to Sophie. Had she known that its price was eight hundred rubles she would not have accepted it. A few trifling alterations were necessary to make it a perfect fit, so reluctantly Helenka consented to leave it for that sole purpose—they guaranteed its delivery in time—taking the golden shoes carefully with her.

V

THE Hotel Potocki is situated upon the Ujazdowska Aleja Avenue not far from the Lazienki Gardens. It is a rococo affair of some pretensions.

Its large restaurant will accommodate several hundred persons, its *cuisine* is excellent, its orchestra superb. Here gathered, before the German occupation, the fashionable society of the gay capital for afternoon tea, for dinner and for dancing; and here during the earlier months of the world war the officers at the Russian front congregated whenever they had a few hours of leisure in which to motor in from the trenches and to enjoy themselves. In fact it soon came to be said that while the headquarters of one army corps were at Cracow, of another at Vilna, of a third at Moscow, the headquarters of the Fifth, Sixth and Fifteenth Corps of the Russian Army were at the Hotel Potocki in Warsaw. But when did a bit of scandal ever trouble the tranquil mind of a member of the Russian general staff? Yet that same saying, springing from laughing lip to laughing lip, had before long leaped across the Vistula and the Dvina, reached the Winter Palace, and penetrated even the hardened hearing of Nicholas himself.

With the Russian Army there also poured into Warsaw an influx of fashionable women, the wives, sweethearts and mistresses of officers, from Petrograd, Moscow, Lemberg and elsewhere, women of the world and of the half-world, who likewise made the Hotel Potocki their headquarters. An era of prosperity set in for the management, the like of which it had never known before. The returns from the café and restaurant quadrupled in amount; the wine receipts increased fifteen times. The *concierge* retired on a competence at the end of three months, and a second orchestra was engaged that there might be no dearth of music. With the big guns booming less than fifty miles away, there had never before been such a demand for cut flowers in Warsaw.

The idea of dining at such a palace as the Potocki, of dining in public among a crowd of smart people, above all of dining with such a marvelous person as Paul, filled Helenka with a delicious terror. Yet, because of the fact that his friends would be there and that it would be a public acknowledgment of his regard for her, the occasion took on almost the significance of a betrothal. Helenka had never been to the Potocki and had never known anyone who had been there. When Paul had taken her to tea it had always been in some out-of-the-way place near the Gostinyi Dvor, or Bazaar. But now he was ready to present her to his friends, and although her continued deception of her father and mother gave her some uneasiness she felt a strange relief from a certain undefined apprehension which at times had haunted her. There was no longer to be anything secretive about their meetings! From now on all was to be aboveboard, and she would next day present him to her father and mother, who, in spite of the fact that he was a Russian, could not but acknowledge his worth of character and fall instant victims, just as she had done, to the distinction of his appearance and the captivating charm of his manner.

So upon the day fixed for the dinner at the Hotel Potocki, Helenka, following what had now become almost a weekly habit, told her mother in the morning that she was going to spend the night with Sophie at Tiraspol. She made a miserable hash of it at the conservatory, and on the stroke of four hastened to her friend's house. The dress had already been delivered! The two girls in a frenzy of excitement tore open the box and undid the filmy wrappings. Had there ever been such a dress! It was like that of the fairy princess in the ballet her father had taken her to see the summer before. But for the first time she fully realized that it hardly reached her shoulders!

Her heart sank at the thought of showing herself in public in such a garment. And even if she dared she had no wrap to wear over it. No, the whole mad, delightful plan would have to be given up. Yearningly she pressed the little weightless thing with its ermine trimming to her breast and tried to force back the tears of disappointment. But at that moment Sophie discovered that under another layer of tissue the box contained a wrap to match the dress—also trimmed with ermine. Helenka no longer had any hesitation about wearing it, but gave herself over to the ministrations of her friend. An hour later she stood before the tall glass in Sophie's bedroom, a glorified, unrecognizable Helenka.

"Oh, you are marvelous!" cried Sophie, kissing her. "No wonder he wants to marry you! You look like a grand lady—fresh from Paris or Petrograd. I wish some rich captain would fall in love with me!"

"Oh, he will—never fear!" laughed Helenka. "When you visit us at Moscow I shall invite all the officers I know—and I shall know hundreds then!"

Helenka's toilet having been complete, there was nothing for the girls to do but wait until eight o'clock, for Paul had explained that it would be necessary for him first to go to the hotel to bathe and change after his long motor ride from the front. So they sat on the bed in Sophie's room and discussed every phase of Helenka's probable future career. By seven, however, she was already too impatient for dreaming and they moved into the sitting room and began to look out of the window. But a deathlike silence reigned in Tiraspol, and the yellow street lamp opposite showed no pedestrian during the hour except once when a man in a heavy overcoat, not unlike Ignacio in size and build, passed and, glancing quickly up at the girls' faces in the window, hurried on. At ten minutes to eight Helenka put on the wrap and, going downstairs, stationed herself just inside the door so as to lose no time when Paul should arrive.

That he would arrive she never doubted for an instant. Yet she well knew that there was fighting going on near where his battalion was stationed.

How Long She Stood There She Did Not Know—When She Came to Herself the Room Was Empty

(Continued on Page 61)

THE ECHO

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Is it Possible You Haven't Heard of Sophie Emmett? Sophie of the Disappearing Husband?"

HARLAN Weymouth reached into the open drawer before him and brought out another white lawn tie. This he drew round his collar as ruefully as though it had been the rope that was to hang him. He glared into the mirror at the worldly face which he wore so modishly in public, and wondered if he were a fickle character. Probably. He would try laying the blame on himself, at any rate.

"No," he repeated during the finishing touches in his evening toilet, "Sophie Emmett hasn't changed a bit. I know a clever woman when I meet one, and a diamond can't turn to a pebble in two months.

"Something's happened to make my eyes dull, that's all. I'll take a drink and face the music."

He stepped to the telephone, called the floor clerk and ordered a dry Martini.

Certainly Sophie was still a pleasure to look upon, he reflected during the wait. And her reputation for wit had passed beyond the circle of women's clubs and into the Sunday papers. Hadn't Mrs. Clemworthy—irrevocable old authority on everything discussible among the sort of club women who believe in Mrs. Clemworthys—repeatedly assured him that Sophie was the cleverest woman in New York? As the editor of the city's most intellectual review Weymouth naturally hated superlatives. Yet he had to confess that he had agreed with Mrs. Clemworthy; agreed with her with an obsessing conviction that had driven more ambitious intellectual movements entirely out of his head and set him to penning delicious little essays founded on the pungency of Sophie Emmett's charming and original philosophy.

A knock at the door called him back to the unpleasant duties of the night. He opened to the boy, who held toward him an amber drink on a silver tray.

"Here goes nothing!" Weymouth uttered to himself the inelegant toast and took his cocktail at a gulp. Their two months were up to-night, and he must decide the matter with Sophie Emmett and take his decision, at the appointed hour, to her husband, the silent, sardonic Elijah.

Sophie Emmett was waiting for him in the foyer at Sherry's. He caught the gleam of her pale-coral evening gown and the flash of her dark eyes from a far corner where she sat. The sight of her, merely an impression from a distance, imparted to him something of that original thrill of anticipation which he had felt in their earlier meetings, sometimes casual or stolen. There was nothing furtive in their trysts now, kept openly in the most public restaurants in New York. Old Emmett had seen to all that. Their appearances together might breed scandal, but it was scandal well stage-managed by Sophie's husband, as though it had been billed in enormous letters "Sophie Emmett and Harlan Weymouth, To-night at Sherry's, under the Direction of Elijah Emmett."

Harlan stepped briskly up to the lady in the coral gown and bowed his most urbane bow.

"Late, Harlan!" she smiled at his approach.

Dashed! He had hoped against hope, during that short tour across the foyer carpet, that the original Sophie, the Sophie of the bland, insinuating wit, would be there to greet him with an epigram. But here sat his beautiful changeling, calm in her decorative dullness.

"I like being waited for," he suggested, desperately casting his bait. "It gives me a feeling of power." It fell dead.

"Oh, does it?" she asked, moving her small mouth helplessly.

They walked in together to take their seats at a table for two by the wall. Weymouth now began to understand why civilized men become wife beaters.

He found a chance to study her a moment as she puzzled over the bill of fare. Undoubtedly she had her good points. The upward sweep of her delicately brushed eyebrows, the slant of her coal-black eyes, the spirited poise of her small head, the defiant tip of her nose gave to her person an elfin charm. She might have carried little, tantalizing wings on the points of her smooth white shoulders. She was, in a word, the lively physical embodiment of the Sophie Emmett Idea; the body and the idea which had turned Harlan Weymouth in an hour from a scoffer to a mangled devotee. What an admirable picture she was of brilliancy and quickness, designed to fascinate and destroy an errant knight who, even as a neophyte, had written on his shield in reddest letters "I Hate Dull Women." And surely nothing trite or threadbare could come from those delicate, upturned lips!

"I'll have oysters," she was saying just then. "They're safe in the R months."

"I don't believe you're even pretty!" snarled Harlan Weymouth to himself.

"Are you tired, my dear?" he asked her somewhat hopefully, after their order was given. That must be it.

"Oh, no," she replied with the same terrible brightness she shed upon the dullness of her words. "I had ever so good a nap this afternoon."

Then her comatose state was deeper than the physical. It was a spiritual deadening. His heart sank.

"Why did you ask?" She eyed him directly.

"You seem to be spreading all over the cosmos, like melted butter. I mean to say, you're distraught. You're not entirely with us. Must I get out a search warrant and look for Sophie?"

"Oh," she pouted. Faint hope revived within him—she often pouted on the verge of her famous utterances, glowing in his memory of the Golden Era, two months past.

"Don't you think good friends—as we are—can enjoy beautiful silences together?" she asked solemnly, mincing her words as he had heard so many members of the Medallion Club do. She gave him an appealing look, just as a child would after delivering a set speech. Then she plaintively asked, "Harlan, what's the matter?"

"You must know, Sophie," he answered shortly.

"I haven't the remotest idea."

"That's it—you haven't the remotest idea. Oh, I'm sorry, Sophie. I didn't mean to be rude. But I can't help thinking you're acting some sort of part."

"I don't understand."

From her expression it was obvious to see that she didn't, yet he went on stubbornly:

"Sophie, you're the cleverest woman in New York. People say so. I say so. Mrs. Clemworthy says it unto the Scribes and Pharisees every Wednesday morning. And I've heard you talk like—like the angel Israfel replying to George Bernard Shaw. You had a slant on life. You were seldom at a loss. I went wild over you, Sophie, because I found you the inspired prophetess of lively thinking. You had a glorious viewpoint on yourself and me and everybody else. I don't like ugly women, as a rule; but if you had been as ugly as Medusa I think I should have packed my grip and followed you to the ends of the world."

She was looking blankly at him, offering not a word in her defense, and Weymouth found his temper rising as he went rapidly on:

"I hate dull women. I've deserted the whole adoring tribe of my female relatives and gone to live in a hotel as a protest against verbal stupidity. I'd rather live alone on a mountain top or in the back of a saloon than to listen to warmed-over cant. And that's why I flew to you, Sophie, and kicked over every convention in the world—made this ridiculous bargain with your husband—in order to listen to you forever. And this is how you've been serving me."

He fell suddenly silent, ashamed of his outburst; for Sophie Emmett's little mouth was trembling childishly.

"You're disappointed in me!" she said quaveringly.

"Oh, please don't cry. I know it's only temporary—everybody has lapses. But it seems so unfortunate. Just in the two months when we were to be together, to get used to each other . . . and it's only an hour before we must go to your husband with some sort of decision ——"

"What do you want me to say?" she demanded, her black eyes taking fire. Hope and love raged suddenly in his breast. He had lashed her with words. She couldn't look like that without saying something out of the ordinary.

"Something besides bromidioms, Sophie, that's what I want you to say." He was out with it now, and the task grew easier. "For the past two weeks, I swear, you've been going on like this—telling me that oysters should be eaten only in the R months; that you like many Germans individually, although you're strongly pro-Ally; that the Republicans might have won if it hadn't been for the Hughes Special —— Have a heart, Sophie! I didn't fall in love with you for the purpose of finding out that the sky is blue when the sun shines or that the Rocky Mountains are grand. My Aunt Cordelia, from whom I am now a refugee, has informed me along that line until I'm entirely fed up on the obvious. What I want is Sophie—and I'd like to know where you've been hiding her. Where is the girl I saw that day, sizzling like a comet into the midst of a foggy ladies' discussion with the remark that a club woman in Bohemia is like a High Church clergyman mounted on a motor cycle?"

"Harlan, you're impossible!" she flashed out suddenly. "I'm ashamed—I'm disappointed in you—oh, how can you!"

"My Name's Emmett—if You Don't Remember Me, I'm Sophie's Husband"

She reached for the large silk hand bag which occupied a third chair, and fished out a tiny square of lace. This she applied pathetically to her eyes.

His heart sank to even a lower level. He had expended his ingenuity on empty space. The ideal Sophie, the iridescent Sophie, had evaporated by some black magic and left this dull woman in her stead. He had stung her with sarcasms, she had responded with tears. How he hated a dull woman!

"I'm sorry," he found himself apologizing in leaden tones. "I—I merely thought this was the last chance we should have to discuss the matter candidly. I ——"

An intrusive waiter was serving soup. She sat staring at the swimming okra. Presently her fine eyes lit with a sudden inspiration and she delved again into the silken bag. This time she brought out a small gold box which she opened and began staring into the recess. Instinctively he knew she was looking at her nose in a concealed mirror. At last, when she had quite finished patting away the tear stains under her eyes, he went on desperately:

"Of course, if you wish it, I'm going to ask your husband's consent to our marrying."

"You're going to do no such thing!" she snapped, dropping the little box into the silk bag and drawing the string. The tears had left her dark eyes, which were flashing dangerously. "You've gone far enough—you're horrid—I don't like you a bit and ——"

She arose, picked up her bag, dropped a glove, picked it up, gathered a gold-mesh purse from beside her plate, put it in her bag, picked up another glove and then stood facing him defiantly.

"Where are you going?" was his weak appeal.

"Home," said she. "Back to my husband as fast as I can."

"But we—we're not to see him until nine o'clock. We were to go together. It's now only quarter past ——"

"Don't follow me, please!" He stood there with the silly feeling that all Sherry's was witness to another social comedy. Then he settled weakly into his chair, leaving her to sweep down the aisle toward the door.

It was a matter of minutes before he had summoned the waiter and sheepishly paid his bill. Then he was after her flaming course. But in those minutes she had cloaked herself in a furry garment of peacock blue; and before he could snatch his hat and coat from the man at the door her vivid little figure had locked itself in a taxicab which now honked away toward Fifth Avenue.

Weymouth took the downward steps four at a time. It was foolishly unnecessary that she should be running back home like this at the eleventh hour. There was a lack of teamwork in it that offended his sense of order.

"Taxi!" he shouted savagely and plunged into the first open tonneau.

"Where to, sir?" inquired the broad-faced one on the box.

"Follow that yellow car ahead!" demanded Weymouth breathlessly. The driver threw in the clutch so rudely that the structure trembled in its greasy joints, and the pursuit started with a kangaroo plunge that landed them well toward the corner, round which the yellow car was just disappearing. So closely for a while did the pursuer cling to the pursued that Weymouth, under brilliant street lamps, could distinctly see the back of her proud little head silhouetted in the rear window of the yellow car. It was a garlanded head, well poised on a straight white neck, and there were rhinestones twinkling among the coils of her hair.

What plot had that little head been hatching against him? he asked uneasily. Was it Sophie's fault, or her husband's? Could it be possible that she was just the pathetic little fool she had appeared of late? A curious predicament for any sane man to find himself in—curiouser and curiouser, as Alice had said to a Wonderland acquaintance.

It was now six months since Harlan Weymouth had first found Sophie Emmett. To his memory that initial glimpse was like the first sighting of a meteor in a drizzly sky. In capacity of editor and critic of the Spark, that journal of cleverness which the few admired, he had been persuaded against his better judgment to attend a meeting of the Medallion Club. Mrs. Clemworthy, indefatigable member, had extended the welcome in good faith; but it had been Weymouth's intention to write a satirical essay entitled Dull Gilt, showing how wit, like Midas, can be strangled by too much gold.

So Weymouth had gone to a morning session of the Medallion Club and sat in an ornate roomful of fashionable ladies of the sort who "think they think," according to the Weymouthian code. Poor, patient martyr to investigation, he had sat for a long time and sighed himself into a torpor. The topic of the morning was Does Bohemia Exert a Genuine Influence on Civilization?

He had come there thinking this was going to be funny; but already his thoughts were centered on a graceful means of getting out. His slumbrous eyes had wandered over every detail of the room. Mrs. Douglas Clemworthy, shapeless, sitting upright like some florid piece of upholstery, had occupied a chair next him, as though to shut off his escape. Mrs. Hawtry Blucher, displaying her fashionable figure below a faded, simpering face, had been reading for several minutes in her pallid voice. Weymouth had thought with an inner groan of Mrs. Blucher's industrious social secretary—what she must have endured in *tables d'hôte* in order to gather data for that paper on How Bohemia Eats. Weymouth had all but succumbed to sleep upon this thought; but he had still held a corner of his eye on the door. He had hated dull women from infancy. He yawned behind his program. At that instant a broken, sympathetic sigh had emanated from the lady on his left.

It was then that Weymouth had his first glimpse of Sophie Emmett. She, too, was yawning; and as he caught her eye just the ghost of an understanding spark was telegraphed to him to keep him awake until Mrs. Blucher had brought her hopeless eternity to a period. And it was at that moment that his comet, his lawless, splendid meteor in a Paris gown had flared up for him in all her glory.

"Are there any re——" Mrs. Spratt-Cowle, the chairlady, had been about to say "any remarks," but the small, pantherlike young woman on Weymouth's left had decisively gotten to her feet and requested the floor.

"Madam Chairman," she had prefaced her memorable comment, "I hope you'll pardon my asking something. But isn't a club woman in Bohemia something incongruous—like a Church of England clergyman mounted on a motor cycle?"

The Medallion Club laughed. It was easy to see that the Medallion Club appreciated Sophie Emmett, and Weymouth was grateful.

"Why, Mrs. Emmett, I ——" stammered the large lady on the platform.

"I just wanted to know," went on the pretty little irritant. "I realize that women's clubs, taken altogether, do a great deal of good. But the Medallion Club doesn't—it wouldn't know good when it saw it. It only talks about it, the way Peer Gynt talked about the Bogue—and then went roundabout. Now here we are discussing Bohemia. It might as well be Mars—or better perhaps, because some of us have seen Mars through a telescope. But how many of us have gotten nearer Bohemia than Puccini's opera? You can't see Bohemia, you know, the way you see Chinatown—by paying a dollar a head and being taken round by a man with a megaphone. You've got to live Bohemia, and dance Bohemia, and eat Bohemia. That's probably the hardest of the lot—eating Bohemia. Then, of course, you've got to meet Bohemia in its own jungle—jolly, reckless, rakish young art students; actors temporarily unemployed; free, inspired, dusty poets, and what not. It's the what not that makes Bohemia hardest to bear. Ladies, have we investigated? Have we danced and mingled with their perfectly dreadful wine, women and song? Have we greeted the dawn with a lyric and forgotten to shampoo our heads for generations? I should like to know if Mrs. Hawtry Blucher has done any of these things? And if so, when?"

The tall lady reared her fashionable form, and her pallid face took on a coat of scarlet.

"I sometimes think we members of this exclusive circle," Sophie Emmett had gone on suavely, "have reached a plane of development—like yogis and Grand Lamas—where we know all about everything, without botherin our heads to find out about anything. Facts are dull feminine intuition is bright. Feminine intuition is magical. It leaps to conclusions and pulls the facts up after it Or, if there aren't any facts, it sits proudly on top of th conclusions and stays there until someone comes to th rescue with a stepladder. By this method we have gon rapidly through Bohemia this morning. Bohemia is fi ished. Our next topic will be The Human Soul."

"You are mistaken, I think." Mrs. Spratt-Cowle steppe to the edge of the platform to correct her. "Our next top will be The Panama Canal: Its Use in Case of War."

"I stand corrected," Sophie had said and sat down.

"Does Mrs. Emmett wish to put her remarks in the for of a motion?" Madam Chairman had asked.

"Not necessarily," had been the smiling reply that ha adjourned the meeting. The room had broken up in chattering groups.

"For heaven's sake, who is she?" Weymouth had aske eagerly of Mrs. Clemworthy.

"Is it possible you haven't heard of Sophie Emmet Sophie with the serpent's tongue? Sophie, the spice of t Medallion Club? Sophie of the disappearing husban You must come right over and meet the most brillia woman in New York."

Sophie Emmett had given him an inspiring fifteen mi utes of her point of view, of ideas that soared high like fish hawk and plunged deep and true upon their pre Weymouth, the fastidious dilettante of women and minds, absorbed her, spongelike, and went away saturat and happy to put her thoughts on paper, to fill the colum of the Spark with the eternal glory of an idealized Soph

He had called, of course, at the big, handsome Emmett home in East Sixty-seventh Street; and almost immediately he had told her that she was his literary breath of life. He had been sure of her pleasure in seeing him, for she had

He Stood There With the Silly Feeling That All Sherry's Was Witness to Another Social Comedy

come swiftly across the formal rose-and-white drawing-room, her ivory cheeks flushing happily as she held out her hand. She had expressed the Medallion Club so livingly, he told her; and got the response that she, Sophie Emmett, cared too much for women and their work to see it mocked by that pretentious circle of parlor thinkers.

This private interview had brought them together with tremendous rapidity, and he had found himself naïvely relating scraps of autobiography with a freshman's enthusiasm. The rosy spectacles had straddled his nose; she had appeared to him, from that hour on, as some fascinatingly unique orchid, bewitchingly involved.

"Oh, you wouldn't like my husband," she had assured him on that occasion. "Nobody likes him—besides, he would loathe the sight of you. He would have some sort of theory in his pocket by which to condemn you forever. Elijah, you know, lives in a cave and gnaws theories. He's an anchorite. He crawls into his cell upstairs during daylight hours and prowls by night. In his lighter moments he reads Nietzsche and condemns the human race. Of course he isn't decent to go about in society. The old darling, I love him! We've arranged everything splendidly. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays I lock away the world and play cave woman to his cave man. On Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays I belong to the world. Isn't it an excellent plan? Few women can enjoy freedom respectably four days in the week."

"If you told him what a perfect savage you'd found, don't you think he might be favorably impressed?" he laughed.

"Probably not," quoth she. "You know how it is with married couples. When a stranger comes into their midst the chances are about eight to one against everybody liking everybody else. It can be worked out mathematically—but I hate figures, they're so truthful."

"Well, let's say we like each other and let it go at that," he had suggested brashly.

His last request, put with boyish plainness, had grown to be an obvious enough fact. He saw her well and long during the four charmed days in the week. The dour Elijah grumbled somewhere in the background, Weymouth supposed, always grimly obliging to their thickening romance. Weymouth caught Sophie's husband one day when he came for tea. A graying man, fat, uncouth, slightly bald, with sags under his eyes and a mouth that turned down at the corners, he had regarded Weymouth curiously, as a mastiff might sniff at a beetle. Weymouth felt that he had intruded into a family colloquy and reflected, with a novel pang of jealousy, that he had no rights here. Elijah Emmett's replies had been mostly grunts, as he gobbled his tea with scalding haste, spilling a few drops on the waistcoat of his untidy suit.

Somehow that one sight of the mysterious Elijah Emmett had given Weymouth a feeling that his pursuit of Sophie was within the realm of fair game. This thing of joy and fancy chained unhappily to a sullen stone; how could he blame her if she gamboled wildly during her little hours of freedom? And yet Emmett could not be so tyrannous a monster, else he would have forbidden her journeying into the realm of even her discreet adventurings.

"Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays." She had said it jestingly, but time proved to her adorer that the speech was literally true. Several times he had telephoned on those sacred days, only to be put off with "Oh, I can't. I'm husbanding to-day." Elijah, Weymouth discovered after much painstaking research among club gossips, had gone out into the world almost not at all since their marriage several years ago. He had retired from the stock exchange with a carefully invested fortune, and had given up most of his clubs at the same time. Emmett was a queer fish, they told him—rather clever, but eccentric. What did he do with his time? Oh, he was some sort of fatuous student—scribbled a great deal for his own amusement and collected things—books probably. He made semiannual descents upon his clubs, where he nodded stiltedly at a few graying heads and ate alone behind a newspaper. Emmett had deliberately lost himself in the thickets of New York.

Weymouth's intimacy with Sophie Emmett had progressed with insidious smoothness. Of course they were talked about, because he was a figure of a sort in the world of art, and the fashionable society with which he endured an occasional dinner or opera usually referred to him breathlessly as "a fascinating Bohemian." Sophie, too, had cast aside a troop of gentlemanly flower bearers in order to give free way to his devotions.

Almost Immediately He Had Told Her That She Was His Literary Breath of Life

Step by step to-night, pursuing her yellow taxicab through the mazes of Manhattan's traffic system, Weymouth could trace the course which had brought them so suddenly into each other's arms.

He had tried his best to keep their intimacy on a Platonic basis. Plato was a poor chaperon, as always. Nimble as they were at thrust and parry, cool as they intended to be in logic and epigram, they could not avoid the keen edge of danger. Weymouth had been the first to feel the wound; and he told her so blunderingly, fully expecting her to laugh him down from her worldly barricade. Instead he was alarmed and a little delighted to find her silent. Obviously Sophie Emmett had no adequate repartee to an emotion to which her quick little nature responded all too well. They were blundering into love.

And on the memorable night, just two months and a day ago, they had gone to the opera together. Of course it was Tristan and Isolde, which no two people who admire the color of one another's eyes should ever see without a padded neutral to sit between them. Love, death and a passionate orchestration, added to the fact that the great vault of the Metropolitan was darkened for the scene, combined to banish scruples as lightly as the swaying of a wand in the hand of an eminent director. Weymouth pressed Sophie's fingers, as naïvely as the art is practiced among callow lovers when the light is low in the moving-picture theaters. She had permitted the caress until the last tragic curtain. And on the way home, after he had taken her in his arms and said several things unworthy of a penetrating thinker—as he deemed himself to be—she had looked up suddenly and declared:

"Harlan, I am going to tell my husband everything."

"Don't do anything crazy, Sophie!" he had pleaded in a panic, for their cab had almost reached the Emmetts' door. "Let me go away for good—I've been insane. I'm sorry."

"No, you're not. And neither am I," she had replied as she had stepped out to run up the white steps of her house. She had given him only the tip of her glove as he unlocked the door for her.

Next morning, sleeping late after a surprisingly good night's rest, the telephone beside his bed had disturbed him before nine o'clock, and a sharp New England voice had barked through the receiver:

"Weymouth? Want to see Weymouth!"

"This is he," Weymouth had replied with all the coolness he could command.

"My name's Emmett—if you don't remember me, I'm Sophie's husband." And before Weymouth could formulate a polite syllable the voice at the other end had gone on in harsh, choppy sentences: "Wish you would call on me. To-day—this morning—eleven sharp. Not a quarter past. I'm going out at half past. 'By."

That was all, delivered in the most acutely businesslike tone.

"A new chapter in the code duello," Sophie's lover had reflected, shuffling toward his bath.

He had called promptly at eleven, as Mr. Emmett had so unbendingly suggested. Weymouth found the clumsy, massive, untidy man wiping his eyeglasses behind a fearful chaos of books and papers in a big, bare room full of burdened shelves. The sacks beneath his eyes this morning had suggested the bloodhound. But to his nervous visitor's surprise the bunchy, square face had been twisted to a grin.

"Well, Weymouth," had been his first comment, addressed quite familiarly, as though to a confidential clerk, "so you and Sophie have made up your minds that you're in love with each other."

"Ye-yes. That's about the case." Weymouth had stammered like a schoolboy.

"Humph! She came and told me last night. I wasn't surprised. Thing to be expected." The big man had sat toying with his necktie, an article of antique pattern that he wore askew under his low, unfashionable collar.

"Not surprised a bit. Women have to be suited at any price these days," he went on in his choppy accents. "Suits me all right. Provided, of course, it's genuine. Are you sure about that, Weymouth?"

"Absolutely, as far as I'm concerned," the lover had replied with unnecessary heat.

"Well, Sophie thinks she's just as sure. Said so several times. Now I've made up my mind to take this case in hand. This is my policy: Do nothing to stand in your way. All foolishness to interfere in a genuine love affair. But there's one thing, Weymouth—understand—one thing." He brought a big, stubby finger down on the manuscript before him. "If you're going to marry Sophie and take care of her you've got to be sure first that you'll get

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Ready! Action! Camera! Go!

Squads of Knights and Soldiers Were Here, There and Everywhere, Scattered Over the Scene as Far as the Eye Could Reach

By ROB WAGNER

HAD I been seeking fame in this tumultuous old world of ours, I should never have given up my job as a leading man; for if there is any public interest in the affairs of the director it has never come to my attention in the slightest degree.

The paints are far more interesting to the world than the painter. When I compare with my present correspondence the letters I used to receive as the ravishing hero of the hair-pants stories, I am forced to believe that romance and notoriety are not for us. It is sad but true that the only photographs of me which are still cherished repose upon the dressers of maiden ladies who have romantic hopes that are eight to ten years overdue. If the press agent sends out a story that a certain film favorite eschews onions, all the fans in the country are worked up over the momentous news; while if it was learned that one of the directors used perfume on his pancakes, nobody would care a bean one way or another.

This does not mean that we are entirely overlooked. The trade papers keep our names quite prominently before the profession, and our mail is mostly from actors—ham and otherwise—who remind us of their amazing qualities, with the hope that we will send for them at once. The love of the human paints for the painter is often very touching.

It is because the general public takes so little interest in our personalities that I have deliberately refrained from obtruding my own importance and have laid more stress upon our failures, successes, obligations and hopes. So it is a sense of proportion rather than innate modesty that makes me stand behind the camera while I take this picture of Movie Land.

Maybe you have heard that movie folk are modest. If so, that information is incorrect; for so well do we think of ourselves that we have reduced our especial worth to an elaborate system of mathematics. One of the sprightliest indoor sports that engages all studios where films are made is to figure the percentage of our relative values to the success of the pictures. Ask a leading man what he thinks of his work and he will reply: "Well, I should say the actor is seventy-five per cent of the picture, the story about fifteen, and the director ten." Some even go so far as to represent the director by a minus sign.

The Female of the Species

THEN up speaks the author: "You fellows make me tired! I'd like to know what you'd do without a good story! The best director in the world can't direct you beautiful dolls to do nothing! My table makes the author sixty per cent, the director thirty, and the actor ten."

At this point we produce our schedule, which makes the director fifty per cent, the story forty-five and the actor five. Then the fireworks!

I'll have to admit that in the last few years my branch of the profession has lost somewhat in importance, for when I first began in the pictures the director was the whole works—he represented probably ninety per cent, the actor ten, and the story nothing. The story is the factor that has gained in importance. It is true a few actors are so enormously popular that they can get by with a poor story and rather indifferent directing.

There is, however, another angle to this fact that seems to me to be pertinent. Often the management will get a spasm of efficiency and employ a star for only a few scenes; then it is up to the director to pad out the story so that by spreading the star very thin he can get the necessary footage. Or, on the other hand, the big boss, having an expensive star on the pay roll, will want him on the screen all the time. So the director has to prune down every other part in order to accomplish this weird result. In either event the story suffers and the director's artistry is woefully handicapped.

I said in my estimate that the actor was only five per cent of the film. Privately I do not really mean this, but my modest figure always gets a wonderful rise out of the actors—and I love to hear them rave. The fact is, a film success depends upon many factors, the failure of any of which can ruin the picture. Given a good story, capable acting, intelligent direction, artistic sets and fine photography, the result will be splendid. But, oh, the temperamental storms that have raged about those percentages!

So far as the director is concerned, there is really no standard by which the excellence of his work can be ascertained, except the result. One obtains success in one way, and another by quite opposite methods. Some directors are excitable, some phlegmatic, some genial. We have one woman director who has arrived famously and has handled some of the greatest stars in filmdom. There may be no sex in brains, but there is in temperament; and there is no doubt that much of her achievement is due to her feminine point of view—especially her uncanny understanding of the male. This woman stoutly maintains that she has a masculine mind; but listen to this story:

Her lead in one picture was a famous foreign star, and, starlike, she thought rather tenderly of one of the men of the cast; but—alas!—he was only second lead.

Now it happened that a very beautiful white costume was made, and the lead and the second both cherished it. Of course the lead had the first call; but what of the foreign lady? She wanted her boy to have it. After a great to-do and much talkly talk it was finally put up to the director. She, femininely wise, walked over, whispered something to the star, and then answered:

"Of course Mr. Blank shall wear the costume—he is the lead and is entitled to the suit if he wishes it."

The star, having been tipped, acquiesced gracefully; but the second lead was very peevish and stood round biting his finger nails and looking quite distraught. When the lead, radiantly triumphant, appeared in his gorgeous white velvet jacket and panties, the director eyed him critically.

"What's the matter, Mrs. S——? Don't you care for it?" asked he.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "but I think it is a little short in the knees, and the coat doesn't fit very well round the neck—it makes you look bottle-shouldered. However, it will do, I guess. Turn round. Well, the truth is, Mr. Blank, it is even a little worse in the back; but I can cut that scene where you have your back to the camera, though it's a good close-up for you. Then, in that other scene, where you sit downstage, I can mask the legs by a table. . . ."

The lead waited for nothing further. He was gone; and in ten minutes he returned with an armful of white clothes which he tossed to the second lead, who sheepishly went off to his dressing room and put them on. When he returned the star lady from Russia fairly at him with her eyes. Though he was ex actly the build of his rival, the trousers, curiously enough, were "long enough," and the coat fit "splendidly"! So, at least, the director said. And she insists that she has a masculine mind!

For several years this woman and her husband directed together with great success. To anyone who knows what a personal thing directing is, this feat is a startling accomplishment. The nearest score to their record is that of man and wife in a Chicago studio who joined forces for just twenty minutes. They say that when he came to at the receiving hospital, and looked up and beheld the nurse he ducked his head under the bedclothes, as though the poor girl was going to strike him with a skillet.

Art in Handling Crowds

IN HANDLING the fragile temperaments of actors the female is more wonderful than the male; but when it comes to resourcefulness in a situation the male is often remarkable.

We were making some scenes at Redondo one day and were trying to get a little girl to walk disconsolately along the beach—no one noticing her. After working for near an hour in an effort to get the people to walk by without stopping or rubbering into the camera, or at the little girl, Ed Donlon, who was directing, called two of the men of the cast together and arranged that they should start a fight about fifty yards up the beach. The pugilists came from opposite directions, met, and began loud vulgar abuse of each other. Needless to say, everybody parading the Boardwalk looked over in the direction of the brawl—and the camera clicked off eighty feet of a disconsolate little girl ignored by everyone walking along the beach.

Street crowds are notoriously difficult to handle. They will never do what you want; and even when you are sneaking them there is always some smart Aleck in the foreground who insists upon looking into the camera and cracking his foolish face.

On one occasion Donlon wished to get a close-up of a crowd looking skyward—it was to be used as a cut-in for an aëroplane story. To hire a lot of extras might have cost a couple of thousand dollars; so he took a chance of getting what he wanted without paying for it. Knowing the psychology of crowds, Donlon took three cameras downtown where he set one on the sidewalk for the purpose of taking a close-up profile of the crowd he was to assemble; one in a second-story window, shooting straight into the people's faces; and one on top of the building, also shooting down.

When all was ready Donlon stood in the middle of the street, with a megaphone, and began to call directions to one "Ben," who stood on top of the building. The crowd

assembled immediately and, seeing the cameras, began, as usual, to rubber right into them. Then Donlon called out:

"Is Ben ready to jump?"

And Ben called back: "Just a minute, Ed. I'm a bit nervous. Wait till that yellow car gets by. I think I'll try for the top of that big Pasadena car—it's wider."

Back and forth they called excited warnings and directions, and the crowd was right on tiptoes. They didn't know what was going to happen, but it promised excitement. All this time the camera men clicked that fool crowd into celluloid immortality.

Just at the moment when Ben was going to jump, and the crowd's eyes were riveted on the sky line of the building, a motor sneaked up quietly behind Mr. Ed Donlon and his camera man and they were in and off before the poor sillies could gather their wits together and express their chagrin. Ben and the other camera men made their getaway through the back of the building.

Another responsibility of the director is that for the safety of the actors; for in dangerous situations he assumes supreme command—quite like the captain of a ship. A studio at Long Beach was at work a while ago making some scenes on a point of rocks well out in the ocean and entirely masked from the mainland by a large cliff, though easy of access at low tide.

The picture people had been out there for four hours and had just completed their work when, upon returning round the cliff, they saw that the tide had come in and they were isolated. A wind was coming up and the sea was beginning to run very high. The director knew the rocks would be entirely swept by the waves in another hour; so he ordered the men to take one woman at a time and start for shore. There were forty-two of the latter and only sixteen men; so each man had to make several trips.

Everybody was finally landed safely; but some of the men were all in, the pulmotor being requisitioned for two of them. The director, the last to leave, was so battered on the rocks that he went to the hospital for two weeks.

The Kaleidoscope of Fashion

ON OTHER occasions elaborate precautions are taken, and then, curiously enough, no danger threatens. This same studio wanted to make a picture of two girls being pursued by a mad bull. After arranging for every possible contingency, even to the shooting of the bull, the girls were turned into the field. The bull paid no attention to them. They were then furnished with red parasols; but the bull ate on. Now they were directed to run toward the deadly brute; but the dear old fellow looked up in the friendliest manner and permitted the girls to scratch him between the horns. Finally he ran away where he could be free from annoying humans, and the picture was not secured.

These are a few of the small and immediate problems that fill the life of the director; but we have other and larger questions that constantly keep us bucked up. One is the everchanging taste of the public. A type of picture that is fashionable this season will not be patronized next. So ephemeral is this curious public preference that often it will make most abrupt changes. A few years ago the play most in vogue was that of the dear young girl with the curls who jumped up and down and clapped her hands in sweetest innocence—soft, sugary little plays, in which virtue was stressed with almost gooey intensity. The women especially flocked to these films, and sent notes, flowers and lavender books to the girl who played lead, and finally voted her the greatest favorite of the films.

Geraldine Farrar

Then out of a clear sky came the vampire to spread vice and ruin in her dreadful wake. From the sweet incense of the outdoors we suddenly landed in the heavy, sensuous atmosphere of the vampire trap. These wreckers of homes and ruiners of perfectly good husbands came in droves. They were tiger women, wolf women, tarantulas and other dangerous carnivora. For a year or more these Miss Glums debauched the poor he-men of our fair land with their perfumed intrigues and domestic seditions. But—thank heaven!—this miasmic gloom is on the wane; the vamp made thistles while the sun shone, but her day was short.

We have about decided that it is the women who mold public taste, for they love the unregretted vamps the most. But perhaps the excessive female patronage was due to the fact that men didn't like to go to pictures in which their sex always got the hot end of the poker.

It is not only in female rôles that tastes change. A few years back the Western chap in hair pants was the real thing. I directed no end of those Arizona devils who lassoed express trains to save engineers' daughters. As these fellows did not seem to be rough enough we framed up the lads from Alaska—great cave men who grew their own fur—and they went strong for a few years.

These Northern beautiful brutes always had romantic blots on their escutcheons, usually in the form of some squaw lady whom they had sworn to cherish and obey, but whom they left on the slightest provocation. The provocation's slightness added immensely to the effectiveness of the final dissolve, which showed the two in a snuggly clinch silhouetted against the setting sun on top of the Great Divide.

Just when we were at our wit's end as to how to ring in new changes on the age-old motif of Beauty and the Beast, the public taste changed again. And now it wants the Donald Fairfaxes, who can ride polo ponies, shoot big game, and disport themselves just like real gentlemen in swell clubs and limousines; from the saloon to the salon—all at a day's notice. And we are supposed to keep even with the kaleidoscopic changes of our patrons.

One of the great discoveries of the twentieth century is the recognition of the personality of the child. Tomes have been written about it, the work of mothers and teachers, and other knowing Olympians who thought they knew; but if Madame Montessori wants to be authoritative she will have to direct a child in a moving picture, for only in that way will she ever learn the real truth.

A mere man—one Harry Kay—has had this curious responsibility thrust upon his big, broad back for more than a year now; and what he doesn't know about a child could be printed in bold-faced type on a cigarette paper. Baby Berenice is one of the youngest—just past five—and most accomplished juveniles on the screen to-day, and the villagers who nightly applaud her amazing acting no doubt think she goes about it with the utmost ease and unconcern; but they little know of the extraordinary patience and care that the poor, harassed director went through to get those scenes. True, the child loves to act—what child doesn't?—but she cannot be left to her own devices or we should have a very strange result.

Like all children on the threshold of life, she wants to know. Every scene, no matter how carefully explained in advance, is interrupted by a perfect bombardment of questions. "But, Mithter Kay, why do I have to frown at her? What ith she going to do to me?" Then the whole action must be stopped for ten minutes while the poor soul explains all over again the reason for the frown.

Tact in Handling a Tiny Star

LIKE her older sisters, Miss Berenice at times grows very temperamental; and right out of a clear sky she will announce that she doesn't wish to play any more. These are the times when the director must show his resourcefulness, for her refusal may tie up the whole plant for hours at a time; and, as the overhead charges against a picture may often be as much as a hundred dollars an hour, a delay of any length is a serious concern.

In order to meet these emergencies Kay has resorted to all the old subterfuges and a few new ones. One that sometimes works is to pretend totally to ignore her; and, like some grown-up ladies—and men—she does not like this treatment. Then, simulating great excitement, he calls out: "Now all ready, folks, in your places! Ready! Action! Camera! Go!" Like as not, Miss Berenice is in the foreground, doing her stunt.

If this trick fails Kay pretends to feel all cut up; and, as the child dearly loves him, she will go up and pat him on the back, and tell him she was only fooling and will make the picture after all.

There are times, though, when she goes right up in the air; and then he has to resort to the meanest device in the whole arsenal of male munitions:

"All right, Berenice; I've been thinking that you are not so well suited to the part as Minnie, and I'm going to send for her to take your place."

In a flash Berenice is downstage, as big and indignant as a grown-up leading lady. At that, many scenes have to be made over and over again; and often the story is cut, amplified, rearranged, to fit the whimsical eccentricities of this high-salaried young star.

One of the sweetest things this dear little tot does is to cry in the scene where tears are necessary. One day they

How Any of Them Came Out of That Mess of Jabbing Lances is a Marvel

Real Armor Like This Weighs Two Hundred Pounds to the Man

refused to come; so she went and sat in a corner for fully five minutes.

"Mithter Kay," she said wistfully, "I'th been trying to think of something thad; but I can't. If you would thend for Mr. Jackson, and have him come and thpank me, I think I could cry." So much for her sincerity.

In proof that the director is often more important than the actor I want to cite a specific case. A year ago I was handed a very beautiful young thing who had landed in our company through some hook or crook—I suspect it was the latter—and it was up to me to put her over as a lead. Her good looks carried her along pretty well in the small stuff, but when it came to the big scene her lack of training and her ingrowing brains made her hopelessly unequal to the part.

I struggled and labored a whole day and showed her how to act it, down to the last gesture. She failed miserably. Then I called in one of our character leads, a woman of splendid ability, and she took her through the scene time after time. We made twenty-two shots of that one scene, and finally it went off splendidly. The picture was a great success; and as some easy director thought the young lady was a comer he employed her at a fine salary, and went to the bat to make his and her fame and fortune. He made one picture and blew up. The last I heard of the coming star she was working as an extra.

Our profession is full of so many things that I have wandered along, hitting the high spots of interest; but now I must get down to the ground and tell of the crisis, the result of which will determine for many years the place the photo drama will occupy among the fine arts. This crisis we are passing through has been brought about by several factors: Overproduction—one studio alone has more than four hundred thousand feet of film on its shelves; excessive expenditures; the open market at home; and the closing of the European market, due to the war.

A few years ago, when the stupendous profits in motion pictures became known, the financial adventurers, theatrical gamblers and showmen began to jump in; and for the past two or three years the financial side of the industry has occupied the minds of many of the bosses to the exclusion of every other consideration. Companies have been bought and sold like mining stock; mergers and reorganizations have been effected; release companies formed, reformed and dissolved in such kaleidoscopic succession that one scarcely knows from week to week with which company he is working.

This last year the industry has been in such a state of flux that everyone is frightened. Old companies have become suddenly conservative; new companies have splashed in one day and died the next; expenses are being cut and the whole industry reorganized.

The Hated Efficiency Man

A FURIOUS contest rages about the conflicting aims of directors and owners. The latter are bent upon retrenchment, and the former feel that they must go on and on, or die. It is the same old conflict between art and business. In some places art is winning; in others, business; in a few there is evolving a happy marriage.

When men of business began to crowd into the pictures they could not understand the apparent waste and appalling expenditures. Why should pictures that a few years ago cost only ten thousand dollars now cost sixty thousand dollars?

"Why," they said, "do you insist upon paying one thousand dollars a week to an actor who, on the stage, never made more than three hundred dollars? Why do you employ him for fifty-two weeks and have him work only ten or fifteen?"

So they have hired experts—efficiency men—to reorganize the business. These men have now taken hold and their results are interesting, for no doubt they have found fearful waste and leakage; but their remedies are not always happy.

Hurried and harried on every side, the old-time plungers are rebellious and indignant.

"Imagine," said one director to me a short time ago, "trying to get into the spirit of a story with a clear head, and every time you turn round having somebody question your expense or hand you a note saying you are half a day behind your schedule! Or saying that you must turn out so many feet a day! Or asking, 'Why did you employ So-and-So for five dollars when you could have gotten So-and-So for three?' All our studio wants is footage—cheap footage; it doesn't want good stories. And as for art—gad, what's art to them?"

PHOTO, FROM THE BALBOA STUDIO

Like Her Older Sisters This Little Star at Times Grows Very Temperamental

This is given only to show the unhappy spirit of a director when he goes up against the new methods.

The truth is that only tentative estimates can be made of any picture if the director is not to be hamstrung. Many uncertainties enter into the making of the simplest story—the weather, accidents, an unsatisfactory cast, mistakes in scenery, sickness of a lead, unforeseen developments, and many other things beyond the power or clairvoyant vision of any director.

One day, for instance, a director found a beautiful brick wall covered with adobe and surmounted by red tile. As it was romantically old and crumbling, he wanted it for a location in a three-reel story he was directing. After making seven of thirteen scenes he had to return for a week to the studio, as his sets were ready and the stage was needed as soon as he was through shooting. Imagine his chagrin when, on the following Monday, he went out to make the six other scenes at his garden wall and found that the owner had torn it down! After elaborate figuring he decided it would be cheaper to rebuild the wall than to retake the previous scenes at another location.

Even after the most thoughtful preparation a scene may have lost its "punch"—that ever necessary quality. What to do then? Let it go or do it over and have Mr. Efficiency Man call you down? Listen to my indignant friend:

"Now I'll grant that these efficiency fellows have certain qualities; but imagination is not one of them, else they would see that a moving-picture studio cannot be run on the same plan as a canning factory, with so much footage a day, like so much tuna. Unfortunately you cannot can drama when the machinery breaks down or one of the canners gets a pain in the lap; and unfortunately actors and directors have silly stomachs, souls and temperaments, quite unlike canning machines."

This, of course, is the extreme statement of one who is trying to survive business efficiency.

There are other studios, however, with business men in charge who recognize the limitations of efficiency and of the human factor in making a picture. Fortunately I happen to be in one of the latter; and I am very strong for the business policy it manifests, for the reason that its efficiency is expressed in taking burdens—powers, some of the old-time directors call them—from me, which makes my work infinitely less irksome and much more fluent.

In the old days it was my duty to write my own scenario, employ my cast, edit the wardrobe, superintend the building of sets, find my location, and in fact be personally responsible for all the annoying details of a picture, even before I began to direct it. Under the new business management all I do is to direct. In other words, when I enter the studio I do so as an artist who has had all his materials provided for him, his canvas stretched and models properly costumed, so that he may begin to paint immediately.

This new arrangement will perhaps be easier to understand if I show how a great picture is made, from the inception of the idea right through to its final cutting.

One day the scenario department reports that it has received a synopsis for a really remarkable historical drama, submitted by a well-known writer. A consultation between the general manager, managing director and the author is called, and the play discussed. It is decided that Charles Mills, let us say, shall be given the direction of the picture..

Working Out the New Picture

MILLS immediately meets with the author and the play is gone over, from the sets to the psychology of the plot and leading characters. The director differs with the author upon this latter point, and if no agreement is arrived at the general manager settles it. As a rule, in our office, the director is favored, because it is recognized that a successful picture can be made only when the director is in absolute sympathy with his subject and is made wholly responsible for the result.

It is almost impossible for two men to visualize the same pictures from a particular story. The author may have a consciousness of how it would look to him, but he cannot possibly make anyone else see this. If a musician should play a piece called The Babbling Brook, the brooks evolved in the imaginations of the audience would differ with every person. This will perhaps explain the surprise that many scenario writers experience when they go to see a picture they have sold.

When the director is satisfied with his synopsis he turns it over to the continuity department, and after a week or so it turns out a working script. Meantime the director goes about his business, to finish what he has on hand and to dream of his new picture. Of other worries he has few for a copy of the working script is turned over to the art director and he starts work on sketches for the sets. Another department employs the cast; a prop. plot is made; the costumers, in consultation with the research department, figure their needs and finally the assistant director arranges the scene plot. When all this is completed the office tentatively figures the cost of production, arranges a time schedule, and the whole organization is set to work.

As time is a vital element in pictures of great cost, it may be necessary to arrange for certain outside locations—easy to make—while the big sets are in process of construction. We do not give the great stage stars yearly contracts and then let them idle away half their time. We employ them for a certain picture at so much a week; and as the salary is very high it is up to us to see the picture through as close to schedule as possible.

At some studios where the old order—or lack of it—still prevails, they have sometimes taken from six to eight months and even a year, to build a great ten or twelve reel feature picture. With the smooth working of our wonderf

(Concluded on Page 54)

Miss Farrar Lunching With the Director and the Camera Man

BEING NICE TO NELLIE

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

I Secured a Table in a Sheltered Corner and We Gave Ourselves Up to the Enjoyment of the Hour

WALKIN' out in your stockin' feet right in front of a thousand people!" cried M'sieu Joe Hicks in intense exasperation. "I swan it's the last time you go to a show with me, young woman!"

"Shut up, Joe! You talk awful foolish," retorted madame. "The thousand didn't bother me any.

"They were only roughnecks, anyhow; but, Jane, I ran slap into Mrs. Jimmy Arthurs. I know she'll tell it all over town. And just when I was getting in right too!"

M'sieu Joe took one or two angry strides up and down the room.

"Well, what do you expect? You ain't back in the front row of the chorus now, Patsy; and when you go and ——"

"That'll do!" snapped his wife, and he desisted.

"But what's it all about?" inquired Madame Giraud, laughing. "What's the trouble? You two haven't explained a thing; but you certainly do make this house seem homelike."

"Why, it was like this, Jane: Me and Patsy went to see that new fillum they're all talking about, and we'd no sooner found seats than she took her shoes off."

"My feet were killin' me," madame interposed.

"Well, we watched the picture a while and then Patsy pipes up: 'Joe!' . . . And I says to her: 'What's the matter now?' . . . I can't find my shoes,' she says. 'Get down and take a look.' . . . What do you know about that!"

His wife bridled.

"It was no excuse for you acting like you done. Why, Henree, you ought to of seen the way he glared at me; and when he knelt down to hunt under the seats he swore. Yes, you did, Joe Hicks; because I heard you, and a lot of others heard you too. You haven't the slightest regard for decency."

M'sieu Joe waved his arms above his head in maddened resignation.

"All right! All right! Have it your own way, then. I swore. But anyhow, I couldn't find the shoes. They'd slipped off somewheres, or Patsy'd kicked them away while she was watching that woman fall through the glass roof into the soup tureen."

"Yes; but tell them the rest of it. Tell them the rest of it!" insisted madame triumphantly.

"Well, the fact is," continued M'sieu Joe, who could not wholly suppress a grin—"the fact is, Patsy wasn't the only one there who done it. She made me peep along about five rows just as the lights come up, and I'll be dogged, Frenchy, if two women out of every three weren't settin' in their socks. I never *did* see so many queer feet in my whole life!"

"And I had to walk out like I was, Jane. Imagine! But, at that, I don't believe anybody would have noticed if Joe hadn't roared so about it and glared at me every step."

"I suppose," sneered her husband, "that it was my fault."

"Well, you might have told me not to. Or you could have found them if you'd half tried."

"I give up! Sufferin' cats, I give up! Henree," said M'sieu Joe in trembling accents, turning to me, "I ask you, man to man, what do you think of that?"

It is always my ambition, my friend, to pour oil on troubled waters, and here was an opportunity to hand.

"*Eh bien!*" I returned with a smile. "It is indeed your own fault, Joe."

"There now! I told you so!" exclaimed Madame Patsy. "Because you should have remembered the celebrated maxim of the great Napoleon: 'A man ought never to quarrel with a woman; he should hear her unreason in silence.'"

The effect was all that I could have wished. There was an immediate and prolonged silence. It was broken by my wife.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Patsy," she said apologetically. "He's just trying to be smart. Whenever we get into an argument he springs Napoleon on me."

"I should think you'd get sick of having him flung at you that way every hour of the day," remarked Madame Hicks.

"I do. I never could stand the man, anyway. What was there great about him, I'd like to know? Look at the way he treated Josephine; and she such an angel!"

Josephine? It was now my turn to take a part and set them right on this important point. But before I could get in a word Madame Giraud sat up suddenly in her chair.

"There! I hear him again. Henree, run up and see what's the matter. One of the twins is crying."

"I heard nothing," I objected.

"What does that prove? Hurry up! I can hear him distinctly, and that's enough. You always try to leave everything to me."

"Har-har!" exploded M'sieu Joe in high glee. "Serves you right, Henree, for going back on me."

How do you account, my friend, for the undeniable fact that mothers are able to hear the wailing of their offspring when not the faintest sound reaches those in close proximity to her? It has often filled me with wonder, likewise furnishing material for most interesting speculations.

I ascended to the bedroom where my noble boys slept in care of a nurse, and found my namesake in the Ethiopian's arms, crying very sleepily. She was crooning to him a lullaby whose absurdity has only to be quoted to be seen:

"Bye-bye, Baby Buntin'; daddy's gone a-huntin'
To ketch a littul rabbit skin to wrap our Baby Buntin' in."

"S-sh!" she warned at sight of me. "Go 'way, or you'll start him off agin."

"What's the matter, Mammy?"

"It's that ol' tooth. You keep off naow, or he never *will* go to sleep."

Was it not prodigious? The ridiculous creature imagined that my sons would not be soothed by my coming! It was characteristic of her. She had a certain deft way with children, it is true, acquired by some fifty years of nursing them; but what is that when weighed against the natural aptitude of a father?

And she was insanely jealous of me. There was no possible doubt of it, m'sieu. She was always fearful lest they display a preference for my companionship, as indeed they would have done had she not taken every precaution to disturb our relations and limit them to the merest fraction of time. In this course, I regret to say, she was abetted by Madame Giraud; but I ascribed the latter's attitude to the blind tenacity with which women will hold together where *bébés* are concerned, regardless of color or differences in station.

"There! He's done gone. Go on, naow!" she whispered hoarsely. "You go downstairs whar you belong befo' he wakes up agin. I'm a-tellin' you. If Miz Giraud ——"

What the woman was about to threaten I do not know, for I retraced my steps. Yes, my friend; rather than spoil the rest of my noble boys by a humiliating wrangle with her, I went back downstairs, where M'sieu Hicks was setting out a card table for dominoes, the only game he could be induced to play, because he always won.

"Here he comes now. Henree, I was just puttin' it up to Jane about you going to the golf tournament with me next week."

"But Henree doesn't play golf."

"Never too late to begin. And he'd have a great time. Besides, he needs a change—and Patsy won't let me go alone."

"I suppose I don't need a change. Oh, not in the least!" said my wife. "Henree could go off for a week and leave me alone with two helpless babies, but—isn't that just like a man, Patsy? They just can't see."

"It's them all over," assented Madame Hicks.

"But listen, girls," my partner persisted: "If Henree comes with me, Patsy can stay here and you two can have a fine gossip together."

"Wait till I'm asked," put in Madame Patsy; and my wife inquired:

"Where is this tournament going to be?"

"Memphis."

Had a reptile appeared in our midst it could hardly have caused greater horror. My wife instantly stiffened, and I knew what was coming. Yes, m'sieu; with lively misgivings I foresaw the avalanche my worthy but bone-headed friend had precipitated.

"Memphis, indeed!" she repeated with queenly wrath. "I guess not. I should rather guess not!"

"Why, the town ain't so bad as all that, Jane."

"What it is and what it isn't has nothing to do with it," replied my wife freezingly; and her foot began to tap the floor.

In vain did I signal to M'sieu Hicks for silence. He was insistent.

"Then what's the objection?"

"You know what the objection is as well as I do."

"I do not. Cross my heart I don't! Hope to die if I do."

"That creature!" burst out Madame Giraud.

My partner stared at her a while and then, memory finding the explanation, he burst into peal on peal of laughter. But to me, m'sieu, it was no laughing matter. I knew that the wretched skeleton would again be dragged from its closet and made to gibber. Strong as is my affection for my partner I could cheerfully have throttled him.

And he deliberately incited madame to anger. Yes; he egged her on. Instead of smoothing the impending storm by dropping the topic, as a man of discernment and discretion ought to have done, he gave a demoniacal chuckle and asked:

"You don't mean to say it's on account of Nellie? I thought you'd got over that long ago, Jane."

That is ever his way. The fellow seems to derive a malicious pleasure from stirring up friction between us. Not only my partner, but M'sieu Sam Field is afflicted with this mania. Indeed it appears to be common to many Americans.

En passant, I cannot refrain from deploring the unfortunate habit they have of twisting trifles that were best forgotten into jests. And why, forsooth? Solely to worry and irritate the wives, thereby rendering serious what was in reality a harmless nothing. What a perverted sense of humor it is that seeks to raise a laugh at the expense of domestic tranquillity!

Take the willful fabrications of M'sieu Joe concerning this affair; or those of M'sieu Sam Field. They were identical—equally sinister. The latter has openly asserted that I tickled the beautiful Nellie's toes, and both would have it that my behavior—— But enough, my friend. It is my intention to relate to you every occurrence from the outset in order to forestall the distorted versions that may reach your ears. *J'appelle un chat un chat, et rôlet un fripon.* And when you have heard all I shall leave it to you to say whether Henri Giraud either failed in duty or exceeded the instructions given him.

It all began with the receipt of a letter by my wife. We were seated one morning in the nursery, rubbing the twins with a preparation of camphor, made necessary by the fact that the Ethiopian had thoughtlessly allowed them to crawl on the greensward at the very height of the chigoe season. Their soft pink flesh was dotted with lumps where

the savage creatures had burrowed, and my noble boys were moved to frequent displays of annoyance.

Eh bien, we were rubbing them with camphor when the second mail delivery was brought upstairs and madame began to sort it.

"Why, here's one from Nellie Stratton," she announced. "Who is yours from, Henree?"

"Only an advertising circular."

"Let me see," she insisted, and I did so.

One of the forms madame's affection takes is a lively interest in my mail. Now, there are husbands who would churlishly resent this; but look you—I have given it much thought, m'sieu; and my conclusion is that such zealous surveillance is infinitely to be preferred to indifference. Far better an anxious wife than one who does not give a damn what you are up to. Am I right, or am I wrong?

"Who," I ventured, "is Nellie Stratton?"

"A girl I went to school with. She was a Beta and I was a Delta."

"Indeed!"

"Why, she's coming here to visit," she went on excitedly, scanning the pages. "Her aunt lives here, and I never knew it. My, I'll be glad to see her. Dear old Nell! You must be awfully nice to her, Henree. She's a darling! When I was in Memphis three years ago she gave a big dinner dance for me and a luncheon; but I never thought she'd marry Billy Stratton."

"And why not?"

"He was such a stick. I've heard Nell say a dozen times he didn't have enough gumption to swat a fly."

"Is Madame Stratton, then, a bit lively?"

"Gracious, no! Not a bit. You get the most ridiculous notions, Henree. She's as nice as can be. But no girl wants a dead one."

"It is the way of the world," I pointed out. "Have you never observed how men and women invariably marry the ones they start out by disparaging?"

"Huh?" answered my wife, busy reading.

"I merely remarked, my dear, that ——"

"She's coming Friday," she interrupted. "That means we'll have to entertain her. I'll ask her, with Patsy and Minnie and a few others, to lunch; and later we'll give a little dinner—just our friends. That's the very least we can do—isn't it?"

"I suppose so. But when M'sieu Bud Reid was in town and I suggested that we entertain ——"

"There you go again!" she said petulantly. "As if that was the same thing at all! How could we have invited him with the cook we had? Besides, he's a man."

That settled it. I did not argue the point, my friend, but put their socks on Thomas and Henri Giraud and then went for the car. As I assisted the maid in depositing the twins on the seat beside madame, the latter said to me:

"Be sure to get home in time for lunch, Henree. And don't forget that I expect you to be nice to her. She's a darling. I've seen Nell eat a whole plate of fudge and half a watermelon before going to bed, and never even dream!"

"She must, indeed, be an admirable woman!" I exclaimed.

Eh bien, my friend, Madame Stratton arrived to visit her aunt on the designated day, and I caught my first glimpse of her the following afternoon. One glimpse was sufficient to account for my wife's enthusiasm; she was truly a darling, an adorable creature. Hair of glistening silky black; hands and feet like those of a child; and never have I gazed into eyes so limpid and heavily fringed. Of the thousands of eyes that have met mine with a more than passing interest—— But enough. Suffice it to say, m'sieu, they were magnificent.

Her figure was trim and of youthful flexibility; and added to this charm was one more precious still—a fine complexion. It was a sort of mother-of-pearl pink, which deepened to a glorious rose tint on occasion. I noticed it at our introduction. Ah, my friend—— But you would not understand. You Anglo-Saxons are so cold; you lack soul.

"Zowie!" exclaimed M'sieu Hicks, who was present. "She's some home wrecker, Henree! If I was you I'd put hobbles on that boy, Jane. I'm scared to stay round."

"Yes; you're so dangerous," commented his wife.

Meantime Madame Stratton was enchanting everybody with her vivacity and friendliness. My wife fairly beamed upon her. So did M'sieu Field, who had somehow contrived to be there. As though moved by an irresistible impulse, Jane twice seized Madame Stratton in her arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

"I just can't help it," she confessed. "It's so good to see you."

"Just the way I feel about it," spoke up M'sieu Field.

I confidently looked to see Madame Stratton crush him; but she dimpled instead.

"Why couldn't you think of that, Henree?" asked my wife reproachfully.

"But never mind, Nell," she continued; "he thinks it, even if he doesn't say it. And he's promised —— I mean you're to treat him just like your own brother while you're here. You mustn't dream of calling him 'Mr. Giraud.' Call him 'Henree.'"

"Henree!" she murmured with an intonation that ravished me, accompanied by a flashing glance from her matchless eyes.

Eh bien, Madame Stratton came to our house for luncheon; and, although I was not present at the meal, because my wife had planned it for ladies only, I nevertheless found occasion to drop in before the guests departed. And I faithfully followed the orders that had been given to me. I was nice to Madame Nellie. I bestowed upon her every attention to which an honor guest is entitled, all with a grace, a finish, that must have surprised and delighted her; for it would be hypocrisy to deny that in the little courtesies which go to sweeten social intercourse I am peculiarly adept. It has always been my aim, m'sieu, to impart to them a subtlety sadly wanting in the manners of my acquaintances; and in this respect I have been eminently successful. What greater compliment, indeed, can a gallant man pay a lovely woman than to make her feel, without embarrassing her, that she is the object of his deepest interest?

So far, all promised well. Madame Giraud smiled gayly on our tête-à-tête, and, when the time came for departure, showed her affection by insisting on escorting the charming Nellie down to the car herself, assigning entertainment of the other guests to me.

My wife was abstracted that night and seemed tired. From time to time I felt her gaze upon me as I read the paper. "I don't know whether to give that dinner for her or not," she said, coming suddenly out of a reverie.

"Oh, we must, my angel."

"How did you know who I meant? And why 'must'?"

"Well," I rejoined, "she is a very amiable woman and she was kind to you when you visited there."

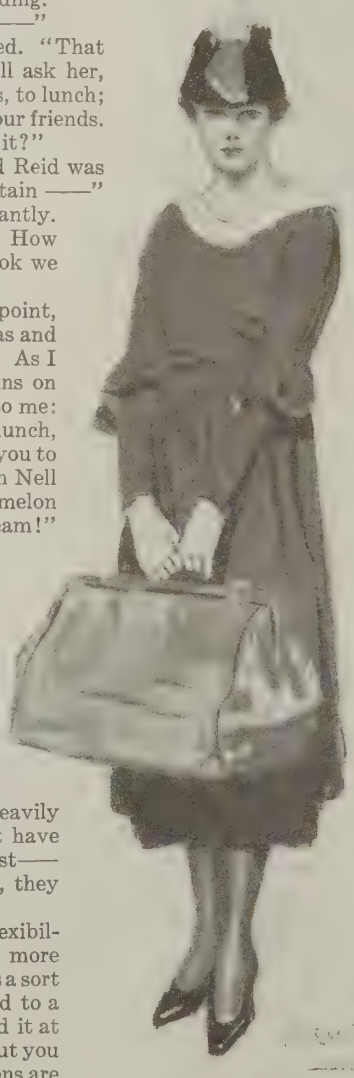
"I don't know as she was so awfully kind—a skimpy little dinner and a luncheon that was deadly. There wasn't a thing to eat that wasn't stone cold."

What was there for me to say? I held my peace, which is ever the wisest course. When I was a bachelor, my friend, I knew women. Yes; there was not a trick or wile of the sex I did not know; not one of their moods I could not instantly fathom. Every bachelor thinks the same. And then I married one. And now—pardon my emotion, m'sieu—now I know that I know nothing.

Next day madame was to do some shopping with her sister, and, rather than eat alone, I planned to meet them downtown at a department-store restaurant.

"We'll be at the fountain at one o'clock," said my wife, following her usual habit of explicit instructions. "But if we're not there by one-fifteen don't wait, because probably something will have detained us."

Promptitude, m'sieu, is one of the habits that marriage has cultivated in me. I was at the fountain a minute before the hour, but they had not yet arrived; so I selected a chair and sat down to wait. A steady stream of ladies passed in and out, and the opportunity to rest amid such surroundings was not wholly unpleasant.



Of the Thousands of Eyes That Have Met Mine With a More Than Passing Interest —— But Enough

Fifteen minutes slipped by, and still they did not come. I allowed another five for good measure and then rose to depart. As I did so, who should get out of an elevator but the dashing Madame Stratton.

She had on a purple-and-white-striped shantung sport suit, high white shoes whose tops almost reached the knee, and a white hat with purple underbrim. The effect was at once bizarre and captivating.

"This is luck indeed!" I said warmly, hurrying to greet her.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cooed, wagging a tiny forefinger at me. "What are you doing up here, naughty Mr. Giraud? The men eat on the other side."

"True; but I was to meet Madame Giraud and Minnie. They have not arrived. Perforce I must eat alone."

"And I," she replied, "was to meet Martha here, sharp at twelve-thirty. I wonder where she can be!"

"It is now one-thirty, madame."

She pouted deliciously.

"Is it? I had no idea. Then I suppose I'll have to eat alone too."

"Not necessarily," I hastened to say. "Why should we not join forces and have a cozy little luncheon?"

She considered the proposal gravely.

"You can't have a cozy luncheon here," she pointed out.

"True; but I know a much better place than this."

"I don't doubt it—but is it the sort of place I could go to?"

"Of course, madame. Do you think I would take you anywhere you might regret? No—a thousand times no! We will go to the ladies' room at the club. It will be practically empty at this hour."

"Oh, a few wouldn't hurt," she assured me quickly; and we caught the next elevator down.

Eh bien, I secured a table in a sheltered corner and we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the hour. She was an admirable companion, full of wit and sparkling repartee, with never a trace of malice or spite in her glinting shafts, which is a rare and priceless quality in wit, my friend. And the luncheon was perfect. She ate chicken salad; I cite the fact because it proves how innocent she was.

Several other tables were occupied, but I was unable to recognize any of the diners owing to the palms that intervened. Nor indeed, to be frank, did I make any special effort to do so, for Madame Stratton engrossed my attention completely.

It was over all too soon, and the divine Nellie departed in a taxicab for her aunt's house. As for me, I jumped into a prowling jitney and hastened out to the Country Club to receive my first golf lesson.

Wullie Macpheerson, the professional, had just signified its termination when a car drew up under the porte cochère near which I had been practicing drives, and out stepped Madame Stratton. We recognized each other at the same instant and she waited for me at the door.

"This is luck indeed!" I cried.

"I seem to pursue you, Mr. Giraud."

"If you will keep me posted I will meet you halfway, madame," I said gallantly.

She showed her pearly teeth in a laugh.

"I was just going in for a swim. Do you know whether the water is cold?"

"It is like velvet to-day," I responded. "There are few swimmers in at the present moment, but I talked to several who had been in earlier and they were enthusiastic, madame."

"Isn't there a life guard or somebody round?" she queried. "I hate to go in alone."

"There is no necessity. What an absurd idea! Am I not here? And than Henri Giraud, madame, you will find no more expert swimmer in the club."

"That's the way to talk," she said, dimpling. "I like to see a man who doesn't hate himself."

"I never did," I assured her earnestly.

"That takes a load off my mind. . . . How long will it take you to get ready?"

"My bathing suit is in my locker. I'll be at the diving board in ten minutes."

"Make it twenty," she suggested. "Mine's harder to get on."

Ma foi, m'sieu; I could well believe it when she finally emerged. Not that she wore more suit than I, but she looked for all the world as though she had been poured into it in a molten state, so perfectly did it fit her slim and willowy figure. There are bathing suits and bathing suits, my friend, I assure you. Hers was a revelation; wholly free, moreover, from the taint of suburbanism: A vivid green and all of a piece, the back so designed as not to interfere with the shoulder muscles. And Madame Stratton had dispensed with stockings.

She came toward me with a timid, bewildering smile and, gazing up into my eyes, asked:

"Well, how do I look?"

"Madame, I beg of you not to ask me. I am the father of a family, and ——"

"Oh, Henree!" she chided. "Do you mind if I call you that? I can't call you Mr. Giraud any more. Besides, Jane told me I wasn't to."

Mention of my wife's name threw a momentary damper on my spirits, but they speedily revived and I proposed that we should go in.

"But I can't swim," she protested. "Let's stay here. You can take a dive and then we'll sit on this board."

No sooner said than done. I walked back about fifty yards, and, taking an easy run, described a graceful parabola, cleaving the water with a supple twist in imitation of a porpoise. As I came up for breath far out from shore Madame Stratton clapped her hands joyously.

"Splendid!" she called. "Now come out and amuse me."

Eh bien, I did so with all alacrity, and we sat on the diving board, dabbling our toes in the water, and talked.

What we talked about is of no consequence, nor do I remember; but rest assured that any conversation between Henri Giraud and a pretty and sparkling woman could not fail to be entertaining.

Soon, however, I observed that we were not alone. Indeed, a mob appeared to be gathering. The pool is between Number Three and Number Eighteen holes; so that outgoing golfers and those finishing could see us.

The first intimation I had of this was when M'sieu Bill Willis, approaching the home green, glanced our way, wavered in his stance, topped his ball into the lake, and sat down abruptly.

"Hey!" yelled his opponent from the other side. "Take another. That'll make four for you."

"It's your hole," he conceded. "I reckon I'll rest up a while. I'm sort of dizzy."

Next, along came a massive individual from Number Three tee. He was one of a foursome. Having driven off, he was crossing the bridge to play his second, when he espied us on the diving board, and halted. He leaned his arms on the railing, crossed his feet, and just stood there, apparently obvious to his duty. It was patent that his intention was to remain indefinitely.

"Come on, J. J.! What's the matter? In a trance?" his companions shouted to him.

"I don't want to play any more," he replied; and in proof thereof he presently sauntered down to us and stoked amid the grass on the bank with his club.

"Hello, Henree!" he said jovially. "Didn't notice you. Say, did you see a ball come down here?"

"I did not, m'sieu," I answered firmly. "Your ball is well on the other side."

Wholly unabashed by this reception, M'sieu J. J. Taylor eased himself down on the far end of the board and proceeded to join cheerily in the conversation.

"How's the water to-day? I was thinking of going in."

There was nothing to do but introduce him, which I did with a very bad grace. And in another minute here came M'sieu Willis; then another, and another.

"Hello, Giraud!"

"Hello, Henree!"

"Well, well, if there isn't Frenchy! How goes it, old top? I haven't seen you in a coon's age."

Never had I been so popular. They flocked round me. It would appear that each one was anxious for a plunge, and the afternoon was too sultry for golf, anyway.

To Madame Stratton I presented them as they arrived and it was not long before the bank was uncomfortably crowded.

"I'm going to put on my bathing suit," announced M'sieu Taylor.

"Me too!"

"Let's all go in."

I did not view the suggestion with favor, but Madame Stratton hailed it with such enthusiasm that it would have been ogreish to object. Besides, the pool was built for use of the members and was free to any who might care to swim.

Eh bien, they came swarming down to the water, laughing, shoving, running foot races. Never had there been such splashing and horseplay out there. And there sat the charming Nellie on the board, the center of all the hilarity, but as dry as a bone.

"Come on in! The water's fine!" cried M'sieu Taylor with odious joviality.

"I'm afraid!"

"Shucks! I'll take care of you. It isn't up to your neck on this side."

His intent was all too plain. Such treachery was not to be borne. I waded close to him. "Pardon me, m'sieu," I said icily; "but madame is with me."

"Oh, well, if you saw her first," he answered, and swam away; but I could hear him relating the incident, with grotesque embellishments, to the others.

Meantime I had approached Madame Stratton, extending my hand.

"All right! I'll trust myself to you; but I wouldn't to anyone else," she said, so that all might hear.

I was entranced. Why conceal it? A delightful woman had singled me out for special honor; small wonder that I held myself proudly as we stepped cautiously into deeper water.

"Maybe, if you put your hands on my shoulders ——" began M'sieu Taylor.

"Not at all," I cut in. "I will teach madame."

Accordingly I proceeded to show her the rudiments of the art, while the others paddled about, or stood and watched, offering advice whenever the smallest loophole offered. Madame was not a very apt pupil. She was fearful, for one thing, and extremely anxious not to wet her hair. Also, she would suddenly abandon an attempt at mastering a stroke to cling to me. I could not object to this; but I am free to admit that it seriously hampered progress.

It Would Appear That Each One Was Anxious for a Plunge, and the Afternoon Was Too Sultry for Golf, Anyway

"Take it easy," I advised as she threshed about. "Take your time. I've got you."

"But you're tickling me," she said with a sputtering giggle. "Don't hold me so tight." There was a roar of laughter from the barbarians.

Eh bien, the sun sank in the heavens and we all came out.

"It was delightful!" exclaimed Madame Stratton.

"The end of a perfect day," I said; and she flushed.

It was late when I arrived home, and my wife was waiting dinner for me.

"Well, what is it this time?"

"I was taking a golf lesson and we got a puncture on the way back."

"It was a blow-out last time," she rejoined.

This was a matter I did not care to argue.

"Where were you at noon?"

"I was at the fountain, my dear; but you did not turn up, so I left."

"We got there on the stroke of two. Ask Minnie."

"The hour fixed was one o'clock."

"You might have waited a little while, I think! Where did you eat, then?"

"At the club."

"Well, what do you know? Hear anything new? Or did anything special happen?" inquired madame.

Now it would have been easy then to have replied in the affirmative and told her all. Perhaps I ought to have done so; but a premonition made me hesitate. My wife was tired from a grueling day in the shops and I wished to spare her any unpleasantness; for it suddenly came over me that she might not take kindly to the events of the day. The thought had not occurred to me until that moment—upon my honor, m'sieu. Moreover, we were engaged for dancing class that night; and why start a misunderstanding that would mar the evening's enjoyment? No, I would postpone telling her until our return.

"Well? Why don't you answer? Anything happen to-day?"

"Nothing much. Just the usual things. What did you do?"

And then my devoted wife launched out into an exhaustive account of her difficulties in securing draperies and a rug for the dining room, which we had recently done over. She was still at it when we sat down to table and had not finished when the car stopped at the hall where the class met.

The first person to greet her as we entered the lobby was Madame Jimmy Arthurs. She came rushing from the opposite side and kissed my wife with an effusion that startled us both, to say the least, for ordinarily they are not what you could call intimate, m'sieu. To me she gave only a curt nod—rudely, like that. Her conduct was sufficiently puzzling, but I was too tired by the afternoon's exertions to concern myself about it. And Madame Arthurs accompanied my wife into the dressing room.

The moment I glimpsed her face when they came out, I guessed something had happened. But it was not the place to betray apprehension, and accordingly I approached with my customary aplomb to ask for the first dance.

"Did you take Nell Stratton to lunch to-day?" she demanded, ignoring my request.

"Yes, my angel."

"Don't you 'angel' me! How did it happen and why didn't you tell me?"

"I was going to when we got home. Of course, my dear, I did not plan to keep it from you, insignificant though it was. Moreover, that would be impossible."

"Insignificant!" she repeated in a rising voice. "Do you call it insignificant when I have to hear from the lips of another woman that my husband—*my* husband—has been lunching with a creature all alone?"

"Jane, they will hear you!" The reminder served to restrain her for the nonce. "It was perfectly harmless," I urged. "We happened to meet in the restaurant, and each was alone. What more natural?"

"Don't speak to me!" she said between her teeth. "Let's dance."

We did so, m'sieu; but I assure you that my zest for it had fled. For the matter of that, we do not get along in the new dances, anyway. I can dance with anybody but my wife. Do not misunderstand me; Madame Giraud is lightness and grace itself, and she can do them charmingly with any other man. As for me, I have the reputation of being a daring performer, and, given a youthful partner, defy anybody to excel me in the Hungarian Goulash; yet somehow madame and I cannot get along together at all. She asserts that I trample on her instep.

That night was no exception. We floundered about, now halting to start anew, now colliding with couples whom we ought easily to have avoided.

"We never seem to get on together," declared Jane, gulping. "I expect it was never intended that we should. You don't seem to want to try with me. Let's go home."

"I was doing my best," I said with some heat. "Just because I inadvertently touched your toe —— I have seen M'sieu Field walk all over your feet, and all you did was to smile at him and say: 'Nonsense! It didn't hurt a bit.'"

Jane made no reply, but went for her cloak. When we issued on the sidewalk M'sieu Taylor was just alighting from his car.

"So here we are again!" he cried. "Where's your little friend to-night, Henree? I dropped round in the hope of seeing her. I swear you're the stingiest person I ever did meet! We practically had to choke him into introducing us, Mrs. Giraud; and then he herded her from the gang all afternoon."

The dolt! The driveling idiot! My wife began to breathe hard through her nose.

"Introduce whom?" she queried sweetly. "Where did all this happen?"

"What! You didn't know? Say, maybe I'm in bad here." He laughed foolishly. "Don't mind what I said, Mrs. Giraud; it was only a little joke—sort of."

"Indeed? Who was the person? And where did it happen?" she persisted frigidly.

M'sieu Taylor was woefully embarrassed. He glanced appealingly at me and wiped the perspiration from his face; then mumbled a few unintelligible words, pretended to hear a summons from above, and responding with "All right, Joe, I'm coming. Well, good night, Mrs. Giraud; sorry I can't wait to explain. So long, Henree!"—he went plunging up the flight of stairs to the hall. Yes; he fled incontinently—beat it!

"Well! That *was* extraordinary, to say the least!" exclaimed madame.

She did not ask for any explanation until we were in the car, headed for home. Then:

"Now tell me about this little friend of yours—the one you were herding from those men. Is this another?"

The words were studiously mild; but the tone—ah, the tone, m'sieu, sent a shudder up my spine.

"Why, it is nothing," I replied with an indifference I was far from feeling. "After I finished my golf lesson I went in for a swim. Your friend, Madame Stratton ——"

"My friend!" she cried in horror.

"To be sure! Is she not?"

"Oh, of course! Of course! Go on! Go on!"

"*Eh bien,* your friend, Madame Stratton, happened to be there too; so I introduced her to J. J. and a crowd of others. They forced me to do so."

"I can well believe that. You'd have kept her all to yourself if you could!"

And then, m'sieu, I knew I was in for it. The revelations, coming as they had, imparted to the day's events a character almost sinister, in madame's mind.

"But listen, my angel!" I implored, endeavoring to place an arm round her. "Surely you know that your Henri ——"

"Don't touch me!" she cried in a tragic voice, and shuddered. "Monster!"

Alas, what was there for me to do? Appeals to reason and to her better nature would be alike hopeless. Therefore I abandoned the effort, angry and sullen.

We drove along in a harrowing silence. After a while my wife said:

"But why didn't you tell me? That's the dreadful part."

"I thought perhaps you might not like it."

She burst into a bitter laugh.

"That'll do! That'll do! So you thought I wouldn't like it, did you? And you wanted to spare my feelings! Very good; oh, fine!"

"If you will listen," I said sternly, "I will explain."

"You'll have a job doing it!"

"Madame," I entreated, "why not view this in the light in which it occurred? Why let your jealousy ——"

"Jealousy!" she echoed. "Me jealous? That's good! Ha, ha!"

"Then, if you are not ——"

"What makes me angry is to see you make such a fool of yourself. That's all. Jealous? Don't flatter yourself!"

And then I played my trump card:

"But you yourself told me that I was to be nice to her and give her every attention."

"You just dare to say that! Do you think I don't know Nellie Stratton better than to be such an idiot?"

"Your own words were that she was a darling, and as nice as could be."

"Listen!" rejoined my wife, leaning toward me to emphasize her argument. "I like Nellie. I always have and I always will. But she has a weakness for men. Yes; her best friend could never deny that. Even at school she was silly. And everybody knows she married Billy Stratton for his money, and nothing else on earth."

And that was as far as explanation ever got us, my friend. No matter what I said, madame returned persistently to the same point. Driven from one contention, she would retreat to another, and finally double back to her original argument, that she was not influenced by jealousy at all—the very idea! Ha, ha! And what should she be jealous of? But she disliked seeing me make a fool of myself publicly and letting a designing hussy come between us. And why hadn't I told her in the first place? And she would never, never get over it so long as she lived!

There were tears, m'sieu, and futile attempts on my part to heal the wound. It would not be healed.

"At least twenty persons have phoned me to-day," she asserted at dinner the next night, "telling me they saw you at lunch and again out swimming with that one-piece green thing. Now tell me the truth, Henree—didn't you go straight from lunch to the lake with her?"

"On my honor, no!"

"Well, it's very peculiar—very! Quite remarkable!"

"I presume," I rejoined, nettled at her manner, "that you have abandoned all idea of the dinner next Thursday night?"

(Concluded on Page 48)

ONE EVERY MINUTE

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VI

SHADD'S first impulse was to tell his wife. But he reflected that he could not tell her about the profit he had made in Undersea Craft common without confessing that he had taken out their savings. Instead of crediting him with trebling their little nest egg, she might debit him with recklessness, now that he had begun to make money. That stock would go up, up! When he had made a really big sum he would tell her. Being rich he could stand anything she might say. In fact, she could say anything!

He did not bring up the subject at dinner, because Mrs. Shadd was not feeling well enough to talk. She had caught a cold. By morning it had developed into grippe.

Shadd insisted upon calling the doctor, and he not only got his own breakfast but nursed her with tender devotion. She was too ill to be grateful, but also she was too ill to talk about the expense, and Shadd was content. He sent for Mrs. Shadd's aunt to stay by the patient during Shadd's working hours. He didn't get a trained nurse, because Mrs. Shadd gave him one look—one! Twenty-five a week!

Every day he left the house as late as he dared and the office as early as he could. He forgot about the 200 shares of U. C. common because the patient insisted upon his remembering two thousand other things.

Her convalescence was well under way when he suggested that perhaps she ought to go away somewhere for a few days for a change of air. Instead of beaming gratefully she looked at him fearfully and said:

"You haven't taken money from the bank to pay any of the bills, have you?"

He gained time by asking:

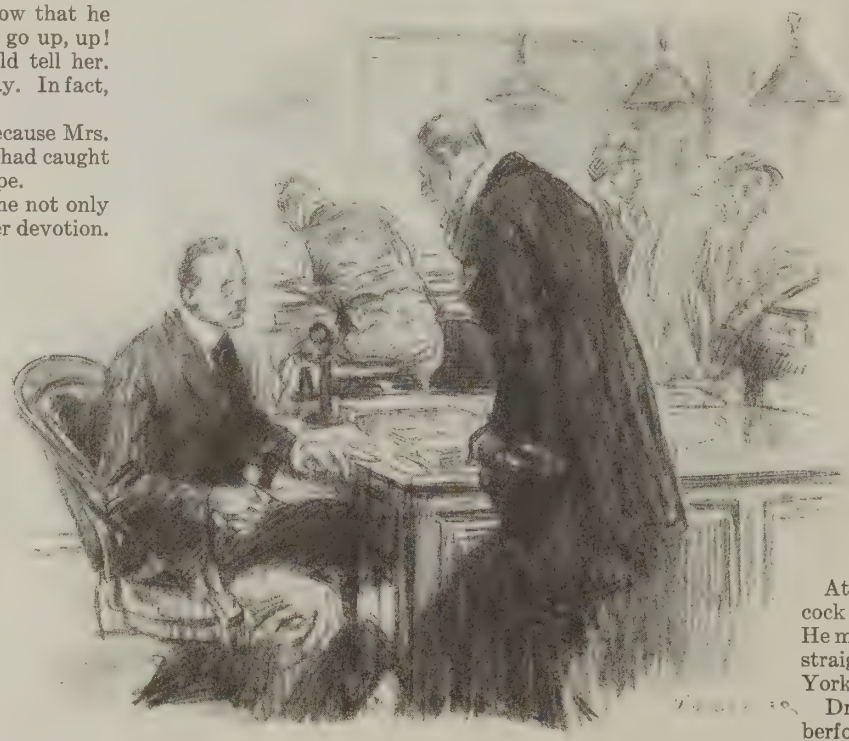
"Do you mean to pay the doctor's bill?"

"Yes, or any other bill. Have you? Tell me the truth."

"I have not taken any money from the bank," he told her slowly and distinctly, "to pay any bills. I did not have to!" And he looked her full in the eyes.

"I—I'm glad, dear. I was hoping we shouldn't have to touch it!"

His narrow escape from having to confess the truth filled him with a thousand fears that little by little became the companions of his waking and even of his sleeping hours. He learned from Woodcock by telephone that the market for Undersea Craft had flattened out. Though it was nominally "12 bid, offered at 15," there were no actual transactions in the stock. After looking in his paper and reading these disheartening quotations for a week, he ceased to wish to know what the price was. He thought bitterly that Woodcock should have compelled him to sell out when he could have had $5000 for his 200 shares. It was plain that $2600 had dropped out of his pocket. Also, that not having hearkened to Opportunity's one knock at his door, he could not now tell his wife what he had done with her savings. The fact that he still had a paper profit of $600 made matters worse.



"I'm Going Home in the Lunch Hour. I'll be Back in Time, Mr. Lipps"

The first morning when his convalescent wife got breakfast for him was both a relief and a care to him.

She was fully recovered! Also, she was in condition to ask about the bank book. He always feared she could tell, by his face, when he was lying.

He beat a girl stenographer to the last seat in the car and opened his newspaper. On the financial page, in big type, he read:

"UNDERSEA CRAFT UP 60 POINTS!"

He had trouble in reading the article by reason of his trembling hands, but he managed to learn that a sudden demand for the stock had sprung up. The explanatory rumors were that the mission of the president of the company, Col. Allen Springer, to London, had proved successful. There was a remarkably small floating supply of a stock that for years had kicked about the Street unhonored and unsung. Then the paper gave the names of the principal buyers and sellers and the record of the sales. Seventeen hundred shares changed hands at 12 to 72. It closed at 60 bid; offered at 65. Such an advance in such a stock had absolutely no precedent.

He jumped to his feet, yelled "Stop the car!" and jumped off. Providence as usual looked out for his limbs and neck.

He stopped at the nearest drug store and called up Francis T. Woodcock & Co. It was 8:21 A.M. There was nobody there to answer and Wilberforce Shadd had to go to his own office.

He survived until 9:30 A.M. by figuring his profits at the price at which he obviously ought to have sold his 200 shares of Undersea Craft—to wit, the previous day's highest price, 72. That would have given $14,400.

"Gosh," he muttered in awed tones, and figured once more to see if he had made a mistake. Then he figured again, this time for the pleasure of it.

At 9:31 a voice in the office of Francis T. Woodcock & Co. said that Mr. Woodcock had not arrived. He might come at any moment now. Or he might go straight to the Board Room—the "floor" of the New York Stock Exchange.

Driven by desperation and dreadful doubts, Wilberforce Shadd secured permission to absent himself from the office to visit a specialist from which visit he expected his wife to benefit. He would return as ——

"Oh, take your time, man. I hope there is nothing wrong," said Mr. Lipps, the manager, kindly. So long had Shadd sunk that the office behind his back always referred to him as "poor Shadd."

"I hope not," and Wilberforce Shadd's voice actually shook, so that the manager felt sorry.

"Don't return to the office unless it's all right, Shadd."

"I'll know," said Wilberforce desperately, "one way or another in an hour or two."

VII

IN THE subway Wilberforce Shadd did not read the newspaper because it had no fresh news to print about U. C. common. But he utilized the margin of it to do more figuring on. The closing quotations were 60 bid, offered at 65—that is, $12,000 bid; offered at $13,000!

But the stock had sold as high as 72. That is, at $14,400.

That, of course, was the price at which he should have sold. Therefore, it was the price at which he ought to figure his profit. At 4 per cent it would mean $576 per annum or more than $11 a week. Added to his salary of $40 it would give him $51 a week. At 5 per cent he would get $720 a year or $60 a month; nearly $15 a week. At 6 per cent, which anybody ought to be able to get with absolute safety, he would receive with unfailing regularity, as long as he lived, $864 per annum, or $72 a month, or $16.60 a week. Without working!

At a pinch, any man could live on $16.60 a week—in the country.

Of course, if he sold at less than 72 he would not get $16.60 a week. Why in blazes had not Woodcock sold at 72? He ought to have known that at that price there was no question of selling or not selling 200 shares of stock. It was a case of getting $16.60 a week.

What man in his sane senses refuses $72 a month for life?

And the price had gone back to 60 bid—a drop of 12 points, of $2400! It would not surprise him if Woodcock, to cover up his negligence, would try to make him sell at any price—that is, at 60.

Then Shadd began to fear that he might not even get 50 for it!

When he opened the door marked "Customers" he was in the frame of mind in which nothing surprises a man, not even 50 for his stock.

"Hello, Shadd! How are you, dear boy?" shouted Mr. Woodcock from the other end of the room, and rushed to meet his dearest friend. The cordiality made Shadd fear the worst!

Woodcock shook hands warmly and went on: "Say, if I had your luck! All right, I'll call it brains! How does it feel, hey?"

Inasmuch as Mr. Woodcock shouted his greeting at the top of his voice, everybody in the room looked curiously at the shrinking Shadd. Woodcock himself was gazing admiringly at his wonderful friend.

Admiration is the most contagious of all aberrations. The eyes of the other customers began to fill with respect as they gazed on Shadd, the great plunger and commission-donor.

"How do you feel?" asked Shadd.

The modest broker naturally assumed that Shadd wished to know his views on the market. He answered:

"Oh, bullish, of course, although I think profit-taking on the bulges, from now on, will ——"

Shadd shook his head, intending to convey that he was not asking for stock-market opinions. Mr. Woodcock and the watching customers naturally assumed that Mr. Shadd disagreed with the head of the firm. The customers, looking from one to the other, wondered who was this man, Shadd, that his differing opinion should visibly depress Mr. Woodcock.

"Well," apologized the broker, "I naturally supposed that you had come to sell ——"

"No," said Shadd, thinking that he would not sell at a loss—that is, at any price below 72.

"It's 84!" said Woodcock. "Surely you aren't going to tell me it's going to 200 this trip?"

"No," said Shadd hesitatingly, "not two hundred." He meant that he would not wait for two hundred to sell. Thinking of 200, however, kept him from thinking that the stock had jumped 12 points, $2400 more than 72, at which price he had wished to sell.

One of the customers couldn't stand it any longer. He approached the head of the firm and whispered out of the corner of his mouth:

"What stock is that, Frank?"

"Mr. Shadd, I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Edson. Bill here would like to know what stock we're talking about."

Bill Edson grinned sheepishly.

"Undersea Craft common," said Shadd with an uneasy smile.

"He owns all we've got in this office," vouchsafed Woodcock proudly.

The customers clustered about the semi-paralyzed owner of the stock that had risen over seventy points in less than forty-eight hours. Henry Rumney, the most inveterate tip-follower in the Street, came in just then, and seeing a stranger surrounded by admiring would-be plungers asked Ben Meiggs:

"Who's the gink?"

"Sh-h!" whispered Ben reprovingly. Feeling called upon further to squelch Henry, he explained: "That's the largest individual holder of Undersea Craft."

"Thellyousay!" gasped Henry.

"Thasswat!" affirmed Ben.

Whereupon Henry approached the crowd of admirers about the multi-millionaire and said, as if he were well paid for saying it:

"Good morning! As I passed the Curb Market just now I heard them bid 90 for your stock. I'd like to ask you what you think of St. Paul?"

Shadd, still dazed by the suddenness of the attack, only half grasped that he was asked his opinion about something he knew nothing about. He recalled some verses he had read about a broker who died suddenly and went to heaven. The broker knocked at the pearly gates, and when they opened, according to the last line of the poem,

He asked Saint Peter: "How's Saint Paul,"

Shadd, afraid to open his mouth but not willing to admit his ignorance, shook his head. Henry Rumney did not wait for anything else. He rushed to the little window behind which a telephone operator held the line of communication with the firm's clerk on the Stock Exchange, and cried: "Say, sell 500 Saint Paul at the market. I thought it looked toppy. Get a hustle on!" and having written and signed the order as he talked Henry went back to the crowd in time to hear Woodcock tell them about Shadd's feat.

"Of course I knew nothing about it, so I told him not to buy. But all he did was to smile and say: 'Frank, you don't know everything.' That was all, wasn't it?" and he looked toward Shadd for corroboration.

Wilberforce nodded blushingly, and Woodcock, still proud of the privilege, went on:

"Even then I didn't want to accept the order, but when he took out his pencil and began to put down in black and white what the company stood to make—well, say, the wonder is he isn't talking a thousand dollars a share."

He made an end of speaking in order to give Shadd a chance to show his wisdom. But Shadd shook his head, whereupon Woodcock told him, that the other customers might see he never withheld praise where praise was due:

"Well, Shadd, I've certainly got to hand it to you, old chap. Just for fun let's see what the stock is now. Remington, get a quotation on Undersea common."

As the broker moved away the customers moved closer. They were afraid to appear too familiar; at the same time they could not keep away from the one man who had acquired the greatest of all secrets: How to beat the Game.

Henry Rumney, who was not bothered by absurd notions of delicacy, asked point blank:

"How much did your stock cost you?"

Shadd looked at him and was really shocked by the eagerness that flamed in the speculator's eyes. He hesitated.

"Of course," put in Ben Meiggs, insidiously viperish, "Rumney doesn't mean to pry into your private affairs."

"Not at all," agreed Henry Rumney. "I mean approximately—on an average."

"I should say," began Shadd, who wasn't sure whether or not he ought to include commissions, "let me see—ah ——"

The silence in the big room was broken only by the click of the ticker, the snap of the cardboard numbers as the boy slipped them into place on the quotation board, and the labored breathing of the waiting customers.

"Ah—$9 a share!"

A gasp that almost made the windows tremble inward followed. From $9 a share the stock had gone to $84. How many thousands of shares did this man own, this great personage with the imperturbable calm, the supreme confidence and the habitual taciturnity?

"Say, why didn't you tell a fellow?" said Henry aggrievedly. But even he had to acknowledge to himself that the stranger was not to blame. "Just my luck! I didn't know you! Gad, I'd have plunged! Nine dollars! Well, what do you think of it now, Mr.—er—I didn't get your name."

"My name," said Shadd, delighted to find himself among such intelligent fellows—"my name is Wilberforce ——"

"Mr. Wilberforce," interrupted Rumney, who thought they were wasting valuable time, "just how high do you think Undersea is going this trip?"

Wilberforce Shadd could not help but think of Hen Wilkins' crazy utterances. He had to, in order to be able to answer questions to which an answer was expected by these men. So he said slowly:

"Of course if they get the order for the $65,000,000 ——"

He was merely recalling that Wilkins had said that the Undersea Craft Company could get a million apiece for sixty-five submarines.

"Geewhillikens!" cried Ben Meiggs.

"Do you think it's going up right away?" asked Henry Rumney. After all, that was what they wished to know, and what all, excepting Henry, feared to ask so bluntly. They looked at Shadd so intently that it disconcerted him.

"I don't think ——" he began.

"That's good enough for me," said Henry Rumney. He was certain that the great Wilberforce was going to say what all tip-givers always say: "I don't think so, I know so!"

Henry, therefore, rushed off to find Woodcock.

"Got that quotation on Undersea?" he yelled.

"Not yet. I thought you said it was 90."

"Naw! I said I thought it was," corrected Rumney impatiently.

An office boy entered and handed a slip of paper to Woodcock, who read it and said:

"Well, you were wrong; it's 85 bid; no offers."

"Gee, and he paid $9 a share for it week before last. Say, Frank, I want to buy a thousand shares ——"

"If you do you'll have to put up about eighty-five thousand bucks."

"What!" yelled Henry Rumney, gazing at Woodcock in horror.

"No margin. Outright."

Henry Rumney was such a good income-provider for the firm that the office allowed him to take verbal liberties. He now shrieked:

"It's highway robbery!"

"It's the first law of Nature," corrected Francis T. Woodcock, Wall Street philosopher, who no longer took chances. "If a stock goes up fifty points in one day, can't it come down fifty before you can ask a man to put up more margin?"

"Aw, you make me tired! I'm going to buy some Undersea Craft and I'm not going to put up a million dollars a share either."

"Certainly not, Henry. I'll see what I can pick up for you. But I warn you—no margin. The banks won't lend on it, and I'm not going to see you lose money ——"

He Fainted in Her Arms by the Simple Expedient of Relaxing and Closing His Eyes

"All you'll see me lose," said Henry angrily, "is my temper—if you try to make me believe that you care a hang how much money I lose. Well, make it 500 shares. I'll put up twenty points and keep the margin good."

"Nothing doing."

"Suppose you find out what you can get it for before you begin fighting with me about it, will you, please?" said Rumney with much dignity.

"Eighty-five bid, none offered. That means ——"

"Just hold your horses," said Henry Rumney, and went back to the fountainhead of all knowledge.

"Wilberforce," he said, looking intently at the all-wise, "it's eighty-five bid, none offered. I'm going to buy as much as the law allows." He paused. The head of the firm joined the party at that moment. Rumney glared at him, and went on: "Of course Woodcock has got cold feet and insists on ——"

"For your own sake," interjected Francis T. Woodcock firmly.

"And for your security," said Rumney so bitterly that Woodcock felt he ought to deliver his daily ultimatum once more. He said slowly:

"Gentlemen, no war babies on margin. I haven't got a very strong heart. Anybody who wants me to die suddenly can't be my friend. Why should I care what my enemies think of ordinary, common prudence anyhow?"

"Mr. Woodcock"—Henry Rumney spoke with cold politeness—"nobody is listening to you. I think you should save your vocal cords and use them to tell a waiting customer whether you've got a report on that U. C. yet or not."

"Not yet. Wait a minute! Here it is!" He let a clerk whisper something in his ear, then he said to Rumney:

"There are sixty shares offered at 95. That," he elucidated hastily, "necessitates $5700, exclusive of inadequate commissions and the iniquitous taxes. Fifty-seven hundred cash!"

"That's twice you said it. If you want me to buy that stock," said Rumney determinedly, "you'll have to ——"

"No margin!" from Woodcock.

"Then no order," and Rumney nodded tauntingly.

"I think I'll take twenty ——" began Ben Meiggs hesitatingly.

"That's my stock," hastily interjected Henry Rumney. "Get a gait on, Frank. I'll pay cash if I have to. The sixty shares."

Woodcock gave the order, took Rumney aside and said to him earnestly:

"I'd like to carry that stock on margin for you but we can't."

"You've got Wilberforce's ——"

"He bought it and paid for it in full."

"Geewhillikens!" muttered Rumney, naturally assuming that his dear friend Wilberforce must own thousands of shares of the most sensational of the war brides.

Other customers, influenced by the success of Shadd and the courage of Henry Rumney, sought Woodcock, with the result that the broker received orders for 150 shares. Had they been allowed to speculate on a ten-point margin, they would have bought Undersea Craft by the thousands of shares. They were compelled to be conservative in one of the most remarkable stock booms in history.

"Say, Shadd, come here a minute, will you?" said Woodcock, and took the star customer into his private office.

There he said very earnestly: "You can now get 90 or 95 for that stock. It's all very well for you to say ——"

The broker was speaking so accusingly that Shadd thought that the time had come to cash in. At 95 he would receive $19,000. Too bad it wasn't an even $20,000. Still, worse things could happen. But he did not wish to sell unless $19,000 was all he could get. So instead of saying "Sell," he said:

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to make money."

"Well, I'd like to oblige you," said Shadd, not too cordially, fearing the broker might regard his acquiescence as a selling order.

"You've got to take your profit sometime. Suppose you fix your own price and give me a G. T. C. selling order. We can't be calling you up on the phone every minute. You've seen it go up like a skyrocket. Well, when it begins to drop, that's the way it will fall too. Do you want to leave an order to sell it at par?"

At one hundred a share, it meant the $20,000 Shadd had regretted not getting. This at six per cent meant $100 a month as long as he lived.

Woodcock thought he saw unwillingness on Shadd's face. As a matter of fact, it was indecision.

"Then," pleaded the broker, "make it 125."

Francis T. Woodcock ceased to exist for Wilberforce Shadd, for the simple reason that Shadd concentrated on mathematics. He figured that at 125 he would get $25,000. This was so much better than $20,000 that he wished to think calmly whether $30,000 in turn was not better than $25,000.

He did not know just what to do, excepting that he did not wish to do the wrong thing. He must go away and think, and maybe while he was thinking, away from this upsetting office, the stock would rise and be worth more than $25,000. If that happened he surely would sell out. There was no doubt about it. Here he could only think of what it was selling for, not of what it might sell for in the future; and that, of course, was what really interested him.

"Oh, I'll think about it," he told Woodcock desperately.

The broker thought he said it hoggishly, so, to be safe, he warned Shadd: "That's all right. All I ask you is to remember my advice, that's all."

He Jumped to His Feet, Yelled "Stop the Car!" and Jumped Off

There was something so sinister, even menacing, in the broker's request that Wilberforce Shadd promised apprehensively:

"All right; all right. I'll remember it," and left hurriedly.

As soon as he was in the street he inflated his lungs to their fullest capacity. Instantly he became glad to be out of that office; delighted to be alone with his joy. He had made $19,000, which was good; and he was a winner at the greatest of all games, which was better; and he was going to make much more, which was best.

It is good to be alive when a man is getting more, without working, than he had ever dreamed he could get after fifty years of steady grind. And there in that office were men like Henry Rumney and Ben Meiggs, who thought well of him and his business judgment. They knew Wilberforce Shadd for what he was. They did not think him a—well, whatever it was others thought him. They did not mistake his kindliness for nervelessness or his good nature for cowardice.

By the time he reached his own office he was so indignant at the world's misconception of him that he began to enact the tragedy of his married life. He lived it again in detail—afraid of spending pennies and he a rich man—and then, as an epilogue, he dramatized afresh the spontaneous recognition of the real Wilberforce Shadd by unprejudiced character-readers in Francis T. Woodcock's office—the man Wilberforce Shadd had proven himself to be by his possession of 200 shares of the common stock of the Undersea Craft Company, which would settle the war by building submarines for the German Government at a million dollars apiece. He did not know what the profit would be because he did not know how many other boats, besides the sixty-five already built, the company might sell. But it was obvious that the stock would be worth anything the holder thereof wished to get.

"How's your wife, Shadd?" the manager asked him, composing his features in advance to a look of condolence.

"Oh, she's the same." Then he remembered, and improved upon his unpremeditated reply. "There is no new complication," he said. "Thank you, Mr. Lipps."

"That's good."

Shadd tried to do his work as usual, but every now and again he simply had to stop and figure what he ought to get for his 200 shares. He tried various prices—on an ascending scale. Of course he knew he didn't have the slightest chance of getting such prices; but there was no harm in figuring, for example, that at a thousand dollars a share he would be worth $200,000. This at six per cent per annum would yield $1000 a month. That would mean a change of life for him. It would mean comfort, ease, happiness, conditions he had never enjoyed.

"The stock will never go there!" he cried aloud, in order that the hoodoo might hear him. "Never!"

Then he began again—turning his $1000 a month into concrete things; spending his dollars in things he had never thought he would ever get.

VIII

HE WAS very quiet when he reached his home that night. A sense of physical weariness came over him, as though he had walked twenty miles. He did not wish to lie down. What he wished was to stop thinking about Undersea Craft long enough to go to sleep.

He saw with the eye of experience that his wife was in good form—not really frightened but craving to suffer; watching lynx-eyed for an opportunity at martyrdom. He saw that she had resigned herself to death before the curtain rose on the first act. He knew better than to ask if she was not well. Instead he sought to negotiate for a peace-bringing silence.

"I put in a hard day's work," he said in a voice pitched to suggest extreme fatigue, "and I am dog-tired."

"Are you?" she asked, looking very sorry—for herself. It was a fresh cross—to bear the double burden—first of having troubles, and second of having to bear them alone.

"I—I really think I'll go to bed without waiting for supper," he added. Instantly he felt very hungry. It made him so angry that he forgot his fatigue.

"No, you've got to eat something. You can't work and not eat. Although I don't know but by eating less we might ——"

"Please, dear," he pleaded, "don't skimp me to death. And, besides, you need good food to get back your strength. The grippe is no joke. That's why I wanted you to go to Atlantic City."

"Yes, and spend all we have in the bank in one week? I guess not. I'd rather ——" She stopped.

"Die first?" he prompted.

"No!" she denied so violently that he knew he had guessed. He laughed. It gave her the blessing of martyrdom

"Yes, laugh. Why do we have a roof over our heads ——"

"Because the landlord knows we'd move if it leaked."

He would say anything, even answer a rhetorical question, rather than let her gain any headway.

"Oh, very well. We might as well be paupers ——"

Paupers? With $19,000 at the brokers', that would probably, or rather certainly, become $25,000 in a few days?

"Why, my dear, I might as well tell you ——"

He caught himself abruptly. She would make him cas in at once.

"I'm going to bed," he said, and proceeded hastily t disrobe.

He instantly became hungry as a bear.

"Perhaps after I'm rested, if I don't fall asleep, I migh take a cup of tea," he told her weakly.

"I'll keep your supper warm for you. It's cooked an there's no sense wasting it."

But he fell asleep after all and had a hearty breakfas It was just as well he did, for he could not eat luncheo that day. The market turned weak.

That night he went home a sick man. Undersea Cra common closed at "75 bid; offered at 80."

The sense of his loss was too heavy upon him for hi not to look it. His paper profit was now merely 66 poin on his 200 shares, or a piffling $13,000. On the day befor at 95, the profit had been $17,000. The tragedy was th he had proved to himself mathematically that when t stock reached 125 he would have $25,000 in cash.

The profit that he had and didn't take! If that wasn hell, what was?

The moment she saw him, she asked: "Are you sick? He was, but he must lie about it in order not to have tell the truth.

"No," he answered. He saw that she was watching ar he feared that she might be able to detect his lying.

He had a flash of inspiration. He staggered forwa blindly until he reached a rug. He then very careful sank to his knees and slid sidewise until he was leanin against a chair.

To look as he felt he must think of the most disagreeab thing in the world. He therefore thought of how he wou feel if Undersea Craft common should slump back to 1 to 5, to nothing—and on top of it, having to tell her th he had lost their savings after having had a profit of $19,00

Whatever she saw in his contorted face made her say:

"Wilberforce, darling! I'll get the doctor."

"N-no," he breathed feebly, and fainted in her arms the simple expedient of relaxing and closing his eyes.

He thought of the next step. He counted sixty slowl and then opened his eyes, blinked twice and stared

ner unseeingly. He was so delighted at perceiving that she was frightened that he nearly forgot his lines. But he managed to whisper weakly:

"Where am I?"

"Oh, Wilberforce!" she whimpered.

He must control his pleasure. He said, so that she barely could hear him:

"What happened?" and tried to rise—very feebly.

"You fainted! Don't try to get up. You went off like ——" She shook her head and drew in her breath sharply.

"Did I?" he said. "I'm sorry, dear."

"I'll get the doctor ——"

"No," he spoke more strongly: "I—I didn't have any lunch. I—we were so rushed! I guess I got a little faint—from emptiness. I can get up"—he caught himself and finished—"if you will help me, dear."

"I'm afraid ——" But she loyally pulled him to his feet. With his hand on her shoulder he walked to an armchair and sat down while she fetched him a drink. He swallowed it meekly—aromatic spirits of ammonia! Then, after he had reassured her several times, she went up to prepare dinner for him.

She did not mention the bank book, and Wilberforce Shadd fell asleep that night almost reconciled to his loss.

For more than a week she did not talk about the bank book, and to fill his cup of happiness Undersea Craft resumed its rise. The advance was more sedate, but it was continuous. It never rose more than two points in one day, but every evening there was the magic plus sign in the column which showed the "net changes for the day."

He called at Woodcock's office, found the broker out, inhaled enough incense from the admiring customers to make him stand pat, and went away thinking that if the bull market kept up he would soon tell his wife all about it. What a day that would be!

Presently the stock resumed its kangaroo career. Mr. Francis T. Woodcock again advised him to sell his Undersea Craft stock.

"You know very well, Shadd, that if anybody had told you this stock would go up to ——"

"Yes," interrupted the meek Shadd accusingly, "you wanted me to give you an order to sell at 18; and again at 20; and again at 75. And you begged me to give you a G. T. C. selling order at 125. Was that good advice? Do you call that a warning to suckers? Now when it's only 165, and everybody knows about some of the business the company is doing, you again insist ——"

"Of course I insist, you da—er—of course I insist. I haven't forgotten that you put up $1800 a few short weeks ago ——"

"Hold on!" said Shadd; "it was $1829. You forgot commission and taxes ——"

This was too much for the exasperated Woodcock, who could not stop thinking of the 150-point slump bound to come some day in that stock of stocks. "You—er—you! You don't know enough of this game to realize that an investment of $1800—of $1829—which increases in less than two months ——"

"Two months and four days," corrected Shadd. He was making money and that was all that really mattered. But he might as well be exact.

"Ugh-h! To think you put up $1800, and now $33,000 stares you in the face and you don't know enough to put that money in your pocket. Thirty-three thousand dollars! Comfort for the rest of your life! Doesn't it hurt you to think of your wonderful mind? Doesn't it?"

In his indignation Woodcock forgot the politeness due to a customer from the head of a commission house.

"No," said Shadd amiably, "it doesn't hurt me to think of the wonderful mind that wanted me to leave the money in the bank and wouldn't let me buy this same stock at 9 a share ——"

Woodcock threw up an elbow defensively. Then he said: "I admit I was wrong about that. But at ——"

"Yes, and at 18 you thought I ought to sell, and at 25 and ——"

"Yes, but, you jack—you Shadd, I made a mistake. I'll admit it. But a stock that pays nothing and sells at 165 is a different proposition. It's tempting Providence ——"

"Providence is all right," said Shadd. "Don't you say anything against Providence. I know it wasn't my gains—nor yours!"

"No, it wasn't. But you don't know what the company really is doing and ——"

"Oh, yes, I know."

"Look here, Shadd, somebody who doesn't know any more than you do tells you something, and you take it in as if it were gospel truth. Undersea Craft might have been a bargain at $9 a share, but at 165 it isn't."

"It's too bad you didn't buy 5000 shares at $9; then you could have sold it at $18."

"Yes, I probably would, for I've learned not to be a hog. If I double my money I think I've done much more than any man is really entitled to."

"Yes, that's true enough. But this is the chance of a lifetime. Do you think there is going to be a big European war every spring?"

Woodcock threw up his hands.

"All right, Shadd. You're like all the rest. You are a wonderful man now. You know it all and a little more. You've been in Wall Street so long that you know that what goes up can't possibly come down until you've sold at the top. All I ask you is to remember that I told you what I knew you didn't want to hear. That's all."

"All right, I'll remember," promised Shadd, remembering only that this was the man who didn't want him to buy U. C. at $9 and advised selling at $14. "I sure will. You're doing your best. If I'm wiped out I won't blame you. I wonder what the price is now? The last quotation was 165."

"I suppose," suggested the broker with a bitter smile, "it's about 500."

"No," said Shadd very seriously, "I don't think it could be that high so soon."

Woodcock choked, and left Shadd to ask an office boy to get a quotation on Undersea Craft common.

Shadd, Meiggs and Four Delightful Strangers Spent a Wonderful Afternoon

The boy came back, and Woodcock beckoned to Shadd.

"Last sale, 50 shares at 172. It's 170 bid; none offered."

"That's more like it," exclaimed the devilish Shadd, trying to look businesslike. "You were sure I ought to sell at 165. The extra seven points mean $1400 ——"

"G-g-g-gh!" expectorated the broker, glaring at the office boy.

"And I can't afford," continued Shadd evenly, "to lose $1400. You are a rich man, and you can't understand what a few points in that stock mean to a man like me."

Then Shadd thought what a few points would mean to Mrs. Shadd.

"You can't be very poor," said Woodcock grimly.

"I am," replied Shadd. "Since I took the $1832 out of the Savings Bank I haven't a cent I can call my own."

Neither had Mrs. Shadd, only she did not know it!

"Well, if you can afford to turn your back on a profit of $34,000 ——"

"Thirty-four thousand four hundred," corrected Shadd. "The price was 172, don't you remember? I guess I'll be going."

Brokers are almost as anxious to see their customers make money as the customers themselves. Money-making customers mean a continuous and reliable clientele. You know them and they know you, and the relations are pleasant. So Woodcock entreated:

"Shadd, will you please leave me an order to sell at 200? I don't think it will go there right away, but ——"

"If you don't think it will sell at 200 what's the use of giving you an order?"

"Well, in case of an accident—or a miracle. If it did, and we had your order, we could take immediate advantage ——"

"If it can only go there by an accident or a miracle, couldn't it go higher by another miracle—say to 300 or 400?"

Shadd's face took on a challenging look. The broker ignored the challenge and begged:

"Shadd, give me a selling order at any price. Make it a thousand, but, for the love of Mike, let me feel that you'll sell some day. Do you want to be left with nothing but a scrap of paper?"

"You talk like a German Chancellor," joked Shadd, in order not to have to give a selling order at any price. He felt toward taking his profits as many superstitious men feel toward making their wills—sure death that same night. The stock was rising. Every day meant more money; and he felt healthy. How could he help it?

"Then put in a stop order. Don't let all the profit get away from you once it hits the toboggan slide. Mark up the stop as the price rises; but have your order in."

"What do you mean?" asked Shadd distrustfully. He wasn't going to let the broker enmesh him in technicalities intended to reduce his fortune. The broker's insistence was beginning to take on a sinister aspect. "Well, say it's selling at 170 ——"

"At 172," said Shadd. He couldn't help it.

"Well, give us an order to stop it at 160 ——"

"Do you mean to sell?"

"Yes."

"At one hundred and sixty?" Shadd couldn't help smiling pityingly.

"Yes; to make sure you get at least $32,000 instead of $2000."

"But I've got $34,000 now."

"Yes, but this is in case it starts to break. After refusing to take 172, you ought to be satisfied to get out at 160, and not wait until it is down to nothing."

"Wait a minute. Do you guarantee that if it starts to go down until it sells at 160 it will surely keep on going down to nothing and never go back to above 160 or ——"

"No, I can't guarantee that. But nobody can get poor taking profits. Shadd, I know this is a sucker market, and the less a man knows the more money he makes. But there is a limit to what even a sucker can do in the way of tempting Providence. You make up your mind first that you ought to sell, and then at what price. Then tell me."

"All right, Woodcock. When I know what price I want to get for my stock I'll tell you. Honest, I will! I swear it!" And Shadd looked straight in the broker's eyes. The broker shook his head. Then, not caring whether he lost a customer of the kind that will drive even a Democratic cabinet officer to drink, he began sneeringly:

"I think that of all the ——"

"I'll tell you," broke in Shadd. "I'm going to think about it," and he hurried away. He had no intention of thinking about anything except of not taking his profit too soon. He couldn't seem to be able to make Woodcock see that he was not a hog. He knew stocks went down. Of course they did. But he also knew that neither Woodcock nor anybody else in Wall Street knew everything. Else they wouldn't be in Wall Street, but in their country houses, living! And there was no argument that could alter the one indisputable fact: The longer he held on the more money he made.

It was only a little after one o'clock when he left the office of Francis T. Woodcock & Co. On the way back to his work he admitted with a curious regret that he did not

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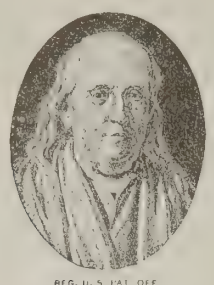
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Reducing the Cost of Living

THREE committees in New York—one appointed by the legislature, one by the governor of the state, and one by the mayor of the city—recently made a joint report on food costs, after quite diligent investigation.

The report disparages all patented short cuts to reduce the cost of living, such as a chain of public markets, and "eliminating" the middleman without providing anybody to take his place. Far from recommending prosecution of trusts as a solution of the problem, it urges more trusts—that is, more combination and coöperation.

For example, it finds that the cost of milk is needlessly swollen by duplicate delivery services, wagons of several companies running over the same route day after day. So it would permit the big milk-distributing companies to work together under state supervision, which would make sure that the saving through a joint delivery service went to consumers.

It finds that to transport a given article of food from its original destination in the city to the kitchen of the consumer costs much more than to transport it from its place of production, several hundred miles away, to the city. It thinks that might be remedied by better organization of the methods of handling foodstuffs in the city. It recommends organized effort to educate housewives in the purchase and preparation of foods, beginning in the public schools.

It points out that causes beyond the control of city or state have enhanced food prices; but it thinks those causes might well be offset or minimized by combined effort, better organization, coöperation. On the whole, it looks in the opposite direction from those whose panacea consists in attacking combination; and it virtually says there is no panacea, no short cut, no magic remedy.

There are many remedial measures, but effort in unison is the basic ingredient in all of them. Integration, not disintegration, is the method.

What We Might Do

DIRECT money cost of the great war to the end of 1916 is put at sixty billion dollars. This means that inhabitants of the belligerent countries saved the greater part of that sum in two years and five months.

In all these countries a certain amount of capital lay available for investment at the beginning of the war; England and France sold foreign securities and put the proceeds into the war pot; liquidation of some businesses provided further sums. But the amount raised in these ways must have been a relatively small part of the total. The remainder has been saved out of income during the war—that is, the people of the belligerent countries have produced enough to support themselves and yield a balance of well toward sixty billion dollars for their governments to spend on war.

This is the wonderful economic lesson of the war. No one supposed people could produce such a balance above sustenance.

There is still a disposition to regard war finance as a sort of stage money—a mere illusion produced out of a conjurer's hat. But, except that prices are inflated, it is as real as the silver coin in your pocket. Every dollar of it has bought tangible goods—food, clothing, horses, powder, shot, and so on. It shows what a modern nation can do when all its energies are united for the purpose of producing and saving to the utmost. The United States, under like conditions of unity, enthusiasm and organization, could doubtless raise ten billion dollars a year for any purpose to which it laid its will. Of course Europe's saving has been put into a bad investment. The great blue-sky swindler got most of it. But the lesson of what can be done in the way of saving stands.

Public Health Work

PROBABLY three hundred and fifty thousand people die yearly in the United States from preventable causes; also, something like two per cent of the population is disabled from sickness at any given time, and a large part of this is preventable.

The standing problem before public-health boards is: How, with the means at their disposal, to make the greatest possible reduction in this social waste?

Perhaps there has been more coöperation in this governmental field than in any other—a freer circulation of ideas and experience, so that one community has profited by the discoveries of another. Yet the work is far from systematized.

A pamphlet by the Russell Sage Foundation suggests that, with adequate reports on mortality and sickness, communities which have the same general health conditions may, by careful study and comparison, work out a formula for applying their health appropriations with reasonable certainty of getting the best possible results for the money.

The first factor in the formula would be the amount of damage produced by any given cause of sickness and death. The second factor would be the readiness with which this cause yielded to preventive measures. For example, cancer causes much damage, but in the present stage of medical science is not classed as a preventable disease. On the other hand, smallpox causes little damage, but its potentialities of damage are high, and it readily yields to the simple preventive of vaccination. By a sufficiently careful study of adequate data a health board can reduce this to mathematical terms and say, with assurance: "Twenty-four per cent of our appropriation should go to preventing infants' diseases; twelve per cent to tuberculosis." And so on—the figures varying, of course, under different conditions of climate, housing, and the like.

The plan is a suggestion as to what may be accomplished by coöperation among towns.

Taxing Tea and Coffee

IT SEEMS clear that Congress must find more revenue. Last year it had to find more revenue for better national defenses. So it virtually doubled the income tax, laid a Federal inheritance tax and imposed a number of other taxes. But the outlook now is that the additional revenue thus found will fall so far short of increased expenditure that by the end of the next fiscal year there will be a deficit of something like four hundred million dollars. Certain other appropriations, now in prospect, may raise the deficit about half a billion.

No doubt there will be a bond issue to the extent of a couple of hundred million dollars or so; but even then revenue must be increased.

Expenditures cannot be reduced. That would require hard, courageous, intelligent work—something for which, apparently, Congress has neither the time nor the inclination. But revenue can be increased with comparatively little trouble and no disagreeable personal consequences to any congressman.

Among possible sources of more revenue an import duty on tea and coffee is favorably mentioned. At twenty per cent it would yield about twenty-five million dollars a year; and it may as well be levied at once. This is a comparatively easy method of raising revenue; and the way Government is going no comparatively easy source of revenue can long escape.

A duty on tea and coffee would make every household conscious that it is paying Federal taxes. When that stage is reached a revision of the Government's whole wasteful fiscal scheme may be expected; but apparently not until then.

That After-the-War Basis

SINCE the Federal Reserve Board's warning blocked the sale of British and French short-term treasury notes here, the Allies appear to have made every effort to limit their purchases in this country. That was a plain necessity of the situation, for in the closing weeks of 1916 they shipped us a hundred and eighty million dollars of gold to maintain exchange; and a drain of that proportion could not continue indefinitely.

It is reported in Wall Street that, since the warning, war orders to the amount of three hundred million dollars or more, which would otherwise have come to this country, have been diverted to Canada; and that optional orders to the amount of a hundred million dollars, already placed in this country, have been canceled.

Most likely, then, the present year will see a decided falling off in our war business, even if war continues through the year. Only those directly interested will regret it. A gradual descent from last year's dizzy height in this respect—getting down by degrees to an after-the-war basis before war actually stops—will be by no means a calamity.

Nor will the utmost possible dependence upon their own resources be a calamity for the Allies. If they can discover means of making within their own boundaries anything they have been buying from us, their position will be that much stronger when the war ends. A slowing down of the war trade with America may be accepted with equanimity all round.

Government Buildings

FRIENDS of pork cry that Congress will never surrender its right to appropriate public money for public buildings. Nobody we have heard of ever asked it to, or knows of any way, short of a constitutional amendment, whereby it could make that surrender.

Foes of pork urge that public buildings be erected according to the needs of public business, and not according to the political needs of individual congressmen.

That is the whole matter. The American Institute of Architects proposes a board of experts to study the subject broadly and work out a plan under which the construction of public buildings, designed by competent architects, shall be recommended to Congress as public business requires them. The question is whether Congress proposes to consult experts or merely to pursue selfish individual ends.

Pork has not been propitious to architecture. Government architecture, on the whole, lags much behind private enterprise. The Government ought to lead; but it does not—and pork is one of the reasons.

Opportunity in Prison

WOULD O. Henry have found his vocation while in prison if, instead of being given a comparatively light occupation and humane treatment, he had been subjected to the brutal and crushing discipline many prisoners undergo? Would his genius have flowered under such a regimen as is described in that classic of prison fiction, 9009, or in innumerable reports by trustworthy investigators? We think not.

It is quite probable that Cervantes planned and even wrote the first part of Don Quixote while in prison. Mirabeau spent a very considerable portion of his life in durance. Dostoyevsky outlived a horrible imprisonment to produce some of the greatest novels ever written. In other instances very superior gifts have survived imprisonment. But very superior gifts are exceptional.

Why should not a prison be always a gate of opportunity to all its inmates? When civilized society takes bodily possession of a man—actually seizes his life and takes the direction of it wholly out of his hands, because he has been directing it badly—why should it not always systematically and intelligently try to find out what he is really good for, and get him at it?

Society cannot be said to make such an attempt. Mostly it subjects him to a rigidly prescribed, uniform, repressive regimen that is as far from discovering and encouraging any budlet of talent—whether to write a book or drive a dray—as a regimen well could be.

Income-Tax Reflections

ACCORDING to the 1916 income-tax returns, Chicag and the adjacent territory contain nineteen fortunat individuals whose incomes exceed five hundred thousan dollars a year; in fact, the combined income of the fortunat nineteen was more than fifteen and a half million dollars

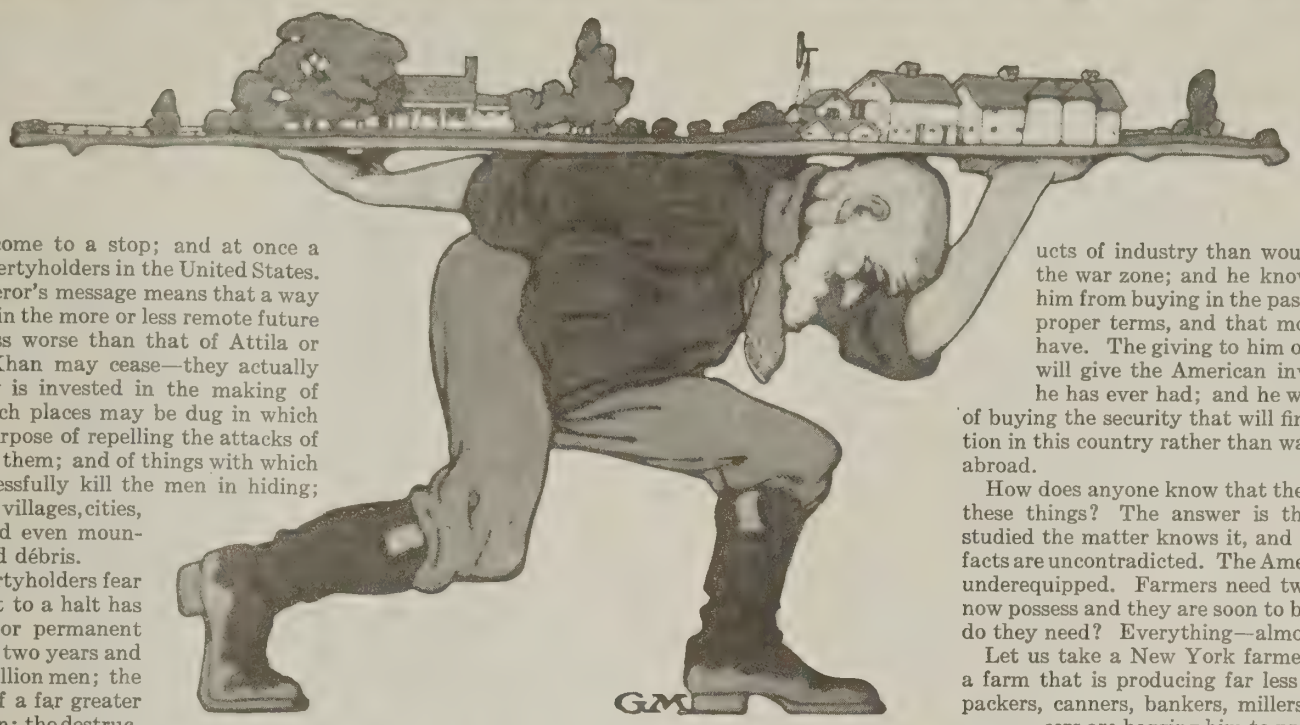
The temptation to moralize upon a condition in whic nineteen families receive an income of more than fifte million dollars is obvious. One may point out that thi income would support fifteen thousand average families.

But, for the moment, we prefer to moralize upon some thing else. Only four thousand persons out of the thre millions or more in the revenue district paid tax on income from three thousand to four thousand dollars a year; an another four thousand, on incomes from four thousand t five thousand dollars.

Can it be possible that those figures accurately represer the number of persons in the Chicago district receiving ne incomes of the amounts stated? We are constrained t doubt it, much as we hate to from one point of view.

It has been a standing feature of income-tax return that nearly as many people report net incomes from fiv thousand to ten thousand as from three thousand to fiv thousand. True, the range is wider; but our surmise that a great deal of net income under five thousand dolla simply does not get reported; and for roughly practic purposes the income tax begins above the five-thousan dollar line.

After the War Orders, What?



By HERBERT QUICK

AS THIS is written, one of the strangest things ever known is taking place in New York. An emperor in Central Europe has sent out a message which remotely hints that the ultimate cataclasm of all the ages may possibly come to a stop; and at once a panic seizes certain propertyholders in the United States. They fear that the emperor's message means that a way may possibly be opened in the more or less remote future by which destructiveness worse than that of Attila or Hyder Ali or Jenghiz Khan may cease—they actually fear it! Their property is invested in the making of things by the use of which places may be dug in which men will hide for the purpose of repelling the attacks of other men seeking to kill them; and of things with which the attackers may successfully kill the men in hiding; things for blowing houses, villages, cities, farms, fields, forests, and even mountains, into fragments and débris.

This work these propertyholders fear may possibly be brought to a halt has resulted in the killing or permanent maiming, within the last two years and a half, of some sixteen million men; the infecting with diseases of a far greater number of men and women; the destruction of moral progress representing a century of slow gains; the wasting of hundreds of thousands of square miles of farms, villages and cities, formerly the dwelling places of fifty or sixty millions of the most peaceful and best-civilized of human beings; and the wiping out of four or five small nations. And yet, because the progress of the most awful catastrophe in human history may possibly be halted within a measurable time, panic seizes the holders of the stocks in hundreds of American corporations, and we hear of suicides, deaths by apoplexy on the floor of the Stock Exchange, and the wiping out of fortunes in a day.

The War Baby steps out of its cradle and pulls down the house.

One might think that there is nothing for the American factory to do but make things for the war; and yet the average American farm is sorely in need of the products of those very factories. The American farmer is and always has been the best customer of the American manufacturer, the American banker, the American merchant and the American railroad; but he is only half as good a customer as he should be. He will, in the near future—the very near future—enter upon a rapid development of his business; and in doing so will place on the order books of the industries of America three dollars of peace orders for every dollar of the war orders which will cease when the nations mint and call the swoon peace.

Farmers Cramped for Capital

WHY has the American farmer not developed this business in the past? Because he has not been properly financed. What prospect is there that he will be better financed in the future? The prospect held out by the Federal Farm Loan Act now rapidly going into operation, under which a governmentally supervised system of finance for the farmer is set up alongside the governmentally supervised system of finance for the merchant, manufacturer and city dweller generally. What reason is there for thinking that this will accomplish for American industries the results hinted at above? Perhaps we had better examine the latter question somewhat more in detail.

A little more than a quarter of a century ago there lay in the Territory of Oklahoma enough good agricultural land to make a smallish state, all unoccupied and as bare as nature made it. It was that part of the present State of Oklahoma which, as distinguished from the old Indian Territory, was called Oklahoma Territory. On a certain day it was to be opened to settlers. It was the most dramatic showing forth ever seen of the value of the business growing out of supplying the wants of a community of farmers.

The prospective farmers lined up along the Kansas line and waited for the drop of the hat, or whatever other signal was given for the great rush. Lined up with them were as many more who sought to establish themselves as merchants, bankers, doctors, lawyers, dentists, brokers, real-estate dealers, gamblers, parasites—every walk of life and most of its runnings and creepings being represented. And when the time came for the start away they streamed across the prairie, a rush line a hundred miles long—on horseback, in vehicles, on foot—the strong, the swift and the cunning and provident drawing away from the ruck, who labored along, in dust, disgust and despair, to take what was left after the first comers were served.

The business site in Oklahoma City pointed out to me as the best is now owned by the druggist who located it as the reward of his speed in the Great Rush—and Oklahoma City is a real city now, with a powerful business life, a great population, and everything that any great city possesses. It is a greater city than was Athens in its Periclean Age—greater in everything that makes for better human life. Like Athens it is a commercial city; but, unlike the glory that was Greece, its greatness is based on a recognition of the principle of democracy—I know what some might say about that, but I mean real democracy. It is only one of a galaxy of cities in Oklahoma, all of them resting at bottom on the farmers of that state.

The development of rural life, the supplying of the needs of the farmers, has sown cities over the prairies, not only of Oklahoma but of the whole nation. When a county or so in South Dakota was opened up a few years ago towns a hundred miles off felt the new blood of the farmer trade pulsing through the veins of business, and feel it still; while new towns sprang into being in a month, most of which have been prosperous municipalities ever since. Seattle forged ahead of her competitors when she appropriated the business of being the home port of Alaska, with a new population that was insignificant compared with the settled farm population of any good congressional district in the States. The business of financing the operations of a million new farms would be felt to the very ends of the finger tips of American business life.

Suppose there was discovered a farm population of fifteen or twenty millions, needing everything a farmer must have, which could be annexed to American business—even though these people were at the ends of the earth—how would American business feel about the opportunity? It would go wild with excitement. It would call together its greatest financiers and captains of industry, and give uncounted millions to the task of getting this new business. But suppose that these fifteen or twenty million farmers were here in the United States, all about us, scattered from Maine to California and from Key West to Pembina?

The business would be worth ten times as much as if they were in China or Peru; for they would be farmers whose needs are already understood, living along our own railroads, customers already of our banks, shops and factories; men who pay their bills and to serve whom no study is necessary. But there need be no "suppose" about it. There is the equivalent right here at home of the business needs of from ten to twenty million farmer people, unsupplied, well worked out economically, ready to be adequately financed, and absolutely new as a factor in the commercial, manufacturing and financial world. The business to take the place of the war orders is here, and American business should recognize that fact, instead of going wild over the news of peace offers which are impossible of acceptance. For once the American business man should force himself to see the thing that is obvious. He has gone off on enough wild-goose chases.

The American farmer needs more of the products of industry than would rebuild every ruin in the war zone; and he knows it. All that has kept him from buying in the past is lack of money on the proper terms, and that money he is now going to have. The giving to him of this huge line of credit will give the American investor the best security he has ever had; and he will recognize the wisdom of buying the security that will finance peace and production in this country rather than war, or even development, abroad.

How does anyone know that the American farmer needs these things? The answer is that everybody who has studied the matter knows it, and has long known it. The facts are uncontradicted. The American farm is wretchedly underequipped. Farmers need twice the equipment they now possess and they are soon to be ready to buy it. What do they need? Everything—almost.

Let us take a New York farmer, for instance. He has a farm that is producing far less than it should of what packers, canners, bankers, millers, wool dealers and grocers are begging him to produce. A hundred acres of stony woodland needs a woven-wire fence to keep dogs out, and sheep and hogs in. As permanent pasture it is better than the range lands of the West; but he has never had the money to put it to proper use. A Utah farmer said to the Farm Loan Board in Salt Lake City: "I have never had the money so I could farm as well as I know how." So of the average New York farmer. He knows that practically all his arable land needs lime or underdrainage, or both. He will be in the market within a few years for draintile, shovels, picks, ditching machinery, fencing, building materials of all sorts, nails, lumber, roofing, cement, hardware and glass.

When There is Money Enough for All

THERE are a thousand like him within the trade territory of his little town. They will develop greater need of short-time credit at the local banks by reason of being supplied with long-time credit through the Federal Land Bank of the district. They will buy more agricultural machinery of all kinds. They will feel safe in doing these things because they know that the use of money on long-time amortized loans will enable them not only to pay the interest and dues on the loans but also to add from two to five hundred dollars a year each to their labor incomes. This addition to the labor incomes of the thousand farmers will be equivalent to a new pay roll of from a quarter of a million to half a million dollars a year. There is not a single one of the old states of this Union that does not possess its own Oklahoma waiting for the opening.

The American business man should study the purposes for which money may be borrowed under the Federal Farm Loan Act. The first purpose is for the funding or refunding of outstanding indebtedness; the second is for the buying of land by the farmer who has none, or the purchase of more by the farmer who has too little—and of these latter there are thousands. The amount of the loan is so limited that the danger of buying land in undesirable large tracts and holding it for speculative purposes does not seem to exist. The speculator does not cultivate his lands; and the Act gives its benefits only to those who are engaged or about to become engaged in the cultivation of the land to be mortgaged. Its financial pressure will be exerted always, therefore, in the direction of making the farmer a better customer for the American business man.

There has long been a strong moral and intellectual pressure in the same direction. If the farmers of the country had been able last year to accept the advice of the farm papers, the agricultural extension workers, the county agents, the farmers' institute lecturers, and of rural economists generally, they would have swamped the business world with orders. They did not accept this advice—not because they were not conscious of its correctness, but because they had not the money to buy, and could not get it at living interest rates or for a time sufficiently long to enable the investment to pay itself.

Thousands of farms in the United States have been studied for the purpose of determining how much equipment in the forms of power, buildings, machinery, live stock, fertilizers, fencing, and the like, is essential in order that the farmer may earn the best possible income. The business man figuring on the coming rush in farm business

may be interested in the methods used in these calculations. The economist first values the land; then the buildings; then the other property used in production on the farm. He takes no account of the products contributed to the family in the form of things consumed by the family, such as house rent, poultry products, vegetables, fruit, and the like—not because they are unimportant, but because to reckon them in would complicate the problem. He charges the farm with interest on the value of the plant, including the land, with taxes, upkeep, depreciation, and the like; credits it with everything sold; and after subtracting the one from the other, and paying the hired farm labor, he calls the remainder the farmer's "labor income."

If he fails to earn interest on his investment at the accepted rate, which in these calculations is usually five per cent, the farmer makes a "minus income"—that is, he gets less than nothing. If his investment is large he may live pretty well on a minus income; but he could do better by selling out and lending the money received—unless mayhap the house rent and the fruit, vegetables, eggs, butter and other truck consumed by the family make up a part or all of the deficit in labor income.

Now fix your eyes on this term "labor income" and note this: Every survey of farms hitherto made shows that there is an optimum ratio between equipment and the whole value of the plant. These investigations show that the money invested on a fully equipped and not over-equipped farm not only pays interest at five per cent on the money necessary fully to equip it but adds to the labor income of the farmer. The facts prove that if he can get money at five per cent, or even six per cent, and spend it in the proper equipment, he will make a profit on his debt.

The farmers know this; and they are preparing to take advantage of the new Federal Farm Loan Act by thousands in order that they may carry out the projects recommended to them by their own experience and urged on them these many years by economists and by the farm press. Every farmer will soon be asking himself whether his ratio of equipment to total property is correct. He may not think of it as the optimum ratio, but that will be the thing he will be feeling about for all the same.

Raw Land at Low Prices

HITHERTO we have been discussing the needs of the six million or so farms now existing in the United States; but the farms that are yearning to be born are quite as important. A survey of the agriculture of the whole country discloses so much undeveloped territory, splendidly adapted to agricultural uses and held out of use by one form or another of hindrance, that the feeling is inevitable that in building great irrigation works for the reclamation of arid tracts we have been far ahead of the actual needs of the agriculture of the nation. Why, one thinks, build expensive dams and entice people from the humid regions, the farming of which they understand, when there is no need of any such project? There may be good reasons, but the scarcity of farming lands is surely not one of them. There are more good acres in New England that ought to be farmed, and are left uncultivated, than in all the reclamation projects of the United States.

Outside the Corn Belt every state has abundant opportunity for the opening up of more farms. The Federal Farm Loan Act is apparently perfectly adapted to the financing of these. Much of this land is covered with stumps and brush—an area larger than all the Corn Belt thus awaits settlement. It is already supplied with railroads, towns, markets and settled government. No pioneering in the old sense is called for. The great landowners have, as a rule, acquired these tracts for purposes other than agricultural—purposes that have, in the main, been accomplished. They are ready to sell; and they must sell at low prices, because the character of the land is such that its value is low. It is low because it is hard to clear and the men who go upon it will be home-makers rather than money-makers, and will have to wait and work for the profits which alone justify high prices for an acre of raw land.

Both the landowners and their prospective land buyers are looking to the Federal Farm Loan Act for the financing of the purchase. The owner will improve the land sufficiently to be able to sell ready-made farms that are so far cleared as to enable the buyer to make a living. This means buildings, livestock, fencing and clearing, which will represent the first ten years' work in the days of our fathers in New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio, and will constitute the irreducible minimum that a farmer of the present day will accept as a farm home.

On such a farm the buyer will obtain a mortgage equal to half its value as appraised by a government expert, and turn the money over to the landowner. He will give a second mortgage if necessary for a part or the whole of the balance. When he has cleared and reclaimed twenty acres more he will return to the Federal Land Bank for a larger loan on a new appraisal. Thus, the former farm hand or tenant farmer or factory laborer will be transformed into a farmer who is frequently in the market for more short-time money from the banks, more manufactured articles, more advertised goods, more musical instruments, books, papers, textiles, and merchandise in general.

I know a Western college professor who bought three or four abandoned Connecticut farms and developed them as orchards. He told me that for a generation, so far as he could learn, those farms had not paid the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, near which they are situated, ten dollars a year of originated traffic. Three years ago they were originating freight by the trainload and were responsible for hundreds of dollars of passenger traffic a year. The orchard business, I believe, may be easily overdone; but, so far as general farming is concerned, every cut-over district in the nation is capable of some such transformation as this.

The cut-over lands of the United States need for use in their reclamation more explosives than the munitions factories can make; more machinery than can be absorbed by all the agriculture of Russia, now in the world's eye as a great coming market; more building materials than ruined Belgium, Northern France, Poland, Serbia, Montenegro and Rumania combined—and our farmers can pay for them. Moreover, there is no need for any struggle in order to get the business. It is our business and cannot be diverted from our industries. What will the establishment of a single farm in the cut-over regions mean for the business of the United States? First, railroad fares in looking the land up. Then more railroad revenues in going to it with the household goods and the live stock.

After that, or preceding it, will come a demand for all the metals, lumber, stone, brick and cement which go into buildings. This means more railroad business. Then comes the fencing, with its demand for steel and lumber. Immediately the farm begins to originate all sorts of business, incoming and outgoing. The home must be furnished. Stump-pulling machinery and explosives must be bought for further clearing. Soon the wheat, cotton, wool, milk, butter, eggs, fruit, pork, beef and forest products begin to move from the farm. The swamp must be drained. Better cattle, hogs and poultry are brought in. That farm has for the first time a bank account, with deposits and borrowings. The dead forest has become alive.

Step-by-Step Financing of Farms

THIS is not a dream; it is just what the people are preparing to do. I could list fifty localities in all sections of the United States in which this work of speeding up the making of the cut-over lands into farms is actually under way, preparatory to the establishment of the Federal Land Banks. Such lands are best financed by the step-by-step system to which the Federal Farm Loan system is adapted. Nothing in the plan is new or untried, and it calls for loans that are perfectly safe. Wherever it has been tried the march of farming improvement has gone on under deforestation conditions with a rush that is unprecedented in changing stump lands to fields. Nor is the establishment of new farms under the impetus of long-time financing confined to the cut-over lands. Old wheat, cotton and tobacco farms are expecting to abandon the one-crop system and adopt safer and more diversified farming. Lands that have become unfit for intensive cultivation through agricultural abuse are to be fenced and made into pastures under careful supervision.

Farmers in the old and rich farming states will build houses for their sons and cut the farm in two or three. Wherever productive improvements have been put off from year to year because repayment of the loan in five years' time was dangerously difficult, the forty-year amortized loan has set the farmer scratching his head and studying. These scratchings and studyings have already resulted in the formation of hundreds and hundreds of National Farm Loan Associations for the borrowing of money on first mortgage under the Federal Farm Loan Act. The greatest buying campaign in manufactured goods this country ever saw is preparing to get under way. Peace is preparing to outdo war in stimulating industry. The quickened pulse of healthful exertion is about to supplant the fevered palpitation of battle.

I do not know how many billion dollars have been furnished by the investors of the United States to the Powers engaged in the present war; but they amount to a staggering sum. These loans were necessary, too, if we were to continue trading with these governments and these peoples. They had not the money with which to buy of us what they needed in munitions, *matériel* of war, and especially foodstuffs and cotton; and if we sold these things to them, as we wished to do, they had to be sold on credit. In these dealings, and the redundant industrial prosperity of our own domestic business, our moneyed classes have accumulated enormous funds of money, much of which is said to be seeking investment in safe and conservative loans. A word of caution has been spoken by the Federal Reserve Board against the too great extension of certain forms of foreign credit.

Safe and Sound Home Securities

THERE will be no need of going abroad for safe and sound securities in the future. The farmers of the United States will offer to the investors of the United States and the world from now on a constantly increasing volume of bonds, issued under government supervision and based on first mortgages, that should take the place of those securities for which one has to go far afield. They will be eagerly sought for by investors—if one may judge by indications that are multiplying at this writing—on their merits, and without any thought on the part of investors as to the public benefits and the stimulus to American industry pointed out in this article; but on a basis of public policy no issue of securities ever had a better claim on American business.

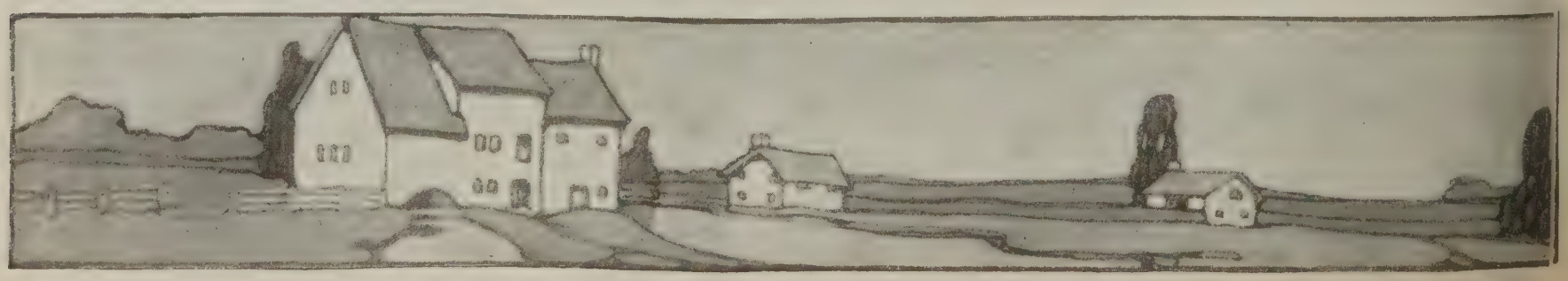
The financing of the buying powers and the buying desires of the American farmer is a safer proposition than the financing of England, France, Italy and Russia in this war. It will develop more business for American factories, banks, merchants and railroads. It will operate to restore the balance between urban and rural life in the United States and thus make for better business forever; while the foreign business has no permanent beneficent effect on American life, but rather tends to stimulate artificial and temporary conditions, which can be normalized only through more or less violent readjustments, like stock-market panics.

The peace business of our farmers, like the war business of Europe, cannot be done on a cash basis. In both cases it must be done on credit. The bonds of the American farmer will soon go on the market alongside the bonds of the European governments. As farsighted financiers, the investors of America should have little hesitation in choosing between them. By investing in the American farm-loan bonds they will fertilize the fields of their own business while the foreign loan, though necessary perhaps, can operate in the end, like the growing and selling of grain from a farm, only to mine and carry off the soil of America's industry.

The field to be developed is almost incomprehensible in its immensity, and lies in the already-covered trade territory of every American manufacturer, merchant, bank and railroad. Maine will call for money to make her second Wisconsin in staple farming. The great farms of Aroostook County are but the advance guard of a solid agriculture only in its infancy. Maine is a frontier state in part, with the agricultural problems and needs of the frontier; but in the older parts of the state, and in all the rest of New England, New York and Pennsylvania, there is an immense industrial population seeking locations on farms, and plenty of undeveloped lands adapted to grazing, fruit farming, truck and poultry.

One Massachusetts county, through a good county farm bureau, has increased its annual farm production by more than a million dollars a year within the past five years. Every other New England county can do better. Every rural New England will soon ask to be financed to a point that will make it master of its own food supply. This

(Concluded on Page 26)



"We pick them for *you*!"

All these fresh delicious vegetables we select as carefully as if they were intended for one table alone—and that one, *yours*. You could spend all day in marketing, and another day in preparing and cooking what you buy, yet not produce such a perfectly-balanced food-combination as

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It combines appetizing flavor with wholesome and substantial nourishment.

Think of fifteen different vegetables in one soup! Selected white potatoes from Maine, the best Jersey "sweets," fine rutabaga turnips from Canada, choice carrots of the French type—Chantenay, succulent green okra, "baby" lima beans, small peas, tomatoes, celery, Dutch cabbage, and tender corn are all included in this tempting combination.

We add rice, barley, a little delicate leek and onion, fresh herbs, fine spices, and just a touch of snappy red peppers. And we blend all these with a strong nourishing beef stock and a sprinkling of "alphabet" macaroni. Every ingredient lends its own distinctive quality of nutrition or palatable savor.

A good soup once a day at least is positively necessary to the properly-balanced diet.

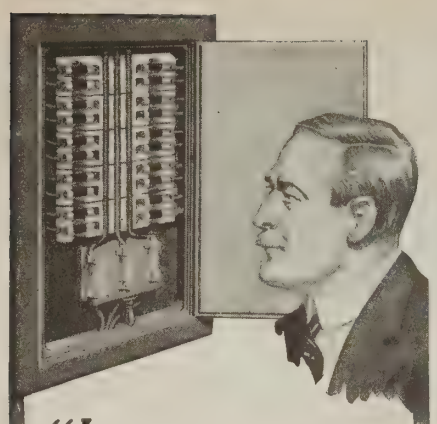
All authorities recognize this fact.

Why should you ever be without a tasty and strengthening soup-course—or why should you ever bother with home-made soup—when you can always have a supply of this satisfying Campbell "kind" at hand on your pantry shelf?

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

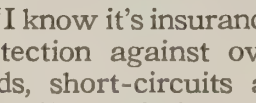
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



"Last year we spent $385 for Fuses

"I know it's insurance—protection against overloads, short-circuits and the effect of lightning discharges

"But now we can buy that insurance cheaper"



ECONOMY renewable FUSES

reduce this cost wherever electricity is used for power, light or heat.

They save 80% of the annual fuse expense because they can be used over and over again.

When an Economy Fuse has opened the circuit to prevent an excessive current flow, a new "DROP OUT" renewal link, accurately rated, is inserted in a few moments—by anyone. This renews the fuse to its original efficiency—makes it ready again to protect the electric circuit against injury.

The "Drop Out" renewal links are accurately rated and plainly marked. Safety is assured under all conditions. *And the renewable feature saves 80% of fuse maintenance expense.*

Economy renewable Fuses are made in all commercial capacities (either ferrule or knife-blade type, according to your terminal connections). 3 to 1,000 amperes in both 250 and 600 volts.

Economy Fuses have been carefully investigated by the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards.

Write for booklet giving further details and our sample offer.

Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.
Kinzie & Orleans Sts., Chicago, Ill.

(Concluded from Page 24)

quite as much a manufacturing as a farming problem, since wages are determined in the long run by cost of living.

New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the Virginias—all these need money for farm development along lines that have been worked out by the farm bureaus and the agricultural experts. They have not the money to farm as well as they know how. New Jersey has half the area of Denmark, and of this about half is only half tilled; and much of it is an actual wilderness that is known to be good farming land if properly developed.

Plenty of Cheap Land

Nowhere in the world, so far as I know, is so much good land to be found at such low prices situated near such markets, unless it be in the wildernesses surrounding Washington and Baltimore, or in the neglected opportunities of Maine and Massachusetts. All up and down the Appalachian regions are huge holdings of land just passing from lumbering to pasturage and general farming.

Some of these are as good grazing lands as those at the foot of the Juras, on which tenants annually pay three times—in rent as pastures for pure-bred Percherons—what this Appalachian land costs.

In the Carolinas the world's greatest acre-yields of corn have been grown; but cotton is still king and for a long time it must be.

Yet there the demand for loans for the requirements of a better system of farming is keen and in most cases intelligent. The same is true of the Gulf States and Tennessee. Meat and dairy products are in the minds of these farmers, with enough in the garden, the orchard, the pork barrel and the corn crib to support the family in spite of the boll weevil. The agricultural advisers know that cotton must be the cash crop; and they are saying less and less about diversified farming and more and more about "safe farming"—which means practically the same thing, but is less likely to lead the farmer too far afield from known methods.

In Tennessee the great Cumberland Plateau was once supposed not to be worth farming, but it needs only lime and good culture. And the splendid farms in the midst of the "barrens" are proving that opportunity is still present in the "Volunteer State."

Kentucky is stirring with discussion of the need for farm loans. Ohio and Indiana are not without their undeveloped regions and their areas of scanty money supply; while Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota have as much undeveloped as developed farming land. Southern Illinois needs loans; and, scattered about through the Corn Belt, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas are centers of interest foreshadowing an active demand for loans if they can be obtained at five p r cent or less.

Louisiana and Arkansas are clamorous for loans, many of which will be made to refund mortgages now carried by their banks to the prejudice of the commercial supply of cash.

Texas has everything that any other state possesses, and some things peculiarly Texan—but she has more land looking to the new system for development than any other four states. In all the semiarid region farming is getting on a stable basis. Crops have been found that will mature in spite of drought. Proper farming systems are developed or developing. Live stock is returning to the ranges—only, instead of being as large as townships or counties, the holdings are moderate-sized ranches.

Wherever this safe type of farming may be conservatively financed—and the operations of the great insurance companies have shown that these areas are immense—farm loans will be called for, which may be granted with perfect safety for the financing of active demands for manufactured goods, with all their inevitable stimulus to finance and transportation.

This statement applies to all that immense region lying between the one hundredth meridian and the Rocky Mountains, resting on Texas and New Mexico, and topping out with Montana and North Dakota. Thence, all through the intermountain empire lie the regions of small farms and great ranches. In nearly every irrigated region the farmers are already organized to call for loans on land far more valuable by the acre than most of the farms of the highly developed Ohio Valley. If a plan can be worked out for loaning to holders of irrigated land who have Reclamation Service liens on their lands—loaned with perfect safety—they, too, will call upon this system to supply that lack of working capital from which most of them have been suffering ever since they took up their lands. And it looks as if two Government bureaus ought to be able to adjust matters so as to accommodate an important agriculture, and one with peculiarly insistent claims on the Government.

The Clamor for Funds

The states of the Pacific Coast are clamorous for money. They need it in larger amounts to the acre on much of their land than other farmers in the United States; and where they can show the values justifying loans they may be made with as complete safety as in Iowa or Ohio. I am rather glad to say that, for the present, we need not consider the agricultural demands of Alaska or our insular possessions.

I am glad because in continental United States we have a rather large order. In all these states no class of loans will be considered that are not perfectly safe. In none of them, so far as the writer remembers, did the Federal Farm Loan Board fail to find that the great life-insurance companies or the most conservative loan companies of the Northern States are already making farm loans. There is really very little of the territory that can be said to be "unproved" as loaning territory.

Every farmer borrowing will secure his loan by a first mortgage on two dollars' worth of land to a dollar of loan; and where improvements are considered the value of permanent insured improvements must be five dollars to one. In regions of speculative or overinflated values the loan will be kept within the margin of safety by that provision of the law which makes the productive capacity of the land a principal consideration in appraising. Every farm offered for security must be appraised twice—once by a loan committee of the farmers themselves, and again by an independent appraiser sent out by the Federal Farm Loan Bureau, presumably a loan expert.

The investing public comes in on these loans by the opportunity that will be offered them to buy the Federal Farm Loan bonds. These bonds will be secured by these conservatively placed farm mortgages, dollar for dollar. They will be supported by a Government supervision of both loan associations and land banks, and by the stocks of both and the double liability on the stock of the farm-loan associations—this last item amounting to a primary investment of one dollar for every twenty dollars of loan, and a secondary liability of the same amount on the stock of the local associations.

Each of the twelve Federal Land Banks guarantees its own bonds, principal and interest, and each of the twelve land banks is liable on the farm-loan bonds of every other land bank.

Financing New Business

The bonds will be engraved and printed by the Government, will be protected against counterfeiting by the Secret Service of the United States, and are declared to be instrumentalities of the Government and exempt from all taxation—local, county, municipal, state and national—including the income derived from them. They will, therefore, rank with Government bonds as securities; and should rank higher than many Government bonds, since each of them is secured by every farm mortgage in the system.

They should ultimately sell at as low a rate, for instance, as the Philippine bonds for no one is likely to rank the obligations of the Philippine Insular Government, with no guaranty by the United States, as better than the farm-mortgage bonds of the Federal Farm Loan system. As a matter of fact, land bonds in Germany and other foreign countries have for many years sold at a rate of interest about as low as and sometimes lower than the bonds of their respective governments. At first, of course, they sell at a rate somewhat higher than the ultimate rate predicted here.

A Buying Campaign

It is not, however, as an opportunity for the investor or the farmer that I am here considering this new system. I am presenting it as a plan for financing the greatest volume of new business for the American industrial world ever offered to a people. The farming world of the greatest agricultural people on earth will be issuing governmentally supervised securities to get the money for a buying campaign hitherto unprecedented.

It will be a buying campaign, not for luxuries, not for unproved things, but for instruments of production that will swell high the tide of commodities in future years for the carrying out, in the main, of projects of production which have been shown advisable by both farm experience and the researches of experts and specialists.

And, no matter how great this investment may become, it will never be the cause of such panics and scares as those which, as this is written, convulse our boards of trade. A man must be indeed a bear on the United States who doubts its safety—and that sort of bear always goes broke.

California Raisin Pie

The Energy-Dessert

For Down-Town Lunches, or At Home

In these high-pressure days when wits are needed, we are eating lighter nidday lunches. Heavy meals stupefy. Efficiency in food means efficiency n business.

Lunch rooms and restaurants are featuring dishes that provide vitalizing ood values in concentrated forms. Note how they are serving raisins.

Raisins are 76% carbohydrate—sugar in the form of fructose, energizing, redigested. So the good that comes from raisins is ready for its work in the body long before that from ordinary foods.

n-Maid Package Raisins for Home-Baked California Raisin Pie and other uses.

Mother, treat the family to this delicious California Raisin Pie, made with **Sun-Maid Raisins.** It's an energizing food for active children—both *good* and *good for them*. You can buy these raisins in fresh packages from any grocer. Order them today.

California Raisin Pie Recipe. 1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins; 1 cup cold water; 1 tablespoon sugar; 1 tablespoon cornstarch; 1 level teaspoon salt.

Wash the raisins, put in saucepan with cold water, bring slowly to a boil. Add sugar, salt and cornstarch, which has been mixed with a little cold water. Boil three minutes. Pour into pie tin, which has been lined with crust, while hot. Cover and brush with cold milk. Bake in oven with quick bottom heat. Lemon flavor may be added if desired.

California RAISIN BREAD

Made with SUN-MAID Raisins

For two years we have advertised that good bakers everywhere are making Raisin Bread after our prize formula which includes Sun-Maid Raisins.

The use of Sun-Maid Raisins in Raisin Bread during that period has doubled nearly six times.

Thus people have shown that they like California Raisin Bread better than any other.

Ask your baker today for a loaf to try. You too will want this bread on your table daily.

Write for our beautiful free recipe book describing scores of ways to serve healthful raisins.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO. (*Membership 8000 Growers*)
Fresno, California

San-Tox

The Face which guides to Service

Service is today's watchword. Service is the watchword of our San-Tox Nurse—service by the druggist in whose store she is—service in the quality of every San-Tox preparation sold.

Is not the San-Tox druggist's offer to return the money on any San-Tox preparation which fails to give utter satisfaction a service such as you would have? Is not such supreme confidence in San-Tox itself an *added* service to you?

For does it not indicate one whose ideals are to be relied upon in every business dealing you have with him?

Such is the "service of purity"—symbolized by the San-Tox Nurse at each San-Tox druggist's window. And that purity speaks in the singular effectiveness of each San-Tox preparation.

All the cleansing wholesomeness possible to the *best* tooth paste is yours with San-Tox Tooth Paste.

All the soothing, beard-softening quality possible to shaving lather is yours with San-Tox Shaving Cream.

And San-Tox Shaving Lotion has a tonic, cool refreshment peculiar to itself alone; San-Tox After-Shave Talcum a smooth, perfecting completeness characteristic of San-Tox purity throughout the whole wide range of San-Tox preparations.

"San-Tox for Purity"—a purity which cannot be cut in price for it will not be cut in quality.

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY

De Pree Chicago

This Drug Store Sign THIS IS THE San-Tox DRUG STORE *Means Better Service*

THIS is DIMUNETTE, one quarter actual size. Fully protected by patents, easy to operate, extremely light in weight, of handsome brushed bronze effect and solid construction. It gives all the protection of high priced machines, and will last forever.

$7.50

IN CANADA $10.

How many check-thieves handle *your* checks?

WHAT happens to your checks between the time you sign them and the time the bank returns them? Do you know the character of all the employes of the firms who receive your checks? Do you know that endorsing your check over to a third party is not an uncommon practice? Who finally cashes your checks? Do you know that mail pouches traveling between banks en-route for collection have been stolen, broken open and their contents scattered broadcast?

Think of these things and then think that for $7.50 invested in a Dimunette you can at last get the same kind of protection that the banks themselves employ—the kind that is endorsed by the American Bankers Association—Standard Protection—a process that breaks the paper and forces acid-proof ink into the fibre—for $7.50! Think of it! Can you afford *not* to think of it?

If you have the slightest difficulty in securing the Dimunette of your stationer or office supply dealer, send check, money order or draft to us and we will gladly supply you, charges prepaid.

DEFIANCE CHECK WRITER CORPORATION

ROCHESTER NEW YORK

Defiance Check Writer Corp.
299 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Inclosed find (Check / Money Order / Draft) for $7.50 for which please send one Dimunette, delivery free.
Name _____
Address _____

Waiting in the Wilderness—By Enos Mills

THEY were a pair of hairy woodpeckers apparently engaged in examining a dead aspen. As it was nesting time I lingered to watch them. After taking a number of grubs from beneath the bark of the tree the birds centered their woodpecking work at one spot.

Mrs. Woodpecker pecked a number of tiny holes or dots, forming a circle about two inches in diameter. Then she pecked and hammered away within this circle. Presently this space began to take on the form of a doorway or entrance hole to a nest. The nesting hole was about six feet above the ground, in the trunk of a fourteen-inch aspen. Chips and broken bits flew. The birds worked rapidly, one at a time. While Mrs. Woodpecker worked, her mate watched near by and tried two or three times to take a hand, but she thrust him aside and kept on pecking and hammering until at last she grew tired and his turn came. After three hours a sizable impression was made in the tree, and both birds flew away into the aspen grove. I waited half an hour, but they did not come back. After spending more than an hour looking over a beaver house on the bank of a brook, distant a stone's throw, I returned to the aspen, but the woodpeckers were still away.

The aspen grove in which these birds were working stood within the seclusion of a mountain forest. By it ran the brook from west to east. To the north of the brook, behind the aspen grove, a spruce forest covered the slope. On the south of the brook a pine woods stretched away. Just below the grove, between the pine woods and the brook, was a grassy opening with a pile of bowlders. Through the grove daily passed numerous wild folk besides those who lived in and near it.

Busy was the life in the woods. I had frequent glimpses of wild-life folk, an occasional view of a one-act play in which any number of performers took lively part. Among the birds and small animals there were comedies, courtships, feasts, fights and frolics.

Close to me at one time a weasel, aggressive as a lion, killed a number of mice; and at another time I saw a weasel kill a chipmunk. All these things took place in a bit of the wild across which a primitive man could have hurled his spear.

The unexpected often happened. The hours never dragged; they were enlivened by constant incidents and episodes. Again and again I enjoyed this primeval, poetic place for hours, while I sat unmoved and watchful in the scene. Often I lay on a log or on the ground, or hid in the bushes, or sometimes simply stood like a stump. Wherever I might be, without moving I let ants crawl over me and insects bite me as they would. Frequently there was a shower of rain. When not accompanied by wind or lightning the rain had a softening, subduing effect upon all of the already quiet forest sounds.

The Work of Eleven Days

Two days after I had first observed them, I found the woodpecker homemakers working industriously in the hole, which was now more than three inches deep. Only a part of the chips flew out of the hole as they were cut; the rest were swept out from time to time by Mr. Woodpecker. This feat he performed by leaning back and turning his head quickly, his bill acting as the broom.

Woodpeckers often select the aspen for a nesting site, probably because of its soft, easily worked wood. Frequently they take dead, partly decayed trees, which are most tractable for nest making and are often filled with grubs, ants and other woodpecker food.

By the fifth day the woodpeckers had cut the hole to a depth of about seven inches. The workers continued at their task, and when it was finished the nest was of average size. Seven inches in the tree the entrance way curved downward into the trunk to a depth of about twelve inches, the lower section having a diameter of six inches. All this was the work of eleven days.

The woodpecker's nest is one of the cleanest and safest and probably the most continuously comfortable of all birds' nests. It keeps out the rain and excludes the extremes of cold and heat. It is perhaps less likely to be discovered by enemies than the nest of any other bird. Rarely does an accident befall it. What a strange, cunning place for young birds to grow up in! How interested they must be the first time they climb up and from the doorway peek into the strange wilderness world!

Successive Tenants of the Nest

Nearly a month elapsed before I was again in the aspen grove. When I tapped lightly on the woodpeckers' tree four agitated bills were thrust out of the doorway. But as they saw nothing to eat, the four red-topped youngsters withdrew their bills and, I suppose, settled back to the bottom of the nest. Presently one of the old birds appeared, and instantly bills receivable were again presented through the doorway. After feeding one of the youngsters the old bird eyed me for a moment with a peculiar look—suggesting curiosity, however, rather than fear. It flew away, and a moment later its mate arrived with a grub in its bill.

I missed the pleasure of seeing the young woodpeckers leave the nest and make their baby start in the wooded world. But one October day I was back in the grove and paused to watch, as usual, the continuous though ever-changing performances. While I was standing near the nest tree a busy chipmunk climbed up and peeped into the deserted woodpecker nest. Then he climbed up a few feet higher, went round the tree and came back to the nest. After several times thrusting in his head and forefeet—each time withdrawing quickly and retreating almost to the grass—he finally found courage and bravely entered. Out rushed a frightened field mouse. A few moments later the chipmunk thrust out his head, and with feet on the edge of the entrance hole he looked round like a young lion. The nest became his winter quarters. One day, a month later, I saw him again thrust his head from this adopted nest. Tracks in the snow at the foot of the tree showed that occasionally he came out.

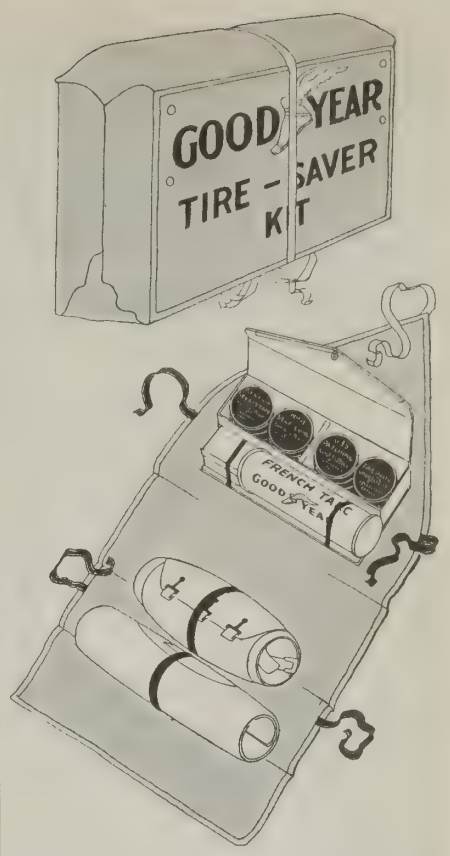
The following May, when I called, a pair of bluebirds were striking and beating at the chipmunk, who was clinging to the tree trunk near the nest entrance. The chipmunk finally leaped off and retreated into the grove, with the birds in pursuit. Again and again I came to linger at my old place. During the summer five baby bluebirds were raised in this nest. After they were safely brought off and taken in charge by Mr. Bluebird, the mother bird again filled the nest with eggs.

I did not get round to the place again until summer was over. When I did return, the chipmunk who occupied it the previous year, or some chipmunk of the same species and about the same size, was in the nest. More likely it was the same one, for when I threw a peanut to him he made haste to pick it up—a trick he had learned during my visits the year previous.

The next spring when I first went into the grove I heard a wren singing with all his might. What busy, happy, aggressive and confiding little folk wrens are! I was glad when I found that Mr. and Mrs. Wren would keep house for the summer in the woodpecker nest. They had a robin for a near neighbor. The robin's nest was on the top of a high, broken pine stump. Often while I lay or stood watching the wrens a camp bird—the Rocky Mountain gray jay—came to see me, and plainly came with the hope that I should have a bite of something to offer. Of all the other birds that I have seen, none, on first sight, is so trustful of man as is the camp bird.

That winter and the following summer I often saw a tiny owl come out of the woodpeckers' old nest. A pair of owls, I think, must have been nesting there. Anyway, for more than a year it was their wooden-walled home.

That year a pair of woodpeckers, which I think were the same that I had watched two years before, had a nest in the upper



An Easy Mind Goes With It

Not one householder in a thousand ever requires the services of a policeman. Yet every householder gladly pays taxes to support a police department, purely for protection's sake. The comfort of such protection far outweighs the cost.

Not every motorist requires the services of a repairman on the road—few do, in fact. But every motorist feels the *possibility* of needing such services—the lurking fear of tire trouble rides in every car.

In every car, that is, which does not carry a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit.

For in the cars that do carry this Kit, tire trouble is out of mind—the driver knows he is prepared for any emergency. He may never use the Kit, but he gets the comfort from its protection—day in and day out.

It is a handy package, this Kit—containing all essential first-aids-to-tires: tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge and the like—complete and compact.

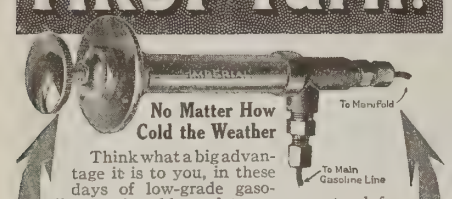
Its cost is trivial when you consider the peace of mind it brings.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Starts Your Motor on the FIRST Turn!



No Matter How Cold the Weather

Think what a big advantage it is to you, in these days of low-grade gasoline, to be able to let your car stand for hours in the cold with the full assurance that it will *always* start on the *first* turn-over.

That is just what we guarantee the Imperial Primer to do on any car in the coldest weather. Drivers of old cars use the Imperial Primer the year 'round to insure quick starting. It is a *necessity*—not an *accessory*.

This little device is located on the dash of the car and sucks up gasoline from the main line and then sprays it into the manifold near the motor in the form of a fireable mixture which absolutely insures easy cold weather starting.

Imperial Primer

Sprays Vaporized, Fireable Gasoline Into the Manifold

This outfit consists of a small, substantially-made plunger pump, all necessary bolts, connections and tubing furnished, ready to mount on the dashboard of any car, any model. All connections made by the well-known Imperial Compression Couplings. No soldering, flaring or threading required except in the manifold.

Anyone at all "handy" with tools can install the Imperial Primer on his car in an hour's time. Simple but complete directions for installation and operation accompany each outfit.

Forget the old, "mussy," uncertain, time-killing way of trying to get your motor to start. Quit coaxing it with raw, lifeless gasoline. The Imperial Primer puts fireable mixture right at the firing points. Saves batteries—saves your self-starter.

10 Days' Free Trial—Ask Your Garage Man—Write for Free Booklet!

In case your garage man can't supply you, write direct to us. When ordering be sure to give diameter of main gas line tubing. You *need* an Imperial Primer. Try it! Used by thousands of satisfied motorists. On market 3 years. Never fails.

Imperial Brass Mfg. Co.
1227 W. Harrison St., Chicago

$5 For Complete Outfit

TESTBESTOS
AUTOMOBILE BRAKE LINING

BRAKES lined with Testbestos work smoothly and instantly. There's no grinding, "chattering" jolt—just an easy, perfect stop without any sense of strain to the driver.

Specify Testbestos for your brake bands. Most progressive garage-men carry it in stock. If yours doesn't, let us know at once.

American Asbestos Co. Norristown, Pa.

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—the ONLY kind Wanted and BOUGHT by Manufacturers. Send 8c. postage for new book of Extraordinary Interest to Inventors
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end of the aspen grove. I stood near their home a number of times. As they allowed me to approach more closely than other hairy woodpeckers I believe they were my former acquaintances. Though birds of this species often use the same nest for successive summers, or even occupy the abandoned nest of other woodpeckers, this pair had made a new one in a tree in which there was an abandoned nest.

In the upper end of the grove another pair of hairy woodpeckers had a nest. It was nearly twenty feet above the ground. Evidently this pair had used their nest for three summers in succession. A short distance down the brook I one day came upon an abandoned woodpecker nest—probably that of a sapsucker. It was not more than three feet above the ground. Two summers later it was occupied by a pair of hairy woodpeckers.

One day, hearing a rather alarmed "peek, peek," and thinking that something was happening to one of the woodpeckers, I made haste to the brook, where I saw two kingfishers looking upstream. The alarm cry of these birds is very like that of the hairy woodpecker. There on a log sat a mink, evidently the cause of the excitement. The view I had of these kingfishers' heads, as they stood up, reminded me of the heads of two football players. Returning from this inspection I was astonished to see a flicker alight on the side of the nest tree and take a peek into the doorway of the woodpecker nest. The arrival of one of the bird owners made him take a hurried leave.

There are three hundred and fifty known species of woodpeckers in the world. They are found nearly everywhere that there are trees, and in a few treeless places. I believe that there are no woodpeckers in Australia. Of the twenty-five species found in North America one of the smaller and more common is the hairy woodpecker. He is a valuable bird and saves many a tree from insect death.

The Rocky Mountain hairy woodpecker has a length of about nine inches. Although he is whitish beneath, with grayish legs, the general effect when he is at rest is blackish. The outer tail feathers are white tipped, and the wings show spots of white. Just above and below the eye is a narrow white stripe, and a narrow white-and-red stripe crosses the back of the head. The youngsters commonly have a reddish top.

The food of the hairy woodpecker consists of wood borers, spiders, moths, ants and occasionally berries. Though they summer and nest in high altitudes—often nearly eleven thousand feet above sea level—they commonly descend the mountains with the approach of winter and spend the cooler months among the foothills. The Rocky Mountain hairy woodpecker is not so fond of living in orchards and being near people as is his cousin the downy. Although human visitors to his home region do not annoy him he plainly enjoys the seclusion of pathless forests.

The Skunk Family Takes a Walk

These woodpeckers probably mate for life, and they are quietly devoted, enjoying each other's company without demonstration. For a week or two in late spring Mr. Hairy Woodpecker is noisy enough. He simply fills the woods with drumming, drumming.

He calls and calls merrily, with many a change of tone. Often it is keak-keak-keak-kick-kick, whit-whit-whit-whi-wi-wi-i-i-wi. But as soon as the white eggs are laid—there are from three to six—he does his full share of incubating them.

I was standing in an open space one day, watching the movements of a squirrel, when I chanced to see coming toward me Mrs. Skunk and three pretty little skunkies. The only time thus far that I had flinched and hastened from the scene was the day that a swarm of bees thought to light upon me. As these skunks came closer it looked as though I might move shortly. They were walking leisurely, apparently going to a definite place, and all carried their tails elevated at a decorative social angle. Naturally I did not wish to dispute their right to the trail. I held my ground from sheer will power. But they concluded to take a little passageway about six feet in front of me. I stood like a statue to watch them go by. In passing, Mrs. Skunk tilted her head and looked at me out of one eye, but, without changing her pace or saying anything to the children, kept on her way. Nothing happened, but never before did I borrow so much trouble in a few seconds. About thirty feet beyond me Mother Skunk paused and dug out a mouse.

Squirrels were about. One lived in the pines to the south of my watching place; another a short distance to the north. Both of these were Fremont squirrels. This little gray fellow is closely related to the Douglas squirrel of California. He is one of the smallest of the squirrel family. He is fiery, curious and wide-awake. He has as much courage and individuality to his inches as any animal I have ever seen. I often heard one of these squirrels as he clucked, chattered, or talked to himself. Occasionally he denounced with terrific violence a passing animal or intruder.

The first few days that I watched proceedings here the squirrel nearest to my station showed immense curiosity. He was unable to make out what I was about. One day he rushed at me and with a savage outburst threatened either to devour me or to kick me off his premises. As I remained silent and motionless he paused in astonishment. Then he backed up and eyed me eagerly. Again he tried bluff and denunciation. At last, doubtless wondering why I was not moving and whether I should remain long, he gave it up, climbed into his tree and proceeded with his own affairs.

On the day when a swarm of bees started to light upon me I made a lively retreat. This disturbed Mr. Squirrel. He broke out in volleys of peppery chatter that lasted for two or three minutes; then he subsided and sat looking at me. I imagined that he might be thinking or saying to himself, "Well, for the life of me, this is something I cannot understand!"

From dawn until dusk I once watched the activities of this fellow. Though he was sometimes temporarily out of sight I waited, wondering what the next move would be.

He climbed into the tree tops and cut off cones, which fell, bounced and rolled away and appeared to try to land where he could not find them. Often he stopped to look and listen and make sure that no outsider was capturing his cones.

The Busy Life of the Forest

My squirrel friend had a sad end. Lightning one day struck a tree, used by him on the south side of the stream, and killed him. The bolt literally knocked the head off of this tree; and it threw half a dozen young birds out of a nest in a tree near by. Evidently this other tree had been struck twice before. A few years previously a bolt had run down one side, bursting the bark. Through this break a number of beetles made their way, to begin work on the vitals of the tree. But Chief Surgeon Woodpecker was often there, and in a length of sixteen feet along this broken trunk had made sixteen holes and had probably removed many a borer.

Once I saw a large, dignified mountain sheep walk quietly across the grassy opening. He did not see me. On reaching the farther edge of the opening he turned about, recrossed the opening to the bowlder pile and leaped upon it. After remaining there statuesque a while, he reëntered the woods, stood for a moment, and then disappeared.

It was impossible to feel lonesome. Eyes and ears were kept busy, for the show went ever on. It was a one-ring, a three-ring, sometimes a six-ring show all at once. Too often a number of extra-good things were going on together. A squirrel would be up to something, while at the same instant two chipmunks would be having a boundary-line dispute. Along with these a robin might be noisy and pessimistic over something that may not have happened, while a rare warbler that I wanted to see was darting about in the tree tops, and a porcupine was waddling by with dull deliberation.

The birds on the other side of the brook one afternoon set up a great ado, as if some enemy were about to raid them or some other terror were nigh. Of them all the most excited and pessimistic was the mother robin. She flew and darted about without getting anywhere, all the time predicting the worst possible calamity. When things had almost calmed down a broad-tailed humming bird came flying by, scolding hard, plainly much put out because of all this unnecessary hullabaloo. After darting about me for some seconds, with her burnished body flashing and beadlike eyes shining, she alighted like any bird on a neighboring limb. This midget made a comical appearance, aping, as it seemed, all the poses of a real-size bird.

(Concluded on Page 33)

WORKS of ART
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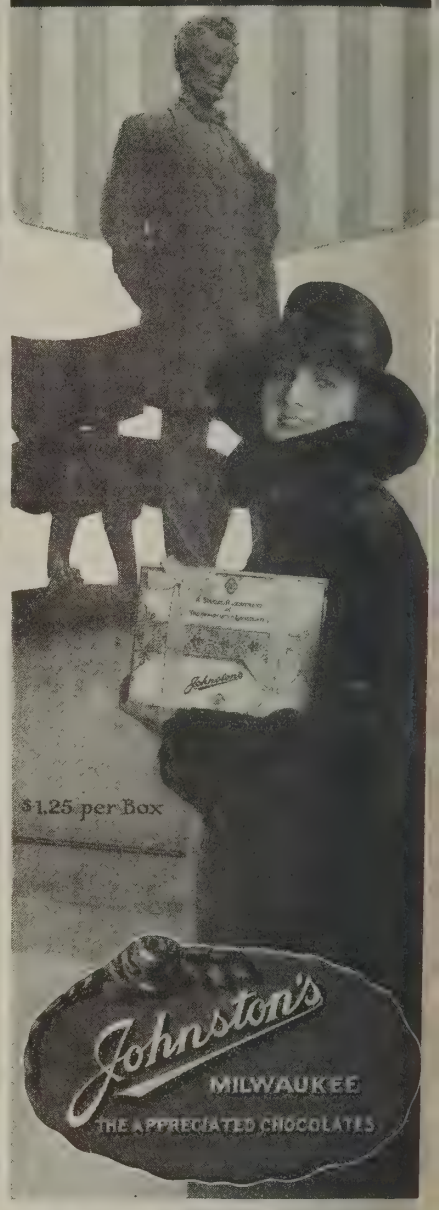

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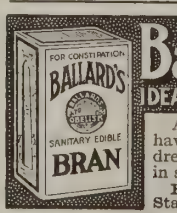

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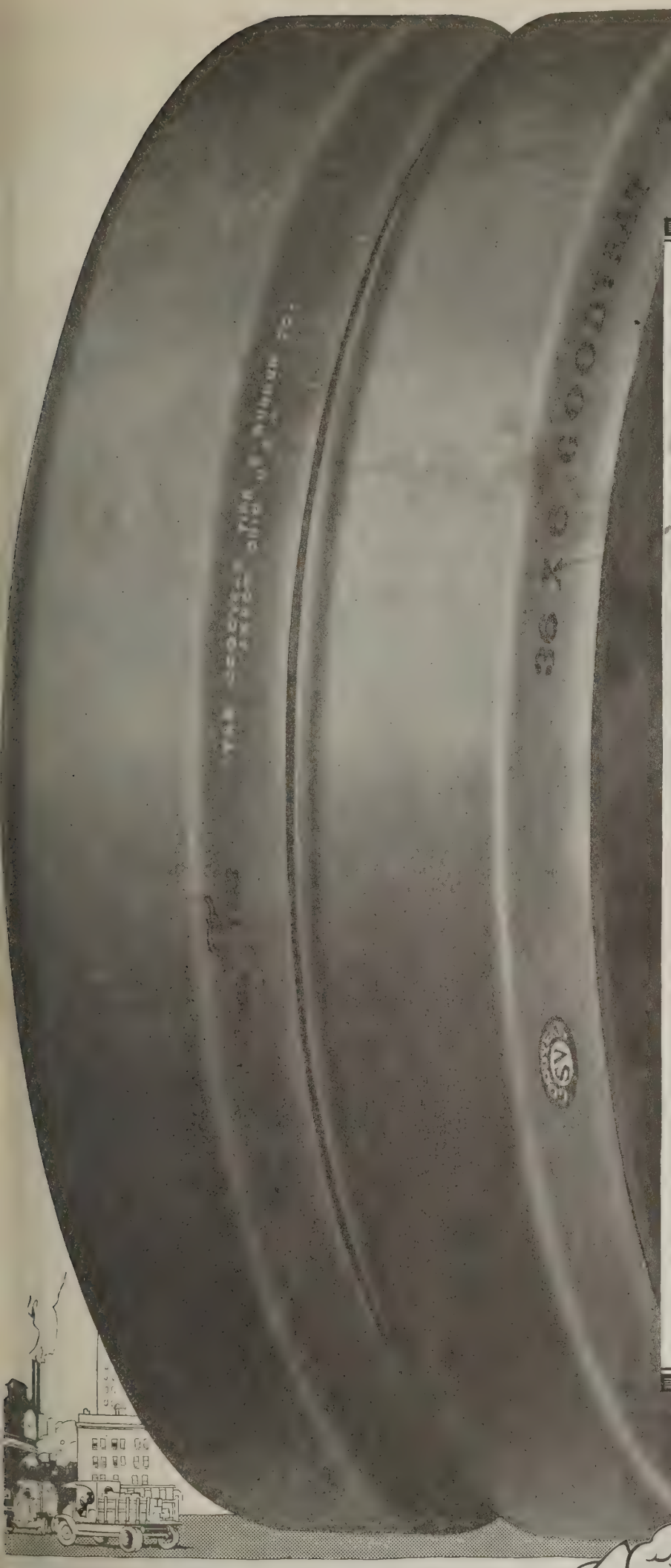

GOODYEAR S-V FIRE

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THE modern truck, geared to heavy duty, capacious hopper filled to the brim with dense commodity, rushes along over granite blocks and rutty roads, grinds across steel tracks, rumbles through littered alleys, careless of obstacle, greedy to meet the time-saving, weight-moving demands of our pell-mell business structure.

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In the S-V Pressed-On Truck Tire Goodyear means to build the solid tire best for heavy commercial motor vehicles.

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> *"On December 14th, 1914, you equipped our 4-ton Moore Truck with four 36x6 S-V Tires for dual rear wheels. To date they have run 10,233 miles and look good for another 10,000. Our truck weighs, 9,600 pounds, light, and we load 5 tons."*

A total weight of nearly 20,000 pounds—think of it! And even under this overload—far beyond our recommendation—these tires served a full 20,000 miles!

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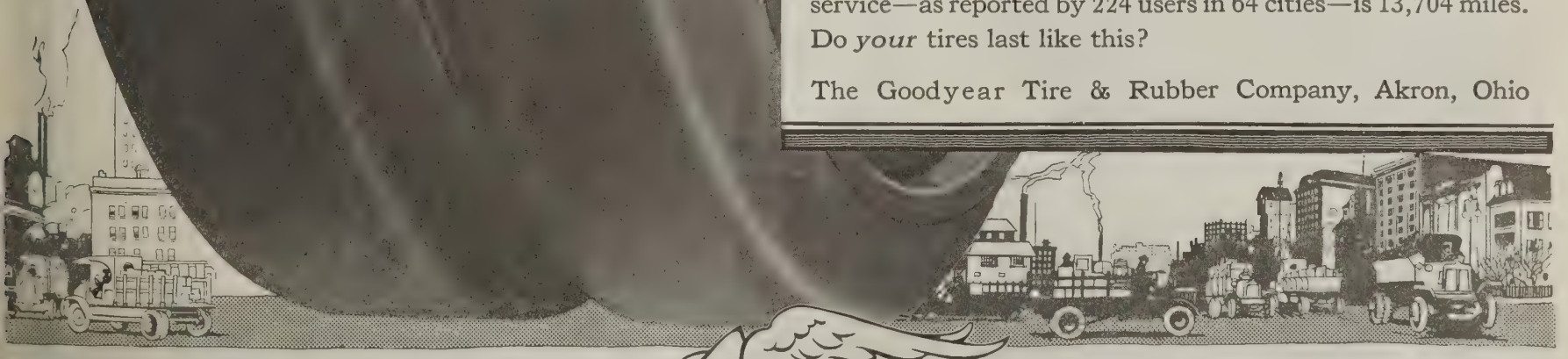
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



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(Concluded from Page 30)

Once I looked round just in time to see a coyote leap forward and land upon the grass with forepaws together. Presently he thrust in his nose and pulled out a mouse. At this instant he caught sight of me and edged off sideways, eying me intently. He was not frightened; but apparently he could not make out what I was or what I was doing. He passed, doubled and repassed near by. Then he circled, and when he caught my scent he sniffed the air, but still was not alarmed. He stayed to watch, like a boy in no hurry who had found something new. In the edge of the opening he stretched out on his stomach with his head toward me. Occasionally his nostrils twitched a little, but at no time did he look upon me with fear or suspicion. Soon sounded a whack from the near beaver pond, as if a beaver had dived; and a second later came muffled footfalls through the forest from the opposite quarter. These alarms caused Mr. Coyote to leap up all alert, and presently he hastened away among the shadows.

A number of deer came to visit the place. After eying me closely from a distance of thirty or forty feet they lingered to look around and to take an occasional bite to eat. They were curious about me, but were perfectly at ease, for they had not scented me. Another day three deer, which had not seen me, suddenly caught scent of me and were off instantly. Most animals rely upon their nose for chief scout duty—to tell them when to flee for safety. Deer, beavers and sometimes other animals, which saw me without scenting me, simply took a brief look, then continued their affairs in a normal manner; but usually when they scented me before seeing me they were alarmed and thought that "safety first" required speed.

A mother grouse and her family of youngsters came along while I was sitting on a log. I kept perfectly still. One of the youngsters jumped up on the log and started toward me. Two or three walked close to me, and some of the others passed between my legs and the log. Evidently they took me for a bump or a stump. The mother bird was behind, walking vigilantly and with stately dignity. The youngster on the log came up to me and pecked at a button on my coat. I turned to look. This told the mother that I was alive. It suggested danger. She instantly flung herself at me and struck me a slap on the side of the head. Dropping back she again lunged and beat me with her wings. Her brave behavior was very like that of a hen in defense of her chicks.

A Call From a Coyote

Once, just before sundown, a solitaire lighted on a tall spruce top and poured forth his elemental and eloquent song. It was divinely beautiful in the evening hush of the wilderness. He sang with all his melody and all his might. Often in his enthusiasm he hurled himself upward or outward from the tree top, then settled or returned on easy, outstretched wings, singing all the time. No song that I ever have heard so harmonizes with the silences and the feeling of a mountain wilderness or so completely puts one in tune with the universe as the marvelous melody of this thrush.

Momentarily one day I took my eyes from the woodpeckers. A rabbit came hopping along, completely unmindful of my presence, passed me and presently disappeared among the trees. A minute later a soft-footed coyote came following on the rabbit's trail. Though so near he evidently did not see me, but hurried along and disappeared behind an old pine. I do not know what happened.

On another occasion a flutter of wings and a chirp caused me to turn. Near me a little chickadee was working away at a hole in a dead snag. He was just in the act of spitting out a mouthful of dead wood. Here was another nest builder.

Once a black bear came along and stopped under the pines on a knoll not far from me. Here he rolled over an old ant-filled log. Out rushed ferociously about a million ants. The bear licked these up rapidly, and then looked round with a pleased expression on his face. Presently he came a little closer to me and dug out a mouse. Then he flushed a number of grasshoppers; but in leaping into the air and striking at one of these on the wing he scented me and at once beat a retreat.

One day I left my old watching place and climbed the heights. As usual I moved quietly and slowly, and once on the margin I paused to look round. Lying near a spring in the center of the terrace was a deer—a doe. As I watched her, she nibbled at the plants round where she lay. From the position of one of her legs I judged that it was broken—probably by a bullet. Suddenly the wind warned her that a deadly enemy was near. Instantly she leaped up, forgetful of her broken bones. She stood and smelled, but without discovering me. Watching my chance I slipped away. I had not gone far before darkness advised stopping. I spent the night by a fire, without any bedding.

Next morning, advancing in the breeze I climbed up to watch the doe. She lay still nearly all day. Most of the time her ears moved nervously about as she caught sounds from this way and that. When an eagle soared overhead she showed much uneasiness, but moved only eyes and ears. In midafternoon she was startled by the fall of a rock mass down one of the crags near by. A short time after this some mountain sheep appeared on the sky line above, posed, and looked quietly round. From the actions of the sheep the doe evidently concluded that all was well. She struggled slowly to her feet, giving a low call as she arose. Soon I knew that a fawn was having a warm meal. I do not know where the fawn had been hidden. Realizing that the deer should not be disturbed for some days I moved on to enjoy other scenes and left her in possession.

Among the actors who came on the scene at the place where I next watched were a bear and her two boyish cubs. A peppery, curious Fremont squirrel in a tree near by saw them appear. He ceased work, eyed them for a time with lively curiosity, then with apparent contempt. At last he went on with his work, without voicing a protest until later when the cubs engaged in a playful scuffle.

PHOTO. FROM GEO. P. HALL & SON, NEW YORK CITY

Mother Bear lumbered along under the trees, unaware or indifferent that the squirrel, apparently in his own estimation one of the most ferocious animals in the wilds, might leap down upon her. At one place she stopped, thrust a forepaw beneath the upturned roots of a fallen tree and with a lift and a push thrust the heavy, bulky mass aside. She licked the earth a few times, probably to pick up some bugs or ants, and then started on.

The cubs dropped behind and began digging; they were having a beautiful time. Mother paused, looked, and went back to see what it was all about. They were working with great zest, and she apparently supposed that they had scented something worth while. In the rudest manner she pushed each aside, smelled in the hole, found nothing, and at once started on. The cubs followed.

They came so close to me that I thought surely they would either see or smell me, but they passed me by unnoticed, and a short distance away found chokecherry bushes on the side of a ravine. Mother Bear at once began feasting on the puckery ripe berries. Evidently she cared nothing for conservation, for she crushed down and bit off the bushes. She rose on her hind feet, and with mouth and claws together grasped at the laden ends of the branches. Limb-ends, leaves, berries—all were devoured.

But chokecherries evidently were a dessert for which her youngsters did not care. The berries may have been new to them. At any rate two bites satisfied them. Dessert they surely did not need, for the bulging, rounded little stomachs plainly indicated many helpings of other eatables. Even a bear cub can be filled up.

For a time they lay and relaxed in the sun. Then they rose, stood up and showed off. They struck out like green, awkward boxers. They struck at nothing, sometimes with both paws held low and at an angle, and sometimes with one paw held high. Then they had a wrestling match—clinching, hugging and rolling. Their first belligerent attitude brought rather a vehement protest from the squirrel, which, however, quickly subsided and became a silent spectator. A camp bird also looked on, watching them from the limb of a pine. He observed closely, but he did not appear enthusiastic over the exhibition.

What a number of incidents in this little area! Quite as many may also happen in countless other small spaces. Often I wondered about things that took place when I was away; what quiet, interesting, unseen incidents that I never even suspected were ever occurring.

The aspen grove round the woodpeckers' nest was made up of trees from six to fifteen inches in diameter and from thirty to sixty feet high. Most of their bark was milk white. Under the trees were a few bushes, but mostly grassy spaces in which violets, columbines, harebells, gentians and other flowers bloomed.

In summer, butterflies with painted wings floated and circled over the sunny opening. Rarely did they fold their wings and light. Occasionally one came floating through the woods, following a fairy avenue. Its bright beautiful color gave a charm and an illumination to the forest gloom. Bees visited the flowers, and occasionally a bumblebee buzzed hurriedly through, as if in desperate haste to reach a certain place and knowing well where he was bound for. Grasshoppers, too, in the autumn days enlivened the place. Occasionally a huge fellow leaped out of the grass. A crackling, and the flash of color like a fairy rocket, and he settled back.

The School of Nature

Often I was in the grove when the snowflakes fell, and saw the colored leaves fall one by one. Grandly the moon shone in these scenes. Early morning and evening lights under the trees and through the woods were strange and beautiful. They put the trees at their best and in attitudes different from those shown in the down-pouring light of midday.

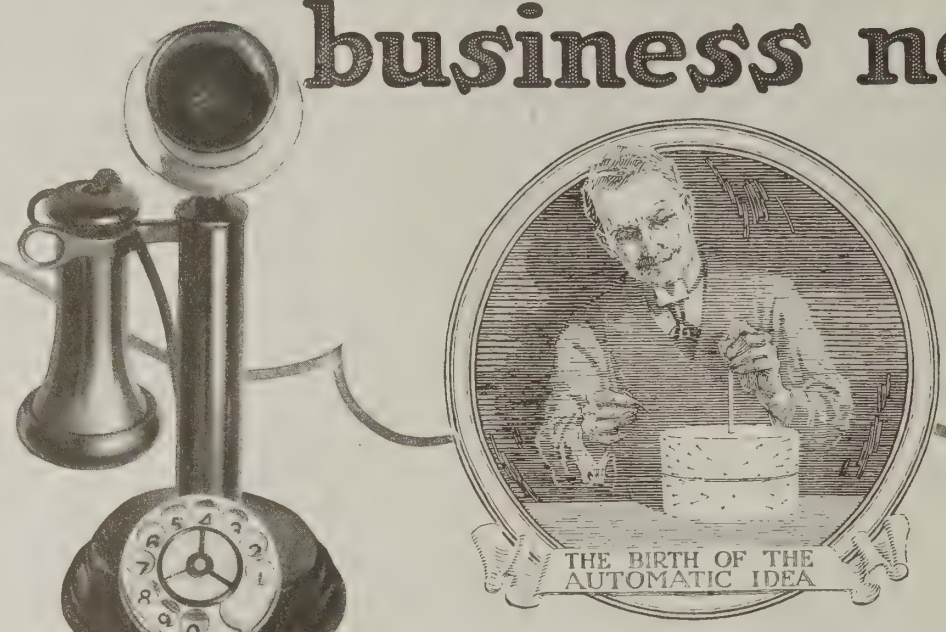
The aspen grove where I frequently watched the manners and customs of our wild kindred was a much better place in which to study natural history than that afforded by any zoo. I wish that a company of boys and girls might have been with me. How they would have enjoyed these real Nature stories! I am sure they would have been happy. But, thanks to the Audubon Society, to other organizations and to numerous individuals, boys and girls are beginning to watch, enjoy and receive the benefits of knowing the wild people of the woods, who dress in fur and feathers.

John Muir, in writing of his boyhood experiences, says: "The animals about us were a never-ending source of wonder and delight. Nature was wooingly teaching her wonderful lessons so unlike the dismal grim ashes and cinders so long thrashed into us. There, without knowing it, we were in school."

Yes, Mother Nature conducts a delightful outdoor school, and it is open every day of the year. Wherever there is a bit of wildness there are pretty certain to be numerous interesting little wild people. Of course bird reservations are even better places for this kind of schooling and fun. But the greatest of all places for these advantages are our national parks.

Surely one of the best pastimes for children—for anyone—is to wait at a wild-life center and watch the ways of its residents and of its visitors. To do this is pleasant self-discipline. It is constructive. It keeps the eyes open and the senses alert. It gives material for thought and compels thinking. It arouses the imagination and wakes up the creative faculties. The faculty of keen observation, the ability to see accurately and the incentive to watch for things that may happen round us add much to every outdoor day. Such happy experiences as these truly enrich life.

How a paper of pins and a pencil filled a great business need



In a little old store in a Missouri town, a struggling business man learned one day that he had lost an order because "Central" had, through error, reported his telephone "busy" to a hurried customer.

This happened more than a quarter of a century ago, but this petty business loss, this incident that had occurred to others many times before—and since—was the first step toward the solution of one of the big problems of big business.

This man's loss set him to thinking, and his thoughts led him to realize that as long as human operators were used in establishing connections, there would always be human mistakes—that perfect telephone service required a system by which connections could be secured mechanically instead of manually. Day after day he pondered the problem and with a paper of pins, a pencil and an old round collar box, he devised a crude model of a machine which if it could be perfected, would do the work of the operator better and more accurately than the human hand.

Men laughed—as they had laughed at Galileo, Columbus, Morse, Westinghouse, Marconi, Edison. But still the dreamer worked over his pins and pencil and collar box, and thought of the days when business would no longer be hampered by false "busy" signals and wrong numbers.

At last the visionary met the one man who could and would undertake to make his dream come true—Joseph Harris, a man of affairs—with vision. Young and daring, Mr. Harris examined the home-made model and did not laugh; he listened and did not reply "impossible."

Realizing that his own ability lay in organization and finance, Mr. Harris induced a powerful Eastern concern to investigate the possibilities of mechanical telephoning, and the man chosen to make the study was A. E. Keith—still in his twenties, but already a commanding figure in the field of electrical development.

Mr. Keith came, he saw, and was conquered by the idea. Resigning a connection which gave every promise of success and power, he plunged at once into the task of overcoming the enormous technical difficulties that stood in the way of making the dream a reality. For months he worked with incredible concentration—eighteen to twenty hours a day—and gradually the apparatus destined to make telephoning perfect took shape.

Meanwhile Mr. Harris, with equal devotion to purpose, was marshaling capital and building a manufacturing and selling organization for this creation which, he foresaw, must inevitably become a giant among the instrumentalities of modern business. * * *

All this happened many years ago, and today Mr. Harris is President and Mr. Keith Chief Engineer of Automatic Electric Company, the great organization solely devoted to the manufacture of the Automatic Telephone. This equipment is known in all parts of the world. The Governments of Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Canada, Australia, have all investigated it, approved it, adopted it.

Such institutions as Krupp of Germany, the French Ministry of War, the British Admiralty, the Suez Canal Company, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and hundreds of exchanges in cities of all sizes throughout the world have installed the telephone *without an operator*, and now enjoy telephone service free from the imperfections of the "human factor."

But perhaps the most significant development in the history of the Automatic Telephone has been its whole-hearted adoption by business concerns for interior telephone service.

Executives, engineers and efficiency experts have discovered that this equipment, which has proved so excellent for city use, is ideally adapted to service exclusively within their organizations. They have found that the Automatic Telephone not only saves eighteen seconds on every call made—a week a year for every Automatic user—but that it is so easy and convenient to use that whereas men used to walk instead of talk, with consequent confusion and loss of time, they now turn to the Automatic Telephone, not only in emergencies, but for carrying on the everyday routine of their work.

Its absolute secrecy and unvarying uniformity, the impossibility of its giving wrong numbers or false "busy" signals have freed the telephone from all its former hindrances.

The paper of pins, the pencil and collar box could not be recognized in the present perfected Automatic Telephone system, but they have served their purpose, they have filled a great business need—the Missouri dreamer has been justified.

Interesting literature on request.

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How People Think About the War

The Ending of the War—By H. G. Wells

ABOUT the end of the war there are two chief ways of thinking—there is a simpler sort of mind, which desires merely a date; and a more complex kind, which wants particulars. To the former class belong most of the men out at the Front. They are so bored by this war that they would welcome any peace that did not definitely admit defeat—and examine the particulars later. The "tone" of the German Army, to judge by its captured letters, is even lower. They would welcome peace in any form. Never in the whole history of the world has a war been so universally unpopular as this war.

The mind of the soldier is obsessed by a vision of home-coming for good, so vivid and alluring that it blots out nearly every other consideration. The visions of people at home are of plenty instead of privation, lights up, and the cessation of a hundred irksome restrictions. And it is natural, therefore, that a writer rather given to guesses and forecasts should be asked very frequently to guess how long the war has still to run.

All such forecasting is the very wildest of shooting. There are the chances of war to put one out, and one has to reckon how long it takes to make generals of over fifty into soldiers of the new sort. I have made various forecasts. At the outset I thought that military Germany would be lavish with cavalry and great attacks; that it would fight at about the 1899 level; would be reluctant to intrench; and that the French and British had learned the lesson of the Boer War better than the Germans. I trusted to the melodramatic instinct of the Kaiser. I trusted to the quickened intelligence of the British military caste.

Early Forecasts Abandoned

The first rush seemed to bear me out, and I opened my paper day by day expecting to read of the British and French intrenched and the Germans beating themselves to death against wire and trenches. In those days I wrote of the French being over the Rhine before 1915. But it was the Germans who intrenched first.

Since then I have made some other attempts. I was very hopeful of the Western offensive in 1915; and this year I still count on our continuing push. I believe we were very near something like decision last September; but some archaic dream of doing it with cavalry dashed these hopes. The "Tanks" arrived too late to do their proper work, and their method of use is being worked out very slowly.

Hitherto one has hoped and looked for decision, a complete victory that would enable the Allies to dictate peace. But such an expectation is largely conditioned by such delicate questions as the adaptability of our gentlemen in spurs to high positions, and the readiness and ability of our authorities to get rid of imperfectly successful commanders. A German-American writer has said that the British would rather kill twenty thousand of their men than break one general. Even a grain of truth in such a remark is a very valid reason for lengthening one's estimate of the duration of the war.

Still, there can be no doubt that the Western Allies are playing a winning game upon the Western Front, and that this is the front of decision. It is not in doubt that they are beating the Germans and shoving them back. The uncertain factor is the rate at which they are shoving them back. If they can presently get to so rapid an advance as to bring the average rate since July first up to ten or twelve miles a day, then we shall still see the Allies dictating terms. But if the shove drags on at its present pace of less than a mile and about four thousand prisoners a week over the limited Somme Front—if nothing is attempted elsewhere to increase the area of pressure—then the intolerable stress and boredom of the war will bring about peace long before the Germans are decisively crushed.

But the war, universally detested, may go on into 1918 or 1919. The Allies have a winning game before them; but the British seem unable to discover and promote the military genius needed to harvest the victory. In the long run this may not be an unmixed evil. Victory, complete and dramatic, may be bought too dearly. We need not triumphs out of this war, but the peace of the world.

This war is altogether unlike any previous war, and its ending, like its development, will follow a course of its own. For a time people's minds ran in the old grooves; the Germans were going *nach* Paris and *nach* London; Lord Curzon filled our minds with a pleasant image of the Bombay Lancers riding down Unter den Linden. But the Versailles precedent of a council of victors dictating terms to the vanquished is not now so evidently in men's minds. The utmost the Allies talk upon now is to say "We must end the war on German soil." The Germans talk frankly of holding out. I have guessed that the Western offensive will be chiefly on German soil by next June; it is a mere guess, and it is quite conceivable that the push may still be grinding out its daily tale of wounded and prisoners in 1918.

None of the combatants expected such a war as this, and the consequence is that the world at large has no idea how to get out of it. The war may stay with us like a schoolboy caller, because it does not know how to go. The Italians said as much to me. "Suppose we get to Innsbruck and Labich and Triest," they said; "it isn't an end!" Lord Northcliffe, I am told, came away from Italy with the conviction that the war would last six years.

There is the clearest evidence that nearly everyone is anxious to get out of the war now. Nobody at all, except perhaps a few people who may be called to account, wants to keep it going—and Count Reventlow, and Mr. Leo Maxse—is it not his war?—and the demented Tory harridans, who swear by the Morning Post. Quietly perhaps, and unobtrusively, everyone I know is now trying to find the way out of the war; and I am convinced that the same is the case in Germany. That is what makes the Peace-at-any-price campaign so exasperating. It is like being chased by clamorous geese across a common in the direction in which you want to go. But, we ask, how are we to get out—with any credit—in such a way as to prevent a subsequent collapse into another war as frightful?

And that is why the thought that possibly there may be a side way out, a sort of turning over of the present endlessly hopeless game into a new and different and manageable game, through the introduction of some external factor, creeps and spreads as I find it creeping and spreading.

That is what the finer intelligences of America are beginning to realize, and why men in Europe continually turn their eyes to America with a surmise, with a doubt.

A point of departure for very much thinking in this matter is the recent conversation of speeches between President Wilson and Viscount Grey. All Europe was impressed by the truth, and by President Wilson's recognition of the truth, that from any other great war after this America will be unable to abstain. Can America come into this dispute at the end to insist upon something better than a new diplomatic patchwork and so obviate the later, completed Armageddon? Is there, above the claims and passions of Germany, France, Britain and the rest of them, a conceivable right thing to do for all mankind?

I have been joining up one thing to another, suggestions I have heard from this man and that; and I believe that it is possible to state a solution that will be acceptable to the bulk of reasonable men all over the world. Directly we put the panic massacres of Dinant and Louvain, the crime of the Lusitania, and so on, into the category of symptoms rather than essentials, we can conceive a possible world treaty. Let me state the broad outlines of this pacification:

In the first place, there would have to be an identical treaty between all the Great Powers of the world, binding them to certain things. It would provide:

That the few great industrial states capable of producing modern war equipment should take over and control completely the manufacture of all munitions of war in the world. And that they should absolutely close the supply of such material to all the other states in the world.

That they should set up an International Tribunal for the discussion and settlement of international disputes. That they should maintain land and sea forces only up to a limit agreed upon, and for internal police use only, or for the purpose of enforcing the decisions of the Tribunal. That they should all be bound to attack and suppress any Power among them which increases its war equipment beyond its defined limits.

A World State Possible

That much has already been broached in several quarters. But so far is not enough. It ignores the chief processes of that economic war which aids and abets and is inseparably a part of modern international conflicts. If we are to go as far as we have already stated in the matter of international controls, then we must go farther, and provide that the International Tribunal should have power to consider and set aside all tariffs and localized privileges which seem grossly unfair or seriously irritating between the various states of the world. It should have power to pass or revise all new tariff, quarantine, alien exclusion or the like legislation affecting international relations.

Moreover, it should take over and extend the work of the International Bureau of Agriculture, at Rome, with a view to the control of all staple products. It should administer the sea law of the world, and control and standardize freights in the common interests of mankind. Without these provisions it would be merely preventing the use of certain weapons; it would be doing nothing to prevent countries' strangling or suffocating each other.

These things being arranged for the future, it would be further necessary to set up an International Boundary Commission, subject to certain defining conditions agreed upon by the belligerents, to redraw the map of Europe, Asia and Africa.

Moreover, this International Tribunal, if it was indeed to prevent war, would need also to have power to intervene in the affairs of any country or region in a state of open and manifest disorder, for the protection of foreign travelers and of persons and interests localized in that country, but foreign to it.

Such an agreement as that would at once lift international politics out of the bloody and hopeless squalor of the present conflict. But it needs the attention of such a disengaged people as the American people to work it out and supply it with—weight. It needs putting before the world with some sort of authority greater than its mere entire reasonableness. Otherwise it will not come before the minds of ordinary men with the effect of a practicable proposition.

(Concluded on Page 37)

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(Concluded from Page 35)

I do not see any such plant springing from the European battlefields. It is America's supreme opportunity. And yet it is the common sense of the situation, and the solution that must satisfy a rational German as completely as a rational Frenchman or Englishman. It has nothing against it but the prejudice against new and entirely novel things.

In throwing out this suggestion that America should ultimately undertake the responsibility of proposing a world-peace settlement, I admit that I run counter to a great deal of European feeling. Nowhere in Europe now do people seem to be in love with the United States. But feeling is a color that passes. And the question is above matters of feeling. Whether the belligerents dislike Americans or the Americans dislike the belligerents is an incidental matter. The main question is of the duty of a great and fortunate nation toward the rest of the world and the future of mankind.

I do not know how far Americans are aware of the trend of feeling in Europe at the present time. Both France and Great Britain have a sense of righteousness in this war such as no nation, no people, has ever felt in war before. We know we are fighting to save all the world from the rule of force and the unquestioned supremacy of the military idea. Few Frenchmen or Englishmen can imagine the war presenting itself to an American intelligence under any other guise. At the invasion of Belgium we were astonished that America did nothing. At the sinking of the Lusitania all Europe looked to America. The British mind contemplates the spectacle of American destroyers acting as bottleholders to German submarines with dazzled astonishment. "Manila!" we gasp.

Some Historical Excuses

In England we find excuses for America in our own past. In 1866 we betrayed Denmark; in 1870 we deserted France. The French have not these memories. They believe they had some share in the independence of America; that there is a sacred cause in republicanism; that there are grounds for a peculiar sympathy between France and the United States in republican institutions. They do not realize that Germany and America have a common experience in recent industrial development, and a common belief in the "degeneracy" of all nations with a lower rate of trade expansion. They do not realize how a political campaign, with the slogan of "Peace and a Full Dinner Pail!" looks in the Middle West; what an honest, simple, rational appeal it makes there. Atmospheres alter values.

I set these things down plainly. There is a very strong disposition in all the European countries to believe America fundamentally indifferent to the rights and wrongs of the European struggle; sentimentally interested perhaps, but fundamentally indifferent. President Wilson is regarded as a mere academic sentimentalist by a great number of Europeans. There is a strong undercurrent of hostility, therefore, to the idea of America having any voice whatever in the final settlement after the war. It is not for a British writer to analyze the appearances that have thus affected American world prestige. I am telling what I have observed.

I state these things in order to make it clear that America will start at a disadvantage when she starts upon the mission of salvage and reconciliation, which is, I believe, her proper rôle in this world conflict. One would have to be blind and deaf on this side to be ignorant of European persuasion of America's triviality.

And I will further confess that when Viscount Grey answered the intimations of President Wilson and ex-President Taft of an American initiative to found a World League for Peace, by asking whether America was prepared to back that idea with force, he spoke the doubts of all thoughtful European men. No one but an American deeply versed in the idiosyncrasies of the American population can answer that question, or tell us how far the delusion of world isolation, which has prevailed in America for several generations, has been dispelled. But if the answer to Lord Grey is "Yes," then I think history will emerge with a complete justification of the obstinate maintenance of neutrality by America. It is the end that reveals a motive. It is our ultimate act that sometimes teaches us our original intention. No one can judge the United States yet. Were you neutral because you are too mean and cowardly, or too stupidly selfish, or because you had in view an end too great to be sacrificed to a moment of indignant pride, and a force in reserve too precious to dispel?

Every country is a mixture of many strands. There is a Base America; there is a Dull America; there is an Ideal and Heroic America. And I am convinced that, at present, Europe underrates and misjudges the possibilities of the latter.

Freemasonry in World-Thought

All about the world to-day goes a certain freemasonry of thought. It is an impalpable and hardly conscious union of intention. It thinks not in terms of national but human experience; it falls into directions and channels of thinking that lead inevitably to the idea of a world state under the rule of one righteousness. In no part of the world is this modern type of mind so abundantly developed, less impeded by antiquated and perverse political and religious forms, and nearer the sources of political and administrative power, than in America.

It does not seem to matter what thousand other things America may happen to be, seeing it is also that. And so, just as I cling to the belief, in spite of hundreds of adverse phenomena, that the religious and social stir of these times must ultimately go far to unify mankind under the Kingship of God—so do I cling also to the persuasion that there are intellectual forces among the rational elements in the belligerent centers, among the other neutrals and in America, that will coöperate in enabling the United States to play the rôle of the Unimpassioned Third Party, which becomes more and more necessary to a generally satisfactory ending of the war.

The idea that the settlement of this war must be what one might call an unimpassioned settlement, or, if you will, a scientific settlement, or a judicial and not a treaty settlement—a settlement, that is, based upon some conception of what is right and necessary, rather than upon the relative success or failure of either set of belligerents to make its will the standard of decision—is one that, in a great variety of forms and partial developments, I find gaining ground in the most different circles. The war was an adventure; it was the German adventure, under the Hohenzollern tradition, to dominate the world. It was to be the last of the Conquests. It has failed.

Without calling upon the reserve strength of America, the civilized world has defeated it; and the war continues now partly upon the issue whether that adventure shall ever be repeated or whether it shall be made forever impossible, and partly because Germany has no organ but its Hohenzollern organization through which it can admit its failure and develop its latent readiness for a new understanding on lines of mutual toleration. For that purpose nothing more reluctant could be devised than Hohenzollern imperialism. But the attention of every combatant—it is not only Germany now—has been concentrated upon military necessities; every nation is a clenched nation, with its powers of action centered in its own administration, bound by many strategic threats and declarations, and obsessed by the idea of getting and securing advantages.

It is inevitable that a settlement made in a conference of belligerents alone will be shortsighted, harsh, limited by merely incidental necessities, and obsessed by the idea of hostilities and rivalries continuing perennially.

It will be a trading of advantages for subsequent attacks. It will be a settlement altogether different in effect as well as in spirit from a world settlement made primarily to establish a new phase in the history of mankind.

Let me take three instances of the impossibility of victory on either side giving a solution satisfactory to the conscience and intelligence of reasonable men.

The first—on which I will not expatiate, for everyone knows of its peculiar difficulty—is Poland.

The second is a little one, but one that has taken hold of my imagination. In the settlement of boundaries preceding this war, the boundary between Serbia and northeastern Albania was drawn with an extraordinary disregard of the elementary needs of the Albanians of that region. It ran along the foot of the mountains that form their summer pastures and their refuge from attack, and it cut their mountains off from their winter pastures and market towns. Their whole economic life was cut to pieces and existence rendered intolerable for them.

Now an intelligent Third Party, settling Europe, would certainly restore these market towns—Ipek, Jakova and Prisrend—to Albania. But the Albanians have no standing in this war; theirs is the happy lot that might have fallen to Belgium had she not resisted; the war goes to and fro through Albania, and when the settlement comes—more particularly if it is a settlement with the allies of Serbia in the ascendant—it is highly improbable that the slightest notice will be taken of Albania's plight in this region. In which case these particular Albanians will either be driven into exile to America or they will be goaded to revolt; which will be followed, no doubt, by the punitive procedure usual in the Balkan Peninsula.

For my third instance I would step from a matter as small as three market towns and the grazing of a few thousand head of sheep to a matter as big as the world. What is going to happen to the shipping of the world after this war? The Germans, with that combination of cunning and stupidity which baffles the rest of mankind, have set themselves to destroy the mercantile marine, not merely of Britain and France but of Norway and Sweden, Holland, and all the neutral countries. The German papers openly boast that they are building a big mercantile marine that will start out to take up the world's oversea trade directly peace is declared. Every such boast receives careful attention in the British press. We have heard a very great deal about the German will-to-power in this war; but there is something very much older and tougher, and less blatant and conspicuous, called the British will.

In the British papers there has appeared and gained a permanent footing this phrase: "Ton for ton." This means that Britain will go on fighting until she has exacted and taken over from Germany the exact equivalent of all the British shipping Germany has submarined. People do not realize that a time may come when Germany will be glad and eager to give Russia, France and Italy all that they require of her; when Great Britain may be quite content to let her allies make an advantageous peace and herself still go on fighting Germany. She does not intend to let that furtively created German mercantile marine ship or coal or exist upon the high seas—so long as it can be used as a weapon against her. Neither Britain nor France nor Italy can tolerate anything of the sort.

The Freedom of the Seas

It has been the peculiar boast of Great Britain that her shipping has been unpatriotic. She has been the impartial carrier of the whole world. Her shippers may have served their own profit; they have never served her. The fluctuations of freight charges may have been a universal nuisance but they have certainly not been an aggressive national conspiracy. It is Britain's case against any German ascendancy at sea, an entirely convincing case, that such an ascendancy would be used ruthlessly for the advancement of German world power. The long-standing freedom of the seas vanishes at the German touch. So, beyond the present war there opens the agreeable prospect of a mercantile struggle, a bitter freight war and a war of Navigation Acts for the ultimate control, in the interests of Germany or of the Anti-German allies, of the world's trade.

Now how, in any of these three cases, can the bargaining and trickery of diplomatists and the advantage-hunting of the belligerents produce any stable and generally beneficial solution? What all the neutrals want, what every rational and farsighted man in the belligerent countries wants, what the common sense of the whole world demands, is neither the "ascendancy" of Germany, nor the ascendancy of Great Britain, nor the ascendancy of any state or people or interest in the shipping of the world. The plain right thing is a World Shipping Control as impartial as the Postal Union. What right and reason and the welfare of coming generations demand in Poland is a unified and autonomous Poland, with Cracow, Danzig and Posen brought into the same Polish-speaking ring-fence with Warsaw. What everyone who has looked into the Albanian question desires is that the Albanians shall pasture their flocks and market their sheepskins in peace, free of Serbian control.

In every country at present at war the desire of the majority of people is for a noncontentious solution that will neither crystallize a triumph nor propitiate an enemy, but which will embody the economic and ethnologic and geographic common sense of the matter. But, though the formulas of national belligerence are easy, familiar, blatant and insistently present, the gentler, greater formulas of that wider and newer world pacificism have still to be generally understood. It is so much easier to hate and suspect than negotiate generously and patiently; it is so much harder to think than to let go in a shrill storm of hostility.

It is not with any very strong belief that the United States of America will come forward to play the part of the Unimpassioned Third Party that I suggest that it might do so. I throw out the suggestion, in spite of its considerable improbability, because so I can imagine the end of this war being made the ending of all war in the world. But I admit that the hypothesis demands a proportion of moral and intellectual giants in the American population beyond anything known to us in Europe.

If America Does Nothing

In the case of America doing nothing so magnificent, then I do not really see more than a nominal end to the war. There may be a sort of peace, the peace desired by witless pacifists; it will mean merely that there will be a temporary cessation of gunfire and a transfer of the belligerent energies to a trade struggle, a shipping struggle, and a vast new armament competition which will entirely dwarf that modest "race of armaments" that toddled along before 1914. Except for a few microcephalic idiots this conflict for advantages will bore and exhaust us all indescribably, until it will be almost a relief at last to resume the gun explosions, and the stabbing and mutilating and digging in again. But the next war will have America in. Mr. Wilson has said it.

And then there will be no other state in all the world left, considerable enough to play the rôle of the Third Party. The next war that must convulse mankind, if we cannot end war in this war, will tolerate few neutrals and no noncombatants. Men will have to look to another Power, that is at once above them and within, to assert those external standards of justice which alone can give peace.

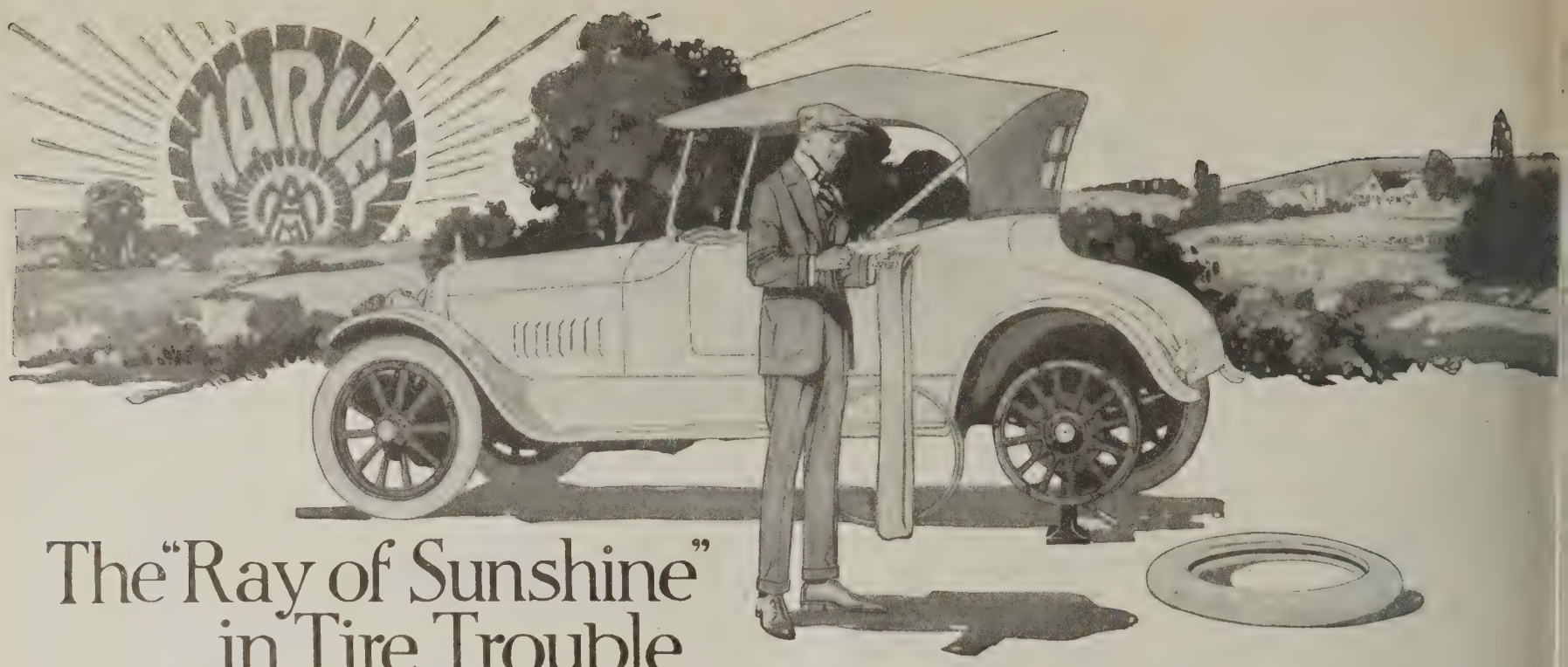
They might very well look to Him now—instead of looking across the Atlantic.

These states and empires and *kulturs* for which we fight, for which we slaughter our sons, for which we wreck the world, are all no more than foolish and wicked effigies. Germany, the British Empire, Holy Russia—what are these things but great guys set up for men to serve and worship, when they should serve and worship God? What are our kings? What are our "national interests"? All the great religions deny these effigies, declare them idolatrous; all the great religions assert the same truth—that there is but one God for all men, and that He alone is King of the world.

Yet, forthwith they set about hiding and smothering Him and forgetting their own mission in sectarian and national wrappings. But God is indeed the rightful King of the world; he is the God of the Englishman and the Frenchman, the Turk and the German, the Hindu and the American; He calls them all to serve Him and one another. They have but to look up, and they will see Him. And until they do look up and see Him this world is no better than a rat pit—a place slippery and disgusting and wearisome with the tormented stuff of furious and aimless lives.

And if you lack the living imagination to accept God thus—as a fact—then I ask you to accept Him as the only possible formula for the reconciliation and salvation of mankind.

Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles by Mr. Wells.



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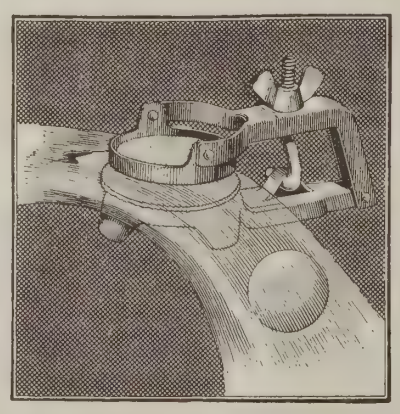

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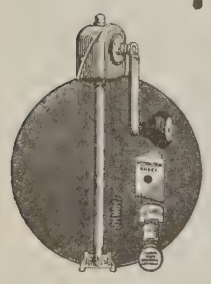

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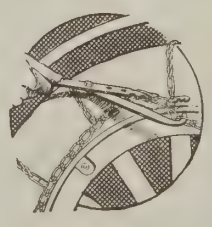

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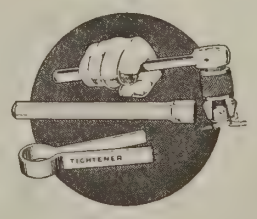

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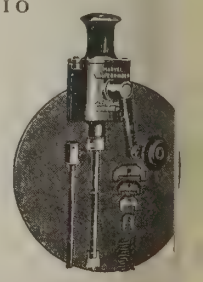

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TOMBOY

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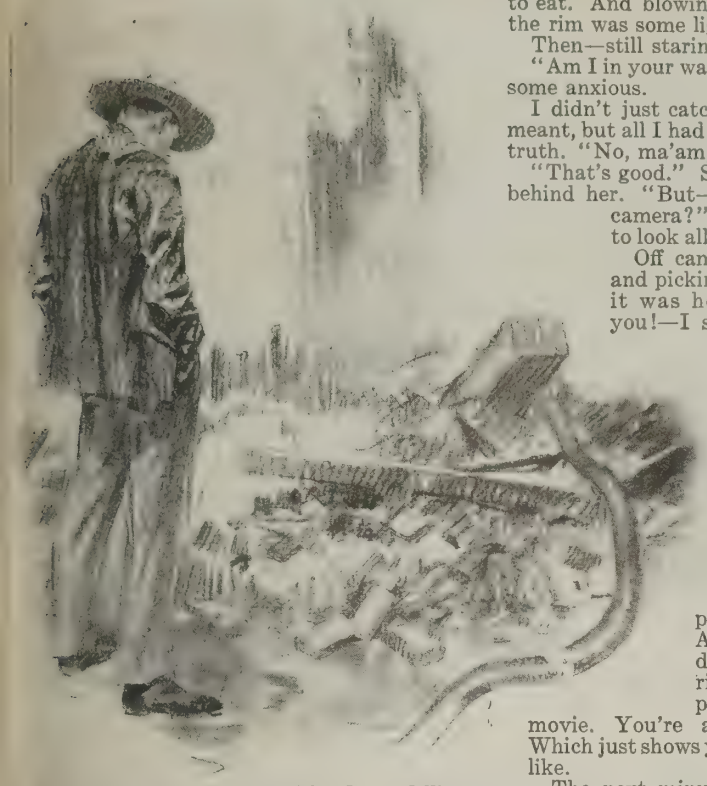

My Ten Thousand Dollars Was Lost. I Was Dead Certain of That

WELL, Lute Mullen," I says to myself, talkin' out loud like a crazy sheepman, "here you are!" I was tandin' at a street corner in Los Angeles, ne boot planted on my telescope valise. 'Here you are, young feller! And it ain't o different from First Pines, Nevada. The uildin's are a little higher, that's all, and here's more of 'em. Also the streets are ome longer at both ends."

Of course there's other differences too. os Angeles is flat—not a hollow in it big nough to hide a cow. First Pines hangs to he north slope of Eagle Mountain. Steep? should say!

Why, that mountain's so steep that the oats—well, you won't believe it, but the oats have to wear breechin', so's they can old back goin' downhill!

Naturally the town hasn't none of them ay-if-you-can-ketch-'em street cars. Nor o oil-drinkin', dust-eatin' chug-chugs. I asn't used to neither one, and consider- ible prejudiced against the last named— teerin' gear like a Tahoe steamer, insides f a donkey engine, and a smell like a Piute amp. Yes, and dangerous. Say, with au- omobiles scootin' two ways at once, a nan's got no more chance for his life on the treet than if he was exercisin' in a switch ard.

Speakin' of autos I was still standin' on hat corner, expressin' opinions to myself, hen all of a sudden I seen one. Oh, I'd een 'em before—in Reno, once. No, I asn't down there for that reason. But I'd ever happened to see one bein' geehawed y a woman. This one was. It was a whop- in' two-seater, too, with a voice on it like snowplow. And the woman was just only girl.

"Well, talk about your tomboys!" I ex- laims, mighty disgusted. Yes, tomboy is he word I used. Aw, if a man could see head!

She reined up right beside me, pullin' a ever or two and pushin' a few buttons. Then she stood up, drawin' off her gloves, nd—stared straight at me!

Tomboy or not, I had to admit that she as cute—slim, and not taller'n my shoul- er. Don't you hate a beanpole? So do I! nd her face! You know, there's faces that re so kind of delicate and sweet that when ou come across one of 'em you know ex- ctly what their owners looked like when hey were kids. Well, hers was that rand—roundish and pink, with a square ittle chin, eyes blue as a Sierra lake, and a mouth as scarlet as a snowflower. She was earin' a sugar-loaf hat pulled down all the ay. On the eaves of the hat was a hand- ul of cherries that looked good enough to eat. And blowin' out from under the rim was some light fluffy hair.

Then—still starin'—she spoke!

"Am I in your way?" she inquired, some anxious.

I didn't just catch on to what she meant, but all I had to do was tell the truth. "No, ma'am," I answers.

"That's good." She gives a glance behind her. "But—but where's the camera?" And she begins to look all round.

Off came my sombrero, and pickin' up my valise—it was heavy, I can tell you!—I stepped forwards with my best First Pines bow.

"I haven't seen no camera," I says. "Can I help you to find it?"

She stared at me again. "O—h!" She laughed a ripply little laugh. And three dimples danced a grand-right-and-left into place. "It's not a movie. You're a real cowboy." Which just shows you what I looked like.

The next minute she shed her duster, hopped to the sidewalk, and disappeared into the bank.

The bank was why I'd stopped on that particular spot. Comin' along from the deepot, I'd kept my eye peeled for one. And here loomed up this grand specimen, two stories higher'n its neighbors, all of stone, and with windows as wide as a Silver State freighter. The front door of it was built right flat across its outside corner, and I thought it was locked—which explains my darn-fool waitin'. But now, seein' it wasn't, I clapped on my hat and followed Miss Tomboy. Don't mind tellin' you that I felt a mite chesty.

"Well, that wasn't so worse," I says, "to be mistook for Dustin Farnum!"

Straight in from the door was a small window with "Cashier" in gold letters over the arch. I went up to it. "Howdy"—he was a tony feller with a mighty nice face—"I'd like to speak to the—the boss of this establishment, if it's all the same to you." "President" was what I ought to of said, but I was rattled, and the word ducked when I reached for it.

"I'll see if Mister Gleason is in his office." He motioned me to set down. Polite, wasn't he? The bench I took was covered with fancy leather. And, my, what fine polished wood was everywheres! Elegant? As elegant, by thunder, as a sleepin' car!

He didn't leave his window for one second. But banks has got a system of signals that beats all your Injun sign-talk. So pretty soon a boy—in full-gathered trousers, mind you!—shows up from behind a partition, and he knows exactly what was expected of him.

"This way," he says, swingin' open a door. And I went in to the handsomest kind of a little room. Two people were there, both settin' at desks. One was a old gent with white hair and grizzled eyebrows. The other one was—Tomboy.

"So she's a typewriter," I says to myself. And I was some disappointed. Because the only typewriter I'd ever met up with before was a lanky lady at the First Pines General Merchandise Store. Name, Pearl. Say, but Pearl was homely! Homely enough to stop a clock, as the popular sayin' goes. But this typewriter girl! She gave me a shy sideways glance.

"What can I do for you?" Say, he had on a soft shirt!

"Mister President"—I liked him already—"I'm goin' to ask your bank to put what I got here into the safe." I tapped my valise.

"Ah." He showed he was interested.

I set the valise on a chair and begun to unstrap it. "When I made up my mind to quit the mountains," I explained, "I paid a visit to a certain hawg-back and dug up this."

"Mountains!" he says, lookin' pleased. "Why, my first bank was in Grass Valley."

"You don't say!" Well, I might of guessed it, from the boots he was wearin'. "First Pines, Nevada, boss," I says.

"Here! Shake! And now what you got?"

"A friend of mine was dead set against me fetchin' it down in just this shape," I told him. "'Take a check,' he advised. But 'No,' I answers, 'I'm goin' amongst folks that won't know Lute Mullen from the side of a house. But—they'll know cash.'" Here I lifted the top of the valise.

The president looked. "Well!" he exclaims. Which fetched her over.

I'd spent more or less time in arrangin' my pile. The paper money was laid flat, in neat rows. And holdin' the paper down was my gold twenties, each yellow boy done up separate in tissue paper.

"How much is here?" (The old gent.)

"Ten thousand." (Me.)

"My!" (Her.)

That girl's lashes was so long you could of braided 'em.

Just then the bloomer kid put his head in at the door and named some man's name.

"Can't be disturbed now," says the president, kind of short.

Thought mebbe he didn't like my proposition.

"Ain't it goin' to—to be O. K.?" I asked. "Can't I leave this?"

He smiled. "You can deeposit right now." She smiled too.

"I'm glad. Then I can go buy a meal. I bought a couple of oranges off the peanut butcher on the train, but they didn't satisfy me much."

The cashier comes in. More signals. And "John," says the president, "this gentleman is ——"

"Lute Mullen," I helps out. I was jealous of that young feller already. "And I want to make a deeposit." Oh, I ketch on to a new one!

Never seen a more surprised expression on a man's face.

"Thousands!" he kinda whispers, leanin' over the valise.

"Ten thousand," says the president. "We'll count it here."

John was a corker at countin'. Now I was on intimate terms with every piece of paper and every lump of gold in that valise. I've been more'n ten years collectin' 'em and gettin' acquainted with 'em. He'd counted the whole lot in about five minutes, seems like, snappin' the bills and ringin' the twenties. Then he slipped me a piece of paper that showed they was still mine. Gosh, I hated to think that my gold and paper friends would be mixed up soon with hunderds of other bills and coins, so even I wouldn't know 'em if I was to meet 'em comin' my way through the little window.

As I picked up my valise to go Mister Gleason says: "You seem a very young man."

"Twenty-six, come August." This was January.

"Twenty-six, and you've saved ten thousand dollars!"

"Everything I touch seems to turn out fine." Say, just remember that brag!

"Hope I'll see you again. Do you plan to remain in Los Angeles?"

"We-e-ell," I says —— Fact is, I hadn't made up my mind what I was goin' to do, beyond lookin' round me for a while. But now, happenin' to glance past him to her, why: "I'll make this city my headquarters, sir," I answers. "I aim to put some of my cash into real estate."

"Come and see me if I can help you at any time," goes on the old gent, mighty kind. "I'm here from ten to three 'most every day, and when I ain't, why, my daughter"—here he turned to her and took her hand—"is at her desk. And"—laughin'—"she's got a business head."

So she wasn't a typewriter!

"Learnin' the bankin' trade?" I inquires.

She smiled up at her pa. "I'm taking the place," she says, "of the brother I never had."

Now, wasn't that a mighty pretty idea? Makin' old dad feel good, you savvy. And I'd called that nice thoughtful little lady a tomboy! "You great hulkin' backwoodser!" I says to myself, "you don't deserve no breakfast."

"So," goes on proud pa, "if you come in and I'm away just ask for ——" Here he said her name.

What do you guess it was? Well, think of the nicest girl's name that you've ever heard in all your born life. Come ahead! That's it—Stephanie.

Stephanie! Dignified, not common, and graceful. And it suited her.

"Stephanie," goes on Mister Gleason, "after me."

"You?"

"Stephen—Stephen Gleason, you see."

"Oh." Stephen—Stephanie. Tomboyish after all. But what'll you think about what comes next?

"But we don't call her Stephanie," goes on her pa.

"Ah!"

Now she spoke up. "No. Everybody calls me Billie."

Billie! A girl, and Billie. Gosh! Why, once I had a goat ——

"You think that's a funny name for a girl, don't you?" Tootle—toot—all the dimples into place.

"Well, I—I—I ——" Got out about fifteen of them I's. After that I just had to have somethin'. I made for an eatin' house.

(Continued on Page 41)

Tomboy or Not, I Had to Admit That She Was Cute

Your Pride in a Liberty

YOU are proud of your Liberty car because it is proof of your own good judgment. It is proof that you have bought wisely and deliberately, on hard business facts.

You have not been influenced by mere statements, by manufacturers' claims, by dealers' words.

You have bought the Liberty on positive proof—on your knowledge of all other cars. And the Liberty proves the soundness of your judgment.

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We ask you to do this with the Liberty and draw your own conclusions.

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We ask you to do this on the Liberty, and to learn what driving ease really means.

Positive Proof

The Liberty is a solidly built, dependable, honest car, made by men who have been producing high priced cars since the beginning of the industry. It is built to create an enduring and permanent business.

It is especially notable for driving ease and riding comfort—to an extent never before achieved.

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So that you—like the thousands of other Liberty buyers—will be proud of your car.

On a solid basis of proved facts.

Get into a Liberty *today*. Prove these statements to yourself. If they are true in every detail you want a Liberty car.

See the Liberty at the Chicago Automobile Show—Armory—Jan. 27th–Feb. 3rd. Five passenger Touring Car, Four passenger Close Coupled Roadster, Detachable Sedan, Victoria, and Shopping Brougham.

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

LIBERTY SIX

(Continued from Page 39)

"Just rope and tie me some ham," I says to a gent wearin' an apron. "Yes, and I don't care if you rob a nest."

Oh, a good appetite, no denyin' it; a jo-dandy appetite. Nevertheless and notwithstandin', I soon begun to see that I was in a blamed queer state. That first day—to start off with—I picked a certain boardin' house just because there was cherry trees in the yard. And if I looked at anybody, all I could think was: "She's got blue eyes." And for two whole days, while I was lookin' at real estate, what I actually did was to travel in a circle. Say I started east, toward Spanish-town, or west, toward the Pacific Ocean. Just as sure as a crow knows its way home I'd land up finally at the bank. Wouldn't know how I got there, but there I'd be.

"Work is what you need, you poor son-of-a-gun," I says, facin' my conscience in the lookin'-glass. And the fool glass says back to me: "Billie."

Well, when I couldn't stand it no longer, I took Mister Gleason at his word and dropped in on him. Hang it all, he was there! But he was more'n nice, made me set down, and took my hat away from me. Miss Billie gives me a little bow, with a smile for good measure, then goes on studyin' a long paper full of numbers.

"Mister Mullen," says her pa.

"Call me Lute, boss."

"Well, Lute, tell me about yourself."

I went back to when I was ten, and just sort of sketched the next sixteen years—the sheep business, then polo ponies, then cattle. "But," I ends up, "I got tired of the hills." I looked out of the office window. It showed into the rear yard. There was hammerin' goin' on out there. And I seen that next to the bank was the back door of an undertakin' place.

"Lute," says Mister Gleason, "you're down from the hills, as you say. But you know a lot of things. Not the same lot of things that the men round here know. But—well, I'm down from the hills, too, and you're pretty much like what I was when I first struck Grass Valley."

"You make me feel kind of at home, boss."

"Glad of it! Now—picked out any property yet?"

"Not yet, sir." If he only knew about my crazy circlin'!

"Well, I've got two good investments in mind. One's here in Los Angeles, the other's in Watrous, the junction town just east. As to Los Angeles, Lute, of course it's always growin'."

Growin'! I should smile! A Los Angeles man told me that his dawg left home one mornin' and stayed away about two weeks. When the dawg made to come back, that end of Figueroa Street was so changed that the poor critter couldn't find the house. No, ma'am! The man complained about it to some animal society. Growin'? Well, don't this story go to show?

"How about a couple of new bungalows over in the north side of town?" goes on Mister Gleason.

That didn't appeal to me strong. Because, judgin' from the little I'd seen, there ain't no kind of bungalow that hasn't been tried on Los Angeles at least once. So I wouldn't undertake to hand the town a new one.

"But that Watrous proposition," I says. "Y' see, boss, a young man cottons to a young place."

"It's a fine buildin'—brick, three stories and all rented. The owner died and his heirs had a row. They want to sell. The property's bound to raise in value."

"Is $10,000 the price?" I was excited. And I noticed that Miss Billie was lookin' at the old gent, eyes big.

He laughed. "The price is $40,000."

"Gee, Mister Gleason!"

"Wait. Ten thousand dollars will handle it—that much down, cash, and a thirty-thousand-dollar mortgage."

"But, boss, I don't know anybody." Then fifteen more of them I's.

"Suppose you pay your $10,000," he explains, "and take over the leases. You'll have a good sum ahead every year to pay on your principal. Before you know it you'll be clear. And I'll take that mortgage for you, at four and a half per cent."

"Daddy!" Miss Billie sprung up, wellnigh strangled him with a hug, and—yes—kissed him.

Say, ever been wound up in a swing? Then you know that swimmy feelin'. I give you my word, there was seven windows to that office, and seven carpenters poundin' away in that back yard. And I had to hold on to my chair. Lordy, what'd happen if she was ever to kiss me!

But why did she kiss him?

"What do you think of the proposition, Miss Billie?" She was back in her chair.

"What do I think of it? Daddy was goin' to buy that property himself."

"Oh." That didn't tell me much.

I begun to reason: Here's a buildin'. He figgered to buy it. Then he turns it over to me. She's good at business. She's glad he ain't goin' to carry through the deal—and lose. She's so glad she kisses him. How's that?

Dead wrong. If it's a bad proposition for father, it's a bad proposition for me. And she's too kind, too sweet, too nice, too unselfish too—so she didn't kiss him because I was to be the sucker. No, she kissed him because he was lettin' me in on a good thing. But, pshaw! That can't be so. She don't know you, Lute. She don't care—you poor imitation of an actor! Just the same, about forty-'leven little hummin'-birds set up a hullabaloo in my heart.

And when I left the office, with the name of the real-estate gent at Watrous, I was so happy that I stopped to shake hands with John. After which he showed me how he wraps up twenties—fifteen of 'em to a roll. He had a wood tray chock full of rolls right inside his window, and he was as unconcerned about it as if they was cookies.

"Whew!" I exclaims. "Ain't this takin' chances?"

He laughed. "If anybody was to grab that tray," he answers, "they wouldn't get so awful much." Careless geezer, wasn't he?

"'No,' I Answers, 'I'm Goin' Amongst Folks That Won't Know Lute Mullen From the Side of a House. But—They'll Know Cash'"

Now I know what you think is goin' to happen: Broad daylight—bank robber—Lute Mullen to the rescue—big article in the papers—and so on, and so on. But that ain't it. To continue:

In no time I was aboard little old Number 7, and she was switchin' her tail through wonderful orange groves, and next through the most gosh-awful desert, on her way to Watrous. "Miss Billie!" sung the wheels of the chair car: "Miss Billie! Miss Billie! Miss Billie!" Just one hour and a half later, here I was, standin' in front of that three-story brick buildin', gazin' up at it, with a big grin on my face, and gooseflesh all up my spine, and—can't deny it—salt water splashin' on my coat lapels. "What'll the First Pines Gazette write about this!" I says to myself. Because on the ground floor was a fine store, a slick-lookin' barber shop and—the post office! Sort of a Government buildin', you see. The second and last floors was the leadin' hotel of the place. Tried to make out the names on all the signs. Every last one of them read "Billie."

When I'd looked till I had a crick in my neck and a crowd round me, I hunted up Mister Jordan. Little man. Funny high voice. Office in a shack by the deepot. His bungalow was north of town—one of a half dozen that was strung along a green lawn. I explained I was goin' to take over the Gleason proposition. Didn't want to wait. My Los Angeles bank would transact all the business. Here I drew myself up.

"Well," says Mister Jordan, "I'll have to ask for a little delay. The owners, Robert and Jennie Howland, are not in Los Angeles at present. It'll take me a month to get their signatures to the deed."

"All right. This is January twelfth. Say we make it February twelfth?"

"Why not make it April first?" he says.

"No," I come back; "what's the use of puttin' it off?"

Finally we settled on March thirteenth. April first would've been bad enough, but note this hoodoo date! I was to turn over thirty thousand dollars through my bank, and he was to give me "a good and sufficient" deed. But he was to fix up a contract right away and I was to pay in my ten thousand dollars. "But hurry that contract, Mister Jordan." "You bet I will, Mister Mullen." Then Number 10 was jerkin' me towards—her. "Mullen Buildin'!" sung the wheels. "Mullen Buildin'! Mullen Buildin'!"

Mullen Buildin' was the name I settled on. And I seen a painter about puttin' the two words on both side walls, from front to back, close to the top, and big enough to be read from incomin' trains. For the sign over the hotel I bought brass letters—MULLEN HOUSE. Wanted 'em gold, like the cashier's, but they come too high. Had all eleven of 'em sent to my boardin' place, and I stood 'em up against the skirtin' of the room, so's I could enjoy 'em. And there was other things to attend to. Was busy every minute of that month. For instance, I had some business cards printed: "Luther Mullen"—no Mister—with "Los Angeles" in the left-hand lower corner, and "Watrous" in the right. Sent a full dozen to First Pines. Next, bought some fly-screens—the kind that has scenery painted right on the wire. There was mountains exactly like old Eagle, with cute little Los Angeles bungalows hangin' to 'em, and ladies and gents dressed up in theater duds whilst they herded sheep. Stood the screens up alongside the brass letters. Then I happened on a barber pole. It was red-and-white, like a stick of candy, and had an electric light inside. You wound up a clock dingus, and she turned for further orders. As I was shuttlin' betwixt Los Angeles and Watrous every day, I put it up to the Mullen Buildin' barber—learnt his trade in 'Frisco! I says: "If you'll go halves on the pole, Jim, I will." He said: "O. K." That pole looked grand in my room. Havin' the red-and-white pole, the next play was to blow myself on awnin's to match—beauties, with Mullen Buildin' painted on the overhang.

One mornin' my contract was ready. It said that I'd bought such and such a lot, bounded this way and that, "with appurtenances thereon." Notice that fifteen-dollar word! I signed it, and wrote out my ten-thousand-dollar check. That was some occasion. Yes, ma'am! Because Miss Billie helped me look through the directories, and through a bluebook—it wasn't blue—to see if we could find Robert and Jennie Howland. Well, we couldn't. That same evenin' I got asked over to the Gleason house, and we set on the side porch, and a Chink brought us fruit punch, which ain't punch no more than a bluebook is blue, and I seen a little bit of heaven—heaven with a garden round it, palms here and there, and beds of violets—a heaven with folks that was home folks.

That was the night I begun to dream. Aw, that dream! It stayed with me, wakin' or sleepin'. Always she was beside me, in the circle of my right arm. Both her little hands was tight in one of mine. Her head was on my shoulder, her hair blowin' against my face.

Of course I had to report at the bank once a day and have my little chin-chin. Sundays, I nearly died. Then come March twelfth. This was the mornin' I was to go to the bank, take the thirty-thousand-dollar check over to Watrous, stay the night at my hotel, and come back March thirteenth with the deed. I started downtown wearin' my best suit. Had a copy of the First Pines Gazette in my pocket. It had somethin' about "our young townsman, Lute Mullen" in it. I aimed to show it to her. Was hikin' along in grand spirits when I seen a fellow just ahead of me stop and look up at the sky. So I stopped. Overhead was floatin' a big leaf—no, it was too big for a leaf; it was about the size of my hat. It lit. It was a piece of burned paper.

The fellow stared at it. "By thunder!" he says over and over: "By thunder!"

"What's the matter?"

"This has blowed all the way here since the fire."

"Fire? What fire?"

"The fire at Watrous."

Watrous!

I didn't go to the bank. Couldn't take that face of mine where she could see it. Besides, maybe my buildin' wasn't gone. Anyhow, I wanted to find out—I wanted to know the worst. I jumped on a train.

Funny what things ketch a man's attention at a time like that! I didn't know but every dollar I owned in the world was swallowed up. Just the same, as we hiked along I watched a fool dawg race the engine. When bad luck gets a stranglehold on your throat, or when the ground splits wide and you see bottom, you'll stop to brush a speck off your cuff.

But after we passed San Bernardino and struck the desert, I set up and took notice, all right, all right. Here was people comin' towards Los Angeles in machines and wagons, with their belongin's piled in the back. A few folks was afoot. Next, smoke—not so much though. And then—jiminy crickets!

It was about ten miles off, I reckon. It reminded me of the time a strange parson turned up at First Pines to hold revivals. The night I heard him, he kept repeatin': "And the fire shall devour 'em—the fire shall devour 'em." "Well, by golly," I says to myself, "in this case the old duck was right!" On the gray stretch of the desert was a black spot—like the shadow of a big bird. Just only a spot!

Recollect that brag of mine—"Everything I touch seems to turn out fine?" Well, Lute Mullen, here's where you come down off your high horse!

We stopped on the edge of the ashes. To the north was that row of bungalows on the long patch of green. I clumb down and hoofed it to Jordan's. He was settin' on his front porch.

"This is awful!" he calls as I come up. "This is awful!" His hand was cold as ice.

"Mister Jordan, don't Robert and Jennie give me back my ten thousand dollars?"

He kind of bristled.

"Mister and Miss Howland will live up to that contract," he answers; "and so will you."

"Well, I won't ask Mister Gleason to pungle up thirty thousand dollars for a pile of ashes on a hot lot."

"I'm not rushin' you, Mullen," he comes back; "take your time."

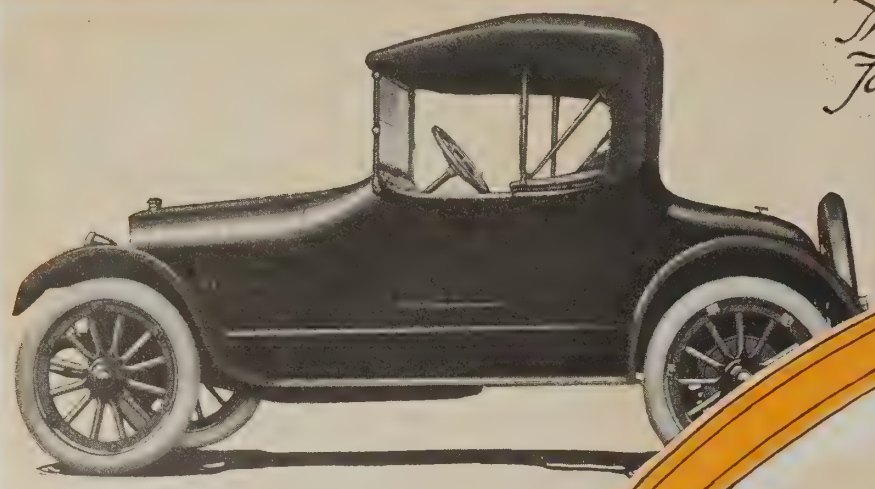
That sounded pretty decent. "Thank you, Mister Jordan. But—how about the insurance?"

He started up. "Oh, that's the worst of it!" he says. And beginnin' to pace the porch: "That's the worst of it!"

"Mister Jordan! You mean ——?"

Well it seems the insurance companies wasn't crazy about takin' risks at Watrous, the water supply bein' none too good. Jordan's company had an agent that was always talkin' fires. Now the storekeeper had been keepin' an awful lot of gasoline in his cellar. Jordan didn't raise no rumpus about it—he might lose a good tenant.

(Continued on Page 45)



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WE REO FOLK make this assertion in the firm belief that it is one hundred per cent true;—that you can drive a four-cylinder Reo—world-famous as "Reo the Fifth"—longer, farther and for less cost of operation and upkeep than any other five-passenger car in the world.

THAT IS A BROAD STATEMENT—we fully appreciate how sweeping. And yet we have no hesitancy in signing the Reo name to it. And you know what the Reo word is worth.

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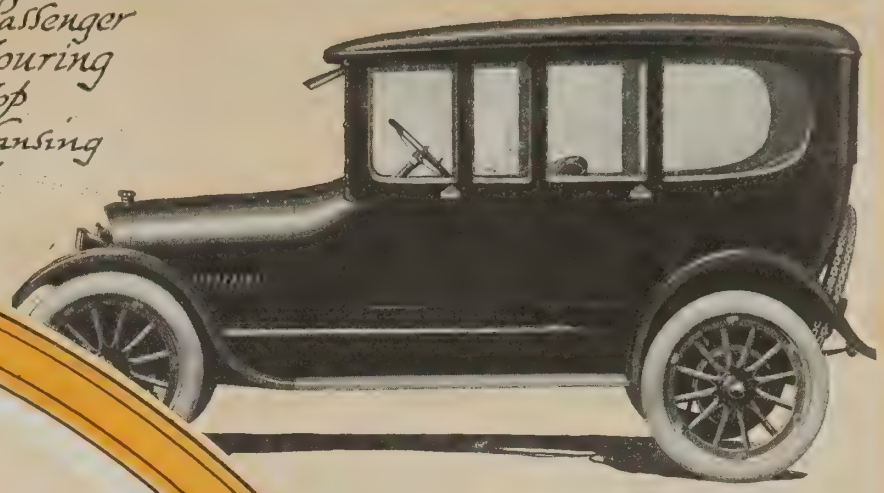

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WE HAVE NEVER STRIVEN to make all the automobiles—only the best. Never tried for vast quantities—only better quality. Never tried to make a dollar out of Reo stock save as it came legitimately from the making of Reo cars and trucks.

WE HAVE BEEN CALLED "OLD-FASHIONED" and sometimes even a Reo dealer whose standing in his community is the result of selling this sterling product, importunes us to change—to make lighter, more flashy, more sensational performers—and to get into the mad price-race.

TO WHAT END? WE ASK—To what end?

HAVE WE NOT ACHIEVED that which is—or should be—the highest ambition of an engineer or a manufacturer or a salesman—a sterling product whose merit is universally recognized and acclaimed—by ally and rival alike?

WE THINK SO—and are content. For many years to come we hope to make this great model—always a little better—never skimping to meet a price.

THE GREAT SPRING DEMAND is already upon us. There won't be enough Reos to go round—never have been. So order—and get delivery—as soon as possible. We shall not strive to meet the whole demand—only to fulfill your ideas and ours of what constitutes a good automobile.

AR COMPANY
I; HIGAN

Why The Best Shoe Values May Be Kept Out Of Your Town

THE old style shoe-dealer is *secretive*. He doesn't want his customers to know too much about his business—where he gets his shoes, what he pays for them, or how much he adds to that price.

He believes in Private Labels. *Why?*

Ask him for a standard shoe of known value, and he doesn't keep it. *Why?*

He has his shoes stamped with his own name. There are manufacturers who do that—make anonymous shoes and stamp any dealer's name on them.

Some dealers like to say—"These shoes bear our own name; they are specially created for us"—making a mystery of a simple matter. *Why?*

Then there is the dealer who features a branded shoe, giving it the air of a national Standard Make—when it *isn't national* and it *isn't standard*. He features a name but he wants it weak. *Why?*

When you walk past the store of the local shoe-dealer and see shoes in the window, ticketed "latest styles," what *authority* is back of that style? The local shoe dealer's authority? He may be narrow and local, or badly advised in his style information. When you wear his shoes in Fifth Avenue, New York, Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, or Walnut Street, Philadelphia—you may find they are stylish only in your own town.

There is, perhaps, a golden opportunity right in your town for a shoe-dealer who will supply *authentic styles, verified values*, as good as can be obtained anywhere in America.

Take Regal Shoes, for example. There are fifty Regal Stores in the great Metropolitan Centres; about a thousand special Regal representatives in other towns and cities; and over two million wearers of Regal Shoes.

Consider the great city stores alone and think what a *test*, what a *guarantee*, they are of Regal styles and values. Every Regal Shoe must compete *every day* with every fine shoe in America. If Regals were not right they could not survive, yet Regal does an ever-increasing business.

Now, we have as many of our own stores as we need, or want.

When it comes to special Regal representatives, the difficulty is to find, in each town, the *Regal kind of shoe-merchant.*

The man we want to know is the shoe-man who believes in fair profits and a busy store: a man who really wants to give you the Regal *kind of values*—shoes of known merit, verified styles: a man who believes in building up a business as an institution, based on *good faith* and *good service*—not trying to stick a big profit on one pair of shoes.

The whole town would get back of a shoe-store like that. You can see the man hiring more clerks and renting a bigger store.

REGAL SHOES

268 SUMMER STREET BOSTON, MASS.

(Continued from Page 41)

Which might stop my buyin' the buildin', you savvy. But the week I paid over my ten thousand dollars that agent happened along. He seen the gasoline and he raised Ned. And he canceled the policy!

"And I thought a couple of weeks wouldn't matter," whined Jordan. "Then you could straighten the storekeeper out and insure again. So I took a chance."

I walked off, head down. My ten thousand dollars was lost. I was dead certain of that. Lost! Aw, it wasn't the money I cared about—so help me! It was the dream! The dream!

The train was gone out of sight towards the southeast. I couldn't bear to think of waitin' around them smokin' brick piles for a westbound one. I started for Los Angeles afoot.

Along some time that next mornin', as I was passin' a station, here comes a train goin' my way. I got aboard, and laid back in one of them mechanical plush chairs. "You're beaten!" the wheels taunted at me. "You're beaten! You're beaten! You're beaten!"

Funny I didn't think of goin' to see a lawyer that next day. But I haven't got much confidence in lawyers. I hold that a lawyer is a feller that makes a guess about what he can do—and then charges you for it. Also I kept away from the bank. Wasn't no use to talk about spilt milk.

It was about eight o'clock that night when I found the yard with the cherry trees. I stumbled into my room, knockin' over an awnin', puttin' my boot through a fly-screen and shufflin' the brass letters. Stretched myself on the bed, face buried.

"Let me be a weak calf just this once," I says—I reckon you'd call it prayin'—'and I'll try to buck up to-morrow. I will! will!"

"Boo! Boo!" goes a machine in the street, like as if it was makin' fun of me. Then I heard the gate slam, and steps up the front walk. "After twelve o'clock to-night," I reminds myself, "my rights to the Mullen Buildin' will be a goose egg. Because if that thirty thousand dollars ——" Knock! Knock! Knock! Next: "Is he in yet?" I springs to my feet. Oh, heaven openin' up to a poor puss! It was her voice! We met in the hall.

"Mountaineer?" Her eyes was anxious—and kind. I could of gone down on my knees to her. Aw, there ain't nothin' beats the tender-heartedness of a woman!

"It's all right, Miss Billie. I can go to raisin' cattle again. You see, they just didn't have enough water to fight with."

"It's going to be all right." She uses better language than me. "Now hurry if you're comin'. Where's your hat, Mountaineer? And bring a heavy coat ——"

To myself I says: "You'll wake up, boy. A man always sees things when he's gone without his meals."

Two winks of her sweet eyeshes, and we was in the big car and scootin' away. Happy? Say, I was with her. For just that I'd lose a Mullen Buildin' once a day!

We stopped at the bank. There was a light inside, and we found Mister Gleason in his office. He was walkin' up and down. "Where you been all day?" he says. And: "You know I got you into this."

"Boss, no man could foresee that fire."

"We could of watched out about the insurance." So he'd heard about that! "And I needn't of been suckers as regards that contract."

"The contract?"

"My lawyer showed me a joker in it to-day—a joker that's as big as Mt. Lowe."

"Boss!"

"Now tell me—quick, too—just what did Jordan say?"

So they'd heard I'd been over. Well, I gave him Jordan's exact words—about time," and about livin' up to the contract.

"Lute, that contract don't specify that I must turn over to you a certain kind of a buildin'. It describes the lot, all right, but it adds 'with appurtenances thereon.'"

"I remember."

"'Appurtenances!" goes on the Boss. "That's where we're stung. Appurtenances is the cellar, Lute—and the tin cans."

"Gee!" Well, I never did like that word. "Lute, we're goin' to hand that thirty thousand dollars to Jordan before twelve o'clock to-night."

"No! It's good money after bad."

"Listen! He wants you to take time—and default in your payment. Mebbe he wants it because he can't carry out his part of that contract by midnight."

"You mean ——" Christopher Columbus, but I was excited!

Miss Billie's face was all pink. "Suppose the deed burned, Mountaineer," she put in. "He's got to have another, properly signed, by twelve. Well, he's never had any power of attorney, and that brother and sister don't live around here. So ——"

"Hoo-ray! Hoo-roo!"

"Lute," says the Boss, "we'll offer him the thirty thousand. If he can't hand over the deed let him hand over your ten thousand. I find it's in his own account yet."

I reached out my hand. "Give me the thirty-thousand-dollar check, Mister Gleason. I'm on my way to Jordan's."

"A check ain't legal tender."

I didn't understand.

"Mountaineer," says Miss Billie, "we got to take the cash."

"Thirty thousand dollars?"

"Thirty thousand dollars."

I reached for my time-table. I could say the day schedule backwards and forwards; but at night ——

"No more trains," says the Boss.

"It's got to be the car." Miss Billie was changin' the pins in the cherry hat. "I'll drive. Gas, water, new tires—we're ready. All I need is a box."

"But is it safe?"

"We ain't afraid, Mountaineer. Need a good-sized box."

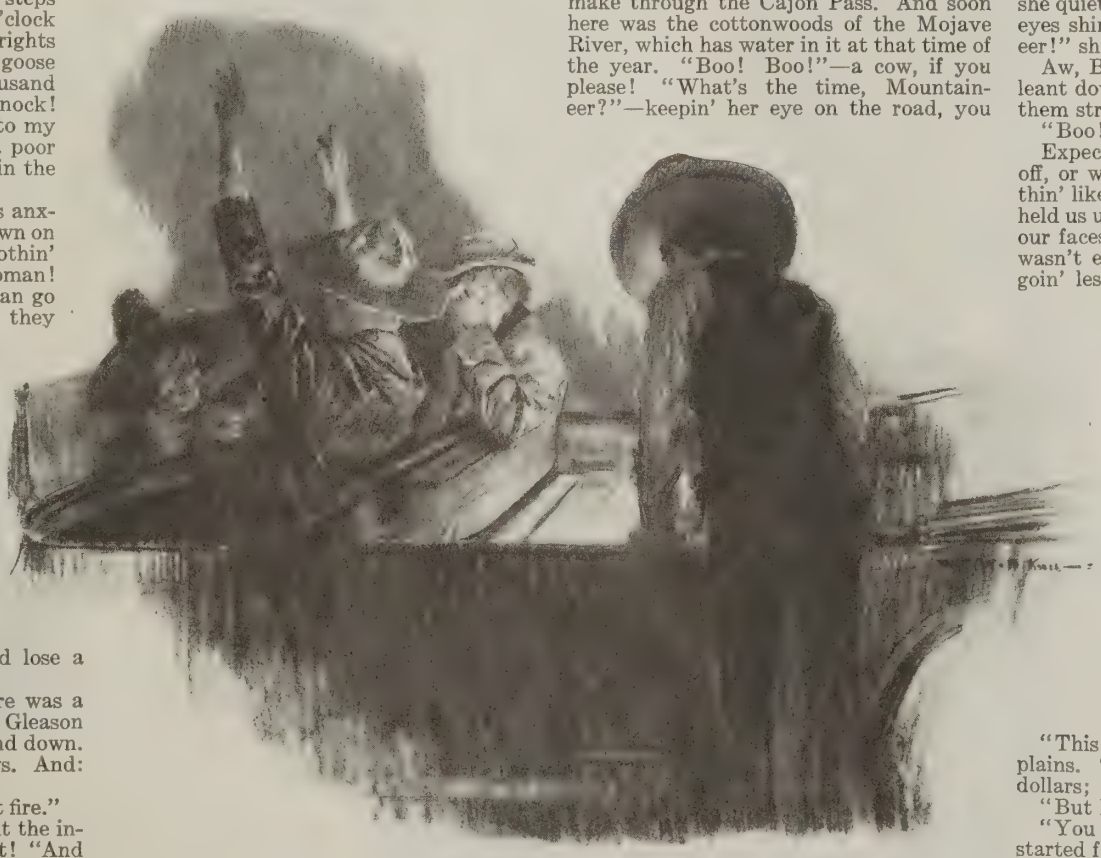
"Billie and me drive everywheres at night," adds Mister Gleason. "There ain't no danger."

"All the same, let's have a man to drive."

"We're losin' time, Mountaineer. Please! That box!"

"Got a revolver, Lute?"

I took it out.



"Here Goes Thirty Thousand Dollars, Johnnie," I Says to Myself

She laughed. "I been wonderin' if you didn't carry one."

"But not on this trip," says Mister Gleason. "A gun only draws fire." Which is true.

"But, Boss, now ——"

"I'm going to drive—you can't scare me. Oh, do find a box!"

"Got the cash all counted," calls back Mister Gleason, on his way to the front office.

"Risk you gittin' hurt, Miss Billie, and your pa's money, and ——"

"You'll find one in the yard," she answers.

I went out. I found a box all right—from the undertaker's. It was the rough, outside-case kind, as big at one end as it was at the other. Hated to take it, but what else could I do? It was a little one, and it had a cover that fitted. Also it had handles.

Miss Billie was used to that undertakin' place. When she seen the box she only nodded, and led me into the front office. There was the Boss and the night watchman—where the cashier was daytimes. They put in the money—rolls, and rolls, and rolls. Then on went the cover. This was when we noticed the little plate on one end of it. And on the plate was a little name. It kind of choked us up.

But we didn't have any too much time. Two nails into that cover, one at each end, and out we toted the box, put it behind the front seat—fitted just right, it was so teeny—and pulled a buggy robe over it. Then Miss Billie took her place at the wheel.

"Boss, I thank you, I thank ——"

"Good luck!"

A kiss for daddy, and we scooted, bound eastwards.

"We'll make for the railroad tracks, Mountaineer."

"All right, girl. Give him his head."

At the edge of town one slim little hand dropped from the steerin' rig. She gave that old machine some kind of a dig in its off shoulder. And the bungalows begun to stand closter together.

"Now, Lute," I says to myself, "this here is a dream." For darned if it didn't seem like one, with the asphalt skimmin' under us, with that thirty thousand dollars behind the seat, and with her leanin' over the pommel, the cherry hat pulled way down, so's only the square little chin was showin'.

But every mile it got realer. My brain started to work again. "Boo! Boo!" we hollered as other machines went by. We were alongside the Santa Fee tracks by now. Our engine breathed like an animal. Could see how it was she loved the car. It minded her like a good kid, and there was no gruntin', no slackin' on the tugs, no call to pity a tired wheel.

Due east lay our road till we reached San Bernardino. Then we turned north, to make through the Cajon Pass. And soon here was the cottonwoods of the Mojave River, which has water in it at that time of the year. "Boo! Boo!"—a cow, if you please! "What's the time, Mountaineer?"—keepin' her eye on the road, you savvy. "Just nine-seventeen, Miss Billie, by your made-in-the-buggy clock." "Boo! Boo! Boo-oo-oo-oo!"

Folks wasn't thick on the road out here, you bet. But pretty soon up tears a car towards us. A man leant out—yelled somethin'. I couldn't catch what he said. Miss Billie didn't pay no attention to him. "Been drinkin'," is what I thought. "Boo! Boo! Boo!"

Then—all of a sudden—a single light ahead. Couldn't be another machine, you see. And it wasn't movin', as a lantern ought to. But it was right in the middle of the road. Yes, and hangin' from a long fence-board!

It stopped us short.

"Say, girl! What ——?" I started to stand.

"Hands up!"

"Don't move!"

One order come from the river side, the other from the tracks. As I raised my hands—and, gee whiz! but I hated to—a man closed in on us from each direction. They was short men, and dark-complected. The righthand one had a gun. The other carried one of them flashlights built like a flute.

Miss Billie took her hands off the wheel, set back, and stared at the feller with the revolver. "Don't shoot!" she begged. Then, before they could ask us for a pocketbook or a watch, she turned half round and throwed the buggy robe onto the back seat. "There!" she cried out. "There! There! Let me show you," pullin' at the cover of the box.

The fellow with the flash got up onto the car step and aimed his light on her hands.

"Here goes thirty thousand dollars, Johnnie," I says to myself. Always call myself Johnnie when I'm sore at bein' a fool. That second I seen an awful queer look come onto his greasy little face. Oh, he was a Mexican, all right. He give a gasp, stared at Miss Billie—and crossed himself!

"*Dee-o me-o!*" he says under his breath—and stepped down and back!

Before I could understand what it was all about, the other Mexican jerked away the fence-board, waved us to go on, and you bet your life we went!

"Boo! Boo! Boo!" And "Oh! Oh! Oh!" this last bein' Miss Billie, bent way over the pommel.

"Aw, little girl," I says, cut to the heart; "aw, it's a shame to have you cry like that! Let's stop till you feel better."

"Oh! Oh!" she answers back. "I'm not crying, I'm laughing!"

She laughed so hard I thought she'd run us off a culvert, or into the willows and the stream. Oh, yes, I knew what'd saved us. That greaser thought—you guessed it! And that's why Miss Billie started to cry a speck after all. Just like a woman! Then she quiets down, and gives me a quick look, eyes shinin', face all smiles. "Mountaineer!" she says.

Aw, Billie Gleason! I took off my hat, leant down to the wheel, and kissed one of them strong little hands.

"Boo! Boo! Boo!"

Expect I ought to say that a shoe came off, or we had to stop for water, or somethin' like that. But no such happenstance held us up. The wind of the Mojave was in our faces, and not a mite too cool. There wasn't even a speck of dust to make the goin' less fine. In fact, the ride was too short. We didn't know we'd got there till we ran smack betwixt two piles of bricks and ashes.

No, it didn't give me no jolt. All I could think of was: "Thank heaven, the money's safe now! The money's safe now!"

We set back on our traces, wheeled, and galloped for the bungalows, where I made myself terrible popular by wakin' up the whole string before I located Jordan's. A head was poked out of a window—a bald head.

"Lute Mullen, Mister Jordan. Please come out."

Down went the window. Then the door opened.

"Well?" he says, meanin': "What're you doin' here at this time of night?"

"This is the 13th of the month," I explains. "I'm to hand you thirty thousand dollars; you're to hand me a deed."

"But look here—"

"You come and look into this car." I started for the road and he followed.

I climb onto the back seat and got my fingers under that cover.

"What you got?" Oh, he didn't act like a man that wanted thirty thousand dollars.

"This here"—skritt, skritt go the nails—"is the cold cash." At that I lit a match. He looked.

"My soul!"

"Of course you'd like to count it?"

"N-n-n-no."

"No?"

"No use. With Mister Howland in New York and Miss Howland in Chicago, I'll just have to default in the delivery of the deed."

"Why didn't you tell me that yesterday?"

I was mad! "Here I've risked this money, that ain't mine, and the safety of this young lady, and—it's a blamed shame, if you want to hear me!"

"Very sorry." He backed away.

(Concluded on Page 48)

A Road in the Berkshire Hills, Massachusetts

GOODYEAR

AKRON

To Goodyear Service Station Men

It is a common error on the part of the average consumer, to believe that the tire manufacturer wants his product to wear out as soon as possible.

Correct him!

Tell him what this Company has done to make tires yield *more* mileage, to give less trouble, longer life, better satisfaction, at lower cost.

Tell him first of the Goodyear No-Hook Bead, its introduction, and what it has meant to the tire buyers of America in eliminating rim cuts, tube pinching, blowing off the rim. Point out to him that this year's improvements alone on this single feature have cost us an extra half-million dollars.

Tell him of the Braided Piano-wire Base in Goodyear Tires, how much it has added to the effectiveness of the No-Hook Bead idea in security, as opposed to the round cables, double cables and wire arrangements commonly used.

Tell him of the Goodyear "On-Air" Cure, an exclusive process costing us this year six hundred thousand dollars in excess of the old method, and what it means to users in reducing the risk of blowouts from wrinkled or buckled fabric.

Tell him of the Goodyear Wrapped Tread construction, and its importance as a guard against inferior tires' going into service. Let him know what it costs us to maintain this feature.

Tell him of the special material used in Goodyear Tires—of the fabric, made to our own specifications because the general market doesn't offer its equal, which tests five per cent stronger than we can buy elsewhere.

Tell him of the advantages of the Goodyear Breaker Strip, and how, built in between the tread and cushion stock, its perforations permit the formation of rubber rivets which hold tread and carcass in an indissoluble unit.

Tell him of the extra material that goes into Goodyear Tires and Tubes, making them larger and stronger, that they will ride easier and wear longer—an item footing close to three and a half millions of dollars extra this year.

Tell him of the bigger blocks that go into Goodyear All-Weather Treads this year, to give them greater traction and greater non-skid efficiency, at an extra cost to us of more than four hundred thousand dollars.

Tell him of the All-Weather Tread itself, how it is twice as thick as ordinary treads and most effective of all non-skid treads, and how this extra thickness this year costs us more than one and a half millions of dollars.

Tell him that the additional labor and the special equipment required for exclusive Goodyear processes cost us more than three-quarters of a million dollars.

Tell him that the total of sums spent by Goodyear in twelve months to make his tires serve better, wear longer and cost less, exceeds *four and a quarter millions of dollars*. He should know this, for it is spent in his behalf.

And then, as a climax (for it is a climax in tire accomplishment), tell him of the Goodyear Cord Tire—how we developed, improved, perfected it to a point surpassing anything that had gone before—how we made it truly representative of the best we had learned, evolved, hoped for, through all our experience in tire building.

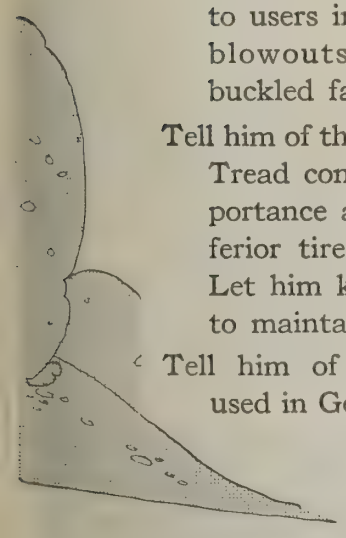
Tell him how, if it costs a little more to buy than other tires, it costs much less to own—and is worth surprisingly more, in point of comfort, distinction, endurance, security, liveliness, power-saving and fuel thrift.

You have a real story to tell the tire-buyer. Just state the facts. They are sufficiently impressive. They evidence the quality of our tires; and the prices we ask in return speak ably enough of the economies we have effected in manufacturing and distribution.

In conclusion, it might be well to reveal how The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, through men like yourself, is pursuing a nation-wide plan of tire conservation, by informing tire users in the matters of proper inflation, prevention measures, care and repair.

This point, alone, should refute the error we mention in the opening paragraph of this advertisement.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio



Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

CORD TIRES

Reduce Your Meat and Fuel Bills

Many an expensive cut of meat has been spoiled because of the pot it was cooked in.

The ideal utensil for Potroasting is the

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Windsor Kettle

In it you can make an appetizing, nutritious Potroast from one of the cheaper cuts of meat, without water and without grease.

Heat the empty Kettle over a low flame; sear the roast on all sides; then turn down the fire to a mere flicker. Turn the meat when half done.

The wonderful durability of "Wear-Ever" utensils saves you money and eliminates the annoyance of continually buying new cooking utensils. Compare the price of a "Wear-Ever" Kettle with that of the best enamel kettle of the same size. You'll be surprised that "Wear-Ever" utensils can be bought so cheap.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made in one piece, without joints or seams, from thick, hard sheet aluminum. They take the heat quickly and hold it a long time. There is no coating to chip or peel, no place for food to lodge. Cannot rust—are pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

If you have never used "Wear-Ever" we will send you the sample 1-qt. Stewpan as pictured,

FOR ONLY **30c**

if coupon is mailed on or before February 27th, 1917.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are sold by leading hardware, house-furnishing and department stores.

WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co. New Kensington, Pa., Dept. 18

or (if you live in Canada) Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Send, prepaid, 1-qt. "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed is 30c in stamps or coin—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until February 27, 1917, only.

Name _____

Address _____

(Concluded from Page 45)

"Guess you are. And I'll just take my ten thousand dollars."

"Do you think I carry large sums around with me like you do?"

"I'd hate to tell you what I think. Come across with the check."

Whilst he was inside I paced up and down. Miss Billie stayed in the machine. Every minute or so I could hear her sigh or give a little sob. We'd covered a hunderd miles, you see, and the girl was tired out.

Then he came back. And here was my ten thousand dollars. I read the check in front of a headlight.

"Good night," says Jordan, tryin' to be pleasant.

"Good *night!*" I answers—just like that.

Slam!—his door.

"Well, Mountaineer?"

I gave her the check. "Oh, little woman, you've saved my hard-earned stake!"

She smiled at me. "You're welcome. Hop in."

I was standin' against the off front wheel. "No, I've got to tell you somethin'. I want to own up. Can't keep it on my conscience no longer. Remember that first time I seen you? Well, I called you a tomboy—that's what I did. A tomboy. Just because you were drivin' a car. And here this same car—aw, will you forgive me? Will you?"

She put a hand on my shoulder. "Dad likes you, Mountaineer," she whispers.

That finished me! "Oh, Billie!" I says to her. "Oh, don't think I'm crazy! Don't get down on me! Billie, I love you! I love you more'n my life!"

"Dear Mountaineer!"

She leant towards me—right into the circle of my arms! "Oh, blue eyes and bobbin' cherries! Oh, blowin' hair, and dear, dear face! Oh, tired little hands—God love 'em! Oh, sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"

It was that dream of mine—come true!

"Oh, Daddy'll be glad too. Let's hurry back."

"With you so worn out? Aw, rest, little girl. Here, I'll wrap this robe around you. And we'll set right here in front of Jordan's till sun-up. No more dark road for me, riskin' your safety and all this cash."

She laughed. "The Mexicans can have it," she says.

"Have it?"

"Oh, we didn't like to tell you, Mountaineer. You're so outspoken, so honest, you couldn't bluff—couldn't carry it off. But ——"

The joke was on me! And on Mister Jordan! You recollect that wood tray full of twenties that the cashier kept right inside his window? Well, he was careless on purpose, in case an auto bandit should happen by. And all them rolls of his—the very rolls we had in the car, with a lot more of the same kind—were just only iron washers!

BEING NICE TO NELLIE

(Concluded from Page 18)

"Dinner for that creature! What do you think I am—crazy? She'll never set foot in my house again so long as she lives. You'll have to go somewhere else to see her—the club, or in swimming."

"Madame, I beg of you!" I entreated. "When I answered all your questions, and told you everything, you agreed not to talk of it further. Then why not let this painful subject drop? Why not forget it?"

"I won't talk about it," she said; "but I can never forget it. To think of you making such a fool of yourself!—that's what gets my goat. The whole town is laughing at you. And everybody feels *sorry* for me! And here I used to pity Annielee when people felt sorry for her behind her back!"

Promises are easily given, but keeping them is another matter entirely. Madame Giraud could no more steer clear of the topic of our luncheon than a novice on a bicycle can avoid a tree. At all hours of the day she would revert to it. At night she would wake me with a question she had forgotten to put more than a dozen times before. Yes; my sufferings were acute, m'sieu.

One night after the Fields, M'sieu Joe Hicks and his wife had been there, and the two gentlemen had been rallying me rather crudely about the escapade, as I was now forced to regard it—late that night Madame Giraud stole out of bed and into the nursery. I thought nothing of that and dozed; but, waking later and perceiving that her bed was empty, I followed to ascertain the reason of her absence.

The nursery was in semidarkness and the Ethiopian slumbered in her bed. Above the wicker nests where my noble boys slept like rosy cherubs bent my wife. I tiptoed to her side before she heard me and, therefore, caught the words she was murmuring into their unconscious ears:

"Oh, my poor, darling, fatherless babes!"

Fatherless, indeed! My patience was exhausted. But I dared not reprove her there lest our talk disturb the twins. However, she could divine from my haughty demeanor that I was ill pleased; and when I whispered that she ought to obtain some much-needed rest she consented to do so.

Yet from the day I met the captivating Madame Nellie at the fountain we have had no secure domestic harmony, m'sieu. The slightest reference to anything remotely suggesting the adventure starts madame on a harangue. Why should she harp on such a matter endlessly? Why do the spheres revolve in their orbits? It is woman's way, m'sieu. Should we ever be blessed with a daughter, which will doubtless be the case, my earnest prayer is that she will have a sense of proportion. There is nothing womankind lacks so much.

And now you know, my friend, why the mere mention of Memphis is painful to me. That city is the residence of Madame Stratton, and I shall never be allowed to go there. Probably we shall never meet again, and a friendship so auspiciously begun will be terminated forever. And for what? Because of foolish jealousy.

"Jealous? Ha, ha! That's a good one! But I hate to see you make a fool of yourself. That's all," madame asseverates.

She tried to make me promise I would never do anything in future without either consulting her first or telling her about it immediately afterward. But I hesitated to do so. Not that I contemplate any affairs; but my dear wife wished to make the pledge a blanket one, covering not only casual meetings with her woman friends, but all my goings-out and comings-in. In short, she desired to keep tabs on my daily schedule by means of this promise. And I would not. Wholly blameless as my life is, I could not brook to have it regulated on the basis of a kindergarten. Therefore I put her off.

"The great Napoleon once said: 'The best way to keep one's word is not to give it,'" I reminded her with a smile.

"You won't promise? Then you must intend to do that sort of thing often!"

"Nonsense, my angel! I will readily agree not to make an engagement of any description with a lady, however close she may be to our family, without first obtaining your sanction. But that I should render you minute reports of every act throughout the day—no! Nonsense!"

And there the matter rests, m'sieu. Finding me obdurate, madame was obliged to be content with this concession, and things now move along much as before.

But the perfect day with Nellie had one salutary effect: it taught me the value of appearances. In future Henri Giraud will show a discreet regard for the conventions.

In this connection I should perhaps relate what occurred at a vaudeville performance last week. It was the opening bill and my wife was anxious that I should take Cousin Glossy, who is visiting us from Arkansas in order to buy clothes.

"I don't feel up to it myself," Jane explained. "I have a splitting headache and little Henree is cutting another tooth. Do you mind taking her alone? I shouldn't ask you, dear, only Glossy adores the theater so."

"I shall be delighted," was my reply.

Yet I went with a sinking heart. My wife's cousin is doubtless an estimable woman, but she possesses an exuberance that is extremely trying to a sensitive nature—especially in public.

She is large, and about thirty years old, with a voice like one of the cowherds who infest her father's farm. And her natural tendency is to be kittenish.

Eh bien, I bought seats well down in front, as madame had ordered, and there Cousin Glossy and I ensconced ourselves with a box of chocolates. The show was a wretched one, full of coarse humor, raucous singing and dances that lacked everything but vim.

To Cousin Glossy, however, it was a carnival of wonders. She gripped my arm until I winced when the lady trapezist took a flying jump. She stared breathlessly at the trained dogs, occasionally relieving the tension by nudging me and remarking:

"Oh, isn't he cute? The li'l' darling!"

She devoured chocolates steadily; and, no matter how feeble the joke, she fairly shook and rocked about, tears trickling down her fat, comely cheeks. Of course it was inevitable that we should attract attention, and twice there were audible titters when Cousin Glossy became hysterical.

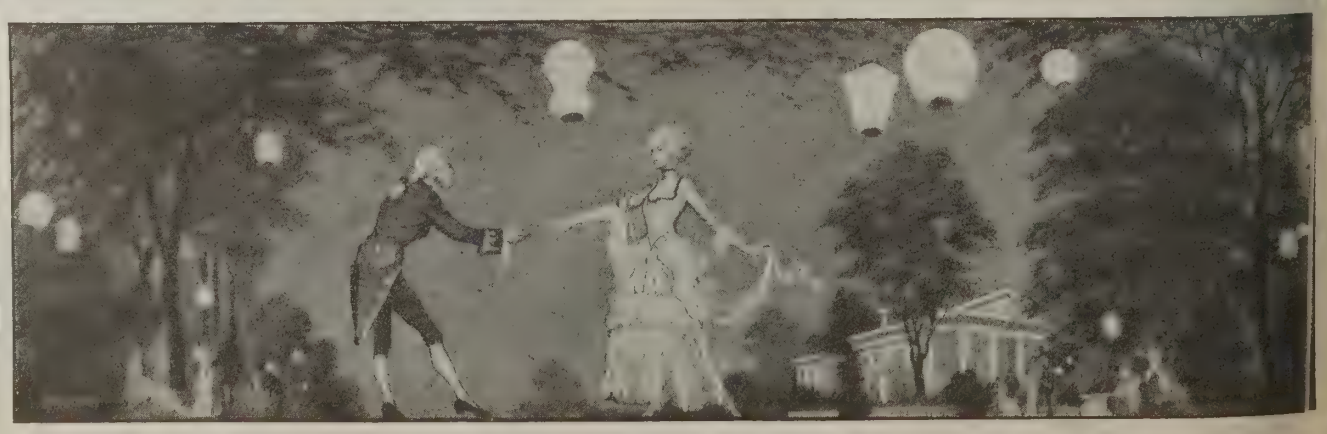
It is superfluous to tell you, my friend, that to a man of fine sensibilities the situation was painful. It rapidly grew more so. Glossy lost all control of her risibilities; I began to fear that, unless the performance ended soon, Nature would have its way and our relative would be carried from the house a helpless but still quivering wreck. And I glanced back to make certain the aisles were clear to the exits, and to locate the lusties of the ushers in order that I might the more readily enlist their aid.

The first person my eye fell on was Madame Jimmy Arthurs. She was sitting with a party of six, I judged; at any rate, two other ladies had their heads close to hers and their escorts were smiling broadly.

M'sieu, I did not hesitate. No! Well I knew what was being whispered behind those programs, and I rose abruptly from my place. Without pausing to apologize to my limp companion, I strode back to the party and, leaning down to them, said earnestly:

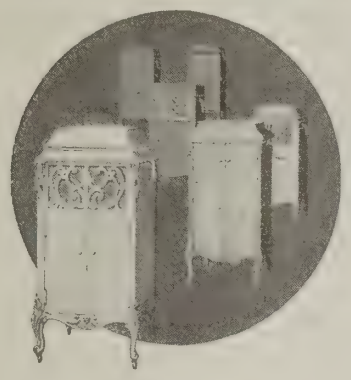
"Look you, mesdames—and you, also messieurs—this lady with me is my wife's cousin."

They gaped at me, too thunderstruck to utter a sound. "So," I ended meaningly, "don't start anything!"



BRUNSWICK

PLAYS ALL RECORDS



All Phonographs In One

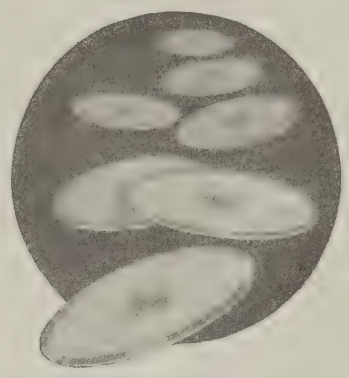
THE wonderful Brunswick phonograph was announced several months ago. It was heralded as "all phonographs in one." Naturally there were a few who doubted.

But now folks who have long waited for the ultimate phonograph frankly admit that the Brunswick takes first place.

The combination of all the merits of the many has really been brought about. All over the land those who have heard the Brunswick have been eager buyers. They are spreading the news among other music lovers. The Brunswick is the greatest sensation in the phonograph world.

The House of Brunswick has been famous for generations for its wood-working experts. They have been making fine phonograph cabinets for years. But not until a perfected phonograph was possible could the House of Brunswick afford to bring out the Brunswick phonograph.

Hear this marvelous instrument now. Make comparisons. Learn the saving. We leave the decision to you.



Unlimited Choice

WHEN it was announced that the Brunswick plays ALL records, many music lovers whose libraries had been limited to certain records were won over immediately to the Brunswick.

Hitherto phonograph owners have found that some of the greatest records were barred from their homes. Now the Brunswick removes all limitations.

The Brunswick is equipped to play all records as if on their own machines. The correct sound boxes are furnished. Any needle may be used, including the jewel point, the sapphire ball, steel, etc. All without extra cost.

On the Brunswick any record, whatever make, is given new tonal values. Shadings hitherto hidden are now brought out.

Leading authorities in acoustics helped to design and build the scientifically correct, wooden-walled sound chamber. It is built as delicately as a violin.

Again, we leave it to you to test out all records on the Brunswick to substantiate our claims.

An International Alliance

THE House of Brunswick, sole makers of the Brunswick phonograph, has made an international alliance with Pathé, the world-famous makers of records.

This opens up a hitherto untapped field, bringing to America the exquisite renditions of Europe's famous artists.

This arrangement gives to the owner of a Brunswick all the best American records and all the best European records.

Two sound boxes are furnished with the Brunswick—thereby meeting the requirements of all makes of records.

Experts who have made hundreds of tests say there is no more remarkable combination than the Brunswick phonograph and Pathé records.

So the House of Brunswick is glad to recommend Pathé records.

But remember, the Brunswick plays ANY record. If you already have a collection of records they may be played with a new delight on the Brunswick. Or if the Brunswick is your first phonograph, you have the world to choose from.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

623–633 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago 29–35 W. 32nd Street, New York

DEALERS—Write for our unusual proposition covering Brunswick Phonographs and Pathé Records

Pathé records, played on the Brunswick, bring such famous artists as Muratore, acknowledged as the world's greatest lyric tenor; Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful soprano; Giorgini; Anna Fitziu, the brilliant young American prima donna, who won such a sensational success at the Metropolitan Opera House; Didur, marvelous basso; Thomas Egan, singer of sweet Irish songs; Ancona—de Cisneros—Galvany—Journet—Ober—Titta Ruffo—Slezak—Urlus—Herman Weil. These are only a few of the world's famous collection of Pathé records of singers. There are also the famous bands, orchestras, choirs, instrumental artists, etc. The Pathé library is perhaps the largest musical collection the world has ever known. London, Paris, Berlin, Milan, Petrograd, all musical centers, contribute. The Brunswick places it at your command, together with *all* other records.

Pathé

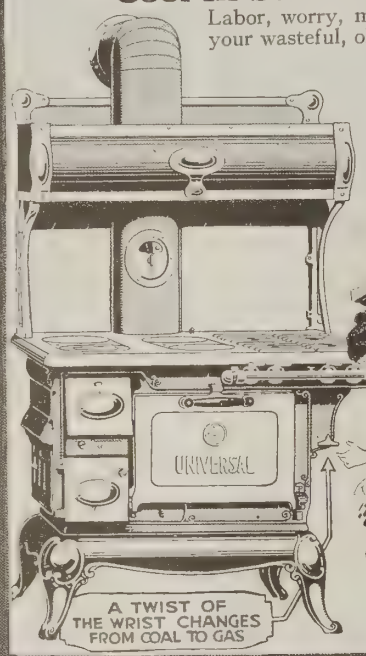
This Range Is DIFFERENT!

Burns Gas, Coal, or Wood—
But Has No Parts to Change!

See that key! Turn it to left—*click!* Oven ready for gas. Reverse it—oven ready for coal or wood. And no *bunglesome* parts to *shift* or *change!* Kitchen kept

Cool In Summer—Warm In Winter

Labor, worry, materials, expense saved when you replace your wasteful, old, worn-out *one-fuel* cooking range with a



UNIVERSAL
Combination Range

Has all the incomparable baking qualities of finest COAL range and the added convenience of GAS!

Different—and superior—because of its utter simplicity. Nothing to *forget*—SAFE, always dependable, because AUTOMATIC! Burns natural or artificial gas.

Durable, sanitary, compact, complete—and *economical*. Due to *direct heat* and perfect combustion a big fuel saver.

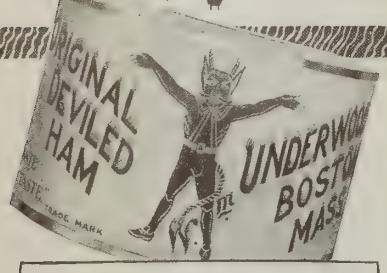
Only 40 in. across top, yet has full size 18 in. oven; 4 coal lids, 4 gas burners all on top; spring balanced oven, oven thermometer. Trimmed in rust-proof Silver Nickel. Sanitary blue, black or white porcelain enamel finish; no blackening. For quality, *low-priced!* Sold for cash or on time by leading dealers everywhere. Backed by 50 years' experience. Guaranteed.

Write for Booklet

Containing illustrations, description and name of our local dealer who will give you a free demonstration. *Write.*

Cribben & Sexton Co.
500-700 N. Sacramento Blvd. Chicago
Denver Portland
Minneapolis San Francisco

UNIVERSAL STOVES AND FURNACES



An afternoon on the ice makes the Big Hunger. Read about the Big Taste that satisfies such hunger!

2 Good Hot Suppers *for* February

WHEN they all troop in from skating, cold and, my, how hungry, will you have ready such a tempting, hunger-appeasing supper as one of these? A *super*-supper, made memorable with the Big Taste of Underwood Deviled Ham!

"GOOD TASTES FOR GOOD TIMES"
A BOOK OF RECIPES YOU WANT

free on request. Contains the famous Little Red Devil recipes and valuable hints for suppers, luncheons, spreads, etc. New salads, scallops, omelets, sandwiches, etc. Or send 20c for an economical can of Underwood Deviled Ham to try. Please mention your grocer's name when writing, and if possible say whether he sells Underwood—most grocers do. Ask your grocer *now*.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY
52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.
Makers also of Underwood Deviled Chicken, Tongue and Turkey

HOT SUPPER No. 1
Deviled Ham Cream Toast
Apple-and-Celery Salad — Cheese
Chocolate Cake — Tea

Deviled Ham Cream Toast: Two tablespoons butter, melted in double boiler; teaspoon flour, three cups milk. When smooth, stir in small can Underwood Deviled Ham. Pour over slices of freshly made toast.

HOT SUPPER No. 2
Clam Broth — Celery
Deviled-Ham-and-Rice Cakes
Baked Custard — Chocolate

Deviled-Ham-and-Rice Cakes: One cup boiled rice; one large can Underwood Deviled Ham; half cup milk; half cup flour; level teaspoon baking powder (mixed with the flour). Mix thoroughly and drop by spoonfuls on hot griddle. Turn, to brown both sides. Serve hot with butter.

UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham

"Branded with the Devil, but Fit for the Gods"

TO RETAIL GROCERS: If you cannot get Underwood Deviled Ham from your local jobber, write us. We'll find some way to supply you.

MAKING MEN STICK

By Forrest Crissey

"NOBODY can knock this store in front of me and get away with it!"

I was taking a short cut that brought me alongside the loading platform of one of the biggest department stores in America, when this odd statement smote my astonished ears. Here was a new industrial note, one that had enough of the tang of novelty to stop me short and turn me into a deliberate eavesdropper. The speaker was a small, thin man of middle age whose face had a rich collection of trouble lines. The driver to whom the rebuke was addressed was big enough and strong enough to give the speaker a sound beating with one hand tied behind his back. The occurrence was so remarkable that I determined to follow it up and learn, if possible, just what had inspired this strange and sudden burst of defense from a worker who could hardly be drawing more than fifteen or eighteen dollars a week.

The trail that I followed proved to be full of delightful surprises, for it led to discoveries unsuspected by the average layman who has been led to think that the soul of modern business is only a shade less sinister and unsparing than that of war.

"What made me come back so hard at that big driver when he began to hammer the house?" repeated the grizzled loader. "Well, I'll just tell you if you'll stick round for about five minutes until we knock off for lunch."

Here is the story that he told me between bites into his thick rye-bread sandwiches:

"Mebbe you don't believe in bad luck, but I do. I had it running swift for almost four years straight after I was married. That was when I got a job here. The wife was a little weak naturally, I guess, and the two kids coming as they did—about eighteen months apart—didn't help her any. In paying doctors' bills and all the other expenses that come with sickness and babies, I began to get into debt. There wasn't any help for it. All I could do was to get trusted for the things we had to have, pay for what I couldn't get on credit, and hope that some day I could catch up and pay out.

"We started out in a little flat, but when things began to go wrong I moved into a made-over barn. The only thing that didn't seem as bad as it could possibly be was the fact that I still held my job and was able to work. Of course I was scared stiff for fear that I would lose my job. That's always the way when a fellow must have every day's wages or go under.

"One day, when the kids were worse and things so black I couldn't see an inch before my face, one of the drivers asked what was the trouble. I spilled the whole story into his ears. He told me that the thing to do was to go to one of the head men of the company, the one that looked after the help, and borrow fifty dollars. I told him he was crazy, and that if I tried any such scheme it would cost me my job. But he stuck to it that this house took an interest in everybody on the pay roll, and that it would do almost anything for a man with a good working record."

Why One Man Sticks

"I finally decided to take a chance. I was past the point where any halfway help would do a thing for me except to drag out the misery a little longer, so I headed for the mahogany office and asked for the man the driver had told me about. The minute that man spoke it took all the scare out of me. I told him that I was up against it something fierce; that the wife and babies were all sick; that I was in debt up to my ears, and that the driver had told me to go to the office and ask for the loan of fifty dollars to be taken out of my pay, two dollars a week.

"He said that I'd done the right thing in coming straight to him, and that I was to come again next day and get my answer. They didn't make a practice, he added, of lending money to help, but I could be sure that he would try to figure out some way that would answer the same purpose.

"The next afternoon when I came for my answer I got the jolt of my life. He told me that the wife had been taken to the hospital that morning, where she would have excellent care as long as she needed it, and that I would find the kids in charge of a good reliable woman where they would be kept until their mother was on her feet again.

"When I asked how I was going to pay for all this he said that I wasn't, that the store was doing this on its own account, and that the only way for me to get even was to do the best work I could and always keep looking out for the interest of the concern.

"I expect to stay here till I die, get fired or go on the retired list, and as long as I'm here you bet I'm going to keep both eyes open to see where I can do this store a good turn, besides giving 'em a full day's work as a loader."

Was this extraordinary experience merely a freak of corporation philanthropy, I wondered, or was it a fair example of the workings of a new commercial system intended to inspire men and women to stick to their jobs? For the question of how to make men stick to their jobs has become one of the most acute problems of American industry. Many years it has pressed for recognition, but its seriousness has only lately been clearly seen by the leaders of constructive thought in the labor field. And even yet industry has hardly learned how to measure the injury inflicted upon it by the floater. It has, in fact, scarcely awakened to the steady, increasing and unnecessary toll levied upon the profits of the business by the cost of breaking in new workers.

The Costly Labor Turnover

Not many months ago two manufacturers, both operating plants in the same lively little Wisconsin city, entered into a discussion, over their coffee, of their labor turnover and the element of unnecessary expense involved in it.

"Though I cannot convince myself," said the smaller manufacturer, "that this leak amounts to very much in my plant, the fact that several of the shrewdest men I know, in various lines of manufacturing, insist that the problem is serious, makes me determined to arrive at the truth of the matter as closely as our present system of records will reveal it. The condition is serious enough, in my opinion, to warrant an investigation, and I am going to make the best one I can."

"My employment records," responded the larger manufacturer, "probably won't tell exactly how much it costs us a year to break in new men, but if it is worth while for you to go into this question it is certainly an equally serious matter in my much larger organization."

In about a month these two men had another meeting, and this time they compared the results of their inquiry.

"I'm simply astonished," declared the smaller manufacturer. "As closely as I can estimate from available data, which at this time are neither so complete nor so accurate as I could wish, it costs our concern not less than ninety-six thousand dollars a year to break in new men."

"Make the figures a quarter of a million for my organization," interrupted the other manufacturer. "In fact, I have a sneaking suspicion that more still could be added without making it exceed all the costs, direct and indirect. How much of this is unnecessary I confess I do not now know how to determine; but there is one thing settled beyond question, and that is that I am going to tackle the problem of making men stick, and keep at it until the present awful percentage of unnecessary labor turnover is reduced to something like common-sense proportions." Both of these business administrators, like many others throughout the country, are now giving a large part of their time and thought to this problem. To determine the amount of unnecessary tax imposed by the floaters is, however, no easy matter. It is one thing for a large employer to find out how much it costs him a year to break in new workers, and quite another to arrive at the exact proportion of the expense that is needless.

Few men in the United States have gone farther into this complex question than has Professor Joseph H. Willits, in the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. In a recent discussion, reported in the Annals of the American Society of Political Economy, this authority indicates that the loss involved in the unnecessary breaking

(Concluded on Page 52)

Springfield

Type Bodies

Lead the World

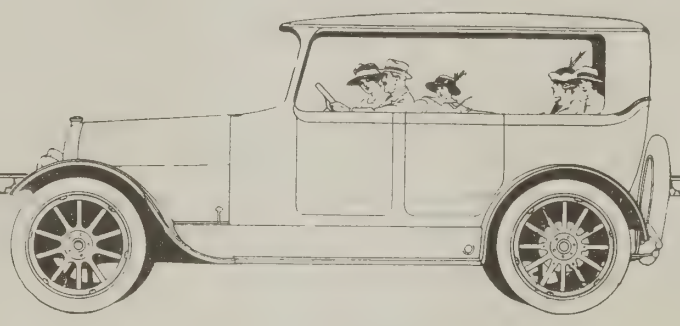
The New Springfield Four Door Model

The Ultimate Body for Every Use

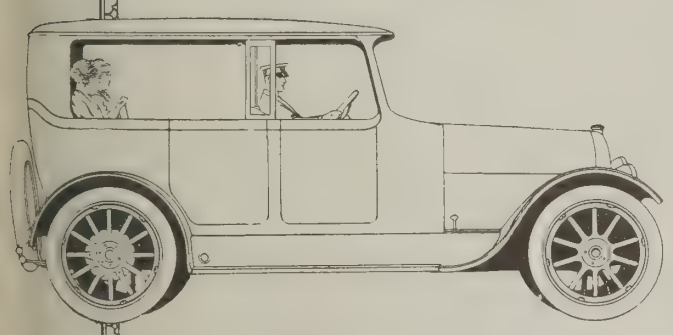
The Springfield Type body is instantly adaptable for winter or summer—rain or shine—day or night service—combining all the protection, luxury and appearance of the finest limousine as well as the freedom and advantages of the open touring car. Be sure that the next car you buy is equipped with a Springfield Type Body.

A Touring Car One Minute

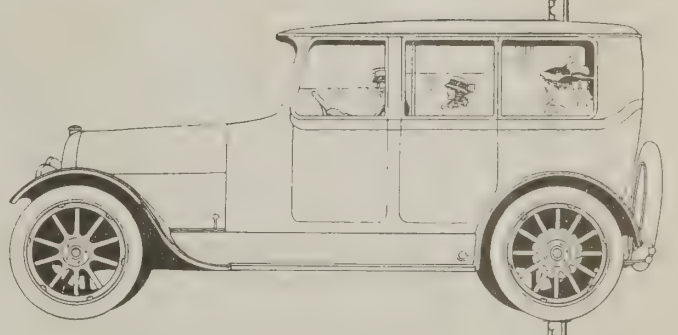
A Limousine the Next



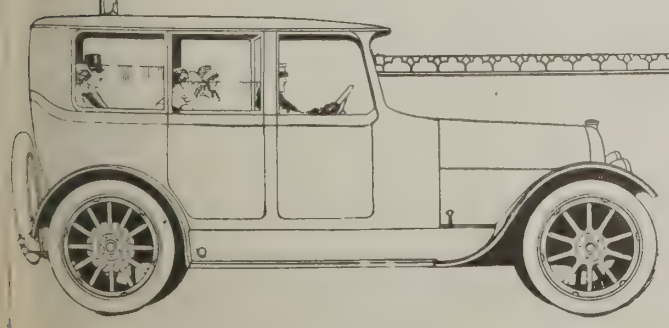
As an Open Touring Car
Four-door, seven-passenger, open touring car—all windows lowered and partition out. Elimination of all top bows and posts affords absolutely clear vision.



As a Touring Car with Glass Partition
Open touring car as above with glass partition (in place) between front and rear seats. For those who desire wind and dust protection as well as privacy and exclusiveness from the chauffeur—ALTHOUGH IN AN OPEN TOURING CAR.



As a Berline Limousine
Glass partition in place between front and rear seats—all windows up. Unequaled and unsurpassed in design, comfort and richness.



As a Standard Limousine
Glass partition in place between front and rear seats—after door and quarter windows raised. Draft and weather-proof—perfect all-year service. Ideal and cozy—perfect protection from dust, sun and rain.

SPRINGFIELD BODY COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
DETROIT NEW YORK
General Sales Offices:
509 David Whitney Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

As a Sedan Family Car
Glass partition removed—all windows up. Ideal family car—rattle-proof, dust-proof, storm-proof.

Why Smoking Makes All Men Comrades

"Have you a match?" asked the sunburned stranger of the successful business man.

It was the busy time of the morning, there was a chilly wind blowing, yet without the least appearance of vexation the business man stopped, unbuttoned his overcoat and hunted through his pockets until he found a match for the stranger.

Why?

Simply because the stranger wanted to smoke and the business man understood that desire. You know, as every smoker knows, what it is to find yourself without a match when you have your pipe all filled and ready to light. Little vexations like this bring out a spirit of friendliness which unites smokers everywhere.

Without hesitation you will approach an unknown person for a pipeful of tobacco, when you'd walk two miles before asking the same man for carfare home. There is something about the friendly haze of tobacco smoke that makes us all comrades.

You realize again the fraternal feeling of smoking in the eagerness with which a man who has just "discovered" some kind of tobacco hastens to inform you of his good fortune. By this unconscious missionary work on their part, men do more to increase the popularity of one brand of tobacco or another than even a great deal of advertising. The man who offers you something new to smoke in this way does so simply in fraternal friendship; you accept in the same spirit.

Now, many of the friends of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco, as of other kinds, first learned of it from a chance pipeful borrowed of some one who was already using it. The smoker's creed says you shall pass a good thing along.

You may never have been offered a pipeful of Edgeworth. It's not a brand that is being smoked everywhere. We believe you would like it if you tried it. So we want you to let us send you a liberal sample of Edgeworth, free, in order that you can try it for yourself.

You may like Edgeworth, and again you may not. As we said before, it's not a brand that is being smoked everywhere. Yet, among a certain class of pipe-smokers, many of them men who make pipe-smoking almost a fetish, it has a circle of close friends.

We know that if you try it and it strikes your fancy, some tobacco dealer will have made a new Edgeworth customer. So we feel that we are only doing our share in letting you try it at our expense.

If you will send us on a postcard your name and address and the name of the tobacco store you patronize, we will mail prepaid a sample of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed differ only in form. The Plug Slice comes pressed into flat, oblong slices that you can rub up in your hands before putting in your pipe. The Ready-Rubbed is already prepared for the pipe.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for handsome humidor package. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply, but except in a few isolated cases all dealers have it.

Address your card to Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

(Concluded from Page 50)

of new men ranges, in a general way, from fifty dollars to three hundred dollars an individual, according to the character of the work.

The percentage of the labor turnover he finds equally variable. One case is cited in which the annual labor turnover is five hundred per cent, and the lowest record so far discovered is eight per cent. Between these two extremes stretches a zone of average experience. All who have dug deep into this problem are of one voice in testifying that it is a Pandora's Box of surprises, both to the industrial investigator and to the manufacturer who is determined to stop the leak of unnecessary labor turnover in his own business.

Probably the most advanced position in the actual constructive work of trying to make men stick is occupied by one of the largest and finest department stores in the world. One of the ablest and most experienced executives of the store gives his entire time to the task of creating a house atmosphere that will hold men and women, boys and girls, tight to their jobs in the face of tempting inducements from competitors.

The Crusade Against Errors

Possibly no better illustration could be given of the skill and tact with which the superintendent deals with the difficult individual problems that present themselves at his door, and contrives to establish in the mind of each worker the friendly and interested attitude of that office and of the whole store as represented by himself, than the story of the young saleswoman who suddenly went to pieces and began to pile up an appalling score of mistakes. The store had just started a vigorous and sweeping campaign for the purpose of reducing the number of errors on the part of employees. This great retail establishment at the time had a force of fully two hundred persons who devoted themselves exclusively to the task of adjusting errors. It takes only an instant to make a mistake, but often half a day's time is not enough to correct one. Again, the consequences of a small error are often serious—sometimes involving the loss of a valued customer.

In a store like this one, with a working force of ten thousand employees, the possibilities of error volume are tremendous. To the layman it would seem that a saleswoman who made only one mistake a week must be a marvel of accuracy. Yet if that average were maintained throughout the store the total would be ten thousand mistakes a week, and the task of trying to smooth out ten thousand mistakes in a week is not only an expensive operation, but a decidedly discouraging one, even to a force of two hundred expert adjusters. It is no wonder, then, that the management determined to reduce the volume of mistakes to much smaller proportions.

Naturally this campaign to cut down errors exerted a strong pressure on all of the employees and particularly on those who were a little inclined to be careless. Incidentally it should be remarked that the results of this movement to reduce the current output of mistakes were surprising. At the end of the year it was found that only sixteen employees had made more than ten errors for the whole twelve months. This is enough to indicate the intensity of the campaign that threw the spotlight on the error score and sent many saleswomen "over the carpet" to the various department heads. At the same time the superintendent for workers received reports each day on all employees who were considered in serious trouble or in danger of dismissal.

One day, in the course of this strenuous reform period, the report of a young saleswoman showed that she had made three mistakes on that date. Instantly the official friend of the workers started an investigation. At the end of the week the girl totaled twenty-three errors, and would have been at once dismissed by the department head had it not been for the veto power vested in the executive who carried the responsibility of the big movement for reducing the cost of breaking in new help by making employees stick to their jobs and by making their jobs stick to them.

One fact brought out by the quiet investigation that he made was that her record had been decidedly good up to about two months before, when she had been rather sharply reprimanded by the department manager. This had evidently thrown her into an acute state of anxiety that increased in a cumulative ratio as her volume of mistakes grew. The finish was the championship record of twenty-three errors in one week.

When she received a request to come to the office of the superintendent for workers she burst into tears and said good-by to one or two of her most intimate friends in the department. One glance at her face was enough to make the superintendent move quickly in putting into operation the plan upon which he had decided.

"Miss Blank," he said, "I have sent for you because I believe that you can help me out in a rather delicate task that concerns a young girl at the other end of the department in which you work. She is rather sensitive and high strung and, therefore, capable of the best kind of salesmanship when properly developed. Unfortunately she has lately become a little confused—very likely due to the fact that we are all under peculiar pressure just now in the general effort of the store to cut down the total of mistakes.

"I would like to have you work next to her, get well acquainted with her, and help her, in a tactful way that will not disclose our purpose, to regain her poise and confidence in herself. Right now she is decidedly bewildered. A little clever and sympathetic assistance that she will think spontaneous on your part, instead of inspired by the store management, will very likely help her over the most critical part of her store career and put her on the way to become a useful and permanent employee.

"Of course it is true that she has made quite a number of mistakes lately, but it would be a far more serious mistake than any she has made to allow her to become discouraged over her errors. After you have worked alongside of her for a week, please come and tell me how she seems to you to be coming on."

Miss Blank was too keen to fail to see the similarity between her own case and that of the younger girl with whom she was to work. At the end of the week she again called at the superintendent's office, but this time her face beamed with gratitude and courage. After reporting the entire success of her mission, she volunteered the statement that the experience had been worth everything to herself. The comment of the superintendent on this incident is this:

"Here was a case in which direct and immediate results fully repaid all the outlay of time and effort involved. Four years of training had been invested in this young woman, and that means a very considerable outlay. It would have been bad business to allow that investment to be wrecked, just for the lack of a little intelligent attention. Then, in another way, the house could not in the least afford to have a failure with this saleswoman, because she represented a type of help of the most desirable sort."

Why Good Workers Slow Down

The office of this specialist in the human troubles of workers is always on the alert to catch the slowing-down cases. When a worker with a good record behind him begins to slow down, it is the duty of his immediate superior to report this change in his efficiency to the superintendent. Almost all slow-downs are traceable to one of four causes. Love and domestic troubles take first rank as destroyers of individual efficiency, so far as the experience of this institution is concerned; financial difficulties are a close second; unhappy business relations come in third; while the other cause is ill health. Cases coming outside of these classifications are unusual.

One of the interesting theories of this management is that a raise of wages or salary loses about seventy per cent of its value and effect when given on demand instead of voluntarily. Consequently the motto of this employment expert is "Beat 'em to it." Not only does he believe in the policy of previousness in increasing the pay of the workers, but he makes it a rule, as far as possible, to lift every voluntary advance out of the routine and stereotyped order of things and give it a personal flavor and association.

For example, the other day he sent for a certain boy who had been employed for exactly three months to a day.

"Well, Johnny," was the genial greeting from this executive, in whose hands rest the pay-check destinies of ten thousand workers, "how are you getting on down there in Department Seventeen?"

"I don't know, sir," came the hesitating answer from the grinning boy.

"Well, I know," responded the superintendent for workers. "In fact, Johnny, it's my job to know how everybody that works here is getting on. You are trying hard to make good—and any boy who does that is bound to succeed. Let's see, your birthday is next Monday, isn't it?"

At this statement Johnny's eyes opened wide. The idea that his birthday should be remembered by the big boss of all the workers in this great establishment gave him a jolt. He was due, however, for still another along the same line. "We're going to celebrate your birthday, Johnny," the superintendent continued, "by giving you a little raise in your pay. We are doing this because you show that you are willing to work and want to learn how to do your work well. Just how soon you get another raise depends on how hard and how steadily you keep on trying."

When Johnny left the office he was walking on air. He had a friend in the man at the top, the man who was over all the others, did the hiring and firing, and fixed the amount of wages on every pay check! And hadn't this man shown that he was interested in him by giving him a raise right off the jump?

The Automatic Tickler

What Johnny did not know was that in the great stack of cards on the desk before the superintendent for workers was one bearing his own name, containing a very concise history of his life from the date of his birth down to the moment of his interview, together with much information about his home and the other members of his family. Every day this tickler automatically places before the superintendent for workers the names of those employees who have either been with the firm for exactly three months, or whose cases have been considered and who have perhaps been interviewed three months previously.

In this way the superintendent is able to keep in the most intimate touch with his entire force of workers, and to carry out his "Beat 'em to it" policy in a manner that does not often allow an employee who is doing good work to get ahead of him and ask for a raise. Of course many such requests are received, but the number of them is small in comparison with the volume of those that are raised on the initiative of the superintendent. There is no rule in this establishment that prevents honoring requests for a raise of pay, and it is distinctly understood that the policy of the store is that a request of this kind shall not be allowed to prejudice the chances of the one who makes it.

Few large employers of labor have made a bolder or shrewder stroke along the line of making men stick than a certain railway system, which lately announced a remarkable life insurance plan covering all of its employees who have a continuous service record of more than two years. The benefit under this plan cannot be less than $250 or more than $3000, and its basis, between these two arbitrary limits, is "a sum equal to five per cent of the salary or wage received by the deceased employee during the twelve months immediately preceding his death, multiplied by the number of years of continuous service."

For example, a station agent who had been on the pay roll of the company for twenty years without a break died soon after the plan went into effect. His pay for the last year was $2000. Five per cent of that amount is $100. This, multiplied by twenty—the number of years of service—gives $2000, the amount of the benefit which his widow received. A notable feature of this plan is the fact that it requires no coöperation—no payments, however small—on the part of the employees.

This insurance plan, like the other examples mentioned, is a bit too advanced to be considered as typical of the new attitude but the fact remains that thousands of employers are awakening to the fact that one of the heaviest burdens of modern business is the breaking in of new help and giving passing entertainment to an army of restless, purposeless floaters; and, what is perhaps even more important, they recognize that men and women, boys and girls, are human beings first, last and all the time, so that in this country at least they will never be mere commercial or industrial pawns to be moved about as if they were blocks of wood. The great secret in making men stick to their jobs is to recognize their individuality at every turn, to make them feel that their rights, capabilities and even peculiarities are taken into consideration in the industrial relationship.

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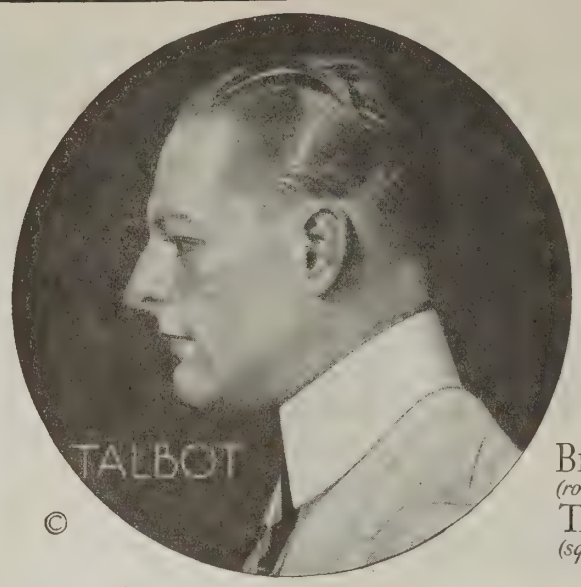

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1600 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

READY! ACTION! CAMERA! GO!

(Concluded from Page 14)

business organization we are making them in half or a quarter of that time. Our results are quite as impressive and our cost amazingly less.

Let us watch Charles Mills for a while and see how he directed the historical drama that was assigned to him.

Unlike some directors, Mills does not consult his actors in regard to the story. He calls them together and tells them what he thinks of it and what he wants! Turning to a great star employed for this picture, he said: "Now no doubt there are ten ways of making love, and your way may be excellent; but as I have to carry the psychology of the entire story and the relation of one character to another, and the relation of both to the whole, I'll have to insist that love be made the way I want it. That is why I prefer that none of you shall read the script; you might get ideas about your action that I should have great difficulty in changing. This picture has been given me to paint. I have the most wonderful colors that an artist could crave; but you must permit me to mix them as I see fit, for, after all, a picture must of necessity be the work of one man!"

Fortunately the stage stars had brains enough to see the point of Mills' statement. Our stock actors knew all this very well; so they all worked in joyous harmony and, in fact, soon recognized in him a great master.

When the day arrived on which we were to begin the picture, everything, down to the last detail, was in readiness. Each department, jealous of its own efficiency, had with astounding foresight prepared for every contingency. We were to start on a series of small interiors; and, lest there might be fog or cloudy weather, the electricians had in reserve a huge battery of supplementary lights.

Now on the screen in a ten-reel picture you may behold the king in his antechamber perhaps twenty times throughout the story; but when we make the picture all scenes in that location are made at once, so that the set can be struck to make room for another. The scenes made by day are developed at night, so that the assistant director and camera man may see the negative projected in the morning; and, if necessary, a retake can be accomplished while the set still stands.

The Council Before the Battle

We have many stages and there are always half a dozen sets standing, and others in process of building. To avoid any delay the scene men are supposed to keep four days ahead of the schedule. If a large set is delayed we utilize the time in making outside locations.

The small interiors, with only a few characters, are much easier to make, and sometimes we do as many as eight or ten in a day; but when it comes to big scenes the director has to use all the brains at his command and the different departments are put to the big test.

Take, for example, the great battle scene in the picture Mills took: Every evening for a week he motored out to the location, with his assistants and army men, and went over the battlefield in minutest detail. A complete topographical map was made; and finally, at a council of war, just as they have in Europe, the movement of the troops was arranged with absolute precision.

For several days before the battle the field was a scene of utmost activity and apparent confusion: Tents were pitched; the commissariat department set up its stoves and tables; corrals for the horses and dressing rooms for the actors were built; a hospital tent, with three motor ambulances, was installed; camera stands were erected and masked; and stands were built so that the knights, who wore armor weighing two hundred pounds to the man, could mount their horses. In fact, every need possible for the equipment and care of the two thousand soldiers who were to take part in the great battle was anticipated and provided for. The last thing to be installed was a complete telephone system, running all over the landscape, so that Mills could be in communication with his assistants and camera men in every remote part of the field.

Truck gardeners going to market one early morning last August were greeted with a strange sight. A great army of French and English soldiers emerged into the San Fernando Valley to do battle for their kings. They were clad in everything, from gay-colored jerkins to full armor, but were riding in automobiles of every description, from the humble flivver to the huge sight-seeing busses and motor-trucks. When, at eight o'clock, they arrived at the scene of impending carnage they found everything in readiness, from hot breakfast to grease paint; and with Teutonic precision they got down to the business of the day.

By ten-thirty everything was in readiness for the first rehearsal. It was decided that the first day should be entirely occupied with this necessity and the real pictures would be taken on the morrow. Squads and companies of knights and soldiers were here, there and everywhere, scattered over the scene as far as the eye could reach, and all in command of army men, used to discipline and obedience. The order had gone out that the least disobedience meant immediate dismissal.

At ten-thirty Mills, on his observation platform, with the telephone jigger fastened to his head, quietly gave the order to begin. At once troops started to move over that hill and round this; and so perfectly did every unit do his allotted stunt that the director suddenly decided to make the picture at once, and ordered the troops all back in their places and the camera men to make ready.

When everybody was at his post he called up all stations and told them that the real battle would be fought immediately. Before anybody could express his astonishment, he issued an order to station six to send the men out; then in rapid succession he called one station after another, directing the camera at number eleven to begin shooting, or camera number six to cease firing; and so on throughout the whole plan of action.

Mastery of Detail

So completely had he mastered every detail that the battle raged with utmost violence and in perfect accord with the plans. The knights on horseback, having been correctly timed, arrived in a cloud of dust exactly at the moment they were due. And the men, realizing that they were being actually filmed, with small chance of a retake, plunged in with magnificent recklessness.

How any of them came out of that mess of plunging horses, jabbing lances and swirling broadswords without injury is a marvel! Needless to say, many of them were hurt, some very badly, and the ambulances were not installed in vain; yet fortunately nobody was killed.

The greatest achievement was the splendid harmonious working together of many departments, which made it possible to take so great a scene without rehearsal. The smoothness of the system was no less remarkable than that of a great circus—and theirs is a daily routine, while the show lived but once.

After the big battle there were innumerable close-ups and many small scenes, which kept us on the battlefield for three days more; but a few years ago—and many companies even to-day—we would have required several weeks to get the pictures in those four days.

But, with all our careful management there is always the human factor looming up to edit our success.

Once, in one of the smaller battle scenes Mills called to station seven, where some soldiers were standing at ease, and said:

"Present my compliments to the gentleman standing by the tree, and tell him the knights of the Middle Ages did not smoke."

I used to be pretty well discouraged when I was making pictures whose sole bid for popularity was their "punch"—or the vulgar display of money in their making; then I fell afoul of the adventurous theatrical gamblers, and what was left of my artistic soul was killed and quite indecently buried. But, fortunately for me, I had been a conscientious director, always struggling toward the stars; so I got to heaven.

And here I have been for a year, with all my dreams come true—men of brains as my associates; real artists designing the sets; plenty of money intelligently expended; and when we get good stories we make notable productions—the joy of our lives.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Wagner.

Westinghouse

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Each is a symbol of a standard of quality in automobile building. Each suggests the kind of service to be expected from the car and therefore from every important part—by which the performance of the whole car is measured.

And certainly among the most important parts of the modern car is the electrical system.

Westinghouse Electrical Equipment has played its part in helping establish the car-character for which stand the symbols of Pierce-Arrow, Locomobile, F. I. A. T., Stearns, Hupp, Chalmers, National and many other makes of automobiles.

Not alone in the quality of the cars of which it is a part is Westinghouse Equipment first, but also in the number of builders who use it.

And this in spite of the fact that it costs more, because it represents the efforts of the highest type of electrical and mechanical engineers, the most skillful workmanship and the use of the finest materials.

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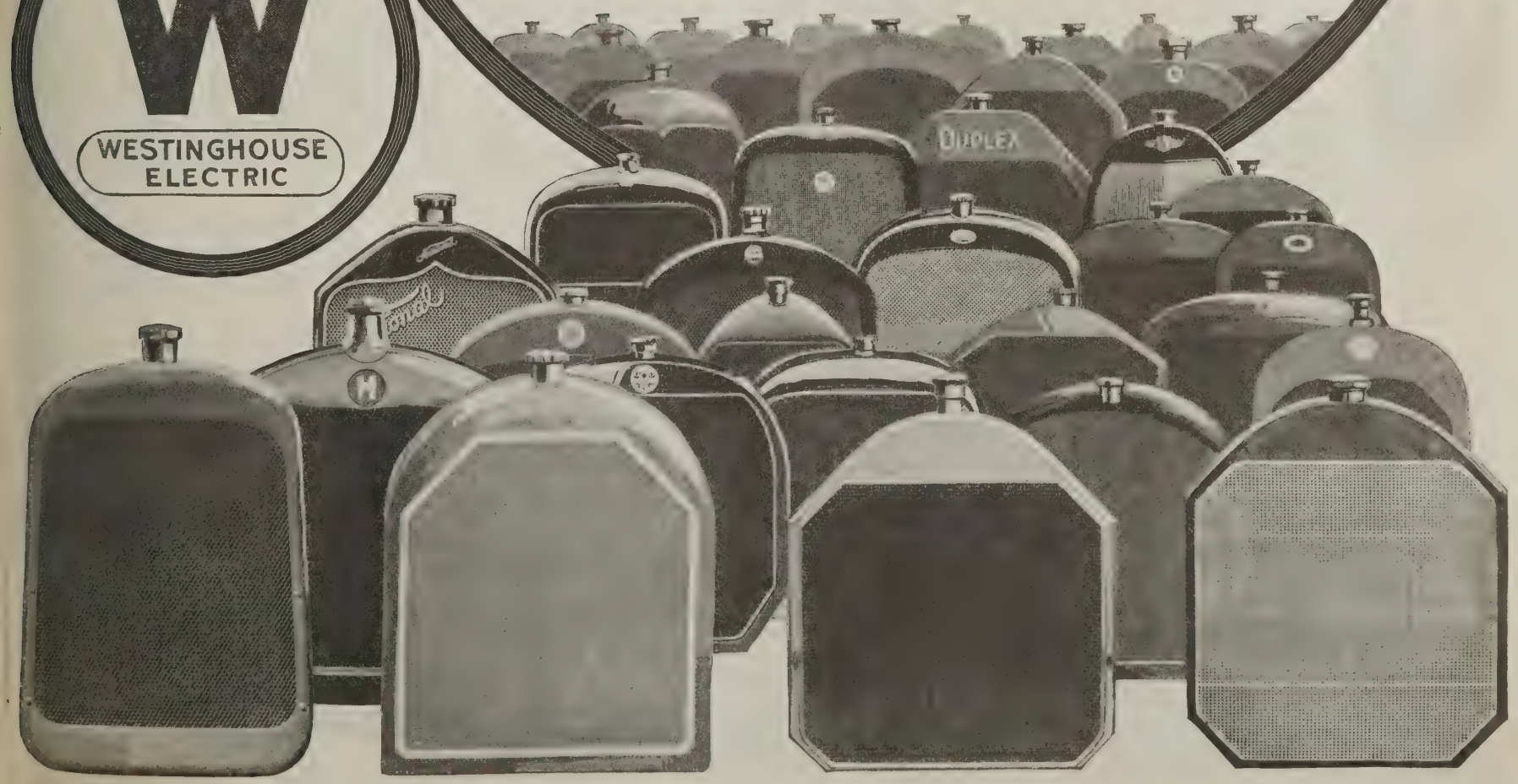

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The service must be 5000 miles or more—never less. The actual mileage is greater than the guarantee. The General distributors and dealers are anxious to protect your interests, because our liberal guarantee protects theirs.

And we've done what no tire-maker has ever done before, because we did in the first place what no tire-maker *had* ever done before.

When we started, we knew what tire users wanted and needed—we knew how to make that kind of tire and we had the *will* to make it.

We had no old methods of our own to cling to through sentiment, stubbornness or economy. We had no old machinery or equipment that we had to get along with.

We had no past of our own to handicap us and we did have the pasts and presents of others to warn us of pitfalls in tire making.

In Akron we built a factory equipped with the very last word in tire making and perfecting machinery.

As you know, Akron is the center of the tire brains of the world. We located the best of the tire brains of Akron and the world and put them to work in carrying out our ideals.

When you put to work the knowledge of a need—the know-how to fulfill that need—the machinery, equipment and materials to produce the results demanded by the know-how—the brains to see that results are produced, and the *will* to make a good tire, you can't make anything but a good tire.

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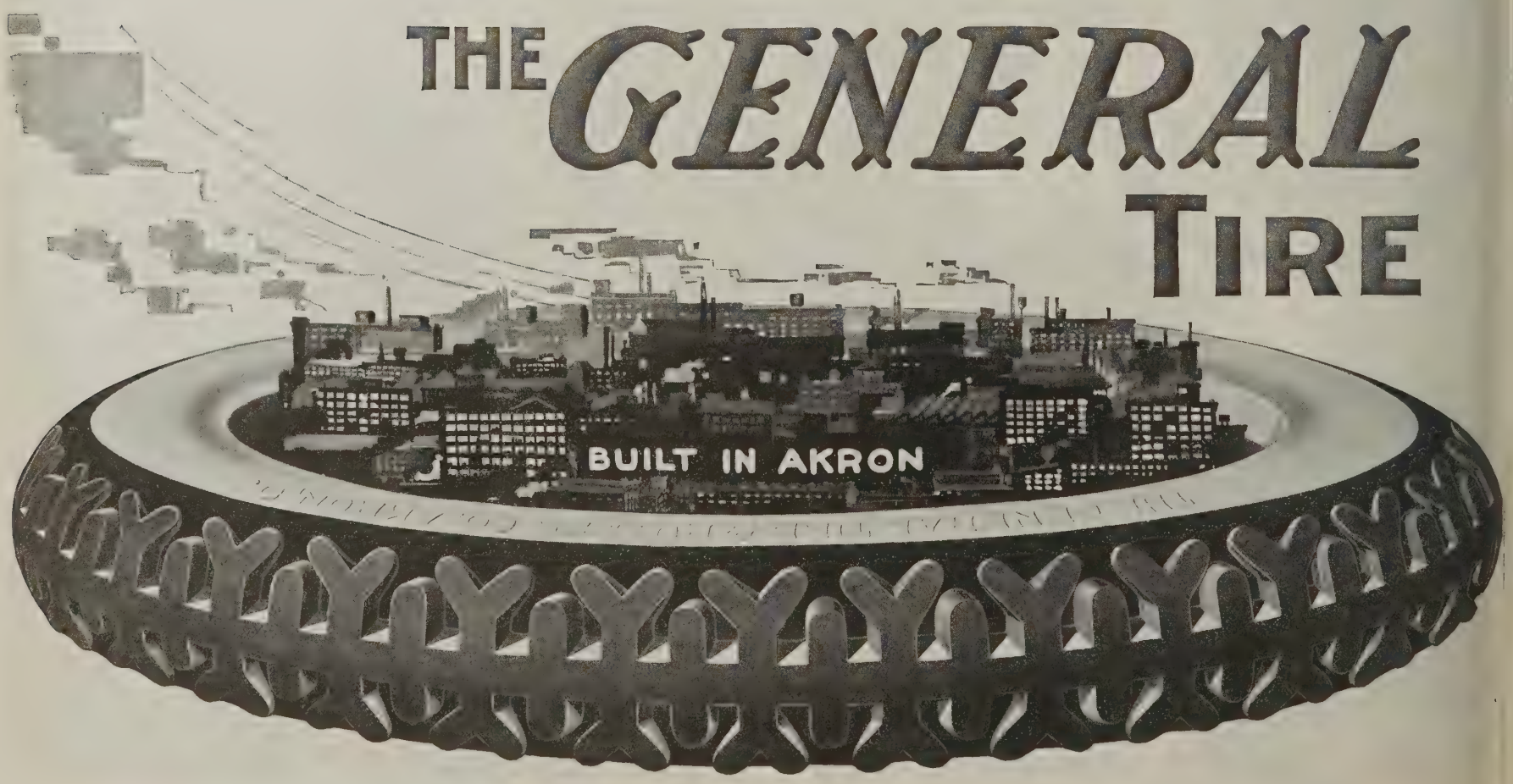

THE ECHO

(Continued from Page 11)

on together. If you're going to swap steeds in midstream there's no use trading a mule for a jackass. Understand? The only excuse for matrimony is that it adds something desirable to the life of each party. That's the idea, isn't it?"

Emmett had quizzed him shrewdly with his keen eyes.

"I think you've stated the case rather well," the unconventional suitor had admitted.

"All right, then. Here's the bargain I'm willing to make with you: Weymouth, I'm sending Sophie to a good, respectable private hotel to stay exactly two months. Won't see her husband a minute during that period. She'll have a chaperon to look out for her, but you can see her, take her round all you please. That's all. And here's the only string I tie to the arrangement: If at the end of those two months you—young people—can come round to see me and say you're still in love, all right. Leave it to me! I'll say 'Bless you, my children,' see that she's divorced properly and you're married. No questions asked."

Weymouth had given Sophie's obliging husband a look of blank amazement.

"D'you call that square?" Emmett inquired, biting off his words more sharply than ever.

"Square? Yes—it's too square. It's a very peculiar arrangement."

"I'm a peculiar man," replied Emmett shortly, with his rough, rather ingratiating smile. "Is the arrangement agreeable to you?"

"Absolutely," his dazed visitor had admitted.

"Good! I can't give you any more time this morning—got to get out. Two months from to-day will be Wednesday, the fourth of January. At nine o'clock in the evening. Good day, sir."

Harlan Weymouth, lumbering along in the wake of the yellow taxicab this evening of the fourth of January, looked at his watch. It now lacked twenty-five minutes of the hour of nine. His cab came to a stop in a narrow street leading into Park Avenue, and peering out he could see that they were pocketed in a tangle of drays and excavations. Sophie's car was blocked a few yards ahead of him. There was a wait of two minutes, during which teamsters swore in the darkness, lanterns flashed back and forth, confusion reigned in the sloppy street. Dimly in the rear window of the yellow car he thought he could see her white face turned appealingly toward him. He opened the door of his vehicle and was about to plunge out and go to her, but a saving caution restrained him. If they came together now they would probably quarrel again. It was too late for further words. The case must be laid before Elijah Emmett.

A fog-horn voice out of the night brayed "Go ahead!" He could see the ruby light of the yellow taxicab plunge forward through the débris. The driver of his own ramshackle chariot pulled the gears with a frightful rasp, his car responded with its habitual kangaroo movement and stopped so suddenly that its passenger was half thrown from his seat.

Weymouth uttered an unclever oath and resumed his cushions. Another truck had wheeled across his path, the horses dozing philosophically.

"Go round!" roared Weymouth to his driver, and the latter began backing away in a smudge of oily smoke.

In their subsequent detour Weymouth clutched the seat and ground his teeth like a thwarted pirate. She had beaten him to the goal after all. Upon cooler thought he knew that it couldn't make any great difference if she saw her husband first. It was just the feminine character of the act that irritated him. Elijah had distinctly stated the rules by which the game was to be played. And she had lightly defied these rules at the last moment.

As soon as his vehicle had come to a violent halt in front of the Emmetts' graystone façade, he had a stinging realization that the yellow taxicab had come, left its fare and departed. By now Sophie had met her husband and rendered her verdict. The small hostility of her act annoyed him, as he took the steps three at a time and jammed an irritable thumb against the button of the bell. After a dignified space a footman appeared, to motion him stiffly into the formal reception room.

"Mr. Emmett is still at dinner, sir," he announced upon his return. "He says won't you please come in."

It was a nightmare walk for Weymouth down the hall toward the wide, tapestried doorway of the Emmett dining room. And it was a splendid setting for a comedy of Italian duplicity that he beheld in the great space beyond, with its carved wainscoting and ornate Florentine ceiling. He had associated this big room with rapturous dinners enjoyed in an atmosphere of intellectual adoration during the Golden Age of Sophie. Yet here in the doorway he paused, a stranger, blinking into the flood of light that surrounded the well-set table, flashing reflections of crystal and silver. And this was what he saw: The massive Elijah Emmett, like a great gray bear, in a badly fitting business suit, sat by the table, utterly absorbed in a shuddering silken bundle that he held tightly and clumsily in his arms. A surge of destructive jealousy quite overcame the onlooker at first. Then he wanted to laugh. The light of four many-branched candlesticks, geometrically arranged on the damask cloth, imparted a sparkle to the elaborate table display and illumined the bald spot at the apex of Elijah Emmett's lowered head. For the silken bundle in his arms was Sophie Emmett.

"Hem!" suggested Weymouth as soon as he had gazed his fill.

"Ah, Weymouth!" responded Elijah, looking up at last.

Whereat the white and slender arms which clung so hysterically round the massive neck were tightened and a high voice quavered:

"Oh, Elijah! Send him away! He doesn't"—a sob—"he doesn't understand me!"

"There, there," soothed her gigantic master, patting her gently with a heavy paw, "don't worry about him. I understand you."

As Harlan Weymouth approached the dramatic table he had some delicacy at first in looking upon this intimate family scene. But when he did look he turned quickly away. Still snuggled against her Elijah's untidy waistcoat, she had got out her little golden box and sat serenely powdering her nose!

"Come here and sit down, Weymouth," invited Emmett genially, as he sipped his cooling coffee, making no pretense at rising. "On time, I see."

Weymouth seated himself a space away from the table, as far removed from Sophie as convenience would allow. There ensued a terrific pause, the more oppressive because of Emmett's mountainous good humor. The arbiter of the situation, he chose his time to finish his coffee.

"Well," said Elijah at last, nesting his wife's dark head the more closely against his shoulder, "what's the verdict?"

Sophie Emmett sat suddenly up on her husband's knee, and considering her perch she presented a front of surprising dignity.

"I don't want to hear another word about it, if you please," she commanded, a queen in the lap of her god.

At that moment Weymouth almost rendered her his unbiased judgment. Anger had brought animation into her pretty face—or was it merely the stupid pique of a cat striking out with her claws?

"That's quite positive, is it?" smiled Elijah Emmett. "And, of course, that's enough to dissolve the partnership. Too bad. Started out with every promise of going nicely."

Emmett began striking fire upon Weymouth's imagination.

"You're splendid!" he admitted abruptly.

"I'm sensible," replied the big man, with his staccato accent. "And that has a certain splendor in this generation. The splendor of loneliness." He put his wife down in a chair as though she had been a doll. "You look tired, my dear," he said gently. "Better go to your room and put on something less elaborate. You couldn't afford that gown in the first place, and you'll spoil it sitting round in it."

She never looked at Weymouth as she went out of the room and out of his life as docile as a chidden child. So this was a glimpse of the rough country at the farther end of romance! He sighed.

"Sigh away!" Elijah Emmett bade him, his rugged features breaking into a smile. "I guess you're about as glad as she is."

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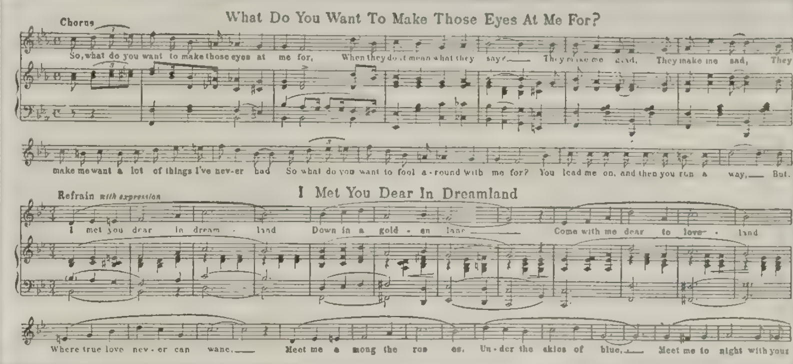

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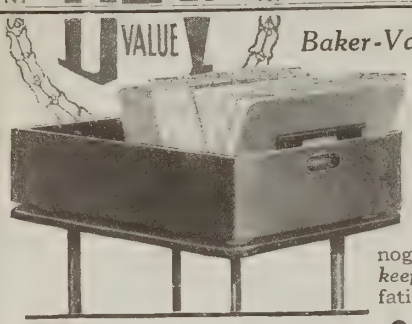
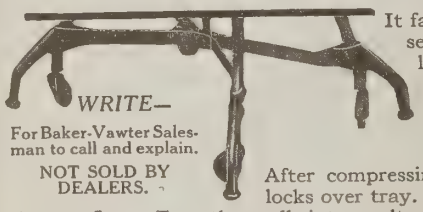


Baker-Vawter ORIGINALITY *scores another big hit!* Two years of successful use by many concerns precede this announcement. Practicability thus *guaranteed.*

Credit men can keep in touch with daily balances of *all* customers, handle special matters and save much of stenographer's time—*all with less effort. Bookkeepers* can work faster — and with less fatigue—with the

BAKER-VAWTER STEEL LEDGER AND STATEMENT TRAY

for use with Bookkeeping Machines



It facilitates the Baker-Vawter plan of offsetting accounts before posting. Ledger leaves and statements are efficiently held when interleaved. Elastic capacity. Leaves held at any desired angle by positive automatic follower block and steel non-skid bottom.

WRITE—
For Baker-Vawter Salesman to call and explain.
NOT SOLD BY DEALERS.

After compressing leaves tightly inside, a steel hood locks over tray. Safety! Press a foot lever and rollers drop to floor. Tray then rolls into vault on stand, or lifts off for carrying.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY 1277
Originators and Manufacturers
LOOSE LEAF AND STEEL FILING EQUIPMENT
General Offices and Factory, Benton Harbor, Mich. Eastern Office and Factory, Holyoke, Mass.
Sales Offices in 42 cities—Salesmen Everywhere

No. 50 of a Series

YOURS

Good digestion—keen appetite—good health—all these can be yours. But not for the asking.

You can have sound teeth, the guardians of good digestion only if you use intelligent care in keeping them clean and white.

The most you can do for your teeth is to visit your dentist twice a year and three times a day use

Dr. Lyon's
For The Teeth
Powder ~ Cream
Prepared by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

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Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S.& FOREIGN

Light as Silk

The Ivory Garter is as light as the silk sock it holds up. It does not bind. It has no pad. It is exceedingly comfortable. And it is Guaranteed. Although materials are going up its well-known quality will not vary.

Prices: Silk 50c, Lisle 25c

DEALERS: Order from your jobber or direct. Write for catalog which includes garters for women.

Men's Side Garter

For those who do not like a garter around the leg.

Price 50c and 25c

IVORY GARTER CO., Sole Mfrs.
New Orleans, U. S. A.

"I should like to ask what the devil you've been trying to do?" asked Weymouth, facing his tormentor.

"That's a fair question," replied Elijah slowly. "I'm a queer fish, Weymouth. Probably you've noticed that. We're both of us investigators along our own lines. You write for an exclusive public; I write for a one-man audience—myself. Well, this has been in the way of an experiment in—matrimonial psychology."

Weymouth slightly raised his brows.

"You don't understand me? To put it plainer: I'm writing a book about women. It's called Limitations. I don't know any women but Sophie—don't care to know any others—but I think I know her pretty well."

Elijah Emmett paused and pressed a button under the table. When the butler had appeared he commanded shortly:

"Bring in another bottle! Then you may go!"

And when the man had shown a cobwebby label to his master, and left the bottle uncorked between two glasses, Emmett explained:

"This is old tawny port—eighteen-seventeen. It's out of fashion and so am I. We'll split the bottle between us."

He filled the glasses brimming full, and held the topaz liquid to the light.

"To our escape!" he pledged. Weymouth was ashamed of himself, yet he tossed the toast off with alacrity.

"Weymouth, there's nothing that lives or breathes that can look dignified in a false position. It's like a Church of England clergyman trying to ride a motor cycle ——"

"What's that?" asked his guest, sitting up as though a cold hand had touched him. "Would you mind saying that again?"

"Like a Church of England clergyman trying to ride a motor cycle."

"By George, that's queer!" cried Weymouth; and again: "By George! Unless I'm mistaken I've heard ——"

"Heard Sophie say it several times?"

Weymouth faintly nodded.

"Quite possibly. And that's the point I'm getting at—my experiment in matrimonial psychology. Weymouth, we've got to talk quite candidly, as men must when they're similarly interested. Now tell me this: Just when did you begin to lose interest in my wife?"

"That would be rather an ungentlemanly thing to discuss, wouldn't it?" inquired Sophie's quondam lover.

"Probably. Don't let that stand in your way. I've met very few gentlemen in my lifetime—and none of them have had anything to say worth repeating. What I want is facts."

"Well, if it comes down to a bald confession, I'll admit," replied Weymouth, "that she began to bore me slightly about two weeks after we began our probation together."

"Humph!" Emmett's grunt was filled with satisfaction. "That's about the time, I should say. In what way did she bore you?"

"I was slightly disappointed—not so much at first. But it began to dawn upon me that I was either losing my taste for wit or Sophie was losing her point of view. You see, I was inordinately interested in her from the first because she had positively her own way of looking at things and expressing what she saw. I hate dull women. That was what drew me to her—she was a shining difference. But after you began your—your experiment with us—and I could see her as often as I liked away from you, it seemed to me her mind was—what shall I call it?—thinning out. Where once there were ten thoughts to the minute, there was less than one to the hour. Then she began visibly struggling to make good. She began to repeat herself."

"No clever woman ever repeats herself—to the same man," grinned Emmett. "Let me fill your glass again."

"Finally it got to be positively distressing. We would spend hours together groping desperately for something to say. It got so I dreaded to hear her speak, for fear she would come out with something so threadbare that ——"

"Ha!" Emmett uttered a one-syllable laugh. "She was now delving down to the subbromidic stratum. Was that toward the end?"

"Two or three weeks ago. I avoided going to see her as much as I could. I was still in love with her and hoped against hope. No use. The brilliance of her imagination had evaporated. You will pardon my saying so, but she was dull as ditch water."

"And you weren't much better?" snapped Emmett suddenly.

"I—I never looked at it in that way," he confessed. "I must have had a pretty hard time with nothing to work on."

"Now I'm going to show you something," pursued the elder man in the same cross-examining tone. "I am going to show you something and ask one or two more questions."

He leaned bulkily down and fished from under the table a small portfolio, such as lawyers employ for the carrying of documents. Rapidly he unbuckled the straps and brought out a thick, typewritten manuscript, in size and character very much like the one he had been blue-penciling upon their first interview up in the library.

"This is my book, Limitations, so far as it has gone. Let's look at page one-thirty-one." He pulled the sheet from its place and laid it on the table before them.

"Now, Weymouth," he said, "I want you to read the ninth line from the top—here." He indicated the place with his broad thumb.

"'Woman has always occupied a position of priesthood,'" he read aloud, "'standing before an inner shrine and guarding a sanctity that is essential to civilization. To many of them, in their modern aspects, freedom is merely a delightful joy ride. She rides astride upon her rights, and the aspect, I am compelled to say, is like that of a Church of England clergyman mounted upon a motor cycle.'"

Weymouth looked up blankly at Emmett's face, stonily amused.

"There's a lot more," insisted Emmett, "and I'd have no trouble showing you Sophie's pet epigrams and philosophies if I wanted to bore you with my work. There's the one about married couples not liking each other—eight chances to one—or the statement that too many people want socialism the way they see Chinatown—by being taken round at a dollar a head by a man with a megaphone, or ——"

"Has she stooped to that?" Weymouth half whispered. "Stolen thunder!"

"Oh, we shouldn't mind that. Every echo steals thunder and imitates it faintly. And, of course, you must realize by now that Sophie is ——"

"An echo?" inquired Weymouth.

"An echo!" echoed Emmett. "She has one of those minds which can only give back the sounds they receive."

"I see," grunted Weymouth. "She's changed so in her absence from you, because ——"

"She's been shut off from the base of supplies. Her mind went dry. It's been a shame to take my words out of her pretty mouth. She has always echoed so delightfully! Really, Weymouth, with her beauty and the way she has with her it has been more than worth the trouble."

"It would be a crime against art to stop her now," suggested Weymouth, "like taking the lines away from a great actress."

"Oh, bless her!" laughed Emmett heartily. "I wouldn't have the brutality to do that! In a week she'll be bristling with ideas again—my ideas. And I'll give her all the philosophy and bright paragraphs she can use, just as I'd give her money until I went bankrupt. I don't think you realize how much I love her, Weymouth."

The young critic was amazed at the intense earnestness with which this peculiar man made the last statement.

"I'll have a little more of that excellent port, if you don't mind," suggested Weymouth in a voice that was dry as dust. Emmett's hand shook slightly as he poured out the liquor.

"She used to take me round a good deal in society when we were first married," went on Emmett. "She acted as my convoy because she had the social position and I had the money. I never cared much for that sort of thing, because I never could talk to advantage to more than one person at a time—and I've only found one in ten worth talking to. But I stood this dinner business for a while. The thing that really attracted me on these occasions was Sophie. It gave me a sort of rare, epicurean delight to sit a few places away from her and hear her strewing epigrams—my epigrams—right and left like handfuls of jewels. People are often careless with other people's valuables, and Sophie was a spendthrift. I never really appreciated how good my lines were until I heard Sophie delivering them in that wonderful voice of hers. I used to go to dinners that mummified me where I sat, just for the exquisite joy of hearing

(Concluded on Page 61)

Hudson Super-Six is Not A Brother of the Six

The Feature Which Won Its Supremacy Is Controlled By Hudson Patents

A Six now rules in Motordom—where the trend, not long ago, was toward added cylinders. A Six holds all the worth-while records. A Six outsells any other front-rank car. But it is the Super-Six, remember—with the Hudson invention which added 80 per cent to six-cylinder efficiency.

The Light-Six type, some years ago, attained the heights of popularity. It so excelled the previous types that it was, for some years, the reigning type.

But engineers knew that in the Six at its best much of the power was being lost in vibration. They knew that friction and wear, within the motor, limited its endurance.

Leading engineers, including the Hudson, started out to end these faults. For a time the best way apparent seemed the V-type motor. So in 1915—before the Super-Six was presented—the trend was to Eights and Twelves.

There can be no doubt that those types soon would have superseded Sixes. Maker after maker adopted them. The Super-Six turned the tide back to the Six.

An Almost Twice-Better Six

What changed the condition was the Super-Six invention, made by Hudson engineers.

They discovered the fault in the Six. Then they worked out the remedy. The result was to add 80 per cent to efficiency, with no added size or cylinders.

That vast step forward made the Super-Six supreme. Never had a motor shown such power for its size, never such flexibility, never such endurance. That fact is still true. And the evidence is, it is bound to long remain true.

But that is the Super-Six motor, invented and patented by Hudson.

It Won All the Laurels

All the worth-while records have been won by the Super-Six. That is, speed records for stock cars. Records for quick acceleration. The hill-climbing records, including Pike's Peak.

Endurance records—most important of all—have been broken by enormous margins. The 24-hour record was broken by 52 per cent. The transcontinental record was twice broken in one continuous 7,000-mile round trip.

So the Super-Six excels, beyond possible question, in every quality you prize.

For men who want a great car, no car in the field today approaches the Hudson Super-Six.

Now 25,000 Owners

Now 25,000 fine-car owners are driving the Super-Six. Could we have supplied them, there would have been thousands more.

The Super-Six, in one year, has come to outsell every rival. That is, every car above $1,200.

In that year, too, we have made Hudson bodies studies in beauty, luxury and comfort. So the Super-Six looks its supremacy.

The car is now equipped with a gasoline saver, also a development of Hudson.

If you want these advantages, and a type which can't be supplanted, your choice must be the Hudson Super-Six.

Let your Hudson dealer show you Super-Six performance.

Phaeton, 7-passenger, $1650	**Touring Sedan $2175**	**Town Car $2925**
Roadster, 2-passenger, 1650	**Limousine 2925**	**Town Car Landaulet . . 3025**
Cabriolet, 3-passenger, 1950	*All prices f. o. b. Detroit*	**Limousine Landaulet . . 3025**

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE FRANKLIN CAR

FIND a man who has experienced the luxury of a Franklin Enclosed Car for *summer use.*

Ask him what he thinks of the Enclosed Car idea for summer.

He will tell you that he has made a *discovery* in motoring: that he will never use any other type of car: that all the objections you can think of are not true or do not apply to the Franklin.

He will tell you that the lightness and resilience of the Franklin make it practical for *any kind of driving,* on any sort of road, any time, anywhere.

That he gets all the *free-blowing air* there is—as much or as little as he wants.

That he can *regulate* the amount of ventilation. That he can instantly adjust the windows for any sort of weather—shut out dust or rain; drive for fifty miles on a hot summer afternoon and step out of the car *clean* and *cool.*

Then he will tell you what it means to his wife and family. The comfort of wearing what they please *en tour;* the freedom from grimy, parched skins and enveloping veils; the joy of stepping onto a hotel veranda without looking like the rescued survivors of a wrecked Cook's Tour.

Then he will come back to the specific features of Franklin construction—its *flexibility,* the *lightness* of its unsprung weight. He will tell you of *easy riding* over rough roads, its *liveliness* on the hills, its *maximum speed* from place to place, its economy in gasoline, its remarkable tire mileage.

Features that apply *equally* to Enclosed or Open models—the features that make the Franklin so definitely an *all-around efficient car.*

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$1950.00	*Cabriolet*	2485 lbs.	$2750.00	*Town Car*	2610 lbs. $3100.00
Runabout	2160 lbs.	1900.00	*Sedan*	2610 lbs.	2850.00	*Limousine*	2620 lbs. 3100.00
Four-passenger Roadster	2280 lbs.	1950.00	*Brougham*	2575 lbs.	2800.00	*All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse*	

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 58)

myself quoted—quoted without quotation marks—by the most charming little actress I ever met.

"But I was punished for it at last. It got round that society merely endured poor, stupid Emmett for the sake of getting his brilliant wife. Then I decided to let Sophie do it all. I've stayed home ever since."

They sat a while regarding the tablecloth. The topaz liquid in the bottle was fast reaching its nadir.

"Mr. Emmett, if you don't mind telling me," asked the younger man, "how a clever man like you—for I'm beginning to think you're a stupendous person—ever came to ——"

"To be fooled the way you were?" grinned his host.

"Well, that's one way of putting it. I wonder how you came to marry her. Whom was she echoing when you first met her?"

"Her father," Emmett replied. "He was a remarkable individual and gave her enough ideas to keep her going until she could tap my mine."

Weymouth pushed back his chair. He had heard the truth and must take it for what it was worth.

"I thank you," he volunteered rather heavily. "There aren't many men who would speak out like this. Of course it's been rather crushing for me. I thought I understood women ——"

"You did? You poor, lost lamb!" Emmett let his friendly hand rest a moment on his victim's shoulder. "I don't think you understand much of anything. You clever fellows—professionally clever fellows—are usually pretty stupid when it comes down to the facts of life. I don't suppose, now it's all over, that you have an inkling as to why I've done all this to make you and Sophie tired of each other?"

"I really believe you're fond of her!" gasped the dupe of fate.

"Fond of her! My dear boy, if she'd stayed away two days longer—well, your case would have been simplified to courting a pretty widow. I don't think you'll comprehend what I'm going to say, but I'll tell you as plainly as I know how. I adore Sophie for exactly what she is—simple and unreasonable and feminine—utterly lacking in that abominable thing called cleverness. On the days when we're alone together we drop all pretense and chatter like children. She takes me out of my maddening theories. She rests me and makes me feel young again. I don't care how she cavorts in public, like a charming little animated phonograph. She doesn't waste any of that foolishness on me. She saves it for people who aren't discerning enough to know glass from diamonds. But when she's home, she's Sophie—just entirely Sophie. We frolic and talk nonsense together. And when the servants are out we commandeer the kitchen, and cook our own little dinners. She's quite a wonderful cook."

Emmett paused, arrested by an idea. His eyes were twinkling with enthusiasm.

"Weymouth, you've never really tasted a curried squab until you've tried Sophie's!"

Her reformed lover smothered a groan. He had lost a comet and found a curry cook!

"Why don't you come round Wednesday night and have a family dinner with us?" Elijah's voice rasped on his reflections.

"I—I should like to. But don't you think it would be better if ——"

"You and I ate alone? Nonsense! I want you to come when Sophie's here. It would hurt her feelings if you didn't."

HELENKA

(Continued from Page 8)

Eight o'clock came, and five minutes after, and then ten! At last she heard the roar of the motor, and her heart beat wildly. Then the great car with its closed hood pulled up to the curb; the chauffeur leaped down and began to unbuckle the flap, and she hurried forth across the pavement in her wonderful gold shoes. She did not wait for Paul to get out, but stepped through the door and found herself in his arms, squeezed against the orders pinned across his uniform.

"I thought you would never come!" she cried. "I'm so frightened—to go to that great hotel—poor little, timid me!"

He bent over and kissed her on cheek and lips again and again.

"I came near not getting here at all, little sweetheart!" he answered with grumbling tenderness. "Took some chances, in fact! But you're worth it! You know that, you mischief! There isn't a man in the Russian Army but would die for you—if he knew you existed."

"Then I'm not frightened any more!" said Helenka, giving him back his last kiss.

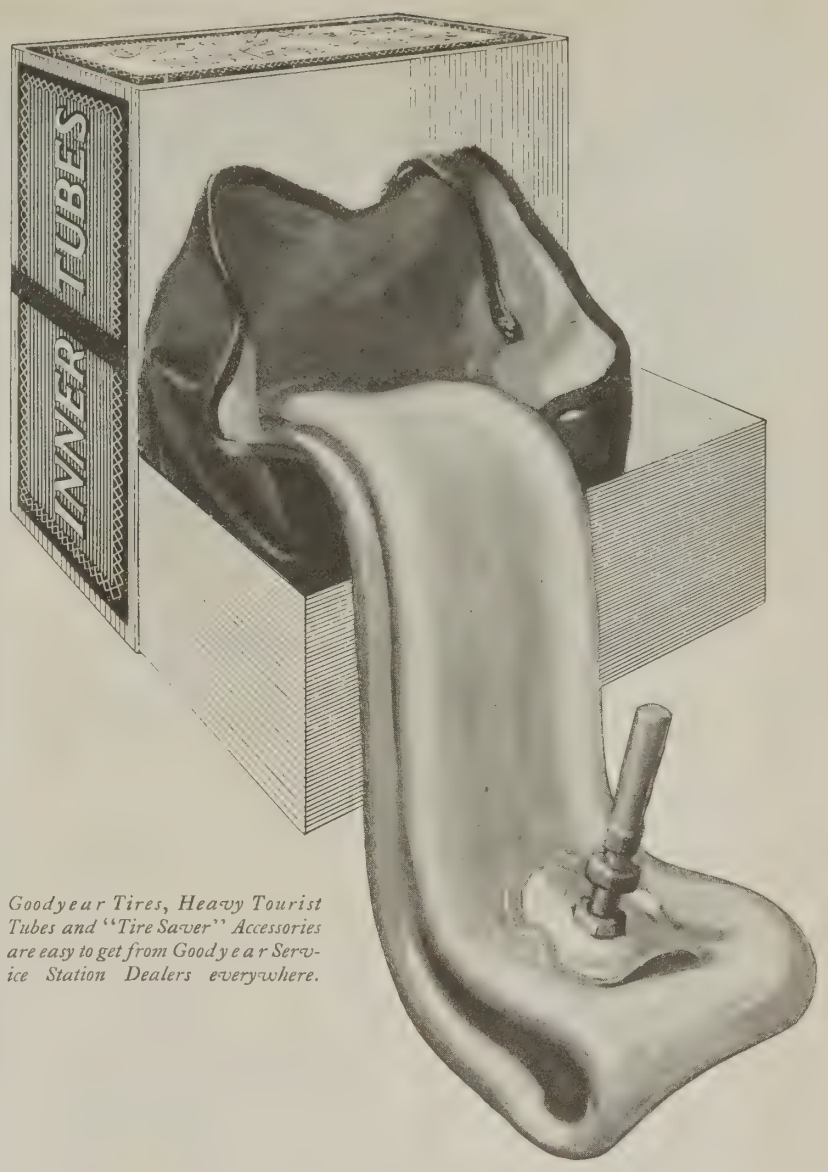
It was nearly a quarter to nine o'clock when the motor which bore Paul Zamarkroff and Helenka rolled up to the door of the Potocki. During the thirty-odd minutes which the ride had consumed the girl had already divined that something was preying upon her companion's mind, which in turn communicated itself to her own. It was not that Paul was less loverlike than customarily—not at all—but she detected a slight absent-mindedness on his part that puzzled her. She also noticed that he had been drinking—more than usual she thought, but why not! But when the *concierge* opened the door of the motor, saluting Paul rigidly, she forgot all these things in a fresh palpitation of excitement. Oh, could she ever put her foot to the ground and enter those great doors through which came the subdued strains of mysterious music? Could she face those hundreds of strange people—those great folk? She hesitated longer than was at all necessary and Paul spoke rather impatiently to her. She must not annoy him! Trembling she descended and, gathering up her abbreviated skirts, not daring to look at the *concierge*, followed Paul into the Hotel Potocki.

The air in the foyer was heavy with the scent of roses and of hot food. A couple of lackeys sprang forward to relieve Paul of his military greatcoat, and a maid in black and white hurried toward her while Helenka, petrified with embarrassment, stood with her eyes on the floor. She could hear the clank of swords, which came from the glass doors of the restaurant, and realized that some officers had entered just after them. There were ladies. She must not block up the way. The officers were greeting Paul jovially in Russian.

Helenka, turning away from the maid who had taken her wrap, saw Paul in full-dress uniform for the first time. Always, as she was convinced, the personification of her ideal—the young hero of her dreams—he now seemed to her like some glorious pagan god—Mercury perhaps, "new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." Well over six feet, his inlaid sword swaying against his glossy black boots, his chest cordoned with gold and decorated with a row of service orders, her lover indeed looked every inch an officer and—had she known it—every inch a prince. The head waiter was hastening forward obsequiously. Evidently Major Zamarkroff was a familiar as well as a distinguished patron. Paul selected a huge bunch of blossoms from the rosary by the door, tossed the flower girl a gold coin and, bowing ceremoniously, offered them to Helenka, then slipped her hand through his arm and led her across the threshold. Faint with excitement and embarrassment, she blindly followed, but her head swam and the scene blurred before her dizzied eyes. She could see the black swallowtail coat of the head waiter bobbing ahead of them, and swaying masses of gay color at the crowded tables, but the myriad lights ran together and the orchestra was almost drowned in the clatter of china and the roar of talk and laughter. Paul patted the hand that lay upon his arm.

"Courage, little sweetheart," he whispered.

But Helenka, who had never bared her shoulders in public before, felt as if she were half naked to the gaze of thousands, and a crimson flush stole swiftly across her neck and bosom. She was convinced that no other woman had ever so exposed herself. There was something wrong with the cut of the dress. There must be! Or why was everybody looking at her? She hung her head and held the roses to her breast, trying to conceal her shame. But every candle seemed an eye of flame leering at her. Half supported by Paul, she pursued the head waiter's retreating coattails down the aisle between the tables until he paused and with a grand flourish pulled out two chairs. At last she could sit down and sink out of sight! Alas, no! With an access of agony she perceived that Paul was berating the functionary for giving them such poor seats. He spoke sharply to the man, and his voice had an imperious ring that she had never



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THE TUBE THAT MAKES THE CASING LAST

The inner tube, obscured, unnoticed, seemingly unimportant, nevertheless bears heavy responsibility.

It is ofttimes the life or the undoing of the casing.

For underinflation is the keenest foe to long tire-service, and from the slow tube-leak, the slightest seepage even, to underinflation is but a step.

Goodyear Tubes are the sort that makes a casing last—yield up its final mile of usefulness—by supporting it in its work with constant and adequate pressure, by *holding* air.

They do not leak, seep or creep.

They are built up from many paper-thin layers of rubber, laid sheet upon sheet and vulcanized together into a perfect air-retaining unit.

Even the valve-patch is vulcanized in, not stuck on, eliminating one of the commonest causes of tube trouble.

For the sake of your satisfaction, for the good of your casings, Goodyear Tubes should be inside your tires.

We particularly recommend the Heavy Tourist type for sustained and severe service. It is especially thick and vigorous, containing more material and more miles; it is a little higher-priced—and *better*.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Clean, Durable Concrete on Milford Turnpike, near Orange, Conn.

Another Record in Concrete Road Building

DURING the first ten months of the past year, 22,583,577 square yards of concrete paving were contracted for throughout the United States. This equals about 2200 miles of road 18 feet wide. The contracts let during the first ten months of 1916 alone surpass the record of any previous year. Every year a new record has been made in the amount of concrete paving laid. Such records indicate the unqualified confidence of the people in concrete roads and pavements.

Concrete makes a road that is a pleasure to ride upon. It is **dustless, mudless** and **free from ruts and holes.**

Concrete makes the safest and most serviceable road. Its gritty surface **prevents slipperiness;** in wet weather automobiles **will not skid** on it; the color makes it **easy to follow at night.**

Concrete roads are nearest to being **100 per cent efficient** 365 days in the year.

Concrete roads are the **most economical** of all types of permanent pavements—the first cost is moderate—the upkeep is negligible.

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No patented materials—no secret processes—no mystery

Materials used for the construction of concrete roads are familiar to everybody. They consist of clean sand, pebbles or broken stone and Portland cement. These are mixed with water, and form a material having a hard, durable, rigid, unyielding surface which is not destroyed by swiftly moving automobiles, heavy motor trucks or horse-drawn wagons. The sun does not soften it. Cold does not cause it to crack, crumble or get brittle.

Many communities in practically all states have gone into extensive building of concrete roads. Vermilion County, Illinois, of which Danville is the county seat, is building a system of 144 miles of concrete roads, under the supervision of P. C. McArdle, Superintending Engineer.

Your community can enjoy all the advantages of concrete roads without saddling a heavy burden on the taxpayer. Let us send you a free copy of "Concrete Facts About Concrete Roads." After having read this booklet, write or talk to your road or street officials and request them to investigate the merits of concrete roads before spending any more of your money.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

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ATLANTA Hurt Building	CHICAGO 111 West Washington St.	DALLAS Southwestern Life Building
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PARKERSBURG Union Trust Building	PITTSBURGH Farmers Bank Building	SAN FRANCISCO 116 New Montgomery St.

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

heard in it before. The fellow was cowed and apologetically led them back between the tables toward the main door of the dining room, but there were no vacant places and, after an agonizing delay, a table was dragged out for them into the very center of the restaurant.

"Well, at last!" said Paul. "And to think I gave that rascal twenty rubles only day before yesterday!"

The head waiter was back now, officiously ordering the other servants about and solicitous in his attentions. Paul called for champagne and leaned back in his chair, nodding right and left to various occupants of neighboring tables. Once she was no longer standing up in the midst of everything Helenka began to recover from her confusion and presently mustered enough courage to glance timidly about her. She still clutched her bouquet tightly to her breast, but she soon realized that her own costume was modesty itself compared with some of those which were within her range of vision. The women all seemed very beautiful to her and their dresses marvels of creamy tulle and lace—what there was of them—and the officers who crowded about the tables all looked marvelously big and brave and handsome—only not nearly so wonderful as Paul, whom most of them seemed to know.

Many of the women apparently knew him also and one, sitting at a table close by, thrust out her hand across the intervening space and Paul gravely bent over, took it in his and kissed it. Helenka experienced her first knife thrust of jealousy. Who was this woman? Paul saw the look in her eyes and laughed.

"Only the Countess Czvorska, my dear. An old friend—forty years old!"

Above the din—for it was little short of an uproar, punctuated every now and then by screams of laughter, the clink of glass against glass and the popping of bottles like near-by rifle shots—the double orchestra on the balcony was struggling to make audible a piece described upon the program as "La Turkee Trot Americaine." It seemed curious to Helenka to see an orchestra playing and nobody listening to it.

Gradually her curiosity got the better of her embarrassment and she began to observe the scene about her in detail, while Paul busied himself with the menu. There were certainly five hundred people in the room—or more—and at least one-third of them were Russian officers, many in field uniform. There were one or two women to each officer, while here and there a civilian in evening dress contrasted oddly with the military appearance of the others and sounded a note singularly prosaic and bourgeois. One was nothing if not a soldier in Warsaw! And the number of bottles was astounding. Bottles large and bottles small, on the tables and beside them, in wonderful silver pails piled high with ice. And just then the head waiter returned with just such a pail and took out a great dripping black bottle, rather dirty, and showed it to Paul, who nodded and pushed forward Helenka's glass. Another waiter pulled the cork and returned the bottle to the first, who deftly filled the glasses with yellow bubbling wine.

"*A toi, ma chérie!*" said Paul, lifting his glass.

Helenka raised hers and placed it to her lips. She had never tasted champagne and was surprised to find it so bitter, but she drank it all without putting down the goblet, and began presently to feel a new sense of confidence. After all, she had as much right there as anybody—now. She was Paul's affianced wife. It was proper that she should take her place at once in his gay world. And yet, what had she, an unknown Polish girl from New Praga, to offer him? What an extraordinary thing was love! What miracles it brought about! She sought Paul's hand beneath the table and he pressed it tenderly. She wished she could meet his parents and see his home, the home in the country which he had described to her, with the peasants and the cattle and the fields of grain. But she must wait until after the war. It would be wrong for them to marry now. What if he should be shot? Looking at his mobile face with its warm color and brilliant smile it seemed inconceivable that he could ever die. Yet thousands like him had been killed. She felt that she would die herself if anything happened to him.

A tall officer of the Preobrajensky Guards arose from where he was sitting and came over to their table, slapping Paul familiarly upon the shoulder.

"Well, old fellow, I thought you were stuck for good at Lowicz!" he remarked. "You were lucky to get away!" His eyes fastened themselves on Helenka's face. "But then you are always lucky!" he added significantly. "Introduce me, won't you?"

But Paul's expression showed no cordiality of response.

"Why, certainly, if you wish," he replied stiffly. "This is Colonel Petroff—Mademoiselle Lavorska."

"Charmed to make your acquaintance!" exclaimed Colonel Petroff, reaching for her hand and raising it to his lips. "The major here has a great eye for beauty. Permit me to offer my homage also!"

Paul's face had taken on a look of annoyance. The interruption was evidently not at all to his liking. But having laid his wreath, as he supposed, on the altar of Aphrodite, the good colonel, feeling himself *de trop*, returned to his place. His remarks had been quite unintelligible to Helenka, who only realized that he thought she was pretty; but she was troubled by the fact that Paul had omitted to introduce her as his future wife. This evidently was also in his own mind, for a moment after Petroff's departure he turned to her and said:

"That fellow is the greatest busybody in the army. If I had explained to him who you were, he would have spread the news all over the room. Probably he'd have told the orchestra to strike up the wedding march!"

Helenka, feeling that Paul's instinct in the matter must of course be correct, was satisfied, but she somehow regretted that her fiancé had not seized the very first opportunity to make her position absolutely plain. Unless she had been engaged to him she was quite sure it would not have been right for her to come there.

Paul filled her glass again and hastily began to point out some of the celebrities who were present.

The stout man in the dress suit, dining at the table with the general covered with decorations, was the Civil Governor of Warsaw. At the next table to the left was Count Orlenoff with one of the general staff. Over there was a group of officers of the Lithuanian Legion. At another table was Prince Ivanokoff with his wife. Helenka was thrilled. Then the waiter brought little shiny things in shells—oysters, she guessed from what she had read—and she was lost in confusion as to how to eat them, until she saw Paul take up a little three-pronged fork from beside his plate. But she no longer felt abashed at her ignorance, only rather amused. After her second glass of champagne she hardly minded anything. Amid the confusion she did not notice that her ears were singing a little, or that she found difficulty in focusing her eyes except on near-by objects. The lights were so dazzling!

She saw Colonel Petroff raise his glass and smile at her from where he sat, and she did not know just how to acknowledge the salute. He was certainly very polite. She was very happy. She was going to have a wonderful life with Paul if her introduction was any index of the future. The noise was increasing every moment. They had come so late that already some of the corner tables had been cleared away and people had begun to dance—a funny seesaw kind of American dance. Others stood up and applauded. From the other end of the room came a crash, as if a table had been upset. She had never been where people were having such a good time before—so carefree, natural and happy! And then, just as Helenka had managed to capture one of the oysters, the lady at the next table—the Countess Czvorska—leaned across, halfway between, and in a silver satiric voice said to Paul:

"And how is my *cher prince* this evening?"

"*Cher prince!*" That meant "dear prince"—the ordinary form of salutation for a person of that rank, as Helenka well knew. The hand holding the oyster fork stopped midway in its journey to her mouth. The lights seemed to grow dim. The blood rushed to her throat. *Prince!* The countess had used the word quite naturally.

But of course it was a joke—why, Paul was a prince—a prince among men! That was it! With a little gasp of relief Helenka turned to Paul. He would introduce her now. The countess was an old friend. Helenka would, if necessary, force the issue. But why was he scowling?

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 62)

"I want to present Captain Lagaroff!" the countess was saying.

"Oh, I beg you—not now!" stammered Paul, scowling and turning white round the lips.

"How absurd!" she returned. "Be a good boy! Can't you leave your little comrade for two seconds? Lagaroff!" she called over her shoulder. "I want to introduce you to Prince Zamarkroff!"

And Paul, turning in his chair, bowed stiffly to Captain Lagaroff and raised his glass.

Then it was so! He was a prince! Why did he not look at her? Why did the fingers of his left hand twitch that way? Oh, why had she met him? No Russian noble would ever marry the daughter of a Polish musician. She knew that!

He was a prince—a member, perhaps, of that dissolute—if aristocratic—circle notorious throughout Poland for its profligacy and dissipations. Why, she had never been anything to him at all except a possible victim that the fortunes of war had thrown in his path. One of many—doubtless—at Lowicz, perchance, or even in Warsaw! Every word he had ever spoken to her had been false—an infamous, calculating, sordid lie. And he had taught her to lie like himself! She should have known that true love would not countenance anything but the unsullied truth. But he had made her lie to her father and mother. Her dear father! Her dear mother! Oh, where were they? Where was Ignacio? She must fly to them at once! But how could she get away? She was a prisoner in a horrible trap—a trap where the cats gave the mice food and wine and played music for them to dance to!

The trinkets he had bought for her, the letters he had written to her, were all a part of a hideous lure; his kisses—ugh! Involuntarily she lifted her napkin to her mouth. Why, the very dress she had on was part of the price he was willing to pay for her! She felt suddenly ill—with an actual, overpowering nausea! She wanted to tear the dress from her body, to cast it away from her, to burn it! How was she to escape? Could she escape? These heartless Russian officers and these brazen women were his accomplices. They were all engaged in the same sort of conspiracy. It was all part of their own lives—this sort of thing—an everyday affair—a joke no doubt. The very servants here in this gilded place were in his pay! He could snap his fingers and they would drag her away, screaming, to anywhere he might direct. Every story she had ever heard of the cruel bestiality of the Russians crowded seething into her aching brain.

What an incarnate devil he must be! "Major Zamarkroff!" The hard-working farmer-officer, the only support of his elderly agricultural parents. What a fine story it would make to tell to his brother officers round the mess table! Oh, Ignacio! Why had she ever looked down at his faithful, unswerving loyalty? If he were only there to take her away from this wretch who had brought her into this terrible place! They would fight their way out together. She clenched her teeth, stiff with fear. The wretch was turning to her now with a forced smile on his red lips. How could he dare to speak to her? But she was fighting for her life. She must keep her head. He must not suspect that she knew. She must meet guile with guile, fight fire with fire. How she loathed him! There surged through her all the hatred engendered of love betrayed, of confidence violated, of truth outraged. Yet she bit her lips and smiled.

"We must learn that dance," she heard him saying. "La Turkee Trot!"

"Yes," she answered, "but not now! Give me some more champagne!"

"What a thirsty little sparrow it is!" he laughed.

They clinked glasses, but Helenka only touched her lips to hers, while Paul drained his to the bottom.

The noise was now deafening, the air suffocating. More tables had been removed and many couples were dancing, or trying to do so. The efforts of the musicians could not compete with the increased laughter, the almost continuous crash of china, and the popping of corks on every side.

What would he do next? What was the next step in this kind of tragedy? She looked frantically round her—at the supercilious waiters, at the flushed, bleary-eyed officers, at the powdered, heartless-looking women. Her eyes sought wildly for doors and windows, but there were none that offered any means of inconspicuous exit. Oh that Ignacio might come like a Sir Galahad to save her! But she knew that he would not come. No one would come! She would have to stay there alone with Zamarkroff!

"O God!" she prayed—Zamarkroff's words hovering somehow in her mind—"Dear God, who knowest the sparrow's fall, watch over Thy little Helenka—Thy little sparrow, Helenka! Have mercy upon her and save her; send Thy ministering angels to guard her; for the sake of the Blessed Virgin send Thine angels—Thine angels!"

With the effect of a thunderclap the noise in the room suddenly ceased. In place of it there fell an utter and ghastly silence, as if a lid had been clapped suddenly over a music box. The waiters stopped in their tracks—dishes raised in hand—the musicians ceased playing, as if turned to stone. Not a sound of any kind broke the stillness. And then everybody—officers, civilians and women alike—rose with white faces and turned toward the door. For on the threshold stood—the Grand Duke!

Alone he stood there in mud-bespattered field uniform, a silent colossal figure, six feet eight inches in height, with folded arms, his eyes fixed sternly upon the scene before him. Every officer in the room was rigid—at the salute. Every woman was erect beside her chair. There was no movement save the slow upward curling of the smoke from five hundred discarded cigarettes. It was like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty—with everybody in it turned to stone in an instant.

Slowly the Grand Duke's eyes traveled from table to table, taking in and identifying every officer present. A minute passed, two minutes, three. Helenka saw that Zamarkroff's lower lip was quivering. Then the Grand Duke crossed the threshold and walked slowly to the first table at his right, and as he did so two Cossacks appeared in the doorway and stood there, facing each other, at present arms. The table to which he gave his first attention was that occupied by the heavily decorated general and the stout man in evening dress.

The Grand Duke, his arms still folded, approached within two feet of the general and gazed down upon him from his great height, as Wodan might have looked down at Alberich. The man in civilian dress he ignored.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded in a deep voice that could be heard through the room.

"Your Royal Highness," gasped the general, "I—Your Royal Highness—I am dining with the Civil Governor!"

"The Civil Governor should dine in his own house!" said the Grand Duke shortly and turned to the next table.

"What are you doing here?"

The officer addressed—the member of the general staff—turned livid.

"Your Royal Highness, I beg to explain. I had dispatches for Your Royal Highness from Petrograd, and—supposing you were at the front—I—I—paused in Warsaw to dine. I have the dispatches here!"

"Give them to me!"

The officer fumbled in his breast and produced a sealed packet.

The Grand Duke snatched them from his hand.

"I should have had these three hours ago!"

Still in silence, the Grand Duke passed on. At the next table was a handsome young officer in full dress, a row of decorations on his breast, and beside him two girls, fashionably attired.

"What are you doing here?"

The officer clutched the back of his chair with one hand while keeping the other at salute, and hung his head.

"Your—Your Royal Highness," he choked out, "I—I—am—dining with friends."

His voice sank to a whisper.

"Have you leave?"

"No, Your Royal Highness."

The face of the Grand Duke grew hard.

With one sweep of his right arm he tore the decorations from the young officer's breast and threw them upon the floor, as with his left he pointed to the door. The officer, without another word or a look at his companions, walked to the threshold, the two Cossacks closed in behind him, and he passed out. Two others appeared and took the vacant places of the sentinels.

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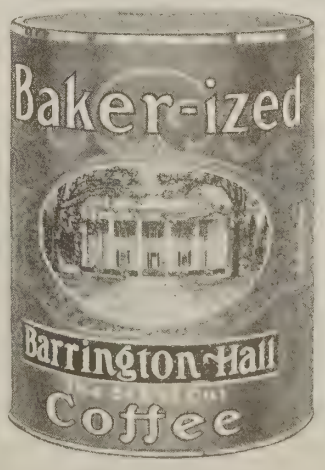

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Down the aisle walked the Grand Duke, pausing at each table and interrogating every officer. Soon four had been degraded and sent out of the room. Zamarkroff had gone quite gray, and his knees were shaking as the royal personage stepped beside him. Poor Helenka, almost too terrified to breathe, was only conscious of a huge, overpowering presence, a greenish gray immensity, a vast expanse of beard, a giant arm and a hairy giant hand.

"What are you doing here?"

The voice roared in her ears like the thunder of surf. The presence of the Grand Duke seemed to be suffocating her. But Zamarkroff did not reply. His head fell upon his chest and he made a deprecating gesture with his left hand. Helenka saw the hairy hand of the Grand Duke close over the decorations on Paul's coat and heard the ripping sound as he tore them off and dropped them on the floor. And then she was alone—all alone—by herself beside the Grand Duke—and Paul was walking slowly to the door. The two Cossacks turned and followed him out. Two others appeared from nowhere.

The Grand Duke moved on. And still there was no sound throughout the restaurant save his ever repeated inquiries of "What are you doing here?" the stammering replies, and the footsteps of those who went forth in obedience to that terrible pointed finger. From table to table he went, until there was no officer left who had not given an account of his presence. Eleven in all were ordered forth. And then, as suddenly and as silently as he had appeared, the Grand Duke turned on his heel and strode out of the room.

Still no one moved. It was as if those standing so motionlessly beside the tables were waiting for the next scene in the drama, for the *dénouement* that must follow. Then without warning a woman whimpered and collapsed upon the floor. The Civil Governor and his decorated companion hastily left their places and hurried out. Like a flock of sheep, when they had at last decided to move, the orchestra fled with their instruments down the balcony. And one by one, or by twos and threes, the waiters and the guests slipped away, leaving the dishes as they were upon the tables.

Helenka was dazed. How long she stood there she did not know. It must have been some time, for when she came to herself she was in a cold sweat and the great room was empty. She could hear herself sobbing, but there was no other sound. She felt weak and sick and her legs could hardly support her as she stumbled toward the door. She must get home! Home! Would she ever manage to get there? The lobby was empty. There was no one to be seen anywhere—not even the *concierge* or a servant of any sort. The big glass doors leading out into the avenue were wide open and, gathering her skirts into her hands, she ran forth into the snowy night, still sobbing as she ran. She felt neither the cold upon her uncovered neck and back nor the icy slush as it poured over the edges of her golden slippers. Her skirt fell from her hand and dragged along the pavement, and once she slipped and fell to her knees. But breathlessly she kept on—her only thought to get home, to her father and her mother and Ignacio.

It was curious how she kept thinking of Ignacio. Along the Ujazdowska she ran, and on through the Nowy Swiat, past the Bernardine Convent, the Carmelite Church and the Radziwill Palace, past the very spot where she had first met Zamarkroff on that eventful afternoon, through Sigismund Square and out across the Alexandrovsk Bridge. The night was quiet, and her footsteps seemed to make a loud clatter as she ran. And suddenly, as she neared the center of the bridge, from out of the night in the direction of the citadel came the muffled crash of distant musketry. What did it portend?

Somehow it terrified her more than anything that had happened. Again that irregular discharge—and presently again! Eleven times in all!

She paused, feeling unexpectedly faint, and clutched at the iron handrail of the bridge for support. Down below she could see great pieces of ice whirling and twisting in the black current. If she could ——! But she had not the strength to climb over the rail—not even the strength to stand upright. There was a thundering in her ears—like artillery being driven headlong across the bridge—and footsteps running. Could it be Zamarkroff? A figure loomed behind and stretched out its arms as if to embrace her. She made a futile attempt to climb over the handrail.

"Helenka! It is Ignacio!"

His arms were about her, his hands tearing hers from the rail. Another moment and his coat was buttoned about her shoulders and he was half carrying her along the bridge.

"It is all right, sweetheart!" whispered a new and extraordinarily bold Ignacio. "I followed you to the hotel. I waited outside. I should have killed him. Oh, yes, quite certainly. Only I did not have to. But I walked a little way when they marched him off toward the citadel; and so I missed you! But I've found you now! Oh, I love you, Helenka! Say you love me!"

And Helenka, perhaps from general weakness of character, perhaps from utter exhaustion, perhaps from horror at what she guessed to be the fate of Zamarkroff, or perhaps because it was really true, dropped her head on Ignacio's snow-covered shoulder and told him so.

Twenty minutes later they bade each other good night on the steps outside Sophie Yaska's apartment. Then Helenka turned and feebly climbed up the stairs to the landing. The key of the flat was in her pocket and, as she fumbled with it, she discovered that she was clutching something in her other hand—an oyster fork!

Helenka, accompanied by Ignacio, returned home the next afternoon looking rather pale and—a quite unusual thing for her—with black circles round her eyes. Madam Lavorska was still enshawled and reading Clara Militch in front of the fire. Helenka's father was putting a new string on his practice violin. He looked up inquiringly as they entered.

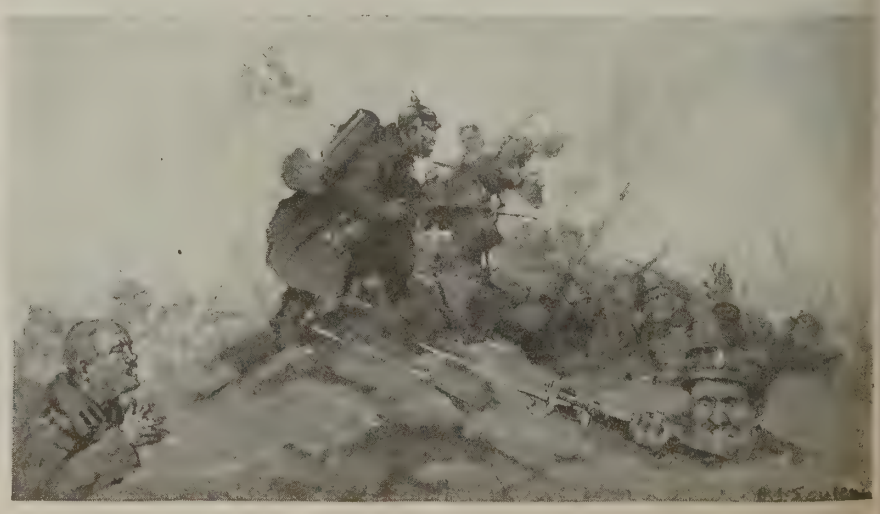
"Hello!" he remarked. "So you're friends again, eh? Did you hear what happened last night? They're telling the story everywhere in Warsaw—and it must be true. The Grand Duke found eleven officers without leave at the Hotel Potocki last night and had them shot without court-martial within an hour. I hate a Russian! But that's carrying discipline a little too far! Don't you think so, Ignacio?"

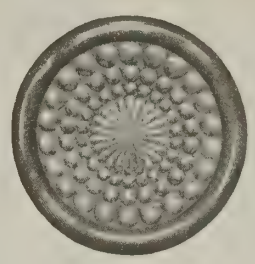
Helenka had turned paler than ever. Ignacio shook his head.

"No," he answered, "I am for the Grand Duke."

Madame Lavorska seemed rather annoyed at having her reading interrupted.

"Well, what difference does it make anyway?" she asked.





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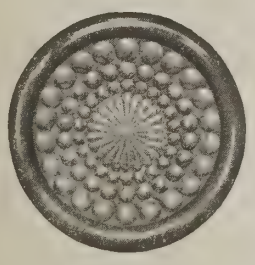

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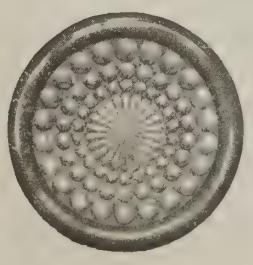
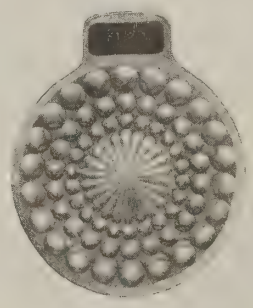

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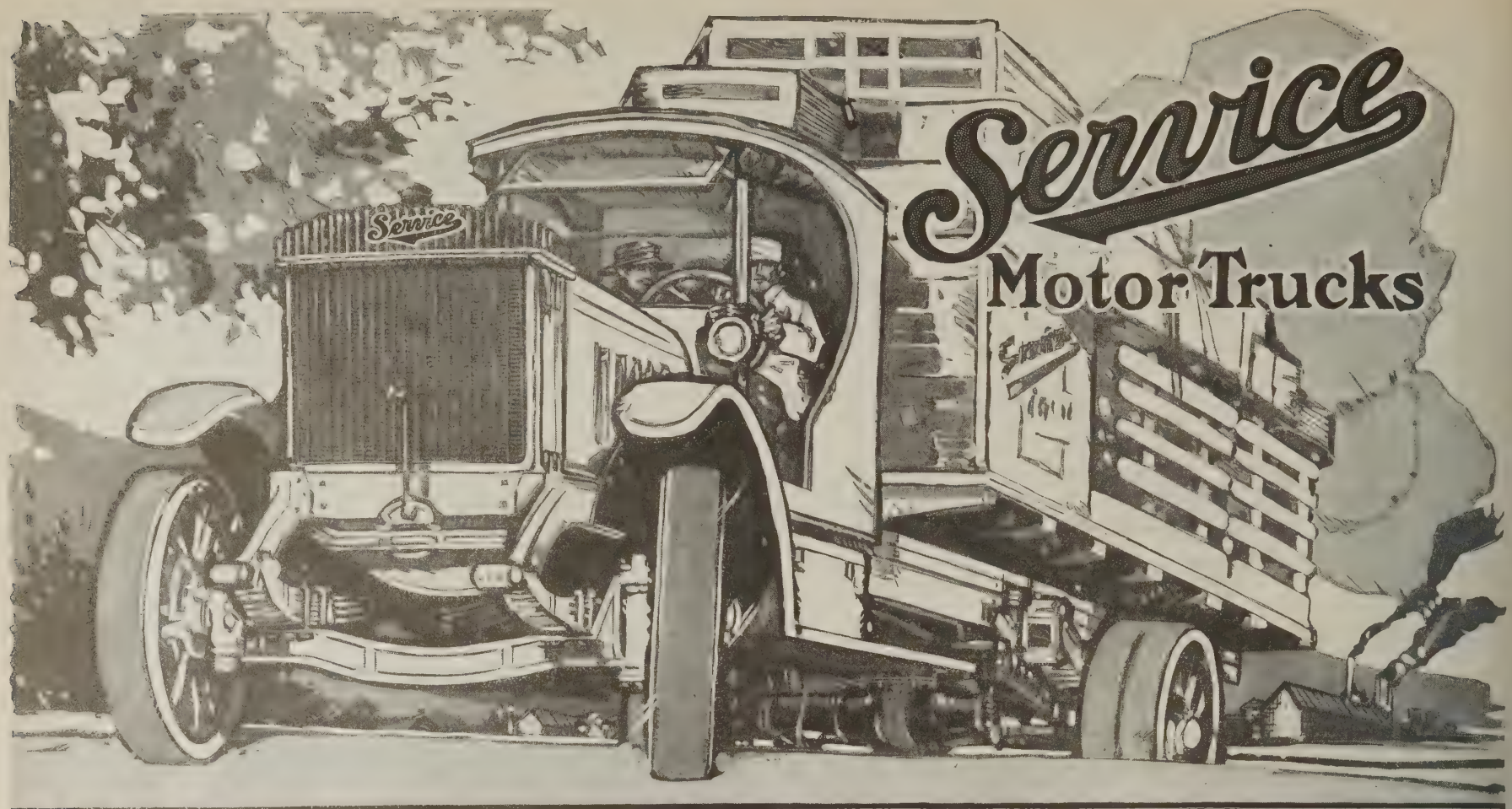

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Each model is built for the especial work it has to do—and range is from the 1-ton model for fast, economical moving of light loads up to the big 5-ton truck for the heaviest hauling. All have been tried out through years of usage. Each is as individual in design as though it were the sole product of the factory. This is the only way in which proper construction can be achieved. SERVICE trucks are the product of specialists.

Buy now while these startling prices prevail—before the advance in price takes place:

1-ton truck	$1,375	3½-ton truck	$3,000
1½-ton truck	1,950	3½-ton truck (Special contractor's)	3,250
2-ton truck	2,250	5-ton truck	4,000

13 Point Booklet

Send for our Big Illustrated Thirteen Point Booklet. It is a concise compilation of facts of tremendous importance to you in your selection of Motor Trucks.

Service Motor Truck Company

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Wabash, Indiana

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ONE EVERY MINUTE

(Continued from Page 21)

feel altogether at home in the broker's office. On the other hand, he was unable to see in himself anything suggestive of the Wall Street lamb. He did not suffer from ticker fever. He had noticed in Woodcock's office men who clustered about the tickers—curious groups that breathlessly read what the wonder-working little machine printed on the tape. As he walked past other brokers' offices in Wall Street or Broad he noticed similar groups. And uptown, in the branch offices, he saw ticker-fiends and tape-worms also reading with their very souls the figures that raised hopes or killed them—inveterate gamblers that gasped and clenched their fists and grimaced nervously, unaware that men who were not inveterate gamblers were watching them.

Not for Wilberforce Shadd such madness! The worst he did was to turn to the financial page the moment he bought a newspaper, which was altogether natural. In fact, it was a conservative business man asking at the bank what his balance was.

On his way home that night, in order to prove that he was not suffering from the acute tickeritis of the others, he did not read the Wall Street page. Also, the street car was so crowded that he could not half open his paper. He did not read the paper immediately on arrival at his home, because his wife and his supper were waiting for him. He ate a newsless meal and then went to the movies.

IX

THE next morning as soon as he awoke he began to think that it would have been wise to put a stop-order on his two hundred shares. If the stock started to go down for keeps it was better to lose a small proportion of the untaken profit than to lose everything, including his original investment of $1832 in cash, the savings of a lifetime.

He wondered how he ever could have doubted the wisdom of not losing all his profit! Doubt so tortured him that by the time he turned to the financial page of his morning paper and looked for the "outside market" he was sure that Undersea Craft, in the language of the Street, had "broken par"—that is, sold below 100; a clean loss to him of $15,000 or more.

He felt ill. His head was hot and his feet cold. He felt a tremor within him.

He certainly had been rash not to sell at 160; and even more certainly a plain fool not to have "let them have it" at 172!

It was about that time that he discovered accidentally that Undersea Craft for the second time had earned the honor of a special news story. There it was in big type:

FORTUNES WON IN UNDERSEA!

It was the sensation of the day. It seemed that the movement really started in the last hour, and the stock had risen by leaps and bounds to 210. The last sale was at 210 and the closing prices were "210 bid; 220 asked." At 200 there had been sales of 3100 shares. The market had absorbed them easily, and the upward movement had proceeded as if there were no top.

"Great Scott! If I'd been in the office I surely would have sold at 200!" he muttered, so awe-strickenly, thinking of his escape, that the reaction left him weak and short of breath.

He had saved untold wealth by leaving Woodcock's office when he did! He did not go so far as to call it brains. He acknowledged humbly that it was great luck, and he was duly grateful.

He was still making money. As long as he held that stock he seemed to get richer and richer. He could not have told how he managed to live until noon. He made mighty efforts to concentrate on his work without succeeding. Lipps, the manager, frightened him by asking:

"How is she?"

Shadd, who did not understand, merely stared fearfully.

Lipps proceeded sympathetically:

"No better?"

Ah, Lipps evidently meant Mrs. Shadd and not Undersea Craft; whereupon Wilberforce said dolefully:

"About the same. I'm going home in the lunch hour." But he could not help looking guilty as he finished: "I'll be back in time, Mr. Lipps."

"Oh, the deuce, man! Stay as long as it's necessary. I understand how you feel about it. I'm a married man myself."

Lipps was a nice man. He also was married. Shadd felt sorry for him.

At 12:01 Wilberforce Shadd, who believed he was immune from tickeritis, was in a Subway express bound Wall Street-ward. His broker's offices were in Exchange Place. As Shadd approached Broad Street he heard a stupendous racket. Looking southward he saw the Curb in a state of active eruption.

Two hundred lunatics were watched by half a thousand awed spectators. The outside market for War Brides was on!

He thought he would see at close range what was going on. This Curb market was where people bought and sold Undersea Craft shares, although at what price he could not tell just then. There was a sort of storm center, about which the human waves eddied and whirled and broke. On closer inspection he perceived that about 90 energumens were past praying for. He shook his head in genuine sorrow.

"That," volunteered a bystander, who seemed proud of feeling no compassion, "is the Undersea crowd."

Shadd stood up straight as a soldier and smiled proudly:

"Yes, I know," he said. "I've got a jag of it that cost me nine. Plain nine!"

The bystander smiled knowingly: "Yes, I heard about you." Shadd looked modest. The man went on, "I myself paid $3 a share for a small lot of 50,000 shares," and laughed loudly.

Shadd, made angry by the rude incredulity of the vulgar beast, was about to say something apposite, when he heard someone yell:

"Thirty-five for 20!"

Wilberforce Shadd nearly fainted. His legs bent under him. From 210 to 35 meant a drop that was more than catastrophic. It was lethal. Then he heard the same voice shout:

"Two-thirty-five for 20!"

Shadd rushed madly toward the office of Francis T. Woodcock to be near his 200 shares which at 235 a share now represented $47,000.

Rich! Rich! Rich! That's what he was!

Woodcock was in the board room when Shadd asked for him. It seemed there was a big day on the Exchange, and the broker was very busy. The customers gave Shadd an ovation such as is vouchsafed to few men under a proven $50,000,000. Henry Rumney was calling him "Willie" and gazing adoringly the while. Henry had bought 60 shares of U. C. at 95, which by the usual Wall Street process had grown, in the telling of it, to 600. He had 140 points profit. It was no trouble for him to be grateful.

"Willie, as I was saying to Ben Meiggs here," said Rumney, "it looks to me as if the movement in U. C. is only beginning to get a fair start. When they see it somewhere round five or six hundred they will begin to realize that somebody is picking up investment bargains. Hey?"

Wilberforce Shadd was thrilled by the thought of U. C. selling at 500 or 600—preferably 600. He smiled gratefully at Henry Rumney and nodded, whereupon Henry exclaimed triumphantly:

"There! What did I tell you fellows? He says I'm right!"

The customers looked as if they believed it. But Ben Meiggs approached and said:

"Mr. Shadd, of course, I—er—we don't want to ask indiscreet questions, but, you know, we've all got some U. C. and we'd like to know if there's any reason why we should sell. Every one of us has got over 100 points profit ——"

"Say, Willie," broke in Rumney, who wished to get an answer to the same question but couldn't wait for Benjamin Meiggs, Esq., to finish his circumlocutions—"say, Willie, are you selling yours?"

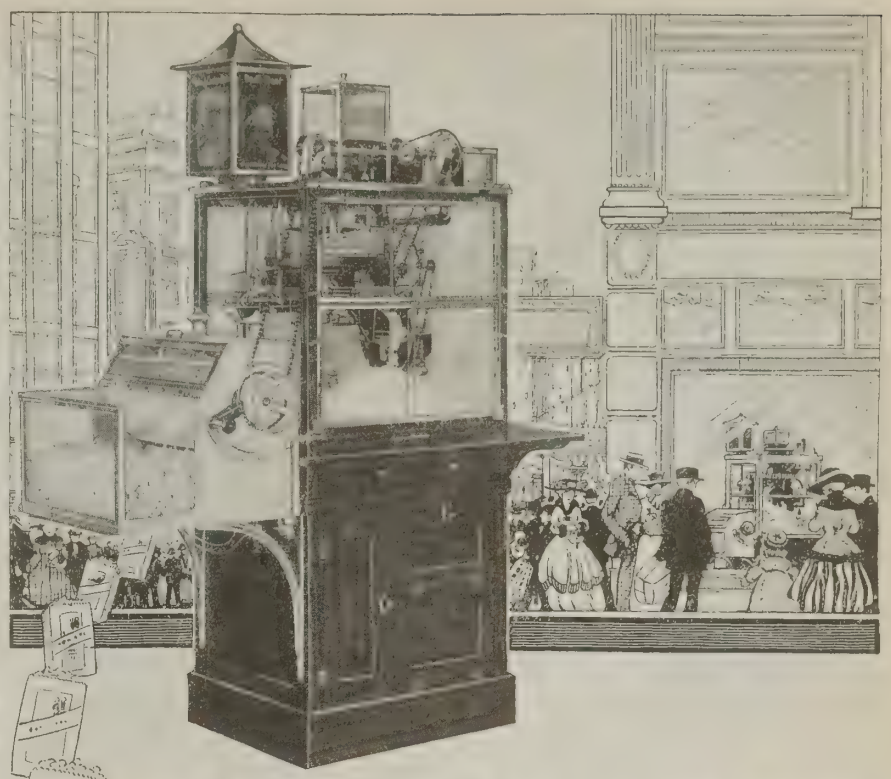
"No!" answered Shadd before he could think of any reason why he should not tell the truth.

"Good enough for me! Good enough for me!" chanted Henry Rumney. The office boy whom he had dispatched to get a quotation on U. C. from the firm's Curb man returned and reported in a whisper—Henry paid him for whispering:

"Last sale, 242."

"Good enough for me!" chanted Henry Rumney, accompanying himself with his feet, Indian fashion. "Last sale, 242. Good enough for me! Good enough for me!"

Everybody in the room beamed gratefully on Wilberforce Shadd, as though that



BUTTER-KIST

POP CORN—TOASTY FLAVOR

Buy It at the Butter-Kist Store From This Famous Machine

Only the celebrated Butter-Kist Machine can make BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn—crackling white and toasty-flavored. No man on earth can do its superhuman work. No pop corn like Butter-Kist was ever made until this machine was invented.

Look for the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine in your neighborhood—but don't be satisfied with less. No other imparts that toasty flavor that has put Butter-Kist on the national map.

After you've tasted this new-day pop corn, evenly buttered with pure creamery butter, piping hot and toasted to a crackling crisp—you'll be glad to give all your trade to the store you go to for Butter-Kist.

The sale of pop corn has increased by millions and millions of bags and cartons since Butter-Kist came.

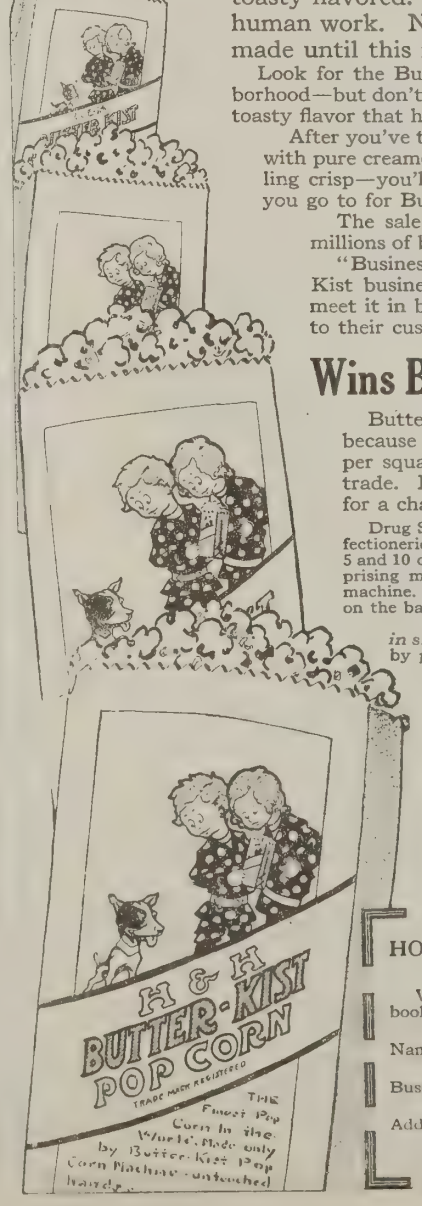
"Business is simply great," write the live-wire Butter-Kist business men who know a good thing when they meet it in broad daylight and are always first in service to their customers.

Wins Big Rewards for Merchants

Butter-Kist stores are prospering as never before because this machine earns five times as much profit per square foot of floor space as anything known to trade. It stands anywhere that a merchant has room for a chair. Capacity 70 cents to $4.00 per hour.

Drug Stores, Bakeries, Groceries, Department Stores, Confectioneries, Cigar Stores, News Stands, Hotels, Restaurants, 5 and 10 cent Stores, Theatres—anywhere that there's an enterprising manager there is likely to be a genuine Butter-Kist machine. Look for the name on top—look for the trademark on the bags and cartons.

Hundreds of Storekeepers and Theatre Managers *even in small towns* are making up to $3000 yearly *and more* by popping and selling Butter-Kist.



Dealers! Mail the Coupon

Our valuable book—"The Little Gold Mine"—gives full details and *proof of profits*—is the livest proposition that we have ever seen in print and pictures. Sent free to any man already in business.

Just send us your address today. No obligation—send today and see how Butter-Kist will multiply your trade.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
537–553 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Largest Makers of Pop Corn and Peanut Machines in the World

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Without obligation to me send your profit-making book, postpaid, "THE LITTLE GOLD MINE."

Name _____

Business _____

Address _____

Flour Facts

It is not generally known by the public that many different grades of flour are made in the same mill, at the same time, and from the same wheat.

The quality of each manufacturer's best-finished flour depends very largely upon how skillfully and carefully he separates it from the undesirable lower grades. The greater the proportion of the lower grades he puts in, the less it costs him to manufacture.

The making of the best quality flour can be likened to the skimming of milk; some skimmers are careful to take off only pure cream; others carelessly or purposely include a percentage of milk.

Therefore, grinding the best wheat does not alone insure the highest quality flour because the quality and richness of the flour are determined largely by the care, pride and equipment of the man who makes the separation.

The purity of both flour and cream depends upon how closely they are skimmed, and this is entirely up to the skimmer (the miller).

Pillsbury's Best is absolutely pure. It contains none of the cheaper grades; so we say,

The Flour Question Settled
"Because Pillsbury's Best"

Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

superman had with his own hands put the money, in cash, in each man's pocket.

At 242 Wilberforce Shadd had paper profits of $46,200. This was so close to $50,000 that Wilberforce Shadd thought he might as well call it that.

Something about the sound of $50,000 subtly invited cashing in. Fifty—thousand—dollars!

There was indeed a most remarkable "enoughness" about that sum that made Shadd ponder. Should he or should he not sell? His painful indecision did not end until the spoken admiration from Rumney and Meiggs and a dozen other regular fellows had brought about a change within Shadd. They thought he knew everything. By agreeing with them he changed the courage of desperation into the confidence of knowledge.

He was making money. He would not sell.

"I'll go back to my work," he announced presently. Into his heart of hearts there suddenly popped the hope that he might meet Woodcock on the way. He knew that Woodcock would tell him to sell out at $50,000 and Shadd would obey. But he couldn't sell in front of these worshipers.

"Look at him!" said Henry Rumney, pointing. "If a million dollars stared me in the face you bet your life I'd be sweating blood wondering whether to hold on or realize. Look at him! The coolest man in the room!"

"So long, boys!" said the imperturbable Shadd nonchalantly, and left, still half hoping to meet Woodcock out of sight and hearing of these men. But he didn't. It was a sign Fortune intended to bestow more favors on him.

That night, alas, the stock closed at 240 bid, offered at 245. The last sale was 238. That was 12 points away from his $50,000.

He had never before known how far 12 points could be!

x

HE SLEPT ill. The next morning on rising he felt so nervous, so convinced that he had been guilty of criminal neglect in not selling out, or at least giving a stop-order, that he did not go to the office, but waited until he thought that Lipps, the manager, was in the office. He telephoned, and said:

"Mr. Lipps, would it be convenient if I did not show up at the office until ——"

"That's all right, Shadd. Don't bother to come at all. Stay home all day with her. We'll manage. Don't mention it. Good-by."

Wilberforce Shadd was at Woodcock's office at 10:01 A. M. He would have been there earlier but for the fear of appearing to be afraid of anything. As it was he hoped his fear of one thing wouldn't show in his face. The customers clustered about the ticker, either reading the news or watching the tape. Beside the stock-ticker sat the self-appointed reader of the tape, William Burnett, who called out the prices. An office boy with a many-pocketed apron full of cardboard numbers stuck the fluctuating prices on the quotation board.

The operation did not interest Wilberforce Shadd. He had no sympathy for these men who watched the board breathlessly, as if what they were reading were the clinical chart of a dying son's temperature.

Undersea Craft was a Curb stock and, therefore, not quoted on the Stock Exchange. Such being the case, its quotations were not printed on the tape or posted on the board.

The customers greeted him cordially, but Henry Rumney, disturbed at seeing him in the office at an hour unusual for him, naturally thought of disaster.

"Say, Will, you haven't heard anything, have you?" he asked anxiously. By "anything" he meant official news of a world-wide catastrophe.

"No," said Shadd. Then feeling that he was not very cordial, he added with a smile: "Nothing at all!"

Henry Rumney looked at Shadd suspiciously. He wasn't satisfied. He therefore remarked casually:

"Don't you think, old man, that after all a couple of hundred points is enough profit for any Christian gent? If there's anything I hate it's a hog."

Shadd, looking at Rumney, saw that his friend desired an affirmative answer, so he gave it:

"I guess so."

Henry, trying to appear innocent, went on:

"Then a man who is satisfied with a couple of hundred points profit ought to sell even if he thinks the stock is going still higher, oughtn't he? Of course a man on the inside can't always tell his friends what to do, excepting somebody that he is sure won't pass it on to a million people."

Mr. Henry Rumney immediately proceeded to look as if the grave could not hope to equal him in the matter of speechlessness.

Wilberforce Shadd did not grasp the fact that Henry Rumney was really begging to be told to get out of Undersea Craft common and was solemnly promising not to pass the tip on to anybody else. Not having understood anything at all, and, moreover, himself having but one interest in life, Wilberforce Shadd looked at Henry Rumney quizzically and asked with a smile:

"Suppose, for a change, you tell me what you think about Undersea Craft common."

"I don't know anything save what you've told me, but I'll say this much:

"If I knew what you know about the company, I wouldn't hesitate to tell Henry Rumney about it. Say, Bill, can't you loosen up?"

Henry Rumney turned his best ear in the general direction of Shadd's lips and determinedly closed his own mouth in advance.

"My wi—— People," began Shadd slowly, "thought Hen Wil—my friend—was crazy when he began to talk to me about the business the company was going to do. He figured that with—that if the company sold the 65—what they had already for sale, the first dividend would be $650 per share ——"

This was so obviously inside dope of the insidest character that Henry Rumney muttered: "Great Scott! Such a thing only comes once in a lifetime! I must have been crazy to think of selling now. Say, Shadd, as a favor, if you begin to see me getting cold feet this side of $1000 a share, kindly knock me in the head, will you? For heaven's sake, don't let me be a piker, with the one chance I ever had in my life, will you, please?"

Henry Rumney looked entreatingly at his dear friend. As a matter of fact, the foxy Henry really wished to exact a promise from Shadd in order to learn exactly when to slide out. Shadd smiled, reassured at having learned from other people that this was an unusual stock and an unusual opportunity.

If U. C. had been merely a dividend paying railroad stock he naturally would have regarded the sensational rise with suspicion, not to say distrust. But the Undersea Craft Company held the fate of great nations in the hollow of its hand. It would decide who should be the victor in the world conflict. And what would not said victor gladly pay the company for said victory? And, moreover, hadn't he made money by holding on?

Henry Rumney, who had left him when he saw the whispering office boy appear in the offing, came back and announced:

"The first sale was 100 shares at 235; then 300 shares at 230. Pretty transparent, isn't it?"

Shadd thought it was pretty bad. A drop of 12 points from the previous day's high figure meant a reduction of $2400 in the profit. Nobody can lose $2400 without a qualm, especially Shadd. And yet he couldn't blame anybody. Moreover, Henry Rumney must not know that Wilberforce Shadd was ready to die then and there. So poor Shadd smiled and said huskily:

"That's nothing!"

"That's what I told 'em!" triumphantly shouted Henry Rumney. "They 'washed' it down to pick it up. Anybody could see it with half an eye."

The other customers listened to Henry Rumney, but were looking at Wilberforce Shadd. Shadd said nothing, but smiled. Rumney continued:

"Somebody's picking it up, somebody who knows. By George, I shouldn't be at all surprised if the man who was buying it was right in this office. Say, Shadd, why did you come down before the opening today of all days, hey?"

And as Shadd said nothing, but continued to smile, the other customers looked as if they thought that Henry had hit the bull's-eye plumb in the center.

Henry Rumney exclaimed:

"Oh, you, Shadd! If I only had your nerve! By heck, I'd have the nerve all right, if I had the information."

Wilberforce Shadd could see that Henry Rumney sincerely envied him. He saw the admiration in the eyes of the others. But he began to have his doubts as to the wisdom of keeping U. C. common, seeing on what grounds these others kept theirs.

(Continued on Page 73)

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

For seven consecutive years, we of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company have demonstrated our ability to conceive and produce the type of automobiles that appeal *instantaneously* to the American people.

All of our models have been immediate successes. Our announcements and the endorsement of the public have been almost simultaneous. As a consequence, the history of Paige at the automobile shows has been one long, unbroken series of triumphs.

Such being the case, it must indeed be significant when we say the reception accorded to our new models has far surpassed anything of the kind that we have ever experienced.

At the earlier automobile shows it has amounted to a genuine ovation.

The Paige booths have been thronged with visitors from morning until night. Hundreds of disinterested men and women have personally sought out the officials of our company and congratulated them in the most glowing terms.

Seasoned motor car distributors from all sections of the nation have been equally lavish in their praise, and each day our mails are filled with communications expressing the same enthusiastic approval.

So you can see we have reason to feel proud—and *do* feel proud. We know, too, that every Paige owner will share this feeling with us when he first sees and rides in "The Most Beautiful Car in America."

Stratford "Six-51" 7-passenger $1495 f. o. b. Detroit
Linwood "Six-39" 5-passenger 1175 f. o. b. Detroit

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit

Church Gasoline Feed System

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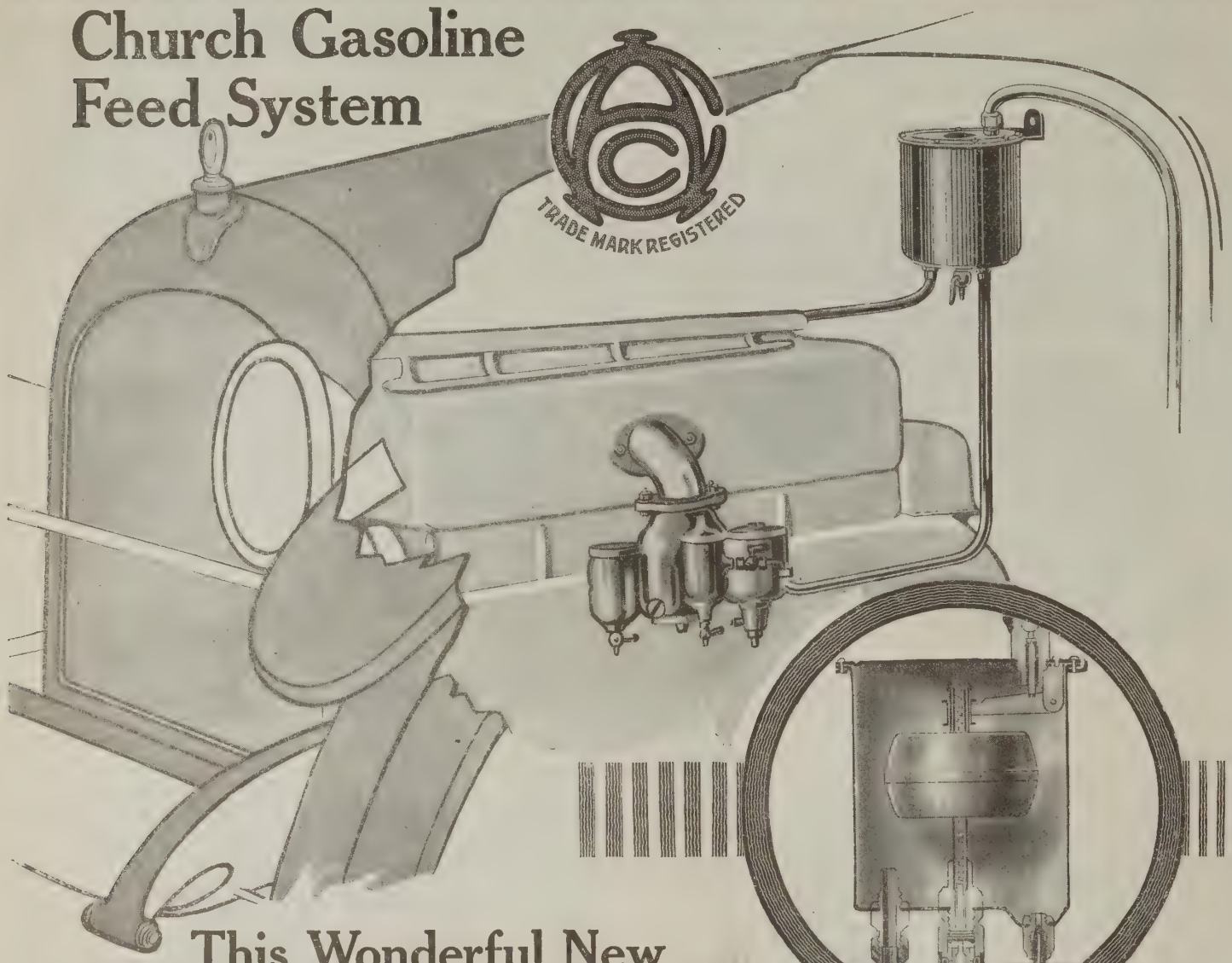

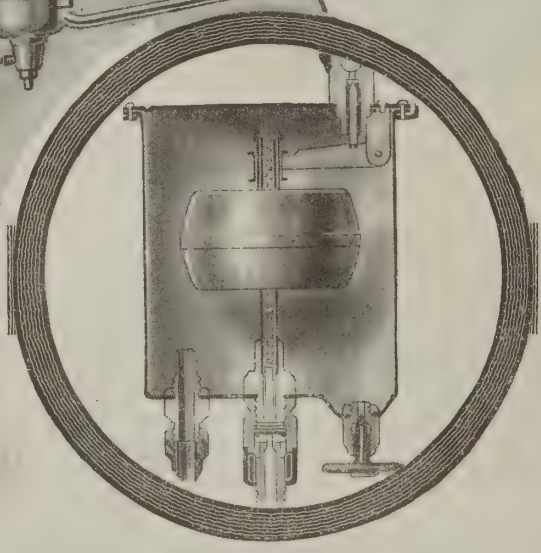

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F. O. B. CHICAGO

- —Increases gasoline mileage.
- —Eliminates draining of auxiliary tank in fuel supply system.
- —Automatically regulates feed to carburetor—constant gravity pressure.
- —Keeps dirt out of gasoline.
- —Eliminates waste vapor—no disagreeable odor—great economy.
- —Simple—trouble proof—efficient.

Money Back in 30 Days

Try it thirty days. Return it if you are not satisfied; we will refund every penny of your purchase price.

This Wonderful New Gasoline Feed For Your Car

Edmond S. Church, famous inventor of devices increasing efficiency and economy in the gasoline motor, has perfected his greatest achievement. It is the Church Gasoline Feed System, air lift to gravity tank—that has been pronounced by every engineer who has tried it, the most wonderful feed system ever devised.

Saves 7% to 16% Vapor Loss

Engineers' estimates vary, but the consensus of opinion is that the fuel lost in an open system is from 7 to 16 per cent. The Church Feed saves this. It is absolutely closed: there are no vents. The vapor which accumulates in the auxiliary tank is carried to the carburetor and mixed with the fuel.

A Universal Feed System

The Church Gasoline Feed System is universal in its utility. In this it is exceptional. In hilly country it maintains a constant level, constant gravity pressure feed regardless of throttle conditions—regardless of road conditions.

Have you ever been driving up a long, steep hill, throttle wide open, and have the engine go dead? Don't blame it on the carburetor.

In official tests it has been shown that the auxiliary tank of standard gasoline feeds can be drained in three to four miles under these conditions. This is what frequently causes your engine to "spit," "sputter" and go "dead." The trouble is seldom due to the carburetor.

But under no driving conditions—at no speed—on no roads, no matter how muddy, can the Church Gasoline Feed System be drained. Official tests have proved this.

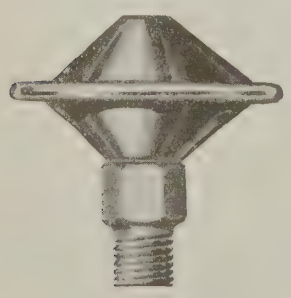
Keeps Out Dust and Dirt

With any open feed, road dust is drawn in by suction; sand is drawn into the reserve tank under the hood. Look at the dirt and dust that banks up on the dash under the hood.

The Church Gasoline Feed System keeps dirt and dust out of the fuel. Road dust or sand cannot be drawn into the reserve tank by suction.

For the Church Gasoline Feed System is the only closed feed system made.

No dirt can possibly get into the Church Gasoline Feed System. Clean, sparking, power developing gasoline is the only thing that reaches the carburetor.



A Steady Uniform Feed

With pressure systems the pressure often comes up to three or four pounds—the jarring of the carburetor float over rough roads releases a great quantity of gasoline in the carburetor under this high pressure.

The Church Gasoline Feed System overcomes these difficulties.

The air lift on the main tank is equivalent to a steady pressure of 1-½ to 2 lbs.—never more—never less. And the gasoline is fed to the carburetor by gravity.

You get a steady uniform feed—gasoline saving; efficiency increasing.

Big Official Tests—Sanction of A. A. A.

A stock roadster, equipped with Church Automatic Gasoline Feed in official tests at Speedway Park, Chicago, covered 10 miles in 7 minutes 58-⅖ seconds. Maximum speed 84 miles an hour.

At the end of 10 miles the pressure on the gasoline tank was 1-½ pounds and the Church Automatic Feed Tank was full.

The same car, equipped with a vacuum feed system under same conditions, emptied the tank, stopped at 3-¼ miles in the first trial, 3-¾ miles in the second, and maximum speed was 82 miles an hour.

These results have been certified to by the A. A. A.

In another test a stock Six Cylinder car was used and the Church Gasoline Feed System was carried on a mast 10 feet 9 inches above the bottom of the main gasoline tank.

The Church tank at this extreme height filled in 14-⅖ seconds, and the car driven around the Speedway.

This was equivalent to putting the car on a 65% grade.

F. E. Edwards Joins Automatic Carburetor Company

F. E. Edwards, formerly of the A. A. A., one of the biggest and best-known automobile authorities in the country, is now efficiency engineer for the Automatic Carburetor Company. No more sensational verification of the wonderful value of the Church Gasoline Feed could be obtained than this.

Wonderfully Simple

The Church Gasoline Feed System is amazingly simple in construction. There are no complicated valves, no delicate mechanism to get clogged up—nothing to get out of order. It is a mechanical ornament to any car on which it is used.

Compensating Vapor Plug $5

Money back in 30 days if not satisfied. 30% more power—30% more speed—40% more mileage. In use by hundreds of thousands of motorists.

GET IT NOW—*Get this wonderful new gasoline feed system for your car today. We will supply you immediately.*

Automatic Carburetor Company

1414-22 Randolph St., 1422-38 Bryan Place, Chicago, Ill.

Makers of Famous Automatic Carburetors

Blitz Vapor Plug $1

Money back in 30 days if not satisfied.

For small cars—a real gasoline economizer and a genuine power and efficiency developer.

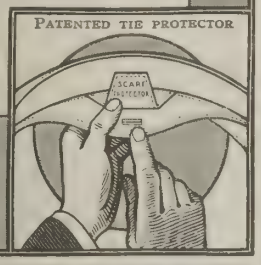
Ticker is the Square Point collar that will *not* wear out your shirt—on in a second—adjusts easily—fits perfectly. Like all

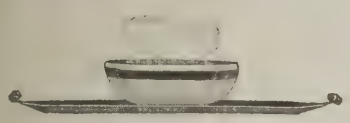
SLIDEWELL KAYCO COLLARS

is made with the patented Tie-Protecting Shield and Graduated Uniform Tie-Space—exclusive features that save your Tie, Time and Temper.

Hall, Hartwell & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

15c Each
$1.75 per Dozen





Bran
For Joyous Living

Learn how much this laxative food adds to the joy of living. Then you'll know why every doctor tells folks to eat bran.

In Pettijohn's we make the bran inviting. It is hidden in flavory flakes.

Try starting days with this delightful dish. Find out what bran will do. Folks who go without it don't know what they miss.

Pettijohn's

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(Continued from Page 70)

"Mr. Shadd," said Ben Meiggs, "there must be a limit to these advances."

"There must be!" said Shadd gloomily.

Not to know when to sell took all the pleasure out of being long of a stock that goes up 200 points in a few weeks.

"Ha! ha!" shrieked Rumney, who himself being on the inside saw the humor of Shadd's reply. The other customers smiled happily, being beneficiaries, and Ben Meiggs, instead of taking offense, remembered that he also had 20 shares. Wherefore he extended his hand toward Shadd and said blithely:

"Mr. Shadd, I'm sorry I cannot let you have my stock at any such bargain price as this. But, speaking seriously, all I can say is that I am very much obliged to you."

Then Meiggs' face took on such a serious look that all the other customers instantly imitated it.

Shadd, thrilled by the obvious gratitude of these fellow beings, said:

"Don't mention it," and smiled—a modest, deprecating smile.

He ceased to smile when it occurred to him these men would not be so grateful if they knew what he knew.

"Nice fellow!" said Ben Meiggs in a stage whisper to his friend Paine. Paine acquiesced gloomily. He didn't have any stock.

"Undersea Craft, 255!" yelled Henry Rumney at the top of his voice.

A hush fell on the room. In the deep silence Wilberforce Shadd distinctly heard a wee small voice say, not so very softly: "$51,000!"

Cæsar crossed the Rubicon and Rome was free no more.

U. C. crossed 250 and Wilberforce Shadd no longer thought that $50,000 was enough.

It was a glorious, dazzling day. The market was in a state of magnificent excitement. A news agency published an analysis of the meaning of the war orders which there was reason for believing the Undersea Craft Company had secured. Presently the bulletins from the front began to arrive. The "I hears" and the "They says" were merely war correspondence. The reports of the actual sales were the official communiqués.

And the official communiqués were enough to satisfy even the general staff quartered in the offices of Francis T. Woodcock & Co., for in a few delirious hours they recorded a string of successful advances—sales of hundreds of shares at 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, then back again, five points between sales, to 247. Then up, up, up, in driblets of ten and twenty shares, until at one o'clock U. C. common sold at 260.

Vocal Generalissimo Henry Rumney shouted the wonderful figures, looked at the clock, and said:

"One o'clock, and all's well! Gents, we've made enough to afford a business man's lunch. Colonel Shadd, at your pleasure, sir!"

And General Rumney stood up, brought his heels together smartly, saluted and without waiting for a formal acceptance said:

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The other customers looked angry at Rumney's robbing them of the privilege of inviting Wilberforce Shadd. Some of them said so to the monopolist. But Henry took Wilberforce by the arms, and said:

"Let's get away from these tip-seekers before they begin to ask d. f. questions," and led Shadd to the best restaurant in the financial district.

XI

WILBERFORCE SHADD did not know that any place existed where such wonderful food could be prepared—or such awful prices extorted. He couldn't help thinking of his wife. Henry Rumney paid the check of $6.75 without appearing to think it was out of the way, and tipped the waiter with a bill. The least the tip could be was $1.00, and that was beyond Shadd's experience.

It took money to be a gentleman, thought Shadd.

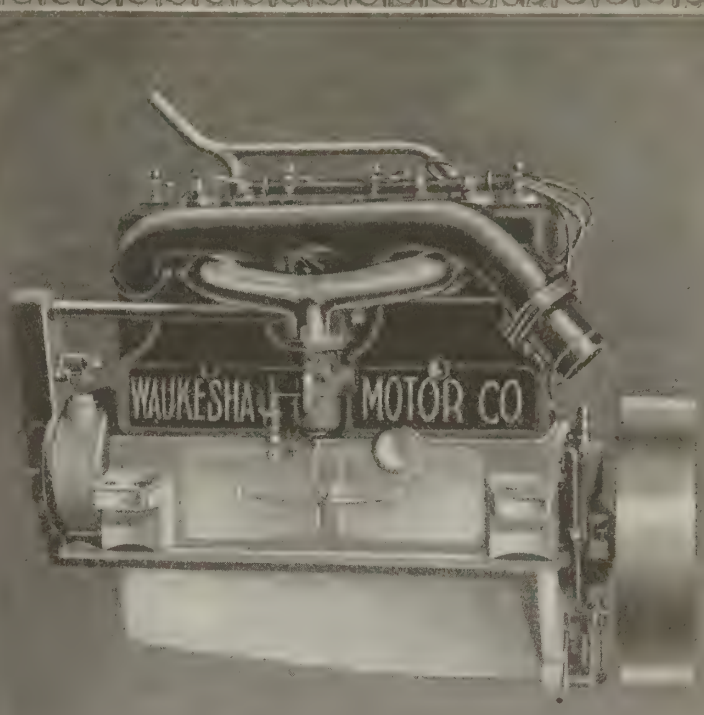
Of course at 260 he was worth $52,000. Invested at six per cent he would get $3120 a year. That income would not permit him to eat such lunches every day. A wonderful thing—riches—to have and to hold.

No wonder the poor were failures!

On the way back to the office, after the epochal feast, Rumney suggested that they look in on the Curb. They gazed on the excited throng.

"Bunch of lunatics!" commented Mr. Rumney to Mr. Shadd, and beckoned to a Curb broker he knew:

"What's U. C.?" he asked.



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Character is built on high ideals rigidly maintained. Unblemished reputation is the result—and reputation has created an unprecedented insistence for

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Four-Cylinder Motors *for* **Trucks and Tractors**

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Write for bulletin "A Guide to Truck and Tractor Buying"—and list of Trucks and Tractors that are Waukesha Motored. Truck and Tractor Manufacturers write for catalog.

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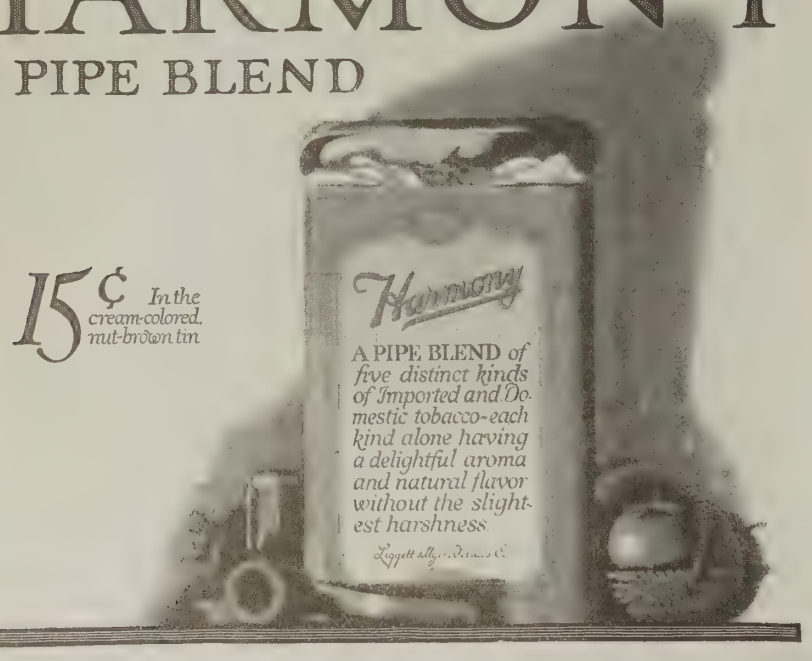
HARMONY
A PIPE BLEND



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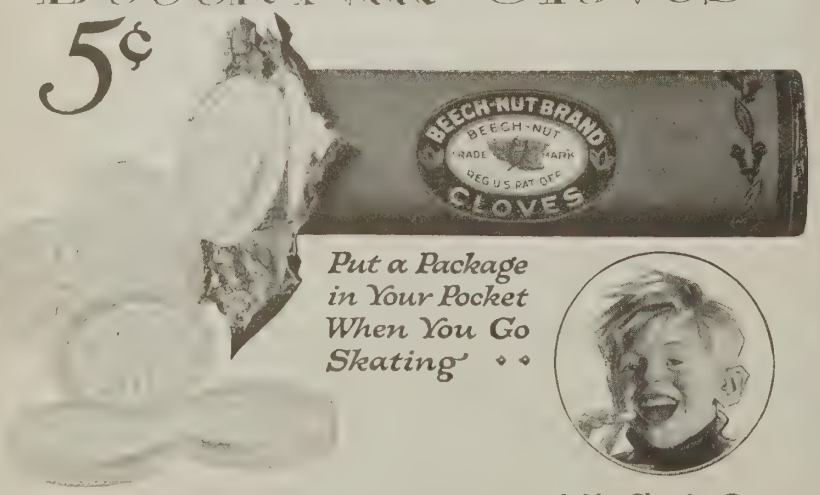


Also Beech-Nut Mints, Beech-Nut Wintergreens, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

"Two sixty-five bid!" answered the broker proudly, as though he had put it there.

"Gosh! Say, Shadd, you're all to the mustard!"

"I certainly am," silently agreed Shadd, thinking hard. The thought was $53,000!

Wilberforce Shadd, after ten years of toil and thrift, had accumulated $1800. Therefore, to him dollars had always been DOLLARS, especially when his wife heard him say he needed neckties or another umbrella. But now, after a few days in Wall Street, he no longer saw DOLLARS but DOLLARS, so that there had to be more of them to be seen at all. The old dollars, sticky with the sweat of years of toil, had a hundred cents. These new, bull-market dollars were only nine-cent dollars. He could not get the thrill out of ten thousand of the new dollars that he could out of one hundred of the old ones.

With the change in the weight of his dollars came the beginning of a change in his attitude, not only toward men and things, but toward the world that thinks in dollars and fights for dollars and envies dollars and begrudges dollars, and dies because of not enough dollars. Although he had not cashed in and therefore had not really changed his financial condition he already was thinking of what he began to consider his rights. When yesterday's luxuries become to-day's necessities the damage is done.

And then this was another world, in Francis T. Woodcock's office—inhabited by people who did not speak the same language as the men and women with whom he had associated all his life, but a language he was beginning not only to understand but to like. He saw investors and gamblers and tipsters and optimists and plain fools; men who were still honest, not having lost every cent, or still decent, not having won too much. And he did not know what they were because he did not know that he himself was walking toward what they were. He saw wild eyes, but perceived nothing to look wild about. He saw fists that clenched and unclenched, fingers that had a habit of clutching; and he did not know that the owners thereof were trying to hold on to their ticker fortunes or perhaps were seizing drowning hopes by the hair. He was not aware that in the obvious indecision on the face of Meiggs' fat friend, Paine, he was beholding the end of the battle between Paine's greed and Paine's fears.

Because he himself was not long of Stock Exchange securities he did not scrutinize the quotation board as the others did, with an attentiveness that they never gave to the perusal of the Decalogue. And the news-tickers were not feeding man's immemorial craving for knowledge or satisfying the divine curiosity that is the source of wisdom, but making human beings read what might move them to buy or sell stocks and make money—to get something for nothing; not to live in the sweat of the brow, but to cool said brow with an electric fan's breeze, sitting in an easy-chair while the greatest of all philanthropists, the ticker, crammed fortunes into their yawning pockets. And the reason he didn't know any of these things was that he also was much too busy getting something for nothing to pay any attention to unimportant trifles.

But one thing that Wilberforce Shadd clearly saw was that these men, whose judgment was the result of years of experience in Wall Street, thought he was greater than they, having bought a war bride which had risen 250 points. A man who did this was much wiser than a man who invested in a railroad stock that merely doubled. To be mathematically exact, he was thirty times wiser. Therefore, Shadd felt that he ought to help these humble admirers who no longer desired information as to the wisdom of selling but assurances as to further advances.

In one of the news-tickers Shadd read that Rochester Arms stock was so closely held that it was not considered necessary to mark up the price. The nominal quotation was $5000 a share. But, the statement said, it might just as well be $15,000.

So when Ben Meiggs approached him and announced respectfully "It's 268!" Wilberforce Shadd nodded calmly. He was thinking of Rochester Arms. "Pretty good price," ventured the experimental Meiggs.

Wilberforce Shadd almost snorted. His obvious disgust instantly drew to him by a sort of capillary attraction a dozen customers. He waited until the sugar bubbles in the coffee cup had drawn together, then he addressed them:

"Meiggs"—and Wilberforce Shadd spoke so slowly and coldly that they all realized with a thrill that at last the real man was revealed to them—"Meiggs, you call 268 a good price. So it is—when applied to a kitchen chair. But my stock ——"

They almost gasped at this admission that he owned the controlling interest.

"My stock at 268 makes me think of Rochester Arms. The nominal quotation for Rochester is $5000. The real value, when you consider what the profits on its war contracts will be, is $15,000 or more. That's what the war has done for Rochester Arms. Well, the war isn't over, and the Undersea Craft Company—I can't say any more."

And he couldn't. And, what was more, none of his hearers needed any more.

Woodcock had come in as Shadd was delivering his speech. At the conclusion he approached the orator.

"Well, Shadd," he said, "I've got to hand it to you. We are here to execute your orders—without comment."

Wilberforce Shadd smiled; and after a glance out of the corner of his eye at the admiring customers he looked steadily at Mr. Francis T. Woodcock and said firmly:

"Woodcock, the time for selling has not yet come!"

"U. C. 271!" yelled Henry Rumney.

"I guess not!" said Meiggs with conviction.

When Meiggs, who was known to the office as "Careful Mike," said such a thing it was plain that U. C. must be going to $10,000 a share.

Woodcock, who had lived through three bull markets, swept the customers' faces with a keen glance; then he said:

"On form, this ought to be a good time to sell. Everybody's bullish. Nobody sees anything but higher prices. There's no top to them. As a selling tip this has never failed ——"

"All signs fail in dry weather," observed Henry Rumney with much positiveness. "The trouble with you, Frank, is that you're asleep. Perhaps you don't happen to know that war has been declared by Germany against France and Russia!"

"That's all right," said Woodcock, keeping his temper because he knew the breed.

"Sure it is. Did you ever before see a stock go up like Undersea Craft, without manipulation? No laundry work in that rise—no phony work, but a legitimate advance due to buying by people who know what orders the company's getting. Did you?"

"No," admitted Woodcock; "but we know that what goes up must come down. It's a law of physics."

"Yes, but before it goes down," Henry Rumney acutely pointed out, "it must first have reached the top."

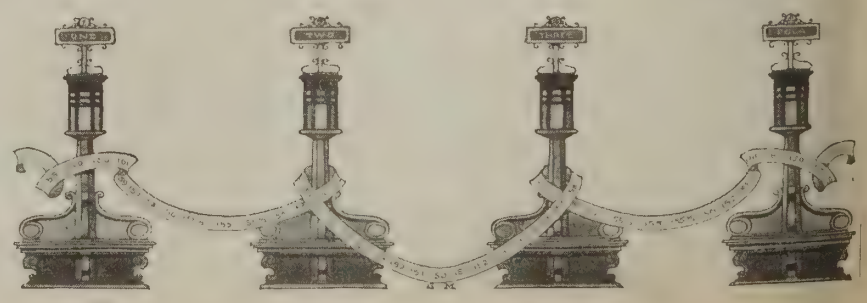
"That," observed Shadd judicially, "seems to me a reasonable assumption."

"Three o'clock," announced the tape-reader. "They are closing at the top, gentlemen. It is what might be called a satisfactory performance."

"You bet!" said Shadd happily, and accepted Ben Meiggs' invitation to go up to his club. There Shadd, Meiggs and four delightful strangers spent a wonderful afternoon drinking highballs and talking high records.

He was getting richer by holding on!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Phone Call

Date 1-27-17

Mr. Foster

You were called at 1.16

By Mr. B. Turner

of Barber, Banks & Co.

Phone No. Main 920

His message was Call him above number before 2.30 after that Hotel Jefferson – Room 942

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"Somebody Called You Up While You Were Out"

"Who was it?" "What time?" "Where can I get him?" You want to know these things; but without a standard form for recording the call you are lucky to know the simple fact that your 'phone bell rang.

Let a form like the one above tell you what you want to know about the somebody who called you up. An ordinary slip of paper won't do. You know what happens to a slip of paper. Even if you find it, it says, "Call Main 920."

Now you don't want to call "Main 920." You don't know who it is, whom to ask for there, nor what he (or is it she?) wants.

It's an even break you won't call that number.

But a 'phone call form is different. The operator filling it out automatically extracts the desired information from the party on the wire.

Show this form to your printer and settle once and for all the question of lost, missed and forgotten 'phone calls.

It's a good idea to have it printed on a conspicuously colored paper, so you can distinguish it. Since it is an office form it properly belongs on Hammermill Bond.

Hammermill Bond is the right paper for all your office forms, for a very logical series of reasons. Your printer knows the paper and can supply it in white and twelve colors. It is carried by our agents located in all important centers.

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A battery that is "supervised by Prest-O-Lite Service" is quite certain to be a lively, healthy source of power.

Cold weather, hot weather, roads, speed, traffic—all these things have one effect or another upon your battery.

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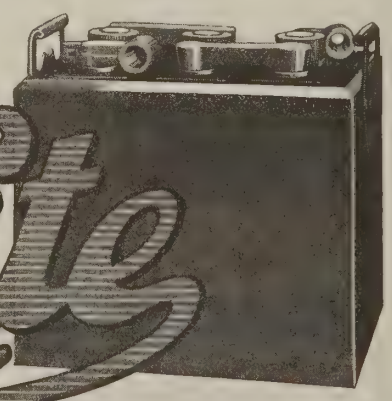

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Not only a better battery but backed by Prest-O-Lite Service

THE NEW ARISTOCRACY

(Continued from Page 5)

Long before this war the governing upper class in Germany—most intelligent and most farseeing—at once placated the Socialists and improved their own system by appropriating a great deal of Socialist method. They did eliminate a great deal of waste; they did create an improved social machinery, whose operation was made possible by that unquestioning obedience which they made the root of German education. But the people in general got little of the product of that machine. It worked for the good of that mythical state with a soul, and for the greater wealth and grandeur of the governing class. Nevertheless, they made it work.

Before the war had gone on six months, the Entente Powers had discovered how well it was working; and in the stress of the times they were forced to imitate. More and more, matters that had been regarded as the business of the individual became the business of the state. A British or French merchant or manufacturer cannot import certain commodities any more—the state prevents.

He cannot use his factory for certain kinds of product—the state prevents. He cannot charter his ship to certain ports—the state prevents. He can make only so much profit out of war work—the state appropriates the surplus.

Socialistic Tendencies

England is preparing to take over the railroads. Long ago she assumed such complete control over labor that a worker in a "controlled" munitions establishment cannot leave his job without special government permission. Now France and England talk of "mobilizing" all persons between sixteen and sixty, and—more important, perhaps—all industries. Part of their object is to eliminate the waste of competition—to start a Socialist machine.

Other experiences pointing toward socialism have come out of this war. The Commission for Relief in Belgium is only partly supported by charity. Mostly, it is a charitable convenience by which Belgians who still have money may get bread and other necessities. It sells its bread at cost—that is, though the farmer who raises the wheat, the broker who handles it and the shipmaster who hauls it all get their competitive profit, the competitive profit of the baker who sells it across the counter has been eliminated.

As a result, Belgium—even in her shut-off, desperate condition—is getting the cheapest bread, considering its quality, in Europe. And Belgians are asking themselves whether the distribution of bread, the first necessity to life, should be left in private hands—whether the employing retail bakers had not better be producing while the state exercises their function.

Now, unless every guess I have heard is wrong, this state of socialism or semisocialism will not end with the war. The nations that have danced must pay the piper. A whole generation must toil and live close in order to pay interest and sinking funds on the war debts. The better to meet them, the European nations will begin a period of the sharpest competition among themselves. In this situation private competition within the nations must more or less go by the board. Many of these socialistic laws, rules and methods must continue for a generation at least.

The "social question" and the economic question, then, resolve themselves into a curious situation—a struggle between oligarchy and democracy for the prize of controlling socialism! How those fathers of modern socialism, who conceived their system in the spirit of equality and pure democracy, would have shuddered at the possibility that it might some day become an instrument of the oligarchs! Yet so it may be—an unlikely outcome of the war, I think, but still a possibility.

The economies brought about by eliminating unnecessary competition, reducing unemployment, guiding and regulating output, applying scientific inquiry to the whole business of production and distribution, may be used not for the better feeding, the better education, the general improvement of those who do the work, but for extending the power and glory of an "upper class" and for furnishing armaments and all war machinery to glorify and extend a mythical state "with a soul."

I say again, it is possible, though not likely. It depends upon the issue of the new struggle. But the control of socialist machinery is the citadel for which the army of privilege and the army of equality will struggle in the next decade.

We cannot regard with superior complacence this new struggle in Europe; for the same division is widening among us also. We have not the candor of the French, whose aristocrats call themselves such; who admit a royalist wing to their legislative chamber. Our oligarchs publicly dodge the issue. We have, among our extreme standpat politicians, certain men exactly as distrustful of popular rule and popular right, exactly as certain of the sanctity in the "best people" idea, as any aristocrat of Europe. Do they express this? Not in public! On the platform they ratify the Constitution and affirm the right of the people to rule. Whereas in Europe the cards are usually played above the table, here they are passed under the table.

Yet in private conversation they often admit it; and I find that in the rich old centers of the East, where something like a hereditary upper class has intrenched itself, this oligarchical opinion has been crystallizing since the European war and the temporary success of Germany. I have heard the aristocratic view in its extreme set forth as simply and frankly in New York as in Paris or Rome or London. The trouble with this country, they say, is that we ignore our best people. We have no governing class; therefore we are raw and unformed. We cannot be a great people until we take our place with the nations of the earth and arm—presumably for some kind of conquest.

Our vice, our besetting national vice, is disobedience. At present the "best people," the "representatives of solid interests," must, if they rule at all, rule secretly.

The Call of the Blood

Those people who hold or express these views usually hate Germany and figure as hot sympathizers with the Allies. Nevertheless, by one of the paradoxes of the times, they have adopted the opinions that have made of Germany the danger of the world.

Yet in one thing the American aristocrat has dared be frank, because neither he nor the public in general quite understands what this item of his creed really means. He has gone mad over war—war for war's sake. In my glimpses of my own country since Armageddon began I have been amused to see how inevitably the men of "blood and breeding," or the members of the financial oligarchy, in my acquaintance have grown fascinated by the idea of arming the nation! It is but the call of the blood howling for the old favorite sport of a jaded aristocracy.

After nearly a year abroad I have been skimming the magazines published since I went away. I find in them—and always from members or admirers of our "upper class"—exactly such expressions as those of Bernhardi and Roberts: "Life is a struggle; war is the highest expression of life." "Pacifists are cringing cowards"—notwithstanding that incurable pacifists are wearing, by the bushel, medals won for valor on European battlefields. "War is a biological necessity"—a phrase which betrays a half-baked knowledge of the laws of breeding. "Nations grow soft with peace"—notwithstanding that the European peoples, grown soft with forty-four years of peace, are showing such hardihood as the world never knew before. "China has become a dead nation because she is unmilitary"—notwithstanding that China, in the Tai-ping Rebellion of 1850–64, killed more people than ever perished in a single war before Armageddon.

"Behold Broadway—we are reveling in flaunting extravagance"—notwithstanding that Broadway is the playground of only a small element in our population, the newly arrived of their class, scattering newly made riches; that flaunting luxury does not trouble the ninety-five per cent of our population which would bear most of the burden and suffering in war.

They have not yet begun to talk about the state with a soul, because we Americans are an unphilosophical people and do not run to abstractions; yet their thought is

2200 Housewives Told Us This:

WE wanted some facts about uses of peanut butter. We sent a special investigator into 2,200 homes. He found out that *only one in four* of these homes *used* or *knew* peanut butter. What is the reason?

We sincerely believe it is because the other homes *do not know the food value and the fine flavor of*

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

If they did, most of them would be placing Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on the table for every meal; would be giving it to children in place of too much candy or sweets.

For a Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwich contains the same amount of *Strength*, *Heat* and *Energy* that a glass of full cream milk does. And, besides—it contains all the *flavor* that comes from carefully selecting the choicest peanuts grown.

Because these peanuts are *blended*, as coffees are blended, to an exact degree of flavor. Because they are roasted *under even North light* to the precise color that determines *perfect* roasting. Because they pass through processes that carefully remove all skins, the bitter little hearts, grit and defective kernels. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter contains *absolutely no grit.*

Because they are crushed in an ingenious machine which mixes salt with the peanuts to an exact degree of uniformity. And sends the butter into glass jars to be quickly vacuum-sealed until ready to eat, insuring peanut butter that is always sweet—*never rancid.*

We want every hostess to know how good Beech-Nut Peanut Butter tastes in sandwiches—for luncheons, teas, any meals. How *different* it is from any other peanut butter.

We want every mother to know how fond the children are of it—in the school lunch-box, spread on crackers between meals, etc.

Therefore, we say: Order a jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter today. Have it on the table at your next meal.

Ask Your Grocer About the Superior Quality of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Dayton Bicycles

BICYCLING is *more* than mere fun—especially if it's a fine, glistening Dayton that's scooting you from here to there—smoothly, quickly, comfortably! A Dayton bicycle can actually mean money in your pocket—or something you'd like even *better*.

FREE TO BOYS

Boys, this booklet tells 50 different ways to make money with a bicycle. You want good, money-making suggestions. Here they are—and the booklet is free. Write today, asking for Booklet 21.

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based on this philosophy, just as all old-fashioned patriotism was based upon it before Kant formulated the principle.

Among our American militarists, as among the Europeans, self-interest, expressed or unexpressed, plays its part. When they talk of inculcating obedience they mean obedience to their class. They express it now and then with astonishing frankness. "When we have a real conscript army," said one of them, "we shan't be troubled with strikes." Again, an aristocrat of high place and position was discussing the Swiss system, under which every man keeps his gun at home and brings it to drill. "We can't do that here," he said; "we can't give a rifle to every man in a country which has such a large discontented class."

With perhaps unconscious insincerity, certain gentlemen, distrustful in their bones of popular rule, are saying that universal conscription is democratic. As a matter of fact, conscription normally works toward the oligarchic spirit. During two or three impressionable young years the conscript lives under a system that inculcates blind obedience to superiors. Those superiors, in the nature of things, are drawn characteristically from the upper classes; for war is the true interest of an aristocracy, and the profession of arms is to them the only strictly honorable form of real work.

In all the great nations of Europe, which had this system before the war—save France alone—conscription made for oligarchical government. In Germany and Austria it constituted the dike against the rising tides of democracy. France saw this with the clarity of thought that distinguishes the French; and she made her army democratic not because of conscription, but in spite of it. The Dreyfus upheaval was by no means the hardest battle in her hidden war against oligarchical influence through the army.

The Issue in America

Now this is not an essay against preparedness. In the New World, which was born on August 1, 1914, we represent the democratic principle; we may have to fight externally, not only for national existence but also for the principle of popular rule, as France and England are fighting now.

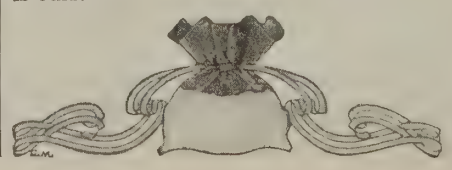
One who has watched the European game cannot overlook some pretty sinister signs of trouble ahead for us. One who has followed the new warfare knows what tissue paper our present defenses are—yes, and even our present plans for defense. But we may so defend ourselves that, while preparing to fight the battle of democracy with powers outside our borders, we shall lose the fight within our borders.

We may accept complacently from our American Bernhardis the medieval notion that war in itself is good, a cleanser of nations; that we owe to the glory of the state—or to the "old flag," as we put it in our concrete American way—a duty higher than the welfare of every person in the state. We may seek our own "place in the sun," and use our army as an instrument not of defense but of conquest, so doing our part in maintaining the "glorious" old institution of war.

We may strengthen thereby the grip of our aristocracy and come finally to a state of society wherein the "best people" assume the right of judging what is best for the mass. Or, keeping up the traditions of this new state, whose success has given such encouragement to all the liberal elements of Europe, we may remember that war is an evil in itself; that it is the destroyer, not the renewer, of nations; that it is excusable to-day only as a defense against a system whose end is the perpetuation of war; and that the true ideal of a state is not glory or mythical honor, but merely the highest average happiness of its individuals.

We may, by such constant vigilance as the French have exercised, keep our army of defense democratic, prevent it from becoming an instrument to inculcate that obedience which is merely machinelike docility.

In short, we may prepare as free men; for if we do not we may have to prepare as serfs. The issue between oligarchy and democracy is joined here as in Europe; and the choice is ours.



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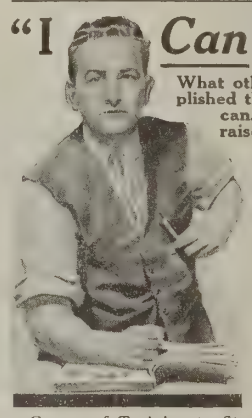

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The Great American Substitute

Like most things, a substitute may have a bad or a good meaning. It may stand for something poorer, cheaper and shoddier; or something better, less harmful, of more worth.

The secret of all improvement is in finding good substitutes.

The best way to quit a bad habit is to substitute a good one. To escape the evil effects of impure drinking water, substitute pure water. To heal a bad passion, substitute a wholesome one.

No man would swear if he had a good word handy that was just as expressive. A good vocabulary is the best substitute for profanity.

Chewing gum is one of the best substitutes in the world.

IT HAS DONE AN INCALCULABLE AMOUNT OF GOOD BECAUSE OF THE BAD HABITS IT HAS CROWDED OUT.

For the man who feels that he has smoked too much there is no better substitute than chewing gum.

Let him have a box of the pure chewing gum, made by THE HOUSE OF ADAMS, dainty, appealingly flavored and clean—to the last word in purity—let him have a box of gum on his office desk, and go to it.

There are many ways to limit tobacco using. The chewing gum way is THE EASIEST WAY.

Most people eat too much. They keep on eating after they are done. They eat to satiety. Hence they overload the stomach with unneeded substance.

And "the superfluous is never without danger."

Many diseases are directly caused by habitually taking food that we cannot assimilate. By and by that means indigestion, dyspepsia, liver trouble, diabetes, and other derangements.

Finish the meal with a piece of gum, and you not only get the pleasure of continued eating, but also an increased flow of saliva and the stimulation of the gastric juice.

Besides you are not overburdening the digestive apparatus.

Children eat candy because it tastes good, but in doing so they often take in unnecessary and harmful substance. Candy eating has its dangers.

But children chew gum as gladly as they eat sweets, and incur no harm. On the contrary, gum chewing is healthful.

Take a piece of gum instead of a piece of French pastry for dessert. You get the same pleasure, and none of the evil of too rich food.

Dr. Chalmers, the celebrated preacher, once delivered a sermon on "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection."

Chew gum, and cure hurtful tastes by "the expulsive power of a new affection."

Look for the name—Adams. It means pure chewing gum made with Chicle.

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Adams Chewing Gum

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The New Hupmobile

The Year-Ahead Beauty-Car

Bright finish, long grain, French seam upholstery.

Luxuriously improved seat cushions and backs.

Moulding finish conceals all upholstery fastenings.

Neverleek fast-color top, black outside, tan inside.

Tonneau quarter curtains, cut integral with the top.

Front and rear edges of top finished with moulding.

Bow spreaders to carry top when folded.

New "Lift-the-Dot" fasteners for side curtains.

Door-curtain carriers fold with curtains, and drop into place instantly.

Tonneau carpet fastened with snap fasteners. Tonneau sills carpeted. Entire tonneau finish improved.

Satin-finish instrument plate. Ammeter supplied to show rate of battery charge and discharge.

Hand grip-pads on doors. Improved door handles.

Larger door pockets, with weighted flaps.

Bodies, Hupmobile blue; hood and fenders black. More paint and varnish, handsomer finish.

New type demountable rims. New type rim carrier.

Adjustable foot pedals. Clutch action very light.

New carburetor air control. One switch for ignition and lighting.

New dimming device graduates brilliance of head lights.

Tail lamp operates independently of other lamps.

Look for no car equaling this new Hupmobile, even in externals, for twelve months to come. Its intensified refinement is a year ahead. It was the world's finest Four before. Now it is the year-ahead beauty-car as well.

More than $750,000 spent for factory improvements in 1916 paved the way.

It took a year to get ready to give you this added goodness.

Hupmobiles, back to the beginning, have been one long line of successes. But this beauty-car goes far beyond Hupmobile best.

Why You Get a Car A Year Ahead

It goes further, because we are equipped to give more. In truth, we cannot afford to give less.

Hupmobiles, so other makers say, have always been too good. Our shop standards, they think, are too high; our materials too fine.

It was true that we needed larger production to spread the cost of excess goodness. And new factories to get the production. Now we have them both. And you get the beauty-car a year ahead.

Engine Fit For A $3000 Car

We have held fast to Hupmobile standards and pulled down the overhead. Critics (among them a leading car builder) called the Hupmobile motor "a power plant fit for a $3,000 car." And so it is.

They said we could cheapen the rear axle, that we could use a clutch less costly, and so on.

But we refused to take the obvious course. Nearly a million dollars spent in factory-saving and efficiency looked better to us than lowering Hupmobile ideals.

So we sought and won this extra margin, and have put it all back into added beauty.

A Wonder-Car In Performance

The Hupmobile has always been a wonder-car in point of performance. Its supremacy has not stopped short with supremacy over all other Fours.

It wins every day against Sixes, Eights and Twelves—as any Hupmobile dealer will gladly show you.

Now it wears a sheath worthy of its steel. The high-duty-car has also become the rare-beauty-car.

In sand, and on the hills, it will continue to outdo the multi-cylinder. On dress-parade, it will shine by comparison.

The Glory of Good Looks

The Hupmobile will always be sold on performance. From New York to San Francisco, and back, dealers will continue to court competitive tests. Owners will continue to boast of the superiority of "their" car.

But a new glory is added—the glory of extraordinary good looks and social distinction.

Looking a year ahead, nothing equal is in sight. You cannot buy wisely unless you see The New Hupmobile.

Five-Pass. Touring Car,	$1185	Roadster, ...	$1185
Year 'Round Touring Car,	$1385	Year 'Round Coupé .	$1370
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A TOWN COMPANY

By WILL PAYNE

RECENTLY eleven towns in Northern Illinois formed a corporation for the purpose of introducing coöperation in municipal government, and thereby launched an idea that seems likely to spread—in which case it may affect the well-being of more than half the inhabitants of the United States and get better results in the expenditure of somewhere from one and a half to two billion dollars a year.

One of these towns is Highland Park. Like the other ten, it is a suburban community on the shore of Lake Michigan, north of Chicago. Its population is about seven thousand, and it used to have the same sort of government which every other "good" town of that sort and size had.

Many of the inhabitants are commuters, who make a livelihood in Chicago and go out to Highland Park to enjoy it. There are no slums, no saloons, no particularly disorderly elements or especially difficult civic problems; so there were no scandals of a dramatic nature in the municipal government—such as Highland Park's big neighbor to the south is always enjoying. There was just the everstanding humdrum scandal of considerable waste and inefficiency.

This good town had divided itself into four wards, each of which elected two aldermen, while the community at large elected a mayor. Naturally the job of half representing a ward in Highland Park was not an important or attractive one. In a general sort of way a man who put a high valuation on his time wouldn't care to devote much of it to so unimportant an office. Generally speaking, aldermen were more interested in their particular wards than in the town as a whole.

So a year and a half ago Highland Park adopted the commission form of government. Samuel M. Hastings, a manufacturer, and president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, was drafted in as mayor, despite that ingrained reluctance to "mix up in politics" which characterizes most successful business men.

The commissioners, also, were men of extensive business experience, and they proposed simply to apply to the town's affairs sound business intelligence, looking at those affairs very much as though they were the affairs of a commercial corporation of which they were directors.

Business Methods Applied

They found that the city's books were not kept in a way which any of them would accept in his own business—not that there was graft, but there was ineptness, inexactness, confusion. Now good bookkeeping is the first step in the application of business intelligence to any affair. The first consideration is to know all the time exactly where you stand. So they called in a competent accountant and got the town's books in the same condition as those of any well-managed bank or factory—that is, so as to show clearly and accurately at a glance how the concern's finances stand.

There were haphazard, wasteful ways of buying municipal supplies and various other unthrifty conditions that the members of the new government would not have accepted in their own businesses. They saw no reason to accept them in the town's business.

But this notion of applying good business intelligence to the town's affairs presently took a new angle. Looking at Highland Park much as they would have looked at a private business they were directing, the mayor and commissioners found that its affairs were always running into those of Highwood and Lake Forest, to the north, and of Glencoe and Winnetka, to the south. It occurred to Mr. Hastings that, beginning with Deerfield just north of Evanston, and ending with Waukegan, near the Wisconsin line, there were eleven concerns in a row, touching one another, all with the same general interests and problems, but each one struggling with those problems quite independently of the others.

It struck him, as a business man, that this was an unthrifty situation. These suburban towns didn't want to be incorporated in Chicago—because, for one very obvious reason, Chicago's government was notoriously much worse than that of any of them. They didn't want to consolidate in a single municipality. Each one of them had its proper local pride. It is true that to the uninstructed stranger who rides through them in an automobile, without knowing when he passes the boundary which separates one town from the next, they look pretty much alike. Yet the duly initiated and habituated resident of Glencoe, for example, will tell you rather confidentially of many advantages that town enjoys over Winnetka, while the true Winnetkan, admitting that Glencoe is a rather nice place, will point out many reasons why it is better to live a couple of miles farther south.

Aside from this local pride there were various objections to an outright consolidation. The string of towns measures some thirty miles from tip to tip; so a consolidated government would entail a good many little inconveniences. It would entail, also, a rather formidable legal process, with a lot of voting to consolidate, voting to elect a new government—in which, no doubt, jealousies and rivalries between the towns would develop—and there would be a large expense bill.

Sanitation Problems

Formal consolidation was not advisable; yet it was clear enough that all the towns, working unitedly, could deal with the problems which were common to all of them more efficiently than each town acting alone.

As one illustration of a common problem, there was the water supply. In Lake Michigan all these towns had an unlimited supply of fresh water. Of course they had resorted to that supply, simply pumping the lake water into the town mains. Unfortunately there was also, from the beginning, the problem of sewage disposal. The cheapest, most obvious method was to turn it into the lake. That presently threatened to contaminate the water supply; so the waterworks' intake was moved farther out.

But, as the towns grew, the volume of sewage increased and reached farther out too; so the waterworks' intake must be moved still farther.

All round the southern end of Lake Michigan, with rapidly growing population, that sort of race between sewage and water supply has been going on for years. Nearly a generation ago Chicago reached the point in population where the race had to be given up definitely and a great scheme of inland sewage disposal, with water intakes far out in the lake, resorted to. It cost many million dollars.

Now the North Shore towns have reached a point where it is plainly advisable for them, also, to abandon temporizing, and take up a comprehensive, lasting solution of the water problem. Their water intakes now are fourteen or fifteen hundred feet out in the lake—not far enough to be absolutely secure against contamination in the not distant future, experts say. They ought to dispose of their sewage inland, as Chicago does, and then go five or six miles out in the lake for their drinking water.

The largest of these towns, Waukegan, has about eighteen thousand inhabitants; the smallest has one thousand. For any of them alone the cost of such a permanent solution of the water problem as that mentioned above would be staggering; but all of them together could do it easily. And one big pumping station, with an intake five miles out, could be operated more cheaply than eleven little stations with intakes fourteen hundred feet out.

All the towns in common have a public-utility-franchise problem. Their local transportation, gas and electric current are supplied by corporations with which they make bargains covering cost and quality of service. All over the United States these public-utility corporations have been getting together through various forms of merger and consolidation. It is the usual thing now for a dozen or a score of towns to get their street-car service, gas and electric light from the same company, and that company is often but one of many subsidiary concerns in a great consolidation which is controlled from a single office. A dozen or so such head offices control a great part of the public-utility business of the country outside the larger cities.

The advantages of this consolidation—from the corporation's point of view at least—are evident from the great profits that have resulted from the process. But though the corporations have been getting together the towns have not.

Each of these North Shore towns, for example, has its separate contract with a public-utility corporation for transportation and light. Each contract or franchise expires on a different date. Say Winnetka's street-car franchise is about to expire. It covers part of a continuous service along the North Shore. If Winnetka should not renew the franchise, service to all the other towns would be interrupted. Say, Highland Park's gas franchise is about to expire. It stands alone, and on its own hook must make the best terms it can with the company.

When a consolidated company is bargaining with an individual town it has something of the same advantage that a big employer of labor enjoys when he bargains with his workmen individually instead of collectively. If these towns would make their franchises expire on the same date, and then deal collectively with the company, they would get a better bargain. Probably the company could afford to give a better bargain if it dealt with somebody who was authorized to speak for all the towns together, and so settle the whole matter at a stroke. When dealing with the towns individually the company naturally suspects that if it gives North Chicago an inch, Lake Forest will hear of it and demand an ell. So a more satisfactory settlement for both towns and company may result from a collective bargain.

Opportunities for Closer Buying

Each of these towns is continually buying certain supplies. One of them, for instance, will use five hundred water meters next year; another, seven hundred; another, three hundred. One of them, acting alone, might get a better meter than the next, or as good a meter at a less price. But no one of them acting alone could expect so good a bargain as a single purchaser of six thousand or seven thousand meters would get.

If each town sent to a single purchasing committee a memorandum of the number of meters required in the coming year, the single committee, going into the market with one order for several thousand meters, could save money for all of them. So with fire hose and all other supplies. The towns are buying water mains, fire apparatus, snowplows and street sweepers. Considerable expert investigation is necessary to know which of the many sorts of these articles are most suitable and most economical. One town, acting alone, could not canvass the field as thoroughly and be as sure that it was getting the best returns for its money as a single agency, acting for all the towns, could.

Any resident of any town who looks about him a bit will at once see various problems that are common to all the towns round him, so that all the towns, acting together, could solve them better than a single town, acting alone, could. These North Shore towns have their common automobile problem and they try to solve it in different ways. Some of them establish the lowest speed limit the state law permits; a limit which, in fact, hardly one driver out of twenty observes.

They don't really expect a driver to observe the speed limit, but they can arrest him for violating it at any time they feel like it. The next town takes a more liberal view; its ordinance permits a higher speed. One minute a driver is within the law. The next minute, without having changed his speed and with nothing to warn him that he has passed under a different jurisdiction, he is violating the law. Obviously a uniform code would be preferable.

Last summer pretty much the whole country was agitated by outbreaks of infantile paralysis. Generally state health authorities took the matter in hand; but it was a rather exigent local problem also. Along the North Shore eleven different health boards or health commissioners, each standing alone, were confronted with this problem. Obviously if there had been an organization through which those eleven different boards or commissioners could have got together promptly to consult, exchange experiences and opinions, and so formulate a common policy for all the towns, everybody would have felt a better assurance that the best possible method of dealing with the situation had been adopted.

Advantages of Coöperation

The best towns everywhere are always liable to experiences of that sort. Cases of smallpox develop in the vicinity; there is an outbreak of yellow fever; one reads of typhus in the state or of bubonic plague in a seaport; half a dozen persons are down with typhoid over in the next township. The community shivers a bit, grows nervous, looks at its youngsters with new apprehension.

In all such cases the fact of a central organization, in which the health authorities and the best medical talent of a dozen towns were coöperating to take whatever steps their collective judgment deemed advisable for safeguarding health, would have a most reassuring effect, because, as a matter of course, such an organization is better fitted to cope with the situation than the organization of any single town would be.

There are other obvious advantages of coöperation. They will occur to anyone who has had any experience in the government of a town—or of a city, either. But these towns wanted to keep their corporate identity. They didn't want to merge. So Mr. Hastings simply took a leaf out of his business experience—one so suitable to the needs of the case that it is a wonder no one had resorted to it before.

He proposed that the eleven towns join in forming a corporation—not for profit—under the laws of Illinois, such a corporation as the laws of every state, I believe, already provide for.

The cost is trifling. Half a dozen or so men fill out an application to the secretary of state, setting forth that they wish to form a corporation under such and such an act of the state legislature, giving the name of the corporation, the general objects for which it is formed, a list of the persons who have been chosen for the first board of directors, and the address of its main office. To this application a notary public appends a certificate that the signers appeared before him and acknowledged their signatures. The secretary of state files the application in its proper pigeonhole and issues a charter. Substantially that is all there is to it, the total cost being a few dollars.

The name of this particular corporation is the Association of North Shore Municipalities. The object for which it is formed, says the application for charter, is "to secure the coöperation of North Shore municipalities, to acquire and disseminate commercial, scientific and economic information pertaining to the business of municipalities, and to secure uniform action, economy and efficiency in the administration of municipal affairs."

The board of directors consists of the eleven mayors or presidents of the eleven cities or villages in the association. These directors, having been named in the charter take office automatically as soon as the corporation is formed. Thenceforth the management of the corporation is in their hands. It is provided, however, that when any of them ceases to be mayor or president of one of the municipalities his successor as mayor or president shall also succeed him as a director of the corporation. Thus, the board of directors will always consist of the heads of the eleven municipal governments.

By this scheme, it will be observed, no voting by the inhabitants of the towns or by anyone else is required. No formal action of any sort by the town governments is required. Nothing is required except that the governments of the towns agree to coöperate.

Thus, the corporation has no legal power whatever over the governments of the towns. Those governments remain exactly as they were before, with the same powers in every respect. The individuality of the town is not diminished in the least, but something is added to it. As an illustration of how the corporation works, take the matter of local tax valuations for Waukegan, which, being farthest north, is the first town on the list.

It is considerably larger than any of the others, with about eighteen thousand inhabitants and quite a manufacturing interest. The present government of Waukegan has given a great deal of attention to the difficult matter of equitable tax valuations and naturally has acquired a good deal of valuable experience and information on that subject. So the corporation appointed a committee on tax valuation and made the mayor of Waukegan chairman of that committee. The idea is, of course, that Waukegan's special information and experience in the matter of tax valuations shall immediately be made available for all the other towns.

The corporation appointed a purchasing committee, and for chairman of it elected the purchasing agent of a big railroad system—a resident, of course, of the North Shore. The different towns will make up memoranda of the supplies required in a given period and turn the memoranda over to this committee, which will then go marketing for the total quantity of supplies required. Thus the towns will get the advantage not only of buying in bulk but of having their buying done by the best talent in that line to be found among them. The idea throughout is not only to get the advantage of a bigger unit, but to make available to all the towns whatever talent and experience any town has.

If one town has been particularly successful with its shrubbery and tree planting the persons who achieved that success will be called upon, through the corporation, to advise all the towns. Eleven standing committees have been appointed, and the head of each town government has the chairmanship of that committee when he seems likely to be most serviceable to the towns as a whole.

The committees—and, in fact, the corporation itself—act only in an advisory capacity. Any town government is free to ignore the advice if it so elects. But, having agreed to coöperation and having taken a due share in the deliberations, it is not at all likely that any town will so elect.

Cheapness and Simplicity

In fact, this idea of municipal coöperation has been received with quite unanimous approval and enthusiasm in the North Shore towns. Anybody with any experience in municipal government, or with a business experience in the light of which he could appreciate municipal problems, quickly saw its advantages. It gives the benefit of unity, without cumbrous and expensive legal formalities. Each town joining in the association pays a membership fee of twenty-five dollars, which has, so far, covered all expenses of the association.

No new offices are created, for all the officers of the association are already town officers; its official committee members are already members of the town governments. In time there will be a library of municipal reports and like useful information; there will be some bills for stationery, printing, and a clerk or secretary. It is thought likely that the towns will have to pay in something like a hundred dollars a year each to cover such outlays. But, with that small exception, the association creates no additional cost.

When this idea of coöperation was taking shape the gas franchises of several towns were near expiration. All of them get gas from the same public-service corporation. Under the old plan each town would have taken up negotiations with the gas company separately. If it couldn't agree with the company—as often happens—it would have had to go into court or before the State Public-Utilities Commission. It would have had to compile arguments and evidence in support of its stand, which would probably have involved hiring some experts, and in any event would have involved a good deal of trouble and expense. First and last, there might have been half a dozen separate hearings before the Utilities Commission or in court, each, from beginning to end, extending over several months.

Mr. Hastings, however, got the heads of the town governments together. They canvassed the situation and agreed on united action; then called the gas company representatives into conference. In a series of such informal meetings round an office table the matter was threshed out, with the result that both sides recently agreed upon a schedule of rates and conditions of service which are mutually acceptable and which are to apply to all the towns. In that simple, inexpensive, businesslike way the gas problem of eleven municipalities was satisfactorily disposed of. No doubt the fact that all the towns were acting as a unit had its effect upon the gas company.

I mentioned that Highland Park had adopted a good system of municipal bookkeeping, such as a competent business man would approve for his own office. It engaged a good expert accountant for that purpose, because working out the details of any accounting system so as to get maximum results at minimum cost is a job for an expert. This system of accounting is, of course, applicable to any town operating under substantially the same conditions. By coöperating all the towns will get the benefit of it.

Uniform Accounting Systems

This brings up another advantage of coöperation. All the towns having a uniform system of accounts, it will always be possible to check one town against another. If Winnetka is paying more for snow removal than Wilmette the fact will appear in a comparison of town reports, and there should be no difficulty in tracing down the reason for it. This applies to every branch of town work. If one town is doing a given piece of work more economically than another the other towns will know it and know how the lower cost is attained. By this constant interchange of experience every town's expense items should get down to any town's minimum.

Each of these towns does something in the park and boulevard way. Each of them has made its own plans in that respect, practically without regard to another town's plans; yet the towns form a virtually continuous community. Obviously, by working together in this business of adorning themselves they could get many advantages. As a unit they could get better landscape-gardening talent, better road-making talent, better horticultural talent. Letting contracts on a large scale, they could get better prices. Greater harmony and a finer effect could be expected from one plan than from eleven independent plans. There are opportunities in the way of parks that no one town alone could undertake to develop, but which all together might well carry through.

So they are talking now of a union park system. To carry that out, having formulated the plans, they would go to the legislature and ask for an act creating a park district. This would not affect the individuality of the towns in the least, but simply put them into a partnership for the purpose of making a park, issuing bonds and levying taxes in that connection. The legislature has passed various acts of that nature, including the one which created the Chicago Drainage District, and would no doubt pass this act if asked to do so by all the towns.

In the same way an act of legislature could be asked for a union waterworks, with an intake far out in the lake and beyond danger of future contamination. Having once established a coöperative organization through the advisory corporation above mentioned, any special powers the municipalities require for extending the idea can be easily obtained.

Already, and irrespective of any future park system or pumping station, the corporation has taken up the matter of municipal bonds. As in nearly all other municipal affairs, each town has followed its own plan; and some plans were better than others. It is proposed now to adopt a uniform plan of issuing bonds, making them all serial. The common practice among American municipalities used to be as follows: The city issued, say, a hundred thousand dollars of bonds for street improvements. They were due in thirty years, but the city couldn't prudently wait until the end of thirty years before making provision to pay them. So each year it levied sufficient taxes to pay that year's interest and one-thirtieth of the principal—or such a sum as, being invested at compound interest, would produce one-thirtieth of the principal. This sum was put into a sinking fund. Theoretically, at the end of thirty years the sinking fund would contain enough to pay off the bonds. But in practice the theory doesn't work well. The city gets hard up and "borrows" its own sinking fund; the accounts become confused; the sinking fund doesn't produce the interest expected. In short, the sinking fund doesn't pay off the bonds.

But under the better serial plan one-thirtieth of the bonds fall due each year. The tax levy of that year pays them off and that is an end of them. There is no chance for borrowings and confusion of the accounts. So bond houses, in buying municipal issues, will usually give the serial bond a shade the better price. This is a small detail, of course; but it illustrates that, wherever it is possible to get a shade the better bargain, this municipal coöperation proposes to get it.

The association has eleven standing committees, composed of members of the several town governments. It has also an advisory committee, which is not to be overlooked. This consists of three unofficial citizens of each town—or thirty-three in all—its members being selected with a view to their probable usefulness as advisers upon the many phases of municipal affairs. This committee will be called into consultation when any especially important affair comes up. The corporation wants its advice. It also wants its sense of responsibility for the government of its towns.

No municipal government can be so good that good citizens will not, from time to time, discover defects in it. In a general way it is the intention of the North Shore coöperation that good citizens shall not only trot out their discoveries of that sort but personally lend a hand to see what can be done about them.

An excellent citizen of Highland Park complained to the mayor that railroad locomotives were making too much smoke. He thought it was the duty of the city government to do something about it. The mayor asked just what he thought the government ought to do. The good citizen was decidedly vague as to the precise measure that should be adopted, but he was sure the government ought to do something.

Next day he received notification that he had been appointed chairman of a citizens' committee to investigate the smoke and recommend remedial measures.

After a period of sheer astonishment, and after learning that the city government really expected him to do what its notice implied, he accepted the appointment in good faith.

Substantially the same plan has been applied in various like instances. Without having made personal complaints, other citizens have been drafted into the public service by being appointed on committees to investigate or deliberate. In the course of a year the city government has levied upon the services of some sixty private citizens for that sort of public work. It has been pleased to find that when it pressed the matter home nobody has refused to serve. Of course a busy man would rather not have a public office and rather not bother with public affairs; but he can be induced to do it. And when one does it the next one comes all the easier.

The Line of Natural Expansion

The aim is to get all citizens into thinking that town business is their business—not thinking of it as a remote abstraction, but as an immediate, practical fact. Of course, wherever that can be accomplished the form of the government—whether it is the government of a village or of a nation—is comparatively unimportant. Highland Park adopted the commission form of government; but this coöperation involves no change in form. Being wholly voluntary and advisory, it could be carried out even without the formal organization of a corporation under state law. If the governments simply agreed to act together, that would answer; but the agreement would have to be put in some sort of form, and a state charter is as simple, easy and cheap as any other.

Not long ago a number of widely experienced men of affairs met at a dinner. One man at the table knew about this municipal coöperation and explained it to the others. The way they reacted to it was highly flattering to the author of the idea. They soon had the whole United States involved; first, with local associations, each comprising a dozen or so towns in the same neighborhood and having the same general conditions—say, the towns in an agricultural county in Illinois or Iowa; then there would be a regional association, to act as a clearing house for the local associations, so that if one local association was especially successful in dealing with a certain problem the others would know about it and benefit by its experience—just as all the towns in a local association benefited by the experience of the other towns; finally, a national association.

They talked of associations of cities in the same class—say, those having from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand inhabitants, and from five hundred thousand to a million; then New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. By this sort of coöperation, they argued, the best methods of managing municipal government would be discovered and applied.

That is an object of considerable importance nowadays. Formerly it was not so important. At the first census less than one per cent of the population lived in cities of thirty thousand or more inhabitants. Now thirty-one per cent of the population lives in such cities. At the last census fifty-five per cent of the total population lived in cities, towns and villages—more than half; and the proportion is steadily growing. And the expenditures of cities, towns and villages are growing even faster than their population.

The net government cost of operating cities having thirty thousand or more inhabitants in 1910, according to the census, was thirty dollars and thirty-three cents for each inhabitant, or a little over eight hundred million dollars, all told. Say we assume arbitrarily that government cost in cities, towns and villages having less than thirty thousand inhabitants—which are not included in the census report—was only two-thirds as great a head as in the larger cities. That assumption would put the total cost of municipal government in 1910 at one billion three hundred million dollars, in round figures.

An Idea That Should Spread

But by 1915 the net government cost in cities having thirty thousand or more inhabitants had risen to one billion fifty-seven million-and-odd dollars, or a little over thirty-four and a half dollars for each person. So we seem pretty safe in assuming that municipal government this year costs at least one and a half billions. For cities of thirty thousand and upward it was under twenty-five dollars a head in 1903, while in 1915 it was over thirty-four and a half dollars.

In short, not only are municipalities increasing rapidly in population but government cost is increasing even faster than population, which obviously makes the subject of municipal costs one of considerable importance.

There is another item that must not be overlooked: Out of two hundred and four cities having thirty thousand or more inhabitants the census had complete and comparable fiscal data for one hundred and forty-six. From 1903 to 1915 the net indebtedness of these cities increased from under one billion dollars to nearly two and a quarter billions, or from less than forty-five dollars a head to more than seventy-seven.

It isn't only the money, by any means. To any man who isn't holding a state or Federal job, local government is far more important than state or Federal government. His police protection and his fire protection; his means of getting about; what he shall pay for such household necessities as water, gas, electric light, and what kind of service he shall get, depend upon the local government.

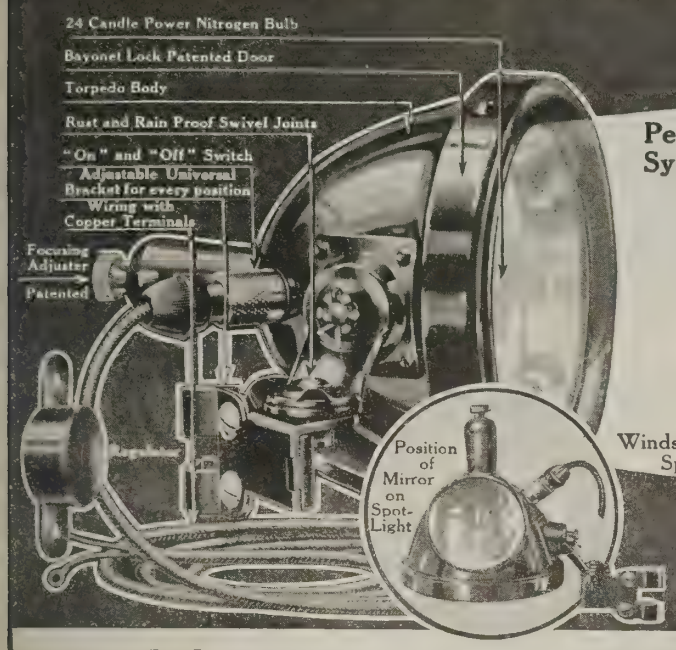
But, though municipal government has been growing more important—not only because it includes more people but because it touches their pocketbooks and their interests in more ways—there has never been any teamwork in it. Every municipality has struggled or muddled with its own affairs on its own hook. One might say without great exaggeration that no two cities have handled the same problem in the same way.

In any line of business an improvement introduced at any given point will spread, competition forcing others in that line to adopt it; but there is no competition in government. Coöperation among municipalities would have the effect of introducing it.

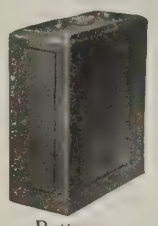
This North Shore Association gives a simple, inexpensive and practical method of coöperating. The idea ought to spread.

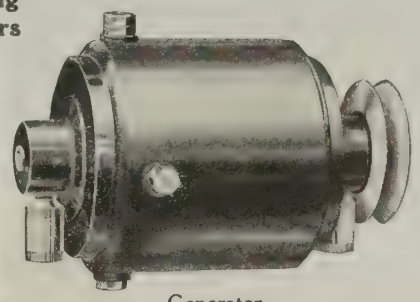
ELECTRIFY YOUR FORD

FROM HEAD LAMPS TO TAIL LAMP IN TWO HOURS

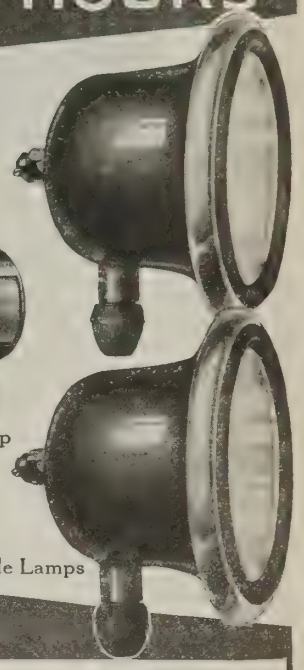


Perfect Electric Lighting System for Ford Cars

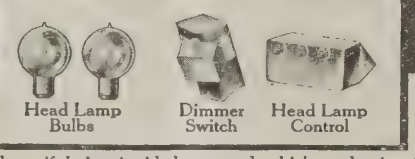

Battery


Generator

Tail Lamp


Side Lamps

Windshield Spotlight



Ford Owners! Attention!

No more Headlight worry—no more glare—no more uncontrollable run-away light—no more oil side lamps—no more oil tail lamp—no more fumbling in the dark, the wind and the rain with matches. But now—all annoyance and inconvenience swept away by the push of the button. Convenient headlight control from the switch mounted on the steering post. Headlights brightened or dimmed at will for pleasure and safety.

Also two beautiful electric side lamps and a high grade electric tail lamp to switch on and off instantly. No cost but the low first cost. No machine work. No need of an expert mechanic. This necessary Electric Lighting System can be installed upon your great little car complete in two hours.

Here's the Good News!

And there's beauty, good looks for you. Safety, pleasure and night-driving comfort as long as your car exists.

The improved Genolite is an achievement for Ford Owner satisfaction, comparable only to the service and the quality performance of the car Ford Owners are proud to own.

Genolite Type "C" $29.85

An improved and complete Electric Lighting System that gives you a brilliant light from a storage battery in both side and tail lamps irrespective whether motor is running or idle.

Genolite also furnishes you with two powerful Nitrogen headlight bulbs (to replace your present ones), lighted through our patented regulating device which governs the flow of electric current from the magneto, resulting in a more constant light, which is sufficient for touring even at low speeds and a most satisfactory light at all speeds.

And this can be instantly accomplished at the will of the driver from a control switch conveniently located on the steering post.

Genolite [Type C] also includes a generator, and a storage battery which it charges without cost. With the beautiful electric side lamps and tail lamp, also bulbs, wiring and all attachments complete as described and ready for application (no extras needed) Genolite is an efficient and complete Lighting System for five electric lamps for Ford Cars.

Genolite Type "D" $31.85

In the unique Genolite [Type D] equipment Ford Owners are given an exclusive combination Electric Lighting System that includes a powerful windshield Spotlight with many patented features.

This spotlight that throws a brilliant ray of light ten feet or a thousand ahead, behind, at left or right, which can be diffused or concentrated at the will of the driver, offers together with the Genolite Electric Side Lamps and Tail Lamp, generator, storage battery, bulbs, wiring and all necessary attachments, a complete Electric Lighting System that any Ford Owner may well be proud of.

Sum up the unusual advantages obtained in Genolite Type D.

A brilliant and continuous light in side lamps and tail lamp without regard to the motor whether running or idle.

One operation of the switch conveniently located in the spotlight throws on a brilliant light and thereby automatically dims the two headlights.

This spotlight is the first and only practical windshield light ever designed exclusively for Ford cars.

This beautiful and powerful spotlight is complete with mirrorscope for day driving convenience.

It includes a patented hand focusing device to meet State lighting laws. It has a universal bracket that will not rust in the joints and fits all Ford cars ever made. It possesses many other exclusive and patented features.

It gives almost full candle power at very low car speeds and maximum candle power at nine miles or more—maintaining this maximum lighting capacity at any speed.

This is accomplished by a patented regulator which automatically delivers current at the proper voltage to the spotlight at all speeds.

Genolite Type C at $29.85, or Type D at $31.85, comprise respectively perfect systems of Automatic Electric Lighting for Ford Cars. Their only cost is the low first cost. Their installation is simple and their service and convenience lasting. After you have equipped your car with Genolite you will wonder how you ever did without it.

Genolite will be a revelation to you of Economy and Service. To every Ford Owner, whether living in city, town or country, Genolite Type C or Type D will light the way for pleasure, pride and safety.

To insure prompt delivery send your order now.

Fill out the coupon. If your dealer should be unable to immediately supply you, send his name with your remittance and we will send you Genolite either Type C or Type D as ordered with full instructions to save you delay and to provide you at once the pleasure, convenience and enjoyment this perfect Electric Lighting System will give you.

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Dealers! Tremendous volume of orders already received at our factory prove that every Ford Owner has been waiting for a dependable Electric Lighting System. *You know our reputation as manufacturers.* There are large, immediate and assured sales of Genolite Type C and Type D in your locality. Wire or write us at once.

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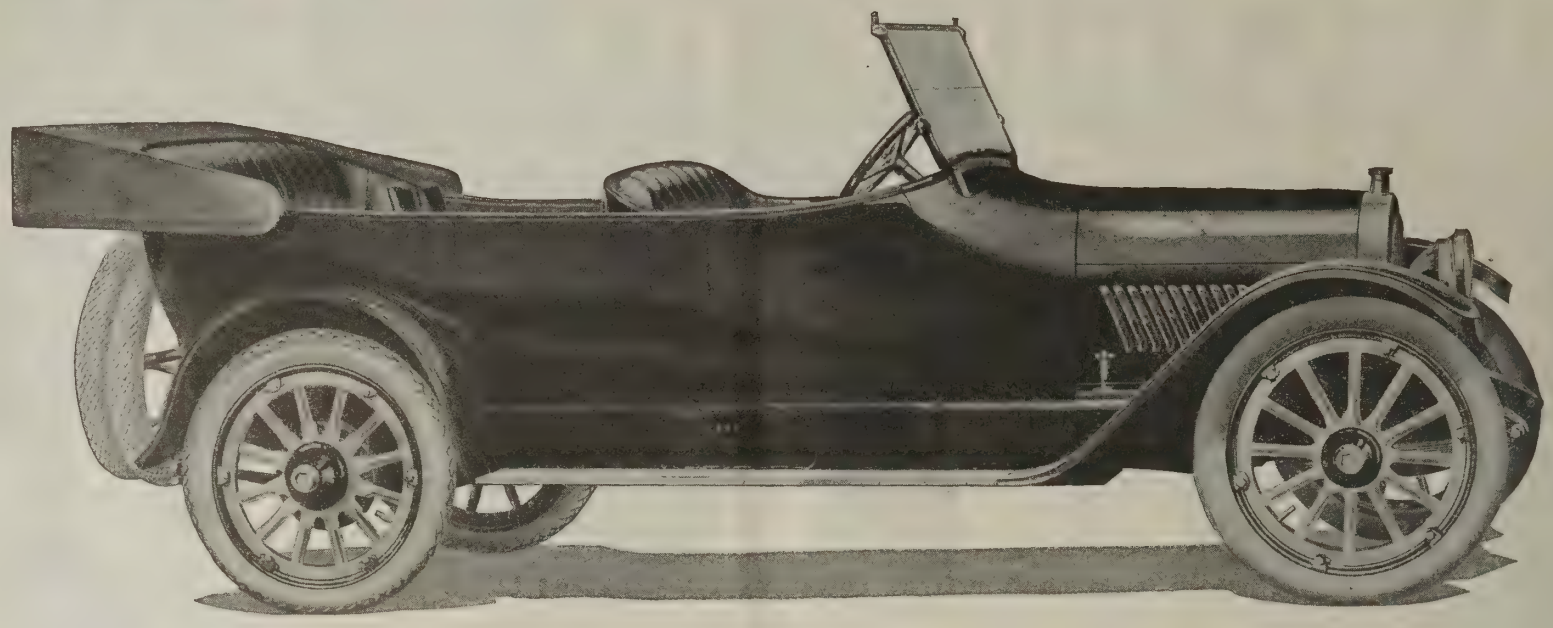

Announcing the New Seven-Passenger OLDSMOBILE

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f.o.b. Lansing

THIS light weight, eight-cylinder car combines power, acceleration, speed, economy, comfort, beauty, and luxury in a measure hitherto undreamed of in a light car. The eight-cylinder motor, developing 58-horse power at 2,600 r. p. m., with the light weight of the car—3,000 pounds—presents a proportion of power to total car weight of approximately one horse power to every 51 pounds—an unusually favorable ratio.

This relation of weight to power, together with the high frequency of the power impulses—one to every five inches of car travel—is the reason for the wonderful hill climbing ability of the car—for its dependability on all sorts of roads—and for control so responsive that gear changing is seldom necessary.

Careful refinement of mechanism insures almost absolute quiet, while the counterbalanced crankshaft, light weight, balanced, connecting rods, and aluminum alloy pistons reduce internal resistance, bearing pressures and vibration to a minimum.

The comfort of the car is beyond description. Long, flat, flexible springs and perfect balance of chassis insure easy riding under any kind of going. The seats, upholstered with fine, long grain French leather, stuffed with pliant springs encased in linen sacks, increase comfort to the point of luxury.

Economy results from light weight and motor efficiency—economy both of fuel and tires. The new Oldsmobile is now on display by Distributors throughout the United States. Illustrated catalog on request.

Details of the Car

Wheel Base—120 inches.
Weight—3,000 pounds.
Motor—Eight-cylinder, V-type, high speed motor, with counter weighted crankshaft, developing 58-horse power at 2,600 r. p. m.
Cooling—By centrifugal pump.
Radiator—Honeycomb, with solid German silver jacket.
Lubrication—Force feed.
Electric System—Delco—In three units, starter, generator, and distributer, each unit independent.
Spark Control—Automatic, with hand lever for extreme ranges.
Carburetor—Automatic compensating type.
Gasoline System—Vacuum feed, with gas tank in rear.
Transmission—Unit with motor.
Gear Ratio—4 11-12 to 1.
Clutch—Cone type, leather faced.
Drive—Hotchkiss type.
Frame—Cold pressed steel, deep channel.
Front Axle—I-beam, with Timken tapered roller bearings.
Rear Axle—Full floating, spiral bevel type. Timken bearings.
Brakes—Foot, external contracting, emergency, internal expanding.
Wheels—Selected hickory, natural wood finish.
Springs—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, three-quarter elliptic, long and flat.
Steering—Left hand, semi-irreversible, worm and half-nut type.
Fenders—Crowned type.
Doors—Twenty-three inches wide.
Upholstery—Finest French leather, stuffed with springs encased in linen sacks.
Dash—Circassian walnut, with silver finished instruments.
Finish—Paint and varnish, applied by hand.
Equipment—In addition to regular items, includes double bulb headlights, dash light, tonneau light, double tire carrier, and side curtains, opening with doors.

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This *Important* Fruit
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Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the famous authority, writes as follows in his book, "The Care and Feeding of Children":

> "Some fruit should be given to most healthy children every day . . . Oranges, baked apples and stewed prunes are most to be depended upon . . . The best fruit juice is that of the Orange, which should be fresh and sweet."

Thus an eminent man, who is quoted on child feeding by practically every physician, tells mothers what is best.

Remember these facts; for no other subject today is more important than proper food. Don't let *anyone in your family* who carries a lunch from home go without a fruit that authorities deem so needful.

Nature has made Oranges doubly attractive in flavor, perhaps to win people to their benefits.

For these reasons, adults as well as little folks need Oranges every day.

The principal nutritive value of Oranges lies in their fruit-sugar. And Oranges contain organic salts and acids that aid in the digestion of other foods.

These facts are stated by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, well known for his campaign for "pure foods."

Decide for yourself, from the standpoints of flavor, healthfulness and *economy*, if another fruit so well merits a daily and conspicuous place in your home.

Boston Cooking School Recipes

A valuable illustrated book containing 200 tested Orange and Lemon recipes by the authors of the famous Boston Cook Book, will be sent *without charge* to housewives who answer this advertisement, giving their dealer's name and address. Send for your copy now.

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Uniformly Good Oranges

Sunkist are *uniformly good* oranges—a year 'round fresh fruit for everybody's table. They are practically seedless, tender, luscious, juicy, sweet—and are sold in varying sizes at varying prices so every family can afford them.

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EBRUARY 3, 1917 5cts. THE COPY

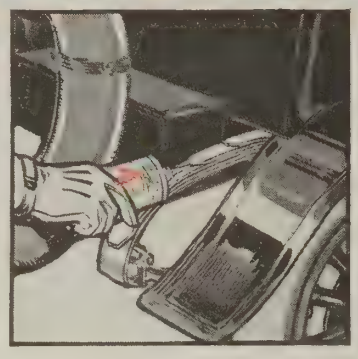
DRAWN BY
PHILIP BOILEAU

n This Number

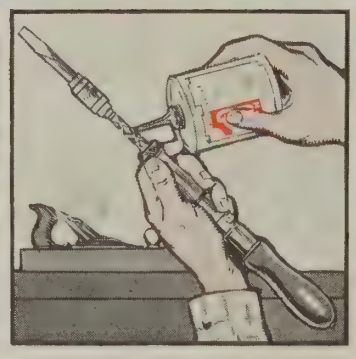
Albert W. Atwood—Peter B. Kyne—Helen Van Campen—George Pattullo—Edwin Lefèvre
Meville Davisson Post—Joseph Hergesheimer—Will Payne—Philip E. Hubbard—Will Irwin

Movie of a Man Just Discovering 3-in-One

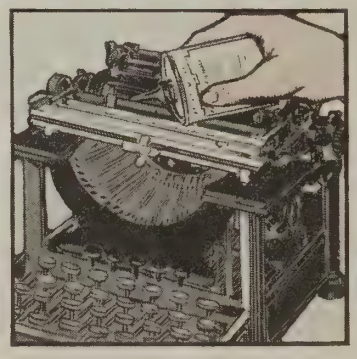
Told by friend that 3-in-One takes the "pull" out of razors, by preventing rust forming on edge of blade. Gives the idea a tryout. Finds it's a fact.



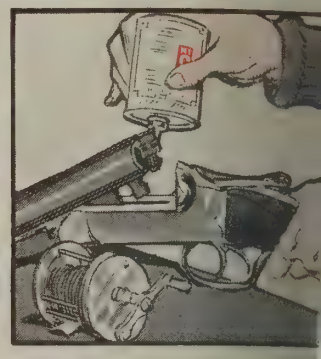
Uses 3-in-One on his auto springs. Prevents rust and stops squeaks. Better than graphite. Easy to apply. Needn't jack up car or spread leaves apart.



Finds that 3-in-One is great stuff for tools. Lubricates action parts just right. Prevents rust on cutting edges. Keeps them sharp. Makes saws work easy.



Passes the Handy Oil Can along to Miss Steno at the office. 3-in-One makes typewriter and adding machine work like new. Cleans and polishes desks, too.



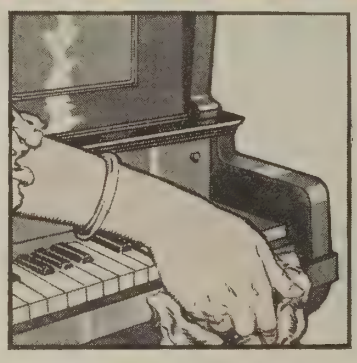
Learns that 3-in-One is the oil his gun and fishing reel need. It oils all delicate mechanisms perfectly. Never gums or collects dirt.

The Oil His Wife Has Known All Her Life

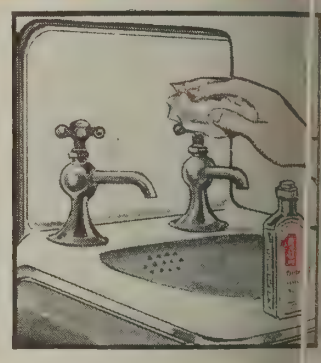
Years ago, mother taught her to oil the sewing machine with 3-in-One. It works all dust, dirt and lint out of the delicate bearings. Never dries out.

She makes her own dustless dusters. Some 3-in-One on a piece of cheesecloth—that's all. Sanitary. Collects and holds every speck of dust.

Pouring 3-in-One on an ordinary mop (cut off as shown) gives her a perfect polish mop that cleans hardwood and painted floors and "heals" the scratches.



With a little 3-in-One on a damp cloth she cleans her piano and fine furniture. Then a soft, dry cloth brings a beautiful, lasting polish.



Nothing else is as good as 3-in-One for polishing and preventi tarnish and verdigris on nickel bathroom fixtures. It brightens the metal-work all over the hou

3-in-One Lubricates—Cleans and Polishes—Prevents Rust

Three different kinds of work, but 3-in-One does them all well. It lubricates to perfection all light mechanisms. Cleans and polishes all veneered and varnished surfaces. Makes mirrors, windows and glassware shine. Prevents rust and tarnish on all metal surfaces. Makes shaving easier by preventing razor-rust.

3-in-One has 79 distinct uses—in household, office, factory, garage, stable and outdoors. Only a few are mentioned here. The Dictionary of Uses, sent free, describes them all. You probably use 3-in-One for several purposes. Why not learn its *full efficiency* and benefit by its manifold usefulness?

3-in-One i
at all sto
this Han
Can (ac
size), 25c.
in 10c, 25
50c bottle

Automobile Owners Find Many Uses for 3-in-One Oil

If you own a car, stop spring squeaks and preserve your springs from rust and breakage by using 3-in-One as pictured above.

Oil your magneto (any make) with 3-in-One, the oil that never clogs a bearing—never burns at any rate of speed. It gives you a fat hot spark at precisely the right firing instant. Magneto manufacturers recommend 3-in-One.

Keep your car bright and new-looking by using 3-in-One on the varnished body surfaces. It hardens the high finish.

Polish the nickeled parts of your car with 3-in-One. Prevents rust and tarnish on all the metal parts. Use it to clean and polish the windshield. Also to preserve the upholstery and leather cushions.

If you are a Ford owner, try 3-in-One on your commutator. Makes cranking much easier. No dust or dirt can collect if 3-in-One is used.

Motorists, in sending coupon, should ask for the Special Automobile Circular.

Send This Coupon for FREE Sample of 3-in-One

Three-in-One Oil Co.,
42 EUP. Broadway, New York.

Send me a generous sample of 3-in-One Oil and the Dictionary of Uses—both FREE.

Name____ Address____

City____ State____

HEADLIGHT (UNION MADE) OVERALLS

Dyed with Genuine Indigo

Headlights are Money Savers

one pair of Headlights outwears two pairs of ordinary overalls

No matter how high dye and cotton prices go, HEADLIGHT wearers will be protected. HEADLIGHT quality will be *always* maintained.

Here's Our Guarantee to You

Buy a pair of HEADLIGHT OVERALLS—wear them 30 days—and if you don't find them the *most comfortable, convenient* and *generally satisfactory* overalls you have ever had on, *take them back and get your money without quibble or question.*

To Merchants

Sell HEADLIGHT OVERALLS—they are the *biggest* overall value you can give your customers for their money. They *outwear* and *outsell* any other overall. HEADLIGHT advertising and sales helps coupled to HEADLIGHT quality have created a demand that *moves* the *goods from your shelves rapidly* and *regularly.*

EXCLUSIVE AGENCY OFFERED YOU. Use the coupon now—get the exclusive agency in your town for this fast selling popular line before your competitor beats you to it.

LARNED, CARTER & CO., DETROIT

World's Greatest Overall Makers

Factories: Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., St. Louis, Mo., San Francisco, Cal.
Canadian Factory, Sarnia, Ont. (22)

Mail This Coupon Today — Larned, Carter & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Trial Order — With the understanding that we are to have the exclusive agency for Headlights in our town you may ship us a well selected assortment of (state how many)_____dozen Headlight overalls, accompanied by your full equipment of advertising matter—posters for bill boards with our name as exclusive agents, store cards, display signs, memo books and time books for distribution, electros for local newspapers, also one Headlight window display.

Name_____

Town_____ State_____

Request for Samples — We prefer to see sample garments before ordering. Therefore, send us a few pairs representing your best selling numbers. You to prepay express charges—we to have the privilege of returning samples after examination. In sending samples, explain fully your exclusive agency proposition.

Name_____

Town_____ State_____

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NOT the least of the pleasures of a hard game is the bath that follows it. For it is just after the final whistle, when you realize for the first time how warm you are and how your skin is chafing, that the cooling, soothing, refreshing qualities of Ivory Soap are most appreciated.

The mild, smooth, copious Ivory lather feels grateful to the sweating skin and tired muscles. Just a few moments' stand under the rushing water removes every particle of soap and dirt. A brisk rub-down leaves the body aglow with health, and muscles and nerves in perfect trim.

It is this ability to cleanse thoroughly without irritation to the skin that makes Ivory Soap so popular with all athletes. In it quality and purity combine to produce cleanliness pleasantly and perfectly under every conceivable condition.

IVORY SOAP. . . . . IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

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BUBBLE DAYS OF FINANCE

By Albert W. Atwood

NEVER before in this country has there been such an avalanche of questionable promoting schemes as now. The get-rich-quick brokers and promoters have sprung up like mushrooms overnight. Fakers, schemers and swindlers swarm over the land. Financial sharks swim joyously in schools and shoals. For this is the heyday of undreamed-of prosperity; and every boom in trade and in stocks brings to the surface a multitude from the underworld of finance, glad to seize upon the possibly brief wave of fortune and take advantage of a feverish mania for speculation while it lasts. Thus, the tremendous revival in frauds and semifrauds by mail and by advertising, along with its marvelously sudden fungous growth of upstart brokers and promoters, only serves to emphasize the prodigal, almost reckless abrupt increase in national wealth.

There is a spirit of double-or-quits in the land. Quick and prodigal riches have made men reckless. Luxury, extravagance and waste are at their height. So is the heedless "investment" of money.

"It's nobody's business. I am going to do what I d——d well please with my own money!"

The present boom in questionable and probably worthless stocks is not unique. They have come in waves or periods or cycles for several hundred years. As insane as any was the Tulip Craze in Holland. John Law, in France, and a long series of foolish bubbles in England separated the credulous from their money long years ago. Ever since the modern world existed men have been afflicted by this strange disease, whether the promise of untold wealth dangled before their eyes was located in South African mines, the broad Pampas of South America or the islands of the South Seas.

But the get-rich-quick delirium of to-day differs from and exceeds previous speculative excitements—in this country at least—by the more ample means of those who are seized with it. The greatest previous period of American speculation was that which began in 1897 and came to an end in 1907. People woke up to the fact that there had been too much lost motion. So they started trusts and combinations. The crossroads blacksmith, with his thousand-dollar business, capitalized it for a hundred-thousand-dollar stock company. Inflation was rampant; and what went up ultimately came down.

All this was very instructive and interesting; but the speculator of that period operated largely on borrowed money. To-day conditions are very different. Money has been distributed and filtered out over the country everywhere. Farmers have had huge prices for their crops. A man with a few acres of potatoes has thereby become almost rich. Mechanics have had wages and bonuses beyond anything previously known. And investors have received larger dividends than the most optimistic had dared hope for. These conditions are, in the first place, the result of enormous profits, which the nations at war have been obliged to pay us. War business has always been hazardous, and therefore has commanded large profits. Secondly, the result of our having repaid to Europeans on our own terms practically all the debts that were entered into on their terms.

So the speculator of to-day, whether he operates in recognized and established securities or in the fly-by-night, get-rich-quick variety, claims a measure of independence he has never felt when using borrowed funds. A man thinks twice before he takes a rash flyer with borrowed money. Hundreds of new millionaires have sprung up all over the land, and half a dozen cities are bulging with new riches. Clerks, waiters and messenger boys have laid by thousands. At such times it is most difficult to combat the reckless dare-devil "investment" of surplus funds in the stocks of companies whose only product is tons of alluring and flamboyant literature.

But the world has not changed overnight. Thousands who think they have found Aladdin's Lamp or the Philosophers' Stone are building on false premises. They will find that the rules of business conduct which held true a few years ago still have an application. The forms of the get-rich-quick game change, but the principles never. Yesterday it was the bucket shop; to-day it is stock in new oil, mining and manufacturing companies; to-morrow it will be something we cannot foresee. But the results are always the same. The denizen of the underworld of finance never changes his ethics, though he is a broad-minded opportunist as to the nature of the proposition he handles. He holds himself in readiness to take advantage of whatever comes along; and he is both mentally and physically about the nimblest creature on earth.

For the first time in a great stock-market boom the old-fashioned bucket shop was absent. That was the place, as almost everybody knows, where one could bet on the prices of stocks made on the New York Stock Exchange, or the prices of wheat, corn and oats made on the Chicago Board of Trade. Ten years ago there were perhaps five thousand of these places in the United States. To-day there are practically none. There is a great difference of opinion regarding stock speculation; but there is no difference of opinion concerning its parasite, the bucket shop.

The bucket shop was a place where proprietor or customer must lose. It was mechanically and physically impossible for both to win. Whatever the morals, or lack of them, in stock speculation, it is at least possible for both the regular broker and the customer to win. But the bucket-shop keeper makes his living out of his customers' losses. He ran a gambling joint, mechanically, legally and technically, as well as morally.

Ever since telegraphic quotations for stock and produce prices had first been known the bucket shop had flourished. It commanded the most talented practitioners of low finance, and its leaders became millionaires. Always the bucket shop pretended to have a connection with the New York Stock Exchange or the Chicago Board of Trade. Or if "pretend" be too strong a word for every case, there was always the seeming, simulated—or at least implied—connection.

Twenty years ago John Hill, then a director of the Board of Trade and member of a committee to investigate and prosecute frauds, examined more than fifteen hundred such schemes, and said: "Though the schemes are limited in variety only by the number of subjects upon which it is possible to found a swindle, the vast majority of them are based on an active speculative or investment market, such as the Chicago Board of Trade or New York Stock Exchange.

"The reason is apparent. Most persons are aware of the fluctuations and opportunities in these two great markets and very frequently read of large sums of money being made by

shrewd speculators. . . . Hence unscrupulous knaves, bent on preying upon the unwary and inexperienced, paint for them a rosy word picture of the great fortunes which can be made in grain and stocks by an easy and safe—absolutely safe—method of speculating, according to 'their system,' which is the 'result of years of experience and study' on the part of these rogues who, having perfected their system, are anxious to take in the dear public in any sum from ten dollars up."

The bucket shop has gone, for many reasons. It became too notorious and laws were passed against it. The slow-moving processes of law are sure to reach any particular form of financial swindle, provided it remains in the open long enough. The big exchanges in New York and Chicago fought it bitterly. Most important of all, the telegraph and telephone companies began, within very recent years, to stop giving wire service to the bucket shops.

Deprived of wire service, there are to-day few if any concerns of a patently fraudulent nature conducting business on the basis of Stock Exchange or Board of Trade quotations. Nor is this the day of the "discretionary pool," or even of the professional stock-market tipster, who flourished so generally about ten years ago, and whose claims were so absurd that it is difficult to see how even the merest babe could have been deceived by them. Nor do we appear to be in a period of cotton swindles. Absent, too, is the flood of fake fruit-grove, banana-plantation, nut-orchard and other land schemes. Gullible mankind will always bite at new inventions and "secret processes"; but these are not especially numerous now. Irrigation projects had their day a few years ago, and fake insurance and publishing schemes are pretty well in the discard.

The Swarm of Doubtful Stocks

THE characteristics of the recent boom are numerous and intensely instructive. Of course some of the swarm of fake motor stocks are brand-new, with the varnish still on. Not so with the oil and mining shares. Beginning with '49, we have had them at regular intervals ever since. But the present crops of promoters have shown unusual cleverness in taking advantage of that human desire to get something for nothing, to expect that riches are concealed under the ground. Even the most uninformed know that in other industries there are definite limits and margins of profit; but they feel that no one can tell what may be hidden in the bowels of the earth. As for the fake motor stocks, the promoters have merely taken advantage of the enormous profits made by legitimate properties, to sell shares in certain new companies that exist almost solely on paper.

One of the most interesting discoveries of the fly-by-nighters is the existence of the open market on the New York Curb. It has always been there; but the discovery of the advantages of doing business in connection with it is relatively new—a matter of ten years at the very most. And this revelation, which first dawned upon them only a few years ago, has recently come to have the cumulative effect of a great and blazing truth.

Just as the vaguely implied connection with the Stock Exchange that came from having some form of ticker—or even a blackboard—used to be of service to the bucket shop, so their lineal descendants find an advantage in doing business on the Curb. Respectable brokers on the Curb have no more to do with these mushroom promoters than the honest Stock Exchange firm had to do with the bucket shop; but a definite impression of connection with a great public market is conveyed to the unwary, and the name of the Curb is being taken in vain to further a most gigantic and nefarious game.

There are really two ends to the present flotation of new mining and industrial stocks of dubious worth: There are the brokerage and the promotion. So many wildcatters have rushed into the business that even the detective agencies and the secret investigators of great financial institutions cannot name or even count them all. I asked the head of one of the leading reporting detective bureaus, which attempts to follow the crooked trail of every financial swindler, what he thought of a certain firm that had been advertising extensively.

Ordinarily this prince of financial sleuths is one of the coolest and most self-confident specimens of mankind. He gave me a look that was half angry and half bewildered. He seemed on the edge of a nervous breakdown.

"You are the fiftieth man who has asked me that question this morning!" he said. "If these people don't stop their advertising campaign I'll be driven out of business from having too much work to do."

But all these gentry—ranging from the lone adventurer with desk room in another man's office, and one stenographer, up to the great houses with their two to three hundred employees, private wire systems and salesmen on the road—work along the same general principles. The main idea is to get people in, keep them in, and keep their money. The exact machinery for doing this is what most interests us.

There is one concern that always buys stock for its customers, but immediately sells them out again. It runs perhaps a hundred dummy accounts, and the moment a customer buys stock the same amount is sold for one of the dummy accounts.

Some of these brokers never buy at all, except in a few cases where they are compelled to make delivery. When they get an order, though no actual purchase has been made, they report back to the customer that the stock has been bought "at the market"; which means at the prevailing price. Usually the report is delayed as long as possible so as to get the customer on their books at the highest price of the day. The reason for this will appear shortly.

Now, though speculators are richer than ever before, a large part of the buying of these stocks is still being done on margin. But the significant fact is that even if these brokers wanted to buy new stocks of questionable merit for their customers on margin they probably could not do so, because it is practically impossible to borrow money on such collateral.

The whole theory of margin trading rests on the existence of lenders. Brokers must borrow the bulk of the cost price of a stock—usually about eighty per cent—from a bank. The New York Stock Exchange would dwindle to a tiny rivulet of trade if it were not for this system of bank loans upon stocks. Only a few of the very richest millionaire brokers have resources enough of their own to buy stocks for all their customers. It is the banks that really make the whole business of stock speculation possible.

But the banks do not loan upon wildcat stocks. Here and there a few institutions conduct such a business; but they make the brokers "pay through the nose," as the saying goes. There are a few money-lenders in Wall Street of the pawnbroker type who will lend to brokers on the thousands of newly floated shares; but they charge at least one per cent a month when the ordinary bank is charging two or three per cent a year for loans on legitimate securities. Thus it is very difficult for the mushroom stockbrokers to buy stocks for their customers, even if they want to do so. They couldn't afford to do it and stay in business.

Heads I Win, Tails You Lose

THE central idea is to induce customers to invest, as they think, in stocks on a rising market, and to encourage them to increase and pyramid their commitments so that the margin of safety gets narrower and narrower. Then, when the proper time arrives, either directly or through representatives, the broker goes into the market and pounds down the price of the stock to a point where he can wipe out his customers. Thus, he keeps the money where it has always been—in his own pocket; for he has never bought the stock at all. Naturally the higher the price at which the stock was "bought," the sooner is the customer wiped off the books.

A curious side light upon this now extensive business is the fact that most of these brokers will never take an order to sell stock short. The reason is obvious to anyone at all familiar with the technic of the stock markets. A short sale requires immediate delivery—that is, within twenty-four hours; because the broker on the other side of the deal, who has bought the stock, insists upon having it. Consequently brokers who make a regular business of selling short must constantly have large quantities of stock in their possession which th can deliver to the buyers, or else have the resources a credit to borrow stocks. Thus it has always been th bucket shops, and every other form of imitation or par site stockbroker, have gone broke on declining marke because their customers began to sell stocks instead of b them. As soon as the prices of stocks throughout t country generally begin to drop the swarm of fake broke will again disappear overnight.

Already there are signs of retribution. Even since t article was started some brokers with small resourc but of tremendous profit to certain newspapers duri their brief heyday of advertising prosperity, have been rested. But for the larger firms the harvest of gold is s bounteous. It is true that several of the big concerns h a narrow escape not long ago. They at least suffered a p monitory chill of the fatal disease that always attacks t too-easy game sooner or later.

A mining stock, to which we shall give the purely im inary name of Little Mary Consolidated, was boosted fr the humble price of a few cents a share to several d lars. Its value was unknown; and its promoter and associates had at all times actual control of the compa

As the stock continued to rise month after month outside public, fairly maddened by the fortunes made Bethlehem Steel and other war brides, rushed into Li Mary. Seeing their chance, the mushroom brokers "toute the stock for a further rise and, with suspicious uniformi filled their market letters and "house organs" with p of the stock. Some brokers did not execute the orders buy the stock for their customers on margins, expect that the promotion would collapse and they could w safety pocket the money.

The Skyrocket Career of Little Mary

BUT Little Mary kept on soaring and the brokers fo themselves in a bad situation, with customers cl oring for stock that had not been bought. Then c anonymous broadside attacks upon the stock; rep from alleged mining inspectors to the effect that the n was of no value were circulated. Still the stock did fall; and as a last resort a powerful combination of bro sold it short on an enormous scale. But they had no s to deliver and, as the saying goes, sold into a bag. T were badly "whipsawed" and suffered big losses.

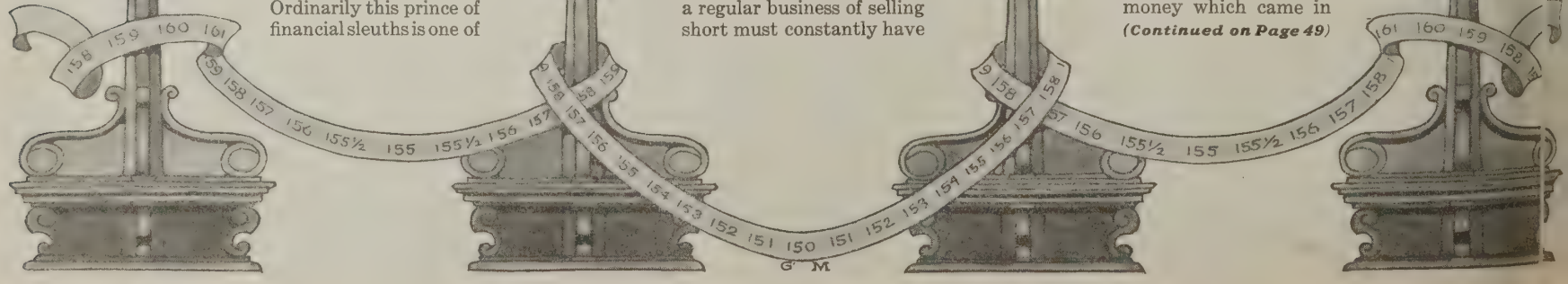
A quiet investigation at the time of this incident sho an extraordinary degree of coöperation upon the par leaders in the underworld of finance. They not only stitute a gang—they form a perfect web. It is a dark, r terious underground system, which is only brought to l now and then by the failure of one of its members or occasional interruption of its activities at a single poin the police or post-office authorities.

The real principals in many firms are notorious c acters in the back yards of finance. The nominal head often men of real or supposed respectability—even, few cases, persons who have held minor public offices, least have been candidates for such offices. The real ba or leaders are almost always ex-bucket-shop men or tives of bucket-shop keepers who made millions in time. Scores—perhaps a hundred concerns nominally pendent and with no conceivable resemblance—are i woven in this sinister web. Most commonly, howev is found that the real head or backer of some concern w high-sounding name, conducting a vast advertising circular campaign, was formerly a manager for a defunct bucket shop.

It is said that many of the now prosperous fly-by-nig started with a stolen sucker list. Of course when a bucket or other fake brokerage office is raided by the police th employee, thoughtful of his family's future comfort, the customers' list as a last service to his fleeing empl

One of the big bucket shops of ten years ago, a national institution in its way, had as its manager a man who was "nuts" on statistics, figures and charts. For many years he kept a close record of his business, which must have included tens of thousands of customers. It showed that eighty per cent of the money which came in

(Continued on Page 49)



SALT OF THE EARTH

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

L this happened a long time ago, when Sinful John, Snowshoe Sam and their joint property, a yellow dog named Toby, roamed the desert country of the Western States and found life sweet and wholesome, gh a trifle un- in. All three ners have long reached the of the rainbow will come no to Kelcey's s in the fall of year for "a "; nevertheless, memory is still h and green g the surviv- f the old boom s. And it was such a one I this tale of a accomplished name of char- fraternity and ental justice— ne the record of surely must been erased the Book of when the rding Angel ed a mirthful pon the entry neutralized the

ful John and shoe Sam, as een explained where in the icles of their derings, were ectors who had ed the lure too with the result though they ot know it, the they sought ne a secondary sideration. h they really wanted—what they had to have—was e lence of the desert; sunrise and sunset; saw-toothed ntain and lava scarp; the scent of the sage at dawn; dwood smoke and the odor of frying bacon in their g nostrils at eventide.

Vth no false convention to respect; with defeat behind ei, and victory ever in front beckoning them on; pos- ssl of immunity from the competition of life and calm in eiknowledge that Mother Earth would yield from her ures sufficient for their modest needs—Sinful John dnowshoe Sam journeyed blithely on to the finish; for ei was a simple code, embraced in three command- ers, partly orthodox and partly natural, to wit: Thou alnot kill—unnecessarily. Thou shalt not steal. Thou alnot be small of heart and mean of soul. Thus forti- d piritually, they found in their primitive life an ele- ral peace that can be understood by those only who vwalked through the purple haze into the silence.

Inhe beginning, of course, Sinful and Snow had regular rs, like other folk, but lost them early in life; and, d g them of no particular value, never insisted on l ing them. As Snowshoe once remarked, his name as nly useful when attached to a location notice; and, as uch as he and Sinful were in the habit of posting such tis in singularly out-of-the-way places, the oppor- nies for advertising their identity were negligible, to le least—a condition which Mr. Brandon P. Hyde, of alStreet, New York City, found furiously disconcerting e following the expenditure of nearly ten thousand lls in an effort to discover and apprehend the scoun- elwho had sold him the Sweepstake Mine, the national te ive agency he employed reported the trail irrevo- ol lost.

Hvever, if Mr. Hyde will go to Weeping Water, on the ail o the old forgotten camp of Paradise, he will find one t culprits. Sinful John and Toby sleep in the sage erunder the same blanket, and a wooden cross marks eilast dry camp. To the cross is nailed the end of a ac r box, and carved thereon with a jackknife is the gel:

HERE LIE SINFUL JOHN AND HIS
CUR DOG TOBY
THEIR BARK WAS WORSE THAN THEIR BITE

"You Old, White-Whiskered, Toothless, Chatterin' Child o' Misfortune, Where'd You Git That There Nightgown?"

Here the record of Sinful John ends. As for Snowshoe Sam, he died in the Prospectors' Home down Inyo way, and lies in the local cemetery, disgraced for aye by a neat tombstone bearing the devilish announcement that here lie the mortal remains of Elmer Sampson Postelwaithe. It is to be feared that Snowshoe was forced to reveal his disgrace, when he bought his living in the Home, in order that the demands of red tape might be complied with.

Nobody ever knew why Snowshoe Sam was so called, unless it be that the nickname was meant to convey a tribute to his extremely large feet. No such mystery attached to Sinful John, however. He was called Sinful because he was sinful—that is, if one judged him by his language, which for picturesque profanity was beyond comparison. Snowshoe was in the habit of explaining to horrified strangers that Sinful, in his impressionable youth, had been a bullwhacker and later a mule skinner; and hence had come by the awful habit legitimately, as it were. Sustained by this comforting information and an intimate acquaintance with Sinful John, one presently forgot the latter's deficiency in the matter of verbal convention, and loved him for a clean-minded, simple-hearted, whimsical, gallant old soldier of fortune, or misfortune, depending on how the pay dirt ran.

For more than two years prior to the beginning of our story Sinful John, Snowshoe Sam and Toby had been attending strictly to business, dry-washing gold in some surface placer claims in that choice bit of second-class Purgatory known as Big Smoky Valley. During that period they had not been once to civilization together, Sinful John having abruptly sickened of the shams and foibles of society and declared his weariness of Snowshoe's habit of helling round and getting nowhere. Sinful was all for saving the firm's capital until a sufficient stake had been gathered, whereupon they would "take in" the Paris Exposition. He had heard tales of the delightful wickedness of gay Paree, but was desirous of ocular evidence before believing.

Nevertheless, such a picture of joy unconfined did he paint that Snowshoe's alert imagination was roused, and they had set forth with Toby and the jacks, and plenty of grub and powder, to seek a healthy road stake wherever fortune might be lurking in the mineralized sections of North America. In Big Smoky they located the dry diggings; with a dry-washing apparatus of their own invention and construction, plus the high hopes that had always sustained them, they had spent two years dry-washing the gravel down to the bedrock, and at the time our story opens the partners were possessed of eighteen thousand dollars in coarse gold dust and a tremendous yearning for the fleshpots.

Came a day when Snowshoe Sam straightened up from his task of shoveling the gravel into the dry-washer. Ostensibly he was about to spit on his hands. Instead, he tilted back his hat, ran the toil-worn fingers of his right hand through his thick gray foretop, and sighed. Sinful John heard the sigh, caught the yearning look in Snowshoe's eyes—and understood perfectly. In the desert men do not speak unless they have to, for speech shatters the silence, which is like a benediction.

Moreover, after one has adjusted oneself to the silence, speech is not vitally necessary; and this was so with Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam. After twenty years of partnership, mental telepathy had taken the place of the spoken word; so now Sinful looked sternly at Snowshoe and shook his head negatively. Resignedly Snowshoe replaced his hat, spat on his hands, took a fresh firm grasp of the shovel handle, thrust the lip of the implement into the face of the gravel, changed his mind, and faced round on Sinful, who swore dreadfully at him.

"How many times have I got to tell you, Snowshoe, that I ain't a-goin' to leave these diggin's until the scales tells us we've got twenty thousand in the poke? I'm tellin' you, you"—here Sinful essayed a flight of the language peculiarly his own, returning, after thirty seconds, to the original subject—"that a trip to the Paree Exposition is danged expensive, an' I don't aim to go there an' miss a lot o' fun just because I didn't come properly heeled. Now you quit this vain repinin' an' git to shovelin' gravel, or the first thing we know the Exposition'll be over before we've dry-washed our limit."

"Oh, to hell with the Paree Exposition!" Snowshoe shrilled in sudden, unreasonable rage. "I'm sick an' tired talkin' about it; an' I'm layin' you five to one Paree ain't what she's cracked up to be, nohow. Me—I can have a pretty good time over to Kelcey's Wells."

"That's becuz you're just plumb low an' ordinary by nature," Sinful growled. "Snowshoe, you ain't got a speck o' art in that rabbit soul o' yourn. You ain't got no more culture than a sage hen. Don't you never figger there's somethin' else in life besides goin' to town to git drunk?"

"Don't you never figger there's somethin' else in life besides meltin' away in the middle o' Big Smoky, dry-washing this hell-fired gravel?" Snowshoe retorted.

"We got a good thing, you parasite!"

"A feller can git tired o' too much of a good thing."

There was profound philosophy in this latter statement, and Sinful knew it. He was silent, pondering; whereat Snowshoe pursued his advantage:

"We're about out of matches an' plumb out of airtights, an' it does seem as if Toby'd ought to have a can o' flea powder."

Sinful John banged his fist on the dry-washer.

"Dang you, Snowshoe," he protested, "you are a-gittin' town-hungry."

Snowshoe admitted it.

"'All work an' no play makes a dull boy o' Jack,' they say," he quoted.

"It's my turn to go out," Sinful John reminded him with considerable asperity and profanity.

"I thought mebbe me an' Toby might fix up to go 'long with you," Snowshoe suggested mildly.

This was rank heresy, for Snowshoe knew their weakness quite as well as did Sinful. According to their code, neither could "go on a bender" without the company of the other. That would have been unspeakable. Consequently, following the principle of "safety first," for the past two years they had taken turns at going out for supplies; and, as a result of this precaution, the gilded palaces of sin in Kelcey's Wells had not fattened on the toil of the partners.

Sinful John, figuratively speaking, went up in the air. When he came down again he knew that Snowshoe was unimpressed. He could tell that from the dogged manner in which Snowshoe looked at him. So Sinful surrendered.

"All right!" he announced. "I ain't aimin' to make a dull boy o' you, Snowshoe, because I ain't anxious to tackle the impossible. Nature give you a head like a porcelain doorknob long before I met up with you. Now listen, you ornery, quittin', no-good son of a horse thief: I've took a vow not to tread the primrose path, as the feller says, until me an' you've got twenty thousand dollars to tread it with. I ain't longin' none for sassiety—not even your'n. From now until the day me an' you lights in Paree an' starts hikin' up the Rue de la Pakes or the Champs Ulysses—take it from me, Snowshoe—I'm pure. I know you're ——"

"I been a he-angel for two year'!" Snowshoe complained bitterly.

"Seein' which, it sorter looks as if you might stick it out three months longer," Sinful reminded him.

"But we got to have grub."

"Well, you go out to-morrow mornin' an' git it. I'll give you dust enough to buy everything we need—an' you see that you buy it. Tend to all your business first—an' then take a week off an' do your hell-raisin'. Five hundred ought to give you all the joy a man o' your age can stand."

"There ain't no fun if I go alone," the prodigal protested.

"You go alone an' you have your little spash an' git it over with," Sinful thundered. "I'm excusin' you this time. I won't be jealous, nohow. All your life, Snowshoe, you've been a weak vessel; so I reckon the time has come when you've just got to let off steam or bust. I'm plumb weary listenin' to your protests an' whinin'; an' if I got to look forward to three months more o' bellyachin' I might as well set on a stick o' dynamite, light the fuse an' go to glory. At least I'll have peace then—an' peace is my long suit. To-morrow mornin' ——"

"But Sinful ——"

"Don't interrupt me. I'm talkin'. You'll leave here light, takin' two jacks an' ridin' t'other. I'll give you four days to git to Kelcey's Wells; one day to rest up; one day to tend to business; six days to raise hell; one to take a brace on yourself; an' five days to git back to camp. That's eighteen days."

"I'll bring you back a coupler quarts o' liquor?" Snowshoe suggested.

"Wa-al, I suppose we ought to have some round—in case o' snake bite," Sinful admitted grudgingly. "Not that I'm a-hankerin' for the danged stuff."

Snowshoe nodded his comprehension and once more the gravel commenced to drop into the dry-washer. Early the following morning he took the jacks, bade Sinful a perfunctory "So long!" and headed out across Big Smoky. Sinful watched him until he disappeared in the sea of sage; then he sat down, while Toby came and laid his cool muzzle in his master's hand. "Toby," quoth Sinful John presently, "this here dog-goned Snowshoe would sure have been a fizzle as a Christian martyr, wouldn't he?"

Toby made a queer yawning little noise in his throat, wagged his stubby tail, licked Sinful's hand, looked understandingly at him, and thence out into the sage that had swallowed Snowshoe Sam. Sinful John nodded.

"I reckon you'd better go along too, Toby, an' sorter look after him," he suggested.

Toby trotted away on Snowshoe's trail.

II

LATE in the afternoon of the sixth day following Snowshoe Sam's departure for Kelcey's Wells, Sinful John, gazing out across Big Smoky, was aware of a tiny cloud of alkali dust coming rapidly toward him. While he was still wondering whether the dust was stirred up by a jack rabbit or a coyote, Toby burst from the sage and trotted, panting, to his other master. His tongue was hot and dry, and hung sideways out of his open mouth, round the fringes of which the slaver had long since dried. As he caught sight of Sinful he tried to bark his joy at the meeting, but made a dismal failure of it; he could only lean up against Sinful's shins and make queer rattling noises in his throat. He quivered with weakness.

"Well, Toby-boy, you just did make it, didn't you?" Sinful John greeted the dog. "The desert a'mos' got you this time, didn't it? Toby, where's Snowshoe?"

He carried Toby into the tent and poured some water for him. In about five minutes he gave the parched dog some more, after which he bathed him and plastered Toby's sore pads with a healing unguent that was always kept in the kyacks in case the packsaddles should gall the jacks. Utterly exhausted, Toby fell asleep, while Sinful prepared a meal for him. After Toby had eaten he fell asleep again. At midnight Sinful John woke him up.

"Come, Toby-boy," he said, "we've got to get out an' shake a leg; an' it's up to you to lead me to Snowshoe. You've had your rest, Toby. If you hadn't been plumb beat out when you got here I'd 'a' started then. I've got two canteens an' some grub, Toby. Let's hit the trail an' hit it fast."

As they passed out into the moonlight Sinful John was weeping, for he knew Snowshoe was in trouble. The jacks had stampeded, doubtless; the water had given out; and even now Snowshoe was dying—perhaps dead—on the trail. Toby would not have deserted him except as a last resort. It was terrible!

"Oh, partner!" murmured Sinful John—and this time he did not swear.

Toby trotted on ahead, paused, and looked back expectantly; whereat, to test him, Sinful John turned and pretended to go back to camp. Toby barked protestingly, after him, circled round him, and once, in desperation, pretended to bite Sinful's ankle. "I guess I can trust y Toby," Sinful addressed the dog affectionately. "L on, pup!"

And Toby led on. Thus, in time they came to Kelc Wells, and at the very first saloon on the fringe of the ca Sinful John paused; a procedure Toby took small stoc apparently, for he trotted on, paused, looked back, bar once briefly and sharply, saw that he was making no imp sion on Sinful John, and forthwith sat down on his hunk to scratch fleas and think it over. He did not know Sinful, being wise in his day and generation, would h bet anybody a twenty-dollar sombrero to a chew of tob that in this f saloon he wo glean news of missing Snows And he was not appointed.

"Snowshoe?" barkeeper repea "Why, yes; I re I can tell you al him, Sinful. Wh your pleasur And he set ou bottle and a g

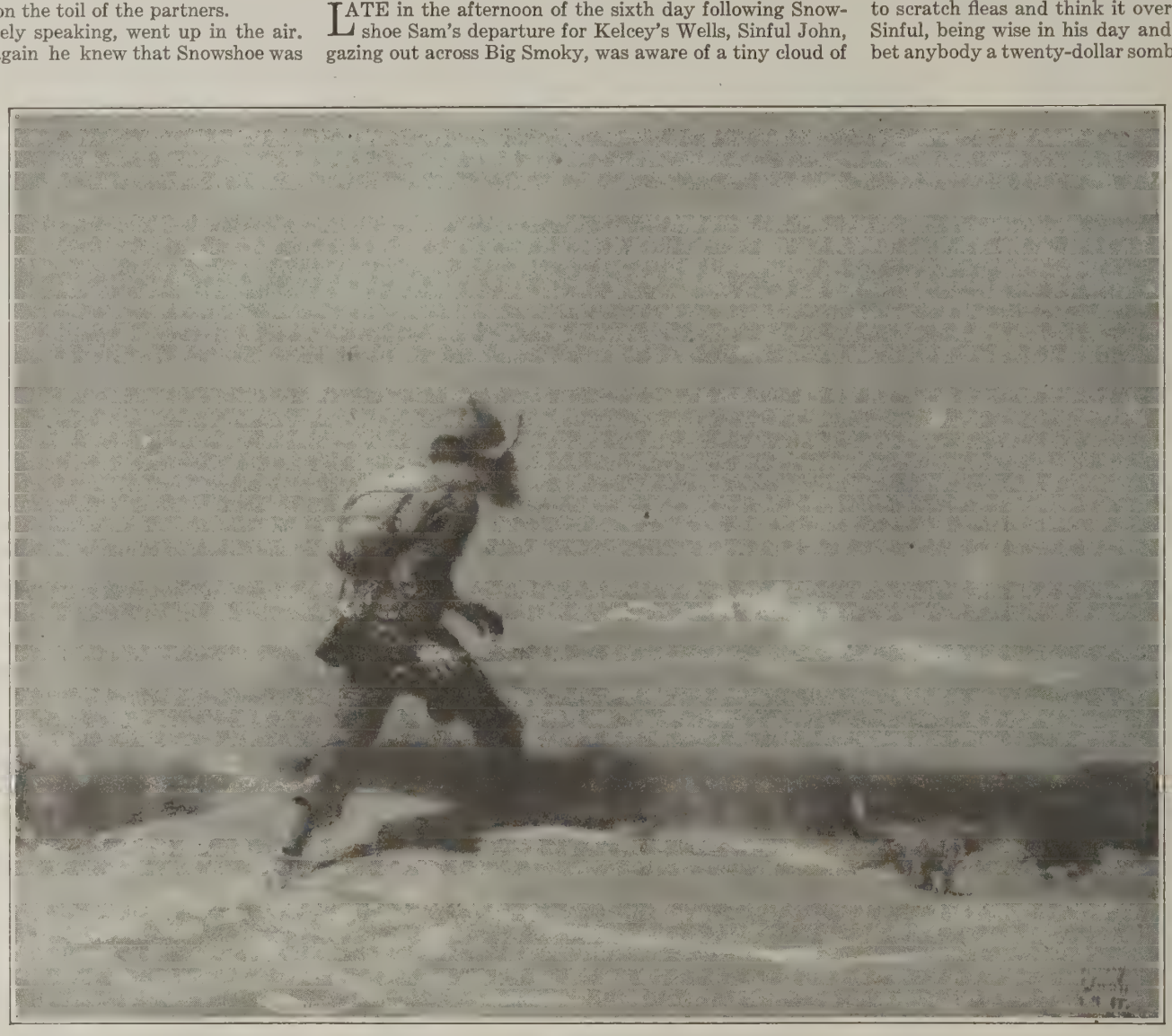
"Then tell about him; an quick about Sinful answe with deadly e and shoved temptation a from him. "Wh my pardner?"

"Why, Sn shoe's in the l road Hospital.'

"Who put there?"

Unconscio Sinful John's l strayed to the blue forty-five hip. Snowsh quarrels were quarrels too; enemy of one needs kill both would survive.

"Old Man P mony, Sin Snowshoe just make the can guess. One o boys found wanderin' up Street, drier'n ered bridge



"I Guess I Can Trust You, Toby," Sinful Addressed the Dog Affectionately. "Lead On, Pup!"

talkin' to himself; somebody called Doc Bleeker, an doc took his pulse an' temperature, an' had him sent to the Railroad Hospital. Word come up that Snow had pneumony o' the lungs, an' Doc Bleeker says he got a chance."

"Why ain't he got a chance?" Sinful demanded fie

"Well, principally on account o' all the liquor he's in his day—so Doc Bleeker says."

"He'll pull through," Sinful declared with convi "I know Snowshoe from soul to guts. Besides, he ain a drink o' liquor in two years."

"That there dog followed him to the hospital," th keeper continued. "But they wouldn't let him in; hung round all o' one day an' night, an' then lit out.

"He come for me." The door banged and Sinful was gone.

The instant Sinful John emerged from the saloon rose and trotted confidently ahead; nor did he pause until he came to the Railroad Hospital, which the T. maintained at this terminus of its line. It was a frame shack, presided over by a superannuated docto two trained nurses. Arrived before the half-screen Toby promptly reared himself on his hind legs and in; then he scratched the screen vigorously with his paws and uttered a propitiatory bark; which perem summons had the effect of bringing to the door the on duty. She was a sweet-faced girl of twenty-t twenty-three, and to weary, alkali-laden old Sinful she appeared, in her freshly starched uniform, as sw a royal flush.

"Oh, I'm glad you've come!" she declared. "Y Sinful, aren't you?"

Sinful removed his hat, held it to his breast and l at her. There was fright in the fine old eyes. He bowe

"I be," he said huskily.

"Snowshoe said you'd
me. He said Toby would
back alone, and then
'd know something had
pened and come look-
for him."

'Is he—dead, young
y?"

'No; he isn't even go-
to die. The crisis is past
w. He'll be himself in a
ple of weeks."

Sinful John's chin ceased
quiver; his mouth set in
d lines.

'Might I see the wuth-
cuss?" he queried.

The nurse nodded smil-
y and led Sinful John
the tiny ward where
owshoe, with a clean
te nightgown on him,
with his eyes closed.
the sound of the door opening his eyes opened also;
gazed severely at Sinful John.

Well," he piped thinly, "what in blue blazes did you
me here for, Sinful?"

To be handed the disapp'intment o' my life when I
you're alive," Sinful roared angrily. "You old, white-
skered, toothless, chatterin' child o' misfortune, where'd
git that there nightgown?"

It tickles me," Snowshoe complained.

Doubtless it did; for Snowshoe had been sleeping in his
t, or fully dressed, the greater portion of his life.

I hope it kills you, you—you ——"

Ladies present," cried Snowshoe warningly.

The door was pressed gently open again and a fuzzy nose
poked into the room; a bright eye appraised the vision
the bed and a short bark from Toby greeted the lost
ner e'er the proprietor of that bark dashed madly into
room, leaped up on the bed and licked Snowshoe's face.

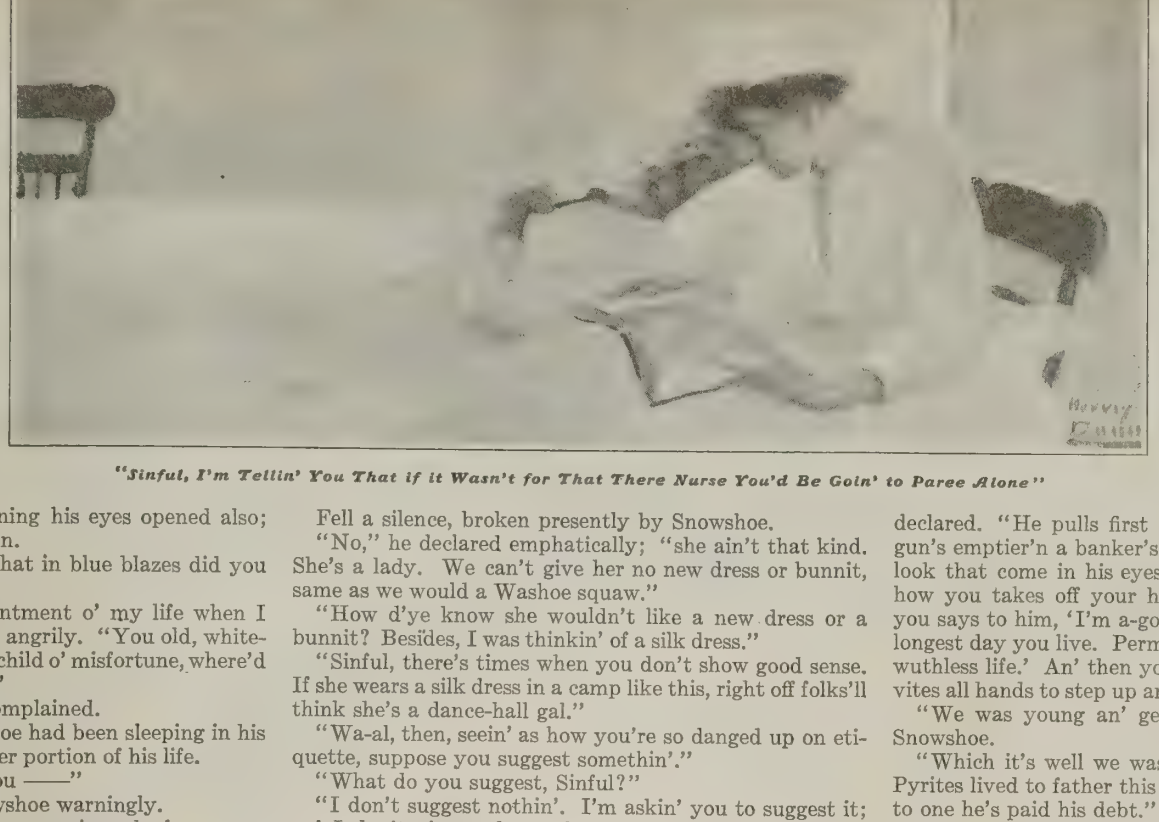
nurse, being a discreet young woman, knew Sinful
n had things to say to Snowshoe; so she withdrew,
ing the partners together.

t eight o'clock that night, when she came in to announce
inful John that he must terminate his visit in accord-
e with the rules of the hospital, she found the light
ued out. So she lit it again, and beheld at the foot of
rwshoe's bed a pair of miner's boots, and hanging to
rwshoe's bedpost a cartridge belt and a long gun in
olster. On the floor, beside the bed, Sinful John lay
tched, sound asleep; on the bed with Snowshoe, filling
ith fleas, Toby lay, with his muzzle in Snowshoe's hand.
nurse, who had been on the desert long enough to
w its children, covered Sinful John with a spare blanket
n left the partners alone together.

III

'INFUL," Snowshoe Sam declared solemnly, the day
the former called to take him away from the hospital,
'e had a durned narrer squeak. I'm tellin' you that if it
n't for that there nurse you'd be goin' to Paree alone."

So?" said Sinful John.



"Sinful, I'm Tellin' You That if it Wasn't for That There Nurse You'd Be Goin' to Paree Alone"

Fell a silence, broken presently by Snowshoe.

"No," he declared emphatically; "she ain't that kind. She's a lady. We can't give her no new dress or bunnit, same as we would a Washoe squaw."

"How d'ye know she wouldn't like a new dress or a bunnit? Besides, I was thinkin' of a silk dress."

"Sinful, there's times when you don't show good sense. If she wears a silk dress in a camp like this, right off folks'll think she's a dance-hall gal."

"Wa-al, then, seein' as how you're so danged up on etiquette, suppose you suggest somethin'."

"What do you suggest, Sinful?"

"I don't suggest nothin'. I'm askin' you to suggest it; an' I don't give a durn what it is—provided it's right. We've just nacherly got to show our appreciation, an' there ain't a thing I hate worse than bein' a short sport when it comes to showin' appreciation. Of course we pay the railroad people for your hospital expenses an' they pay that gal what they think she's worth; but then—hell's bells!—the railroad company never gits sick with pneumony o' the lungs, so how can they know what that gal's really entitled to draw down?"

"Them's my sentiments, Sinful. I'm tellin' you that young woman ain't content with doin' what the doctor tells her to do; she goes further. Sinful, I'm tellin' you! I can't grunt at night without she's up an' awake, an' wantin' to know how about me. I can't even think I'm thirsty but she knows it before I do. Just about the time them bedsheets an' the nightgown has me driven to distraction, she's givin' me an alcohol rub to cool me off. She puts ice on my head; she curries my hair an' whiskers; she feeds Toby; she frisks me an' finds my poke an' puts it away in the safe; she goes uptown an' gets a feller to care for the jacks until you come. Sinful, every which way you figger her, that girl is allers up an' doin'. She reads to me. When I'm out o' my head an' cussin' somethin' scandalous, she ain't scandalized none. An', on top of it all, she makes me up a lot of fancy grub an' cooks it herself. An' if that ain't a hand hard to beat I'm a Chinaman!"

"Them's the things money can't pay for," Sinful John declared with conviction. "Whatever makes her take such an interest in you, Snowshoe?"

"That's what I says to her myself, Sinful. Which she 'lows as how her daddy was a prospector; in consequence of which she takes a special interest in the breed. Her name's Kincaid — Marjorie Kincaid. We both knowed her old man thirty year ago—Pyrites Kincaid. He was a big, dark-complected man; an' me an' him had an argyment once in Ballarat."

"Which it's just the mercy o' hell you don't kill Pyrites that time," Sinful declared. "He pulls first an' cuts down on you—an' his gun's emptier'n a banker's heart! I ain't never forgot the look that come in his eyes then; an' I ain't never forgot how you takes off your hat an' bows to him. 'Pyrites,' you says to him, 'I'm a-goin' to make you my debtor the longest day you live. Permit me to present you with your wuthless life.' An' then you shoves back your gun an' invites all hands to step up an' liquidate."

"We was young an' generous in them days," sighed Snowshoe.

"Which it's well we was, pardner. An', seein' as how Pyrites lived to father this here nuss, I'm a-layin' you ten to one he's paid his debt."

Snowshoe nodded and Sinful went on:

"Whatever become o' Pyrites Kincaid? Did the gal tell you, Snowshoe?"

"Why, yes. He hits the pay in Panamint, drops his roll, an' finds it again in Cinnabar. Then a swindling, sneakin' son of a hoss thief, by the name o' Brandon P. Hyde, relieves him of his million in a placer proposition down in Mexico; an' after that Pyrites don't seem quite able to come back. He loses his sperrit after he discovers there ain't no more pay in that ground than there be in Toby's whiskers."

"Salt?" queried Sinful John.

"Salt a-plenty."

"I don't rightly see how this man Hyde managed to salt the property on an old-timer like Pyrites. He ought to have guarded agin saltin'."

"Which he did; but Hyde was too slick for him. Him an' Pyrites went down to the property together; an', of course, Pyrites being worth a million dollars, it stands to reason he don't do the pannin' himself. An' he's too confident of his own judgment to hire an engineer. So Hyde has a passel o' Mexicans doin' the pannin'; an' all the time they're doin' it they're smokin' cigarettes, which the same cigarettes contain mebbe a dollar's worth of gold dust, run in with the tobacco. Nacherly when the ashes falls off the end o' the cigarette they falls into the pan, an' Pyrites finds

(Continued on Page 37)

They Drifted Away Through the Purple Haze Into the Silence, to the Scent of the Sage at Dawn, and Wood Smoke and the Odor of Frying Bacon at Eventide

The Big-Game Hunt on Kenai

By HELEN VAN CAMPEN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

I WAS in our barn soaking old Dandy's puffed forefoot in a bucket of leg wash—we are the Northern Transfer, Freighting by Horse, Dog and Launch—when Ike Bell hollered from the office that my Uncle Dan had come at last to take that hunt. And Pa and Mac—they are partners and brought me up, and Mac had to make my little dresses when we were way up at the head of the Kobuk, while Pa tended the trap line—had gone Inside to bring out a shipment of Iditarod gold over the first snow.

I streaked into the dog-harness room and switched from work overalls into my good, red tailored suit I had hung there, and fuzzed up my hair, which is black and curlyish like Pa's, though my high cheekbones are from mamma, who was Russian. Next minute I rushed out and kissed a man who was as big as Pa but not so handsome; and he had a mustache—I wouldn't allow either Mac or Pa to have one; they are germy. And he said:

"Well, well, Betsy—you have not the Kelly look, my love! And here's a gift from Aunt Nora—a dress, I think; a little—uh—quieter than that one possibly."

I said I knew it would be bully—his wife is the one who marks things "Hold for the opening of navigation," though forty times I wrote we have no ice on the Seward Run, and ships come all winter, and the gowns never have the least zip to them, and I give them to natives.

There was a Mr. Devlin with Uncle Dan, a golfy-faced, short, fattish man, in a thick green suit and a cloth hat with a green feather, though otherwise he seemed sensible. He stared up at our moose heads, telling Ike Bell he would give an ear to shoot one of that size.

All He Wanted Was to Rough It

"NOW, Uncle, Pa said if you ever came while he was away to take you on a fine hunt; and I've the first guide's license for Kenai Peninsula ever issued to a female—a nonresident, under Alaska law, must have a licensed guide at ten dollars a day down there; so we will take Ike, here, too."

"Ten a day! What rapacity!" said Uncle Dan, looking grave.

Pa had told me he was rich and careful; so I hustled to explain he needn't pay anything, nor his friend; and Ike said, why sure, this hunt was on us, and we would just get some swell heads!

"But has that little Ike chap stamina?" Uncle Dan whispered. "We'd want to travel fast and high, my love."

Why, Ike can keep up with Pa! So Uncle said then that was settled, and everybody could cook some of the time; and was it always this warm the twentieth of September? He is from Bangor, Maine.

I was going to hire a couple of packers, but they wanted to pack their own stuff, as that would be more fun; so I hurried and made a grub list, and Ike and I took them up Broadway and introduced them to everybody. They went to the butcher's with me, and Mayor Myers shook hands and cut off lamb chops and said he only wished he was going. And Uncle Dan said:

"Well, I am pretty quick of eye; and this summer Dev and I practiced, and I fired more than thirty-seven hundred rounds from my .280 caliber, high-velocity Bass rifle, at all ranges from a few feet to half a mile—the close shots offhand, others from standing, kneeling and prone positions, always using the military sling."

"I guess you're sure fit. Your brother is some shot, himself," said the mayor.

"As boys I could beat him," said Uncle Dan. "You got a fine town here."

"You like the Bass for a big gun, eh?" said Ike, and my Uncle nodded gravely; his had been specially made and cost eighty bucks.

"I took it this way, my love," he explained: "Dibbs' Hardware people knew I was coming, and I tried to get 'em to put up the gun free for the advertising my Alaska trip would give it; but they are very close people, though if I take it back unnicked and well kept Dibbs is to let me turn it in for seventy-two."

"Oh, you will meet somebody here you'll want to give it to," I said, and he looked amazed, and Ike snickered.

Mr. Devlin had begun to breathe way into himself, and then let out, saying he meant to keep it up, and asking me if I took exercises daily, as his daughter bent down a hundred times every morning, and it had made a new girl out of her.

"This is a beautiful country, Miss Betsy," he said. "Ah, I dote on mountains; and those white peaks across that bay, cleaving the blue sky—delightful; delightful!"

He would say "not necessarily" or "comparatively speaking" about everything, and had brought some specially prepared rations, and said not to put in anything extra in the food line for him; but, just the same, I did, for whether the Germans marched on it as he claimed, or not, that truck is foolish. Uncle Dan had a sack of special pellets that he told me to guard, as they were valuable.

"But, child, you won't be able to keep pace with hardy men like us," he said uneasily. "Dev walks miles golfing, and in thirty years I have not missed going on my own feet to business, no matter if I have been up; and your aunt would feel very badly if I returned without trophies. Yet I won't be able to leave you alone in a wild country—I can't do any loitering."

"He does not necessarily mean that you are not welcome, Miss Betsy," said Mr. Devlin between breathings. "But I know what my own daughter could endure."

"The kid'll be right along—put a bet on that," said Ike, and finally we all laughed; and Uncle Dan said on with the dance then; all he wanted was to rough it and be sure of moose and sheep.

By noon next day we were in Pa's big high-nosed river boat, a sled cover over the outfit, which was piled everywhere except on seats for two who must row in bad places, and room for me in the stern to run the overboard engine, and were halfway down Kenai Lake. Uncle and Ike were to row, and Mr. Devlin sprawled on top of the cargo, smoking and breathing noisily, and taking pictures.

"By my soul—delicious!" he said, beaming at the hills bright with yellowing poplar and reddened blueberry scrub. "I'll bring the wife next year."

Uncle was already looking, with Pa's best glasses, for game above the timber line of the peaks; and he told Ike:

"Oh, that Bass is a wonderful weapon! Starting at the five-hundred-yard station I would run ahead, stopping to fire from all stations to improve my wind for quick shots in the field. Now be frank w me: Is there a chance of not s ing moose?"

"Why, they'll run over you if you don't side-ste said Ike; and Mr. Devlin cried:

"Glorious! By George, I am ready for them! I hav Bass too."

The lake was like satin, and even with a ton in the b we made fair time; and they ate a cold lunch I had ma and when we rounded an island and a chill wind hit Uncle exulted because he had on double-kneed Mackin pants, made special, like the gun, though Ike had war him to ditch them for some light drills that would rustle in the brush. Mr. Devlin was all bundled u heavy wool clothes and a coat that was leather on one and corduroy on the other, though I told him he wo roast in it, and to get a stag shirt, like Ike and I w but you can never advise a chechako—they get talkin a clerk who once went after ducks, and it is all over.

Mr. Devlin's Busy Day

SOON the lake narrowed, and I yelled to Ike would take the river without stopping at the Landing to hello to the boys? And he said might as well; ther would be able to camp before it was very dark. Uncle smiled when Ike stripped to his undershirt, which, drill pants, is all he wears in the hills unless it is s weather; and Mr. Devlin made a burrow in the grub sa so as to lie on his back and smoke.

"If you are nervous, maybe you ought to scrooch d more," I said, and Mr. Devlin waved a lazy hand at "It takes two hours through the river, and we don't st

"Not unless we git stopped unexpected," said "'Member last fall, Betsy, when the Murphy party sp on Schooner Bend?—a-course they didn't savvy the c nel. The water's two foot higher than it ought to be year 'cause of the hot summer."

"Why did they spill?" asked Uncle Dan; I had sto the engine to look it over, and a current was taking us to a narrowing stream.

"Rocks," I said. "Of course, being high, it's bette us to-day."

Then I cranked and couldn't hear anyone; but we shot the first rapids, and Mr. Devlin abruptly g his knees and looked ahead, Ike motioned for him t down so I could see to steer. The Kenai River was in f water covering places that are usually bare, and h twelve-mile current making whirly places everywher saw Mr. Devlin clutch the sled cover—he was a very l green, matching his suit—as we rushed at a barrica white foam.

"Row!" yelled Ike, and Uncle Dan's face set like w were after him, as they jerked the boat round a rock

Then we hit—a grind and a whang-bang, which wa hinged shaft of the engine; but Mr. Devlin didn't and he sat up and shouted:

"We're sinking! Sinking!"

"Set down, you rummy!" Ike roared, and he slam him with an oar; and I stood for a second to be certa the course. "Channel's changed again, Betsy; kee dead ahead, or we—row!"

They rowed desperately, and we slewed about, rose gain, grated, and came down, shipping water, into the acing flood. There was a nasty box cañon coming, where he white water frothed and sprayed high. The engine alted under the impact of a cross wave, but it went on, hough the water alone could take us fast enough, and I teered for the middle, where it was deepest, and they all olled, Mr. Devlin lying flat on his stomach and rolling is eyes and panting—the ninny! We slid off another ock getting out of the cañon, and the river widened, Ike elling:

"Devlin, jump down under our feet and bail; we're :andin' in a foot of it!"

Mr. Devlin fell into their space, and every time he ould throw out a bucketful I had to laugh at his greeny .ce. "'S all right—don't be scared!" said Ike; and he inked at me and bailed, too, for a little.

It was certainly a lovely day, and a person with time to ok back could see the white spires of mountains closing on us; and the sun made a glistening silvery streak of ie river until the next box cañon shut out everything it high dark walls of rock. Ike got his oar ready, bobbing to look over the big bow.

"Sta'bo'd, kid—no chance; we can't make it—row!" hollered.

Mr. Devlin Makes Himself Useful

THE shaft went bumpty-bump on a bowlder that the - high water hid, and the boat tipped until water was :arly to the top of my shoepacs. I saw Ike give his oar Uncle Dan, who had his mouth open and some of his .ustache in it, and was glaring and sweating, and quite :le. Ike and Mr. Devlin both bailed, and I sent her be- ween two pointed rocks I remembered from other trips, d just scraped one. Golly, it was fun! Uncle Dan did :etty well rowing alone, though it is a very wide boat; lt he has a long reach, and when Ike would roar Uncle rwed, and I jumped her round them, until suddenly we ere through the last cañon and the river split into two reams, and beyond was Skilak Lake. I ran the bow up ta gravel bar and got a can from the tool shelf and bailed; lt Mr. Devlin scrambled to land and sat right down in a ndhole, sinking his face into his hands.

"You done swell, kid," Ike said, bailing fast so as to lep the bedrolls and grub from much of a wetting.

Uncle Dan was wheezing and stripping off his Mackiw coat; and he said between heaves:

"Well, Elizabeth, my brother Al can thank his stars tit I was along to-day to save your life!"

"To what?" I was plumb amazed!

Mr. Devlin looked up and tragically nodded.

"Why—lovely dove!—Uncle Dan," I said, "Pa and Sndy Cotter once came down the Kenai on two logs lashed tgether, and they had me and a sack of flour with' em!"

'Ain't no danger when you got a good boat," said Ike, lughing. "Had yi goin', did it?"

"Not at all," said Uncle Dan stiffly.

Mr. Devlin was bsy being sick.

"Why, Uncle, yi looked ready to have a fit!" I sid, and he just lked without reping.

ke would glance a Mr. Devlin and wk at me, while Uncle Dan tried to fid out if the bnping had loosened any seams in th boat; but it h ln't. Pa and Mc run right into an thing if they are ny arguing, and w ust throw her on th shore, springs, an calk with half a edquilt.

Look, Mr. Devli—speaking of scnery," I said kidly. "See the lo; glacier to the le? That's an awfu hing to get over. W walked up one yer and Pa himself gs tired! These arnice high mountans too—why de't you take a pi ure?"

He gave a dull look down the lake, muttering, and he shivered as his eye caught the river; and I got his camera and opened it, and he held it any which way and pressed the bulb—I know it wasn't a regular picture.

Pretty soon Ike said she was all skookum now, and we better be on our way as it was a head wind. Mr. Devlin got down in the bottom, pretending soon that he was asleep; but he would open his eyes and look anxiously forth every minute or so. Skilak is a long narrow lake, and the peaks on each side give the wind quite a sweep, and it would catch our bow; and, meeting the waves, we would slap, and Mr. Devlin's green hat would rise up and sink down—he ought to be in her in such a sea when she is empty!

There was no need to row now, and Uncle Dan just sat quiet, seeming to be reflecting, and not bothering to look with the glass for game. Ike smoked and grinned at me; and I would nod and think over what to get him for Christmas. Out from the lee of some little rocky islands we pounded harder, and Mr. Devlin weakly got up, and he and Uncle Dan seemed to be excited; so I stopped the engine, which slowed us, though the wind turned her right round in a minute, and I heard:

"It's not us; it's taking that young girl into peril!"

"Right, Dev—better to get ashore anywhere here," said Uncle Dan. "I am responsible to my brother for her safety, and ——"

"Uncle Dan, you are just plain scared—of nothing!" I said indignantly. "Safety, indeed! You stick with Ike and me, and we will take care of you. Now sit down!"

After a little, as we plowed along, I could hear bits of talk, Ike saying how he shot a bear on that hill once, and that would have been a bully shot for the Bass, and trying to make Uncle Dan shoot at a tree; but the latter only smiled wanly and would not. It got gray and cold as the sun slipped back of a peak, and no one said anything until when it was nearly dark I stopped the engine and called:

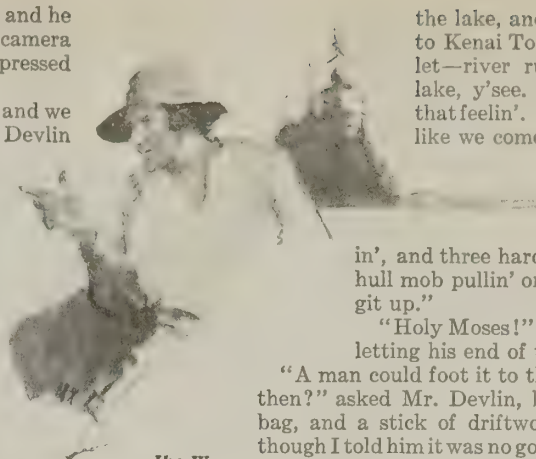
"Row!"

"Oh, heaven, what has happened?" said Mr. Devlin from the gloom; but Ike had grabbed his oar, and Uncle with that same glary look took his—I had merely shut off the gas so they could quarter us in to shore slowly.

And in five minutes we were all on the beach and dragging the outfit through ragged spruces to a camp site in the thicker forest. Ike started up a fire first thing, and I got water for tea and dumped cold cooked beans into a pail, cut up bread and set out a can of butter, milk, and fried a big pan of ham and made milk gravy. From under a bedroll he was carrying Mr. Devlin exclaimed:

"Dan'l, I wouldn't make that journey again for a million! It may be a long way round over the glacier, but a man's hide is worth something to him."

"Cheer up, Dev!" said Ike from where he was getting up a tent. "Or you could mush nine miles to the foot of the lake, and go down river to Kenai Town, on Cook Inlet—river runs out of this lake, y'see. But you'll lose that feelin'. Now, goin' back like we come, we got to line the boat up the rapids—two hours to ride 'em, comin', and three hard days, with the hull mob pullin' on the towline, to git up."



Ike Was Saying How He Shot a Bear on That Hill Once

"Holy Moses!" said Uncle Dan, letting his end of the tent fall.

"A man could foot it to this Kenai place, then?" asked Mr. Devlin, bringing a duffel bag, and a stick of driftwood for the fire, though I told him it was no good, and he could take the ax and find a dry standing dead tree.

"Well, if he took a shaller-draft boat down he couldn't go to sea in it from there, an' no vessels come in so he could ship it by freight round to Seward; an', again, he'd want the boat on these lakes for next year an' then wouldn't have it," said Ike, eating a flake of dried beef. "If he mushed he'd be leavin' his trophies behind. Now then, Kelly, raise your end again an' hold it!"

After we had sat round the fire and chowed, though it was windy, Uncle Dan and Mr. Devlin felt better, though once Uncle said, in a sniffy way, it was lucky he had brains enough to keep on his thick trousers in spite of advice, or where would he have been? Mr. Devlin drank a lot of tea, and remembered to breathe long some more, and after his second go of beans and ham and gravy he was telling jokes.

Uncle Dan Wants Statistics

SUDDENLY Ike touched his arm, and we all listened, for a moose cow was mooing in the swamp back of camp. I could have got her right up to us if I had spotted a birch while it was lighter, so as to make a horn. Uncle grabbed his rifle, and Mr. Devlin took his, and Ike had to tell them they couldn't hit anything in the dark—and you mustn't shoot cows, anyway; but they kept listening, and the mooing grew fainter as the cow moved away from her drinking spot at the lake. Uncle Dan told again about his running shots, and said:

"There must be a record kept of all shots on the trip, Dev, with distances accurately measured, and notations of the effects of shots on animals; for we shall want it to write up that piece for Trapper and Trader's Friend. The editor of it is a great pal of mine, Betsy. Who's got a pencil? I forgot mine."

"I never seen the paper," said Ike, who is a great reader; and Uncle asked me to make a note to send Ike a copy of their article on Alaskan game conditions.

By the fire we got the outfit fixed up, though some was wet, and my wolf robe just soaked; and Uncle's bag of pellets was damp too. Ike ate a handful, and Mr. Devlin said:

"Careful, man! Each is a full meal in itself!"

Shucks! I ate a bunch too. They are not bad for a relish, though Uncle Dan said:

"Betsy, do you know they cost me fifty cents apiece?"

"They ain't worth it," said Ike, and he put some in his stag-shirt pocket.

Ike and I each had a little duffel sack and our beds and stag shirts, and everyone was to pack his personal stuff and either grub, tents, stove and guns. When Ike had spread a week's grub on the sled cover, and explained how the

"The Sheep are in Those High Peaks, Unk," I Whispered. "Scrooch Down—Quick!"

Yukon stove, with the cooking stuff, except fry pans and nested buckets, and the big tent, was a one-man pack, so someone must take that man's bed, Uncle Dan and Mr. Devlin sat on the edge of things a while, and then rooted out their duffel, and said first they must have enough towels. And I said one towel each was enough—Aunt Nora had put in a dozen and Mrs. Devlin ten—and one handkerchief, and just the boots they had on, and moccasins for round camp. Uncle Dan had a rubber poncho and a big tarp, and a medicine case weighing ten pounds and full of fancy-topped bottles—why, we take only some iodine and bandages, and bichloride tablets, which are the thing for a soak for blood poisoning, and some fly-dope.

"No; I got to have the case, my love," said Uncle Dan. "Now these two whetstones and five hunting knives go—gifts, Ike, from my friend, that editor, and others who knew I was coming North—and the fishing rod; we shall want fish; also, the shotgun for birds—lay that over there. Ever use these little folding axes, Ike?"

"Naw; I never use 'em," said Ike. "We got a real double-bitted one along. See that burlap is tied round it good, Betsy."

"This compass is a need," said Mr. Devlin; and he also put out a folding saw and a toilet set in a silk case, and lots of heavy shirts, some hats, and a folding chair he meant to use in camp. "I can carry them."

Ike was to take the tent and stove and bacon, and Uncle was bound to carry grub, his own bed and duffel, and Ike's robe. The two were then to return for another load, while Mr. Devlin and I set a camp on Cottonwood Creek, which is in the middle of the moose country.

"Clever stunt, Ike," said Uncle Dan. "I'll take Betsy's things as well."

Mr. Devlin suggested taking just his prepared rations, which were done up one for a meal, as that would reduce grub weight, the very reason for bringing them; so he brought a big box up and used the folding ax, to show it was handy. The contents seemed soggy, and it was full of paper candy boxes; and he read from a label:

"Two thin slices bacon; four prunes; tablespoon ground nut meat; one disk sweet chocolate; five macaroons; one hard-tack; square Swiss cheese; spoonful seedless raisins; five caramels—eliminating all cooking."

"You tore into them beans lively for a starter," said Ike. "Why not a ration?"

"They are for the march, my dear fellow," said Mr. Devlin. "There you have the sweet to give you fuel—comparatively speaking, a man wants no more than is listed."

"We got it out of Trapper and Trader's Friend," said Uncle Dan. "There's no bunk about it; the fats, sugars and acids are all there. Let's all use 'em."

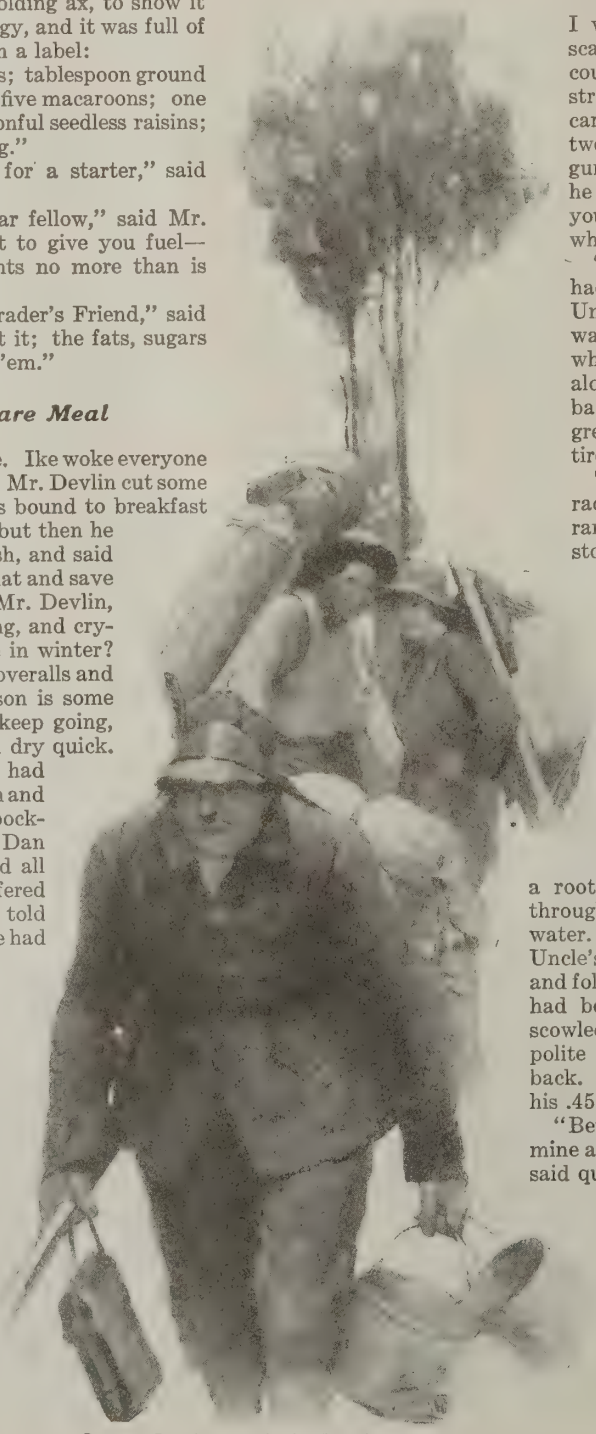
Uncle Dan Has a Square Meal

HE GOT mad when I wouldn't agree. Ike woke everyone at five so we could get away, and Mr. Devlin cut some green wood. And, as Uncle Dan was bound to breakfast on a ration, he said never mind him; but then he smelled the coffee and ham and mush, and said it might be easier this time to have that and save untying a box; so he did, and called Mr. Devlin, who was standing round and shivering, and crying what must it be like down here in winter? And wasn't I freezing in those thin overalls and light flannel shirt? Of course a person is some cold, hunting in the fall; but you keep going, and if thin clothes are wet they will dry quick.

Pretty soon he made his pack and had some left over, and went into the brush and put that on, and a lot of shells in his pockets, and a cartridge belt too. Uncle Dan wore a big .45 and had shells cached all over himself, and Pa's glasses, and offered to take my rifle; but I hid it, and Ike told him to forget trying to lug my bed, he had too much right then. But he is like Pa and stubborn, and he said he guessed he knew himself; that it would be merely pleasure, and he was a trifle too stout as it was.

I saw, when he started, his pack-straps were too wide and cutting his shoulders in two. Mr. Devlin was going to use a tumpline. When he got set, with the band over his forehead, the pack sagging far down, and his gun and a camera in one hand and the buckets in the other, though Ike wanted to tie them to his own packboard, with the stove, he saw there was lots of dew, and began all over, first putting on some slicker pants.

I slid under my pack sack, got it high on my back, and made my little silk hat loose on my head, and went up the trail after Ike.



Mr. Devlin Got Set, With the Band Over His Forehead, the Pack Sagging Far Down

Pretty soon Mr. Devlin hollered—and he was sogged in a water hole and could not get up; so I pulled at him, and after another half mile he excused himself and swore. And I snickered and said that would be some picture, and he gritted at me, his face purple, and staggered on until he swore again and fell flat, crying could I find his knife and cut off the slicker pants? I got a bully picture of him, first.

"Lord, I am baking alive!" he said, and could breathe hard without remembering.

After another quarter mile he said to please go on and he would catch up; and later he burst out through some alders and said:

"That is twelve-dollar underwear, but it can go, for all of me—I took off my two extra suits. Also, maybe in Ontario they lug a hundred pounds from a tumpline that's cutting into their brains; but I believe it is a lie! Are you hot?"

I took his rifle, then, and a few odds that would go on my packboard; and we overtook Uncle Dan and Ike resting under a big spruce.

"Why, where's your big coat, Uncle?" I called, because he was in his undershirt like Ike.

He said very briefly he had put it on a branch and would pick it up with the second load; and when I asked was he enjoying the outing, he sighed and rose—but Mr. Devlin got snagged again, not having learned to hunt a stump or bank to rest his pack on, and then walk under it when starting.

"Well, sir, you sayin' yesterday about how you carried a hundred an' fifty pounds in the lumber country got me," Ike said, giving me his gun while he made a cigarette. "Put eighty on me, an' I got a load; but then big guys like you an' your brother Al kin make it—what you're packin' to-day feels like a feather, don't it?"

"How—how much I got now?" Uncle said in grunts, shifting his packboard, and Ike figured a second and I said:

"Only seventy, Uncle. I weighed it all on the scales last night, so I could tell Pa if you are stronger than he is. He carries a hundred and twenty-five, and has his gun, too, you know; but he said not to overload you if you ever came while he was away."

"I wouldn't know I had anything on me," Uncle Dan said, and he walked very fast; and when he saw I was right along with him he looked back and said I was a great girl, and wasn't I tired yet?

Then I wanted him to race; and he agreed and ran a little way, but stopped suddenly with a long grunt and said where was that glass?—he thought he saw a bear on the hill. And he made out not to hear me when I was ready to race some more.

Ike was delayed, pulling Mr. Devlin out of a creek, as he had tripped on a root and gone backward through some bushes into the water. Ike picked up fifty of Uncle's shells, the compass and folding ax, thinking they had been lost; but Uncle scowled and was not very polite when he took them back. I asked where was his .45?

"Betsy, I have it; it is mine anyway, is it not?" he said quite coldly.

Just the same we never saw it again during the trip! He was all scratched from willows flying back into his face. Mr. Devlin kept worrying about poisonous growths and being far from medical aid; and he was scratched too. I told him twice there is no poisonous vegetation in Alaska, and he would sigh and eat full-meal pellets, and look hungry.

"There's camp in them big cottonwoods!" said Ike after three hours, and I wanted Uncle to race; but he shook his head, though smiling a very little. Not much like Pa, who larks along the trail and hides, coming in ahead of you, and doing birdcalls until he has to laugh and gets found!

Well, I built a small hot smudge while the rest straightened up and drank from the creek; and Mr. Devlin lay flat, feebly pawing at his pack to get out a candy-box ration. I nearly spilled the coffee bucket when he gave a throaty, queer cry and found the boxes had got full of Skilak Lake; and as there had been some gasoline and lubricating oil with the water in the boat it made the melted chocolate, nuts, cheese and caramels stick round the bacon; and it smelled awful! With another moan he scrabbled them all together and staggered with them to the creek.

"Never mind, pal; we got plenty grub along," said Ike smoking.

"Never mind? Ninety cents each! And I suffered under them eight miles!" said Mr. Devlin bitterly. "Thirty pounds—about a hundred in all, upon me!"

"Oh my, no, Mr. Devlin; we only let you take fifty six—it was every smidge weighed," I said. A chechako always thinks he is packing more than he is.

The Size of a Kadiak Bear

PRETTY soon I gave him a plate of rice and raisins, and a can of cocoa and a bacon sandwich, and he came to life. Uncle just ate and was silent, except once he asked Ike who said it was only eight miles back to the lake? Ike said if he would rather omit the extra trip, forget it, and mentioned how Pa and Mac last year made three round trips in a day; and after a sigh Uncle said:

"Not at all; not at all, Ike. I am feeling grand!"

"He can pack fifty pounds of sugar and fifty of flour," I suggested. "That makes just a nice load, and no knobby, like canned stuff."

When they were gone Mr. Devlin kept going to sleep by the last of the fire; but I shook him and made him do the heavy work, getting up the big tent. He had busted the feather half off his hat, lying flat so much. I said wasn't this a pretty place? And he answered oh, glorious indeed!—but he seemed rather absent.

We were in the only big trees in the narrow little valley as beyond there were only a few small spruces on the steep hillsides, the rest all alders and fireweed and Hudson Bay tea scrub, and willows which were broken and chewed by moose. Ahead there showed one snowy peak. You go toward it to reach the sheep country. About every minute a rabbit would dart through camp and Mr. Devlin would grab at his gun, thinking it was a bear.

"My child, you must be mistaken as to the size of the Kadiak species of brown bear that inhabits this locality—ten-feet hides! Do you realize what that would be?"

"I didn't say every one was. Eight is a big bear if he is coming for you, but nine and ten are down here if you find them; and Pa once saw a twelve-footer, though the fur wasn't over an inch long and no good. And a mamma bear travels with last year's cubs, sometimes, and this year's also, and they will help her, of course; that is why we always have a gun along down here—you have to."

He would not move a step, then, without his Ba... Well, it is true. And they will go for a man; they do it all the time. Why, Bill Kaiser had to stay on the roof of his cabin three days once. A brownie can't climb, though he will reach for you if you don't keep going. When we had the small cooktent up—the one I would sleep in—and were setting the Yukon stove on some rocks, Mr. Devlin suddenly got pale and peered out, with his rifle ready; but it was only a wolverine and it flashed away in a hurry. That is an animal that hardly ever lets itself be seen.

"I wonder if they will be much longer?" Mr. Devlin kept saying when it was dusk; so I said I would climb down the trail a couple of miles, and he could watch the big bannock I had in the oven, and stoke the stove with some more of that green wood he had cut, and square the top of a log for us to sit on at meals.

We had brought in some boughs for the beds. He seemed to want me to stay there, and sighed. It was about dark when Ike's voice came, offering to spell Uncle with the big pack, and crying that it wasn't but another half mile.

"Hello, Unk, how are you making it?" I hollered, and he said gruffly:

"I am all right."

"Lemme spell you with it, Kel; you been slowin' for the last mile," Ike said.

"I tell you I am all right!" said my uncle hoarsely: he had cut some off the ends of his heavy pants and was in his undershirt, with no hat, and heaved like fury.

Mr. Devlin acted half hysterical when we got there, and he had burned a hand turning the bannock over, and made some terrible muck for coffee. He said a pe...

(Continued on Page 74)

HALF A MAN

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

CARLITOS sat on the back steps of the manager's house, brooding darkly on the ways of women. Though he munched steadily on lasses candy, there was a frown on his brow. and Rosie had quarreled.

"No, I won't!" he called over his shoulder. et as mad as you like. It ain't a man's work."

Her retort was swift. The contents of the washn caught him squarely in the middle of the back, d with a wail of dismay and anguish he ducked ond reach of more.

"You did that on purpose!" he yelled.

Rosie came to the door and surveyed the dripg boy with soft contrition.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! But how could I know 'd be there? Are you mad at me, honey?"

Carlitos said he was; he was perfectly honest ut it.

"Well, why wouldn't you help me wash up, n?" she demanded.

That insult again! Carlitos took a long breath started in afresh to tell her precisely what sort devil she was. What he said would have scorched ensitive nature to a crisp; but Rosie was not sitive and she smiled kindly as she wiped her nds.

Now a smile may propitiate or it may be one madden. The girl's stung Carlitos to frenzy. gulped down the tears and advanced to chastise . Yes; he would show Rosie a woman's place the scheme of things; he would beat her up.

Forgetting that she was twice his size and could lop the everlasting daylights out of him in a field, Carlitos grabbed her by the wrist and d to apply the boot. Rosie cuffed his ears vigusly and backed him against the wall, her nt being to pin his arms above his head and torment him at leisure, but the boy bit her the forearm and she screamed. The noise of r struggle drew the manager's wife to the hen.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter now?" she exclaimed. "Rosie, turn that boy loose! The d of a big girl like you picking on a little fellow ik Carlitos!"

The dishwasher let go by flinging Carlitos to a a distance, and cried in her own defense:

"Pick on him? Why, he jumped on me, Miz Witherspoon! The brat's got a knife out too. ck! Oh, you mean li'l' devil!"

Mrs. Witherspoon cast one glance at Carlitos n perceived that it was so.

"Scat!" she snapped, with a stamp of her foot. "Sat, you!" And Carlitos fled.

He headed toward the corrals for sanctuary. Three were three of them, with high, thick adobe s. The feed barns formed one side of the largst next to them stood the stables, where the roughbred stallions and the jack were kept. As passed the latter's stall the beast came raving e foot of the door. He had torn a hole in it to the ground with his teeth, and through liaperture he now stuck his nose, snapping his jaws hopeul. The boy paused to watch the performance. A itfork lay on the ground. Carlitos picked it up and ced the handle into the opening. Instantly the jack's th crunched on it and the boy lunged viciously.

"Cut that out!" ordered a voice, and he whirled to face the manager. "Where you been?" continued Witherspoon. "Just lazin' round as usual? Now you come on and get busy. Take the stallions out and water 'em."

The boy proceeded to do as bidden. The brown pacer he led down to the tank because of an antipathy the animal nured against anything astride his bare back, but the gray Percheron, which weighed two thousand and fifty pounds, was a special chum. Carlitos clucked at the monster and stroked his glossy shoulder, then scrambled up by means of a wagon wheel and rode him to water.

It looked like a monkey atop an elephant. General Prosperity's back was about three feet across and the boy's short legs stuck straight out, but the stallion moved off at an easy gait, his glistening neck arched, and Carlitos glowed like a toy balloon with pride. It was a source of annoyance to him, however, that Rosie could not witness this triumph of horsemanship.

I have recited this chapter of a morning for the sole purpose of showing from what humble beginnings a great soldier may spring. Who would ever have suspected that Carlos would become a hero and have his deeds lauded in campfire song? Who, watching him suck candy on the back steps, or playing the mouth organ in the shade, while

"You Have Heard Me Say That the First Duty of a Soldier Was Loyalty and Obedience? Yet You Have Been a Traitor"

others toiled afield—who the Sam Hill would have guessed that he'd lay it all over every rival of his years in martial doings?

But he did. It's the tarnation truth.

Haven't you often noticed how that sort of thing works out? Did you never have occasion to observe that the very fellows at school whose excuse for existence seemed hardest to find got monuments erected to them in the town square?

Well, that was the way with Carlitos. All unknowing of the splendid future, he dwelt in the house of his mother at the Tumbling K Ranch, and took the stallions to water, and stole sugar from the commissary, and worried Rosie by loafing in the kitchen.

Not that the girl disliked him. No woman on earth could look at Carlitos without a warming of the heart. But there were flaws in his character—it seemed probable that Carlitos would make a poor provider. He was fond of idling in the heat of the day, and in the cool he preferred rolling dice to any form of labor. Besides all that, Rosie was seventeen and Carlitos only ten, which is really a too great disparity of age for anything serious.

Sometimes she would grab Carlitos and kiss him in the presence of the entire outfit. It made the boy see red and plan murder in his heart. He would have appreciated a little loving in the gloom of the kitchen at the going-down of the sun, when nobody was about, but with a crowd of ribald cowboys to witness the spectacle it made his flesh creep. The strange part was that Rosie swiftly slapped him when he attempted a private rehearsal on his own account. Perhaps her caresses of Carlitos were directed at Joe Rinehart, anyway. If not, what made Joe so wild, and why did he sneer so bitterly?

As I have said, Carlitos dwelt in the house of his mother at Number 15, Perfume Alley. At least, it would have been Number 15 if the dwellings at the Tumbling K had been numbered. There were seventeen of the adobe huts for the native employees and they straggled along one side of a broad, grassy highway that divided them from the barns and corrals. The boys called the thoroughfare Perfume Alley because the natives lived there.

Though his name was Carlos Aviles—Carlitos is merely a diminutive of endearment—his mother's name was Elias. She had married again, so she said, and her husband was horse wrangler for the outfit. As for the father of Carlitos, his identity was always a matter of vague and disquieting speculation.

One day the boy lay on his back in the Willows, a league below headquarters, his hat over his eyes to protect them from a shaft of sunlight that pierced the low-hanging boughs—it was too much trouble to move to a spot where no light penetrated. He was musing on Rosie and her treatment of him. That very morning she had flouted him. With Joe Rinehart and another there to see, she had looped a soggy dishrag round his neck while the uncouth pair applauded.

Carlitos gritted his teeth as he recalled the scene. Did you ever love a girl so hard that you hated her? Well, he was in that case exactly.

But she would pay for it all some day! An hour of reckoning would come, and then she should see with what manner of man she had trifled. Carlitos pictured the whole thing and gloated.

Chief of a daring band whose only law was their leader's word, he would swoop down from his mountain aerie upon the helpless Tumbling K and bear the maiden off, carrying her lightly in front of him at a gallop. Arrived by tireless riding at the cave, he would put her down. Oh, the ecstasy of that moment! He could see the proud beauty nosing the dirt as she pleaded for life, the while he stood sternly over her and smiled—aye, smiled!—with disdain. Perhaps she would realize then what she had missed by spurning him; and he would lift her up and, turning to his hardy outlaws ——

Clack! It was a hoof against stone, and Carlitos came rudely out of his dreams to peer through the trees.

Three Mexicans were watering their ponies in the stream about a hundred yards off. While he watched, others joined them. They came flitting like phantoms through the grove, in couples, apparently careless of concealment. Carlitos counted twelve and got no further, for the reason that he couldn't count above that number—but he was positive there were half a million.

They were weather-beaten, ragged, covered with dust; and all carried rifles slung at the saddle. The scrawny horses seemed exhausted. They buried their hot muzzles in the creek and drank eagerly, and each moment the cavalcade on the bank was swelled by new arrivals.

Soldiers! He thrilled at the spectacle. But suddenly he asked himself what such a force was doing in the Willows—and then he thought of those at the ranch. Instantly he turned and fled out of the grove, moving soundlessly in his bare feet.

They were just sitting down to dinner at the manager's house when Carlitos burst in with the news. The boss sent his chair flying in a wild jump for the door.

"Fanny," he shouted back as he sped toward the corrals, "take the baby and Rosie, and hide. Joe, you and Lon run off the horses. Drop out a few of the condemned ones. If they don't find something it's like they'll burn the place. Carlitos, help me with the thoroughbreds."

At last he was getting his due—the boss was treating him like a man.

Carlitos sprang eagerly toward the stables.

In the main corral were sixty horses, brought there at noon in order that the few men remaining at headquarters might catch fresh mounts. Rinehart locked up a dozen of the oldest and poorest, threw wide the gate and drove the others forth. They went streaming down a draw leading eastward, the two cowboys urging them with cracking ropes, and the draw hid them from sight of anyone approaching from the Willows.

Carlitos, perched on the mighty back of General Prosperity, cantered clumsily in their wake. The boss was in front, on the brown stallion.

Prosperity was not built for speed, and he began to pant before half a mile had been covered. Witherspoon groaned as he beheld his labored efforts.

"It's no use," he said. "Take him back, Carlitos. He'll die if he goes another mile. Perhaps they won't want him, account of his size."

Glad of the order, the boy turned back. He had just reached the stables when he heard the distant crack of rifles and perceived Witherspoon returning.

"They saw me and cut across the mesa," he explained ruefully. "Gee, we're up against it hard, boy! Mind you keep your mouth shut and don't breathe a word. Understand? If you tell 'em a thing I'll flay you alive!"

He led the stallion to his stall and slammed the door, then hurried back to the house, with a view to concealing whatever valuables Mrs. Witherspoon might have overlooked in her flight. The boy kept at his heels.

The place was deserted; the dinner stood, half eaten, on the table. Mrs. Witherspoon and Rosie were safely hidden in the underground room the boss had built, after the style of a cyclone cellar, just for this purpose, and with them were two native women and the baby.

"Clear away the extra places, Carlitos," said the boss, "and me and you'll be eatin' our food peaceful when they find us."

It was done in two winks. Presently they heard a bugle, then a jangle of bits, and the patter of hoofs on hard ground.

"It's Murga and his crowd," announced Witherspoon, peeping through the window. "And he's got close to a hundred men, it looks like."

In a minute, eight or ten Mexicans approached the open back door, with rifles held at the waist, and one of them cried sharply to Witherspoon to surrender. The boss smiled genially and shoved back his chair.

"Come in, *amigos!*" he replied with hospitable warmth. "Had your dinner, yet? We was just finishing."

They looked hungrily at the food, but made no move to enter.

"Where's the general?" asked Witherspoon. "I want to pay my respects."

For answer they drew up in two lines from the door to present arms, and Black Murga strode in. He was a thickset man, with negroid lips and somber, suspicious eyes. His official killer was at his elbow, and half a dozen lesser chiefs trailed behind.

"Are you the *administrador?*" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is everybody? What have you done with your people?"

"Ain't they outside?" asked the boss. "I left two of the boys in the corral, general. All the others are out on the round-up, forty miles southeast. The farm hands are here, though."

"But the Americans in your employ—the señora—your family—your servants—where are they?"

"My wife is visiting her kinfolks in Nogales, General," was the answer. "And the only help I keep round the house is Carlitos, here. Bow to the general, Carlitos."

Carlitos did so and the chief gave another grunt, stroking the knob of his nose.

"That's a lie," he said calmly, "but never mind. They're in the storm cellar." The boss started a feeble denial, but Murga flew into a rage.

"Don't lie to me," he cried furiously, "else I'll give you a pill of my making. Why did you hide her from us? Hey? Why do you show distrust? Do you think we are common bandits? Answer me, I say!"

"No, general. But ——"

"But you treat us as such," he fumed.

He glared at the boss. Just behind him the killer waited alertly. "Well, it doesn't matter," he continued, mastering himself by an effort that left him pale. "We will show better manners than you. All Americans are alike. What can you expect from a pig but a grunt?"

He waved to his escort to withdraw, and added as they filed out:

"I want to talk to you. And while we talk I will eat—with your kind permission. Boy, bring me a plate."

The interview lasted the better part of an hour and ended in an agreement on the following terms:

Witherspoon was to make a war loan of three thousand pesos to the cause, on behalf of the Cattle Company, for which General Murga consented to accept his check on a Douglas bank. In addition he was to provide twenty head of cattle, the saddle horses left in the corral, fifty sacks of flour, five hundred pounds of salt, thirty sacks of sugar, whatever bacon he had in the commissary, and three days' grain for the force Murga had with him.

In return, the chief pledged his word that all other property and the lives of the ranch employees should be respected, and the Tumbling K Company should be favored with his friendship.

He also consented to accept the bay stallion, worth a thousand in gold, as a personal gift, but sold the huge Percheron to the boss for a trifle of a hundred pesos, cash in hand.

Long before this happy arrangement had been arrived at, Carlitos had stolen out. Somehow he didn't like the General's restless glance, and he was not interested a bit in the ownership of the stock or flour on the place. Therefore, it happened that when Black Murga and the boss emerged—the former completely restored to good humor and slapping the glum Witherspoon on the back—they found Carlitos mingling with the soldiers.

"Colonel Moreno," said Murga to an officer, "ring the bell and summon the people."

In a moment the tiny belfry above the mess house was rocking to the clangor, and every native on the place trooped toward the sound. The majority of them had consorted freely with the raiders from their entry; the more cautious, who had something to lose, perhaps, and therefore kept indoors, now sallied out as though obeying a command, and all congregated in front of the manager's house.

Like the astute stage director he was, Black Murga kept them waiting until a trooper had brought his horse. Then he mounted and moved into their midst.

"Hear me!" he said in a deep, vibrant voice. "I come from the mountains. You are listening to the words of one who dwells in everlasting touch with the clouds. My bed is where the eagle builds his nest; my eyes rest where the eagle soars.

"Here is Erasmo Murga, the avenger of the helpless. Here is the man, my children, who has been chosen by Justice to hold its sword against oppressors. Let Justice guide us."

Frantic "Vivas!" and hysterical feminine cries greeted the speech. There was a compelling magnetism about Murga that set heartstrings throbbing. They surged forward, those humble peons, to kiss his hand and pat his horse, tears streaming down the faces of the old and the women. Seven men enlisted on the spot.

First of all to offer his services was Carlitos.

"No, no, *muchachito*," said the chief, not unkindly. "Stay here and be the comfort of your good mother."

Abashed and crestfallen, the boy slunk away. An hour later Black Murga and his band departed from the Tumbling K, after looting the commissary of the last tin of sardines. He might be a man of the mountains, but Erasmo certainly possessed excellent business acumen, for he dispatched a trusted officer to Douglas to cash the check before Witherspoon could stop payment on it.

"They Come So Quick We Didn't Have Time to Run," Wailed Mrs. Witherspoon

Carlitos could not sleep that night. His stepfather returned home shortly after sundown, and he was in an ill humor. He gave Carlitos a beating because the boy seemed sulky, and when his mother protested he beat her too. Elias was always impartial in this respect.

Stiff and sore, Carlitos crawled under his blanket on the earth floor and pretended to sleep, but he remained wide awake, burning and with fever. Why had they not taken him? He was old enough and he could ride like a *vaquero*. Often he had heard of boys no older than himself who were fighting in the ranks. Why, that very day he had conversed with a patrolling trooper named Tomas, who was certainly not a day over fourteen years of age!

Hour after hour he tossed and turned, debating the question. He was on fire to join the rebels. The bravery of their bearing had stirred his envy; their arms and military discipline seemed magnificent to Carlitos. And Black Murga —— Was ever such a leader? The boy would have followed him cheerfully to the death.

Abruptly he came to a decision. His stepfather's rasping snore and the shriller nasal note of his mother apprised him that they were dead to the world, and he tiptoed out of the hut, carrying the blanket with him. There had been no need to dress; Carlitos usually slept in his clothes.

He went straight to Prosperity's stall. It had flashed into his mind that if he could present the Percheron to the chief as a peace offering, he would be made welcome to the army.

The gentle stallion permitted him to climb up. He clucked at him, and they ambled out of the ranch.

Drawn by huzzas and laughter, Black Murga forsook his breakfast and came out to the steps of the house wherein he made his headquarters in Sauceda. A motley procession was moving up the main street of the village, composed of citizens and troopers and camp followers and children; but the core of it was a tiny figure on a great black horse. On it came, Carlitos sitting dejectedly on Prosperity's rump, yet keeping serious and intent on his mission, while the crowd surged and eddied and joked round him, crying greetings and jests.

"Wow, what a bigness!"

"Hi, *muchacho!* The flea and the elephant!"

"Dios, what a beast! He must eat the stuff that makes the bread swell up—hey, *compañeros?*"

The boy was wan and half famished, and the Percheron appeared to be in even worse plight. He had lost his noble rotundity, his proud head drooped, a thick layer of

ngealed dirt hid his silky coat, and he scarcely bothered lift his feet.

"What's this?" demanded Murga sternly.

Carlitos halted, raising a tired arm in salute.

"I have come to serve you, general. As for the horse, is yours."

More laughter, in which the chief joined. Yet he looked Carlitos with favor; it is precisely from such blind loyalty that leaders build their power.

"Welcome, *niñito!*" he answered gayly. "You have ken terrible risks; but the greater shall be your reward. olonel Moreno, see that he gets a suitable outfit and tach him to your company. It may be he will make a e bugler—he has the mouth and wind for one."

When the anticipated applause that greeted this sally d subsided, he went on:

"As for this mountain of flesh, my child, he would ve an encumbrance to us. Therefore, we shall eat him."

"Eat him?"

"To be sure. We are short of beef and my boys will joy so fine a feast."

The boy let out a wail; but there was no help for it. lack Murga had spoken, and they led him and Prosperity ay.

In such fashion did he become a soldier. And to such ominious end came the Percheron. The boy wept over demise; but there were so many things to distract him at his grief was assuaged before nightfall, and he partook with gusto of a portion of steak from his favorite's e quarter.

They gave Carlitos a pair of whole shoes, a new shirt d felt hat; also a rifle, and a belt with fifty-five cartridges it. After that he got his pick of one of the commandered horses from the ranch and became the owner of a idle that almost held together when mended with wire.

"Now," said the sergeant to whose care he had been signed, "take this bugle and let's hear you blow."

Carlitos put the mouthpiece to his lips and blew until eyes popped. Not a sound could he get out of it cept a hoarse gurgle.

"That is not the way. The lips should be thus. Watch ."

After that Carlitos tooted for hours at a stretch and fore he went to bed had learned to extract a single g, plaintive note.

There were six hundred and thirty men in Murga's ce and more than half that many women. Children swarmed all over the place. When a Mexican goes to war takes his family along, lest he should have none on his rurn, and also for the reason that the wife may take care oim. He is willing to attend to the battles and parades rsonally, but permits the light of his life to do the camp dudgery and carry the load on the march.

About the first person Carlitos met at Sauceda was his ich acquaintance, Tomas. There was no mistaking Tmas, once you had seen him; for he was stunted and hl a cast in the left eye. Upon learning that Carlitos ws now one of them, he volunteered to initiate him into thir life, and as a first step thereto conducted him to his enrade, Juan, aged twelve, who figured on the roster as Tooper Juarequi. The introduction passed off very well til Carlitos, the ignorant country boy, began to stare a a six-shooter Juan wore in his belt. Now, Juan was sitive concerning this weapon, purloined from Witherson's desk, and an exchange of repartee led to a fight.

Fortunately the six-shooter contained no cartridge. Still, it made a useful ally when grasped by the barrel, and Carlitos was obliged to have recourse to a stone, placed to his hand by Providence.

"You've killed him!" said Tomas, awed as much by the catlike ferocity with which Carlitos fought as by the limp form of his friend.

"That couldn't kill a flea," asserted Carlitos. "I only hit him once—like that."

He ran to the stream that flowed through the outskirts of the camp, filled his hat with water, and dashed it into Juan's face. The shock brought a shiver of horror from Trooper Juarequi; he gasped and sat up. And, of course, from that moment they were firm friends.

To our eyes the village of Sauceda and the army of General Murga, and the camp followers of that army, would have looked hopelessly unkempt, ill-equipped and ragged. There was no apparent system in anything. The whole camp seemed to be in utter disorder. Refuse, odds and ends, lay in the open street, and dogs prowled the place the livelong day. Yet there was rough method in it all.

And that was injected by the women. They prepared the meals over the little fires in the open, and quarreled fiercely about such matters as the ownership of an old lard bucket or a handful of beans. And in the long afternoons they cleaned clothes by pummeling and rolling them on the flat rocks in the creek.

"Wow!" cried one at first sight of Carlitos in all his grandeur. "Look at the pretty boy! Are we taking them from the cradle now?"

Carlitos, who was naturally quick, told the lady to go to hades and himself went on about his business, which was to accompany Colonel Moreno's command on a foray for fodder.

Ah, it was a fine, carefree, noble career! Carlitos took to it like a duck to water. He would join a group at a camp fire and revel in the tales of fights and deeds of valor, and the prodigies of Black Murga. His mouth open and his body twitching with eagerness, he missed no word. This was life! Now he was a man and a soldier.

They had cockfights every day, too, and horse races, not only among themselves but against the *vaqueros* from a neighboring ranch. And sometimes Carlitos and Trooper Juarequi held wrestling matches, which proved a popular feature.

Once, when entertaining a visiting chief, the general sent for the boy to stand behind his chair and wait on him. The attention pleased the guest—he felt a lot safer with Carlitos behind him in place of one of Murga's cutthroats. And Carlitos acquitted himself so deftly that the general often had him in after that.

He was thus engaged one noon when the chief's meal was disturbed by the entrance of an aide with a report.

"Drunk, hey?" said Murga, with his mouth full. "Shoot him! It'll teach the others discipline. They need it."

And he went calmly on with his meal. From time to time he glanced at Carlitos, perhaps to see what effect the sentence produced.

"Listen, *muchachito*," he began: "You heard the order I gave. Reflect on it and profit thereby. Always keep in mind that a soldier's first duty is obedience."

"Yes, general," stammered Carlitos.

Well satisfied, the general rose from the table and Carlitos hurried off to see the execution.

The prisoner's name was Hernandez and he enjoyed a reputation among the bandits for dauntless courage; but he had got drunk while on outpost duty and was caught sound asleep under a tree by the patrol. He appeared very unconcerned as he marched in the midst of the squad to the place of execution, smoking a cigarette and joking with the captain who was to deliver the death stroke.

Carlitos stuck close to the procession. What manner of man was this that could march to his doom without flinching? He watched intently for a sign of fear, but could not detect a flicker. And on a sudden impulse he sidled near enough to thrust a fresh cigarette into the prisoner's hand. Hernandez darted a glance of surprise at him and smiled.

"Ah! Thanks, *compañero!*" he said cordially, patting him on the shoulder. Carlitos gulped and moved away.

Everybody in camp who could leave duty followed to witness the spectacle. Soldiers, women and children trooped behind the escort, which presently stopped at the wall of a ruined house. The officer in command stepped to the front and, having called for silence, made a speech.

"His Excellency desires that this should be a warning to you," he ended sonorously.

There was absolute silence during this harangue—absolute silence when he had finished. The prisoner continued to smoke the cigarette Carlitos had given him.

"Ready?" demanded the captain.

"Yes."

They stood him up against the wall and the officer advanced to blindfold him, but Hernandez repulsed the bandage.

"Let me see it done," he cried gayly. "And do me a favor, captain—permit me to give the word."

"Certainly."

The prisoner drew a couple of deep puffs while the squad took positions a few paces in front. Then his glance roved over the crowd and he smiled bitterly. Among them were scores and scores of women.

"So you come to see me die?" he said, and laid a curse on them.

Carlitos shivered as he listened. Some of the women began to whimper; a few sneaked off; the majority just stared, seemingly unmoved.

"All right!" the prisoner announced, briskly flipping the cigarette into the air. "There's just one thing more I ask—don't spoil my face, *compañeros*. Tell Lolita my last thoughts were of her—and my soul to the Unknown. Shoot, boys!"

Five rifles blazed and he dropped.

Carlitos, who had watched to the end—watched with bated breath and taut muscles—turned swiftly and ran. Stumbling and falling, he ran and ran until far beyond the camp of Sauceda. Then he cast himself down behind a bush and burst into tears.

"So she is a beauty?" inquired Murga smilingly as he puffed on an after-dinner cigar.

The boy, pausing in his task of clearing the table, launched into a eulogy of Rosie's charms. Encouraged by the stimulating applause and laughter of the staff, he talked as no little boy ought to talk. They poked fun at Carlitos, egged him on, chaffed him. The more they bantered, the more elequent he grew. Black Murga was amused for a while and then became thoughtful.

"She is, then, such a wonder?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 33)

They Followed Him Soundlessly Down the Slopes

THE STUDY OF FOOTPRINTS

The Bare Foot—By Melville Davisson Post

IN THE effort of the detective writers to create an infallible sleuth Mark Twain took the wind out of everybody's sails. Neither Dupin, Holmes, Lecoq, nor any of the celebrities of Nicholas Carter, could approach Archy Stillman.

He was a modest, unassuming person. He made no pretensions and, what is incredible in a sleuth, he offered no explanations. But his method was unequaled. If he were shown a footprint that had been left behind by a criminal in his exit he would examine it very closely, like a person with exaggerated myopia. He would get down over the footprint, with his face nearly touching it. He would stare at it motionless for a few moments. Then he would get up and follow the trail of that unfortunate criminal through wood and field, over hill and dale, street and alley, cellar and housetop, where there was no sign, mark, or any visible physical evidence of a track; until finally he cornered him and turned him over to the amazed minions of the law. And he could do it in the dark!

The marvelous skill of Archy Stillman was an amazing mystery until the inimitable humorist gave his charming explanation:

The detective had been marked by a prenatal influence. His mother had been pursued by bloodhounds. Her son, though giving no physical evidence of a wonderful gift, had inherited the keen sense of smell that belonged to the bloodhounds which had put his mother in terror. It was by means of this naïve device that Mark Twain ridiculed what he believed to be the exaggerated deductions of Dupin, Lecoq and Holmes.

One wonders what he would have thought of the deductions of the modern scientific criminologists.

Even the gift of the bloodhound's nose hardly puts Mark Twain's sleuth in advance of these experts. If young Mr. Stillman were shown a footprint, he could trail down the assassin who had made it; but he could tell you nothing about him. But the modern scientific criminologist can tell you all about the assassin from his footprint, so that the police have only to go out and find him.

A Real Holmes and His Watsons

WHEN the Baron von R—— was murdered in a city of Southeastern Europe, the police found on the floor beside the dead man a single track in a splash of blood. The body of the Baron, after his murder, had been placed in a chair, perhaps with the intention of creating the impression of suicide. But in going about his work the assassin had made the single footprint. The police at once sent to the university for the celebrated professor of criminology.

He came, with a group of his students, to examine the footprint.

He was a little, obese, bald man, with a military bearing, for he had been an officer in the Bohemian wars. He had a fine, acute face, with heavy, straight eyebrows—like lines of ebony set into the craggy brow—a large bony nose, and a grizzled mustache that bristled in the military fashion.

He sat down on the floor beside the single footprint, with a small metal tape and a magnifying glass, not unlike the big reading glasses to be seen in this country.

"This," he said, "is an imprint of a right bare foot, and therefore could not be that of the Baron, whose shoes have not been removed. It has a very high arch, and was made three hours ago. The man who made it was not standing still. He was walking when this imprint was made—probably leaving the room."

Then he paused, measured the print very carefully with his tape, took out a pencil and made a calculation on a blank page of a notebook, and continued:

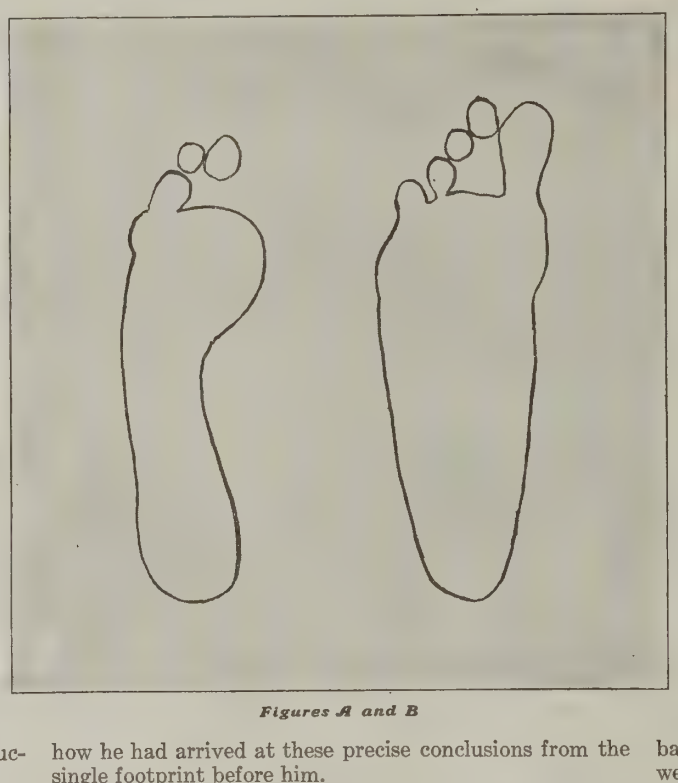
"He is a thin man—very slender—six feet and one inch in height. He is a soldier and has been injured in the knee."

Then he looked up at the police officials.

"You can write down that description," he said, "and go out and find this assassin while I finish here, with this illustration, my lecture on scientific criminal investigation."

The police went out, with what the French call a *portrait parlé* of the assassin—a slender soldier, six feet and one inch in height, with an injury to his right knee—while the professor of criminology, assembling his students, began his lecture on how he had arrived at these precise conclusions from the single footprint before him.

SKETCHES BY W. D. I. ARNOLD



Figures A and B

He explained, first, that, where one was able to examine an imprint of any sort in blood before that medium had entirely dried, one ought to be able, by an accurate knowledge of the process of coagulation, to say with some degree of precision what time had elapsed since the formation of the imprint. In the case before him he was able to say that this imprint had been made three hours before his arrival.

Anyone could see that it was the print of a right foot. He knew the foot had a high arch—that is to say, it was unusually cambered—because the interior line of the print made a deep curve, cutting out a great segment of the print.

He explained that a flat foot would leave the whole print of the foot, but as the foot was arched the print would lessen.

Thus, in a foot with an excessive arch—highly cambered—not more than half of the surface of the foot would appear in the print. This was the case with the print before him. Consequently it was evident that the person who had made the print possessed a foot with an exceedingly high arch. See Figures A and B.

He knew that the assassin was walking at the time he made this track on the floor, because the print of the great toe was lengthened and ended in a sort of point. That was because one pressed the toe down in walking. If the track had been made by the assassin when standing still the print of the great toe would be round, because only the ball of the toe, in that case, would rest on the floor. See Figures C and D.

He went on to point out that it was always possible by the examination of a print to tell whether the person who had made it was, at the time, walking or standing still, since the track lengthened when one was in motion. Moreover, the print of the foot of one who is standing still is shorter and wider than the print of the same foot in motion. Thus, in following a track one is able to say where the person making it stopped and where he went on. This was sometimes exceedingly useful and could always be determined.

He knew that the man who had made this print had been a private in the German Army, because in walking he used the conventional goose step, which caused the foot to strike the earth in a certain manner and gave a peculiar indentation to the heel.

He knew this soldier had been injured in the knee, because in lifting the foot he had given the body a twist to the right. This twist could only be caused by a knee injury; a certain weakening of the knee joint that one so injured invariably endeavors to assist by twisting the foot. Such an injury would perhaps not cause a decided limp; but the twist of the foot in walking would be easily perceptible.

He went on to explain that a novice in the study of footprints might be easily mistaken with respect to this feature of a print, because everybody twists the sole of the foot somewhat when he walks.

Gross, at the University of Graz, had first determined this by a series of experiments in which he caused a barefoot man to walk up a stepladder of which the steps were glass. By photographing the foot from below as it rested on the glass step he was able to determine the extent and peculiarities of this invariable twist. The experiments of Gross had been greatly advanced and improved by causing the barefoot person to walk on a flat roof laid in glass plates. This method gave more natural results, because the foot in this case was not under the unusual necessity of lifting the body up from one step to another as in the Gross experiments.

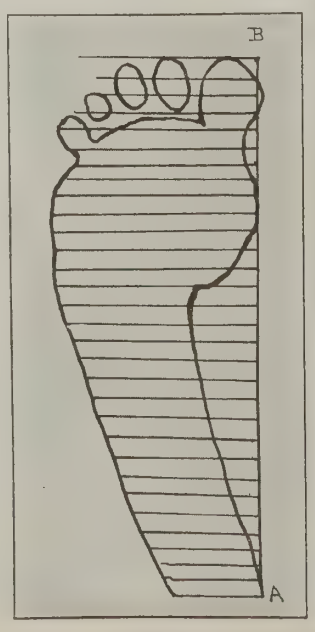


Figure B

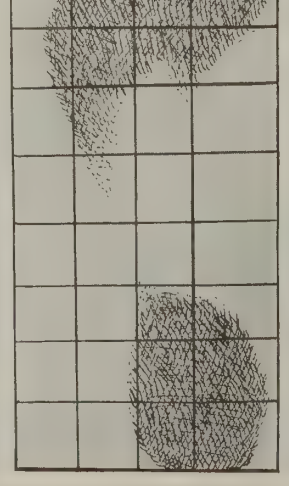


Figure F

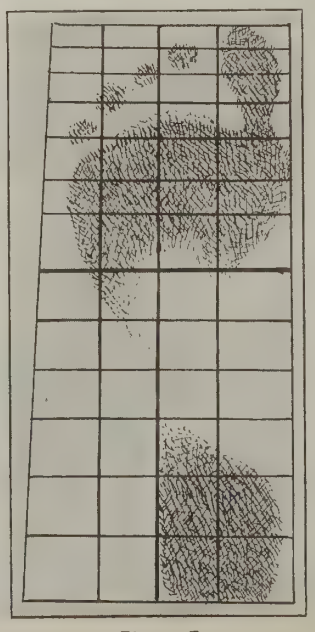


Figure E

Bertillon's Laws of Proportions

THE students wished to know how the professor arrived at the conclusion that the assassin was of the exact height of six feet and one inch, and thin.

He replied that M. Alphonse Bertillon, chief of the Service de l'Identité Judiciaire, of Paris, after a vast number of experiments, had laid down a table of rules which, if one knew the exact measurement of a certain portion of the body of an individual, he could work out precisely the dimensions of other portions of his body.

This exact table was known to everybody. One had only to measure the foot and multiply that length by the proper coefficient in this table in order to arrive at the height of the individual making the print. Relatively speaking, the height of a man was from six to seven times the length of his foot. Feet short in proportion to width took a larger multiple than those relatively long in proportion to width. But the table was approximately correct and one had now only to measure the print and apply it. Thus if an imprint were 225 millimeters, the coefficient of reconstruction would be 6.8; and consequently the subject would be 1539 m. in height.

He was, therefore, able to say that the individual in this case was approximately six feet and one inch in height. He knew also that he was slender, because, with that height, any other than an unusually thin person would have made a wider track. Even the weight of an ordinary person of that height would have forced the foot to expand more than it was expanded in this print. He therefore felt justified in the belief that the assassin was unusually slender.

So full, precise and accurate was the description given by the professor of criminology, that he had scarcely concluded his lecture before the police were able to lay their hands on the assassin. He was a slender German, over six feet in height; his right knee had been injured by a tubercular infection, which caused him to twist his foot as he walked. And it

as afterward shown that he was a deserter from a ivision of the German Army in Munich.

One may believe that the incidents of several experi-ents are assembled in the foregoing case, but one cannot elieve the facts included in these details to be exaggerated r in doubt. A communicated case, especially at this time, apt to reach us with contractions and elaborations, o gain or to lose by transmission when it is not a matter f legal or official record. But here is no observation or deduc-on in it that does not rest upon nquestioned scientific authority. hey are established by an abun-ance of painstaking experiments. The layman might believe the ading of this print to be an ex-ggerated deduction. But learned iminologists, like Niceforo, at aples; Gross, at Graz; Reiss, at ausanne; Ottolenghi or Lacas-gne, know that such deductions e only the evident conclusions the scientific examination of a otprint.

Figure D

One should remember with what ill scientists are able to repro-ce a prehistoric animal by the ere study of its footprint pre-rved in some geological forma-on. The pictures and casts of range beasts, which one regards th wonder in the museums, are ten built up from the slightest ta—one or two bones or im-ints. By assembling all available ts, and with a comprehensive owledge of anatomical struc-re, it finally happens that the vant is able to get a pretty curate idea of the size, structure and habits of a pre-toric animal from no other data than a footprint.

Bertillon, in Paris, devoted a lifetime to working out his stem of anthropometrics. Finally, as the professor said the foregoing case, he was able to formulate a table by ich, if one were given the size of any organ of the human dy, he could reconstruct the individual precisely as the sentists are able to reconstruct the prehistoric animal. s table for obtaining the height of an individual from e length of his foot has been accepted after verification the leading criminologists:

LENGTH OF FOOT BY GROUPS OF TEN TO IN MILLIMETERS	BERTILLON'S TABLE	COEFFICIENT OF RECONSTRUCTION FOR HEIGHT
220 to 219		7.170
220 to 229		6.840
230 to 239		6.610
240 to 249		6.505
250 to 259		6.407
260 to 269		6.328
270 to 279		6.254
280 to 289		6.120
290 to w		6.080

Mascard, in 1848, read a bulletin on this subject before th Academy of Medicine, in Belgium. And in 1889, De Parville, in the Revue Scientifique, published a formula showing the relation between the length of the foot and the height of the individual: $\text{Foot} = \frac{8.6}{30} \frac{(\text{Height} + 0.05)}{2}$

This formula De Parville verified upon hundreds of individuals of all ages and proved it to be correct within the maximum of two centimeters.

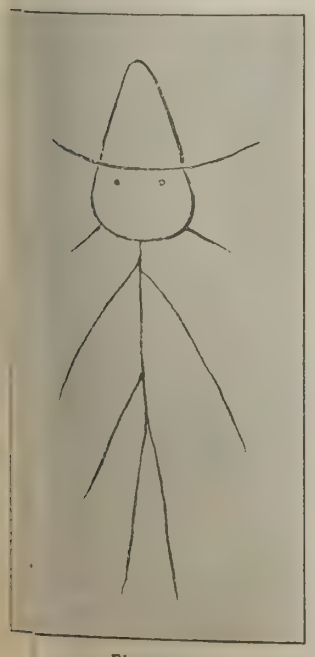


Figure 9

But a criminal investigator cannot remain content with the mere reading of a print. He must be able to preserve that print so that its peculiarities may be visible to a trial court or an examining magistrate. Moreover, it does not by any means always happen that a print exhibits the distinguishing characteristics set out in the foregoing case.

It is always possible for anybody with but slight skill in such matters to preserve the distinguishing characteristics of a print. The commonest method is to place a few pieces of pasteboard on the floor round the print and then lay a pane of glass over it—the pasteboard is merely to keep the glass from touching the print. Then one takes a sheet of paper, made transparent with oil, grease or turpentine, places this on the pane of glass and traces the print with a pencil or in ink. If no paper is available the print may be traced on the glass in ink.

A better method, suggested by Professor Florence, is to dip a bit of cotton in white lead and frost the glass. This frosting does not render the glass opaque. One may trace the footprint very easily on this frosted glass. Then, if one places a piece of black paper under the glass he obtains a very clear black print; or if he puts the glass in a solution of a certain potassium salt the lead frosting will turn black, and the result will be a first-class stereotype of the print, which one is able to take off on paper by the usual method. Niceforo, in discussing this

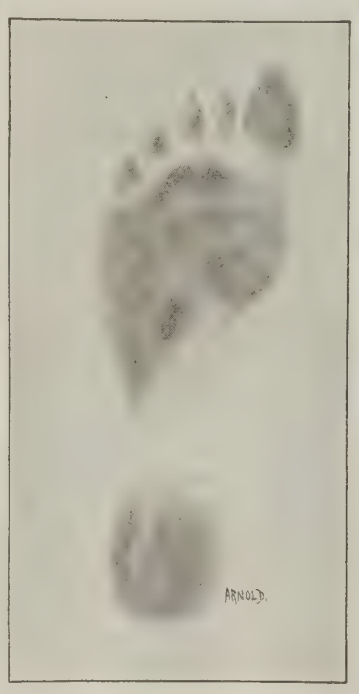


Figure C

method, advises one to varnish the glass in order to preserve the print.

The pantograph is also used. But one must be careful not to injure the print by this method. An optical device by which pictures or objects are reflected on paper is also sometimes used. But nowadays all criminal investigators agree that the best method of preserving an imprint is to photograph it.

Bertillon, Londe, Burais, Paul, Popp, Reiss, and others, have elevated scientific photography, in the subject of criminal investigation, to an elaborate art. However, the photograph of an imprint is no very difficult undertaking. It is only necessary to be absolutely sure that the photographic plate is precisely parallel to the plane of the print.

When Photographs Lie

FIGURES E and F show a false and a correct photograph. Niceforo, in discussing these figures, taken from Coutagne and Florence, points out that an inaccurate photograph is the most dangerous, misleading thing in the world; and that all photographs of prints are worthless unless, as has been said, the photographic plate is precisely parallel to the plane of the print when the picture is taken.

It should be remembered that a footprint does not always require a conspicuous medium in order to make it intelligible. Sweat or the natural moisture of the foot will often make a print hardly distinguishable to the eye, but capable of being developed. Mercury or chalk is used if the footprint is on a surface of a dark nature, and graphite or lampblack if the imprint is on a white surface.

A fine distinguishing footprint might be of no value whatever if one were not able to preserve it by some of these methods.

In the notorious assassination at Carmaux, on the night of the eighth of August, Causse found on a balcony the print of a naked foot. It was outside and would presently have been effaced by the rain if he had not immediately preserved it. As the case turned out, the whole solution of the mystery hung on this print. Eight persons were suspected of the crime. Causse was able to demonstrate that not one of these persons had anything to do with the affair. And it was afterward shown that one wholly unsuspected by the police was the author of the crime. It thus happened that by the preservation of the imprint eight innocent persons were cleared of the charge of murder.

A similar method was followed in the Courvoiser case, in England, and the MacPherson case, in Glasgow. In the latter the authorities found on a plank three imprints of a naked foot. They observed that it was a right foot, small, and with an exaggerated arch. This gave them a precise clew. They were able to discover all the persons who had been about the house or in the neighborhood. And it was finally shown that MacPherson was the only person whose foot could have possibly made the imprint, since it was small and with an unusual arch.

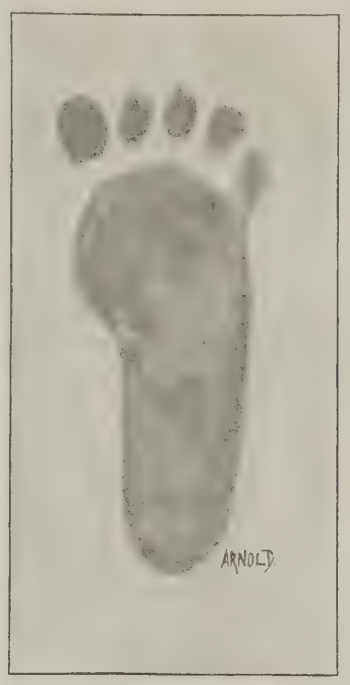


Figure 10

Some remarkable cases have resulted from the scientific observation of imprints.

The Gazette des Tribunaux gives the case of the Arab, Seliman ben Barbi, who had broken into a closed country house. The police in the morning found in the wet earth the print of a naked foot. This print indicated that the foot making it lacked several toes. The print was traced and careful reproductions were made by the police according to the scientific methods already explained in this paper. These reproductions were also accompanied by an exact, accurate description of the print.

This evidence was preserved, but it did not lead to the arrest of Seliman ben Barbi.

Other evidences connected with the affair, however, indicated that this Arab was the criminal and he was finally taken into custody. His foot showed no peculiarities and the police were not able to advance in the matter until the *juge d'instruction* forced the Arab to walk barefoot on a plank covered with mud. The tracks made by the man in this medium demonstrated conclusively that he was the person who had made the track in the garden. It proved that the peculiar position of the toes in walking caused the track of the Arab to give the impression of a foot curiously deformed by the loss of its toes.

This case conspicuously illustrates the great cardinal rule in the scientific study of footprints—namely, that a foot must never be compared with an imprint.

An inspector once came to the leading criminologist at a Germanic university and told him that he had discovered the person who had left behind a footprint.

"How do you know that?" said the criminologist.

"I know it," replied the inspector, "because the man's foot fits into the track."

The criminologist laughed in the inspector's face.

"You have fitted a foot into a track? *Mein Gott!*"

Every authority on the subject points out that one must never compare the foot with a print or undertake to fit a foot into a print. One must compare the imprint found at the scene of the crime with a like imprint of the foot of the accused taken in a similar medium, and never with the foot itself.

In many American cases, courts and examining inspectors have ignorantly gone forward with the comparison of the foot of the accused with the imprint found at the place of the crime—a thing that no competent foreign inspector would ever think of doing. The foot at rest is always shorter and wider than the foot when walking. And the most distinguishing peculiarities of a footprint are given by the way in which the subject puts his foot down and removes it when he walks. There is always a twist to a print, which the foot in repose does not show. The proper method is to take the imprints of the accused's foot under conditions as nearly resembling those of the imprint in question as possible. Thus, if the imprint is that of a man walking, the imprint of the accused must be taken walking.

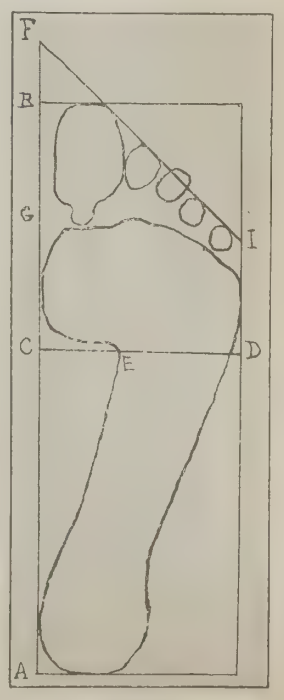


Figure 7

Niceforo, Florence and Frecon suggest a number of methods by which the imprint of the accused may be

(Concluded on Page 73)

EPHEIMER

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

THE glass doors of the great hall of the Conifer Arms were open to the soft purple night. A bland Southern air, spiced by the undulating miles of pines, stirred, insidious and relaxing. The Northern papers spoke of driving snow and ever-dropping mercury; but here such conditions seemed mythical—to belong to another world. The women, coming from dinner, wore sheer, simple gowns; the men, in smoking jackets, gathered over their cigarettes in the open doorways.

The latter, sun-bronzed in winter—that sign of comfortable leisure—discussed exclusively one topic—golf. They were very much of a kind—smooth-faced, youngish-looking men, given to confident pronouncements, an imperturbable arrogance of self-assurance. Though they said little about their actual scores over the near-by golf course, they radiated a certain satisfaction with their game.

One, a tall, ungainly Scotchman with unruly red hair, pale blue eyes and thick features, was briefly describing a well-timed putt.

"I lost two hundred on that green this morning," a listener added.

He was a small, thin man with a prominent nose and a level gray gaze. There were no comments on this statement; when a man, notable principally because of his fine pearls, studied the last speaker. Finally he said:

"Carter, how many will you start me up in thirty-six holes?"

Carter answered immediately:

"Three, for what you like a hole."

"Not a chance!" Arnold Sears replied. "You're handicapped at five, and I haven't even a national rating."

"You're a clever fellow, Sears," Kettel, the Scotchman, told him. "You have no rating, and yet you play one of the most useful games I know. I'll bet you are farther to the good than any other here. I'll bet, too, if you'd show an honest card it would read close to eighty-five."

"Nonsense!" Sears declared irritably. "I'm erratic, and consistency's the only other name for golf. I might bring in a good score to-day; but to-morrow —— The train must be in; there's the bus."

The conversation was dropped while the group swung about in their chairs to study what new arrivals might appear. There was an appreciable delay and then Arnold Sears ejaculated a surprised phrase. A small, exactly rotund man, with pronounced Semitic features and a cheerfully mild and inviting gaze, confidently led a companion figure, and evidently their two wives, to the registry desk.

Sears' interest faded, and he turned away. Kettel, his long legs stretched out, lamented the local necessity of hunting the privacy of a room for a drink. But Carter, lounging to the desk for mail, took a brief glance at the signatures. He returned, dropped into his chair and reported:

"Epheimer, the Mrs., and the Solly Benjamins."

II

SHORTLY after the newcomers had mounted from the hall, the uniformed house boys literally staggered into sight under mounds of opulently black-and-gold-stamped hand bags, rolls and wraps; and one dragged, in addition, a large, heavy bag of golf clubs. At this last object the expression on Arnold Sears' face changed; a carefully masked interest drew his gaze after the long, leather strapped and hooded white bag. He thought: "One look at the clubs and I can get the fellow's game to a hole. . . . To-morrow!"

Sears was midway through an excellent cigar; Carter was explaining a recondite and useful point at auction bridge—in other words, Sears was thoroughly comfortable—when a small woman in beautiful lace and with the manner of a naval commander at sea stopped at the edge of the group.

"Arnold!" she pronounced. The content instantly left the man's face; a momentary annoyance was apparent, which he hastily concealed.

"He Said: 'Epheimer, Keep Your Head Down and Do Like I Say'"

"Coming right away!" he exclaimed, crushing his cigar into the glass tray at his elbow. He rose, nodding to the others. "See you at the clubhouse to-morrow," he announced.

When Sears left, Kettel winked heavily at the men who remained.

"Good husband, and all that!" he ejaculated. "Doesn't waste the lady's money. What have you had out of him, Carter?"

"Nothing much—a trifle at bridge; a little less at golf. He's an accomplished match-maker and can putt with any."

"He's got over four hundred of mine at the Ancient and Honorable," Kettel declared; "and I don't just see where. I have thirty yards on him."

"He is careful," Carter insisted, "and he can concentrate. Sears doesn't take a chance with ten dollars on the roll. He sinks it; you have got to hand it to him. His bridge is good too—years of the best French clubs; and his poker is well above par. I don't believe he handles any sums over his winnings; the old girl keeps him flat; and that is why he is so keen and so efficient."

"I'll get it back from him," Kettel declared, rising. "I can no let a sum like that rest away from me. The old family burying ground would look like a plowed field from the twistings and cursings of earlier Kettels. If it rains in the night I'll catch him on a heavy turf."

As he moved away Carter followed him with a slightly narrowed gaze; eyebrows were raised, but nothing more said in that connection.

It did rain liberally until morning, when a steaming sunlight gleamed on the bronze boles of the pines and the sparse gray-green grass of the golf course. Kettel, in baggy rough knickerbockers and gaiters, overtook Sears as the latter was going out on the bricked veranda of the inn.

"How are you for a match this morning?" the Scotchman demanded. "You've got me so badly that I will have to double the stakes or move out entirely."

"Not this morning," Sears promptly replied. "The course will be soaked; besides, I want to look over some mail."

As he spoke, Epheimer, followed by "the Mrs. and the Solly Benjamins," stepped out into the morning. Epheimer's cheerful benevolence included every object and condition visible; he smiled at the universe, at the pines, at Arnold Sears and Kettel. "We must have our game, Solly," he told his companion. "I'll give you a stroke a hole, and then take all your credit away from you."

"I wish, Isadore, you could get a game with one of these regular players," the other returned. "It doesn't make you anything to go round with me. You have the club gold cup twice already now ——"

The conveyance from hotel to golf course drew up and Kettel climbed to a seat.

"Perhaps you'll play this afternoon?" he called back to Arnold Sears.

"I'd like to," that individual loudly replied; "but my game's so rotten now—hardly better than a hundred. You can make a match with the professional."

Epheimer turned and surveyed Sears with a persona and inviting cordiality. "But, Solly"—he turned again to his friend—"I couldn't think of giving you a stroke a hole."

The exclusive Mr. Sears drew nearer, exposing an open and friendly interest in the discussion.

III

"I HAVEN'T seen him since breakfast," Carter replied t a query, comfortably settled in a leathern chair afte dinner.

"He stayed in to look over some mail this morning, Kettel continued. "I went out in a cheap foursome, g in late, hardly made my caddie fe and he was still out of sight. Ther he is now."

The familiar group turned an saw Sears leisurely making his wa across the hall. The latter nodde clipped the end from a cigar ar continued on his way.

"That's extraordinary," th Scotchman complained; "it's th first evening he hasn't stopped wi us. I wonder what's up? Sea surely wouldn't drop out becau he's ahead!"

"Oh, no," Carter replied defensively. "Sea looks closely at a bet; but he is a good fell underneath. And, after all, he doesn't pinch gold piece so tight as you do, you careful Scot

"It hurts me to see a shilling misdirected," Ket admitted. "It's an honest Highland trait. Cou we have some bridge this night, do you think

Their eyes followed the sally of Isadore E heimer and his companions from the dining roo Isadore, oblivious of the public's gaze, clasped wife's hand in a frankly affectionate and sen mental manner, and the second couple follow with intertwined arms.

"Very pastoral," Kettel commented in his ha voice. "Look; there's Epheimer speaking to nold Sears, and introducing him to his women.

The former was radiating sociability and sa faction.

"My wife, Mr. Sears," he pronounced wit palpable pleasure at that conjunction; "and good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Solly Benjamin. Mr. Sea he continued, "is the gentleman I was telling you ab who ——"

His voice was lost to the interested group across the h The group passed amiably down the long vista and appeared in the direction of the evening dancing. Ke wondered fretfully what it was all about.

The morning following he left a solid breakfast only time to see Sears departing for the golf club in the hack. That evening, too, the latter was absent from customary seat, and missing to his familiars the next They saw him only for a hasty word, an evaded quer invitation, when he would vanish with the gait and fi ity of a man bent on exclusive and important affairs. was Carter who broke the leisurely flow of the evening course with the first authentic news of Arnold Sears.

"I've got it now," he announced, flinging himself in a comfortable chair. "Sears had to open up to me this a noon. . . . He's been playing golf with Epheimer." paused, gazing at his surprised audience. "Sears let know, because he wanted to arrange a little foursome- rather, because Epheimer insisted on it. Sears would kept quiet until the end of time. It seems," said Ca impressively, "that Epheimer is worth something betw two and three hundred dollars a day to Arnold."

Kettel whistled long and enviously.

"The miser!" he exclaimed—"to keep all that to in-self! He should have split it up with his friends; let s of the rest of us in on it."

As Kettel contemplated the sums involved, a pars onious greed was clear on his weather-beaten face. "ow much would you have split up, Kettel?" someone gi d.

"Arnold wanted to play with me against Epheimer nd the club professional," Carter proceeded. "Willie Bigg

s been teaching so much that his game has gone way
f; and Sears says Epheimer, who thinks he is Braid and
ardon rolled into one, can be beaten by any fair woman.
pheimer, it seems, playing with the professional, will
ck his side for any amount. . . . Arnold and myself
ally have a very pretty chance."

"When is this holocaust to come off?"

"To-morrow—thirty-six holes; and we don't want any
ald gallery."

A marked discontent settled over Kettel; he muttered,
ore Scotch than usual, and consumed an inordinate num-
r of villainous black cigars.

"Well," he shot out at Carter at the end of the next day,
lid you bring it away in sacks?"

"It's never really safe to gamble against a professional,"
rter replied evasively. "Willie hit some very pretty
ots."

And that was all the group could get from him about the
y's proceedings. Later, in spite of Sears' obvious efforts
steer Epheimer safely past the danger of his old asso-
tes, Epheimer insisted on stopping and being introduced.
was received with enthusiasm, an effusive welcome,
the warmth of which his eager cheerfulness of being
wed. This, Arnold Sears attended with a growing frown.

"My game is pretty good now," Epheimer declared
nfidently; "easier swing."

Kettel applauded.

"I would like to take you on, Mr. Epheimer; but, from
at you just said, you would have to give me something."

"I've got a series yet with my friend here, Sears. Then
would be delighted. I might be able to give you a little
it goes as well as it did to-day. But," he added, "it
ms we're wasting time right now. Couldn't a little
ne be arranged?"

"Can't be done," Arnold Sears put in—"that is, I can't.
omised my wife to be back in an hour." He glanced at
gold dial on his wrist.

"Well," Epheimer agreed immediately, "another time.
t an hour—that's something. We could have a couple
rounds of red dog. Of course all you gentlemen know
dog."

"Never heard of it on the other side," Kettel pronounced
hout interest.

"Haven't played it in a club," Sears added.

"It is very simple," Epheimer told them. "We might
into that side room ——"

Kettel and Sears rose indifferently, and accompanied by
Carter and two others they moved to a more secluded spot.

"The dealer doesn't play," Epheimer explained, pre-
sing benevolently over a pack of cards. "Everyone else
-dealt five, in two and three, and the pack
isout, face down, on the table. But, first, we
nst have a bank, something to play for—
fi or perhaps ten cents each to start."

"Wouldn't have left my
lair for five cents," Arnold
Sars declared.

"And only for an hour,"
Kitel continued; "make it
enty-five."

Epheimer made an eloquent
gesture.

"Just as you say," he agreed
clerfully. "But red dog is a
ncherous game, gentlemen.
arned it from a party of
Pnsylvania State Senators.
Well, the pack is placed face
ion; then each man bets or
as he wishes, that he has
igher card in his hand, of
h same suit, than the one
hdealer turns up on the top
of he deck. That's all; very
mple. And you can bet
hwhole pot or any frac-
ion of it, taking out what
e chance if you win, or
ng if you fail."

A thoughtful expression
rised Carter's face. He
n tered:

"Mathematical progres-
ion."

ars said tersely:

"Shoot!"

pheimer dealt the
ds in a manner radiat-
ingeager friendliness and
goi will. His round face
lumed with pleasure; his
mi gaze seemed, beside
th cool calculation of
Carter, Sears' arrogant
se -possession, Kettel's
frowning concentration,
th of an awkward youth
before a trial board of
vindictive seniors. Three men bet, failed to hold a winning card, and the pot contained ten dollars.

The following hand Epheimer won a deprecating risk; Carter won; but, in spite of that, Kettel plunged, lost, and the sum on the table was doubled. In a surprisingly short time the pot held ninety dollars. Kettel's expression had intensified. Sears had discarded his aloofness; he won, and then lost twice. Others won; but the pot slowly and steadily mounted, doubled and redoubled.

"Why," Carter finally exclaimed, "at a quarter we might easily have ten thousand dollars on the table in an hour!" Epheimer, studying his hand, reiterated:

"It's a treacherous game."

The bank now held two hundred and sixty dollars. A long, lean individual in shell glasses had dealt. Carter and an unremarkable example of the "tired business man" had dropped out. Kettel, after long hesitation, decided to hazard ten dollars. Sears said equably:

"I'll go the pot; now it's five hundred and forty dollars."

Epheimer added, in a rush of good fellowship:

"I tell you"—he beamed—"it's my game. I'll give you all a chance; here's the pot again. Now it is ten hundred and eighty dollars."

Kettel exposed his hand before the top card was faced, and the others followed his example. The Scotchman had four suits, but with exceptionally low diamonds and hearts. Arnold Sears had three aces—hearts, clubs and spades—and a second club and heart. Epheimer's hand was unremarkable; all suits were represented—a queen his highest card; an eight the lowest. The dealer leisurely turned the top card of the deck. It was the five of diamonds. Kettel had only the three; Sears' aces lay impotently before him; Epheimer reached out an apologetic hand. He had the eight of diamonds.

"Why," Sears burst out, after a swift calculation, "I've lost nearly seven hundred dollars at this confounded nursery pastime!"

He glared at Epheimer.

"It's treacherous," said Epheimer; "but if we start another pot perhaps you'll get it back."

"I'm off," Sears declared, rising; "hour's nearly up. I'll see you, Epheimer, at the club to-morrow."

"Not till Thursday," the other replied; "I've got to go away two days on business."

IV

ON THURSDAY morning Arnold Sears was the first player to call a caddie from the nondescript collection of colored boys, betting their two bits over a contracted course of one hole. He waited impatiently for nearly an hour, when, almost with an exclamation of relief, he saw Epheimer descend from the club motor.

"Business successful?" he asked in a decent impulse.

"I don't know yet," Epheimer replied; "maybe it will be something or perhaps it's no good. What shall we play for to-day? The last was twenty dollars a hole."

"You got well into me at red dog," Sears reminded him. "What do you think about doubling it?"

Epheimer whistled his admiration.

"You are a genuine platinum sport! But I'm no stopper; play it for forty."

Epheimer had not been constructed for the physical niceties of golf; the "follow through" was abruptly arrested by his short rotund bulk; the "top of his swing" was only achieved by a straining, a facial contortion, that made ease and accuracy difficult if not impossible. Nevertheless, he addressed each shot with the shining confidence that lures the most impotent golfers constantly forward in a rosy and immaterial hope. He teed his ball and swung with a swift, snapping jerk.

"I can never drive the first hole," he complained; "I'm all stiff yet."

Sears played his shot in irreproachable form. It was a short drive but true, and came to rest on the most advantageous part of the fairway. Epheimer had to play out of the rough; he swung a heavy mashie; an avalanche of sand rose and the ball rolled a few inches, into a more difficult position. Again a cloud of débris floated out; but the ball appeared in the course. There Epheimer, swinging himself from his feet, managed, nevertheless, to land fairly on the ball, and it flew a most amazing distance, and beyond the green. Arnold Sears holed out in five and Epheimer required eight.

But at the next hole Sears got into difficulty; his ball fell into a hoofprint and he wasted two shots. Epheimer won and grew instantly jubilant.

"It's only the first hole that gets me," he declared; "after that I am as good as anybody. The match is all square."

"With sixteen holes to go," Sears reminded him irritably.

The fellow's confounded optimism got on his nerves. Sears played with minute care, putted with precision, and won. But he again had bad luck—a longer shot than he usually played dropped his ball into water. Epheimer, who had had a lengthy but erratic second shot, addressed his next effort with elaborate caution. As he teetered over his ball, the two caddies, away at the edge of the fairgreen and at least ten yards distant from Epheimer, moved. He straightened up in a flash of indignation.

"Don't you know anything about it?" he cried. "Can you move like that when I am playing important forty-dollar shots?"

His indignation fed itself and he swore. When he was at last comparatively composed he played and hit the ball on the top. It rolled swiftly toward the green and ditch into which Sears had blundered, but at the edge of the water struck a mound and jumped safely to the green.

"How's that?" Epheimer demanded, delighted. "Rolled it right up to the flag! A four on a par five hole!"

"You were shot in the eye with luck," Sears told him brutally.

Sears was seriously annoyed; already mishaps had cost him eighty dollars. He put the past holes out of his mind and settled solidly to the winning of what remained. As Carter said, Sears' game was not strong but accurate; he rarely needed seven for a hole, though he seldom got a three. Epheimer, contrarily, often took seven—even eight; but on a short hole he required only two. He occasionally drove a long ball, putted sometimes in luck, but went to pieces completely when approaching the green.

They were now on the fifteenth green and Arnold Sears was six up—two hundred and forty dollars ahead. Epheimer studied his bag. *(Continued on Page 65)*

"My Wife, Mr. Sears; and My Good Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Solly Benjamin"

How Much and Who Gets It

By WILL PAYNE

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE other day my friend Penfield was reading the annual-review section of his daily newspaper. It was like rereading the story of Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp. It said the foreign trade of the United States had nearly doubled in two years and a half, rising to eight billion dollars, which is much more foreign trade than any other nation ever had. It said bank deposits had climbed well over the twenty-billion-dollar line, which is miles above high-water mark for any other country. It said our factories, mines and railroads were doing much more business than ever before, and far more than any other country ever did. It said labor was more fully employed than ever, and at decidedly the highest wages ever known. It gave a long table of wage increases during the last two years that footed up into the hundreds of millions; and it pointed out that farmers, whether they raised wheat in Minnesota, cotton in Texas, potatoes in Maine or beans in Michigan, were getting the highest gold prices on record for their products.

That review was a regular orgy of wealth. It looked like the jewel scene in a musical spectacle, where everything is gold except what is diamonds, pearls and rubies.

Having read it Penfield went downtown in an amazed and admiring frame of mind. On the first corner a person without an overcoat touched his arm with a blue hand and asked him whether he would give a hungry man a dime. Down a cross street he saw a large sign, affixed to the Elevated Railroad structure. It said that, though Christmas was over, poverty was not; cold weather brought much suffering to the poor, and the United Charities would gratefully receive his contribution. In his evening newspaper he read that forty thousand men and women had gone on strike, alleging that they couldn't live decently on their wages.

All of which set him to thinking. Penfield is fifty years old. His salary is considered quite handsome by those who get less and quite magnificent by those who pay it—though any one of the latter would be appalled by the prospect of having to live on it himself. Penfield and family consider it rather pindling; but, with good management, it suffices and leaves a bit over for the stocking every year.

Those Untouched by Boom or Panic

HE REMEMBERS, as a boy, having received vague impressions of terrible doings down-east, with machine guns on top of freight cars and some strikers shot. Later on he connected those vague impressions with the panic of 1873 and the hard times ensuing. He remembers distinctly long queues of somewhat shabby persons at the doors of savings banks—reaching down the street a full block and vigilantly kept in line by policemen—during the panic year 1893, and in the next three years other queues of still shabbier persons at the doors of free soup kitchens; also, in those years, the phenomenon of Coxey's Army of the Unemployed, from which the newspapers derived much amusement.

He remembers a panic in 1907, with much unemployment and industrial depression for some time thereafter; and he remembers various boom periods, like 1900, 1906, 1912 and 1916. Penfield himself has never been either panic-stricken or boomed. So far as he can see, it has never made five cents' difference to him whether the country was floundering in the deepest trough of depression or riding the topmost wave of prosperity. His business requires him to travel a great deal, and he has the usual assortment of acquaintances.

Among those he knows well enough to have any definite idea of their material circumstances he cannot recall one who was ever personally hit by panic and depression. He knows a few who, through lucky investments or speculations, or a swift expansion in business, have got a piece of boom; but much the greater number of his personal acquaintances, like himself, have gone on just about the same in good times and bad times. If here and there one has got moderately rich it has been through a continuous stable process—the steady growth of the enterprise he was connected with or a steady application of ability and judgment—and not because of a boom. If here and there one has got very poor it was plainly because he was foolish or dissipated, and not because of hard times.

If he had to rely upon his own personal touch with the world he would say that good times and bad times are mostly mere figures of speech. But he feels bound to admit that his immediate personal experience isn't adequate, for he belongs to that class which those less fortunate call well-to-do, and much the greater part of his personal acquaintances belong to that class. He knows that to the shabby persons at the free soup kitchens hard times are no mere figure of speech. As he is out in the country more or less every year, he knows that boom is a very solid reality to the farmer who gets twenty cents a pound for his cotton instead of ten, or a dollar and ninety cents a bushel for his wheat instead of ninety.

Admitting that boom and panic are not mere figures of speech, then, and reading that for two years this country had experienced such a boom as never before fell to the lot of any country, he was possessed by a curiosity to find out as nearly as possible what a great boom really came to; how much wealth it tangibly meant to anybody; and who got it.

Like most men with sufficient curiosity to read at all outside the realm of fiction, he had read some of the popular writings on economics—that is, John Stuart Mill, Karl Marx—at second hand—and Henry George. From reading them he had formed an opinion that wealth is not only distributed with monstrous inequality but that its inequality is progressive, the rich ever becoming richer and the poor poorer.

When he took up the subject again, on a somewhat more extensive scale, he was shocked to learn that in the judgment of those who profess to speak with authority the deductions of Mill, Marx and George as to the distribution of wealth are no more scientific than is Thomas Hood's celebrated poem, The Song of the Shirt. Mill, these authorities said, had no adequate data for a scientific study of the subject; Marx was not much better off; and to Henry George it was all so obviously a question of land monopoly that it hardly needed argument in detail.

They saw a monstrous inequality—a few men, relatively speaking, who were very rich and obviously getting richer, along with an increasing number of men who were very poor; so their writings tended to inspire an easy impressionistic deduction that as the rich got richer the poor got poorer; that a few hogged nearly all the wealth; and that it was precisely the very rich who kept the very poor in their calamitous state.

But it occurred to Penfield that this deduction drawn from the two extremes, took no account of a large social territory in between; and so could by no means be regarded as an adequate study of the distribution of wealth. He was not rich or poor; nobody whom he personally knew was very rich or very poor. In the course of a year he saw a great lot of people who were neither rolling in affluence nor pinched by poverty.

Turning to the census reports, he found that the wealth of the United States in 1910 was about a hundred and sixty billion dollars, and by far the biggest item in it which could be definitely allotted with regard to ownership was farm wealth, consisting of farm land, buildings, tools, machinery and livestock. This came to over forty billion dollars, roughly, one-quarter of the total.

There were over six million farms. Nearly four million of them were worked by their owners. He knew from his own observation that ownership of the remaining farms, which were worked by tenants, was widely distributed. He concluded there must be five million farm-owning families in the United States; and, as the census said there were twenty million families altogether, that would be one-quarter of the total. One-quarter of the families owning one-quarter of the wealth were, therefore, in just the ideal position.

An Old-Fashioned Family to Support

The Wealth in the Hands of the Few

MOREOVER, census reports showed that this wealth had increased as rapidly as total wealth. The census said that over nine million families out of the two millions owned the homes in which they lived. Nearly one-third of these homes were mortgaged, and no value was stated; but even a humble home with a mortgage on it is that much rescued from plutocracy.

In the economics department of the Public Library Penfield found a dozen or more volumes dealing at large with this subject of the distribution of wealth. He invariably found that if the volume was written in a serious spirit, and by a person well qualified to deal with the subject, it began by explaining that data were not in existence from which anybody could compile a really satisfactory statement; all the most competent and best intentioned investigator could do was to make a more or less shrewd guess, based on inconclusive information. He discovered further that, though the best qualified writers approached the subject in that modest and apologetic spirit, some writers who were not very well qualified handed out quick-sure conclusions.

A somewhat elaborate study of the subject ten years ago resulted in the guess that one per cent of the population owned over half the wealth—more wealth, that is, than the other ninety-nine per cent of the population owned. By a few graceful transformations this presently flowered into a bald declaration that one per cent of the population owned ninety-nine per cent of the wealth. Penfield remembered having encountered that declaration more than once.

But he cared less about wealth than about income. It was income that his family lived on—and every other family. Give him a guaranty of a satisfactory salary for the remainder of his life, and he would care little about owning anything. He knew quite a lot of men who occupied rented houses and owned nothing worth mentioning, yet who lived decidedly better on their salaries than most property-owning farmers did.

So far as he could see, there would be only a sentimental objection to letting Mr. Rockefeller own all the wealth in

ne country provided the people could manage it to suit iemselves and enjoy the income from it. If there were oor people, what they needed was not wealth, but income. learly distribution of income was much more important ian distribution of wealth.

With that idea in mind he turned to the income-tax eturns. The surtax, he found, begins with an income of wenty thousand dollars a year, which at five per cent ould be the yield on a fortune of four hundred thousand ollars—or, at four per cent, on five hundred thousand. ertainly nowadays nobody who hasn't a fortune of half a illion or an income of twenty thousand can hope to be nsidered very rich. Even a man with a million dollars is t considered very rich now. In popular writing those ho are untowardly and obnoxiously rich—and so pre-imed to be hogging most of the goods—are always referred as multi-millionaires. Surely, then, any income of less an twenty thousand dollars might be regarded as in a ate of innocence.

In 1915 surtax was paid on a little less than one billion ollars of income, from twenty thousand a year upward. ut the professional economists whose writings Penfield nsulted warned him that he mustn't lean very heavily on come-tax returns. They pointed out that the manner in hich the tax is levied made the returns valuable as indi-tions, but hard-and-fast conclusions could not be drawn om them—though there was a reasonable presumption at big incomes were more fully reported than compara-vely small incomes, because a big income is almost ways conspicuous.

What Foreign Income Taxes Show

E FOUND that recently Prof. W. I. King, of the Uni-versity of Wisconsin, published the most comprehensive udy of the distribution of income which has yet been made, e investigation including an examination of all previous iblications on the subject. From all information avail-le Professor King constructed a table—admittedly made in large part of more or less arbitrary estimates—from nich it appeared that in 1910 incomes in excess of twenty ousand dollars a year came, all told, to a little less than ree billion dollars. As the total income of all the people the United States came to thirty billion dollars, this uld be somewhat under ten per cent of the total.

For more than seventy years—not counting the first periment a century ago—England has had an income x. It is far more inclusive than ours, because it begins th incomes of eight hundred dollars a year. There is an laborate system for catching incomes at their source. Long perience and careful study have made the British Govern-ent very expert in unearthing incomes.

Thus, while the total income of all the people is estimated twelve billion dollars a year, more than five billions, or rty per cent of the total, is covered by the income-tax turns. Those returns, therefore, are far more valuable r studying the dis-ibution of income an any figures ap-icable to the ited States are. nd England is an ustrial country, ganized about like e United States d with income dis-tributed in about e same way. The itish income-tax turns show that comes in excess of tenty-five thou-nd dollars a year mount to about six r cent of the total.

Germany also has retty fine-webbed come tax, which enforces with the rthless thorough-ss for which that untry is famous. Ireturnsshow that comes in excess of tenty-five thou-nd dollars a year mount to about six r cent of the total; nd Germany is an ustrial country, ganized much like e United States. ailable informa-n from all three untries would t the income of e "rich" at not er ten per cent.

That involves, of course, a gross inequality in distribution of income, for the persons who enjoy this ten per cent of the total income amount to only a small fraction of the population.

Suppose—Penfield thought—some delectable scheme of social reformation succeeded in taking away the income of the rich and distributing it pro rata among those who were not rich. The income of the latter obviously would be increased somewhat less than ten per cent—and their problem of paying the rent, the grocer and the doctor would be substantially just what it had been before. An increase of ten per cent in his income, he knew, wouldn't change his problems in any material way. But he was already considered comfortably off.

Suppose people in his class got no share in the distribution. Say the income of those who got twenty thousand dollars a year and upward was distributed pro rata among the families that got less than two thousand dollars a year. The income of the latter, comprising by far the greater part of the population, would be increased less than fourteen per cent and their economic problems would remain pretty much what they had been before.

As, by these calculations, ninety per cent of the income was distributed among those who were not rich, it struck Penfield that there had been too much bothering about the rich, and for practical purposes they might almost as well be left out of the account altogether. Evidently the rich were very far from hogging most of the goods—however much they might like to.

Suppose all the income was divided equally among all the people. The census said there were twenty million-and-odd families averaging four and a half persons each. That didn't exactly satisfy Penfield, because he knew that, for income purposes, a lot of unmarried self-supporting men and women belong to no family group. He found a calculation that divided the population into nearly twenty-eight million income-receiving units. A total income of thirty billions divided equally among twenty million families would, of course, give fifteen hundred dollars a year to each. Divided among nearly twenty-eight million income-receiving units, it would give each of them about eleven hundred dollars a year.

That reminded him of his nephew, Ben, a young man employed in a clerical capacity in a big bank, at a salary of a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month—or just the fifteen hundred dollars a year an exact division among the census families would give. Ben's family consists of himself, a wife and a year-old baby. They occupy a four-room apartment far out in the northwest section of the city. Ben's wife takes care of the baby and does the housework herself, except when a woman comes in once a week to wash, and another woman comes in every Thursday afternoon to catch up with some arrears of heavier housework and to mind the baby. That is the only time Ben's wife has to run downtown or call on a friend. The young pair can very seldom go out evenings, for there is the baby.

Penfield, with very well-settled notions about thrift, couldn't see that they were extravagant in any respect; yet every month it was nip and tuck between the pay check and the living expenses.

True, they paid thirty-three dollars a month rent. But when Penfield looked over some of the habitations they could get for less—which were stove-heated, or in dingy buildings in dingy neighborhoods, or very inconvenient with regard to transportation—he couldn't blame them. Their clothing cost more than was necessary to protect them from the weather; but, remembering that he felt uncomfortable in conspicuously shabby clothes, he couldn't blame them for that. They ate very simple food, prepared in simple fashion. Their expenditures for amusements, including car fare for social calls, were not over five dollars a month. There was only one child, requiring nothing, as yet, for education.

When Penfield expanded Ben's family to the average four and a half, with a couple of well-grown children going to school and wearing out shoes at an appalling rate, then wanting to go to college—and looked over his own family budget, with a daughter in high school and a son at college—he concluded that fifteen hundred a year for a city family nowadays was just thinly veneered poverty.

Not Enough Wealth to Go Round

OF COURSE he found a good many careful calculations as to what a family of four and a half could live on; they mostly agreed that, on a basis of prices somewhat lower than now prevails, such a family in a big city could live decently on somewhere from eight to nine hundred dollars a year. But when he looked over the items of this "decent" living he saw it meant mere subsistence. For that a family could get a tight roof over its head, enough clothing and fuel to keep it warm, enough food to nourish it—and so be as well off as a cave man; except that the cave man had a lot of exciting sport and much leisure to contemplate life.

Penfield knew well enough, without asking them, how absolutely indecent and utterly impossible his own wife and children, to say nothing of himself, would regard such living.

The trouble, he concluded, was not at all that relatively few rich men hogged nearly all the goods; but that there were too few goods. With all the income equally divided the country would still be poor, and no one could live in a way that he or anybody he knew would regard as adequate. What was needed, he opined, was greater production of wealth—greater income.

He went at it, then, from a different angle. There was the census report on manufactures, showing a little more than seven million wage-earners employed—that being the average number during the year—and total wages somewhat above four billion dollars. That would give an average wage of five hundred and eighty dollars a year, or less than fifty dollars a month, and evidently too low. But, taking the total gross income of manufactures—that is, the value of all the products turned out during the year—and boiling that down to a single dollar, he found that fifty-nine cents of it went for raw materials consumed in the factories; nine cents went for miscellaneous expenses, including taxes; five cents plus went for salaries—divided among nearly a million salaried employees—and about seventeen cents for wages. Taking the fractions into account, practically ten cents remained. Out of that should come a charge for depreciation of plant. The remainder should be regarded as going to capital—for rent, interest, dividends and surplus.

On any reasonable calculation for depreciation, then, if the total share that went to capital in

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Nobody Loves a Rich Man

WITH CANADA AT THE SOMME

By WILL IRWIN

SOME of the Canadian divisions were resting in the peace trenches when we saw them in November, and some were still in the fiery muck of the Somme. "Resting," as they use the word, is only a comparative term. In November last there were two great areas of blazing action along the great line—the Somme and Verdun. Elsewhere proceeded the same old winter trench warfare. The very intensity of the Somme and Verdun actions had drawn much of the vim from this fighting; it proceeded perfunctorily, especially in the sectors defended by the Saxons, whose motto is "Live and let live." A Canadian captain, just back from his turn in these front trenches, came one night into a headquarters where we were visiting. He had been through the mill with Canada since the first—the gas attack of Second Ypres, the long five months of passive endurance under concentrated fire on the Ypres Salient, and finally the indescribable battling at the Somme. "Well, thank God for peace!" he exclaimed as he threw off his pack.

And one afternoon, when a glimpse of sun gave a chance for observation, we climbed to a ridge from which we could view the bloodiest sector of the old line—Notre Dame de Lorette Ridge, all one great graveyard, where skeletons lie unburied in the shell holes; the curve—like a light surf on the beaches—of Loos, where Britain got at cost her education in trench warfare; the battered, deserted mining villages that fringe Lens.

While we watched the British were bombarding desultorily; and presently seven great, wide-spreading British aëroplanes, back from a raid, came coursing out of the clouds and crossed the line. The Germans, of course, fired on them—fired high-explosive shell, which bursts sharply, trails black smoke instead of white, and seems more sinister than the puffy shrapnel burst. They sent exactly five shots at this squadrilla. You could imagine the gunners remarking as they loaded and let go: "Well, it has to be done." The casualty clearing stations reported as many cases of ordinary small accidents as injuries by enemy fire. Which would have been pleasant and comfortable, as war goes, but for the mud. I have heard of tropical rains. If they can pour any more violently than those of Northern France, take me to the Arctic. When we crossed the Channel the rain was coming down in sheets that seemed to beat flat even the Channel chop.

A Land of Mud and Muddy Men

THE road from the coast base is one of those perfect highways first laid by the Romans and improved by centuries of intelligent care. It seemed the only dry thing in the landscape; but even then our wheels were always stirring up dirty spray. The brooks were rivers; the hollows in the pastures, ponds.

Up by the front, engineer companies were mucking and growing profane in sharp, crackling North American speech over communication trenches which slid now and then like the Culebra Cut. The men waded to position in hip-high gum boots. And an apocryphal legend grew up and passed on from brigade to brigade, so that we heard it at every headquarters where we stopped for dinner or tea or a bed. When—so the tale goes—the Canadians took over a certain section of trench they found an English lieutenant stuck in the mud. And the English commissary sergeant, an imperturbable soldier of the old army, turned him over to the Canadians in the list of "trench stores." The men relieved from the trenches staggered back to the rest stations with gunny-sack coverings over the locks of their muskets; and as they marched the caking crust over their uniforms crackled like thorns in a fire.

The very mules, sometimes, looked as though they had been painted for protective coloration.

"We'll have to get a bath," panted a chatty sergeant from Saskatchewan as he got his breath against a pile of sandbags, "before we can tell whether a Fritz has mixed hisself among us!"

There were three days of these wanderings among a comparatively resting army before we began to see that field of action which has made all the other battles of the world appear insignificant, and they were interesting days enough. Whisked from brigade to brigade, we heard more tales of old action, consorted with more interesting characters, than the human memory can carry. Even the places which serve as division, brigade and corps headquarters have become confused in my mind, picturesque though they be in their present condition.

One morning we drove up to a very pretentious structure grown ripe with age. The entrance ran through a conservatory built on to a kind of morning room where the family had their noon breakfasts, I judge. The palms and tropic orchids, though drooping from lack of care, stood as the family left them. Up against their fronds was a soiled burlap screen pinned and repinned with military maps. The floor was tracked deep with mud left by soldiers too much in a hurry to clean their feet. Tables knocked together from plain boards filled all the floor space; they were littered with the papers and paraphernalia of an army at work. The family had taken away the paintings, and the wall space so cleared was covered with reports, notices, blank forms pinned by thumbtacks into the wall paper; but above the wainscot ran a very good collection of old Dutch china, which the owner had doubtless preferred to leave with the soldiers rather than trust to the transport of these days.

Again, keeping our car to a route which hid us from enemy observation, we dropped into a brigade headquarters one afternoon to find a rather over-prettified modern French château, furnished with much heavy carved wood. The family had taken away the lighter objects, but the great dressers, sideboards and wardrobes stood in place, storerooms for military papers. The owner had evidently been a huntsman. His trophies, such as wild-boars' heads, stuffed foxes and stag horns, rimmed all the walls. He had left behind, too, a big stereoscopic apparatus, with many pictures, and as we entered a Canadian Highlander officer, his kilts all mudcaked, sat looking at pictures with the delight of a boy. Finally, there was a beautiful building with a still more beautiful park. This the owner still uses, along with his military guests. A fine set of family paintings, dating back into the Middle Ages, and a collection of Renaissance Art of great merit, still hold the walls, though all the elegant furnishings have given place to objects of military use. These are the remote headquarters. Near the line, where the guns are ever shaking the window glasses and rattling the thatch, headquarters are more primitive—only things of military necessity.

Also, we have met forceful and engaging characters too numerous for mention or memory. Officers of all nations are likable fellows, and yet, after reconciling one's native ways to Frenchmen, to Italians and to Little Englanders, it is like homecoming to fall among men who speak your native tongue with all its dialectic peculiarities, who joke as you do, who know Broadway. The professional officers among them might have been our own West Pointers, the others might have been trained from our militia. The major general, for example, is all of the Western Continent. He it was who commanded the Canadians at the immortal affair of Second Ypres, where, when the line broke before the new peril of poisoned gas, these men of the West plugged the gap and saved Calais. He commanded, too, during those trying months on the Ypres Salient, a dreary memory to Canada. He is tall, with a stalwart figure growing a little portly. He has a fine forehead, a face all intelligence and determination, and a direct eye. He talks entertainingly, without undue amount either of optimism or of pessimism, concerning the present condition and future prospects of the operations up there—a mind which keeps its balance and observes whatever the personal interests in the game.

Some Fine Canadian Types

MAJOR GENERAL TURNER is as different physically as may be. Little, dark, quiet, spectacled, he looks somewhat like the modern type of American college professor. He talked little, while we were about, and listened much. Possessed of nerve in the absolute—he is with his men at the fighting front almost every day—he gives in time the impression of vast reserve power. A grave man he has the kind of solid popularity in all ranks which goes with merit. Major General Dave Watson, who came to war from a newspaper desk, represents a type different from either of these others. They might have been born on either side of the Great Lakes, so purely do they represent the universal English-speaking breed of North America but Watson is from Quebec. In a keen face, deeply lined, he has a steady gray-blue eye; and he, too, possesses nerve in the absolute.

We had a long smoke talk one evening with Brigadier General Elmsley. Quite common among the Canadians both officers and men, is that type of Colonial who has kept his roots in the Motherland. Elmsley speaks with an English accent; it is impossible to tell him—save by the maple-leaf insignia on his collar—from the regular English officer of the Imperial Force; quiet, cool, pleasant spoken, always performing more than the easy, smooth exterior promises. These are some of the higher commanders. Among the officers of the line recur again and again types so much like the men I have known in the States all my life that I grew homesick with old memories. A certain major walked down a road with us through a twilight heightened by gun lightnings. "I'm one of those stock-exchange privates," he said, laughing as he passed some comments on the financial situation. And indeed, he might, except for the clothes, have stepped off Wall Street, though he had been "through it" for fifteen weary, perilous months, and had been wounded.

One night, too, we waded kneedeep through mud to an advanced headquarters in a board shack where a you

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PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

ONE EVERY MINUTE

XII

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE one thought uppermost in Wilberforce Shadd's mind as he went home that night was that, even if Undersea Craft sold at a thousand dollars a share, he wouldn't make enough to enable him to afford the pleasure of having multimillionaires for noon companions. The fact that at the close the price was 276 gave him a feeling of intense irritation. Why did this measly stock advance so coyly when it knew it had to go a good deal higher, and that he proposed to hold on? It was enough to make a saint swear!

It was after supper that the damage was done. Mrs. Shadd announced that she would not go to the movies owing to an aching corn. Wilberforce, who felt nervous and excited, wished to escape from the monotony, and urged her to be a sport and put on her oldest shoes.

"If you had a corn one-tenth as sore as mine you'd be moaning and groaning, and wanting to be operated on or massaged or something!"

"And you are not saying a word!" said the bold bad Shadd.

As he realized what he said, he looked frightened. Fortunately she was in too great pain.

"I'm staying home so I can soak my feet in hot water. Where's the papers?"

"Here they are," said Shadd, and handed a bundle to her. There were five; for he wished to read all the versions of the sensation of the day in the outside market—the rise in Undersea Craft common.

"Wha'd'd you buy all the papers for?" she queried complainingly.

Wilberforce Shadd could not tell her the truth; so he told her a lie in order to mollify her:

"I picked them up in the car where they had been left. They didn't cost me anything."

She groaned. The pain made her forget to encourage the rift in her husband. She said:

"I should think you'd have more pride than to go round picking up old newspapers after people."

Shaking her head hopelessly she sat on four of the papers and read the fifth. Wilberforce, who had not read anything but the Curb Market report, several times observed—gently, mindful of her corn:

"Would you mind letting me see one of them, dear?"

She rose, picked up the four upon which she had been sitting, read all the headlines on each front page, and then, after a little hesitation, gave her husband the Evening Sun.

"Save it," she admonished. "I want to see the pictures."

In order not to have to squeeze pennies, but to live like a gentleman, such as those he had met in Wall Street, he must make money. To do that he must not hold for five hundred dollars a share, which would give him just one hundred thousand dollars, but, say, for eight hundred. With one hundred and sixty thousand dollars invested at 8 per cent, he could get ninety-six hundred dollars a year, or eight hundred a month; in fact, it ought to be an even two hundred dollars a week. To yield that interest the principal must be one hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars. To make one hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars the stock must sell at eight hundred and seventy dollars a share.

These calculations absorbed him. Next to putting money into the bank, there is nothing like figuring your profits in advance, with a lead pencil, on the margin of the newspaper in which you have read the closing prices.

Of course from 276 to 870 was nearly six hundred points. This was what the newspapers would delight in calling an "unprecedented rise." But then, so was the war unprecedented. On the other hand, a man with two hundred dollars a week could do anything, because then he would not be afraid of losing his job; in fact, there was no need to keep any job.

"It wouldn't be our luck!" Mrs. Shadd exclaimed bitterly.

"Did you cut yourself?" he answered, without looking up from his golden statistics.

They had been married ten years. He naturally assumed she was working on her corn.

"No; I didn't. I'm sorry to disappoint you."

He laid down his paper and said mildly:

"You didn't disappoint me." He wondered at her peevishness.

"I was reading about a waiter who bought some stock in Wall Street when it was a few cents, and now it is selling for hundreds of dollars. He is a rich man, and only the other day he was taking five-cent tips in the restaurant of a family hotel uptown. I wonder what hotel it was?"

"I don't know," answered Shadd, putting on the infuriating smile of a man who knows something else and won't tell.

She picked up the newspaper, read another paragraph, and said:

"This waiter bought one hundred shares of U. C. common at 14, when nobody knew it was valuable. Oh, Wilberforce, if we'd had the gumption to look for a chance like this and ——"

Shadd couldn't stand it any longer.

"Look for a chance?" he echoed. "Why, I looked for one for years—day in and day out. Kept my eyes open."

He paused so that she might ask him: "With what success?" Instead, she said soothingly:

"Yes, dear. I'm not blaming you. I was only saying that this ignorant foreigner, who bought one hundred shares at fourteen dollars a share ——"

"And I," shouted Shadd, "bought two hundred shares at 9!"

For corroboration he waved the newspaper at her, on the margin of which he had figured at what price he should sell out the same two hundred shares in order to have an income of two hundred dollars a week. She stared at him in doubt, which gradually turned into terror. She voiced it by telling herself aloud:

"He's crazy!"

"I am not crazy," Shadd denied, knowing both whom she meant and to whom she was speaking.

She stared dazedly at him. She could see it was a different Shadd who spoke, but she did not know it was a Shadd who had tasted success and inhaled the incense of flattery. At all events her husband was not her husband. She couldn't keep the tears back, but she managed to steady her voice.

"That's all right, dearie," she said softly.

"No; it isn't," he contradicted loudly, meaning she need not assume that he was still insane. "I just bought two hundred U. C. common."

"What is that?"

"Undersea Craft common stock." And Shadd, Wall Street veteran expert, smiled. He went on, modest as all great men are: "I paid 9 for 200 shares."

"Nine what?"

"Dollars."

"For the two hundred shares?" She gazed on him admiringly.

"No," he confessed; "for each share—eighteen hundred dollars for the lot."

"Oh-h-h! Then you took it from the bank! From—the—bank!"

"Yep!" replied Shadd, trying to look brave. He went on hastily: "So I bought the stock and held on like grim death when everybody was advising me to ——"

"From the bank!" repeated Mrs. Shadd.

"Of course" affirmed Shadd, feigning playfulness; even then he was marveling at his own courage.

"And that was the reason you didn't bring the bank book home!"

She shuddered violently at the thought of her weeks of ignorance. Her tragedy showed so plainly on her face that he hastened to inform her:

"Well, just because I had the pluck to take the money I've made fifty thousand dollars."

"Where is it?" she almost shrieked; then she shook her head, denying it to herself.

"In the office of F. T. Woodcock & ——"

"Who?" she asked, and without waiting for the answer walked toward a table where she had left her hat.

"My broker," replied Wilberforce Shadd in the voice in which the Kaiser says "My troops." He went on kindly: "You can't go there now."

She, nevertheless, put on her hat. Then she sat down on the edge of a chair and said:

"Tell me all about it."

"Well," he said, trying to decide on the jump which details to skip and which to play up, "it began with Hen Wilkins' spiel about submarine boats ——"

"Oh, I knew it wasn't your idea," she interjected forgivingly.

"Three Thousand a Year is Good Enough for Any White Person"

For ten years he had been an honest man. She still believed in him.

"Well, I knew Hen's yarn was crazy in some things; but I also saw where he was right. So I thought about it until I was sure I had sized up the situation correctly."

"And where is the money you say you've made?"

"I told you. In my broker's office."

"But why don't you bring it home—if you've got it?"

"The fifty-thousand-dollar profit is still on paper! There is no cash yet."

"Then you didn't make fifty thousand dollars?"

"Oh, yes; I have—on paper. It closed at 276 ——"

"What are you talking about?" she interrupted. She shook her head twice.

He knew what she was denying to herself, and smiled. He explained:

"The last sale was at 276; which means that if I had sold out just before three o'clock my two hundred shares would have brought me fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars in cash. But I didn't ——"

"Why didn't you?" she asked, recognizing the finality of the tragedy.

"Because," he said very deliberately, in order to drive the dagger in up to the hilt, "because I thought that I would wait to make one hundred thousand dollars, or possibly even two hundred thousand, instead of fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars at closing prices."

But he was mistaken. When she heard him talk of one hundred thousand dollars and of two hundred thousand she knew she was hearing fairy tales—lovely to read about, but mighty slim diet for everyday use. So she said:

"And you can get fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars now?"

"I could have gotten it to-day."

"'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' The first thing you do to-morrow ——"

"To-morrow," he interrupted, "I may get more—or I may get less."

"I just knew it would have to be less!" she asserted. "There was Raymond Porter, with those Long Island lots he could have sold for eighteen thousand dollars and didn't; and when he did sell he lost three hundred dollars instead of making anything."

"But this isn't Long Island lots."

"Well, I was reading the other day how the people who always lose the most money are the men who want to grab everything in sight; and ——"

"But I tell you Undersea Craft will surely go higher."

"What will happen"—and she looked her husband straight in the eye—"what will happen if, instead of going higher, it goes lower? Answer me that!"

He thought of his own abdication, of the descent from the Napoleonship of Woodcock's office, and almost shuddered. Then he said judicially:

"Well, we'd still be ahead of the game ——"

"Would we still be ahead of the game fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars?"

"No. But, even if we were only thirty or forty thousand to the good ——"

"Thirty or forty! The way you sling tens of thousands round! Your luck has gone to your head."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yes. And you took the money out of the bank ——"

"But I have made ——"

"Yes; and now you want to lose it! Fifty-five thousand dollars is a fortune!"

Wilberforce Shadd had not thought it a fortune in Wall Street. Hearing his wife say it uptown made him think it was.

"It's fair pickings," he admitted grudgingly.

"What I can't understand is why, after having fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars in your grasp, you run the risk of losing it all ——"

"Not all!"

"Well, didn't you take it all out of the bank?"

"Yes; but ——"

"Oh, Wilberforce, how could you? It was all we had for a rainy day. Suppose you had—suppose you—suppose ——"

But she didn't dare suppose such a thing, though she closed her eyes.

"But I didn't lose it. I made more than I could have saved up in three hundred years."

"And you want to lose it!"

"No."

"Then bring the cash home, Wilberforce darling. Bring it to-morrow. That's enough."

"But we can double it ——"

"I don't want to double it. It's more than we ever thought we'd have."

"Not more than I thought I'd have if I was let alone."

He looked at her accusingly, remembering how her fears had bred cowardice in him.

"I'll let you alone if you bring home the fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars to-morrow. Honest, I will, Wilberforce! When I think of what that money will mean ——"

She began to weep softly, with a drip as of a small fountain.

"Don't, my dear!" he said uncomfortably. "Don't! The idea of crying because I've made money!"

"I'll never ask you again to save money."

"You won't?" he said, knowing what the promise must have cost her.

"No—provided you bring the fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars home to-morrow. When I think of my poor mother ——"

"I promise! I promise!" said Shadd. "I'll sell out. But when you see that stock selling where we could have got out at a hundred thousand dollars profit, don't talk to me."

She looked frightened and hesitated. Then she thought it might never happen. And if it did—if it did, which it wouldn't—he could talk as he pleased.

"Very well; blame me!" she told him.

"Went Down! Down!" Muttered a Man Named Shively. "Down! Down! Down!"

That night, before he fell asleep, he did not blame his wife—only Fate. He thought:

"I ought to have held out for a hundred thousand dollars," as though he already had sold out for fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars. "Confound it!"

Then it occurred to him that he was still a failure. To stop thinking of that he thought of the fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars and fell asleep, smiling.

The next morning after breakfast, just as he was putting on his hat to leave the house, she said abruptly:

"Wilberforce!"

"Yes?"

"Do you think you—you can ge-get that much to-day?"

She looked at him so anxiously that he forgot his grievances and his remonstrances—everything but the profit. Had he not, after all, made a mistake in not selling out at fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars the day before, after he had convinced himself that fifty thousand dollars was enough for any Christian?

Six per cent on fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars meant $3312. That was much more than he was getting from the office for working.

"I hope so, darling," he said, so tenderly that she began to cry.

He did not comfort her. He could think only that he wished to sell that stock at once. Anything lower than 276 would be tragedy. After you have opened your mouth to insert therein a spoonful of raspberry jam with your own hand, you resent Fate's thrusting in a chunk of boiled cabbage.

"Damn!" he said.

"Oh, Wi-Wil-ber-berforce!" she moaned.

"Don't worry—yet!" he said. Then: "You will have to telephone to Mr. Lipps that I cannot be down to-day."

"He might not like it," she ventured. "Will it take all day?"

"Nobody can tell just how long it will take," he said importantly. "It may take one minute or it may take two hours. All I can say is that I will be back here as soon as I can."

"I'll telephone to Mr. Lipps that you are not well," she said cheerfully.

"No. Say I'm doing something for you."

"I don't like to," she protested.

"It's the truth," he said sternly. "I don't want to sell."

"I'll tell him," she promised hastily.

XIII

WILBERFORCE SHADD arrived at Woodcock's office before the opening. The general staff welcomed him with effusive cordiality.

Naturally they talked about the stock; and, to show him how completely they believed in him, thereby inflicting great pleasure upon themselves, they no longer asked him to tell them what further beneficences U. C. common was going to work. Instead, they told him what the future held in store for them all.

At nine-fifty-seven A. M., Henry Rumney, who was looking at the news ticker, shouted:

"Hey! Here's a whole lot about U. C.!"

And he began to read, snapping his fingers impatiently because the news ticker didn't print faster.

Trying to guess what words are going to be printed about a stock you're long of is bad for the nerves.

"Read it aloud!" cried Ben Meiggs.

They all listened while Henry read an official statement from the president of the company announcing the booking of contracts aggregating several million dollars. This was followed by an unofficial statement from an unnamed "insider," who declared that the book value of the stock at that moment, based not on prospective business, which was expected to be huge, but on what contracts were actually signed and the money deposited with New York bankers, was "several" times what the stock was then selling for.

Henry read this, one word at a time. When he finished all eyes turned toward Wilberforce Shadd, who, thinking of his wife's injunction, looked acutely uncomfortable.

"That means at least two thousand dollars a share," said Henry Rumney positively to everybody.

Ben Meiggs, alias "Careful Mike," looked directly at Wilberforce Shadd and asked respectfully:

"Do you think so, sir?"

Since he himself could not hold for two thousand dollars, Shadd did not wish the stock ever to sell for two thousand. He, therefore, replied angrily:

"No; I don't!"

Consternation appeared on the faces of the customers, promptly to be succeeded by a puzzled look. If it didn't sell at two thousand dollars, at what price would it sell?

"Mr. Wilberforce Shadd," said Henry Rumney sternly, "you know damned well that stock is going higher."

"I do, do I?" said Shadd bitterly, thinking of his abject promise to the woman who kept him from becoming a rich man.

"Yes, you do!" asserted Rumney; then, as one who adduces proof, he said: "Let's see what the opening is."

Willie, the subsidized office boy, had not yet appeared. Henry Rumney sought Dave Caldwell, the office manager, and said:

"Get a quotation on U. C. common as soon as possible, will you?"

"I Should Think You'd Have More Pride Than to Go Round Picking Up Old Newspapers After People"

"Sure thing!" The polite manager was so accustomed to nervous customers that he overlooked the peremptory tone. The entire office tensely awaited the bulletin from the Curb. Three, four, five, six, seven, eight minutes went by—minutes that ran at least three hundred seconds each. Then Willie came in, breathless.

"Well?" snarled Henry Rumney.

Willie looked dubiously at him. He was paid for whispering, but he could not whisper at such long range. Henry Rumney couldn't stand the suspense and cried sharply:

"Spit it out!"

"They can't tell what it's selling for. They've gone crazy. I heard Wright & Bonner's man say that the opening sales were all the way from 280 to 300."

"Two-eighty to three hundred?" asked Wilberforce Shadd.

That was more than 276. He'd better hurry up—if he wanted any peace at home.

"I say 2000 within sixty days," said Henry Rumney, looking at Shadd challengingly. "Don't you?"

"Two thousand what?" asked Francis T. Woodcock, approaching the group.

"Being a conservative man," said Rumney to the broker, "I was just remarking that U. C. common was on its way to 2000. Watch it!"

Woodcock smiled the smile of a father at his baby's Commencement.

"How about it, Shadd?"

"I am going to sell," answered Shadd miserably.

"What?" shrieked Henry Rumney.

"Honest?" asked Careful Mike Meiggs, looking incredulous.

"Not all?" from Woodcock.

Wilberforce Shadd forced himself to nod. His lips were tightly compressed. This was in order that his groans might not escape. The broker looked at Shadd, and somehow felt that his luckiest customer was not in his usual luck. He said:

"You know how I've felt about that stock of yours, Shadd; but I've come to the conclusion that this is the wildest boom in history. Nothing like it was ever seen. There isn't any top to them! I used to think the bull movement couldn't keep up and that an awful day of reckoning was coming; but, with accounts margined from fifty to two hundred points, what's the use of talking about healthy reactions, hey? I don't want to butt in; but it seems to me I'd take a chance and keep at least half. Of course a profit's profit; but if you sell all your stock ——"

"Yes, all!" cried Wilberforce Shadd, bent on committing suicide. "Every damned share I've got in this office!" He saw his wife—all in red!

F. T. Woodcock pushed a pad and a lead pencil toward Wilberforce Shadd.

"Write your order—and sign it," said Woodcock.

Every man in the room, including Wilberforce Shadd, heard the words and realized that what Woodcock really was saying was "Put it down in black and white, so you can't blame me—afterward." And all the customers who were long of the stock further translated the broker's unspoken "afterward" into "When it sells at two thousand dollars a share!"

Wilberforce Shadd wrote the order savagely and signed it desperately—watched by thirty-two lynx eyes.

Henry Rumney, having gazed long and bitterly at Wilberforce Shadd, suddenly ceased to frown and beckoned to Ben Meiggs.

"It didn't work, did it, Ben?" And Henry Rumney smiled.

"What didn't?"

"If he really was selling all his stock would he be doing it at the top of his voice, in front of everybody?"

"No," answered Meiggs; "but ——"

"But nothing! If he had told me or you, on the q. t., I might possibly have believed it. That stock is going to one thousand dollars a share, I tell you. And that's certain."

"I don't know about selling at 1000," said Meiggs; "but I do know that these insiders get left as badly as any sucker; in their own stock too. There's Patent Process Steel, for instance. I heard that Paterson, the treasurer, went short ten thousand shares at 90, and had to cover at 125. Lost all he'd made on the rise from 46."

Henry Rumney smiled broadly.

"Right-o, old top! We didn't bite that time—what?"

"No!"

Meantime Wilberforce Shadd was staring gloomily through the window at the passers-by, a picture of utter dejection—and foiled villainy!

"Not a bite! Look at him!" said Henry Rumney to Ben Meiggs. The sure-thing Mr. Meiggs nodded. For once he agreed with his reckless friend.

Wilberforce Shadd merely looked as he felt. All he could see in the sky was a stupendous bulletin board, on which he read: U. C. 5000. Then he began to figure. At 300 all he could get was sixty thousand dollars. At 1000, not waiting for 2000 or 5000, he would have taken out of Wall Street two hundred thousand dollars!—twelve thousand a year—one thousand a month—something a man could do something with!

"Look at him! Mad as blazes because no suckers bit in this office!" whispered Henry Rumney to Meiggs.

The others, seeing Henry whispering, instantly desired to know what he had said that was important enough to whisper. Henry cheerfully repeated his remarks, whereupon they nodded.

Really it was too transparent.

"I don't mind that skunk trying to get more stock," said Henry; "but why should he want our few shares when he could go outside ——"

"Oh, those people want it all! They'd swipe a blind man's pennies as eagerly as they'd steal a million out of a bank." Their glances were venomous. But Wilberforce Shadd was calling himself an ass. Doomed not only to be married and a coward all his life, but to die poor!

Woodcock came up to Shadd and whispered:

"We sold a hundred at 300 and a hundred at 301."

Sixty thousand dollars—that is to say, nothing!

"All right!" said Shadd huskily to the broker, and walked out of the office.

After the door closed on him the comments of the customers became audible to the clerks in the farthest offices.

"Three-two for U. C.!" triumphantly shouted Henry Rumney.

Ben Meiggs, who had twenty shares that showed him more than two hundred points profit, began to clap his hands. The others imitated him. Henry Rumney, as though the applause was intended for him, bowed to right and left, murmuring "I thank you! I thank you!" He was so happy with his two hundred and fifteen points profit that he wasn't sorry he didn't have a hundred shares. Then he thought of the man who advised him to buy the stock that had made him fourteen thousand dollars richer in a few weeks.

"The skunk!" said Henry Rumney.

When Wilberforce Shadd left the office he did not know whither to go; and so, as a man always will when he walks aimlessly, he walked toward the south. Presently he found himself in Battery Park. On the park benches he beheld not hobos, or clerks out of work, or homesick immigrants, or stenographers getting a breath of fresh air, but specters who grimaced mockingly at him. He didn't hear them, but he knew they were saying: "Only three hundred a share! Oh, you boob!"

He came upon the Aquarium; and, unable to bear his own thoughts, walked in for the first time in his life. Forty seconds later the bitterness went out of his mind and he forgot his troubles while looking at the fish.

Two hours later, tired and hungry, he was surprised to find that he craved to sit down in a comfortable chair before a good luncheon. He had sixty thousand dollars. No—he had more; he had sixty thousand and seventy-one dollars. He would take the seventy-one dollars and buy lunch.

He had forgotten to bring with him more than his usual fifty cents—the fifty cents that he had taken to the office every day for fifteen years. He smiled. He, Wilberforce Shadd, with only fifty cents in his pocket! It really was so funny that it put him in good humor, and he decided to go back to Woodcock's office and get some money.

He entered the customers' room and was shocked by what he saw. Gloom brooded over the office. There was a threat of ruin in the air. Pale-faced, anxious-eyed men, no longer debonair admirers of the great Wilberforce Shadd, clustered about the ticker, frankly despondent, visibly unnerved. And the voice of the tape reader by the ticker was the voice of a judge pronouncing death sentences, one after another—one for each man in the room.

Henry Rumney saw Shadd.

"Why couldn't you tell us?" he inquired hotly.

"Tell you what?" asked Shadd.

"You know damned well!"

Shadd didn't know; so he asked:

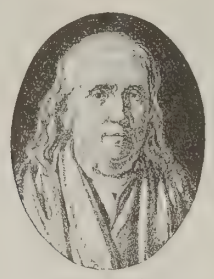
"What's U. C.?"

"Two seventy-one, and going down fast," said Henry Rumney, more loudly than was necessary. "But you can't have my stock!" And he turned away, frowning.

(Continued on Page 52)

"And I," Shouted Shadd, "Bought Two Hundred Shares at 91"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 3, 1917

Give the Packers a Rest

ONE Chicago packing company did a business last year of five hundred and seventy-five million dollars. Six of them must have done a business of two billions.

This means that a handful of private corporations bought a great part of all the meat animals sold in the United States, and sold a great part of the meat and by-products the population consumed.

Many good people view that fact with suspicion and disfavor. But no business in the United States has been more copiously investigated than this packing business; no business is more closely watched. The books have been searched repeatedly. The men who conduct the business know their books are sure to be scrutinized in the future.

The methods of buying, manufacturing and selling have been overhauled and exposed. Whenever there is pronounced discontent on the side either of sellers of animals or of buyers of meat, a public investigation is pretty sure to follow. Investigation has shown there is no waste. Whatever else may be said, the packers certainly do their business with high efficiency and at a very small margin of profit for each pound of product turned out.

This Big Business has been thoroughly studied. Meantime an endless multiplicity of small businesses, each contributing in one way or another to the cost of living, get comparatively little broad investigation and study. Broad investigation and constructive study of small business, we believe, is quite as well worth while as destructive study of Big Business.

That British Shell Bid

NATURALLY American steel men were shocked to learn that an English concern had underbid them for a contract to supply our navy with big shells. English concerns were supposed to have their hands full making shells for England and to be handicapped by war-bonus wages; yet this English concern offered to make seventy-five hundred big shells for our navy at a price more than a million dollars below the best American bid, and to deliver the shells in little over half the time required by American bidders.

Naturally, also, this bid was heralded as conclusive proof of our need of "an impregnable tariff wall round the United States to prevent the flooding of our markets with cheap foreign goods and the impoverishment of our labor"—as one contemporary emphatically put it. For if England could so signally underbid us, both as to price and time, when at war, what could she not do when at peace?

But perhaps there is an alternative to that impregnable tariff wall. The English concern explained that it was able to make a low bid because at the time it had no work on hand in that particular line for the British Government; because its plant had been brought to a state of extreme efficiency; and because it had perfected an improved process for making shells of that sort. Now plants exposed to competition are more likely to be brought to a state of extreme efficiency and to discover improved processes than plants sheltered behind impregnable tariff walls.

We now have a Tariff Board to investigate just such phenomena as this shell bid in a disinterested, scientific spirit and to find out whether they mean that we need more protection or only closer figuring. The country is not going to become excited about any developments in that line until it hears from the board.

Opportunity in Prison

ABOUT two years ago the Mutual Welfare League was organized in Sing Sing Prison. It is composed exclusively of prisoners and every inmate is a member. Its first object was to inspire the saving sense of self-respect and social responsibility. The league soon addressed itself to education, starting a school, virtually managed by inmates, which any inmate might attend after completing the day's labor required of him by the state. Identification cards were issued to pupils by use of which they could leave their cells and go to the classroom where the elements of public-school education were taught.

Vocational training presently developed. Appeals by letter brought tools and books; telegraph instruments; wireless apparatus; automobile parts and appliances, so that a complete car could be taken apart and reassembled, and all its mechanism studied. Now everyone who is committed to the prison receives a statement from the league, explaining its purposes, offering its advantages, urging hearty coöperation with it. The league is permitted, of course, by the state; but its educational work is carried on without state aid.

The chairman of the Educational Department of the league writes: "Most of the inmates of prisons are there because they could not compete successfully with others. They did not know how to meet the conditions of free life. While in prison they should be made better able to maintain themselves in freedom. Our Educational Department is striving to do that. Generous friends outside have given books and equipment; but we are still much short of what we should have to give a fair opportunity for self-betterment to all who would take it.

"At present, for example, we are trying to start classes in carpentry, bricklaying and plumbing, but have too few tools. Secondhand tools would be very acceptable; in fact, any equipment that we can use in vocational training. If the need were more widely known, and the great good such helps to self-help can do in a place like this generally appreciated, good people would respond."

The Shipping Board

CERTAIN appointees to the new Shipping Board, it seems at this writing, are objects of senatorial suspicion and must be carefully investigated. They have been engaged in shipping in a rather large way, and successfully. Hence, naturally, the suspicions. A man who has conspicuously failed in his own undertakings will be readily acceptable to the Senate as a director of the business of the United States; but if he has been decidedly successful on his own account he will not be readily acceptable. We could cite various illustrations, but forbear out of consideration for personal feelings.

The new Shipping Board has a job both very difficult and very important. Already a vigorous exercise of its theoretically broad but practically dubious powers to regulate rates, and so on, is urged upon it. A number of people apparently view it chiefly as a tempting instrument with which to play hob in shipping affairs. They seem to think its highest usefulness will consist in disrupting, repressing, retaliating. The notion of a constructive instrument of the Government is not very familiar to them.

In the last calendar year of unprecedented freight rates and huge ship earnings, our merchant marine was increased by two hundred and fifty thousand tons of metal steam vessels, turned out by American shipyards on both seacoasts for American owners. That is by no means a heavy addition, in view of the circumstances.

In addressing itself pretty exclusively to the broad problem of how best to upbuild the American merchant marine the new board will find abundant occupation. It can well afford to let its other functions wait until it has a thorough grasp of the situation.

American Barbarism

THERE is now a more powerful reaction against lynching—that abominable disgrace to the United States—than ever before. It is more generally realized that lynchers, whatever positions they may hold in society, are essentially stupid barbarians, whose anarchism brings into question all social security and order. It is plain enough that no man's life can really be safe in a community given to lynching. There will probably be, at first, the extreme provocation of an assault upon a woman. The record shows that, having yielded to that provocation, yielding to lesser ones becomes increasingly easy; and finally a mob will as readily slake its bloodthirst by murdering a white man as a colored one. There is no real security for anybody.

Because lynching has been more common in the South, the South is especially interested in discouraging it. The intelligent Southern opinion, which must finally prevail, is insisting upon the only remedy—conviction and punishment of mob murderers. When dominant opinion recognizes lynching for what it is—a detestable crime against society far more dangerous socially than any individual murder—lynching will disappear. Only the criminal sanction or tolerance of misguided opinion keeps it alive. Mobs never lynch except when they think it perfectly safe. As soon as they have to expect not sanction or tolerance, but genuine prosecution, they will leave the repression of crime to orderly processes of law.

It is altogether a question of public opinion. To strengthen the right opinion is a plain duty for everyone who wants that opinion to prevail.

A National Pastime

WALL STREET has as irresistible a fascination for Congress as the insides of a clock have for a normal infant. No exigency of public business could ever make it forgo the childish delight of poking round in the works of the Street on any pretext.

This is a short session. There is much urgent business to be done. Somebody—presumably an office boy—starts a rumor. Somebody else—probably a wag—writes a letter to an innocent and excitable congressman. Without the least tangible evidence to go upon, Congress begins investigating. Men who doubtless could devote their time to some useful ends if permitted to do so are summoned from far and near to testify about something that there is no reason to suppose they have any knowledge of.

When engaged in serious business Congress is mostly ignored. The newspapers dismiss its sober proceedings with scant paragraphs or say nothing at all about them. But if Congress wants to put on a cabaret show entitled Wall Street the newspapers will give it whole pages. The silliest incidents and the emptiest chatter are reported in column after column. Utterly irresponsible and pointless vaporings on this subject will get more front-page space than the greatest debate on the weightiest affair of state.

After the War

IN AFTER-THE-WAR speculation one factor, which may be the most important of all, is overlooked. Europe is doing wonders now—keeping millions of men under arms, supplying them with prodigious quantities of munitions, raising billions of capital, and at the same time subsisting its civil population and carrying forward many lines of industry at a high pitch. Speculation runs as to the effect upon this country when all that highly organized, coördinated, intensively applied energy is turned to peaceful competition.

But Europe is working now under a tremendous stimulant. The mass of its people feel that what they hold dearest is at stake. The war fever is in their veins.

Peace will bring a reaction. The end of any prolonged intense effort always does. There will be a pretty dismal taking of stock everywhere. The dead will be counted with disillusioned eyes; there will be the dull burden of taxes. Millions will be asking themselves: "Why should it have happened?"

The business situation is always in good part a state of mind. The greatest fact in Europe's business situation after the war may not be any of the material things, such as the supply of capital and the rate of wages, with which speculation now concerns itself, but exactly Europe's state of mind. If it is a heavy, bitter, discouraged state of mind that may well mean more in terms of industrial output than the supply of capital or the rate of wages.

Buying Stocks

A CORRESPONDENT, whose letterhead shows that he is a physician, says he is often invited by circular or newspaper advertisement to buy stock in some revolutionary invention. Usually the invitations point out that early investors in inventions, such as electric light, telephony, adding machines, typesetting machines, automobiles, moving pictures, made great profits.

"Isn't it true," he asks, "that if the invention proves successful, some way will be found, through reorganization and so on, to freeze out the small investor?"

That is not the danger which confronts recipients of such invitations.

There is no reason why a competent physician should not advertise himself through bright-colored circulars and newspaper spreads—except that the highest class of good responsible physicians do not advertise themselves in that manner.

Selling stock in new enterprises by means of flamboyant newspaper advertisements and circulars, promising big returns on the investment, is distinctly the method of the quack. One is warranted in judging the stock, like the physician, by the manner in which it presents itself. If it comes in like a quack, promising cures in all cases—or big profits and no losses—prudent people will have nothing to do with it.

Very Temporary Captain McLean

By PHILIP E. HUBBARD

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

MR. GAVIN McLEAN, expert cracksman, mechanic, motor driver and past master in the art of disguising everything about his engaging personality except his Scots tongue, was confronted with what he himself would have described as a "serious deeficu'ty."

Business with Mr. McLean had been extremely brisk during the early summer of 1914; and the trade he had recently developed in stolen automobiles—which he contrived to convey to his workshop, where by the many arts known to him he converted their appearance through a process of exchange of bodies, repainting, renumbering, combined with a trifle of judicious alteration of waterpiping, type of magneto, carburetor, or any other part that could readily be altered—had brought him to the high-water mark of illicit prosperity.

Once the stolen automobile had passed through his shop and his expert handling, disposal of the prize was a simple matter; for certain secondhand auto emporiums in the region of Euston Road are never particular as to the goods included in their auction-sale catalogues. And, though the genuine owners of cars who dispose of their property by his means find much cause for discontent at the low prices realized, Mr. Gavin McLean not only never grumbled at the prices fetched by his entries, but, acting on the principle of never looking a gift car in the radiator, took his check for the amount—less commission—and added it to his growing bank account with a self-satisfied smile, whether the figures on the check ran into two or three.

And then, in the early days of August, his hopes of realizing a fortune and starting a comparatively honest automobile business, on which he might live in comfort and security for the rest of his life, were dashed to the ground by the coming of war and all its consequent horrors.

Mr. McLean was no patriot. To begin with, his hand was against that of all law and order; and, to continue, he was a comparatively young man. And it is apparent to the meanest intelligence that fervent patriotism is a distinctive mark of those whose age, infirmities or social position render them ineligible for military service.

It will be remembered—even in these days, when everything, from a pledge to a deed of heroism, is forgotten with the issue of a fresh morning paper—that in those early days of the war, when "voluntary compulsion" was the fashion, there were some people in this country who agitated for national service. Some of them even had the bad taste to suggest that rich manufacturers should be compelled to rationalize their businesses for the duration of the war, and thus be saved the humiliation of making sordid profits out of their country's disaster, and Mr. McLean, being a Scot, was keen enough to appreciate the fact that the safest and least noticeable costume for the humble citizen at that time was that known as khaki.

To enlist as a private soldier was entirely distasteful to Mr. McLean; and, as he unfortunately had no military experience and no friends either at court or in the War Office, he did not see his way to applying for a commission. However, there are more ways of winning a game of poker than by keeping a king up one's sleeve; and, after some consideration and a careful scrutiny of the various types of "temporary gentlemen and ossifers" who were then to be seen swarming in the streets of the metropolis, Mr. McLean came to the conclusion that the easiest and safest method of joining the army, without bringing himself into too close touch with the authorities, would be to grant himself an unofficial commission in the Army Service Corps.

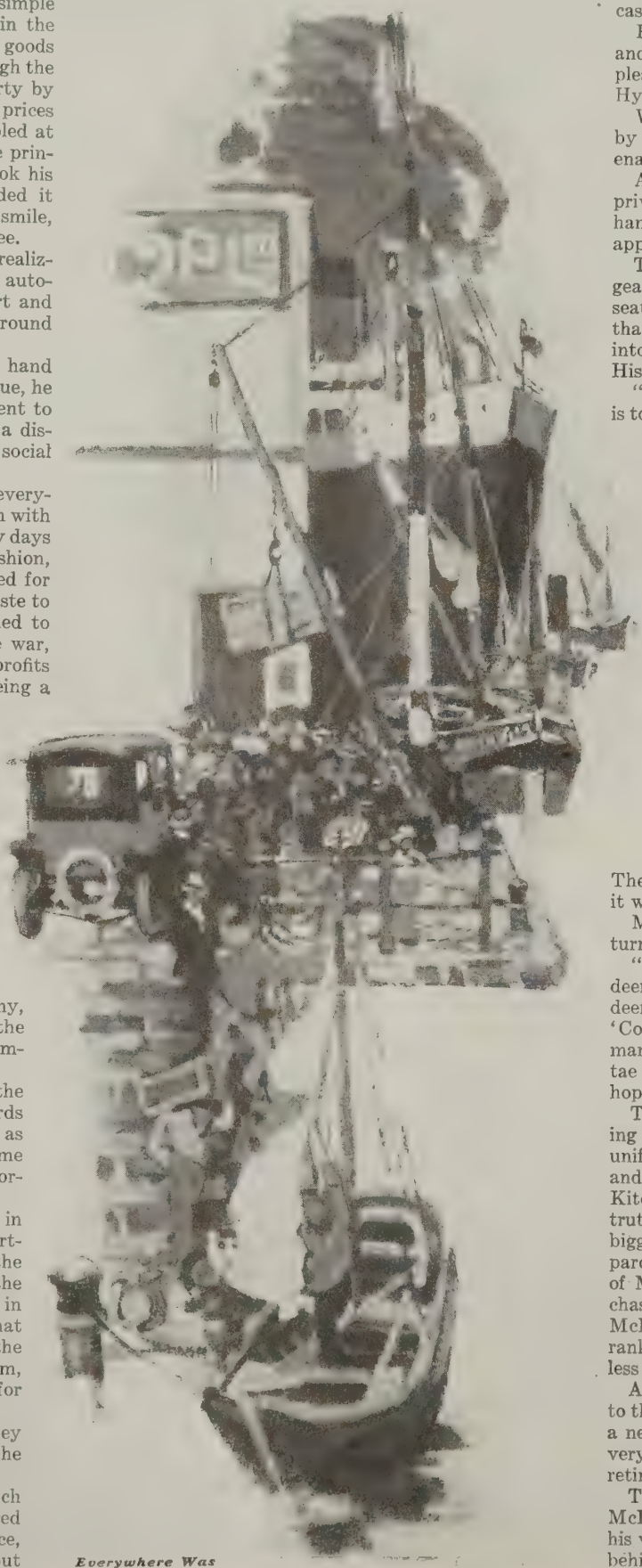
He selected that corps because at that time the Gazette, though naturally of large proportions as regards the fighting units, was enormous beyond all others as regards the A. S. C.; and, also, because he had become aware that a large proportion of these were for the formation of Mechanical Transport Units.

After earnest study of the columns of the Gazette in the Morning Advertiser, and of the advertisements artfully displayed alongside the Gazette, informing the newly fledged officers that Messrs. Moses & Aaron, the celebrated tailors, could supply field service kits in twenty-four hours, Mr. McLean betook himself to that eminent firm's showrooms. Announcing to one of the shopmen that he wished to be fitted with a uniform, he was taken to the basement and there measured for a outfit.

He had already provided himself with sufficient money to cover the cost of the modest outfit with which he proposed to provide himself.

Being unwilling to advertise his own address, which was over the workshop by the riverside, not a hundred times from Kew Bridge, he paid for his outfit in advance, gave his address as the Grand Central Hotel, but arranged to have his uniform retained until called for on the afternoon of the following day. Mr. McLean thereupon betook himself to the lounge of a certain large hotel in Piccadilly, where he contrived to get into conversation with a newly fledged second lieutenant of the corps to which Mr. McLean was planning to attach himself in a purely honorary capacity.

His native charm of manner and his enthusiastic praise of the patriotism of his new-found acquaintance quite captivated the heart of that guileless individual; and, after a few minutes' conversation and the absorption of sundry drinks, he allowed Mr. McLean to pump him dry of the information of which that craftsman was in search.



Everywhere Was Bustle and Orderly Disorder, Loading the Great Steamer

Now Mr. McLean was extremely quick-witted, and it did not take him long to find out from this fledgling the salient points of the duties of an officer of the Army Service Corps as regards deportment and dress, school of instruction and probable destination, which were the sole points of interest to Mr. McLean at that period.

From his informant he gathered that, in the general muddle which followed upon the entry of Britain into the war, a young officer, provided he was careful to salute staff officers and all others who bore the rank of field officer—he was careful to extract the necessary information as to badges of rank—and provided he did not obtrude himself upon his superiors, was unlikely to attract any special attention. And it became obvious to Mr. McLean that, if this was the case with an officer regularly commissioned by his king, it was still more likely to be the result in the case of an entirely unofficial appointment.

Pleading an engagement, he escaped from his informant and returned to his workshop; and, as the afternoon was a pleasant one, he elected to walk along Piccadilly as far as Hyde Park Corner before taking a bus for Kew Bridge.

When he came to Green Park his attention was attracted by a little scene which was at that time in process of enaction in many of the busier thoroughfares of London.

A sergeant of the A. S. C., accompanied by a couple of private soldiers, stepped into the road and held up his hand to the driver of a smart touring car, which was approaching from Hyde Park Corner.

The driver of the car stopped his vehicle; and the sergeant, with a smart salute to the occupants of the back seat, produced a written order from his pocket and requested that the occupants of the car would be good enough to step into the road and hand the car over to him for the use of His Majesty's forces. The owner expostulated.

"Very sorry, madam!" replied the sergeant. "My orders is to commandeer every car of this type and hand it over to the War Office. I'll give you a receipt for the car now, and if you take that to Whitehall to-morrow, to the office of the Inspector of Mechanical Transport, you can make a claim for the price of the car; and you'll get your money at once. We've got to have every car that's suitable."

"But," explained the owner, "I only bought the car last week. I cannot part with it like this."

"Very sorry, lady—'fraid you ain't got no choice. This country's at war and we've got to 'ave cars."

"I call it disgraceful! I quite understand that we are at war—I think the Kaiser has behaved abominably—but I really cannot spare my car."

The sergeant motioned to his two men, one of whom ordered the chauffeur to get down from the driving seat—whereupon his place was taken by one of the men—and again addressed himself to the owner of the car, who, with very bad grace, at last got out and, taking the official receipt as though it had been a noisome reptile offered to her, surrendered the car and angrily ordered her driver to find her a taxi. The sergeant, with the second man, got into the car; and it was driven rapidly away toward Piccadilly Circus.

Mr. Gavin McLean watched it out of sight and then turned westward with a scheme forming in his brain.

"If a sergeant and yon two swaddy-men can commandeer a car in yon fashion, Ah'm verra sure there'll be nae deeficu'ty for an officer tae hae a smack at the same notion. 'Commandeered' Ah heear-red yon sergeant say—an' commandeered some mair car-rs wull be before yon war's come tae a finish," said Mr. Gavin McLean to himself as he hopped on a bus bound for Kew Bridge.

The next day Mr. McLean, in a taxi, called at the tailoring establishment of Messrs. Moses & Aaron, tried on his uniform, which fitted quite respectably in several places, and was assured by the cutter that it was fit for Lord Kitchener—a statement that had a certain amount of truth in it, since it was obviously intended for a much bigger man than Mr. Gavin McLean. Depositing the parcels in his taxi, he drove to the opposition establishment of Messrs. Levi & Harris, in the Strand, and there purchased some braid and two pairs of additional stars. Mr. McLean had determined on an early promotion to the rank of captain, as he wisely inferred that, as such, he was less liable to interference than as a second lieutenant.

Arrived at his den, he set about the necessary alterations to the cuffs of his service jacket; and, being as handy with a needle and thread as he was with most other tools, he very soon completed the alteration to his satisfaction and retired to bed.

The next morning Very Temporary Captain Gavin McLean, A. S. C., stepped into the quiet street in which his workshop was situated and, locking the door carefully behind him, strode off, with an easy swing, in the direction of Kew Bridge.

In his pocket was an official-looking blue paper, bearing unreadable hieroglyphics, and alongside it were a number of neatly cut yellow slips of paper, as much like the receipt form he had seen the sergeant give to the car owner as the local stationery shop in Back Lane could supply.

The policeman on point duty near the bridge drew his heels together smartly as Mr. McLean approached and, to the latter's extreme pleasure, saluted.

Carelessly acknowledging the salute, Mr. McLean passed his natural enemy with an air of conscious superiority and strode away across Kew Bridge. Selecting a quiet spot on Richmond Road, some little distance from the entrance to Kew Gardens, he waited for what he knew must sooner or later come to him.

Two motor busses passed him, and then in the distance he saw a smart car, with an open touring body, approaching from the direction of Richmond. The driver was the only person in the car, and he drew up, with a grinding of brakes, as Mr. McLean, in the glory of his new uniform, stepped into the road and held up his hand.

"Ah must tr-rouble ye tae hand o'er yon car-r," said Mr. McLean.

"What the 'ell—" began the chauffeur.

"Ye can say a' that tae your maister-r—yon car-r's required by His Majesty for the use o' the for-rces. Get ye down fra' yon seat."

The driver paused, bewildered.

"Hump yeself, ma mannie! An' if ye'll tak' ma advice ye'll gang awa' tae the near-rest recr-ruitin' office an' enlist—a gr-reat gowk that ye are! Ye are jist the mon we hae need o' the noo."

The driver, who happened to have witnessed the requisitioning of a car on the previous day, got slowly down from his seat.

"There'll be 'ell to pay over this!" he remarked. "D'you know 'oo's car this is?"

"Ah dae no'; but if Ah deed, an' if it was the king's own car-r, 'twould be a' the same tae mae," said Mr. McLean as he scribbled a receipt with the number of the car.

"But this 'ere's Sir 'Enry Lupton's car," said the chauffeur feebly.

"Mon," said Mr. McLean, mounting to the driver's seat, "Ah'm no' carin' if it were Sir-r Thomas Lipton's car-r—'tis needed for-r the airmy. Tak' yon receipt to Whitehall tae-morrow mor-rnin'—tae the office o' the Inspector-r o' Mechanical Transport—an', nae doot, he'll gie ye a fair-r pr-rice for yon car-r. Guid mor-rnin'!"

With which piece of advice, Mr. McLean slid the gears into engagement, let in the clutch, and drove away toward Kew Bridge, leaving the bewildered driver standing in the road.

Driving with great care, but at a fair speed, Mr. McLean crossed the bridge, continued his way into Chiswick Highroad, and after going half a mile turned sharply to his right. He dodged about for a short distance among the side turnings and finally reached Back Lane without seeing a policeman, or, indeed, anybody with whom he had even a nodding acquaintance.

Halting the car at the door of his workshop, he got down from the seat, unlocked the gate, and drove the car inside. As soon as he had safely bestowed it, Mr. McLean washed his hands and face, straightened up his belt, cocked his service cap a trifle more over his right eye, and went forth by devious ways in search of a second victim.

This time he got on to a street car going toward Hounslow and traveled on it until he had passed the unsavory suburbs of Brentford. At the corner where the car lines divide he alighted and, taking the turning leading to Twickenham, walked briskly in the direction of that place. Before he had gone a hundred yards he heard a car behind him; and, facing about, he held up his hand for the driver to stop.

It was a closed car, with a landaulet body; and, to Mr. McLean's horror, the window was slammed down and a white-mustached, red-faced old gentleman in khaki, with the scarlet band of the Staff round his hat, looked out.

Mr. McLean drew his heels together and saluted.

"What the devil d'you mean by stopping my driver?" questioned the old gentleman in angry tones.

Driving With Great Care, But at a Fair Speed, Mr. McLean Continued His Way Into Chiswick Highroad

"Ah'm verra sorry, sir-r," apologized Mr. McLean. "Ah'd no idea that this would be your car-r."

"Well, supposing it wasn't—what did you stop me for?"

"Ah was aboot tae ask ye tae gie me a luft."

"I'll give you a court-martial, sir, if you're not very careful! I suppose you're one of these ragtag and bobtail of the Army Service Corps from Hounslow?"

"Yes, sir-r," replied Mr. McLean untruthfully.

"Well, consider yourself under arrest. Go back to Hounslow and report yourself to your commanding officer. What's your name?"

"Angus McTavish," replied Mr. McLean.

"Very well, Captain Angus McTavish, you'll hear more of this, I can assure you," said the angry general; and, calling to his driver to go on, he received Mr. McLean's salute without acknowledgment, and his car sped away into the distance.

"Ah'm thinkin' per-rhaps ye're mebbe mistaken aboot ma heer-rin' mair o't," said Mr. McLean to the back of the retreating car. "However, Ah'll hae tae be mair carefu' i' the future."

At that moment an open touring car appeared from the opposite direction. Seeing that the occupant was a lady, Mr. McLean repeated his maneuver and, leaving the indignant owner and her driver to continue their journey on foot or return by the street car, drove away to his workshop and successfully deposited his newly acquired touring car alongside the other.

Doffing his uniform he assumed the greasy overalls he affected when at work and, with the aid of a most ingenious overhead traveling crane, which he had some time since fitted up, he changed over the bodies of the two cars, and during the course of the next two days so altered them in appearance that there was small chance of their respective owners recognizing them.

Intending to transfer the two cars for sale to Quiswell's Auction Rooms the next day, in order to make room for further "commandeerings," Mr. McLean, weary, paint-stained and disheveled, stood within the precincts of his shop regarding his handiwork and plunder.

"It's an ill wind that daes no' blaw guid tae somebody," he reflected. "Ah'm no' in love wi' war as war, sae tae speak; but gin Ah can gae on requeeseetioning twa guid car'rs a week, Ah'm no' sayin' Ah'll be fashed if yon war bides wi' us for ten year-rs."

Now undoubtedly the presentation of any of the bogus receipts would have made the authorities aware of the fact that some unauthorized person was commandeering cars which were not finding their way to the official destination; but the muddle of those early days of war was so intense that the authorities resolutely refused to see anybody on any business connected with paying out cash in any form until they had had time to consider how the necessary cash was to be raised.

Counting upon this, Mr. McLean continued his work until his garage was full to the bursting point. And, having effected certain exchanges of body work and made various minor alterations in detail, he proceeded to effect a salvage sale by the simple process of delivering the cars to sundry motor-auction salesrooms that are to be found in the neighborhood of Euston Road.

He was in some doubt, at first, as to whether to deliver the cars himself, and, if so, whether to array himself in his newly acquired uniform or not; but finally, concluding that to trust anybody else with the delivery would be to court disaster, he decided to undertake the job himself.

He also decided that, in view of the possibility of a car being officially commandeered en route to the salesroom, his presence on the driver's seat in uniform was a necessity.

Selecting the sacred dinner hour of England as being that in which he was least likely to be interfered with, he successfully delivered three of the cars to three separate salesrooms, representing them in each case to be his own property, and in two cases out of the three asking for and receiving an immediate settlement at a specially low price, on account of being under orders for the Front and having no use for a car.

The third car, which was a nearly new and very expensive one, was not so easily disposed of, because its value was such that any great reduction might have roused suspicion. However, he left it in the care of the salesroom and received an advance of two hundred pounds on it, pending its sale by auction or private treaty. The two other cars he had disposed of outright for one hundred and fifty pounds and one hundred and twenty pounds respectively.

Therefore, when Mr. McLean returned to his workshop, intending to drive the fourth car to a fourth salesroom, he had in his pocketbook in notes, mostly of the larger denominations, the respectable sum of four hundred and seventy pounds.

He was of two minds whether to cache this hoard or not before starting out on his last trip, but eventually decided to keep the notes in his pocket—a decision for which he had good cause to be devoutly thankful later on.

Mr. McLean, neatly attired as a captain of A. S. C., drove the auto into the road, got down from the driver's seat, locked the shed, pocketed the key and, remounting the seat, drove away.

He had avoided the crowded main thoroughfares as far as possible in delivering the three other autos and this time, to be certain that he should attract no attention he avoided the Middlesex side of the river altogether and crossing Kew Bridge made his way to town via Richmond and Upper Richmond Road.

He made his way in through Wandsworth and Battersea and continued his drive over Albert Bridge and turned east along the Embankment, intending to run down to Westminster and from thence to retrace his route through the West End to Euston.

As he approached Grosvenor Road Railroad Bridge he became conscious of a small crowd of civilians surrounding the wreck of a touring car and a taxi, which had obviously been in recent collision with disastrous results.

Mopping blood from a gash on his cheek with a khaki handkerchief, and swearing in most strident tones, was an officer in the uniform and badges of the Staff, the cross sword and baton on his shoulder straps proclaiming him to be of the rank of a general officer.

Seeing Very Temporary Captain McLean approaching with his recently acquired touring car, the general stepped deliberately into the track of the approaching auto and held up his hand.

Mr. McLean applied both foot and hand brakes and halted the car not a foot from the general.

"Where are you bound for?" inquired that officer.

With ready untruthfulness, Mr. McLean answered:

"Tae the War Office, sir-r."

"On any special duty?"

"No, sir-r—only tae hand over this car-r."

"Who does it belong to?"

"Yon's a government car-r, sir-r—they ta'en ower fra' a civeelian owner-r."

"Commandeered?"

"Aye, sir-r."

"Then—damme!" exclaimed the general—"I'll commandeer it myself."

"An' wheer wad ye be needin' tae go, sir-r?" *(Continued on Page 29)*

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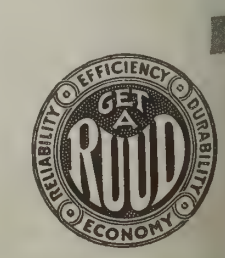
Cincinnati	707 Elm Street	Philadelphia	1938 Market Street
Cleveland	1854 Euclid Avenue	Portland	1010 Spaulding Building
Columbus	41 West Long Street	Rochester	45 S. Clinton Street
Dallas	1501 Commerce Street	San Francisco	428 Sutter Street
Detroit	234 Griswold Street	St. Louis	1019 Locust Street
Duluth	319 West First Street	St. Paul	114 E. Sixth Street
Indianapolis	22 Pembroke Arcade	Toledo	240 Erie Street
Kansas City (Mo.)	1332 Main Street	Washington	616 Twelfth Street



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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

(Continued from Page 26)

"Southampton," snapped the general sharply. "I'm General Ferguson, commanding the —nth Division. What's your name?"

"Ma name? Ma name's Captain Angus McTavish," replied Mr. McLean, with more readiness than truth.

"Are you a regular?" demanded General Ferguson.

Mr. McLean was nonplused for the moment; however, he compromised.

"Aye," he replied; "Ah'm a' that an' mair—though Ah winna say Ah haven't been a trifle irregular sometimes."

General Ferguson glared at Mr. McLean for a moment.

"Special Reserve of Officers?" he queried.

"Aye; ye micht ca' me that."

"I see," said the general, jumping to wrong conclusions. "Just joined up again for the war?"

"Aye," replied Mr. McLean guardedly.

"Well, anyhow," snapped the general, "I've got to get to Southampton to catch my boat. That fool of a taxi came swinging round the corner, knocked my car into matchwood, knocked the driver and young Webster, my A. D. C., out of time, and played hell generally. I've got to get on. You'll have to take me. It will be quite all right—I can give you a note to your chief that will put you all square. There's no desperate hurry for this car of yours to go anywhere in particular, I suppose?"

"Nae," said Mr. McLean; "there's nae mor-rtal haste for her. Jump in, sir-r; Ah'll tak' ye tae Southampton an' chance it."

"Good!" snapped the general, opening the side door and stepping into the car.

A corporal of the R. E. detached himself from the crowd round the wreck of the two cars, stepped smartly up to the general and saluted.

"They've taken Mr. Webster and your driver to Millbank Hospital, sir," he said.

"Right!" said General Ferguson.

"Am I to stay here till the wrecking gang arrives, sir?"

"You'll stay here till the war's over," said the general with a smile, "if you wait for that. You'd better get back to Whitehall and report the accident. Stop! I'll give you a note to take—that will explain the whole thing."

The general scribbled a few lines in his notebook, tore out the leaf and handed it to the corporal, who received it, saluted and stood strictly to attention.

"Now, Captain—Captain—what's your name again?" said the general.

"McWhirter," volunteered Mr. McLean with more readiness than accuracy.

"McWhirter?" said the general. "McWhirter!—I'm sure that's not what you said just now."

Mr. McLean pulled himself together. "Nae, sir-r," he replied; "Ah but gied ye the half o' it—it's a double name. Ah'm the McTavish-McWhirter—but yon's too much for maist folk tae remember; sae Ah sometimes ca' meself the one and sometimes the ither."

"I see," said the general. "Well now, Captain McWhirter, we'll get on, please."

Mr. McLean, wondering in his mind how he could contrive to rid himself of his distinguished passenger, engaged the gears, let in the clutch, and turned the car westward.

Away they sped through Chelsea to Putney, and out over Barnes Common to Richmond, and so through Kingston and Hampton Court to The South-Western Road, the general ever urging Mr. McLean to keep the car at speed. Through Staines and Bagshot they dashed, keeping a steady average of thirty miles an hour; and the car purred over the smooth road like a live thing.

At Camberley they halted to pick up more petrol, and while the tank was being refilled the general took Mr. McLean into the hotel and bought him a drink.

"That's a fine little car you've got there," he remarked.

"Ah've driven worse," admitted Mr. McLean.

"Yes," said the general; "and it seems to me I might easily get a worse one allotted to me on the other side. I've a dashed good mind to take her over with me. Would you like to come?"

Mr. McLean hesitated, his natural caution struggling with the love of adventure that is in every Scot.

"Aye, sir-r," he said; "Ah'd just like it verra weel."

"Then—damme!—you shall. We'll get the car stowed on the boat and you shall drive me."

"Wull I no get into trouble at the War Office?" asked Mr. McLean.

"The War Office be damned!" replied General Ferguson. "If a divisional commander can't choose his own car and his own driver, what's the use of going to war? I'll put that all straight. Between you and me, the War Office is in such a state of mess and muddle at the moment that they'll take no notice of anything. It'll take them months to settle down to any kind of routine. You've done me a good turn, my boy—I'm going to stick to you. Come along!"

Mr. McLean absorbed the remainder of his whisky and the pair returned to the car. Away they sped through Frimley and Basingstoke, and in the gathering dusk purred up hill and down until it grew too dark to go on without the lights.

"Better stop and light up," suggested the general.

"Nae need, sir-r!" shouted Mr. McLean. "Jist click down yon switch, if ye please," he added, pointing to the little switchboard that faced him on the dash.

The general complied, and the dazzling beams of the electric headlights pierced the shadows and turned night into day.

"Electric headlights, by Gad!" said the general, delighted. "This is a jewel of a car! I'll see I don't part with her if I can help it."

Away they sped through the New Forest and out to the south, until the lights of Southampton twinkled before them. And under the general's direction Mr. McLean sought and found the South-Western Hotel.

"We've taken it over as headquarters for the Naval Transport people," explained the general. "Wait here for me—I must go in and find out how we get across. My division crossed last night, but I had to wait for special orders."

The general disappeared into the hotel and Mr. McLean considered his position. A trifle of thinking brought him to the conclusion that flight at this stage of the proceedings would be attended by grave danger of detection; so he concluded to stay with his general and see it through. His deliberations were cut short by the return of General Ferguson, attended by a lieutenant commander of the Naval Transport Staff.

The latter officer mounted the front seat beside Mr. McLean, while General Ferguson entered the back of the car; and, under pilotage of the naval officer, Mr. McLean drove the car through the dock gates and down the road leading to the loading sheds on the quay.

"Here you are!" said the naval man as a long shed loomed up ahead of them. "Keep round to the water side—just under the crane there."

Mr. McLean halted the car between the wall of the shed and the crane, and looked about him. Everywhere was bustle and orderly disorder; hurrying men and anxious officers were bustling round and seeing to the loading of the great tramp steamer that lay alongside the quay.

Mr. McLean had gathered during the journey that the reason General Ferguson had not crossed with his division was that he—the general—had been appointed to the command at less than twelve hours' notice, owing to a sudden change in one of the higher commands. It appeared, also, that General Ferguson was a "dugout," having been living in comparative obscurity for some years.

General Ferguson was a man of about Mr. McLean's height and build, though some twenty years older; but, except for the fact that he was clean-shaved—an unusual state of the lip for a general—he was not in any way remarkable-looking.

After seeing the general installed in his quarters, Mr. McLean saluted and withdrew to his own cabin. After a delay of an hour the warps were cast off and the big steamer made her way slowly down Southampton Water to pick up her escort, and Mr. McLean, stretched on a very hard bunk, tried to get to sleep.

General Ferguson's cabin was next to his own, and cut off only by a thin partition, and he could hear the general snoring above the rumblings of the propeller shafting below in the bowels of the ship.

Just as Mr. McLean was beginning to feel sleepy he heard a startled cry from the other side of the partition, and sat up in his bunk to listen. The general's snores had ceased and he could hear no sound from the next cabin.

Very quietly Mr. McLean got out of his bunk and, opening the cabin door softly,

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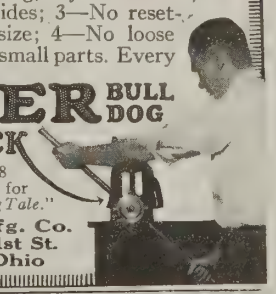

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again listened. He could distinguish no sound from the general's quarters. Softly Mr. McLean turned the handle of the door and looked inside.

The electric light was full on, and the general, who had divested himself of his service jacket, was lying at full length in his bunk.

"Is there anything wrong, sir-r?" inquired Mr. McLean. No answer.

Mr. McLean stepped closer to the bunk. The general lay white and still, and to Mr. McLean's eye appeared to be too still. Mr. McLean bent over and touched the general's arm. Still, the general gave no sign of life, and Mr. McLean, taking him boldly by the shoulder, shook him.

The general remained entirely inert, and further examination convinced Mr. McLean that General Ferguson was dead.

"Puir fellow!" he mused. "Hair-rt disease, Ah mak' nae doot. Ablins there's a doctor-r aboar-rd. Ah'd better see."

Just as he was about to leave the cabin in search of assistance, an idea struck him. With General Ferguson dead, how was he to explain his presence on the boat and his unofficial appointment? Mr. McLean hesitated, and it became obvious to him that he was in a position where he stood in considerable danger of making the acquaintance of a wall and a firing party at no far distant date. Then came inspiration—and Mr. McLean picked up the dead man's service jacket and slipped it on.

Mr. McLean tiptoed from the cabin and looked out of the doorway at the end of the alleyway. The deck outside was deserted, the night black, and the rail at the ship's side not five feet from the door.

Quickly Mr. McLean returned to his own cabin, picked up his service jacket and, with it in his hand, made his way to the dead general's side. He did not try to dress up the corpse, but, merely wrapping the khaki jacket round it, lifted the body and, staggering under the weight, made for the deck. Cautiously he looked back and forth; and then, when he was certain that there were no prying eyes to see his action, he crossed the deck to the rail and committed the body of the late General Ferguson to the deep.

There was a sounding splash, and the officer on the bridge heard a cry from the deck below.

"Man owerboar-rd!" cried the voice in a strong Scotch accent.

The watch, attracted by the cry, came running, and found an officer, in the uniform of a British general, leaning over the rail and gesticulating wildly.

"What's up, sir?" inquired a boatswain's mate.

"Naething!" replied the general. "Naething's up—it's ma young friend, Captain McWhirter—he's down—he's owerboar-rd! Canna ye no' save him?"

"Better come up on the bridge, sir," said the sailor.

And to the bridge they went, where General McLean-Ferguson reported to the astonished naval officer that Captain McWhirter, who had driven him from London and was to have accompanied him to join the Division, had fallen overboard.

"Can't help it, sir," said the naval officer. "I daren't stop. There may be submarines about, and we can't risk a shipful of men for one captain of the A. S. C. I hope somebody'll pick the poor chap up; but I doubt it."

"Aye; I doot too," replied General McLean-Ferguson; "but we'll hope for-r the best. Verra sad—a nice young fellow! Verra sad!"

With which obituary notice Mr. McLean, in the garb of a general in command of a division, returned to his cabin to investigate the contents of the dispatch case, in which he hoped to find information that would enable him to take over his command without exciting suspicion.

To his delight, he found what he required; and after a few minutes' perusal of the papers in the case he composed himself to sleep on the bunk in which General Ferguson had lain half an hour before.

"Eh, weel!" said Mr. McLean to himself as he lay down. "I dinna doot he was a verra guid general—but Ah'm nae sae sure that Ah'll no' mak' a better. It's no' as though Ah'd tae run the campaign. If Ah keep ma mouth shut, an' dinna gie ower mony or-rder-rs, Ah can get maist o' the worr-k done by adoptin' the navy's word o' command. All they'll get fra' me'll be just two wor-rds—'Carry on!'"

And the new British general fell sound asleep.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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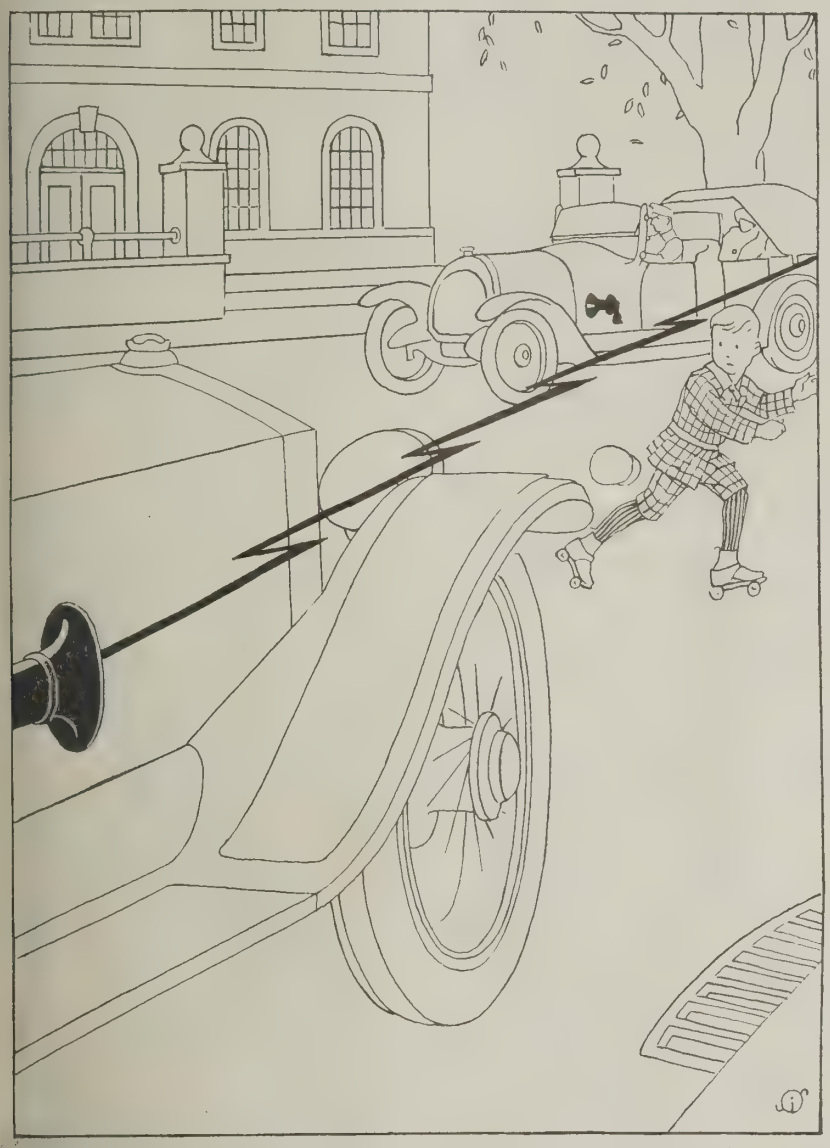

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HALF A MAN

(Continued from Page 13)

The boy vowed that there was not another such among womankind. The General nodded and stroked the knob of his nose.

Carlitos thought no more of the incident after the first flush of elation subsided. He thought no more of it for two whole days; and then, on the evening of the second, as he was engaged in rolling dice against Juan Juarequi and Tomas down by the stream, he looked up to see a cavalcade enter camp. In their midst, on led horses, were Mrs. Witherspoon and Rosie.

He paused in the middle of play to gape. They passed without seeing him and dismounted at one of a group of empty huts near Staff Headquarters.

"What's the matter, Carlitos? You are pale."

"Nothing!" he replied shortly. But in a short while he abandoned his comrades and strolled up to the house. It was guarded by a sentry. Carlitos knew the fellow, and they exchanged some remarks concerning the prisoners.

"Let me see them."

"My orders spoke only of men, not of children," observed the sentry with a guffaw; "so you may go in."

Mrs. Witherspoon looked up quickly when he entered, and Carlitos quailed.

"So it was you, after all?" she said. "I thought so."

"I didn't know anything about it, ma'am," he protested in a whine. "Honest, I didn't! How could I know that they'd play such a trick? All I did was to say something about how pretty she was—and so she is pretty."

"I'd like to scratch your eyes out!" snapped the girl. Her plump, tanned face was streaked with tears and she was sadly disheveled.

"How did they catch you, ma'am?"

"They come so quick we didn't have time to run; and Jim was away," wailed Mrs. Witherspoon. "There was only ol' Miguel on the place, and he never so much as lifted a hand. Oh, my baby, my baby—he'll die—I know he will! And it'll be your fault."

"Where is he?"

"They done left him with your ma; but you know as well as I do he can't get on without me. And they mean to kill us! I can tell that."

"Oh, no. It ain't as bad as that, Miz Witherspoon."

"Perhaps not," she cried fiercely. "It's like it'll be worse!"

The boy did not comprehend that at all; but he realized that they held him to blame, and he was abjectly miserable. So the next time the sentry went by the door he used him as a pretext to escape.

"Go and tell 'em some more!" Mrs. Witherspoon flung after him.

Carlitos pretended not to hear, and inquired of the soldier where General Murga was.

"He went out this morning to meet Colonel Servin and will not be back until late."

The boy reëntered the hut to impart this information.

"That's good," said Mrs. Witherspoon, who was lying on the floor. "I hope something happens so he never gets back! What're you going to do about it, Carlitos? You got us into this fix—can't you get us out?"

When he did not answer she added scathingly:

"After all I've done for you too! Here, we fed you and gave you clothes ——"

"Yes; and I've stuffed him with candy till he popped!" exclaimed Rosie.

"And now you go and do us like this! Can't you fix it so we could get away, Carlitos?" Mrs. Witherspoon's manner became eager. "Just give me a gun," she went on in an unsteady whisper, "and me and Rosie'll manage the rest. Please, Carlitos! Think of all we've done for you—oh, don't stand there like ——"

"S-sh!" the boy warned as the sentry reappeared; then he said aloud, in brusque tones: "Well, you women'd better quit crying and make yourselves pretty."

The soldier heard him and chuckled. Shortly afterward Carlitos left them.

They expected that he would return soon, but he did not. He went down to the creek and squatted on the bank, chucking stones into the water while he thought out the problem.

The fate of Mrs. Witherspoon did not occasion him the concern it ought, and he even dwelt on the baby's predicament with a measure of composure. Their case merely roused in Carlitos a certain irritation that he should be vexed with their troubles.

But Rosie was an entirely different proposition. The longer he pondered over what might happen to her, the bluer he felt. He fidgeted and fumed. At one moment he savagely denounced his own garrulity, which he knew intuitively had brought her to this plight; the next, he wanted to murder the general, hero though he was. He stood up and flung stone after stone into the stream with all his might.

About five o'clock he answered roll call, but returned immediately to the creek. And there he stayed, though the bugle sounded for supper, wrestling with his problem. He was still wrestling with it when darkness fell; but he was quieter now.

Something was crying his duty in ears that strove to be deaf. The white half of him was working strongly..

At last he seemed to reach a decision, and made his way by a circuitous route to the horse lines. An hour later he sauntered back to the village past the hut where the women were held. The sentry was talking to a young girl at a fire about ten yards off. It seemed to Carlitos that he was having too good a time to be watchful, and after a few minutes he stole to the back window and tossed a pebble inside.

Why Mrs. Witherspoon and Rosie did not scream when it rattled on the floor they could never afterward decide, nor why they permitted in silence a figure to climb through into the room. Perhaps the size of the intruder was reassuring, for even in the dim light, and under the strain of fear, he looked very small to them.

"Don't move!" breathed Carlitos in the girl's ear, and she clutched his thin little arm convulsively. "There's a couple of horses tied below the bend. Come on!"

They tucked up their skirts and followed him soundlessly out of the window and down the slopes.

"Here they are," whispered the boy. "Be mighty careful how you get on; and go slow. I've wrapped sacks round their feet."

"Ain't you coming, too, Carlitos?" asked Rosie in surprise.

"No-o-o. I got to stay."

"But they might find out; and then you'd get it!"

"I'll be all right. You go along. I—I just got to stay."

With a prospect of escape at hand, Mrs. Witherspoon was seized with a fever of energy.

"Hurry, Rosie. I'll help you up first. If we can make it to the ranch before they catch up, Jim'll take us to the Border; and then ——"

But Rosie was of softer stuff. She did not realize any more than the older woman the sacrifice the boy was making. She never suspected for an instant that he was doing it in the full expectation of paying with his life; but, all the same, it was a fine, manly thing for Carlitos to do, and she was touched to the heart. She reached out in the dark and took him in her arms and kissed him. Carlitos clung to her; and suddenly he began to cry.

"So," Black Murga rasped, with the culprit erect on the mat before him, "you helped them—and admit it?"

"Yes, general."

"Why? You knew what to expect, didn't you?"

Carlitos answered humbly that he did.

"Then"—the general bent his heavy brows on him—"what made you go and do it?"

"They'd—they'd been good to me!" was his only defense.

Murga considered him a while, his features set and stern.

"You have heard me say that the first duty of a soldier was loyalty and obedience? Yet you have been a traitor."

When he paused, Carlitos deemed it incumbent upon him to say something.

"Yes, general."

"What I don't understand," continued the chief irritably, "is why you didn't go with them. You come back here and sneak into bed, and next morning have the nerve to own up that you helped them get away!"

(Concluded on Page 35)

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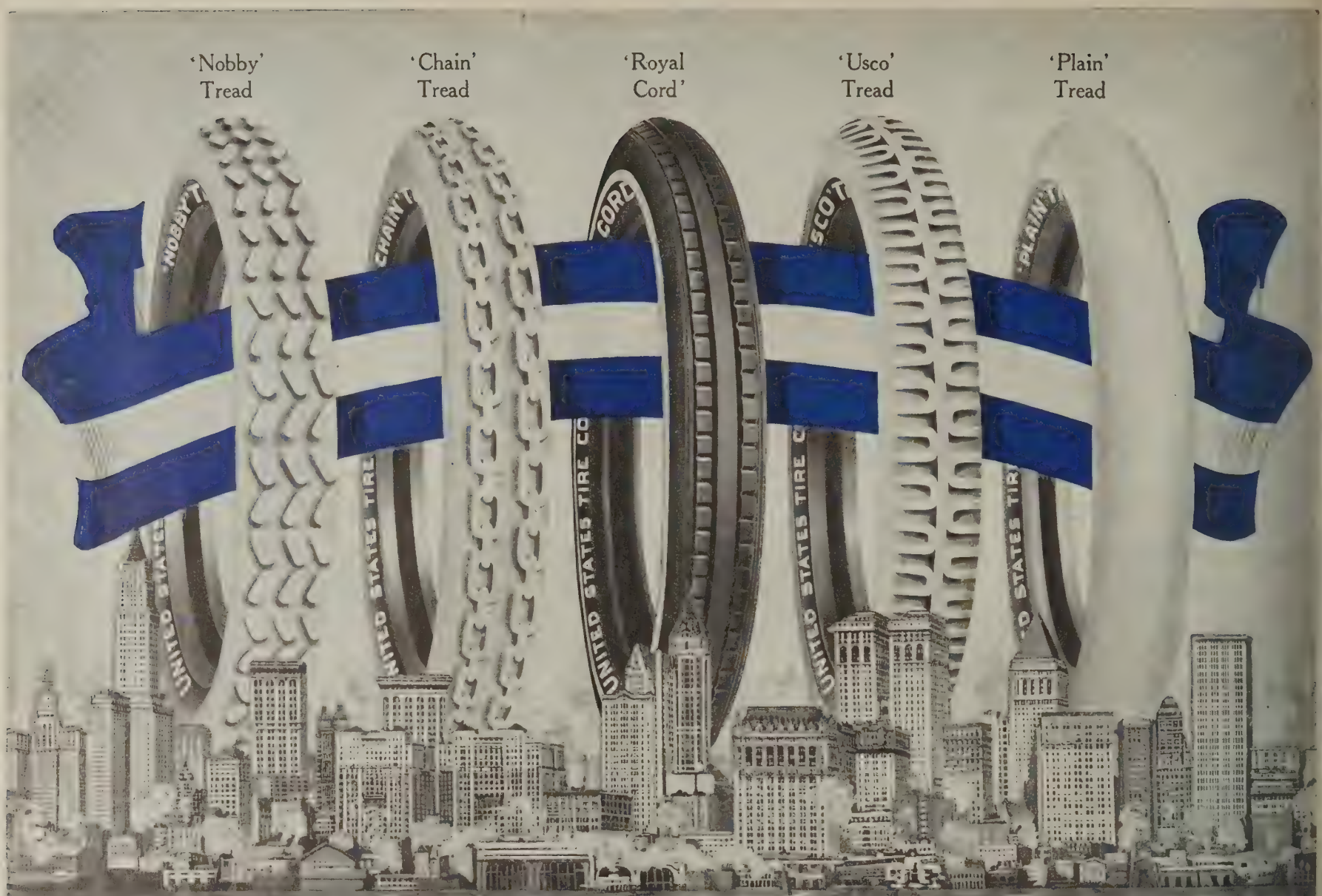

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(Concluded from Page 33)

It was plain that the performance struck him as sheer effrontery.

"I—I had to come back. I'm a soldier! Besides, you'd have found out it was me and got me, anyhow."

The rebel chief scrutinized him fixedly. Carlitos was pale round the lips and ears, and the pupils of his eyes flinched slightly, but he stood up straight and did not tremble.

"I see," said the general with ominous calm. "You figured that I might let you off because you're so young. Well, you were wrong." He paused, made a sign to Colonel Moreno, and added: "I'm going to have you shot. Take him away, colonel. And finish the job at once. You understand me."

It was only what Carlitos had expected, but from the group about the chief broke exclamations of horror and amazement. There was a simultaneous movement forward of all but Moreno, and a young aide cried:

"*Por Dios,* my general! Think—he is only a child!"

"Be quiet, you!" roared Murga, his face twitching with rage. "Just one word more and it will be twenty blows with a saber. Do you hear? Take him away, Moreno! There's a pill of my making."

They fell back, and the colonel conducted the boy outside. Before going, Carlitos saluted punctiliously, and as they passed out into the sunshine he could hear Black Murga scolding his staff.

A priest confessed Carlitos and a squad of five marched him to the adobe wall against which Hernandez had perished. On the way the boy kept that hero in mind and strove to walk as nonchalantly. The result was a pathetic swagger; and when he tried to smoke, it got into his lungs and set him coughing. Yet he contrived a joke to the sergeant of the squad, and the big Yaqui grinned.

The whole camp trailed behind. Carlitos did not resent their curiosity. Instead, he accepted it as a tribute and was glad that so many people should see how fearlessly he could conduct himself.

How was it Hernandez had done? Ah, yes—he had smoked a cigarette; he had flung it from him and made a speech; and he had thrust aside the bandage. Well, he would do the same; he, Carlitos, would show the entire army the stuff that was in him. A sort of ecstasy submerged the inner voices that prompted him to beg for mercy—to run for it—to fall down and refuse to go farther.

Consequently, when they placed him against the wall Carlitos selected a spot with nice care, as though the choice were a matter of moment. Murmurs of pity reached him from the crowd, but he did not interpret them. An officer attempted to bind his arms, but Carlitos pleaded that it was unnecessary, for he would not run or dodge, or fight back.

Next he pushed aside the handkerchief that Colonel Moreno would have tied over his eyes, squared his shoulders, gazed straight at the firing squad, and announced in a childish treble:

"I'm ready!"

The colonel stepped to one side. His sword was lifted.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Carlitos.

They waited. The boy took another pull on his cigarette—he had nearly forgotten that. Blowing a smoke ring above his head, he tossed the stub away.

"Tell Rosie," he cried, "that my last thoughts were of her—and my soul to the Unknown! *Preparen armas!*"

Up came the rifles.

"*Sobre el reo apunten!*"

They leveled them at his breast.

"*Fuego!*" he shrilled.

The rifles barked. The dust spurted from the adobe wall. Yet Carlitos stood upright. He was quivering, but he did not fall.

"You'll have to shoot again," he quavered. "I'm not dead yet. I think you missed me."

And, dadgum, if they hadn't! What do you think of that? The whole army gave a yell and surged toward the prisoner. The colonel advanced to look; and Black Murga appeared abruptly from the crowd to make sure for himself. It was surely a miracle.

"*Ah qué pelado;* it is the truth!" exclaimed the general, turning the boy round and round, and feeling him all over. "Not a hole in him—not so much as a scratch! What sort of shooting is this? I've half a mind to stand all five of you up in his place."

"Shall we shoot him again, general?" inquired Moreno gravely.

"I should say not! If five of my best shots can't hit him the first time, you don't get another chance. How about it, *muchachito?* Had enough? Then be off before somebody of surer aim tries it."

The advice seemed good to Carlitos. Jubilant, but feeling far from secure as yet, he darted into the press of spectators and was carried triumphantly back to camp. They felt so relieved and happy that they not only yelled for Carlitos but even cheered Black Murga. And Carlitos made eleven speeches.

He was well started on the twelfth, the center of a throng of troopers; he was relating it all over again—how five full-grown men had fired pointblank at him from a distance of five yards without so much as inflicting a mark, because of God's grace as a reward for devotion and courage—he was telling it for the twelfth time when a messenger arrived to summon him to headquarters. Carlitos did not notice him at first. He was in fine fettle. As he warmed up, he colored the tale, dividing the credit between Divine intervention and his own astuteness in making certain muscular contortions by which he had evaded the whizzing bullets.

The messenger thrust forward.

"Yes, Carlitos," he said; "you ought to be thankful for your small stature. That alone saved you. But hurry up and come with me. The general wishes to speak to you."

"What's the matter now?" demanded the boy in some apprehension.

"I don't know."

Very uneasy, Carlitos accompanied him to the chief's house. Nor were his fears allayed when he glimpsed Murga's expression, which was black and lowering. Half a dozen officers were in the room, and they gazed at Carlitos without a sign of friendliness.

He began to fear the worst.

The general waited until Carlitos had brought his heels together and saluted. A secretary sat beside him, with pen and paper.

"What is your name?" he began with much formality.

"Carlos Aviles, excellency."

"Your age?"

"Ten years—going on eleven." The secretary jotted it down.

"Have you any children?" Murga continued.

"No, general—not yet."

"Ah! Then you are not married?"

"No, general."

"So much the better. You can serve me with undivided mind. Carlos Aviles, you are promoted in the orders of the day to a captaincy; and you will be attached to my personal staff. . . . And now," he cried, rising from his chair, "come and embrace me, *hombrecito!* Give me ten thousand like you, and I would laugh at my enemies."

Later that day Black Murga was disturbed in his siesta by wrangling voices and sounds of strife, punctuated by yelps of pain. He sent his military secretary to learn the trouble. That officer returned in short order.

"It is one of your aides, excellency."

"What? That row? Who? Which one?"

"Captain Aviles, general."

"Ah, indeed! And what is the captain doing now, Dario?"

"He is trying to beat up two of your soldiers."

"Good for him! Why?"

"It seems, general, that he ordered Troopers Juan Juarequi and Tomas Fraustro to salute him each time he went by."

"Well?"

"They told him to go to hell!"

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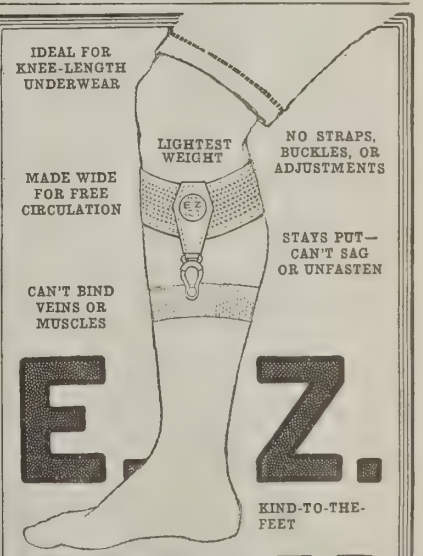

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SALT OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 7)

dirt that runs from four bits to a dollar a pan. So he buys the property for a million dollars, puts in his machinery an' ditches, washes for a month, an' shuts down to make his first clean-up. Sinful, that gal tells me he don't git gold enough to fill a tooth!

"Hyde is in Yurrup by this time; so Pyrites can't git close enough to the skunk to kill him. Also, Pyrites don't squeal none—part from pride an' part because he's a dead-game sport. He just packs his jacks an' heads up into the Harqua Halas, lookin' for another stake, which he never finds; an' finally somethin' goes wrong with his innards an' he sets back from the game. His widder runs a miners' boardin' house an' manages to give this here gal Marjorie her schoolin' an' make a trained nuss out o' her; after which maw cashes in too—an' the gal's an orphan."

Sinful John was silent a long time, pondering this tragic tale. Finally he asked:

"An' this feller Hyde? Is he still in Yurrup? Because if he is we'll just nacherly look that varmint up an' argy the case with him when we go to the Paree Exposition."

"No," replied Snowshoe, "he ain't. He's a-livin' in New York, an' he's what you-all call a banker and broker. That million he took from Pyrites Kincaid give him his start; an' Marjorie tells me as how she read all about him in the papers. I reckon nebbe that skunk's worth twenty million dollars by now."

Again Sinful John lapsed into silence. After a long time Snowshoe Sam queried:

"I'm agreeable, Sinful. . . . How d'ye propose takin' that million away from him?"

Not a word had been spoken; yet Snowshoe read his partner's thoughts as accurately as if Sinful had shouted them.

"To-morrer mornin'," Sinful declared calmly, "I'm a-goin' to take two o' the packs an' go back to the dry diggin's, dig up that eighteen thousand dollars in dust we got buried there, an' light out for Battle Mountain, to connect with the overland train. When I git there I'll cash in enough dust to keep us both goin' for the next three months, an' the rest o' the poke I'll put in the safe-deposit vault in the bank here, in both our names. Then I'm a-goin' to dust for New York; an' as soon as you're able to stagger round, Snowshoe, you light out for Mono County. D'ye remember that big cement-gravel deposit we looked over twenty years ago—about nine hundred acres of it, up near Benton?"

Snowshoe nodded.

"You're goin' to sell him that conglomerate, eh?" he queried.

"I'm a-goin' to try, Snowshoe."

"Salt?"

"You bet!"

"How?"

"Nothin' so coarse as Mexicans with gold-filled cigarettes. No, siree! It'll require art to sell this swindler nine hundred acres o' gravel without a streak of color in it! So we'll be artists, Snowshoe. We'll first tell him where the claims lie, lead him out to 'em, then walk away an' let him or his engineer sample every dog-goned acre of it, if they want to. They'll get an assay that'll drive 'em crazy, no matter where they take the sample."

"Sinful," Snowshoe Sam reminded his partner gently, "we ain't got dust enough to salt nine hundred acres o' that wuthless gravel deposit. An' though I don't never aim to be a short sport, an'll go as far as any man, still, as your pardner, I've got to remind you that this proposition's goin' to knock spots out o' our trip to Paree. An' you been settin' a heap o' stock by that journey."

"To hell with Paree!" roared Sinful John with splendid nonchalance. "I been readin' up on Paree lately, an', come to think of it, I'm afraid I've been overestimatin' that jump. In the first place, the john-damns, which is what they call the city marshals, won't let you wear a gun; an' if you hit a Frenchman a swipe in the snoot for insultin' you, you git six months in the county jail. The only thing that's left for a feller to do, then, is to cuss the short-horn. An', Snowshoe, them Frenchmen don't know what cussin' is like! Snowshoe, they couldn't understand us. If I was to call one of 'em the name that was sudden death in Ballarat an' Eureka an' Virginia City when we was young fellers, he'd think I was complimentin' him."

"Well, I'll be shot!"

"Yes, sir; it's a fact. Snowshoe, whenever you want to cuss a Frenchman just call him a camel; if you want to git him goin' for fair, call him a camel with two humps; an' if you want to see him tie knots in himself, 'low as how he appears to you to be a kind of cabbage, badly cooked! That'll always stampede him."

Snowshoe expressed proper amazement.

"Wa-al," he concluded finally. "Let's hope we'll save enough out o' the wreck for a trip to Frisco. We ain't been there since sixty-eight; an' they do say folks in Frisco has quit burnin' kerosene in lamps an' uses 'lectricity. I sure would like to see one o' them bottles with a light in it an' no wick. Speakin' personal, Sinful, I ain't never been very strong for Paree myself."

"Then you wouldn't enjoy the trip, Snowshoe. However, to git back to business: As soon as you're able to toddle round you cross over into Mono County, California, an' stake every acre of that gravel deposit. You can use the names of all our friends here in Kelcey's Wells; then, after filing the location notices, come back here, give each of the fellers whose names you've used one silver dollar an' git a quit-claim deed from them for the claims. Then git a lawyer an' incorporate 'em all in a company, an' put a couple o' fellers to doin' the assessment work, until I come back from New York with this Hyde person or his engineer."

"What'll we call the mine, Sinful?"

"Call it the Sweepstakes Minin' Company; an' don't use your own name in connection with the deal at any time. Have the locators deed direct to the company, an' put all the capital stock in my name, with two dummies, holdin' a share each, to make up the board of directors. I'll be president an' treasurer."

"High fi-nance, eh?" piped Snowshoe.

"You bet!" said Sinful John. "Minin'—how to do it an' how not to do it—is one game you an' me savvy all the way. High fi-nance! I should tell a man!"

IV

THE cool young man on guard in the general office of Mr. Brandon P. Hyde, banker and broker, of Wall Street, New York City, looked up as the door opened cautiously halfway. An individual, alien to New York, stood in the aperture. Mr. Hyde's young man gazed upon Sinful John—for the visitor was none other—but said nothing, though his gaze plainly indicated that he wished to be shown—something; no matter what. On his part, Sinful John hesitated, awaiting a cheerful summons to enter and make himself at home. Thus, ten painful seconds passed.

"Well?" queried the cool young man.

"Son," Sinful asked mildly, "be the boss in?"

"Have you an appointment with him?"

"No."

"Then he isn't in—to you, I'm afraid."

"Suppose you tell him I'm out here an' ask him if he can spare me ten minutes o' his attention."

"Whom shall I say wishes to call? Have you a card?"

"Quit joshin' me, young feller! Have I a card? Of course I ain't. Just tell the boss John R. Harkness, of Kelcey's Wells, Nevada, has called to sell him a mine."

"It would be as much as my job is worth. Mr. Hyde has mining propositions put up to him every day of his life, and just at present he isn't considering any further investments."

"He'll consider my proposition. He can't afford not to."

"Mr. Hyde's time is very valuable ——"

"How valuable?"

"Well, I've known days when it was worth a hundred dollars a minute."

Sinful John stepped into the room, reached into his breast pocket, and brought forth a roll of greenbacks held together by a rubber band. Quite coolly he counted out a thousand dollars and shoved it across the counter toward Brandon P. Hyde's astounded outpost.

"I'm no piker when it comes to gittin' what I want," he informed the latter. "You tote that wad in to the boss an' tell him I'm not asking him to give me a second of his time. I'm prepared to buy it an' pay his price for it."

Mr. Hyde was a very human sort of bandit; consequently when his private

(Continued on Page 39)

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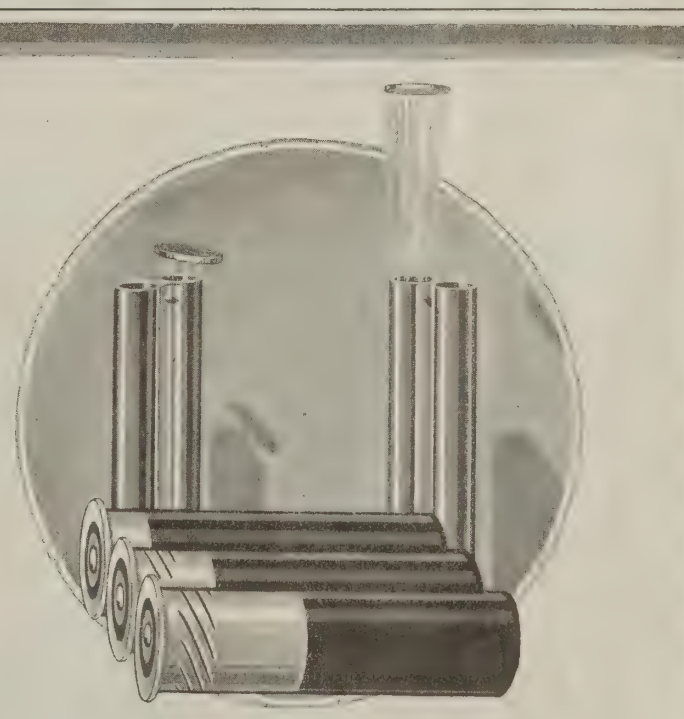

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SIMMONS *Beds*

(Continued from Page 37)

etary carried him Sinful John's message, ther with the latter's cash, name and ress, the financier forgot his customary turnity long enough to laugh.

Money talks, Dawson," he declared. ow him in."

inful John entered—a picturesque sight. Battle Mountain tailor had built him a ce Albert suit of a cut that, in those s, was strictly vogue. The horseshoe-vest showed a "b'iled" shirt, with three ll red studs therein. They looked like es, but were not. A low turndown collar, a black string tie, a wide black felt hat, a pair of twenty-five-dollar boots, the ty of which even Sinful's trousers, n over the boot tops, could not conceal, pleted his attire. His thick white hair g in wavy masses to his coat collar, but cheeks were clean-shaved and his cco-stained beard and mustache had ived the careful attention of a barber very morning. He looked dignified, iarchal; the compelling glance of his , fearless blue eyes won the respect of ictim before a word had been spoken.

Sit down, Mr. Harkness," said Hyde ially. "My secretary tells me you want minutes of my time. I am very busy, I can grant you ten minutes. Mean-there will be no charge." And he ed the thousand dollars toward Sinful , who pocketed it with a smile.

Pretty able chap—the young feller," eclared with a nod toward the general e. "I just nacherly had to outgame " He sat down. "Yes, sir, I wanted e you," he continued; "but not for ten ites. I can tell you my business in five ites. I own all the stock in the Sweep-es Minin' Company, of California. Sweepstakes consists of nine hundred , more or less, of a cement-gravel sit, an' I guarantee to deliver it with a title an' the assessment work all .

'm offerin' it to you for a million dol-cash money—an' you're a-goin' to buy cause that deposit is from ten to twenty eep; an' I defy you to put a round o' anywhere in the face an' break down that won't assay as low as three dol-a ton an' as high, in spots, as ten. I'm ll,' you, Mr. Hyde.

'Remember, however, I ain't wastin' time. I'm an old man, an' I ain't got illion dollars necessary to put in ma-ery an' build ten mile o' flume to lead evater to this ground for sluicin'; so ellin' out, an' I've picked on you to me out. The young feller outside told e ou have minin' propositions put up to very day of your life. I don't doubt ut—you'll never have another propo-tion like mine put up to you! An' this is w I'm goin' to put it up to you: I'm gin' to leave five thousand dollars with here an' now to pay the expenses of n' your engineers out to the Sweep-als Mine to make an examination. If e engineers reports that the ground n'as I represent, then the deal is off—an' a't cost you a cent to find it out.

's a hydraulic proposition, Mr. Hyde. guarantee the water, provided you build tces to bring it to the property; an' I'm ll' you that when them engineers o' un reports back to you you'll see a nred million in sight, an' you'll just o; bust a leg runnin' to me with a certi-d heck for a million dollars. Of course, y buy the property you reimburse me e expense money I've put up. That's in't it?"

Bndon P. Hyde chuckled pleasurably. ou're right, Mr. Harkness," he de-ar. "I'll never have another proposi-on ke this put up to me, for men of your ll-r are too scarce. You are really willing o put up the cash to guarantee me gainst loss if I'll take a chance and merely vestigate your property?"

hat's the bet! She goes as she lies. y ame is John R. Harkness; an' when ou it the contract ready, an' signed, send e oung feller over to the Astor House r y signature an' the cash. Much bligd for your time, sir. Good after-oon" And Sinful John picked his hat omthe floor beside his chair and started r te door.

ere; wait a few minutes!" Hyde alle. "We'll fix this thing up here and ow If you have such a gravel deposit as ou escribe and it will assay one dollar a n 'l through—and if, as you say, a mil-on ollars expended on machinery and ateways will put the mine in operation—'ll by it."

"You've bought the Sweepstakes Minin' Company," said Sinful John; and he sat down again, while Hyde sent for his attorney to come over and draw up a memorandum of agreement between him and his strange visitor.

When it was signed Sinful John paid over five thousand dollars, took a receipt for the same, and departed, after having made an agreement to meet Brandon P. Hyde's engineer ten days hence at Hornbrook, Siskiyou County, California, guide him into the gravel deposit, and leave him there to sample the mine according to his nature and inclinations.

"Which there won't be nobody but your men on the ground," Sinful declared. "I'm tellin' you that cement-gravel assays so high, anywhere you put in a shot round a couple o' miles o' face to git your sample, that if me or my representative was standin' round you'd be inclined to think we'd salted the ground on you."

"Salting nine hundred acres of ground would be prohibitive as to price," Hyde suggested, out of the depths of his early experience in salting placer ground on the late Pyrites Kincaid.

"Well, I ain't takin' chances on rousin' suspicion," Sinful declared. "I can't afford to queer a million-dollar deal—not at my p'int in life. I'll lead your men in an' leave them there to investigate as they durned please."

V

WHEN he left Hyde's office Sinful went to his hotel and sent the following telegram:

NEW YORK, June 27, 18—.

E. S. POSTELWAITHE,
Hornbrook, Siskiyou County, Calif.

Sold. Engineer due Hornbrook morning July seventh. SINFUL.

Immediately upon receipt of this telegram Snowshoe Sam went over to the general store in Hornbrook and bought two cases of seven-eighths-inch forty-per-cent gelatine dynamite, packed them on a burro, and disappeared into the hills. When he was satisfied he was far from prying eyes he carefully pried off the lids of the cases and removed the dynamite; then, from his kyacks, he produced a polished-steel rod about ten inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter; also, a bag of gold dust and a tiny funnel.

His nefarious preparations now being completed, Snowshoe Sam took up a stick of dynamite, drew back the folds of the heavy, greasy, brown-paper cylinder at one end and drove his steel rod down through the center of the stick for one-third of the distance, wiggled it round gingerly, and then withdrew it, leaving a well-defined hole. Into this hole he placed his tiny funnel and from the buckskin poke poured about ten dollars' worth of gold dust into the funnel. Then he stamped the gold down into the heart of the dynamite, covered over the tiny hole, folded the paper back over the end of the stick, reversed it and performed a similar operation in the other end. When the task was finished that stick of dynamite contained between eighteen and twenty dollars' worth of gold dust, and there was no sign to indicate that the stick had been tampered with.

Wise in the ways of the miner handling powder, Snowshoe knew that an engineer, when breaking down rock for ore samples, is never foolish enough to use a full stick of dynamite. He cuts it in half. Hence Snowshoe craftily salted his dynamite from both ends, planting each deposit at about the center of a half stick. Hence, when a full stick was cut in twain the point of separation would be approximately at the center of the stick and the knife would cut through dynamite only, thus rendering discovery of the gold practically impossible. Snowshoe loaded all the dynamite, repacked it in the boxes and nailed down the lids again, after which he dug a hole and buried the deadly stuff to keep his inquisitive jacks from investigating it to the detriment of all concerned.

Then he went fishing over on the Klamath River; and when fishing palled on him he took his old double-barreled, muzzle-loading shotgun and went hunting rabbits for Toby. Thus did he disport himself until the fifth day of July. On that day he journeyed back to Hornbrook, arriving late at night; and on the morning of the sixth he again visited the general store and bought the last two cases of dynamite in Hornbrook. The excess supply usually kept on hand had been used up by patriotic citizens

(Continued on Page 42)

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Eight Touring . $1950

(Concluded from Page 39)

during the Fourth-of-July celebration two days previously, and a new consignment would not be delivered for several days.

Snowshoe packed his two cases on his jack and trudged back to his camp in the hills, where he worked until far into the night, salting both cases liberally.

Thus it came to pass that when Sinful John, accompanied by Hyde's engineer and two husky assistants the latter could trust, dropped off the train at Hornbrook on the morning of the seventh, and the engineer went over to the general store to purchase dynamite at the source of supply closest to Sinful John's deposit of cement-gravel, or conglomerate, he was courteously informed by the proprietor that he had no dynamite in stock, having sold the last two cases the previous night.

Sinful John, having gone to take over the pack outfit and saddle horses he had ordered by wire, appeared at the general store a few minutes later, and to him the engineer explained the embarrassment resulting from the scarcity of dynamite. They would have to mark time in Hornbrook until the storekeeper should receive the lot just ordered.

To this unwelcome news the storekeeper further added, volubly, that he was plumb sorry; that he wished he had known sooner, because he'd sold the last two cases only the day before.

"Who'd you sell it to?" Sinful demanded.

"To a prospector name o' Postelwaithe. He's peggin' away at a claim back yonder in the hills."

"Oh, I know Postelwaithe!" Sinful declared, vastly relieved. "You say he bought two boxes?" The storekeeper nodded. "Then," quoth Sinful John, "he'll give us one of them if we agree to send him out a case from this here lot you've got comin' next week. One case each will keep us both going until more dynamite gets into this country. Come, boys! Climb aboard your horses an' let's crack along. We pass the claim o' this person Postelwaithe on our road out to the Sweepstakes. He's an obligin', neighborly sort o' cuss; in fact, you'll find that folks in this country is generally willin' to give a feller in need about half o' whatever they've got."

So Sinful John led his victims out to the camp of Elmer Sampson Postelwaithe, who sympathized deeply with them in their predicament and cursed the mining game up hill and down dale. It appeared Mr. Postelwaithe had just come to the conclusion that quartz mining was a delusion and a snare, and was about ready to go back to his old love—placering. Consequently he would be glad to sell them three cases of dynamite, if they wanted it, and take back any part they found themselves unable to use.

Brandon P. Hyde's engineer was delighted with Snowshoe's liberality and neighborly spirit, and hastened to take advantage of it. Snowshoe pointed disgustedly to three cases of dynamite.

"Help yourself. All I ask is that you don't let it drop," he declared; he was not at all concerned, for all three cases were salted.

"Much obliged," Sinful John told him. "Have a cigar, Mr. Postelwaithe?"

"Don't mind if I do, Mr. Harkness," said Snowshoe Sam.

VI

BRANDON P. HYDE'S engineer in the course of time rendered his formal report on the property of the Sweepstakes Mining Company. He had put in shots and taken samples all over the property, which, when washed and rockered out, showed an average assay of $4.61 a ton, with so many million tons of gravel in sight that Brandon P. Hyde actually blinked at the enormity of the paper profits. Everything was as the whimsical Mr. John R. Harkness had represented and the engineer recommended the immediate purchase of the mine.

So Brandon P. Hyde promptly transferred a million dollars by telegraph to a San Francisco bank, and wired John R. Harkness to call upon his attorney there and close up the deal; which, being done to the entire satisfaction of the attorney, a certified check for a million and five thousand dollars was handed Sinful John, who, to the great amazement of the paying teller, insisted on receiving the entire amount in bills of large denomination.

With the million in a satchel, he then went to Los Angeles, where he purchased ten cashier's checks from ten banks, each check drawn for one hundred thousand dollars in favor of Marjorie Kincaid. These checks he inclosed in an envelope, together with a scrap of paper, upon which was written:

"I can't die a thief! I stole this from your father before you was born. Please forgive me."

Then he returned to San Francisco. At the What Cheer House he met Snowshoe Sam, who reported Toby in the basement of the hotel and everything lovely in his department; whereupon they sent that million dollars by registered mail to Marjorie Kincaid, at Kelcey's Wells, Nevada. When the return registry receipt gave ocular proof that Pyrites Kincaid's daughter had at last come into her father's fortune, Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam went blithely forth to the enjoyment of those worldly things they had set their hearts upon. It was a wonderful vacation; certainly Gay Paree was not a deprivation.

And when the poke was down to five hundred dollars Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam and Toby went back to Kelcey's Wells, bought a new pack outfit and drifted away through the purple haze into the silence, to sunrise and sunset, to the scent of the sage at dawn, and wood smoke and the odor of frying bacon in their eager nostrils at eventide.

When at last they came to their abandoned dry diggings, in the hot, cruel heart of Big Smoky, with the shimmering heat waves stretching away to the distant blue Toquina Range and the desolation of death round them, Snowshoe Sam heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank God, Sinful," he murmured, "we're home again!"

As for Brandon P. Hyde, he spent another million installing machinery and building a dam up in the hills, and miles of ditches to lead the water to his vast cement-gravel deposit. The Sweepstakes Mine ran a month and then shut down for the first clean-up, which netted nothing—neither more nor less.

Simultaneously with the receipt by Hyde of this horrible report, however, the latter's mail brought him a communication that, though disconcerting otherwise, at least brought to Brandon P. Hyde the meager comfort of an explanation. It was undated and unsigned, and read as follows:

"Do not blame your engineer that made the examination. I slipped him a couple of cases of salted dynamite. The Sweepstakes Mine wasn't a mine at all—just a big deposit of conglomerate, which is a formation that often contains a lot of gold. The only gold the Sweepstakes contained was the gold that was put into the sticks of dynamite. After your men had drilled holes in the face of the deposit they tamped the salted dynamite into the holes; when the dynamite exploded it blew the salt into the deposit, an' when your engineer rockered his samples he found stuff that ran $4.61 to the ton.

"Now you know how Pyrites Kincaid felt when you salted that Mexican ground on him fifteen years ago. Pyrites is dead; but his heir will enjoy your million. The other million you spent on the ground is for exemplary damages.

"It's a long lane that hasn't got a saloon at the end of it!"

And when Brandon P. Hyde's detective came to Kelcey's Wells seeking information anent one Elmer S. Postelwaithe and one John R. Harkness, nobody could give him any information. If he had only asked for Sinful John and Snowshoe Sam!

And yet some people ask: "What's in a name?"

WITH CANADA AT THE SOMME

(Continued from Page 20)

major waited to receive us. Of the college-athlete type, he was just a big, cordial boy, glad and lucky to be alive. Tale after tale he spun of brushes with the Germans in the hot days when Canada took Courcelette up the Somme; and he ended with these remarks: "So you are with THE SATURDAY EVENING POST! Your paper has hurt me deeply. I was up in a dug-out on the Somme. As I'm too tall for the regular funk-hole where I used to sleep, my head and legs were always hanging out. I hadn't had a bath for ten days. My batman, poor kid, had been hit; and my trench coat went with him. My clothes had been soaked and dried on to my skin. Then someone brought up the mail and I drew a POST. I opened it to a collar ad—you get me? A collar ad! I looked at that neat son-of-a-gun, slapped him and said: 'Take that, Willie! Take that!'"

There was, too, a paymaster officer, with one of those crinkled faces which in the North American type go with shrewdness. He might have been a small city judge or banker of the Middle West; and he was wise, very wise. The Canadian-Irishman who escorted us past the stinking shell holes of an old battle to a set of reserve trenches and an observation post, might have been in high affairs in Boston, that Puritan city grown Hibernian.

Dinner Before the Attack

He whom they call the "Papoose" is of the Western Continent, too, but with a difference. He gets his nickname from a play on his real name; but as much, too, for his wide-eyed, childish interest in this world and his boyish spirits. For the Papoose is of the French element, and shows it in his sprightliness. Yet he has seen enough to sadden a man for life—a proof that characters are not changed by war. Twice he has come back from action the only unwounded officer of the company. On the last night before our all-American party moved on to the Somme, there was a dinner at a certain headquarters. A crack military band, come to cheer up the men at the rest stations, serenaded us outside. After God Save the King they played The Star-Spangled Banner, which I considered right handsome of them. That called for speeches. The Papoose rose and delivered himself of real eloquence—another proof that he is French. That was a singular dinner, there behind the guns, a pleasant affair, with much joshing about the board. Yet these men were only a few weeks from the slaughter pen of the Somme; and one and all they had been through hell. It broke queerly into the conversation now and then. In the midst of some quaint or funny story about Smith or Brown or Jones the narrator would pull himself up and say: "Poor fellow, he's gone!" or "Killed at Courcelette!" and then, after a momentary shift of expression, go on with the conversation.

With the rank and file we had communed less than I might have wished. The Canadian is not marked off from the "Imperial" forces, like his brethren of Australia and New Zealand, by a distinctive hat. He wears the trench cap; his designation is merely the bronze maple leaf at the collar and the brass tag "CANADA" on the shoulder-strap. Yet as the columns crawled down the muddy roads you could usually pick the Canadians by their stalwart frames and the freedom of their stride; and when they came near enough, the hard stress of their American accents would pierce the babble of softer English speech. Now and then a stop at a crossroads would afford a chance for a talk or an exchange of cigarettes, and the soldier so accosted, upon finding that we were not officers, as our khaki seemed to prove, but only correspondents from the States, would open up with the friendliness of our Continent and tell about themselves. We talked so with a wheat farmer of the Saskatchewan, a mechanic from Ottawa, a clerk from Toronto, a miner—he was using his skill now in driving military galleries—from the far North.

I found, too, that the excellent Canadian morale, of which the British correspondents write in these days, was no myth. Why soldiers prefer dangerous activities to less dangerous passivity, I do not know; but the fact remains; and these Canadians proved it to me. They vastly preferred the Somme, with its terrible hardships and losses, to the pounding at the Ypres Salient. This rest in the peace trenches hardly resembled warfare as they had known it in their heroic fifteen months of battle for the Empire; and it came most gratefully after the Somme.

Now we had shifted through Amiens, toward the scene of action where a part of the Canadians, wedged among their Imperial comrades, were blasting their way toward Germany. A bad set of tires and a damaged rear wheel held us back that day, and we came to the devastation of the Somme and to an advanced headquarters in a twilight sprinkled with the firefly spots of bursting shrapnel, lit by the sudden, vicious bursts of guns. Headquarters was a dug-out to which a plank walk led across a muddy ridge. The general was having tea, and an Imperial colonel—"Imperial" among the Canadians means about the same thing as "English"—had dropped in for a visit, a noble specimen of a cream-colored English bulldog following at his heels. While we drank our tea the animal slept under the table, snoring even more wheezily than is the habit of his kind.

"He's been through it with me from the first," remarked the colonel. "He was gassed at Ypres, and I was afraid I was going to lose him, poor old chap—his voice has never recovered!"

Soldiers at the front, I find, do not care greatly to discuss the war. Visitors bring a breath of outer air, a relief from a topic so all-absorbing that it amounts to torture. So we spoke of many things, such as the presidential election and the reason for the American accent. Only when we rose to go did the staff remark quite casually that there was going to be an attack during the night. A certain strong and famous German trench had been half taken a week before. The mud had been drying during the day, and Canada was going after the remainder. They spoke of this quite casually as part of the day's work; but when we left the general was hurrying back to his map room. We had scarcely started our car down the road, when the guns, which had been booming all the afternoon, broke into a tattoo, as a snare drummer, out of the "Tum, Tum, Tum-Tum-Tum" of his marching beat, will break into a long roll.

We flashed, on our way back, through the ruined city of Albert. Who does not know of the Albert Virgin? The fame of that curious statue has spread over the world; yet to get the impression it gives, bizarre, sinister, pathetic and all-impressive, one must see it not in photographs, but in the setting of battle. The Albert Cathedral was one of the most pretentious modern churches of France, though a little loud in effect, what with much mosaic and gingerbread work. Now at its highest steeple stood a gigantic gilded Virgin, holding up before her the Child with His arms outstretched. This figure, seen in the distance, was the cross of the church.

The Colonel's Dog Fritz

No church tower I have seen in the war is so badly battered, while still standing. Shells have bitten great chunks from this side and that, until in profile it looks like a corkscrew. The copula supporting the figure was burned, and the iron girders bent so that the statue dipped over horizontally. There it rests; it seems a mother keeping her child from falling; and the outstretched arms of the infant give him an appearance of terror. We saw it in flashes of the guns, in star sparkles of the shrapnel; the crazy structure and the figures which topped it were shaking with the reverberations of the guns. I could even imagine an expression of horror on the sculptured face of the Child.

We were quartered in a city perhaps twenty miles behind the line. There the colonel was to meet us. Since he is a character in the events of that night, I pause to describe him. He is a Briton of the old army; among the prismatic row of service ribbons on his left breast is the Victoria Cross, which he won at Spion Kop. The colonel is tall and rangy, calm and witty, opinionated and kindly. Wherever he goes behind the front he takes along Fritz, his little dog. When the Canadians stormed a certain bastion at Courcelette they found only one living thing—this tiny mongrel fox-terrier with an undershot jaw, who stood on the body of his dead master barking furiously. The officer who captured Fritz is dead; the colonel got him by inheritance. And now the little traitor is as fond of the colonel and his mess as though he had been barking for England all his days.

(Concluded on Page 46)

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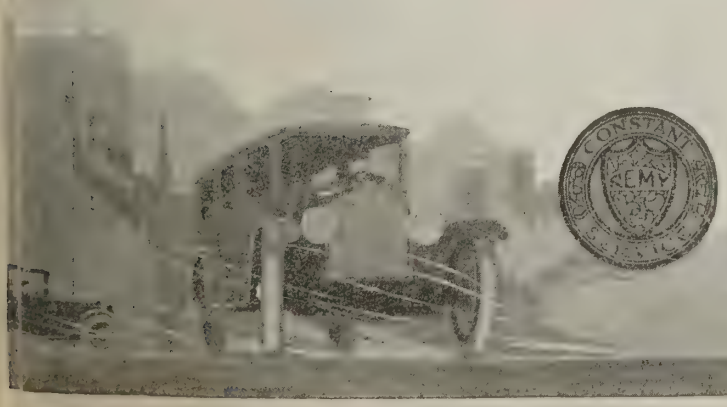

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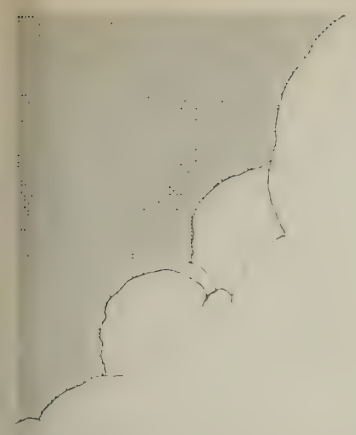

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It is simply the clear and steadfast purpose of this Company never to send into the world a product unworthy of the Goodyear name.

A strange guarantee, perhaps, in these days of definite mileage warranties.

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And to build them there in Goodyear measure he must be stirred by such a purpose as the Goodyear purpose.

He must ally this purpose with the highest manufacturing proficiency to make it consistently effective.

High aim and high ability must work hand in hand—and such an alliance is the real guarantee behind Goodyear Cord Tires.

This, and the fact that you—the tire-buyer—*must* be satisfied.

Their capacity for long and satisfactory service is not on paper, remember—it is *in the tires*.

Their longer mileage is insured not by a phrase or a figure—but by the best materials put together in the best possible way.

Their positive economy rests not upon a promise, but upon definite structural Goodyear features.

Their greater comfort, their lasting strength, their surer security, their uniform quality, their downright *goodness*—these are guaranteed by Goodyear integrity of manufacture, by the character of the product itself.

In the ordinary sense, the guarantee behind Goodyear Cord Tires is not a guarantee at all.

But to those who have dealt with Goodyear it is a warranty beyond all formal compact.

They know the Goodyear declaration of principles is to be found in the Goodyear product, and they require further assurance no more than they require a trusted friend to swear his loyalty before a notary.

They know the miles they pay for in a Goodyear Cord Tire will be paid back to them upon the road.

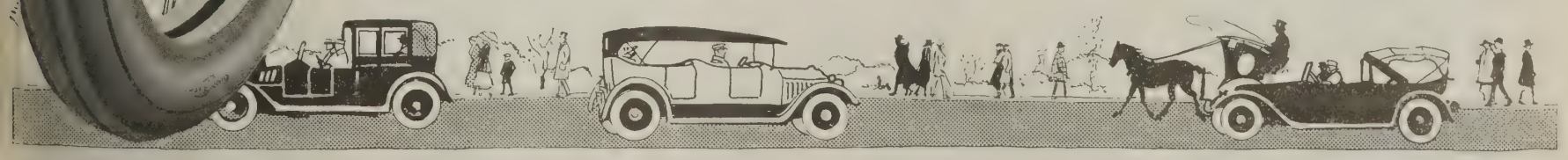
And that there is more satisfaction in collecting them there, than over the adjustment counter.

You will find it so, when you buy Goodyear Cord Tires.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

They come in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, in both All-Weather and Ribbed treads, for gasoline and electric cars.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 42)

The weather had broken into a beautiful night with a full November moon. The British hold the air above the Somme; it is the best thing they do. Yet on a night like this it is very hard to prevent air raids. Extinguish lights as you may, the target lies stretched below the enemy, while the aëroplane rises invisible against the silvery-slate background. We were not surprised, therefore, to have the lights of the hotel suddenly fade out. The hotel help, making a brave effort to be calm, lighted candles. Just as we were washing for dinner the sharp crack of anti-aircraft guns opened outside. We ran out. White puffs of shrapnel sprinkled the silver-slate sky like clouds in a Japanese print. They burst faster and faster, the flock moving always toward the zenith; there came a loud "bang" not far away, showing that the bomb-dropping had begun. With all that shrapnel falling it was imprudent to stay outside. We withdrew indoors and finished our toilet. There were more crashes; then the guns died out.

Scarcely had we begun dinner when the firing recommenced—the raiders, evidently, were on their way back. Madame the cashier, counting change at the desk, smiled gravely; but she stopped every now and then on the bang of a bomb, a five-franc note raised in a hand which shook only a little. Our slim, pretty little waitress paused once, laid her hands on a door and her head on her hands; then she continued serving. Two other waitresses, more frankly frightened, stood together in a corner; I saw their shoulders jerk with each of the big explosions. Our officers calmly ate their *hors-d'œuvre*, making now a comment on the raid, throwing now a word of joking reassurance at the waitress. Then silence again.

After dinner I visited friends at a château a few streets away. Conversation was going merrily when it came again. We went into the backyard to witness the show. The shrapnel clouds were climbing to the zenith and we were planning a retirement when the backyard of a house two doors away went up like a blast in a quarry; we had a vision of a black cloud shot with angry red sparks. When, toward midnight, I grew sleepy, one of my hosts offered to show me my way home. Just as we neared the hotel the firing, the bomb explosions, recommenced; it seemed no time until the clouds of aërial warfare were breaking exactly overhead. We ran to the big night door of the hotel. It was closed. We rang the porter's bell. Evidently he was in the cellar. I had a picture as I rang of a group of French soldiers—convalescents from a hospital, it turned out—passing up the street.

A Very Close Shave

I had given up ringing for the porter, had turned back into the street, when two bombs struck almost together, one the hotel next door, one a shop four doors away. The first I did not notice at all; it was the other which produced the spectacular effect. A cloud of dust and débris burst fanshaped across the street, broken glass rattled, the French soldiers with proper prudence scurried toward cover. I had leisure to wonder, as I crammed myself into one corner of the doorway, why I saw no dead out there in the street, why I myself had escaped, and why I had felt no wind from the explosion. In reality the bomb had exploded inside the shop, and what I saw was only glass and débris blown out through the window.

The French scurried to cover, and then, plainly in the moonlight, I saw a tall British officer striding with easy dignity toward a refuge in the doorway of the adjoining hotel. Though I learned it only the next morning, this was the colonel; and he had a close shave. He had been calling on a friend at the hotel next door. On the way out he entered into conversation with the porter. On some impulse they walked as they talked out onto the street. Five seconds after they passed the door the lobby in which they had been standing went up in splinters. No one was hurt in this building, but people were killed in the town that night—as usual, civilians. These bomb raids on open towns strike the observer as fairly senseless. Five minutes after this episode a German raider was brought down in flames, a spectacle which we missed. That stopped the performance for the night.

Yet twice I was wakened by firing, and realized only when I struggled out of sleep that it was not a raid but the noise of the great, eternal battle twenty miles away. I realized also that while I lay warm between linen sheets, Canada, heroic Canada, was staggering through mud and cold and pain and death for the prize of a ditch. I had heard Verdun going full blast, but never such intense fire as this. The burst of curtain fire would last ten minutes or so, a roar which rose to a tremendous crescendo, die down to a roar, rise again. Once I looked out; a faint light like dawn rimmed the patch of horizon above the city roofs.

When we burst into the map room of advanced headquarters next morning the adjutant announced quietly: "We got the trench; our casualties are small; fifty prisoners or so." Yet the action evidently was not quite over as yet; these modern battles do not end until the enemy has made his last counterattack. The adjutant, as he spoke, wore a telephone head-receiver; suddenly he began talking in cryptic letters and numerals. A staff captain stood at the map, taking measures with a divider. The general, busy over some papers, found leisure for a moment to explain the action. They had not slept since we bade them good night at teatime. Their faces were drawn, lined, dark with fatigue toxins. I noticed, after a time, that we were all talking under our breaths, as men do in times of stress. And all this, I take it, is a fairly typical picture of a headquarters during a modern battle. The gold lace has gone, all gone, from war.

The Great Spectacle of the War

The strain relaxed a little. Probably something among those cryptic messages over the wire had convinced the staff that counterattacks were finished. The general strolled out into a sickly sunlight over a sick land, and laid out our route with due regard to prudence and possible curtain fire. So we started forward. There were Simms and I, correspondents; a pleasant Irish captain, who had come with us all the way; a Canadian major, whose name is written large in American letters; and a staff captain. The last is worth mention. He was in high school when he enlisted for the Empire; he has been through the hottest of it all; and he serves on the staff by virtue of ability.

The hinterland of the world's greatest battle lay some way behind us. At the beginning of the war I saw a whole German army march through Louvain, and I have said often that it was to me the great spectacle of the war. I revised that opinion on the spot. Nothing that I may see again in life can impress me like this. Imagine a rolling country, falling here and there into wide, shallow hill bowls. Imagine a terrain, on which grows neither tree nor shrub, but only at best stumps. Imagine that grass, hedges, roads, houses, are all gone, blotted out; a land underfoot of sticky mud which seems to exhale poisonous odors. Imagine next a new city, greater in extent than Manhattan, sprung up suddenly on this strange ground—a city without women, without real houses, without rapid transportation lines, without the slightest ordinary grace or convenience of life. As far as the eye swept in any direction were the tents or bivouacs of men, interspersed with military dunnage of every size and kind. I can compare it to only one thing I ever saw before—one of the old Western boom camps, only on a gigantic scale. Here was a battalion in bivouac, circling in lines while the men were issued rations or clothing. Here was a great corral of artillery horses. Down all the roads—old ones rebuilt after the smashing of battle, new ones thrust across the mud—crawled a procession which ran forever, as though on an endless chain: artillery with bright, burnished muzzles, polished harness and curried horses, going up; artillery with muzzles covered by khaki-brown caked mud, rope-patched harness, incredibly bedraggled harness, coming out; camp kitchens with smoking stacks; motor omnibuses moving troops; motor caravans carrying shells and supplies; motorcyclists curving expertly through the traffic; empty ambulances hurrying forward for the wreckage of the attack; loaded ambulances coming slowly back; mule trains; the touring cars of officers. And, adding somehow to this impression of a city, were the graveyards, with little white crosses rising thick as wheat stalks.

The guns were increasing their fire as we went forward—the regular morning hate. Never was there a pause in the regular "boom-boom-boom" which sounded now near, now far. Also there were screaming shells, and occasionally the lighter sound of their bursting punctuated the noise of our guns. The Germans, their "eye put out" by the British supremacy in the air, were shelling blindly by the map, aiming generally at some feature of the landscape, like a crossroads, which they had known in their time of occupation.

We pushed on past towns whose hitherto obscure names were flashed to the four corners of the world by the communiques last summer—La Boiselle, Pozières, Martinpuich. Towns! They are geographical locations only. The foundation of one heavy stone house stands with a sliver of wall; there is nothing more, not even a visible site. They say that when the army first came one could trace in the débris the course of streets; but even that has passed, what with the use of a working army. On the edge of one of these towns a crater, like the true crater of a volcano, gapes open to the sky; here the British exploded a giant mine. "Want to see a German dug-out?" asked the staff captain. "Those fellows dig in their sleep."

We splashed and floundered, weaving through a maze of military work and supplies to a hole like a cellar door. An officer, walking ahead with a lantern, led the way down precipitous stairs of cement; the same material incased the walls. We turned; we were traveling downward between boards, deep into the earth.

"There are still German grenades lying about," cautioned the officer; "don't kick any of them!" He stopped by a section of the plank wall. "Graveyard," he said briefly. "We boarded up the German dead in there!" Again there was a door. "Used to be an officer's funk hole, but we've nailed it up because of what's inside." We were glad to climb up into open air.

Near by was a barbed-wire entanglement, forming a small corral, where a group of men, so soaked in the universal brownish-yellow mud that their uniforms had lost distinctive color, stood huddled together, their hands in their pockets, their backs turned against the cutting November wind.

"Our Fritzes, the ones we caught last night," laughed the staff captain. Someone among them had cracked a joke, it seemed, for as we came up they were all laughing. I say, as a neutral who tries to be fair-minded, that they seemed to be relieved and to enjoy captivity. We looked them over carefully, as they smoked cigarettes and exchanged cheerful conversation, to see where the German quality was deteriorating; and we drew no conclusions. Four or five looked like pretty poor specimens physically; but four or five others were stout little men and young. Down the road came an artillery caisson on which rode a Canadian officer with a German officer-captive beside him, their uniforms of the same color by virtue of caked mud. As they passed, everyone ran out from dug-outs, cook-shacks and barricade to have a look. The German saluted; the Canadian grinned a broad North American grin.

The Irish Sergeant's Tale

On the advanced edge of this new-sprung city was a field dressing station, just a hut of sandbags. As we approached a group of walking cases came in from the other direction, showing utter exhaustion in every stiff movement. The wreckage of the night's work was beginning to arrive. Two stretcher cases were lying at the door, tucked up in gray army blankets, awaiting their turn. The nearest lay with his eyes closed, his face the color of soiled putty; I could not tell if he was alive or dead. Beside him a fine, stalwart blond boy was chewing his lip to control himself until the needle should bring surcease. A third man, not so heavily wounded, had called for a drink, and a German prisoner, his head bound up in a field dressing station, was lifting him by the shoulders, while a British Red-Cross man tilted a water bottle to his lips.

We walked on; we were in the belt behind the actual fighting front, where there were no motor vehicles, no field supplies. The men we passed were equipped for business only, and bent on business; neither officers nor rankers troubled about salutes. We had reached, too, the place of unmitigated devastation. Farther back there had been a few touches of green. Fields which the traffic spared had put out a little grass in the shell holes. Here nothing lived. The trees were ragged stumps. The shell-torn trees beyond Verdun, when I saw them in July, showed a little ragged verdure. These showed nothing; and it was not the effect of November. You saw that they were dead, drying and rotting. We reached a plateau. As the mists limited vision, you saw nothing but broken, battered, muddy ground. Near by shell hole blended with shell hole. In the distance it all resembled a muddy road which has been trampled by cattle. A tank rose somewhere in the distance. Two wrecked aëroplanes lay like dead birds in the other direction. Then, as the eye grew accustomed to the black muck, I began to pick details. What had been a German gun rose, a twisted piece of scrap iron, from the muck. "Dead," said the officer briefly, and pointed. With eye and glasses I began to make out the new-buried, newly unearthed by shell fire.

We pressed on toward the probable line of curtain fire, beyond which it was not prudent to go. And up the road came slowly but sturdily a little man, unarmed, with a new sheepskin coat over his uniform. Behind him walked another, slighter and darker, with the Red-Cross brassard on his arm. We stopped the little man; he wore a sergeant's chevrons. Without preliminary salute he addressed us in a ripe Irish accent:

"Well," he said, "I got mine!" He pointed to his battle hat. A bullet had struck it, had turned the steel back in little curling splinters. "Put me out for a few minutes," he said: "then I got it in the shoulder. It's the lucky one, I am—see what happened that last time I went over." He fumbled under the sheepskin. Out came a package of chewing gum, an old knife, and finally the broken remains of a gold watch. "They can't get me," he added, smiling on us with a pair of merry blue eyes. "I'm Irish!"

Touches of Nature

Over there in the ground mist lay what was Courcelette, a name which will be blazoned forever on Canadian banners, graven forever on Canadian memorials. Here the French Canadians and the men of the East—Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—won one of the hardest and most brilliant tactical actions of the war on the Western Front. But it was nothing to see—only something to imagine. That hump which marked the site was quite indistinguishable from other military works in the mud, and resembled anything but a town. A ridge, black below, crested by gray mist above, ended the line of vision. Somewhere in there lay the Canadians, victorious but last night, and now digging feverishly against another possible counterattack. The German fire, indicated by the scream of shells ending with a fire-cracker burst, had somewhat changed its direction. There was a chance, I learned, that another shift might cut us off for the time being from retreat. The Irish captain asked pleasantly how I liked to be under fire. Another officer remarked that the principle of scouting was not only to get the information, but to get back with it; he presumed the same principle applied to journalism. So we retired, clumping along corduroy roads, wallowing in mud.

The wounded were coming in faster as we approached the dressing station. And somewhere along the route we caught up with our friend the sergeant strolling back, a little feebly now, but with the air of a man who has all the time in the world.

He walked with us, talking of the Regina Trench and Vancouver politics, until we reached the automobile, where the major invited him to come aboard. We had a full load already; so the sergeant rode in the front seat, while the staff captain—lately promoted from the high-school cadets—stood up on the dashboard.

That would not happen in every army.

Those touches of home in a foreign land Poignant at any time, they are doubly poignant in war. I intended to sail home to New York as soon as ever I could finish with the Somme and get these lines through the censor.

Now we made a stop, on our way back in a town which is shelled every day. The window-panes of the nearest house were gone, blown out by the back kick of a shell. Someone had covered the gap with a newspaper. It was a sporting page, a real one. In a corner of a seven-column head was the standing photograph of Our Great Expert. Below beamed the benevolent countenance of Grover Alexander, premier pitcher of the National League. Hal Chase, who led the League in batting, stared at us from mid-page; in the lower corner George Stalling, the world's great hunch player, glowered from beneath his roached hair cut.

Did a sporting page, I wonder, ever bring tears to human eyes before?

The Maxwell Service plant at Newcastle, Ind. This is the parent of the Maxwell branch service stations shown below. The greatest stock of automobile parts in the industry is housed in this building.

A record of every part is kept

Maxwell Service is built on system

SERVICE

IN preceding advertisements, we have explained various measures adopted in manufacturing processes to insure a surpassing serviceability from Maxwell Cars.

But there is still to be considered the after-service—the speedy replacement of parts worn out or accidentally damaged.

To dispose of this problem, we have a highly systematized and nation-wide Service Department which operates sixteen big Service Branches, advantageously located from coast to coast.

These branches serve our distributors, dealers and our own retail stores and replenish the supply of parts that all such distributors, dealers and retail stores are compelled to carry.

We have defined carefully each territory and require each Service Branch to maintain an adequate stock of all parts of every Maxwell Car ever built. Thus can we guarantee delivery of any Maxwell part in from one to twelve hours, irrespective of where the car owner may be located.

From a desire to perfect Maxwell Service still further, we constantly keep a crew of expert traveling mechanics who conduct a campaign of education among Maxwell dealers and their service men.

We believe Maxwell Service is superior to that of any other motor car builder. And we are keeping it on this high plane because *continuous owner satisfaction* is our biggest asset and is responsible for the great, the unprecedented success of The Maxwell Institution.

Roadster, $620; Touring Car, $635; Cabriolet, $865; Town Car, $915; Sedan, $985. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. All cars completely equipped, including electric starter and lights.
Canadian prices: Roadster, $870; Touring Car, $890, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario.

Maxwell
MOTOR COMPANY INC.
DETROIT, MICH.

Detroit, Mich.

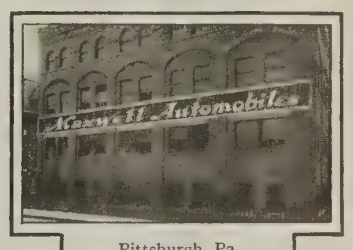
Boston, Mass.

Chicago, Ill.

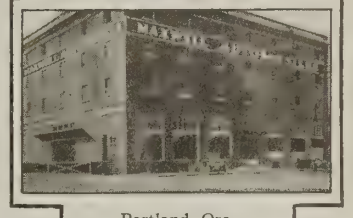
Windsor, Ont.

Long Island City, N. Y.

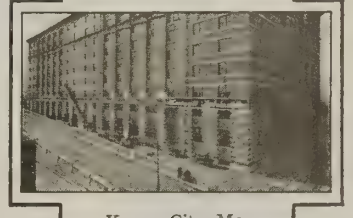
Minneapolis, Minn.



Pittsburgh, Pa.

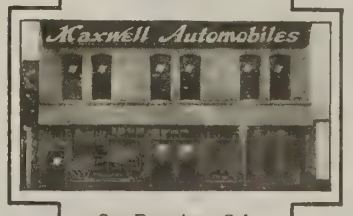


Portland, Ore.



Kansas City, Mo.

Omaha, Neb.



San Francisco, Cal.

Denver, Col.

Williams'

Shaving soaps

stick
powder
cream
liquid

See that smile? It starts the minute the Big Stick is brought into action and broadens as the shave proceeds.

The smile and the shave were strangers once, but now they're inseparable—all because of the soothing, softening influence of the lather of Williams' Shaving Soaps.

Get a Williams' Holder Top and smile with the majority. The metal finger-grip is a convenience from the start and a necessity at the finish.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid

and in round cakes

Send 12c in stamps for a trial size of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer, or send 4c in stamps for any one.

The J. B. Williams Co.

Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder

BUBBLE DAYS OF FINANCE

(Continued from Page 4)

tayed there; that customers were wrong our times out of five, and that rarely did ne sell stock short.

The same theories, principles and spirit re manifest in this latest revival or reinarnation of the game. It is figured that the resent customer lasts about four months, n the average; and, as the broker pretty ell makes his own prices and is thus able he sooner to close the customer out, the ame will be as profitable while it lasts as as the old bucket-shop business.

But it is difficult to estimate the size of hese reëmbodiments of bucket shops, for nuch of the present business is conducted y mail, whereas nearly all the trading in he older type of gambling joint was carried on in the offices themselves.

One man now engaged in this business as a genius for organization. Except a very ew close lieutenants, none of his employees nows the whole business.

This concern sends out thousands of tters a week. Its office and general exenses are enormous. The chief rival of this oncern, besides all these expenses, had at one me a large corps of salesmen on the road. oth concerns have a great number of exensive branch offices. But there is nothing ew about all this. John Hill, writing fifen years ago, said:

"Of the vast sum wrung from the thrifty y false pretenses, about twenty million ollars is spent for newspaper advertising, out an equal amount for postage stamps, d vast sums for attorneys' fees, circulars, ooklets, stenographers, clerks, telegraphg, and for furnishing suites of offices. The vindler is usually a reckless spender and uanders his ill-gotten gains."

Impudent Selling Methods

One curious feature is that with each w wave of doubtful promotions many of e notorious gentry more or less voluntay announce that they have reformed, rned over a new leaf, and will thenceforth e good." They visit the offices of detecve agencies, reporting bureaus, lawyers nployed by big financial institutions, the st-office authorities, the district attorny—sometimes the police.

"I've been in jail three times," one indler told one investigator not long ago, nd I'm not going again."

He was serious about it too. Perhaps he ally intended to play on the square for change; but one fundamental principle on which all the detectives and investitors in the world of low finance operate ito take it for granted that unless proved the contrary the fly-by-nighter has mething in his blood that will not disappear but, even when he intends to reform, oner or later will force him to put over nother raw deal. They are like habitual ardsharps.

One of the most baffling of the newer feaures that the various enemies of get-rich-quickdom have had to combat in the last to years has been the use of assumed mes. Of course an alias is nothing new, t its employment is now far more common and skillful than formerly. Well-known criminals have come into Wall reet and organized fictitious firms, with dified-sounding names not unlike those members of the Stock Exchange. When ngs get hot for the slick imitator he quickly forms a new firm with a different ame.

One method employed on a more extenve scale than ever before to dispose of ocks has been the use of telegrams. This s really become such an abuse that the legraph companies ought to find some y of restricting their use to properly gent matters. The use of telegrams inead of letters is to get the attention of the rson addressed. Busy and experienced en won't read stock-jobbing circulars. Yet, they will still read a telegram; but en these will soon lose their novelty.

Recently a concern sent out night letters offering stock in a new industrial company. Estimates as to the number of telegrams sent range from five thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand. Many persons received them who had never heard of the firm.

A new practice is the use to which several get-rich-quick artists have put the ordinary broker's confirmation slip. These are the slips brokers send their customers upon receiving an order. At the head of the slip appear the broker's name and address and the date, and at the bottom a long printed notice to the effect that all securities bought or sold or "carried" for customers are subject to the rules and regulations of the Stock Exchange, and several other provisos commonly employed in regular brokerage transactions. In the middle of the sheet appear the words "We have this day —— for your account and risk —." The blank spaces are left, of course, for the word "bought" or "sold," as the case may be, and for the name, quantity and price of the stock involved.

Though not members of any stock exchange, the fly-by-nighters have had printed precisely similar slips; but in place of the word "bought" or "sold" they insert "reserved," and send the slips to total strangers, who have never even heard the name of the firm. Still other gullible persons feel they are under some obligation and send on the money to pay for the stock.

A favorite means of advertising is by means of the "house organ," or alleged magazine. Of course reputable brokers do the same thing; but those in the dark alleyways of finance are far more imaginative and ingenious.

One such "magazine" is published by John Skinem & Company, of Number 00 Broad Street. It is known as the Wall Street Synopsis, Limited—at least that is what we shall call it. One department is called Personal Talks With Traders, by Special Arrangement With the Financial Abstract, of Number 000 New Street. But, as everybody knows, there are many buildings in the Wall Street district with ells that extend either from one street through to the next, or from one street round to another street running at a right angle. Number 000 New Street is the same building as Number 00 Broad Street, and the effort to make people think that the Financial Abstract is a different crowd or outfit and is in a different building from the Wall Street Synopsis and John Skinem & Company is a cheap, childish trick.

A suspicious fact about all such literature is that it always advises one to buy but never to sell. Another common characteristic is the clever way in which attention is always called, first, to undisputed facts and legitimate securities, and then shaded off to doubtful facts and still more doubtful stocks. The advice begins with references to legitimate securities, but well down in the middle of the list of cats and dogs the firm's advertising manager pauses long enough to insert the name of at least one more well-known concern, to bolster up the general impression.

Another favorite device is the employment of slogans or catchwords. Twenty years ago this was a common practice and the thimbleriggers of those days used such phrases as the following: "We can prove all our statements." "One hundred dollars invested now will make you wealthy." "Fortune knocks at every man's door but once in a lifetime. This is your summons!"

Fake Photographs

The present type of slogan is briefer. One of the first of the present crop of impostors to decamp overnight had a really splendid motto. But all he left behind him to pay debts of $61,281.74 was twenty pearl-handled revolvers.

The paltriest, shabbiest trick of all is the fake photograph. Now it should be observed that though every large city has its crop of irresponsible brokers and promoters most of them have settled down upon New York like a pest, owing to its large Curb Market. But though their headquarters are in New York the bulk of their newspaper advertising and mail-order campaign reaches other parts of the country. Especially do they seek out cities where workmen have made big wages; and also the smaller towns. Even in New York City there are naturally plenty of people — the vast majority, indeed—who do not know the appearance of every building. To fool out-of-town folks in this petty manner is simplicity itself.

One firm, which has since gone to the wall, occupied a few rooms in one of the upper floors of a large building owned by a very well-known restaurant company. The restaurant occupied the ground floor and the second floor. A huge sign stretching from top to bottom of the building announced the restaurant's name to all the world. But the broker sent out a circular to his customers containing a picture of the building, with the sign of the owners entirely erased from the negative and his own name, in huge letters, covering the whole front of the building.

In a similar way another petty share peddler covered a photograph of the two lower floors of a famous office building with his name, though he never occupied more than a single room.

Of course the purpose of these double-negative photograph tricks is to convey an impression of vastness and magnificence that never existed. Frequently the main entrance to an office building is surrounded with the polished name plates of many tenants. One concern sent broadcast a photograph of one such entrance with all the name plates erased but its own. The effect was indeed superb, because the building has a truly famous location; but if the reliability of the firm's brokerage service does not exceed the truthfulness of its photography its customers have a slim reed on which to lean.

The last stages in this gigantic game of imposture cannot be far off. It will be remembered that the bubbles of several hundred years ago usually came to an end when the stockjobbers reached the brazen effrontery of inviting people into "An undertaking; but no one to know what it is"; or "For a purpose not to be disclosed." There have been times when people would buy stock in anything—in schemes to take gold from the sun's rays or from sea water, and to pick diamonds off the cactus plants of Mexico. We have about reached that stage again.

The Activities of Mr. Jackson

People are invited to enter "Syndicates for undisclosed purposes." With the wording and names changed, but exactly reproducing in substance and spirit the real thing, here is one such invitation:

Dear Mr. A.: We have decided to organize a company having as wide a field and scope as the electrical industry. Indeed, it has ten million possible customers in the United States, Canada and Mexico alone. If the company sells only two per cent of the possible demand on this continent it will net seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, or two hundred and fifty per cent.

It is our intention to invite a few of our friends to become subscribers on a pre-organization basis—which offers opportunities of enormous profits in the near future. We invite you to become one of the original subscribers.

And nowhere does the circular mention the nature of the business to be engaged in!

Quite the most lurid episode of the last two years has been the return to the scenes of lamb-shearing of a promoter celebrated from the Pacific Coast to London and Paris. So numerous have been his occupations and so many his names since he was compelled to sell his seat on the Stock Exchange, about fifteen years ago, that he could not even remember them all at his trial, last June, when he was sentenced to a year and a half in the penitentiary.

This much is known: At least three or four times Professor Jackson—which is not his name—piled up "profit" ranging as high as three hundred thousand dollars. He had a professional education in this country and supplemented it with a postgraduate course in Germany. Striking in appearance and skillful in impressing the fair sex he has always had the faculty of making people feel sorry for him.

Once, against the almost tearful warnings of the district attorney, he induced a group of citizens in a Western city to raise twenty thousand dollars in bail, and promptly jumped it. Arrested some years ago for selling stock in a South American scheme, he escaped from his captors in a San Francisco street, but slipped and fell as he approached the ferry, and broke his ankle. While confined in a hospital he managed to escape to a waiting automobile loaded with rifles and revolvers, and made for the mountains. But he was recaptured in Oregon and served a jail term of a couple of years.

Shortly after the war boom in stocks started, a new firm was formed on the Boston Curb, which asked to have a certain mining stock listed. The authorities grew suspicious, and it was found that Professor Jackson was behind the innocent-sounding name of the new firm, and had left for parts unknown with his customers' money. But so well had he concealed his identity that he had fooled one of the great stock exchanges into allowing him the use of a ticker.

A few months later people began to wonder at the great business and prosperity of a previously unknown Wall Street firm of "bankers." It bore a dignified name—one that would not rouse the least suspicion. One of the great mercantile agencies made a report upon the firm, which, though admitting that the statements could not be confirmed and no estimate of means was obtainable, spoke of the silent partner, whose connection with the firm had been widely advertised, as the nephew of one of the largest stockholders of the Standard Oil Company, a man worth perhaps sixty million dollars.

A Sudden Trip to Florida

The new brokerage house was specializing heavily in Standard Oil stocks—one especially, which it said would go to a thousand dollars a share, and which was, of course, an enormously rich concern. So attractive was the literature and so obvious to the most ignorant were the merits of the stock that large sums, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, were sent in to buy the stock on the "easy-payment plan." Much was made of the broker's relationship with the great family of Standard Oil magnates.

The firm had its offices directly opposite the quarters of a leading Wall Street detective agency. The head of the firm lived in the same hotel as an official of the Department of Justice. Yet no one suspected him and there seemed no limit to the taking in of easy money. The lawyers for the Standard Oil family heard of the firm's literature. They knew that the pretended connection with a nephew of their client was not only false but a pure fiction. Their client had no such nephew. A post-office inspector thought the broker might be Professor Jackson and took his picture from the Rogues' Gallery to show it to the clerks in the broker's office.

But the professor had always shown intense speed in flitting from one part of the country to another to avoid capture; and he had been sufficiently forewarned by demand from the Standard Oil attorneys to stop using their client's name to make his getaway to Florida. His capture speedily followed, and also his trial, convcition and prison sentence.

The case of Professor Jackson is only one of the more glaring chapters in the history of the separation of credulous people from their money. It requires from three to a dozen letters before the victim begins to give up his wealth. But having once succumbed to the blandishments of the accomplished faker it is appalling to note the confidence and sense of security he displays in absolute strangers while the deal is on, and the surprise he manifests when he finally and inevitably wakens to the realization that he has been duped. About ninety per cent of the victims are ashamed to acknowledge their greenness, and very few care to go to the trouble and vexation of prosecuting.

I sat in the outside office of a Wall Street detective agency the other day and noticed a meek, pale-looking little man talking to one of the assistants. He had come all the way from another state, nearly a thousand miles away, to see whether a certain broker to whom he had sent money was reliable. Presently the overworked head of the agency rushed out impatiently from his private office and asked what was wanted. The assistant, trying hard to suppress a smile, said that Mr. Smith, from Four Corners, wanted to know about Stingem & Company.

"Shut up shop yesterday!" snapped the chief. "Everybody in New York has a judgment against them. They are not good for anything. You can't get a cent out of them; but you can put your claim in the hands of a lawyer if you so desire. I can't do anything for you."

"Thank you," said the little man dejectedly as he took up his hat and walked out of

(Concluded on Page 52)

$1150 F. o. b. Racine
For Mitchell Junior—120-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 F. o. b. Racine
For 7-Pass. Mitchell—127-inch Wheelbase

Hundreds of Extras

Due to John W. Bate's Efficiency Methods

"How can the Mitchell give so many extras?"

That is a question asked of Mitchell dealers, perhaps a thousand times a day.

There is only one way—by saving in factory cost. By building the whole car in a model plant, under Bate efficiency methods.

Our duty now is to wake men up to the value of this new factor. We owe it to you as we owe it to ourselves. If we can actually give you 20 per cent extra value, you'll want the car that does it.

What the Extras Are

The Mitchell extras—in the latest models—comprise the following, all of which distinguish the Mitchell car.

31 extra features—nearly all of which all other cars omit.

24 per cent added luxury—new beauties added this year out of savings made in our new body plant.

100 per cent over-strength in every vital part. That's double even the former Mitchell standard.

These three classes of extras comprise hundreds of additions, which every man wants in his car.

How We Afford Them

John W. Bate, the great efficiency engineer, has cut our factory costs in two. He has built and equipped here a model plant, adapted to this single car.

Here we build, under Bate efficiency methods, 98 per cent of this car. We build even our finest bodies. And we build at a price which, in this class, no one else can match.

The savings go into these extras. They pay for unique attractions which every fine car needs. That seems the best way to show you clearly the value of efficiency methods.

Mark the Over-Strength

You will see the extra features—see the extra beauty. But the chief Mitchell extras lie in the chassis. And we want to impress their importance.

The Mitchell standard, up to lately, has been 50 per cent over-strength. That seemed an extreme standard. It gave the Mitchell its reputation for endurance.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell—a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical, 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.

Seven Mitchell cars that we know of, built under that standard, have averaged 175,000 miles apiece—over 30 years of ordinary service. Two have already been run over 200,000 miles apiece.

But three years ago—after one year in Europe—John W. Bate returned here to double the Mitchell standard. Since then, part by part, he has given Mitchell vital parts twice the needed strength. And this year, for the first time, we announce this radical standard.

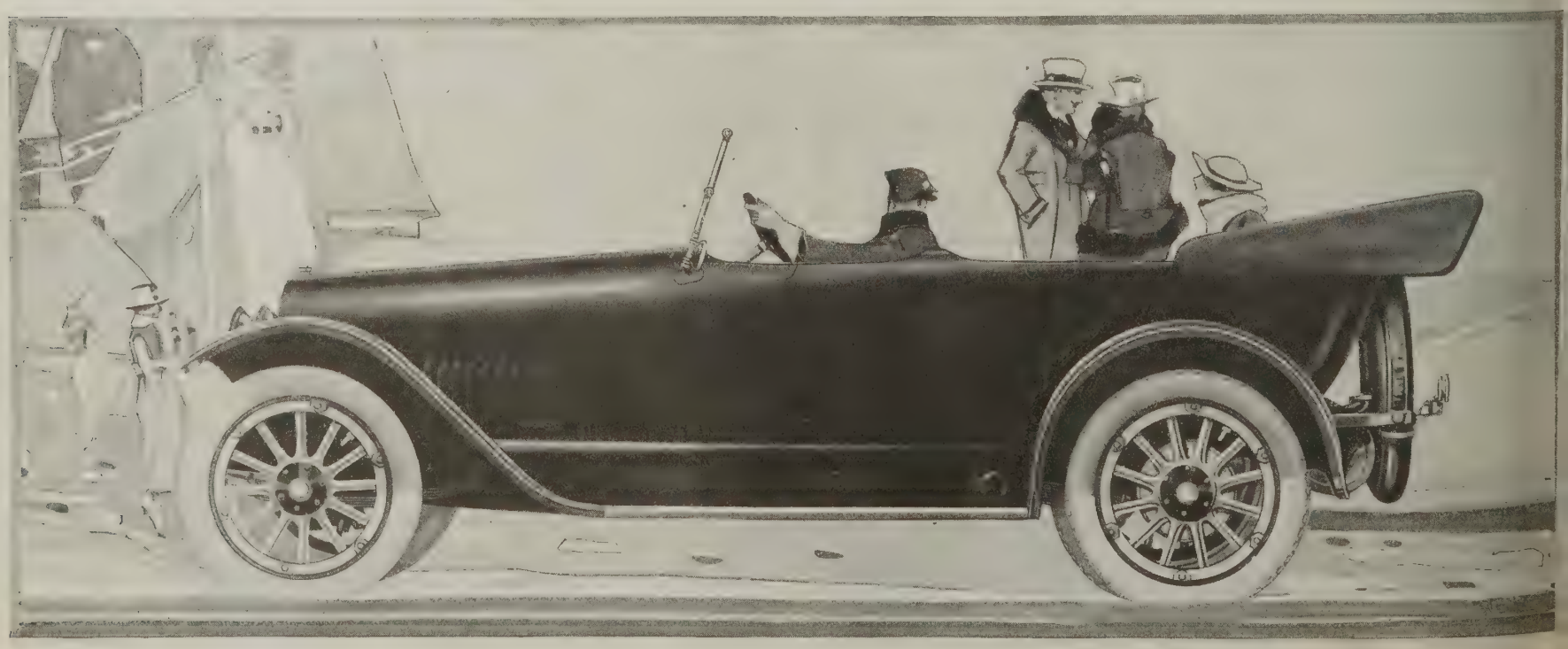
Safety Margins Doubled

This means a doubled margin of safety. It means a lifetime car, in Mr. Bate's opinion. It means less trouble, less repairs, less upkeep.

Over 440 parts in the Mitchell cars are now built of toughened steel. Parts which get the major strains are built of Chrome-Vanadium. We pay for steel in Mitchells up to 15 cents per pound.

Parts on which safety depends—like steering parts and axles—are also built over-size. Every gear is tested. And our standard for gear teeth is now 50,000 pounds per tooth.

Let us mention one part which, in most cars, so often gives out under shock. The Bate cantilever springs in Mitchells have now been used two years. In all that time, used in thousands of cars, not a single leaf has broken. That's what this extra standard means throughout the Mitchell chassis.



Built by John W. Bate
in the
Model Efficiency Plant

Mitchell SIXES

Two Sizes
$1150-$1460
F. o. b. Racine

Now Also An $1150 Model

Mitchell Junior—120-in. Wheelbase

Another new step which Mr. Bate has taken is to build a smaller Mitchell. And that is also for efficiency.

A man who wants a 7-passenger car must have the power to drive it under any hard condition. He ought to have the larger Mitchell with its 48-horsepower motor.

But a man who wants a 5-passenger car can use a 40-horsepower motor. He has ample room with a 120-inch wheelbase. We build for him the Mitchell Junior, so he doesn't pay for room or power not needed. But he gets a Six.

This is not a new-type model. It is simply a smaller edition of the much demanded 7-passenger Mitchell. To prove it out, before making this announcement, we put out last year thousands of these cars. It is just as perfect as the larger Mitchell.

So this year we offer two sizes and prices, plus eight new styles of bodies.

Greater Luxury

This year we shall save, through our new body plant, hundreds of thousands of dollars. Here we now build all Mitchell bodies, open and enclosed. And under Bate efficiency methods.

This saving all goes into added luxury. We have added 24 per cent to the cost of finish, upholstery and trimming.

This means heat-fixed finish coats on the entire body. It means a rare-grade leather, a wider rear seat, better cushion springs. It pays for a hundred final touches which mean so much to women.

As a result, the latest Mitchell stands out as the handsomest car in its class.

Now 31 Costly Extras

Last year the Mitchell offered 26 distinct extra features. This year it offers 31.

By these extras we mean things like a power tire pump, reversible headlights, a new-type control, a ball-bearing steering gear, an extra-cost carburetor. Things like a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables, an engine primer at the driver's hand. Things which usually cost an extra price.

On this year's output it costs about $4,000,000 to include all these 31 extras. They would be impossible at the Mitchell price without our factory savings.

New Considerations

These are new factors to consider in buying a high-grade car. It isn't price that counts so much as the value you get for the money.

Here is where the Mitchell has tremendous advantage, due to years of preparation under a master of efficiency.

Every factory waste shows up in a car. It means stinted value somewhere. The Mitchell factory economies show up just as clearly in hundreds of added values.

See them and judge them for yourself. They show in beauty, luxury and comfort. They show in road performance. As the years go by they will show in the wondrous durability.

The buyers of Mitchells, in large part, have been men schooled in mechanics. Or men advised by competent engineers. We publish a list of famous engineers who selected this car for themselves.

Our purpose now is to impress on laymen the superlative Mitchell qualities. This year we more than double our output, so more men can be supplied. And we want more men to learn why Mitchells have lately won such multiplied prestige.

They offer you what no one else can offer. One hour's time will prove that. The result will change your whole conception of what a fine car ought to give.

There are Mitchell dealers everywhere.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

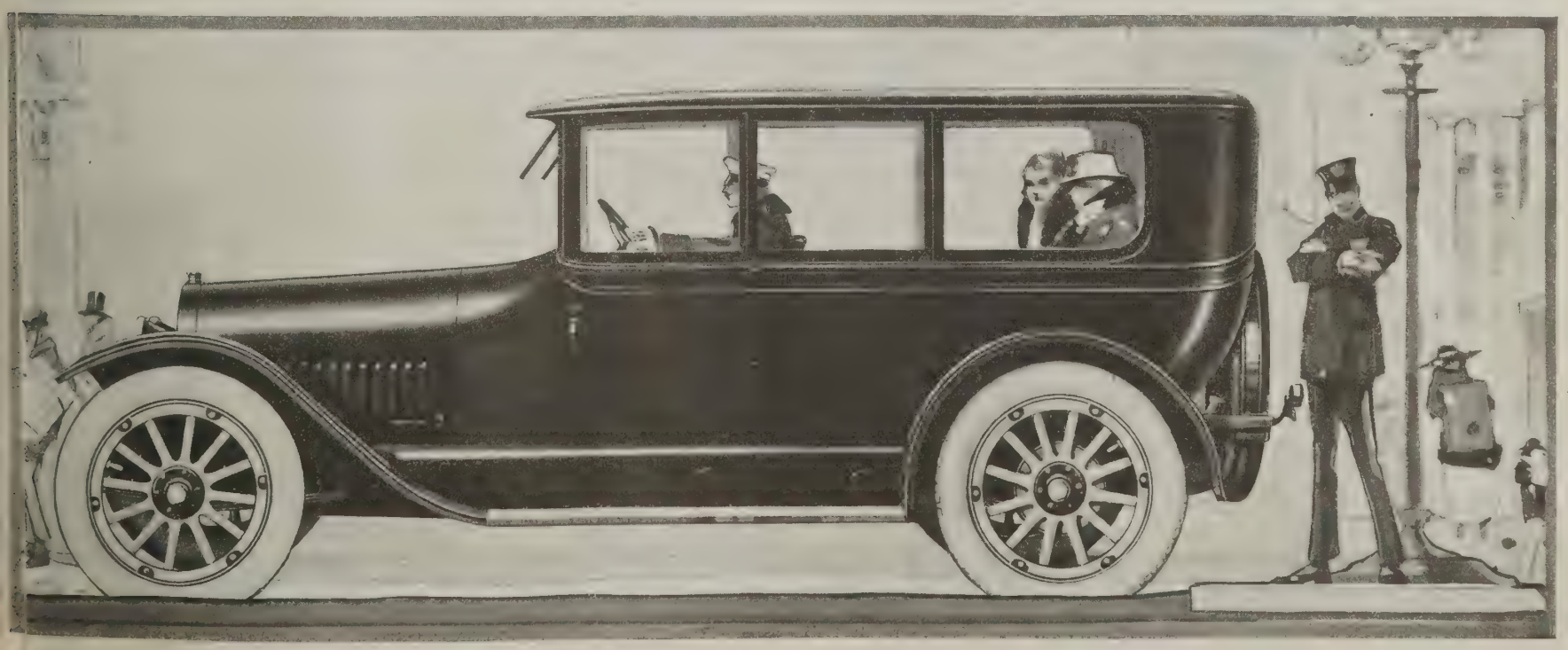
Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

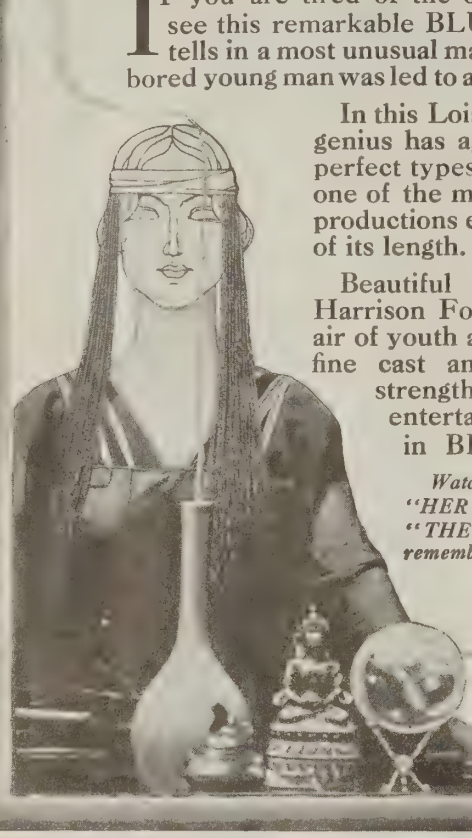


Be sure to See the Unusual

BLUEBIRD PHOTO-PLAY

"The MYSTERIOUS MRS. M"

IF you are tired of the ordinary moving picture see this remarkable BLUEBIRD Photoplay. It tells in a most unusual manner how a wealthy and bored young man was led to a renewed interest in life.



In this Lois Weber production, her genius has again expressed itself in perfect types and in what is perhaps one of the most lavish and beautiful productions ever attempted in a play of its length.

Beautiful Mary MacLaren, with Harrison Ford, gives it a delightful air of youth and romance; while the fine cast and the play's dramatic strength make for you the perfect entertainment achieved always in BLUEBIRD Photoplays.

Watch for "GOD'S CRUCIBLE"—"HER SOUL'S INSPIRATION"—"THE DEVIL'S PAYDAY"—and remember

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It's Got to be Good"

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SPECIAL SWEET PEA OFFER

Six selected packets of Spencer Giant Sweet Peas: **Countess,** rosy pink; **Apple Blossom,** varying pink; **Senator,** dark lavender; **Othello,** deep maroon; **King Edward,** rich carmine; **White,** extra large. All postpaid with 1917 catalog for 25c. J. J. H. GREGORY & SON
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Get 5,000 Miles More Service by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads the same as European Motorists have been doing for over three years. 30,000 American Motorists have done this in the last 8 months and are saving $50.00 to $200 a year in tire expense.

5,000 Miles Without Puncture is the signed guarantee you get with every Durable Steel Studded Tread.

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Special Discount offered to motorists in new territory on first shipment direct from the factory. Mail the coupon below for details. Be sure and put in your tire sizes.

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Without obligation send me free catalog, copy of guarantee, sample and booklet "10,000 Miles on One Set of Tires."
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Write us the course you are interested in, age, how long you have taken lessons—if at all, etc., and we will send you six lessons free and prepaid—any of the following Complete Courses: Lessons in PIANO (students' or teachers' courses), by the great Wm. H. Sherwood; HARMONY, by Dr. Protheroe and Rosenbecker; VOICE COURSE (with aid of phonograph), by Crampton; PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC, by Frances E. Clark; VIOLIN, CORNET, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, REED ORGAN, by equally eminent teachers. We want to prove in this remarkable way what fine lessons they are—SEEING IS BELIEVING. Full particulars sent along with free lessons. Send no money.

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What 15c Will Bring You from the Nation's Capital

The little matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's Center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and that tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 23d year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new Friends. The Pathfinder, Box 95, Washington, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 49)

the office, the chances being a thousand to one that this was now a closed incident in his life, except for the bitter experience he had gained.

Why will men and women blindly intrust their money with brokers they do not know? The same folk are very careful from whom they buy a twenty-dollar suit of clothes. They are mighty careful not to go to a shyster peddler of hats or shoes or suits. They are even careful of the grocery stores they patronize. They prefer to deal with retail houses of established reputation. But the fact that financial swindlers phrase their advertising with such extreme cunning as to make it attractive seems to upset all the ordinary common sense and precautions of human nature.

"But how am I to know a reliable broker from the other kind?" is the natural question.

The answer is simple: Ask your bank to write to its correspondent bank in the city where the broker has his headquarters, whether that be New York, Chicago, Boston or any other city. Inquiries made where branch offices are located will be of no avail. If this precaution is taken the chances are more than a hundred to one that the investor will not fall into the hands of a swindler.

Of course reliable brokers often get their customers into unfortunate investments. But a great deal more than half the battle is fought if the broker is honest to sta with. Never before were there so many a tractive stocks with reasonable assuranc of becoming good investments. There a more than enough to go round. There no excuse for buying holes in the grou that have never been dug or shares in mot companies that have never built a moto The merits of an investment are not dete mined by its typographic allurements.

There is no royal road to selecting sa investments. Even John D. Rockefell has picked lemons. But the literature d scribing the stock will, nine times out ten, on its face, stamp the wildcat with proper brand, as it will also mark t legitimate type of security. Be wary of t extravagant use of adjectives, and of the li eral use of such words as "belief," "expe tation," "opportunity," "possibility," a any extended reference to the success other companies. As the writer has sa elsewhere:

The swindler always promises too muc his literature is too plausible. Usually he overvehement. His letters are persona He wants to let you in on the "ground floor He is holding the stock just a little long for you. He is absolutely certain the sto is going up. He bubbles over with enthus asm. He conveys an air of optimism, buo ancy and good nature. It is all fake! Th is the way he works; and you must loo out for it.

ONE EVERY MINUTE

(Continued from Page 23)

A smile began to form itself on Wilberforce Shadd's face, and suddenly petrified itself when Meiggs, in an awed voice, shouted from the news ticker:

"It's officially confirmed! The Cunard office admits it. The loss of life is not known, but the worst is feared. The ship, after the second torpedo, quickly went down."

"Went down! Down!" muttered a man named Shively, who stood near Shadd. "Down! Down! Down!"

And he began to point toward the floor with a rigid forefinger. He had been one of the first bulls, buying stocks on the first day that the Exchange resumed business. He had pyramided until he was carrying stocks on which his paper profits had been over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars at ten o'clock that morning. Now, at twelve-thirty, the profits had been more than cut in half. And he kept on muttering: "Down! Down!"

Still he would not sell, but hoped for a miracle.

Henry Rumney approached Shadd and asked threateningly:

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Dave Caldwell, the usually suave and always keen-eyed office manager, cut in:

"He did! He certainly did! And all you fellows did was to call him names!"

The other customers might or might not be wiped out and cease to be customers; but Shadd had cashed in and, therefore, would have money to make good his orders. From orders come commissions, and from commissions come comforts.

Shadd nodded:

"That's right! I told them."

"But you didn't tell us why."

"No," said Caldwell; "but he told you he was selling his, and you called him a skunk—after he put you into a stock that showed you a couple of hundred points' profit."

"U. C. common, last sale 265!" read Ben Meiggs from the news ticker.

"I told you fellows," said Wilberforce Shadd loudly; "but you were talking two thousand dollars a share."

"You certainly got there with both feet," said Caldwell admiringly.

"I want fifty dollars," said Shadd diffidently. "Do you suppose I could ——"

"You bet your life!" And Caldwell rushed to the cashier and rushed back with a yellowback, and a receipt for Shadd to sign.

Shadd put the fifty dollars in his vest pocket with the same gesture that he might have used on five cents the day before. Then he said to Henry and Meiggs:

"Say, Rumney—and you, Mr. Meiggs—won't you come to lunch with me?"

"I couldn't eat now if it was the last chance I had," said Rumney indignantly.

Ben Meiggs shook his head and compressed his lips.

"I'm sorry," said Shadd, and walke from the office.

Meiggs approached Henry Rumney a said, after a moment's hesitation:

"It wasn't Shadd who was the fool."

"No," admitted Henry Rumney. "B he's a skunk, just the same."

XIV

WILBERFORCE SHADD went to t restaurant whither Henry Rumne while still grateful, had taken him on an u forgetable day. On this occasion, as on t previous, Wilberforce did not feel quite home there. In the appraising eyes of t waiters he saw the contempt that come from the practice of sizing up ungiven tip On the faces of those patrons who took th trouble to look at him he fancied he saw a amusement that irritated him to the scal ing point; but he assured himself that h was outwardly calm as he found an empt table, without help from the captain, an sat down. He deliberately tried to look as his mind were so intent on important bus ness that all he could do was to stare frow ingly at a spot on the tablecloth before hin

A patron's frown is the waiter's stronges magnet. An omnibus, on whose face was resigned look that came from knowing ther would be no vacancy on the waiting sta in his lifetime, placed before the absorbe Shadd one glass of water, one butter plat one bread plate and one menu. Then th waiter rushed from another table, sai "Yes, sir?" looking the while at the othe customer's card.

Wilberforce Shadd read the list of dishe and their prices. He could not help thinl ing more about the prices than about th dishes, until he defiantly reminded himse that he had made sixty thousand dollars b being wise enough to buy when everybod thought he was crazy, and to sell whe everybody called him an ass for not holdir on. And if what he had done was so eas why didn't more people do it, including th Wisenheimers in Woodcock's office, hey He had fifty dollars in his pocket. And, r matter how expensive the lunch was, wouldn't be fifty dollars.

He turned to the waiter and ordered wit a recklessness that went to his hea champagne-wise, and made him feel ver happy and very generous. He wished t give of his abundance to all the world.

He ate the most expensive meal of h life with relish. By dessert time he w ready to emerge from his chrysalis. The re and definite change came when he tippe the waiter one dollar and fifteen cents ar received the enthusiastic thanks of th poor man, whose financial gratitude was obviously sincere. The change showed Wilberforce Shadd's face, in the poise of h head, in his gait, as he walked out of th king-making restaurant.

He was now a man with money; a m better than other men. He had lost the fe

WORLD WIDE SUPREMACY OF THE BISSELL'S CARPET SWEEPER

Bissell's Carpet Sweepers predominate in all the markets of the world, abroad as well as at home. This is in the face of competitive manufacturers resident in those countries where national loyalty is keenest.

In every *Bissell* you buy the experience of 40 years in making nothing but carpet cleaning devices—either carpet sweepers or vacuum machines.

Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper is easy-running, most convenient to empty and excellently well made—above comparison with the crudely made apparatus with which the market is flooded.

"Put your sweeping reliance in any Bissell's appliance" and you will not be disappointed. Sold by the better dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

Vacuum Sweepers, $7.50 and $9.00. "Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers, $3.00 to $5.50. A trifle more in the West, South and Canada.

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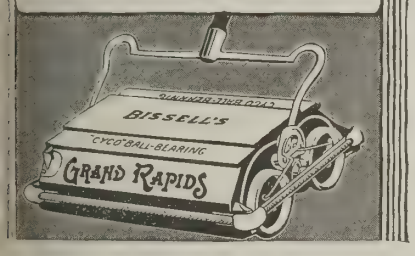
MADE IN CANADA, TOO



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oney back if not pleased. Guaranteed to wear 6 months.
Sial offer of 3 fine Duratex Shirts and 3 Handsome Silk Ties, sent paid on receipt of $3 with name and address of 5 friends. Fine ve percale shirts, assorted neat stripes of blue, black and lavender. T are stylish wide end four-in-hands, one of each color. Shirts a popular coat style, cuffs attached, hand laundered, very fashion- at Sizes 14 to 17.

3 Extra Fine Shirts and Handsome Silk Tie
Sial offer of 3 Extra Fine Duratex Shirts and Handsome Silk Tie se postpaid on receipt of $4 with name and address of 5 friends. Tie shirts are better made, of better material: madras, mercerized or rcale, whichever we have, assorted fashionable designs in neat st es of blue, black, and lavender, popular coat style, stiff or *soft cu* attached as wanted, hand laundered and very stylish. Sizes 14 17½. Sleeves short, long and medium. These fine shirts and th handsome silk tie will appeal to those accustomed to the best.

3 Handsome Silk Shirts and Handsome Tie
Sial offer of 3 Handsome Silk Front or All-over Silk-mixture Sh s and Handsome Silk Tie sent postpaid on receipt of $5.35 with na and address of 5 friends. These shirts are in neat stripe designs fa sorted colors and handsome as shirts can be. Silk front sets are m with fine satin stripe silk or silk and linen for bosom and cuffs wi the body and sleeves in a special silk-finished material, so you ha the silk where you want it to show and the durability where it is eded. The all-over silk-mixture set is made the same except it is the one material throughout. Sizes 14 to 17. Sleeves short, lo and medium. Either set makes a choice gift.

3 Nice Sport Shirts and Handsome Bow-tie
Sial offer of 3 nice pongee-finish sport shirts and handsome bow- tie sent postpaid on receipt of $3.35 with name and address of 5 frilis. You will get excellent service from these soft sport shirts, for quash, indoor tennis, etc. They are cool and comfortable for wa climates and for indoors. In Summer, many New York men we them for business as well as outdoor sports, golf, tennis, sailing, et They come in solid colors—white, champagne and Palm Beach (a ecial tan shade), one of each color. Made in coat style with olturn-down collar attached, soft cuffs, breast pocket and fine pe buttons. Sizes 14 to 17. Regular sleeves; short, long and medium. Or today. Highest bank references, also Dun and Bradstreet.

oom 15, GOODELL & CO., Duratex Bldg., New York

VENUS 10¢ PENCIL
For Every Possible Purpose
AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO., N.Y.

of dismissal, the apprehension of years over the regularity of his income. And it had been so easy, too, to make money that he could never again feel the old respect for the legendary money-makers—that is, the members of the firm of Morris & Cunningham, for whom he had worked for years—for practically nothing!

It was the superbly fed and fearless Shadd who walked into the customers' room of Francis T. Woodcock & Co., and gazed calmly, almost superciliously, upon the still excited men who had not been clever enough to sell out three hours before the news of the sinking of the Lusitania reached the Street.

The nonsellers, however, had become less bitterly resentful and were again ready to worship at the shrine of Success, provided the god, in return for the incense burned, vouchsafed them a tip or two.

Henry Rumney made the first move. He was carrying many other stocks besides his Undersea Craft and it therefore behooved him to rise superior to petty prejudices and unmanly grudges. So he said:

"Well, Shadd, I've got to hand it to you." Henry spoke without enthusiasm, because he was in a hurry to rush through the usual flattering preamble and get down to his own troubles. "You certainly did cash in at the psychological moment. And—er—— What do you think of 'em now? They've had quite a setback."

Not knowing what reply to make, the new Shadd shook his head as the old Shadd never would have dared to shake it—that is, he managed to express not only negation and dissent but formal displeasure.

"Why not?" persisted Henry Rumney, who was a bull because he held stocks instead of holding stocks because he was a bull.

Shadd again shook his head.

"I don't see any panic," went on Henry doggedly. "Many who are selling now will be buying 'em back at higher prices."

All he had lost so far was a fraction of his paper profits, but he begrudged it as if it were a fraction of his viscera. He frowned and mutely dared Shadd to answer.

"Nope!" said Shadd, disdaining to give reasons.

"You don't think we are going to have war with Germany, do you?" asked Henry Rumney, and hastened to make a reply unnecessary by volunteering "I don't!"

Shadd smiled quizzically at Henry Rumney—and remained silent!

"Even if there should be war with Germany," ventured Careful Mike Meiggs, who also had not sold and, therefore also, could think only of bull, or favorable, factors, "I should think the war stocks would go higher than ever. The companies will simply have more business to do, with Uncle Sam in the market as well as all Europe. I guess the United States will pay as high prices for war material as anyone else."

"I doubt it!" said Wilberforce Shadd calmly.

Henry Rumney, who had been thinking hard, trying to find some way of goading the saturnine Shadd into telling the facts, now smiled Machiavellically and asserted with exasperating assurance:

"Oh, there will be no war!"

"No?" And Shadd just looked at Rumney.

Ben Meiggs thereupon began to look worried.

"I think," put in Bill Edson, in whom the wish was father, grandfather and stepfather to the thought, "I think they've gone as low as they are going to, this trip."

He meant stocks. Tipsters, when they speak of "they," always mean the Malefactors of Great Wealth who conduct the wholesale shearing. But to everybody else "they" means stocks.

Wilberforce Shadd felt the discomforting scrutiny of a dozen pairs of corkscrewing eyes full upon him. He began to think quickly. His problem was to be not only the fount of all wisdom but also infallible. The solution lay in finding words that would do the trick, no matter how the market went. They came to him.

"If I felt the way you do, Mr. Edson," he smiled, "I certainly would buy stocks."

But Bill was modest. He was not sure his thinking had any relation to wisdom. He came back:

"Do you think the way I do, Mr. Shadd?"

Shadd, foiled in his well-meant effort, became angry enough to resolve to take a sporting chance. Not holding any stock, he naturally wished all stocks to go down.

(Continued on Page 56)

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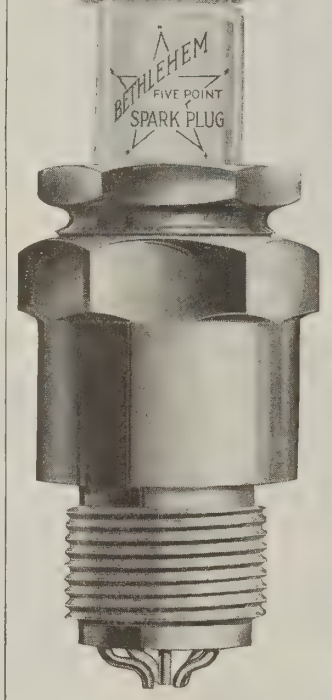

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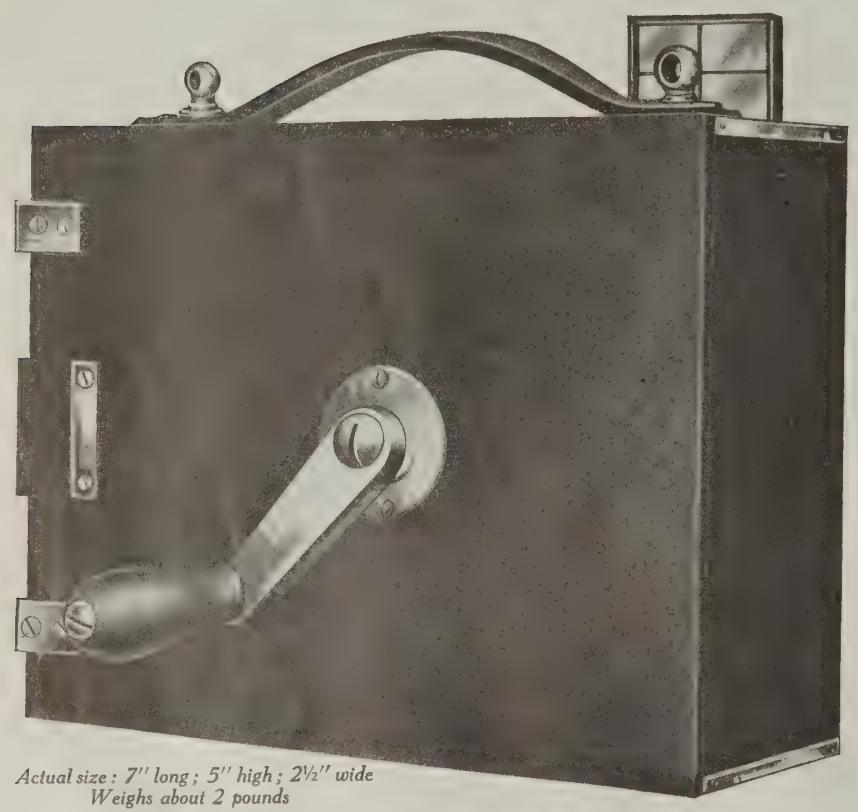

Actual size: 7" long; 5" high; 2½" wide
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Startling low cost and lasting economy go with the Movette Camera and each 50 feet of film. A thousand uses in every machine. Every picture a permanent entertainment for its first cost, and every picture paying a free, lasting dividend of joy as long as you care to keep and show the film. Soon **a library of living pictures**—your very own. Talk of Moving Picture and Camera economy! **32 PERFECT SNAPSHOTS TO A FOOT FOR THREE CENTS. 1600 SNAPSHOTS FOR $1.50.** Camera $29.75 and a lifetime service in it. Was there ever **ANYTHING** like this! It **IS** a miracle. A machine that can do **EVERYTHING BUT TALK.**

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(Continued from Page 53)

"No," he told Edson very gravely; "I do not think as you do. This is a time to play safe!"

Thrilled by the visible signs of the sensation created by his words, he nodded toward the subdued customers and approached Dave Caldwell, the office manager.

"I say, Caldwell," began Shadd, not quite so courageously—"about the check ——"

"What check?" asked Caldwell, already trying to look as if it wasn't his fault.

"For my U. C. common."

"What about it, Mr. Shadd?"

"When can I have it?"

"You are not going to close your account with us, are you? I think there will be a lot of bargains on any further break ——"

The new Shadd thought of additional fortune winning, but the old Wilberforce thought of Mrs. Shadd and her fears and his peace of mind. The new Shadd, therefore, shook his head and said pleasantly to the office manager:

"Not yet a while, Caldwell."

So rare a bird is a stockbroker's customer who knows what to do without prodding that Caldwell nodded respectfully and paid Shadd the stupendous compliment of not urging him to trade. An office manager's object in life is to get orders out of customers. This man Shadd, however, dealt exclusively with cold facts, including the future course of the stock market. Still, he was a customer, from whom commissions should come.

As the manager's face reflected his indecision it occurred to Shadd that, though Francis T. Woodcock & Co. had sold his stock, Wilberforce Shadd might never see the cash. He could not see how Woodcock could steal his sixty thousand dollars and he did not actually expect it; but he feared it.

"When," he asked nonchalantly, "will you get the money for it?"

"Oh, we'll probably get the check to-day, sometime," replied Caldwell. "The buyer has until to-morrow at two-fifteen to pay up—just the same as with Stock Exchange transactions.

"But, say, Mr. Shadd, I think that if a man bought standard railroad stocks at this minute ——" He looked expectantly toward Mr. Shadd and instinctively reached for an order pad.

"That's all right, my boy," said Shadd.

He had decided that, before making any more money in Wall Street, he had better look at the color of what he had not yet received.

Also, he did not wish to hurt any feelings in this office, where everybody treated him so nicely; so he said paternally:

"You are a nice chap, Caldwell; but you are not—don't get huffy before you know what I'm going to say—you're not so old as you'll be at my age. Don't ask me to buy anything to-day!"

And Wilberforce Shadd walked out of the office moved by a sudden fear that David Caldwell and everybody else there might discover that he was bluffing, by means of words, looks and gestures—bluffing all the way through.

A spasm of honesty is liable to come to anyone. However, by the time he was halfway home his mind had reverted to thoughts of his wisdom and of the wealth that had come from his wisdom. He had bought at nine dollars and had sold at the top. He was worth sixty thousand dollars; and stocks were still going down, thereby increasing both the wisdom and the pleasure. He was completely successful! And yet, upon crossing the threshold of his own home, Wilberforce Shadd became uneasy.

XV

MRS. SHADD was mending his socks. She had on spectacles—big imitation tortoise-shell goggles which gave her an owl-like aspect.

She saw him—empty-handed! She took off her goggles, as if she preferred not to see too clearly, and asked tremulously:

"Have you got the money?"

"No; I have not."

"Why not?"

"Because I couldn't get it."

She rose to her feet, her face pale, her eyes full of fear. He hastily explained:

"The buyer hasn't paid up yet."

"And you let the stocks go? Oh, Wilberforce!" she wailed like a child who is hurt.

"They have twenty-four hours in which to send a check." And he patted her back reassuringly, which naturally made her fear the worst.

"Yes; but the stock ——"

"When I get the check," said the adamantine Wilberforce, "they get the stock."

"Yes; but if they back out and don't send you a check, then you've lost the chance to sell it to somebody else, and ——"

"My dear, all business in Wall Street is done that way—with a nod of the head. A man says 'I'll take it,' and it's as good as a certified check."

"Are you sure about this particular man?" She looked at him eagerly, clutching at that blessed straw.

"Positive!" he replied with such assurance that even she could not disbelieve.

No longer doubting her husband or the buyer, but having to doubt her luck after all her dark years, she did not ask—she asserted: "Of course you didn't get the fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars." There was a pause. She looked away and asked faintly: "Did you?"

"No," he answered slowly; "I did not."

She seemed instantly to deflate, with a pathetic nonblaming sort of sigh. He went on quickly:

"I got more than fifty-five thousand two hundred dollars."

"Wilberforce!" She jumped to her feet.

"I got," he told her proudly, "sixty thousand dollars!"

"Oh, Wilberforce!" she repeated.

"That means three hundred dollars a month as long as we live, without having to work or sweat or stew. We're rich, old lady!"

"Oh, Wilberforce!" she said, and threw herself into his arms.

Once there, she began to sob softly. After all, he was a man and this was the woman he had sworn to protect. He understood, first, why he had married her, and then why he had humored her all these married years. It had made him a coward to love her; but he wasn't a coward now, though he loved her.

"My dear," he said playfully, in order not to say it tearfully, "are you sorry we didn't lose the money?"

"N-no," she sobbed, concerned only with her own emotions.

"Well, there's no sense in crying over our being rich. Cheer up. The worst is yet to come!"

"How do you mean?" she gasped. She knew it!

"Well, we've got to invest the money."

"That's easy," she retorted, relieved. "Put it where it will be entirely safe and bring you in as much as possible. That way, before you know it, you'll have a lot saved up and getting interest on that."

"It's as easy as all that, isn't it?" smiled Wilberforce Shadd, veteran investor.

"Are you sarcastic?" asked Mrs. Shadd, not wishing to ask "Am I an idiot?" The tone of voice was the same.

"Oh, I merely wondered whether we were going to have war with Germany over the sinking of the Lusitania; and, if we did, what would happen to stocks and bonds."

"We don't have to buy any."

"Oh, yes, we have," contradicted Shadd in a voice that already was convictionless.

"I was talking to Mr. Marshall about this money ——"

"But you didn't know whether I'd be able to sell or not," objected Shadd.

"I knew you'd sell," she said, "because we needed the money. So I told Mr. Marshall that a friend of mine was asking me what she ought to invest some money in, and he said he'd advise her to buy New Jersey house-lots. He said they were bound to go up in price." She looked at him with an air of business.

"How can he guarantee that?" sneered Shadd.

"The idea," she explained very earnestly, "is this: You buy ——"

"I buy nothing!"

"You buy the lot," pursued Mrs. Shadd, who had inflicted stone-deafness upon herself, wife-fashion, "for one thousand dollars. Then you hold it ——"

"You bet you do!" hastily agreed Wilberforce.

"—— until it's worth three thousand dollars. Then you sell it; and you don't get any cash ——"

"You bet you don't!" again agreed Mr. Shadd.

"—— but you leave it on mortgages, because that way the buyer will put up a five-thousand-dollar house on your lot and you get a mortgage for your three thousand dollars at six per cent, which is as much as you are allowed to get. And your security is the lot and a five-thousand-dollar house on top of it; so you get a hundred and eighty dollars a year for every thousand dollars you invest now. So that if you buy sixty lots for sixty thousand dollars you get —— How much do you get?"

"You get left!" said Shadd, desperately humorous.

"Figure it out for me, dear," said Mrs. Shadd very seriously and still deaf.

"Don't you know how to multiply one hundred and eighty by sixty?"

"You have the lead pencil, dear." She pointed to Mr. Shadd's waistcoat pocket.

Mr. Shadd took a lead pencil out of that same pocket and held it toward his wife, who rose, got a sheet of paper from the desk, and gave it to him.

"I won't do it!" he said determinedly. He multiplied one hundred and eighty by sixty. Then, as he read over his figures, he said, much less angrily: "It's ten thousand eight hundred."

"What?"

"Dollars."

"For how long?"

"A year."

"Oh, Wilberforce! What will we do with ten thousand eight hundred dollars a year? We'll be sure to have bad luck in something else! Of course if we did not spend it all for luxuries, but saved ——"

"Before you spend any of it at all, find out whether you are going to have it to spend. Did you figure on the loss of interest in all the years the lots are going to be unsold? And then, how much will you have to pay for taxes and improvements, sewers and streets, and ——"

"Oh, no! All improvements and titles are guaranteed, and ——"

"Who told you all this?"

"Mr. Marshall, the real-estate man who married Esther Lillie. He said ——"

"I know what I'd have said ——" began Wilberforce.

"And so I told him I'd bring the money ——"

"What money?" angrily cut in Wilberforce.

She looked at him in surprise.

"Why, our money, that we got from selling the stock you bought. I told him I'd bring it in to-morrow."

"Well then, you just untell him!" Shadd snarled. His upper lip was drawn back until his teeth showed. He looked like a mother-wolf fighting for her cubs. "We'll invest that money—that I made—in good safe bonds and gilt-edged dividend-paying stocks. If we can't get six per cent on all our securities we'll get five per cent. Three thousand a year is good enough for any white person. No bother; no waiting for your interest; no tales of woe to listen to if the mortgagor can't pay; no foreclosure proceedings and loss of time; and no lawyer's fees to eat up in one week your entire profits of six years! Bonds and stocks!"

There was much in what he said, but all she heard was his tone of voice. Her eyes, therefore, filled with tears.

"I—I—kn-knew it would bring bad luck. You are di-different already. Just because I said Mr. Marshall said lots were the safest I saw a picture of them. It was a photograph; so it was not a fake picture, to fool buyers with. And I know, if we put the money in the lots ——"

"My money in your lots?" sneered Shadd.

Mrs. Shadd drew in a deep breath. This was what people meant by the curse of money. It had made a miser of Shadd. But she explained forgivingly:

"Our money in our lots."

"Oh, indeed!" The politeness in Mr. Shadd's voice was inexcusable.

"You took our savings," she reminded him. "You know how I kept at you ——"

"Yes; until I was a complete ——" He stopped. It would kill her to know the truth.

"And I wasn't satisfied with Mr. Marshall's advice," she went on accusingly, "so I telephoned to Mr. Warren that you and I would be in to see him in a day or two. He said he didn't take divorce cases, but that he'd listen to what we had to say. So I said it was not a case of divorce or separation, and that we'd be at his office at four o'clock to-day or to-morrow."

"I'm going to be very busy," said Shadd.

"And Wilberforce, dear, I'd like to go to the movies to-night—please! They've got a new play at the Universal by that man who writes the Wall Street stories I don't understand. I'd like you to explain it to me. I want you to have a nice time; so you can begin to enjoy your sixty thousand dollars ——"

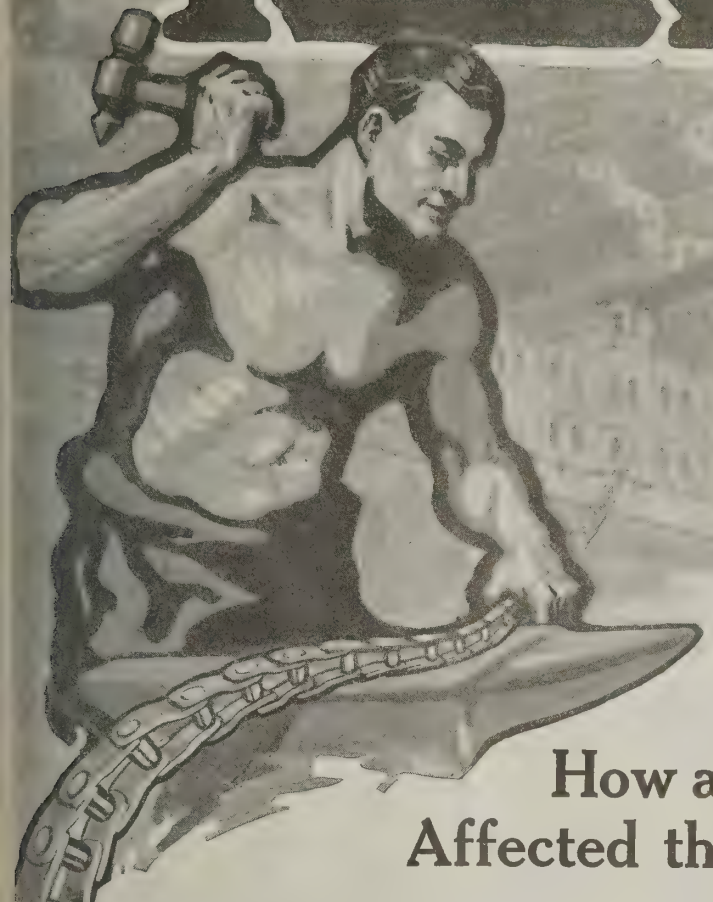
"H'm!" muttered Shadd, realizing that a great fortune can turn to ashes in the mouth of the married possessor.

"I don't wish you to do anything you don't feel like doing," she pursued meekly.

"Oh, I'll take you; I'll take you," he said. But no Jersey lots for him!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

REX MIXER
For PERMANENCE in CONCRETE



A Size for Every Job

How a Chain Maker Affected the Cement Industry

C. W. Levalley's life, like that of all great achievers, is the story of an ideal. At the age when most men are ready to retire from business, Mr. Levalley made his first chain. He put into it all his knowledge of the needs of the chain industry—and he knew its needs, for he had spent his life with manufacturers of chain-driven machinery. It was his determination to make a better chain than was yet known.

Mr. Levalley, twenty-five years later, sees a business that has developed far beyond the art of chain making.

Products on which Mr. Levalley's chain was used must be on a par with the chain, was his belief. To be certain of their quality Mr. Levalley began their manufacture. Chains for elevators and conveyors, concrete mixers and travelling water screens, illustrate the fields into which chain making led his company—Chain Belt Company. This great family of products is bound together by one chain and one name—REX.

The Rex Concrete Mixer illustrates Mr. Levalley's foresight. Years ago he saw the coming importance of concrete construction. He believed that the success of concrete would depend largely upon the way it was mixed, and that the mixing process must be made as reliable and standard as the recording of time by good watches. His experience proved that a chain-driven mixer would best give that reliability so essential. He was right—success has come.

The sureness, the economy, the efficient mixing of the chain-driven Rex Mixer have brought it national prestige. "Rex" on a concrete mixer means that every part is made with the same care as the chain which built this great industry. Practically every part of the Rex Concrete Mixer is made by the Chain Belt Company, Milwaukee.

The Rex Mixer is made in a number of sizes from 4 cubic feet capacity up, to meet the needs of any contractor. It has a steel frame, steel truck, and cast semi-steel drum. Friction clutch, chilled semi-steel rollers, steel housing over the gasoline engine, are more items that show how thoroughly the Rex Mixer is equipped with "best" materials. Every gasoline-driven Rex Mixer is equipped with a Novo Engine.

Rex Mixers meet the needs of all contractors, regardless of their requirements. Often one Rex Mixer is the entire concrete equipment of a contractor in a small town. The biggest contractors in America are today using many Rex Mixers. On big jobs it is not unusual to find ten or a dozen Rex Mixers scattered about mixing the concrete where it is needed.

You cannot buy a better mixer than the Rex. They have demonstrated their ability to mix concrete properly and at a maximum speed. You can count on Rex Mixers giving you their rated amount of work day after day. In regard to the construction, economy of operation and initial price, they have every advantage that you naturally look for in choosing your mixer equipment.

Attention of the public—Concrete must be machine-mixed to insure strength, permanence, economy. Your contractor must employ the proper methods in mixing concrete, for its durability depends largely on *how* it is mixed.

One of the Rex Mixers owned by Nash Bros., Chicago, at work on Chicago's $60,000,000 sanitary improvements.

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You need a Rex Mixer whether you want to mix a few hundred or many thousand yards of concrete. Remember, the Rex is made in different sizes. There is a Rex for the smallest job and a Rex for the largest. There is a Rex for every kind of concrete work. Send today, then, for the complete, fully illustrated Rex Mixer Catalog E which will show you every model. It is free.

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- Chains for elevating, conveying and transmission
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NO TANK
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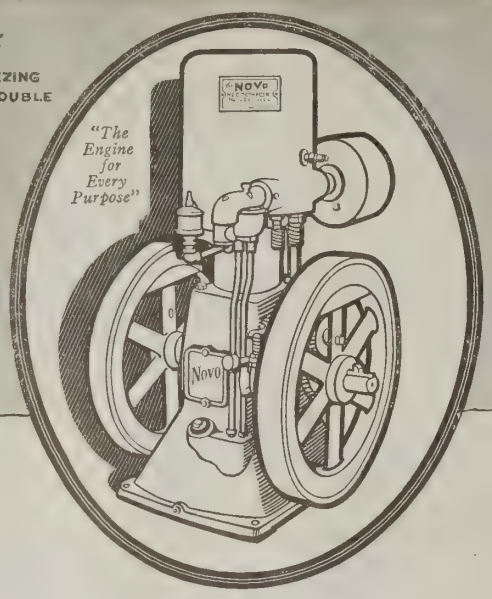
NO FREEZING TROUBLE



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ENGINES and OUTFITS

If You Pay for Power— Know the Truth About It

A contractor who didn't know material and labor costs would soon go broke. And the same thing is getting to be true about power costs.

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When you multiply the advantages of the Novo Engines on your mixers by the number you can use on all other equipment, you will have introduced the biggest economy possible in your business—Standardized Power. You won't be troubled by city regulations on boilers. You won't have heavy coal bills, big moving expenses, nor a long pay-roll of licensed help. You won't have to buy different motors to meet varying conditions.

No other form of power is more reliable than the Novo. The Novo Engine is simple, compact, self-contained, with practically no working parts exposed. It is of the vertical type, with fuel in the base and water in the cooling hopper. Positively guaranteed against freezing damage. Runs anything, anywhere, that requires less than 20 H. P. Furnished to operate on gasoline, kerosene, alcohol or distillate.

You will standardize your power the day you see the light. It pays the biggest contractors in America. It will pay you. There are 75 Novo Outfits—Hoists, Pumps, Air Compressors, Saw Rigs, etc.

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NOVO ENGINE CO. 711 Willow Street
Clarence E. Bement, Sec. & Gen. Mgr. Lansing, Michigan

Chicago Office: Lytton Building Minneapolis Office: 517–519 No. Third Street
European Office: Edgar Backlund, Representative, 13–14 Broad Street House, New Broad Street, London, E. C.

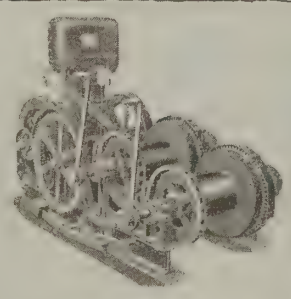


Figure 172—Novo Type "D.H." Double Drum Hoist.

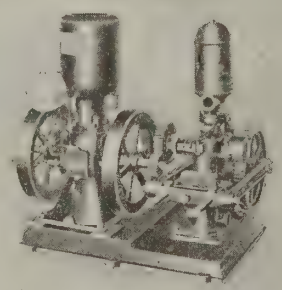


Figure 268—Novo Pyramid Force Pumping Outfit.

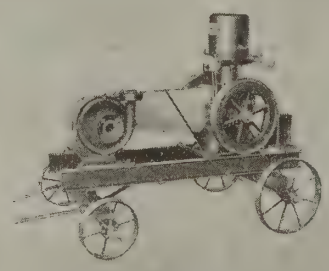


Figure 265—Novo Chain Driven Centrifugal Pumping Outfit.

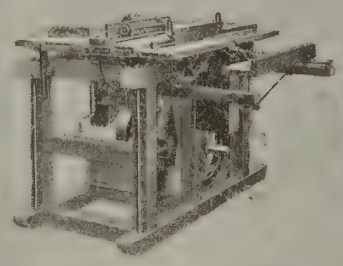
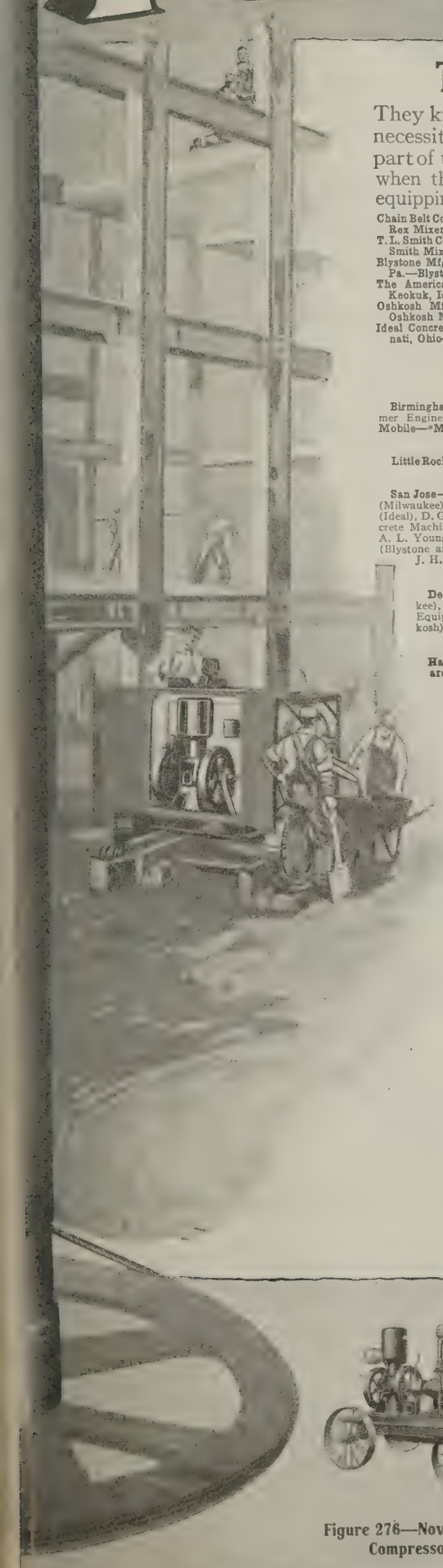


Figure 134—Novo Portable Saw Rig No. 4.

POWER



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Oshkosh Mfg. Co., Oshkosh, Wis.—Oshkosh Mixer
Ideal Concrete Machinery Co., Cincinnati, Ohio—Ideal Mixer
Standard Scale & Supply Co., Pittsburg, Pa.—The Standard Mixer
Municipal Engineering Company, Chicago—Cube Mixer
Ransome Concrete Machinery Co., Dunellen, N. J.—Ransome Mixer
Lansing Company, Lansing, Michigan—Lansing Mixer
Wege Concrete Machinery Co., Minneapolis, Minn.—The New Way Mixer
Waterloo Cement Machinery Corp'n, Waterloo, Ia.—Wonder Ten Paver
Republic Iron Works, Tecumseh, Michigan—Republic Mixer
Milwaukee Concrete Mixer Co., Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Mixer
Sterling Machinery Co., Inc., La Crescent, Minn.—Sterling Mixer
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Olsen Concrete Mixer Co., Elkhorn, Wis.
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Elite Mfg. Co., Ashland, Ohio—Low Down Mixer
The Kent Machine Co., Kent, Ohio—Kent Mixer
Pawling & Harnischfeger Co., Milwaukee, Wis.—Back Fillers
The Parsons Co., Newton, Ia.—Back Fillers
Oshkosh Mfg. Co., Oshkosh, Wis.—Back Fillers
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IDAHO

Pocatello—Pocatello Engineering Co. (Rex).

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IOWA

Woodburn—***E. L. Martin.** **Des Moines**—***Globe Machinery & Supply Co.**, Contractors' Material Co. (Rex).

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Write any concern listed on this page for a copy of the Novo Book, "Standardized Power"

*** The asterisk (*) before agents' names indicates that they are NOVO distributors and handle a complete line of NOVO Engines and Outfits**

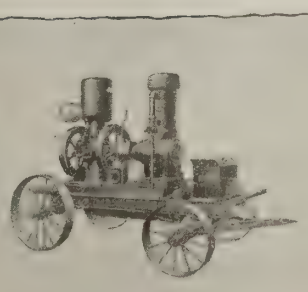


Figure 276—Novo Portable Air Compressor Outfit.

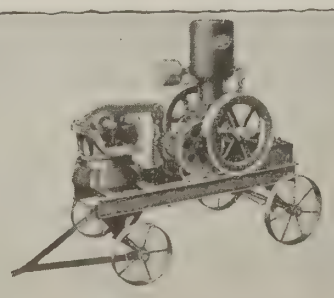


Figure 173—Novo Diaphragm Pumping Outfit.

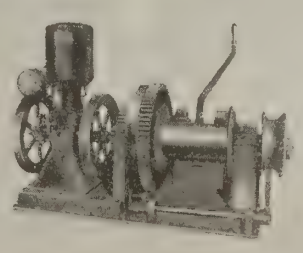


Figure 1447—Novo Type "T" Reversible Hoist.

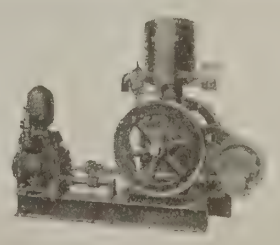


Figure 14139—Novo Type "U" High Pressure Pumping Outfit.

How Hudson Super-Six Saved the Six

A Review of the Crisis in Motordom

Only engineers knew it, but a year ago a crisis impended in Motordom. The light-weight Six—long the favorite type—seemed waning in popularity. The trend was toward Eights and Twelves. It appeared for a time that certain limitations might force the Six out of the field. Note how the Super-Six reversed that condition.

For years the Light Six was the leading type. Hudson was its foremost exponent.

It was so much smoother than former types that enthusiasts called it finality.

But it never fulfilled expectations. It nowhere near ended vibration. It won hardly a record. About every performance record that counted—save a few won by V-types—was still held by Fours.

Multi-Cylinders Came

At that juncture Hudson engineers—and numerous others—began to build V-type motors. That is, two Fours or two Sixes so set at angles as combat the Six limitations.

The trouble, remember, with all the types then known, lay in excessive vibration. That caused friction and wear. It lessened power and endurance. The object of the new types—the Eights and Twelves—was to minimize that waste.

Numerous upper-grade cars adopted them. The Hudson shop had its V-types perfected. For a time it seemed that the fate of the Six was sealed.

Then Came the Super-Six

But early in 1915 Hudson engineers discovered the cause of motor vibration. And they set out to remedy it in a new, mathematical way.

In June they applied for a patent. In December the patent was granted. It gave Hudson control of a basic invention which solved the problems better than anyone had dreamed.

It added 80 per cent to the efficiency of the best Six ever built. That is, to its power and endurance. It gave the new Six—the Super-Six—a supremacy too great to be questioned.

The First Year's Result

The Hudson Super-Six has been on the market a year now. It has won all worth-while records—that is, records made with a stock motor. In speed, power and endurance, in hill-climbing and quick acceleration, it has out-performed all other types. It won the chief record—the 24-hour record—by a margin of 52 per cent.

It twice broke all endurance records in a round trip from San Francisco to New York. It ran 7000 miles at over 80 miles an hour without showing any wear on the bearings.

It has gained the supreme place in Motordom. It has come to outsell any other front-rank car. It is now out-performing all rival cars for 25,000 owners.

Today every man who seeks the best in a fine car must choose the Hudson Super-Six.

Not Like Other Sixes

But don't confuse the Super-Six with Sixes of the old type. The Super-Six is a unique type—a basic invention, controlled by Hudson patents. It differs from other Sixes more than Eights or Twelves do.

Some makers abandoned the V-types because of the Super-Six. The added cylinders seemed useless additions when the Super-Six so excelled.

But no other Six is like the Super-Six. Our patents prevent approach.

A New Gasoline Saver

This year we add to the Super-Six another exclusive advantage. It is a gasoline saver, remarkably effective. At a nominal cost it can be added to any Hudson Super-Six.

And our latest bodies, in every style, are masterpiece productions. They are built to match the Super-Six supremacy.

Phaeton, 7-passenger, $1650	Touring Sedan $2175	Town Car $2925
Roadster, 2-passenger, 1650	Limousine 2925	Town Car Landaulet . . 3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger, 1950	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*	Limousine Landaulet . . 3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HOW MUCH AND WHO GETS IT

(Concluded from Page 19)

the form of rent, interest and dividends was turned over to labor the wage-earners' share would be increased only about one-half, which would bring the average wage to little over seventy dollars a month—still very decidedly too low for any scheme of living Penfield would be willing to accept.

Turning to the Interstate Commerce Commission's reports on railroads, Penfield found substantially the same situation. If capital got nothing at all, its total share being handed over to labor, the pay roll would be increased little over one-half. In other words, as with manufactures, about two dollars went to labor for one that went to capital. Excluding general officers and other officers—that is, the higher-salaried class—and beginning with clerks, there were, in round numbers, a million seven hundred thousand employees who received wages amounting to one and a third billion dollars. As railroads employ few women and child laborers, while a considerable part of his labor is highly skilled, well organized and relatively well paid, the average wage here is about eight hundred dollars a year. Interest on funded debt and dividends on capital stock amounted to seven hundred and fifty million dollars, or fifty-six per cent of the pay roll after excluding the higher-salaried employees.

Manufactures and railroads employed, in round numbers, at the date of the latest reports, ten million people. Assume that all the capital invested in them was owned by the rich, and suppose the total share of the rich was distributed to labor, leaving nothing whatever for capital; then labor's share might be increased about one-half. But even the Socialists, Penfield found, were not agreed upon outright confiscation of capital.

Moreover, a large and rapid increase in wages would, no doubt, involve a rise in prices; so labor's living would cost more. He didn't see how any scheme of distribution would increase labor's real share more than a quarter or a third; which brought him round again to the former conclusion that too little income was an even deeper trouble than faulty distribution of such income as there was; in short, that the country, though relatively rich—being much richer than any other—was positively poor.

Of course he ran across the famous doctrine of Malthus, that population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence, and in a well-settled country the only way to heighten the well-being of the common man decisively is to have fewer of him. He learned that this doctrine was accepted as Gospel truth for a generation or so; then, after a long time, was assaulted and derided on all sides, while its exact opposite—namely, that mankind's chief duty consisted in breeding, regardless of consequences—was proclaimed by nearly all those who assumed social leadership. But latterly, he found—with human life so cheap and superfluous that Europe could devote her best energies for two and a half years to destroying it—the Malthusian doctrine was receiving more respectful consideration. Not only were some sober economists urging it anew but some irrepressible women were preaching on forbidden texts at the risk of going to jail.

The Measure of New Wealth

But to Penfield's mind well-being was something more than income. Whenever he and his acquaintances, discussing a given man, said he was "getting ahead," they almost always meant he was saving something, accumulating something. He knew that increases in wages, salary or profits might be canceled by increased cost of living. When he figured up at the end of a year the only thing he counted as a solid gain was the excess of income over outgo—what he had saved.

The economists told him that was highly important for the nation too—which simply means all the individual citizens taken together. Under any possible scheme, Socialist or other, if the country wanted to increase its production of wealth and its true well-being, it must save some of its income to build better plants, more railroads, more ships, and so on; also, to get better houses, parks, roads, libraries, and the like.

He found that Sir George Paish estimated the income of the people of the United States at thirty-five billion dollars—which, allowing for the difference in dates, would be about in line with Professor King's estimate of thirty billions—and their total savings at seven billions against about two billions for England before the war. But that evidently included increase in land values, which struck Penfield as a very dubious item.

Every normal year, for example, the market value of city land is marked up by some hundreds of millions of dollars—not because there is any more of it, or that it is really more useful, but because there is a greater demand for it. In actual experience it means that far the greater part of the city population pays more rent, while a small part, consisting of the landlords, gets more income. Obviously there is no true gain in total wealth by that operation.

America's Increased Savings

Wealth of the country, as reported by the census, begins with real estate—land and the improvements thereon. In the eight years ending with 1912 it increased in value at the rate of a little more than six billion dollars a year. But a great part of this increase evidently consisted in marking up the value of the same land, with the same improvements; and though a few people were better off by that process, many people who rented land or tenements were worse off.

On the other hand, when a new building goes up there is a gain in real wealth; somebody has saved up something for a useful, wealth-producing structure. In cities one must get a permit before putting up a building. The permits issued in leading cities in 1914 implied an expenditure on buildings of more than eight hundred million dollars. The value of farm buildings increased during the last census period at the rate of two hundred and seventy-five millions a year. Those two items come to more than a billion dollars a year.

Of course a great deal of building and improvement of buildings is not included in them—that in cities other than the leading ones, in towns and villages. When a farmer drains a piece of swamp land he adds to the country's wealth; but there is no satisfactory means of estimating that apart from enhanced land value. So, with the certainty that considerably more than a billion dollars a year is invested in buildings, the real-estate item may be dismissed.

Other items in the census estimate are: livestock; farm implements; manufacturing machinery; railroads and equipment; street railways; telephone, telegraph and lighting systems; farm products; manufactured products; imported merchandise; products of mines; clothing; and furniture. Clearly all these things are real wealth. If the stock of them increases it is because the nation's total production exceeds its total consumption; it is saving that much of its income.

The increased value of these things in eight years came to thirty-two billion dollars, or four billions a year. Add at least a billion for real-estate improvements, and there is a total of five billions. The country's savings before the war, it seems, could not have been less than that.

How much had two boom years increased this saving? To answer that, a new Federal census would be necessary. Meantime, however, Penfield found some significant items. Before the war a very important item in England's wealth consisted of investments in foreign countries. A calculation dated December 31, 1913, put the total at eighteen billion dollars, of which nearly nine billions had gone to India and the British colonies, nearly four billions to the United States, and the remainder largely to South America. This foreign investment was increasing at the rate of eight hundred million dollars a year, through British purchases of foreign stocks, bonds, and so on. France's foreign investment was put at nine billion dollars; Germany's at five billions.

No such item appeared in our balance sheet, for we had no such investments. Whatever we saved was invested at home. But a statement by the Federal Reserve Board put the amount of foreign obligations held in this country in October, 1916, just a little short of two billion dollars. Foreign loans floated here between then and the end of the year would bring the total above two billions.

At the same time a thorough canvass of the railroad offices showed that between January 31, 1915, and July 31, 1916, we bought back from foreign holders one billion three hundred million dollars of American railroad securities. In about the same period foreign holdings of stock of the United States Steel Corporation decreased by about a hundred million dollars, taking the market value of September, 1916. Many other American securities that cannot be exactly enumerated were sold back to us by Europe in 1915 and 1916.

Foreign loans, the purchases of foreign-held American securities, came to over three and a half billion dollars, or at the rate of one and three-quarter billion dollars a year. At least that much, then, must be added to other savings.

And other savings have clearly been at an unusually high rate. Turning back to that census estimate of wealth, Penfield found that manufacturing machinery, tools, and so on—what we commonly call plant equipment—railroads and their equipment, street railroads, telephone and telegraph systems, privately owned lighting and irrigating systems, manufacturing products and mine products came to forty-eight billion dollars, and had been increasing at the rate of more than two and a half billion dollars a year.

Such things, he knew, were almost all owned by corporations. Generally, when additions and permanent improvements were to be made to them, some corporation or other issued bonds or stock, and somebody who had saved up some money subscribed to the bond issue or stock issue. Corporation financing, therefore, is the means by which a very important part of the country's savings get invested in industry.

In 1916 corporations of such size and importance as to get noticed, issued well over two billion dollars of stocks, bonds and notes against less than a billion and a half in 1914 and 1915. The figures, of course, are suggestive rather than conclusive. Some stock may be issued for alleged goodwill and other intangible considerations; bonds or notes may be issued merely to pay off a former issue, in which case they do not represent any new saving. But corporation financing shows that saving for home investment was at a high rate last year.

There is the building record. Permits issued in leading cities indicated an investment in buildings for 1916 about twenty-five per cent above the average of the two preceding years—or about the same ratio in which corporation financing exceeds the average of the two preceding years.

For another indication there is the incorporation of new companies in six Eastern states, where an important part of the country's incorporating and financing takes place. Total authorized capitalization of the companies formed in those states in 1916 came to about two and three-quarter billion dollars against about a billion and a half in 1915 and less than a billion in 1914. Of course this is only an indication, for all the capital may not be subscribed or may not represent tangible values. But, along with the other indications, it shows home investment on an unusually large scale.

By the end of June, 1915, savings deposits in the United States had risen above eight and three-quarter billion dollars—far ahead of comparable deposits in any other country. This consisted of six billion three hundred million dollars of "savings" deposits, as bankers classify them, and nearly two and a half billion dollars of "time" deposits. But time deposits, in fact, are mostly savings deposits—money put by for investment. From October, 1914—roughly corresponding to the beginning of the war—to September, 1916, time deposits in national banks increased one billion dollars. It will be several months before figures are available to show the total increase in savings deposits—including time deposits—during the war boom. But the showing for national banks alone suggests a very large increase.

If we saved five billion dollars a year before the war, we cannot, Penfield thought, be saving less than seven and a half billions a year now. That means more machinery, tools, railroad cars, and so on—in short, more production; consequently more income. We are in that much better position to solve the first problem of producing more goods to divide. As to the second problem, of how to divide them, it seemed clear the old impressionistic assumption, that nothing was necessary but to take from the rich and give to the poor, was untenable.

The real trouble ran far deeper than the millionaire line. It struck Penfield the chances of correcting that trouble would be much increased if everybody would just forget the "rich," the "plutocracy" and "Wall Street" for a spell, and devote their energies in more promising directions.

Sense and Nonsense

A Rush Message

GEORGE C. CARROTHERS has a young son who accompanied him on Villa's special train about two years ago. The boy was very fond of animals and carried a ground squirrel, attached to his coat by a fine chain, wherever he went. He called his pet Flossie.

"Wentworth," said his father as they sat with Páncho in his private car, "have you written to your mother yet? No? And you've been away a week! Sit down now and do it."

"Yes, indeed, *muchachito*," cried Páncho; "you must do that at once! Here, write her a telegram and I will give it precedence over all official business."

They brought him a blank and Wentworth sat down to give his mother the news. He thought for a long while and then wrote as follows:

"*Dear Mother:* Flossie is a mail!"

The Dark Horse

IN A CERTAIN Kentucky town is a grocer who does very little reading, but who is strong in the Democratic faith. One day last June a customer dropped in on him and remarked:

"Well, the last of the nominations are made."

"I didn't git time to look at the paper this mornin'," said the storekeeper. "Who've they nominated this time?"

"Wilson and Marshall are the nominees," said the other.

"Well," said the grocer, "I'll bet you Wilson beats him to a frazzle!"

"Beats who?"

"Beats this here Marshall!"

Birds and Birds

A YOUNG woman entered a book store in Chicago and asked the aid of the clerk in selecting suitable reading. She especially desired some native American fiction, she said.

"Why not try Allen's Kentucky Cardinal?" said the salesman, taking a copy of the book off the shelf. "That's a very popular book."

"No; I don't think I care for those theological stories," said the lady.

"But this cardinal was a bird!"

"I am not interested in the scandals of his private life," replied the young woman; and out she walked.

Just Right

MANDY, who was a housemaid and colored, arrived late to begin her duties one morning and her mistress inquired as to the cause of delay.

"I's sorry, Miss Clara; indeed I is!" stated Mandy. "But I jest natchelly couldn't got here no sooner'n whut I is got here. I been at the party give by the Sistern of the Mysterious Ten at the Cullid Odd Fellers' Hall, right up the street. They started in dancin' and carryin' on last night, and they's still in full swing. You never seen so many folks packed in one little hall in all yore bawn days; and right now, ef you'll poke yore haid outen yore side winder you kin hear them folks whoopin' and laughin', and hear the orchestra playin'."

"Wasn't it rather tumultuous, Mandy?" asked the lady of the house.

"Oh, nome!" said Mandy. "Hit wuzn't a bit too mulchous—jest about mulchous enough!"

The Chain Campaign To Insure

The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others

Some men would gamble with anything, from a counterfeit coin to life and property and all that they or others hold dear.

But at least they gamble for some stake which to them—if to no one else—seems worth the gamble. They do not risk their whole fortunes with only a few dollars to gain.

Why then, if time be precious, would they risk *all the time* allotted them here on earth, for the sake of a *few moments* of it now?

Yet, strange to say, this is just what some motorists do when *they fail to stop to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets.* They gamble their automobiles, their

"What! My Car?"

"Yes! skidded—and it's up to you. You failed to provide the chauffeur with Tire Chains. Only good luck saved your wife from paying the supreme penalty for your negligence. She's on the way to the hospital painfully injured, but the doctor thinks she'll pull through. You'd better hurry to the hospital and then report to Headquarters"

How strange it is that disaster must come to some men before they realize that all makes and types of tires will skid on wet pavements and muddy roads when not equipped with Chains.

These mendo not appreciate, until too late, that by failing to provide Weed Anti-Skid Chains they expose their families to injury and death.

The time to provide against accidents is before they happen. Don't wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.

The Real Test of Advertising

Millions of people have read the advertisements reproduced on these pages.

They have prevented thousands of accidents.

They have saved thousands of lives.

These advertisements were planned to sell tire chains by creating and directing a public opinion that will compel drivers of cars to take every precaution to make motoring safe.

The advertising is profitable to the manufacturers—otherwise they could not continue it—but it has been profitable only because it has performed ***a great public service.***

You can't measure human life or human suffering in dollars and cents.

The real test of the value of any advertising is not what it does ***to*** the public but what it does ***for*** the public.

This campaign benefits ***all*** the millions who come in contact with automobiles, whether they are car owners or not.

Its results are of immediate, personal concern to every man who wants to protect himself, his wife, his children—from the driver, always ready to take the gambler's chance.

Automobile accidents are so familiar that our senses have been dulled by the repetition of the news accounts. We forget we may be the victims next time.

We are prisoners of the greatest of conquerors—Old General Apathy.

The Chain campaign has been successful because it makes us realize an ***actual danger*** and presents a ***specific remedy.***

The chief cause of Automobile accidents is skidding, and chains are the only mechanical device yet invented that is absolutely dependable to make slippery roads safe.

A·C·
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AMERICAN CHAIN

Sole Manufacturers

BRIDGEPORT

In Canada—Dominion Chain

Motoring Safety For Everyone

WHEN you feel your car skid—that feeling of utter helplessness with its attendant fear of disastrous consequences—it will be too late to do anything, except pray. No amount of human skill will then avert a crash against the curb, a nearby vehicle, or, worse yet, the innocent bystander.

But you don't have to suffer that terrible *"feeling of utter helplessness."* Appreciate *now* that the only thing to do is to use *the* dependable preventative—***Anti-Skid Chains on all four tires.***

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

"Criminal Negligence"

Skidded, fatally injuring a child, because he neglected to use Tire Chains

The conscience-stricken motorist knows only too well that he is directly responsible for the loss of the child's life. Failure to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet and greasy pavements was the actual and immediate cause of the accident and as such constituted "criminal negligence" on his part.

The Fight Against General Apathy

The problem is ***not to sell*** Weed Chains, ut to make drivers of cars ***use*** the chains they lready have.

Practically every car in operation has chains -in the locker. Even the novice knows there re times when he can't move without them.

The trouble comes in making drivers put hem on the wheels ***before*** the accident.

Chains are only one of the essentials to make notoring safe. They are merely a mechanical evice.

No mechanical device can supply a man ith intelligence.

Those who are only thoughtless are awakned. These advertisements which ***vividly icture truths*** bring home a realization of the onsequences of taking chances—of personal esponsibility.

Only two things can reach the driver who labitually gambles with the lives of others as he stake—fear of the law, and the mightier power of public opinion.

These advertisements arouse and concentrate a public opinion that will compel drivers of cars to use intelligence and judgment that will safeguard the public against all preventable accidents.

Are ***you*** entirely free from blame?

Do ***you*** take chances?

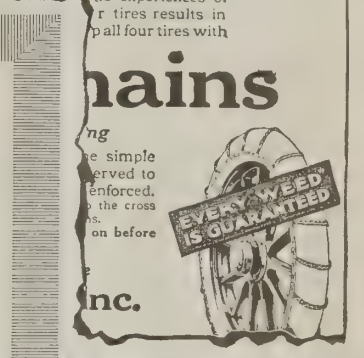
Some of the ideas for these advertisements were suggested by men who don't own cars; others came from car owners who have the best interests of motoring at heart.

We want more of these ideas.

We want ***your*** ideas.

Don't think about selling Weed Chains; they are incidental. Think how an idea or illustration can make people ACT to safeguard all of us against that criminal thoughtlessness and carelessness of the driver who is the greatest enemy of motoring.

Help Us Insure Motoring Safety For Everyone



COMPANY, Incorporated

of Weed Chains

CONN., U. S. A.

Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

A·C·
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RICORO

The "Self-Made" Cigar

Imported from Porto Rico

CIGAR VALUE AND SERVICE

If you are not among the millions who have tested and proved United Cigar Store *values* and *proven* United Cigar *service*, we urge you to make the acquaintance of *both* through

RICORO—THE "SELF-MADE CIGAR"

RICORO is the greatest cigar value we have ever offered—an *imported* cigar selling at from six cents each to two for a quarter (according to size)—a value which is only *half-expressed* by these prices.

RICORO would sell at *twice* these prices if it were imported from anywhere except Porto Rico. Porto Rican cigars pay no duty—other imported cigars do.

Forget the question of low price. Try RICORO on its merit as a quality cigar only. You will be amazed at its tropic bouquet, its soothing mildness, its satisfying richness.

Four popular sizes of RICORO are shown here—you will find many other sizes and shapes in every UNITED CIGAR STORE and in United Agencies.

Try RICORO and you will understand why this business is the largest of its kind in the world—*why* every fourth man who buys cigars in a United Cigar Store asks for RICORO—*why* RICORO sells over 400 a minute, 24 hours a day.

THANK YOU.

SARATOGA SIZE
6c each
Box of fifty, $3.00

PANETELA SIZE
6c each
Box of fifty, $3.00

CABINET SIZE
3 for 25c
Box of fifty, $4.15

INVINCIBLE SIZE
7c each
Box of fifty, $3.50

CIGARS UNITED

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

1000 STORES OPERATED IN 300 CITIES—EXECUTIVE OFFICES NEW YORK CITY

UNITED AGENCIES have been established in a large number of towns where stores directly under our management are not conducted. United Agencies handle Ricoro and other United brands in co-operation with us. We ask you to trade in the United Cigar Store or Agency which will best suit your convenience. Reliable dealers wishing to become our Agents where we are not already so represented, are invited to correspond with us. Address:

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY
Agency Department, 44 West 18th St., New York

CIGARS UNITED

MAIL ORDERS: We prefer that every customer visit one of ou stores in person and in this way not only secur the exact shade suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our store serv ice. If no store is convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mai or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price. Address mail orders to

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY, at nearest city named below:
New York, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago, First National Bank Bldg.
San Francisco, 555 Howard St.

EPHEIMER

(Continued from Page 17)

"I guess," he said slowly, "it's time for some business. Three holes more, Mr. Sears, and I'll play you them for a hundred apiece."

Arnold Sears was surprised.

"Of course," he answered, "since it is your suggestion. Personally I think you're foolish."

He had no desire to slay a goose so prolific of golden eggs. He drove with—if possible—even greater care, safely over the first bunker in the middle of the course.

Epheimer, with a whacking swing, sent out a long, sliced ball, curving far into the trees that lined the fairway. Somewhere in the distant tangle of limbs it must have struck solidly, for it bounded high in air, directly back into the open.

"That's some screecher!" Epheimer declared complacently.

The green lay at the top of a high, abrupt bank; and, playing safe with an iron, Sears brought his ball to rest beneath the earthen wall, from where he would have an easy shot to the green. Epheimer summoned his caddie with impressive ceremony and drew from the bag a comparatively new, unused club. It was wooden, and from his position Sears identified it as a "spoon." Epheimer bent over his ball and played promptly. There was a high, flashing white arc of flight. . . . There wasn't any doubt about it—Epheimer must have comfortably reached the green.

"What the devil!" Arnold Sears exploded. "Who explained that club to you?"

Epheimer was a fountain of joy.

"That was the 'business'!" he cried. "I have a friend at Pineridge—Eidlemann—and he's been champion of Belgium twice already; and in two days he showed it to me—a spoon. He said: 'Epheimer, keep your head down and do like I say, and you will surprise any Methodist or Catholic gentleman whatever.'"

Sears said shortly, "Episcopalian," and tramped toward the steps that led to the green, where he found Epheimer's ball. Even there the latter exuberantly overran the hole, and the best he could get was a half. The next hole, after a feeble drive and a second shot into the rough, Epheimer took the spoon and laid his ball near enough to the hole narrowly to miss a putt. In spite of this failure he won, and Arnold Sears was only a hundred and forty dollars ahead. But one hole remained, the course leading back to the vicinity of the clubhouse. As usual, a number of men who had just finished were congregated there, adding scores and idly watching those still out come in.

Arnold Sears drove with an unaccustomed abandon; but, holding his form, the ball swung out in an impressive carry. Epheimer, under the pressure of the waiting audience, hit with such force that he swung completely round, facing the direction from which they had come. A section of the sod-stand flew even farther than the ball. After a second failure, a third rousing gallop, with better success, carried him up the course, when he again drew forth the Scourge of the Gentiles." In some peculiar manner, under the influence of the novice champion of the Belgians, and though his other shots had been almost farcical, he played the spoon in excellent form and carried his ball to the plateau that held the final flag.

As they approached, Kettel detached himself from the little waiting throng.

"Man, but that was a fair shot!" he told Epheimer. "It ought to save you a bit."

Sears, with an accurate iron, had placed his ball below the green, where, in two, he lay as advantageously as did Epheimer above, in four. Yet Arnold Sears cherished hidden arrogance; he could get but two hundred and forty dollars out of his opponent, when he should have had that again, and more still. He bent over with his mashie, playing it deep, when an unexpected resistance below the sand stopped his shot, and the ball trickled into the narrow bunker that guarded the edge of the green. He ejaculated one tense syllable and, with a niblick, unavoidably sent his ball to the farther end of the green. There it chanced to roll snugly into a small depression, which fitted it, Carter said, as accurately as if it had been cut by the most expensive sporting tailor.

Sears had now taken four, and lay alike with Epheimer. The latter rolled a simple shot to three feet of the hole. Sears chopped in the only manner possible at his ball, and the sphere promptly traveled back to the bunker from which it had just risen. Once more it returned to the upper slope. Arnold Sears was visibly shaken by wrath; he banged directly at the hole, over which, faultlessly directed, his ball squarely went, and back, back into the bunker.

There was a suppressed but audible amusement.

"Show him where the hole is!" an unidentified voice urged Epheimer. And Epheimer, flushed with success, and out of order, magnificently holed his putt. Sears had picked up.

V

THAT evening Epheimer, at bridge with his wife and the Solly Benjamins, showed a beaming countenance. Even from where Sears sat, once more in the group of his familiars, it could be told that Epheimer was bidding recklessly.

"I'll double four spades," Mr. Solly Benjamin declared stoutly.

"Again," Epheimer sweepingly came back.

"Your property is enjoying a little well-earned relaxation," Carter observed to Sears.

The latter replied enigmatically:

"They must play mighty good golf in Belgium!"

"I saw Epheimer drive a number of times this morning," Kettel commented; "and his ball sailed like a broken monoplane. I never thought, Sears, you would be so close with a good thing like that. It's better than stock in a powder concern right to-day. Are you thinking of taking any time off for pleasure? And if you do, what will you sell the temporary right to Epheimer for?"

Sears regarded him morosely.

"If you think the thing's a mint you are mistaken."

Sears commenced the tale of the spoon; then suddenly he stopped. His own game, he well knew, was worth a moderate amount. With the old Epheimer he could count on a very comfortable lead at the end of a day's play, but with the new he was at a loss to place his chances. Epheimer, he told himself, was certainly shot with luck—witness the drive that had rebounded from the trees; and now, with this spoon shot that apparently would not go wrong, Sears actually stood to lose money.

"What Sears ought to do," stated the lean individual in shell glasses, "since he has had such a good thing for ten days, is to offer Epheimer for sale. Give Kettel a chance at him, if Kettel will do the right thing; give us all a chance at him."

A young bondbroker grew immediately enthusiastic.

"That's it," he declared; "have a sale—Epheimer with all rights and privileges and goodwill! Sears can always withdraw him if he is not satisfied with the offers."

"If you are only trying to be funny," Sears announced, "stop where you are. I might take you all on."

"There's nothing humorous in the idea," Kettel announced. "I'd make a modest bid myself. Let's move over into the card room and consider the proposition."

Eight men gathered promptly in the privacy set apart for games of chance; the bondbroker added a friend, and a golfing individual of doubtful waistcoat and amateur standing completed the number.

"I shall ask," Carter commenced, "for two important pieces of information; though Epheimer is undoubtedly a good thing: I'd like to have some account of the actual receipts he affords; and I must be convinced of Sears' ability to transfer this property in the event of a sale."

"Fair enough," Sears agreed. "The first week I played with Epheimer I was the winner of about a thousand dollars ——"

"Minus a mere seven hundred at red dog," an irrelevant voice put in.

"About a thousand," Sears repeated with dignity. "And Epheimer shows a constant tendency to double the bet. This morning he suggested and was playing a hundred dollars a hole. As for my ability to transfer Epheimer—well, I can guarantee this, that the purchaser has two or three days of golf with him. The rest is a question of personal judgment."

"What if Epheimer leaves?"

"He engaged his rooms for a month and more than two weeks remain. I suppose

(Continued on Page 69)

Johns-Manville

NON-BURN ASBESTOS BRAKE LINING

The better the Asbestos the better the Lining

The safety and durability of a brake lining depend upon the quality of the Asbestos from which it is made.

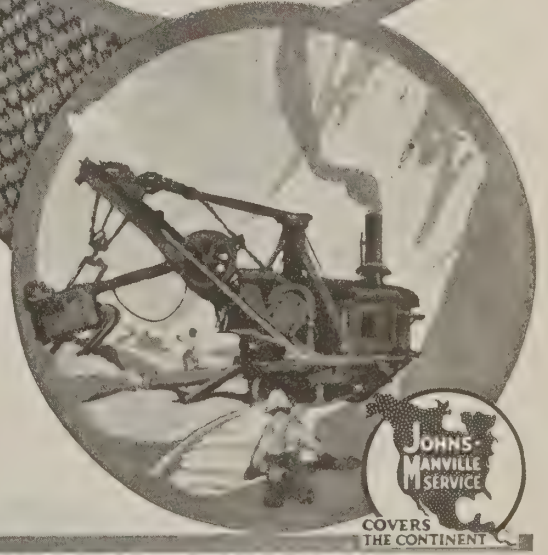
J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining for motor cars is the development of a quarter century's experience in the making of all types of brake lining by the world's greatest manufacturers of Asbestos products.

High-grade long-fibre asbestos of a quality good enough for brake lining is becoming harder and harder to get. But, since Johns-Manville own their own asbestos mines, the quality of J-M Non-Burn is not handicapped by the necessity of purchasing the raw material in the open market.

It is because of this superiority of material that J-M Non-Burn wears down very slowly and retains its braking service to the very end.

It is this assured quality of material in J-M Non-Burn plus the resources and experience back of its production that make it advisable for you to ask if the brakes are Non-Burn lined when buying a car—and to insist on it when re-equipping.

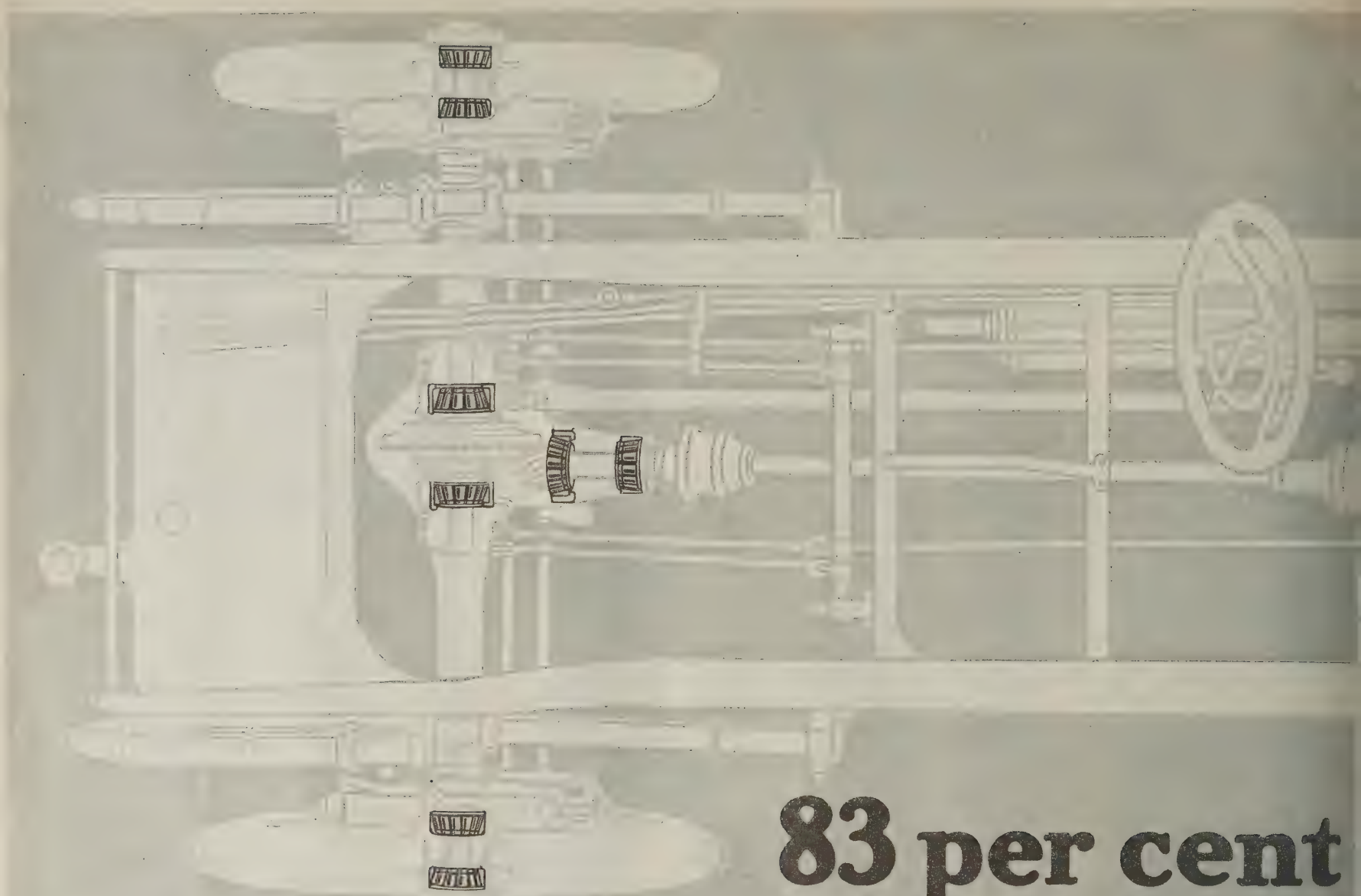
H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
Branches in 55 Large Cities



Stop!

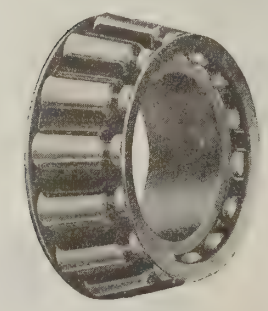
For years this signal has found instant response in the sure grip of J-M Asbestos Lined Brakes on big hoists where a slip means ruin.

When you think of Asbestos you think of Johns-Manville



83 per cent

The above chassis shows where to look for Timken Bearings in high grade cars.



83 per cent of the 654,653 higher priced motor cars built in 1916 have Timken Bearings at one or more of the points of severest service — wheels, differential, pinion shaft, and transmission.

These are cars priced above $700, built in factories having a yearly output of one thousand or more. The 83 per cent that are Timken-equipped represent a total of 535,235 cars whose builders considered quality of greatest importance, even though the cost was more.

The superior quality of Timken Bearings has been proved and is accepted by automobile engineers and motor vehicle builders.

This is the standard of quality, safety and economy that *your* car should possess.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

TIMKEN

use Timken

The high quality cars listed on this page are equipped on front wheels, rear wheels, differential, pinion or transmission with Timken Bearings to take the heavy loads, the sudden shocks and the grinding side pressures that would wear out and destroy cheaper bearings of less proven quality.

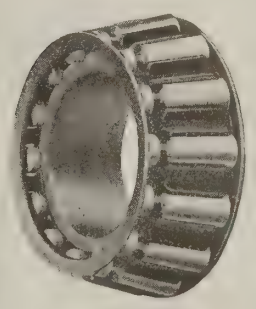
CADILLAC	OLDSMOBILE	KISSEL-KAR
PACKARD	HUDSON	MARMON
LOCOMOBILE	VELIE	OVERLAND
PIERCE-ARROW	CASE	WILLYS-KNIGHT
STUTZ	CHALMERS	REO
PEERLESS	DODGE BROS.	STUDEBAKER
APPERSON	SAXON	LIBERTY
BUICK	HUPMOBILE	WINTON
MOON	PREMIER	JORDAN
	MOLINE-KNIGHT	

NOTE: The above list includes only pleasure cars priced above $00, with an annual production capacity of one thousand cars or nore.

For *complete* list of over *180* makers of pleasure cars and motor tucks equipped with Timken Bearings giving points of application, write for booklet, A-1, "The Companies Timken Keeps."

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

The above chassis shows where to look for Timken Bearings in high grade cars.



BEARINGS

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

"The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century"

It is not alone beauty, nor economy, nor fire-resistance, nor wear, but a combination of all of these qualities that has given NEPONSET Twin Shingles their reputation.

Over 120 years in business, and 30 years in the development of a full line of NEPONSET Roofings for every type of building, has made possible this success.

Looks The colors, size, shape and slate-surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make as handsome a roof as it is possible to find. They have the look of slate, laid in substantial looking large slabs. Their soft green and red harmonize with any surroundings or architectural plan. You can be sure of eye-satisfaction.

Wear Tough felt, saturated with the best waterproofing material known (everlasting asphalt), then coated and recoated with crushed rock and asphalt, pressed and jammed into one solid, thick sheet, guarantees extra wear. Similar materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new. A roof of these shingles, when laid, being several times as thick, should last as long as the house.

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

(Patent applied for).

Fire-Resistance On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmless. Most conflagrations spread from roof to roof. NEPONSET shingles are a very great protection. They are approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Cost Notwithstanding their great beauty and durability, Neponset Twin Shingles belong in the class of economical roofings. Their uniform shape and double width halve the cost of laying, because two shingles are really laid at a time; and also lessen cracks and nail-holes.

Five layers, six processes build up Neponset Twin Shingles into one thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, sun, frost—undecaying and not affected by sparks or embers. Always remember "five layers, six processes."

There are three types of Neponset Shingles, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

For factories, warehouses, barns, etc., similar material is furnished in rolls. It is **NEPONSET PAROID ROOFING**—a roofing that for service has been unchallenged for 18 years. There are three types of NEPONSET Roll Roofing, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

See the NEPONSET Dealer in your town. He can supply you with just the product you need—made and guaranteed by us.

Send for Free Booklet

"Repairing and Building"

It tells about the different Neponset Building Products—

NEPONSET Built-up Roof for Industrial plants.

NEPONSET Waterproof Building Papers.

NEPONSET Wall Board for cottages, attics and ceilings in place of laths and plaster.

Lumber and Hardware Dealers Sell NEPONSET Products.

BIRD & SON Established 1795 262 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass. New York Chicago Washington Canadian Office and Plant Hamilton, Ont.

Manufacturers of NEPONSET Floor Covering—sold by department and furniture stores everywhere. Also manufacturers of Special Waterproof Papers, Special Paper Boxes and Fibre Shipping Case

(Continued from Page 65)

you will want me to insure him against injury or sudden death," Sears proceeded sarcastically. "I didn't organize this sale, you know. I'm not especially anxious to dispose of Epheimer. Call it off if you like."

"The terms of this sale," the young bondbroker announced, rising, "owing to its unusual conditions, are these: Payment must be made after satisfactory delivery of the property; and a fair construction of that, I should say, would be a check for the amount after the first day's play. Now, bids, please! Who'll say five thousand dollars for the privilege of playing golf with Epheimer?"

Kettel demanded:

"Is it a life interest you're disposing of?"

"Five? Five? Well, four? . . . Three?"

"Bid a hundred!" said the individual of the doubtful waistcoat.

"The gentleman has misunderstood the scope of the sale," the auctioneer declared. "We are not disposing of the privilege of putting with Mr. Epheimer on the home green. We are selling his entire range of golfing activities—driving and approaching, and language, from dawn till dark. This proceeding must not be interrupted by factious bids."

"Two hundred!" Kettel added.

"And fifty!" Carter continued.

"No bids of fifty considered," the bondbroker announced. "I can only imagine that Mr. Sears' feelings must be at this depreciation of his unusual offer. Do I hear a thousand for the opportunity of teeing off every morning, for two momentous weeks, with Epheimer?"

"Three hundred!" Kettel appended.

"Three hundred . . . pounds. Good! Mr. Kettel is a Scotchman and has forgotten that we are dealing in dollars. A round fifteen hundred ——"

"Shillings!" Kettel put in.

"About three hundred and seventy-five dollars," the other instantly replied. "Make it four hundred!"

"Four hundred!" said Anderson, the auctioneer, unexpectedly.

"Five! Five! Going! Going! Five—and I hear? And six! Six! Six! And fifty—all right! I'll waive this ruling. Six hundred and fifty dollars bid for the inexhaustible Epheimer, the golfer's golden goal; the ne plus ultra of the links; the man with the peerless slice!"

The bidding grew slower. Seven hundred was offered—seven hundred and twenty-five—and accepted. Then, after some auctioneering eloquence, seven hundred and fifty.

The door that had been closed upon the hall opened a space, and Epheimer's mild visage swept the room.

"What's this?" he demanded, edging in. "Business or pleasure? I'll be in on either."

"This," said the bondbroker suavely, "is the private sale of the Screecher Mine—gold; seven to nine shafts, all swinging; profits instantly doubling and rolling up ——"

"Not a nickel!" Epheimer vociferated, backing toward the exit. "I thought it was cards, or some game of chance." He disappeared.

"Was it eight hundred?"

"I said seven hundred and fifty dollars," Kettel morosely declared.

Finally the bidding rose to nine hundred, where it obstinately hung, defying the auctioneer's best efforts.

"Mr. Sears," he said, "I sympathize with you. Do you wish to withdraw the opportunity for the present? Perhaps some real sports could be got together later in the week."

"Let it go," Sears decided. "I'm tired of it anyhow."

"Going! Going! Gone! Mr. Kettel has become the owner of all the rights and privileges of Epheimer's golf, to operate or dispose of as he sees fit. According to terms of sale, full payment will be made at end of first day's play."

Laughter and comments rose, and Kettel was variously congratulated and baited. The latter solemnly contemplated the sum he had pledged and said:

"I've been awful bad through the green."

Sears said:

"You might play a spoon."

VI

THE following morning Sears, not in golf playing garb, met the impatient Epheimer in the Assembly Hall.

"Sorry," he said; "I'm following the Drag Hunt with Mrs. Sears. She doesn't play golf, you see, and time has been dragging for her. But Kettel will be looking for a partner—the Scotchman. It's a real pleasure to golf with the Scotch; after all, it's their game; they give it an inimitable atmosphere—all the little appropriate terms, and really wonderful cursing."

"It's their game, right enough," Epheimer agreed discontentedly; "they're at it from the day they can walk. What chance would I have with a player like that?"

"Excellent!" Sears declared. "A few days back I couldn't have honestly said that; and, Epheimer, I wouldn't. But with that new spoon shot—excellent! Personally I'd like to see you trim Kettel; so would some others of us. He's—well, he's so crabbed about the rules, and all that. Watch yourself or he'll count the slightest infraction against you. Here he is.

"Kettel, I'm turning Epheimer over to you for a day's sport. You two ought to make a good match; you're nearly on a par. Perhaps you should give him a little, because you are Scotch; but you can fix that up between you. . . . Sorry! There's Mrs. Sears."

The Drag Hunt went far into the pines and the Searses were late for dinner. When Arnold Sears had finished, and was lighting the first evening cigar, he made his way to the familiar gathering place; but the group was scattered. Anderson was talking to a newly arrived young woman; the Epheimers and Benjamins were again deep in bridge. Sears studied Epheimer's countenance, but it expressed neither elation nor dejection; he was bidding thoughtfully. A click of balls came from the billiard room, and there Sears found Kettel playing Kelly pool. When the latter saw Arnold Sears he drew him into a corner.

"Here's the sum." He reluctantly deposited a folded check in Sears' hand.

"Well," Sears asked, "what occurred? Naturally I'm a bit curious."

"Man," Kettel said fretfully, "if ever I played golf like a finnan haddie, it was today! Not one shot did I get off fair from the tee, and my irons could have been duplicated by any fat boy. I ought to have been seven to the good—at twenty-five dollars—and I was but a scant two. Epheimer nearly killed a woman three courses away and wanted to strangle a caddie for sneezing. He has the boomerang drive to perfection."

"Did he use a spoon?" Sears asked negligently.

"I think he did—once, toward the last; and made a fluke too—landed bang-up on the rim of the cup."

"It's getting colder," Sears observed. "I think I'll take a cue in this."

It was undoubtedly getting colder. When Arnold Sears went to bed he searched through a closet for supplementary blankets. He woke in the night, found his windows rattling like castanets, and reluctantly rose to plug them. He gazed out into the dark, and a sudden smile wreathed his swollen features—a rising wind was whipping through the moaning pines, and minute white particles, like goose feathers, were whirling in an eddy back of the inn.

"It's a good job," he muttered, "that no one put in a clause about weather rebates!"

In the morning a veritable blizzard was raging; huge flakes of snow were flung in white banks against the face of the Conifer Arms; white mantles hung heavily on the clipped shrubbery and coated the melancholy black pines. The snow gathered in heaps in breaks and angles, melting almost immediately and being immediately replaced.

Sears, with Mrs. Sears, had breakfast in his rooms. He did not appear until past eleven, when he found a thoroughly disgusted group of sportsmen gazing through the long glass doors at the inclement weather. Kettel refused even to reply to Sears' cheerful morning greeting. Carter, at the latter's shoulder, whispered:

"I hear Kettel was down at five o'clock; and what he has said about the elements since I turned up would blast a sand green!"

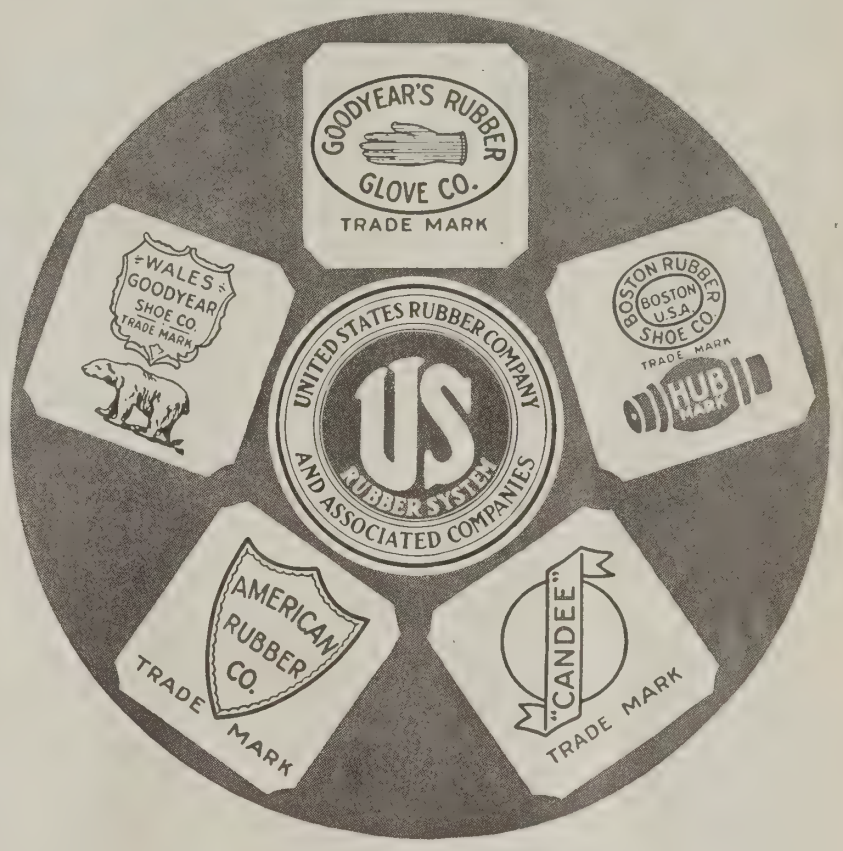
Epheimer, it seemed, had disappeared to change his golfing clothes. He came back shortly, in crisply ironed stripes, and joined Kettel.

"It's bad, ain't it?" he observed. "And we had such a nice game fixed! But they told me at the desk these storms always blow out by noon."

The snow did vanish by lunch, its place being taken by a forthright downpour of rain. The drumming on the roof continued until the loss of consciousness in sleep, and

Rubber Footwear *Holds up Colds*

RUBBER footwear is the "Stop! Look! Listen!" preventive to the possible cold. It insulates the foot, keeping out cold and moisture, both of which are frequent causes of "snuffles." Many a cold in the head has traveled all the way up from "cold feet!"

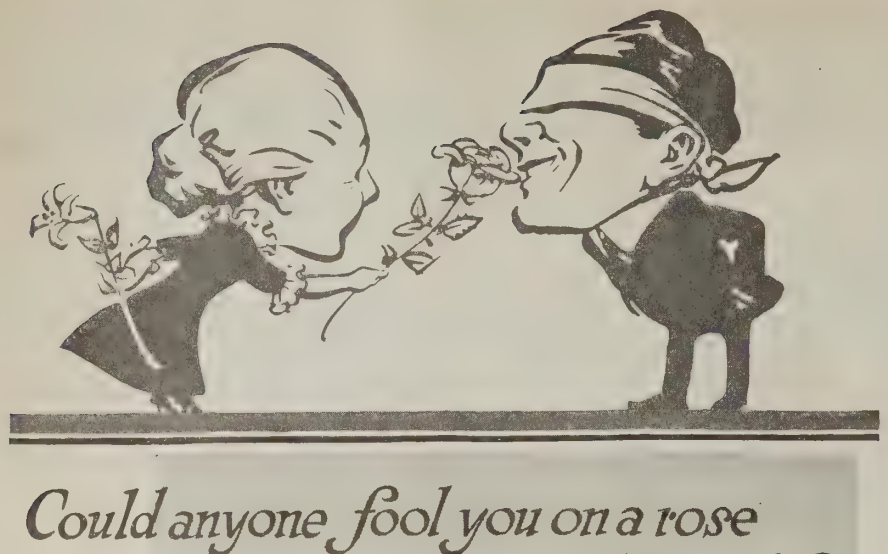


But rubber footwear may be good, bad or indifferent—and only an expert can tell, by observation alone, which is which. So the leading makers put their brands on all their products to protect *you*. Almost from the very beginning of the rubber industry, these trade-marks have pointed the way to rubber footwear of supreme quality, style, fit and workmanship.

Seventy-four years of successful manufacturing and the experience of forty-seven great factories are back of every pair of rubber shoes, overshoes, arctics, boots, etc., produced by the United States Rubber Company, the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

Rubbers that fit wear twice as long as rubbers that do not fit.

United States Rubber Company



Could anyone fool you on a rose — with your eyes blindfolded ?

Of course NOT !

"Your Nose Knows"

By its *fragrance* alone does the rose make its universal appeal. Nor can anyone fool you on tobacco, either, if you rely on your unerring, personal sense of *pure fragrance.* Tobacco without a definite fragrance is like a rose without perfume—"Your Nose Knows."

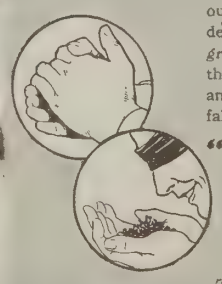
Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

is the *rose of tobaccos.* Its rich, ripe Burley leaves, grown in the Blue Grass region of Old Kentucky are so carefully aged and blended that its *pure fragrance* is as individual, as appealing as the rose. There is no fragrance like it—"Your Nose Knows."

Try This Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep — its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"



5 cent BAGS
10 cent TINS
HALF and FULL POUND GLASS HUMIDORS

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

unabated it greeted the ear on the following morning. The third day it slackened to a mere drizzle, and at evening a serene bar of yellow showed in the west. Kettel, Sears thought, was quite purple with suppressed wrath.

"I'll play that Epheimer," he asseverated, "for any dizzy sum he'll agree to!"

VII

AFTER dinner Epheimer, followed by Mr. Solly Benjamin, stopped at the group huddled on their shoulders in lounging chairs and biting viciously on cigarette holders and cigars.

"I propose," said Epheimer, "a little sociable game—to forget our monotony; and Solly, here, can fill a hand with the best."

Six men were finally collected about the circular table in the card room. At Carter's suggestion the customary limit of twenty-five cents was raised to a half dollar; and a fresh pack was opened, chips counted and distributed. From the first deal the hands were very low. Sears won a modest pot on two little pairs; Mr. Solly Benjamin managed to collect three treys and two dollars-odd. The game threatened to drag lamentably.

"Make it a dollar?" Epheimer inquired, and the others agreed.

Sears, studying as much of Epheimer's game as the latter was forced to expose, found that the other skillfully mingled careful betting with the most admirably conducted bluffs. Benjamin's game was, if possible, even of a higher order; it rose to the plane of psychologic poker. Kettel never risked unless he held a strong combination of cards; Carter was more than adequate.

The deal went on and on; ten dollars was won, lost; no one was a gainer. Anderson counted his chips and withdrew, presumably in the direction of the dance music faintly audible through the closed door. Sears negligently picked up his hand and swiftly surveyed it; two nines were the best that showed, and he retained them, discarding the others. Solly Benjamin's face was as imperturbable as that of a Chinese; Kettel was frowning at his collection; Epheimer was regarding the ceiling.

"Three," Sears said listlessly.

"And three," echoed Benjamin, and flung away the resulting combination.

"I think," Kettel pronounced slowly—"yes, I'll take one."

He got it, and his face was as dour as one of his highland granite knobs.

"One here," Epheimer added, and shuffled his filled hand about, finally depositing it in a neat stack before him.

Arnold Sears' mouth contracted slightly—he had held a pair of nines, and had drawn two queens and another nine. Not only was it an exceptional hand, but he was certain that the number of cards he had demanded would put the others at sea.

"Dollar's bet," he said.

"And a dollar," Kettel added.

"Those two dollars and another," Epheimer came along.

Arnold Sears saw the raise, and continued it to the limit; and the others repeated this, again and again.

"Raise the limit?" Kettel asked. "This might go on till to-morrow."

"Five dollars!" Sears suggested tersely.

There came a knock at the door and Sears turned apprehensively. A house boy entered.

"Telegram for Mr. Epheimer!" He deposited the envelope at his hand. Epheimer gazed at it curiously.

"Not for nothing!" he announced—"not for nothing would I look at it betting a hand! Such bad luck! Raise the limit?"

The limit accordingly became ten dollars, and a round of seeing and betting followed. Epheimer fingered his telegram.

"Not for nothing!" he repeated.

Arnold Sears studied his hand thoughtfully; it was good, but not unbeatable. Both Kettel and Epheimer had drawn but one card; the former would never plunge to this extent, he decided, on a flush. Kettel—yes, Kettel had fours.

"I'm dropping," Sears decided regretfully.

A very material hole had been made in Kettel's check.

"And again," Epheimer said. "Solly what do you think's in that wire?"

"Shall I look?" the other queried.

Epheimer shook his head.

"Anything's bad luck now, Solly."

"Back at you," went Kettel.

Beads of perspiration were ranged in rows on the Scotchman's forehead and he champed at the sad wreck of a ten-cent cigar. Carter counted the pot.

"About eight hundred dollars," he reported.

It rose steadily—almost doubled. Kettel was talking to himself. Epheimer was divided between the envelope before him and in betting in a loud voice.

"Kettel's pulse must be going up a bea a dollar!" Carter whispered to Arnold Sears; the other made a bet in a reverent whisper.

Suddenly Epheimer pounded with his fist on the table.

"I'm a donkey!" he declared. "But that telegram's got me beat. I've got to see it! Nobody who is anything ever calls a poker; it's raise or drop. I'll call."

Kettel exposed his hand with a stirring sigh of relief, and Sears congratulated himself on his acumen—Kettel had four new bright kings. Epheimer ran a finger through the envelope of his telegram, leaving Benjamin to face his cards. Kettel almost shouted:

"A straight!"

Sears corrected him:

"A flush!"

But Mr. Solly Benjamin spoke in the manner of one rebuking a sacrilege.

"Gentlemen," he said—"gentlemen, Epheimer has a straight flush in diamonds!"

But a sudden deep concern had stirred Epheimer's round, sympathetic countenance. He cried in a voice of apprehensive feeling:

"Solly, it's from home! And what do you think? Rosie, our little Rosie, has married that shine salesman traveling in shoes! You get the girls right away at the trunks. I've got to be immediately in New York!"

Kettel unsteadily mopped his brow.

"I'll need my check book!" he said in a solemn whisper.

His somber gaze sought Sears, and the latter hurriedly rose.

"I thought I heard my wife!" Arnold Sears declared.

It had occurred to him that his bill at the Conifer Arms had been permitted to lapse for three weeks, and he had that in his pocket on which it might be well to realize at once.

And Some to Spare

A MAN who makes a specialty of collecting anecdotes of the stage and the people of the stage says a young actress of his acquaintance rented a new apartment and hired a new maid. Immediately all the tradesmen in the vicinity began calling. When she was tired of these attentions the mistress called in the maid, whose name was Nancy and whose color was black.

"Nancy," she said, "I don't want to be bothered again by persons trying to sell us something. Tell all of them we have all of everything that we need. Now remember!"

A few minutes later a strange gentleman appeared at the hall door and asked permission to demonstrate an exterminator of his own designing.

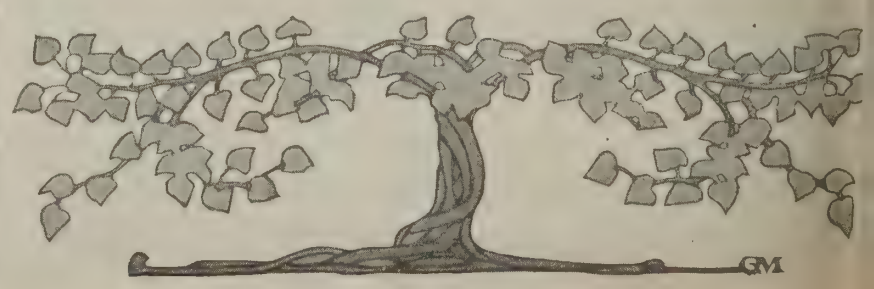
"An exter-which?" inquired Nancy.

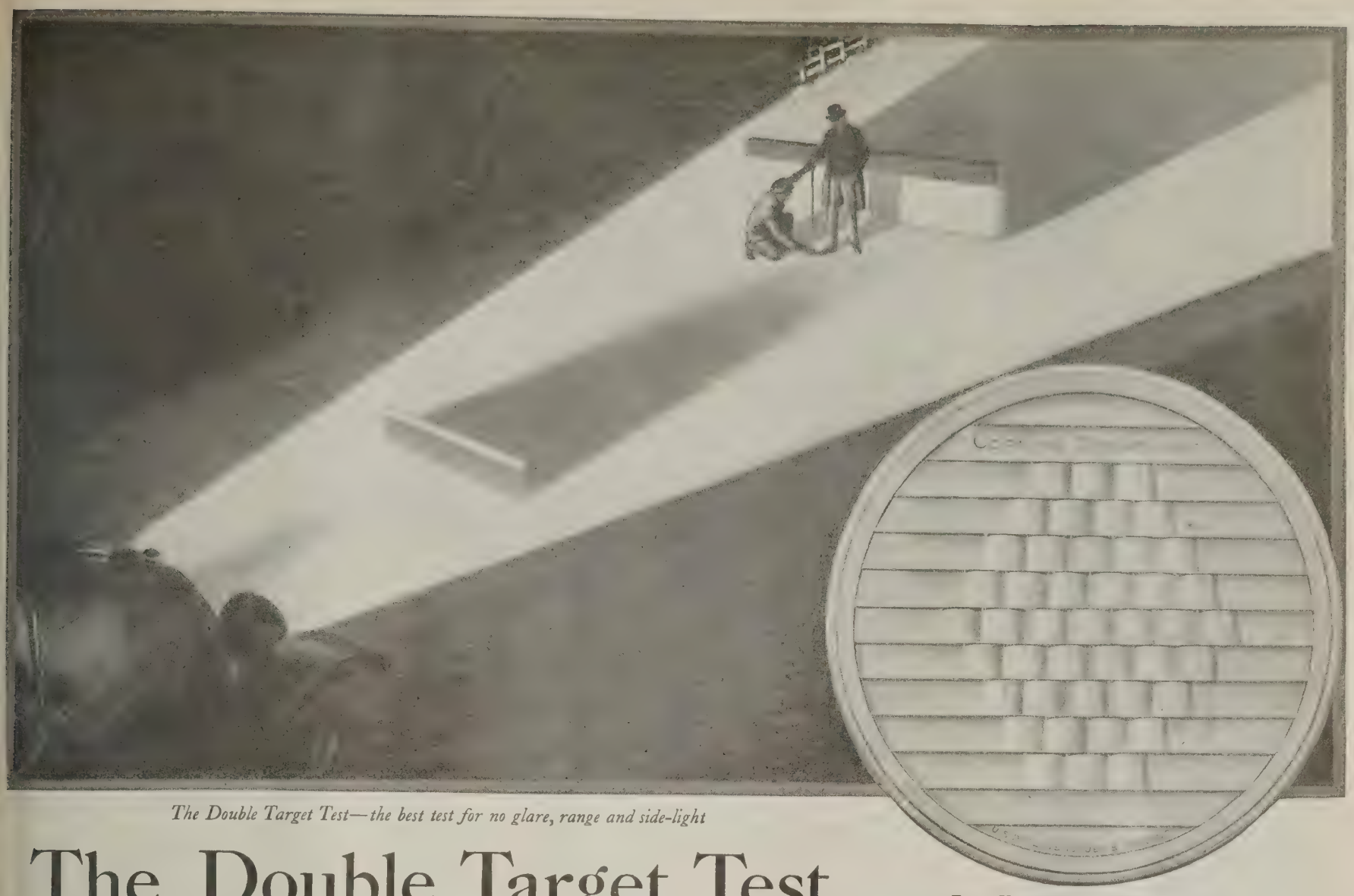
"An exterminator."

"Whut's it fur?"

"It's for cockroaches," said the man.

"Nothin' doin'," stated Nancy; "we got all the cockroaches we wants!"





The Double Target Test—the best test for no glare, range and side-light

Front View of Corning Conaphore

The Double Target Test

The Only Headlight Glass That Passes It

The Double Target Test is the most important test of headlight efficiency. It is the best test for no glare, range and side-light.

Only one headlight glass passes this test—the Corning Conaphore, a new invention manufactured by the Corning Glass Works.

How the Test is Made

Two targets are placed on the road in front of a car. The first target is 22 inches high and 10 feet from the car. The second is placed beyond the first one, 30 feet from the car. It is 4½ feet high and a horizontal line is drawn across it 42 inches from the road.

The intense beam from the Corning Conaphore shoots over the first target and completely illuminates the second target below the 42 inch line.

Other headlight glasses designed to prevent glare, dump the light right in front of the car, completely illuminating the first target, but throwing only a faint light on the second target.

Tilting headlights down may decrease glare, but it also decreases range. Tilting wastes your light.

The Corning Conaphore *does not dump* the reflected light in front of the car where it is not needed, but shoots it out in a low, wide, strong beam. It gives a 500-foot range, and ample side-light, with no glare.

A New Headlight Glass Perfected by Scientists

The Corning Conaphore has a smooth outer surface and a series of patented horizontal corrugations and cylinders on the inner face. It bends down the light rays and shoots them out in a long, intense beam, never more than 42 inches above the road, which has wonderful range and ample side-light, but no glare. The Conaphore gives 500-foot range, and ample side-light, with no glare.

In response to a general demand for an efficient headlight glass, scientists in the laboratories of the Corning Glass Works perfected the Corning Conaphore. The Corning Glass Works is the largest manufacturer of technical glass in the world. It makes most of the signal glass used on American railroads. The facilities, experience and reputation of this company are behind every pair of Corning Conaphores.

Noviol Glass Causes Light to Pierce Fog

Corning Conaphores are made of a new patented glass—Noviol Glass. This is a golden-tint glass which gives the Corning Conaphore a distinctive appearance.

Noviol Glass causes the beam of light to pierce fog or dust, and eliminates back-glare. It makes the green along the roadside stand out. No ordinary headlight glass has these features. Noviol Glass is controlled by the Corning Glass Works.

Five Major Advantages of Corning Conaphores *(First Four Exclusive)*

1. **Gives headlight range of 500 feet when a standard bulb of 21 candle power or more is properly focused.**
2. **Cuts out all the glare yet uses all the light, thus complying with all city and state no-glare laws.**
3. **Penetrates fog, dust or smoke, so you can easily drive 25 miles an hour under adverse weather conditions.**
4. **Has strong side-light which illuminates the roadside; the Noviol Beam makes the green stand out so you can distinguish bushes and ditches.**
5. **Never clogs with dust or mud in summer, or with ice or snow in winter, and is easily put on any car.**

Made in Two Kinds of Glass

Corning Conaphores are made of clear glass as well as Noviol Glass. Clear Glass Conaphores are equally efficient in giving long range and eliminating glare, but lack the added advantages possessed by the Noviol Glass of eliminating back-glare and penetrating fog and dust. We strongly recommend the Noviol.

Easy to Install

You will find the Corning Conaphore easy to install. Simply take out the glass now in your headlight and put the Conaphore in its place. Sizes are made to fit all cars. In ordering, give name, model and year of your car, and diameter of your present headlight glass. All progressive dealers now sell Corning Conaphores. Put a pair on your car today.

Price List

Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
3 to 4⅞ inches inclusive	$1.30	3 to 4⅞ inches inclusive	$0.80
5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	2.40	5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	1.60
7 to 8½ inches inclusive	3.50	7 to 8½ inches inclusive	2.05
8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	4.50	8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	3.00
10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	6.00	10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	4.00

Prices 25 cents more per pair West of Rocky Mts.
Sizes vary by steps of ⅛ inch.

CORNING GLASS WORKS
CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc., Managers
511 Foster Building, 40th St. and Madison Ave., NEW YORK CITY

CORNING CONAPHORE

Stewart

PRODUCTS

The Stewart Speedometer is the only accessory on which practically all automobile manufacturers agree.

It is the only item of automobile equipment that absolutely dominates its field.

Take tires, carburetors, magnetos, bearings, axles—any other part or piece of equipment for motor cars.

No one make seems to stand out above and beyond all others. The opinion of car manufacturers is divided. Some choose this make—others that make.

With speedometers it's different. Here opinion unites. 95% of the car manufacturers agree on the Stewart Speedometer and furnish it as a standard equipment.

And each Stewart Product occupies a commanding position in its field.

The Stewart Vacuum System is already adopted by 70% of all car manufacturers. In nearly every instance it has replaced pressure and gravity feed systems. Less than 30% still use these old-fashioned, troublesome systems.

The Stewart Tire Pump is also provided with many of the better cars. It saves your time, money and back. Lets your motor do the laborious pumping—keeps tires properly inflated—makes them last longer.

There are also the popular Stewart Warning Signals—motor driven or hand operated—and the Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug—with its four sparking points and oil-proof, soot-proof, fracture-proof core.

If you own a Ford don't fail to have the Stewart Ford Speedometer—$10—or mounted in a handsomely enameled special steel cowl board—$11.25. It continually checks the efficiency and economy of your car.

All Stewart Products are backed by Stewart nation-wide service. Do not fail to have them on the car you buy.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp.

Chicago, Illinois U. S. A.

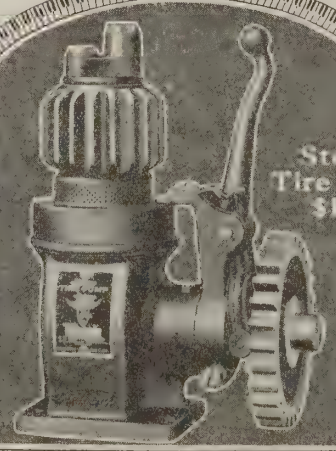
Warner Auto-Meter $50

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug $1

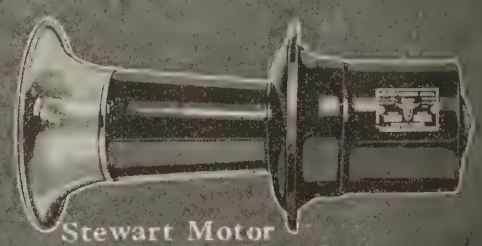
Stewart Speedometer for Fords $10

Stewart Vacuum System $10

Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal $3.50



Stewart Tire Pump $12



Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal $6

THE STUDY OF FOOTPRINTS

(Concluded from Page 15)

taken for comparison with the original: One may cause the accused to walk on sheets of white paper covered with lamp-black. This method gives excellent prints. Florence suggests that one of the best methods is to make a mixture of water, glycerin and red aniline, soak a thick cloth in this solution, cause the accused to tread heavily on this cloth, and then walk on sheets of white paper. This method gives detailed imprints of the foot. This is perhaps the best method to obtain distinguishing footprints for comparison with the original.

But, as Niceforo points out, one must be very careful to see that the accused does not trick him. An acute criminal will give the foot an unnatural twist, or will press too heavily on a certain portion of it, or will exaggerate the toe or heel pressure, and in a variety of ways undertake to make the print misleading.

Niceforo says that one must not be content with a few prints. He must take hundreds of them, and then he can come to a conclusion about the peculiarities of the imprints only when he has several that show the same distinguishing characteristics.

Some distinguishing characteristic is always to be found by a skilled investigator. A typical case is reported by Doctor Frecon:

The police were puzzled by a mysterious incendiary. Fires broke out in a most extraordinary fashion and they were unable to obtain any clew whatever that would help them to arrive at the identity of the criminal. Finally, one morning, they found the track of a bare foot in the mud behind one of the buildings. This print was carefully molded by an expert. An exact reproduction was presented to the chief of the Criminal Investigation Department. He pointed out that the mold showed an indentation on the sole of the foot. Such an indentation meant, he said, that the person making it had a wart or protruding callus at that point on the sole of his foot. With this distinguishing clew, the police were finally able to run down the incendiary; and he was tried and condemned.

A learned criminologist at the University of Brussels points out that by the comprehensive examination of an imprint one ought to be able to disclose the sex, age, height, peculiarity in walking, and the profession or trade of the person who made it. When the imprint of the accused has been obtained, as nearly as possible under conditions similar to those relating to the original imprint, the greatest difficulty in this branch of criminal investigation begins. The prints must be compared and one must be able to say what distinguishing characteristics are common to both, and finally to conclude whether they were both made by the same foot.

The Comparison of Prints

This is an exceedingly important branch of criminal investigation.

Niceforo points out that the first thing to do is to compare the prints for dimensions and form. See Figure 7.

The prints to be compared are inclosed in a rectangle touching the outlines of the print. This rectangle is bisected by a line running through the print at the point showing the deepest outline of the arch, and cut by a line showing the angle of the toes. This manner of treating the print is clearly shown from the figure: AB is the length of the foot; CD is the width; CE the depth of the arch. By placing the two prints in a geometrical figure of this character the gross dimensions and form are at once determined, and the resemblances of the two prints in outlines and dimensions are ascertained.

But when one has gone thus far the work is but half finished. It is necessary to locate precisely the resemblances in the prints, distinguishing characteristics, peculiarities, and so on. In order to do this with accuracy Causse suggests ruling the prints with an equal number of parallel lines and comparing the field of these lines, as is shown in Figure 8. By this means the investigator is able to see whether any peculiarity, like a callus, scar, or the like, is precisely in the same relative position on the two prints.

But by far the best method is a comparison of transparent photographs. By superimposing one above the other, anybody—judges, juries, examining magistrates, and so on—is able to see with what degree of exactness the two prints coincide.

It must also be remembered that the papillary lines of the *planta*, or the sole of the foot, and the balls of the toes, are as individual and permanent as those of the thumb and fingers, and may be used with an equal degree of certainty in establishing the identity of an individual. But it must be remembered that these lines differ in their whorls and structure from the papillary lines of the hands and fingers.

A knowledge of this fact was of conspicuous value in a noted case.

The Countess Z was assassinated in her villa on the Riviera, and her chambers looted. The servants, including her maid, had gone by permission to attend a carnival at Mentone. The police found three distinguishing clews in the villa and nothing more. First, the door of the countess' chamber was fastened by a rod laid transversely across the door on the side opposite to the direction in which the door opened, and lashed firmly to the knob. The second clew included three imprints of a bare foot in blood. And the third was a little drawing of a human face, wearing a peaked hat, above five lines branching out below it. See Figure 9.

Some Misleading Clews

The prefect of police sent for an expert. It seemed evident to him that the crime was the work of some of the Italian criminal orders, and that the mark on the wall was the graphic sign of the individual.

The expert came and went carefully over these three distinguishing clews in the villa.

Finally he declared that not one of the clews was indicatory of the assassin, and that all of them had been deliberately made for the purpose of misleading the police.

The expert pointed out that the drawing on the wall was, as the prefect of police concluded, a sign of the Italian Camorrists. But, instead of this figure's being a sign of an individual criminal, it was, in fact, the conventional sign used to indicate the prefect of police. It had been placed there by the criminal, he thought, either in ignorance of its precise meaning or in derision.

It was certain that the crime had been committed by some skillful criminal, for each of the three distinguishing clews had been manufactured for the purpose of misleading the police.

The manner in which the door was tied up indicated that the crime had been committed by a Transylvanian gypsy; the figure on the wall indicated a Neapolitan Camorrist; while the broad flat footprints indicated an Algerian of marked Negroid structure. But, he added, in going to the trouble of making these false evidences of the assassin the criminal had left excellent finger prints, by which his identity could be established.

The prefect of police asked him where the finger prints were.

He pointed out that the prints on the floor were not footprints, but had been made with the hand—the palm being used for the heel and the *planta* of the foot, and the fingers for the toes. This gave a broad, flat print, Negroid in aspect and apt to mislead the casual observer. See Figure 10. But they could not mislead anybody who understood the difference between the structure of the whorls and the papillary network of the hand and fingers as distinguished from those of the foot and toes.

However, here were excellent finger prints. These were taken off in the usual manner and sent out to be compared with the finger prints in the police archives of neighboring cities. It was presently established that the assassin was a well-known leader of one of the gangs of Marseilles Nervi.

A predominating percentage of our criminal class is from Southeastern Europe. It is therefore evident that, to deal with it intelligently, we must find out the methods used by the leading European criminologists.

The most distinguishing clew to these foreign criminals is the footprint. It is an old and persistent trick of Southeastern Europe to go barefoot behind a man to kill him. This habit of the foreign criminal is apt to leave the police with a distinguishing clew in almost every crime committed with violence or entry.

Author's Note—See Niceforo: citations from Florence, Frecon, Causse, Coutagne, and others; La Police et l'Enquête Judiciaire Scientifique, for data and figures.

The Genuine — packed this way for your protection

This is the master package. In it are packed 12 rings—each ring in its own sealed container (see point 1).

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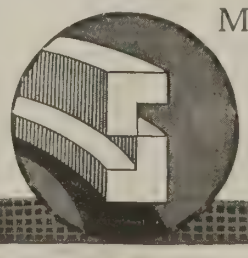

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The still small voice that warns the smoker.

Sometimes, in every smoker's life, a small voice warns: "Don't smoke-fuddle yourself, my friend,—you need your working edge. Stick to the mild cigars!"

Yet I doubted mild cigars for a taste like mine—keyed up to heavier tobacco.

This was before I smoked ROBERT BURNS.

Now, when I sit and blow the smoke wreaths out, I have to smile. For I feel not alone the keen joys of a really gratifying smoke—*I feel better, too.*

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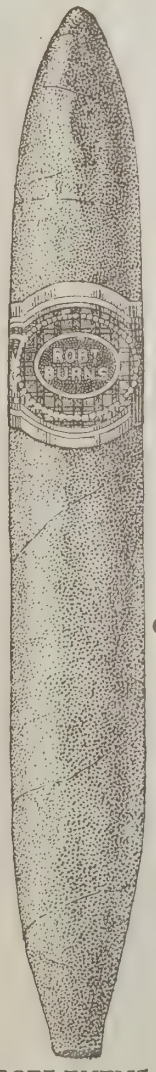

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THE BIG-GAME HUNT ON KENAI

(Continued from Page 10)

would soon expire trying to reach that stove, and I said I thought bending was such fine exercise, but he had only meant comparatively speaking; so I stirred up some corn-beef mulligan, saying:

"Fresh meat to-morrow—eh, Uncle Dan? We always use the tongue the first day; it is fine boiled."

"Yes; Kel said he wants to git up by four, kid; so, bein' as I'm tired an'll sleep heavy, you got to wake the bunch," said Ike. "Or are you too spent, Kelly?"

"No. Not at all; not at all," said Uncle shortly.

I washed the dishes in a cup, as the three buckets were full of water and cooking, and asked Uncle to tell about my Maine cousins; but he kept yawning, and Ike said there was one guy ready for the feathers. Mr. Devlin put his gun and knife in his bed; so I put the mush to soak and turned in.

There was a moon for a while, glowing through the tent, while rabbits thumped about outside; and I snugged in my robe, hoping Joe Torrance—we are almost engaged—would stay away from the dance Seward was giving to the men of the government railroad's commission. I was on the reception and floor committee, and had an angelic pale yellow dress all ready; but a girl has her duty, and mine was to give Uncle a happy time. I felt very kind toward him; so I would wake and look at my watch that was in my pants, which I used for a pillow; and at three it had begun to rain some, and was dark. Moose stay in timber if it rains hard, but at nearly four it was just misting; so I said into their tent:

"Get up! Four o'clock! Ike! Come on, Unk! Four o'clock!"

Ike mumbled; but Uncle said plainly he did not care what it was, and to get away! So I took the water bucket and hit it hard with a big spoon, and hollered again; and finally I went in and threw water at Uncle, as I do with Pa when he plays being a perfect dope, to make me mad. Uncle Dan cussed to Mr. Devlin, who was moaning; and I said:

"You come on, Unk! Me stay awake half a night to rout you out! Get up!"

So he did, stumbling after Ike, who was laughing, to the creek. I made two sacks of lunch and Ike hurried in to fry hot cakes. Uncle and Mr. Devlin were consulting secretly under the tree where Ike had put a couple of inches of mirror, in case somebody wished to shave. They walked quite stiffly, and I asked Uncle if his back hurt, but he said no, it did not, he was all right; so I knew we could make a nice long day.

I headed him up the hill back of camp. Ike was guiding Mr. Devlin. Uncle puffed loudly, and when I told him to quit he would keep in; but it just made more noise when he let go again. The brush was wet; and after about four miles, when we were in the next valley, he said a curse on him who had made those trousers; now they were soaked and weighed a ton. Climbing up a steep hill, I showed him a moose lick down on the flat, all muddy and cut up with tracks. In one direction the flat stretched off toward Cook Inlet, the browning tundra spotted with ponds. The other way there were mountains, white with new snow on top, dark and bare on the lower slopes.

"The sheep are in those high peaks, Unk," I whispered. "Scrooch down—quick! See him—that big bull just walking from the alders? No, not there—look where I point. Want him?"

"He's a pippin! I'll have him mounted giving the call!" he hissed, and we crept down toward the lick; and suddenly Uncle fired and missed.

Then he fired again, and some more, and fumbled wildly in a pocket for shells, but had put his tobacco can in that one.

"Lovely dove! Pa would have downed him the first crack—near as he was," I said.

"Your father is certainly a wonder," he said coldly; and I said:

"Pa is the best man alive, Mr. Kelly!"

After we had both felt mean for a little, he said well, well, no gun was infallible, and the trouble was that the rear sight on the Bass was dim and hard to see at two hundred yards. I could see it—I tried at once, and said to take my thirty rimless if he wished; and he did, and went on, saying the pans on that moose were not regular, anyway, and we would nail one with a wider spread of horn.

Soon we heard another bull beating his horns against a tree; so I knew he had to be in a clump of spruces, and motioned Unk to go after him alone. Will you believe he missed that one? And he took seven shots—enough to scare all the game for ten miles! So then he said the stock on my gun was too short for him, and I said, pity's sake! take the Bass, or else run the next down!

"Pa would have him skinned by now," I said. "Try not shutting one eye."

"Elizabeth, I am high man in our Bangor gun club," he said. "But after yesterday's strain, likely I am not steady enough."

"Why, Ike said he gave you only eighty the second trip, and you said you'd carried a hundred and fifty in the lumber woods!" I said; and he merely snorted.

It was two o'clock when we returned to the lick, and there were Ike and Mr. Devlin, crouched back of a bush; and Ike said get down by them, there was a moose apiece coming into range.

"Noble animals!" said Mr. Devlin with emotion, but Ike said shut up; so he did.

Uncle's eyes were gleaming, and he was all shaky with excitement, and Mr. Devlin squinted through his sights, saying he would give his to the museum.

"Listen now; take your time. It was hurryin' made you miss all them others," counseled Ike; and he looked at me, shaking his head sadly and moving to the rear.

I got back of him, because I had an idea, and I was carrying it out as Uncle and Mr. Devlin fired.

"Got him, pal!" said Ike, grinning; and Uncle Dan jumped up and down, yelling to me how was that for a fancy shot, for his moose had gone to its knees and then sogged into the mud of the lick.

We had to tell them to beware of getting a final kick, and Mr. Devlin shook hands all round, and Uncle Dan laughed and told again about the shots he had made at home, and how he had aimed for the heart. I saw Ike looking at Uncle's moose and shaking his head sort of privately. It was not often you could get two fine heads traveling together, but Uncle's measured sixty-five spread and Mr. Devlin's was a smidge over sixty-two.

"Glorious! Glorious!" said Mr. Devlin; and as the rain had been stopped a long time and the sun was bright I took their pictures by the two moose, and Ike cut out the tongues and sharpened his knife to cut the thick hide below the shoulders.

The moose lay only a hundred feet apart; so we could all holler at each other. The flies had been pretty bad, but now with us not moving they bit like sixty, and we were all grease from fly salve and gore from moose, and standing to our knees in a water hole. I skinned at the cape while Uncle turned him, and lifting that great head was all he could handle; so he got down to his undershirt again, and the white-stocking flies would burrow under it.

"Yes; I have saw a feller's entire arm swole from them bites," Ike was telling Mr. Devlin, who had to sit right in a water hole to work on their moose. "Bites got to-day you'll feel for a couple weeks."

"By George, let's leave these till to-morrow! We have done enough!" called Uncle; but I explained you can't do that, the hide would be spoiled unless it is winter, and the brownies would come for the meat in the night and tear the heads.

Uncle unbent himself and stretched then and wearily did some more turning; and to liven him I described the big bears, and promised surely, if we didn't get him one round there, we would run into some up in the sheep ranges, and then we would have sport.

"That is poppycock about their charging man, I think," he said. "They would be the scared ones."

"No, sir; they will so attack people!" said. "Didn't one catch Pa with just one shell left, and Mac saved him only by a gamble shot from a hill? That is the hide you saw in our sitting room when you came to supper. Pa wants you to get one."

"No, no; them ain't the tenderloins," Ike was saying; and Mr. Devlin said:

"Darn him! Are these it, then? I have cut until my wrist aches!"

"Elizabeth, even your talented parent could not alone turn over a whole moose," said Uncle Dan after he heaved and pushed and could not budge it.

I had to begin on the other side of the head, and Ike brought the ax and choppe

(Continued on Page 77)

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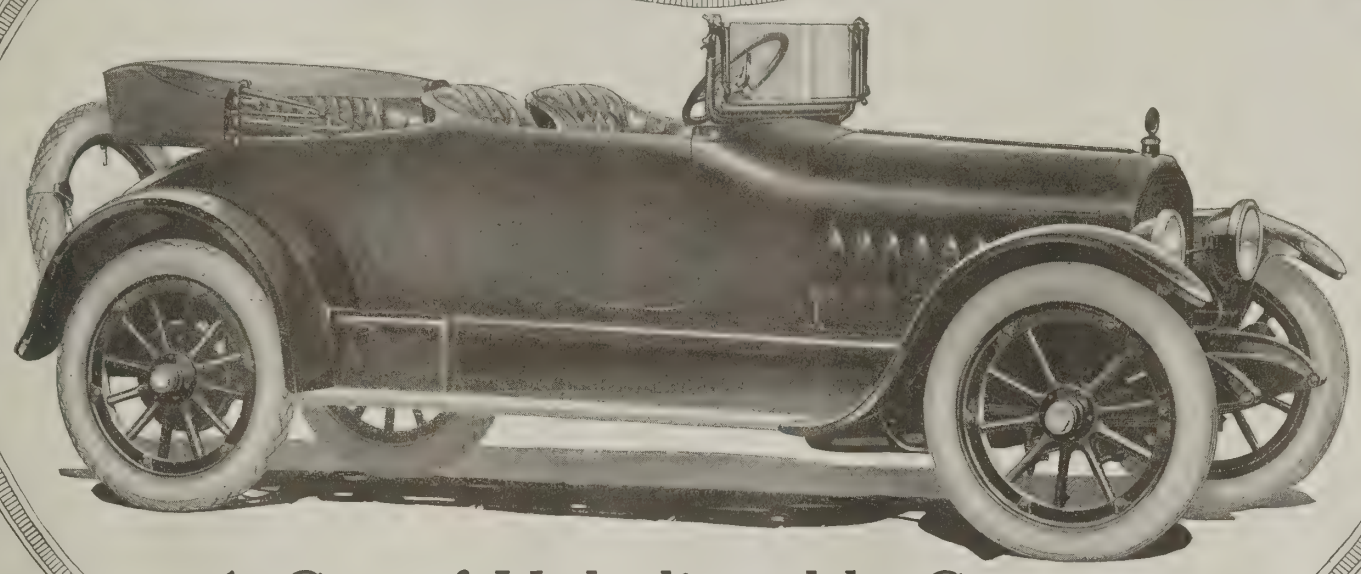

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(Continued from Page 74)

off a hind quarter to make it lighter; but he went right back, winking at me, and Uncle was all in when he got the job done. Mr. Devlin was doing their skinning, and he had a million cuts in the cape; but he had studied how to do it in Trapper and Trader's Friend, and insisted on his way. It takes a long time to get a nose properly skinned, and Uncle was eager to do that; so I let him, and sat up on a nub of moss, with my feet in the mud, and told him how—and thought about Joe, and whether Pa and Mac were lonesome for me. It was nearly dark when Ike said:

"Kel an' me and Dev got our packboards; so we kin git a hind quarter an' both capes an' one set o' horns to camp tonight, Betsy bringin' someone's gun, an' the tenderloins in the lunch sack. Now them capes'll weigh forty each, an' horns seventy-five; but in the dark they're hard packin'. Let Kel pack the meat."

"At least, will you take this rifle?" said Uncle, while he put on his glary look and got the hind quarter hoisted on himself; but I wouldn't, because a gun would overbalance Ike, who was carrying horns.

"I have a dog-gone sight meaner pack right here," said Uncle, trying to untrack his feet and get on the gravel of the hill. "What are those horns? He has a cinch!"

We would struggle up a rise and down into a swamp, me ahead finding a trail for them in the gloom, and Ike crashing along in the rear. Then Mr. Devlin abruptly shouted that he couldn't get the two capes any farther for anyone; but, just the same, he did, after I took his gun, which made three I had; so, for fun, I said then:

"Look out! Brown bear!"

"Run, boys, for your lives!" yelled Mr. Devlin, and he tripped and lit on his head. "They are twelve feet long!"

Before he could get up I grabbed his foot and growled deeply, but Ike killed it by saying come on, and not let that kid make a sucker of him; so Mr. Devlin rose, panting, and I heard him tell Uncle it was lucky for me I did not belong to him; and Uncle said yes, you bet, but it seemed up here they ran wild. Just for that, at camp, I said I supposed Uncle would wish to make supper, as he had suggested each should cook in turn, and mine was yesterday.

"Very well," he replied in a lifeless tone, and he dumped the meat and leaned his back on it, heaving.

I washed and stayed outside, reflecting, while he was blowing into the stove and claiming it would not draw, which is untrue. I was cutting some gun rags and wondering where I had put the powder solvent, and whether to order one of those blue serge gowns with the colored wool embroidery; but anything that's such a rage goes out so fast, and every ad. in Outside papers has them—there is my rose taffeta, with the side puffs—good as new; yet puffs are plumb dead in the East!

"I mix a can of corn in with the flour and no need only one dish," Uncle was saying above a loud frying.

There was a reek of burnt lard when he called to hurry, as they were only good when hot. It was a Trapper and Trader's friend recipe; a big burnt doughy-hearted cake each, and some fierce coffee. I took only an edge to seem courteous, as I slept in the cooktent, where the grub was; the last ate two apiece, though I kept motioning Ike, but it was too smoky with the crying to see.

"Well, leave us flash them capes an' get it over," said Ike, building a log fire in the hollow to make light. "Git every shred of meat off, fellers. After that we do the skinnin'."

It was cold now and the capes were icy to work on, and Mr. Devlin's had meat all over it. I was not going to be a slave, so told Uncle to get busy with his knife; and I would hold his back and sort of hiss, and scrape languidly, knocking the climate because it did not stay one way; and he was in his undershirt and damp pants and had left his big coat back at the lick, and his shirt too. It seemed he had not brought his extra flannel shirts, and said I told him not to.

"I never!" I said indignantly. "Just towels and handkerchiefs and truck."

"I guess you have much of the Hjorts in you, Betsy," he said later. "The Kellys don't fly up at every word."

"Are you cracking at the Russian part of me, Uncle Dan?" I demanded. "Because, though I want you to have a lovely happy time, if Grandma Hjort or Aunt Anna Gagoff heard it, they would chase you clear to Maine!"

"That is going far enough, Elizabeth," he said angrily. "Use a little respect!"

"Respect nothing! You began it," I said; but Ike coughed, so I gulped, and then said excuse me, but I wanted him to enjoy the hunt, and was he?

Next morning Mr. Devlin had a severe cramp and demanded the medicine chest; and Uncle Dan flushed, remarking now how did that get left back at the lake? But after beautiful brown hot cakes, ham, and coffee that Ike made, Mr. Devlin got well, though he kept saying you surely did miss chairs.

This day Uncle was just to fetch his horns, and the rest cut wood and bake, and monkey round camp; so, looking wistful, Uncle started, but got lost and had to come back to start over. And Ike said fire his gun if he missed it again; but couldn't he see the big trees? I made a chocolate pudding in a last year's lard bucket I picked up, and picked enough low-bush cranberries—they grow on vines and are little and good—for a cranberry duff for supper.

Next we heard a shot; so Ike shot, but after a long wait and more exchange of shots we all climbed the hill, and Uncle was sitting there, with a packstrap busted, and trying to get the wide horns between trees he was worn out, but said just take his gun and he would make it.

We fixed him better, and were right at camp when Ike said there was only eight miles to the lake with the horns; and Uncle had forgotten that part, I think, for he stopped suddenly and looked wildly up at the sky.

"I wanted to bring packers," I said, but he was silent until in camp he saw Mr. Devlin crawling round a moose cape, salting it wearily; then he asked was Devlin insane—it was already salted!

"The first was to git out the moisture," said Ike. "You got to shake yours out an' give it another go to-day, Kel; then, when we git 'em to the lake, one more saltin'll put 'em so they kin ride to Maine an' last ten years without tannin'."

After lunch and my pudding Uncle sighed and got his cape; and he had it nearly done when I said I bet Aunt Nora would be tickled with that head, and satisfied at it costing a hundred and fifty dollars to take out—Pa says she sure hates to give up!

"What do you mean?" he asked, holding a handful of salt poised, and shooing the little flies.

"Can't no moose heads be took from the Territory without payin' a license of a hundred and fifty dollars each," said Ike—"an' then only by the guy who shot it for his own use or a museum. That's the law."

"I already got a license, stopping off at Juneau."

But that was only to hunt on, and Mr. Devlin spiritedly called us a predacious Territory—why, Alaskans pay, too, if a head goes Outside!

"A man pack those horns and do that skinning!" said Uncle. "Robbers! Highwaymen!"

"The darn capes weigh even more now with the salt," said Mr. Devlin. "It is something to pack eternally, it seems, Dan'l."

To be agreeable I showed him the cranberries, all cooked; and in the top of a flour sack I thinned out a sweet dough to hold them, explaining that would help, as it was his turn to cook supper. But he began about his cramp and having brought prepared rations, and packed them, too—he wasn't responsible for gasoline getting into them. Uncle said he had been the mark last night; and he and Mr. Devlin got very snippy toward each other, and Uncle walked off on the flat alone. Mr. Devlin burnt the rice and swore because the heat fevered his fly bites; and Ike cut moose steaks and was silent. I washed my other socks and whistled.

"I figger you been overdoin' your strength, Kel," Ike said later. "I kin pack them horns to the lake to-morrow, and Betsy a cape; an' say next day we move toward the sheep range."

"Why, I won't do it!" I exclaimed. "We are both smaller than he is, and Unk would be 'shamed to lazy round camp and us working—wouldn't you?"

"Oh, assuredly—I am all right, Ike," Uncle said then, and straightened more; though Mr. Devlin just sat humped over and scratching his bites.

So Ike asked was he sure and would we move? And Mr. Devlin moodily scraped

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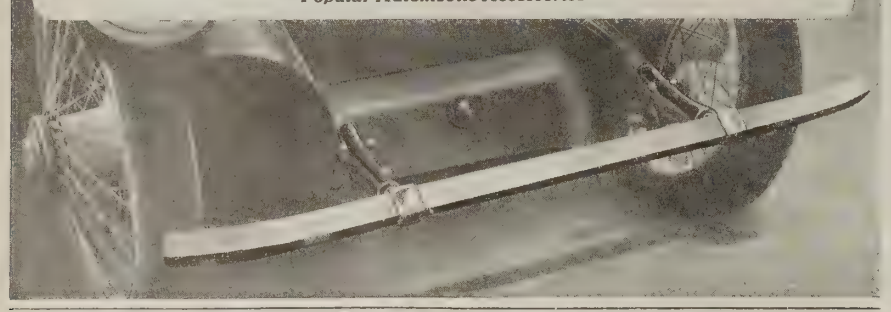

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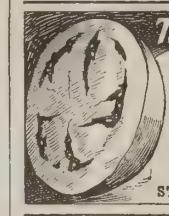

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the rice bucket, because it had to hold breakfast mush, and said again:

"Oh, for a chair!"

It was pretty cold in the night, and when I got out of my robe a bit before daylight I could see more snow on the one peak in sight; and by the time we had the packs on us it was coming down thickly where we were, and Ike had to tell Mr. Devlin twice that sometimes it will be the middle of October before there is any lower than the peaks—only this year it was early.

When we had gone a mile up the valley a hard wind hit us, and wet up Mr. Devlin's glasses, driving snow in his face, and he kept stopping, crying that he felt the cramp some more; but when we all went on he followed.

"Now you savvy about the stove. There will be a couple of feet where we camp if she keeps on," Ike hollered. "Shoot that owl asleep on the top of the dead tree, kid."

I offered to let Uncle do it—owls eat the baby grouse and ptarmigan; but what did he care what they ate? Pa and Mac would bet on who could hit it in the eye with my .22 pistol! I think he is as mean as sin round home! Once he looked back as if about to ask something, but acted melancholy, and went on until he got bogged in some mucky going—the snow hid sinky places in the tundra; and I was getting my pack even again after an abrupt sit-down when he said:

"Elizabeth, I have been thinking that, on your account, this is wrong—are we not by this journey keeping you from the school you should be in?"

"School? Golly! I am all done with that, Unk," I laughed. "So just enjoy the outing and forget that old office down in Bangor; there is only four days of our month gone, so far."

"Month!"

We had to hold to alders to get into a little pass, and Ike had put a hand to Mr. Devlin's back to keep headway on him. I hollered that we must count three days for towing the boat up the river, and another for the lake if it was blowing; and we were on top of the hill, holding to bushes and resting a minute, when he said towing a boat against rapids would be very jolly if you did not freeze stiff.

"Look! Look! Bull an' two cows! See 'em?" said Ike, but Mr. Devlin hardly glanced where they were, as he was peeved over water in his boots; and he said:

"Very nice! Very nice! Darn the wind; there goes my hat!"

"Well, squ'sh it on tighter; mine sticks on," said Uncle; and Mr. Devlin said if he wished advice he would let people know.

He had the stove, and he argued with Ike, saying anyway we could leave that in the sheep camp, but Ike showed him we couldn't, needing it going up the river, with people wet from slipping and falling in; and Uncle said:

"She is surely a sweet country! Lucky I don't listen to every nut telling me to throw away serviceable warm trousers for thin drills!"

"But it may be hot to-morrow," I said, and he made a savage sound.

We could look down from the pass at the Kelly River, flowing between spruce woods. Beyond was a great tundra flat, rolling toward the mountains, which were hidden by the snow, and there was six or seven miles of mushing from the Kelly to a sheltered cañon, though we would not really be anywhere then. For sheep we had to make a higher camp, and then climb as high as they did.

"Yes; an' we want corks in our boots—in shoepacs a guy'd break his neck edgin' round them rocks," said Ike.

"Betsy got a swell ram last year. Sheep's the best eatin' in the hills, boys."

"It is only five dollars to get a sheep head out," I said; but Uncle would not feel cheerful, and he said:

"As I view it, what we eat is no less weight, for heads will more than make it up, and we lug back even more than is brought! That is correct, is it not?"

But Mr. Devlin was clamoring for Ike to look at his arm, asking was the man who suffered so swollen worse than that from bites? He insisted that circulation being retarded from packstraps made him throb, and his cramp had returned.

"We best camp," said Uncle. "He is a sick man."

"He is just plain dogging it," I said hotly. "I saw him rub hard to make them bulge! Anyhow, it is all tundra here; do you care to sleep in a water hole?"

At the river Ike and I found our boat, that Pa and Andy Simonds built out of canvas over a frame. Only two can go in it; so we were some time crossing, with Mr. Devlin looking greeny when it tipped—I was rowing him—and holding to the gunwale, as if that would aid, when we swirled a trifle in midstream.

Jumping ashore, I saw Ike talking to a man, and it was Windy Wagner, coming from his cabin on Kasilov Lake, and of course he was tickled to get a ride across; so Ike took him, because we must have the boat on our side, and Uncle and Mr. Devlin, who had only grunted a little to Windy's kind greeting, whispered under a tree.

"She's blowin' fierce on the flat. I seen a brownie an' a couple cubs two hours back!" Windy hollered above the water's noise.

Ike was asking where. Windy said:

"Runnin', last I seen; but I guess I beat her out. It was me takin' a shot at one cub; then them two others looms up an' I tore along the trail."

Mr. Devlin suddenly rose and stared affrightedly into the timber ahead.

When Ike had joined us he said it was sensible to throw a shell into the chamber, as brownies never give a person much time; and Uncle began to look like he did coming down the rapids, and kept his gun ready. Ike yelled to me that Windy was going to Seldovia.

"That's on Cook Inlet," said Uncle. "Gosh! Now my neuralgia is starting!"

"He goes to Kenai Town and takes a launch over," I said.

After a second he asked did Windy know the way, and I said well, he ought to by now, going twice a year.

"He could go down the Tustumena from his place; but he has to pick up Red Stanniford, and they ——"

"Well, sir, I've dropped my gold match box; and our Congressman gave it to me! Oh, Dev—hey! Come help me look for my match box! Go on, my love, you and Ike; we shall not be long."

Mr. Devlin slumped sullenly after him, saying the cramp was terrible; and Ike said:

"Guess they mean to sneak a shot in the arm, kid. I know Kel has a bottle cached on him; but he ain't said join us to me yet."

I decided if I found it I would bust it, because I am for Prohibition, and there shall be no hooch appearing on trips with me! After quite a while I stopped, declaring I would just go meet him and tell him so; so, snickering, Ike followed, until, near the water, he clutched me and cried:

"What's become of the skiff?"

"My land!" I said, staring. "It's gone! We pulled it up; can they have—Uncle Dan! Too-oo-hoo! Uncle!"

Nobody answered.

"Mighty mysterious doin's!" said Ike. "Lookit! She was shoved into the water here—kin they been swep' down? Kel is awful ignorant in a boat."

"Ike," I said, "I see the boat on the other side, drawn up by that drift tree. Now, Ike dear, you are a snide swimmer and I am a good one—oblige me by going into the brush and not looking until I get back and holler."

Golly! That old Kelly was cold! But I was hot enough inside to make me speedy, and I took a swift glance and rowed back, hustled into my clothes and told Ike to come on. I was too mad to talk, and we put up the boat and left our packs, Ike looking very serious until we reached two packs tossed to one side of the trail.

Then he grinned, for the foot tracks got farther apart from there, and they had taken water holes in jumps instead of going round. I laughed bitterly at a print in the snow of Mr. Devlin, falling flat as usual; and when Ike picked up and offered to me the last of his green hat feather I spurned the unmanly thing! Half a mile more and they had caught Windy Wagner, and their tracks showed a slowing.

"So they're goin' out by Kenai Village," said Ike, halting. "Betsy, up to now I been a gentleman an' not tattled from the huntin' field—I shot Devlin's moose; he couldn't hit it if you tied it!"

"And I shot Uncle Dan's," I said. "And now—now ——"

"Leave them two sissies go; they gimme a pain from the jump!" Ike said; and we sat down in the snowstorm and rested, Ike stroking my shoulder, because he knew how I felt.

It was pretty tough to think that the whole of Alaska would soon know that my own Pa's brother was just a fireside series

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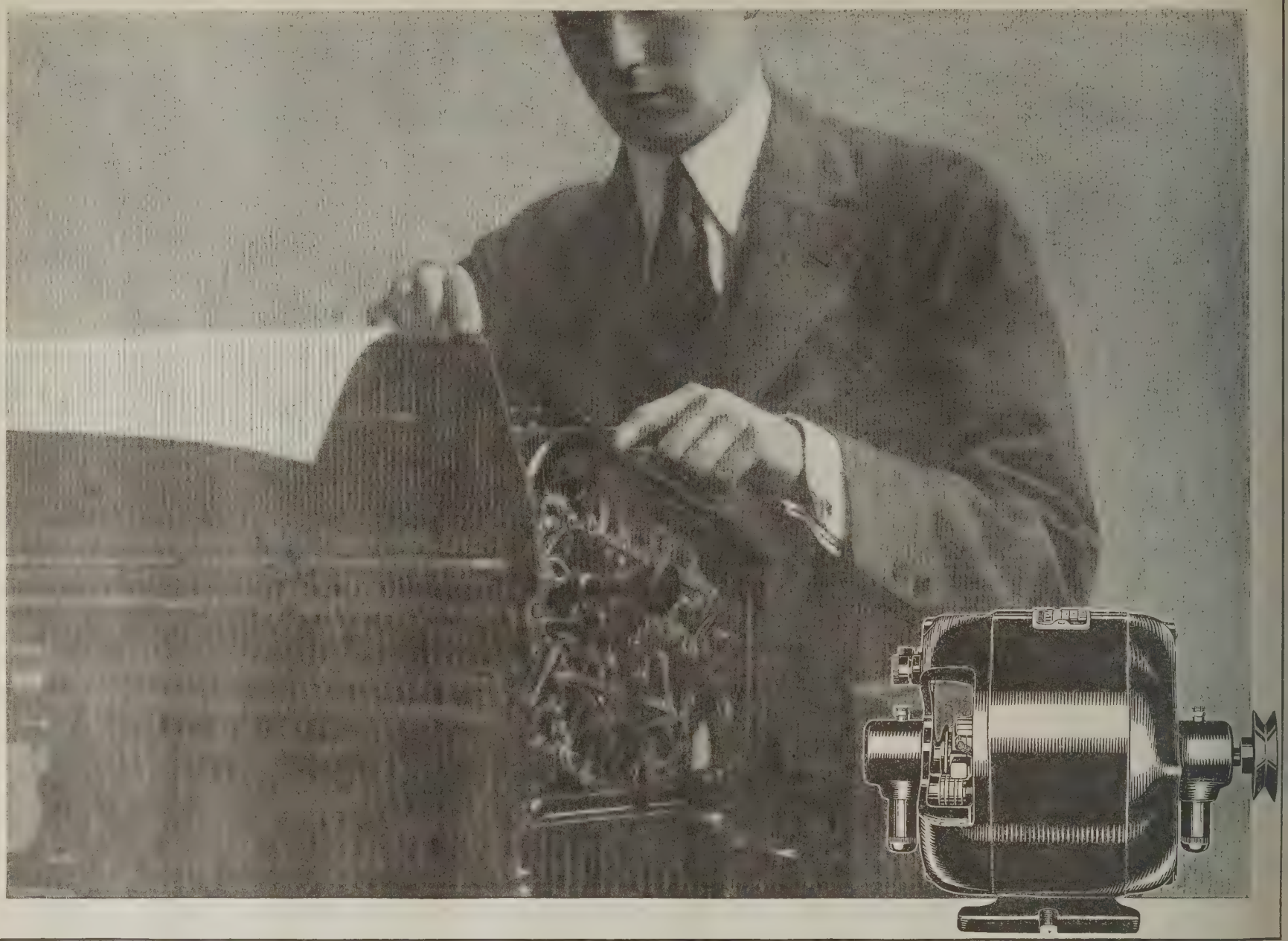

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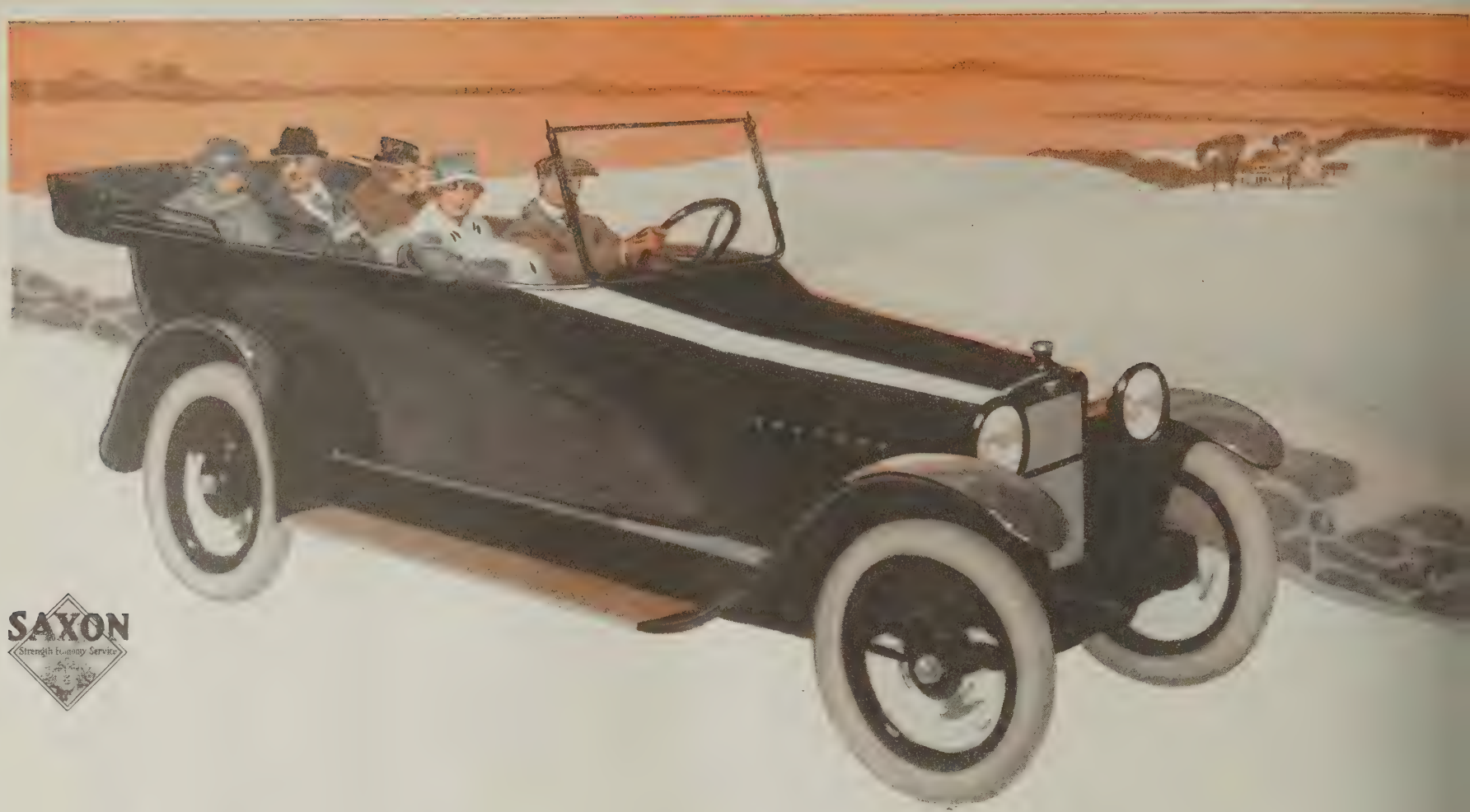

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Save in one case. And this is the exception that proves the rule.

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For the less the number of impulses per minute the less smooth is the power-flow and the greater is the vibration.

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Rather are they representative of the **type of performance** Saxon "Six" gives.

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The illustration shows "Tarvia-X" being applied under pressure on the wearing course—at this step the road is about half constructed. The view in the circle is the finished road. Note that the speeding auto leaves no trail of dust.

nished oadway at een Lake, Wis. nstructed with Tarvia-X," penetra- tn method, in 1913. Note sooth, dustless surface.

Has *Your* Community a Good Roads Program?

MOST municipal engineers in the large centers have what they call a "Road Program"; that is, the plan for all te streets and roadways within their jurisdiction covering from three to five years o more in the future.

I the smaller cities and towns such a pving program is occasionally prepared b outside consulting experts.

Tey come in and make scientific studies of tle traffic on various streets—the grades, tle kind of materials that are available, etc.

Tien they lay out a complete scheme calculated to keep the road department working for many years ahead towards a well-defined objective of a perfectly-paved town.

More frequently, however, no program is fdowed and roads are built and maintaned by rather loose and costly methods.

Eery town, no matter how small, ought tchave a definite road program.

Every county ought also to have one.

Roads should not be built in a patch-work, haphazard fashion, for the only result of such a policy is stretches of good roads interspersed with stretches of bad roads.

As a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so a road is only as passable as its poorest parts.

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THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Behind the Rusty Pendulum Was a Little Pug-Nosed Idol of Green Jade

E house of the Craigen-sides had loneliness and terror written plain on its glared front—for it is cer-n that houses, whether by chance of design, do convey something the mysteries of human ex-ession. It was a solid, four-square base, flanked by funereal pilars, and bearing on its roof and within it pediment a quantity of Jup's scrollwork. The pediment self was supported by six mar-lous fluted pillars with orna-ented capitals; and in front of ch of these pillars crouched a akwood dragon, with mouth wide en and battered wings half sed. These were the spoils of e of ared Craigenside's last ventur in the East; and they rmed a guard very suitable for a use of hat tradition.

The ground in front of the use ha been graded into ter-ces, which descended to the er's bak, and were connected short flights of stone steps, worn nolith which the action of sts ha cracked and upheaved m mos beds.

The house sat fairly on the oulder f a grassy dune, with dder's river flowing past on e side and the sea encroaching the othe. Thus the view every-here was f water and sand, and re wate and more sand. The nd appered to copy the action the wa, as if the same sad vils of urest had prompted it, d so it tok the shape of ribs and ples whre the water teased it o animation, and farther inland ared up sharp, white, sphinx-e mouns, whose crests and rves refleted with strange faith-lness the neaments of the winds ich fled cross them. Made up materia blown about and sorted the winc those glittering Æolian ifts were ever constant, and so e coast ould never establish elf in equilibrium with their tivities.

The prailing winds in Dock-rt blew, t the time of which I ite, parael to the coast, northwest and southeast; and in consequence the dunes were and nmerous, tossing surge on surge, until they were shattered and cast down he flans of the great sea cliffs which extended to the east of Dockport.

The duns were desolate; but they were not less beautiful than desolate. They were ted, bth in their forms and in the spirit which seemed to animate them, to rocate he eternal vicissitudes of the sea. They absorbed color as a sponge takes , and he least change in atmospheric conditions meant an altering of their visual cance They most usually exhibited a long, wind-wrought curve bearing from east t northwest, and on their northwest side were as steep as sand will lie. ng thos curves, with their swordlike edges, the sand devils danced their whirling , and invisible wind sculptors produced momentary effects of whimsical genius, as stange as fleeting.

I speak hus particularly of the dunes because I can never think of the house of e Craigesides except in its connection with them. If the dunes might be said to procate he prowling spirit of the seas, then the house no less reflected the solitary bitrament of the dunes, which alone might read the dark riddle of its destiny. As the lderness, however often driven back, creeps up on the cabin of the pioneer, so the dunes encroached on that house of doubtful omen. They allied themselves with the winds to form sand blasts which poured against the hand-carved seraphim on the roof and rendered the expressions on those wooden faces indecipherable. In tiny grains and invincible atoms the sand sifted in upon those sunken floors. It was hurled through cracks in the splintered paneling of the great front door, and found a resting place in the folds of Oriental stuffs which hung within. It rattled into the maw of the huge fireplace in the sitting room, fled into the wide mouths of two old brass-mounted dueling pistols which lay crossed on the mantelpiece, and was prevented from insinuating itself between the window sashes only by means of huge rolls of red cloth stuffed with sand and laid close to the panes.

"It takes sand to fight sand," Mercy Cobb said gloomily to me one day with a glance out of the window at the menacing dunes. "They are coming to snatch at my old body," she would add in lower tones, "like ravening hounds, but I'll defeat 'em of it yet. Not that it makes a difference to me where men lay my old bones when I am done with them—and the Lord have mercy on my soul that day—but I vow I have sat here so long looking at them that I have an appetite against them, as some people have an appetite against onions."

She sat then, as almost always, in a great rocking chair with a wide horsehair back. She was a stern little old lady with an implacable nose and sallow features. She dressed always in some stiff black material that shimmered, that crackled. She was an old lady cramped into a beetle's case. On her head she wore a flat black ribbon fashioned into a knot exactly square. Like the lady in a hideous old crayon portrait which hung yellowing in the hall, she wore on her withered lip a slight but perfectly defined black mustache.

"They will cover the tomb in time," she said, returning her piercing old eye to the blazing rounds of birch laid across the firedogs. "And Amos would have wished it so."

She had reference to the family vault of the Craigensides, which had been built into a rock ledge at the edge of the dunes. She herself was not a Craigenside, "nor any part of them," she might have said, but her affair with Amos had all but made her so.

Years before, in company with two sisters, she had undertaken the task of keeping house for Amos Craigenside, then a rising shipbuilder and navigator. It was about a year after the death of his first wife that the unscrupulous old seaman had hit upon this dodge of importing three maiden ladies to keep his house in order, and to compete in ministering to his comfort when he was home from foreign voyages. It was a complete success, from the point of view of Craigenside. He did not have to lift a hand. They read his wants before he could so much as utter them, with the mysterious divining power which only such female slaves acquire or possess.

After some years one of the two sisters died; but at once on her decease the other two pitched in, as the expression is, competing with twice their former energy and now with redoubled hope and rivalry. And so the old pirate was hardly less well served than before. By this time it must have been understood between the three of them that the

survivor of the two servitors who were working their fingers to the bone in his behalf might in time aspire to privileges beyond those of mere housekeeper and drudge. But when, in the fullness of time, Mercy had a clear field, it availed her nothing. Her employer had treasured up for her no tenderer affection than he was prepared to lavish upon the brazen mermaid which served as a knocker on the front door, and went away very shortly upon another foreign voyage.

II

MERCY COBB had the reputation in the village of a Tartar. "She's a Tartar" were words often on the lips of citizens of Dockport. And strangely enough, though no one thereabouts had ever seen a Tartar, no one was at all in doubt as to what the main characteristics of Tartars were. Mercy was looked upon with that species of awe usually reserved for mild-eyed old seamen who have a name for having been in their day among the most intractable despots of the sea. "She's a bad one to cross," people muttered. "She knows more than she will say" was another utterance dropped with a slanderous intent.

She was certainly a mysterious and awesome old lady. On windy days I used to find her in the kitchen, her legs thrust in at the oven door and her rusty black skirts hanging down like a harpy's wings. Her invariable query then was, "Where's the wind?" with a pious hope thrown in that it had hauled round into a quarter more favorable to her "cold old bones." She was a seagoer herself, and my innocent unconcern as to the prevailing wind evoked in her a slight contempt. She had with her as a constant companion a cane, made out of the vertebræ of a small shark, wired together, and equipped with a handle in the shape of a pair of jaws filched from an enormous albatross.

Why Should Ruel Craigenside Stand With a Slack Jaw and Glazed Eyes at the Mere Flashing of a Lens?

It was not, however, my interest in the Tartar which drew me time and again to the house of the Craigensides, to the neglect of my duties as special officer at Silver Glade. There was a girl in that establishment—Jane, the granddaughter of Amos—who had caught my fancy from the first. I fairly lost my head over Jane. I chose any pretext and any hour to absent myself from the amusement park, where I belonged, and went ostensibly to sit at the old lady's feet and drink her tea, actually to cast sheep's eyes at Mistress Jane. She had very beautiful dark eyes, it is certain. The head was a noble one from which these eyes looked out; the lips full and red, the chin delicately square; but it was a face whose whole implication could be changed in an eyewink, a certain shadow of melancholy then being lost in a blaze of unexpected light, a certain laxness within giving place to an impetuous fire.

Her father was dead, but she had lived her early life on his ships, and she held herself like a sailor. Her movements exhibited a sinuous ease, with more than a hint of that unobtrusive power in the limbs which, from long training, can leap forth in a flash, like a slavish imp, and fall back again, its residence in the very marrow. This power was noticeable in the ease with which her smooth arm swayed over the table, in the deftness with which her long fingers dealt with teapots or laid hold upon the stems of flowers, and, more fancifully, in the reticence which enabled her tongue, when it did give utterance, to do so with discretion and a full balance in the meaning. But a wistful light was often in those dark eyes.

"Look at her there," said Mercy one day. "Every sigh takes a drop of blood from the heart, it is said. I declare I wonder there is any blood left in that girl's body. If it wasn't for her full constitution I wouldn't answer for her."

The girl had not heard us. A little later, when I threw myself at her feet, she yawned and said distractedly: "I feel this moment as if I could sleep away my life."

"Then," I said, "let me be enchanted, too, so that we may wake together."

"What's all this talk of enchantment?" said Mercy sharply. "Have you gone back to fairy tales again?"

"Yes, I think I am enchanted," said the girl with a sudden energy. She snatched back the wide, flowing sleeve from her arm and laid it in the dragon's mouth.

"Bite!" she cried, regarding the beast with slanted eyes and an air of ironical impatience. "I beg of you, good dragon, do something with your great ugly mouth besides yawn, for I assure you it is infectious, and I shall yawn until I fall into it one of these days if you don't stop."

But the dragon, glaring seaward with a consuming ferocity, forbore to bite.

"You see, I am charmed," she said whimsically. Her white arm lay inert and flattened between the weather-beaten jaws.

Her eyes looked into mine.

"How shall I break the spell?" I asked eagerly.

Her countenance waned again, and she murmured: "Ah, Mr. Policeman, that is never in your power."

"You say that with a very special meaning," I returned. "But I see you don't mean that I shall understand you more fully."

"Oh, I wish you might," she cried, "but I do not know my own meaning, I'm afraid. Tell me, how are you affected by this house?"

She looked swiftly at the Tartar, who had fallen asleep, with her aged fingers knotted about the creased pink jaws of the albatross.

"It has a flavor of its own certainly. If it were deserted, and I happened on it at a late hour of the night, I should think it might be haunted. But with you in it ——"

"Bewitched, at the very least," she cried as I hunted for the word. "Nothing short of that will do. Look at those horrible mutilated faces in the eaves—how they stare and spy one out. And then that terrible cast-iron hound, and these rusty balconies and tall windows. I have always been afraid of it, as if a shadow hung over it which had nothing to do with the sun. Look there—the gulls."

We both stared in their direction. They were in truth a gross and greedy flock, frowsy reprobates shrieking over that part of the current which bore in to them its choicest morsels. The wings of some were white and shining, but more were of a dirty gray, as if even self-respect had gone in the exigencies of their perpetual chiding flight, and the wrangling contests given rise to by insatiable hunger. Here they circled high, and there sank low to the water, with necks outstretched, skinny legs hanging and convulsive movements of the body preluding a dive. Now they sat on the tide, like wooden images of birds, or perched statuesque on the tips of black buoys; and again rose triumphant, in their talons shining fish, which they occasionally dropped and caught again in mid-air, swooping down with fantails spread. And at times they wrenched the food out of one another's very mouths, and went away squawking, their fat bodies tipsy in gusts of wind whose approach they had been too nearly concerned with their prey to anticipate.

It was a very feast of sensualists—wrapt, self-absorbed and inconsiderate.

"Did ever you hear it said," she began again softly, "that gulls are the embodiment of the souls of lost seamen?"

I shook my head.

"It is almost a tradition in this house. You know h superstitious sailors are. Look—how aimless. They t and turn and are whirled like leaves in Tartarus. I supp it isn't a pleasant thought in the least, and yet I often dw on it."

"See them try to come nearer on the wind, like so ma drunken fools," I said.

"And they never go beyond this house," she add "They cluster over the roof, but they never pass beyond And now, look there, at their very head, do you see dirty one with a loop hanging from his neck? He has caught in a weir somehow, I suppose; but Dave Croo says that that man was hanged by the neck until de He went after it with a shotgun, but it bears a charm life. There! It's directly over us."

The ugly gray bird passed overhead with motionl wings, and a perceptible loop was hanging from its thro The girl's head had fallen back; her lips were parted.

At that moment the halting noise in old Mercy's thr ceased. She opened her black eyes, renewed her grip the queer cane started forward her chair.

"Where's t wind?" she mutte hoarsely. It was customary quest on awaking; but time before ans could be made heard the gu shrieking overhe

"There's a pac ragamuffins if there was one," continued. "W nothing satisfy th I have thrown old fish enough in conscience to qu them, but they g me no peace. I clare it hairs me up to hear them it. When your u comes I shall set on them with a sh gun, law or no They're possessed take their stand o this house."

She sank back closed her eyes ag

"She reads omen into ther whispered the g touching her lip easily with her l forefinger. "It *is* harrowing to hear them. But it is n sense to be wrought up as she is. We are expecting Uncle Ruel any day now," she added with seeming irr vance. "You know we left him in the Orient a year ago come home in a steamship."

At that moment there came a sinister hiss from the o hallway, followed by four jangling strokes of a bell. proceeded from an odd-looking clock, perhaps seven tall, which stood in one corner swathed in musty draper

"Time and Eternity," muttered the old lady, half asle "Will I never get it out of my ears, I wonder?"

III

THIS clock had a history which well became the exp sion written on the pillared front of the house in wh it was lodged. The story had its root in the lifetime Jared Craigenside.

Jared was the first shipbuilder, the first of his race have ambitions beyond those of a mere navigator. It he who established the great shipyard in Dockport, wh very bedlogs had now rotted away. It was Jared w built the family tomb and set the dragons on the lawn guard the house. He became the first aristocrat of Do port. Many men living in our day could remember see the old gentleman stride over the dunes in a green c with a black felt hat pulled well over his brow and white beard blowing in the wind. He was the very fig of a shipbuilder—stern, masterful, decisive in thou and act.

Such men are often more liable than others to the tri destiny plays. He grew old. His faculties deserted him slow degrees; and having no son he took into partners with him a nephew, Amos Craigenside. This act was fa to him. Amos in time found a way to question the a of his old partner; suspicion was cast on Jared's boo an order issued from a court of equity to compel him produce these books or go to jail.

When old Jared's eye fell on this order he clapped his beaver hat and walked into the jail with defia written in every line of his old body. And there he stay

til his incarceration became so great a scandal that men ose fortunes he had made could no longer stomach it. was released, only to find that Amos, by crafty man- ement, by sales of partnership land and by secret sales ships reported lost, had swindled him of all he had.

Old Jared was forced to take a tiny cottage on the edge Dockport; and there he made a living by compounding ugs and nostrums. One day Amos looked through the ndow of his shop, and saw him mingling his ingredients.

"What have you there?" asked the younger man ab- ptly.

"This is an acid," said the old man. "This is the sort acid that will remove the dark stains from a man's nscience. Will you buy?"

"You are an old wizard then," said Amos. "In another e you would have been burned at the stake for strewing rses."

"Curses?" cried the old man in a fury. "Where is the rse in all the world bitter enough to call down on your ad? You are the viper I nourished in my bosom. I took n from nothing, I can bring men aplenty to testify if ke—I brought you to my house, I taught you a trade, I de a man and a builder of you. And now you think rill come on my knees to you in my old age. Gall and rmwood, may you know the taste of hell at last."

The younger Craigenside was staggered to find so deep enmity lurking against him there; but he went off ghing.

Before long Jared hauled to his premises a load of teak- od boards; and when his nephew came by again he had offin built and laid across two saw horses in front of his se.

"So! You drive the nails in your coffin," said Amos.

"You have done your part already," returned his uncle. n a week he had a second coffin laid beside the first. Then next they met the nephew said:

"You are very kind to be looking out for my comfort in rther world."

"Comfort," muttered the old builder. "A curse on you and may you be driven out to squawk like those gulls der is the best wish I have for you. I give you that with my earnest prayer that it will close over the last f he Craigensides, and extinguish the house—root and nch."

mos took the coffin in an uproarious mood. For a long it was up-ended in a storeroom; but some time ft Jared's death he had a notion, as he said. He stood great box on its end in the hallway, and set the head f grandfather's clock on its top, with a hole bored for pendulum rod.

"There we are," he said. "Time and Eternity together, they make a fine race of it."

I stood there for many years—until the time of which rite, indeed. Sometimes, when he was home from rgn voyages, he would stop his pacing in the hall, a his hands behind him, and grin tolerantly at Jared's f

The cracked yellow dial affixed like a death's-head to the o nful brow of that upright receptacle seemed to grin at him, as if at a joke which had a meaning between ie alone. Over the dial hovered a full-rigged ship, cut tf tin and set on the head of the pendulum rod. With er tick of the clock the ship plunged in a painted sea, came no nearer than ever to the painted headland in effing. So Time and Eternity were symbolized.

"Why do you tie one hand behind you by clinging so ny to that contraption?" Mercy Cobb asked him more a once. "Your father went through life with a stuffed ack in the corner that dogged every venture he made t bad luck, and that was bad enough. But here is mthing a thousand times worse, and yet you handicap u elf with it."

"thrive on it," said Craigenside. "I grow fat on it, ery. 'One man's meat is another man's poison.'"

And yet it was a fact that almost from the very day on Amos received into his house that fateful teakwood

I Did Not Like the Eyes of Mr. Smith. I Did Not Like Any Part of Him

case his fortunes declined. Shipbuilding fell off. The chips grew gray in his shipyards. Great broad flights of steps rose beside the empty ways, and no man ascended them. Several of his ships were lost.

At length, when there was very little left of his former estate except the bark Asphodel, old Craigenside decided to adventure into the Orient again. It had been the success of his early voyages there which had won him a partnership with Jared.

But the spirit of adventure looks with a bleak face on the desperate casts of old age. The times were not what they had been in the glorious epoch of the clipper ships. Freights were low. Moreover, cables had been laid and opportunities for private dickering with benighted peoples had nearly passed away. It was getting so that the captain of a merchantman was no more highly regarded than a shopkeeper.

Thus nobody in Dockport was greatly surprised when Mercy Cobb brought back the body of this man, in whose service she had slaved away her days, from the last of his voyages. How came he to die? There was no answer to be wrung from the set lips of that grim old Tartar. Some said that old Amos had taken Mercy with him on that last voyage because he had a premonition of his own death, and did not want to be thrown inconsiderately to the fishes. It was true that the old lady had once apprenticed herself to an undertaker, and knew something of the embalming art. At all events, she brought him back pickled in brine, it was averred by old sea-dogs in and round Dockport who had seen service in the Black Ball Line.

There were only the vaguest rumors concerning the cause of his death. In certain quarters it was affirmed that he had died broken-hearted because of the loss of so great a part of his estate; others whispered that the curse had fallen which had hung over him invisible for so long and that he had dropped in the full flush of health without a mark on his body. Still again it was argued that he had sold himself to foreign devils—a frequent practice, it is believed, among skippers of the older tradition. Dave Crooker averred that something like a banshee scream had been heard over that lonely house.

"Must have been the gulls," suggested some of his tormentors.

"What if it was gulls?" said the old fisherman mysteriously. There was more to gulls than met the eye apparently.

Nothing was really known beyond this, that Mercy Cobb had brought old Craigenside home, and with him his orphaned granddaughter Jane.

At the time of my installation as special officer at Silver Glade, old Amos had been dead a year. Indeed, it was almost a year to a day from the brief ceremony which consigned him to his rest beside the dunes to that summer's morning which marked the reappearance in Hodder's River of Ruel Craigenside, his one living son, who now brought the Asphodel to her old anchorage.

IV

OUR source for the greater part of this brief history was little Doctor Starr, the local medical man, who used to come on pleasant mornings to smoke a pipe with us on the water front.

"'Time and Eternity, gentlemen, hand in glove,' was how he put it," said the little doctor crisply.

He favored the bark Asphodel with a long, appraising scrutiny. She had dropped anchor in the river three nights previous to this, and now lay with her yards squared, canvas lashed down tight and decks deserted.

"And, gentlemen," continued the little doctor, "whatever the old man may have thought of it in his secret heart, it's not too pleasant a reflection to Captain Ruel, if you will take my word for it. I believe on my soul he'd throw the cursed thing on the tide, if he dared. Yes, it's come to that. The man doesn't dare. Superstitious as the devil, I suppose."

"You have seen him since his return?"

"Yesterday. They called me in on the old lady's account. He's an odd stick for certain. That clock struck ten as he was going out the door with me, and on the first stroke round he wheeled as if he'd been shot out of a gun. He straightened out quick enough, to be sure, but I had seen his antics. He's plain afraid of the thing, if the truth was known and told. Ah, here comes Dave Crooker. He'll back me up in what I say. Yes, and he'll do more, unless I'm much mistaken. Our old friend tells me he saw the mark of a ghost in the dunes yesterday—the ghost of Amos Craigenside, no less."

Dave Crooker, the fisherman, was approaching in a dory.

His long sculling oar, thrust out over the stern, churned up the water to a swaying motion of his wrist; his body was chronically bent, as if it had been cramped for years about the round of some huge spar. His blue eyes looked out warily over bronze cheeks. As the dory swung in under the bank, its yellow interior was seen to be spotted with shining scales, newly detached and silvery, like money which the sea had minted.

"Dave," said the doctor, "they tell me you have seen a ghost."

The little fisherman looked up with a forbidding air, which seemed to echo Montaigne in saying that it is folly to refer truth or falsehood to our own sufficiency.

"It suits you to laugh," he said, "and I'm glad for you—I'm glad for you. I've always contended that those without brains were the happiest on the whole. But some are never to be learned that things come to pass here below never found in print."

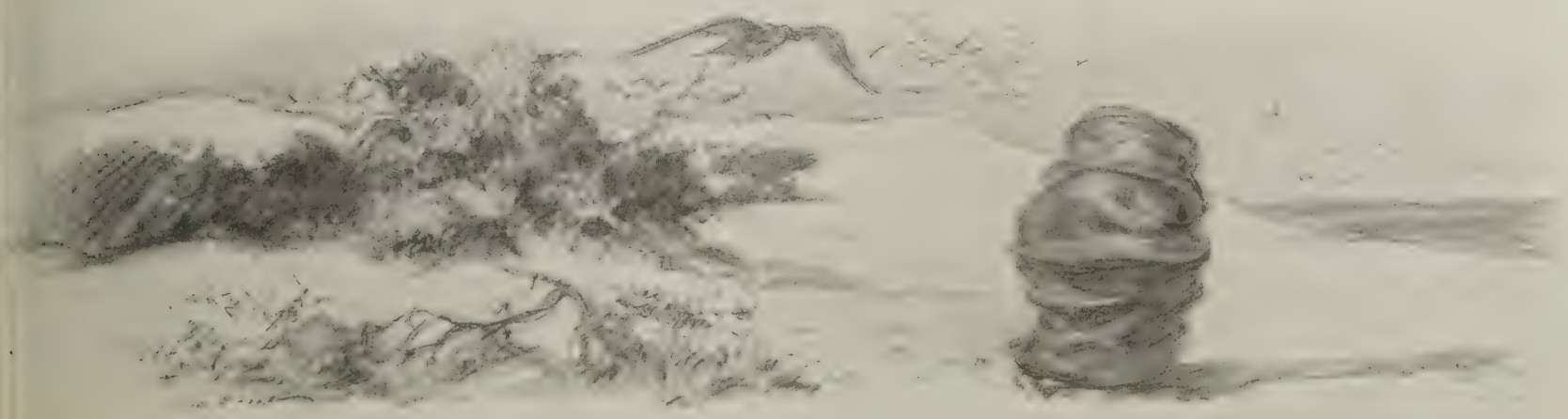
The old physician twinkled.

"Ghosts, for example."

"If I believe in a thing I ain't ashamed to say so."

"It's a serious subject, Dave."

(Continued on Page 81)



The Shadow of the Bag Had Lengthened; it Began to Seem Hideous and Fateful

THE SHRINKING DOLLAR BILL

Adventures in Kitchen Finance

By Forrest Crissey

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WHEN a dollar bill at the grocery will barely buy a dozen strictly fresh eggs and a pound of first-class creamery butter—or falls a little short of covering the transaction—the family food budget achieves the sort of sporting interest that attaches to smashed records and grand championship performances. But interest in the figures of the food bill is far from impersonal to millions of family providers; for to those who are trying to make an unexpanded salary cover a swollen cost of living this subject has a tragic fascination.

Of course almost every official body, from the National Congress down to the food commissioner of Bird Center, is investigating. The search for the African in the food-pile is being conducted with the noise and frenzy of an old-fashioned wolf hunt, with the result that the innocent bystander, the Ultimate Consumer, is often hard put to distinguish between the voice of truth and the sound of the political tom-tom.

While the evidence of the official investigation is being prepared for public consumption it is interesting to attempt taking the family bill of fare apart to see what gives it wings. At the start, let this private investigation concern itself with the cardinal food necessities of the American table and tell what has happened to each one of them in this period of prosperity in the United States.

This adventure in kitchen discontent has touched the Atlantic Seaboard as well as the Middle West, and its information has been secured from what appeared to be the most trustworthy authorities available. Wherever possible the opinion of a recognized authority not financially interested in the sale of foods has been sought. On the other hand, it has not been assumed that the fact of being a food merchant—whether wholesale or retail—necessarily debars a man from telling the truth about his business. That is believed to be largely a question of personal equation; and, to the best of his ability, this point has been carefully considered by the writer in selecting sources of information not to be classed as disinterested.

As bread is the staff of life, suppose the searchlight of inquiry is first directed upon the family flour sack. What has happened to send the price of this foundation food from a former level of about $2.90 a hundred pounds to the present altitude of $5.10? Under ordinary circumstances there is nothing highly exciting to the average citizen about a sack of flour; nor is the housewife commonly inclined to read crop statistics with any alarming amount of eagerness. But with flour at $5.10 a hundredweight and the wheat from which it is made hovering dangerously near the two-dollar mark, both the family provider and the head of the household commissary department are able to stand for a few hard facts, expressed in eloquent figures, in order to understand just what has happened to the staff of life.

Fat Years Followed by Lean

PROBABLY no man in America is better able to answer this question with authority than B. W. Snow, the crop expert, whose forecasts are followed by the whole grain-dealing world. Here is the answer to the present record price of flour as seen by this keen crop analyst.

"When the war broke out in July, 1914," says Mr. Snow, "wheat was selling well below one dollar a bushel, and flour, of course, was upon the same basis. The wheat crop of 1914, which was practically made when the war occurred, amounted to 891,000,000 bushels—and this was a record figure for wheat production up to that time. The pressure of the apparent oversupply forced down the price of cash wheat in Chicago in the early part of July, before there was a sign of a war cloud as big as a man's hand, to 77¾ cents a bushel. This price, which made a correspondingly low price for flour, was based upon the immense surplus of production above our domestic requirements and apparently above any possible export call.

"With the convulsion in Europe, the whole situation as to our supply of breadstuffs and their prices was instantly changed. War is always destructive and wasteful. In addition to this natural condition, the European alignment was such that it instantly shut out from the world's market Russia, the greatest wheat producer in the world. Instead of a big surplus beyond the requirements of the importing countries, the world was instantly confronted with a situation in which, in spite of our large crop, the importing countries were certain to find it difficult to meet their requirements, because the great Russian surplus was wiped out, so far as availability was concerned.

"Prices immediately climbed because of the added foreign demand upon us; and in August, 1914, contract cash wheat sold in Chicago at $1.27 a bushel, or an advance of fifty cents a bushel over the low point in July.

"Fortunately for this country and the world, the year 1915 was marked, both in the United States and in Canada, by the most wonderful wheat yields on record. We produced and harvested in the summer of 1915 a wheat crop of 1,025,000,000 bushels, or 134,000,000 bushels more than the record-breaking crop of the previous year. At the same time our northern neighbor grew 376,000,000 bushels, which was more than two ordinary crops in one.

"Roughly, in 1915 the United States and Canada produced 350,000,000 bushels more wheat than they grew in the remarkably prolific year of 1914. This enormous increase was, of course, offset, so far as the world at large was concerned, by the failure of the countries of Europe to produce their normal supply. With Russia still locked out of the commerce of the world, the importing countries drew upon North America for their total requirements beyond the usual contribution from the Southern Hemisphere. Nature was so generous in 1915 that we were able to meet the food requirements of Europe out of our own prodigal abundance without prices showing extraordinary inflation. Indeed, in August, 1915, when these enormous crops were practically a certainty, the cash price of contract wheat in Chicago was again as low as ninety cents a bushel, and at no time after these crops were available was the price in Chicago above $1.31 during the last six months of the year 1915.

"The high price of bread which has ruled in the last six months of 1916, and has roused the average housewife to a blind resentment of its pinch, is merely the logical, natural and inevitable result of the con ditions which obtained in thi country and in war-torn Europe.

According to this authority, in 1916 agricultural con ditions in North America were the most radically un favorable that have ever been known since definit crop records have been kept. The drought during th period of sowing in the fall of 1915 gave the plant very poor start, and it went into winter with less tha normal growth and with much less than normal vigo For six weeks or more during the midwinter a heav coat of ice lay over the fields of the Middle West, wit the result that the crop was entirely destroyed upo 4,236,000 acres, or eleven pe cent of the total area planted In addition, the plants re maining upon the balance o the acreage were weak and un thrifty and not in a positio to give a good crop result un less weather conditions afte the first of April should b ideal.

To illustrate what this win terkilling meant, it is interes ing to note that the state of Ohio, Michigan, Indian Illinois and Missouri—whic in 1915 grew eighty millio bushels more than their do mestic needs for food an seed—were thirty millio bushels short of providing fo their own necessities in 191 As the season advanced, i became evident that furthe losses in wheat were to be sus tained, as insect life was un usually abundant. Mr. Sno asserts that it is reasonable to believe that the green bu in Oklahoma and the Hessian fly in Kansas destroyed fro twenty to thirty million bushels of the crop in those tw states.

Conditions did not improve as the season progressed A liberal increase in the spring-wheat acreage gave prom ise, as late as July first, of making good in some measu the loss in winter wheat. On the ninth of July, howeve Mr. Snow spotted the black rust and made the first an nouncement of its presence in the spring-wheat territor This scourge practically destroyed the spring-wheat cro upon millions of acres and reduced a promise of near three hundred million bushels on July first to a final harves of 158,000,000 bushels of thin, lightweight, shriveled grai The loss of the crop in Minnesota and the Dakotas wa without precedent in the history of American agricultur These three states, which in 1915 produced 283,000,00 bushels, in 1916 produced only 88,000,000.

Decreased Production in Europe

THE same scourge swept over the international line, an in three weeks worked a like destruction upon a promi ing Canadian crop, leaving Manitoba, Saskatchewan an Alberta only 142,000,000 bushels against 304,000,000 i 1915. The total wheat crop for 1916 in the United State was only 640,000,000 bushels, and the total crop fo Canada was only 161,000,000—a total North America crop of 801,000,000 bushels against 1,401,000,000 in 191 A drop of six hundred million bushels of bread-makin material is certainly enough to account for quite a ris in price!

Coincident with this immense loss in North Americ there is a decrease in the production of foodstuffs in Europ because of military destruction and the withdrawal of me from the cultivation of the land. At the same time Arge tina has had a wheat failure that is almost as severe a ours. It practically eliminates South America's granar from any part in supplying the world's requirements du ing the next twelve months. Though Australia and Ind have produced more than normal crops, the added amou that can be secured from those two rather small sources supply is not sufficient in any way to offset the loss sustained in other parts of the world.

"Russia," continues Mr. Snow, "with her accumulate surplus of three years, is still locked out of the world's co sumption. Under these conditions it is evident that th world is now upon a short bread ration, and that, in orde to eke out until the new crops in the Northern Hemisphe become available, the world will be compelled not only t eat all that was produced in 1916, but to approach perilous close to using up the surplus held over from other years a margin of safety against actual bread famine.

"The price of wheat, and consequently the price of flour, therefore, the natural and inevitable result of crop failure this country and in the Argentine, and of war's direct struction, and of its sapping of Europe's productive ergy. The price of breadstuffs during the balance of this op year will depend upon the necessities of human nourishment. Of course some substitution of other foodstuffs bread is possible and high prices automatically control nsumption; but the relief in this direction must of necesy be small, because, in spite of the present prices, bread still the cheapest food with which human hunger can be isfied."

On the score of exports this expert presents some starng facts. He observes at the outset that the dependence the world upon North America for breadstuffs during last three years is strikingly shown by the figures of world's trade in wheat.

During the cereal year ending July 31, 1914—the year mediately preceding the outbreak of the war—there was afloat from producing countries 666,000,000 bushels wheat destined for the future requirements of the importcountries of Europe. Of this amount North America nished 284,000,000 bushels, while Russia contributed ,000,000 and Argentina 44,000,000. During the first r of the war, or the cereal year ending July 31, 1915, contribution of exporting countries was 535,000,000 hels, of which North America supplied 400,000,000 out ier enormous crops, Argentina 91,000,000, and Russia 6,000,000, which came out by way of the icebound of Archangel.

Who Can Blame the Exporter?

THE second year of the war the exporting countries ut afloat 595,000,000 bushels, of which North America ished 480,000,000, Argentina 64,000,000, and Russia 5,000,000. The United States contributed 312,000,000 els in the cereal year of 1915 and 240,000,000 in 1916. requirements of the importing countries of the world this year probably even greater than last. Argentina able to send out any substantial amount; Canada will ly have more than 110,000,000 bushels available for rt; while this country, even by using up the accuated surplus of previous heavy crops, can hardly send e than from 110,000,000 to 120,000,000 bushels without rously drawing upon the safety reserve, which we must as a protection against bread shortage at home sting from crop failure.

ow much flour has been exported it is difficult to say. ainly the total is immense. One wholesale grocer, who leader in all food exports, was asked whether he had hing to say on the subject of shipping flour and other necessities out of the country. His answer was substially this:

"Since the war began I've sold at least a million dollars' th of flour to the fighting nations—and a lot of other u on top of that. When I came back from Europe, in 1, one of my associates met me at the dock and asked I was. My answer was 'Fairly well.' Instantly he rked that he had hoped I should be feeling much betr han that, because he had some bad news to tell me. is epartment had lost a lot of money—the other departts could speak for themselves. They did. The total s was not far from a quarter of a million dollars. I had ed that almost the whole world was going to come to Uncle Sam for its food supplies. But it didn't. That was simply a case of bad business judgment.

"Did we howl? Not any! We just pocketed our loss and indulged in the philosophical reflection that it was one of the fortunes of operating on a large scale and selling with the market. There was no talk then about investigating the food merchants—not a peep! We had plenty of company on the wrong side of the ledger at that time, too—lots of it. But the big wholesale grocers who had made our mistake did as we did—waited for a later chance to offset their bad judgment of 1914 with good. That chance came with the continuation of the war. When I had an opportunity, at least partially, to offset my loss of 1914 by selling a million dollars' worth of flour to the agents for some of the fighters I naturally embraced it. The fact that the flour was to go outside of our own country did not, in my opinion, offer any reason why I was not fully entitled to engage in the transaction."

A New York wholesaler who does no exporting sketches the flour situation in these words:

"In 1915, as everybody knows, we had the largest wheat crop the country has ever produced. If things were normal we should now be enjoying the cheapest flour we have ever had. But the war created a tremendous consumption of American flour. The orders for flour from abroad have been terrific. They have taxed the transportation facilities from the flour centers and the ship facilities across the ocean. For instance, Italy had always obtained her flour supplies for the making of macaroni from Russia. To-day Italy is demanding our hard durum wheat for this use.

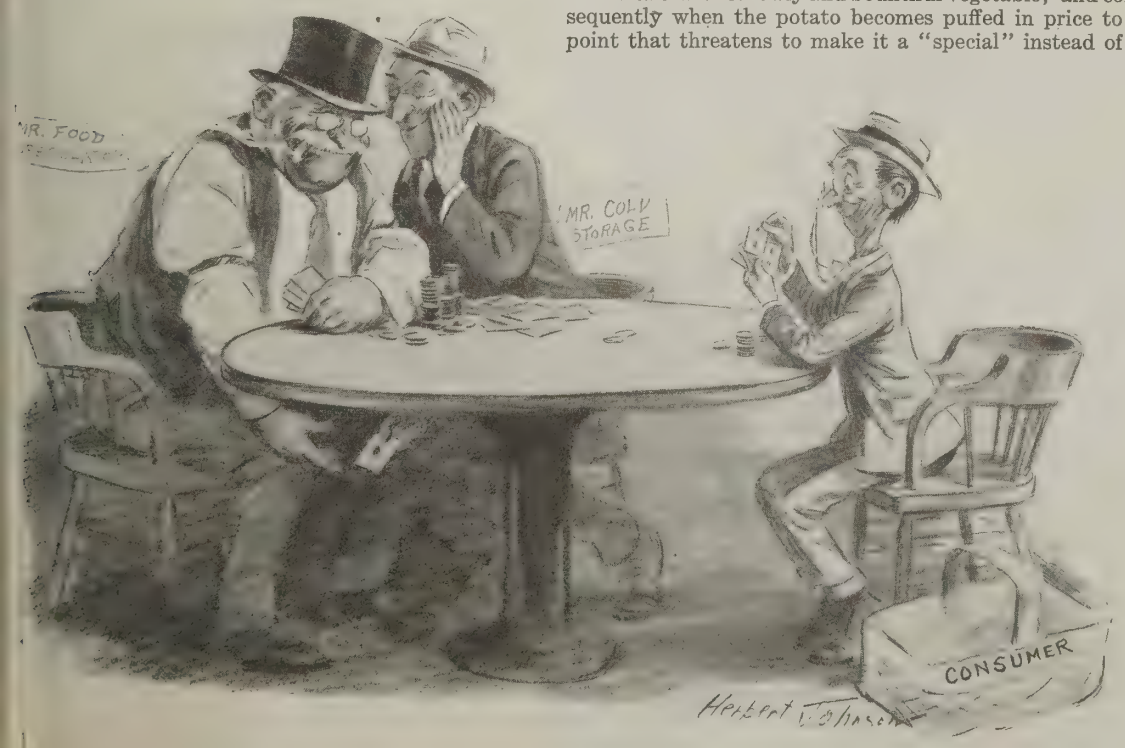
"Even in the event of peace it will take some time for prices to settle back to a normal flour level.

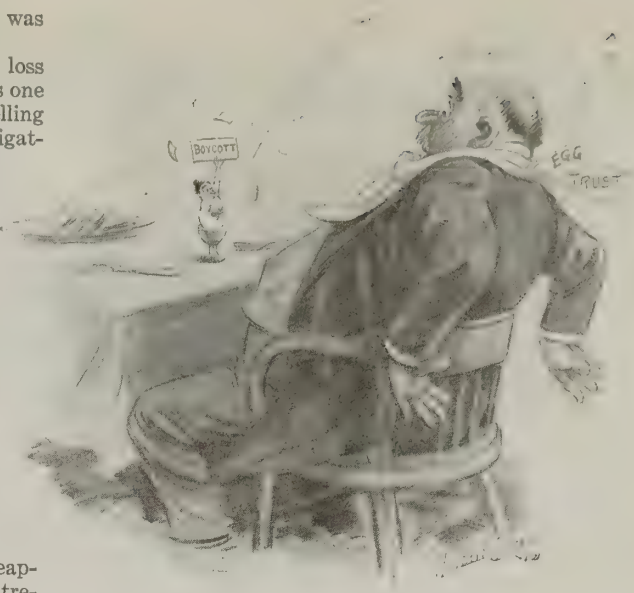
"Now about prices and profits: The profit is about the same to the wholesaler and the retailer, whether flour costs five dollars or ten dollars a barrel—not the same percentage, but the same net amount. If we make in our jobbing business, on the best-known brands of flour, thirty or forty cents, we get the maximum, and the retailer, governed by competition, is forced to sell that flour at about the same profit on each bag, whether the price is high or low. So the consumer isn't paying a great profit—hardly any profit at all when you consider the amount of investment involved. The consumer may be disinclined to believe this statement; but it is true, just the same.

"Flour is one of the great staples which custom has decreed must be handled by wholesaler and retailer on a margin of profit so narrow that it is often a vanishing quantity."

Now let us consider the lowly spud, which at the present moment is about the proudest thing that rides in the grocer's delivery wagon. The humility that once distinguished this popular tuber is now a fast-fading memory; and if the price of the potato climbs much beyond its present dizzy altitude of two dollars a bushel or better, at the corner grocery of the country town, it bids fair to burst of its own importance without the aid of the oven to effect that result.

To describe the potato as a hot favorite on the American table is to speak conservatively. Bread might be almost as safely subtracted from the daily menu of Uncle Sam's people as potatoes. The spud is the stable and unfailing foundation of the toiler's meal, while the "fancy baked" potato is among the most tempting delicacies obtainable by the wealthy. Our national taste is unanimous on the merits of this once lowly and bountiful vegetable; and consequently when the potato becomes puffed in price to a point that threatens to make it a "special" instead of a





"steady" on the tables of those who must live most carefully, the result may be mildly described as a household sensation of nation-wide scope. This condition now exists throughout the country.

Of course there is quite a wide variation in price between different localities, mainly due to good or bad luck in the matter of transportation; but the community that can buy potatoes for less than two dollars a bushel is extremely fortunate, and in many places two dollars and a half is the ruling price. The thrifty householder has no difficulty in recalling the days when better potatoes than are generally obtainable to-day were bought at twenty cents a peck, and it is not necessary to hark back into the remote past to find a period when they were cheaper than that.

This jump of more than one hundred per cent from the normal price of potatoes naturally means that there have been very decided and sensational happenings in the world's potato field—of which Uncle Sam works a large share.

Probably the potato crop of this country was never planted in a more unfriendly soil than that which received the seed in the spring of 1916. The spring was cold, wet and late, offering every possible chance for the seed to rot instead of sprout. Then came July and August with skies of brass and a record-breaking drought that seemed bound to reduce the earth to ashes. The third act in this climatic tragedy introduced a killing frost about a fortnight before anything of that nature was normally due.

The Short Potato Crop of 1916

ONE result was a potato crop of only 285,000,000 bushels as against 360,000,000 in the previous year—which was exactly the average for the five years preceding 1916. A shortage of seventy-five million bushels of spuds is not a pleasant thing for the potato-loving American public to contemplate; but that was only the beginning of the calamity that fell upon this favorite tuber in 1916. For one thing, there was great waste in that portion of the crop which did mature. Then war conditions shut the people of the United States off from the relief of importing potatoes, which has invariably been our refuge in seasons of shortage.

One of the shrewdest observers of the world's potato market is Mr. F. G. Urner, of the New York Price Current. Mr. Urner says:

"In former years of potato shortage we have always gone to foreign markets and secured ready relief by bringing millions of bags of potatoes from abroad—from Scotland, England, Germany. We couldn't get them in 1916. In 1908 and 1909 we had a severe shortage and imported into the United States from the United Kingdom 1,029,249 bags of potatoes, 168 pounds to the bag; and from the Continent—mostly from Germany—78,291 bags from October, 1908, to October, 1909.

"In 1908 the price of New York State potatoes was from $2.25 to $2.37 a barrel of 180 pounds, or containing three bushels. European potatoes that year brought from $1.75 to $2 a bag of two bushels and forty-eight pounds. To-day New York State potatoes are selling at from $4.40 to $4.80 for a barrel supposed to contain 180 pounds. But a barrel holds a little less than that—about 160 pounds. If European conditions were favorable we could have kept the price down thirty per cent below that."

It should be remembered that these prices are for large shipments—the smallest unit being a carload. According to a New York wholesaler, Mr. Philip C. Staib, potatoes are now costing retail dealers of the Atlantic Seaboard $5 for 160 pounds—or a little more than three cents a pound. These are sold to consumers at four cents a pound—sometimes for less.

"There is an easy way out from under the potato famine," declares Mr. Staib, "for those who wish to take it.

That is the rice route. Reputable scientists tell us that a pound of rice has five times the food value of a pound of potatoes. Personally I believe this to be true. To-day you can hardly find a grocery store that charges more than eight or nine cents a pound for high-grade rice. Compare this with potatoes at four cents!

"Rice is the cheapest important food commodity in the United States to-day. There was a big crop in 1916. Yet this food is being generally ignored by the American people, who commonly consider it as a delicacy instead of a staple vegetable—a material for the making of puddings and desserts and side dishes, instead of a full-fledged competitor of the potato. Comparatively few housewives, especially in the North, know how to cook rice properly. If they would learn right now they could cut the family potato bill in half, at least, and not miss the eliminated portion. In many localities storekeepers retail a good grade of rice for less than eight cents a pound."

The crop expert already quoted on other cereals has this to say of rice:

"Practically the one pleasant exception in the dark food situation of 1916 is the fact that the rice crop was one of the best ever known, yielding about forty-two million bushels against an average of only twenty-four millions for the last five years. Rice prices emphasize the general fact that the high price of foodstuffs this year with us is due to meager production and foreign demand.

"We are exporting rice liberally now. Up to the present time more than double the amount exported in the preceding year has been put afloat by us; but the increase in production has been enough easily to take care of this added strain. During the first ten months of 1916 we sold abroad 111,000,000 pounds of rice against 53,000,000 in the same period of 1915, and 35,000,000 in 1914—the latter being the normal situation prior to the war.

"However, the export of rice cannot be considered as greatly influencing home prices, for the reason that we have been importing upon the same liberal scale which has characterized our foreign policy in this product in other years, before the war. In the first ten months of 1916 we imported 208,000,000 pounds of rice, or 100,000,000 more than we exported."

Why Meat is High

TO THE average consumer of sirloin and "roast beef, medium," it probably seems a very simple matter to get the straight of the meat situation. This naïve view of our fleshly diet is not, however, held by any investigator who has ever made a sincere attempt to take the meat problem apart and tell the carnivorous consumer all about it in words of one syllable. Take it from one who has tried to do just that thing: Commercially speaking, meat is the most mysterious article of human food! Its path from the pasture of its nativity to the table of the consumer is beset by a most bewildering series of economic adventures, which have filled hundreds of fat volumes of court, congressional and other reports of hearings, voluntary and involuntary.

Therefore, any investigator who volunteers information on this complex subject will, if he is experienced, make his offering in a spirit of humility, and with the reservation that his findings are to be accepted as an evidence of his sincerity and industry, rather than as the last word on a subject which is clouded with mists of economic mystery well calculated to confuse and baffle the clearest and sanest students of this great industry.

Meat was never so low on the retail block that a considerable portion of the consuming public did not feel called upon to make some complaint on the score of its cost; but, with price of porterhouse steak hovering round thirty-eight cents and rib roast at thirty, more or less, the retailer has a constant opportunity to develop his explanatory powers.

Naturally he has learned the line of least resistance and follows it. He has found it a lot easier, as a rule, to pass the buck to the packer than to attempt to tell his kicking customer how supply and demand have conspired, by moving in opposite directions, to push up meat prices to levels never before attained. Besides, the man at the butcher's block likes to have his explanations believed.

There are two men at the world's greatest livestock market, in Chicago, who neither buy nor sell meat—save as they purchase for their private consumption—who know a lot about the causes that put wings to pot roasts, steaks, pork chops, and all other familiar members of the meat family. One is A. G. Leonard, president of the Union Stockyard Company, and the other is James Poole, of the Livestock World. There is nothing in keeping a hotel for meat animals or in reporting the prices those animals bring from day to day that should necessarily prejudice the outlook or warp the view as to the causes that have elevated the price of meats to record-smashing altitudes. Therefore, these men have been asked to state the situation as they see it and take it apart for the consumers' benefit.

In other words, following the fashion of this industry, the writer will pass the buck back to these gentlemen, who are considered competent meat experts.

Here is Mr. Leonard's size-up of the situation:

"In 1913 there was a very serious drought. Beef cattle were about all sent to market. Even the she cattle were sacrificed. Of course this resulted in a shortage of calves for the following year and for several years to come. In 1918 this loss will be about made up. Meantime there have been steady inroads upon the supply of young cattle. This and the shortage of breeding cattle have sent meat prices skyward.

"Texas is the great natural breeding ground, and there they have a calf percentage of ninety as against sixty farther north. They breed the cattle in Texas and then the calves move northward from there for feeding.

"The increased cost of raising feed has naturally increased the cost of feeding cattle. A certain Texan, who is a large operator and has been advocating local slaughterhouses, contracted for unborn calves, to be delivered at thirty-five dollars a head. This is an eloquent testimonial to the shortness of the supply. The prices paid for calves in Texas naturally forced up the price of cattle sent to the Corn Belt for feeding. The demand for meats in the East did not justify the high prices the Corn-Belt people were paying the Texans for their calves. Consequently the packer was buying meat at prices that were not profitable to the Corn-Belt feeders, who went up in the air because they were losing money. The packer will not pay the price the Corn-Belt raisers must have for their stock to pay out.

"The price of corn has been away up. We have paid as high as $1.12 a bushel for corn. It takes time for the farmer to learn to feed one-dollar corn to an animal, even though he gets better money out of it. His inclination is to close out and get the dollar. The heavy investment involved scares him. A man who sometimes feeds cattle came in here a little while ago. He was going to take two carloads of cattle home and feed them. He asked one of our men how much feed he would have to put into the cattle, and was told that it would take about four thousand bushels. He said 'Four thousand bushels—that means four thousand dollars. Good night! Nothing doing!' So, instead of feeding good cattle, he sends in a miserable lot, carrying twelve or fourteen hundred pounds. This is t era of light animals in the market. Hogs average abo twelve pounds lighter than usual.

"Hogs have been bringing enormous prices. The reas for this is that the Canadian packers are taking our lo grade pork. They take a class of hogs they call 'singei hogs.' These do not make the bacon we want. They a killed here and shipped across the border in dressed co dition. This demand has maintained a higher average pri for a lower quality of hogs than has ever before been h here. The quality of hogs is the poorest in market histo at this season.

"There is no relief for the condition of the beef mark to be found through mutton. Lambs are selling for $13.5 which is a sensational price. The singeing grade of ho has forced up the price of the lower-quality pork. Th same condition follows down along in the line of catt Mutton is substituted because it is not quite so high price as the cattle and hogs; but it is not much of a su stitute, because the supply is decidedly insufficient."

Figures That Tell the Story

"IF THE consumer would let one little set of figures so into his mind he would have the meat situation where could understand it. Here are the figures: In 1916 we h in this market fully 250,000 fewer cattle than a good ave age year will normally bring us. Other markets can mat this. This situation is typical.

"There has been a tremendous increa in our meat exports since the war starte One reliable authority shows that, from Ju 1, 1914, to June 30, 1916, we exported 59 251,385 pounds of beef, while in the tw years immediately preceding that period w sent out only 73,674,466 pounds. This mea that we have multiplied our beef expor by eight. The same shrewd observer cattle conditions—The Shoe and Leath Reporter—points out that from 1907 1915 the population of the United Stat increased fifteen per cent, while the numb of our beef cattle diminished by twent eight per cent. Here are enough hard fac to make anybody understand why we ha almost unbelievably high meat prices."

Mr. Poole, whose job is to observe an analyze the market each day, sketches th situation in these words:

"Everything has conspired to make mea high and scarce. A record-breaking crop hogs is the one favorable circumstanc Otherwise we should have had a meat fam ine. Many years ago this Western countr was full of cattle from Texas to Montana Those were the breeding grounds. Settle came and contracted this cattle range, chang ing grazing lands to farm lands. Sheep als helped drive out the cattle. Big cattle out fits found it unprofitable to continue the business. Most of them closed out. Thi raised the price of thin cattle and force people out all along the developing and feed ing line. Simultaneously came the advanc in corn prices. A common price for corn i Iowa was twenty-five cents a bushel. I Nebraska they used to burn it.

"They used to feed cattle out here th whole year round. They almost literall bedded their cattle with corn. Steers use to come in here weighing seventeen hun dred pounds. They dressed from sixty t sixty-two per cent. This week they ar dressing from fifty-five to fifty-seven pe cent. Seven Western markets in 1916 re ceived 9,327,000 cattle as against 7,963,00 in 1915. That shows a decided expansion in beef produc tion; but the deficiency in tonnage was such that they di not get so many pounds of beef as they did the year before Most of the Southwestern states were filled up with poo Mexican stock. Montana had to get the dogy dairy cattl from Wisconsin and Minnesota. This is poor stuff for bee purposes. Calves, whose mothers were bred to produc milk and not to put on beef, are not worth feeding. Thos calves are profitable to be slaughtered at about one hun dred and fifty pounds. They were never intended to pu on beef and the man who tries that game is going to los money.

"Now about hogs: Last year in seven Western market we had 25,500,000 hogs as against 21,000,000 the yea before. But in pounds of pork there was a discrepancy o a million hogs. The average weight was only two hundre and ten pounds. The reason for this was that the farmer find it more profitable to market hogs weighing from hundred and eighty to two hundred pounds than to at tempt to put more weight on them—at least while corn i selling at ninety cents or a dollar.

(Concluded on Page 56)

THE MAIN-CHANCE LADY

You Will Perceive That You are Looking Upon a Kind of Symbol of Wealth and of Investments, of Security and of Sound Sleep, a Concrete Expression of Impregnability

By Cameron Mackenzie

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

WERE it not for the fact that some years ago I moved away and only occasionally go back to Grantsburg, I should conduct, on pleasant evenings there, for enefit of such strangers as you, maybe, a of private sightseeing tour of my native town. If I should not show you the "magnificent" waterworks "handsome" new Chamber of Commerce Building, boosting literature persists in describing them; or brave attempt, Hopewell Park. The hotel clerk—e—can direct you to those; but only one born and in Grantsburg, one whose father and grandfather him had been born and bred into the place, can it to you the most interesting aspects of that amiable unity.

However, you do happen some evening to be in Grants- and are a stranger with nothing to do, do not flop lf down in the listless lobby of the Commercial and attempt to kill time by rereading the Courier, or an hour watching a traveling salesman extracting monosyllables from the proud and haughty news- girl; but, instead, go out and walk up Main Street as far rd, where you turn and go through to Maple Avenue. ouses there are mean and decayed relics of a former eur; but never mind—as you proceed on up to an Place the dwellings improve. Norman Place, you serve, is short, and at the end of it you will find the Gainsford Hill.

upon the Hill, let me explain, that the solid and hed part of Grantsburg resides. The families who ere are all of them at least well-to-do and con- a compact, rather fastidious social group, to which and tradition are not altogether empty terms. one there knows everyone else by familiar names; iddle-aged folks were nearly all boys and girls er. People say "The Hill" is playing bridge this or "The Hill" is doing that. All that saves the ord Hill outfit from snobbery is the fact that its lers are really excellent, actually well-bred people.

o, stranger, having reached the beginnings of the art up the shaded sidewalk that runs along one side roadway; go past half a dozen or so substantial gs with low stone walls or iron picketings marking ple grounds—the homes of Colfaxes and Hoyts and e—and continue your climb toward the top. Pres- ou will find yourself approaching a great, almost granite pile, which, you will note, holds the exact t. Proceed on up to its two huge granite entrance pil- ere the high, dark shrubbery does not obstruct the d pause and gaze in. You will perceive that you are upon a kind of symbol of wealth and of investments, ecrity and of sound sleep, a concrete expression of eability. That is Prothero Towers, the residence of y Prothero.

Tom Prothero is my cousin; his father and my mother re brother and sister, and, though Holmes is a good- name in Grantsburg, Prothero is better. It is the *ne plus la crème* of the Hill; for generations there have n Protheros there and they have always been of the t; ey have often, in the past, been short on money, ver short on manners. Tony, the sole survivor of name, is a small, slight man, with a gently fuzzy bald k to his crown, a harmless little black mustache, d with at most times a cheery manner, chamois gloves and a stick. He is known for what he is—a thoroughly clean, thoroughly likable, somewhat ineffectual individual, out of whom vitality seems to have been bred.

Continuing the tour, pass over the crest of the hill to an open space just beyond and look off away from the center of the town from which you have just come. The ground dips away into a valley and then in the distance rises again. On the opposite slope, and very probably through a thin veil of silver mist, you will see a spattering of numerous small lights, and maybe a trolley streaking out of them or into them. Anyhow, you will know that those lights signify human habitations, a community where, you will guess, there are stores and streets and schools, and the general paraphernalia for living and working and dying. That is the suburb of Prothero.

Six years ago that opposite hillside was wooded land. To develop it a company was formed, of which Tony Prothero was the president.

At that time my cousin maintained a somewhat ridiculous little real-estate office for such renting business as he had and for the management of what was left of the Prothero estate. He used to go there with fair regularity, but always found ample leisure to keep bobbing familiarly in and out of the homes on the Hill.

A group of men representing the five most substantial fortunes in town took up the suburban project. It is said in Grantsburg—and I used to believe it was true—that these individuals of wealth decided Tony was such a pleasant fellow that it was a shame he was poor; and they determined to make him rich. Once, under Tony's direction, the scheme almost hit the rocks, but these friends did not abandon the plan or forsake Tony; they put in more money and by dint of personal effort made the town of Prothero succeed, thus creating new fortunes for themselves and one for Tony too.

And now, my friend, if you're at all interested retrace your steps to Main Street and strike off into a totally different part of town. With a little inquiry you can discover Ridge Street. It lies almost as remotely as possible from the Hill; and as you stroll up its uninviting length take cognizance of its general character: the small cottages; the little patches of lawn for block after block! They are all identical—noisy children run about; men sit in their shirt sleeves on their front stoops.

There is no decayed grandeur here; at a glance it is a street of mediocrity and failure, and has always been, from the first. Proceeding, you will pass, probably unawares, a cottage in the heart of the general tastelessness, undistinguishable in any way from its neighbors; not marked or designated, but noteworthy, if you can find it, because therein was born, something like thirty-five years ago, a child named Madge King.

Her father was an inconspicuous individual, who devoted a lifetime of effort and a vast amount of shoe leather to the insurance business, and to the most sorry avail; her mother's innate gentility was all but smothered in poverty.

At an early age Madge married a man named Theodore Moulton and went with him to his home in a small community of the Northwest. She remained there for a decade. Concerning what happened there, or what her life there was during that time, she has never spoken; she has put a thick shroud of silence over the period. At the end of it she reappeared in Grantsburg, a widow, penniless and childless, and with the marks of cruel experience upon her face. And then the miracle of Madge's career began.

She was installed in Mrs. Graham's boarding house—one of those shabby dwellings in lower Maple Avenue. First, Mrs. David Colfax, wife of the president of the First National, took her up; then it was Mrs. Phillip Hoyt. Soon every door on the Hill had swung open to her, and with the lapse of a trifle more time she became engaged to and married my cousin, Tony Prothero, and is now the gay mistress of Prothero Towers and very nearly the ruling autocrat of the Hill.

In Grantsburg they will tell you that she is the luckiest woman in the world.

"A drunkard for luck!" I once heard her called; and it is her story that I want to tell. I got it from Tony upon the occasion of the dance the Protheros gave to celebrate the completion of the Towers. In a burst of feeling, natural enough upon the occasion and somewhat heightened by an ill-considered trip or two to his own excellent buffet, it sprang out of him between three o'clock and dawn.

It was toward the end of the evening, but before the guests had begun to depart. Having found myself alone near two deep French windows that opened upon the veranda, I had slipped out and, retreating to the rail, stood gazing in.

Near the window through which I had just passed I could see Madge. Her gown, cut far down the back, exposed a gleaming reach of dark, finely textured skin. Her jet hair was caught up snugly and trimly from the sturdy column of her neck. Beside her was young Tom Emmett, who, only a few years earlier, had come into his father's brewery millions. His ruddy, slightly grossened face was bent eagerly toward Madge. I could hear him begging her to dance, and I grinned, for I knew all about Emmett; he could barely exist except in the light of Madge's eyes and smile.

"Dance with my Tommy?" I heard Madge's vigorous tones ring with a laugh. "I never could refuse him!"

With a certain vivacious grace of her own, she turned and her profile was brought into view. There was not and never had been anything regular or classic in the outline of her features; but there was a lively piquancy in their irregularity, and her full, rich lips wore their almost constant smile. The two glided away, and from the veranda I could see her limpid, faintly anxious eyes roving here and there over Emmett's shoulder.

The music jingled on; couple after couple circled past; all the Hill was there; not one but had come in response to the summons from Mrs. Prothero. Madge appeared across the room; and the rings upon her strong, competent-fingered hand, pressed against Emmett's back, glittered and seemed to tell of her affluence and ease, of motors, of liveried servants, of soft food and drink, of all the creature comforts a full-blooded nature such as hers would crave.

At that I had fallen to thinking of her. There, radiant in the limelight, holding the stage's exact center, was the impecunious widow of a few brief years ago. Placing her meager beginnings in immediate contrast with her present position and riches, the thing seemed amazing. I was still

thinking of her and of the singular phenomenon of her rise in the world, when Tony stepped through the French window and joined me.

Immediately I saw that he had been cutting capers round the punch bowl, though generally he was a careful man with his drinks. He was not in the least unsteady or fuddled, but he was over-emotionalized and in a state in which, as I presently reflected, he would be prone to discover drama where he had never discovered it before. Without a word he leaned against the railing beside me. Madge, with Phillip Hoyt, danced across our line of vision. To break the silence, and because I had been thinking of her, I observed to my cousin laughingly:

"Some girl, Tony—that wife of yours!"

He did not reply and I glanced at him. He was pulling at his mustache; but I could see that he was biting nervously at his lower lip, and his pleasant brown eyes, usually so wide, were so pinched and squinted that there were deep fanlike wrinkles at the corners.

"Some girl?" he presently returned, and a little huskily. "My dear Clifford, you haven't half—not a quarter—said it."

"I've no doubt of that, Tony, my boy," I agreed, still smiling.

There was another pause, and then Tony said in a tense confidential whisper:

"I tell you what, Cliff, you don't know—nobody knows—what all this means!" And he shook his head significantly.

"Certainly," I agreed heartily. "It's a big occasion—a fine house ——"

"Fine house!" caught up Tony contemptuously, and regarded me fixedly for an instant before he lifted himself to the rail and went on: "Cliff, this house—this crowd—this party—those ——" And he flung an arm off toward the lights of the town of Prothero and added: "They're nothing—nothing, I tell you—nothing!"

"Nothing?" I echoed in a tone to humor him.

"No; not a thing. They don't make this thing—this dance. It's something else—something else an awful sight bigger!"

"It is, eh? What?"

He did not answer me, but, breathing hard, gazed into the room before us. Somebody halted Madge to say good night, and that brought Tony to his duties of host. He hopped from the rail.

"See you later," he said abruptly, and went in.

I felt that a lot of farewell handshaking would be a bore; so when I perceived that the party was breaking up I decided to take myself out of the way and, going down the veranda and into the somber hallway, carpeted with skins, I found seclusion in Tony's library, a spacious, noiseless room tiered with books, the bindings of which glinted softly, and settled myself with a magazine. I was rather curious about Tony's unusual outburst, but suspected that very likely his mood would have passed by the time the last guests had gone.

For perhaps an hour I heard motors wheeling up the gravel roadway to the door and the shouts and laughter of good nights. Then Tony came down the hall. There was something almost businesslike in the manner in which he opened a small cabinet, took out cigars, propelled a chair over toward me, placed a small stand for an ash tray between us and sat down. I could see that he was still agitated and that he had probably restimulated himself since he had left me on the veranda.

"Cliff," he began between puffs, as he held up a match, steadily enough, to his cigar, "I've got to tell somebody about this thing—I've just got to do it!"

"Careful!" I cautioned.

"Oh, no!" he hastened to assure me. "No scandal—nothing like that; just something that's—that's wonderful!"

"Surely it is!" I laughed, still puzzled. "You've got a fortune and all you could possibly want. It's wonderful! You and Madge are the luckiest folks I know."

I had spoken with the most innocent intention, but that word "luckiest" set Tony off. It brought him out of the engulfing recesses of his chair. He was perched on the very edge of the upholstery as he said excitedly:

"Luckiest folks you know! Not by a good deal! I'm lucky—perhaps; but Madge ——" He paused, waggled a hand in negation, and then said quietly: "No, not Madge! She's not lucky."

At the absurdity of this I grinned. Tony read my mind.

"Clifford," he said impatiently, "you're a fool! Sparrows may be fed crumbs or manna, or whatever it was; but"—and he shook his cigar at me earnestly—"but not quarter-of-a-million-dollar houses, a thumping bank balance, and simply tons of prestige. No, sir! Things like that, old boy, simply don't happen by—luck!"

He uttered the word with scornful emphasis, and then, hitching his chair close to me, said tensely:

"Clifford, she planned this whole game!"

"Oh, impossible!" I cried, not taking him quite seriously.

"No; not impossible," reiterated Tony firmly. "Fact! And do you know how she got all this?"

He glared at me for an instant. "By having a brain!" he told me and tapped his forehead. "A brain, I tell you, and scheming it all out—every last inch of the way; and by being cautious when she ought to have been cautious; by gambling all she had, and ever hoped to have, when she ought to have gambled; by following the principles of business, knowing where she was going and going there; by keeping her eye, night and day, on the main chance. That's how she got all this. Not luck! Let me ask you something: Is any success—any big success—ever really luck? Not much! Nobody wins haphazard"—and he added impressively—"not even Madge. Why, she's had just about as much luck as—as ——"

Tony was strong on similes. His eyes shot about, searching for a hint. Evidently he was unable to find any adequate comparison for Madge and her lack of luck, for he broke off abruptly, sat down and, passing a bewildered hand over his clean-looking bald spot, began telling me Madge's story—a strangely moralless tale, unless you are interested in humanity upon its everlasting business of getting what it wants.

"It's pretty close to eight years ago, now," he said, "since Madge got back to this town. Moulton had been dead about six months and she had wound up his affairs; and, financially speaking, pretty wretched affairs they were. He left her a little bit of property out there in the Northwest. I'll tell you more about that later; but the income from it was nothing—oh, tiny! Honestly, Cliff, she got off the train at Grantsburg with one trunk and a suitcase and so much less than a hundred dollars that I won't tell you what the amount was. It was shameful! Why, Cliff, she hadn't anything when she went up to that miserable boarding house of Mrs. Graham's and sat down and began looking over the job of her existence.

"One thing she had in her favor—yes, that was a piece of luck, come to think of it—she was absolutely free; no brothers or sisters or kid; just foot-loose, and with a chance to make her future as she chose. the first decision she made was that she wasn't going t at it blindly or in any hit-or-miss fashion. Of course was good sense—the kind of good sense Madge has more of than all the rest of us rolled into one.

"It didn't take her long to decide. I guess she pr well knew before then. She wanted to be somebody have things—get a place in the sun. You see, she'd n had anything like that. But forget the psychology! determined to dig out of penury and mediocrity—th enough.

"Now Madge is like this: If she wants an apple believes she won't be satisfied unless she has a barre them. A picture, say, takes her eye; and she gets the no that she should start a gallery. If she's shy twenty- dollars or something, it isn't twenty-five dollars she out after; it's a fortune. She's always raising ideas to nth power. Maybe that's the essence of ambition; ma you call it vision; I don't know. Anyhow, it's Madge!

"So—don't you see?—when she began to feel her pove and her lack of friends and connections, and how terri alone she was, she didn't say, 'I will scrape up an acqua ance with that dressmaker, Mrs. Smythe, across the h or, 'The Friday dances at Liebel's Gardens are all rig or, 'Come to think about it, I know a couple of travel salesmen.' Not much, for Madge! She looked the wh game over and determined that she would lay her ha upon all the money and position there was in sight—sim get this town by the throat and make it yield up what wanted. Extraordinary!

"Now before I am through you're going to wonder ab a lot of things. You're going to wonder how I can adm such a person as Madge has confessed herself to be. Yo think I ought to resent a lot of things she's done; ought resent, in fact, the whole idea of her and her accompli ment. Perhaps you'll call her an adventuress; ma you'll say she's just a cheap climber; very likely yo believe that no one could have done what she's done a have either delicacy or proper sensibilities. Anyhow, you sure to be astonished that people haven't found her out a put an end long ago to her machinations. All those thi and a lot of others will bother you; but never mind— them go. People often take things fr Madge because she's Madge; and for t same reason she often succeeds where oth fail.

"Well, she had to make a beginning; a the way she began was to find out all th was to be found out about the Hill. Pret soon she reached the conclusion that t people whose friendships would be m useful to her were Mabel Colfax and Nor Hoyt. Then she set about wondering h she could get in with either of them. Neith of them was aware that such a person she existed; nor did she know anyone w knew them—fact is, she did not know an one at all then.

"All of her kin were gone and Rid Street was worse than useless. But s wasn't discouraged; and between Nor and Mabel, having to settle on one, s picked Mabel Colfax, because she figur that a woman who was as charitably clined as she had learned Mrs. Colfax w would be more likely to take notice of lonely widow than a hard-surfaced soc person like Norma Hoyt. So there she w with a total stranger of considerable em nence and wealth picked as the person w was to invite her to her house, introduce h to her friends, and more or less becor her sponsor. Pretty stiff proposition, e

"Madge always proceeds upon a defin theory, and she made up her mind that t only way in the world by which she cou hope to get any kind of foothold at all wi Mabel would be by making herself someh indispensable—fitting herself into Mabe game in some fashion. Madge is great f that idea—the putting of things on the se interest basis; doesn't trust anything el And that's the thing she began to work o but now the trick was to discover wha Mabel needed someone like herself—Mad

"No use of going into all the ins and ou because all that was necessary was to indefatigable; but after a while she g onto the Colfax Boys' Club. Now y probably don't recall, but back in those da the thing was in something of a mess. lot of the folks who had made enthusiast promises when the club had been start were getting tired of giving up an eveni or so a week. Mabel couldn't bear abandon the project—Madge got that fa from a salesgirl in a glove shop—and t result had been that poor Mabel hers

"Is Any Success—Any Big Success—Ever Really Luck? Not Much! Nobody Wins Haphazard"

s down there, in the rooms they had, about three nights
eek, struggling with her precious boys.

And it was in that situation when Madge saw her chance
e, first, useful, and then invaluable. So one evening
marched round to the clubrooms and found Mabel
d out and in a most receptive mood. She told Mrs.
fax exactly who she was; that she had lots of leisure and
uld be glad to help. Mabel was delighted, of course; and
n did Madge help? You should have seen her! Never
d just how she did it, but if there was any means of
sting that boys' club, and of making it a credit to Mabel,
sure Madge used it. Soon she'd doubled its member-
, everyone was saying what a success it was, and Mabel
invited the lady to a Sunday-
ning tea.

That was Madge's first look
and she made the most of it.
reckoned that her single, sole
then was to charm Mabel;
she praised her house and
children and her charities,
so on. It's a great precept
Madge: When in doubt,
er! She says there is no
nb line long enough to plumb
fathoms of human gullibility
n it comes to believing the
sant things about oneself.
, by gracious, she's right!
how, she flattered herself into
r and then more invitations,
for some months that sort of
g ran along.

But after a while she felt
she was not making enough
way. One or two other per-
had been kind to her; but
treated her as a charity
er and as if they themselves
doing a kindness in inviting
She needed something dif-
t from that—something
substantial; and so she still
er eye on Norma Hoyt. She
ed to get recognition from
but, as you perfectly well
, Norma's not an easy prop-
n, and, looking over the
s, with their millions and all,
ouldn't find a crack into
she might squeeze herself.
hat, however, did not dis-
ge her; and she had tucked
an idea that if she could
et hold of something Norma
t have and wanted—could
for herself some kind of
ive asset that she could, as
e, sell to Norma—then she
succeed. Naturally the
m was, what? And all she
do was to keep her eyes
nd wait and watch. Well,
d that, and finally saw her
.

rma, you know, loves
is, and especially her own;
e'd rather lose a thousand
than not have one of them
with a zip. Now all this
ck at the time when this
g fad was just beginning
East and getting ready to
West. Madge saw it com-
everyone did, for that
; but she also saw in it
unity. She told herself
, in some way, she could become the first person in
wn to know the new steps, the first to be really a
lancer, then she would have something the Hoyts
dwant and would more or less take her up to get.

That, however, meant going East; and, what with her
nd board, and keeping her pathetic wardrobe pre-
e enough for the Hill, she was pretty low in funds,
r her, and there wasn't a soul in the world from
she could borrow. It was a question of finances, and
; else, whether she could seize her opportunity; and
knew there was no time to lose.

"Now this shows you the kind of things people can think
and will do if they are only determined enough: She
to her landlady, Mrs. Graham, and, like the thor-
ging business woman she is, went at her this way:

"'Mrs. Graham,' she said, 'I'm quite sure you know as
all I do, and maybe better, just what's in those trunks
mine.'

"Mrs. Graham conceded that she did.

"'Very good,' said Madge. 'Suppose some night I should
walk out of here with the dress I've got on and a hand bag,
owing you a good-sized bill, how much could you realize on
my belongings?'

"The landlady calculated, say, fifty dollars.

"'All right,' said Madge. 'I want you to lend me fifty
dollars. I'm going away for three weeks; I'll take nothing
but a hand bag and the dress I have on. I'll pay you off
by the week when I get back.'

"Well, the long and short of it is, she finally got the
money. I've told you how she got it only as a little side
light on Madge. She went to New York and, working ten
hours a day, learned the steps up to the minute of her train-
time, and was back here in Grantsburg with something to
sell to Norma Hoyt in exchange for recognition. She did
not tell anyone what she'd been up to, but merely that she'd
had business—'business' is good!—in New York. The
trick now was to put herself over; and she got her chance
soon enough.

From the Veranda I Could See Her Limpid, Faintly Anxious Eyes Roving Here and There Over Emmett's Shoulder

"One evening at Mrs. Colfax', where Madge was sitting inconspicuously by, they began trying steps, and were making monkeys of themselves, when Madge got up. After that it was all off.

"In a week she had been asked to the Hoyts'; in two she had the sensation of a big dance; in a month the Hill had accepted the only person in town who could initiate them into the new fad.

"Now there's no use in going into a lot of things that happened that winter and why they happened. Madge had some pretty severe struggles with proper clothes and money perplexities; but she managed somehow, and she felt that she had made an all-important advance toward her ambitions by getting among people of consequence who had money. The problem was to substantiate her position, to realize on her advantage, and to make her slender foothold count for something permanent; and that, in turn, involved, first, winning the liking of people—and then marriage, if she could pull it off.

"Her popularity came easily enough. All the women liked her because she flattered them and not their husbands, which was a novelty; and most of the men liked her because she was always bright, gay, amusing, danced wonderfully, and generally seemed a living denial that there were really any such things as troubles in the world. Madge says there's nothing a man hates like trouble. Also, she was no end obliging, and her boys'-club work had given her a reputation as a good-hearted soul.

"Oh, well—what's the use? You know Madge's exterior—carefree, vivacious, mundane; and it went with the Hill. She did succeed socially; made friends; got half the women on the Hill interested in her, with Mabel Colfax and Norma Hoyt, to both of whom she had made herself indispensable, as her main sponsors.

"Then it was a question of marriage; and many's the laugh we've had at how she went at it. Characteristically she reasoned out her steps before she took them. One astute conclusion she came to was that she must not try for anyone who would be considered too great a catch. The part of wisdom was to avoid all possibility of rousing hostilities and setting resentful tongues to wagging.

"Consequently she concluded that the plan for her was not to cast her wiles at a man of wealth and position, but to content herself merely with someone who definitely belonged to the Hill crowd. In that way she would cement her place among people with money; and then, being where money was, could later set about angling for some of it for the man she had landed. Well, that's how she came to pick me.

"My psychology, why I liked Madge, and all that, is not important. I did like her, and for much the same reasons, I suppose, that others did. I hadn't a suspicion of what was going on inside her busy brain. We grew to be friends. She used to tell me extremely agreeable things about myself that no one since the day I was born had ever told me—which tickled me. I liked her utter lack of pretense and her candor about her origin and her poverty. Then, too, she was so much that I was not—competent; deft; skillful about things generally. Any marriage, though, is a story in itself; and the great point is that I was fascinated.

"Yes, fascinated—that's the word—and quite prepared to forget Ridge Street and that old life-insurance pest, her father; but I didn't have any money; I didn't see how I could marry her, and I dallied along. Very likely I should be dallying along until this day if Madge hadn't taken hold. That is what she did—she proposed to me.

"It was like this: One day she walked boldly into the little office I had then; an office was just the place for Madge to do a job like that. Sitting down, she told me she wanted to have a talk; that she believed we two could make a trade. I asked her what; and a zephyr would have blown me over when she replied:

"'You give me position and I'll give you brains!'

"Then she laughed and I laughed, and we went to discussing the idea of getting married. I said I was fond of her; she said she was fond of me—but not in love. Madge, like all out-and-out materialists, is very square. Think of the chances she took then by being completely frank! But, no matter; her idea was that we could make a team. She did not try to garnish over either her humble beginning or her meager circumstances then; without mincing words, she said she would like to belong to the Hill and, also, that she wanted wealth.

"As for me, she declared she thought I was a nice, cheerful, intelligent person, who did not even guess the first principles of manipulating the Universe, but that I'd be

(Continued on Page 89)

Grandpa Makes Him Sick

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

TO THE casual thought it would appear that a spree is a spree, and just as comfortably enjoyed in one town as in another; but not so.

The shriveled soul of Old Sim Yaples had felt moved to enter upon a spree in the county seat, and therefore the same celebration in Copper Sky would never do—not by any means. There was a vast difference. The potential ethics of the thing lay deep; but the large fact remained that the only place on earth where this particular whiz might be successfully carried to an ultimate triumph was the county seat.

Explain it? It can't be done. Here is a problem in dissolute psychology; but let it pass. As well try to solve the mystery of why does the rooster wake himself at two o'clock in the night merely to crow a few times. Why doesn't he sleep, and do all his crowing after the sun is up? The rooster himself could not tell why. Neither could Sim Yaples have explained his peculiar obsession.

Old Sim Padded Along in the Rear, Encouraging the Reluctant Beasts With a Club

I

IT WAS a long street, the main thoroughfare that traversed the length of the county seat; much longer than the main street of Copper Sky. A typical desert street; torn sand, liberally bestrewn with old tin cans and dirty scraps of sun-yellowed paper. On each side many, many swinging beer signs above the rickety board walks, and hitching racks all along the way.

Old Sim did not tarry when he left the train at the county seat. His moccasined feet padded impatiently up the board walks. He moved with the peculiar springing lope-walk of the trailer. One notices it in wild things, this curving ahead of the lean body, head thrust forward and the knees bending at every step. Straight over the toe the old man walked; heel-and-toe, the gait of the Eastern Indian.

Old Sim noted the many beer signs flapping idly in the wind, and to him they seemed glad bunting flung to the breeze to welcome his arrival. A warm glow of satisfaction filled him. He could do a large business here. He turned hopefully into the first resort, humming as he entered:

"He turned me down when I came to town,
This cross-eyed cus-to-mer;
He passed me by with his cold cross-eye—
And me an old-ti-mer!"

As he took up the initial glass he waved it cordially at the bartender, singing the chorus:

"O-o-o-h—
Bury me deep in the clay, boys!
Pity me if you can.
Write this down, when you come to town:
'Beware of a cross-eyed man'!"

Several hours later, still singing his weird cross-eyed song, Old Sim teetered into the Sandstorm Saloon, journeyed precariously up to the bar and called for a drink. Most conscientious he had been, for he had missed nothing on his way up from the station. The Sandstorm was only halfway uptown, but the old man was by no means discouraged. He was going strong and it was still many hours till morning. Sim took up his glass and waved it with an uncertain hand while he sang in a still more uncertain voice:

"I didn't think, when I begged a drink,
How chilly his cold blood ran;
My eyes are wet, for I can't forget
The face of that cross-eyed man."

Old Sim threw back his sunburned bald head and struck the chorus with a prolonged howl, like the unmusical effort of an ancient coyote stricken suddenly with a stomach ache:

"O-o-o-h—
Bury me deep in the clay, boys!
Pity me if you can ——"

The swinging door banged violently open and a large, red-faced man came hurriedly in.

"Where's Red Ochiltree?" he panted.

"I think he just stepped over to the Palmer House, sheriff," said the bartender. "He was here a minute ago. What's the matter?"

"Robbery! Some fellow sneaked into the railroad station an hour ago and got away with a lot of cash." Here Ochiltree came in. "Get your gun and a good horse, Red," said the sheriff, "and hunt up Old Sime Hodapp. I want him to help me trail a man."

Old Sim Yaples set down his glass with a bang.

"Let me go, sheriff!" he begged. "I know the desert and I'm besh trailer in the country; you know that ——"

The sheriff paid him no attention. Old Sim persisted. His entreaties still going unheeded, he caught the sheriff's arm in a beseeching grasp; and the officer lost all patience. Turning, he bent a discouraging glare upon the old man. The sheriff had a prominent cast in his eyes and it gave to his gaze a sinister quality that had made many a victim tremble. He did not like Sim Yaples, and he partook violently of the jealousy that existed between the county seat and its rapidly growing rival, Copper Sky.

"You're drunk, Grandpa!" he said roughly. "And then there are other trailers besides you. The sheriff of this county is capable of running down criminals without the help of the old men of Copper Sky."

Coarse approving laughter greeted his brutal remark and he swelled visibly. An election was due to occur in a few days and he dearly desired reëlection to his high office.

Old Sim, stricken dumb with the insult, looked at the blustering officer, and his bleary eyes filled gradually with tears.

"Bill Hogard," he gulped at last, "you're the sheriff of this county and I dassent fight you. But you lemme tell you shomeshing: I'm goin' to make you sick! I'm goin' to make you the biggest joke thish county ever laughed at! You think you'll be reëlected nex' week, don't y You wait and see! I'm goin' make you si

"You've insulted the constable of C per Sky! Remember the boys elected constable of Cop Sky last votin' tir Course you Course they w 'most all drunk w they elected me, they elected me I've got my star my cuffs. And you insulted the city Copper Sky!"

Sheriff Hoga turned impatien to Ochiltree, who just come in aga

"Put Grandpa the calaboose!" said. "He's dru Then hurry back. be ready to ride soon as I run ac to the Palmer Ho and get my gun."

Old Sim we weeping violent but over his shoul he spat back the sence of hot hat through his tears.

"I'll make y sick!" were his l words; and then crowd forgot him the excitement o the robbery.

A few minut later Sheriff Hoga and his deput Ochiltree, rode o of town, following noted night trai and leading an cited posse of eag citizens. Two da later the sheriff

turned; but he brought no prisoner. However, he receiv from the station agent a scrawled note, which the robb had left behind him with bold insolence, and which h been overlooked in the first excitement. It read:

It breaks my heart to rob such quiet people. I hate go and fuss up such a kind-hearted sheriff and make hi ride away out on the nasty old desert and get all sweat It is a shame to wake up a town that is sleeping so sweetl I hate to take this nice piece of chicken.

But business is business. JIMMIE THE WEASEL.

Had Hogard seen this message before starting forth up the quest he would have proceeded with far greater circu spection. The Weasel was a famous desert criminal, not for the audacity of his attack and the marvelously clev execution of his get-away. Hence the sobriquet of Weas

The sheriff raged when he read the insulting, ironic note; but he comforted himself with the reflection th nearly every other town on the desert had suffered fro the Weasel's visitations and had found the best efforts effecting a capture to meet with no success.

"Anyway," boasted Hogard, "he won't come bac He knows we will be watching for him after this."

He utterly failed to attach any significance to the writer reference to the "piece of chicken."

Now the essential characteristics of the weasel are absolute fearlessness and an unbelievable impudence. Y find a chicken fluttering wildly out in the weeds, with a ti weasel gripping it under the left wing. You set the dogs the insignificant animal; and after an exciting chase, with hundred narrow escapes from the snapping jaws, the weas suddenly vanishes and the disappointed dogs give up t hunt. You regretfully assure yourself that the weasel is the next township by this time, frightened out of his wit

Just as you think this, the dying chicken at your fe emits another agonized squawk. Looking down—there your weasel! Cocky, unafraid, he is curled about h victim again, his vicious little teeth tightly locked beneat the left wing.

II

SULLEN, sore in spirit and full of hopeless pessimism back in Copper Sky, Old Sim Yaples sat upon a truc in the darkness of the railroad-station platform, chewin over the memory of black wrongs. All alone he sat. So so

he that he even avoided the comfortable, luxurious ging chairs in the palatial Directors' Room upstairs unt Malindy Crow's Palace Hotel.

side the window the telegraph keys clattered inces- ly. Down the track, past the ruby and green lights he end of the switch, a line of telegraph poles dis- ared into the night. Up the tracks stretched another of disappearing telegraph poles. Overhead the myriad twinkled in the wonderful sky of a desert night. y to the east a faint white glow appeared above the ff Panamints, promising a moon.

d Sim's mind saw nothing but the black wrongs afore- Earnestly he sat and cursed Sheriff Hogard in his His spree had been so full of promise; and Hogard spoiled it just when it was getting good. Hogard had him a whole night in the calaboose, merely because sentment against being considered unfit for the trail. And he called me Grandpa!" Old Sim summed up. ng his old cross-eyed picture!" A long interval and a muttered "But I'll make him sick!"

e telegraph operator stuck his head out of the window eat excitement. He had heard stirring news and was ly obliged to tell somebody.

ay!" he cried. "What do you think! The Weasel obbed the bank down at the county seat!"

l Sim hopped down from his seat on the truck and ed up to the window.

[e came back again?" he asked. "And got away it?"

ure!" grinned the railroad man. "The operator down just told me. He got away with twelve hundred s this time. And he left another note for the sheriff; something about having come back for another piece cken."

broke off and went back to answer the wire. Pres- l he closed his key and turned again to the window.

ogard has just left with a posse," he said. "Some- saw the Weasel as he was leaving the bank; so he get a chance to work up his usual clean get-away. iew he had been seen; so he stole a horse from the back of the Sandstorm Saloon and beat it out into sert. That horse will leave a fine trail that anybody llow. Hogard will get him—sure! And maybe that be a feather in the sheriff's cap! He'll be reëlected, ou can bet a million on it!"

Sim was silent for half a minute, thinking.

hich way are they heading?" he asked at length.

ll ask," said the operator, going back to his key. A eater he returned. "Northeast," he reported.

l Sim went slowly back to his truck and sat down still thinking. He cut off a large chew of tobacco gan working on it with his toothless gums.

Northeast," he mused as he chewed slowly. "Squaw Water Hole. Yes, sir; I'd bet my life he's making for Rock Water Hole." He continued in thought for minutes and the conviction grew to absolute cer- in his mind. "No other water in that direction," soned. "It must be Squaw Rock.

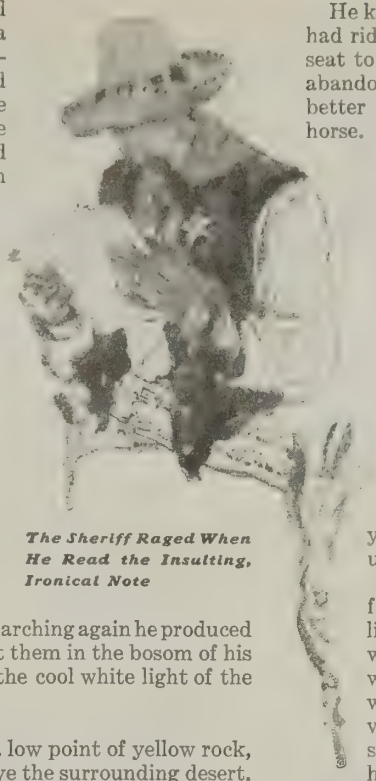
Lmme see: . . . It's forty miles from the county Squaw Rock—forty miles if it's a foot. . . . A man could make it by ten o'clock to-morrow; and I the Weasel must be a good man. . . . It's only twenty miles from here to Squaw Rock, traveling ght and walking round a few little hells on the way. ater . . . I wonder if Grandpa could stand the f such a trip? Grandpa thinks he could!"

old man slipped spryly from the truck and padded l away toward his quarters in the Palace Hotel, a e grin upon his wizened face.

He's where Hogard meets up with one of the old om Copper Sky!" he snickered. "Here's where I e im sick!"

rred at his room, Old Sim hastily buckled on the belt of shells, from which dangled a shiny old revolver and an old-fashioned hunting knife. He made up a small, compact pack, which included such things as bacon and cold flapjacks. These things he treated indifferently; but a bottle of rich-looking liquor he bestowed tenderly and with loving care in a hip pocket. He remembered that he also had another hip pocket; so he rummaged for the first bottle's twin, found it, and honored the second hip pocket. Finally he filled two great canteens with water and carried the outfit downstairs and out to the corral, where he saddled his two tough old jackasses.

Before setting forth, he bethought himself of something he had forgotten. Going back to his room he hunted up a great star, with "Constable" stamped upon its shining face. He pinned it carefully upon the breast of his hunting shirt. Searching again he produced a pair of rusty handcuffs and put them in the bosom of his shirt. Then he slipped out into the cool white light of the rising moon.



The Sheriff Raged When He Read the Insulting, Ironical Note

III

SQUAW ROCK BUTTE was a low point of yellow rock, rising but a hundred feet above the surrounding desert. On the very summit of Squaw Rock, Old Sim Yaples lay, flattened behind a bowlder, like a particularly ugly old lizard basking in the sun. A sparse clump of brush grew in front of his face, and through it the old man's rheumy eyes gazed expectantly across a mile of comparatively open country; yellow-gray sand, spotted with scattering greasewood. Beyond this open country the landscape closed up suddenly and became a forest of higher greasewood and still higher yucca trees. The effect at that distance was to make the forest appear like a vast orange grove, with low palmettos growing among the orange trees. It was the fringe of this desert forest that the old man watched.

The rock was becoming uncomfortably hot; still the watcher stuck. At the foot of the butte, and almost directly beneath him, lay the water hole, with considerable brush and desert grass growing among the bowlders about it. Old Sim turned a faded eye downward for a moment, assured himself that nothing had disturbed the tranquillity of the spot, and then returned his gaze to the fringe of forest beyond the open country.

A black speck emerged from the gray-green fringe and began crossing the open ground. At that distance the black speck looked much like an ant. Old Sim's body stiffened.

"Called the turn!" he exulted. "I said he'd come by Squaw Rock—and he's doing it. I figured he'd get here about ten o'clock—and yonder he comes!"

He started worming his way backward along the ground. Once back and out of sight behind the slope of the butte, he sneaked down to the floor of the desert and around among the brush by the water hole, where he hid behind a rock.

Noiselessly as a fox the Weasel entered the brush and approached the water hole. His small nervous eyes watched all directions, but more from force of habit than from any fear of lurking danger. He had been here often. It was a favorite resort of his, for it was the only water within fifty miles, not considering the water at the towns along the line of the railroad. Never had he seen a man's track here; he almost fancied that he alone knew of the existence of the water hole.

He knew there were enemies back on his trail, for he had ridden recklessly, leaving a trail from the county seat to the Chimneys, where he had dismounted and abandoned his stolen horse. A man on foot could do better across the Chimneys than one hampered by a horse. He was safe. The sheriff and his posse would lose the trail at the Chimneys. It would take much time to pick it up again.

He would just take a drink and eat a light lunch here, after which he would fix his feet mysteriously and fade into the desert, leaving no sign. He grinned—a snarling, animal grin—as he pictured the sheriff's discomfiture, and extended himself upon the ground with his lips to the water.

"Don't move!"

A convulsive jerk shook the man's body. Then he was still. He kept his face close to the water, for he noted in the cracked voice the subtle quality which belongs to the man who long has known the soul of the trigger.

"Keep your head down. I got you covered, you know!" went on the voice. "Put your hands up behind your back."

The Weasel obeyed. Behind him there was a faint scramble, a low swish of parted brush. He listened closely, waiting for some sound that would indicate weakness; an instant's lapse and he would —— Even as he waited, tense, dangerous, wicked as a hot rattlesnake, he grinned again that vulpine grin, thinking what an excellent joke on the sheriff it would be to leave a dead man here to meet him upon his arrival! . . . Still, no sound.

Click-click! And the Weasel came to his feet like a flying clock spring, his teeth bared, his body crouched back against the brush like a trapped wildcat's, his small eyes crazy with rage and fear. Never before had his wrists felt the cuffs. Old Sim soothed him as one soothes an unbroken broncho.

"Steady, now!" he urged. "I don't want to shoot you all up! Lie down again—just for a minute. *Lie down!*"

The command met the Weasel's impulse like the pop of a whip. The Weasel abandoned his spring and sank back against the trunk of a yucca tree, his eyes upon the unwavering muzzle of the shiny big revolver. The old man quickly unwound from his own body a long *riata* of tough rawhide and bound his captive's legs securely. He then sat down upon the sand, with his back against a rock opposite the prisoner, and cut off a generous chew of tobacco.

The storm broke. The Weasel raved like a madman. Every insult, every epithet that was vile he flung at his captor. Through it all the old man sat calmly chewing his tobacco and regarding his prisoner with large toleration.

"I know just how you feel," he said sympathetically when, at last, the Weasel lay back against the tree exhausted, with his lean body heaving and the white froth flecking his lips. "I'd say the same things if I was in your place; in fact, I might think of a few remarks that you overlooked." The old man took a bottle from his hip pocket and treated himself to a long drink. "So you can't hurt my feelings none. Just go right ahead. I'm going to wait right here till the middle of the afternoon; so you'll have plenty of time to get through nice and comfortable."

For a long time he sat, chewing his tobacco peacefully, imperturbably, and gradually the Weasel's unreasoning fury died and the habitual animal cunning took its place. Again he began watching for a sign of weakness.

"Are you a deputy of Hogard's?" he asked finally.

The wizened face darkened.

"No!" said Old Sim shortly. "I'd rather be deputy to a yellow houn' dog."

At Last the Figure Ventured Nervously Into the Patch of Moonlight and Knelt by the Rock, Digging Swiftly in the Sand

Another long, appraising silence, during which Old Sim drank many times; then:

"There's twelve hundred dollars in my clothes, old-timer. . . . If you'd just take it and go away for a few minutes, and forget the key to the handcuffs—sort of leave the key on that rock you're leaning against ——"

Old Sim opened his mouth in a toothless cackle.

"Twelve hunnerd dollarsh!" he said. "Why, son, I got a million already! What I want wizh more? Ever hear of the Red Hill Mine? Well, I'm one of the owners. Fact! I got so much money that I don't have hardly any fun any more."

Another long drink. Old Sim began to weep, silently and drearily.

"Thish li'l' party of ours is firs' good time I've had since I got rich!" he said. "Always gozzer be on hand to collect my dividends. Want to go prospectin'; can't. Gozzer stick round and attend a directors' meeting. Want to get drunk. Can't even do that wizout picking a day that ain't taken up wizh a conference wizh Superintendent Jimmie Brawley. All the time got to be lookin' after my money. It's hell to be rich! Son, don't you ever get rich!"

"I won't," the Weasel assured him earnestly.

"Have a drink!" The old man presented his bottle to the Weasel's mouth and the captive drank with manifest appreciation. "Have anuzzer!" And again the Weasel toasted the beauties of poverty and drank confusion to great riches.

And so they sat, amicably talking and drinking, far into the day. The sun rose straight overhead, and still they sat on, Old Sim calm and peaceful, the Weasel watching for the psychological moment of weakness, which never came.

"Don't you ever get drunk?" he burst forth at last.

"Who—me?" grinned the old trailer. "Sure! But not at a quiet li'l' party like thish. Why, son, I'm not anyways near it now; jush a li'l' bit ripe round the edges—thash all. When I'm drunk you'll know it—if you're anyways near the spot and listen good!"

Old Sim put the bottle away and in doing so struck his hand against a packet. He drew it forth and looked at it.

"Well, look at thish!" he said. "I put her in my pocket the other day when I went down to the county seat. I meant to spend it all, having a good time. Then thish Bill Hogard stuck me in the calaboose, and I hadn't spent hardly any of it!" His face darkened again. "But I'll make him sick!"

Slowly Old Sim turned out the contents of the packet. Gold coin, and paper of large denominations, it rolled upon the sand before the Weasel's astonished eyes.

"I thought you were talking to your whisky, old-timer," he said, "when you said you were rich. I see you didn't dream it. How much of it is there?"

Old Sim counted.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," he said bitterly. "I sta in wizh a couple thousand and was having a fine t but, before I got loose from more than five hun dollars, this dang sheriff pried me loose from my fun; it made me so mad that I plumb forgot about thish wad until thish minute."

The Weasel swallowed hard and then drew a long s

About one o'clock Old Sim unbound the Weasel's and drove him over to where the burros were hid An hour later, having returned to the water hole for l and fresh water, they were journeying back on the Wea trail. The prisoner rode ahead, his hands still mana and for greater security the rawhide rope was fixed a his body and attached to the saddle horn. Behind lowed the pack donkey, Old Sim padding along in the encouraging the reluctant beasts with a club.

"You don't want money," said the Weasel after had traveled in silence for several miles, "and you the sheriff. I never harmed you; then why are yo determined to take me back and collect the little rew that will be up for my capture?"

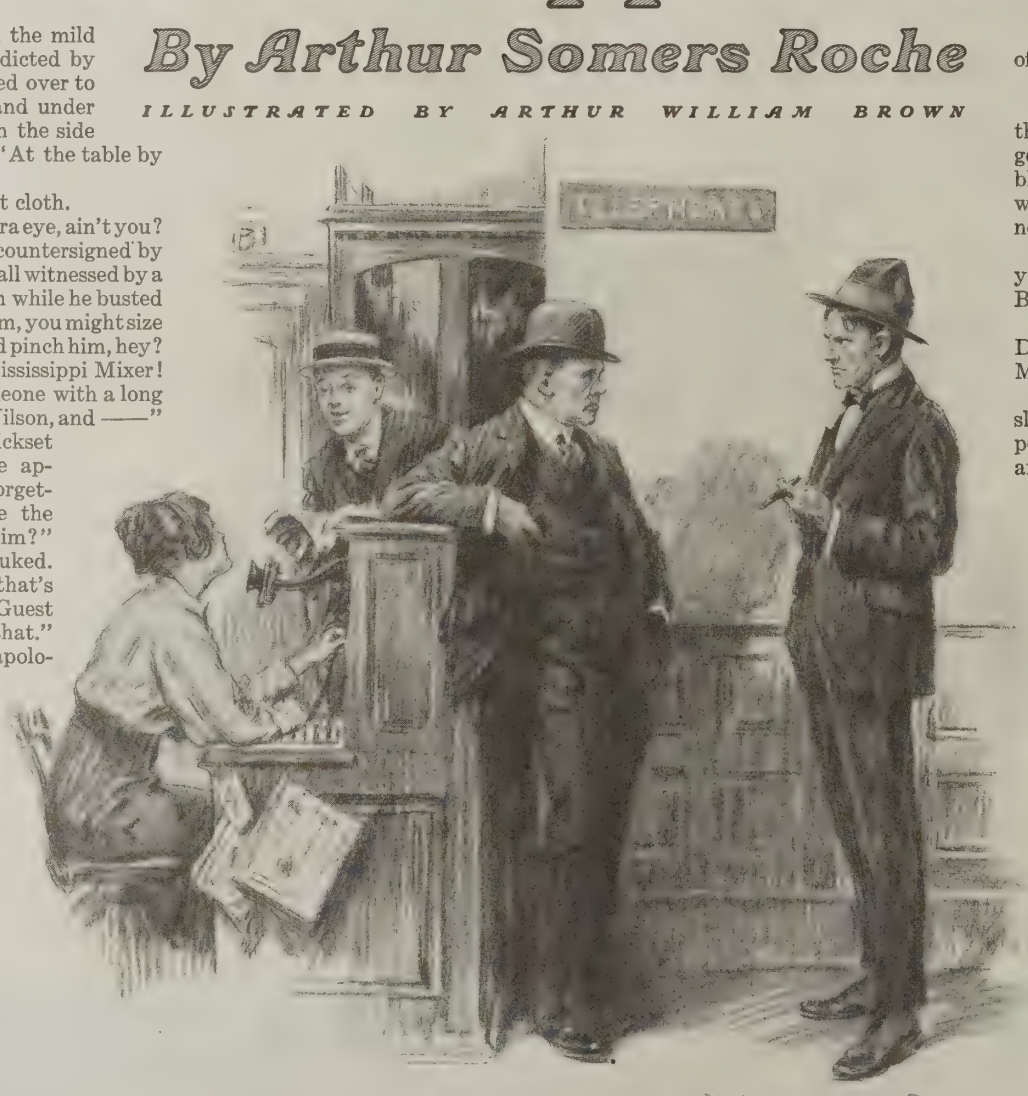
"Want to make the sheriff sick!" said Old Sim rea "You wait and see! Know why I rested so long at water hole? Wanted to give the sheriff time to break heart crossing the Chimneys! He'll try to ride acro and the Chimneys are plumb hell on a horse. Then

(Continued on Page 70)

The Scent of Apple Blossoms

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"Have You Got Any Money You Can Afford to Throw Away? If You Have, Go Right Back to Your Little Pal and Begin Throwing It"

THE short, thickset man with the mild brown eyes that were contradicted by the round, scrappy jaw walked over to the bar. He ordered ginger ale, and under cover of the operation spoke from the side of his mouth to the bartender: "At the table by the cigar stand, Jerry?"

Jerry wiped the bar with a moist cloth.

"Gee, Doyle, but you got a camera eye, ain't you? If a murderer give you his photo countersigned by the commissioner, and a confession all witnessed by a notary, and then took you with him while he busted somebody wide open and frisked him, you might size him up as a guy that was wanted and pinch him, hey? Why, that's Russell Bray, the Mississippi Mixer! You want to look out, Doyle. Someone with a long beard will tell you he's Woodrow Wilson, and ——"

"Nice stuff, Jerry," said the thickset man wearily. "Just imagine me applauding, will you? Now then, forgetting that I gave Bray a tumble the minute I saw him—the guy with him?"

"Oh!" Jerry was properly rebuked. "Name is Ordway. Leastwise that's the moniker Bray gave him. Guest here, I think. You'd oughta know that."

"I've been away for a week," apologized Doyle. He drank his ginger ale and walked from the bar to the hotel office. There at the desk he looked over the register, running down the pages with a stubby thumb. Among the arrivals of the day before yesterday he found the entry, "Samuel S. Ordway, Freeport, Miss."

"Mississippi, eh?" Doyle said softly.

He nodded to the room clerk.

"This Ordway here?" He indicated, still with his thumb, the name of the man at present consorting in the bar with the Mississippi Mixer.

The room clerk smiled condescendingly.

"Vacations rest the brain so; don't they, Doyle?" he jeered. "They send you back to work so full of pep and snap, make you alive to the job, and—why that guy Ordway is a millionaire. Farm implements from Mississippi. Bradstreet says that he's Triple A—one with several pennies in the bank. Take a look at him, Doyle. He doesn't look like a short-change artist, honest he doesn't."

"When do you and Jerry put on your act?" asked Doyle kindly. "Your rehearsals go big with me, feller. They certainly do."

"Huh?" But the room clerk's exclamation hit Doyle between his burly shoulders and no answer rebounded. The room clerk returned to the fascinating occupation of placing a meticulous polish upon his finger nails.

Doyle beckoned to a bell boy.

"Page Mr. Samuel S. Ordway. You'll find him in the bar. Tell him that he's wanted at the telephone."

"Yes, sir." And the boy departed on the errand.

Doyle lounged over to the telephone booths and waited. In a moment Ordway appeared in the door of the bar. Doyle had a good chance to size him up as he hurried across the lobby.

Broad-shouldered, dressed in a suit made of expensive cloth but patently not made to measure, a black felt hat, rather wide-brimmed, set quite far back on curly red hair above a face that had been burned copper by the sun, Ordway was hardly the proper companion for the Mississippi Mixer; at any rate, not from the standpoint of Doyle.

"Telephone for me, miss?" asked Ordw of the girl at the switchboard.

Doyle touched the man on the shoul

"Excuse me, Mr. Ordway," he said, " the telephone was just a stall. An excus get you out here," he added at Ordw blank expression. "I noticed you in the with one of the cleverest con men in the b ness, and ——"

"Eh?" Ordway's face hardened. " you alludin', seh, to my friend, Mr. Rus Bray?"

"Uh-huh. That's the very man," smi Doyle. "Better known as the Mississi Mixer, high-class crook."

"I don't know you, seh," said Ordw slowly, "and if I did know you I would permit such remarks about my friend, ab any friend ——"

"Sure. I've been to see th Southern shows, and I always mire the boys in the restaura that get up and holler when the ba plays Dixie. I like this chivalry st I can't use none of it in my busin but I always enjoy seeing it just same, Mr. Ordway. As a South gentleman you want to pick out two front teeth and send them the ash can; but as a business m Mr. Ordway—I'm talking to as a business man. Have you any money you can afford to thr away? If you have, go right ba to your little pal and begin thr ing it. If you haven't ——" shrugged his shoulders.

"Why—uh—Mr. Bray is—he a boyhood friend—I haven't s him before this week in ten years more—and ——"

"How much has he asked for demanded Doyle. "Or has he it already?" he added, noting other's sudden flush.

"Why—uh—no, seh. He—uh called yesterday, having seen name in the hotel arrivals in newspapers, seh, and he—uh—took me round town l night as his—uh—guest, seh. This mornin'—just no seh—he was givin' me the details of a most remarkal promisin' proposition that ——"

"Knows a friend in a telegraph office that will hold ba racing returns, or did it have to do with an option or mine in Cobalt?" asked Doyle.

"Cobalt," said Ordway. He grinned sheepishly.

"And you were just going to make out the check, eh

"Well—uh—Russ Bray and I were boyhood frien seh, and —— If he's become a crook, why is he permitt in this hotel? You're a detective, ain't you?"

"House detective," said Doyle. "I can't arrest hi No one's ever been able to arrest the Mississippi Mix

evidence against him. We just know that his friends ays lose money through him. Inside the law always, that don't put the money back in his friends' banks, it? Oh, no. I can't even warn him out of here. He'd e a fine suit for damages against the hotel if I did. But n warn his friends. That's all I can do. If they want to head—that's their business, not the hotel's. But if you t be trimmed, would you mind going across the street to her place? I hate to sit by and watch it done, you know."
e eyed Ordway dispassionately.
Suit yourself, of course; only suppose you say to him : Colonel Fallon called you up, and just watch the way akes that."
Who is Colonel Fallon?" asked Ordway.
Oh, just a man who went bankrupt because of Bray. r friend is a charming feller, you know. Great mixer. ry it."
will," said Ordway.
walked back to the bar and sat down at the table Bray. Somehow Bray didn't seem the same as he had ed a few minutes ago. Ordway saw his companion not through the haze of memory, but clearly. Bray's were shifty; his mouth was mean and hard.
Business?" asked Bray.
dway nodded.
man named Fallon called me up—Colonel Fallon, he l himself. Wanted to meet me right away—some new tion. I told him that I was sorry, but that I was ged with a boyhood friend from my own home town."
id you tell him my name?" asked Bray harshly.
e Mississippi Mixer's face was white. Ordway shook ead gently.
ou must have treated him mighty shabby, Russ."
h? He's a liar! He's a squealer! He's ——"
Olway pushed back his chair.
m sorry, Russ, but I don't think we can do any sess together. I'm mighty sorry, Russ—for you."
looked a full minute into the eyes h boyhood chum. Bray wet his lips his tongue. He tried to speak, but uld not. A film gathered before his s He saw himself fifteen years ago, a grown boy; he smelled apple blos- . . . He gulped his drink, put the glass and rose to his feet. Ord- ad left the room; evidently he had d he check. Bray seemed to feel tapt in the averted eyes of the bar- d, in the impersonal glance of the h .

t as not until after his third drink sabby Sixth Avenue saloon that his changed from self-contempt to self- . Didn't he have the devil's own luck, un? Here was Sam Ordway, rich, ed, married happily, and with a p of dandy kids, whose pictures, with their mother, he carried round m in his pocketbook. And Sam wy wasn't particularly clever either. ve? Why, but for the unhappy whim ce, Bray would have hooked him e thousand. Ordway had just about ed to go into the deal that Bray posed when that cursed telephone d come for him. Clever? Ordway luky, that was all.

ll lucky boob, and look what he nd here was Russell Bray, with ils of brains, and look what he About four dollars if he counted ier in his pocket. Surely he had othing so wicked that he should such treatment at the hands of . If he'd been a little cleverer than certain men and got sore at him, that hadn't been his fault; that n their fault for being stupid. He'd always kept e law, hadn't he? Not a bull in the town had any- him. He was just as straight as any of these big ires, only he didn't have their luck.

d a couple more drinks; his mood changed again; seemed to grow thinner, harsher, and his eyes were . It was Doyle, that big-footed, fat-witted house e! He had noticed Doyle at the bar, but he had that Doyle hadn't observed him. It was Doyle tipped Ordway off! Well, *damn* Doyle!

hat sort of man was Sam Ordway to let a house tie steal an old pal's character away in this fashion? e fend Ordway was! One word from a stranger and he ve the worst. How'd Ordway like it if some stranger something about him to a good friend of his? Suppos- sor one came along and filled the ears of that wife of wa s with a tale of her husband's doings in New York? t srt of wife would Ordway think her if she turned ns him in an instant? By George, he wished that Ord- co d go through just such an experience, the scented, te rig! Then Ordway would know what it was to have r go d name stolen in a sentence, and ——

He ordered another drink and consumed it slowly. He didn't know Ordway's wife, and writing letters was bad business. And, anyway, Ordway was on a quick trip and would be returning to-night to Mississippi and would get there as soon as a letter, and could persuade his wife that the letter was untrue, no matter what Bray might put in it.

But if, while Ordway was still away, his wife got a tip that her husband wasn't exactly the nice church deacon that she probably thought he was . . . it would serve Ordway exactly right—the disloyal, squealing, close-fisted pup. And a telegram . . . it was not until after three more drinks had been brought to his sloppy table that Bray finally composed the telegram. Painfully, for he was quite drunk by this time, he wrote it out on a sheet of paper obligingly furnished by the bartender. It read:

"SAMUEL S. ORDWAY,
"Freeport, Miss. Have moved to —— East Manville Street. Please come. Love.
"YSOBELLE LA CLAIR."

That signature was the final artistic touch, he felt. Any girl with that sort of name, Mrs. Ordway would think, would be bound to be exactly the sort of girl that would be sending fond telegrams to a married man.

"Excuse Me, Sir, But I'm Getting Married"

The Mississippi Mixer was very, very careful in everything that he wrote; he looked far ahead. If Mrs. Ordway came hurriedly to New York and, finding that she had been duped, started an investigation, it was not at all likely that Bray would have invited the attentions of the police. It probably was against the law to sign another person's name to a telegram, but surely there was no law forbidding one to sign a fictitious name. And, besides, who was going to know that Russell Bray had had anything to do with it? He dismissed his fears as silly.

"Ring for a messenger," he ordered the complaisant bartender. And while he awaited the boy's arrival he amused himself by picturing Mrs. Sam Ordway's horror when the telegram—it was clever, addressing it to her husband and not to her—arrived. Trust a woman to open a telegram too. He could just imagine Ordway's stammering denials of acquaintance with anyone named Ysobelle. Oh, it was very hot stuff. He wished that he could afford a nice long wire. But it was enough. It would do.

The messenger noted the bartender's pointing finger and came over to Bray's table. He read the message.

"Freeport, Mississippi, hey? I don't know how much it is."

"Well, I do," said Bray. "Sixty cents, and sixty cents is exactly what you get from me."

He counted out the exact amount and gave it to the boy. The messenger sneered at him, but Bray merely leered drunkenly, and the boy left. The Mississippi Mixer was asleep, head in arms and arms on the table, before the boy had reached the sidewalk.

Outside the youngster jingled the coins that were to pay for the message. He was a typical New York messenger boy, and to say that is equivalent to saying that he knew but one sin—piking. To be a piker, to be tight with one's money, was to stamp one as being unworthy of all consideration. The piker was fair game for anyone. And a person who failed to present a tip to a hard-working youth, when the high cost of cigarettes was more appalling each day, was a piker to the *n*th degree. As a matter of fact, not only was it the correct thing to trim a piker, but it was absolutely incorrect not to do so.

The boy stopped and considered the matter. Freeport, Mississippi, but written "Freeport, *Miss.*" Now there was, as he happened to know, another Freeport, situated in Massachusetts. The abbreviation of Massachusetts is "Mass." The rate to Massachusetts for a ten-word telegram is thirty cents. The sender of the message was a piker; thirty cents from sixty cents leaves thirty cents; appropriate sum for a piker, in the argot of the street, amounts to but thirty cents. The messenger boy drew out a pencil; he lifted one knee; on that knee he rested his black imitation-leather book that was the repository of Bray's message. The least little mark of his pencil and the deed was done—Miss. had become Mass., and the messenger boy was enriched by three dimes. The drunk back in the saloon would forget all about the wire when he got over his little party; and besides, the message looked kinda phony anyway; and he hadn't come through with a tip like he oughta. Even juvenile Mixers find justification in odd corners, as do their elders who have passed beyond the embryonic stage.

When the summer people began to flock to Freeport, Massachusetts, the telegraph company decided to put in an office. They rented a corner of Lon Haslett's drug store; and Lon, being New England born and bred, began to study the code. The second winter following the installation, the company, being offered the services of a fairly competent operator for seven dollars a week, did not discontinue the wire when the summer people had gone, but continued it, with Lon Haslett as operator. It was good business for both sides, as the drug business was slack in the winter anyway, and a dollar a day for monkeying round a funny little key wasn't to be sneezed at. And it was a fine thing for the town, for elections and sporting events were promptly reported. Lon's drug store was more than ever the lounging place of the cream of Freeport's sporting population.

So it was that Lon had a large and appreciative audience on the afternoon in late May when the message addressed to Samuel S. Ordway came through.

Lon wrote it out painstakingly; he read it aloud; then he passed it round, that every individual present might have the pleasure of reading as well as hearing.

"Gointer deliver it now, Lon?" asked Leon Berryman.

"Deliver it? There ain't no Sam'l S. Ordway in Freeport," replied the druggist-telegrapher.

Leon Berryman winked almost audibly.

"I ain't sayin' there is, am I?" he retorted. "But there's an Ordway here, and it looks to me like that message is meant for him. Ain't Gar Ordway just the sort of person that would be getting telegrams from ladies named Ysobelle La Clair?"

Leon took rank from that day as the town's foremost humorist.

"Garfield Ordway!" gasped Lon Haslett.

"Fatty Ordway!" cried the others.

Ten minutes later, leaving behind him a scene of innocent mirth and revelry, young Hen Sawyer entered the dry-goods store of Garfield Ordway.

"Telegram for you, Gar," he said.

Ordway wiped his hands, that were always nervously moist, on a handkerchief. Gingerly he took the yellow envelope, addressed not to Samuel S. Ordway but to Garfield Ordway. He opened it; he read it; his jaw dropped.

"Any answer?" queried young Hen.

"N-no," stammered the amazed Garfield.

"Aincha goin' to see the lovely Y-so-belle?" asked the well-coached Hen, his mouth agrin.

And now, of course, Gar Ordway knew that he was the victim of a practical joke. Hen Sawyer dodged under the yardstick wielded by the stout arm of the irate merchant, and beat a hasty retreat to the drug store.

But the beauty of the practical joke is that it is very often immaterial that the victim doesn't bite. The fact that he has been selected as victim makes him a butt. So when Gar Ordway passed the drug store, after closing his shop that afternoon, three husky Freeport citizens dragged him inside, slapped him on the back, uttered many loud coarse jests, and insisted that Ordway stand treat to the cigars.

Ordway knew the customs of his own home town. He bought the cigars, tried not to blush too vividly at the suggestions uttered by Leon Berryman and the others, and finally broke away. If the boys wanted to have their fun, why, all right, let them have it; he didn't mind. But at home, in his little comfortable house, after he had cooked his own supper and eaten it, and washed the dishes and tidied-up, he looked at the telegram again. Then he went and looked at himself in the mirror.

Gosh, he wished that some real Y-so-belle—he pronounced it painfully and blushingly—would wire him her love and ask him to come. But nobody with a face and figure like his could expect anything like that to happen. He studied himself carefully: where he wasn't bald he was slightly gray; his face was round and much too fat, and the pores of his skin were visible to the casual eye. His neck was very short, and he couldn't possibly encompass it with a collar more than an inch high. And his stomach bulged roundly; and his legs were short, and—oh, gosh!

He tried to read the Freeport Daily News, but ever and again his eyes wandered to the yellow paper on which was printed the jesting message. Y-so-belle La Clair! Sounded kinda Frenchy, and—and—well, interesting. And the address, —— East Manville Street. He'd never been to New York, but he had always thought that all the streets were numbered there. It would be kinda interesting to know —— There was a Guide to New York that some summer person had left in his store last year that he'd brought home —— Yes, there was an East Manville Street, all right. It was in the district south of Washington Square, where there was that fine arch that he'd always wanted to see. . . .

Of course it was a joke, but —— Suddenly he went to the telephone and called up Lon Haslett.

"This is Gar, Lon," he said. "About the telegram I got to-day. Ha-ha! . . . Yes, it was on me, all right. . . . But what I wanted to know was how you fellers knew that there was such a street as that?"

He listened patiently while Lon Haslett cried to the ever-present loungers that Gar Ordway was still interested in Miss La Clair. He returned jocose answers as each of the loungers in turn hurled some ribald jest through the telephone. And finally Lon explained the foundation for the joke.

"It was addressed to Samuel S. Ordway. Some mistake, Gar, so we was just kiddin' you. Changed the name to yours, you know. Ain't got any Cousin Sam that it might have been meant for, have you?"

"Wish I had; I'd steal his girl," said Gar.

He hung up the receiver, amazed at his own answer. What was the matter with him? Whence came this sudden daring—even though verbal only—of his? Would he have tried to steal a nonexistent Cousin Sam's girl? Would he? He wiped perspiration from his forehead; he felt suddenly overcome by the heat of the room, although it was not very warm for May. He walked to the window; he opened it. He owned a small orchard, and the apple trees were just beginning to blossom. The night wind brought their scent fragrantly to his nostrils. His soul expanded; he felt bigger than he had ever felt in his life; his fat seemed to slough away from him; he saw the dull routine of his life as it had been ever since, on his father's death, he had bought the dry-goods store from Eben Blaisdell. He'd never been to New York; he'd only been to Boston on buying trips. He'd never had a girl; he'd always been fat and dull. Of course this telegram wasn't meant for him; wasn't meant even for anyone in Freeport; if he should call on this Y-so-belle La Clair she'd probably think he was crazy, but —— Supposin' the man she really sent her invitation and her love to never heard from her at all? Supposin' she was a nice young girl mournin' for her lover or somethin'? Hadn't she oughta be told about the mistake in the wire, and—and —— A breeze, a little stronger, blew across the orchard and came to him in the window. Apple blossoms! Springtime! Youth! Forty wasn't so terrible old, and —— If a man hustled he could catch the ten-twenty from Yarmouth Center to Boston. He could get to Boston a little after one, spend the rest of the night there and catch a mornin' train to New York. A-course it was crazy, and the girl didn't know him and hadn't sent for him, but —— If a man hadn't ever done anythin' out of the ordinary by the time he was forty, he'd better do it then or he never would.

Gar Ordway caught the ten-twenty to Boston. He arrived in New York at four o'clock. He could have ridden on an earlier train, but a man going to New York had oughta spruce up a little. A wholesale dry-goods house in Boston had cashed a check for him, and a haberdashery and clothing store had outfitted him. It was a Gar Ordway much different from the man that Freeport knew who walked through the Grand Central Station and inquired of a policeman the way to East Manville Street. His shirt was soft and silken; his tie was rich; his suit, though a Fifth Avenue tailor might have carped, was at least well pressed and of good material. He even carried a light stick. Altogether he felt that he was quite impressive and not entirely without justification. He was no slim dandy, but he looked prosperous, and the policeman recognized this and explained the best route in detail.

"But a taxi is the best way for a stranger," he added.

And Gar Ordway, for the first time in his life, rode in a taxicab, resolutely refusing to look at the mounting meter. He did not know how lucky had been his choice of locomotion; how the waiting taxi impressed the slattern servant at ——East Manville Street to the point of summoning her mistress; how it impressed her mistress—on finding that the visitor did not desire a room but merely wanted to know the whereabouts of a mythical Ysobelle La Clair—to the point of inviting him in to drink a cup of tea.

Well, Ordway might just as well, he supposed. Lon Haslett had been a liar. The boys had just guessed at the fact that there was an East Manville Street in New York; there'd never been any telegram at all. And he might just as well drink a cup of tea. He dismissed the taxi and entered the drab parlor.

"And you say you got a telegram from this Miss La Clair saying that she'd moved to this address?" asked the landlady.

Ordway blushed.

"Well, ma'am, it wasn't exactly for me, but ——" And because he disliked lying, and the landlady seemed a comfortable old soul, he told her the whole story. "I guess I musta been just crazy," he said as he finished. "I dunno what I'd said to the lady if I'd found her, anyway."

"I bet she'd found plenty to say to you," said the landlady flatteringly. She eyed her visitor. "So you come from Freeport? I had a lady with me quite recent that come from there. Leastwise she said once that wa home town. Name of Westcott. Martha Westcott. know her?"

Did Gar Ordway know her? Why, he could reme when they had gone to school together. He coul member her yellow hair.

"It ain't yellow any more," said the landlady. pretty gray. Had pretty hard luck, I guess."

"But I thought she'd done mighty well. Was secr to a rich man ——"

"Uh-huh. But he failed, and she didn't get an job. She's round forty, I guess, and it ain't so easy She was a nice woman, too, and I hated to see her

A chill gripped Gar Ordway's heart. He'd never k Martha Westcott very well; Martha had left Fre when she was twenty—right after she'd graduated high school; her folks had all died. But she was fro own home town, and a woman, and ——

"Why did she have to go?" he asked.

"Because she was too proud to stay when she cou pay her board," was the reply.

"Where'd she go?" demanded way hoarsely.

"I dunno. She called for her for a few days, and then she didn't round again. I guess she the post office forward i

"Do you think they'd me her address?"

"Well, you might try," gested the landlady. "A she added archly, "if you her, even if she isn't your La Clair, lemme hear h all comes out, will you?"

And Ordway, hurr down the steps, promise

There was difficulty a branch post office: it against the law to give addresses. But humani higher than law sometim

"She might be hungry, most wept Gar Ordway, she's from my own h town."

And they gave him Ma Westcott's address. Ord went there; it was a d tenement in Tompkins St No one answered the he was compelled to knoc several doors before he fo the right one. And whe did find it he hardly knew The Martha Westcott o day was faded, worn, Also she was shabby.

But she remembered Ordway, and she was pr glad to see him, though thetically ashamed of her

erty. No, she hadn't been doing as well lately. In she—and then Ordway saw the piles of vests, w buttonholes were to be finished if Martha Westcott to eat, and Gar Ordway's heart melted.

"Martha," he said, "here's why I am in New Yo

He told her the whole story:

"You see, I'm a darned fool, Martha. But—but— lonely, I guess, and, Martha, you can't go on this And I—I can't go on the way I've been going. Ma the apple blossoms are blooming back in Freeport; quiet there, and comfortable. I got a good store. would be comfortable—and I wouldn't bother you n You'd be free, Martha, and I—why, fat men of f that's just been and tried to make darned fools of th selves ain't got much right to talk love to a nice wor but I wouldn't talk it, Martha, I'd live it; and—you c stand me, couldn't you? Make it a business proposit You'd be my housekeeper; you'd have to marry me cause it wouldn't look right if you didn't. But you free, Martha, and—you needn't be afraid of me."

She looked at him. Somehow he didn't look lik little fat man to her; he looked like a knight. She di notice that his neck was short and his forehead be with perspiration. Her eyes grew soft. And somehow didn't look, to Gar Ordway, like a faded woman of mi age. She looked youthfully slim, gentle.

"Gar, I wouldn't be afraid of you," she said. "B have nothing."

"Listen, Martha, do you really mean it? You can give me for being the sort of man to run round looking an Y-so-belle La Clair that ——"

"Why, Gar," she said, "I think it was noble of y

The Mississippi Mixer turned and stared trucule into the face of Doyle, the house detective.

(Concluded on Page 69)

Somehow He Didn't Look Like a Little Fat Man to Her; He Looked Like a Knight

Something Yet Again: Chemical Control—By James H. Collins

A New Factor in Industry That Calls for Explanation

X gentlemen gathered round a table on hich were displayed a steel rail, a water-roof shoe, a fifty-cent necktie, and a tin served beef. Each claimed credit for ing these commodities.

" are products of our wonderful factory ," said the manufacturer. "My fore- built the factory and my management pt going."

"I w about money?" protested the banker. re would your factory be without my cial aid?"

Th third man was an engineer.

Nither factory nor finance would have much account without my professional in working out processes," he asserted. of these articles embodies hundreds of ring problems, which I have solved."

A production rests on labor," declared a an in cap and overalls. "If I walk out factory everything stops!"

I uilt up the consuming demand for your f," chipped in the salesman. "Unless you ndreds of thousands of customers all te country you could never secure the ies of quantity production."

nly the sixth man spoke.

n a chemist," he said, "and these are ical products. All industry to-day is urths chemical. You may think that s el rail was made in furnaces and mills ply mechanical processes; but from inish it depends on chemical exactness arials and manipulation; and if the ry is lacking, the rail breaks. That ntanned shoe is a chemical achievement. Chrome is a chemically exact process. The necktie is made ial silk, a chemical imitation that is at once cheap, king and useful. As for your can of beef, the pack-ndustry has been built up on chemical research, and this s probably paid for with chemical by-products. en, three-fourths of all our manufacturing to-day mical at bottom, and you must recognize that fact if ar going to extend your business and continue to e money."

What Does the Chemist Say?

TR a vital new factor in American industry—chem-al control.

ok t our manufacturing plants through the eyes of hemist, and products that you had supposed were elynechanical in their nature, such as building ma-, etals, machinery, and the like, become products laboratory. The food you eat, the beverages you te clothes you wear, the tools you use, your play-al studies, and the power, heat and light that keep ortable in the modern world—in every one of s ibtle chemical supervision. It is an exceptional s : plant nowadays that does not rest fundamen-hemical control; and if you find one that does thing is probably the matter with it for that very Everywhere the chemist, through research, is lay-ehe delicate, hidden reactions involved in working alinto products and, when manufacturing processes en estab-or these basic keping the t to chem-sta lards by en analyses sts

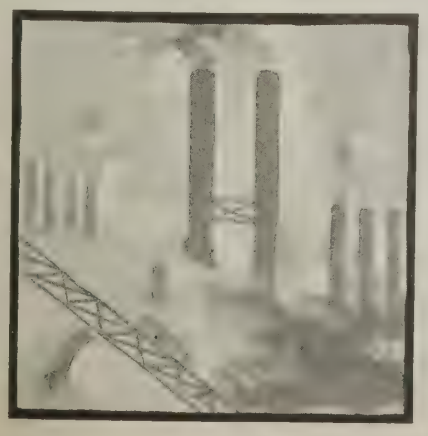
re another of lustrating ical ontrol: ery dy knows mu has been nplied in the ew ars by in-ent study of in dustry—orks. A man-understands is ple have differences of temperament, education, brains, strength, likes and dislikes. He uses their natural abilities as far as possible and, when these are too pronounced in a certain direction, may check one against another, as by harnessing careless energy and cautious experience together. Even differences of nationality, politics and religion can be harmonized to increase output, raise earnings, cut costs, and abolish waste and accidents.

Now comes the chemist and insists that the materials of industry are just about like the people. They are temperamental. They have warm likes and dislikes for each other. Some are energetic and some sluggish. They differ with mass, temperature, time, and so on, and are swayed by the equivalent of nationality and politics—and cannot help it, because they were born that way. Their differences are as subtle as human whimsies, being detected only with the microscope or delicate reactions in many cases. The chemist aims to bring about with materials the same balance and working harmony that the manager of employees brings about with human beings.

Chemical control was already a big factor in our industries before the European war broke out; but few except the experts had heard much about it. War gave it prominence. Manufacturers found themselves unable to get hundreds of chemical materials that had been coming from Europe as a matter of routine—many from Germany, which has carried chemical control to great lengths in its industries. They faced the problem of making these things or finding substitutes. The public also found chemistry interesting, because it had to pay more for drugs and chemicals.

The dye situation was especially interesting. So much has been said and written about dyes during the past two years that the man in the street knows all about the color in his socks—where it comes from or has gone. Dyes have attracted attention out of all proportion to their importance, for our whole consumption amounts to no more than twenty-five or thirty million dollars a year. But this popular interest has directed attention to the general chemical problem. The manufacturer and the man in the street were very pointed with the chemist when they found themselves running short of things.

"What are you going to do about it?" they asked. "What is the matter with American chemistry, anyway?"



And the chemist dropped his test tubes and microscope, and undertook to explain. He has been explaining ever since. It is rather a complex situation.

There is a twofold general chemical problem. In the first place, we now see that we ought to make many of the crude chemical materials formerly bought abroad. This calls for improvement in present processes, and also new factories. Potash is a fair example. We can get some of it out of cement-kiln gas when we contrive the right process to save what is now waste; and can also make it from kelp, feldspar, Western lake waters and other raw materials, when we build factories. In the second place, we must have a better understanding of the universal importance of chemical control in all our industries, and adjust processes accordingly.

Never Too Much Theory

WE MUST all get acquainted with each other on this new basis, says the chemist. The man in the street thinks of manufacturing as purely mechanical and regards the chemist as a sort of pill maker and medicine man. He must learn that chemical control is far-reaching in business and see its possibilities for efficiency. The manufacturer needs a chemical point of view on his plant, and the politician will be called upon to help. The chemist himself admits that he has been backward about getting acquainted—he has stuck too close to his professional activities and taken no time to explain the broad practical aspects of his work to the public. Most of all, the banker needs enlightenment on chemical control, so that he can coöperate intelligently by investing his money. The situation pivots on the banker.

For an example of what chemical control, backed by flexible banking facilities, can accomplish for a nation, one must go to Germany, where the chemist, the manufacturer, the government and the banker all work together. German industries are more thoroughly organized in this way than those of any other nation, and for that reason the Germans have been able to get fine results in business with rather poor resources.

German banks have been industrial institutions as well as financial. No laws such as restrict banking in England, France and America, have kept them out of business ventures. The German chemist has delved into research and found new ways of doing things, and when his ideas were laid before the great German banks the latter have provided capital for taking a chance. In many cases the idea has been so advanced that private capital would not have taken chances. Even the chemist himself could not tell just how far his idea might be applied in business. But the German banker, guided by his chemical adviser, has backed ideas with money; and nine times in ten he has won. For it is an axiom in science that the discovery of to-day, pure theory, apparently but a beautiful laboratory achievement, will in five or ten years be part of the daily life of the man in the street.

Germans have never been afraid of theory. An American business man once visited the late Doctor Witt, at the Charlottenburg Technical School, and was shown its facilities for research.

"But doesn't this run too much to theory?" asked the visitor, with his true American distrust of everything not plainly practical.

"Why, one can never have too much theory!" the doctor replied, in surprise, like a true German.

(Continued on Page 77)

THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAI

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

IT'S the most trite thing in the world to say that blood will tell. If a snub-nosed, pie-eyed, auger-legged gutter tike stands up in a street fight and shows a bit of thoroughbred metal, we very quickly point to the thin but true-blue strain that dominated him; and by the same token, when a sledge husky goes "bad" it's easy enough to cry "Wolf!" literally, and consign him to his special ancestral devil. Thus, also, with the *genus homo*—the extremes are easily recognized. But the average man—that complacent omnibus in which so many mixed ancestors ride—cannot be so easily classified.

"There's so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us"—as we used to recite for Teacher on Friday afternoons—that life may mean a constant struggle between our blue-ribbon and yellow-devil strains; and in those unfortunates where they balance fifty-fifty it doesn't pay to be too hasty. Not that I'm trying to defend Benton Clune; I'm only going to give you the facts and let you judge for yourself.

Benton had good metal in him. His great-great-grandfather was one of the first settlers to come out of Connecticut into the New York wilderness. He arrived in a Conestoga wagon with solid wooden wheels, bringing family and household goods, and cleared with his own ax, against heavy odds, a big tract on the Delaware River. He was one of Walt Whitman's "powerful uneducated persons," wearing a coonskin cap, and chumming closely with an old flintlock, affectionately addressed as Sar' Ann.

People respected him for his hardy bravery, unswerving honesty and general sterling metal. He was a good neighbor and, when the need arose, could handle an Indian like a Tom Quick. He feared—apparently—neither God, man nor devil, living valiantly, without special church or creed, through famine, Indian wars and black winter freezes, and died with his boots on. He had a mate worthy of him. She could use an ax like a man, and on one occasion fought wolves away from her door with blazing fagots.

Their son opened the first general store and sawmill in this region when the little clearing budded into a settlement. He handled the first loggers who came down the river from Canada, by right of might, as he had to. They were a rough lot and he had his work cut out for him; but he won through. He was the John Ridd of the countryside for physical prowess and wrestling; and he boasted, and could make good, that he could put down any man's hand he met.

By the time his son, Benton's grandfather, was grown, times had changed. The settlement had grown into a prosperous village, and a man was no longer ranked according to biceps. Law and order had arrived, more or less. Benton's granddad served creditably in the Civil War and, on his return, spent the remainder of his days—his store having prospered and grown expansive—wearing black broadcloth and a gold watch chain and presiding as superintendent of the Congregational Sunday School. No blame whatever can attach to him, since he was a brave man, upright and honorable, who had served his country fearlessly.

The first error was made by Dan, his son. Dan went over to North Riding Settlement and married Maisie Benton. Maisie was his error. He didn't dream this, of course, because the error came disguised as a soft, pink little morsel of femininity in butterfly flounces and a bonnetful of roses. There wasn't a mother's son in the countryside who hadn't let his mouth water for Maisie; but only Dan—God help him!—was lucky enough to win her.

He brought her back to the big house on River Street and gave her a "hired girl," and silks that "stood alone," and all the worship and petting that a great, hulking, coarse male feels is appropriate for a soft, lovely creature who has yielded her life to him—that is, he did during the first year. By the end of it he had found Maisie out—and the discovery was not exactly pleasing. Maisie in petticoats was a pliant, clinging soul who needed constant protection, who demanded it as her right; Maisie in trousers would have been drummed out of any self-respecting community.

If ever a cold coward, a plain ordinary quitter, with not a single inch of spine, walked shoe-leather it was little Maisie Clune, who worshiped so regularly in her big pew in the old Congregational and trusted her God not at all. It was not alone that she feared spiders, tramps, burglars, snakes, storms and dogs, legitimate objects of female fear in her day, but she was afraid on general grounds. She feared everything. She feared thirteen at table, and a raised umbrella in the house—precursor of death; and "tokens"—a bird flying indoors would send her into hysterics; she was afraid of "spooks," of her own society, of ghost stories, of dark o' night, of accidents, of sickness, of death, of the "world to come."

In short, Maisie was afraid! She lived most of her days in tears. And all this might have been tolerable, but there was worse; for Maisie was also afraid of the truth, of a moral issue, of all responsibility, and of maternity. This last she made very clear when young Benton Clune decided to make his début into the world.

At the end of a year devoted to assuaging tears and calming terrors, real and imaginary, Dan Clune, grown considerably bored, passed by on the other side and left Maisie alone spiritually—alone with Bennie.

And Bennie got what Dan had been getting. Only, not being a strong, cigar-smoking male, who could take it out in playing pool down at Weston's, but a small, malleable, human thing-in-the-making, he naturally felt a keener sympathy for his mother's terrors. When a thick August gust crept up over town, and his mother, trembling and white-faced, piled both of them between feather beds on the high old four-poster and, holding his cold little hand, told him how lightning struck folks dead—how men seeking protection under trees were found lying dead with their shoes bu off their feet—Bennie naturally trembled her and realized the malign pursuing qua of lightning and man's utter inability to with it, and made little frightened resolves never to te it at close quarters.

When his mother ran with him through the dark on a winter night and uttered little cries of delight in ting "safe away from the big ugly dark, beside the pr warm lamp," it is small wonder that Bennie rea with anguish the sinister, malignant quality of dark the dangers that lurked in the black hall—out there the hatrack; how necessary for man's safety and deve ment it was to shun it all. Life, as it unfolded u Maisie's hand, was full of ferocious forces; life, in s little Bennie early realized, was full of dangers.

At six years he would have put his head into a l mouth as readily as face the terrors of sleeping in a c ened room; and the sight of a strange man's face sent screaming to his mother's skirts.

At eight years Bennie was sent to Mrs. Watson's pri school, warranted to be a safe fold for the gentler spiri town; but on the first day, when returning home, Fisher's boy, Pod, caught Bennie and made his unre ing nose bleed. Thereafter Maisie herself escorted he to and from school, and he became meekly accustom moving at his mother's side, like a comet with a smal of hardier juveniles tagging behind, who cried derisi

"Chick! Chick! Chick!"

"Bad, naughty, dangerous boys, who will hurt my ling!" Maisie called them; and Bennie believed her.

He got proof every time he went out alone in the of a swollen nose or a blackened eye, which he acce with Christian tolerance, having been carefully taught it was "very wicked to fight."

But the dangerous boys grew tired presently of ba Bennie round like a bean bag, and after a while they mitted him to grow up in peace; and he passed wit accident through long curls, first trousers and da school into adolescence.

At fourteen his mother selected a polite boarding sc dying slowly of attrition, and he spent three winters t His father died during the last term; and, college be harsh, unknown place for the son of Maisie Clune, Be came home and went into the business.

It was a very pretentious store now—the Clune pla with a stucco front and plate-glass windows, and usua string of high-powered cars outside waiting fo wives of local plutocrats. In the windows, where original founder had shown merino and unblea muslin, cowhide boots and New Orleans molasses, now moleskin stoles, gold vanity bags and Geor collars. *O tempora! O mores!*

It was a tidy place inside too: velvet hangings, mirrors—that sort of thing. Bennie took to it l duck to water. He looked exceedingly decorative self, for he had a natural taste for the sartorial physique to display it. Despite the fact he habitually played nothing more violent golf, eschewing tennis because his mother f the effect on his heart, and hockey and sk because of the uncertainty of the river curr and driving a car himself because—oh, because—he had a grace and vigor of form an Apollo might have envied—a legacy doubt, from that ancestor who had pette Sar' Ann.

He had, also, the devastating blue ey Maisie, his mother, black-lashed and de hue, a nicely shaped nose and head, fine t and a slight golden crinkle in his chestnut Little shop-dollies felt their hearts swoon passed, and the daughters of the plutocrats, came to buy the before-mentioned stoles vanity bags, always maneuvered round glimpse of Benton.

He had a way with him—Bennie—a of appreciative sympathy in saying madam; we have the new Byzantine embro ies. They will be very good this winter. P show the bronze trefoil patterns, Parker— Or "Good morning, Mrs. Trent. Yes, the pannes have come. There is a beautiful p shade I especially want you to see."

The beauty of it—the "sickening beau in the language of Pod Fisher—was that Be really knew prune from taupe, and the Byza motifs from the Romanesque. These t didn't help any with the sterner sex, but he very popular with the ladies. The old praised his good manners and charm, and M Clune looked upon her work and found it

They Literally Ate Him Up With Their Eyes

One morning, when Benton was just twenty-four, he wnt up to his office on the main elevator. He was looking grommonly well and wearing an English-cut gray flannel, wh mauve shirt and tie and uncut amethyst sleeve links. Tere was a sprig of purple hyacinth in his buttonhole. It wild have been remarkable, indeed, if the sole and only ster occupant of the elevator—barring the ebony emolvee—should have failed to make a rather discriminating stly of young Mr. Clune's points; and the occupant being Elle Revere, it would have been impossible for Mr. Clune oscape making a reciprocal study. At any rate, though idestination was the oth floor, he got out t ie second along with Ell and found himself ede her, saying:

"s there anything I ado for you?"

e found himself ng into ravishingly dark eyes—real ele eyes—and a gay tt pointed face, tipitl under an equally nd tiptilted little atwith sundry other es thrown in—as of matching Spanarkness, a full, f little red mouth, a high-bridged, ol little nose.

"want," said Miss Revere, "to look me tapestry—for hstering."

"e have a splendid wine that has just n in. I will have me show you—or, still, I will show myself."

Te psychology of t better still" was it evident. Benton ehind the counter with absent eyes ands that fumd little, produced s ffs.

"Something quite please," dictated g; and Benton, his es furtively seekge Sevillian orbs, nd a piece.

"Here is a beautiful ng' he declared.

"It is beautiful in-d, said Miss Revere; t is not at all what e for. It is curtain al quite thin. It hardly do I think over chairs."

on blushed; but ughter rang out r and, though Revere shopped thirty minutes tapestry was not entioned.

on was formally presented to her the next evening ntry-club dance, where he danced with her an enorumber of times. Within the week he had called r four times, and finished up with a Saturday-to-d in her society at a friend's bungalow upriver. ng before that, he knew that this was not the mporary "terrible crush," but the real thing—the crisis in a man's life; and he resolved to take Miss er into his confidence as soon as possible.

t, was nearly a month before he was given a halfway nity; and, while he feinted for a good hold on his Miss Revere set him tingling with an announcehe own.

"The man I marry," she declared, apropos of one of r sulful talks, "must be a soldier—or soldier stuff, at t. He must be the kind who's willing to go out and do his country"—her pretty black eyes sparkled—"like me—the soldiers—in my family."

he as very proud of her family, Miss Revere. There be hard-fighting Reveres in all the American wars; she also claimed a lateral connection with that worthy olutionary silversmith who conferred an obligation on Americans by his conduct "through every Middlesex age nd farm" on the eve of Lexington.

Reflecting on this, Benton's heart turned a little cold he said nothing. But after he got home he sat on the veranda and watched the moon rise above the river willows, and took an inventory of himself. This was a thing he did rather frequently anyhow; and the result—contrary to public opinion—was far from pleasing. He knew he was rich and good-looking—his mother permitted no illusions on that score—but he also knew that, as a man in a man's world, there was no one in his city so unpopular. And this was the thorn in his garland of roses; for Benton wanted—had always wanted in his secret heart—to be a "real fellow." But he didn't know how to begin; he hadn't the capacity, the power.

She Put Out a Hand, Touched the Big Flag and Let Her Cool Eyes Sweep the Figure Before Her From Head to Foot

He was a person caught inescapably in a net woven by heredity and circumstance—the prisoner of his own habits of thought. He realized this and feared there was no escape. Such reflections are not pleasant. In his black mood Benton saw himself clearly: he was soft and effete, and mulierose and petticoat-tied; and he could no more free himself than a man can change the color of his eyes—or so he thought.

He reflected on Elsie Revere's speech: "Soldier—or soldier stuff." And he shivered. These were matters quite out of Benton's ken. He had never learned to handle a gun, just as he had never dared to swim in the deeper parts of the river or climb a very tall tree. He had always liked to look at soldiers; the glint of the uniforms, whether in parade or comic opera, carried a certain fascination. It all appealed to his love of beauty and rhythm; but he had never considered the real thing that lay behind. The thing an army symbolized he had been taught to hate. The sight of blood had always sickened him anyhow; and war, he had been taught, always meant just that—bloodshed and death. There wasn't anything to war but bloody madness and destruction, anyhow—an eternal carnage.

Once, when he was a little boy, he had seen a regiment of Spanish War soldiers returning. There had been flags on the houses; the band was playing A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night, and the streets were full of cheering. But his mother had barred her shutters and, up in her bedroom, had made him kneel down beside her.

"War is a wicked, wicked thing, and against God's teaching. These soldiers are cruel men. They have slain others. Some of them died on the battlefield or in a hospital—horribly! It is all wicked waste and means nothing—nothing but dreadful suffering!"

There was a book she had given him later—a fat volume recounting the prison horrors of the Civil War—Andersonville. They had an old gardener who had been there; he, too, furnished details of loathsome particularity. Perhaps if Benton had gone to public school these impressions would have gone home less strongly; but he had been shielded from all contacts with actual life. So, when he observed people salute the flag and recite Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg, or went to put flowers on his grandfather's grave on Memorial Day, and saw the old G. A. R.'s wabbling round with their little bronze buttons, he knew what was back of it all. It was only a mask for the devilish pageant behind—all sound and fury. And it was a thing to stop a fellow who winced at the sight of a bloody bandage or whose pulse hastened when an ambulance passed. He wasn't soldier stuff, by either conviction or marrow; but he was very much in love—and very unhappy with himself.

"And I look like any other fellow!" he told himself bitterly. "I'm big and strong. What ails me anyhow?" And little by little he tried to force a solution. One morning he announced:

"Mother, I'm going to join Company X."

The earth rocked under Maisie Clune and her face whitened.

"Benton!"

"Nonsense, mother!" He tried to speak brusquely. "It doesn't mean a darn thing—nothing but uniforms and drills and how to shoot. I ought to know how!"—as she winced—"and dances sometimes, and a jamboree with girls—and Tobyhanna. You just ask Mrs. Hallett about it." Mrs. Hallett was comforting:

"It will be the making of Benton, my dear. I think it's rather stunning, myself. Reid joined five years ago, you know. Except for hiking at Tobyhanna, it hasn't meant anything more strenuous thus far than an afternoon at tennis. Reid loves it. And their khaki—oh, when Benton gets his on he'll have all the girls in town crazy about him."

This was a new thought for Maisie. But, of course, her good-looking boy would be handsomer in his suit than anybody else—only another triumph, really. She called up Hastings, the photographer, and made an appointment for Benton without delay; and very shortly a costly portrait of a stunning young militiaman, in full khaki, looked out from her bedroom wall. Below it was written: My Soldier Laddie!

It was not the only photograph put to such soft feminine use. A duplicate smiled from Miss Elsie Revere's wall, and the night she received it she had let Benton kiss her; and she had cried a little with pride and happiness, and had told him that there was nobody else in the world—nobody at all! And Benton's own heart had almost boiled over.

It was a fine thing—belonging to the company—he found. The fellows received him with an apparent change of heart. They were decent, sociable chaps and willing to take him on new grounds. He seemed to discover new phases of himself to people. They forgot to call him Bennie;

treated him like any other man. The boys hobnobbed with him willingly and asked him to little shindigs of their own. He almost forgot his former incarnation himself.

When he went to Tobyhanna—his first summer—he was an accredited pal of Pod Fisher and several others. As for the military end, it came surprisingly easy. He took pleasure in doing his bit well, observing the discipline eagerly, studying up manuals and drills, working for promotion. The shooting came easy too. Perhaps it was again the influence of Sar' Ann, but he took to a gun readily and on the range did excellent work, and even presently broke a target record and had his picture in the paper. And of course the social end, the dances and banquets, came even easier. But during November Maisie got her first scare.

"There's a street-car strike in Buffalo, Benton—they think—Mrs. Hallett told me. I called up Colonel Corey right away, but couldn't get him. Company X may be—ordered out ——"

"Oh, well—just strike duty, mother ——" But Benton's own pulse stirred slightly.

"I know, dear—but strikers, Benton!—they shoot, you know—there are always fatalities—I never dreamed—if only you hadn't joined! And they throw stones and bricks. Why, I remember in the last strike ——"

That was a bad time for Maisie Clune, divided between calling up everybody—colonel, captain, lieutenant; anyone she could capture in Benton's company—and praying agonizedly under her Soldier Laddie's picture. But after three days of suspense and big headlines the strike was pacifically settled.

"You hear me, Benton!" she wept: "You get out of the company the moment your term's done. I never wanted you in it—something might happen—and the business here needs you."

Benton promised he would. He tried to tell himself it was to please his mother, but in his heart he scorned himself for the lie. He had not liked to think of what might await him—out there in Buffalo.

"I'll do it," he thought. "I don't really belong there anyhow—not that anything serious ever will arise; but I'll get out. It's true that the business needs me, and I've shown Elsie I'm willing."

But this was one of the best-laid plans to which the Scotch poet referred. Benton had less than thirty days to serve when, one evening after an Armory meeting, he came back to the house bringing disquieting news. That was the spring and early summer when the Mexican pot boiled and sizzled, and Señor Villa thrust himself so resolutely into the pages of American history and threatened to grow too strong for United States digestion.

Benton Clune, in common with the rest of his townsfolk, had kept an eye on the situation, had read news columns and watched Administration moves; but with all the backing and filling, the thing took him actually as unawares as it did almost everybody else. So, when he came in from his company meeting, his face was more than pale.

"Mother," he said, and for a moment he gulped a little, "it's come—the real thing. Mexico, you know. They're talking of war—down there. Colonel Corey had private messages from the Department, and the Press is running an extra."

Maisie Clune took the paper he had brought, with shaking fingers. There was nothing authentic—only headlines and rumors of war, vague hints and, tucked into the bottom of the column, a forecasting of coming moves—a prediction that Company X would be one of the first called; but Benton's mother turned white and sick.

For a space there was silence and the two only looked at each other; then the woman pulled herself together.

But by the next afternoon the news had crystallized to authenticity. The President was mobilizing the guards of New York and Pennsylvania; a definite summons had come to Colonel Corey from Washington; Company X boys were ordered to report daily at the Armory in uniform, to drop other occupations and affiliate for set periods with temporary encampments along the river for drill and preliminary maneuvers. The evening papers printed a call for volunteers to raise the company to full strength, and prognosticated the date of departure for Camp Whitman.

The streets became strangely filled with brown-clad martial figures; little squads were seen going through the side streets in military formation; in twos and threes they moved through town, with long gift cigars in their mouths and endless friendly hands shaking theirs; and some of them, a little anxious-eyed, went about with wives and babies—grown doubly precious—tagging at their heels. Every house wore its big flag and every lassie the thrill of the soldierly pageant in her eyes. And, not to be behindhand, the lassies planned a special dance—"to say good-by to the boys." They were very emotional, our girls, during those days; and Elsie Revere led all the rest.

Benton himself had brought her the news, looking graver and whiter than usual, with the strange look in his eyes that had come into them—and stayed—since that first night of the alarm. Elsie, standing on tiptoes, had kissed him and cried over him.

"Perhaps it won't mean anything—just a scare, Benton; and in any case it breaks my heart to see you go—just!

"The Man I Marry," She Declared, "Must be a Soldier—or Soldier Stuff, at Least"

And yet—funny, isn't it?—if you weren't going—if you were one of our stay-at-homes who hadn't even enlisted—how—how ashamed I'd be! I want to keep you and I want to send you."

Benton had told her that he understood. He didn't stay very long or say very much. A queer restlessness seemed to possess him. He went down to the Armory every morning and reported himself mechanically; but he came away quickly. The first night his bed was not even slept in—his mother heard him pacing the floor through long hours. That was the morning she voiced something that lay between them—perfectly understood, but as yet unmentioned.

"I am sure we can do it. It isn't as if we hadn't pler of money. Money can do anything."

Benton had turned very white, but he did not answ Within an hour Maisie Clune's electric was standing front of the office of Timothy Aitken, her attorney; a later it stopped at Colonel Corey's residence; and fina before the Armory itself.

But rumor did not even creep until that evening. It v after drill that Benton himself went up and spoke to Colo Corey:

"I—I don't believe I'll go, colonel. I've got less tha month to serve and—and I haven't any intention of enlisting. . . . It would be useless, really—even goi up to camp—so short a time. It's—my mother—she is young—and the business needs me."

He moistened his lips toward the end—the words ca with difficulty, broke off under the colonel's cool gray e

"You will report in the morning as usual, Benton. Y will continue to report with your company regularly. Y will take your part in your company's drills until s time as you are exempt under the terms of your enlistmen

He added more—a few eloquent touches concern patriotism, a gentleman's duty, and the part of a man honor; and his own sense of sha for Benton's suggestion.

Benton carried the news to mother, sitting white and strai in her darkened living room.

"There isn't any way—hon ably, mother. I'll have to go."

"Oh, there must be some wa something! We'll find it, Bent It's absurd! I offered any pric enough to buy a dozen substitut Timothy's doing all he can."

Maisie found it the next d At two o'clock the newspapers flaming extras:

TROOPS MOVING TO CAMP WHITMAN FRIDAY!

COMPANY X STARTS IN FULL W STRENGTH TO JOIN MAIN BOD

OUR BOYS LIKELY TO GO TO THE BORDER AMONG THE FIR

Benton read it on a bulletin bo downtown. Somebody slapped on the back—Pod Fisher. Pod in uniform too.

"Great, isn't it? By jingo, just busting!" he said. "We'll h the time of our young lives tr ming up those beggars down ther

Benton hesitated a mom before he spoke:

"B-but war—you know — The words crackled on his lips.

"War? Sure! Sherman said Pod grinned; then he sobered gave Benton a long look. "A fel has to do his bit. It's all in a l time, you know."

Behind them in the crowd a t little shaver—a new recruit, his tle mother hanging on his arm had broken into excited speech:

"Might as well croak for country now as croak for my later on," he said; and a thin l of young feminine laughter across his words.

There was babble all ab them—excitement; a happy jostl and pushing, with an undertug emotion in it. It was that way length of Benton's journey ho Everybody seemed stirr warmed—except himself. His ha were cold—his cheeks; his kn sagged as he walked. Passing E Revere's house he looked up, se ing a glimpse of her, but saw o the flag on her porch. It blur under his eyes. His hand was sh ing as he opened his front door

He stopped, amazed at what he saw. There were r on the tea table, lighted candles, an air of celebrati His mother wore her best silk; there were pink spots her cheeks. She came to him, laughing hysterically:

"I've managed it—found the way! Oh, Benton, it's right, my darling! Why didn't we think of it befo Timothy Aitken—I made him telegraph, and he he less than an hour ago. It's unconstitutional! They ca compel you—you needn't leave your state—you're not the Federal service yet—you've got the right to refus they won't take the oath till they get to the main ca

(Continued on Page 58)

Exit Post-Mortem Merchant

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

MRS. JUSTUS THRIFTY was passing the hosiery department when her glance ilon some white cotton stockings that were ri·d at eight cents a pair. She turned and ld to Mrs. Max Cheaply, who was lagging a wteps behind:

'ook now! Stockings at eight cents!"

's. Cheaply came alongside and picked up a i of the bargain hose. She fingered the quality chen inspected the price mark with suspicion. "ight cents!" she observed. "A funny price r ockings, Mrs. Thrifty!"

"ure; yes, Mrs. Cheaply! I think we want r of them."

Tey passed on and presently Mrs. Thrifty med:

"ome here and see the lovely white stockings to pairs for a quarter!"

"ow that is more like it," rejoined her comn, testing the feel of the goods. "I think I get me six pairs."

h of them bought, not knowing that the o ts of hosiery were identical, and that this erely an experiment of the research depart- into the psychology of pricing. Two pairs g uarter was the regular price.

In along came Mrs. Peter Savemoney, look- f bargains, and Miss Philomena Smallcash, he Widow Littlechange, and a hundred e woman shoppers. Only one out of ten t the eight-cent stockings after comparing vo. The public registered its emphatic ence for the twelve-and-a-half-cent price. investigation showed plainly that eight was a hoodoo price for stockings. Further ements showed that the same stockings sold t fifteen cents for two pairs, and at seven- nts. This study of prices led into many o ramifications; and thus the research found that wrong pricing, from a psycho- oint of view, had often been responsible for tfactory sales.

igt cents, you see, was a departure from p d standards, just as a blue toy express would be a departure in color. The human mind j channels of precedent and it is commonly difficult liv t these currents to new courses.

The research department found by experiment that in ny nes of goods thirty-six cents and thirty-seven cents ld, but that thirty-eight or thirty-nine cents would th same goods much faster. Eighteen and nineteen s ere good selling prices for other goods, but when s ticles were shown at fourteen cents they went beg- ome table linen offered at eighty-nine cents met d erent response, but went fast at ninety-five cents. le offered at ninety-eight cents encountered unmis- bl distrust, but were quickly cleaned out when priced e dollar. Prices that were graduated upward in jumps e ent in different qualities of yard goods brought r ults, but two-cent jumps did very well.

Speeding Up Slow Sellers

N DAY," the research manager said to me, "I got a n ion that we could sell more muslin underskirts if we l e average price of the lines being featured, giving r ality. When I suggested the experiment the gen- a ager of the store said I was crazy and had better n sensible ideas into my noddle. He told me, how- t go ahead and try it.

r, I went out and did some investigating. I found a her store in our city, catering to a cheaper class of l d fixed on one dollar as its best selling price for n derskirts, while the best selling price in an exclu- s o was two dollars. So we put in our greatest stock t l price of a dollar and a half, and this proved to be s selling figure, increasing the average sale in this f per cent, without any increase in the average l ne."

department store is the most complicated piece of h anism extant, but its problems are merely exaggera- s of the common difficulties. In recent articles I have s ed on various branches of department-store manage- t, and here in this article I am treating the research a tment, which is about the newest development of all. u facturers have long had laboratories and experi- tal departments, and now merchants are getting them. The research bureau determines what is responsible for suc ss or failure of any department. There are no tati s on its scope and it may investigate the work of pres ent or the janitor. It finds out why the store has so little masculine trade; looks into the shopping habits of women; studies the mistakes of competitors; analyzes the retail market.

There are No Limitations on the Research Bureau; it May Investigate the Work of the President or the Janitor

It happened once that the sale of a line of low-priced dress goods was very slow and the research man undertook to make it move faster. The pieces had been stacked up on the shelves back of the counter, and the store had a rigid rule that all such goods must be rewound immediately after being shown, and replaced in their staid and dignified position.

"Try them out in the aisle, on tables," he said.

Here they attracted more attention, but the floor manager watched the salesman closely and made him keep all the goods rewound and in stiff, even piles.

"Suppose we try a little disorder," proposed the research man. "Let the ends hang down, and muss the cloth a bit."

This scandalized the floor man, who was a servitor of tradition; but the sales of those goods immediately jumped twofold.

The sale of sweaters, too, was doubled by taking them away from the wall and displaying them on circular racks in the aisles.

For many years the silver knives and forks and silver dishes had been kept in the chinaware section on the sixth floor, and never had paid a fair profit. After the organization of the research department this was one of the first things taken up. For several months a record was kept of the number of persons calling for this line of goods at the jewelry department on the main floor, and it was found that this number actually exceeded the total number of customers who bought such goods on the sixth floor.

"In other words," said the research manager, "more than half of our potential customers for silver knives, forks, dishes and that sort of silverware left the store without buying rather than go to the sixth floor. It was very apparent that the location of these goods was wrong; so they were brought down to the jewelry section. In the following year the sales tripled."

This investigation led to some microscopic studies of department location; and here a wide and astonishing field was opened. A classification was made of departments or lines of goods that were not selling as well as they should, and experiments were conducted to determine whether changes of location would benefit them.

The men's clothing had been on the fourth floor, the hats on the third and the men's furnishings on the main floor; so now temporary "squares" were established on the main floor, adjacent to the men's furnishings, for the clothing and hats. These so-called squares were miniature departments. From the start trade was brisker than it had ever been on the upper floors; so the clothing and hats, and ultimately the men's shoes, were brought downstairs, with a forty per cent increase in sales during the year.

Then the research department established a large number of experimental squares throughout the store, and finally the fixed policy was adopted of having every department represented on the main floor by one or more lines of goods.

Mrs. Spendwell, for example, comes into the store to buy some ribbon, and on the way down the main aisle to the ribbon counter she sees some lace neckwear that catches her fancy.

"Of all things!" she exclaims. "I thought the neckwear was on the third floor."

"Yes, madam; so it is," says Miss Salesgirl. "This is just a showing from the third floor. Pretty, isn't it?"

And Mrs. Spendwell buys the piece that caught her attention.

Then come Mrs. Moneybags, and Mrs. Wasteful, and Mrs. Throwcash, and a lot of other woman spenders, and they are captured by those goods in the neckwear square, which they never would have seen on the third floor. As a matter of fact, the neckwear department has been lagging badly; but now it begins to pick up.

Measuring Aggressiveness

BUT this neckwear square on the main floor is not a permanent institution. If it hadn't taken hold with a vim the merchandise manager would have ordered it out, perhaps at the end of a day. Space on the main aisle is relatively as valuable as a store on Fifth Avenue.

Since the research bureau began these experiments in the placing of selling squares most of the department heads have been clamoring almost daily for chances to get one or more of the squares. Miss Beatitt, of the linings, say, goes down to the merchandise office and reports that she has some mercerized sateen that hasn't been selling well, and she thinks it ought to get on the main aisle.

"I can't give you the main aisle," says the merchandise autocrat; "but I'll try you out with a square at the rear of aisle nine."

This displeases Miss Beatitt mightily, for the rear of aisle nine corresponds to lower Sixth Avenue, she declares.

Mr. Gofast, of the draperies, likewise goes down to the office and complains that some of his new scrims are not having a fair chance with the public.

"If they had a square on the main aisle ——" he begins; but the czar cuts him off:

"Nix for the main aisle; you can have the middle of aisle thirteen."

"Thirteen is the bogy!" pouts Gofast; but he takes it.

This sort of competition became so interesting to the research manager that one day his fertile brain conceived an idea; which fact of itself is not strange, for ideas flow from him all the time. Ideas are the most significant function of the research bureau, and it is interesting to observe that they are not usually extraneous inspirations, but the product of tabulated and analyzed facts.

"Let us keep a record of these demands for squares as they come in from department heads," he said to the president. "It will be a valuable little piece of research."

This was done. During the following month Miss Beatitt came down nineteen times to ask for squares; Gofast, eighteen times; Seller, of the house furnishings, sixteen; Domuch, of the cloaks and suits, eleven; Grabski, of the trunks and bags, seven. On the other hand, Sitwell, of the linens, didn't come down at all.

From a personal viewpoint the merchandise manager might have preferred Sitwell, since the latter did not disturb the quiet of the merchandise office; but from the store standpoint Sitwell wasn't aggressive and enterprising enough. So, as the research manager put it, they "canned" him.

This same sort of research into the personnel of the store was extended to the heads of departments in connection with newspaper advertising. A record was kept, in classified tables, of all the items sent in to be advertised, and it was found that more than half of the department heads were fighting all the time for space, while the others took seats in the back rows of the advertising rumpus.

Jake Rustle, of the ready-to-wear, for instance, was always on the mat, arguing that he ought to have such and

such representation in the store's daily campaign. He would send in every day a grotesquely large bunch of items, which he said simply would have to go or he'd quit. Of course they didn't all go and of course Jake didn't quit. The merchandise manager knew Jake was four-flushing; but, just the same, he knew Jake was a live wire.

On the contrary, Bill Fallback, of the groceries, was always lagging. The advertising department would send a house wigwag down to him, as they called the blue note sheet used in interstore messages:

"Why don't you send up your items for the advertising dummy?"

"Not much of anything to advertise to-day," Bill would wigwag back, taking his time for it.

Pretty soon Bill Fallback was fired, because the research department had shown him up as a quitter in the everlasting fight for more business.

Another thing the research department did was to translate the sales of every department into "graphs." Take a mountain range and draw its sky line, and you have something of a graph; though when a technical man makes such a chart he does it on a checkered surface and shows various sorts of percentages.

Take the muslin underwear, in charge of Miss Blanche Cantsell. This young woman didn't know what was the matter with her department, and neither did the merchandise manager. Like the mountain range, it was made up of peaks and valleys—but mostly of valleys. At intervals, when the store got its shoulder under the department and boosted it through costly advertising and special sales, the peaks showed up; but the moment the boosting ceased there weren't any sales peaks on the chart.

Graphs, or in other words graphic charts, are now very popular in this store as a means of showing up existing conditions. Having built a graph, the research bureau proceeds to analyze the why of it.

"There must be a reason why the feminine public is not buying our muslin underwear," said the investigator. "It may be because the women are doing their own sewing."

"Nobody does that sort of sewing these days," returned Miss Cantsell.

"How do you know?"

"I just guess so," she confessed.

"Let's not guess any longer. We must predicate our investigations on absolute facts."

So they asked customers the point-blank question and recorded the information; and they found that forty per cent of their customers made their own muslin attire. Why? Simply because they couldn't get what they wanted ready made at the prices they wished to pay. They desired something better and different; something that would not spoil the fit of outer garments; something with turned seams, less pasted lace and greater comfort.

The problem now resolved itself into better buying and more careful selection. The store had been merchandising, along with its neighboring stores, beneath the requirements of its clientèle.

Shifting Stock

THE matter of shelving doesn't ordinarily appeal to the imagination, but the research man looks about for queer roosts for his fancy. He found that ribbons were kept on twenty-inch shelves, when the proper depth was under fourteen inches. The result was that a lot of stock was hidden out of reach and didn't move. On the contrary, blankets were piled on two-foot counters—much too narrow; they were always falling off, accumulating dirt and causing waste handling. The bureau worked out a schedule of shelving and counter sizes.

Then a study of aisle tables was made. The store was using some tables twenty feet long; and mathematical observations, extending over a period of weeks, showed a constant repetition of the following:

Along would come Mrs. Pursestrings, walking sidewise alongside the table where perhaps there were articles of adornment on the near side and hand bags on the other. Mrs. Pursestrings was not especially interested in the goods nearest her, but those hand bags caught her attention. But they were so far round! No; she'd let the hand bags go—her feet hurt her!

After experiments the research bureau settled on tables eight feet long and four feet wide as best calculated to further the circulation of the people and of cash.

Studies were made of the locations of stairways, with this same circulation problem in view; and experiments were made in tempting customers to walk upstairs and thus relieve the elevators. The moving of a basement stairway a hundred feet caused an increase of three hundred per cent of stair climbers; and on an upper floor the clever location of a furnished cottage brought an increase of five hundred per cent. Mrs. Houselooker could walk up those stairs very nicely so long as she imagined herself going to the second floor of the cottage.

The store often had losses from unsold goods, and the research bureau found ample opportunity here for originality. By gathering and tabulating definite information the surplus of one department was frequently made available for another. An excess of fancy belting was used in the millinery for hatbands. Ribbons were made into girdles, workbags and other fancy articles. Dress fabrics that proved to be bad sellers were made up into skirts and dresses. Laces became infants' caps, neckwear and dainty aprons. Table damask was used for suits and skirts. Dress trimmings were cut into pieces and sold as remnants. Fancy buttons went into brooches and into pin sets for waists. The great craze for pennants was started by an Iowa store when it used up some surplus felt in this way.

One study, embracing many departments, showed that the holding of stock in the receiving room was costing the store more than one per cent on its investment—not to mention lost sales and other troubles. Consequently a timekeeping scheme was adopted to get all stock out of the receiving room within four hours of its arrival there.

By collecting data from other stores, noncompetitive with his own, the research manager discovered that it was possible to do business in some departments on a much lower stock limit, faster turnover and larger net profits. He cut the stock limit on embroideries from eight thousand dollars to six thousand; on silks, from eighty thousand to sixty-five thousand.

The comparison of data is almost a monomania with the research man, but it shows up store weaknesses. If other stores could do a thing, why not his own? In one city of a hundred thousand people he found a department store that did a business of two million dollars a year, yet rarely had an inventory, at cost, above three hundred thousand dollars. It paid thirty per cent dividends on its capital.

A large number of expense items were thus compared with similar items at other stores. The accounting expense percentage in his own store was very much higher; so he put his spotlight on it. His first important observation was that the accounting staff worked evenings more than half the time, and this, on being analyzed, in turn, showed up the incompetence of the chief accountant as an executive. He couldn't get the work done; and they let him go.

Pretty Soon Bill Fallback Was Fired, Because the Research Department Had Shown Him Up as a Quitter in the Everlasting Fight for More Business

Then the telltale comparisons showed a janitor cost f per cent too high. Good-by, Janitors Nick, Jack and Blac

With charts and graphs the research man traced inside secrets of the store's departments, and thus wro sad story of bad buying, wrong sizes, inappropriate v eties and the like. Then Mr. Furniture Buyer, Mr. M nery Buyer, Miss Notion Buyer, *et al.*, were invited to those sorrowful graphs.

"We can't read Chinese or Hindu!" they protested

"Graphs will be the language of the store hereafter," the merchandise man. "You people will have to learn

I don't want to present the research man as a marve as infallible, or to make light of his own shortcomings limitations; but at least he is working toward scien merchandising. He is attempting to chart uncharted s

One important piece of research had to do with causes for mark-downs. Naturally this led directly study of mark-ups; for if a retail price is so high th competitor can beat it by better merchandising, the re will be a mark-down. It led, also, to an intensive stud pay rolls. But consider here the study of mark-do Let me illustrate briefly.

A Scientific Study of Mark-Downs

SIMON GLOVER was the buyer for the glove dep ment. The research man said to him:

"Si, I find that the goods in your department ha take a total mark-down of eight per cent last year. was it thus?"

Si shrugged his shoulders.

"I should worry!" he said.

"But why was that last lot marked down?"

"Well, some of 'em got soiled; the salespeople's h will get dirty, you know."

"Were your sizes well filled in?"

"Pretty fair," hesitated the buyer.

"Any weak seams or other defects?"

"Yes—some; always are and always will be."

"Any late deliveries from the manufacturers? Or fa itism by the manufacturers to other stores? Any sul tutions or unpopular styles? Have you had the r novelties?"

Simon Glover returned a nonilluminating answer:

"Yes—and no."

"Where are your records, giving the detailed answe these questions, purchase by purchase, manufacture manufacturer?"

"We have no such records," said Si.

"Well, in order to conduct research work into the ca for mark-downs we must keep records of this sort; here is a blank mark-down book for to fill in as occasion requires. I use any general mark-down informa that is served up to me in a mixture a lamb stew with vegetables. If mark down any more gloves becaus salesgirls' hands are dirty I must k just what gloves they are and to w the dirty hands belong. See? If an the mark-downs come from poor sti ing I want the names of the manu turers, descriptions of the gloves all details. So on, et cetera!"

This was done in all departments; when the data of the year were colla classified and analyzed they pointed mistakably to certain reforms. One the necessity for installing conce washbasins at the glove counters. other was the advisability of cutting for instance, the glove manufactu house of Gloveton, Gloving & Gl Still another was the retirement, wit pension, of Mr. Simon Glover.

Meantime the research man was ing into the causes for returned go Here he met with a wonderful lac recorded information. Delving through the meager records, he fou vast number of unexplained tran tions. Thus, Mrs. Woodcliff Lake ordered, for her dining-room table, of asbestos pads, costing five or six lars. The goods had gone out— come back. The research man sen Charlie Quartersaw, of the furnitur

"Why did Mrs. Lake send back t pads?"

"We take back goods without questions," said Quartersaw. "It's creed."

"Exactly! But, for the purpos keeping ourselves afloat, and to en us to serve our customers better, must get such information and recor systematically. We've got to tabu

(Concluded on Page 74)

ONE EVERY MINUTE

XVI

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

N THE next day Wilberforce Shadd went to his office full of syncopated happiness, as it were, due to his possession of wealth and to his inability to about it, because he could not feel absolutely certain t he had the in his clutches invested in thing that he dered good afe. He was ful in an un- sort of eplied to the manager's inquiry as to Shadd's health arely polite: hank you! as fully re- ed."

m very glad it,"said Mr. cordially.

dd decided e advantage e manager's f voice and n:

r. Lipps, I little busi- matter to I know I've way from the lot of late; course, I'll ip the day's efore I go

Business, eh?"

Ir. Lipps —a good- rly superior

Y; business," ed Shadd

"I Know! But How Much Do They Say You Owe Them?"

Francis T. Woodcock & Co. had given him his check d have told this man then and there to give his omebody who needed it.

long as you keep out of Wall Street," said Lipps y, "it doesn't matter what you do. They had quite n yesterday on account of the sinking of the Lusi- '

didn't think his meek inferior would understand, he was comfort in hearing his own voice speak of his tragedy.

h reaction had to come anyhow," retorted Shadd a much positiveness as if he had been addressing T. Woodcock's bunch of success worshipers. "If been the Lusitania it would have been something r such a tremendous rise."

t, you talk like an old stager!" said the astonished

d the papers," explained Shadd, shaking at his scape from self-betrayal. "They can't go up all m."

o agreed Lipps bitterly; "they can't. But others ffice were so bullish that when I suggested —— I guess a man ought to stick to his own business, ad?" And he smiled with an utterly inexplicable s.

said it!"

d spoke with such conviction, thinking of his wife's sion with the man who sold Jersey lots, that Mr. tinking the tone a tribute to his wisdom, told him htly:

k all the time you need, Shadd. And if I can be of o you ——"

k you, Mr. Lipps. I may call on you for advice," se Shadd.

name after a while. The wealthy Mr. Shadd did long to swallow a sandwich and a glass of milk. ced Woodcock's office at twelve-twenty-three.

ows the market?" he asked loudly as he entered the me' room.

remembered hearing Paine ask the same question , and he had thought it, at the time, a wonderfully stilted question—almost professional.

Rotten!" growled Henry Rumney. "Say, did you y know anything or was it a lucky guess?"

dozen customers vindictively turned gloomy faces ard the creature who had taken his profit at precisely the right time. And he had done so in plain sight and hearing of the entire office! And they had not followed his example!

"Oh, lucky guess! Lucky guess!" replied Shadd so cheerfully that instantly every man in the room knew the liar had lied again.

Ben Meiggs approached Shadd and spoke to him in a voice that he had lowered to show his deference toward a great man and a wise. And besides, why should the others hear?

"Mr. Shadd, do you think they have touched bottom yet?"

"No," answered Shadd loudly and positively, because he knew the negative would give the most pain to these insulting beasts. "Not yet, my boy!"

He hoped that when prices did touch bottom it would be such a bottom as would establish once for all his wisdom in selling out at 300 and 301.

"Then you think," whispered Careful Mike, "that a man shouldn't buy 'em yet?"

"What are you whispering there—you Meiggs? It seems to me you're trying to hog it. If Shadd knows anything good the Lord knows we need a little comfort to-day!"

And Henry Rumney glared so accusingly at the conspirators that Shadd grew angry.

"Why should I tell you anything when you always know better?" inquired Shadd in a voice he never, never used at home.

"That's what's the matter, Henry!" said Paine, laughing—for effect on Shadd.

The other customers understood the flattery conveyed by laughing at Rumney and also turned down their thumbs audibly. Henry, unanimously convicted of being what he was, proceeded to admit it by good-naturedly saying to Wilberforce:

"Can't you take a joke?"

"Hell of a joke, I call it," said Meiggs distinctly.

"I always said," continued the unabashed Henry, "that when a man makes money in Wall Street he loses his sense of humor. What about the market, hey, Shadd?"

"I," replied Shadd with dignity, "don't know anything about the market!"

A chorus of groans was heard—the most artistic form of applause known to men desirous of making plain their enthusiastic incredulity.

The subsidized office boy came in, hurriedly approached Henry Rumney and did that for which he was paid. At least, his lips moved rapidly close to Henry's left ear. Henry nodded vindictively; then, turning to his fellow victims, announced:

"Gentlemen, Undersea Craft is now 240."

He then glared at W. Shadd, who by sneaking out at 300 had committed a sixty-point capital crime. Everybody else did likewise.

Wilberforce Shadd maintained an impassive face. He seemed not to have heard; he appeared not to have seen.

"Do you think," whined Meiggs, "that it's low enough? We might take on a little, so that when the rally comes ——"

"Nope!" said W. Shadd decisively.

And these men, all victims of indecision, did not dream of doubting! How could they? This one man knew because he had known. They had not known, therefore they could not know. And so they didn't.

After that W. Shadd was the greatest man there, and they knew it. And so did he.

Dave Caldwell, the office manager, came in with the face of an undertaker. He beheld Shadd and burst into sunshine.

"Hello, Mr. Shadd! Welcome to our midst! I guess they'll rally now. I tell you, gentlemen, when the bargain hunters cross the dead line at Fulton Street it's time to buy 'em. Just close your eyes and point your finger. One stock is as good as another."

The genial Mr. Caldwell spoke so much as though he were enunciating axioms that all the customers looked toward Mr. Shadd, Bargain Hunter Extraordinary. He felt the stare of the twenty-eight eyes. He said:

"No bargains yet—for me!"

D. Caldwell shrugged his shoulders helplessly. Then, feeling the inadequacy of the gesture, he threw up both his arms and waved them. He meant to convey:

"Well, I did my best for you all!"

Shadd caught Caldwell's eyes and motioned; whereupon Dave, suspecting what was coming, promptly took Shadd's arm and led him deferentially into an inner office. He did not wish the other customers to hear Shadd say he wished to close his account; but, before he could shut the door, he heard Henry Rumney remark to Ben Meiggs:

"Dave's getting pretty fresh."

And Meiggs, for all reply, asked Henry:

"I wonder if Shadd is going to give him a buying order?"

But what Shadd said to Dave was:

"How about that check?"

"You can have it any time you want it," said Dave, making no motion to walk toward the cashier. "Don't you think some bonds are pretty cheap? We are putting our best customers into Suburban Trolley adjustment fives. They'll net you a little better than five and a half per cent, and will surely go to par by fall. The company is earning nearly nine per cent on the stock; but only a few people know it. We got onto their earnings ——"

Shadd shook his head. He was not listening. He could not believe that he would ever get the check. These people would promise and promise; but no check. He would give anything to feel that he really and truly owned sixty thousand dollars. It was not to be. To prove it he said:

"Can you get it certified for me?"

There was no use in trying to talk to a man who listened only to his own voice. Caldwell surrendered.

"Sure thing! Right away, Mr. Shadd. But you ought to look into those S. T. adjustment fives. I'll show you a confidential report on the property that we ——"

"Suppose," said Shadd desperately, "you give me my check, instead. I've got an appointment ——"

"Oh, very well," said Caldwell coldly, and disappeared cashierward.

Shadd sat down in an armchair and began to do a little planning, because he at last began to think that he might possibly get the check after all. First of all, he must see Warren, the lawyer, and hire him as his lawyer—provided, of course, he got the check, which he probably wouldn't.

Dave Caldwell came in—empty-handed! It was one thing to make money in Wall Street and another to take it away with you.

"I see bonds don't appeal to you, Mr. Shadd. Now I've got an inside line on a preferred industrial that will net you over eight per cent. They're doing the biggest business in their hist——"

"Where's the check?" interjected Shadd, certain that he was at last about to hear the flimsy reason why Francis T. Woodcock & Co. would not let sixty thousand dollars go out of their office.

Another reason why he must see Warren was to have him sue these crooks!

Dave Caldwell had kept his right hand behind his back. He brought it before him and said:

"Here it is." And gave a slip of paper to Shadd.

Wilberforce read it. The Metropolitan National Bank was told to pay to the order of Wilberforce Shadd sixty thousand and twenty-one dollars and no cents. It was signed by Francis T. Woodcock & Co., and was certified by the cashier of the Metropolitan National Bank, the latter signature illegible, but impressive and reassuring.

Wilberforce Shadd thrilled at the touch of the magic paper, so that the goose flesh, which came all over his back, almost hurt. But he put the check in his pocket nonchalantly and carelessly nodded his thanks. He did not say a word to Dave. He couldn't!

There came upon him an overwhelming desire to run away to some place where he could be alone with his money. He wished to feel that it was his, all his; and he could not feel that way unless he was all alone. He wished so much to have the sense of possession fill his being that it flashed on him that the only satisfying operation would be to cash that check at once; to exchange it for one-dollar bills, and then count them to make sure there were sixty thousand of them. And then he would count them a second time, more leisurely—neatly stacking the bills before him on a table in packages of one thousand each.

He almost ran out of the room, ignoring Dave Caldwell's outstretched hand of congratulation, because he did not see one hand. He saw sixty thousand ones!

In the customers' room he paused a moment, undecided whether to scream the news at the top of his voice or to wave his check in silence.

"You bet your boots," careful Mike Meiggs was saying, "when I cash in on the next bulge I'm going to fix it so that nobody—not even myself—can ever touch the principal!"

"Why?" asked Paine.

"The smartest man in the world," modestly explained Meiggs, "will at times fall for a fool tip. Or else he will go to the other extreme, and from excessive caution put all his money in a dead one. Any of you fellows ever hear of Charley James? I guess he was before your time. Well, he put a million dollars in trust, so that nobody could ever take it away from him."

A thought of thoughts! Wilberforce Shadd saw himself doing likewise. These men, at whom he was now gazing, were about to pass out of his life. He had made a killing and would go away, content to live quietly until he died. Meantime he had better see Warren before Mrs. Shadd did, or he might give in to her tearful face and pleading, terror-stricken eyes. When he did not do as his wife said, he felt like a pig. When he did, he felt like an ass.

XVII

HE WENT straight to the lawyer's office.

Samuel W. Warren was a young man who did not wish to look young, on the theory that he could impress his clients with his wisdom less offensively by accusing them of being younger than by accusing them of being less clever. He wished them to feel that they had taken their troubles to the right man—*ætat.* one hundred and thirty-seven years and eight months. He was bald and his beard was streaked with gray. As if that were not enough, he had married a woman older than himself, and, in addition, cultivated the old man's grin of tolerant good nature toward inexperience.

"Good morning, Mr. Warren," said Shadd.

Instantly he began to fear that Warren, being a henpecked chump, would refuse to do the trick as planned.

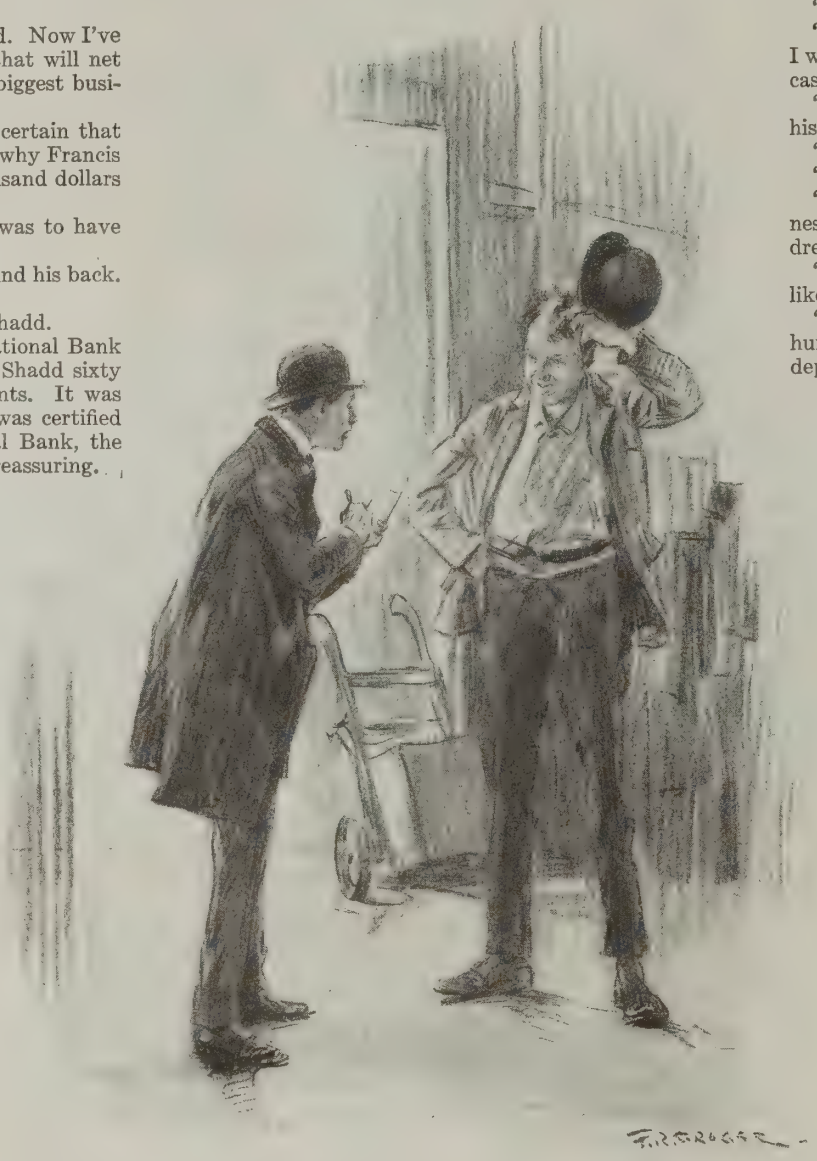
"Good morning, my boy!" And Warren nodded and smiled as if saying: "At last! Well, I expected it!"

"Is there any reason why you should not take my case?" asked Shadd and looked at Warren unblinkingly, as if to see with what expression Warren would decline. But the lawyer smiled paternally and said:

"I don't know what your case is."

"I mean I wish you to act as my lawyer."

"As against anybody in particular?" And the lawyer continued to smile, this time meaningly.



"You are a Good Friend, and I Want to Do Something for You"

Shadd stared at him blankly. Warren went on:

"Your wife, for instance?"

Ah, these children! But then, age and Mr. Warren would set them right.

As a matter of fact, even Mrs. Shadd was older than Warren.

"Do you mean," asked the perplexed Shadd, "am I looking for a divorce?"

"Or fearing it," complemented old Mr. Warren.

"No; I don't fear it," replied Mr. Shadd with a gloomy sort of indignation.

"Suppose you tell me what your trouble is," suggested Warren without committing himself to anything. "Begin at the beginning."

Shadd noticed that Warren had not promised to take his case; but he felt he might as well tell all about it.

"Well," began Wilberforce cautiously, "I've been dabbling in Wall Street."

"Is the property in your name or your wife's?" interrupted Warren, frowning in advance.

"In mine!" cried Shadd vehemently.

"Who are your brokers?"

"Francis T. Woodcock & Co."

"How much do they claim you owe them?"

"I don't owe them anything."

"I know! But how much do they say you owe them?"

"For what?"

"That," said the lawyer impatiently, "is what I am waiting for you to tell me. Since this is a declining market, I suppose they claim they didn't get your order to sell and ——"

"Oh, no," said Shadd, shaking his head violently. "They sold it when I told them."

"Then, how do they make out that you owe them —

"They don't."

"Then," and Warren frowned the frown of a man v a grievance—deceit and waste of time—"then, why you come to see me?"

"Because I've made sixty thousand dollars ——"

"And they won't give it to you?"

"They've given it to me. I want to know if you are lawyer?"

"Where's the money?" asked Warren skeptically.

"Here! It's a certified check for sixty thousand dolla And Shadd took it from his pocket. Warren reached it, but Shadd drew it back to safety and held it ou reach. He repeated: "Are you my lawyer?"

"I am!" replied Samuel W. Warren.

"You see, I took all my savings from the bank I went down to Wall Street; and I bought, outrigh cash, two hundred shares of Undersea Craft ——

"The devil you did!" exclaimed Warren, risin his feet excitedly. "At what price?"

"Nine."

"What!"

"Nine," repeated Shadd with the humility of gr ness. "Plain nine. Nine dollars a share; eighteen dred dollars for the two hundred shares."

"Why, man, you're a ——" Warren paused, law like, disliking to tell the truth in plain language.

"And so I sold, one hundred at 300 and the o hundred at 301. The top!" finished Shadd wi deprecatory gesture and gleaming eyes.

"By George!" exclaimed Warren, so ad ingly that he forgot to smile senilely. The remembered himself and looked stern. "N young fellow, what are you going to do with

"That's why I'm here," said Shadd hurri "You know I had to tell my wife—and she Well, you know what women are."

"I do," said Warren, so unconvincingly Shadd began to fear the worst.

Wilberforce's mind at times worked under the stimulus of fear. It did so now, luc for him.

"Warren, I want to keep out of Wall St I think I've done enough—to run eighteen dred dollars up to sixty thousand. But, han everybody insists on telling me how to invest money so it will bring me in eighteen per ce year."

"Well, you don't want to listen to them. want to invest it ——"

"No, I don't!" contradicted Shadd v mently. "I wish to be protected against my self. I'm afraid of being an easy mark, that I have money. I want to get a fair inc and enjoy it as long as I live. I don't wa speculate! I don't want to make a mi dollars! So I've come here for you to tel what to do."

S. W. Warren looked at Shadd in am ment. Talk about only the old being wise! V this clerk had Methuselah and Solomon ba into a corner, positively speechless!

Shadd's fears came back to him.

"Do you th-think," he inquired tremulo "that I'm f-foolish?"

"Foolish? By George, you are the wisest gink— man that ever came into this office. Just shake hands me, will you?"

They shook hands warmly and Shadd began to hop

"Can you fix it," he went on earnestly, "so that I self cannot touch this money, but get the income regul and nothing more so long as I live, no matter how m times I—I—I may change my mind?"

"You bet your boots I can!" declared Mr. Warren conviction.

"Are you dead sure?" persisted Shadd earnestly. matter who it is that wants me to invest in oil land mining stocks, or lots in—er—Jersey, or any of t things? I don't want to do it."

"I don't blame you," said Warren sympathetically

"Sometimes they are your—er—relatives and you'd to please 'em; but —— Well, a fellow's got a right to out for himself."

"You're dead right there, Shadd," said Warren, sp ing for the first time with real conviction. "I think a deed, leaving the principal to your wife, since you hav children ——"

"Couldn't she break it if she made up her mind t it?"

"Well," admitted Warren reluctantly, "of course and she together might break it if she, as benefic waived her rights and claims ——"

"That's just what I don't want," said Shadd. "S er—has spoken to a man who is hellbent on putting m into things that pay a very high rate of interest, and treble your money in two years to boot ——" Sh stopped because he did not wish to lie or to admi couldn't say "No" to her.

Fortunately the lawyer was the kind who knew everything better than the client.

"I know the type," said Warren, and nodded frowningly. "If you don't watch out you won't have a cent left. It's too bad you have no infant children! If you had, and made them joint beneficiaries, the deed of trust could not be broken, even though they were willing, until they were of age."

"I see," said Shadd.

He had no children. His wife was, therefore, to blame. Thinking of her guilt brought a second flash of inspiration to him.

"Do they have to be blood relatives?" he asked.

"No."

"How much do I have to leave to them?"

"As much or as little as you wish."

"Then," declared Shadd, "the younger the better! Say, Warren, you go on and draw up the paper, and leave a blank space for three children's names." He would take no chances.

"Oh, I can fix it up in a jiffy! It won't take long. You just give me the names."

"You go ahead and get it ready," persisted Shadd. "I'll be back in a little while."

XVIII

WILBERFORCE SHADD hurried back to his office. He sought the manager.

"Mr. Lipps," said Wilberforce desperately, "have you any small children?"

Lipps stared at Shadd in amazement. Then he decided to answer and send for the ambulance later, if really necessary.

"Yes. I've got a boy of three and a girl baby. Greatest kid you ever saw, that! She's been growing at the rate of ——"

"How old? How old?" feverishly interrupted Shadd.

"One month and three days; and she weighs ——"

"Her name?" broke in Shadd with a bright smile, reaching for a pad and pencil.

"Winifred Lipps. She is the ——"

"Mr. Lipps"—and Shadd looked straight into his superior's eyes—"if you don't mind I am going to do something for her. Perhaps I had better explain to you that I have no children of my own."

"Too bad!"

"Yes; it is. The reason I want to do this for Winifred is because my wife wanted to buy—er—to be ——"

"Too bad, Shadd! I understand. Well, perhaps it is just as well. They are a great care, and unless you are very lucky ——"

"Yes, sir. You've always been very kind to me and I'd like to do something for Winifred. I've always wanted a little girl of my own; but Winnie will do just as well."

"Oh, nonsense!" And Lipps shook his head, but looked pleased. "You look out for your own family."

"You don't know it, Mr. Lipps, but, as a matter of fact, I'm much better off than you'd suspect."

"Oh, I didn't mean that!"

Lipps spoke in horror-stricken tones, but he could not keep his eyes from shining happily.

"I told my lawyer to leave a blank space for the name and he said he'd wait until I got back. Of course I could telephone him or send it by messenger, or leave it for to-morrow at lunchtime."

"You'd better attend to it yourself, Shadd. Take all the time you need. After all, a man doesn't make his last will and testament every day."

And, with a friendly nod, Mr. Lipps left the room—that nothing might delay Mr. Shadd's return to his lawyer.

Wilberforce, however, went into the shipping room and sought Jim Molloy, who used to make him feel brave by saying there were more jobs open than he could fill in ten years.

"Molloy, have you any girls?"

Girls, Shadd decided, were longer-lived than boys. They invariably survived their husbands.

"Four of 'em!"

"Healthy?"

"You'd think so if you had to feed 'em."

"How old is the youngest?"

"The youngest? Eight months old yesterday; no—Tuesday."

"Lively and strong, eh?"

"Say!" Molloy's eyes grew bright and enthusiastic. "Honest, she can ——"

"Enough! Enough!" cried Shadd so excitedly that Molloy actually did not finish the hymn of praise. "What's her name?"

"Alice."

"No middle name?"

"Yes—Alice May. Say, not because she's my kid, but on the level she's the greatest ——"

"Listen, Jim; I've got no kids of my own and so I'm going to do something for yours. Don't say anything to anybody. You are a good friend, and I want to do something for you in case I—er—croak. She is healthy, hey?"

"Say, she grabbed my finger; and I hope to die if I'm not telling God's truth, mister—she just held on ——"

Shadd had picked out no moribund weakling.

"Fine!" he cried, so enthusiastically that Molloy's blue eyes grew moist and tender.

Shadd thereupon rushed away. At the door, standing by the gate of the freight-elevator shaft, was old William Ross, who was known to come of a long-lived family.

"Say, Ross," asked Shadd, "have you any grandchildren?"

"Eleven."

"How old is the youngest?"

"I don't rightly know. Let me see; he was born the year Cleveland ran the last time ——"

"Ninety-two?"

"That's right," said Ross. "He's twenty-three."

"Have you any great-grandchildren?"

"Three."

"Girls?"

"No—all boys. We Rosses are all boy-breeders. My father was one of nineteen—all boys."

"What's the name of your youngest great-grandson?"

"William. My wife got a letter yesterday saying Willie was doing fine. He is seven days old to-day."

"Thank you."

"Why?" inquired G. G. Father Ross suspiciously.

"Why what?"

"Why do you thank me?"

"For coming of such long-lived stock."

Forty minutes later Wilberforce Shadd opened the door of Warren's office and peered in cautiously, fearing his wife might have come in ahead of time. Seeing the lawyer alone, he walked in bravely.

"The names," he announced, "are Winifred Lipps, Alice May Molloy, and William Ross, 'steenth.

"These children are the daughters and the great-grandson, respectively, of business associates and friends."

"Write them," said Warren.

"Mr. Morris, the Time to Go Short of 'Em Was When I Did—er—I Mean, Not Now"

Wilberforce Shadd Thrilled at the Touch of the Magic Paper

Wilberforce Shadd did so. Warren gave the slip to Miss Walker, his red-headed stenographer.

Five minutes later Wilberforce Shadd read and thrice reread this document:

I give and bequeath the sum of sixty thousand dollars to Samuel Walter Warren in trust, to hold and invest the same, and to pay me the net income thereof during my life, and on my death to pay out of the principal thereof the sum of one hundred dollars to Winifred Lipps, the sum of one hundred dollars to Alice May Molloy, and the sum of one hundred dollars to William Ross, great-grandson of my friend William Ross; and the balance of said remainder to my wife, Ann Elizabeth Shadd.

"Where do I sign?" asked Shadd, looking at the clock.

"Here. And I sign here."

Both Shadd and Warren signed the document typed by the red-headed Miss Walker, who kept book agents from calling twice at that office.

"Are you sure that nobody can touch this money?" asked Shadd.

"Sure?" And Warren smiled. "Sure? I wish you were as sure of heaven as I am of that."

"Well, I must be going. You will invest the money soon, I suppose?"

"At once. I think I can get you five per cent ——"

"Five?" And Wilberforce Shadd frowned.

"Yes; I am compelled by law to invest all trust funds in certain classes of securities. You ought to get pretty close to three thousand dollars a year."

Wilberforce Shadd had been figuring on thirty-six hundred dollars.

From three hundred dollars to two hundred and fifty a month was a big drop.

"That's what a man's wife can do!" bitterly reflected Wilberforce.

Then he thought of what the same man's wife could not do, now that he had signed the little paper; and he smiled pleasantly.

Minus a check for sixty thousand and twenty-one dollars and plus a receipt for same from Warren, Wilberforce Shadd left the lawyer's office and returned to his own.

XIX

LIPPS was not waiting for him; he merely happened—don't you know?—to be near Shadd's desk when Mr. Shadd came in.

"Er—back again, hey?" said Lipps with an ingratiating smile. It wasn't what he really wished to say; but he did not know how to ask the other question.

"Yes, sir."

Lipps hesitated, and then, trying not to look expectant, asked:

"Er—fixed everything to your satisfaction?"

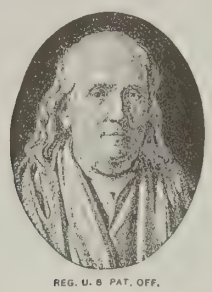
"Everything!" answered Shadd with the pleased smile of a man successfully defying Fate. Then he thought of Lipps and the reason for Lipps' smile, and added: "Winifred's name leads all the rest."

"Oh, I didn't mean to ask anything about that!" And Lipps smiled.

The smile was so kindly, so full of admiration, so inviting of confidence, that before he knew it Wilberfore Shadd took Warren's receipt from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Lipps.

(Continued on Page 62)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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The Tuppenny Beer Men

SEVERAL years ago a famous and venerable English establishment changed hands. The new proprietor, going in and out of his office, noticed that a cheerful and obsequious person always stood near the front door. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, he asked this person who he was; and the person, dutifully knuckling his forehead, answered: "I'm the tuppenny beer man, sir."

Investigation by the proprietor disclosed that a predecessor, more than two generations before, had stationed a man at the door for the purpose of treating to tuppenny beer whoever came to the establishment bringing a message, a parcel, or on a like errand. The cost ran into hundreds of pounds yearly.

Doubtless time was when treating messengers, parcel-bearers, and so on, to tuppenny beer was a good stroke of business. Probably it got the house quicker service. But the tuppenny beer man persisted for many years after the reason for him had ceased.

Every business everywhere in the world tends to load itself up with deadwood in that way. Something is done for a good reason; conditions change, so the reason is no longer valid; but the business goes on doing the old thing from habit and because nobody has the wit to see that a change is needed, and to act upon that perception.

It has been pointed out that one reason for Germany's rapid industrial development in the last half of the nineteenth century was that she took over the industrial system ready-made from England, and in taking it over cut out the deadwood which had grown into it as it developed at home.

War has already cut out much deadwood in Europe. Reorganization after the war will probably cut out still more.

There is undoubtedly plenty of it in the United States. We should say the first step in preparing for after-the-war conditions would be for every American manufacturer and merchant, no matter how big or little, to install a really adequate cost-accounting system—if he has not one already—and study it carefully to detect his pile of deadwood.

The Price of Money

IN THE eighteenth century the British Government was able to borrow money at three per cent. For a comparatively short time in the latter part of the nineteenth century money was so abundant that the government borrowed at little over two per cent. In this year of grace, after the enormous borrowings on account of the war and with no peace in sight, it is able to borrow an immense sum at about four per cent net. The new war loan bears five per cent interest and goes to subscribers at a discount, but the government immediately takes back one-quarter of the interest for income tax; so the net cost of the money is about four per cent, and for those who want assurance that the income tax will not cut still deeper in the future it is issuing a four-per-cent tax-free bond.

Before the war, in the light of a hundred and fifty years' experience, it might be said that three per cent was about the normal price for money in England and the United States. Eliminate risk, give the investor the utmost possible assurance of safety, and his money could be had at about that rate. Whenever a higher rate was paid the excess was in the nature of an insurance premium, compensating the investor for risk assumed.

The vast war borrowings may be regarded as introducing some element of risk, even in the case of a government bond; and that England is still able to borrow at about four per cent net indicates that a high interest rate is not necessary to call forth whatever investable capital there may be in a country.

It has been assumed that interest rates in Europe will be extremely high after the war. If so it will be because competitors bid high for funds and not because investors demand a high rate. Apparently whatever money there is can be had at four per cent as readily as at six.

Preventable Poverty

AN ANNUAL report by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor says that in ninety-six per cent of the cases relieved the family's plight was due to sickness or death of the wage-earner. In the remaining four per cent the causes were wife-desertion, imprisonment, alcoholism, old age and unemployment.

The report, of course, covered a boom year, when unemployment was at the minimum; but in average times sickness or death and unemployment are the greatest proximate causes of poverty. And they are very largely preventable causes. Better hygiene can reduce sickness. Comprehensive insurance against sickness and death is feasible, as Germany and England have shown. Unemployment and part unemployment, perhaps the most fruitful of all proximate causes of poverty, are to a great extent merely the result of industrial maladjustment, unsocial thinking.

In many cases an employer's first recourse when the normal demand slackens is to discharge workmen. Their buying power paralyzed, they cut down demand in some other direction, and more workmen are discharged. If the problem was considered socially other expedients besides discharging the men might very often be found. There is not enough correlation of seasonal occupations for the purpose of keeping men continuously employed. Public work might be more extensively shaped with a view to lessening unemployment.

One minor cause of poverty may be noted—imprisonment. The state takes charge of a man who is supporting his family, and at once—in most cases—prevents him from fulfilling that primary social, moral, human obligation which he has been voluntarily fulfilling when left to himself. Could stupidity go farther than that?

A great deal of poverty is preventable—with no revolutions or patent panaceas, but only with an intelligent, social-minded attack upon some of the chief proximate causes of it.

A Training Program

WE SHOULD have athletic drill in public schools, approximating, in the high schools, the training a recruit would get; a regular volunteer army of two hundred and fifty thousand men. There is no reason to doubt that volunteers can be had if some pains are taken to make army service more attractive. We must not, of course, have any system which presumes commissioned officers to be of a quite different clay from enlisted men. France has shown that a really democratic army can be the most efficient army. Promotion to the highest commands must be open to any enlisted man.

There should be a moderate increase in pay. Service in the army may be so ordered that a man with army experience would be preferred for various civil employments. Enlistments should be for three years of active service, with ten years or so in a graded reserve.

This would cost something; but any possible increase in land defenses would cost something; and if the country can afford to spend millions under the Hay Bill it can afford to spend millions on a plan that will give some results.

Militarists will not like this program. They want conscription. Perhaps some members of Congress will not like it, for it provides neither pork nor politics. But it is the only plan we know of that meets the country's situation and prospects.

Any of the ambitious plans for compulsory military service, if adopted now, would certainly break down directly after normal conditions were restored in Europe; so the energy and money expended upon them would be mostly wasted.

Some Work at Home

THE details of the latest prison scandal are mostly stereotyped—ill-ventilated, unsanitary buildings, with hardly any chance for open-air exercise; men in damp, unlighted dungeons; criminals hardened in vice herded with young first-offenders; dirt and vermin; convict labor farmed out to contractors under conditions that regard little except the contractors' profits. An old story!

We have been told, for a couple of years now, that the United States ought to look abroad for some great and exigent problems to engage its moral strength, lest that degenerate because there is really nothing at home upon which to exercise it.

Suppose we should take a little elementary moral exercise by really trying to stop heaping stupid and brutal abuses upon the inmates of prisons. Then there is the matter of lynching, and various other possible objects of righteous effort which will occur to any reader.

Prison reform has been a staple object of agitation for many years. The country has been shocked time and again by disclosures of prison barbarities. Evidently all this has not penetrated to the consciousness of many officials.

How shall we put it so it shall penetrate the official consciousness everywhere—and the lay consciousness, too—so that a barbarous prison shall not be tolerated?

That is something of a job. There are others. Unfortunately these hard, grinding jobs at home do not appeal much to the sentimental imagination. They are not dramatic. They require dogged application. The sentimental imagination instinctively shies away from them to larger flights.

All the same, there is quite a bit of work to be done at home.

The Industrial Pace

THREE years ago Canadian industry, broadly speaking, did not know what a war munition looked like. There are now six hundred munitions factories in the Dominion, and they are supplying a very important proportion of the enormous number of shells used on the Western battle-front.

A recent British report compares the output of guns, powder and shells in the United Kingdom at the close of 1916 with that at the end of June, 1915—after nearly a year of war.

Of larger shells the output is from sixty to three hundred times as great; the increased production of guns runs from one hundred to twelve hundred per cent, and of powder from one hundred to four thousand per cent. In 1916, it may be noted, British exports, measured in value, were about up to the normal before-the-war mark, having increased more than fifteen per cent over 1914, which was over half peace.

A report from Germany says that wood-pulp products have been successfully substituted for cotton—the supply of which has been cut off—in the manufacture of explosives; that bags made of paper yarn are taking the place of jute; old rubber is refabricated and substitutes for rubber are introduced.

Whatever the exact facts may be, it is certain that, though supplies of important raw materials have been much reduced or nearly cut off, Germany still manages to make the things she must have.

All of this illustrates the adaptability of modern industry. The world has learned the trick. It has a mastery of productive processes, an organization, a genius that no war can destroy. If it should happen to want wampum as badly as the Indians did it could turn it out by billions of tons with a fortnight's preparation.

After the war's demonstration of human mastery over material things there is no use in saying that Nature sets a limit to what we can have of any necessary material thing.

Foreign Trade

COMPARING our exports in 1916 with 1913, the last preceding year that was entirely free from war influence, is not a particularly flattering occupation.

Exports to Europe increased by a couple of billion dollars; but if the Allies be excluded there was no gain. Exports to North America increased over a quarter of a billion, but more than half of that went to Canada and was mostly a war demand. Exports to Asia trebled, but Russian Asia took the lion's share of the gain; and some of Japan's increased purchases were a war demand. Nearer home the biggest gain, aside from Canada, was in exports to Cuba; but that was largely a product of our increased purchases of Cuban sugar, which, again, was in great part a war demand. Gains in exports to Argentina, Chile, Brazil and China make but an infinitesimal item in the total of our foreign trade.

In short, we have as yet gained comparatively little foreign trade, except as war demand has thrown it to us. We have gained something in understanding the importance of foreign trade and in organizing for it; but Congress, at this writing, is still haggling over the bill to permit coöperation for export business, and even threatening so to amend it as to make it worthless.

It has long been clear enough that more efficient competition for foreign trade requires coöperative effort by our manufacturers; but the machinery moves slowly.

FEEDING A MILLION

Army Housekeeping—By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE Germans on the Somme and at Verdun have been surrendering to the French and British on rather slight provocation—at least a great many of them have. And the first thing the average German prisoner does when he finds himself safe behind his enemies' lines is to ask for food. Invariably he is delighted and astonished by the quality of the food he is given, and he keeps on asking for more until his great hunger for the white bread, the fresh meats and the fine, fatty soups is appeased. Now if I were a French general and had reason to believe that the stories about a German food shortage were true—and the prisoners say they are—I would inaugurate a new kind of offensive on lines calculated to entice all the German armies out of their trenches.

I would fill a few bomb casings with generous, thick, buttered and jam-spread slices of *la boule*—as the French call their ration bread—and fire them over into the German trenches as the climax of a bombardment by which I would have cut the men off from their own food supplies long enough to make them good and hungry. I would wrap each tempting titbit in a carefully worded invitation to dinner, in which I would not hesitate to mention beefsteaks, and lamb chops, and real pork sausages, and potatoes stewed in cream—or German fried; and I would follow this inhuman action with a few teasing whiffs of condensed rich food odors, which might be sprayed out across No Man's Land from a gas nozzle. Unless the Germans are superior to all the laws of Nature, the result would be wholesale surrenders; the war would be brought to an end very shortly and hundreds of thousands of lives would be saved.

Whole Trains of Refrigerated Vans are Driven Each Day to the Field Kitchens

What Frenchmen are Eating Near Verdun

IN WAR the one thing needful to the man in the fight is food. Munitions and guns would be utterly useless to an army with empty stomachs. The soldier must eat, and that is the only absolute and unqualified "must" which confronts the servants of the state whose business it is to minister to his physical requirements. He does not have to sleep in comfort—at least not often; it is not necessary that he should be warm or clean, and he can be practically sheltered for weeks on end; he can live in his dirt and bodily discomfort, get used to it in no time, and grow fagged and healthy on it, just so long as he is enabled regularly and plentifully to eat. And heroes have prodigious appetites. The French heroes of Verdun, a round million of them, consume approximately twenty-four million five hundred thousand pounds of food every week, and this is counting only the official dry ration, which is variously and abundantly supplemented.

That, I suppose, is as good a way as any to begin. The military statistical sea is much deeper a little farther out; but, even at the million depth, one must rely more or less on the buoyancy of one's own inflated ignorance in order to establish any kind of claim to mental unsubmersibleness. The Germans are so fond of the word colossal that the French, in connection with their own colossal achievements, have begun to spell it occasionally in the German way and to print it in italics by way of pointed and piquant retort—a retort analogous to the one some English soldiers in the trenches made last winter to the German boast: "*Gott mit Uns!*"

The Germans raised a signboard bearing this legend high over one of their trenches where the Tommies opposite them could read it; and the Tommies, not to be outdone, made an imitation of the signboard and painted on it in large black letters: "We Got Mittens Too!" This is a well-known story, but I am not going to apologize for repeating it in this connection, because it seems to me exactly to illustrate the whole answer of the Allies to unanticipated German aggression. The English should name their first successful imitation of a Zeppelin, Got Mittens!

Colossal is the only word to apply to any commissariat designed to meet the demands of millions of men under arms; but in the French commissariat it is not mere size that impresses one most; it is the bewildering variety of minute detail and the perfection of the system that has been achieved. France lays the loss of the war of 1870 at the door of the commissariat. This department was so badly organized, and its bases of supply were so unfortunately located and so inadequately protected, that the enemy was able at the very beginning to curtail its resources to the point of absolute defeat; and that conquest, as everybody knows, became a conquest of starvation.

Whereupon France made a belated Never Again! resolution and went to work. The present magnificent system of supply has grown gradually and in unbreakable solidity upon a foundation of tragic "ifs." If France had only had so and so in such and such a place, how different the result might have been! The French army today is as well fed as any army has ever been; and there is an atmosphere of pride and satisfaction evident in the whole commissary department, which gives one a feeling of great confidence in the eventual issue.

The daily ration of every soldier in France is seven hundred grams of bread; a minimum of four hundred and fifty grams of fresh meat—beef, mutton or pork; thirty grams of bacon or ham; one hundred grams of dried vegetables; sixty grams of dried soup vegetables, in a mixture known as *julienne;* seventy-five grams of jam; one hundred grams of potatoes, spaghetti, rice or macaroni—alternated; thirty grams of coffee; forty grams of sugar; twenty grams of salt; three grams of tea, for those who want it; and one pint of wine, either white or red.

The Trimmings, Fixings and Extras

IN ADDITION to all of this the captain of each company gets a weekly cash allowance for the purchase of fresh vegetables for his men, or anything they may vote for in the way of "trimmings"—sauces of various sorts and small articles of diet dear to the French heart. Food for the men in the trenches when they are under heavy bombardment is a different matter; but I shall come to that later on.

And so you have my mathematical cards on the table. In building up my fine large estimate in pounds a week for the supply of an army of a million men I found it necessary to brush aside a good many decimal crumbs, as any mathematician would soon discover, but hardly enough perhaps to make an appreciable difference in the army food situation. According to my figures, each man still gets about three and a half pounds of food each day, without counting wine or extras; and that is approximately correct. The metric system is in use, I think, in every civilized country on earth except Russia and Montenegro; and it has been

At Least One-Fifth of the Baking Has to be Done at the Front

Thousands Upon Thousands of Big Round Loaves Were Stacked on Racklike Shelves

At the First Food Distribution Base

Cattle With Their Own Food Strapped on Their Backs

legalized in the United States. But there is a wide difference between legalizing and familiarizing—as much of our legislation annually demonstrates; and I, for one of my imperfectly educated generation, shall never cease to ask how many kilos there are in a pound and how many miles it takes to make a kilometer. I look them up quite frequently and am always surprised to find that it is just the other way round.

As for grams to the ounce, there are four decimal figures after the whole number; and why anybody should be expected to worry over that kind of thing I cannot see. After which deferential acknowledgment of the mental superiority of those to whom decimal crumbs can be an intellectual feast, I will proceed.

When I first mentioned to a French friend the fact that I wanted to know how soldiers in large numbers live and are taken care of, I must, quite unintentionally, have laid special emphasis on baths and clean clothing, these being in anyone's opinion two highly important items of comfortable existence. It came, of course, through my enumerating normal necessities—food, raiment, shelter, fire, beds, baths and laundries.

The Military Shops in Paris

"How do armies get bathed and laundered?" The answer is: "They don't." But, in the interest of the French reputation from the celebrated American standpoint, my French civilian friend thought it better that I should be permitted to learn this for myself—if I could—hoping that, in my rigidly limited and officer-conducted wanderings round, I might come across a laundry or bathhouse somewhere which would be sufficiently impressive and sufficiently dilated upon by my escort to induce in me a belief that France was full of just such admirable institutions. He was being very subtle when he said to me afterward:

"What did you think of our laundries and baths?"

"Your what?"

"Well, of course—I knew it all the time; but I was not going to discourage you. If we were wise—as the Germans are, for instance—we would establish a few things of that character in easily accessible places, just for the sake of striking admiration into the minds of our 'clean above all things' American friends. How you would praise us! But war is war, and we are working at it."

Though the answer to the question "How do armies get bathed and laundered?" is "They don't," I must qualify that answer by the statement that in some cases in France they certainly do. Not so much in the interest of cleanliness and comfort, perhaps, as for purposes of economy. Probably the great obstacle to the systematic conservation of clothing is in the form of a mountain of things that crawl—things which, in some unaccountable way, manage to crawl into every army. And these unspeakable things do not drown easily, fire being the only element to which they do quickly succumb. However, in Paris I have been in workrooms where hundreds of women were engaged in mending army underwear and shirts, and inquiry elicited the information that the garments were sterilized at the Front in big ovens on wheels, and afterward shipped to laundries here and there throughout the country to be washed and delivered to different mending rooms. But the size of this undertaking, as I have seen it, is not such as to give one visions of clean and neatly mended clothing for three million men every Saturday night.

What one does see in astounding quantities is new clothing. The swift packing into bundles for shipment to the Front of one million and a half new shirts all at once and all in one vast workroom is a thing to look upon with interest; a thing to inspire varied and far-reaching speculation. I was assured that a soldier may have a new shirt and new underclothing as often as he needs them, which was exceedingly indefinite, but at least superficially satisfactory to an inquirer who has learned more or less what to expect in the way of information.

The question as to whether or not a soldier's need is ever determined by himself or by the facts is of absolutely no importance. Down in the Verdun sector I saw men just coming out of the trenches and men just going in, and there was little to choose between them in regard to general appearance, except that the mud on those going in had had a chance to dry, while the mud on those coming out looked as though it had soaked through to their skins—as no doubt it had.

In the front rank of one company on its way in, incidentally, there was a man I shall never forget. He was a living protest against war's hideous sacrifice. He was the only clean man in the ranks. His gray-blue uniform was bright and new and fitted his lithe figure perfectly, making one sure that it had been turned out by his own tailor. He was an unmistakable aristocrat, very tall, and masculinely beautiful in every line. I stared at him; I could not help it. His comrades were laughing and joshing as they swung along, and only he among them all was serious. His level eyes were fixed straight ahead and he carried his rifle with a curious easy grace. He made one think of a shaft of sunlight passing slowly into a bank of cloud. I said to myself: "It is that boy's first time in." I was sure of it—and he was so splendidly young! I do hope he came out merely covered with the glorious mud—"glorious mud" is what they call it.

Women do most of the army sewing and tailoring, just as they make most of the munitions, the metal helmets and wooden trench shoes, and all the other items of soldier equipment. They have become a part of the great system in France, as women have in England; but in France there is no danger of their ever wanting to make their new position permanent. French-women are essentially home women and feminists in a wholly effeminate sense. Hardly a baker's dozen of them have ever taken any interest in theories of economic independence and equal rights. They don't want to be economically independent. They consider it a woman's privilege to be supported by a man, and they are now doing the work of men because the work has to be done and there is nobody else to do it. They have risen magnificently to meet their country's need, but they perform their great and unaccustomed service rather grimly. It is to their greater credit that their performance in every line leaves so little to be desired.

The average pay for women working in the army-equipment department is four francs—eighty cents—a day for a workday of ten hours. Then there are thousands of women who take work to their homes and are paid so much for a dozen pieces; but in order to get this work they must keep up to a fixed standard of daily production. It is a mill, a machine, and the dead-level monotony of specialization characterizes the whole system. The army must have boots, wooden trench shoes, socks, underclothing, flannel shirts, suspenders, uniforms, overcoats, raincoats, helmets, soft caps, gas masks, blankets, tents, mattresses—sometimes—knapsacks, cartridge belts, gloves and mittens, handkerchiefs, hand towels, and a dozen and one other things; and all these things, or most of them, the women make.

Many of them, especially uniforms, are made in parts and assembled; and when I saw some five hundred women in Paris engaged in turning out an order for a few hundred thousand pairs of uniform sleeves, within a given time, I wondered how much they knew about the other processes of production. Probably nothing at all. Their tired minds must sometimes conjure up visions of valiant regiments going forth in nothing but sleeves. And as for the makers of flannel shirts and undergarments—which are usually referred to in terms of millions—their hours are so long and their weary lives so absorbed, so smothered, one might say, in Canton flannel and wool, that they would be justified in imagining that the beloved army both eats such articles and fires them at the enemy. The amount of materials one sees in actual process of swift destruction is beyond casual comprehension.

The Powers That Be

But I began by saying that all an army really needs is food; and if that can be accepted as a comparative statement it needs no modification. It requires the night and day services of some fifteen thousand men just to feed the army of a million at Verdun. The Battle of Verdun has been fought out and finished, we believe, or hope; but the struggle for Douaumont was in progress when I was down there, and the army of a million was a concentrated reality.

In pursuit of information I went, in the beginning, to the Powers that Be, in Paris, and announced that I wanted to see the national pantry and clothespress—to say nothing of the kitchens, refrigerators, storerooms, wine cellars and other incidentals of national housekeeping, including domestic account books. I knew, later, why everybody laughed. They wondered why I should be choosing such a peculiar life-work. Or was it to cover their own ignorance of the subject? They were ignorant—no doubt about that; and one man at least has since asked even me for small items of information.

Some questions I could and can answer; but most things, be it understood, are known only to some mysterious great person somewhere, who never, no never, will tell. High officials get so in the habit these days of "squirreling" information that they will not even uncover it for the benefit of each other. I found it rather difficult to induce the Powers that Be to take me seriously; but as a matter of fact they take themselves so seriously that their mental capacity for seriousness is completely exhausted before they reach the actual performance of the tasks assigned to them—which sounds rather hateful, but is quite justified. I think I must digress just long enough to give them away.

(Continued on Page 30)

Automobile Busses Carrying Food to the French Front

Let us bring our gardens to your table

Let us give you the benefit of these fresh delicious vegetables so carefully selected and daintily prepared.

Here is a tempting, wholesome food rich in appetizing flavor; full of strength-building nourishment. And it is all ready for your table any time at three minutes' notice. Think how independent you can be, on the food question and the "help" question and the three-meals-a-day question, when your larder is supplied with

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

In this single product you have a perfectly balanced diet—all the elements of nutrition scientifically combined. *We use thirty-two separate ingredients in this nourishing soup.*

Fifteen of these are vegetables; including premium-grade white potatoes—the finest Maine growth, "Jersey" sweet potatoes, red-hearted Chantenay carrots, sweet yellow turnips, baby lima beans, tender little peas, cabbage, tomatoes and "Country Gentleman" corn.

We add rice, barley, celery, okra, fine herbs and delicate leek; besides "A B C" Macaroni, and just a whisper, as you might say, of sweet red peppers. And we blend all these in a rich meaty stock made from selected beef.

You could not imagine a dish more tasty and nutritious. It is not only an inviting dinner-course, but it is the best part of a light meal in itself.

It involves no bother of marketing on your part; no expenditure of time and energy, no cooking expense. It comes to you already perfectly cooked and prepared. You simply add hot water, bring to a boil and serve.

Good soup is positively essential to the properly-regulated diet. All authorities agree on this. It should be eaten once a day at least. And with an assortment of these health-promoting Campbell "kinds" in the house, you are never without a soup that is altogether welcome and satisfying.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A Tempting Dish—
Fried Chicken
Southern Style

Try it—in the

"Wear-Ever"

ALUMINUM FRY PAN

Clean, singe and cut into pieces for serving, two very young chickens. Salt, roll in wet flour having as much flour as possible cling to chicken. Melt tablespoon butter in "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Fry Pan—put chicken in, skin down, cover. Cook slowly for about 15 minutes, turning when necessary. When thoroughly brown and crisp, add 3 tablespoons of water. Cook 3 minutes longer. Take out chicken and drain. Thicken gravy. Serve hot or very cold.

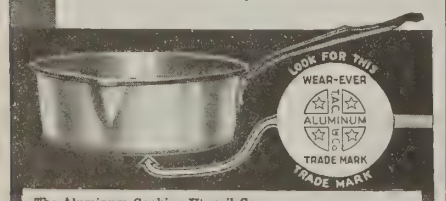
The "Wear-Ever" Fry Pan stores up a larger amount of heat than the ordinary fry pan, sears the meat immediately, thus keeping in the juices—cooks thoroughly and quickly.

The enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines makes the metal in the "Wear-Ever" utensils dense, hard and smooth. They are made in one piece, have no seams to give trouble, no coating to chip off and get into your food, are pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of every utensil. It is your guarantee of safety, saving and service.

If you never have used "Wear-Ever," we will send you the sample 1-qt. Stewpan as pictured, ***for only 30c*** if the coupon is mailed on or before March 20, 1917.



The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
New Kensington, Pa., Dept. 18, or (if you live in Canada) Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Send, prepaid, 1-qt. "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed is 30c in stamps or coin—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until March 20, 1917, only.

Name_____

Address_____

(Continued from Page 28)

By the Powers that Be I mean, of course, the men of the Press Bureau. They are ensconced in formidable-looking offices, guarded by numerous uniformed old-soldier doormen, and evidently conceive themselves to be charged with the delicate mission of keeping all friendly inquirers as far as possible from the subjects of their inquiries—which is not what they are there for at all; though, in this connection, I must say that the French are almost loosely liberal in comparison with the English. The English maintain an expensive Press Bureau, I sometimes almost think, for the purpose of having someone to blame for the superiority of German propaganda. It was the irritation and danger of German propaganda, almost as much as a recognition of the necessity for taking a proper interest in the efforts of the world's press to keep friendly tabs on their activities, which induced the allied governments to establish Press Bureaus; and all of them, especially the English and French, have voted large sums of money for the purpose.

The endeavors of these institutions are supposed to be directed toward combating German propaganda and establishing correct public impressions in neutral countries, especially in the United States; and in such an important enterprise the Allies are perfectly willing to spend money. But they do not have to spend money; and this is particularly true with regard to France. France has nothing to conceal except such military secrets as she knows how to guard under all circumstances, and nothing to smooth over or explain. In all that concerns French life and French conditions there is little that would not make an enemy envious; and the spreading abroad of information about such things is a wise procedure.

The French were assured at once, and by an American, that the only thing they had to do was to open the way for American and other neutral correspondents, and that the result would be the wide and free dissemination of a great deal of honest and harmless information. They were pleased to believe this; but the establishment of the bureau was a necessity, and a large staff would be needed to look after the details of passes, investigations of character, and all that sort of thing.

All right; some such institution is undoubtedly an indispensable cog in the great machine of war as war exists. There is no question about that; but one may say that such an institution should be organized on lines of the highest efficiency if it is not to be an obstacle rather than an aid to the strengthening of international relationships.

I shall have to admit, gratefully, that, in comparison with the experience of some others, the way has been wide open for me; but to seek vainly for a little up-to-date information is an irritating process, and that is how one spends most of one's time. At the Press Bureau there is one long corridor filled with unpainted pine shelves of the temporary, hurried-looking and immediately necessary variety, on which are piled thousands of copies of pamphlets printed in all the languages.

The Literature of the Press Bureau

Some of the titles of these pamphlets are: German Theory and Practice of War; How Austria-Hungary Waged War in Serbia; The Suppression of the Armenians—German Methods—Turkish Performance; The Violation by Germany of the Neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg; The German Mental Attitude and the War; The Origin of the War, According to Diplomatic Documents; The Congress of Vienna and the War of 1914; How Germany Seeks to Justify Her Atrocities; and German Atrocities from German Evidence.

If there are other things on those shelves they are probably of like character; but these are all I have been able to find. All are very interesting, of course, and one is glad to get at these subjects from a French point of view; but, as I have said, when I made my innocent demands upon the secrets of the military economic processes everybody laughed, and I think somebody said *"Mon Dieu!"* In their mental race with passing events they have not yet come up to Christmas, 1915.

There is one thing one must plead in excuse for their shortcomings, however, and that is that the Press Bureau is expected to take care of any and every kind of foreigner who comes along with any and every kind of request. The Frenchwoman, for instance, is not allowed to go anywhere in the direction of the armies; nor are Englishwomen allowed to cross the Channel, except on the strictest and most urgent kind of business. But the foreign woman, the neutral, and especially the American, may go almost anywhere if she has the qualities necessary to meet the difficulties of obtaining permits. Two of these are unlimited patience and dogged persistence. One Frenchman, who knows and likes America well enough to be able, without offense, to speak his mind about Americans, said to me that any American woman who has so much as knitted a pair of socks for a French soldier thinks her service has entitled her to the privilege of seeing the armies at the Front—the Front during the past year meaning always Verdun.

This is a vicious exaggeration, but it conveys a more or less correct idea. Nearly every American woman who comes to France, on whatever mission—and most of them come on war relief—asks permission to go to Verdun, or somewhere equally difficult. The fact that most of them want to "see," only that they may go back home and tell what they have seen in an effort to raise more money for the beloved French, complicates things for the gentlemen of the Press Bureau tremendously. Plain heart interest and not mere curiosity is behind a majority of such requests, and point-blank refusal to pay any attention to them is out of the question.

Diplomatic Bureaucrats

The gentlemen of the Press Bureau are much too polite to refuse anybody anything outright, anyhow. They would much rather keep you waiting until your mental attitude resolves itself into a sympathetic understanding of their own great difficulties; and this takes time. They know you will end by apologizing for causing them such endless trouble. And if they have done nothing whatever for you they will assure you that your disappointment is a triumphant and glorious feeling compared with the deep dejection they are suffering on your account; while if they have done what you have asked them to do, even though it be in the line of press work and their appointed job, they will succeed in making you feel that any repetition of the effort would be fatal to them—though *le bon Dieu* would be able to bear witness that they would be perfectly willing to die for you at any moment!

However, if mere incompetence were a crime most of us would be deprived of our liberty. Also and moreover, if we were at war and were running just such an institution for the dissemination throughout the world of accurate information about ourselves, I do not know of an American who could undertake the work in the French department. But, of course, we should know enough, and we should not be too proud, I hope, to employ a clever and friendly Frenchman.

It was several days after my own preliminary introduction at the Press Bureau that I asked permission to investigate the contents of the national larder. Why, yes; of course! Most interesting! The power I addressed would try to get for me "the informations."

"But I want to see."

"See? What do you mean? See what?"

"Everything."

"Oh!" A curious smile he smiled. "But perhaps you could tell me where you want to go?"

"No; how should I know where I want to go? I know only what I want to see. You know what I want to see; don't you also know where I ought to go?"

"Well, yes—surely; but ——"

He didn't. There was a long pause, filled with pantomime denoting serious thought, great interest in the proposition, but private and uncommunicable knowledge of insurmountable obstacles. I was moved to tell him about a certain well-known, affluent and overmannered English actor who was reduced one night to the humiliating necessity of getting into a public conveyance—a common taxicab. He had been having a late supper with some friends; but, late though it was and supper though it had been, his habitually dignified demeanor was unimpaired. He stepped into the cab with studied precision of movement and uttered the one sonorous word:

"Home!"

"Yes, sir. Where to, sir?" asked the cabman.

"Home!"

"Yes, sir; but where, sir? What address, sir?"

(Continued on Page 33)

Clicquot

Pronounced Klee-Ko

Club

GINGER ALE

Clicquot Club's thorough goodness has made it by far the most popular thirst quencher in America.

Its life and snap, high carbonation and invigorating qualities add much to the enjoyment of those who drink it. It makes thirst a pleasure.

Clicquot Club is made from pure juices of lemons and limes, cane sugar, Jamaica ginger root and crystal-clear water from a deep, dark, underground spring. It cannot help but be good.

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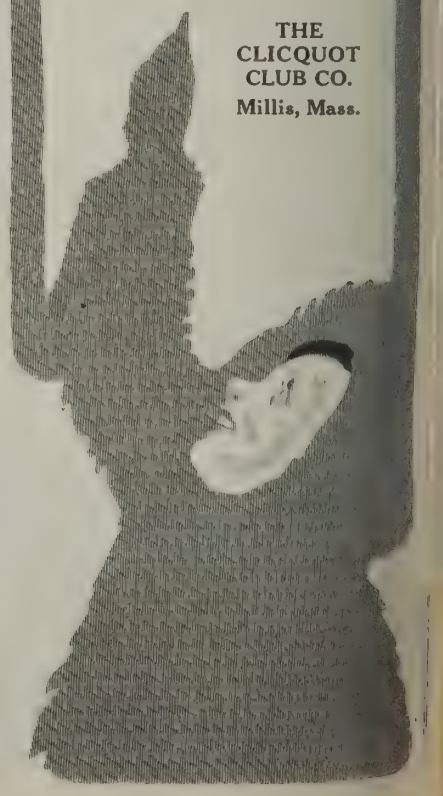

Blue Streak Belts Increase Production

Scores of Blue Streak sales are being made in these times of capacity production solely on the strength of their continuous service records.

An hour's shut-down often costs more in decreased output than the first cost of the guilty belt which brought it about.

And belt breakage and belt stretching cause shut-downs.

Blue Streak Belt construction reduces breakage to a minimum. Only a special-weave duck of 25% greater tested tensile strength than that ordinarily used in the best transmission belts is used.

In consequence Blue Streaks give you the highest possible factor of safety according with efficient transmission.

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The special-weave duck eliminates some of the stretch.

But more is eliminated by the method of impregnating the plies under enormous pressure with high grade "friction."

By this method the plies are united as with thousands of strong yet flexible rivets, rooted in the very fiber of the duck.

They unite the plies as indissolubly as if they were welded, yet allow the play between plies necessary for the equalized adjustment of strains.

Since all the plies bear an equal load, none is unduly strained; and in consequence the exasperatingly variable stretch so common in stitched and other belts of inferior construction is eliminated.

The merits of the materials used in the construction of Blue Streak Belts have been proved in every industry.

They have demonstrated their long service per dollar of cost, their power-saving efficiency, and their continuous service so conclusively that The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company unreservedly stakes its reputation on their performance.

* *

The Goodyear Encyclopedia of Mechanical Goods has been compiled by Goodyear engineers from actual cost records kept in many industries using transmission and conveyor belting, hose, packing, and valves. Write for it, naming the particular industry in which you are interested.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

· PACKING · BELTING · HOSE · VALVES ·

GOODYEAR
AKRON

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Way This Spring

Try this better way of planting your garden.

Get some Pakro Seedtape from your dealer and just plant the tape, a whole row at a time, at the depth stated on each package, moisten well and cover with earth.

The simplest, easiest way imaginable, and still intensely practical and one of the greatest scientific improvements in planting discovered in years.

Pakro Seedtape consists of selected seeds spaced exactly the correct distance apart in a thin paper tape.

Pakro Seedtape gives you a better garden with less labor because of the following advantages:

1. A better quality of thoroughly tested seed—every variety grown especially for us and selected by experts from the very best of prize-winning strains.

2. A great saving of time and labor because you can plant the tape a whole row at a time instead of a few seeds at a time, and be sure of getting straight rows and a fine even stand.

3. More economical because only enough seeds are planted to insure proper growth—with loose seeds many more than are necessary are used, resulting in over-crowded, slow-growing stunted plants.

4. No thinning out required on account of proper spacing of seeds in the tape. Those who know what this work implies will appreciate keenly this feature.

5. Not only easier to plant but better to grow—the paper tape absorbs and holds moisture around the seed, with the natural result of a quicker and much higher percentage of germination and a stronger plant life.

These are not theories. They are statements of actual results achieved by thousands of amateur gardeners and some of the most prominent agricultural colleges and experiment stations in the country. W. B. Farrar, President of the experiment station at Blountsville, Alabama, finds that "Seedtape is a very fine device for the gardener. The seeds germinate very readily and it is much easier to get straight rows. Therefore, a much more even stand and better looking garden is possible."

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In Canada, 12½c. per package

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Beet, Egyptian
Cabbage, All Seasons
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Celery, White Plume
Endive, Green Curled
Kohl Rabi, Early White Vienna
Leek, Large Flag
Lettuce, Big Boston
Lettuce, Black Seeded Simpson
Lettuce, Trianon Cos.
Onion, White Portugal
Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers
Parsley, Double Curled
Parsnip, Hollow Crown
Pepper, Large Bell
Radish, French Breakfast
Radish, Icicle
Radish, Long Scarlet
Radish, Scarlet Turnip White Tip
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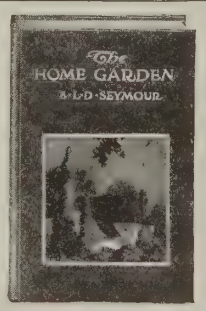

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It tells in simple terms how to plan your garden, just when to plant the different Vegetables and Flowers, and just how to plant them. It gives authoritative and exact information that is easy to follow and that should be in the hands of everyone desiring to have a successful Home Garden.

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Go over the surface and polish with a dry cloth. A sparkling clean, bright, lasting lustre is the result—a lustre so dry and hard it will not collect dust.

The same O-Cedar Polish should be used for cleaning, brightening, polishing and beautifying all wood work and furniture of every kind.

O-Cedar Polish is sold by all dealers in convenient sizes—25c to $3.00. Your money refunded if you are not delighted with the "O-Cedar Result."

Channell Chemical Co.
Chicago Toronto London

(Continued from Page 30)

"'S'dress? 'S'dress? Why, how dare you! Do you think I'm going to tell you where my beautiful home is?"

The polite monsieur laughed as a polite monsieur would, but he did not get the application. Perhaps the story had none; but I managed to apply it just the same in painstaking diagram, and it was a pleasing thing to see the light dawn in his eyes.

"Oh, I understand! You mean you can't get anywhere unless you know where you are going."

"Well, something like that."

Nothing came of that interview; but about a week later I went back and found him better prepared. He drew for me a kind of map to illustrate the complications and utter un-get-at-ableness of the subject, but on that map I discovered a few points I thought were quite accessible. Oh, one could go easily enough; the trouble was to get the necessary permissions. Well, that was where he came in. That was what he was there for. Naturally I said nothing to this effect. That would have been fatal. I merely thought it while I puckered my brows in imitation of the way he was doing it and worried with him over the great strain to which I was subjecting him.

Then one day—it took five weeks altogether; make a note of that in case you should be inclined to consider my "grouch" ill-founded—one day I got desperate and announced that it would be "day after to-morrow or never"; and he made it the day after to-morrow with such ease and alacrity that I was sorry I had not introduced the definite note a little sooner.

And that brings me back to the subject of food supply and distribution. Such digression is like showing you over the house and stopping on the stairs to gossip, is it not? A very bad habit.

One must not be geographically definite, of course, because there is just about one chance in a million that it would be dangerous; just about one chance in a million that France knows something about her own affairs which Germany does not know equally well. But for the sake of those who might take this as an occasion for saying unpleasant things about German espionage I might add that it is a reciprocal proposition, and that if any Germans think there is much of importance about German affairs which France and England do not know they underestimate the resourcefulness of their enemies. In any case, the French would be perfectly justified in saying to the Germans: Do you think we are going to tell you where our acres of warehouses, our wheat reserves and bake-ovens are?

The Food-Map of France

A commissariat map of France discloses the fact that the food-supply system embraces practically every square mile of French territory and reaches out into nearly every corner of the earth. All round the coast line are little red anchors marking harbors, many of which, such as Calais, Cherbourg, Havre, Bordeaux and Marseilles, would occur to one's mind at once, but most of which one never heard of. From all these harbors there are railroads running up toward the center of France, where a number of great magazines and mills are located; from these places, small towns generally, there are other lines connecting directly with the food preparation and distribution centers, while many other lines spread fanwise out toward various points in the long battle area and to camps located just behind the Front.

A large red dot on the map denotes a magazine and milling section; a red dot with a ring round it denotes a point of distribution; and all up and down the edge of the fighting zone are little red beefheads, which mark the locations of slaughterhouses. The French soldier likes his meat fresh-killed and will have none of the frozen kind if he can help it; so the cattle and sheep and hogs are transported or driven close up behind the Front and killed as the meat is required. During the summer whole trains of refrigerated automobile vans are loaded with meat at the slaughterhouses each day and driven up to the field kitchens, from which the men in the trenches are fed. Every known kind of vehicle is used to convey food to the Front, however; and it is interesting to see a drove of cattle going from railroad yards to the slaughterhouse corrals with their own food, for the short space of life that is left to them, strapped on their backs in sacks.

There are nearly three hundred thousand horses and mules with the army of a million at Verdun, incidentally; and they consume something like five and a half million pounds of hay, oats and mixed feeds every day. This presents a picture of tremendous transportation difficulties; but, expressed in tons, it sounds much easier. The figures were given to me in daily rations for each horse; and the item of bran, at least, was not expressed in anything even so generous as pounds; it was expressed in grams. Each draft animal in the army gets three hundred grams of bran each day. Bran is not plentiful, because, for *la boule*, wheat is milled in a manner that leaves a very small percentage of this commodity.

And yet the bread is white—whiter than that which is served in some of the best hotels. This surprised me, because I had eaten war bread in a good many countries, and had come to look upon it as a dose for the health's sake rather than as a palatable article of pleasurable diet. The first place I visited was a distribution center where they prepare and send out three hundred thousand rations every day. If you have any interest in knowing what such a place looks like, all you have to do is to vision to yourself about fifty good-sized, ordinary American country-town freight sheds, set end to end, ten in a line let us say, and with railroad tracks crowded with freight cars between them.

In the Military Bakery

Then you might set perhaps a dozen other sheds at various angles here and there round the outer edges of the main camp—and you have a perfect picture; though it would not do to forget the mud and the muck and the cinders, and, round the bakehouses, the great stacks of wood, which dozens of men are engaged all the time in reducing to the proper lengths for the vast brick furnaces connected with the ovens.

I saw the baking process the first time wrong end to. I came, first, into a bread storeroom, in which thousands upon thousands of big round loaves were stacked edge-up on racklike shelves set crosswise of the room and just far enough apart for a man to pass between them. It was a most extraordinary sight. It was just a part of that day's baking and much of it was still warm from the ovens.

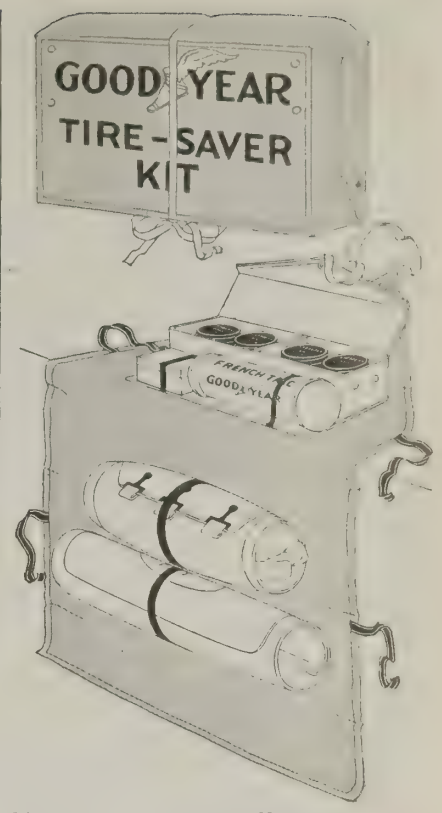
Each loaf is stamped with the date on which it was baked; so there is no chance to deceive the *poilu*. He always knows exactly how old *la boule* is.

La boule, by the way, is merely the army pet name for army bread, and means literally "the bake"—a bakery being a *boulangerie*. Far be it from me to expect anybody to know anything about anybody's language but his own. Goodness knows I don't! And when I am reading what purports to be straight English and come across a foreign word or phrase tucked in in italics, without explanation and with a superior air of ignoring the fact that the Tower of Babel was ever built, I always want to throw the book across the room and break something with it; so please excuse my being explicit.

I passed on through this vast bread-filled room, breathing the fresh fragrance with which its air was laden, and came finally into one of the oven rooms. This room was hot. It was brick-floored, but otherwise only a bare-raftered shed. Along one side of it was a row of ovens and furnaces—ten ovens and eleven furnaces—which made a furnace on each side of each oven. The room was filled with men, most of them stripped to the waist and working like Trojans. Some of them were stoking the furnaces, raking the glowing embers and piling the short pieces of wood far back in the deep interiors. Others were putting unbaked loaves into the ovens, passing them in on long-handled paddlelike shovels; others were taking the baked loaves out with the same kind of implement and stacking them on wheeled shelves to be conveyed to the storerooms.

The busiest man of them all stood next to an oven door taking the perfectly rounded unbaked loaves off their wheeled shelves, covering the bottoms of them with coarse meal and the tops of them with some kind of glaze, and stamping the date deep into them with three unvarying movements as he laid them one by one on the paddle that was to lift them into the depths of the oven. He worked with peculiar swiftness and precision, and there was never a break between his motions and the motions of the man who handled the paddle. In the art of bread baking, where absolute uniformity in a vast

(Continued on Page 35)



Extraordinary Protection

Given four good tires on the rims, a pair of spares behind, and your motorist is adequately protected against any ordinary misfortune on the road.

But the extraordinary misfortune—triplicate trouble, the third tire failing—what of that?

True, it does not often happen—but it *may*. And if it *does*—?

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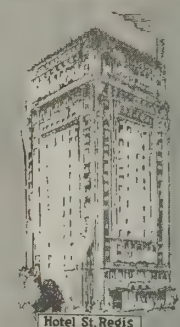
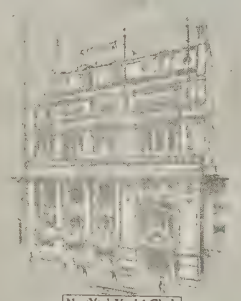

Hotel St. Regis

Midday Club

Hotel Bossert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were quick to realize the excellence of RYZON, The Perfect Baking Powder. Famous for their wonderful cuisine, and catering to the most critical consumers, the celebrated institutions pictured here were the first to adopt RYZON. In addition, RYZON is used in leading hospitals, domestic science schools and many thousands of American homes.

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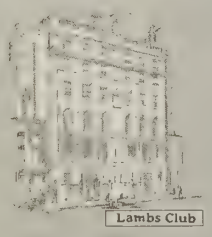
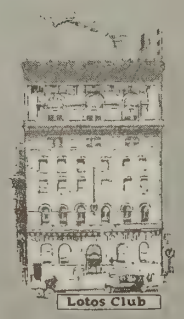

Lambs Club

Delmonicos

Ritz-Carlton


Lotos Club

Hotel McAlpin

Sherry's

(Continued from Page 33)

output is demanded, guesswork in timing operations and maintaining oven temperatures is not possible.

Just beyond the oven room was a room where the loaves were placed to go through the "rising" process, and beyond this was the mixing-and-kneading room. The mixing and kneading are done by machinery; and the flour is brought across on an overhead trolley from a warehouse on the opposite side of the railroad tracks and is let down into the mixing vats in a controlled stream as it is required.

The kneading machines were so nearly human that they all but used bad language over refractory lumps of dough; and I could have stood and watched their methodical, marvelous motions for hours on end. One hundred and fifty thousand loaves a day is the output of this bakery—about one-third of the amount consumed daily by the army at Verdun.

Adjoining the mixing room was another storeroom, filled with yesterday's bake, and many men were engaged in loading this into freight cars, which stood on the tracks alongside. For transportation to the Front the bread is not wrapped up or protected in any way, but is packed into the box cars just as it is, in even rows all the way up to the roof. A carload of *la boule* is a rather wonderful thing to see. It means so much in the general, unbelievable scheme of things.

The trains go out from this station with the regularity of a perfect railroad schedule, and in each train there are carloads of every article included in a soldier's ration except fresh meat. There is a slaughterhouse connected with the establishment, but it is for killing animals to be made into Bologna sausages and Frankfurters. These things the Frenchman likes no less than the German, and they are issued occasionally by way of variety in the meat ration.

Coffee is one of the really important items and is as necessary to the Frenchman as tea is to the Englishman. Very few Frenchmen ever drink tea; but, even so, the army manages to consume nearly twenty thousand pounds of it every week. The coffee, coming from Brazil, the East Indies and other coffee-producing countries, is delivered to the distributing centers green and all mixed up with chaff and hulls; so the odor of roasting coffee crowds the odor of fresh bread in the atmosphere of such an establishment. The coffee is first roasted in great round, revolving, self-regulating ovens—which do everything but go to the bins and fill themselves—and is then dumped into clearing screens. When it is cold and perfectly free from chaff and dirt it is sent to the grinding room, where it is run through the mills into sacks; and the sacks are at once packed into freight cars for transportation to the Front.

The Makers of Sandbags

All this is done on schedule time—do not forget that. Everything moves with clockwise regularity. While a train is loading on one side of a warehouse with foodstuffs ready for consumption another trainload of raw materials will be unloading on the other side, the spaces being filled as fast as they are emptied. There were two thousand men engaged at this center, without counting the train crews; and it is only one of many. It takes three such to supply the Army of Verdun, and the meat supply is the thing with which they have nothing to do.

All the supply centers are located on direct lines of communication with the distributing bases just behind the battle area, and each great division of this area has its own centers, together with its own ports and sources of supply. The aim of the transportation department is to avoid waste motion, because waste motion in such an enterprise means waste in a hundred and one different directions.

The item of sacks: Wherever you find a number of women at work in a sewing room, in Paris or in any other town, in some corner or section of that sewing room you will find a certain number of women engaged in making sacks. The *sac à terre*, or sandbag, is everywhere. Can you imagine the millions upon millions of yards of sacking required to make the millions of sacks necessary in the shoring up of hundreds of miles of trenches? It is beyond calculation. There are lines of sandbags belting the world in all directions. Only's mind runs up and down the map of France, with the French lines on one side and the German lines on the other; it goes on down into Italy, across to Serbia, into Bulgaria, on to Rumania, across to Austria, thence to Russia, up into Poland, down into Asiatic Turkey; still on down to the banks of the Suez Canal and across to the wastes of the Syrian Desert; everywhere battle; everywhere trenches and protected guns; everywhere sandbags, which descend upon the armies from—the armies know not where—from thousands of sewing rooms, large and small; from hearthsides; from hamlets; from hovels and palaces; from everywhere that sacking is; from every corner where unskilled hands can be employed in this least skilled of all the labors.

The consequence is that coarse sacking is unbelievably precious. At my center of supply for the Army of Verdun I went into a room where fifty women—the only women employed there—were mending sacks. They were operating American darning machines, which were run by electricity. Some of the sacks had only small holes in them and were easy to do; others were in rags and tatters, and had been mended and remended dozens of times. No matter; no sack is admitted to be hopeless so long as there is any surface left that can catch and hold the darning thread. It was both amazing and amusing. The women get four francs a day and work from seven until twelve and from one until six.

Conservation of Wine-Casks

At night men take their places at the machines and work from seven until midnight and from one until six in the morning. It is a grilling, cruel service—dusty and dirty beyond belief; but the sacks have to be mended. So many things are transported in sacks, you see; and for the indispensable sandbags, which must be uniform in size and quality, all available new material is required.

And almost immediately I came upon another minor but highly important economy. French wine casks are magnificent things. They are made of seasoned wood, and are often bound in brass with twisted thongs or some other kind of ornamental hoops. The older they get the better they are. New wood does something to wine that it shouldn't; I do not know what it is, but it is something very undesirable. Now France has never found it necessary before to transport a million and a half liters of wine in casks every day, and the question of casks is a serious one. The wine is sent from the sources of supply to the distribution centers in large tanks on flat cars—not unlike oil tanks, except that they are made of wood and are squat and rather quaint, instead of being made of steel in elongated and altogether utilitarian-looking form. Casks is the word—not tanks.

From these giant casks the wine is pumped into smaller casks, the size of a coal-oil barrel, and these smaller casks go to the Front. In the big wareroom where they were filling these—through a dozen sections of hose attached to the gigantic tubs on the railroad—I noticed the sign painted on each end of each of them: "Soldiers! Attention! If You Want Wine Take Care of the Casks!" It was exclamatory—imperative.

Then I passed on down the steps and into a vast cooperage shop, where the busy kunk-kunk of hammer and chisel was making a merry din on hoops and staves. New casks? Not at all. The coopers were engaged in repairing old ones that had been broken in transportation. They are worth their weight in wine a good many times over. Every smallest bit of the fine old wine-soaked wood is utilized, and when enough broken staves are collected they are made into kegs—wee, tiny ones sometimes.

This, also, was both amazing and amusing when one thought of the almighty cost and waste of war; but only because an American knows nothing at all about wine. One would think that the millions of *poilus* would be glad to get their wine in any kind of receptacle. But no; even to bottle it is an offense. The Frenchman is brought up from infancy on his light native wine. If the wine was not properly handled there would be one grand ruction in the ranks—and a sick French Army, perhaps. The question of health enters into every calculation of the Commissary Department.

I need only mention that there are enormous stores of everything in the warehouses connected with this central station, and that in the trains which are sent out there are carloads of dried vegetables, *julienne*—or soup vegetables—tobacco, potatoes, rice, spaghetti, macaroni, hams,

(Continued on Page 37)

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When they "page" the Firestone user, all nations answer "Here!" Firestone fame is universal. For service in the tropics, through the snows, on the boulevards of all countries, Firestone Tires are big factors in the national life. The matchless Firestone quality at ordinary price is responsible for the world-wide appreciation which increased Firestone sales last year to the enormous total of $33,321,693.63. This gain in sales of 31 per cent over the year previous and 224 per cent over annual sales of five years ago, is the proof back of the Firestone slogan, Most Miles per Dollar.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio — Branches and Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 35)

bacon, sugar, salt, and—to be remembered later—flour. With all their vast oven capacity, the general-supply stations are not able to produce the necessary quantities of bread, and at least one-fifth of the baking has to be done at the Front.

One day I was on my way down to Nancy. The train rolled into the station of Bar-le-Duc. Bar-le-Duc! One thinks of a wonderful and very expensive little currant preserve, put up in small, thick octagonal glasses—a preserve one orders once in a while with cream cheese. This is where it is made—at Bar-le-Duc, the station for Verdun. The train rolled into the station of Bar-le-Duc, and I looked out of my compartment window in time to see a party of American men, under the escort of a French colonel, get out of a car up ahead and hurry into a war-gray limousine that was waiting for them on the other side of the platform, behind the high picket fence. They were going to Verdun.

A long, rolling, sullen rumble of guns spread itself out across the north horizon. Verdun! Let me tell you that when you are within sound of the guns you can think of nothing else; you can hear nothing else; you can feel nothing else—the guns are killing, and you know it. Their heart-chilling roar is the final ungodly expression of all that war means—sentiment, suffering, havoc and horror, and ruin—the voices of the guns!

From Bar-le-Duc to Verdun—in ordinary times, if you were motoring down round there and should get into Bar-le-Duc along about luncheon time, you would probably say "Oh, come on; let's go on up to Verdun for lunch!" It is just that close. A large part of the station at Bar-le-Duc is an evacuation hospital, and there are many new corrugated-iron sheds off behind the station, which are hospital wards.

Verdun cost France almost a generation of stalwart, magnificent men, the best France had. The hospital sheds at Bar-le-Duc are eloquent of a soul's agony—and the soul is the soul of France! The triumph of victory soothes, but cannot heal that hurt. You think these thoughts calmly; you look upon long lines of stretchers bearing their bleeding burdens—calmly; the guns chill your heart, but you listen calmly; you go about your business calmly; not one shadow of indifference in anybody anywhere, but in everybody everywhere a mighty calm—even up behind the guns! It is unbelievable; it is France!

On my second arrival at the station of Bar-le-Duc I was one of the alighting passengers. That seemed strange to me, because never for one instant in my life had I wanted to go to Verdun or near any other battle. But I was following food supplies up to the point of ultimate consumption. The ultimate I did not achieve; nor would I ever, except under extreme compulsion. The ultimate is in the trenches.

The Sacred Way

There is a roadway leading from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun, upon which has been fastened a name that will cling to it through the ages. It is The Sacred Way. When the Germans opened their assault on Verdun last February naturally their first concern was to cut the communications in the rear of the fortress; and they succeeded. Every railroad, every highway, was subjected to a raging and continuous bombardment and if it had not been for this little road leading up from Bar-le-Duc the French would have found themselves faced by really insurmountable difficulty. Instantly the commander of the forces called for every available motor truck in France and within a space of hours he had between nine and ten thousand of them. Everything necessary to the defense of Verdun was rushed to Bar-le-Duc—men, munitions and supplies; and within a space of hours the marvelous procession was started. Everything was ordered off The Sacred Way and the motor-lorry trains had but one order: Keep moving!

It is a winding road more than twenty times long and neither wide nor finely surfaced. But it was the only way! The motor train was started, and from the latter part of February until the first of May, in a double line, it kept moving, day and night—one line toward Verdun, the other toward Bar-le-Duc. And during those two terrible months everything and everybody getting into Verdun got in over this roadway. No wonder they call it The Sacred Way! It saved France!

I talked with a man who drove one of the motor lorries throughout the entire time. He is a middle-aged gentleman and looks tremendously fine in his blue soldier uniform. In ordinary times he is a silk manufacturer at Lyons and is exceedingly prosperous, but he had to enlist for some kind of service; he could not be happy otherwise. He was too old to fight, but he could drive an automobile; so he went into the Transportation Division.

He talks about his two months on The Sacred Way in a curiously detached and humorous manner. He likes best to tell about the crippled cars and how they were treated. It was so funny to see the big, lumbering lorries lying on their backs, with their heels in the air, waiting for help that was generally so slow in coming. The order, you see, was to keep moving and the road was narrow; so if anything went wrong with a car, and it stalled in its tracks, the only thing to do was to dump it off on the roadside, which usually meant seeing it turn turtle down the slope into an adjoining field.

There were two men with each truck, because a man must eat and a man must sleep—and the order was to keep moving. It was twenty-eight hours to and from Verdun, and no one man could stay behind a wheel so long. When a car went wrong and was dumped off the road its crew had to stay with it; and sometimes it took as much as three days to get a repair car up to them. They would have no extra food with them, of course, and would be dependent on the graciousness of passing comrades.

The New Road to Verdun

Nobody could stop to speak with them, but they could usually depend on having food tossed to them from the always-moving line; and so they fared. And I can imagine that with such succor they fared very well indeed, and that such a period of enforced inactivity might have been made the occasion for one grand, long and sorely needed sleep.

Within a very short time this road was a quagmire, and it became literally a case of "navigating" it under difficulties that the least imaginative can easily picture for himself. And, in addition to such obstacles as mud and ruts, the Germans soon discovered the use to which it was being put and began to shell it. They would cut it in one place one day and in another place another day, and there would be casualties, which included both men and motors; but the determined Frenchmen would merely move off and make a detour through the fields, while roadmen followed up the bombardments, filling shell holes and making repairs as fast as the damage was done. It was a magnificent performance, and The Sacred Way will be, to the French, The Sacred Way for all time.

Meantime railways were being built; and at the end of two months there was a perfect system of railway transportation ready for use, and the worn-out motor train could at last stop moving. The railway was built in two months!

My host, the colonel in command of that division of transportation, took me first to the main yards, where I could see the trains being made up for the terminals behind the Front. This was not at Bar-le-Duc, but at a town more directly connected with the zone of operations, as well as with the bases of supply in the center of France. The small railroads leading to different points on the ten-mile Front of this sector are narrow-gauge and necessitate in some cases the reloading of materials; but fortunately much of the rolling stock is adapted to either kind of track.

Having seen the cars being loaded at a base of supply, it was interesting to behold them again at their destination. The railway yards are a network of tracks, with perhaps thirty-odd long sidings, and onto these sidings the cars are shunted as they arrive, and in the order of what they contain. On one track there will be nothing but bread; on another, dried vegetables; on another, tobacco—and so on; while on several there will be long trains of hay cars, or cars filled with oats and other kinds of feed for animals.

To cross these tracks is dangerous business, as I discovered for myself in my own way. I missed being run over by a big switch engine by about three feet, and the engineer shook his fist at me. I apologized. There is a terrific air of constant and swift motion, with engines plunging hither and thither in bewildering numbers. They are

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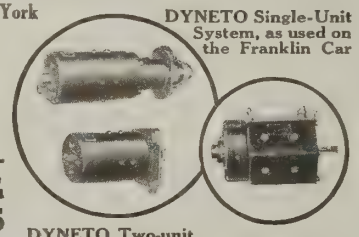

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"My Stars, Only a Nickel!"

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On greasy grills and griddles, dingy tile and linoleum, slippery sinks and bath-tubs, Spotless Cleanser goes right to it and leaves everything sweet and clean.

This no-acid, no-caustic, go-gettem cleanser never talks back — never felt a lazy moment in its life. It's always in a genial mood. From the minute you punch the holes in the big, blue can, it's ready, eager and alert.

Spotless Cleanser has no doubles — no rich or poor relatives. It's soft, smooth, snow-white, odorless, and *so* considerate of your tender hands. If you want this unwearied servant at your beck and call, you must ask for it by name.

Sold everywhere in the enameled, rust-proof can. Made by The Reynolds Corporation, Bristol, Tenn.-Va., U. S. A.

SPOTLESS CLEANSER

making up trains for the zone and the process is to take one car from each siding. When a train is finished and ready to go up where the men and the guns are, it has in it a carload of each thing needful.

Most of the motor lorries that were released from The Sacred Way are now doing business close up behind the Front, in the spaces between the railroad terminals and the field kitchens and headquarters, which might be described as "on the brink of the trenches," and from which the soldiers in the trenches are supplied with their daily rations. This is the most dangerous of all the services.

To illustrate how dangerous it is I need only say that in taking Douaumont and Vaux the French lost six hundred water carriers alone—six hundred of them killed, and nobody knows how many wounded. No matter what happens, the water supply must not be cut off. Which brings me up to the emergency trench ration.

Each soldier always carries with him into the trenches twelve hundred grams of war bread—a kind of hard biscuit similar to that which we know as hard-tack; two tins of beef of three hundred grams each; a tablet of compressed coffee of seventy-two grams; a one-hundred-gram cube of compressed soup materials; one hundred grams of sugar; and two hundred and fifty grams of chocolate. This ration is known as "A Picnic Lunch," and is, altogether, about five pounds of food—a two-days' supply. It is for use in emergency, only when a trench or position is under impassable bombardment and cut off from the supplies in the rear. In the trenches the men have all the necessary utensils for preparing hot food, and they are provided with solidified alcohol for cooking purposes.

The Field Bakeshop

As a rather interesting and important small item, each soldier is given fifteen grams of tobacco every day. This does not sound like much tobacco; but for my own benefit, to ease my mind of a fear that it was not enough, I demonstrated that it will make at least twenty fairly plump cigarettes or fill six pipes; and that ought to be sufficient for any man—though, of course, it isn't. The men get only one package of cigarette papers a month and a box of matches every fifteen days. Not a liberal supply of either article; but there is hardly a soldier in France who does not own some kind of little patent device for lighting cigarettes. They are precious articles and excellent things to include always in gift packages to the Front.

As for cigarette papers—well, they cost only a penny a packet, and the French soldier gets the grand sum of five cents a day in the way of wages! He can afford to buy cigarette papers. Matches and tobacco are state monopolies in France, and it would be interesting to know just how much of the army wage of approximately eight hundred thousand francs a day—not counting officers—is returned to the government coffers by the purchase of these articles and turned over to profit in what is known as "indirect contribution."

My colonel made me walk through a mile and a half of railroad sheds—not all in one place, of course; no such thing as all the eggs in one basket—but all located near the railway terminal, just behind the Front.

Then we went to the field bakeshop, where they make up the difference between the daily demand and the daily output of the bases of supply. If I had never seen a base bakery I should have thought of this one as colossal; but, even so, its crudity would have given me my first and most definite impression. It is under canvas, and was cold and uncomfortable everywhere, except in the immediate vicinity of its vast brick ovens and furnaces.

Here they bake one hundred thousand loaves of bread a day, and as everything except the mixing is done by hand there are many men at work. It is a hive. The mixing machines are run by horses. There were two horses at work, a bay one and a gray one; and I thought they looked pitifully bored. They were hitched to long poles connected with a series of cogwheels that turn the shaft attached to the mixing machines, and all they have to do is to go round and round interminably.

I stood and looked at the poor beasts with grave interest, seeing in their unvarying course an illustration of the clock-like regularity of the system by which a great army is provided with the necessities of daily life.

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The low-priced coal which the SPENCER uses.

The high-priced coal which the ORDINARY heater uses.

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Those Coal Wagons

Both these wagons carry coal for heating residences and big buildings.

But *one* wagon carries a kind of coal which costs *40 per cent less than the other.*

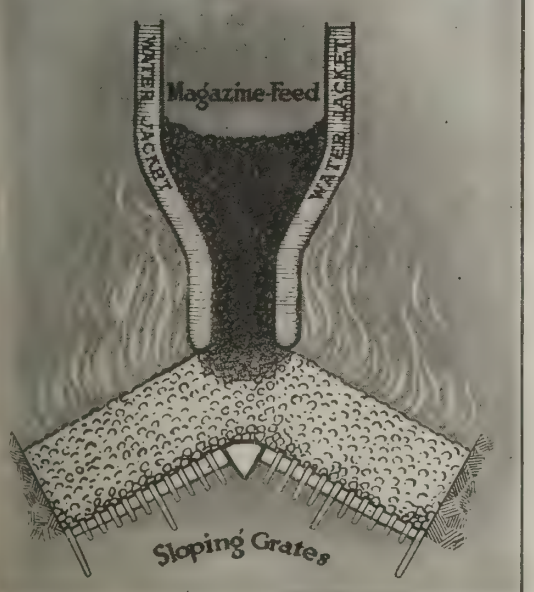
That coal is for the only boiler which can burn this very low-priced coal successfully, without incessant shoveling—that is the *Spencer Super-Standard Heater.*

Slice Off Your Coal Cost

A Spencer can cut your coal cost by that big slice, for it burns no more of the lower-priced coal than the ordinary heater burns of the usual costly coal.

The low-priced hard coal, usable in a Spencer, may be No. 1 Buckwheat or Pea, in the East. Semi-anthracite or Ignite may be used in the West. Buckwheat and Pea Coke, anywhere. These coals cost from One-third to One-half less than the large domestic sizes needed for the ordinary heating boiler.

Diagram of the Spencer Coal-Action.



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Thus, the Spencer has a *Magazine-feed* instead of a surface-feed. Therefore you can fill it up once a day (or twice in extreme weather) and it feeds its coal down automatically.

Under the mouth of that Magazine the Spencer has *Sloping Grates* which prevent the coal from piling in a pyramid, but automatically distribute it at just the depth the fire wants it for perfect, even burning. (See diagram on left).

It Saves Work Also

The Spencer *reduces labor* to a minimum. Because of the automatic action of the Magazine and Sloping Grates, the Spencer needs attention but once a day in mild weather and twice a day in coldest weather. In a *residence*, only a few minutes a day. In a *big building*, the janitor or porter is enough, and he can do a full day's work on his other duties.

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Perfectly Even Heat is another result of the Spencer's automatic action. You have an unvarying temperature in your rooms at just the degree you want, day and night. No spurts of over-heat or shivering chill.

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The Coal Saving pays the Spencer's *Entire Cost* in four or five years, and then becomes a yearly dividend on the investment, It can pay its extra cost over other boilers in one season.

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It was Lincoln who urged the construction of an east and west railway. He insisted that the Government help to build it, "not only as a military necessity" as Gen. Dodge had said—"but as a means of holding the Pacific Coast to the Union."

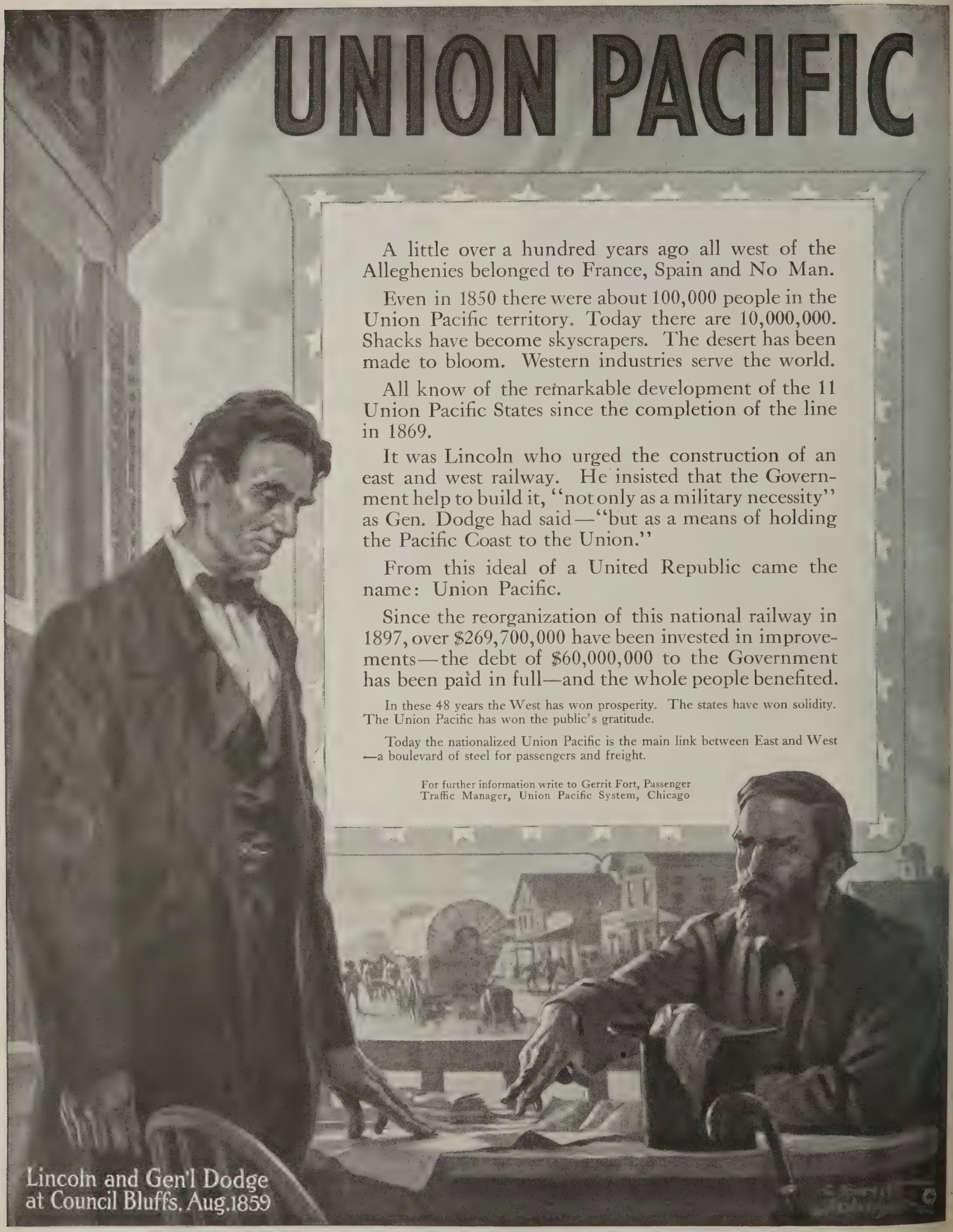
From this ideal of a United Republic came the name: Union Pacific.

Since the reorganization of this national railway in 1897, over $269,700,000 have been invested in improvements—the debt of $60,000,000 to the Government has been paid in full—and the whole people benefited.

In these 48 years the West has won prosperity. The states have won solidity. The Union Pacific has won the public's gratitude.

Today the nationalized Union Pacific is the main link between East and West—a boulevard of steel for passengers and freight.

For further information write to Gerrit Fort, Passenger Traffic Manager, Union Pacific System, Chicago



Lincoln and Gen'l Dodge at Council Bluffs, Aug. 1859

Very Temporary Captain McLean

By PHILIP E. HUBBARD

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

NEXT morning, correctly dressed for his appearance in the rôle of Divisional Commander, Mr. Gavin McLean stood gazing over the rail at the headland on which stands the town of Le Havre, as the S. S. Scorbutic—commandeered as a transport from the Pale Moon Line—dropped anchor in Havre Roads and awaited the arrival of the pilot who was to take her up the Seine to Rouen.

What Mr. McLean saw did not impress him with any idea that he wished to carry his adventure any further; but it seemed that the disclosure of his identity could only lead to serious trouble, if not to capital punishment; whereas, provided General Ferguson was as little known as seemed to be the case, there appeared to be a certain sporting chance that Mr. McLean might be able to pass himself off as that now defunct commander. And it seemed fairly certain that the very boldness of the enterprise promised success.

The pilot boat fussed alongside; the pilot limbed the Jacob's ladder and took charge of the ship.

A bundle of papers followed him on the end of a line, and presently a quartermaster made his way to where Mr. McLean was standing and, touching his cap, held out a telegram to him.

Mr. McLean took it, glanced at the address, and, seeing that it bore the name of General Ferguson, acknowledged proprietorship with a curt nod and hastily tore open the envelope.

The message was from General Headquarters, and General Ferguson was instructed to report himself by telegram to that assembly on arrival at Rouen, and forthwith to take over command of the —th Division.

Meantime the clattering winch on the forecastle head had hauled the Scorbutic's anchor out of the mud of Havre Roads, and, under command of the excited and gesticulating pilot, the boat pointed her nose toward the river and pushed off on the trip to Rouen.

Mr. McLean found the river trip past the quaint little French towns and the luxuriant orchards, where the apples were ripening, quite a pleasing experience; but he was haunted all the time with the fear lest any of the members of General Ferguson's Staff should have been intimately acquainted with that warrior and so challenge the identity of his newly made representative.

However, he argued to himself that, since General Ferguson's appointment had been an afterthought and made in place of a commander who had been incapacitated by sudden illness, the selection of the staff would naturally have been made by the first general appointed to the command. And, since that worthy would probably have selected his own personal friends for the various jobs, with slight reference to their capabilities, it was unlikely that any of Mr. McLean's future satellites would have any knowledge of General Ferguson or of the dead man's personal appearance. To this day there are said to be general officers, living in comfortable châteaux at the back of the Front, who have never been seen by any of their commands except the individuals of their personal staff; so Mr. McLean was really on safer ground than he thought himself to be.

"Ach! So!" Exclaimed the German. "What is it You Have to Me Brought? Is it a Spy?"

In any case, here was Mr. Gavin McLean, arrayed in General Ferguson's uniform, in possession of his dispatch case and kit; and as senior officer of the division he would be distinctly at an advantage if confronted with any junior who presumed to question his identity. So finally he determined that, in the event of any such gross disrespect from anyone junior to himself, he would promptly place any such misguided junior under close arrest, and take an early opportunity of dealing with him in some way calculated to close his mouth forever.

At length the Scorbutic picked up the lights of Rouen—it is a long trip up the river, and daylight had faded into dusk by the time they reached the city—and was eventually moored alongside one of the quays below the traveling bridge.

The quay was almost deserted, except for a sentry or two; but presently a transport officer strolled down to the ship and, using his hands as a megaphone, shouted an inquiry as to whether General Ferguson was on board. The reply from the bridge being in the affirmative, the officer departed at a brisker pace and disappeared round the corner of a shed.

The gangway was lowered to the ship's side from the quay by a party of Frenchmen in blue overalls. Before it was secured, a party of four officers in service dress, wearing the red badges and cap band of the staff, and headed by the Naval Transport officer who had appeared first, came at a smart pace down the quay and, halting at the gangway, saluted as General Gavin McLean-Ferguson, after a brief farewell to the Scorbutic's commander, walked up the gangway to meet them.

Mr. McLean returned the salute and a pause fell. Evidently military etiquette demanded that the general should speak first.

"Carry on, gentlemen!" said Mr. McLean.

A major stepped forward and saluted. Mr. McLean returned the salute.

"I'm Tripwell, your G. S. O. 1, sir," said the major. "I hope you had a good crossing."

"Verra fair," said Mr. McLean. "Carry on, Major Tripwell."

"Have you had any dinner, sir?"

"Aye," said Mr. McLean. "Carry on!"

The major looked at this general who had absorbed the word of command of the senior service, and then, with a smile, inquired:

"Would you prefer to go to a hotel, sir, first, or straight to the station? The last brigade of the division is entraining now, but they don't pull out till nine-thirty."

Mr. McLean remembered his telegram.

"Ah've or-rder-rs to r-repor-rt at—where was it?—some alphabetical place. Ah'm thinkin' it was ca'ed X. Y. Z."

"X. Y. Z?" queried Major Tripwell, repressing a smile.

"Na!" corrected Mr. McLean. "Ah'm wrang—it wull be G. H. Q. Ah was cer-r-tain it was some pair-rt o' th' alphabet."

The staff here supplied the usual "laughter in court" which is the perquisite of all sitting magistrates and broody generals.

"Very good, sir—very good, indeed!" said Major Tripwell.

"Aye," said Mr. McLean; "but the queastion is, wheer dae Ah find this G. H. Q., an' whae micht he be? Ah canna ca' tae mind ony name beginning wi' a Q excep' Quilp. An' it'll nae be yon dwar-rf frae Dickens' Auld Curriosity Shop, Ah'm thinkin'."

The staff rocked with laughter; truly this general was a wit, and there was a twinkle in his eye that they liked.

"General Headquarters has moved to-day, sir," said Major Tripwell; "they've gone up to——"

"Hae they, ondeed! But Ah thocht General French was the Commander-r i' Chief?"

"Very good, sir," replied Major Tripwell with the necessary laugh.

"He and the Headquarters' Staff have all gone up to——"

"Aweel! Ah'll e'en gae after-r them; but we'll hae a wee drap in our e'e fir-rst. Hae ye discover-red a public wheer the stuff's fitten tae dr-rink?"

"The Lion d'Or, sir, where we are staying," remarked a young A. D. C. "Their stuff's quite drinkable."

"Then carry on tae the Lion d'Or, gentlemen," ordered Mr. McLean.

And, again saluting, the staff trooped across the quay toward the hotel.

Arrived there, the —th Divisional Staff, headed by their general, clattered into the salon and, settling themselves into chairs and settees, awaited their commander's lead.

This was speedily given in the shape of *"Whiskee Ecossais et eau-gazeuse!"* And by paying for drinks all round Mr. McLean established a reputation for good fellowship second only to that already made as a wit.

Major Tripwell introduced the remaining members of the staff, and Mr. McLean was charmed with the air of deference that was apparent on all sides. His two A. D. C.'s—he had not the vaguest notion what an A. D. C. might be or what duties he was supposed to perform, but soon discovered that they were to all intents his body servants—were two typically British subalterns, Lord Percy de Warr-Wentwisthle and the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, both well-grown, well-groomed young men, conspicuous only for a slight deficiency in the development of the chin, and each the possessor of a diminutive mustache, carefully trimmed to show mouths that might better have been hidden.

The ordnance officer, Major Twigg, who, as he had only the day before been transferred from an infantry regiment, knew nothing of ordnance work, was an excellent fellow, a county cricketer, and a first-class game shot; and to him Mr. McLean took a great fancy.

The remainder of the Divisional Staff—the A. D. M. S. and his deputy, the D. A. D. M. S., and the veterinary officer—being at the moment engaged on duties connected

with the entraining, were not present at this first meeting; while the senior A. S. C. officer, commanding the divisional train, had gone on in advance of the troops. But Mr. McLean gathered from Major Tripwell that these noncombatant people—with the exception of Major Twigg—because of his cricket—were not encouraged to associate with the fighting staff for more than an occasional conference.

There was one awkward moment when the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot was in greater danger of his life than he had ever been before.

"Aw—by the way, sir," drawled the youth, "I—aw—heard from my—aw—aunt, Lady Cowcaddens; she—aw—asked to be remembered to you."

"Indeed!" said Mr. McLean, wondering whether this was a trap.

"Yaas—aw—she saw you'd been appointed to take over the division; she—aw—met you once at some relation of yours in Scotland."

Mr. McLean, whose only living relative was a struggling fishmonger in Edinburgh, thought this improbable. However, he plunged boldly.

"Verra guid o' her leddyship," he said; "ye'll be gien' her ma kin' regair-rds when ye send her a few scrapes."

"Aw!" said Hammerfoot. "Very good of you, sir."

"Naet at all!" deprecated Mr. McLean, and the incident closed; but Mr. McLean decided that the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot should be the first candidate for any danger point he could find for him.

At twenty minutes past nine Major Tripwell suggested a move toward the station, and, with their general in the van, the staff set out to give a send-off to the last brigade.

"Wull we no' tak' the train?" inquired Mr. McLean.

Major Tripwell reassured his chief. The staff, it appeared, were to proceed by automobile and would not need to start before the next morning early, since they could easily overtake the slow-moving troop train.

Mr. McLean, in anticipation of at least one comfortable night in a hotel bed, reflected that it was better to be a general officer than a private soldier; and as the overcrowded train steamed out of the station he decided that war was eminently a game to be played by those of high social status or advantage in military rank. Before leaving the station, Mr. McLean instructed Major Tripwell to dispatch a telegram to G. H. Q., reporting his arrival. And when this had been handed to the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot for conveyance to Signals, the staff retraced their steps to the hotel and prepared for bed on the principle that the man with the whisky inside him sleeps better than the man who looks at the label.

General McLean-Ferguson slept the sleep of the full, and was wakened from a dream of diving into a calm blue sea of warm water by his soldier servant, who was profuse in his apologies for having inadvertently upset a cupful of scalding tea over his enraged commander's head and pillow.

"Ye gr-reat gowk!" spluttered Mr. McLean.

"Very sorry, sir!" said the man. "I'll fetch another cup."

Mr. McLean checked him.

"Ah'm no wantin' ma bath i' ma bed," he remarked. "Yon cup ye brocht me'll suffice. Man, Ah've a min' tae hae ye shot!"

The servant withdrew, suppressing a grin, and the moist general rose from his tea-stained couch, bathed and dressed himself, and repaired to the *salle à manger*.

General McLean-Ferguson had not omitted to retain the large sum of money in English notes with which he had left England, so he had no fear of bankruptcy; but, much as it went against the grain to abandon loot, he concluded that it was wiser to say nothing of the car lying in the hold of the Scorbutic. So the Naval Transport officer, finding no claimant for the car, sent it back to England to his own wife, who eventually sold it to the War Office for a good round sum. It is an ill war that brings no patriot any money!

After a substantial breakfast Major Tripwell informed his spurious commander that the cars were ready for the journey to the Front, and the party set out, General McLean-Ferguson in a large limousine, the incompetence of whose driver gave him heartburn every time the man changed gears, and the remaining officers—with the exception of Major Tripwell, who traveled with his chief—in two open touring cars.

Away they sped through avenues of poplars over the splendid roads of Northern France, without incident worth recording till they reached the town of ——, where G. H. Q. was already installed.

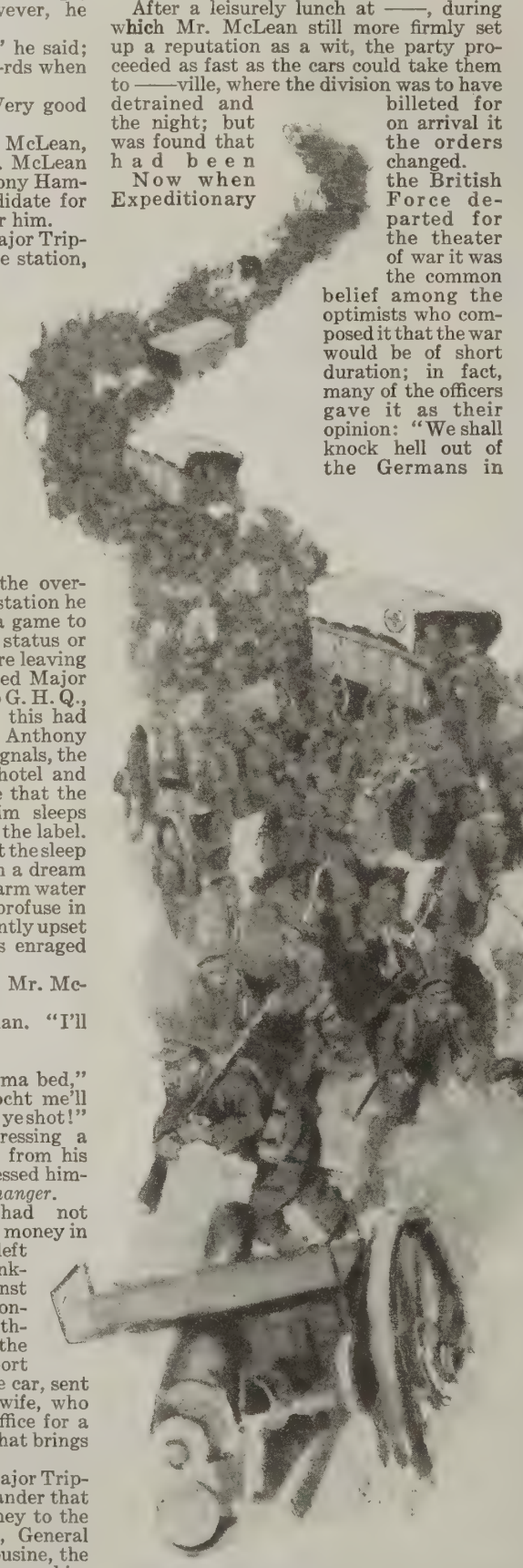
The leading car, in which was the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, had gone on ahead to report General McLean-Ferguson's arrival, and just outside the town the limousine met this car returning. At a sign from the general both cars stopped and the Honorable Hammerfoot jumped down to make his report.

"The Commander in Chief has gone up to the Front, sir," he reported; "that is to say, he's gone up somewhere at the back of the Front. Here are your orders for the division, sir."

The Honorable Hammerfoot handed a large sealed envelope to his chief, who took it, opened it, and, after a brief glance at the contents, handed the package to his G. S. O. 1, with the exhortation "Carry on!"

After a leisurely lunch at ——, during which Mr. McLean still more firmly set up a reputation as a wit, the party proceeded as fast as the cars could take them to ——ville, where the division was to have detrained and billeted for the night; but on arrival it was found that the orders had been changed.

Now when the British Expeditionary Force departed for the theater of war it was the common belief among the optimists who composed it that the war would be of short duration; in fact, many of the officers gave it as their opinion: "We shall knock hell out of the Germans in six weeks!" And that, since one volunteer was worth at least ten conscripts, the superior numbers of the Germans counted for nothing, except to make a larger and more easily seen target, which even a third-class shot could not fail to hit. Everything was taken in a spirit of trust, even to the extent of accepting without verification the statement that the position selected for meeting the German advance had been properly prepared and intrenched; and that all that remained to be done was to occupy the trenches and blow the Germans to "blazes" as fast as they were foolish enough to offer themselves as targets.



Infantry, Cavalry, Guns, Staff Cars and Transport Were Jammed Together in a Mass

While General McLean-Ferguson and his staff were making their way to the scene of operations in leisurely fashion, affairs had been moving. And so it came about that, before Mr. McLean got in touch with G. H. Q. or had any opportunity to really take command of the —th Division, the occupants of the three cars became aware that the road and the adjoining fields in front of them were filled with a disorderly rabble of khaki-clad figures, intent on a Marathon, whose goal was evidently not in the direction of Berlin, as should have been the case.

"What's happened?" exclaimed Tripwell.

"Ah dinna ken," replied his commander; "but Ah hae na noticed ony Ger-rmans passing us on the road, or Ah'd hae thocht mebbe oor laddies weer chasin' them. They seem tae be in a michty haste tae get hame. Ah doot they've killed a' the Ger-rman Airmy, an' the job's finished wi'."

"It's a bally run," murmured the major.

"It's a' that," said General McLean-Ferguson.

"We must stop it somehow," said Tripwell. "Good Lord! It's our own division, or part of it; that's the —st Brigade over there."

Mr. McLean, who had the crook's trained eye for cover, took a hasty glance at the surrounding country. What he saw reassured him to a certain extent, for the three cars had stopped at the far side of a ridge of low-lying hills, from the foot of which the Plain of Flanders stretched away to the northeast, over which the road wound like a white ribbon.

"Gin we can stop some o' these steeplechasers," he said, "there's a fine place at top o' yon hillocks, wheer we could hide them."

Major Tripwell glanced back in the direction indicated. "You're right, sir," he said. "It's an ideal place."

At this moment the leading car dashed round the corner facing them and pulled up in a slither of dust and shrieking of brakes. The Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot leaped down from it and ran across to the limousine.

"There's been a devil of a scrap, sir!" he sputtered. "The Germans aren't playing the game—they started the attack before our people were ready. You'd better get back, sir."

Mr. McLean looked steadily at the young man.

"Mister-r Hammer-r-foot," he said, "I wull ask ya tae notice that Ah'm the mon that gies or-r-der-rs here."

"But it's a retreat, sir—a strategic retreat; we shall be caught in the devil of a mess if we don't hustle back."

Mr. McLean looked at Major Tripwell.

"Got the wind up," said that officer. Mr. McLean whipped out his service revolver and covered the Honorable Hammerfoot.

"Mister-r Hammer-rfoot," he said sternly, "gin Ah hear-r anither-r wor-rd like that, ye'll nae see England again! Tur-rn yon car-r roond an' get it dr-rawn across the road ower agin' yon cor-rner. An' do ye sit there; an' if ony mon tries tae pass ye, ye'll shoot."

Mr. Hammerfoot, steadied by this sudden ferocity on the part of the general, whom he had hitherto regarded as a comedian, pulled himself together and saluted.

"Yes, sir!" he said, and proceeded to carry out the order.

The advance parties of the strategic retreat were rapidly bearing down on the staff; and, after a hurried consultation with Major Tripwell, General McLean-Ferguson uttered the magic words:

"Carry on!"

Now Tripwell was a good soldier, who knew his job; and he had that magnetic touch about him which is needed for the leadership of men. And as Mr. McLean, being a civilian and quite conscious of his own inability to cope with a military problem, left matters to him, he proceeded to issue sharp, crisp orders to the remainder of the staff, with the result that the first straggling bodies of men were speedily halted and, in their turn, set to policing the road and the surrounding fields.

In a very short time something like order began to show itself. And as the mixed bodies of men were collected and formed up, and more officers sorted out to take charge of them, they were ordered to retire to the crest of the rising ground, to line the hills, and to intrench themselves so far as possible.

Meantime the road ahead had become a scene of indescribable confusion. Infantry, cavalry, guns, staff cars and transport were jammed together in a mass, tailing off along the road and becoming momentarily thicker; while across the road, blocking the way, was an open touring car, in which sat the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, with an automatic in his hand, threatening all and sundry who attempted to pass.

Major Tripwell turned his attention to this point as soon as he had disposed of the first policing of the fields, and in an incredibly short space of time succeeded in reducing the chaos to order.

The British soldier is a great-hearted man and, given leadership, can and will go anywhere and accomplish the well-nigh impossible. Major Tripwell was a born leader and, though he didn't know it, had the luck to be acting under the only orders that could help him—the magic words, "Carry on!" given to him by this Scottish crook, who had scandalously usurped the title of G. O. C. Division, and now sat coolly lolling back on the cushions of the big limousine, smoking a cigarette and looking as if he hadn't a care in the world.

Gradually the strategic retreat was sorted out and the mixed troops strung out in a long line near the crest of the rising ground, digging shelter trenches for all they were worth. And, before night fell, the rout that had threatened was reduced to a formation that promised to give the advancing Germans quite a lot of trouble to dislodge it. Touch was established with the columns on each side of the position, and Mr. McLean had the satisfaction of receiving a message from the Commander in Chief, stating briefly his commendation of the action taken and issuing instructions for the coming fight. The message ended with an order to General Ferguson to report at G. H. Q. for verbal conference forthwith.

After consultation with Major Tripwell, whom he again exhorted to "Carry on!" in his absence, Mr. McLean, accompanied by the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, departed in the limousine for G. H. Q., greatly wondering whether the C. in C. or any of his understrappers had any personal recollection of the late General Ferguson's personal appearance and mannerisms.

It is wildly improbable that Mr. McLean could have bluffed his way with success through the pitfalls which must have surrounded such a visit. But again his luck intervened, and it chanced that the driver of the limousine made a wrong turn in the gathering darkness; and, before the occupants of the car had time to realize what was going forward, they found themselves in the middle of a very pretty little scrap that was developing on the left of the new position. The Germans were following up their first day's success and no rest was to be given to the "contemptible little army."

Before Mr. McLean could give any orders, they were under heavy fire from the German guns; and as they turned a corner at the edge of a wood a shell burst overhead and scattered shrapnel bullets in an unpleasing shower. The car lurched as the driver fell forward over the wheel. The Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot gave a grunt and slid to the floor of the car, remaining there in a sprawling heap; and the car ended its career in the ditch at the side of the road.

When Mr. McLean came to himself he found, to his surprise, that, beyond a splitting headache and a general feeling of having been severely beaten with a club, he was to all intents unhurt. He crawled

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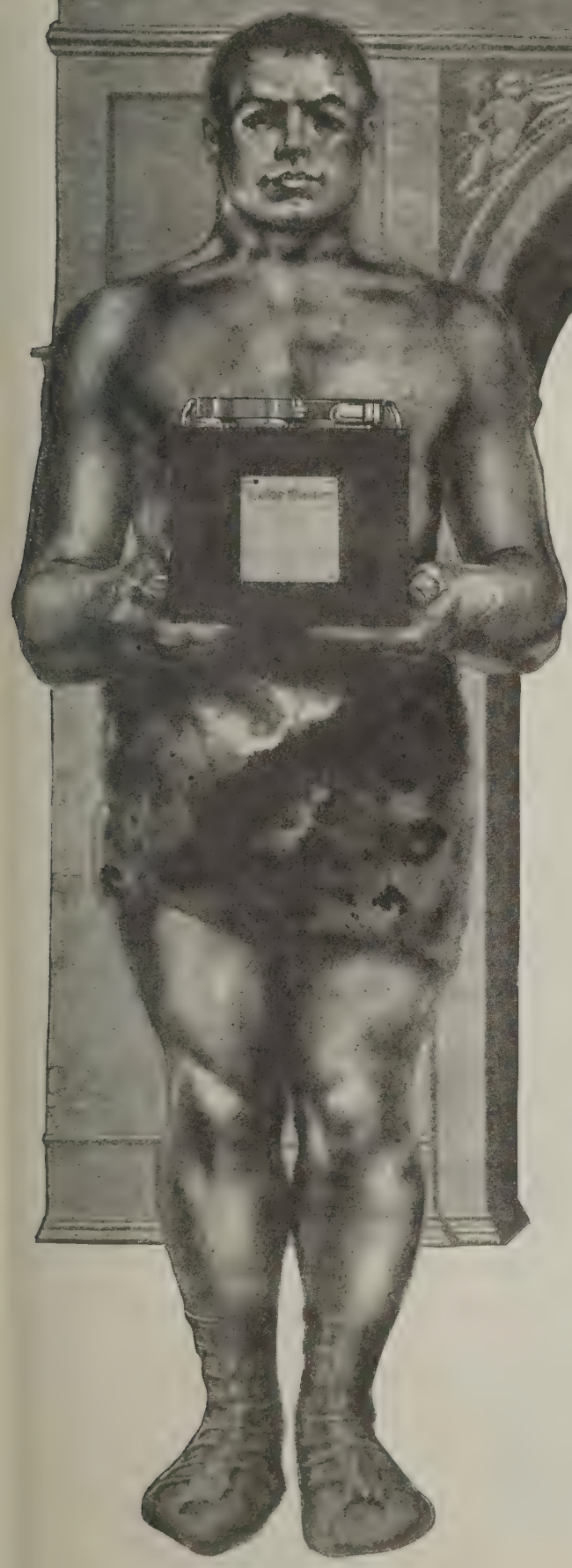

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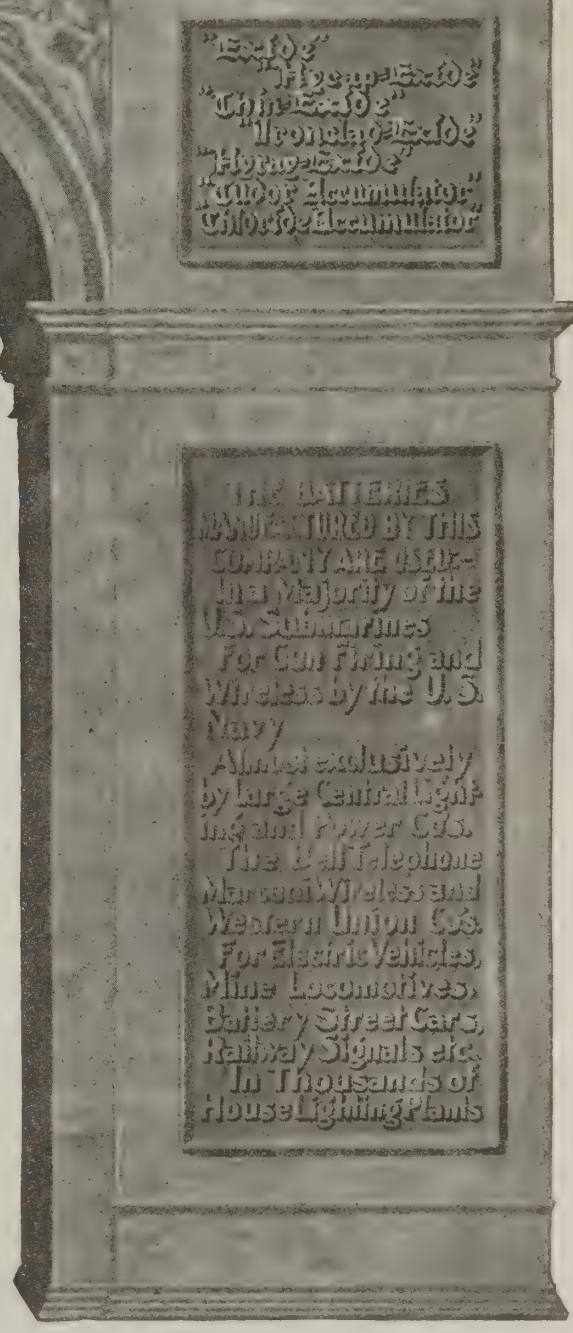

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(Continued from Page 42)

from under the wreck of the car and endeavored to pull his scattered wits together. Dawn was showing in the eastern sky and it was evident that he had been unconscious for some hours. After a futile attempt to revive the driver and the Honorable Anthony Hammerfoot, who were both very unpleasantly dead, Mr. McLean revived himself with a pull at his flask and reconnoitered the position.

A little farther along the road he found the remains of what had been a field ambulance—shattered wagons, dead horses, and—alas!—dead men littering the ground most untidily. And then, as he listened in the stillness of the dawning day, he heard the tramp of feet and a command given in a harsh, guttural tone.

It dawned upon Mr. McLean that the tide of battle had passed on and left him stranded within the German lines. Very quietly he crept into the wood on his left and concealed himself among some tall bracken.

The tramp of feet and clash of accouterments died away in the distance. Creeping forward among the cool bracken stems Mr. McLean endeavored to get a glimpse of the troops on the road; but he could see nothing, and he was disagreeably wakened to the horrors of war by his hand's coming into contact with a dead, cold face.

Instinctively he drew back; and then, as the light of dawn penetrated the thicket of bracken stems, he saw that the dead man who shared his hiding place was an officer. On the dead man's sleeve was the white brassard, with the red cross, which showed him to be an army doctor.

Mr. McLean considered the position. It appeared to him that, from the commonsense point of view, he was to all intents doomed to be a prisoner of war; and it was obvious that the capture of a British general would be something which would cause a certain elation in the stolid Teuton mind, even to the extent of advertising the fact. If General Ferguson was captured, General Ferguson would, in course of time, be put into communication with friends in England — possibly exchanged; or, at all events, he must meet with fellow countrymen who would discover the fraud, and then —— Mr. McLean was uncertain whether the end would be a firing party or a rope; but it was clear that it would be one or the other.

It seemed expedient, therefore, that General Ferguson should be discovered killed in action, while his unauthorized representative assumed the character of an army medical man.

To this end Mr. McLean stripped off his own service jacket, with its staff badges, and put on the unfortunate medical officer's coat and brassard; and after a hunt among the bracken he discovered the dead man's cap.

Having arrayed the body of the dead doctor in the garb of the late General Ferguson, and ascertained from the dead man's identity disk that for the future his name and rank were to be Captain Dougal McDowell, R. A. M. C., Mr. McLean made his way out of the wood and onto the road.

Gaining the top of the hill, he looked to right and left of him. Away in the distance he could see moving bodies of troops, and his field glasses soon discovered to him that these were Germans pushing on in the direction of the town through which he had traveled on the previous day. He could hear the growling of guns in the distance and, turning, saw the head of an advancing column coming up the hill.

"Aweel!" he reflected. "Gin Ah'm tae be a prisoner-r, it's as weel Ah'm a doctor-r man—gin Ah recollec' aright, there's some fulish rule o' war-r that gies either side the choice o' keepin' the ither-r's doctor-r men tae wor-rk at their ain wounded. Ah ken verra little aboot doctor-rs or medicines, but gin they pit me tae look after-r wounded Ger-rman swaddy men, Ah'm thinkin' Ah could wrastle wi' an ampytation at a pinch; an' the mair Ger-rmans there air i' the wor-rld wi' less than their proper-r complement o' airms an' legs, the better it'll be for Auld Englan' an' Bonny Scotlan' i' th' lang rin."

With which piece of excellent though brutal philosophy, Temporary Captain McDowell, R. A. M. C., *né* McLean, hobbled down the road toward the advancing column of Bavarians, with his hands stretched well above his head as an indication that he was prepared to surrender.

Conscious of a certain lack of dignity in his progress, but stretching his arms high above his head, Mr. Gavin McLean approached the head of the column of German troops; and, since the commanding officer was just then in rear of his command, was forced to the further indignity of surrender to a mere subaltern.

At the moment of his surrender the order to halt was given, and Mr. McLean, under armed escort, with the cold muzzle of a rifle pressed uncomfortably against the small of his back, was hustled to the tail of the column, and there pushed in front of the commanding officer.

That worthy, being a Saxon, received him with more courtesy than Mr. McLean had expected.

The German colonel was a stout, elderly individual, with a large, flat face and multiple chins, who sat astride a Belgian farm horse, whose back, in spite of its strength, sagged under the old gentleman's weight.

"*Ach!* So!" exclaimed the German. "What is it you have to me brought? Is it a spy?"

Mr. McLean, recovering from his surprise at hearing himself addressed in English, shook his head vehemently.

"Ah'm nae spee!" he said.

"Then—*Donnerwetter!*—what is it you in our so-much-to-be-admired and presently-all-victorious ranks do?"

"Ah weer stunned by a shell that exploded maist onpleasantly near tae ma heid."

"*Donnerblitzen!*" exclaimed the colonel. "And this language of the most unpronounceable and barbarous description which you speak—what is it? You English are not—you in the garb of an English soldier masquerade—you are a spy! *Teufel!* We will you shoot!"

"Mon," said Mr. McLean earnestly, "dinna be sae hasty—Ah'm nae a spee, Ah'm tellin' ye. Ah'm a puir Scottish body, wi' the maist honest intentions."

"A Scotlander! *Himmel!* You the truth do not speak. You wear breeches!"

"An' why for no?" inquired Mr. McLean.

The Saxon colonel spat profusely into the road.

"All Scotlanders wear the—how you call?—the accursed petticoat of indecent brevity—you have breeches!"

"A kiltie is it ye'er fashin' aboot? Mon, be not sae fulish! Hae ye ne'er seen a Scotsman i' breeks before?"

"*Nein!*" replied the Saxon stolidly. "All Scotlanders the indecent petticoat themselves wrap with. We an entire regiment of Scotlanders took prisoner only yesterday—there was not a pair of breeches among them—they all the accursed petticoat of too-short-to-be-decent length wore. You are no Scotlander. You are a spy!"

"Mon," said Mr. McLean, feeling that he was arguing for his very life, "Ah'm naethin' o' the sor-rt. Ah'm a doctor-r."

"A doctor! That is than a spy rather worse!" said the Saxon.

"Ah'm inclined tae agree wi' ye," said Mr. McLean; "but there's naethin' i' the rules o' war-r to enable ye tae shoot doctor-rs."

"*Nein!*" said the colonel. "Though, if I my way had, I would all doctors instantly shoot, without trial."

"An' I'm nae denyin' that ye wadna be daein' the best for humanity gin ye did it—for we've a michty lot o' frauds amang us; but Ah claim immunity under the Geneva Convention—Ah'm nae a spee!"

"If you a doctor are, where is your ambulance?"

"Blawn tae hell wi' yon artillery o' yeer-rs—Ah but 'scapit wi' ma life—the rest on 'em's lyin' aboot i' maist ontidy fashion at the top o' yon hillock."

"We will for the necessary and much-to-be-desired inspection of the remains proceed. If you are to me lying—you will be shot."

The Saxon colonel gave a string of verbose orders to his adjutant, and the column resumed its promenade to the top of the rising ground, halting again as the tail of the column arrived at the point where the remains of the ambulance littered the ground. The colonel examined the débris.

"So!" he exclaimed. "You have to me the truth told; but I am not understanding why you do not the indecent petticoat of all-too-much-brevity wear if you are a Scotlander."

"Ye wull obsairve," said Mr. McLean, "that yon half of an or-rder-rly, in the ditch there, is nae wearin' a kiltie; the British Airmy Medical Ser-rvice dae not wear the kiltie, Ah'm tellin' ye."

The colonel grunted, but appeared to be convinced that Mr. McLean was speaking the truth.

"You are willing to look after my brave and suffering wounded-who-are-to-be when we into action go?" he inquired.

"Aye," agreed Mr. McLean.

"Then we will you to our ambulance attach."

The colonel barked several long-winded orders to a subordinate and the column resumed the march, while Mr. McLean was taken to the ambulance and handed over to the medical officer in charge. This individual proved to be a slow-witted youngster of stolid appearance. However, he was good-natured enough and spoke English more fluently than did his commander.

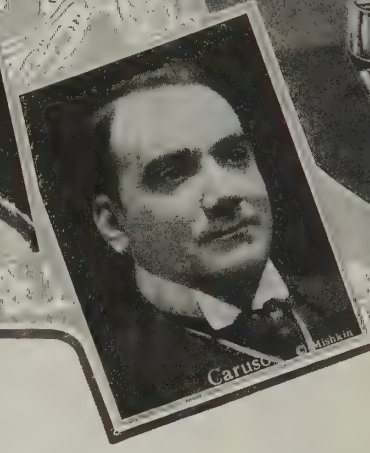
Seated in his car, Mr. McLean was speedily supplied with refreshment for his inner man; and, as he ate, his captor conversed on war, *Kultur*, and the superiority of Teutonic surgery. From him Mr. McLean learned that the progress of the German armies had been practically uninterrupted since the fall of Liège, and he was amazed at the story of the failure of the allied forces to stem the tide of the Kaiser's invading hordes.

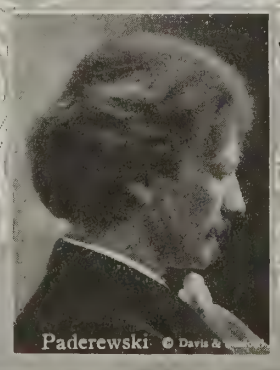
As the column to which he was now attached formed part of the reserves of Von Kluck's army, they met with no resistance to their advance; and for the next three days Mr. McLean had nothing to do but sit in the car and listen to the boasting of the German doctor.

The country they passed through showed everywhere the devastation caused by the fighting, and some of the scenes were such as to cause Mr. McLean to renew his vow that he would, as soon as possible, carry out his intention of amputating everything possible from as many Teutonic patients as might fall to his care.

(Continued on Page 48)

Before His Opponent Had Come to His Senses Mr. McLean Had Lashed Him Firmly and Neatly Hand and Foot





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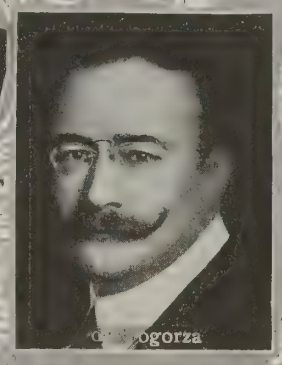

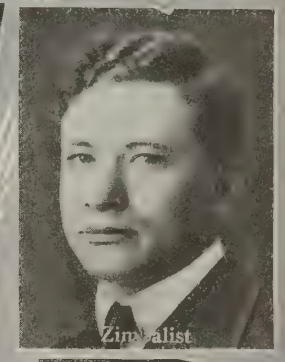

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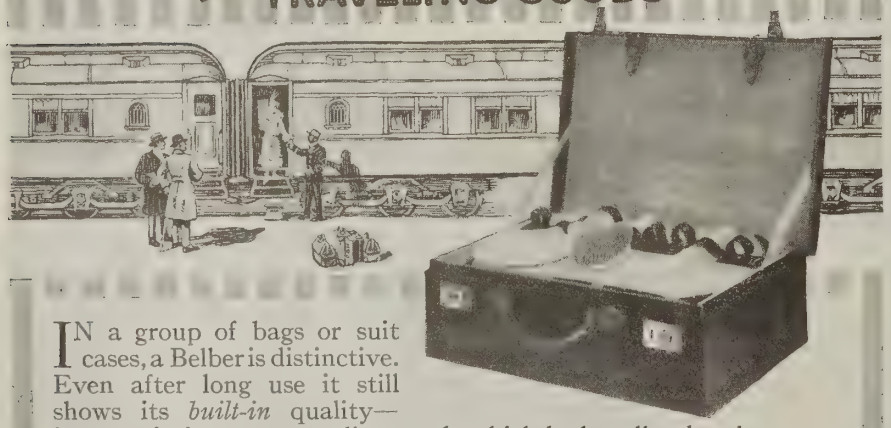

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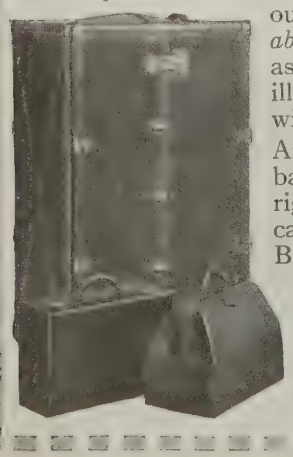

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(Continued from Page 45)

On the fifth day of his captivity, after the column had covered some ten or twelve miles, a halt was called, and Lieutenant Herr Doktor von Leinmann—Mr. McLean's captor and colleague—was summoned to a conference at headquarters. After an absence of an hour he returned, swearing strange oaths in the German tongue; and from him Mr. McLean learned that the German arms had met with an unexpected reverse just as they saw their goal in sight.

It appeared that Von Kluck had disregarded the "contemptible little army" of England, marched across their front; and, between that weary band of devoted warriors and the army rushed out from Paris by the French, he and his army had been outflanked, and their long line of communications so threatened as to make farther advance impossible.

Mr. McLean, who by this time was exceedingly tired of the patronizing attitude of his captor, heard this news with a satisfaction he had great difficulty in concealing.

After a day of indecisive waiting the German reserves were hustled into a position behind the River Marne; and there, on the outskirts of a small village, Lieutenant Herr Doktor von Leinmann established himself and his ambulance in a barn, which had been allotted to him as a temporary hospital. The German forces were strung out in a line of hastily made intrenchments, and the attack of the allied French and British Armies prepared for.

Mr. McLean, arrayed in a white rubber apron, his hands incased in rubber gloves, chatted with Von Leinmann and by skillful evasion and bluff evaded the surgical pitfalls which that worthy arranged for him.

They had not long to wait, for the allied advance was as successful as had been that of the Germans in the first rush, and the force to which their ambulance was attached was soon in the thick of a very pretty fight. The first case arrived; and, as the man was suffering from a compound fracture of the upper arm, accompanied by severe laceration of the muscles, Mr. McLean's counsel in favor of amputation was favorably received by his colleague, if not by the patient.

For some hours, then, Mr. McLean, by a skillful exhibition of bluff and nerve, and covered by the confusion caused by the ever-increasing stream of wounded, assisted the German doctor to cut, hack and probe his way through Teuton brawn and sinew; and even his cold-blooded partiality for lopping off arms and legs, regardless of the future utility of the wretched patients, passed unnoticed in the heat of the moment.

Presently came a lull, and the German surgeon turned his attention to the less serious cases awaiting treatment. Selecting a case of scalp wound, in which the man had suffered only very slight injury to his head, he requested Mr. McLean to deal with it while he himself attended to another case.

Mr. McLean ordered his patient to lie down on the operating table; and, overhearing this strange prescription, the German surgeon interposed.

"For why you require him to lie down?" he asked.

"Tae oper-rate!" replied Mr. McLean.

"But he a bandage requires. What were you about to do to his head?"

"Amputate it!" replied Mr. McLean shortly, and flourished a large and vicious-looking knife.

"Amputate? Nonsense! Are you mad?" exclaimed the German. "How can you amputate his head?"

"Jist as Ah wad hees leg or hees airm," said Mr. McLean; "wi' yon knife."

"The man's mad! Amputate his head! *Donnerblitzen!*" exclaimed the German, aghast.

"Why for no?" inquired Mr. McLean. "Yon's an ugly-lookin' laddie—he'll dae better wi'out a head like yon."

What would have been the upshot of Mr. McLean's rashness is not determined, though one may hazard a guess that it would have led to his undoing; for at that moment the bombardment began again at a range which was evidently closer than before, and as the look of suspicion dawned in the German surgeon's eyes a shell struck the temporary hospital and wiped it out of existence.

When Mr. McLean came to himself he found that he was lying under a heap of rubble, half smothered, but otherwise unhurt, while round him lay scattered portions of the temporary field hospital.

Mr. McLean pulled himself out of the mess that surrounded him and took stock of the situation. Beyond a few bruises, he found he was unhurt; but his clothes had been literally torn off his back.

Looking round him, he discovered that, so far as the gathering twilight would permit him to see, he was alone with the dead, while in the distance he could hear the bark of the guns and see the flares sail up skyward.

"Aweel!" murmured Mr. McLean. "There's nae doot Ah wasna bor-rn tae be shot—here's the second time wi'in a week Ah've been blawn tae shreds an' come oot alive! Ah've the luck o' the deil—God bless him!"

He searched round among the rubbish for something with which to clothe himself; and, seeing two feet sticking out from a pile of débris, he proceeded to unearth the owner. In the course of a few minutes he brought to light the body of a lieutenant of cavalry and transferred that defunct officer's clothes to his own person.

In the pocket of the coat he discovered French, English and German bank notes amounting to a total of over fifty thousand dollars; and, with a view to possible future developments, he ripped open the lining of the coat and hid the notes carefully between cloth and lining.

Just as he finished making his safe deposit he noticed that the musketry and artillery fire were dying down; and, without any very definite plan, except to get away from his German captors, he made off in the direction of what he judged to be the English lines.

Progress was quickly barred by a wide river; but, finding some logs and a few hurdles on the bank, the ingenious Mr. McLean, with some wire torn from a near-by fence, contrived to make these into a raft, and on this, when launched, he sat, and with a long hedge stake endeavored to pole his way across the stream.

The current carried him quickly down the river, and it was not before he had been swept along for more than a mile that he contrived to push his clumsy raft under the opposite bank. Wading through the shallows toward a point where he could conveniently climb the steep bank, he heard an unmistakably English voice give the command:

"Hands up!"

With lightning speed Mr. McLean's hands shot up over his head; and as he reached the landing place he made out through the gloom that his advance was covered by several rifles projecting through the hedge. Being under no misapprehension as to the probable consequences of trying to bolt, he made no attempt to leave the water, but stood there to parley with his captors.

Before one of these showed in the flesh, a thought flashed through Mr. McLean's mind: How was he, who could speak no word of German, to explain his presence clad in the uniform of a German officer? A vision of a firing party and a wall flashed to him, and for the moment he was paralyzed with fear.

"Who are you?" inquired the voice behind the hedge; but Mr. McLean made no reply. "Speak up—if you ain't dumb!" commanded the voice.

This gave Mr. McLean his cue.

"Dumb!" he thought to himself. "Yon's the idee—dumb; an' deef too; like tae yon German swaddy that was brocht in wi' shell shock—dumb an' deef. Yon's what Ah am."

"Speak up, you damn son of a Dutchman!" repeated the voice.

No answer.

"Oh, blow his silly head off an' be done with it!" said another voice.

"Can't do that," said the first speaker. "It ain't done in the best armies—anyway he's all alone and looks struck silly. Go and grab him, Jenkins—you, too, Tonks."

As a result of this command, two privates of British infantry crawled out of the hedge and approached Mr. McLean. Private Tonks jammed the muzzle of his rifle into the pit of Mr. McLean's stomach, while Private Jenkins grabbed him by his outstretched wrists and hauled him up the bank.

"What's your name?" inquired Private Tonks.

Mr. McLean replied with a gurgling noise in his throat.

"Come on aht o' this!" remarked Jenkins.

And with scant ceremony the two soldiers twisted Mr. McLean toward the hedge and urged him forward with their rifle

butts, finally pushing him through a gap, to the detriment of his uniform.

On the far side of the hedge Mr. McLean was confronted with a small body of British troops under command of a subaltern, and to the latter his captors escorted him. The subaltern, being unable to extract any word from Mr. McLean, and being satisfied that the latter was a German officer—who else could he be, wearing a German officer's uniform?—came to the conclusion for which Mr. McLean had hoped, that the supposed German must be suffering from some injury which interfered with his power of speech.

Mr. McLean was, therefore, treated with kindly sympathy, given bully beef and biscuit, and presently sent under escort to a spot about half a mile from the river bank, where the British had established a field hospital.

The escort handed Mr. McLean over to the hospital orderly, with the brief diagnosis "Deaf an' dotty, and a son of a gun!" and returned to their hedgerow.

Mr. McLean was interviewed by the medical officer, who, getting no reply to his questions beyond the gurgling sound at which Mr. McLean had now become an adept, diagnosed the case as "Shell shock," and sent him, under escort, to the clearing hospital.

Gratified with the success of his ruse, and inwardly rejoicing in the courtesy and kindness meted out to him by the good fellows of the R. A. M. C., Mr. McLean, as an interesting case—one of the first of many genuine cases to come—was dispatched from point to point along the line until he found himself at Havre, whence, after a brief detention, he was sent to England.

Now in the early days of the war the English, with their insular contempt for all things and people not British in origin, were extremely careless in their manner of guarding their German prisoners. It was presumed that no German officer would attempt to escape, and that if he did escape it would not matter. So, instead of confining prisoners in fortresses and dungeons, after the German fashion, the British authorities put their German officer guests in a large and well-appointed country house known as Donnybrook Hall, treated them with the utmost kindness—not to say slackness—and allowed them very considerable latitude as regards their method of living.

To this courtesy the German officers responded by plotting to escape, and as a preliminary step had dug a tunnel from the cellar of the Hall to a point beyond the inclosing wall surrounding the gardens.

To Donnybrook Hall, in the fullness of time, came Mr. Gavin McLean, known to the authorities, from the name found marked in his clothes, as Lieutenant Horster; and being there regarded by both German prisoners and English guards as a harmless idiot, he was permitted to roam about the house and grounds much as he pleased. It was not long before his explorations took him to the cellar; and there, to his surprise, he found a party of the prisoners busy disposing of the last basketfuls of earth from the tunnel.

The excavators did not notice Mr. McLean's entrance; and, safely hidden behind an empty wine bin, he watched the Germans creeping back and forth from the tunnel's mouth, and noted how, when they knocked off work, they covered the entrance with loose boards, on which they piled empty cases and old sacks, so that the work was completely hidden from the distance observer.

Mr. McLean deplored his ignorance of the German tongue, but he gathered from the jubilant expression of the workers that their self-imposed task must be near completion.

Hidden behind his wine bin, Mr. McLean remained in the cellar until all the excavators had cleared out, and then proceeded to explore on his own account. He had noticed that the Germans had cached their tools and stores in the mouth of the tunnel; and, as soon as he had removed enough of the covering for his purpose, he delivered himself into the hole and by the light of a match searched among the stores. He found picks, shovels, crowbars and, what was more important at that moment, a supply of electric torches and a compass. Armed with pick, compass and torch, he crawled cautiously along the tunnel, which led him for a distance of a hundred paces in a direction due northwest. At the end of the tunnel, which had been carefully shored up with rough timber throughout its length, he found that a chamber had been excavated to a sufficient size to allow two men to work. And from this chamber the tunnel took a direction due west, and was carried in an upward slant, which, he calculated, must bring the end of it to the surface at a distance of only a few feet from the point where the tunnel then ended.

Reviewing the situation, he carefully went over the ground a second time, checking his measurements and compass bearings. This done, he pocketed the compass, covered the entrance to the tunnel and returned to the outer air. The German prisoners were scattered about the grounds, and presently the dinner bell summoned them to the dining hall.

Mr. McLean, knowing that his own movements were never very carefully observed, absented himself from dinner and made his way to the side of the house corresponding to the part of the cellar from which the tunnel started.

He took a compass bearing, walked the requisite number of paces, and by this means roughly checked the ultimate direction of the tunnel to a point on the far side of the high wall surrounding the house, and, so far as he could reckon, determined that the exit planned by the prisoners would be within the limits of a thick wood at the back of it. Mr. McLean hurried back to the house and, smiling idiotically, sauntered into the dining room and took his belated dinner.

That night, after "Lights out!" Mr. McLean rose from his bed and with great stealth crept down to the cellar. He opened up the tunnel, selected a pick and shovel, and by the light of a torch crept down the narrow burrow to the far end. Here he removed his coat and, after some preliminary investigation, fell to work to cut upward at the same angle as that planned by the Germans.

It was hard work, and once he came within measurable distance of an unpleasant end by reason of the collapse of his new excavation; but he worked like a Welsh miner, and at last his efforts were rewarded by the feel of the pick driving clear of the last layer of earth and turf that kept him from the outer air. A few more strokes and Mr. McLean felt the fresh night breeze and smelled the scent of the pines.

He enlarged the opening sufficiently to enable his body to pass and then retraced his steps along the tunnel. Halfway to the cellar he stopped and proceeded to cut away the underpinning, with the result that after a few strokes of his pick the earth fell in, cutting off the passage from the cellar.

"Ah'm thinkin' they'll be verra disappointed wi' yon tunnel!" reflected Mr. McLean as he retraced his steps to the far end, picked up his coat—the lining of which was still stuffed with bank notes—and squeezed through the narrow opening to the outer air.

Consulting his watch by the light of the electric torch, he found that it was nearly three o'clock in the morning; and, with a sigh of satisfaction at his regained freedom, he picked his way cautiously through the wood and on the far side of it discovered a main road. A walk of a hundred yards brought him to a signpost, and from it he learned that he was on the main road to Wolverton, while the cross-turning led to the village of Yelmpton, distant about half a mile.

His chief anxiety now was as to his clothes, for to be seen in the guise of a German officer would entail recapture and an ignominious return to Donnybrook Hall. But Mr. McLean had not been an expert cracksman for nothing, and he relied on his past experience in this direction to obtain a new outfit.

On the outskirts of the village he noticed a good-sized house, which stood back from the road; and, with great caution, he entered the gate and crept up the drive leading to the front porch. He found a window that promised well to his practiced eye and speedily slipped back the catch with his knife. Removing his boots, he climbed in at the window, and by the light of his torch saw that he was in a well-furnished dining room.

He crept noiselessly to the door, opened it and listened. Not a sound! Noiselessly he crossed the hall, mounted the stairs and stopped to listen. No sound fell on his ear.

Investigation with the torch showed him three doors leading from the landing on which he stood. He tried the nearest and found it locked. The second yielded to his touch and he swung it gently open. At that

(Concluded on Page 52)

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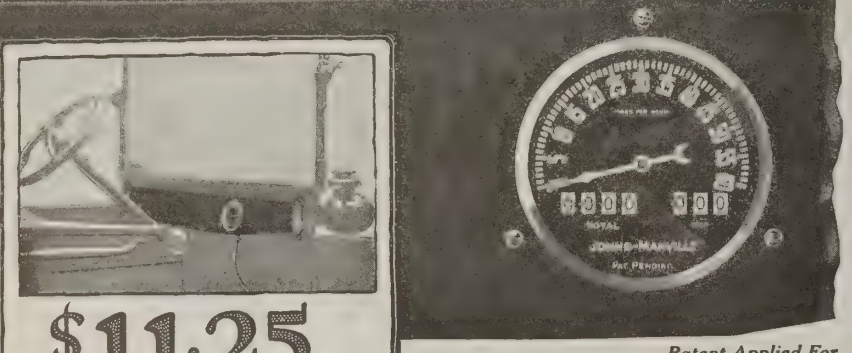

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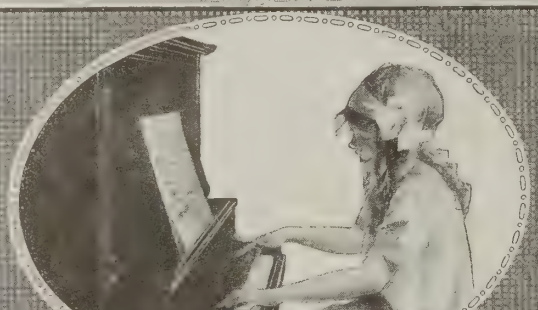

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(Concluded from Page 49)

instant a switch clicked and the room was flooded with light.

Dazzled for a moment, Mr. McLean stood blinking like an owl in sunlight, and when he recovered himself he found that he was looking down the barrel of a .45 revolver, held in the steady grasp of a man of about his own size.

"Hands up!" said the man behind the gun; and Mr. McLean, who was getting used to this form of exercise, obeyed with the precision of an automaton. "Breaking in here to carry on as you did in Belgium, I suppose! I've a mind to strew your brains on the carpet!"

The threat sounded ruthless enough, but Mr. McLean detected the shadow of a quaver in the voice, which told him of a bold front to cover a certain nervousness; so he said nothing, but stood like a statue, his arms outstretched above his head.

"Lucky you happened in here to-night," said the man with the gun. "My wife's away, and the servants too; so you won't even have the satisfaction of frightening a woman."

The man with the gun drew nearer as he spoke and, with the boldness of inexperience, stood quite close to Mr. McLean, the muzzle of the pistol almost touching the latter's chest.

On the instant Mr. McLean saw his chance and took it.

With a quick swing of his left arm he struck his opponent's wrist outward, turned sharply to the left; and, as the man involuntarily turned in the direction of the blow, Mr. McLean swung his right and brought a hard fist, with a thud, to the point of the armed man's jaw.

The gun clattered to the floor and the man sank in a heap. Hurriedly Mr. McLean pounced on the gun and pocketed it, dragged a sheet from the bed, tore it into strips, and before his opponent had come to his senses had lashed him firmly and neatly hand and foot with his own bed linen.

Presently consciousness returned to the fallen man, and Mr. McLean, to save trouble and conversation, gagged him with a cartridge from the gun and a strip of linen. Having made his prisoner thus secure, he stood over the disgruntled householder and addressed him.

"Mon," he said, "Ah'm no a German. Ah'm a veectim o' circumstances. Ah want naethin' frae you but a suit o' clothes, an', by the look o' ye, it's yeers that wull fit me fine! Gin ye had treated me as one gentleman tae anither Ah'd no ha' had tae tie ye up; but Ah canna' trust ye the noo. Ye say the ser-rvants are awa'?"

The supine victim nodded his head in assent.

"Aweel! Sae muckle the better. Gin ye gie me yeer wor-rd ye'll nae call oot, Ah'll tak' oot yeer gag. Nod yeer heid gin ye'll behave yeersel."

The man on the floor contrived to nod his head and Mr. McLean loosened the gag.

"Blast you!" said the victim as soon as he was free to speak.

"Gin ye use sweer wor-rds tae me Ah'll e'en gag ye agin. Ah canna abide a mon who sweers."

The victim relapsed into silence, and Mr. McLean, after making sure that his lashings were fast, explored the room and helped himself to a suit of clothes, a shirt, and other necessaries. Dressing himself with care, he selected a pair of boots from the shelf, tried them on, and decided that they were a fit. Then he stood over his host and admonished him: "Ah'm obleeged tae ye for the claes; an', tae show ye there's nae ill feeling, Ah'm leaving ye this five-pun' note tae pay for them. Gin Ah could trust ye Ah'd untie ye an' let ye loose, but Ah canna tak' the reesk; so ye'll e'en hae tae stay here till Ah can telephone tae the police tae come an' set ye free. Guid mor-rnin', ma mannie! An' the next time ye try tae hold up an honest bur-rglar man dinna come sae close wi' yeer gun. It's there ye went wrang."

With which parting advice, Mr. McLean picked up his German uniform, turned out the lights, and closed the door after him as he left the room.

He hurried down stairs, let himself out at the front door, and after removing the collection of notes from the lining of the tunic, heaved the uniform into the depths of a shrubbery and strode away down the drive.

He made for the main road and, taking advantage of a passing farm cart loaded with vegetables for Wolverton Market, swung himself to the tailboard and rode comfortably to within easy walking distance of the town. He went to the station, found there was a train to London in half an hour, had some breakfast at a coffee shop just outside the station, and three minutes before the train was due went to the public telephone in the station and called up the police.

"Hello!" came the reply.

"Hello, yeersel'!" said Mr. McLean. "Wull ye be sae guid as tae send an officer tae the first hoose on the Yelmpton road? There's been an accident and a gentleman needs yeer kind assistance."

"Who's that speaking?" inquired the voice excitedly.

"Me!" said Mr. McLean, with admirable brevity, and hung up the receiver.

The train steamed into the station, punctual to the minute, and Mr. McLean swung himself aboard with the comforting feeling of a man who has done his duty to the suffering.

Mr. McLean had no difficulty in evading all attempts to trace him. He adopted the simple plan of making no attempt to hide, but returned to his Chiswick home and set about conducting his garage and repair business without delay.

By exercising due precaution he contrived to exchange his German and French notes for English gold, and on reckoning up his resources found that his martial experiences had made him richer by some eight thousand pounds.

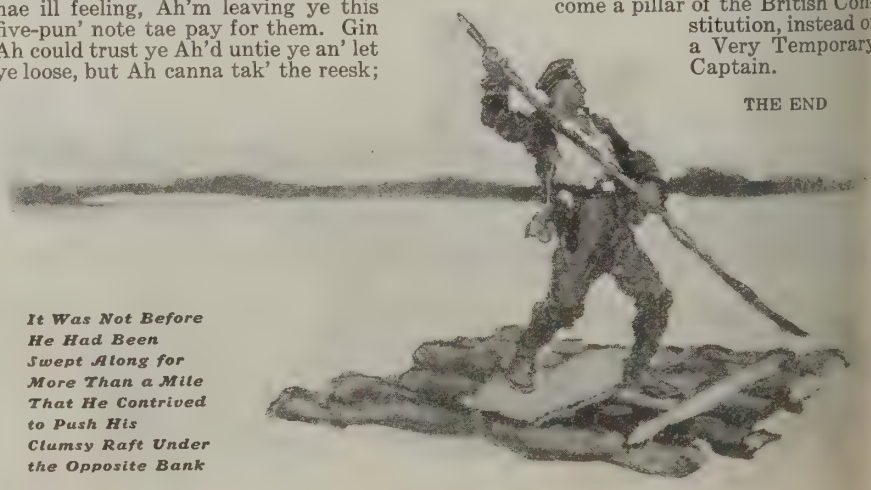
Being a Scot—and a canny Scot at that—he lost no time in finding a suitable site on which to erect a larger workshop, with room to expand in the near future. This done, Mr. McLean searched round until he saw his way clear to accepting a small subcontract for munitions work, as he was convinced by what he had seen that the war was not likely to be over for some considerable time.

By the purchase of a small existing factory and the development of his new works he has blossomed into one of the most successful English subcontractors. And, with admirable patriotism, he was heard lately to express the opinion that—"Gin the Government would but tak' off that shameful robbery of a supertax"—he would be able to retire from business in six months.

However that may be, there is no doubt that the once Very Temporary Captain McLean is among the most successful of the war contractors; and it will not be surprising if, in the fullness of time, he becomes one of the most respected members of the British Parliament.

He has been nursing a constituency for some months now, and by judicious gifts to the deserving poor—there is no graft in British politics—he hopes to head the poll at the next election, and to become a pillar of the British Constitution, instead of a Very Temporary Captain.

THE END



It Was Not Before He Had Been Swept Along for More Than a Mile That He Contrived to Push His Clumsy Raft Under the Opposite Bank

Sense and Nonsense

Faith

THE eyes of you were dark and sad,
Like pools too deep and still,
Whose lure might drown a wistful lad,
Oh, Moira-of-the-hill!
The way we went o'er the springy sod,
Where the heather met the sea,
Was an old, old way you'd often trod,
But a new, new way to me.

They said: "She keeps no faith with men;
She'll keep no faith with you.
Her heart's a wild bird in the glen
That feeds as wild birds do.
Of all the lasses who live and love
Where the lough lies long and still,
There's none so faithless to troth will prove
As Moira-of-the-hill.

"She'll love you, lad, maybe to-day,
But she'll love young Will to-morrow;
And she'll never have less than her own wild way
With a lad, to his lifelong sorrow—
Unless, indeed, it should come to pass
That the rivers should backward flow,
Or daisies bloom at Candlemas,
Or roses under snow."

So over the world I went and away
Where the stars are gold in the blue.
Dim as a dream was that yesterday
Of the old green land and—you.
Home I came with an empty hand,
And a heart burnt out and chill,
Though I'd loved a lass in every land—
But I found you faithful still!

You'd kept a tryst where was none to keep,
Since that day by the purple sea;
And your eyes were sad, as of those who weep
For the thing that may never be.
Oh, never again will I doubt you, lass,
Whatever may come and go,
Till daisies bloom at Candlemas,
And roses under snow!
—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

Discovering Columbus

DURING the recent campaign a Tammany leader on the East Side, a self-made man and one not entirely completed yet in some respects, was addressing a mass meeting of Italian-born voters on behalf of the Democratic ticket.

"Gintlemen and fellow citizens," he began, "I deem it an honor to be permitted to address you upon the issues of the day. I have always had a deep admiration for your native land. I vinerate the mimory of that great, that noble Eyetalian who was the original and first discoverer of this here land of ours.

"Why, gintlemen, at me mother's knee I was taught to sing that inspirin' song: Columbus, the Jim of the Ocean!"

Whereupon there was loud applause.

Not the Right Smell

SOMEBODY sent David Warfield, the actor, a case of rare old rye; and he, in turn, expressed a quart of the stuff to a friend living in a New England village, where local option rules.

Because of the prohibition law the local agent declined to deliver the package, and the consignee went to the station personally to claim it.

"That's all right," he said; "that's just a bottle of ginger ale which was sent to me by my old pal, Dave Warfield."

"Dave who?" asked the suspicious agent.

"Dave Warfield. You know who I mean—Warfield, the Music Master."

The agent shook the package and sniffed at it.

"Call it ginger ale ef you're a-mind to," he said; "but I know better. And, furthermore, I wanter tell you this here parcel never come from no music teacher neither!"

An Exception

MR. JUSTICE VICTOR DOWLING, of New York, who, as might be guessed from the name, is of Irish descent, tells this one on himself:

Once upon a time, a few years ago, he was presiding at the trial of a separation suit between a couple financially and socially distinguished along the Eastern seaboard—a suit that naturally attracted a good deal of attention.

The attorney for the husband was having his inning. It was the aim of the lawyer to show that the lady in the case owned a quick and fiery temper, and that she was addicted to upsetting the domestic arrangements of her home on slight provocation. Pursuant to this intention he put upon the witness stand a tall, solemn Swede, formerly in the plaintiff's employ as a coachman.

The Swede, under the crafty promptings of counsel, told in broken English of a certain occasion when his mistress had flown into a violent passion at a certain footman, and had demanded the luckless footman's discharge upon the assertion that he was drunk.

"Well, was this man drunk?" asked the lawyer when the witness had finished describing the incident.

"No," said the Swede; "his name bane Shaughnessy—but he not bane drunk!"

Those Large Moving Bodies

"ROOSEVELT was certainly the most bellicose president we ever had," said the husband, looking up from his paper.

"Bellicose!" echoed his wife dreamily. "Aren't you thinking of Taft?"

Faint Praise

AT THE Players' Club a group of writers were discussing the work of various artists. Somebody mentioned a popular illustrator who is much given to speaking favorably and at considerable length of his own productions.

Oliver Herford considered for a moment.

"Yes," he said; "if that fellow was as good an artist as he is a talker he would still be a fair talker."

Around the Corner

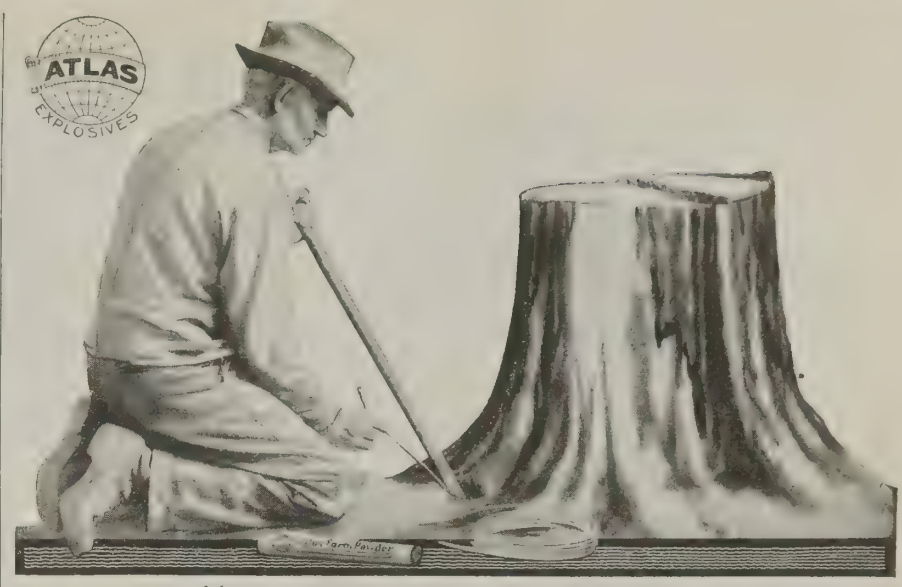
AROUND the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face;
For Life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger then;
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired with playing a foolish game;
Tired with trying to make a name.
"To-morrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
But to-morrow comes—and to-morrow goes;
And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner!—yet miles away. . . .
"Here's a telegram, sir." . . .
"Jim died to-day!"
And that's what we get—and deserve in the end—
Around the corner, a vanished friend.
—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

The Breath of Scandal

"YES," said a lady of high social distinction at the Colony Club in New York; "I dearly love a Bronx cocktail before dinner, but I never take one. The odor of the gin stays on my breath for hours, and my husband doesn't like it."

"Only too true!" stated Beatrice Herford, the society monologuist, dreamily. "The wages of gin is breath!"



"It was no trouble at all to get rid of the stumps by blasting," writes R. C. English, Port Matilda, Pa. "I had never used an explosive before and had never seen the work done. But I understood it thoroughly after looking at the pictures in your book. It is easy to blast stumps with

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Columbia

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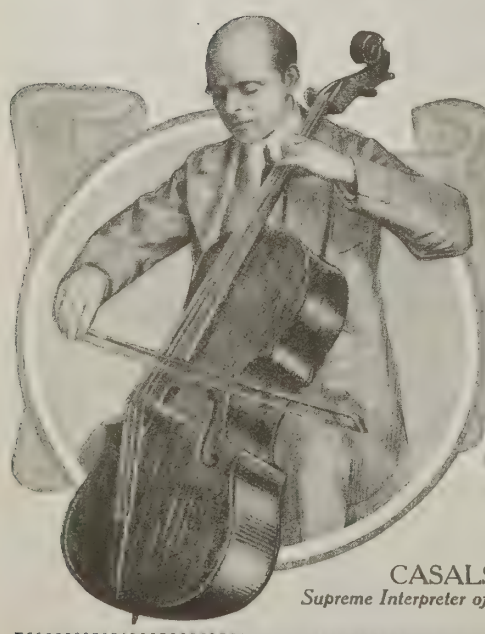
It means the supreme art of Ysaye and of Casals, the miracle-voice of Lazaro, the divine colorature of Barrientos, the incomparable genius of Hofmann, Godowsky, Parlow, Seagle, Sembach and Nielsen, the rich beauty of Graveure's baritone, the classic triumphs of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the fun of Jolson, the delights of the dance—all that makes for inspiration, for education, for joy and for pleasure.

These are but a few of the many world-renowned artists making records exclusively for the Columbia Company. No artists like them, no art to match their own, and the Columbia process of recording reflects and echoes their very genius with a matchless truth and a *living* beauty that gives *all* of their greatness to an admiring world.

All the beauty, majestic grandeur and soul-thrilling splendor of the immortal music that once heard, haunts memory's chambers forever, is echoed in the *tone* of Columbia Records.



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GRAVEURE
Brilliant Belgian Baritone

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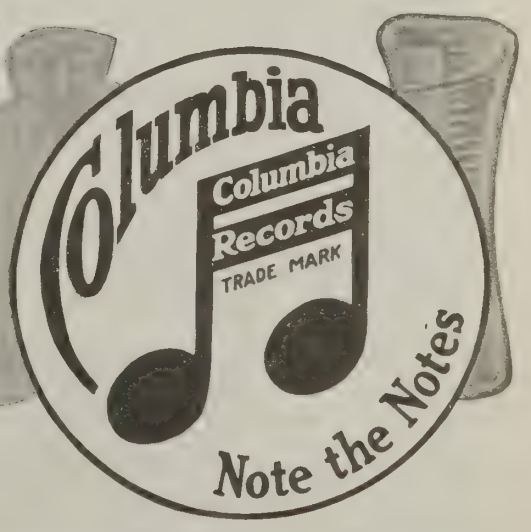

Pyrene

KILLS FIRE
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This fire lasted just two and one half minutes.

There was no panic; no wild stampede to a fire-escape or stairway.

There were no shrieks or groans. No wives or mothers waiting, pale with horror, while charred bodies were carried from the ruins.

This employer was ready for fire. Ready with Pyrene. Pyrene on pillars. Pyrene against walls. Pyrene at stairway landings. Pyrene in elevators. Pyrene in the dynamo room. Pyrene in the offices.

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$8.00, bracket included.

Pyrene Manufacturing Company
New York
Every Appliance for Fire Protection

THE SHRINKING DOLLAR BILL

(Concluded from Page 8)

"Nature seems to have conspired against meat production all over the world. We have had two bad corn crops. That of 1914 was frozen and the 1915 crop was burned up. In Argentina they had six months of drought. Now they have the locust scourge. They are buying cattle here that used to be furnished from the Platte country. Australia had bad conditions too. Our Pacific Coast used to swim with Australian beef. Now Australia is buying mutton for its own use from New Zealand, and consequently is not exporting anything to us.

"The men in the trenches are eating an immense amount of meat—undoubtedly a lot more than most of them ever ate before. It is mighty fortunate we had a big crop of hogs in 1916—otherwise a meat famine would be upon us. We had such a good hog year that it saved the situation. The high prices have compelled the Western hog grower to keep his hogs healthy—hence the big crop. Beef is now a luxury and it will continue so.

"Figures will show an increase in sheep. These seven markets in 1916 received 11,637,000 sheep against 11,160,000 the year before; but in 1913 they had 13,500,000 sheep. Our native sheep industry—that east of the Missouri River—has disappeared. The sheep in this country cannot compete with the dairy cow and the hog. Cattle raising is now on a remunerative basis. Cattle will take care of themselves. So will hogs. Sheep must be constantly watched and cared for. Lambs used to sell at six cents a pound; now they are thirteen and a half cents. Sheep used to sell for three cents a pound; now they are worth ten cents. We can raise sheep in this country profitably.

"Another factor is our booming industrial situation, and the increased consumption due to big wages. This is illustrated by the fact that the big steel-making towns are enormous consumers of meat. Pittsburgh consumes more beef a head than any other city in the world; while Gary, Indiana, has a larger individual meat consumption than any other city in this country.

"For a few months after the war broke out, during the temporary lull in manufacturing, the meat packers were sending the manufacturing centers practically nothing; now they cannot fill their orders. If the fires were banked the men would stop eating meat; experience has proved this. Whenever there is a highly profitable season for the workers they seem to try to eat up their wages in the form of meat."

The Men Who Eat Less Meat

In this connection, however, it is well to remember that a large public—men receiving moderate salaries or incomes that have not increased materially—have cut down on their meat consumption. To some extent this has offset the unstinted meat feast of the wage-earner with the fat pay envelope.

Mr. Poole declares that if a strike should occur in New York City the cattle demand at the Chicago Stockyards would drop thirty per cent, the market for meat being very sensitive.

"Export orders," says this expert observer, "do not cut so great a figure in the grand result, after all. If our home industries keep going at a good pace and the workers have plenty of money there will be sales for all our meats. This is the dominant element in the meat situation.

"The trouble with our whole retail system is that its overhead charges are excessive. We are trying to retail meats about as we do whisky. You find half a dozen meat markets in a neighborhood where there should be only one. There are salaries to be paid, high rents and high delivery and collecting costs to be met. There are so many meat markets that they crowd each other and make all demand larger profits in order to earn a living.

"From this condition has sprung into being a new element in the meat game—the meat peddler; the man with the automobile truck who buys his meat at the packing house and pays cash in advance for it by always keeping a thousand dollars on deposit with the packer. He then cuts his meats on benches that are furnished him by the packers and peddles them to the retailer. His profit runs from twenty-five to forty per cent. It is safe to say that this peddler will take at least twenty-five per cent profit. He relieves the packer of the job of delivering and also lifts from his shoulders the necessity of carrying a lot of accounts. This means, of course, that the packer does not need to worry about drivers' strikes and bad accounts. So, of course, the packer encourages these peddlers. The packers want cash and a quick turnover. They are willing to take a small profit provided they can depend upon these two things.

"Just to show you how that works out: The little meat-market man in this neighborhood, who drives over to the packing house and buys direct for cash, can sell his goods twenty-five per cent cheaper than can the average retailer located at a distance. The trouble with the average retail meat man is that there is not enough volume of trade open to him to stand his excessive overhead costs without the addition of excessive profits. So many workers must get their pay out of meat retailing that prices must be boosted to break even.

"The packers do not take big profits. They are content with less than two per cent. But they have such a tremendous volume and get so quick a turnover that—together with the proceeds of their by-products—they are making a mighty good thing out of it."

A Look Into the Future

"Of course these high prices are going to stimulate production. That is one good thing. No country in the world can raise domestic animals at less cost than can the United States. And we are getting back into the cattle game very fast. The Western States are coming back rapidly. When they begin to save beef calves and cows they come back into production at a stiff pace.

"Children and women are saving calves everywhere. I saw a boy with five calves last summer and I asked him what he was going to do with them. He replied that he was going to make five hundred dollars on them next summer. Women are raising calves in orchards and along the roadsides all over the West.

"Just contrast conditions with those of a few years ago. A man who was in here then was asked what he expected to get for his cattle, and he answered:

"'Don't know. Don't give a damn! If they're sold at all they're well sold!'

"Don't make the mistake of thinking that we know just where we are headed for in this matter of meat production. There has been a lot of gambling in cattle and values are inflated. Australia and Argentina will come back and make themselves felt eventually.

"Germany swears by the hog—they're wise over there! The hog is the one best life-saver in the meat game. The fecundity of that animal is something marvelous. Again, it doesn't take so long to make a steer as it once did. We used to market them at four years; now they are turned in at two. There has been a great sacrifice of good small stuff recently, though. Thousands of cattle come in here weighing about eleven hundred pounds when thirty days of corn would add two pounds a day to each creature.

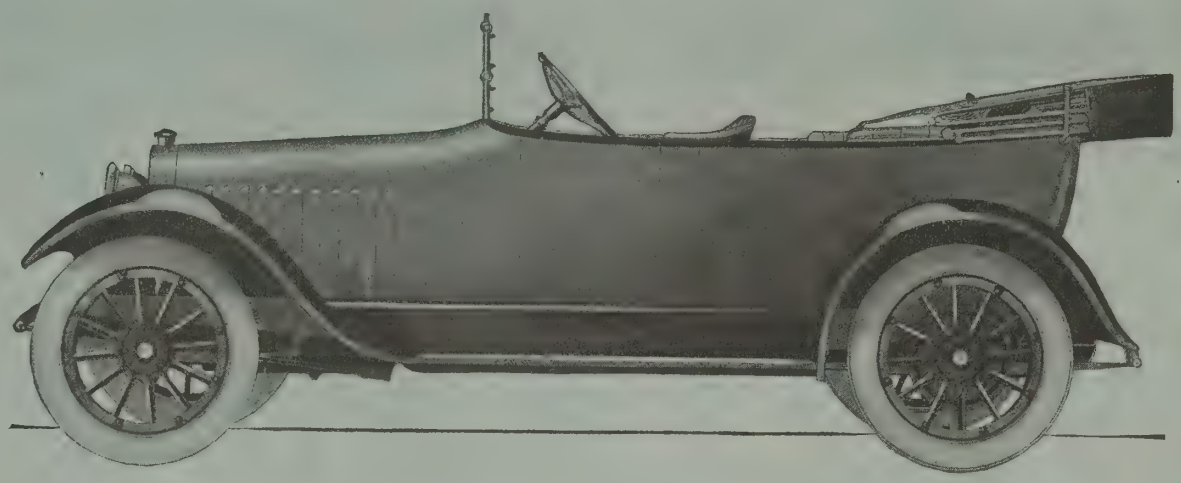
"A few years ago the Canadian packers tried to hog it and would not pay fair prices to the farmers. The farmers promptly went back to grain. The result is that the Canadian packers are buying meat right here, slaughtering it here and shipping it dressed to Canada. They have learned their lesson.

"Though this is an era of strange and unexpected happenings in an economic way, and the meat situation will undoubtedly develop its share of surprises, the consumer may as well dismiss from his mind any fond hope that we are going to see cheap meats again, though they may and probably will become less expensive than at the present moment."

No fact concerning meats that has lately been brought to the surface is of greater interest than the statement made in a 1916 United States Department of Agriculture report, that the stockman or raiser receives from two-thirds to three-fourths of the gross returns in the marketing of beef, the remaining one-third or one-fourth, as the case may be, being divided between shipping and marketing expenses, packers' gross profits, jobbers' gross profits and retailers' gross profits.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Crissey. The second will appear in an early number.

CHALMERS $1090



This 5-passenger 6-30 Chalmers has a wide range of use. Neither big nor heavy. Neither small nor underweight. It is a car for touring. For city. For running about. For the woman to drive. For the daughter to drive. And is a man's car, too. Handles well in traffic, because it is easy to steer. Easy to get under way quickly. Easy to stop. Easy to swing around a corner. Easy in shifting gears. Good on the long run because it rides well. Holds the road evenly. Runs straight as a line. And it gets over the ground without noise or effort. Takes the hill with snap. The turning radius is 17¾ feet. The horse power is 45 (on the brake test). The wheelbase 115 inches. The tires 32 x 4. The engine is simple and rugged. A car soundly made—and thus sensible to own.

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THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID

(Continued from Page 20)

Those stupid boys—they don't realize! You mustn't go, even to Camp Whitman, Benton. If you got that far you'd probably take it—example, and all that. But there's nothing decided if you refuse even that; you can stay at home—and whatever they do won't amount to anything, because your term's almost out. Think of it! You can stay here, Benton—safe—when the company goes out to-morrow. Timothy says there won't be anything—no court-martial or heavy discipline to face—the War Department won't be able to do much. Everything's all right, dear. You will simply not go!"

She threw her arms about him; but Benton stood rigid.

"That—that's desertion, mother—morally."

"Not for you. You wouldn't go to Mexico in any case. You'd never take that oath. We never meant you should. Nobody decent and Christian goes to war. . . . It's all wrong; a work of the devil. A righteous man has nothing to do with it; and you're out of it—safely—Benton. Oh, my dear! My dear!"

Then, as Benton still stood silent, she drew back from him in terror.

"Why—you don't want to go, Benton!"

The boy looked at her with a face like death.

"Oh, mother," he said, "don't you know me better? Don't you know I couldn't want to go?"

That was the evening when the thing came out of cover and stalked boldly up and down the main-traveled roads of town gossip:

Bennie Clune was not going to the Front—wasn't even going to the main camp!

"Oh, but, my dear, he'll have to! That's desertion, and there's a penalty."

"His mother has arranged for that—and her lawyer. They're not afraid of the consequences. They found out there won't be any heavy ones—Mr. Aitken talked to the Department. . . . And they won't mind what folks think! I think it's a burning shame—a cowardly thing ——"

"Oh, but what could you expect? Why, everybody knows what Bennie used to be like—you'd hardly think he'd stand up to anything with any risk about it."

"Oh, I know, Jim Greely was telling us that he remembers ——"

Yes; it all came out afresh then. All Bennie's dark past roached up its mane and pranced about town recalling to people exactly what Bennie really was. He fell from Benton to Bennie in a jiffy, and all the fine military panoply fell away.

They talked it all over at the farewell dance that night—the dance where Elsie Revere, with flaming cheeks and a rose-and-silver frock, led the march with Pod Fisher. There was no sign of Benton; and, watching Elsie, people whispered again. He was to lose not only honor but love, they said. Elsie was a little soldier-girl—no quitters for her! Bennie must be crazy not to realize; and he was so much in love too! But then, as a few concluded, perhaps it wasn't really true.

Yet it seemed not unlikely. Toward nightfall the Clune household had veiled itself in silence; no member was seen on the streets; the telephone, importunate on behalf of the curious, remained unanswered. There was an editorial in the evening paper referring to "any fellow townsman who shirked his duty and absolved himself on a technicality," with the usual attendant embroidery on "honor" and "manliness."

But, at that, people didn't really believe that he would put it through—would actually quit it cold—until they were forced to; not until, at nine o'clock the next evening, Company X marched out of its Armory and went swinging down to the station in full marching kit, and they saw that Benton Clune wasn't with them. But even then the thing didn't make more than a ripple of interest on the thrilled and watching crowd.

You could hear the noise they all made back in the street where the Clune house stood. The place was darkened; but in an upper room two persons sat listening.

The company band was playing Onward, Christian Soldiers! And they could catch the roars of approval as "the boys" swung by. They could almost see it all—the motor, flag-trimmed, with the handful of proud old Grand Army men in it; the vets of the Spanish War, who marched behind; the band; the ambulance detachment; the company in full turnout.

And as he listened, Benton Clune's breath and spirit failed.

"Oh, God!" he whispered, and a great choking sob surged to his throat.

The woman sought to comfort him:

"My boy, let them go; they are fools and do not realize it. . . . Some of them may never come back. It is all wrong—all wrong!"

The noise had moved on to the station, where the specials were waiting. There was a lull; then the night wind came through the blinds, bringing a thread of sound—a man's voice, barytone, singing to the crowd:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died ——"

And, on that, the man in the silent upper room put down his head and sobbed like a child.

"Afraid! . . . Afraid, mother! . . . That's what I am! . . . Not a man—just a lay figure. . . . There's not a dog in the street out there but has more sand—more spirit. . . . I've been a coward all my life. . . . Let's be honest and face the truth. . . . I daren't do what those boys are doing!"

She came and touched his hair softly.

"You're just overwrought, Benton. To-morrow ——"

He sprang up at her touch.

"The truth! It's the truth! Don't you see? It's the coward's part—the one I've always played. And it's your fault, mother. Oh, I've a yellow streak, no doubt; but you helped me—you taught me fear all my life! To be a coward! Think of it! I've had good ancestors, real men—fighting men—Americans! . . . And you—you and I—have let me be like this. Afraid! I want to go, mother—part of me; I want to rush out there and be a man—and I daren't! I'm afraid! . . . That's what I'm like. Coward! Coward!" he screamed suddenly. "Not honor or the girl I love counts—nothing but fear! Fear!

"Mother"—he spoke more calmly—"do you know who they've got down there? Do you know who my marching mates would be? Sam Hedrosian, a naturalized Armenian—Armenian, mother—a shoemaker; and Pat Flynn, a cabman; and the two Schwartz boys, whose father runs the Dutch brewery—they're going out to fight if need be—if they must—for my country—'My country, 'tis of thee'!" He laughed bitterly. "And I am an American, mother—what they call a real one, with roots way back in Colony days. . . . And you—my mother—a Daughter of the Revolution! And I daren't go! I daren't! They are the true Americans, and I—I'm just afraid!"

He flung himself down, his face buried.

For two days no one emerged from the Clune house. On the first morning people observed a figure propped up on their veranda—a dummy figure of a soldier, crudely dressed in brown book muslin, to represent khaki. There was an infant's feeding bottle tied to it and a placard on its breast. One or two got near enough to read it:

I AM THE LATEST WAR BABY.
I ALWAYS STAY AT HOME, SAFE WITH MY MA.
I LET THE OTHER FELLOW DO IT.
I AM THE MAN WHO IS AFRAID!

Presently a servant came and removed it.

Toward nightfall of the second day Benton Clune went out of the house for the first time. He walked down the street, looking neither to the right nor the left until he came to Elsie Revere's home. There he stopped and made as though to enter, putting a foot on the first of the veranda steps. As he did so the door opened and Elsie herself came out. At sight of Benton she turned white and seemed about to speak. Then she put out a hand and touched the big flag behind her. As though its touch heartened her, she lifted a proud head and smiled, instead—not a pretty smile—and let her cool eyes sweep the figure before her from head to foot. After a moment she turned her head away indifferently.

It was on the fourth day after that, when Benton came out of his room and spoke to the white-faced old woman who sat huddled in her chair.

(Concluded on Page 61)

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(Concluded from Page 58)

"I'm going, mother. I can't stay and face it out—I'm going away where people don't know me. Perhaps I can find it yet—courage."

"Where will you go, Benton?"

"Anywhere to forget—everything. I've come to the end of things here."

He slipped away at dusk. He didn't even buy a ticket. They were making up a freight on a siding and he hid away in an empty box car.

It didn't improve matters back home, his going. "Full quitter's act," of course, people called it. Instructions had come from headquarters to penalize—lightly enough—the deserters who had stayed behind in the various towns. Benton Clune, it was learned, was to be reprimanded severely and assigned to the home recruiting station until the expiration of his term. But Benton wasn't there.

And after a while we forgot him. We were too busy reading about Camp Whitman, and the mud and rainstorms, the hikes and inspections, the Government processes, the potential military cabals, and speculating about war—real war—and our boys in particular. And suddenly Camp Whitman ceased to interest us. Our boys—our Company X—were to go to Mexico at last. The special train would pass through the home town en route.

They were due at eight o'clock; and at seven-thirty the little woman—a strangely aged and stilled woman these last days—who rocked and rocked herself so desolately all day in the big Clune house, looked up at a slight sound in her doorway.

She did not know him for a moment, so tattered and dirty and worn and torn he was. When she recognized him she cried out in terror; and, at that, he came quietly into the room. Under the lamplight he looked even worse, with a face strangely older, harder, and the eyes of one who has faced torture. He was bearded, unkempt, and bore the marks of a man who has, even futilely, tried to pay his toll among men with fist and right arm. There was a long stripe of purple bruise on his face, and the scars of conflict about him.

"Benton!"

He spoke very quietly, quite without notion:

"I have come back, mother. Do not ask me where I have been. . . . You may call it hell if you wish. It has been just that. You see, I made a mistake. I tried to run away from it all; I tried different ways—drink—different people—a new life—hard work. But I have found out the truth. If a man knows himself—a man like me—there is only one way." He swung round and faced her. "Mother, the only thing he can do is to fight himself—where he lost himself. That's why I'm here. I've come to ask you for a bit of supper—and a bath. The soldiers' special comes through in half an hour and I am going to meet it. Mother, I'm going to Mexico, and fight—me!"

Then a strange thing happened: the little woman began to sob.

"Perhaps you are right," she said. "You must do what is honorable."

It rained that night and only the persons most concerned went out to meet that train. I saw the young man in civilian clothes, carrying a military kit, who ran out from the shadows of the freight house and straight toward the officers' section.

Colonel Corey and several others had gotten out and stood on the wet platform. The young man went up to the colonel and saluted.

"I am Benton Clune," he said, "and I've come to ask for another chance. I wrote to you from Downingsville ——"

"I have your letter."

"I wish to go with my company, if it is possible, sir—to take the Federal oath and enter the United States service."

Right up at his left loomed a flat car, loaded with big caissons; but he did not notice.

Our old Corey is a psychologist; a stickler for military etiquette, too, but a diagnostician of situations—and men. He looked at his watch now, quite casually—the big engine was getting up her head, drawing long snorting breaths—then back at Benton.

"Technically you belong here in the recruiting station, Benton; but on receipt of your letter I communicated with Sergeant Mayhew, and the matter has been arranged. You may take the oath and go with the company. You will report immediately to Lieutenant Ainslie."

Then the whistle sounded and Benton Clune started for Mexico.

No; there was no war; no chance for the spectacular; no thrilling dash to assist beleaguered comrades; no message-to-Garcia business; no rescue of a beloved officer, single-handed, in a hail of soft-nosed Mexican bullets—only the chance for reinstatement—to "come back"—that the daily grind of camp life offers. A fellow had to do it by grace of simple daily little things—not an easy matter; yet somehow Benton Clune did it.

You see, everybody knew what the mere first step had cost him—what it meant to break through the wild funk he had gone into; and everybody appreciated it.

Benton wasn't asking any favors either. He kept to himself and asked odds of no one, and bore silently the glances, the innuendoes and patronage of the less friendly spirits; he understood the embarrassment his appearance caused in a jolly, chaffing group, and he bore no rancor. He was alien—set apart by his own act. He threw himself passionately, instead, into the business at hand—set himself the task of becoming a good soldier. And little by little he slipped back into the respect of his comrades. And then came the thing that happened on the Juanarez River.

We got it in the papers via the messages of Special Representative Chester, who went out with the company:

"A brilliant rescue was effected last Saturday, when Private Clune, of Company X, saved the life of Private Hedrosian in the Juanarez River. A small detachment from the company had gone up the Juanarez and, returning, attempted to ford it. A mistake was made in the location of the ford, and not until the party were in midstream was it detected. The crossing they selected, though comparatively shallow, is filled with quicksands, and the men in advance drew back just in time. Unfortunately Private Sam Hedrosian, not realizing the situation, undertook to go through with it. In a few seconds he found himself sinking rapidly.

"For a minute it seemed Hedrosian would lose his life. But even while his comrades were frantically devising a lifeline Private Benton Clune, bringing up the rear, went out into midcurrent and literally pulled Hedrosian out of the jaws of death. He was able to get near him only by making a detour, working upcurrent, and fighting inch by inch for a foothold. His own life was endangered a dozen times, and his comrades will not soon forget the daring and plucky rescue, and the unselfish and generous impulse that led him to offer his life to save a naturalized American soldier."

Well, well! Were we proud? I guess yes! Bennie Clune, our man-who-was-afraid, to do a thing like this, a real man's stunt! To go out and play with death—and voluntarily court the sucking lips of that quicksand! . . . Shows what stuff the boy had in him after all; good stuff!

"Why, he's a regular fellow after all!" we said.

The boys got back only yesterday after four months on the Border.

Good Lord, but we got excited! At least five thousand of us were down there in space hardly enough for one—and all the flags were out again—and the bands—and —— Well, we certainly were glad!

There was an extra force of police to keep back the crowd, but they melted like snowflakes in Hades when the women saw those brown-clad arms and shoulders through the windows. They charged that train like a troop of Boches; and there were mothers and sweethearts and sisters and infant offspring all over the landscape.

And right in the thick of it were two women clinging to each other—one little and elderly; the other young, radiant, clad in white, her arms full of flowers. They went right up to a window where a good-looking, blue-eyed, rather thin young fellow looked out, and they literally ate him up with their eyes. The older one could not speak at all—could only look up, worshiping and weeping; but the younger one held up her flowers, and a soft small hand besides.

But the boy did not take her hand for a moment. He looked down at her, his heart in his eyes, and spoke falteringly:

"Elsie—you said—before I went—the man you marry would be soldier stuff ——"

"He is!" the girl flashed back proudly.

Then they couldn't hear the sound of their own voices for all the joyful racket we made because the boys came home.

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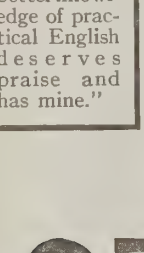

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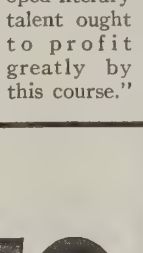

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ONE EVERY MINUTE

(Continued from Page 25)

The office manager read it and returned it to Mr. Shadd. His staring eyes were darting such volleys of interrogations that Shadd volunteered:

"Mr. Lipps, that represents—er—a part of one of my —— Well, you might call it one of my lucky investments. I have made it a practice to trustee one-half of the profits of such deals. I am sure of the income at all events. After my death the principal goes to my—my beneficiaries. My wife is the chief one, of course; but Winifred comes right after her."

"I'll be da—er—I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, Shadd," said the office manager deferentially. "I hope you will visit us and see for yourself what she is like."

"I bet she's a little queen," said Shadd happily, thinking of his own royalty.

"Thank you," said Lipps with respectful gratitude.

Fortune had waved her magic wand over these two men and they had changed positions.

"And you won't say anything about it in the office, will you, Mr. Lipps?" said the modest benefactor.

"No. But say, Shadd —— Well, I never dreamed you—er ——"

"I don't blab my business all over the shop. That particular investment was a little deal of mine in one of the war brides. I closed it out just before the news of the sinking of the Lusitania reached the Street. But the reaction had to come."

"So you said. Well, they are still going down," said Lipps, gazing with a sort of gloomy admiration on Mr. Shadd.

"Are they?"

"Yes; I just had 'em on the phone ——" Lipps stopped himself—too late.

Shadd smiled commiseratingly, lumping Lipps with the Rumneys and the Meiggses and the Paines. Then he observed slowly:

"Well, I've never had any trouble in knowing when to get out. Even before I buy, I figure out at what price I'll let 'em have mine. A man ought to know what profit will satisfy him, and when his price is reached he ought to slide out, no matter if everybody says the stock is going a hundred points higher. Why, when I sold my Undersea ——"

"You didn't have Undersea?" And Lipps stared, awestricken, at this clerk, suddenly revealed a great man.

"Two hun—lots of two hundred shares each, bought at eight and nine—plain nine! I sold one lot at 300 and the other at 301."

"What!" almost shrieked Lipps. "I bought ten shares at 185 and another ten at 200 on inside information, and I thought I was a plunger—paying such prices."

"I wasn't gambling," said Shadd almost reprovingly. "I happened to know what business the Undersea Craft Company stood a good chance of getting."

"How did you know it?"

"I—I—I have a friend, and—— Well, I make it a point to keep posted."

Shadd had doubled his purchases and his profits in the telling; and though he did not yet believe his own lies he found no trouble in making Hen Wilkins an insider.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Lipps, looking at Wilberforce as if he couldn't believe his eyes. "I never should have thought ——"

"You'd never what?" And Shadd frowned, thinking Lipps thought he was lying.

"I'd never have held on to mine if I'd only known you were selling yours," Lipps corrected himself, trying to look as if Shadd were the source of all wisdom.

After what Wilberforce had received in Woodcock's office, the tribute left him calm. His indifference impressed Lipps profoundly and he said:

"You might have told a fellow."

"I—I don't talk about my little deals."

"Little deals?" echoed Lipps; and Shadd was rewarded. "I know you don't, you old oyster!" And the manager slapped Shadd's back tentatively in lieu of the old-time nod.

Shadd noticed that Lipps went into the private office. He never knew what Lipps said; but that night both partners, as they went home, stopped and shook hands with Wilberforce Shadd. And both partners said, most cordially:

"Good night, Shadd."

Lipps said:

"Good night, old chap. I'm not going to thank you again for Winifred. But, say, the next time you have a good thing ——"

Shadd shook his head. He knew he should never again gamble. He had no money to gamble with; and, moreover, tip giving was dangerous to a reputation for infallibility.

Lipps frowned. Stinginess with money is bad, but stinginess with stock-market tips is far worse. But Shadd, thinking of Henry Rumney, remarked slowly:

"The last time I gave a tip to a friend he made fifteen thousand dollars. You'd think he would have been grateful, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would. I know that I ——"

"Well, he called me a skunk because I didn't make my tip strong enough for him to have mortgaged his home, and so on. He said I ought to have made him buy enough stock to make one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He blamed me for not making it. We don't speak now. I don't say you'd be the same, Mr. Lipps; but I'd like to keep your friendship."

"No matter what you did to me, I'd be your friend," said Lipps earnestly. "So long as you mean it for the best, I am not the kind to whine if the tip—if things don't come out as we hoped. Just try me, Shadd the next time you have something good enough for you."

Shadd, noncommittally not answering, turned to his work. Whereupon the manager said:

"Go home, man! People will think I'm a slave driver. You have all day to-morrow. Come on! I'm going your way."

Wilberforce did not wish to go with Lipps, because it suddenly struck him that he had to do too much lying to the manager. He never before had been obliged to lie about anything; but his stock-market winnings somehow made him say things he never meant to say. To begin with, the very winnings did not seem true. He could not quite persuade himself that he really and truly was worth sixty thousand dollars. It, therefore, did not seem any less true to imply that he was worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. If you believe in miracles there is no need to be conservative. That is probably why all men magnify their market winnings.

"I've got to finish," said Shadd determinedly.

"That's some employee!" muttered Lipps, thinking of Shadd's wealth and Shadd's loyalty. Then he said: "Fine chap!"

Thinking of Winifred's luck, he wondered what the precise amount might be. Well, it was velvet, anyhow.

xx

WILBERFORCE SHADD left the office pleased with himself. Lipps's kindness; the new amiability of both partners; the deference of Molloy and Ross; the respect, bordering on fear, with which he was regarded by the lesser clerks, who had heard whispers of millions—curiously enough did not strengthen his sense of loyalty to the firm. No longer fearing, he no longer could feel grateful. What he thought was that he was a man with two thousand and eighty dollars a year from his salary and three thousand dollars from his investments. This did not give him earnings of five thousand and eighty dollars a year; it gave him the five thousand and eighty dollars without the need to sweat.

He carried his head high. His eyes were bright, his step elastic, his entire bearing that of conquering youth.

His wife was in the kitchenette, and not as he had expected, in the vestibule, waiting for him as a sort of reception committee. He sought her, his eyes beaming brightly and kindly.

"That sure smells fine!" he vouchsafed, taking a deep inhalation of beefsteak-pie steam; others might as well share his happiness if talk could give it to them.

She turned toward him eyes utterly free from fear; so that he scarcely recognized her.

"Say," she asked bluntly, "what did you tell Mr. Warren?"

"Mr. Warren?" he echoed, and looked blank.

There was no need to lie, but it is always well to play safe; and, moreover, there was a curious expression in her eyes—a sort of challenge that made him uneasy, on general principles.

(Continued on Page 65)

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The Maccabees

(Continued from Page 62)

"Yes; Mr. Warren," she firmly repeated.

He looked at her steadily. Then, having found an excellent answer, he replied with much dignity:

"I said to him I wished to give my wife the sixty thousand dollars I made in Wall Street by investing my money in a stock that everybody said wasn't worth ——"

"He said you had tied it up so that nobody could take it away from you."

"You didn't understand him, my dear."

"He said so, himself," she insisted.

"It's true, in a way," admitted Shadd conciliatingly. "I've given the money to Mr. Warren to invest safely according to law, and hold it in trust for you, so that nobody can touch the income—not even for debt. The money itself is yours."

"How is it mine—and I can't touch it?"

She gazed at him in the utter noncomprehension of a logical mind.

"The idea is to protect you against loss as long as you live."

"Well, I never wanted to lose it."

"You would have if you had bought those Long Island lots, and ——"

"Who wanted to buy Long Island lots?" she said, beginning to blink her eyes.

"Jersey, I meant; or any other wildcat scheme." He felt he was not of the stern stuff of which conquerors of dollars are made; and to conceal his growing weakness before the menace of her tears he asked with a ferocious frown: "How did you know I was in Warren's office?"

"I went there, myself. You hadn't been gone an hour. He said you were the only man he ever heard of who had brains enough to salt away for keeps the money he'd made in Wall Street. That doesn't prove it's my money, does it?"

"Oh, no!" he said deprecatingly, not having heard her last eight words. "Oh, no! I'm not the only man."

"He said so," she asserted.

"Very well, dear." He had done his best to be modest.

She looked at him with the admiration of their courtship days. He felt himself getting first hot and then cold. What if she ever found out the truth about his wisdom? Presently she asked:

"Will you always have the sixty thousand dollars drawing interest?"

"Always."

"You can't lose the money—not even if you try?"

"No."

"Mr. Warren said to me: 'Well, Mrs. Shadd, you don't have to save money. It's already saved for you,' he says. 'All you have to do is to spend your income in having a nice time. You can't be really extravagant,' he says, 'no matter what you do with your money.'"

Mrs. Shadd shook her head to show she didn't believe the lawyer; and looked at her husband to see whether he would confirm Warren.

"He's right," said Shadd in a judicial voice. Then, still judicial, he added: "He said exactly what I told him to do."

But he did not say he told Warren to do it because he wanted to put the money out of the reach of Mrs. Shadd.

"In that case ——" Mrs. Shadd paused and looked frightened.

Her look of fear made Shadd look brave. He prompted encouragingly:

"In that case what?"

"I might have an automobile."

"For what?"

"For me to drive," said Mrs. Shadd uncomfortably. "Mrs. Warren uses Mr. Warren's all the time."

"She does!" sneered Shadd.

"She knows we've got the money," confessed Mrs. Shadd.

She did not tell her husband that Mrs. Warren's new friendliness was something wonderful—especially about giving advice. Mrs. Shadd had been inhaling incense all the afternoon; and, while she was getting her poise back, it had not been an unpleasant experience.

"You'll break your neck," said Shadd crossly.

"Mrs. Warren says it's the easiest thing in the world. I met so many nice people. They all drive their husbands' cars."

"Your husband hasn't any."

"Mr. Warren said no matter what you did, you couldn't lose your money. He said I simply couldn't be extravagant. I don't want to throw away money, but I——"

"Warren's an ass!" said Shadd.

"But I promised to go with Mrs. Warren to look at some cars to-morrow. They demonstrate them for you, you know. And you don't have to buy if you don't feel like it."

"What's the use of going if you are not going to buy one?" he asked disagreeably. "You'd better tell her you can't go."

"I—I can't, Wilberforce!" she almost wailed. "I said I would. I—I ——" She paused, not liking to admit audibly that she was ashamed to back out. "I—I've just got to go!"

She went over to him and kissed him. Her cheeks were wet. He felt it with his own. He did not kiss her back.

"Damn!" he muttered.

The automobile was hers and he knew it. He hadn't bought a thing for himself. At the rate she was going how long would the money last? What were these women trying to make his wife believe she was?

XXI

BOTH partners believed the stories of Shadd's success in Wall Street. Why shouldn't they? The thitherto taciturn clerk was the kind of expert who could say about a stock "I don't know anything about it!"—and smile. So everybody knew that what he did not know was much more valuable than what other people said they knew.

Shadd, finding that his words were listened to with eager interest, began to think well of the speaker. He perceived that they knew he had beaten the unbeatable game; and they naturally assumed, first, that he had beaten it to the tune of at least a million, and, second, that his triumph was the result of both brains and valor. He perceived, also, that it was not necessary actually to have money in order to be considered a success. It was enough to be suspected of having it. Perceiving these things so clearly, he also perceived no reason why he should not think Wilberforce Shadd was everything the world thought him.

On the same day that poor Mrs. Shadd was literally forced by Mrs. Warren's success worship into buying the automobile, to pay for which Shadd had to borrow the money, anticipating his coupons, Mr. Morris looked up from the Wall Street page of the Tribune and said to Cunningham, the junior partner:

"I thought he lacked ambition, and all the time it was that he didn't need the money. No wonder he was the only man in the office who never asked for a raise!" He spoke as if he had succeeded at last in explaining the utterly inexplicable.

"No," agreed Cunningham perfunctorily. Then, with real animation: "I asked him whether he thought the decline was over. He said he didn't think so. Then I asked him point-blank whether he was doing anything in the market, himself." Cunningham paused to admire his own courage and sagacity.

"Well? Well?" said Morris impatiently.

"He looked me straight in the eyes—you know we used to think we ought to fire him because he always avoided looking at us—well, he looked straight at me and said: 'Mr. Cunningham, I am not buying anything.' And so I've decided not to begin averaging yet."

"That's all very well; but why in blazes didn't you ask him whether he was selling 'em?"

"I didn't think of it," confessed Cunningham. "Fool!"

He meant himself. His partner nodded a cordial agreement and said:

"I shouldn't be surprised if he was short ten thousand shares of Structural Steel."

As that particular stock had broken forty points since the sinking of the Lusitania, the little deal would have given Shadd a paper profit of four hundred thousand dollars.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Cunningham, naturally assuming that Morris' surmise was a fact.

"I am going to promote him," went on Mr. Morris with the look of a man bent on doing justice.

"There's no vacancy," objected Cunningham, who saw at once through the subterfuge.

"I—er—we'll create a position in which his judgment will be of value to—er—the firm."

Mr. Morris, thinking of infallible stock-market tips, spoke almost piously. But Cunningham, knowing that Morris hated to raise salaries, pointed out:

"If we do we'll have to pay him more."

"Not at all," denied Morris. "He has his future assured. He doesn't have to worry about panics or business depression or the

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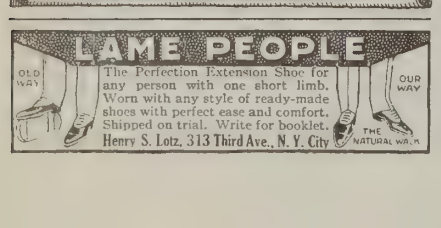

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loss of his job. By trusteeing half of his profits he never plays except on velvet. Great trick, that! Probably that's why he has always beaten the game."

"Bet your life!" agreed Cunningham, recalling that he himself had never had any velvet to play on in his life.

"He always," pursued Mr. Morris, still intent on not raising the salary of the man from whose stock-market tips he expected to make a fortune, "is in the contented frame of mind of a man who knows that a nice little income is waiting for him the moment he wants to quit his daily grind. Why, with such a man we have all the benefits of a pension system—at his own expense!"

"Supposing," inquired Cunningham coldly, "he should ask where the promotion comes in?"

"Well," replied Morris, "we'll give the position a high-sounding title. There are men who would rather be spared the humiliation of punching the time clock than get more wages. All a matter of titles!"

"Shadd isn't that kind," said Cunningham. "However, I'll see him; and I'll ——"

"No. I'll talk to him, myself," the senior partner broke in hastily. "He's a valuable man. I'll do it now." And he left the private office.

Cunningham sneered. Then he decided to take Shadd out to luncheon and immediately thereafter invite himself to accompany Mr. Shadd downtown to Mr. Shadd's brokers. He would love to see how that quiet, taciturn man, who had fooled them all for years by keeping his mouth shut, went about the business of making the ticker cram bushels of dollars into his pocket; and ——

"Well," announced Mr. Morris, picking up a letter from his desk so he shouldn't have to face his partner, "I did as you suggested. I raised his salary."

"I suggested?" indignantly interrupted Cunningham.

"Certainly you did."

"Not I," denied Cunningham. "With our increase in expenses, I thought you might give him the title of Imperial ——"

"After I told him that I—we had decided to make him confidential adviser and a sort of assistant general manager, he asked: 'And the salary?' Then, of course, I had to tell him we'd give him an increase of fifty ——"

"Fifty!" yelled Cunningham, sure now that Shadd would give them all to Morris first.

"Fifty per cent," explained Morris. "Why, that's only twenty dollars more a week. It sounds bigger when you say 'An increase of fifty per cent.'"

"Did you ask him whether he was short of the market?" interrupted Cunningham, weary of listening to unessentials.

"No; I didn't. I—did—not!" replied Mr. Morris with much dignity.

"Then, if we don't know what he's doing in the market, what was the sense of increasing his salary?"

"He's an old employee, who should have had an increase long ago," rebuked Morris.

What he did ask Shadd, to use the precise words, was:

"Do you think any big money is to be made on the short side of the market after the big reaction some of the stocks have had?"

And Wilberforce Shadd, at once flattered and frightened by his responsibilities, astutely guessed the kind of answer that Mr. Morris, being long of stocks, desired. So he reverted to the elemental wisdom of children and poker players, and replied:

"Mr. Morris, the time to go short of 'em was when I did—er—I mean, not now."

Whereupon Mr. Morris realized that no increase in salary was too great for this man, who had lifted a great weight off his mind.

XXII

THE stock market had begun to stiffen and, with it, the hopes of the men who, not being so wise as Wilberforce Shadd, had not sold out at the top. To buy or not to buy is always an interesting question with people who have no stocks and do not wish to buy prematurely.

But to people who have stocks bought higher up, and wish to average, the question becomes vital.

Shadd entered the office with a frown on his face, as if he was greatly displeased—not with anything he had heard, but with something he had thought. This, however, did not discourage Lipps, who was waiting for him, his newspaper open at the financial page.

"Good morning, Wilberforce," said the office manager. "How are you this fine spring morning?"

"'Lo, Lipps!"—short and snappy from Shadd.

"My boy, you haven't answered my question." Mr. Lipps' rebuke was plainly prompted by affection.

"What question?"

"How do you feel?"

"Rotten!"

"Not sick, old man, are you?"

Lipps' face showed real solicitude. If the previous day's strength foreshadowed the resumption of the bull market, it wouldn't do to have the great conqueror of dollars in the hospital.

"No, not sick; only married," answered the philosopher Shadd. "I tell you, Lipps, just as insufficient capital is the cause of ninety-five per cent of our commercial failures, I firmly believe wives —— Oh, pshaw! Let's talk of something else."

Lipps was more than willing to obey his dear Wilberforce. He promptly said:

"I see the market closed pretty firm last night."

He gazed at Shadd, with his soul in his eyes. Shadd, a married man and, therefore, an adept at seeking painful forms of self-torture, instantly thought of the worst thing that could happen to any human being: To see the market go up by leaps and bounds, day after day, with nary a reaction, and he long of nothing—not one share!

He turned to the office manager and said solemnly through his clenched teeth:

"Lipps, we are going to have the biggest boom this country ever saw. Yes; that the world ever saw! Everything that's happened up to now is nothing, absolutely nothing! compared with what's coming!"

Lipps was thrilled by the speaker's voice, by the speaker's look, and by the vision of what the biggest boom this country ever saw would do to the bank account of Mr. Alvin J. Lipps. Then, to convert the bank-book figures into hard cash, he asked with a sort of deferential eagerness:

"What stocks would you buy?"

"Any of them! All of them!" answered Shadd savagely.

Lipps could not help looking disappointed. General tips were never satisfactory. It would be his luck to get into the one dead one in the entire list. He thus began to feel that the boom would do him no good. This thought made him desperate. He asked—almost on his knees:

"Wilberforce, won't you please tell me when you buy anything? I want to trail behind you and keep my mouth shut. If I could get in when you do, and slide out with you, I'd be more than grateful. You don't have to give me any reasons. Just say 'Do this!' and I'll do it."

He looked as he felt—ready to obey Shadd, no matter what the command might be—to the death!

Shadd shook his head.

"I don't know," he said gloomily, "whether I'll ever touch 'em again."

By speaking of American securities as though they were playing cards he gave himself a professional standing that made Lipps, thinking of his uncashed ticker profits, say in genuine distress:

"Don't talk that way, old chap! I don't know what's happened and I don't want to pry into your private affairs. But whatever it is, you want to forget it. If what you say is coming, it's your duty—by George, it is!—to—er—to take advantage of it."

"What's the good?"

"You want to get out of that mood. There is no reason why you shouldn't be contented. You've got everything a man could ask for—money, health, the good will of your fellows, the certainty of a partnership in the old firm before very long ——"

"And a wife!" said Shadd, completing the catalogue of his blessings.

Lipps shook his head commiseratingly, and discreetly kept his mouth shut. Then he ventured on a muttered:

"Too bad!"

It turned Shadd's trouble into words, as verbal sympathy is so apt to do:

"Sometimes, when I think—I don't want to tell you my troubles, Lipps."

Lipps did not want to hear them, but he thought of the future supply of tips. He said:

"Sometimes it helps a man to speak. If you think I can do any good—why, go on and tell me, old man. After all, a friend is a friend."

Lipps was looking sympathetically at Shadd, but he was thinking how hard it was sometimes to tell good tips from bad. The last time he got two at the same time—from a banker and from Vin Markey, the cashier at Kendall & Robert's, a rival firm. Lipps took the banker's tip. The stock went down seven points, while Vin's stock—which he didn't buy—went up twenty-three. What he would do would be to follow not Shadd's tips, but Shadd's actual operations. There would be no bad tips that way. He therefore put his hand on Shadd's shoulder and said fraternally:

"Just what's the matter, brother?"

"I married her because her father was a man who couldn't keep a cent—went through half a dozen fortunes! Never had any money in the house. It made his folks learn to count their pennies. I didn't have very much when I married; but she was—my wife, I mean—she was a great manager. Say, at times she really was what you might call close!" And Shadd, thinking of Ann Elizabeth as she used to be, now looked indignantly at Lipps.

"Some of them are," admitted Lipps reluctantly.

"My mistake," pursued Shadd, "was in letting her know I had made that—that I ever made a cent in Wall Street. I ought to have let her think my salary was all I had."

He shook his head in wonder at his own imbecility. In the old days they used to save money. Now he had been obliged to borrow one-half of the first year's interest on the sixty thousand dollars to pay for the wholly unnecessary automobile. He hadn't spent a cent for himself except for actual necessities. He couldn't afford it!

"You couldn't live on your salary," smilingly expostulated Lipps; he didn't like tightwads; but this was a friend.

"We did, for—er—quite a time," said Shadd, who had become an expert at catching himself in time. "And now she is running round with a lot of hens who have nothing to do but gab and spend their husbands' incomes. Say, she's opened charge accounts in every shop in the city!"

He did not say that Mrs. Warren had made Mrs. Shadd do so, and that Mrs. Shadd had bought nothing.

"It's too bad! But after all, old man, you can afford ——"

"I can't afford to buy a three-hundred ——" He paused. Mrs. Shadd had timidly asked for a three-hundred-dollar diamond ring, because all the other women wore them. Shadd went on, the pause barely two seconds long: "—— thousand-dollar pearl necklace, can I? Especially when she'll never wear it, but keep it in the safe-deposit box, afraid she'd lose it. Can I afford it? And a thousand other things a day?"

"You're right."

"She thinks, because I trusteed—er—half my Wall Street winnings, that my principal is income; and, of course, she doesn't see why she shouldn't buy every thing that's for sale, and ——"

"Telephone, Mr. Shadd," interrupted an office boy respectfully—the office had decided that the real boss was Shadd, the millionaire, seeing how deferentially he was treated by Mr. Morris, Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Lipps. Jim Molloy and old Ross confirmed the office suspicions.

It was Mrs. Shadd, who at one time feared that Wilberforce might lose his job if he was five minutes late, or if he wore a sporty necktie. The wheels of the ticker had revolved since then, and her new friends were sowing seeds in the garden of her soul.

"Oh, Wilberforce dear!" she said. "The Reverend Ernest West is getting up subscriptions for the most wonderful charity ——"

"Don't you sign any paper!" interrupted Shadd in a shrill voice.

"I haven't. Mrs. Warren wanted me to give him a check, but I told him to see you. He's going to get one thousand strong healthy orphan boys. Then he's going to buy a thousand acres of good orchard land and he'll set out one hundred thousand apple trees. The boys will do all the work—it's easy, you know—pruning and mulching and all that. And by the time the boys are of age Mrs. Warren says the trees will be bearing; and, instead of being the flotsam and jetsam of a great city, or homeless wanderers along the nation's highways they'll be expert orchardists and rich men. The land costs only fifty thousand dollars—for a thousand acres, dear; just think of it! And the trees ——"

"I see where the Reverend Ernest comes in," said Shadd, cuttingly, and hung up the receiver.

He turned to Lipps, murder in his eyes

(Concluded on Page 69)

Thinking of You

HERE is a great big institution which is governed by the same simple, everyday thoughtfulness and anxious desire to please you that makes what your mother cooks for you taste better than anything else.

You know that when your mother prepares a dish for a meal, that dish becomes the *chief feature* of the occasion. Your mother has been careful in selecting the materials, she has been *particular,* she has been watchful—she has been *thinking of you.*

We try to attain what is really a home influence in the preparation of our products.

OF the thousands of hams selected for our curing and smoking only an average of *four out of ten* have just the right firmness of meat, the right proportion of fat, the right smoothness of skin—the self-evident *quality* to earn Wilson Majestic label.

So with the selection of meat for Majestic Bacon. The very choicest pork sides are chosen, and only the *heart* of each side is accepted, to be cured and smoked as Majestic.

There, then, you have the *secret* of the "deliciously different" old-time taste which appeals to and gratifies *particular* people.

AND every step of the curing and smoking and packing is watched and inspected and protected, because we insist that Wilson's Majestic label must be your guaranty of the cleanest, choicest food products.

That label itself says to you: "Here is a food product which is pure; clean, excellent, prepared with respect —and *good.*"

Order Wilson's Majestic Ham and Bacon today. Buy the whole ham or whole piece of bacon, as a matter of economy.

All Wilson and Co. food products are prepared under U. S. Government supervision.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

CHICAGO NEW YORK KANSAS CITY OKLAHOMA CITY LOS ANGELES

Be particular—ask for Wilson's Majestic

The Home of "The Most Beautiful Car in America"

THE Paige Car is made in a mammoth plant which covers more than ten acres of floor space.

Here—in the home of "The Most Beautiful Car in America"—the art of precise manufacturing is found in its highest form of development. There is no guess-work—no "rule of thumb" measurement.

Many of the operations require one one-thousandth of an inch precision, and a rigid, uncompromising inspection system sees to it that these standards are maintained day in and day out.

Paige Cars are manufactured as carefully as the finest Swiss watches. Only the most expert mechanics are employed, and practically every labor-saving device known to modern shop practice has been installed to insure economic production.

The Paige Car is superbly built. For that reason it is a glutton for hard work and constant service.

The Paige Car is superbly designed. For that reason it is universally recognized as "The Most Beautiful Car in America."

Stratford "Six-51" 7-passenger	$1495 f.o.b. Detroit
Linwood "Six-39" 5-passenger	$1175 f.o.b. Detroit

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan

(Concluded from Page 66)

"What is it now?" asked the alarmed Lipps.

"A thousand-acre orchard for fifty thousand dollars and one thousand orphans ——"

"A thousand orphans!" interjected Lipps incredulously.

"That's the way she does things," said Shadd.

"A thousand orphans?" repeated Lipps.

These ticker fortunes have a habit of shrinking when the unexpected happens in the stock market, as it always does. But, even though part of Shadd's principal was held in trust, no fortune could stand such an increase in its family.

"One thousand!" Shadd spoke with bitter distinctness. "And she's sending the Reverend Ernest West to get a check from me."

"Are you going to give it to him?" indignantly inquired Lipps, thinking of Winifred's legacy.

"N-no! But"—Shadd paused, for the reaction had left him less murderous—"he'll chin; and if I am polite to him he'll persist. And if I lose my temper and tell him to go to Hades, I'll feel rotten all day. And just when I wanted to keep my head clear!"

"Don't bother! Just you let me see him," said Lipps, thinking that the clearer the head, the better the tip. "I'll tell him!"

He would care for Shadd's fortune with his life. Shadd was a nice chap—and childless.

"Will you?"

"Yes. It won't spoil my appetite!" said Winifred's father.

(THE END)

THE SCENT OF APPLE BLOSSOMS

(Concluded from Page 16)

"Well," he demanded, "what do you want? That was a fine piece of work you did, lying about me to an old friend."

"I got a note for you, Bray," said Doyle.

"Ordering me off the premises, hey?" sneered Bray. "Well, let's see it."

Silently Doyle handed him the note. The Mississippi Mixer read it.

"*Dear Russ:* I can't forget that we were old chums. There are two things waiting for you in the manager's office. One is a ticket to Freeport. If you come there's a job, a job of hard work, waiting for you. You can make good if opportunity and yourself will help. The other thing is a check for a thousand dollars. If you take that, I will know that the Russell Bray I used to pal round with is dead, and I shall never expect to hear from him again.

"Your old friend,

"SAM ORDWAY."

"Is this straight?" demanded Bray of the house detective.

"I know that I had a talk with your friend Ordway before he left," said Doyle. "I told him that you were a likable guy, and maybe if you had a chance that you'd straighten out and ——"

"Quit the preaching! I mean the thousand. Is it there?"

Doyle looked his contempt.

"The cashier will give you the money for the check."

He turned his back as Bray rushed to the manager's office. Five minutes later, a thousand dollars in fifties in his pocket, Bray sauntered down Fifth Avenue. It was a great thing, this having made friends. Even after they got sore at you they sometimes made good. A thousand dollars would just about fix him up so that he could put across a nice little deal that would net him four or five thousand, with no comeback from the police either. Ordway was a soft one! With his pretty little sermon —— Oh, hell, it made Bray sick!

He stopped at the corner of Twenty-ninth Street. He had a hard head, and yesterday's libations had not affected his nerves or his stomach. A good luncheon now. Lucky that Ordway didn't know of the telegram. Well, let him suspect! Bray had his cash. He laughed.

A little fat man, emboldened by the smiling countenance, accosted Bray:

"Excuse me, sir, but I'm getting married."

"Well, don't let me stop you," said Bray.

"N-no, sir. But I'm a stranger in this town, sir. The lady, she's got an old landlady of hers to stand up with her, but I don't know a blamed soul in this town, and—and—it's just this church. I wonder ——"

"Best man, eh?" Bray's eyes narrowed. The little man looked prosperous. "Well, you bet I will."

He was best man at the wedding of Martha Westcott and Garfield Ordway; nor did he decline an invitation to the late breakfast that followed the ceremony. The lady who had "stood up" with the new Mrs. Ordway was much impressed with the bearing and manner of the Mississippi Mixer. She devoted herself to him. Bray hardly heard her. He was amused with idle speculation as to for how much and how easily he could trim the groom; but he started as the landlady said:

"And if it wasn't for someone sending a telegram, with that French lady's name signed to it, to a Mr. Sam Ordway, just think! They'd never met, and ——"

"What's that?" demanded the Mississippi Mixer.

The matron of honor decided that she had not been making so great an impression as she had thought. She repeated with detail. Bray stared at the bridal couple. So he, Russell Bray, had brought them together. "Miss." "Mass." He could visualize the messenger boy stealing thirty cents by altering a letter.

Then Sam Ordway would never know of the dirty trick that Bray had tried to play upon him. Bray felt suddenly ashamed—and glad.

He looked at the bride and groom. By George, they were already in love with each other! And they were going back to a jerk town in Massachusetts, to live like clams, and ——

"See, Martha? I made him promise to search the whole city, and I guess he did, but he got them! My, don't they smell fine? There'll be loads of them right outside your window, Martha, when you wake up to-morrow mornin' back home."

Ordway sniffed loudly as the smiling head waiter brought the bough of apple blossoms to their table.

"Some says orange blossoms, but I says apple blossoms for a bride," he cried. "What do you say, Mr. Bray?"

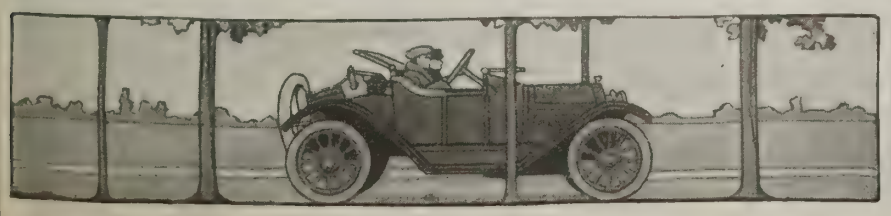
Bray smelled the fragrant odor. He saw himself, fifteen years old, palling round with Sam Ordway. To live like a clam, but —— He rose to his feet.

"I just remember an important engagement, Mr. Ordway," he said. "Will you forgive me if I wish you and your wife all happiness, and leave?"

"But I want to hear from you sometime," protested Ordway. "What's your address, Mr. Bray?"

"My address?" Bray's nostrils quivered faintly. The apple blossoms' fragrance filled the air. He could go back to the hotel, surrender his thousand dollars to the cashier, get the ticket, the ticket to—home! To home, where there were Martha Westcotts that he'd played round with as a boy, only their names were Sally Blair, and Peggy Joralemon, and —— They couldn't all be married, and—he sniffed the apple blossoms once again.

"My address?" he repeated. "It won't be hard for you to remember—it's Freeport, Mississippi."



More Coal Bills Cut One-Half to Two-Thirds

Guaranteed With the Williamson *Underfeed*

House Number One—9 rooms, coal bill reduced 50%. House Number Two—$37 heats 8 rooms. House Number Three—9 rooms heated for $36. Read the letters to the left. Then remember that we have thousands of others just as interesting—telling of coal bills cut ½ to ⅔, *guaranteed with the UNDERFEED!*

House No. 1 Saves

"The UNDERFEED is heating nine rooms and gives very successful results with about ten tons of soft coal per season. You can always rely on my putting in a good word for the UNDERFEED, as it is saving me at least 50% in my fuel bills each season."
(Signed) Herman W. Koch,
723 Chestnut St., Burlington, Wis.

House No. 2 Saves

"Referring to the New-Feed UNDERFEED furnace I can not say enough for it; it has cut my fuel bill more than half. It only cost me $37 this season and we heated 8 rooms and we were good and warm.
"We have a hard house to heat because it is all opened up. If it hadn't cut my fuel bill any I would not say a word because it is a comfort to take care of and also clean. We burnt Cripple Creek Slack, $3.25 a ton."
(Signed) Frank Wellman,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

House No. 3 Saves

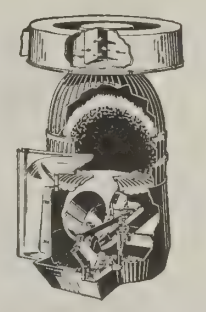
"The UNDERFEED is in every way satisfactory. I have a large house; four rooms about 16 feet square and five rooms smaller. Use low grade slack costing $2.00 per ton. Used about 18 tons coal; long, hard winter."
(Signed) C. C. Watson, Butler, Pa.

And all this guaranteed money-saving has a real meaning for you. The UNDERFEED *saves* because, first of all, it burns the cheaper grades of coal without dirt or waste. It *saves* because of its scientific principle by which coal is fed from below—the hot, clean fire always on top in direct contact with the most effective radiating surfaces. It *saves* because smoke, soot and gas are consumed as they pass *up through* the fire. It *saves* because there are no clinkers or partly burned coals—everything reduced to a clean white ash.

And the UNDERFEED *saves* time and labor, because it is operated from a standing position. No stooping. No grubbing. A boy of 12 can easily do it all with "expert" results!

WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers

Cut Coal Bills ½ to ⅔ Guaranteed



Cut-out view of UNDERFEED shows how it burns coal on the "candle" principle. Hot, clean fire always on top of the fuel supply. No heat wasted. Smoke, soot and gas consumed as they pass up through the flame.

Besides all this, the UNDERFEED insures the same guaranteed ½ to ⅔ saving whether you heat with warm air, hot water, steam or vapor. No house too large or too small for the UNDERFEED—just the right heat always, no matter how variable the weather.

Get This Book Now Free

It is called "From Overfed to UNDERFEED." Tells the interesting UNDERFEED story by word and picture. You may not be thinking of installing a new heating system now, but get the book NOW. It will save you many a dollar later where your coal cost is concerned—to say nothing of cleaner, better and more uniform heat. Free for the asking—no obligation. Send the coupon NOW.

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Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅔ with a Williamson UNDERFEED.
Warm Air_____ Steam or Hot Water_____ (Mark X after System interested in)
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The Life Saver Hole is Patented

The only *visible* difference between Life Savers and other mints is the hole. The hole is virtually a "lighthouse" that guides you away from scores of inferior imitations.

The *real* distinguishing feature of Life Savers is the inimitable taste. It is *there*. Try Life Savers

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The flavor will captivate you. The price will please you—a nickel everywhere.

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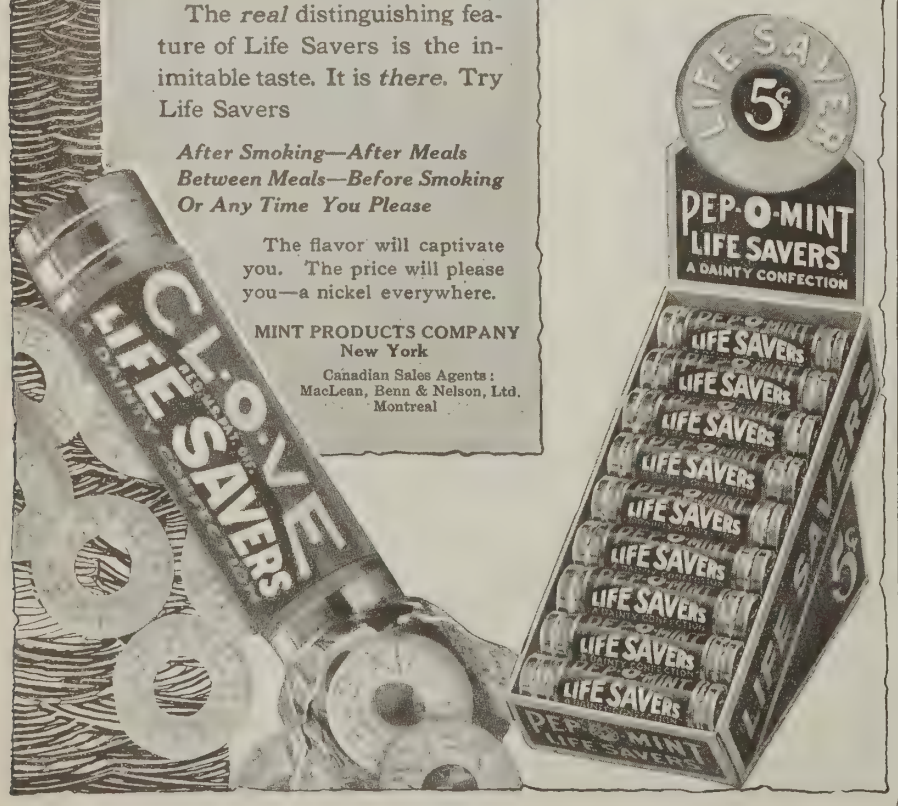


GRANDPA MAKES HIM SICK

(Continued from Page 14)

finally have to get off and lead; and I guess it's some job to drag a horse across the Chimneys!

"And about the time he gets across he'll meet us coming back!" Old Sim laughed long and weirdly. "And then he'll have to turn right round and cross the Chimneys again! Won't he be sick? Soft as a ripe tomato, Bill Hogard is. Nearly all the riding he's ever done has been on a chair in the Palmer House barroom. And about the only kind of criminals he ever caught were peaceful, law-abiding citizens, who just wanted to get drunk a little bit."

They traveled on. Old Sim had picked up a greasewood club, thick and tough, with a huge knob on one end, which caused it to resemble an exaggerated drumstick. With this resourceful implement he enlivened the Weasel's phlegmatic mount, bestowing upon its listless rump thumps of superior puissance, and scandalous invective of the vintage of Forty-nine.

Soon the country became more difficult. The desert growth grew higher and they began to encounter vast fields of cactus growing among the endless stretches of piled bowlders and yucca trees.

Emerging into a comparatively open space they came upon the sheriff. He sat in the stingy shade of a yucca, fanning himself with his hat. About him sat the members of his posse in varying degrees of semi-exhaustion. All were hot, weary and discouraged. Old Sim had been right. The ride across the Chimneys had broken their hearts. Near by stood the sorely tried horses of the party, their noses drooping nearly to the ground.

At first the astonished sheriff saw the Weasel only. He got to his feet as quickly as his stiffened muscles would permit and started to approach the captive, who sat upon his burro, inscrutable and passive.

"Well, Weasel," he exulted, "we've got you, haven't we!"

"*I've* got him!"

Old Sim Yaples gently interposed himself between the prisoner and the sheriff.

"What do you mean?" demanded Hogard. His sinister cross-eyed glare menaced Old Sim. "Ain't I the sheriff of the county? I've been trailing this man. Now I've got him; and I'll take him ——"

"*I've* got him!" Old Sim softly corrected again. "I'm a regular sworn peace officer of the thriving city of Copper Sky. I've arrested this man. We're in another county now—had you thought of that? And you'll *not* take him! He's my prisoner and I'll deliver him at the courthouse in the county seat and collect my reward. I don't trust any man with an eye like yours, Bill Hogard. I'll hang on to my prisoner if all hell pops!"

The old man's bleary eyes met the sinister, cross-eyed glare—and stayed. The sheriff hesitated.

"Where's your warrant?" he asked.

Old Sim relaxed and worried off a chew of tobacco.

"If you look close," he suggested, "you'll see my warrant!"

The sheriff's eyes traveled over the old desert man, took in the enormous star glittering upon his breast, and clung at last to the big shiny revolver in his belt, one brown old claw hovering near—unostentatious but handy.

Tales of Old Sim Yaples, vague tales but dark, recurred to the sheriff's mind; stories of men who had stirred up this viperish old desert rat, and ——

He recalled, moreover, the old fellow's reputed proficiency with that same worn revolver. It was notable, also, that Sim Yaples was always pleasantly willing to use it. . . . He hesitated yet again and the cross-eyes wavered slightly. Old Sim turned.

"Hup kai!" he yelled, and whacked the sleeping jackass upon the same old spot. "*Vamos pronto!* Hup kai!" And he was off over the awful going of the Chimneys.

The sheriff, still irresolute, turned to his posse.

"The old hellion's drunk!" he said. "Maybe it's just as well to humor him a little. We'll let him go ahead a while."

"You better watch that old poison lizard," advised Red Ochiltree. "He's hatching something in that bald head of his."

It was a hideous journey, back over the hot inferno of the Chimneys, across which the sheriff and his posse had already toiled. However, Old Sim Yaples seemed never to tire. His moccasined feet sought surely and with unerring judgment the best going and his ancient shins always miraculously escaped the knobbed stalks of the wicked desert cactus, appropriately named the Devil's Walking Stick.

And the sheriff, perforce, followed. He dared not lose sight of the prisoner; but his tortured body begged for rest and every step of the way was like the cruel massacre of Saint Bartholomew. So weary he was that he could not think calmly and with the good judgment which should distinguish a man holding his high office.

Old Sim was a constable; there was no gainsaying that. He had made his arrest in another county; that also was not to be denied. To take his prisoner from him by force—that was the problem which worried the sheriff. He could not figure out exactly what would be the result of this proceeding. If only the diabolical old walking machine would stop and camp until tomorrow! Perhaps he could be made drunk; or failing this, perhaps he might be bribed—no, that wouldn't do; the old man already was worth a million, so it was reported. . . .

Over and over the sheriff mulled the problem, until his mind grew as weary as his body. But still the procession wound onward through the devilish desert wilderness, a wilderness high enough to shut out the air and the wider view, but not high enough to shelter one from the brassy sun which beat upon the sheriff's palpitating brain.

Night came. The moon was just coming up over the Panamints when Old Sim at last condescended to camp for the night. Ignoring the sheriff and his posse he helped the Weasel to dismount, took the cuffs from his hands, and gave him his supper. Afterward he put the Weasel carefully to bed and sat by his side while he slept; all through the night his faded old eyes were alert, vigilant and sleepless.

At an ungodly hour he was on the trail again. He had made no noise and the sheriff very nearly got left. The bedeviled officer, awakening barely in time, hustled to horse without any breakfast, and again took up his position at the tail of the procession. The prisoner's hands were now manacled in front of him and he smoked a cigarette.

"Better turn him over to me now, Yaples," called the sheriff as he rode up.

"Much obliged!" retorted Old Sim with elaborate politeness. "But I'm going strong yet, sheriff—that is, for an old 'Grandpa' of Copper Sky!"

Again the sheriff hesitated. The saddle had used him most cruelly and he had had no breakfast. Nor had his sleep been all that it should have been. No man can feel the proud swelling of conscious superiority when his whole body is one grand ache, crying out for food and sleep and comforting embrocations. He fell in behind again.

"I'll ride up close," he said.

"Ride where you dang please," said Old Sim ungraciously, "just so you don't bother my prisoner."

It was yet fifteen miles to the county seat. They had traveled long, but their progress had been slow, for speed was not to be thought of when crossing the Chimneys.

IV

IT WAS late in the afternoon when the motley cavalcade swung into the lower end of the county seat's main street. Old Sim had been drinking for an hour and somewhere he had lost his hat. Before entering the main business section he stopped and led the pack burro ahead. The long rawhide rope was still attached to the Weasel's manacled hands. Sim took the other end and climbed upon his pack donkey with it, sitting astride the mountain of water casks and camp paraphernalia. He kept the rawhide rope ostentatiously in his right hand, thus establishing clearly in the observer's mind that the Weasel was his individual captive. In his left hand he still carried the knob-ended club.

"Better rush him now, sheriff," suggested Ochiltree. "Quick—now ——"

But at that moment, looking straight ahead like a Roman general heading the triumphal march into his home city, Old Sim drew the big revolver from his belt; and again, just for a moment, the sheriff hesitated—just for a moment, but that moment was fatal.

Old Sim's skinny brown hand shot into the air, holding the gun and the rawhide

(Continued on Page 73)

The Man on the Dock

DOWN on a dock at New York, where ships come from afar to discharge their cargoes of crude rubber, is a man with a strange occupation.

He goes from case to bale marking the rubber.

His wonderful skill rejects or accepts the rubber according to its fitness, and the best of it goes to 47 factories of the United States Rubber Company, **the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.**

The man on the dock is the outpost of a scientific organization, a magnificent body of **260 chemists,** engineers and other technically trained men, who, with **841 inspectors,** stand guard over the integrity of the rubber goods made by the United States Rubber Company.

When the rubber moves from dock to factory it meets the advance guard of these men. They sample and test it by the most exacting methods known to the chemistry and physics of rubber. They divide it into classes according to the varying characteristics of its parts. They blend and treat each huge class to make it uniform.

They select and mix these different classes of rubber to get just the combination of desired properties.

This is because each kind of goods made—tires, shoes, garden hose—demands its own peculiar group of specialized characteristics.

As these various products move through the factory, they pass at every step under the keen eyes of inspectors, alert for flaws and faults.

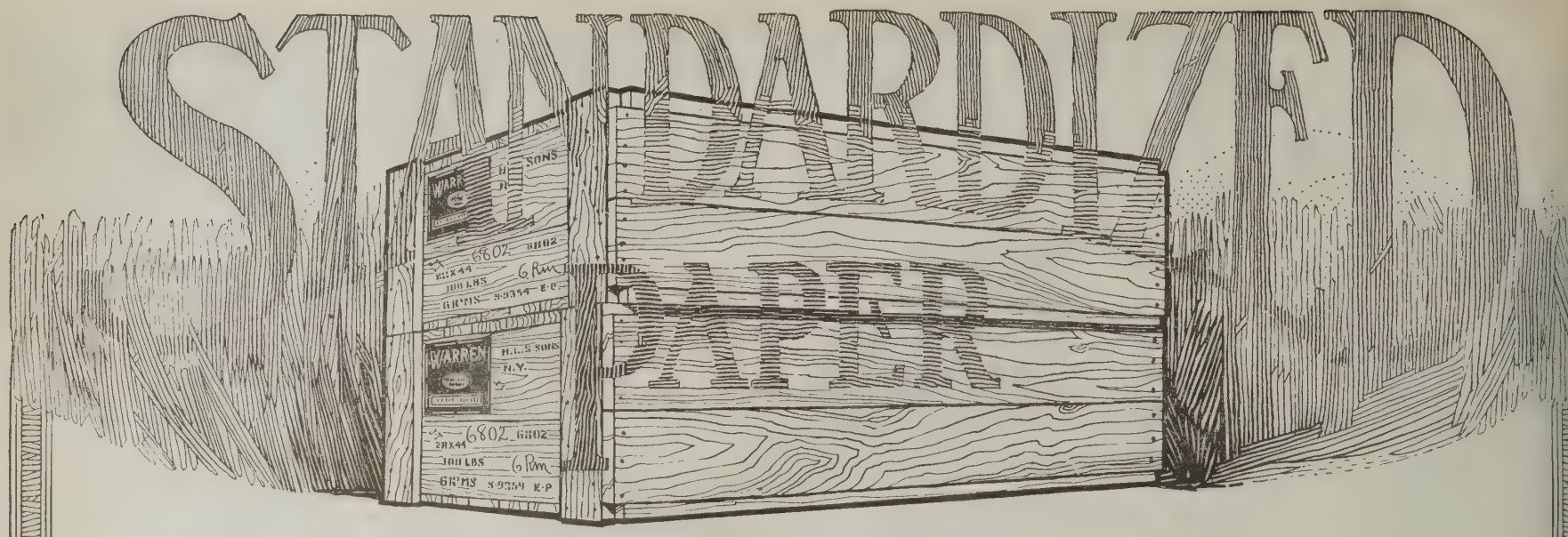
But not yet do they reach the selling force. The finished factory products are tested repeatedly to see that they conform to the quality standard set for strength, elasticity, softness, resistance to wear, and the effect of heat and light. They are run on special machines that in a few hours duplicate the wear and tear of months of use; and finally pass the last ordeal of severe actual-service tests.

The consummation of all this skill and care is found in every product you buy under the United States Rubber Company's trade-marks.

From the forest tree to the purchaser, this scientific control shines out in all our enormous production—**all styles of rubber footwear; canvas rubber-soled shoes; weather-proof clothing; tires for automobiles, motor trucks and all other vehicles; druggists' rubber goods; insulated wire; soles and heels; belting, hose, packing, mechanical and moulded rubber goods of every description.**

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY · US · RUBBER SYSTEM · AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

United States Rubber Company



In These Two Cases of Blank Paper Are a Million Dollars in Potential Catalog Sales

When your copy is written and your type is set—

When your drawings are completed and engraved—

When the last proof has been corrected and the final O. K. has gone to the press-room where the forms of your new booklet are locked tight on the press bed—

Then something vital to the success of your booklet happens.

A press-tender wheels a truck-load of blank paper from the stock-room.

This paper is to be the physical structure of your booklet. It is what people will see, feel and hold.

The soul of your booklet may be its message but its body is paper.

The paper can endow your booklet with a beautiful, strong, magnetic personality, or it may make of it a poor, crippled, ugly, limping booklet, stuttering a wonderful message that none will stop to hear.

The press starts to turn. In a few seconds it is rolling away at its usual speed—its standard speed.

Was the paper made to take impressions this fast?

Your fine screen halftones approach, touch and leave a sheet of paper—another sheet—another sheet—another sheet—nearly a thousand an hour!

How are they printing? Are there to be good pages and poor pages in your catalog—good copies and poor copies—copies that make sales and copies that fail?

It's up to the paper.

The printing papers manufactured for fine printing by S. D. Warren & Company are known as Warren Standards because they are standardized papers—whether considered by the sheet, ream, case or carload.

Do you know what the point system did for type?

Do you know what standards in the size and height and alignment of printing types have meant in efficiency, economy, beauty?

The Warren Idea of Standardization in printing papers works along the same principle.

Warren's Cameo is *Warren's Cameo*. A case of *Cameo* is not an assortment of good *Cameo* and poor *Cameo*. If you buy a tinted paper of a Warren Standard you do not find some sheets of strong and some of weak tint.

If you buy *Warren's Cumberland Coated* or the still glossier *Warren's Lustro*—the coating will not adhere on some sheets and pick off on others.

One page of *Warren's Silkote* will not be noticeably thicker than another page in the same job. One booklet on *Warren's Printone* will not fold perfectly, while another cracks or "buckles."

The Warren papers are tested, made to a standard—every sheet.

Good printers tune their presses—their ink fountains—their folders—their binders to the standards of Warren's Standard Papers.

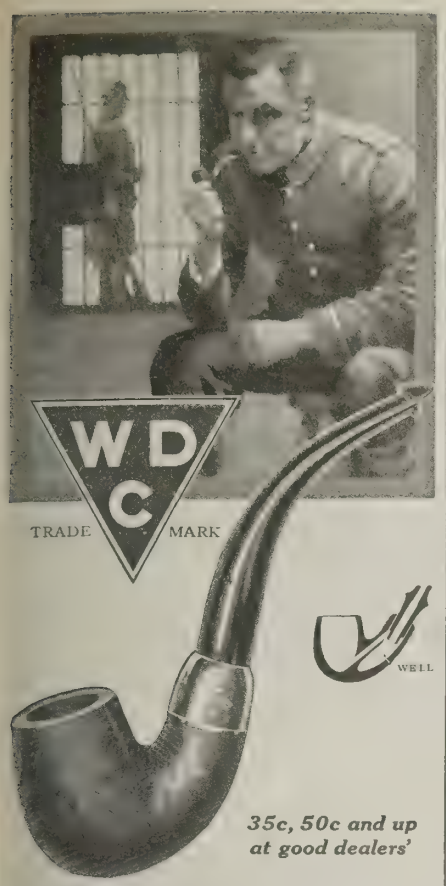
Beautiful examples of what may be done with standardized blank paper are in the Warren Suggestion Book. It, as well as interesting supplementary booklets, will be sent you on request. Address

Warren's STANDARD

Printing Papers

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY, 162 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

Manufacturers of Warren's Standard Printing Papers



35c, 50c and up at good dealers'

FROM a prisoner of war in one of the European camps comes an urgent request for a couple of Wellington Pipes.

The Wellington
THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

is bringing solid comfort to men of every nation in all parts of the world. Its well catches all the moisture. There's no bubbling—just dry, clean smoke.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., New York

Engagement Rings

Before buying that Ring write for our free illustrated Diamond Book showing many handsome styles, including our Special Diamond Solitaire Engagement Rings from $35 to $350.

For 50 years we have been selling Diamonds. The name Daniel Low has come to be recognized the World over as a guarantee of value and quality in Diamonds. Less than one percent. of all Diamonds mined are fine enough to qualify for our Perfect Solitaire Engagement Ring. Our new Diamond Book tells "the simple truth about Diamonds," information absolutely necessary for intelligent buying. It will save you money.

Daniel Low & Co.
Diamond Merchants since 1867
201 Essex Street Salem, Mass.

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GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 211 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 70)

that advertised his prowess. The heavy gun cracked. Chairs went over backward on the Palmer House porch, a block ahead, and the loafers in front of that high-toned hostelry sprang to their feet and looked down the street.

Again the gun popped; and Old Sim, one hand still holding aloft the revolver and the end of the rawhide, the other hand beating time with the knobbed club upon the pessimistic donkey's resounding ribs, lifted up his screeching voice and sang. Unmusical was the song, but full of interest. The accented syllables indicate the beat of the club at regular intervals:

"He *turned* me *down* when I *came* to *town*,
This *cross*-eyed *cus*-to-*mer*;
He *passed* me *by* with his *cold* cross-*eye*—
And *me* an *old*-ti-*mer*!"

At the first bark of Old Sim's gun it developed that the sheriff's horse was gun-shy. The weary brute came to life as though struck by an electric shock, lifted its forefeet into the air, brought them down, and then flung its rear heels skyward. A poor rider at best, the sheriff struggled with it; but the frightened animal refused to consider reason. Another crack of the revolver and it came buck-jumping after the procession as Old Sim, throwing back his bald head, once more emitted the introductory "O-o-o-h—" that always preceded the chorus, the drumstick held aloft; then—thump:

"*Bury* me *deep* in the *clay*, boys!
Pity me *if* you *can*.
Write this *down*, when you *come* to *town*:
'*Beware* of a *cross*-eyed *man*'!"

The crowd on the Palmer House porch roared wild Homeric laughter. Even the prisoner laughed, bending over his irons. As far as one could see, the saloons were pouring the howling citizenry into the street.

The parade moved slowly along between two gathering gales of crude, unrestrained mirth, and still the sheriff struggled with his crazed steed, killing fury in his cross-eyes and his face mottled with exertion. Opposite the Palmer House he lost the reins and thereafter he clung to the saddle horn. Still, with a strange, unreasoning animal perversity, the accursed horse kept its place in the procession; and, though it circled all over the street, it kept going forward. And always, above the din, the voice of Old Sim Yaples, coming to the chorus with that eldritch screech of an afflicted coyote:

"O-o-o-h—" Then—thump:

"*Bury* me *deep* in the *clay*, boys!
Pity me *if* you *can* ——"

At last to the sheriff's horse came a dim flicker of horse sense. He saw a side street and recognized it as the avenue leading to his livery-stable home. He shot down this side street and the sheriff assisted the departure with savage curses, still clinging to the saddle horn. He was out of the parade for good.

He was through, and he knew it. Not one chance in a thousand would he have of reëlection. Before midnight Old Sim would have related the story to appreciative voters in every saloon of the county seat—of how he had gone alone into the desert and caught the Weasel; of how he had stood off the sheriff and his posse; had maneuvered them into the main street of the town to make fools of them.

"I'll make you sick!" the old man had threatened.

And he had made his word good. The sheriff was indeed sick. His very name, he knew, if mentioned in that town during the next twenty years, would be the signal for a loud, coarse guffaw.

There was something pathetic in the downfall of the man—something deserving of pity; but the desert is pitiful only to the strong.

Old Sim Yaples delivered his prisoner at the courthouse jail as he had promised. Just as he was getting ready to go out and collect his reward he and the Weasel were left together, with no one near.

"Weasel," whispered the old man, "I spent a night here not long ago. This jail won't hold a good man till midnight—and the sheriff will sleep sound to-night, won't he?"

"Sure!" said the Weasel, his quick cunning leaping ahead of Old Sim's words. "What is it? Quick!"

"You remember the stone I leaned back against when we were having our li'l' party at Squaw Rock Water Hole? After I had cuffed you?"

After Meals—*Billiards!*

Of all the hours in the day the "Billiard Hour" is best. Then fathers and mothers gather with their happy brood around the Brunswick Carom or Pocket Table, now the life of thousands of homes.

Dull care vanishes when Billiards starts and sport is king till bedtime comes.

For parties, holidays and leisure hours—for health and happiness—*your home needs billiards.*

BRUNSWICK
HOME BILLIARD TABLES

Live cushions, true angles, fast ever-level bed—on Brunswick Tables your skill will triumph best.

Beautifully built of rare mahogany and oak—life-time construction and scientific playing qualities.

A Size and Style for Every Home

"Quick Demountables" can be set up easily and folded away in a closet when not in use.

"Baby Grand" and "Regulation Grand" for homes with a spare room, basement, loft or private billiard room.

Cues, Balls, Etc., Free

You can enjoy the delights of Carom or Pocket Billiards every day without incessant expense. There is nothing to buy but the table—we include a High Class Brunswick Playing Outfit Free!

Write Today for Color Catalog

Low prices, easy terms and home trial offer all explained in our handsome billiard book and catalog—"Billiards—The Home Magnet."

It pictures all tables in actual colors, shows photos of homes like yours with letters from Brunswick owners that will show you the endless amusement you are missing.

Get this book by return mail free. Send today.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
Dept. 46 E, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

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Send free, postpaid, a copy of your billiard book and color catalog—

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and tell about your home trial offer.

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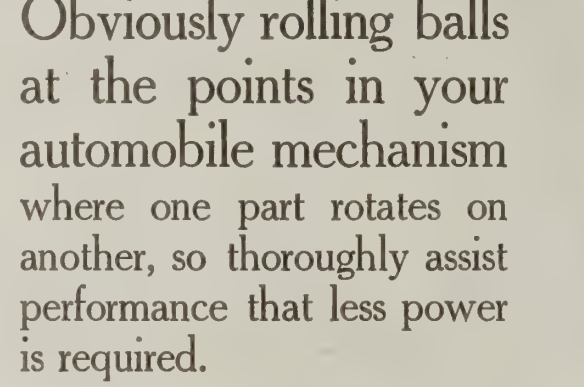
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



Obviously rolling balls at the points in your automobile mechanism where one part rotates on another, so thoroughly assist performance that less power is required.

Every ball bearing in your motor car adds materially to its performance, its permanence, and its inexpensive operation.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO.
BRISTOL, CONN., U.S.A.

Conrad Patent Licensee

¶ Dinner is never over until Beech-Nut Mints have been served 5¢

Tasteful Confections that Melt on Your Tongue ~

Also Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Wintergreens, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

"Sure—yes! Come on, old-timer; come on! They'll be back here in a second ——"

"Scrabble in the sand where I sat. You'll find twelve hundred ——"

The jailer came up then, and Old Sim went forth to enter upon a spree that should far outshine the celebration which the now humiliated sheriff had ruined just when it was getting good.

A big round moon stood high above Squaw Rock, making of the landscape a spatter of shadow and white light. Into one of the patches of moonlight came a figure. It looked like a man, but it moved like a wild thing.

Twice it started to approach the rock by the water hole and twice it hesitated. Then it circled entirely round the spot, noiseless, furtive, exactly like an animal that has once found a trap and suspects another. At last the figure ventured nervously into the patch of moonlight and knelt by the rock, digging swiftly in the sand.

Presently there was a low exclamation. The man came to his feet, holding something in his hands. It rustled; also, it clinked with a dull and pleasant sound. There was a gleam, too, as it turned in the moonlight.

"He played square!" whispered the man. "I thought maybe it was a trap—but I risked it. And he played square!"

Perplexity, amazement, exultation and many more emotions were in the attitude of the man as he stood in the patch of moonlight, looking at the double handful of paper and gold.

Then —— A wandering rabbit, perhaps, or a night owl flapping to the ground by the water hole; but an instant after the faint crackle in the brush the patch of moonlight was all white again—and the Weasel had melted into the desert.

EXIT POST-MORTEM MERCHANT

(Concluded from Page 22)

our mistakes and trace them down to their sources. Understand? Look here, Quartersaw, do you know what happens every time goods are returned to us?"

Answering his own question, he handed the furniture man a schedule of thirty-three distinct things that had to be done in such cases. Nine executives were involved and twelve other employees. With considerable labor the research man had ferreted out this schedule from the routine of the store. Roughly he estimated that the money cost of one such transaction, in time and other expense, ranged from five to twenty dollars—sometimes more.

"It cost us somewhere round ten dollars to take back those table pads, Quartersaw. Now I want you to find out—diplomatically—why Mrs. Woodcliff Lake wouldn't keep them."

Later Quartersaw reported this:

"She says they were a week late in reaching her; so she bought elsewhere, not wishing to mar her new mahogany table."

To-day there is a system in that store, developed out of the investigations of the research bureau, which pins the responsibility on the very man who does a thing or doesn't do it. Of course this system, like all others, breaks down at times. But let us suppose that it breaks down in the furniture department and it isn't possible for the executives to tell what particular man is to blame for returned goods, or for something else. In that unhappy event Quartersaw himself must take the full blame, because he is the head of the department. A certain number of demerits are added to his record, anyway, no matter who is at fault in his department; but if the blame cannot be definitely fixed he gets a lot more of these demerits.

Tough? Yes; but the research man smiles and shoulders the blame for Quartersaw's predicament, for the store has cut down its returned goods sixty-five per cent.

Some research work devoted to charge accounts revealed the fact that the store had been neglecting some fertile fields. The credit manager had worked along conventional lines, and had lacked the imagination to undertake a statistical study of potential and actual customers. Curiously it requires imagination on which to base a mathematical inquiry.

"What kinds of charge customers pay the most promptly?" asked the research man of Mr. Cashdue, the credit chief.

"In a general way I should imagine ——" began Cashdue. But the research man didn't care for that variety of imagination.

"Omit generalities," he said. "Have you any exact facts that will show whether our charge customers who work on salaries are better payers than those in business for themselves, or vice versa? Have you ever dissected your credit records to discover whether families that have incomes round twenty-five hundred dollars a year, say, are more desirable relatively than those who have ten thousand? Did you ever take these two classes of families and analyze their purchases for a year, to discover what kinds of goods they bought and what the approximate net profit to the store might be on each class?"

"No; we have never been equipped with the office organization to make such an investigation."

"Did you ever make any such investigation based on groups of our charge customers, classified by ratings? Is the man worth ten thousand dollars as good a customer relatively as the man who ranks in the hundred-thousand-dollar class?"

Cashdue had opinions, but only meager facts.

"Have we ever gone out into suburban districts, or into the city itself, and made systematic studies of the residents, in order to provide ourselves with lists and information on which to carry out a campaign for good credit accounts?"

"No."

"Have we ever made an intelligent research into groups of spot-cash customers—people who have no charge accounts with us, but who might be much more valuable to the store if they had such accounts? Wouldn't it give us a great leverage if we were to list a few thousand of these people with cash in their pockets, and get concrete facts about them?"

Cashdue, of course, had vaguely contemplated the possibility of some of these things; but the research department is organized to turn contemplation and inaction into coördinated investigation, and this credit research is now being made. As the names and facts are gathered, the research man takes them and handles them from the standpoint of the economist and statistician. It is safe to say that ultimately this store will largely increase its credit business along conservative and profitable lines.

Analyzing the store's advertising, this research man found that certain departments were not getting adequate representation. It was found that some lines of goods—notably commercial stationery, linings and jewelry—actually had been given no space at all for nearly a year.

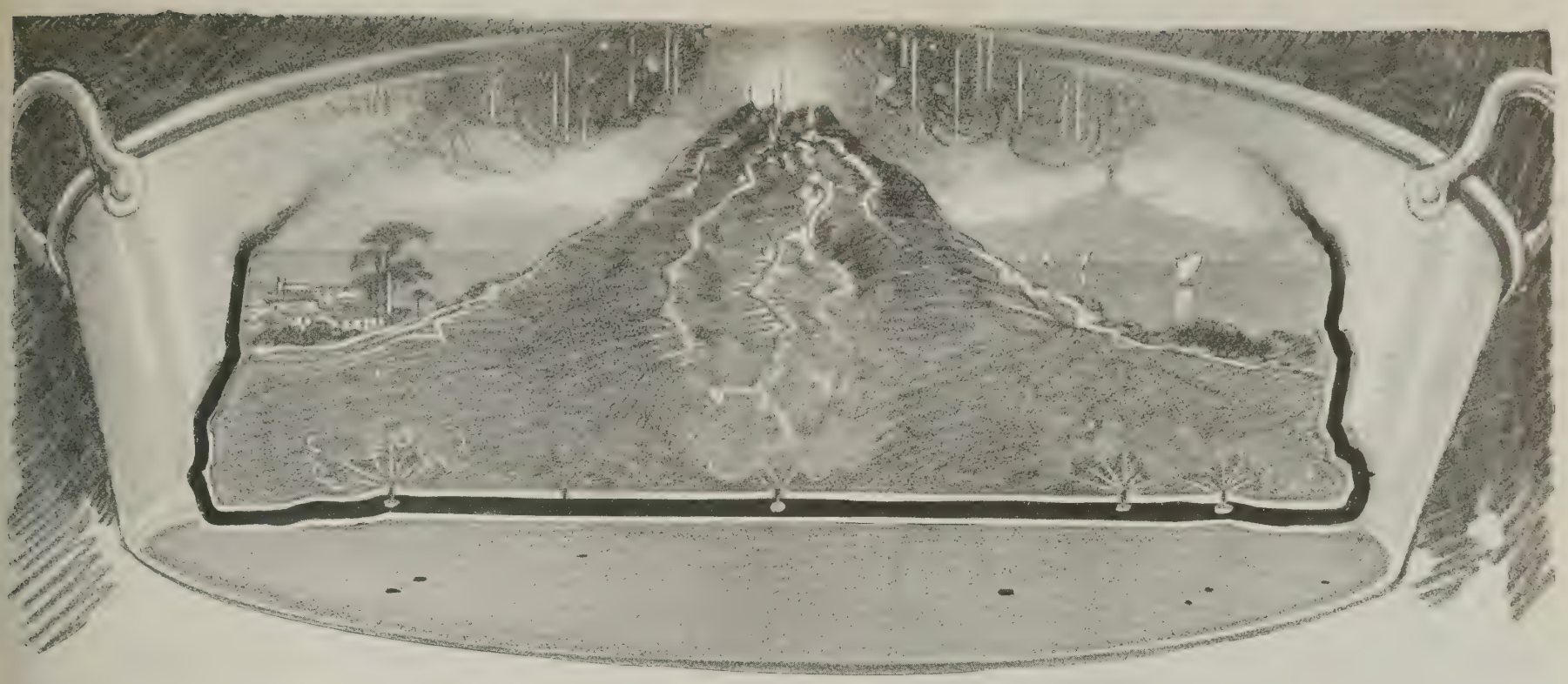
At various times the research man sends his assistants about the store to count the customers who trade at the various departments or who pause to examine goods but do not buy. These lookers are recorded as carefully as the regular customers; and when special advertising is done a certain allowance is made, in the calculation of sales results, for the nonbuying visitors. This factor is called advertising goodwill, on the theory that many of these people will become purchasers at the store in the future.

The men who do the counting of customers use small watchlike machines, which they hold in their hands; and they supplement the bare counts with pencil and notebook. They keep track of men, women and children; young, middle-aged and old; and, for purposes of special study, sometimes note the characteristics of the customers, such as faultfinders, boosters, discriminating or careless buyers, and so on.

Sometimes, for periods of days or weeks, the tally men are stationed at all entrances and a record is made of the total number of shoppers. Similar counts are made at the entrances of competing stores.

All this information is grouped and analyzed. It shows, for example, various kinds of ratio in each department. It shows the sales peaks and valleys, department by department and hour by hour, and thus indicates the number of clerks required. It reveals the time of the average sale in the different lines of goods; and this, when reduced to comparative studies year by year, and in connection with the same studies in other stores, gives important efficiency data.

Post-mortem merchandising is going out of fashion at the big stores. Post-mortems come too late; but the research man forestalls them.



Every Gas Pocket Becomes a Miniature Vesuvius

Imperfections in enameled surfaces come from impurities in the iron underneath. Chief of these are tiny pockets of gas. This gas expands rapidly and irresistibly in the heat required to bake the enamel. As the gas expands it forces through the surrounding iron and enamel coating—just as gases, lava and fire crack open the earth's surface in volcanic eruptions.

You know the result—rough places, blisters, easily cracked enamel and rapidly rusting base metal. Because of its comparative freedom from these gas pockets, because of its purity and evenness, many manufacturers of enameled products use

ARMCO IRON

Armco (American Ingot) Iron prevents waste. When you buy products made from it you have the most durable iron made. Whether galvanized, enameled or in plain sheets it stands up against corrosion or rust. Its purchase is economy.

The use of Armco Iron for enameled products insures a perfectly enameled surface which is easy to keep clean; is sanitary and a pleasure, besides, to the housewife's eye.

Manufacturers of enameled ware benefit by using Armco. It adds, of course, to the quality of their products. A far greater advantage, though, lies in the prevention of waste. Imperfect pieces are reduced to a minimum—there are practically no culls.

The distinguishing virtues of Armco Iron—rust resistance, enameling qualities, welding properties, electrical conductivity, workability—do not rest on its purity alone. Although it is the purest iron made, every step in its manufacture and handling is the subject of scientific and conscientious care. As a result it is most nearly perfect in respect to evenness and all the other qualities that form the basis of rust-resistance and waste prevention.

Of the many products made of Armco Iron these are representative: Furnace Radiators; Ventilator Ducts; Enameled products of all kinds; Kaustine Waterless Toilets; Metal Lath; Water Tanks; Boiler Tubes; Grave Vaults and Caskets; Corrugated Culverts; Underground storage tanks; Roofing; Fencing; etc.

If you have trouble securing any sheet metal product you want made of Armco Iron write to us. We will put you in touch with a manufacturer or dealer who will supply you.

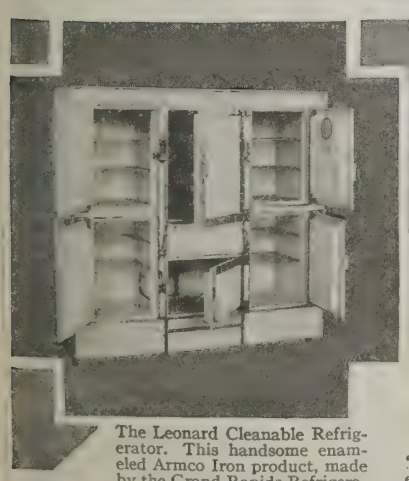
Write for "The Story of Armco Iron"—Free. Any maker, any user of enameled products should know the superiority of Armco Iron. The whole story is told in this book. Get it today.

Manufacturers with special problems are invited to call on Armco Laboratories for data and research. They are both able and willing to render effective assistance.

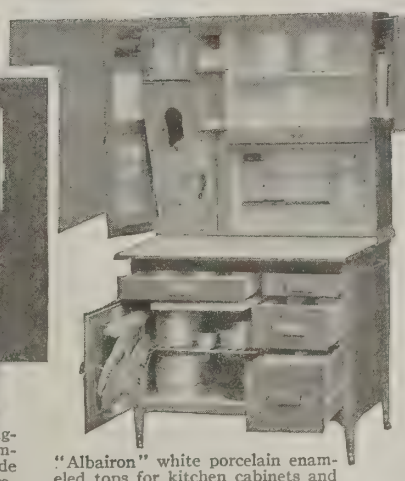
THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Box 844, Middletown, Ohio

Licensed Manufacturers under Patents Granted to The International Metal Products Company

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago Pittsburgh Detroit New York St. Louis Cincinnati Cleveland San Francisco Atlanta

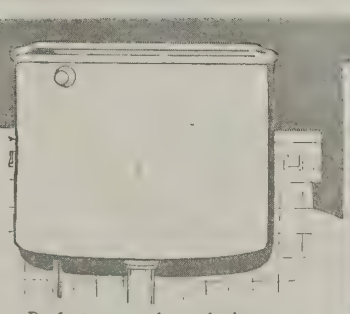


The Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator. This handsome enameled Armco Iron product, made by the Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.



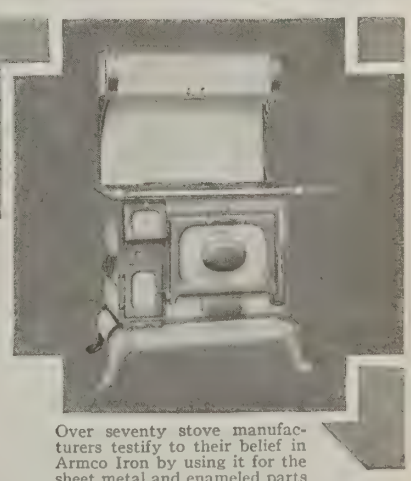
"Albairon" white porcelain enameled tops for kitchen cabinets and tables, manufactured of Armco Iron by the Enamel Products Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

"Albairon" white porcelain enameled tops for kitchen cabinets and tables are manufactured of Armco Iron by the Enamel Products Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, for the following firms: Cambell-Smith-Ritchie Co., Lebanon, Ind., Coppes Brothers & Zook, Mutschler Bros., Nappanee, Ind., the I-X-L Furniture Co., Goshen, Ind., and Wasmuth Endicott Co., of Andrews, Ind.



Perfect enamel work is shown in the "Armco" Iron Enamel Tank made on an Armco Iron base by the Kalamazoo Sanitary Mfg. Company, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

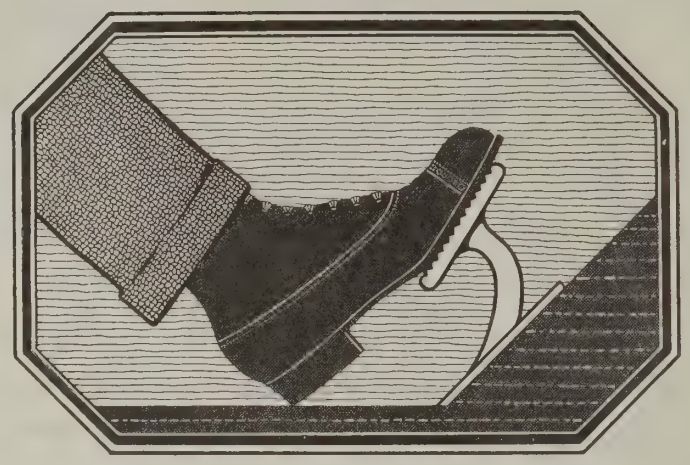


Over seventy stove manufacturers testify to their belief in Armco Iron by using it for the sheet metal and enameled parts of their ranges.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

How often do you press the brake pedal ?

←LOOK FOR THE SILVER EDGE→



You can't expect to get more out of your brakes than you put into them

YOU are particular about the tires you buy. Are you quite so careful when selecting brake lining? Both are equally important and in continuous use when car is running. Service in each case depends upon quality. Inferior tires are worthless. "Cheap" lining goes to pieces quickly. You can't expect to get wear out of your brakes unless you put wear into them. Safety, surety, prompt action are weighed in the balance. Why not pay a few cents more for genuine Raybestos? Remember that—

Raybestos

BRAKE LINING WEARS

It wears like a strip of steel—solid wear all the way through. And every foot of Raybestos possesses that *necessary* hardness which means wear. For the sake of safety and economy, avoid imitations. The Silver Edge prevents substitution. Patronize one of the 12,000 reliable dealers who sell Raybestos—*the brake lining that wears!*

The Raybestos Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

SOMETHING YET AGAIN: CHEMICAL CONTROL

(Continued from Page 17)

Again and again the banking experts of other countries have pointed out dangerous tendencies in the German scheme of finance and predicted a smash-up; but the German scheme has simply gone on working. It gets results for the Germans, whatever it might lead to in other countries.

Here is one illustration: The incandescent gas mantle, developed from rare earths that were nothing but mineral curiosities a generation ago, gave the gaslighting industry of the world a new means of growing in the face of electrical competition. When the war broke out supplies of thoria, which had come wholly from Germany, were stopped. John Bull was in a bad way for material, as we were ourselves. Investigation showed that the best deposits of thoria were in India, a British possession; but that German chemistry, backed by German banking, had secured a monopoly of these deposits, which had been worked for years at very high profits. John Bull had to take steps to gain control of his own thoria. The United States has deposits too.

When the American chemist goes to our bankers he finds a very different state of affairs. The average American banker has no conception of chemical values in industry, and is not able, under our banking laws, to do much about it if he had.

Our banking system has been compared to a pawnshop. Until lately it lent money, chiefly on stocks and bonds, to gentlemen who wanted capital for extending their speculative enterprises. You brought your securities to the banker just about as you would take your watch to your uncle, and the banker, after applying a drop of acid to your valuables, handed over part of what they were worth as a loan, and locked them up in his safe as a pledge.

Our new banking law extended the system to foreign commercial paper and to trade acceptances. Acceptances for merchandise bought of manufacturers or jobbers, and other negotiable instruments arising from trade and commerce, became rediscountable pledges for bank loans.

When Science and Capital Combine

We are now entering on a new era in business, when chemical industries and chemical control will need vast sums of money for development. Because our banking facilities are inflexible, it is difficult to get bank funds for these developments. The chemist does not blame the banker for legal restrictions imposed upon him by our banking system; but he does think the banker's knowledge of chemical values can be improved. If you take an article of value to a sure-enough pawnbroker, he will appraise it in a few minutes, and very shrewdly. It may be a watch or diamond, or your overcoat or ukulele—no matter; he knows values. But many a banker is not even a good pawnbroker within his own field. Though he has a fairly good eye for the things in which he is accustomed to deal, such as a listed railroad stock, a public-service bond, an industrial stock or a piece of commercial paper, there are other sound business assets that he does not understand, because he knows very little about the character of the business involved.

Sometimes he is timid and refuses to lend at all; while, again, he deceives himself and lends too much. When an enterprise involving chemical control is brought to him he will perhaps not see it at all. This is a bad state of affairs, for during the next ten years our industries are going to be improved and enlarged along this chemical line.

Even where the banker cannot furnish capital directly, his understanding and coöperation will help in securing it from promoters and investors not restricted by our banking system.

It is not well to scold the banker too harshly, however, for the importance of chemical control is not generally understood by the average business man. Almost any consulting chemist can point out factories in different industries that are operating on incorrect chemical principles. The fundamental chemical processes involved in their activities are wrong, and sooner or later they must fail, either of themselves or in competition with efficient competitors here or abroad. It is a hard job to straighten out these obscure chemical tangles, considering the lack of technical knowledge and the inertia of many business men.

A certain big corporation has a chemist on its staff. Several years ago this chemist worked out an improved process for making some of its products. Two hundred thousand dollars' worth of new machinery was needed to install the process, effecting remarkable economies in production cost. The chemist appeared before the board of directors again and again, explaining the technical details, but got no attention. The board simply yawned or looked up at the stars when he talked about his reactions and refinements, and said "Theory—blue sky—too much up in the air for us!" Meantime old methods were causing losses of thousands of dollars every month. One day the chemist appeared with a new argument.

"If you install this improved process," he said, "you might be able to sell the old machinery to some competitor. It will kill him to use it."

That so tickled the directors as a practical business maneuver that they ordered in his process immediately.

Insurance Against Costly Mistakes

The war emergency caused a shortage in a certain kind of imported material and led to the formation of a company to manufacture the stuff here, from substances found in a Western State. The management of this company called in a consulting chemist to advise on what it considered minor details of the process. The chemist outlined a complete plant, calling for an investment of twice the capital that had been thought necessary.

This looked preposterous to the management, and a civil engineer was engaged to design and erect a cheaper plant. He was a good civil engineer and built a factory beautiful in every way from the mechanical standpoint. Materials are taken in and handled with all the latest mechanical refinements; but the whole product rests on organic chemistry, and that plant will surely fail unless remodeled on a basis of chemical control.

It will fail and a group of investors will lose perhaps a quarter of a million dollars. Then a second company will tackle the problem, profit by the mistakes of the first and come nearer success. By that time, however, methods abroad may have been improved, and the second plant may fail. When a third company enters the field it may succeed; and so we shall have finally learned to make the stuff.

This is a wasteful way of establishing new industries. The Germans found that out long ago. They learned that they could not afford it.

The Germans spend just as little money as possible on their mistakes, at the same time making their mistakes large enough, so that a new industry is transplanted from the laboratory to actual business. A chemist can usually get wonderful results in the laboratory. He works out a new product or process, covering every possible factor and contingency, and attains eighty per cent efficiency, ninety per cent—maybe a clean hundred. He knows that things will not work like that in actual manufacturing, however; for when large quantities of material are manipulated, with differences in mass, temperature, time, and so on, results will be quite different. In the factory he will have to invent his process all over again.

Where we do this secondary research work in a plant built on a scale for making stuff to supply demand, the Germans have a thrifty way of building a test factory, at a cost of ten thousand, twenty thousand or fifty thousand dollars—as little capital as possible, but still enough. This test plant may not be intended for making a product to sell, but to determine the conditions under which a real factory must be built and operated. When the Germans know they go further; and if the project is not chemically or industrially or commercially feasible they drop it, and consider the money spent in finding out things well invested—a sort of mistake insurance, safeguarding national business affairs.

"Why can't American chemists do as well as those Germans?" the man in the street has been asking lately.

Dyes

THE Chemical Manufacturing Plants of The Sherwin-Williams Company located at Kensington, Ills., which commenced operations early in 1916, have recently been greatly extended.

Since the opening of the plants in March 1916 approximately 250,000 pounds of Beta-Napthol and 200,000 pounds of Paranitraniline have been produced. The quality of these materials has been in every respect equal to the best standards of the world's markets before the war. Additional machinery is now being installed which will greatly increase the daily output of these two important dye materials.

In addition to the above the Company is now manufacturing a number of intermediates and dyes particularly for the manufacture of pigments and lakes. The Company is especially proud of the achievement of having been successful in the commercial production of large quantities of Metanitroparatoluidine and Paranitranilinesulfonic Acid, from which are manufactured Helio Fast Red R and Lake Red P, colors employed for the preparation of the finest and most modern printing inks.

All organic chemicals are manufactured at the Company's plant from refined coal tar products, Benzol, Toluol, Xylol and Napthalene. The Company also operates its own Aniline Plant with a daily capacity of five tons of Aniline Oil. The Company operates plants for the manufacture of Glacial Acetic Acid, partly with a view to utilizing by-products, and also to follow its well defined policy of logical, efficient and conservative development. The Company is also producing a limited number of dyestuffs for textile and similar uses and is gradually adding to and augmenting this line.

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The "Viceroy," Plate V-14
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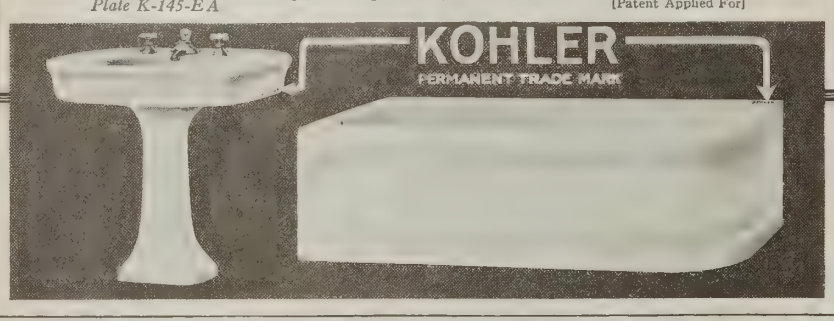

There has never been any reason to reproach American chemists—or British chemists, either—when it comes to actual scientific achievements. Their results compare well with those of any other nation. Indeed, the American chemist, in discussing pure science, sometimes discounts the Germans, maintaining that their results show not scientific ability so much as ability to organize other people's discoveries commercially, and hand the results over the counter in a package.

However this may be, the man in the street often gets the product first bearing a German label and thinks the Germans made it all out of the air. Undoubtedly the German deserves all the credit he gets through his business organization, for that is a kind of genius, too, and one which we now see must be developed. In every case where American scientific discoveries have been backed up by American capital and commercial organization, results have been remarkable.

How shall we go to work to bring chemical knowledge and business organization together?

The chemist has been thinking about this ever since the war started, because the man in the street, on one hand, has been asking him what he is going to do to supply shortcomings in our industrial world, and the banker and business man, on the other hand, have been backward in coöperating with him to develop the chemical side of our industries. The chemist says we must begin by all getting together, for explanation and mutual education.

Bankers and business men must get the chemical viewpoint and learn to pass on chemical values. They now call in the engineer for professional guidance when they make investments and start new enterprises. They must learn to call in the chemist, in the same way, and use his knowledge in clearing up technical problems. Their relation with the engineer was not established in a day.

A similar relation with the chemist will take time. For the present, they should cultivate an acquaintance with chemists and do a little chemical reading.

The chemist, on his part, recognizes that he has been too closely absorbed in his profession, and that he must now cultivate the acquaintance of the banker, the business man and the man in the street, and show them where chemistry touches everything in modern life.

Suitable Provocation

ACCORDING to Andrew Mack, a friend of his, a retired contractor of New York residence but of Irish birth, a Fenian at heart and a fighter by instinct, was returning from a voyage abroad. One frosty evening he lay in his steamer chair, snugly wrapped in a plaid steamer shawl, when a little Cockney, for whom he had a personal as well as racial distaste, halted on the deck alongside the old Irishman to shiver.

The newcomer wore no overcoat and he suffered cruelly in the icy breeze that swept across the Atlantic and whistled through the rigging and the smokestacks. For a little while Mack's friend observed the sufferings of the other in silence.

Then he spoke to him; and his voice was very sweet and kind.

"For why do you stand there and shake?" he asked.

"It's like this," stated the Cockney from between his chattering teeth: "If Hi go below, the 'eat makes me seasick; and so Hi 'ave to come up again. But Hi didn't bring me overcoat with me; and so Hi almost freeze."

"Thot's too bad!" commiserated the Irishman. "Why don't you take this here thick, warrum blanket of mine and wrap yourself up in it?"

"But, Hi say, what would you do?" asked the Cockney.

"Me?" roared the Irishman in an entirely different tone, as he moistened the palms of his two hands and straightened up. "I'd knock the hell out of you!"

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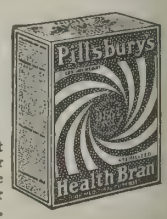

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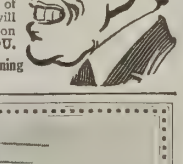

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Friction

Almost Ended in the

Hudson Super-Six

Here is the basic reason for the Super-Six performance. This is why Hudson holds all the worth-while records. Why this motor has proved itself such a marvel of endurance. Motor friction, in the Super-Six, is reduced almost to nil.

A unique situation exists in Motordom today—one never met before.

The world's greatest motor—proved by hundreds of tests—is controlled by Hudson patents.

It has won all the stock-car records which can demonstrate supremacy. It has excelled in all feats of endurance.

It gives to the Hudson a pinnacle place, which rivals have not equaled.

It is vital that you know why. There is a medley of types—Sixes, Eights and Twelves—all opposed to the Super-Six. You must know the facts to form judgment.

Friction is the Foe

Why was the Six-type adopted?

Why was the heavy Six abandoned for the small-bore Light Six type?

Why did the Light Six—in 1915—seem to be a waning type? Why did many leading makers, including the Hudson, test out Eights and Twelves?

The answer to all is Friction. Too much power was wasted through motor vibration. Too much wear was caused by the resulting friction.

That was the Light Six limitation. And the trend toward V-types was an effort to reduce it.

The Best Solution

Hudson engineers, in the Super-Six invention, offered the best solution. They kept the Light Six. But they added 80 per cent to the motor's efficiency by reducing the vibration.

The Super-Six isn't perfect. It doesn't completely end friction. If it did we should have perpetual motion. But it comes close to perfection—so nearly ends friction—that there is no probability of getting any nearer.

It has done in the Hudson what a motor car never did before. It has made records in speed, in power and endurance such as all men deemed impossible. And Hudson stands today, beyond any question, the greatest motor car in existence.

Record Endurance

The amazing records made by Hudson Super-Six have all been due to super-endurance.

Even its speed records—as high as 102.56 miles per hour—were due to absence of motor friction.

It broke the 24-hour record by 52 per cent. It won the Pike's Peak hill-climb. It twice broke the ocean-to-ocean record in one continuous 7000-mile round trip.

It was all through endurance.

You may not care for the fastest stock car. You may not have need for the greatest hill-climbers. You may never use half the Super-Six capacity. But you do want supreme endurance.

And you do want the car that stands first, when you buy a high-grade car. Pride of ownership requires it.

New Gasoline Saver

The Hudson now holds the same place in luxury that it holds in performance. The latest Hudson designs are exquisite productions.

And the car is now equipped with a gasoline saver which gives to the Hudson another advantage.

Go let your local Hudson dealer prove all these facts to you.

Phaeton,	7-passenger, $1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
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Velie Biltwel Six

THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

(Continued from Page 5)

"I'm not an imaginary man," said Dave, disgruntled. "God knows Amos had enough on his conscience to walk after death, and I should know the mark of his foot if any man should. We were boys together."

"And you have seen this mark?"

"Call me a liar seven times," asseverated the fisherman. "I have seen tracks of the thing in the sand as plain as a pikestaff."

"Of old Amos?"

"Of old Amos, certain."

"How do you prove this?"

Dave leaned forward mysteriously:

"Because this was the track of a man with six toes on his right foot. Now you know as well as I do that old Amos had six toes. That was the deviltry of him, wasn't it? No natural man would have six toes. Of course that's only my way of looking at it. Every man is entitled to his own opinion."

"You have seen this six-toed track?"

"As plain as I see you. I was coming in from my weirs at sunrise, and just as I was passing the tomb I happened to look down, and didn't I see the sprawling mark of it there in the sand!"

"And was it coming or going?"

"That I can't say because I didn't stop to consider. I didn't wait for aye, yes or no."

"Wait a moment," said the doctor, shaking with silent laughter. "You are familiar enough with ghosts by this time, aren't you, Dave?"

"Yes, I am," said Crooker stoutly. "There ain't a man along this coast that has had more to do with 'em than I have. What I mean—that has come into more downright contact with 'em. I have had my grandfather and my two maiden aunts perching on the foot of my bed at one and the same sitting, and you ain't the man to argue me out of what I have seen with my own eyes."

"Well, then," went on the doctor, "I'm not denying it. I simply ask you, man to man, Did ever you know a ghost to leave a track in any way, shape or manner?"

"There has to be a first time with everything," said the fisherman, undaunted.

v

WE LAUGHED him out of sight, and thought nothing more of him at the time; and yet wrapped in the little fisherman's simple tale of a ghost record on the sands of the dunes was the germ of a mystery destined to have a terrible solution.

It is hard to credit even now the strange way in which the fortunes of the house of Craigenside were caught up in the folds of that mad Oriental nightmare which played itself out along this solitary coast. I have recalled the house to memory many times; and Mercy Cobb's mansion crouching in its shadow, shining under the moon with a wan light on its gray shingles, and bringing back the night when I encountered within its walls the scarlet figure which had become so puzzling and monstrous a problem to us. And even while standing there, with the dunes in prospect, I find it hard to summon in all their reality the details of that vain phantasmagoria of living men in the clutch of false gods. The dunes seem calm and lonely and secure. Sea goldenrod runs riot over the tomb of the Craigensides. The whole waterside is as serene as an old maid's sunbonnet. And yet I know that the things are literally true which had their rise in the first coming to Silver Glade of Mr. James Smith, the ornithologist, an event which occurred on the morning of our discussion of Dave Crooker's ghost.

James Smith was a huge, pasty, quaking man, with skin of a yellow pallor. His most striking characteristic was a lamentable and comprehensive baldness. He was bald in the usual manner, and beyond this he had no eyebrows, no eyelashes and no hair behind the ears. Just above the bridge of his nose he bore a protuberance, a small white knoll of flesh, which in moments of stress grew scarlet from a rush of blood into it. And this scarlet knoll accentuated the glossy pallor of his cranial arch and made him rather ghastly on a first acquaintance.

Moreover, although he spoke the best of English, there was a haunting foreign suggestion in the cast of his countenance which at first led me to think of a highly cultured Eskimo, and later of a still more gifted Mongol. The name James Smith ill sorted with this intimation of outlandish character.

The worst of Mr. Smith was in his eyes. They were grayish in color, drawn to a perpetual squint, perhaps instinctively and owing to a lack of lashes. The lid appeared double. When listening he often closed these eyes altogether, and then when he opened them the lid drew back with a slow, snakish motion, and there the eye appeared again, fixed as if it had all along been staring through the lid itself. I did not like the eyes of Mr. Smith. I did not like any part of him.

Very early on the second morning of his visit his shadow fell across us as we were polishing canoes. The sun had risen, and behind us the shopworn pines of the Glade loomed sallow green. Mr. Smith wore carpet slippers; he talked quietly of the beauty of the spot, and of its calm, its holy calm.

He raised his eyes to the dunes. Their tawny flanks were in dazzling contrast with the exceeding blueness of the morning sea and with the worn black hull of the Asphodel.

"The world in a crystal," he said pleasantly. "It is like the projection of a hypnagogist, isn't it, gentlemen?"

We assured him that it was. We were excessively amiable young men. With his eyes still on the dunes he inquired how the flight of black heron was along the coast.

In this way we came to know that he was an ornithologist.

"I am wise enough to have a hobby for my old age," he said jocosely. He was not an old man.

He gave us to understand that he appeased his intellect and exercised his legs by taking photographs of sea birds in their native haunts.

"I have special apparatus for creeping up on them," he said.

His apparatus was ingenious, as we discovered by sculling over toward his favorite dune one sultry mid-afternoon.

His method was to ensconce himself in a great burlap bag, held by wires to something the shape of a barrel. This bag had two holes in it, one for the eye of Mr. James Smith and one for the eye of his camera. So equipped, he selected some spot among the dunes, and settling back on a little plush-covered hassock became by slow degrees part and parcel of the scant scenery.

Nothing could be simpler, nor yet better calculated to get characteristic pictures of sea birds, taken in their unsuspecting midst.

"But what patience! What ungodly patience!" muttered Sturgis, aghast.

The resignation of the Oriental was manifested in the mind which could be content to station itself for so many blazing hours between sea and shore on so small a chance of action. Sturgis suggested that he must be under pay, in the service of some university perhaps—in short, a man making a virtue of necessity.

At least he never complained, but whether he secured photographs we were unable to determine. He was not a fraternizing man.

So matters stood until perhaps the fourth or fifth day of his stay in Silver Glade, when, in the course of a single afternoon, the ornithologist acquired another and more sinister character in my eyes. The management had sent to Silver Glade a box of fireworks.

These were to be set off by night from a raft in mid-channel, and I went across the river with a thought of warning the Craigensides to beware of the fall of rocket sticks and to have an eye out for sparks.

As it happened, Jane Craigenside herself met me at the little stone pier. As she took the painter from my hand I felt her fingers for an instant cold against mine. Her eye had never seemed blacker; it had gathered and concentrated rays of uncertain meaning. Her hair, braided in a blue-black coronal, gave a fine distinctness to the whole outline of the head. Her effect of melancholy was heightened usually by wistful upward curves of the lips, but to-day they were pressed tight.

She listened to what I had to say about the fireworks, nodded once or twice, and then with an uneasy gesture added:

"Won't you come up to the house? I want you to know my Uncle Ruel."

We went up the tiptilted old flags together. The late sun poured a deep, warm light through the pines across the river. In a moment the six wooden dragons became visible. Crouching with mouths wide open and weather-beaten wings outstretched, they were like guardians of some mythical treasure house. They gave a fantastically hostile air to that gaunt dwelling.

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Prof. A. P. Anderson, when he found a way to puff wheat, gave children a better wheat food than they ever had before.

Every expert knew that whole wheat was desirable. It is rich in elements lacking in flour. And rarely a child got enough of them.

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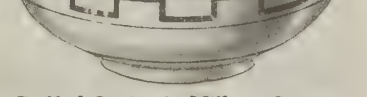
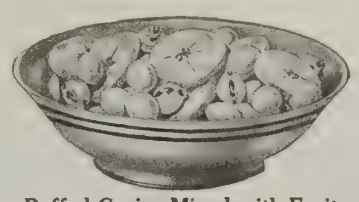


Puffed Grains in Milk or Cream

He Bubbled the Grains

He sealed up the kernels in guns, and applied a fearful heat. Then he shot the guns, and out came the kernels puffed to eight times normal size.



Puffed Grains Mixed with Fruit

What happened was this: Inside each food cell a trifle of moisture was changed to steam. When the guns were shot, a hundred million explosions occurred inside each kernel.

Every food cell was blasted, so digestion could act. Thus every element was made available, and every atom fed.

And the grains were made into food confections, flaky, toasted, airy, crisp. So these hygienic foods became the most delightful foods you know.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

Don't let your children lose the benefits of this great food invention. Don't confine Puffed Grains to breakfast. Serve them for supper in bowls of milk. Douse them with melted butter when children get hungry between meals.

Puffed Wheat and Rice are whole-grain foods. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed. They taste like nut meats, bubbled and toasted. But they are in fact the best foods wheat, rice or corn can make.

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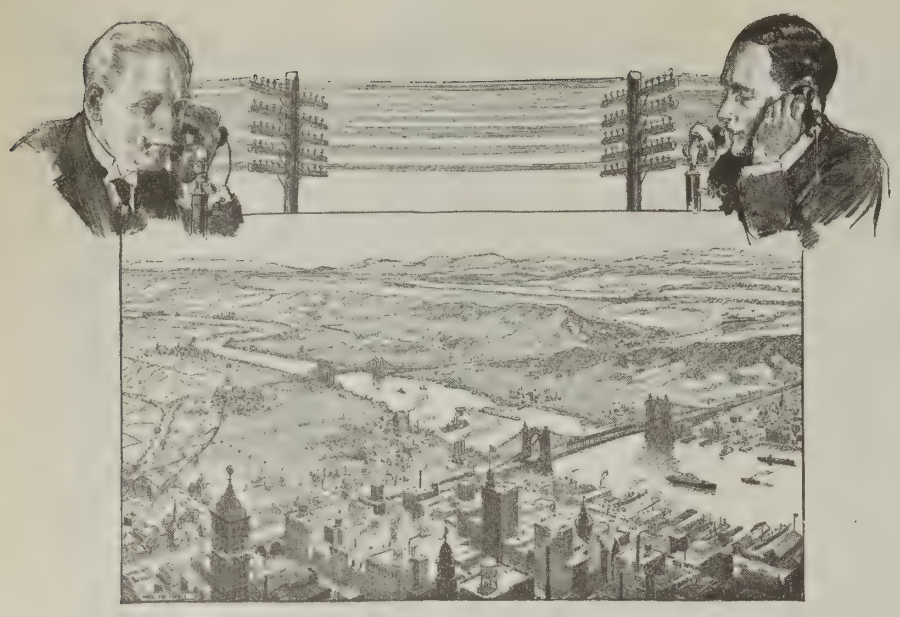

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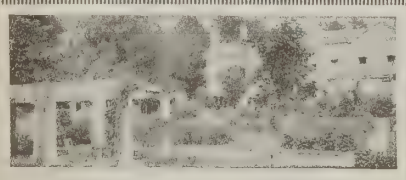

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The portico was strewn with round reed mats and tumbled magazines and at the far end of it sat old Mercy Cobb asleep in a horsehair chair, the beak of the albatross peeping out of her lap. Her little black figure was strangely relieved against the dunes, now flushed deep crimson.

"He is on the bridge, I guess," the girl said, pausing on the threshold. This bridge had been placed on the roof of the house over the pediment.

The old lady woke up and said tartly, "Where's the wind," staring straight at me.

I began to explain to her that I never took notice of the wind, when the girl at my side suddenly seized my wrist in her hand and whispered: "What is that thing? Have you any idea?"

She had seen the ornithologist in his bag.

He, of course, was quite invisible; but he had come much closer to the house than was his wont. Indeed, he had settled down on a ridge of sand not two hundred yards from the stone wall which marked the western limit of the Craigenside terraces.

This wall, as I have said, had broken down in one place and I could very easily see that corpulent brown cylinder which concealed my fat friend rising from a tangle of sea goldenrod.

"What is it?" the girl repeated sharply.

"The ornithologist," I laughed. "Is he a bear to bite you?"

I looked at her narrowly. It struck me as odd that this device, so easily explained, should upset a woman whom I could not believe to be nervous or fanciful.

"The ornithologist. Whom do you mean? Why is he here?"

I explained briefly the nature of the apparatus which Mr. James Smith had invented for stealing into the midst of black heron.

"You see, he is a very patient man," I added.

"'Patient' is not the word for it," she answered in lower tones.

She shook her head impatiently, as if to throw off the weight of some childish oppression which had overborne her.

"Let us find my uncle," she said.

We passed in together.

The hall ran from porch to porch. Its walls were hung with musty Eastern fabrics, displaying in black against a yellow ground a pattern of sedate mandarins and writhing dragons. Nested in the stiff folds were foreign arms and armor. I noted particularly a dagger curiously sheathed in ivory. High on the wall hung a stiff portrait of an old lady with a black mustache.

The hall had the invincible odor of must which hangs about old houses; but the smell of the fireplace at the north end was sweet and the faded reds in the carpet had a comfortable look of use and occupation. On the staircase wall hung three speckled canvases of square-rigged ships. It was a house of seamen.

I followed Jane Craigenside to the top of the house and into an unfinished attic. Hand-wrought nails protruded through the boards of the roof; the anvil on which they had been pounded out was capsized in one corner, and in a long line under the eaves stood the sea chests of those master mariners. These chests, blue in color, iron or brass bound, were equipped with rusty padlocks and with white painted rope handles linked together by very ancient cobwebs. One of the chests lay open, and a mass of blue log books was visible therein.

"There you may read the secret history of the Craigensides," said the girl half jestingly.

I heard the scrape of a foot over my head. My eye fell on a flight of worn steps leading out of the attic.

"There he paces back and forth half the day sometimes," said the girl in a low voice. "Come."

She led me out upon the iron bridge, a structure perhaps thirty feet long, which straddled the peak of the roof. Here I found Captain Craigenside in a white shirt turned away at the throat, blue overalls and sennit slippers. He was a tall man, strongly made and wearing a black square beard. He had the fist of the Craigensides.

"This is Mr. Weymouth, of Silver Glade, uncle," said the girl.

The look that passed between them seemed to betoken on her part some secret pleading, on his a stern denial.

"What do you think of the wind, sir?" he said in a deep voice. "Is it backening in, or will it haul round to the south with the sun?"

"I never can tell you how the wind is blowing," I said for the second time that afternoon.

"You never had to sniff it out, I take it."

"Never."

"You're a lucky man, then," he returned gloomily, but there was a trace of contempt in his voice. To a seaman it is strange that a man can live with the winds all his days and yet not know one from another. Winds are the great factors in his life; they are invisible, and yet he is cheek by jowl with them always, and so it comes, perhaps, that he has so great a trust in the operation of unseen powers and in all manner of devilries that pass his comprehension and muster themselves out of the range of his vision. Hence also his willingness to lend a zestful ear to the follies of superstition.

I do not know if this fully explains the strange credibility which hurled Craigenside to his untimely end—the influence of that accursed jade may have had a deeper spring; and yet it was the invisibility of its devil's power which first had brought him to his knees, as I learned later.

He turned his face seaward again. The aspect of the sea was calm, the horizon like the edge of a metal disk tilted up from the dunes. A thin streak of smoke lay on the skyline. A warm green was on the land side, and the placid river reflected long, sharp clouds like daggers plunged in blood or dripping fire. To the south there was a good view of those jagged cliffs which began where the dunes ended.

The girl's eye sought the unsightly bag in which the ornithologist was lodged. The fellow was on the very edge of the inmost dune now—in fact, had come surprisingly close to the broken line of the stone wall, considering the business he had in hand.

"Uncle Ruel," she said, "Mr. Weymouth has explained the mystery. There is a man in that bag studying birds."

Craigenside's head came round sharply and his eyes were fixed on the bag.

They held a fierce light, as of an emotion hovering between fear and black defiance. And then even this expression left his face. His jaw sagged; he stared in a stony-eyed trance, and a series of bright flashes came from the bag, at a point near the middle of it. The ornithologist was evidently turning the lens of his camera. The behavior of the burly skipper was certainly strange, and a sense of something unnatural in his position began to steal over me.

"He must have got his eye on something," I tried to say lightly.

Craigenside was as still as if his soul had left his body, and the girl uttered a long, nervous sigh.

Meantime, the shadow of the bag had lengthened by imperceptible degrees across the sand. The thing was motionless; it began to seem hideous and fateful. I thought of the jellylike, hairless being crouching there, and how his pale eye had glinted under the infernal double lid.

I remember saying, "He is probably sent here from some university," when suddenly the intermitted flashing of the lens ceased, the bag upreared, slackened, bellied out and began to crawl toward the sea beach, swaying from side to side like a bloated spider.

Craigenside muttered in his beard: "The bird catcher! He smears his lime!"

VI

YOU may believe the ornithologist was a figure to intrigue me after that. Was his ornithology a pretext, and was his bag a sort of ambush? Why should he stalk that house in company with those gulls of ominous prophecy? It seemed a method too absurd to admit of sinister interpretation, yet why should Ruel Craigenside stand with a slack jaw and glazed eyes at the mere flashing of a lens? And what had been that urgent something in the girl's eye at the moment of my introduction to her uncle?

Mr. James Smith himself did not enlighten me on these points. His talk was chiefly of bird photography, and of the enormous difficulties there were in the way of getting characteristic domestic scenes. He might wait for hours, he said, only to have the picture dispersed by the shriek of a gull or a slight rising in the wind.

How could I suspect him of improper motives? This novel avocation could not be less than genuine. One day he came toward us chuckling and holding gingerly in his fat thumbs a negative he had just developed. He had caught a cloud of angry sea gulls on the wing, chasing a cat which had broken in upon their nests and eaten the eggs.

Witnessing the flight of the unfortunate cat under those harpy wings, I recalled the girl's suggestion that these gulls were possibly the reincarnation of the Craigensides,

(Continued on Page 85)

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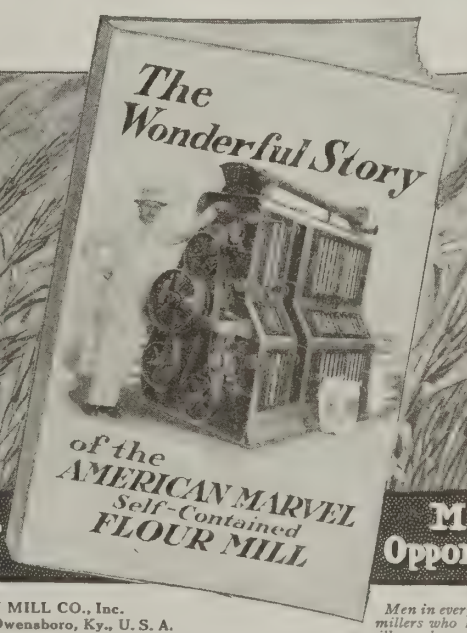

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(Continued from Page 82)

a race of men now doomed to wrangle among themselves eternally, wheeling and tossing along that forlorn coast and fishing for a living in the very shadow of their earthly tenement. It was a metamorphosis of Oriental imagining.

I began to haunt the house of the Craigensides more devotedly than ever. One afternoon I found its terraces deserted. The great blistered front door stood half open and the sun flashed on that brazen body of a mermaid rising from foam which constituted a knocker. The dragons stood with yawning mouths. In the still peace of late afternoon I felt more deeply than before the something dark and fateful which seemed to cling to every corner of that lonely place. It had woven a shroud of its own traditions; it faced the sea like a hooded menace. In the midst of that immense loneliness of sea and shore it had power to affright and concealed lurking horrors within its cavernous and musty depths.

How was it that this haunting suggestion of terror became so invincibly linked in my mind with the house and fortunes of the Craigensides? Was it the voice of the sea, interpreting to me what was austere in the fated lives of all those seamen whose chests I had seen ranged under the eaves? Was it the look of wild beauty which the turf terraces had, their long grasses bending and shimmering in the sea breeze, conveying to me the sense of a structure which perhaps had outworn even Destiny's patience? I cannot say. But something devilish was there, something formidable; avenging shades trooping in the train of that strange old woman, perhaps.

As I sat musing, my legs sprawled on the warm stone flags, I heard the tap of her cane as she came toward me feebly. Her black eyes burned on me. It was always her right foot that she put forward, and so the suggestion in her shuffling gait was of a person moving in utter darkness, and fearful of bringing up somehow with a round turn. Yet there was no suggestion of blindness or even dimness in the sharp eyes which she fixed upon me mistrustfully. She looked, poor old lady, more than ever like a shrunken black beetle in its shining case.

She crossed her hands over the worn pink bill of an albatross which constituted the head of her cane. The sun had caused her eyes to water and an amazing net of fine wrinkles to be cast suddenly athwart her haglike face.

"How is Captain Craigenside?" I said.

"As well as a body can expect," replied the Tartar.

"He seemed a little out of tune when I was here before," I ventured.

"Ha! Laughing on the wrong side of his face, I guess you mean?"

"It seemed to me that he had certain—apprehensions, shall we call them?"

"Ah, the world is full of those," said the old lady, opening and shutting her lips several times as if she were tasting something bitter. "I've been chased by blue devils since I was knee high to a grasshopper, and many times I've wished the streets were built crooked here, as they are in China, so that I could dodge out of the way of them."

"The blue devils, yes," I said. "But such devils are aimless—mere premonitions or foreshadowings. A sea dog, such as Captain Craigenside, can't be thought to have them."

Mercy Cobb came close to me.

"Young man," she croaked, "I read you like a book of print. But you want to know more than will be good for you."

"Such words can have no meaning to an officer of the law," I said sharply. "Some form of peril lurks about this house."

"If there is," she said, tapping with the cane at each word, "it is not what mortal hand can turn away."

"How shall I judge that?"

"By taking the word of an old lady for it, my dear."

I muttered that I was a policeman, and as such sworn to keep my eye on all unlawful doings.

"There are no unlawful doings round about this house," she answered harshly, and with those words the hidden Tartar stood boldly in her black eye.

"Then why this atmosphere of dread, this furtiveness?" I cried in a low tone. "Do you mean to tell me that that man in there is not afraid of something? Because if you do, you tell me what I know is false by the testimony of my own eyes."

"It's the truth, something has come over him," said Mercy, sinking back. "He was never the man his father was, no more than chalk is like cheese; but now he's not even the man he was. He isn't in a fit humor to be seen any hour of the twenty-four."

"He is afraid of the man who sits out there on the dunes under a burlap bag," I sharply returned.

She thrust her chin out over the handle of her cane and presently muttered:

"Have it your own way! Have it your own way! I'm an old body and one of these nights I'll be going out with the ebb, for that's the way with old folks hereabout, young man. They go out with the tide. Yes, yes, it drains their lives away."

Her voice died, the lids drooped over her sharp eyes. Immediately she reopened them, and said:

"I hope you may never see what these old eyes have seen. No, no!"

She sighed, clucked her tongue, and the skin under her throat drew up in folds.

"Is there nothing you can say to me?" I urged.

"The heart's its own secret," she whispered mournfully. "So we say, we old women. Why should you come prying here into this moldy house? Go away, young man, before it lays a finger on you."

There came from the depths of the hall a sort of hiss, followed by four jangling strokes of a bell. I heard old Mercy's finger nails screech on the table top between us.

"There's part of his misery at any rate," she said. "Is it a pleasant thing for a man to live in the company of his own coffin? For it's fallen to him since Amos died abroad and was leaded up for transportation."

"Then why not throw the thing away?"

Mercy Cobb smiled a ghastly smile and put out a hand to me.

"Help me up. Oh, dear, my shoes are pints and my feet are quarts since this rheumatism came on me. Here, this way. Let me get my foot over the sill."

She stood in front of Time and Eternity, and bending forward swung open the dark lid.

Peering within, I saw the rusty pendulum swing back and forth, and behind this was a wooden shelf on which had been built a little cage of five or six vertical wooden slats. Within this cage I saw, as if held in captivity, a little pug-nosed idol of green jade. The thing was not over twelve inches high. It showed the usual precise Oriental workmanship, and the eyes in a certain light emitted a curious green flare from the depths of shadowy sockets.

Before I had more than glimpsed it the old lady whipped to the lid again, hearing a heavy footstep overhead.

"He's the last to come under the curse," she whispered; "and what form the thing will take he doesn't know."

"Perhaps the ghost of Amos walks to make that clear to him," I said musingly.

"What's that?" cried the Tartar, pouncing on me with the savage certainty of a fishhawk. "The ghost of Amos?"

"Yes. Tracks of his six toes have been seen recently, I understand."

At this intelligence the countenance of the old lady was hideously transfigured.

"A track!" she gasped feebly. "With six toes? Where?"

"In the sand leading from the tomb."

"Ruel, come here," breathed Mercy Cobb, staring at Craigenside, who came toward us sullenly. Her eyes flared strangely, and the jaws of the albatross clicked against the black beadwork of her dress as the cane twirled idly in her nerveless hands.

"A six-toed track, you say?" Craigenside repeated stupidly.

"Idle talk, no doubt," I answered. "You know Dave Crooker's reputation. This is how legends take their rise."

"This is how devils heat their irons," said Craigenside huskily, and supported the old lady, half fainting, into the house.

VII

SILVER GLADE lay directly across the river from the Craigenside estate. It was an amusement park, owned and operated by a trolley company which ran between the two towns of Dockport and Hanbury.

The Glade was the device of a new management to increase summer travel on the line. Here on pleasant nights hundreds, in the typical mood of the pleasure seeker, thronged to bowl in its warped alleys, sail in its blistered little rowboats, sit in its creaking swings, and eat its execrable shore dinners, while children paddled in the water with red and blue tin pails, and snatched at rings in the mad whirl of the merry-go-round, gripping the necks of varnished tigers and world-worn lions with melancholy eyes.

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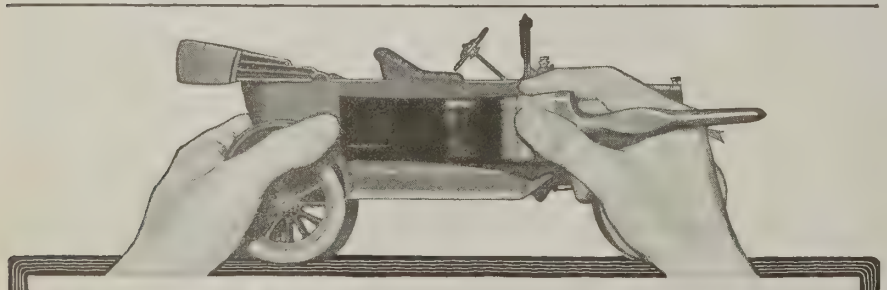

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GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES

The Glade was made up largely of chafed and shopworn pines. These were situated on a side hill, and this hill on its river side furnished the right slant for the auditorium of an open-air theater. This theater was inclosed by a high board fence, and served as a kind of left ventricle in the general scheme for circulating patrons through the Glade. At the hour of eight o'clock everybody in the Glade began to drift through the gate in the fence, to sit, wrapt or clamorous, until the hour of eleven, when they poured out through side entrances, rosy and rejuvenated, and were reabsorbed by the power of capillary attraction which the minor concessions of the Glade possessed.

There was that week an attenuated musical comedy on the boards, and the members of the company had formed a habit of coming down fantastically wrapped in sheets to go swimming in the early morning hours.

On the night following my strange session with old Mercy, roused by gleeful shouts I came out of my room at the extreme end of the bathhouse and strolled down to the water's edge. My attention was deflected from the bathers by the sudden appearance of Doctor Starr and Sturgis out of the shadow of the canoe shed.

"Mercy Cobb has taken to her bed at last," said the doctor. "A very queer old lady, beguiled and fooled too long. And not long for this world now, I am afraid."

"It is a curious notion of hers that she will go with the tide," I remarked.

"Did ever you know it to fail?" replied the doctor.

He explained in his high tones that the withdrawing tide took on its bosom some of the electricity in the air, so that the vitality even of healthy people was lowest at the ebb; and what wonder then if the sick gave up the ghost!

"The sea has been her life," he went on, "above and beyond all this. I don't know how many years she went as stewardess, all because she had the trick of embalming. I know for a fact that Amos Craigenside had a horror of being thrown to the fishes in those hot oceans."

"It is good, clean burial," said Sturgis slowly.

"Young man," replied the doctor, "the longer you live the clearer you will see that good, clean burial is not enough. Locality comes in. One man will want burial under a tree, and another on a hill. Old Amos wanted to lie beneath those dunes."

He lowered his voice:

"It was said of him that he had sold himself to foreign devils. I've heard it said that he bowed down to an idol near the close of his life. Did ever you hear those women speak of an infernal little god, no bigger than the length of a man's arm?"

"I have seen it myself. It is in the tall clock, Time and Eternity."

Doctor Starr shrugged his shoulders.

"There's stranger things happened in that house than worshiping false gods," he vouchsafed us. He showed his teeth. "Maybe he's paying for it now by being driven out of his tomb. Well, the old Tartar did her best for him in his days of nature. And yet he wasn't grateful, and on his last voyage he had no mind to take her at all, but she rowed out to the ship in spite of him, and wasn't to be denied."

Doctor Starr and Sturgis went on up the hill.

Alone again, I returned my eye to that interesting raft, when an object nearer at hand engaged my attention. The theater stage was built at the river's very edge, to give all the room possible for seating capacity. In consequence the dressing rooms behind the stage overhung the water and were founded on long piles. What I had suddenly seen was my ornithologist sculling out from between two of these piles in one of the smaller boats.

"How the tide runs here!" said Mr. James Smith as soon as he could bring his boat to the bank. "I was swept under there in a twinkling."

"Yes, it must be swift," I said, "to bear its burden of lost souls."

His eye flashed into mine.

"How do you mean?" he said.

"I mean that old ladies have a habit of dying at ebb tide," I replied.

"Ah, you are a cryptic young man," said Mr. James Smith; and immediately, with a movement of his thumb toward the dressing rooms, he added composedly: "This is a curious structure."

I explained the reason for it. He nodded, and with a vague movement toward those shapes of sin indicated on the moonlit raft, he continued:

"So much the easier to gratify a suicidal impulse after a bad performance." I laughed, and Mr. James Smith at once said: "I speak professionally. Photography is my hobby; in daily life I am an exponent of the high art of vaudeville."

"May I ask what is your act?"

"Certainly. It is called Man or Mechanism. However, I will not explain it, because I am very shortly scheduled to transfer it to this circuit, and you will then have a chance to see for yourself."

We began to walk together toward the hotel, and I asked him how he had fared in the matter of black heron. He smiled and said:

"No luck as yet. But I shall get them Patience! Patience!"

"You must know the dunes pretty well by now," I said, struck by a certain thought. "But you have not met with the ghost of Craigenside, I suppose?"

He smiled amiably.

"What form would it take?"

"It leaves a track in the sand—a track with six toes," I returned lightly.

Not one feature of that Oriental mask moved; but I remember to this day the mysterious rush of wind among the black pines, the devil's dance on the raft, and then the sudden pausing of that man as if a hand had been laid upon his shoulder.

"I shall have to keep my eye out for this ghost," he said calmly. "They say photography will detect invisibilities."

He passed into the hotel.

Sturgis and I roomed together in the end of the bathhouse nearest the river. That night when he came in he turned and stared long and hard at the ship in mid-channel. A ship at anchor is a wonderful and portly personage, with mystery scored on her dumb sides and romance in every seam. The Asphodel was doubly mysterious by reason of the situation of her skipper.

"Are you awake, Dal?" asked Sturgis.

"Yes."

"I have just been talking with the watchman of that ship. He tells me a strange thing. Craigenside is ratty in one particular at least—he hears bells."

"Bells?"

"Yes, tingling over his head or under his feet, but, bless you! not heard by anybody else."

"I give him up," I murmured, half asleep. "Or better, refer him to Mr. James Smith."

But in the morning Mr. James Smith was gone.

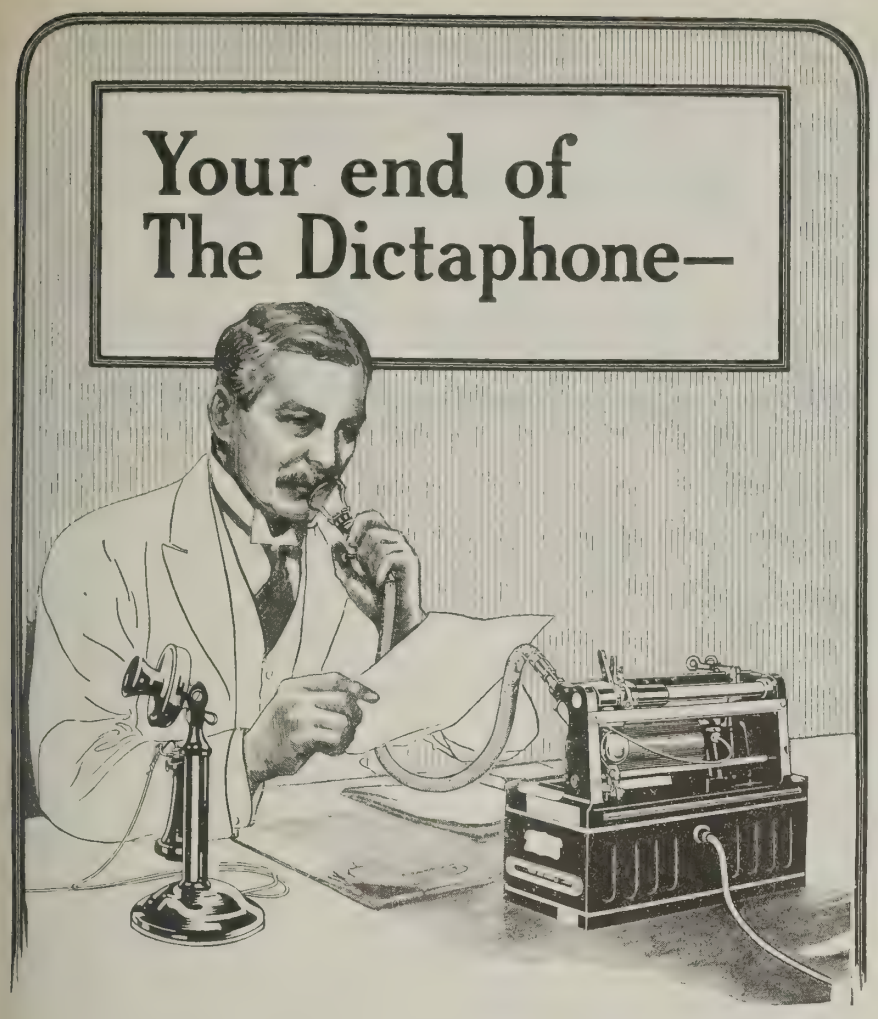
(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Spilt Yuletide

COPELAND TOWNSEND, who owns a hotel in New York, used to live in a small town out in Wisconsin. One of the official characters of the town was an aged negro, chiefly noted for his brevity of speech and his love of alcoholic compounds.

One twenty-fourth of December, at a late hour in the evening, the old darky was carrying home a quart bottle under his arm. He stumbled, and the flask slipped out of the protecting crotch of his elbow and hit the earth, with a crash of splintering glass. The owner contemplated the ruin, meantime sniffing the freed odor of cheap gin.

"Umph!" he said, wagging his head disconsolately. "C'rismus done come and gone already!"



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You start dictating the minute you are ready—no waiting. You keep at it steadily, or off and on, as you feel like. Full speed or as slow as you want. Correct yourself or repeat as often as you care to. In the meantime your typist is typewriting or doing other important work, no part of her time is required for note-taking sessions. If you have much dictation at a time, she has a lot of letters already written before you are through dictating. That is all. And it is even easier than it sounds.

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But it does not begin to convey the full measure of comfort and convenience both for the dictator and the typist. Besides the personal side of The Dictaphone—there is the money side of it. With all its other advantages it saves you a full third on the cost of every letter written. And certainly that is not the least important feature of dictating to The Dictaphone.

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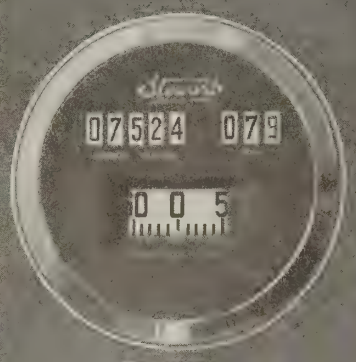
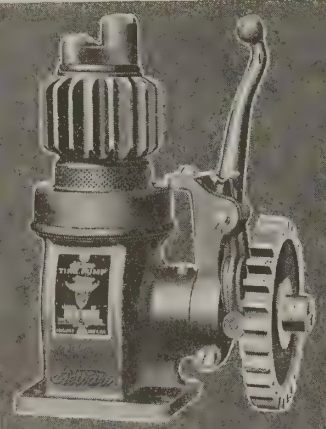


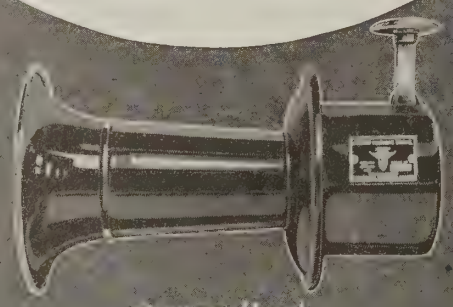
Stewart Speedometer $25



Stewart Tire Pump $12

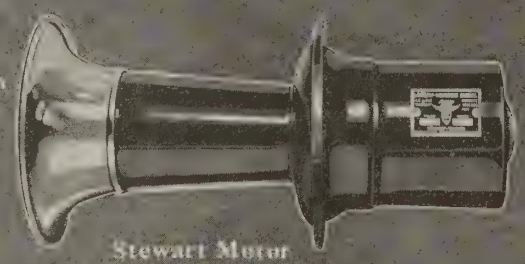
Stewart Speedometer for Fords $10

Stewart Vacuum System $18



Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal $3.50

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug $1



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Stewart Products are for sale by leading garages, accessory dealers and jobbers everywhere

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Chicago, U. S. A.

THE MAIN-CHANCE LADY

(Continued from Page 11)

a much nicer and more cheerful person if I had money—and I am! She did not tell me then—in fact, not until after our marriage did she tell me—of the schemes and devices she had employed to gain the entrée she then had; but she was very certain that, together, we could not only be happy but become rich.

"I spoke of my lack of money; she replied that it did not matter; and that, to prove her confidence in our joint future, she would liquidate the few thousand dollars which gave her her tiny income and gamble it upon what we should mutually accomplish. Why, Cliff, she told me then and there that she'd have the game going in under two years!

"Well, I said I'd think it over; that I didn't like the idea of her risking everything she had, or the idea of benefiting by her atom of prosperity. At which she laughed and told me that her whole suggestion did not rest on sentiment but on business, in which risks were inherent and sentiment did not count; and that if I went into the arrangement she had proposed it would be the first really businesslike thing I had ever done. And so it went. You know the result. I braved criticism and we were married.

"No need to tell you about the little house we got or the way in which we began. Before we had settled, Madge had cashed in her property and had enough money, so that, with what I had, we were insured a couple of years of fairly good living, including a certain amount of entertaining.

"More important, though, she had her plan. You've probably surmised already that the town of Prothero was her conception. She saw lots of advantages in it—a new prestige for the name Prothero, but, most particularly, wealth. The weakness, however, in the scheme was, after all, I suppose, I. Anyhow, she realized—and so did I—that a suburban development, with me as its head, wasn't going to attract capital swiftly and automatically. It was a matter of forcing it in. And, so long as memory lasts, I shan't forget Madge's skill in accomplishing that.

"Naturally she began by having me secure a list of the big, solid fortunes in Grantsburg. I got it; there were about ten names, and I recall how one evening we sat down together and she pried and prodded at every name. I had calculated—and at the time I was certain that I was right and safe in my figures—that about a quarter of a million dollars was necessary with which to start. Madge said five men for fifty thousand each. She hit upon that sum because she believed it was enough, so that no one, once in, should drop out too readily, and yet wasn't so large as to frighten off any really rich man. Anyhow, we selected five names out of the ten. They were David Colfax, or Mabel, who actually had the money; old Major Stone; Phillip Hoyt; Axtel Wrenn; and this boy, Emmett.

"'Fifty thousand apiece from each of them,' declared Madge; and I remember the little jerk she gave to her head. 'That's my job for the next two years.'

"And it was! All five eventually came in; Madge never missed fire once, and upon the day, about eighteen months later, when I got those men together for the final say-so there wasn't one of them who didn't have some excellent private reason for not wishing to back out. Every one of those reasons had been carefully created in advance. Oh, she did a stunning job!

"Take the Colfaxes: They were easy. A great principle with Madge is always to nurse your assets. Her friendship with Mabel had steadily grown. Not only had Madge not abandoned interest in the boys' club but she had done myriad other things to tighten her relations with the lady who had a good many hundreds of thousands in her own name—Christmas gifts, week-end excursions together, parties for the Colfax children, oceans of flattery—and much more. When David Colfax, acting for his wife, sat in at our little meeting it's certain Mabel had said to him beforehand that she should dread any coolness to come up between her and Madge.

"Axtel Wrenn was a proposition of a different sort. With him there was a tacit but none the less actual bargain. You see, Wrenn had been piling up money in the brokerage business hand over fist, and with his money had come an ambition to be in with the 'swells,' as I have heard he used to term the Hill crowd. No one had ever exactly wanted to know Wrenn, with his clublike mustache and air of brutal commercialism; but he wasn't altogether impossible. Madge perceived in the situation that for which she always searches first—the elements of a trade, of a business deal; she'd have him at her table, introduce him, give him every chance to make his way if he'd stand ready to deliver a *quid pro quo* when she gave the word.

"Of course they didn't throw the thing out in the open between them; but when two clear-visioned, thoroughgoing mercenaries like Axtel Wrenn and Madge look each other in the eye, each knows the other for what the other is, and they could buy and sell a continent merely by discussing an invitation to dinner. Words with such folks are futile; when Wrenn found himself being included among Madge's guests he knew that an hour for payment would inevitably come. And so, she having pronounced upon him the social benediction she had become able to pronounce, he became in due course a backer of the town of Prothero.

"The case of old Major Stone was odd. It was an example of Madge's everlasting genius—the genius I believe all the real getters of the world have—for catching up the unconsidered trifle and turning it to account; for being aware of value and opportunity where others are not. Why, Madge is the sort who, if she had a sore throat, could make money out of it! Anyhow, she saw a possible fifty thousand dollars for the town of Prothero in that miserable son of the major.

"You remember—he was a drug fiend, and though his father continued to support him, he was steadily sinking lower, and was stalking about town, lean and emaciated as a question mark and a veritable outcast, when she took hold of him. The poor weakling adored her because she was the first decent woman in years to treat him as if he were not loathsome.

"Maybe you've heard how she walked him until he staggered, danced with him in our house until he almost dropped, stung his dead pride until he almost wept. That was how she cured him; and a day came when the old major stood in our tiny hall, tears streaming down his cheeks, his hands shaking on Madge's shoulders, as he tried to thank her. Did the major turn down the suburban land scheme? Not much!

"Young Tom Emmett? Well, Madge had long observed that Tom was susceptible—yes, very susceptible. First, it was one lovely lady and then another; and he was always letting his newest enthusiasm run away with him. A weakness, you see—and weakness in one person always spells opportunity for another. Like the minx she is, she bided her time; and then, a month or so before the launching of the idea for the town, she furbished up every instrument of lure she had.

"Oh, yes, she told me; I didn't care—I knew Madge. Anyhow, Tom Emmett was dwelling upon the heights of madness when he joined the final session of the backers. He still is; Madge says you never can tell what's going to turn up.

"Now that leaves the Hoyts; and the reason Hoyt, for all his canniness, did not fail us was because Madge is thrifty with everything she has. For example, she had made Mabel Colfax her own personal intimate; she and Mabel did the woman things together; it was a friendship between two women. But there was another kind of friendship that could be employed—the kind that married folks have between them as married folks—family friendships; and Madge made our relations with the Hoyts distinctly that.

"We and the Hoyts were constantly doing things as married pairs, while Madge and Mabel were constantly doing things as two friends. To Madge it would have been pure waste to have made the Colfaxes our family friends; and, because she had manipulated the Hoyts and not the Colfaxes into that particular relation, Hoyt, when the check-signing moment came, would have found it awkward and embarrassing to stay his hand.

"Anyhow, that's the story; and those five men, with five big fat fortunes behind them, all found themselves in positions where each one felt he couldn't exactly throw the Protheros down. Of course you must remember that the scheme was really

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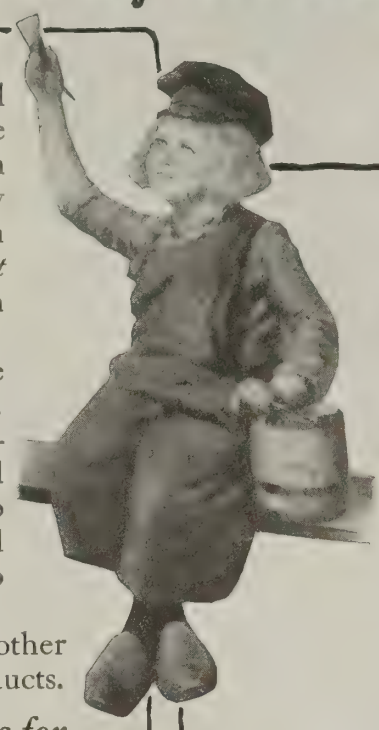

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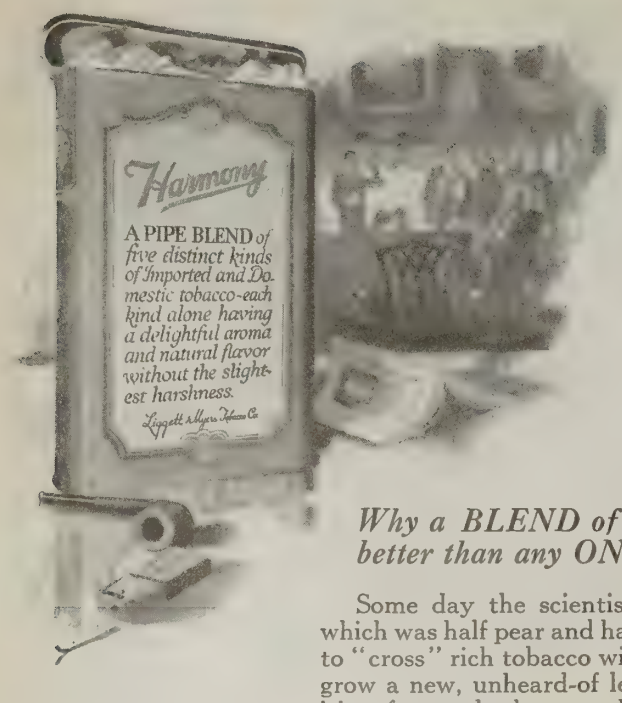

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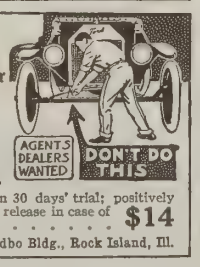

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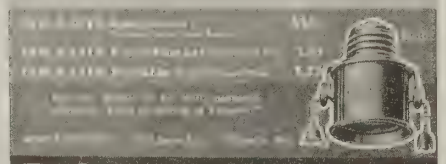

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a good scheme; it was a matter of stretching a point for me or for Madge, as you choose to look at it. But creating and finding reasons why others should stretch points for you is about half the art of making bricks when you haven't got straw.

"Ah, well—now let me see. They gave me a substantial salary and we moved into a larger house. We were very comfortably fixed now, and for a little while Madge hadn't very much on her mind. Nevertheless, she kept up her interests and her friendships, and in scores of ways cultivated what she's always termed her assets. She had become a good deal of a personage by now and enjoyed being one. She never paid attention to the work out at Prothero, where we had broken ground and had begun laying out streets and sewerage systems, and so on, except to ask how it was moving. It was not till nearly two years more had gone by that she got into action again.

"I hardly know how to begin telling you the end of this yarn. Very likely you remember some of the circumstances—how the town of Prothero was very nearly on the verge of smash when, as luck would have it, we happened to be entertaining the governor of the state, Ernest Holt, and his wife, at a dinner at which the other guests were, naturally enough, the most prosperous men in town, and also the backers of the town of Prothero.

"The eyes of the state, you may recall, were more or less upon the Hill at that particular time. It has often been said that, for me, it was a happy coincidence that the governor should have come to us just when he did, because his visit made it well-nigh impossible for my friends to let me down just then. They were almost as much in the limelight as Madge and myself; and, had there been an ugly smash, they would have been bespattered by the awkward situation almost as much as we should have been. That was another case of Prothero luck.

"Now I'll tell you about it. It was way back at the end of the preceding summer. Everything had been costing more than I had figured it would, and the original money was not going so far as I had calculated. Finally, when it came to constructing a big retaining wall at the far side of the town, I cut down expenses as much as I dared. The wall wasn't what it should have been; there was a chance—a remote one, to be sure, but a chance—that it wasn't stout enough.

"Neither the engineer nor I was precisely worried, but we were not altogether satisfied. However, we knew that if it held through the freshets of the next spring all would be well. If it did not hold, and it was necessary to build a new wall, either more capital would have to come into the enterprise or there would never be any town of Prothero, and the Prothero Development Company would become a busted concern.

"The matter was enough on my mind for me to mention it casually to Madge. At my first words she was on the alert. I tried to assure and reassure her that there was no real cause for concern. She kept pinning me down and finally I admitted there was, say, one chance in a hundred that a catastrophe might occur. That was enough for Madge, and within a week she was on the move. But what possible connection her new activities could have to my retaining wall was far beyond me.

"That was the year for the election of the governor of the state and Madge had gone to the headquarters of Ernest Holt and enrolled herself as a worker. For two months she beat up and down the state trying to align the suffrage vote for her candidate. You remember about that and the speeches she made—good speeches they were too. The Hill roared. Everyone said it was just like Madge—always up to something. I was puzzled; but not a peep could I get out of Madge. She'd only smile at me, or pat me on the head and tell me not to forget the spring freshets. Finally the election came and, as you know, Holt won. As soon as we knew the result Madge said to me:

"'I don't know that I care whether the wall holds or not. Perhaps I'd rather it wouldn't.'

"'Rather it wouldn't!' I cried.

"'Exactly! If the wall breaks and those backers put up more to rebuild it they'll be in so deep that afterward none of them will dare quit. They would then be in a position in which, whether they chose to or not, they'd have to see the scheme through—have to get their money; and in doing that —— Well, we'd be rich!'

"I realized that what Madge said was true, but I asked her how she expected to force the backers to go on.

"She wouldn't tell me. All she did was laugh and say that she had made a new asset against an evil day in her friendship with the governor and his wife. And now let me tell you how she used it:

"Early in March she began going over pretty regularly to the town site. There she would get after the engineers and me to see what the prospects were for the big testing out of our retaining wall. It began to look as if the heavy water flow would come along between the middle and end of the month. Madge was off. Without an explanation she boarded a train and went up to see Mrs. Ernest Holt at the state capital. When she returned she very calmly and smilingly told me that the Holts were to dine with us at a large dinner upon the night of April the first.

"Well, I imagine this brings the story nearly up to date. As, of course, you know, the retaining wall gave way on March eighteenth; on March twenty-ninth, after having whiffled round for several days, the gentlemen composing the directorate and financial backing of the enterprise gave out word that the damage done by the freshets at the suburban development would be promptly repaired, and that much additional capital would be put into the enterprise in order to insure its ultimate success. On April first Madge gave her dinner. Isn't that clear? Don't you see? More Prothero luck!

"Oh, Cliff, the woman's a marvel! In one set of circumstances she'll gamble every last cent she has; in another she'll slave herself to the bone to guard against the smallest contingency. She's superventuresome and she's supercautious—all true materialists are like that. And that's Madge!"

Tony had finished; it was dawn, and I was staring wide-eyed at a funny faintly disheveled little man who, with a red-flushed bald spot, stood above me. A hundred questions were on my lips.

For example, I wanted to ask—but never mind. That very injunction came to me upon the moment: Never mind! Madge was Madge and Tony was a little drunk; and, any way you considered his narrative, an amazing, a grotesque portrait had been etched for me. Why not let it go at that?

I was willing to, but there was one point which, in the perverse hour of sunrise, I could not resist. I had spoken of luck and Tony had snatched me up. But surely, when it came to the matter of getting things, it was luck to have been born with such bloodlessness, such cool calculation, such utter materialism. I said as much.

"Huh!" jeered Tony. "She wasn't born that way—not by a good deal! Something else did that—changed her."

"That—er—first marriage?" I asked guardedly.

Tony only nodded.

We did not move immediately. The thing began to creep over my comprehension—the horrible tragedy of what her life with Moulton must have been. I recalled the mystery she had made of it. I remembered that upon an occasion I had veered near the topic with her.

"Now, Cliff," she had said, "we will not go into that, if you please."

And it had been one of the few moments when I had ever seen her stern. I had concluded then that the Moulton affair was too painful for discussion; and I may add that once or twice I thought I had detected, beneath her light, gay exterior, a subsurface—not precisely of bitterness, but rather of a kind of hardness, which life with a beast of a man might produce. I yawned and got to my feet.

"What was he?" I asked. "A dope fiend or a drunkard—or a crook?"

"Who?" demanded Tony sharply. "Moulton?"

"Yes; what did he do to freeze Madge up so?"

Tony glanced at me in the oddest manner; and then very quietly he said:

"He died."

"Died?"

"Why, certainly!" my cousin almost shouted. "You idiot! Don't you see? She was mad about him—mad. Gave him all the love and warmth and affection she ever had and ever could have had. For nine years they lived clean above the world and filth and money. She gave him her youth and gave him her soul, and they were in Paradise together. Then he died—that's what he did; and her soul died. And Paradise was empty—and she came down. More of Madge's luck? Cliff, you're a fool! Come to bed."

Saves His Company $80,000 a year

How an ambitious man increased his value to a five million dollar corporation

THREE years ago an ambitious young man entered a company as auditor. This company manufactures more than 5,000 separate products, and is the largest in its line.

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He went to school again

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What are the essentials a business man should watch for and satisfy himself on before he signs his name to a business paper ?

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Can you analyze the market of a proposition so as to tell accurately whether it will be cheaper to sell direct by mail, or thru usual trade channels ?

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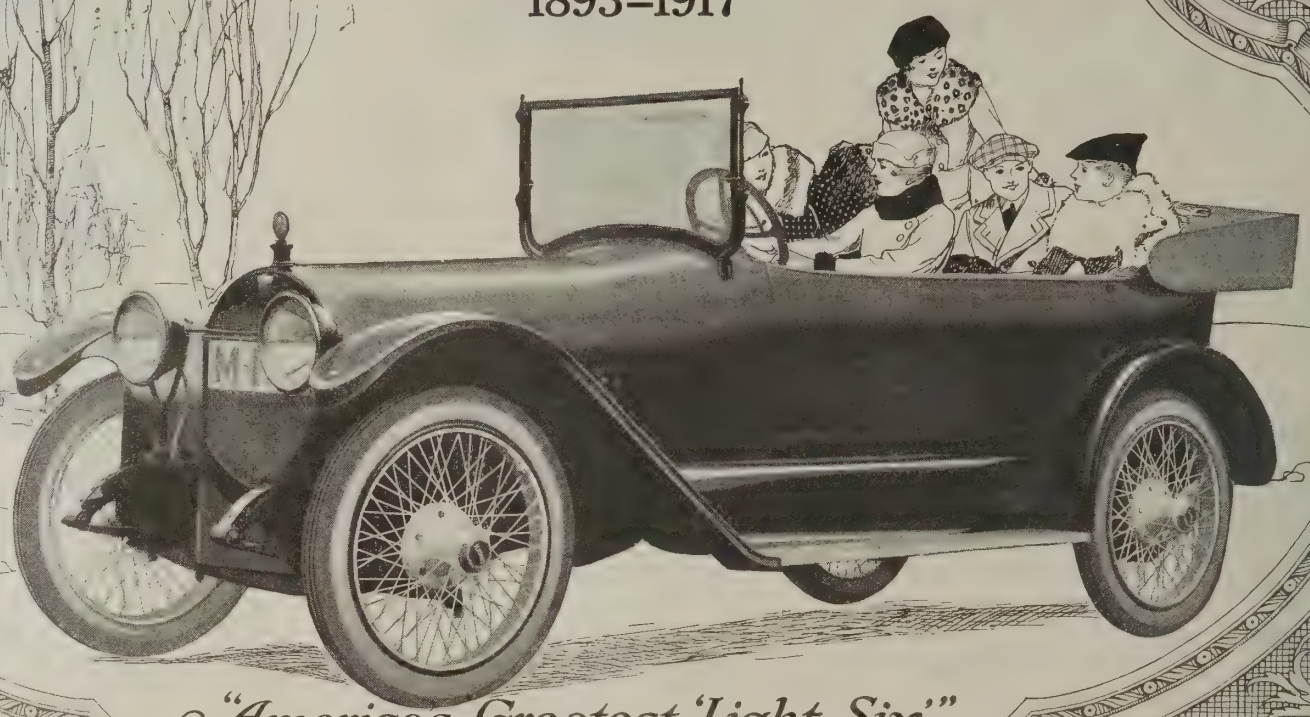

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"America's Greatest 'Light Twelve'"

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Make P. A. in the tidy-red-tin your pocket-pal!

PLAY this Prince Albert smoke-tip like a thoroughbred—and, it's tobacco-joy-for-yours on a silver platter! Can't any more stop you having the smoke-sessions of your life with P. A. than you can put thirty days in February!

No matter how long you've been on the trail of tobacco-that-hits-the-spot, *you quit now* while the year's young! For with Prince Albert for a smoke-pal you've landed right, at last! You've hit ore! You've uncorked a mine of quality-smokings that'll keep you pleasure-puf-f-f-f-ing as long as the flowers bloom in springtime!

Your taste will flash a speed-o. k. that Prince Albert's flavor beats all-hollow your pet dream of tobacco joy! *Your tongue* will signal "go-ahead-to-beat-the-band" because P. A. won't bite it any more than a wax doll! Bite and parch are *cut out of Prince Albert* by our exclusive patented process!

Prince Albert lets you drill-mighty-deep into smoke-smiles, it's so friendly and cheery in a jimmy pipe or whicheverway you fire-up! P. A. is your certain-sure-proof of the bang-up-happiness and content that *can come* via tobacco quality! For, Prince Albert hands you *nothing but quality!* We prefer to give you tobacco that smashes all smoke-rules-and-records and lets you take-a-smoke *without a comeback* fast as your smokeappetite shoots in a demand!

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the national joy smoke

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FEBRUARY 17, 1917 5cts. THE COPY

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In This Number

Mary Roberts Rinehart—A. E. Taylor—Herbert Quick—Melville Davisson Post—James H. Collins
Sinclair Lewis—David Gray—Peter B. Kyne—Richard Matthews Hallet—Frank Goewey Jones

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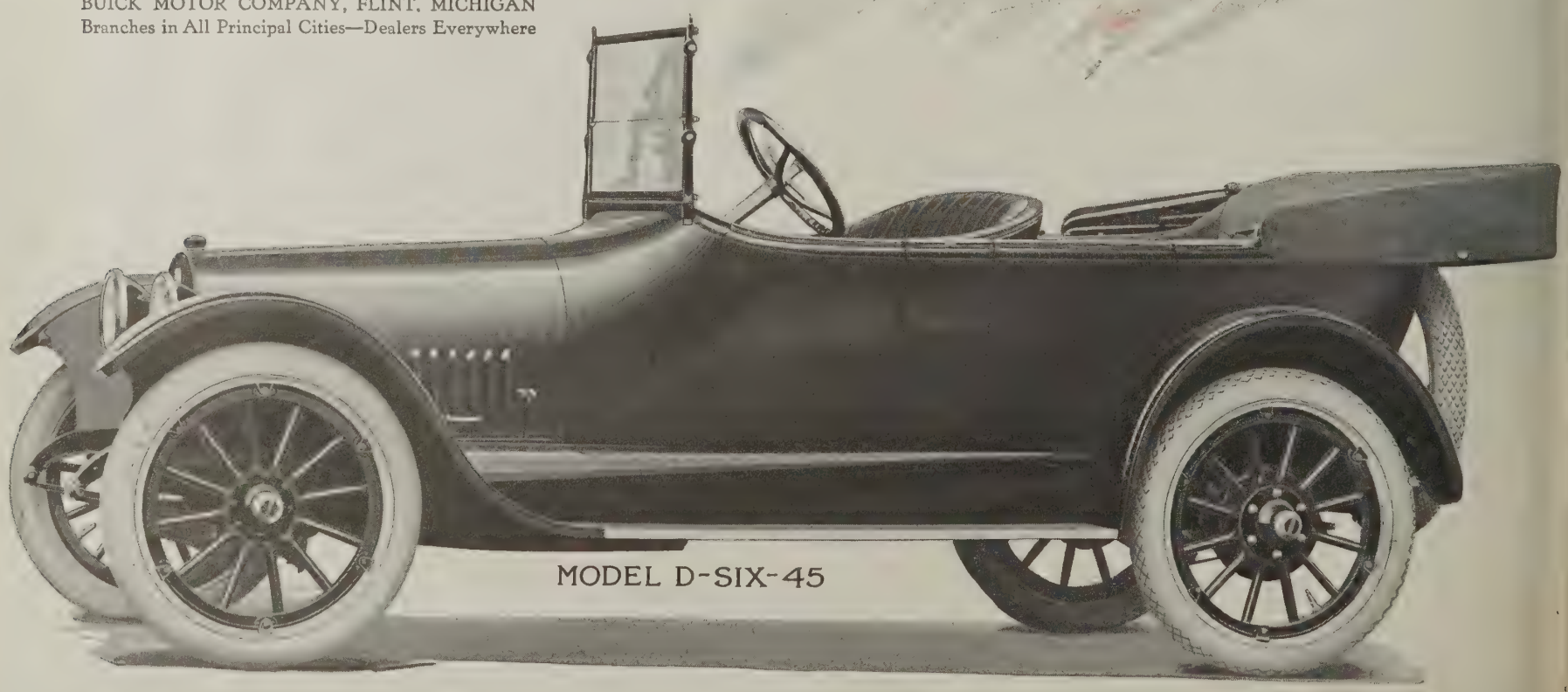

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See the clothes themselves. Be sure our label is in them before you buy

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HER DAIRY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Being the Daily Journal of the Sub-Deb

I Still Think I Would Not Have Been Recognized by the Familey Had I Not, in a Very Quiet Seen, Commenced to Sneaze

ANUARY 1ST. I have today recieved this dairy from me, haveing come ck a few days early make up a French ndition.

Weather, clear and d.

New Year's din- r. Roast chicken urkey being very pencive) mashed rnips, sweet Pota- and minse Pie.

It is my intention record in this book e details of my aily Life, my oughts which are sacred for uter- e, and my ambi- ns. Because who nere to whom I can ak them? I am ounded by those o exist for the mere asures of the day, whose lives are nd up in Resita- is.

For instance, at ner today, being stly faculty and a girls who live in Far West, the con- sation was entirely buying a talking chine for dancing ause the music her has the meazles is quarentined in the infirmery. And on Miss Everett's couzin, who has writen a play. When one looks at Miss Everett, one recognises that no couzin of hers could write a play. New Year's resolution—to help some one every day. Today helped Mademoiselle out on her rubers.

JANUARY 2ND. Today I wrote my French theme, beginning, "Les hommes songent ns à leur *Ame qui* à leur *corps*. Mademoiselle sent for me and objected, saying t it was not a theme for a young girl, and that I must write a new one, on the subject f ears. How is one to develope in this atmosphere?

Some of the girls are comeing back. They stragle in, and put the favers they got at olions on the dresser, and their holaday gifts, and each one relates some amorus xerience while at home. Dear dairy, is there somthing wrong with me, that Love s passed me by? I have had offers of Devotion but none that apealed to me, being tly either to young or not atracting me by physicle charm. I am not cold, although quently acused of it. Beneath my fridgid Exterior beats a warm heart. I intend to e onest in this dairy, and so I admit it. But, except for passing Fansies—one being, li, for a married man—I remain without the Divine Passion.

What must it be to thrill at the aproach of the loved Form? To harken to each n of the telefone bell, in the hope that, if it is not the Idolised Voice, it is at least a ssage from it? To waken in the morning and, looking around the familiar room, to te: "Today I may see him—on the way to the Post Office, or rushing past in his ng car." And to know that at the same moment *he* to is muzing: "Today I may eer, as she exercises herself at basket ball, or mounts her horse for a daily canter!" lthough I have no horse. The school does not care for them, considering walking best exercise.

Iave flunked the French again, Mademoiselle not feeling well, and marking off for smallest Thing.

'oday's helpfull Deed—asisted one of the younger girls with her spelling.

ANUARY 4TH. Miss Everett's couzin's play is comeing here. The school is to have free ts, as they are "trying it on the dog." Which means seeing if it is good enough for arge cities.

We have desided, if Everett marks us well in English from now on, to aplaud it, but if she is unpleasent, to sit still and show no interest.

JANUARY 5TH, 6TH, 7TH, 8TH. Bad weather, which is depressing to one of my Temperment. Also boil on noze.

A few helpfull Deeds — nothing worth putting down.

JANUARY 9TH. Boil cut.

Again I can face my imige in my mirror, and not shrink.

Mademoiselle is sick and no French. *Miséricorde!*

Helpfull Deed—sent Mademoiselle some fudge, but this school does not encourage kindness. Reprimanded for cooking in room. School sypmathises with me. We will go to Miss Everett's couzin's play, but we will dam it with faint praise.

JANUARY 10TH. I have written this Date, and now I sit back and regard it. As it is impressed on this white paper, so, dear dairy, is it written on my Soul. To others it may be but the tenth of January. To me it is the day of days. Oh, tenth of January! Oh, Monday! Oh, day of my awakning!

It is now late at night, and around me my schoolmates are sleeping the sleep of the young and Heart free. Lights being off, I am writing by the faint luminocity of a candel. Propped up in bed, my mackinaw coat over my *robe de nuit* for warmth, I sit and dream. And as I dream I still hear in my ears his final words: "My darling. My woman!"

How wonderfull to have them said to one Night after Night, the while being in his embrase, his tender arms around one! I refer to the heroine in the play, to whom he says the above raptureous words.

Comeing home from the theater tonight, still dazed with the revalation of what I am capable of, once arouzed, I asked Miss Everett if her couzin had said anything about Mr. Egleston being in love with the Leading Character. She observed:

"No. But he may be. She is very pretty."

"Posibly," I remarked. "But I should like to see her in the morning, when she gets up."

All the girls were perfectly mad about Mr. Egleston, although pretending merly to admire his Art. But I am being honest, as I agreed at the start, and now I know, as I sit here with the soft, although chilly breeses of the night blowing on my hot brow, now I know that this thing that has come to me is Love. Morover, it is the Love of my Life. He will never know it, but I am his. He is exactly my ideal, strong and tall and passionate. And clever, to. He said some awfuly clever things.

I beleive that he saw me. He looked in my direction. But what does it matter? I am small, insignifacent. He probably thinks me a mere child, although seventeen.

What matters, oh Dairy, is that I am at last in love. It is hopeless. Just now, when I had written that word, I buried my face in my hands. There is no hope. None. I shall never see him again. He passed out of my life on the 11:45 train. But I love him. *Mon Dieu*, how I love him!

JANUARY 11TH. We are going home. *We are going home.* WE ARE GOING HOME. WE ARE GOING HOME!

Mademoiselle has the meazles.

JANUARY 13TH. The Familey managed to restrain its ecstacy on seeing me today. The house is full of people, as they are haveing a Dinner-Dance tonight. Sis had moved into my room, to let one of the visitors have hers, and she acted in a very unfilial manner when she came home and found me in it.

"Well!" she said. "Expelled at last?"

"Not at all," I replied loftyly. "I am here through no fault of my own. And I'd thank you to have Hannah take your clothes off my bed."

She gave me a biter glanse.

"I never knew it to fail!" she said. "Just as everything is fixed, and we're recovering from you're being here for the Holadays, you come back and stir up a lot of trouble. What brought you, anyhow?"

"Meazles."

She snached up her ball gown.

"Very well," she said. "I'll see that you're quarentined, Miss Barbara, all right. And if you think you're going to slip downstairs tonight after dinner and *worm* yourself into this party, I'll show you."

She flounsed out, and shortly afterwards mother took a minute from the Florest, and came upstairs.

"I do hope you are not going to be troublesome, Barbara," she said. "You are too young to understand, but I want everything to go well tonight, and Leila ought not to be worried."

"Can't I dance a little?"

"You can sit on the stairs and watch." She looked fidgity. "I—I'll send up a nice dinner, and you can put on your dark blue, with a fresh collar, and—it ought to satisfy you, Barbara, that you are at home and posibly have brought the meazles with you, without making a lot of fuss. When you come out ——"

"Oh, very well," I murmured, in a resined tone. "I don't care enough about it to want to dance with a lot of Souses anyhow."

"Barbara!" said mother.

"I supose you have some one on the String for her," I said, with the *abandon* of my thwarted Hopes. "Well, I hope she gets him. Because if not I darsay I shall be kept in the Cradel for years to come."

"You will come out when you reach a proper Age," she said, "if your Impertanence does not kill me off before my Time."

Dear Dairy, I am fond of my mother, and I felt repentent and stricken.

So I became more agreable, although feeling all the time that she does not and never will understand my Temperment. I said:

"I don't care about Society, and you know it, mother. If you'll keep Leila out of this room, which isn't much but is my Castel while here, I'll probably go to bed early."

"Barbara, sometimes I think you have no afection for your Sister."

I had agreed to honesty January first, so I replied.

"I have, of course, mother. But I am fonder of her while at school than at home. And I should be a better Sister if not condemed to her old things, includeing hats, which do not suit my Tipe."

Mother moved over magestically to the door and shut it. Then she came and stood over me.

"I've come to the conclusion, Barbara," she said, "to apeal to your better nature. Do you wish Leila to be married and happy?"

"I've just said, mother ——"

"Because a very interesting thing is happening," said mother, trying to look playfull. I—a chance any girl would jump at."

So here I sit, Dear Dairy, while there are sounds of revelery below, and Sis jumps at her chance, which is the Honorable Page Beresford, who is an Englishman visiting here because he has a weak heart and can't fight. And father is away on business, and I am all alone.

I have been looking for a rash, but no luck.

Ah me, how the strains of the orkestra recall that magic night in the theater when Adrian Egleston looked down into my eyes and although ostensably to an actress, said to my beating heart: "My darling! My woman!"

3 A. M. I wonder if I can controle my hands to write.

In mother's room across the hall I can hear furious Voices, and I know that Leila is begging to have me sent to Switzerland. Let her beg. Switzerland is not far from England, and in England ——

Here I pause to reflect a moment. How is this thing posible? Can I love two members of the Other Sex? And if such is the Case, how can I go on with my Life? Better far to end it now, than to perchance marry one, and find the other still in my heart. The terrable thought has come to me that I am fickel.

Fickel or polygamus—which?

Dear Dairy, I have not been a good girl. My New Year's Resolutions have gone to airey nothing.

The way they went was this: I had settled down to a quiet evening, spent with his beloved picture which I had clipped from a newspaper. (Adrian's. I had not as yet met the other.) And, as I sat in my chamber, I grew more and more desolate. I love Life, although pessamistic at times. And it seemed hard that I should be there, in exile, while my Sister only twenty months older, was jumping at her chance below.

At last I decided to try on one of Sis's frocks and see how I looked in it. I thought, if it looked all right, I might hang over the stairs and see what I then scornfully termed "His nibs." Never again shall I so call him.

I got an evening gown from Sis's closet, and it fitted me quite well, although tight at the waste for me, owing to basket ball. It was also to low, so that when I had got it all hooked about four inches of my *lingerie* showed. As it had been hard as anything to hook, I was obliged to take the scizzers and cut off the said *lingerie*. The result was good, although very *decollte*. I have no bones in my neck.

And now came my moment of temptation. How easy to put my hair up on my head, and then, by the servant's staircase, make my way to the seen below!

I, however, considered that I looked pale, although Mature. I looked at least nineteen. So I went into Sis's room, which was full of evening wraps but emty, and put on a touch of rouge. With that and my eyebrows blackend, I would not have known myself, had I not been certain it was I and no other.

I then made my way down the Back Stairs.

Ah me, Dear Dairy, was that but a few hours ago? Is it but a short time since Mr. Beresford was sitting at my feet, thinking me a *debutante*, and stareing soulfuly into my very heart? Is it but a matter of minutes since Leila found us there, and in a maner which reveled the true feeling she has for me, ordered me to go upstairs and take off Maidie Mackenzie's gown.

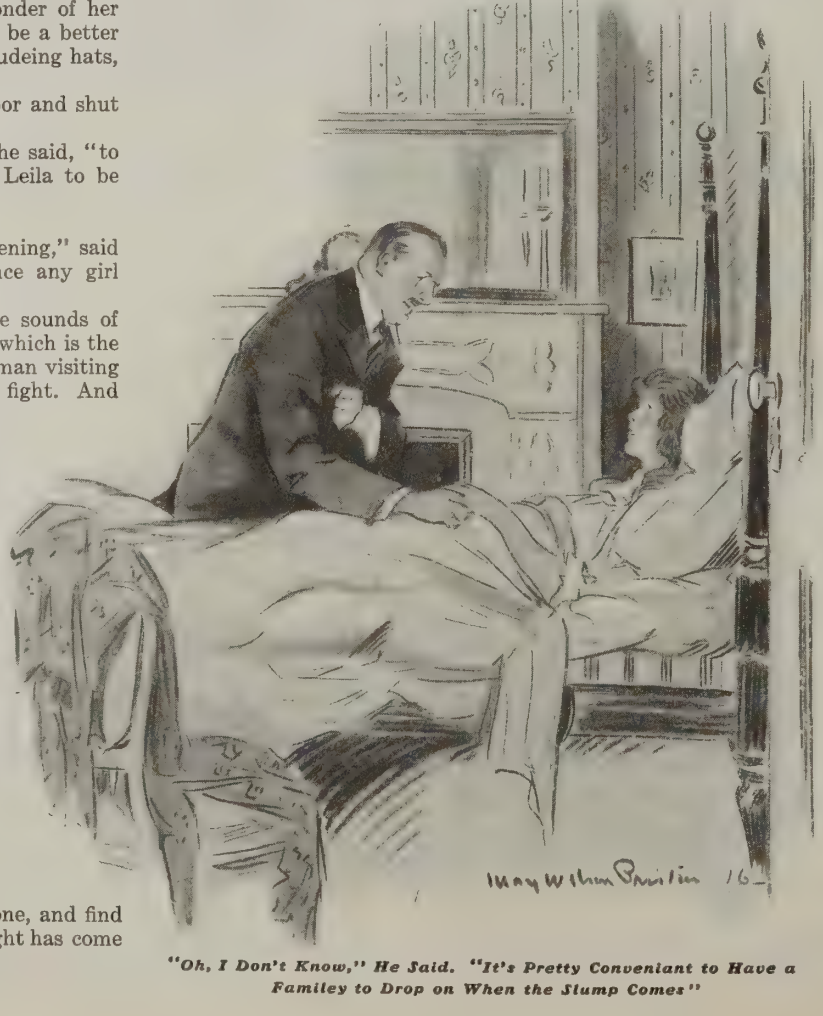
(Yes, it was not Leila's after all. I had forgotten that Maidie had taken her room. And except for pulling it somewhat at the waste, I am sure I did not ingure the old thing.)

I shall now go to bed and dream. Of which one I know not. My heart is full. Romance has come at last into my dull and dreery life. Below, the revelers have gone. The flowers hang their herbacious heads. The music has flowed away into the river of the past. I am alone with my Heart.

JANUARY 14TH. How complacated my Life grows, Dear Dairy! How full and yet how incompleat! How everything begins and nothing ends!

He is in town.

I discovered it at breakfast. I knew I was in for it, and I got down early, counting on mother breakfasting in bed.



"Oh, I Don't Know," He Said. "It's Pretty Conveniant to Have a Familey to Drop on When the Slump Comes"

I would have felt better if father had been at home, becau he understands somwhat the way they keep me dow But he was away about an order for shells, and I was bear my chiding alone. I had eaten my fruit and seria and was about to begin on sausage, when mother came i haveing risen early from her slumbers to take the decor tions to the hospitle.

"So here you are, wreched child!" she said, giving n one of her coldest looks. "Barbara, I wonder if you ev think whither you are tending."

I ate a sausage.

What, Dear Dairy, was there to say?

"To disobey!" she went on. "To force yourself on t atention of Mr. Beresford, in a borowed dress, with yo eyelashes blackend and your face painted ——"

"I should think, mother," I observed, "that if he wan to marry into this family, and is not merly being drag into it, that he ought to see the worst at the start." S glared, without speaking. "You know," I continued, " would be a dreadfull thing to have the Ceramony pe formed and everything to late to back out, and then ha *me* sprung on him. It wouldn't be honest, would it?"

"Barbara!" she said in a terrable tone. "First di obedience, and now sarcasm. If your father was only her I feel so alone and helpless."

Her tone cut me to the heart. After all she was my ow mother, or at least maintained so, in spite of numero questions enjendered by our lack of resemblence, moral well as physicle. But I did not offer to embrase her, as s was at that moment poring out her tea. I hid my mise behind the morning paper, and there I beheld the fat vision. Had I felt any doubt as to the state of my afectio it was settled then. My heart leaped in my bosom. M face sufused. My hands trembled so that a piece of sa sage sliped from my fork. *His picture looked out at me wi that well remembered gase from the depths of the morni paper.*

Oh, Adrian, Adrian!

Here in the same city as I, looking out over perchan the same newspaper to perchance the same sun, wonde ing—ah, what he was wondering?

I was not even then, in that first Rapture, foolish abo him. I knew that to him I was probably but a tend memory. I knew, to, that he was but human and probab very concieted. On the other hand, I pride myself on bei a good judge of character, and he carried nobilaty in eve linament. Even the obliteration of one eye by the print could only hamper but not destroy his dear face.

"Barbara," mother said sharply. "I am speaking. A you being sulkey?"

"Pardon me, mother," I said in my gentlest tones. " was but dreaming." And as she made no reply, but ra the bell visciously, I went on, pursuing my line of though "Mother, were you ever in Love?"

"Love! What sort of Love?"

I sat up and stared at her.

"Is there more than one sort?" I demanded.

"There is a very silly, schoolgirl Love," s said, eyeing me, "that people outgrow and blu to look back on."

"Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Do you blush to look back on it?"

Mother rose and made a sweaping gesture wi her right arm.

"I wash my hands of you!" she said. "Y are impertanent and indelacate. At your age was an inocent child, not troubleing with thin that did not concern me. As for Love, I had nev heard of it until I came out."

"Life must have burst on you like an expl sion," I observed. "I suppose you thought th babies ——"

"Silense!" mother shreiked. And seeing th she persisted in ignoreing the real things of Li while in my presense, I went out, cluching t precious paper to my Heart.

JANUARY 15TH. I am alone in my *boud* (which is realy the old schoolroom, and used n for a sowing room).

My very soul is sick, oh Dairy. How can I fa the truth? How write it out for my eyes to se But I must. For *something must be done.* T play is failing.

The way I discovered it was this. Yesterda being short of money, I sold my amethyst pin Jane, one of the housemaids, for two dolla throwing in a lace coller when she seemed dou ful, as I had a special purpose for useing func Had father been at home I could have touch him, but mother is diferent.

I then went out to buy a frame for his pictu which I had repaired by drawing in the oth eye, although lacking the Fire and passiona look of the originle. At the shop I was compel to show it, to buy a frame to fit. The clerk w almost overpowered.

"Do you know him?" she asked, in a low and throbing
ne.
"Not intimitely," I replied.
"Don't you love the play?" she said. "I'm crazy about
I've been back three times. Parts of it I know off by
art. He's very handsome. That picture don't do him
stise."
I gave her a searching glanse. Was it posible that, with-
t any acquaintance with him whatever, she had fallen
love with him? It was indeed. She showed it in every
e of her silly face.
I drew myself up hautily. "I should think it would be
ry expencive, going so often," I said, in a cool tone.
"Not so very. You
, the play is a fail-
, and they give us
ls tickets to dress the
use. Fill it up, you
ow. Half the girls
the store are crazy
out Mr. Egleston."
My world shuddered
out me. What—
l! That beautiful
y, ending "My dar-
g, my woman?" It
uld not be. Fate
uld not be cruel.
as there no apreciа-
n of the best in Art?
as it indeed true, as
ss Everett has com-
ined, although not
these exact words,
t the theater was
ly supported now
chorus girl's legs,
ncing about in uter
ndon.
With an expression
despair on my fea-
es, I left the store,
rrying the Frame
der my arm.
One thing is certain.
nust see the play
in, and judge it with
riticle eye. *If it is*
th saving, it must
saved.

ANUARY 16TH. Is it
y a day since I saw
, Dear Dairy? Can
much have hap-
ed in the single
se of a few hours? I
k in my mirror, and
ok much as before,
y with perhaps a
ch of paller. Who
uld not be pale?
have seen *him* again, and there is no longer any doubt
ny heart. Page Beresford is atractive, and if it were not
circumstances as they are I would not anser for the
osequences. But things *are* as they are. There is no
hageing that. And I have read my own heart.
am not fickel. On the contrary, I am true as steal.
have put his Picture under my mattress, and have
in Jane my gold cuff pins to say nothing when she
es my bed. And now, with the house full of People
lonstairs acting in a flipent and noisy maner, I shall
erd how it all happened.
y finantial condition was not improved this morning,
ter haveing not returned. But I knew that I must see
play, as mentioned above, even if it became necesary
o orow from Hannah. At last, seeing no other way, I
ril this, but failed.
"What for?" she said, in a suspisious way.
"I need it terrably, Hannah," I said.
"You'd ought to get it from your mother, then, Miss
Bahara. The last time I gave you some you paid it back
postage stamps, and I haven't written a letter since.
Th're all stuck together now, and a totle loss."
"Very well," I said, fridgidly. "But the next time you
ree anything ——"
"How much do you want?" she asked.
I took a quick look at her, and I saw at once that she had
losed to lend it to me and then run and tell mother,
eaning, "I think you'd ought to know, Mrs. Archi-
al ——"
"Nothing doing, Hannah," I said, in a most dignafied
ma,r. "But I think you are an old clam, and I don't
nit saying so."
I was now thrown on my own resourses, and very biter.
I sened to have no Friends, at a time when I needed them
os when I was, as one may say, "standing with reluc-
ten feet, where the brook and river meet."

Tonight I am no longer sick of life, as I was then. My throws of anguish have departed. But I was then uterly reckless, and even considered running away and going on the stage myself.

I have long desired a career for myself, anyhow. I have a good mind, and learn easily, and I am not a Paracite. The idea of being such has always been repugnent to me, while the idea of a few dollars at a time doaled out to one of independant mind is galling. And how is one to remember what one has done with one's Allowance, when it is mostly eaten up by Small Lones, Carfare, Stamps, Church Collection, Rose Water and Glycarine, and other Mild Cosmetics, and the aditional Food necesary when one is still growing.

I Had to Duck Back Into Bed and Crush Everything. But She Only Looked In and Said to Try and Behave for the Next Three Hours

To resume, Dear Dairy; haveing uterly failed with Hannah, and haveing shortly after met Sis on the stairs, I said to her, in a sisterly tone, intimite rather than fond:

"I darsay you can lend me five dollars for a day or so."

"I darsay I can. But I won't," was her cruel reply.

"Oh, very well," I said breifly. But I could not refrain from making a grimase at her back, and she saw me in a mirror.

"When I think," she said heartlessly, "that that wreched school may be closed for weaks, I could scream."

"Well, scream!" I replied.

"You'll scream harder if I've brought the meazles home on me. And if you're laid up, you can say goodbye to the Dishonorable. You've got him tide, maybe," I remarked, "but not thrown as yet."

(A remark I had learned from one of the girls, Trudie Mills, who comes from Montana.)

I was therfor compeled to dispose of my silver napkin ring from school. Jane was bought up, she said, and I sold it to the cook for fifty cents and half a minse pie—although baked with our own materials.

All my Fate, therfor, hung on a paltrey fifty cents.

I was torn with anxiety. Was it enough? Could I, for fifty cents, steel away from the sordid cares of life, and lose myself in obliviousness, gaseing only at his dear Face, listening to his dear and softly modulated Voice, and wondering if, as his eyes swept the audiance, they might perchance light on me and brighten with a momentary gleam in their unfathomible Depths. Only this and nothing more, was my expectation.

How diferent was the reality!

Haveing ascertained that there was a matinee, I departed at an early hour after luncheon, wearing my blue velvet with my fox furs. White gloves and white topped shoes compleated my outfit, and, my own *chapeau* showing the effect of a rainstorm on the way home from church while away at school, I took a chance on one of Sis's, a perfectly madening one of rose-colored velvet. As the pink made me look pale, I added a touch of rouge.

I looked fully out, and indeed almost Second Season. I have a way of assumeing a serious and mature maner, so that I am frequently taken for older than I realy am. Then, takeing a few roses left from the decorations, and thrusting them carelessly into the belt of my coat, I went out the back door, as Sis was getting ready for some girls to bridge, in the front of the house.

Had I felt any greif at decieving my familey, the bridge party would have knocked them. For, as usual, I had not been asked, although playing a good game myself, and haveing on more than one ocasion won most of the money in my house at school.

I was early at the theater. No one was there, and women were going around taking covers off the seats. My fifty cents gave me a good seat, from which I opined, alas, that the shop girl had been right and busness was roten. But at last, after hours of waiting, the faint tuneing of musicle instruments was heard.

From that time I lived in a daze. I have never before felt so strange. I have known and respected the Other Sex, and indeed once ortwise been kissed by it. But I had remained Cold. My Pulses had never fluttered. I was always conserned only with the fear that others had overseen and would perhaps tell. But now—I didnot care whowould see, if only Adrian would put his arms about me. Divine shamlessness! Brave wrapture! For if one who he could not posibly love, being so close to her in her make-up, if one who was indeed employed to be made Love to, could submit in public to his embrases, why should not I, who would have died for him?

These were my thought as the Play went on. The hours flew on joyous feet. When Adrian came to the footlights and looking aparently square at me, declaimed: "The World owes me a liveing. I will have it," I almost swooned. His clothes were worn. He looked hungry and ghaunt. But how true that

"Rags are royal raimant, when worn for virtue's sake."

(I shall stop here and go down to the pantrey. I could eat no dinner, being filled with emotion. But I must keep strong if I am to help Adrian in his Trouble. The minse pie was excelent, but after all pastrey does not take the place of solid food.)

LATER: I shall now go on with my recitle. As the theater was almost emty, at the end of Act One I put on the pink hat and left it on as though absent-minded. There was no one behind me. And, although during Act One I had thought that he perhaps felt my presense, he had not once looked directly at me.

But the hat captured his erant gaze, as one may say. And, after capture, it remained on my face, so much so that I flushed and a woman sitting near with a very plain girl in a Skunk Coller, observed:

"Realy, it is outragous."

Now came a moment which I thrill even to recolect. For Adrian plucked a pink rose from a vase—he was in the milionaire's house, and was starveing in the midst of luxury—and held it to his lips.

The rose, not the house, of course. Looking over it, he smiled down at me.

LATER: It is midnight. I cannot sleep. Perchanse he to is lieing awake. I am sitting at the window in my *robe de nuit*. Below, mother and Sis have just come in, and Smith has slamed the door of the car and gone back to

the *garage*. How puney is the life my Familey leads! Nothing but eating and playing, with no Higher Thoughts.

A man has just gone by. For a moment I thought I recognised the footstep. But no, it was but the night watchman.

JANUARY 17TH. Father still away. No money, as mother absolutely refuses on account of Maidie Mackenzie's gown, which she had to send away to be repaired.

JANUARY 18TH. Father still away. The Hon. sent Sis a huge bunch of orkids today. She refused me even one. She is always tight with flowers and candy.

JANUARY 19TH. The paper says that Adrian's Play is going to close the end of next week. No busness. How can I endure to know that he is sufering, and that I cannot help, even to the extent of buying one ticket? Matinee today, and no money. Father still away.

I have tried to do a kind Deed today, feeling that perhaps it would soften mother's heart and she would advance my alowance. I offered to manacure her nails for her, but she refused, saying that as Hannah had done it for many years, she guessed she could manadge now.

JANUARY 20TH. Today I did a desparate thing, dear Dairy.

"The desparatest is the wisest course." Butler.

It is Sunday. I went to Church, and thought things over. What a wonderfull thing it would be if I could save the play! Why should I feel that my Sex is a handycap?

The recter preached on "The Opportunaties of Women." The serman gave me courage to go on. When he said, "Women today step in where men are afraid to tred, and bring success out of failure," I felt that it was meant for me.

Had no money for the Plate, and mother atempted to smugle a half dollar to me. I refused, however, as if I cannot give my own money to the heathen, I will give none. Mother turned pale, and the man with the plate gave me a black look. What can he know of my reasons?

Beresford lunched with us, and as I discouraged him entirely, he was very atentive to Sis. Mother is planing a big Wedding, and I found Sis in the store room yesterday looking up mother's wedding vale.

No old stuff for me.

I guess Beresford is trying to forget that he kissed my hand the other night, for he called me "Little Miss Barbara" today, meaning little in the sense of young. I gave him a stern glanse.

"I am not any littler than the other night," I observed.

"That was merly an afectionate diminutive," he said, looking uncomfortable.

"If you don't mind," I said coldly, "you might do as you have hertofore—reserve your afectionate advances until we are alone."

"Barbara!" mother said. And began quickly to talk about a Lady Somthing or other we'd met on a train in Switzerland. Because—they can talk until they are black in the face, dear Dairy, but it is true—we do not know any of the British nobilaty, except the aforementioned and the man who comes once a year with flavering extracts, who says he is the third son of a Barronet.

Every one being out this afternoon, I sudenly had an inspiration, and sent for Carter Brooks. I then put my hair up and put on my blue silk, because while I do not beleive in Woman useing her femanine charm when talking busness, I do beleive that she should look her best under any and all circumstances.

He was rather surprized not to find Sis in, as I had used her name in telephoning.

"I did it," I explained, "because I knew that you felt no interest in me, and I had to see you."

He looked at me, and said:

"I'm rather flabergasted, Bab. I—what ought I to say, anyhow?"

He came very close, dear Dairy, and sudenly I saw in his eyes the horible truth. He thought me in Love with him, and sending for him while the Familey was out.

Words cannot paint my agoney of soul. I steped back, but he siezed my hand, in a caresing gesture.

"Bab!" he said. "Dear little Bab!"

Had my afections not been otherwise engaged, I should have thriled at his accents. But, although handsome and of good familey, although poor, I could not see it that way.

So I drew my hand away, and retreated behind a sofa.

"We must have an understanding, Carter," I said. "I have sent for you, but not for the reason you seem to think. I am in desparate trouble."

He looked dumfounded.

"Trouble!" he said. "You! Why, little Bab ——"

"If you don't mind," I put in, rather petishly, because of not being little, "I wish you would treat me like almost a *debutante*, if not entirely. I am not a child in arms."

"You are sweet enough to be, if the arms might be mine."

I have puzled over this, since, dear Dairy. Because there must be some reason why men fall in Love with me. I am not ugley, but I am not beautifull, my noze being too short. And as for clothes, I get none except Leila's old things. But Jane Raleigh says there are women like that. She has a couzin who has had four husbands and is beginning on a fifth, although not pretty and very slovenly, but with a mass of red hair.

Are all men to be my Lovers?

"Carter," I said ernestly, "I must tell you now that I do not care for you—in that way."

"What made you send for me, then?"

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, loseing my temper somwhat. "I can send for the ice man without his thinking I'm crazy about him, can't I?"

"Thanks."

"The truth is," I said, sitting down and motioning him to a seat in my maturest maner, "I—I want some money. There are many things, but the money comes first."

He just sat and looked at me with his mouth open.

"Well," he said at last, "of course—I suppose you know you've come to a bank that's gone into the hands of a receiver. But aside from that, Bab, it's a pretty mean trick to send for me and let me think—well, no matter about that. How much do you want?"

"I can pay it back as soon as father comes home," I said, to releive his mind. It is against my principals to borow money, especialy from one who has little or none. But since I was doing it, I felt I might as well ask for a lot.

"Could you let me have ten dollars?" I said, in a faint tone.

He drew a long breath.

"Well, I guess yes," he observed. "I thought you were going to touch me for a hundered, anyhow. I—I supose you wouldn't give me a kiss and call it square."

I considered. Because after all, a kiss is not much, and ten dollars is a good deal. But at last my better nature one out.

"Certainly not," I said coldly. "And if there is a String to it I do not want it."

So he apologised, and came and sat beside me, without being a nusance, and asked me what my other troubles were.

"Carter," I said, in a grave voice, "I know that you beleive me young and incapible of Afection. But you are wrong. I am of a most loveing disposition."

"Now see here, Bab," he said. "Be fair. If I am not to hold your hand, or—or be what you call a nusance, don't talk like this. I am but human," he said, "and there is somthing about you lately that—well, go on with your story. Only, as I say, don't try me to far."

"It's like this," I explained. "Girls think they are cold and distant, and indeed, frequently are ——"

"Frequently!"

"Until they meet the Right One. Then they learn that their hearts are, as you say, but human."

"Bab," he said, sudenly turning and faceing me, "an awfull thought has come to me. You are in Love—and not with me!"

"The Truth is," I Said, Sitting Down and Motioning Him to a Seat in My Maturest Maner, "I—I Want Some Money"

"I am in love, and not with you," I said in tradgic ton

I had not thought he would feel it deeply—because haveing been interested in Leila since they went out their Perambulaters together. But I could see it was shock to him. He got up and stood looking in the fire, a his shoulders shook with greif.

"So I have lost you," he said in a smothered voice. A then—"Who is the sneaking schoundrel?"

I forgave him this, because of his being upset, and in wrapt attatude I told him the whole story. He listened, one in a daze.

"But I gather," he said, when at last the recitle w over, "that you have never met the—met him."

"Not in the ordinery use of the word," I remarked. "B then it is not an ordinery situation. We have met and have not. Our eyes have spoken, if not our vocal cord Seeing his eyes on me I added, "If you do not beleive th soul can cry unto soul, Carter, I shall go no further."

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "There is more, is there? I tr it is not paneful, because I have stood as much as I c now without breaking down."

"Nothing of which I am ashamed," I said, rising to full height. "I have come to you for help, Carter. *T play must not fail.*"

We faced each other over those vitle words—faced, a found no solution.

"Is it a good play?" he asked, at last.

"It is a beautiful play. Oh, Carter, when at the end takes his Sweetheart in his arms—the leading lady, a not at all atractive. Jane Raleigh says that the star gen aly *hates* his leading lady—there is not a dry eye in t house."

"Must be a jolly little thing. Well, of course I'm no th atricle manager, but if it's any good there's only one w to save it. Advertize. I didn't know the peace was town, which shows that the publicaty has been roten."

He began to walk the floor. I don't think I have me tioned it, but that is Carter's busness. Not walking t floor. Advertizing. Father says he is quite good, althou only beginning.

"Tell me about it," he said.

So I told him that Adrian was a mill worker, and t villain makes him lose his position, by means of forje And Adrian goes to jail, and comes out, and no one w give him work. So he prepares to blow up a Milionair house, and his sweetheart is in it. He has been to the M ionaire for work and been refused and thrown out, say just before the butler and three footmen push him throu a window, in dramatic tones. "The world owes me a liv ing and I will have it."

"Socialism!" said Carter. "Hard stuff to handel for t two dollar seats. The world owes him a liveing. Hump Still, that's a good line to work on. Look here, Bab, gi me a little time on this, eh what? I may be able to think a trick or two. But mind, not a word to any one."

He started out, but he came back.

"Look here," he said. "Where do we come in on th anyhow? Supose I do think of somthing—what the How are we to know that your beloved and his manig will thank us for buting in, or do what we sugest?"

Again I drew myself to my full heighth.

"I am a person of iron will when my mind is made up I said. "You think of somthing, Carter, and I'll see th it is done."

He gazed at me in a wrapt manner.

"Dammed if I don't beleive you will," he said.

It is now late at night. Beresford has gone. The hou is still. I take the dear Picture out from under my m tress and look at it.

Oh Adrian, my Thespian, my love.

JANUARY 21ST. I have a bad cold, Dear Dairy, and f roten. But only my physicle condition is such. I am hap beyond words. This morning, while moth and Sis were out I called up the thea and inquired the price of a box. The m asked me to hold the line, and then ca back and said it would be ten dollars. told him to reserve it for Miss Putnam my middle name.

I am both terrafied and happy, d Dairy, as I lie here in bed with a hot wa bottle at my feet. I have helped the pl by buying a box, and tonight I shall sit it alone, and he will percieve me there, a consider that I must be at least twenty, or I wou not be there at the theater alone. Hannah l just come in and offered to lend me three dolla I refused hautily, but at last rang for her and to two. I might as well have a taxi tonight.

1 A. M. *The Familey was there.* I might ha known it. Never do I have any luck. I am broken thing, crushed to earth. But "tru crushed to earth will rise again."—Whittier?

I had my dinner in bed, on account of cold, and was let severly alone by the Famil

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The Control of Food Supplies in Blockaded Germany

By ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

THE Government of the United States, under Abraham Lincoln, maintained a complete blockade the Confederacy. The nfederacy had not the wer of organization to de- e measures of otection and ffered severely der the block- e. The Entente wers have es- blished a com- te blockade of e Central Pow- . The Central wers, possess- g highly effi- nt powers of ganization, de- sed internal easures of de- nse. In what ve these meas- es consisted? what extent ve they been ective? These e not political estions; they e economic and dustrial ques- ns.

The food supply of Germany under blockade by the lies is a subject that possesses interest for different oups of individuals occupying widely varying viewpoints. interests the sociologist, since the German measures present the most highly specialized social-service legisla- n ever attempted. The student of nutrition is interested, ce now for the first time a people is subjected to a ioning on a physiological basis. To the economist the rman legislation furnishes illustrations of the enact- nts that are found necessary to erase the laws of trade l install a veritable state socialism.

The German food problem interests a neutral people ose citizens face the constantly increasing cost of living l wish to determine to what extent increase in the cost living represents higher standards, disparity between duction and consumption, increased cost of production, reased cost of distribution or motivated manipulation the factors of supply and demand. The German eriences furnish illustrations of the legislative technic ontrol of production, regulation of distribution, limi- on of price and standardization of consumption. The eriences of one people are the lessons of all, and the iency of wartime differs from that of peacetime in r but not in principle.

In a war of the first magnitude every human being, ry animal and every factor in life acquires a military ue. In a magnetized bar of iron the atoms of the metal r pictured as polarized in space; in a great war the itens of a state are polarized in activity. Not alone r military forces, science, industry and agriculture mar- ed for the state; the humanities, the arts and religion r inevitably entrained.

Development of Efficiency

IN THE carrying on of a great war military, industrial, conomic and social factors are directly concerned. These verlap; and often in the very overlappings lie the most rical features. Perhaps the best materialistic expression f he state of society in a great war is contained in the tement that in a great war the laws of supply and demand re replaced by the law of efficiency. Efficiency is the single ui with which all war operations are measured.

The individual has no rights, and he has but one duty— n that is the duty of a rôle in efficiency. War measures re the visible means by which the forces of society are rganized for the one purpose of carrying on the war. In the hour of maximum need war measures have unlimited orce. This is the situation in which the belligerent ountries find themselves; and from this point of view nu they be judged.

A scheme of war measures, offensive and defensive, comprises the following enactments:

The mobilization of military forces.
The mobilization of transportation facilities.
The mobilization of technical industries.
The mobilization of food supplies and clothing.
The mobilization of capital.

The mobilization of labor; organization of the civil-service army.

The order of enactments may not be the same in different countries, but in the end the necessity for maximum efficiency will enforce extreme war measures along all lines. It was not through necessity alone that Germany first undertook elaborate war measures; the national spirit of Germany had been for three decades the spirit of organization. Individualism in Germany had possessed a smaller content than in France and England; the lesson of communistic efficiency was, therefore, the more easily taught. The Frenchman and Englishman had more liberty than the German; the lesson of communistic efficiency was, therefore, the more painful to learn. But, after two years, the consciousness of the Allies thinks as much in terms of efficiency as does the consciousness of Germany.

Current opinion in the United States is apt to judge the situation in the food supply of Germany solely from the standpoint of the blockade. This is incorrect. The German regulation for the control of the food supplies, the mobilization of the various factors of national subsistence, was in reality a war measure. The food supplies would have been mobilized in Germany had there been no blockade. The establishment of the blockade against foodstuffs accelerated the introduction of regulations for the control of food supplies of the empire, and in part determined the enactments and modified the scale of nutritional units.

The blockade made the mobilization of foodstuffs more difficult in many ways; but, as will be later elucidated, the blockade made less difficult in some ways the enforcement of measures considered necessary by the authorities. The mobilization of food supplies in Germany through governmental control represents, therefore, a war measure and an antiblockade defense, but primarily and essentially an internal war measure. Entirely apart from external considerations, it was necessary for Germany to enact measures to prevent manipulation and speculation in foodstuffs, to eliminate waste and enforce economy.

Switzerland mobilized her grains three months before Germany did. Germany did not undertake serious and studied-out mobilization of her food supplies until eighteen months after the war began. England and France are now undertaking mobilization of food supplies, over two years after the beginning of the war. By March, 1917, regulations for the control, distribution and utilization of foodstuffs and feeds will be in force in England that will lack little of the severity of the present German regulations, though they will doubtless be less elaborate. The inevitable regulations in England have the same foundation as in Germany—efficiency in organization.

Lloyd George and Robertson are as keen on efficiency as Helfferich and Groener, though they have a more individualistically schooled public to deal with. England has one element to contend with that does not exist to embarrass Germany—the pacifist, who regards himself as outside the scope of war measures and may feel inclined to expect the dietary of peacetime. Effective regulation of the production, distribution and prices of foodstuffs must be practically the same problem in all countries in which such control might become necessary, and the enactments would vary little in different countries. Not so with rationing. The rationing of a people will be easy in direct proportion to the efficiency in the households of the masses.

Therefore, the rationing of the French people would be easier than the rationing of the German people, and this in turn easier than the rationing of the English people. Most difficult of all would be the problem of rationing the people of the United States, because we are, of all civilized peoples, the least efficient in household management and the most cantankerous in our notions of diet. In order to understand what Germany has accomplished in the matter of control of the food supplies of her people under stress of blockade it is necessary to have a clear understanding of the factors and quantities concerned in the nutrition of the human body.

Elements of Human Nutrition

THE elements of animal nutrition may be divided into two groups—essential and invariable; accessory and variable. The internal, essential, invariable elements in nutrition are five: Protein; carbohydrate; fat; salts; vitamins.

The body requires certain inorganic salts in variable amounts—chlorides and phosphates: sodium, potassium, iron and calcium. Under the term vitamins are grouped substances of unknown chemical nature that are now known to be necessary in a diet. A diet of polished rice, containing all the known qualitative ingredients of a normal diet, will not maintain normal nutrition in man. If the rice be taken in the natural state, unpolished, the same diet is found to be competent. In the covering of the rice berry is an organic substance that is essential, and this water-soluble substance we term a vitamin. If white rats are given a ration of pure protein, fat, carbohydrate and the normal salts, the animals will not thrive. If, however, a little native fat be added, nutrition becomes normal. In the native fat is a fat-soluble organic substance; that, again, is termed a vitamin. All native meats, grains, vegetables and fruits probably contain vitamins. It will, therefore, be only under most unusual conditions of diet that nutritional disturbances of this kind can develop; and they are indeed uncommon in Caucasians.

Under the term protein we include all the forms of nitrogenous organic substances that are related to the composition of our tissues—white of egg, muscle plasma, blood serum, casein, gluten, gelatin, the albumins, and so on. These proteins, present in both plants and animals, are the food material upon which the growth and repair of the body cells are principally dependent. Some cells of the body endure as long as the body lives, but have a wear and tear; internal parts of the cells must be replaced. Other cells die and must be replaced by new cells. Fats and carbohydrates are needed in the structure of cells, but the amounts involved are minimal in contrast with protein, which is, therefore, termed the chief material for the growth and upkeep of the tissues of the body.

Under the term carbohydrate we include all starches, gums and sugars. These substances are, apart from the sugar of milk, almost entirely of plant origin.

Under the term fats we include all oils, tallows, greases and fats, of either plant or animal origin—suet, lard, butter, olive oil, cottonseed oil. The fats of plant and of animal origin have the same rank in the diet.

The proteins are composed of collections of substances called amino acids, of which some twenty are known. These are regarded as the building stones of the proteins. When proteins are digested they are split into the component

building stones. These are then absorbed, carried to the different tissues of the body, and from these building stones the cells construct the protein needed for growth and repair. The protein of the diet must furnish the different building stones in the needed amounts.

So long as the protein in the diet does furnish the needed building stones in the required amounts it is immaterial from whence the proteins were derived, from plant or animal sources. Plant protein is just as good as animal protein, provided it yields all the building stones; and the mixed plant proteins of a properly selected vegetarian diet do this, though considerably larger amounts are required.

All starches and sugars are in digestion converted into one form of body sugar, glucose. It is, therefore, immaterial from what sources in grains, roots, leaves or fruits the starches are obtained, the final result is the same in the body—glucose, the blood sugar that is the material for all uses of sugar in the body, in growth, in repair and as fuel.

There are four chief utilizations of food in the living body: Food is needed for growth; protein, carbohydrate and fat are all concerned in growth, the protein predominatingly. Food is utilized in upkeep. Food is required in the maintenance of body heat. Food is used in work, through the medium of muscular action. Food utilized for the maintenance of body heat and work is fuel, just as coal is the fuel of the locomotive.

Protein, carbohydrate and fat are alike able to serve as fuel. Fat and carbohydrate are, chemically considered, more naturally to be regarded as fuels than is protein, because fat and sugar are completely burned in the body to water and carbon dioxide, while protein is only partly burned, leaving an unburned residue—urea—which must be removed through the kidneys. In theory, therefore, the ideal relations of the components of a diet are that there shall be enough protein to provide fully for growth, wear and tear and upkeep, the fuel needs being supported by carbohydrate and fat. The body always burns sugar in preference to fat when both are available.

Food Units Required

THE unit of measurement of heat in the body is the calorie. The large calorie, used as the unit in animal nutrition, is equal to the heat required to warm one liter of water one degree centigrade. One gram of protein yields in a calorimeter—a heat-measuring apparatus of the laboratory—about 5.5 calories of heat. Since, however, a portion of the molecule of protein cannot be burned in the animal body, but remains to be eliminated by the kidneys, one gram of protein has in the animal body the heat value of about 4.2 calories. Starch has in the calorimeter and in the animal body the same heat value, about 4 calories to a gram. Fat has in the calorimeter and in the animal body the same heat value, about 9.3 calories to a gram. The gram equals 15.432 grains; the ounce equals about 28.3 grams.

How much protein is required in the diet to maintain growth, wear and tear and upkeep in tissues? This has been one of the great questions of physiology. The earlier standards, fixed in the German laboratories, gave a figure that amounted to about fifteen grains of protein in the diet for each pound body weight of the normally fleshed adult. Children were supposed to require a little more; women and old men a little less. This figure was later somewhat reduced in the standards of Rubner, the leader of the modern German school of dietetics. The British, who are heavy meat eaters, adopted this standard.

The American and Scandinavian schools of physiology, led notably by Chittenden, have long regarded this figure as much too high. Direct experiments on human beings have shown that less than half of this amount is adequate for the protein intake. The statistics of food supplies of different peoples indicate that the figure is much too high. A majority of American teachers of physiology teach that seven grains of complete protein for each pound body weight a day is fully adequate to offer to the body all the building stones required for the tissues of the body. The body weights of Americans, Anglo-Saxons, Teutons and Russians vary from 130 to 155 pounds; the averages in the Latin races are some ten pounds less.

How much fat is required in the diet? As stated, fat and sugar are in large part equivalent. Fat is an expensive fuel on the world's market; starch is the cheap fuel. A diet free of fat is certain to prove incompetent. A diet low in fat is particularly prone to result in nutritional disturbances in children. The average fat inputs—plant and animal fats—in the diet of Americans and Europeans vary between one and three ounces a day, the highest being that of Americans. The input in Japan is much lower, probably not over 0.4 ounce a day.

How much carbohydrate is required in the diet? This depends upon the fuel requirements. The body can be maintained on a diet of protein and fat alone; but it is not an efficient diet, as the protein requirement is much higher in the absence of sugar from the diet. The heat production of the adult fasting body will vary from 1400 to 1700 calories a day, depending upon the size of the body. The heat production of the suckling babe is about 500 to 600 calories.

Let us say that the heat production of a certain man, resting and fasting, is determined to be 1700 calories. When the same resting man is fed the heat production will rise, probably about 150 calories. If he be given 2.5 ounces of protein and 1.3 ounces of fat, these will yield 650 calories, leaving 1200 calories (1850—650) to be obtained from carbohydrates, requiring 11 ounces. If the man be up and about more fuel will be required, even though the type of life be what is termed sedentary. Work requires increasing amounts of fuel with increasing exertions. We speak of light, medium, hard and severe work. A man of average size will require about 2500 calories a day for light work; 3000 for medium work; 4000 for hard work; and up to 6000 for very severe work.

Bodies of different sizes produce different amounts of heat for body heat; but, in general terms, the same unit of work done by men of different sizes requires the same amount of fuel—that is, the mechanical efficiency in men of different sizes is about alike. When a unit of fuel is burned in muscular work three-fourths of the energy is dissipated as heat; one-fourth is converted into work.

The animal muscle is, therefore, about as efficient as th internal combustion engine of best design. The man of 15 pounds body weight, to whom we have given 2.6 ounces protein and 1.3 ounces of fat, can support any amount work by the ingestion of appropriate amounts of carbohy drate alone. In actual life, however, men who work har are in the habit of increasing the fat beyond 1.3 ounces- even beyond 6 ounces.

All protein ingested in excess of the needs of the bod will be burned as fuel; it will serve no synthetic purpose i the body. The animal body will store sugar as glycoge and it will convert excess of sugar into fat; it will store fa as fat; but it refuses to store protein. The body burns of fa and sugar only as much as the heat needs and work neec of the body demand; it burns all protein ingested in exce of tissue needs. Therefore, the urea in the urine in healt always corresponds to the protein in the diet. Protein ha no virtue as a fuel over sugar; rather the contrary, sinc the elimination of the urea imposes work upon the kidney Protein is expensive, and ought not to be used as a fue since cheap carbohydrate serves just as well.

External Factors

A NORMAL diet must contain, in addition to the denom nated nutrients, indigestible material sufficient to for a certain bulkiness in the stools. Fruits and vegetable contribute such indigestible residue, most of all if cor sumed raw; and every diet should contain some raw fru or vegetable.

A normal mixed diet—mixed in the sense that bot plant and animal foodstuffs are included, so chosen as t contain the needed calories—will in practically all instance contain the minimal amounts of protein and fat stated Individual idiosyncrasy, peculiarity in taste or unusua situation in life may rarely bring about a dietary habit i which the protein and fat are below the minimal norm wit a normal caloric intake. But, as a practical rule of diet, mixed diet containing sufficient total calories always cor tains sufficient fat and protein. This dictum holds fo Caucasian peoples only. In the Orient subnutrition i fat and protein is unfortunately of frequent occurrence In England, Australasia and the United States are encoun tered the highest intakes of protein.

The accessory and variable factors of a diet are relate to the life habits and personal tastes of the individual. Th Kanaka and the Eskimo would each find the diet of th other insufferable. The East Indian regards meat a revolting; the European requires plenty of it. The les civilized and sophisticated a people, the fewer externa standards of diet will they possess, apart from such as ar grounded upon su perstition and re ligious tenets. Th more highly civilize the nervous syster the more exactin become the taste relating to food an the act of eating.

The least sophisti cated of men can b rationed practicall as easily as live stock; more easily in fact, than certai highly bred dogs, cat and horses. The ex cessively fastidiou individual require certain foodstuffs obtained in such an such ways, treate with such and suc methods, conserve in a certain wa cooked according to particular recip and served in accor ance with the mo exacting standards delicacy. The Russia peasant represen the one extreme, th parasitic woman re resents the oth extreme; the form may be rationed accordance with th rules of feeding far animals; the latt must be nourished accordance with h idiosyncrasies.

Whole people possess tastes tha

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The All-American Handicap

FELIX

By DAVID GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

T IS said all things are interrelated. The falling of a hair affects the universe. There is no great and no small to the mind of the true philosopher.

But the poor, stumbling, average man is not a philosoer. He ignores the significance of trifles and takes the nsequences.

To De Brancheville, loitering, swinging his walking stick, ere approached a dog that sniffed his leg, satisfied his riosity and passed on. De Brancheville had no suspicion interrelation or entwined fates. Neither had the dog. he Airedale possessed a certain grave charm which pealed to De Brancheville. "I must get a dog like at," he thought. And there apparently the matter ded. Other dogs might have prompted the same mark, for it is a theory with bachelors that nothing so comforting as a dog with wistful, yearning eyes. dog understands the loneliness of single life, likewise preciousness.

It was the ninth of May and the gods had shed on Paris one of those mornings that compel thanksving for mere unblessed existence. These were the lcyon days, before the war, when Paris was the ris of Americans. The young green of the grass and es shimmered ecstatic with spring. The street owds moved gayly. Men and women smiled without knowing why. Even the patient anglers on the ays fished with a livelier hope, and above spread a y of milky blue into which Notre Dame thrust its ay ancient towers.

As they say of pickpockets, De Brancheville's dog end was "working the street."

He was very thorough. He left nothing unexplored ich might have sheltered a cat or an uncovered rbage pail.

"Magnificent!" thought De Brancheville. "A life thout a lost opportunity! I certainly must get a g like that." But he knew that he never would. e had kept dogs in bachelor's rooms before. He was aving a friendly adieu to the Airedale, when the ttle of pole chains and clatter of high-stepping rses attracted his notice. In a landau of the Sec-d Empire sat an old lady straight up, an old lady that s obviously a personage. She had seen him and called the coachman. The carriage swept up to the curb.

'So it is really you," she said abruptly. "I predicted u were never coming back."

De Brancheville raised his hat.

'To err is human, darling aunt."

'Unchanged," she observed, "irreverent to the old, and ppose," she added, "no more obedient!"

He laughed. "Perhaps disobedience is no longer necesy. I hear she married Gogo and has twins."

'It is true, but grandpapa has now another one selected you. He is going to give you another chance. He will pleased to know you have come back."

De Brancheville looked at her suspiciously.

It is the truth," she said. "He talks of her the whole e. 'What a wife for George!' he says."

Suggest that he marry her himself!" said De Brancheille.

He might at that," she answered, "only he is obstinate. insists that you must do it, if only to make amends. was very angry when you ran away."

Is a man to marry to please his grandfather!" cried Brancheville. "Mark you, darling, I marry no one! I through with women. I have pleasant things to do and so many years in which to do them. I am not going to umber myself."

But, my dear, you are a beggar! You are dependent grandpapa!"

Perhaps," he said; "perhaps not."

er old eyes fastened on him.

You have made money, eh? A De Brancheville that made money!" She threw her head back and laughed.

Let us talk about you," he suggested. "How are you?"

Why, older, of course, and in trouble as always. Yes! There is something you can do for me. You are the one! When will you come?"

This afternoon."

Good." She held out her hand. He kissed it dutifully. She spoke to the coachman and was gone.

A very bad and delightful old woman," he commented. He stood by the curb gazing after the carriage, meditating upon her information. So grandpapa had again selected a wife for him! That old man's hobby was selecting wives. It made life difficult.

What De Brancheville's experience with the female of his species had been only the Recording Angel knew, but it was common knowledge that he had fled home and prospect to avoid marriage. Now he had come back, to find the same situation facing him. There was, however, one helpful circumstance. He was now independent of grandpapa.

Within an Hour He Returned With an Airedale of Bluestock Strain

Before he had fled penniless. He had gone hungry and cold. He had labored. He had staggered with parched tongue across the desert toward the mirage, only to have it vanish again and again, but in the end he had been victor. As he ran over those years in memory, he asked himself why he had left that large open country. The desert refreshed him. The Arizona night thrilled him. The purple mountains at sunset stirred him to tears, but something stronger than these had brought him back. What was it? He could not say. Of only one thing he was sure. It was not to marry a lady selected by his grandpapa. It was not to marry anyone. His younger brother could do that and succeed to the family honors. He himself was for freedom.

Suddenly a cat's snarl rent the air, followed by the rush of padded feet. Almost instantly a dog's wail of agony followed. He knew what had happened. A dog pursuing a cat had been struck by a motor car. Looking round he saw a limousine stop abruptly. The door was flung open and there leaped out a figure lithe and swift and light; a vision white and pink and blossomy.

When he reached her, she was hugging his friend, the muddy Airedale, comforting it passionately. Tears were in her eyes.

"No, not that way, Bobby," she called to the young man in the car. He was struggling with the rug. "Fold it double! That's wrong again! You hold him!"

Bobby hesitated. It seemed superfluous that two people should be contaminated.

"Permit me," said De Brancheville, in English. He rested his walking stick in the car and the dog was in his arms.

The girl gave him a little grateful look, leaped in, spread the rug according to her own ideas, and directed the operation of placing the patient upon it.

"It's nothing very serious," said De Brancheville. He had been going over the case. "Ribs all right. The wheel missed his body. There's just the broken leg."

The patient's tongue slipped out and licked gratefully at his wrist.

Her hat brim lifted and she was smiling in his face, out of misty half-closed eyes.

"He's fond of you!" she said.

"Yes," he answered vaguely. He might as well have said no. But he was gazing into her face, and he did not know what he said. She bent her head again and the hat with the pink roses came down between them. She slipped her hands out of the wrists of her long white gloves and stroked the dog's head. Something dewy and tender glistened in her half-shut eyes, some ineffable grace of spirit shone through her movements. To De Brancheville came a sense of meeting Spring face to face.

Suddenly she looked up again.

"What is his honorable name?"

He did not even hesitate. It was fate.

"I call him Felix," he said.

"Meaning lucky?"

"Exactly!" Liar and dog thief, he stood unashamed and gazed at the vision, till the unfeeling hat brim came down again.

"Vera," said the young man in the car, "you promised to be at Carruthers' at eleven. It is now ten minutes past."

There was a moment's hesitation, then she answered: "Carruthers can wait! We must take the dog home!"

"The dog is comfortable," said Bobby. "Why not drop us at the bank first?"

"Well," she said doubtfully.

"It is the only thing to do," said De Brancheville. He mounted to the front seat as if the matter was settled.

For a moment she was nonplused. A strange man was on the front seat of her car, his dog on the floor and his walking stick standing familiarly in the corner. Her eyes rested a moment on the cane and an exclamation stopped on her lips. Her expression changed to amused wonder.

"To the bank," she said to the chauffeur.

Bobby looked at her in amazement. She smiled sweetly but said nothing.

As the car rolled down the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, De Brancheville repeated a name under his breath:

"Vera," he murmured, "Primavera, Spring herself."

Near the Bourse they turned and drew up before the banking house of Carruthers.

"Bobby," she said, "go in and find out what they want. I'm not going in if I can help it." With a glance at De Brancheville's back and a suppressed giggle she slipped down to the floor and began to fondle the dog.

De Brancheville turned and regarded the scene. The lot of the dog seemed enviable.

"Really," he said, "you will spoil Felix."

"You can't spoil a dog," she answered.

They both laughed and her hat brim came down again.

"His collar seems to be uncomfortable," she went on. "You must take it off when you get home."

It was a curiously thick collar, studded with brass nails and set with a name plate which was on the underside of his neck, and for the most part out of sight.

He assented and there was a pause.

"I feel very guilty," he began presently, "at causing *monsieur* and yourself so much trouble."

"*Monsieur?*" she repeated. "You mean Mr. Clay?"

Apparently, then, she was not married, which was odd, for hers was not the charm of a girl but of a woman in the thirties.

"I suppose so," said De Brancheville.

"He doesn't mind," she went on. "He has nothing to do."

At this moment Bobby appeared.

"They want you to come in," he said.

"I won't," she answered without looking up. "If I've overdrawn they can notify Purdy."

"Vera," he began, "you've got to come in."

She looked up. "What's the matter?" she demanded.

He hesitated, glancing at De Brancheville.

"Go on," she insisted.

"Well," he said, "apparently you've been buying rubber; the market's broken; Purdy's gone to Nice with the keys of your box; and you've got to put up more margin before the Bourse opens. You've got twenty minutes."

"But, Bobby," she began. Then stopped hopelessly.

"Father's somewhere in Spain," he said. "I don't know what to advise."

Primavera in distress was silent. Again fate inspired De Brancheville with an idea. After all what was more natural? He twisted himself round on the driver's seat:

"I know these people. If you will permit me I think I can make them undertake to protect your securities for the time being at least."

She turned grateful eyes upon him.

"No! No!" she said, but he had leaped from the seat and was disappearing into the bank. Once inside he paused but there was no turning back.

"Take my name to Mr. Carruthers," he said. A few moments later the attendant ushered him into a private office, where Mr. James Carruthers sat at a mahogany desk.

"For the love of heaven," exclaimed Carruthers, "where did you drop from?"

"The sky," said De Brancheville. "But that's neither here nor there. What does Purdy mean by going off to Nice with her keys?"

"You'll have to ask Purdy," said Carruthers. He evinced no surprise at De Brancheville's appearance in the transaction. "We carried her yesterday. We can't do any more."

"You're not going to sell her out?"

"Got to."

De Brancheville looked blankly at the wall.

"Well, of course, you can't do that," he said thoughtfully. "How much have you got to have?"

"She's in pretty deep," was the answer.

"Well?" said De Brancheville.

Carruthers consulted a memorandum and pushed it over to his visitor.

De Brancheville examined it, took out his pocketbook and tossed a check on the desk. It was the gesture with which a man pays for a newspaper with a dollar bill.

Carruthers glanced up at him.

"That'll more than do," he said.

"Keep the change," said De Brancheville impassively; "I'll indorse it."

"George," said the banker, "of course I can understand why you do this, but all the same it's awfully decent of you. Not many men would."

De Brancheville eyed him thoughtfully. So Carruthers understood. He wished he did. However, there was nothing to say. He rose. "Just one thing, Jim; don't let anyone know about this!"

"I'll have to tell her."

"No, not even her," said De Brancheville. "She's to think you've carried her. When Purdy gets back put the check to my credit." He went out.

He met her at the door of the bank. She was coming in.

"It's all arranged," he said casually. "Sorry to keep you so long. You see it wasn't anything serious."

"You are so very good," she answered. "I was fearfully worried. I don't see how I can ever thank you."

He bowed.

"Don't try!"

As they went out she gazed at him a moment with half-shut eyes, and De Brancheville was not displeased.

"We must get Felix attended to," she said.

"Felix? Oh, yes," he answered. "For the present I'm stopping at the ——. If you would drive us there ——"

She shook her head.

"That won't do. You know where they'd keep him?"

"I might manage to have him in my rooms."

"No, I tried it once. The only thing to do is to let him go home with me."

"You're very good," said De Brancheville solemnly, "but, of course, that wouldn't do!"

"But you could come and see him," she broke in. "It certainly isn't fair to have him cooped up in that fearful place they'd keep him in at the hotel."

"If you put it that way, what can I do?" he said.

She smiled at him and then the hat brim came down.

"Bobby," she commanded, "go some place and telephone Doctor Dupin that I want him to come at once and set a leg. Don't say whose leg!"

Bobby departed.

"Do you really think you ought to do this?" said De Brancheville. "Picking dogs out of the street is all very Christian, you know, but what will your family say?"

"I don't see how it concerns anyone but Felix," she retorted.

"But you know nothing of Felix."

"One takes a dog for what he appears," she answered. "However," she added whimsically, "it might make Felix more comfortable if I knew something about him. What sort of life has he led?"

Their eyes met.

"What would you guess?"

"Perhaps diplomacy? The pet of courts; things like that?" There was a disingenuous ring in her voice, but it escaped him.

De Brancheville shook his head.

"Things like this: Bartender in Los Angeles, cook with a cow outfit, watcher in an Albuquerque gambling house, prospector, miner."

Her color deepened a little and she dropped her eyes.

"Then he's seen a great deal of life."

"If you call it life."

"It is my idea of life. If the West gets into the blood it's there always. Why is it that the desert gets hold of you so?" As she spoke she seemed to be gazing across unseen wastes of mesa.

"The mirage," he answered; "one is always following it expecting it to come true."

"And it never does?"

"It never has," he answered. "But who knows? You know the West?"

"Yes," she said.

Then Bobby appeared.

"While I think of it," she said, "you might give me the key to his collar. We must take it off. It's too heavy!"

De Brancheville caught a glimpse of one end of the name plate. It was engraved with a name he could not make out. At the same time he fumbled falsely

"There is, of Course, the Possibility That This is Not the Stolen Radium. Would You Care to Examine It?"

in his pocket. "This really is another dog's collar," he said, "and the key must be in my baggage. Have the lock filed! I'll get a new one."

"If we're to be back by noon," said Bobby, "we'd better be off."

"Can we drop you anywhere?" she asked De Brancheville. "I'm sorry, but some people are coming to breakfast."

"I'm walking," he answered and got out of the car.

"Don't forget," she called, "Felix will be in at five," and the car shot forward.

"But where?" called De Brancheville. His voice was lost in the noise of the machine. A little hand waved once and the car glided on. De Brancheville stood for a time gazing after it. Obviously she assumed that he had found out who she was from Carruthers. It was unfortunate but hardly serious.

II

THAT morning De Brancheville had planned to drop in at his club, get someone to lunch with him and pick up the threads of his old life. Instead he went back to the hotel and lunched in his room. At this juncture an analytical man would have consulted his watch and observed that, whereas exactly one hour and twenty-three minutes before he had been in possession of complete personal liberty, a sane mind and a small fortune, he was now penniless, save for the money in his pocket, had stolen someone's dog and was in anything but a state of philosophic calm.

De Brancheville, however, was not analytical. He was a man of action, and the thing to be done was to find out who Primavera was and where she lived. He decided to go to Carruthers and make a clean breast of it. He had been too clever with Carruthers. He got to the bank about two and found that Carruthers had gone for the day, presumably racing. Then he had an idea that there might be a clew in Purdy. Purdy must have an office. He got a telephone book, found six Purdys and gave that up. Fate being against him, he killed time till five and then, according to his promise, presented himself at his aunt's.

"George," she began, "you roused my curiosity this morning. Obviously you have made money. I want to know how. Have you married a black heiress?"

He shook his head.

"A gold mine?"

"Not a gold mine."

"But a mine—silver perhaps?" Her keen eyes lighted.

"No, darling," he said, "not a silver mine. The fact is, I stumbled on a very extraordinary deposit of pitchblende, or uranium oxide, from which radium is extracted. To make a long story short, I brought back my fortune in my waistcoat pocket, the only safe place except the stocking."

"I can never tell whether you are joking," she sai "but you must have money or you would not be so ind pendent of grandpapa."

"Your reasoning is sound," he answered. "Moreover, money or lack of it is the trouble you mentioned ——"

"Money is not my trouble," she answered. "It is yo cousin Raoul. I suppose you have not heard. He is engag to marry an American."

"And you and grandpapa oppose it?"

"On the contrary we like it very much. She is adorab and well to do."

"Then what is the fly in the ointment?"

"She refuses to see him. She is behaving unreasonably

"What has Raoul done?"

"Absolutely nothing. At Longchamps, three days ag he stopped to speak with De Belleville, who was with little actress from the Follies. Raoul had no reason believe that his fiancée was there, but of course the she was, with some English people. Of course al she saw him, believed that it was he who had brough the girl and will hear no explanation. Natural Raoul is indignant, but what can he do?"

"Is she fond of him?"

"She adores him."

"Then why worry? It will com out all right."

"But the end of the week we a all to go to grandpapa's in th country. Now she refuses to g to the country and she threate to write and tell why. You kno the duke."

"He can be unpleasant, like a moralists," said De Branchevil sympathetically. "But what ca I do?"

"You must see her and persuad her. She will listen to you. Yo have a bad reputation and beside are attractive."

De Brancheville bowed.

"But why don't you see he mother?"

"You can do nothing with the mothe She refuses to interfere. These Amer icans have no authority with their daugh ters. And there is no father. I believ he died before the child was born. Yo must see the girl herself."

"But is it proper?"

"I shall arrange that. I shall write the mother. Besides have I not told you they are Americans?"

"Well," he said resignedly, "I suppose I'm to be the goat.

"The what?"

"It is slang, darling," he explained. "American slang It means I'll go. Not to-morrow. I have business to-morro afternoon, but the next day."

"I can arrange it for to-morrow morning," she sai "Say eleven; there is need of haste."

"Very well then, to-morrow morning."

"I knew you would go," she said affectionately. "Yo grow more delightful every year. It is the accumulatio of sin."

"I want you to know I'm extremely good," he sai reprovingly. "And if I accept this embassy, the least yo can do is to mollify grandpapa. Whom does he want t marry me to this time?"

"A widow," she answered. "And that is all that is goo for you to learn from me."

"A widow!" murmured De Brancheville. "Holy Blu A widow!" Never had the idea of marrying a woma selected by his grandfather seemed so objectionable.

Tea was brought in and they talked of other things. A he rose to go, his aunt gave him a note of introduction t his cousin's prospective family. He put it in his pocke presented his cheek to be kissed and departed. This du over he drove to his club and telephoned Carruthers' hous It was time Carruthers should have returned from Lon champs. The answer to his inquiry filled him with disma Carruthers had not gone racing but to London. He mig not return for several days.

De Brancheville walked back to his hotel meditating telegram to Carruthers. It was not an easy telegram frame. Moreover, he would first have to wait till Ca ruthers reached London and then obtain his addres Entering the hotel he bought an evening paper and glanc at the Bourse news. Rubber, after a stormy day, had reco ered three points. He was about to toss the sheet in a wastebasket when his attention was attracted by a advertisement that read as follows:

LOST—Male Airedale terrier, with brass-mounted collar beari name Blazonby Bluestock. Five thousand francs reward. No qu tions asked! Notify this office!

A premonition told him that this referred to Fel Some foolish woman was the owner. Hence the enormo reward. Ruminating on the import of this new develo ment, he crossed to the office and inquired for letters.

'Some packages were left for you," said the clerk. had them sent to your room. There are no letters."

As De Brancheville entered his sitting room he saw on table a little bundle wrapped in white tissue paper and d with narrow ribbon. A card was attached to it, on ich his name was written in a woman's hand. He opened nd gazed upon the dog collar that Felix had worn. It s engraved Blazonby Bluestock.

De Brancheville whistled softly. The unknown goddess spring knew his name. She must have telephoned Carhers as soon as she got home. But that was neither here there. A bereaved female was advertising frantically for ix. Two courses lay open to him. One was to confess the th as soon as possible and be ejected like Adam from the den. The other was to acquire honest title to the dog confess only when nothing was to be risked by confesn. There were difficulties, however, in the way of the er plan. A woman that would offer a thousand dollars ard for an Airedale would be unlikely to sell it at any ce. Moreover, until rubber further recovered, or until dy came back, all the money that De Brancheville had he world was some twenty-five hundred francs in notes. Suddenly an inspiration came to him. He would purse an Airedale, as much like Felix as possible, and return nonymously with the Blazonby Bluestock collar. The y chance of a slip-up would be if Primavera should pen to see the advertisement. Even then there was a y out. He had intimated that he had once owned zonby Bluestock. Well, Blazonby was now the property Mrs. John Doe. His ingenuity exhilarated him. It was perfect alibi. He glanced at his watch and hurried out, pping first to purchase a new padlock, the key of which ed the old one, and then on in search of dog fanciers. thin an hour he returned with an Airedale of Bluestock ain, to all intents and purposes the double of Felix. It s wholly possible that the two might have been brothers. then wrote an unsigned note, waiving claim to the ard, addressed it to the owner of Blazonby Bluestock l sent it with the dog by a messenger to the newspaper ce. By this time he was ready for dinner. Stopping at office desk to have a bank note changed, the mail clerk led and inquired if monsieur had received the packages ch had been sent to his room.

I got one," said De Brancheville; "were there more?"

There were two," said the clerk. "One like this"—he icated with his hands the size of the package that had apparently been the dog collar—"and another quite small, cubical, like a little package of chocolates but heavier. They were both wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with ribbon."

"I found the large one," said De Brancheville; "that was all."

The clerk looked troubled. "The servant who took them to your rooms has gone for the night," he said. "If monsieur doesn't find it, please notify me and the first thing in the morning we shall investigate." He felt sure, however, that monsieur would discover it.

"All right," said De Brancheville; "but it can be of no great importance."

He went to his rooms. No small cubical package was in evidence. As he bathed and dressed he kept up an intermittent search. Once it seemed to him that someone had been through the drawers of the chiffonier. His neckties were disarranged and his shirts looked as if they had been taken out and hurriedly replaced. But nothing was missing. His necktie pins and pearl studs were in his jewel box. He dismissed his suspicions and went down to the restaurant for dinner, notifying the clerk that the cubical package had not been found.

De Brancheville dined well that evening. An old Burgundy sent a pleasant warmth through his veins. He reviewed the day and his reflections were agreeable. He congratulated himself upon the happy inspiration which had prompted him to name the dog Felix. Felix was indeed a lucky dog for him. It annoyed him, to be sure, that Primavera should be perhaps close by and he powerless even to send her a message. He wanted to send her endless pink roses addressed to The Mirage, but he could do it on the morrow. As he lighted his cigar he gave over day dreaming. He must get Carruthers' London address and wire him. He went to his room and was at work on the telephone directory when the salon door opened noiselessly and two strange men entered.

"One usually knocks," said De Brancheville.

"You are Monsieur De Brancheville?" asked one of the men.

"I am," said De Brancheville. "What do you want?"

"We have business with you," said the second.

"It is my duty to inform you," the first man explained, "that you are under arrest."

De Brancheville regarded him calmly. "Will you have the goodness to explain why and for what?"

"You will be informed by the proper authorities," replied the officer. "Are you ready to accompany us?"

De Brancheville reflected. Clearly there was no use arguing with the plain-clothes men. He could guess what had happened. In some way the dog's owner had discovered the fraud and De Brancheville's connection with it. It was awkward, but there was nothing to do about it but explain as well as he might. Felix was perhaps not so lucky as he had imagined, but it could not be very serious.

"I am ready," he said; "take me to the *préfet*, or magistrate, or whoever it is that I can explain this matter to."

"The handcuffs will not be necessary," said the officer to his companion, who thereupon put those instruments back in his pocket.

De Brancheville surveyed him gloomily, put on his overcoat and went with his captors.

Twenty minutes later he was sitting in a room at the Central Préfecture waiting for someone—he knew not whom. There was a carpet on the floor, comfortable chairs, a desk with many papers on it and an electric writing lamp. Obviously it was the office of someone of importance. He was puzzled. "Would you mind telling me whom we are waiting for?" he asked one of the detectives.

"Monsieur Le Febre," was the answer.

De Brancheville looked blank. His knowledge of police procedure was vague, but why the great Le Febre should be investigating a case of dog-stealing was beyond him. Presently a mild little man with a sympathetic smile entered. The officers rose and saluted. De Brancheville looked on curiously. He had pictured Le Febre as somber and terrible, with piercing eyes.

The newcomer bowed to De Brancheville, dismissed the detectives and took the chair behind the desk.

"Monsieur De Brancheville," he began, "in view of your family connection we have been in consultation with the Department of Justice, in the endeavor to ascertain if it would be possible to release you on bail, but I regret to state that it has been found impossible. Your offense is, in a double sense, one against the republic."

"Against the republic?" repeated De Brancheville.

Le Febre nodded.

"But conceding that it was technically a theft," said De Brancheville indignantly, "you can't imprison a man for stealing a dog."

Le Febre looked at him mildly.

(Continued on Page 74)

His Heart Stopped Beating. This Was Raoul's Fiancée. This Was the End of it All

THE STUDY OF FOOTPRINTS

The Shod Foot—By Melville Davisson Post

SKETCHES BY W. D. I. ARNOLD

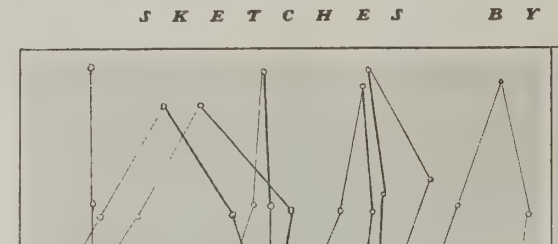


Figure 5

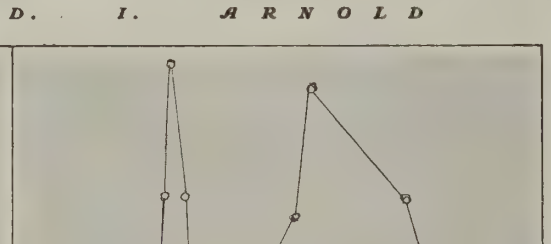


Figure 6

IT USED to be said by Matthew Arnold that hardly anybody would think of taking an English book of reference if he could get a French or German one. At any rate, no one ever seemed to realize precisely how a man walks until the Teutonic scientists began to study the subject.

It was commonly explained that the physical method of walking was to throw the body forward, out of equilibrium, and catch it with the foot. Gross pointed out that this theory was ridiculous. We, in fact, walk by advancing a leg and then leaning the center of gravity upon it in order to continue in the same manner with the other leg.

With this theory for a base, the criminologists in the great universities were presently able to equip the police inspector with a number of rules of primary importance.

The police of a great Germanic city found themselves confronted one day by a puzzle they were wholly unable to work out. The owner of a warehouse situated in a suburb of the city maintained that a bale of valuable rugs had been carried out of the warehouse on the night of the sixteenth of April.

The police took immediate charge of the case. There had been a little rain on the evening before and they found two lines of footprints where a man had come to the warehouse door and returned from it. They were able to follow these tracks to the shop of an Austrian who dealt in antiques. In America this man would have been called a junk dealer, since he possessed only a single room with a dirt floor, situated in the environs of the city and filled with articles of but slight value.

The police were able to show that the Austrian had made these footprints. But here the mystery presented itself: When the man understood what the police were after he at once said that he had gone to the warehouse, on the evening in question, in order to inquire whether the merchant had for sale any of the articles in which he commonly dealt; but that when he arrived the warehouse was closed and he had returned to his shop.

The police searched the shop with German thoroughness, but found no trace of the bale of rugs. They were able to see that the man had not left his shop after he returned from the warehouse, for there were no other footprints in the wet earth in the environs of the shop; evidently he had not gone out after he returned. And, also, it was evident that no bale of rugs was anywhere about his shop.

The police, profoundly puzzled, returned to the merchant.

They thought he was not precisely clear about the bale of rugs he said was stolen. He was not able to produce an invoice of it. But he said it had been a long time in the shop, was of great value, and showed them the outline in the dust on the floor where it had been lying.

The Bubbles on the Floor

UNABLE to unravel the mystery, the police sent to the authorities for an expert. The expert came and looked at the two lines of tracks. He at once said that the man who came to the warehouse on the night of the sixteenth of April had come empty handed, but had unquestionably gone away carrying something heavy. He explained that when one is walking without a burden one travels in a straight line, turning the feet out at an angle common to that individual. See Figure 1. But that when one is carrying a heavy burden one invariably walks with the feet straight and the legs wider apart, in order to give the body a more stable support under the added weight. See Figure 2.

Thus, when we find a line of tracks going straight ahead close together with the feet turned out, and afterward these same tracks wider apart and the feet set straight, we may be certain that the person who had begun to walk without carrying anything had now taken up a burden to carry.

It may be interesting to add the method by which the expert discovered the concealed rugs. When he arrived at the Austrian's shop he took a kettle of water and poured it on the dirt floor. He went over the whole floor very carefully. Presently at a certain point he directed the police to dig up the floor. They found the bale of rugs buried at this point.

The Austrian had dug up the floor, concealed the rugs, and tramped the earth down so that the eye could not detect anything unusual. But the expert knew that if the earth of a hard dirt floor had been recently disturbed, and one poured water on the surface, air bubbles would appear. Thus, when he found these air bubbles he was certain the earth of the floor had been disturbed.

Even a cursory examination of the German diagrams will give anybody a good deal of information about how a man walks. In Figure 3 the line A A running through the heel is the border of march." The called "the line of march.

Figure 10

lines C C show the direction of the footprint with respect to the line of march. The Germanic authorities maintain that when the normal person walks in a straight line a line drawn through the center of the heels will also be a straight line—that is to say, the heels go ahead precisely on a straight line.

But other investigators are inclined to doubt this. They say that when the normal person walks in a straight line this line of march will touch only the inner border of the heel instead of running through the center of the heel. It may be that with the German military step the line would go through the center of the heel. But in nonmilitary countries, like America, it will usually be found, in normal instances, that the line of march touches the inner border of the heel and not the center.

This is true of normal persons walking in a straight line. But in abnormal persons—sailors, fat men, the aged and infirm, and children—the line running through the heels will be a zigzag, like the line B B in Figure 4.

The Germans say that persons of leisure turn the foot out more in walking than do workmen or persons in trades. It is thought that women turn the foot out less than men. It is also believed that certain races, like the negro, walk with a very exaggerated foot angle; while the North American Indian travels with the foot almost parallel to the line of march.

Gross undertook to demonstrate the mechanical factors in the act of walking. These factors are outlined in Figure 5. He points out that when one takes a stride the perpendicular distance from the hip joint to the ground is reduced, and that as the stride is increased this distance is lessened. Thus, with each step, as the body is lowered, it has to be again lifted. This, he said, was the reason why it was easier for a man to run than to walk rapidly with a long stride. See Figure 6.

It is said that one day, when Gross was driving through the park with an acquaintance, his friend pointed out that several persons had gone along in the dust on the road before them. He asked Gross whether he could tell him who the persons were.

The professor got down out of the carriage and drew a mark across the road with his cane; then he stepped off fifty feet along the road in the direction in which the tracks were made and drew another mark across it. He then counted the number of footprints in each of the three tracks within that distance.

One of the lines of tracks showed fewer prints than the other two. Gross, therefore, said that this track had been made by a tall man. The tracks showing the greatest number of prints indicated a short person, while the third track was that of an old woman with a stick.

The persons had n
gone along the road t
gether. The tall m
had gone first. T
peasant woman had f
lowed, since the poi
of her stick was som
times to be seen insi
the track of the t
man; while the sho
man had been the la
on the road, his tra
now and then ove
lapping that of t
peasant. Gross thoug
the tall man was a pea
ant by the formation

the shoe, and that the short person was a cavalry offic
as he had a tendency to turn in the toe as one does in t
saddle.

Zenker used to say that the bare foot gave the mo
information. But Shauenstein maintained that the sh
foot gave more signs of identity. He used to relate a ca
in his lectures in which it was known that an assassin h
carried away the body of his victim, because of the chang
manner in the line of march. But the particular thi
about this case of which Shauenstein was especially pro
lies in another direction:

He was shown a coat, which was supposed to belong
the man who had disappeared. There was no mark
violence on it except a bloodstain, which extended from t
collar down the seam of the coat to the right-hand pock
After he had examined this coat he told the police that t
man who had worn it was dead.

The police regarded this statement with astonishmen
The bloodstain did not indicate an excessive hemorrha
and there was no mark of violence on the coat. They d
not understand how the learned professor could make a
such conclusive statement. Shauenstein then pointed o
that he had found in the dried stain one of the small bon
of the tympanum known as the "stapedial bone," which
situated deep in the interior of the skull. Any wound brin
ing this bone to the surface must necessarily result in deat

Lessons Learned in Cobblers' Shops

IT IS always extremely easy to say from a shod footpri
whether the one making it has been standing, walking
running; and also to say, in an approximate degree, t
rapidity of the motion.

When one runs rapidly it is always the posterior bor
of the heel which strikes the earth first. This will be deep
indented. Of all parts of the shoe, in the moving subje
the back portion of the heel and the toe leave the cle
est imprints. See Figure 7. One is then able, in nea
every case, to determine the sort of shoe that has b
worn; to know whether the toe is round or point
whether the heel is flat or narrow, cut out on its inner s
or square. And, with a little knowledge of the sorts of sh
worn by different classes of persons, one will be able to
in what class the person making the imprint under insp
tion belongs.

When the imprint of the shod foot is discovered at e
scene of a crime the toe and heel should be first observe
determine the class of shoe to which it belongs. One sho
notice whether the toe is pointed, round or square;
heel wide and low, or high and narrow; the sole nar
and tapering, or wide, bowed and twisted, as is someti
the fashion in American shoes.

Then one must examine the track for heelplates or
mending of the sole or heel, such as patches and stitc
and where the peg marks or stitches appear. If there
nails, tacks or pegs in the heel or sole they must be c
fully counted and any missing ones indicated.

After the footprint has been thus carefully examined
must study it for the peculiarities of the person who m
it. Every man walks in his own way, and he wears ou
shoes always in the same peculiar manner. One must
for these peculiarities in the wear of the shoe as indic
in the imprint.

In order to indicate these peculiarities with accu
Niceforo has formulated a diagram that ought to be stu
by everybody who makes any pretension to criminal in
tigation. The curved lines in Figure 8 show the p
on the imprint to be examined for these individual ch
teristics.

One must not imagine that the Italian criminologist
an arbitrary diagram. It is said that for many years he
ied the worn shoes in the shops of the Neapolitan cob

examined and compared a great number shoes worn by the same individual before laid down the rule that the personal mula is constant—that is to say, every n walks in a manner peculiar to himself, d the areas of greatest wear on the heel and e of his shoe are always at the same points. nsequently in every case, except that of new shoe, one leaves the formula of his ntity imprinted in the track of his shod t.

On the nineteenth of March, 1889, Bour- n was assassinated in the Villa Chauvad, Auteuil. For a long time the most careful estigation of the Parisian authorities failed disclose any trace of the assassin. Finally one of the steps leading to the villa they nd, in a little puddle of water, the print eleven nails.

This was the only clew the police ever nd.

But it was entirely sufficient. With that w of the eleven nails they finally located assassin, D'Alorto. He confessed, dis- sed the names of his accomplices, and ex- ined that they had all taken the greatest e to see that no traces were left behind m. But that in going up the steps on the y to the crime he was suddenly so overcome by the fear the gravity of the offense about to be committed that stopped for a moment. This pause, while he remained nding with his weight resting on one foot, was sufficient make the imprint of the nails of the heel of one of the es on the stone step that had been softened by the ldle of standing water.

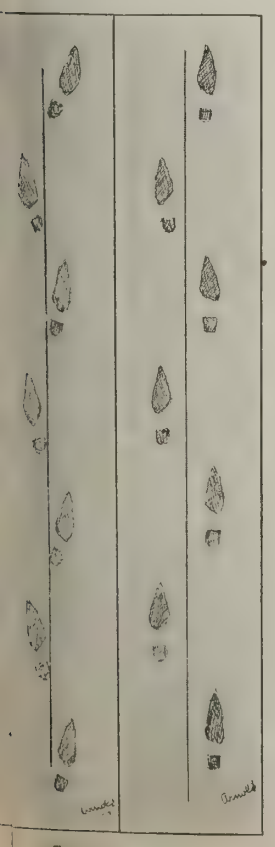
When the learned author of *La Police et l'Enquête Judici- e Scientifique* was shown one of Conan Doyle's stories, the page where Doctor Watson expressed his astonish- nt at the ability of Sherlock Holmes to arrive at the clusion that the assassin was a tall man because of the tance between his footprints, he made the following nical comment:

Conan Doyle Outdone

I WONDER what this friend of Sherlock Holmes would have said if he had been told that, from the study of a tprint, one could determine precisely not only the height he person who had made it but also the spread of his ns, his height sitting, the distance from the point of his ow to the end of his fingers, the length of his third finger, l even the length of his little finger!"

One has sometimes read of criminals deceiving the police walking backward in order to create the impression that persons instead of one had arrived from the same ection and had gone away in some unknown manner.

The special lecturer at the University of Vienna has lained the manner in which one can always tell whether h a device has been resorted to. He says that when one ks backward the steps are always shorter, the line of rch is hesitating and uncertain, and the footprints in- variably disclose a "digging in" of the toe, because in attempting to take a long step backward one must commence it by planting the point of the sole on the ground.



Figures 1 and 2

The effort of criminals to mislead the police by fastening on the foot a shoe of a different character from that usually worn by them is also easily detected.

Gross says that the first thing to be observed about footprints evidently made for the purpose of misleading the police is that they are always to be found in a conspicuous and good medium. A well-formed and exact footprint will be found, more perfect than those usually discovered under like conditions.

And it will happen, with these excellent prints, made intentionally, that one will find, just forward of the heel, the mark of a strap by which they were fastened to the foot.

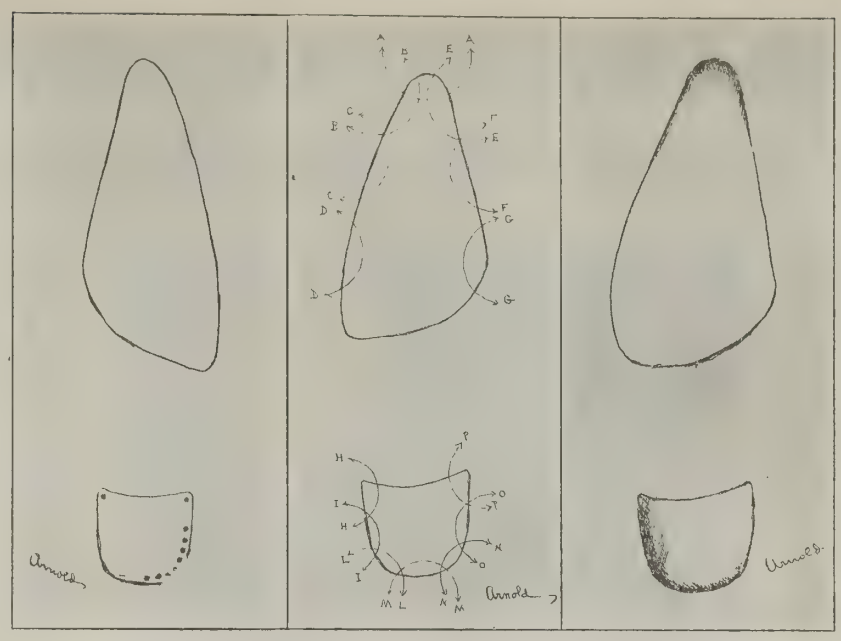


Figure 9 Figure 8 Figure 7

The relative depth of certain portions of the imprint—as, for example, the toe and heel in these manufactured footprints—will not coincide with those made with a similar shoe worn by a person whom it fits. Thus, a man endeavoring to make imprints with a woman's shoe, or a woman with a man's shoe, will rarely succeed in deceiving an experienced inspector. The stride will somewhere be found to be inconsistent with the imprint; the man will step too far and the woman not far enough.

Footprints have often played conspicuous parts in American criminal trials. But an examination of the cases will make it at once apparent that our courts have never had the benefit of anything that could be called an intelligent scientific investigation of such criminal evidences.

One or two obvious peculiarities have been wholly relied upon in American cases. Thus, in Hunter's case, in North Carolina, in the newly plowed earth near the theater of the crime, the police discovered a peculiar track where a man had crossed a field. The left toe of the man's boot was deeply impressed in the earth, while the heel was hardly visible. This was a peculiarity of one of the man's feet. The other was an ordinary track. It was not difficult for even a rural constable to conclude that the man who walked here suffered from some physical defect. And from this conclusion the prisoner, Hunter, was suspected, since his left leg was about two inches shorter than the right, the result of an attack of white swelling. This physical defect caused him to walk on the left toe, the heel of the foot not touching the ground. It was shown that, walking in this manner, he made a track identical with that found in the plowed field.

Footprints were also the controlling factor in Carlton's case, in Illinois.

On the night of Saturday, the nineteenth of April, the barns of a man named Ridenbauer were burned to the ground. On the following day the premises were carefully examined, and finally footprints were found leading south of the barns in a path toward the county road. Mud was found on the fence at the corner of the field, indicating that someone there had climbed the fence.

This led the investigator to examine the field, which had been sowed to oats.

The oats had not yet come up and the field was soft. They found the footprints of someone who had walked across this field. And it appeared that the imprint of one of the feet made a deeper impression than that of the other. There was evidently some physical reason for this difference in these two foot imprints. After a good deal of reflection the investigators concluded that the man was probably lame. This deduction led to the arrest of Carlton, who was lame and walked with what the witnesses called "a kind of hop."

It will be seen from these cases that our courts have considered the footprint as evidence only when it showed some exaggerated peculiarity. It is consequently clear that, in all the great number of cases where this exaggerated peculiarity was absent, the footprint as indicatory evidence has been practically abandoned in American cases. This means that in a vast number of cases, for lack of an intelligent scientific examination, the very best indicatory clews have been neglected in our criminal trials.

Sometimes rough dimensions of a track have been compared with the shoe of the accused, a practice open to the greatest errors and never permitted by any intelligent criminal investigator. Sometimes the track found at the place of a crime has been roughly compared with the imprint of the accused's foot, but never with scientific accuracy; so that one has rarely found an American court willing to convict a criminal on footprint evidence without some strong corroborative testimony.

We find nothing to compare with the cases that have been cited by Frecon, where the criminal, in endeavoring to escape, slipped on the edge of a ditch; and from the striations left in the clay by the nails in his shoe he was identified and convicted; or, as in the case at Lyons, where the criminal, who had accomplished an elaborate robbery, was identified because he happened to step on a leather cushion. From this print on the leather cushion the experts were able to arrive at the size and form of shoe worn by the burglar. It was the track of a right foot, with a broad sole of what was then a fashionable form, with an extremely pointed toe and a large heel.

The imprint of this heel showed a nail or peg at the inner corner and eight nails or pegs running in a half row round the outer turn of the heel. The heel was also worn on the posterior border at the curve of this row of pegs or nails. See Figure 9. These accurate data, taken from the mere imprint on a cushion, enabled the police to locate the burglar.

It is true that the shoe of the accused, containing nails, is sometimes considered by an American court. But such a fact has been taken, usually, as a mere crude evidential sign, to be considered only with conclusive evidence from some other quarter. Sometimes in the most conspicuous cases the presence or absence of such important evidence seems to have been wholly overlooked by American courts.

Stofen's case, in California, is a striking example. One day the treasurer of a certain county did not return to his house for luncheon. In the afternoon his wife went over to the treasurer's office in the courthouse to find out what was the matter. The treasurer's office was locked.

She looked up the janitor and got it open. There was no one in the office and the vault door was closed. She knew the combination to the vault and, being by this time alarmed, opened it. When the vault door swung back she found the inner door of the vault closed. But the key to this door, attached to the husband's bunch of keys, was standing in the lock. The janitor pulled the door open and they found the treasurer lying in the vault in a dazed condition.

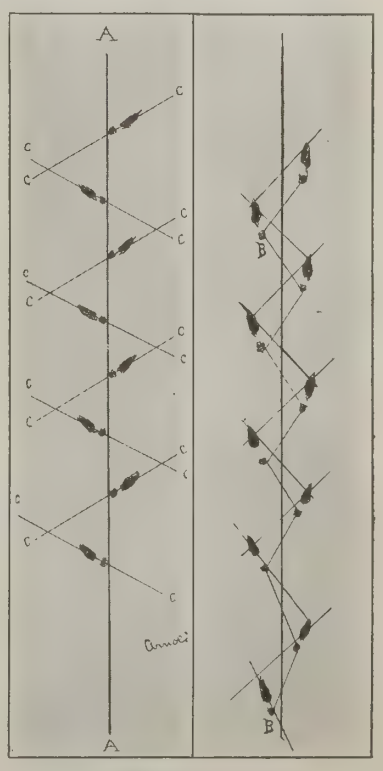
Did the Treasurer Kick?

WHEN he had recovered he said he had gone to the office in the courthouse at the usual hour on this morning, opened the office and the door of the vault. He entered the vault, but when he came out with the trays he was confronted by a man with a weapon. The robber ordered him to drop the trays. This was the last thing he remembered. He concluded that he was struck down. When he had recovered consciousness he was lying in the vault, with the doors closed. He was there eight hours, and from time to time kicked with all his strength against the sides of the vault in order to attract the attention of any persons who might be in the courthouse.

This story of the mysterious assailant did not seem to be convincing.

In the trial of the treasurer it became important to know whether, in fact, he had kicked against the sheet-iron sides of the vault in order to attract the attention of persons in the courthouse. Lying on the floor and striking out with the feet, the blow would naturally be delivered with the heel. And it would have been easy to determine whether or not there were any heel marks on the sides of the vault. But such an investigation did not seem to occur to the authorities in the case, so far as the report discloses. Fortunately they were able to say that this story of the kicking on the vault lined with sheet iron was fiction, because

(Concluded on Page 65)



Figures 3 and 4

BUG HUNTERS OF INDUSTRY

The Problem of Factory Cripples—By James H. Collins

ONE Saturday afternoon your automobile stalled for the first time since you had bought it. Before then it had been absolutely dependable, but on that day you couldn't get it to go again. The family outing was spoiled, you spent two hours waiting in a hot country lane, and it cost five dollars to have a repair man come out and locate the mysterious trouble. He found it in a moment—a small defective part in the ignition apparatus, which was worth fifteen cents.

There you were, with several hundred dollars of automobile that ran perfectly and fifteen cents' worth that wouldn't run at all. That defective fifteen cents' worth cast a cloud on life. According to the repair man this cheap part was defective when it left the factory. As you examined the bit of metal that caused all the trouble you wondered why somebody at the factory couldn't have taken about a minute more to make sure that this particular piece was of better stuff.

In this country there is a big problem, one peculiar to our American scheme for making things—the problem of factory cripples. Our American factory system makes things in enormous quantities, all alike, for a close price, to meet a tremendous demand. Each operation has to be figured down to the last minute of time, the last cent of cost, the last ounce of material. The workers are speeded up by bonus wages, and everything is made as nearly automatic as possible. A good-enough system—it provides commodities on a scale not dreamed of by grandfather and works best where it has the greatest freedom for growth. The chief complaint about it comes from the smaller manufacturers who cannot attain size and hold their own. This seems to prove that the system is satisfactory for getting results.

The bigger, the faster, the more nearly automatic, the cheaper, the better—that's the American idea! But the closer this system is brought to that ideal, the greater is the margin for cripples—defective parts and products that somehow slip through organization, and get out into the world and make trouble for everybody. Men make mistakes, machines make slips, materials have shortcomings. Modern products are complex. One tiny part that wouldn't work on that Saturday afternoon may discredit the whole motor and the system by which it was made. Despite the care to keep everything up to standard, a certain microscopic percentage of the product falls short, and the bigger the output the worse the damage. So every production system needs its force of inspectors, and every product has its peculiar inspection difficulties.

PHOTO. BY PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Products Have Become So Complex, and Promise to Become So Much More So, That the Inspector is Absolutely Necessary

The Cartridge That Lost the Contract

BACK in the old days the Western bad man, with notches on the butt of his gun, was often finicky about his cartridges, so he loaded them himself because he was afraid to trust his life to some half-grown girl in a cartridge factory. The chance of his getting a bad cartridge might have been expressed as one-millionth. But it could have happened, nevertheless, because an American munitions concern once lost a big foreign rifle contract through that one defective cartridge in a million. This contract had been nursed along for months, and about all that was needed to clinch it was the approval of the king. His majesty came to try the rifle himself. It was loaded and put in his hands. He pulled the trigger. There was only a dull metallic "Plink!" He tried again, with the same result; so he threw down the gun in anger, and the contract was lost. Maybe a competitor slipped a dummy cartridge into the gun at the last moment. Nobody knows.

Now if this problem of cripples is followed through a modern ammunition factory, one sees that inspection is a technical job, a human game, a detective story and a bit of a gamble. A rifle cartridge must be made of good stuff, so all materials must first be tested by chemical and mechanical methods to maintain the standard. It must fit the chamber of the gun with great accuracy, especially in these days of rapid-fire machine guns, so the diameter, taper, length, profile and head must be gauged to fine dimensions. The primer is a complicated little device in itself, quite apart from its explosive element, and must be seated with great accuracy. The bullet must be standard weight within a grain or two, and also perfectly balanced as to distribution of weight along its length. When the cartridge is finally loaded there is only one way to be certain that it will really shoot—and that is to shoot it! Of course the whole output of the factory could not be inspected that way. So the product is divided into units, and a certain number of cartridges are drawn from each unit for inspection. Some are torn apart in order that the loading may be examined, and thus destroyed, while others are fired in rifles in order to make certain that the ballistic standard is being kept up. Under the conditions introduced by the present war, with an output running into millions daily, the number of cartridges destroyed by the inspectors is very large.

Another illustration of the complexity of inspection can be taken from the same factory: The breechblock of a shotgun, at the beginning, is a piece of metal weighing twenty-two ounces. When it is finished about fifteen ounces of the metal have been machined and grou away. There have been one hundred and three se rate operations upon it, accompanied by fourteen spections. It is accurate within five one-thousand of an inch, and yet it is only one part in a shot that must go through twelve hundred separate insp tions from start to finish.

Along the line of such a process, of course, there innumerable chances for defects and errors to slip A little variation in material or tool, or deficient brication of a machine, or momentary oversight the part of a workman, or even a touch of indigest in an inspector, and a defect develops. It is built in shotgun and hidden from sight until the weapon i the hands of a purchaser, who may write in to that if the gun had been any good he would h bagged a dozen rabbits.

Our modern factory processes are so largely au matic that some of the details of inspection can made automatic too. A good illustration of this i be found in a shot tower, where the cooled shot sent rolling down a gentle plate-glass incline made to take a little jump over a gap. The per round shot makes this jump easily. But missha shot cannot roll fast enough to get impetus, so they into the gap and are remelted.

The Human Element in Production

BUT it is the human element that is eventually chief concern of the inspector. Men make m mistakes than do machines. Almost any inspector agree with Edison, who once said that he had alw been able to improve machinery much more ea than men. The old idea in factory inspection was set a policeman to catch the erring worker. If latter made a mistake the inspector was satisfied detect him, haul him into the front office, and him the cost of his error. If the employee made a few m mistakes discharge followed. That was a simple syster so simple that it did not really work.

Inspection for defective production nowadays ta more things into account. A cripple is only a symptom must be run down to the real cause. The worker in wh hands it is found may not be responsible at all. So shortcoming in material or a mistake made in anot part of the plant may have been passed along, intenti ally or otherwise. Or the defective part may have or nated outside the factory altogether.

The treeing department of a certain shoe factory turning out so many spoiled shoes, which had to be sol a loss, that the superintendent tried to correct the trou by imposing penalties on the operators. This made it h to keep good operators in the treeing room. The man trees shoes has to clean them up after all the other dep ments of a factory have completed their work, wash spots from shoes, removing wax and shellac, ironing w kles out of the leather, touching up finish and color correcting surface blemishes. Investigation disclosed most of the cripples originated the purchasing department of factory, which had been maki splendid showing lately. This record had been attained by department's substituting che grades of leather, saving a few c on each pair of shoes. But the c washed out of this leather, so shoes had to be recolored in treeing room.

The first step in eliminating fects is to take every precauti regard to the raw material use the plant. Unless this materi carefully watched the factory be purchasing cripples outside, awares. Therefore the enginee department or the purchasing ag draw up specifications for each of material needed, stating wh wanted in the way of qua strength, weight, color, finish mensions and the like, whether brass rod, or steel castings, or ton yarn, or what not. This ou furnishes a measure for mate like a yardstick for cloth. specification terms are written

PHOTO. BY PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

The Inspector Must Have Human Qualities, for the Mere Faultfinder Doesn't Get Very Far

(Concluded on Page 45)

Twenty-Four Hours in June

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

They Talked Great Poetry, Though it Was Couched in "No," and Shy "Yes," and Whispered "Isn't it Corking?"

BERT MICHADO was a very up-and-coming young man. His salary as assistant to the buyer at Grafenheimer rothers, the notions jobbers, was only eight-en a week; but Bert attended the elegant ancing academy of Monsieur Browne and ore his Alpine hat with cocky amiability. Ie was going to make his mark in buttons, hich are a necessary ware and more poetic han thread or needles. He had his eyes on ie Boggs Button Works. In the notions ade George Boggs is the Edison, the Wag-er—Hans or Richard—the blue-eyed angora buttons. Mr. Boggs has reformed the ethods of sorting and grinding Mississippi iver clamshells, and from Davenport he ontrols a generous share of the pearl-button arket.

Bert, after canvassing his possibilities as viator, movie actor, Red Cross hero, and dis-ict attorney of New York City—for all of hich occupations he knew himself to have cret gifts—had decided to become future anager of the Boggs Button Works.

But he could not get nearer to the head fices, at Davenport, than Mercer Street, ew York, where the Boggs Eastern Agency cupies a floor in a neat cast-iron Corinthian ilding. Bert's chief often sent him to the oggs offices, and he yearned over the rows buttons in the display cases, but never met nyone more job-bestowing than a young use salesman.

For more than a year Bert did not even e the Boggs Eastern representative, Mr. verett Vibels. He was excited when Mr. ibels was at last pointed out to him; he as thrilled by the button viceroy's air of aving had a bath, a shave, a shine and a raise salary—not more than ten minutes before. ert felt that if he could impress his person-ity on Mr. Vibels he might be allowed to go t to Davenport and learn the trade.

He ambled up to His Excellency's secretary, nded her a priceless smile, and said:

"I'd like to see Mr. Vibels."

He became aware that this was no ordi-ry secretary. The young woman was a itten-minded maid, with large gray eyes, uch delicacy of waist and hands, and a quiet stiness of demeanor. She condescended:

"Why?"

"My dear young lady ——"

"I am not your dear young lady. You me from a jobber, don't you? One of the lesmen will be glad to attend to you. Mr. bels does not bother with small individual counts."

Bert could not say to the contemptuous fair "I want a jo." He looked her over slowly, amusedly, from her shoes her Bronx coiffure, and observed:

"Well then, somebody's dear young lady, permit me to y that you seem too intelligent not to know how rude u are."

He expected her to throw away her dignity and quarrel erestingly. But she also looked him over, from his shoes his coiffure, in a manner that made him feel as though s shoes had a large patch and his hair needed cutting; d made answer:

"Ah?" And returned to typing.

Bert left the Boggs offices in love. He was delighted to d a girl who resisted his charms and determined to make r like him, which, at twenty-three, is a sound first step falling in love. Also, he seemed to be slightly nearer the nagership of the Boggs Button Works, being in love with e regal secretary of the imperial Eastern representative the cosmic Boggs.

Whenever he went to the Boggs offices thereafter he olled over to Mr. Vibel's secretary and renewed his mand to see the great man. She always had some new nner of insulting him. She was a *grande dame* in sateen eve protectors.

All he could learn about her was that her name was Miss ibble. It is doubtful that she had any first name. She s probably born with a knowledge of stenography, with imly dressed hair, and with the name of Miss Pribble. e didn't mind Bert's hanging about. It gave her the ance to be snippy.

Though Bert presently so impressed the stony heart of e Grafenheimer buyer as to be raised to nineteen dollars week, and to be assured that he was showing signs of most human intelligence, he could make no effect on Miss Pribble, not by wearing an aster or by being manicured; not by speaking of belonging to Monsieur Browne's class in ballroom deportment or by mentioning a box party at a regular theater. He had to do something startling. Youth in love is always going to do something startling. It has a preference for rescuing the maiden from large bands of thugs. But if Miss Pribble was ever waylaid by thugs on her way home Bert never knew it, as he was busy in the Grafenheimer office from four to six P. M.

When December came Bert said to Miss Pribble:

"Gosh! Going to be a cold winter! Believe I'll sneak in a vacation and go down to Palm Beach."

"Huh!" said Miss Pribble.

"Well, I guess I could if I wanted to!"

"Sure! That's what they all say."

Every time he went to the Boggs offices Bert mentioned the indisputable fact that the winter was cold and the much less probable fact that he was going South. The fourth time Miss Pribble snapped:

"Well then, why don't you go? I live in a boarding house, and I know all about these ten-a-week Florida visitors. But always they were there last year or are going next."

"But me," said Bert calmly, "I'm going now; next week. I'll send you a picture post card of me there."

"Yes, when you do I'll frame it."

"Well, by golly, I'm going." And he went!

It must not be supposed from a certain lack of wisdom in his admiring Miss Pribble that Bert was a pathetic case of youthful dementia. He was a valuable junior at Grafenheimer Brothers'. He demanded and received a week-end vacation. He had two hundred dollars in the savings bank. He drew out one hundred and one dollars—the dollar was for unexpected expenses—and when a blizzard was edging about New York he started for Palm Beach and June. That is, for one day in June. He had not stipulated to Miss Pribble how long he would be among those present.

II

MR. ALBERT MICHADO, recently "Hey-you-Bert!" of Grafenheimer Brothers, was taking his first gorgeous meal in the land of palms and luxury. He had arrived at Palm Beach at seven P. M. and it was now seven-seven. Though he was thrilled by actually having made this pilgrimage of love, he was decidedly interested in food. Florida is noted for its food, you know. Envy Bert, then, as you follow him, course by course, through his first repast among the millionaires.

He had a wholesome vegetable soup; and when the soup was half consumed, and the waiter's back was turned, he reached for the catsup bottle—and then he had a full plate of soup again, and that soup had become tomato soup. After this Bert indulged in a quite tropical hamburger sandwich, a cup of coffee, and a hunk of apple pie, lighted a cigarette; and on his high stool he lolled as one can loll only in this halcyon land. His check was thirty cents, which shows how economical you can be, even in luxurious surroundings.

Then he left the internationally famous café, which is called the "Seminole Lunch Room—Gents' and Ladies'," and wandered about Palm Beach—that is, about West Palm Beach, which is to the rest of Palm Beach as Hoboken is to New York.

The fact that he had to run down to Florida to warm the heart of Miss Pribble did not imply that he had to buy the place. He had come cheerfully down in the day coach of the train. For meals he had consumed thirteen bananas, two boxes of peanut bars, four apple pies, two ham sandwiches, nine bottles of assorted pop, and a large private can of deviled chicken. And here he was under practically the same buzzards and palm fronds as the people who had come down in private cars; and already he was privileged to send post cards that ought to awe even Miss Pribble.

Though it must be admitted that there were neither palms, Seminole Indians nor girls bathing, to be observed from the West Palm Beach Curio Shop, at it he obtained excellent photographs of all these aristocratic subjects, and informed Miss Pribble that he was "Having nice trip. Wish you were here!"

"Now," said Bert, "I'll pound my ear, and make up for that day-coach seat. To-morrow I s'pose I might as well see something of the place, too, being as I'm here for the day."

He slept the sleep of the up-and-coming at Mrs. Wizzle's Tourist Hotel, in a room that had all the advantages of a room in a high-priced hostelry—that is to say, it contained a bed, a chair, a bureau, and running water—which ran when you tipped the dainty hand-painted pitcher.

III

WHEN he woke to a golden Florida day, with roses at—well, not exactly at his window, but perfectly discernible at the back of a house less than a block away—Bert devoted considerable care to dressing up to his new social station, in white flannel trousers, a blue coat, a three-dollar shirt, a Panama hat—or at least a Nicaragua hat—and canvas-and-leather shoes. Simplicity, he felt, was the thing.

At breakfast at Mrs. Wizzle's hotel Bert wondered whether he had been mistaken about this simplicity motif, when the whole dining room raised its collective head and panted at the entrance of a young man clad after this fashion: A bottle-green coat, with belted back; a Panama, with a parti-colored band; a tie of purple and red and green and orange; striped flannel trousers; liver-colored shoes; tortoise-rimmed amber sun glasses, with a black silk ribbon bearing a monogrammed silver slide; a large rose; a large initial belt buckle; a large bang above the right temple; and a perfectly enormous walking stick.

"Gee-whiz!" Bert worried. "I wonder if I've hit it wrong. Maybe Old Ribbon Counter, there, has the right idea. Hate to admit it to little Pribble, but I've got about as much idea of how millionaires dress as I have of whether the King of England calls his wife 'May' or 'Dearie' when they're playing double solitaire."

He went rather uneasily through Florida streets characterized by such exotic features as houses with porches, stores with glass fronts, and hotels of particularly tasty

tin brick. His new flannel trousers suddenly seemed scanty and plain. He wished he had bought that nine-dollar pair instead of these for seven. He took off his Panama and regarded the black band with severity. He thought that two girls on a stoop were laughing at him, and suddenly he became feeble and loose about the knee joints. Just as he was beginning to feel superior again, he came out on Lake Worth. He looked across to Palm Beach proper, and his pride went out of him, his feet became almost useless for walking, and his Panama but a mockery.

A strip of oily water, scattered with white steam yachts, with express cruisers and catboats and silk-curtained launches. Across the water a line of palms and magnolias, from amid which rose a hotel like a range of hills, a palisade of lemon yellow with white pilasters—the Royal Poinciana. While Bert stared, a hydro-aëroplane rose from the opposite shore and casually whirred above the hotel. Bert's eyes drifted from it to a buzzard circling in the dome of the sky. It seemed to him that the bird was an insolent sentinel of this still, glistening luxury; that it was watching him, asking him how he dared intrude.

He took the ferry across to Palm Beach in a state of panic. He wanted to flee back to West Palm Beach and hide in the first train north. He was admitting all the contemptuous things Miss Pribble's look had ever said. He wished he were in his New York furnished room, reading a comic section and gently waving his feet in the air.

Now the ferry was grounding in the chaste slip on the sacred precincts of Palm Beach. The wing of the Poinciana makes a shining court, with shadowy places among the palmettos and avocados, magnolias and wreathed live oaks, and the coconut palms that rise above all. Bert, the New Yorker, tried to be sniffy about a mere six stories, but the hotel ran along in a wall that shut him in—and shut him out; a wall pierced with a thousand windows of the rooms of wealth. On the high roof were perched buzzards. He didn't know they were buzzards. He didn't, he felt, know anything.

He went along the walks muffle-footed and pious of demeanor. Pretty girls in sports coats and striped linen skirts, and altogether delightful silk stockings, went by on bicycles. For Bert the bicycle became an almost too aristocratic conveyance. A foreign-looking man and woman, smooth, brown, passed in a double wheel chair. The man leaned on his stick and surveyed Bert superciliously. He said something to the woman, and laughed. Something about Bert ——? Bert felt like a banana peel.

"Rats!" he growled, utterly without conviction.

With a consciousness that his feet were making an inexcusable racket on the wooden floor, Bert crossed a wide porch, ambled down some miles of hallway, past arcaded shops with cobwebby gowns on display, and came to the lobby and two-thirds of the Social Register. Society was demanding mail, inquiring about baggage, talking in twos and threes about tables, circulating in a colored mob—young men with college air and hair; vivid girls; old, shrewd-looking men and women. They were gossiping, nodding, laughing at one another—and at him no one glanced for more than a second. He felt damp about the hatband. "Must get out of this horse show or some mere duchess will come up and kiss me; and then I'll be queered with all the princesses," he sighed.

A mahogany writing room, a very carpeted and polite writing room, was discernible. He bolted into it.

"I'll write Miss Pribble—good letter; then beat it outdoors, where the Four Hundred can't ambush me," he resolved.

He found a desk; he reached out a hand for stationery in the breezy manner of a well-traveled man who has stayed at hotels in quite important towns in New Jersey. He took his hand back and looked foolish. There was no stationery in the racks. With enormous pains to appear casual, he glanced at the racks on other desks. The only stationery in sight was under the elbows of people writing.

"Course!" he sighed. "They give out the stuff at the office to keep outsiders from butting in and writing to dear Cousin Jenny that they're staying at the Poinciana—X marks my room. And me—Albert J. Outsider is my real name."

He was aware that the man at the next desk, a weighty, outdoorish, amused man, with a round bland face, was watching him sit before a useless desk. Bert scrambled in his pockets for an envelope and made figures upon it; and these were the cryptic figures he made:

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ 2 \\ \hline 4 \end{array}$$

He repeated this accurate but not very valuable calculation several times; rose with pontifical dignity and left the writing room, saying to himself: "There now; I guess old cantaloupe-face realizes I did have some writing to do!"

He crawled out on the porch again. It extended before him, miles long and acres broad, dazzling and dangerous, with throngs of persons who would laugh at him. He made his way past them. He apologized to people for walking in front of them—he almost apologized to the subtropic sun for daring to share its beams without having registered at the hotel—or, at least, wiring to engage a beam. He avoided the shaded and popular sections of the porch, and trotted on till he found a hot stretch where the only view was of a not very enlivening laurel bush. He did not wish to occupy space desired by decent, right-minded people. He felt that the Poinciana did not clasp him to its lemon-colored bosom.

"I Live in a Boarding House, and I Know All About These Ten-a-Week Florida Visitors"

In this deserted hot space of the porch Bert was beginning to feel slightly secure and to expand in the warmth after the long tedium of the Northern cold. He was reaching in his pocket for his last box of cigarettes when he stopped, not daring even to take his hand out of his pocket.

Someone had taken a rocker near him and was observing him. Bert made himself as inconspicuous and innocent as he could. He tacitly assured the observer—he assured the sun, the palms, and the entire management of the Royal Poinciana Hotel—that he hadn't really been thinking of being so bold as to take out a cigarette and light it. He edged his eyes round till he could get a glimpse of this new spy. He remembered. It was that most colorful of tourists, the young man with the green coat and amber sun glasses whom he had seen taking a twenty-five-cent breakfast in West Palm Beach.

"Huh!" considered Bert. "He doesn't belong here any more than poor old Bertie does."

He felt safe again; and, though he did not go so far in recklessness as actually to smoke that cigarette, he looked coldly at the fair young man. He wondered: Was his own costume really less proper than this splendor? He hadn't dared to examine closely any of the genuine guests of the hotel, but he had an impression that they were not gaudy.

"Beastly outsider!" he reflected about the broken colorist. "Regular bourgeois—that's what he is."

Down the line of rockers came a darky servant, straightening the chairs. The green-coated one started from his chair, looked self-consciously at Bert and at the servant, tossed his head and stalked away. His timidity made Bert a very lion. Himself, he wasn't afraid of a servant! He sat still. The servant carefully did not disturb him. Bert was filled with a new consciousness of his own high standing.

"What is that bush?" he said to the servant.

The servant replied that it was a bay—which it wasn't—with such deference, such a prolongation of the "sir," that it occurred to Bert that he didn't wear any large sign saying "I do not belong here. I am a humorous object."

He waggled his head in comfort. He boldly plunged his hand into his pocket again. He brought out his box of cigarettes. He counted them, careless of who might see his system of economy. There were all of seven, and he lighted one as though for more than a hundred years he had done nothing but sit about in large rockers on porches in Palm Beach, the Bahamas, the Riviera, and smoke cigarettes—lots of cigarettes—and scatter ashes on the porch if he felt like it.

When two men drifted to rockers beside his, he did not care, though a glance at their knife-edged faces and Vernon Castle hair told him they were the Accepted—really I He peeped at them; he listened for the utterances of th Gilded Youth. One of them wore a gray jersey coat an white trousers, and a Panama with a plain blue band; th other a suit of white flannel.

"By golly, dressed simply—like me!" he rejoiced. "O I knew they'd all be copying me! Bet the fashion edito are wiring their newspapers. Oh, they stood out; but the all had to come to it when old Bertie said 'Simplicit ladies; simplicity!'"

Both of the scions of our new American Nobility pr duced copies of that aristocratic periodical, Scandal Scra ings, and read with a concentration that showed th advantages of college training in making our Better Class superior to the common herd.

"Old Tommy will be sore," said one of them—uncon scious that his liquid music was being wasted on one of th common herd. "All about his divorce!"

Both of them laid down their papers, completely e hausted by their studious application, and stared moodi at the laurel bush.

"Let's play some tennis before bathing hour."

"Tennis!"

"Well, let's go down to Bradley's and have a drink."

"Oh, well ——"

"I say, I believe I'll engage a wheel chair by the week

"Oh, d' yuh really think it's worth it?"

"Yes; running clear down to Bradley's, two-three tim a day."

Yawn. Tired rising. *Exeunt omnes*, bearing their ow corpses.

The common herd, as represented by Bert Michad stared after them. He had learned that Bradley's, that fa distant point to be reached by wheel chair, was about hundred feet from the end of the Poinciana.

"Bet they have escalators to get from their motor ca to the sidewalk," he grunted; and again: "Well, o Bertie, you're a fool, as usual! Awed of that! Why, n son, you may be ignorant, but if you couldn't sound mo intelligent than those swells, Grafenheimer's would fi you in twenty-four minutes."

He walked blandly, spaciously, down the porch. As passed the group of initiates who had previously awed hi he beheld them with a cold and anarchistic eye. With air of occupying the royal suite and having four footm and a court poet awaiting him, he rolled into the lob and up to the desk. He looked level-eyed at a clerk, magnificent and highly cynical clerk, and suggested:

"Stationery."

"Yes, sir," implored the clerk, and whisked a whole p of embossed linen into his hand.

He received it with marked calm, condescended acr the lobby to the writing room, and sat happily down transcribe his heart's young passion for Miss Pribble.

He gradually ceased to keep up an appearance of gra deur. He leaned on his elbow and carefully scratch different places on his scalp. He resolutely crossed h legs, seized a pen, wrote "Dear Miss Pribble," hesitate laid down the pen, and crossed his legs the other way. I picked up the pen and glared at the nib with surprise a extreme dislike. He tilted his chair and rocked in it tent tively. He uncrossed his legs and squared his shoulders, though he was done with all this nonsense. He picked the pen sternly and wrote:

I can hardly believe I am here in Fla., & it is still hard to believe that up in N. Y. it is probably snowing, it is warm & bright here.

He stopped. He tapped with the pen. At last he rea became busy—in drawing, with great attention to deta the portrait of a can of beans. Somewhere about the mid of this study in *genre* he made his discovery.

Having come hundreds of miles to write a letter to M Pribble and pour out all the ecstasy he had never been a to voice in her immaculate presence, he had nothing to s to Miss Pribble. He didn't want to write to Miss Pribb He was bored by the thought of Miss Pribble.

While all the world reeled about him and ancient temp were shaken like clothes on the line, while the sky w darkened and his expenditure of seven dollars for flan trousers seemed a bitter waste, Bert continued to dep the can of beans. He could not get any picture of M Pribble into his mind. She was a gray blur 'way off i gray New York. He couldn't remember anything she h ever said to him. Had he ever loved her?

He carefully put all of the stationery in his pocket a staggered away, bearing the world's whole burden of dis lusion. What was life worth, when he had come clear Palm Beach, at vast expense to himself and considera inconvenience to Grafenheimer Brothers, on a pilgrima of purest love, only to discover that he wasn't interestin in love at all?

Little did the people about think that the good-looki young man in an ordinary blue coat was the modern L Byron, with a heart of ashes and dust!

Despite the blackness of his state of soul, Bert reme bered that he had only one day at Palm Beach, and th if he missed the famous bathing period, beginning

even, he might never see it again. He bore his cosmic dness along the pine walk toward the ocean beach. But walked as one aloof. It is probable that he did not look ry carefully at more than six or seven pretty girls on the ay over.

He sat on the sand of the bathing beach a little way from e line of awning chairs. He tried to forget his unmanning ief in the sight of the splash of indigo sea and a steamer at wallowed down the horizon, bound for magic lands—for maica or Costa Rica. He began to envy the throng—an-shouldered brown young men in bathing suits, their t arms shining; girls in satin bathing suits of blue and een, with white collars that cut the outlines of their roats; older men, tanned and deep-breathing, with the sured manner of executives. Laughter and a murmur of ppiness came from the crowd on shore; shouts and ippings and tremendous splashing from the crowd thing.

Suddenly Bert saw the picture as a whole, as joy in blue d gold, and he forgot the hauteur of Miss Pribble, forgot e tragedy of finding that he could forget Miss Pribble, d looked among the kaleidoscopic groups for somebody th whom he could play through the bright end of his venture in June.

IV

ERT was impressed by a dozen girls in the downy groups, but the girl he most noticed was with none of e groups. She sat alone, even farther than himself from e social precincts in front of the line of hooded chairs. could not understand why so appealing a person was ne. She was a girl to play with, a light little fairy figure a white net frock, with a suggestion of slim ankles below lls, head held up, as though she was accustomed to ention, and a small whimsical nose, as though she was ustomed to laugh. But it was a dolorous nose now; its dge was wrinkling and its little tip was quivering with ger, after the fashion of a cottontail bunny in the presence a stirring lettuce leaf. She was ging a white lace parasol im-tiently into the sand.

Despite her dignity of twenty d a new net frock, Bert wanted pat her round cheek and ask What's matter, honey?" He cided that she was waiting for a catory suitor. He was sorry for t young man when he should ne.

For twenty minutes Bert tched the lone girl—watched h and liked her, and wanted to n and play with her. She be-ne tired of active anger. She still and gazed out to sea. She s touching to Bert—she who s made to be the center of ghter, alone and melancholy. saw her eyes follow enviously a l girl who came dripping from surf, slipped into a bathrobe d by a perfect suitor with a nocle, and sat down in the midst a welcoming group.

'Poor little kid!" thought Bert. he wants to be mixing, too, like t big bruiser of a girl. I bet s's like me; doesn't know a soul a Palm Beach, even though she is such a swell. Why, the poor ile kid!"

He went to sit near the fairy gl. But he was embarrassed. He voted himself to constructing a d castle, while he assured an aginary policeman that his in-tions were entirely proper; and any man said that Albert R. chado was a masher, that man—h jiminy—lied!

He fancied her repulsing him h "How dare you address me, s!" He confined himself to a rely mythical conversation, in ich he made a number of witty servations on bathing, the opera son in New York, Charlie Chap-, motor cars, artichokes, and er moral topics. He heard him-f inventing startling epigrams, l he was in the midst of the most ceful inquiries about her state health when a large, serene male, d in a tight brown bathing suit, ggered by them.

'The dogs'll get that sausage y!" Bert said, unconsciously ud, looking after the plump o.

He discovered that his eyes had met those of the fairy girl. He flushed, and expected to be called "Sir!" directly; but:

"Yes!" she said.

"Wond'ful day!"

"Yes."

"Sea's a beautiful blue here—'course there aren't the cliffs you get on the New England coast." He wished to give her every opportunity to refer to the old family place at Newport or Bar Harbor.

"Oh, is it all cliffs there? This is the first time I've ever seen the ocean—here in Florida."

She didn't seem to intend to call him "Sir!" at all. She looked at him with eyes that were beginning to light up.

"Honestly? Oh, you can't be a Westerner!"

"I am so! You New Yorkers —— You are a New Yorker aren't you?"

"Yes. How can you tell?"

"Because of the way your coat is cut; and you have such nice funny broad *a*'s."

Bert tried to look like a person whose coats and *a*'s were always cut smartly, while she raced on:

"You New Yorkers always think that anyone who comes from west of Pittsburgh must wear chaps and a gun."

"No, we don't, because we see Westerners on every corner. You can't go into a café without running into the California or Wyoming Club singing about how they hate New York and want to be back West; and you expect them all to take the midnight train. But if you go back to the same place a year later there's the same bunch, still talking about the dear old buttes, and still sticking right on in New York. Honestly now, wouldn't you like to see Fifth Avenue?"

She looked angry once more and jabbed the sand with her parasol.

"I used to think I wanted to be naughty and go to a Broadway cabaret, but now I don't ever want to see the East again. The people here are perfectly horrid. So cold ——"

"I knew there was something the matter. Tell me about it."

"Oh, you wouldn't understand; you New Yorkers, with your social cliques ——"

"But I'm very unimportant. I—uh—I go to scarcely any of the smart dances."

"That shows you really are in society—to say that! I can tell that, even if I have been here only a week."

"Only a week here?"

"Yes; that's all daddy could get away for. He and I are going back to-morrow. I suppose you're here till way into March."

"No; I've dropped in just for a day."

"Then you're on your way to Havana or the Bahamas. Worse yet!"

"But what is the matter? Tell me."

"Honestly, do I look like a plague, or a leprosy or something?"

"Not to me!"

"Then why am I a wallflower here? Back home—why, there was sometimes as much as a boy and a half wanted to dance with me in an evening! Here—the dance last night —— Ugh!"

"Yes; I guess you probably managed to dance a few times at home! But here—I know how it must have been. You went to the big dance and nobody looked at you, and you saw nice young men making a fuss over girls that weren't a quarter so pretty or light on their feet as you are; and you were so angry that when your father tried to comfort you, you wouldn't listen, but just flounced up to bed."

"How did you ever guess? Oh, you didn't see me, did you? I don't remember seeing ——"

"No; I wasn't there. I went to bed early. These big crushes at the Poinciana always bore me. I—I just guessed it. But we New Yorkers—you see the beastly town is so big that you can't know all the people, and you get so many invitations that you simply have to protect your precious spare hours; and it's easier to cut out strangers than friends."

"Yes; I suppose so. You must lead a dizzy whirl—my! Still, I'd just like to try it once."

"You won't think I'm presumptuous, will you, if I invite your father and you to lunch? I'm here for such a little while, it really doesn't matter if I pick up the social threads or not; and I sort of feel as though I ought to make it up to you for the rudeness of the other Easterners, and return some of the hospitality you Westerners are so famous for. May I?"

"Why, I guess so. I'm just terribly grateful to anybody that thinks I'm still a good-hearted little fool ——" Her gay voice became tragic. She forgot shyness of the stranger. She dropped her parasol and looked at him imploringly. "Honestly, it's the most terrible week I've ever had! I must look like a horse thief. Out home I did think people liked me—I really did; but here —— Once I was day-dreaming here and I saw a boy who looked so much like Mark Halverson, back home, that I nodded to him; and he just stared at me and cut me dead. And once I was sitting on the piazza beside a girl—why, she was younger than I am, and she wore the most awful tessy dress—and I said 'It's a nice day.' And she said 'Yes'—as though I was awfully fresh in speaking about her friend, the day; and right away she got up and left me.

"Hon-est-lee! I feel as if I had a little bomb hidden in my glove, and they had caught me with it! Oh, I don't want to know their horrid old society! I used to; but now all I want is to play a little. I should like to go to a dance, and have one of your Easterners commit himself about the weather being warm, before I go all that long way back to the West. It's such a long trip—and I was so happy coming down; I just danced on the observation platform, and

(Continued on Page 46)

Towing the Large Man, She Came Panting Back

Borrowing From Your Uncle

The Farmer's New Friend—By Herbert Quick

THE writer has just completed a tour of the United States for the purpose, among other things, of learning what he could of the farm-loan needs of the United States. These journeyings have covered some twenty thousand miles of travel, and the expenditure of some fifty-three solid days of hearings, at which men of all occupations—farmers, agricultural students, county agents, professors of the extension departments of agricultural colleges, landlords, tenants, landowners, real-estate agents, bankers, loan agents, abstracters of title, rural workers along sociological lines, officers of life-insurance companies, editors of farm papers—men and women of all walks of life that relate to our farms and farming, have testified as to agricultural conditions. These hearings have been held in forty-four of the forty-eight states of this Union, and have pretty well covered the farming conditions in all of them. Any mind that takes to such an experience some little knowledge of the matters dealt with cannot fail to receive from it a good deal of enlightenment.

One thing stands out in bold relief as a high light in the picture of the complex series of problems that must be solved if farming is to be properly financed in this country, and the rush of competent farmer material to the cities lessened. This is the urgent need of some way for the proper financing of men of agricultural efficiency, ability and integrity who can farm well, wish to farm, and cannot get land for want of money. No such condition exists in the city. A Charles M. Schwab, a Henry Ford, an Andrew Carnegie or a J. Pierpont Morgan might serve as an illustration of the sort of men who are ever on the lookout for business efficiency, coupled with the right sort of ability and integrity in city affairs; but any business man who reads this is a better one. The crying need of city businesses is not for money, but for brains and trustworthiness.

I know of a farm hand who had never made over three hundred dollars a year in his life until he was picked up by an editor, who was attracted by his writings, as a promising fellow for the publishing business, and given a position in an editorial office at twenty dollars a week. Within three years that young man refused an editorial position at five thousand dollars a year, because he was already earning several times his initial nonagricultural wage, and had on hand work so attractive that he would not leave it, thus retiring from what he called "a fight half won." He had been a good farm hand. He loved the soil. If he could have acquired a farm and a home in the country he would never have dreamed of quitting it for the city. He would have lived in his rural neighborhood and been a powerful force for making it a good place in which to live. He would have earned far less than he now receives, and, you may say, would never have achieved so high a plane of success; but that is by no means certain.

There are broad fields of usefulness, public and private, opening to the farmer with a talent for public life and extraordinary skill in farming. But the point is that rural life had far greater need of him than did city life. Editors there are in plenty; but great farmers are few.

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

The Riddle of the Sphinx

YET, after all, that is not the main point. The main point is that he ought to have been financed as a plain business proposition. He was strong, honest and efficient. If he could have been placed on a farm and given a chance to pay for it he would have done the trick. If there had been some system by which money could have been supplied to him with which to acquire land, he would have paid for the land and rendered a profitable rate of interest to the lender of the money.

His case is extraordinary with respect to the unusual ability shown by him in his city occupation. But all over the country there are young men who can succeed on the farm, but will fail in the cities, or will make only humdrum, moderate urban successes. Such are the young men who are yearly being turned out by the agricultural colleges, either as graduates or quite as good as graduates, so far as are concerned the needs of practical farming, and who cannot obtain farms, though they are filled with that enthusiasm for their chosen pursuit which fills the young graduate in law or medicine, and which makes so strongly for success. The pinfeathered lawyer or doctor may rent an office and, if he waits, is pretty sure to get some business. Very few of them, so far as can be observed by one who has been through the professional sweat, actually fail. Waiting does their business for them.

With the penniless farmer, the case is woefully otherwise. The longer he waits, the higher goes the price of land. He cannot get a farm by degrees; it must be acquired as a whole. He is in the same predicament as a young doctor, who must obtain a flourishing practice all at once or never. In other words, he is in an almost impossible position. The result is that he gives up in despair and takes a position as a teacher, or enters some business in which ability can be financed by employers.

The loss to country life of the able and ambitious farm laborers and agricultural students is only a part of the drain under which rural life is suffering. The farmer with two or three sons loses all but one of them to the city, almost as a matter of course, unless he is exceptionally well-to-do. The farmer's son who has shown by years of efficient farming that he can make good ought to be able to marry the girl of his choice and have the chance to make good as a farmer. He has grown up on the farm, and has occupied the position of a farmowner by his part in the management of his father's farm. To drop to the status of a farm hand may not be a social lowering, but it is something worse—it is a distinct descent in financial prospects. As a farm hand, he simply cannot marry and support a wife; and he is too proud to ask any girl to marry such prospects, even if any girl would be so foolish as to accept him. He drifts to the city; or he accumulates an outfit of horses, tools and equipment, and rents a farm.

And this brings us to the largest class of farmers possessing farming ability and integrity—the skillful farm tenant. All over the United States the best men speak of the increase of farm tenantry as a sort of national Riddle of the Sphinx, not to answer which is for the nation to be destroyed. Landlordism has come upon the United States in a form worse than the landlordism of Europe, even before the last remnant of the public domain has been reduced to private ownership—that wonderful domain out of which it was once vauntingly sung that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

Wherever land is rich and valuable it is passing into the hands of renters under a system of tenantry that amounts to a conspiracy to rob, first, the soil; next, the tenant, who has no abiding place save from year to year; and finally, the landlord, who finds his farms getting poorer.

These tenants are, many of them, as good farmer as America possesses. Surveys show that in th Corn Belt the tenants make larger labor incomes o the average than do the owners of lands who operat them for themselves. The tenants do not receive s large incomes as the owners, for the accepted metho of reckoning farm-labor incomes allows five per cer interest on the land value and capital value befo wages are reckoned; but in strict labor income th tenants, on the average, make more out of the lanc than do the owning operators—this owing to th excessive value of the land. They could not do th if they were shiftless ne'er-do-wells, as they ar often unjustly described. They sometimes labor s effectively that by skinning the land they are able t buy it. Not one in ten, however, who should in som way be financed for that purpose, is able to buy lan

Everybody gains when the tenant becomes a farm owner under circumstances that enable him to pa out. He gains by becoming a fixture in the neig borhood. His family gains in standing and sel respect, and in the opportunity of finding permanen in the neighborhood society, in school and in churc School and church and Grange and Society of Equit and Farmers' Union, and all coöperative effort, ga by this new accession to their ranks of a real farm and his family.

How the Farm Hand is Helped

THE landlord gains in the long run by having fixed security substituted for waning fertili and deteriorating buildings. The land gains passing into the hands of a man interested in upkeep and improvement, instead of in the mini of the soil for this year's profit. The nation gai in the character of its citizenship. Nothing is mo remarkable than the testimony of prominent Sout erners as to the desirability of making landowne of the negroes.

"Give a negro a farm of his own," they say, "a he becomes a good citizen at once. From the m ment that he becomes a landowner he ceases to a dangerous man. If we could make every decent neg a landowner one of our greatest problems would be neari solution."

The reason for this is plain. The transformation in t negro is more evident, perhaps, than in the white ma but the same thing takes place in both. What takes pl is the steadying and uplifting effect of having a stake the land.

The United States Government has undertaken, throu the Federal Farm Loan Bureau, to finance the long-ti needs of the farmer. The Federal Farm Loan Act, wh fully in operation, will make it possible for any farm complying with its provisions, anywhere in the Unit States, at any time, to borrow any sum, from one hundr dollars to ten thousand, for any term of years from five forty, at reasonable rates of interest, up to half the va of his land plus one-fifth of the value of the perman insured improvements upon it.

This is the greatest job of loaning on real estate e undertaken in the history of the world. But it has f quently been asked:

"How will this benefit the farm hand who may b perfectly safe business risk but hasn't the money to p his way to within reach of a loan? How will it help the t ant farmer who has equipment but not enough cash make a first payment on the farm? How will it help ambitious young man with farming skill and educati either of the classroom laboratory sort or of the fields, get a farm when he is provided with nothing but the sentials of success—given land—but lacks what, after should be less important, money?

"The Federal Government is organizing twelve gr land banks to cover in their operations the whole of continental United States—exclusive of Alaska—to l money to whom? To people who can put up two doll s or more of security for every dollar advanced! Isn't t s a sort of Barmecide feast for the farm hand, the you farmer without land or money, and the tenant who s ready for a farm and can't buy it? When was there a ti e when any man had any difficulty in buying a farm if e had half its value in cash? Isn't this another exemplifi- tion of the text: 'Whosoever hath, to him shall be give ? How are integrity, ability and efficiency in farming to e financed under this new law—unless they possess fo hundred per cent in collateral? And do you call loan g

two hundred per cent security helping the under dog? looks a good deal like the old bad deal!"

This is nowhere near so true as it sounds. There are rmers in astounding numbers all over the country who vn their lands and are yet very poor. They possess lands at will yield splendid returns for money invested in their ore adequate financing, but are outside the scope of e old loaning system. Farm loans as now made exert a rong pressure in favor of the large farm and against the all one.

In the Corn Belt, and elsewhere in regions of high land lues, money-loaners discriminate, for perfectly proper asons, in favor of the loan of five thousand dollars or ore; and the farmer who wants to borrow on farm rtgage a sum less than this is not much better off than if he lived in the high-interest zone. In some of the best rming regions of the country, where money to loan on m mortgage is supposed to be plentiful at five or six per nt, the man who wants a long-time loan of a thousand llars or less does not know where to get it, though the ge farmer may be courted by the loan agents with offers funds.

In other parts, like New England, the financial institutns have had their attention directed to the West and e cities so long that farm loans all about them are negted. The president of a Connecticut insurance company ated at one of our hearings that, though his concern had nething like a hundred million dollars loaned on farm rtgage—I do not remember the exact sum—not one dol- was loaned on a Connecticut farm. And yet there is r better land than some in Connecticut, and there is no ste in which money for farm development could be re profitably or safely used in very considerable volue. The eyes of the mortgagee have been turned away m New England, and similarly from many other regions. e New England farmer stated that in his county the erage farmer would not have the nerve to ask a farm n of a bank or trust company—or of anyone, in fact, ept the village capitalist.

Good Land That Needs Financing

STATES possessing a "spotty" soil—that is, a soil which varies widely with locality—it has not paid the n companies to work out an organization for safe loaning; al so these regions, larger in extent and quite as great in nional importance as the broad stretches of lands which a so uniform that a man might land in the night from a achute and pay for the farm on which he alighted with fect assurance that he could not be much deceived in l land values, are not financed at all, in any systematic wy, as to their farm loans. These farmers are without ney on farm mortgage, even though they own their ms. In other regions—immense regions—the business rnishing abstracts of title has not been developed; and l loan company must either send a skilled man at great ense to make a "search," or rely on the opinion of the age lawyer. It does not pay to make loans, especially all loans, under such conditions. In other places the ndaries of the farms must be established by surveys.

Videly spread over the United States are lands the ues of which are low, though constantly rising, and the ns required are small. Loan companies cannot profitbly handle their needs. It costs money to make a fn loan; and it costs no more to make one of five thousd dollars or more on land covered by an abstract of tie made by a bonded abstracter than to loan two hundd and fifty dollars on a bit of a farm described by rses and bounds—"from a spring at the foot of Dead Mn's Hill; thence in a northerly direction, twenty degrees est, to a sycamore; thence due west, to a stone," and so on.

This matter of boundaries is one in wch east is east and west is west, and nver the twain shall meet. A Western layer bought a tract of land in the Appalachians. He took th muniments of title an struggled with them fo a day to discover—if suh a thing might be—whether the land conveyed was of the area and description of the tract sold him. He was used to abstracts referring to quarters, sections, townships and ranges, under the rectangular system devised by the United States Land Office many years ago, under which the wayfaring man, though a fool, may drive to the exact spot mentioned in any deed from any county seat in the West. These old metes and bounds were a Chinese puzzle to him; so he sent the papers to a legal friend in the East.

"Please look these over," he wrote, "and see whether I am buying any land in any particular locality or not. I am accustomed to a different mode of description, and where the lines are described as running from a hole in the ground, thence in an upperly direction to a state of mind, it puts me up in the air!"

And all these things—small loans, queer descriptions, boundaries rendered uncertain by the death of the sycamore, the drying up of the spring since George Washington ran the line, or the removal of the stone, sharply varying values from farm to farm and from hillside to hillside, lack of legal ability or bonded abstract companies—all these put the loan companies up in the air, too, and place on the farm-loan black list millions of acres of farms the values of which are just as stable and loans on which are just as safe as are those of Grundy County, Iowa—and, as Mr. Peggotty might say, "I can't say no fairer nor that." But all these problems the Federal Farm Loan Bureau must, as a matter of legal duty, work out. Wherever loans may safely be made, the work of making them must be systematized and perfected by a Federal Bureau.

It seems quite within the bounds of possibility that within a few years this work will develop not hundreds of millions but perhaps thousands of millions of choice farm loans, which the present system does not reach at all; and will also add new empires to the areas open to lenders outside the Federal System. And all the farmers so reached, and a multitude of others, are quite as needy as the moneyless farm laborer or the tenant who lacks the wherewithal to pay fifty per cent of the purchase price of a farm.

The new system is not one that gives solely to him who hath. It operates also in the interest of him who hath not. But if it leaves the laborer, the young man starting out in life and the tenant farmer altogether without help, it will not have reached the bottom of the pile of superimposed canines. Let us see about this.

At Topeka, Kansas, a man who has won great prominence among the bankers of America made the statement that in his opinion the Federal Farm Loan System will make it possible for such of our tenant farmers as possess some capital and the equipment a tenant farmer must have, together with a little money, to buy farms in far greater numbers than is now possible. He stated that in his country—the Missouri Valley, where land is high—he would, as an investment banker, regard it as good business to finance such purchases. The Federal Land Bank mortgage, he pointed out, may be for as long a term as forty years, and is made upon the amortization plan—that is, it must be paid off gradually in annual or semiannual installments.

If made for thirty-six years, for instance, the annual interest plus one per cent will extinguish the debt in the time mentioned. The rate will scarcely be higher than five per cent; so that an annual payment of six per cent will take care of the debt, principal and interest. A second mortgage subject to such a lien is a thing entirely different from the second mortgage hitherto known to and contemned by investors. Such a first mortgage has few of the characteristics of the ordinary mortgage. It does not worry the debtor or the owner of the second mortgage by falling due and demanding payment or renewal. It may be paid off at will after five years; but it may be carried on for a generation as an annual charge of much the same character as a tax or a water rate.

The law requires that whenever it is not made for the refunding of outstanding indebtedness the loan must be for the improvement of the farm—for livestock, fertilization, draining, leveeing, for buildings like silos, barns or better houses, fencing, clearing or otherwise reclaiming; so that the security of the Federal Land Bank loan is in most cases increased by the expenditure of the money loaned, and the second mortgage is made better. Moreover, the tenant who becomes an owner begins to build and improve. The farm gets better, instead of running down.

The annual amortization slowly reduces the first lien, while the farm grows better. Round it grow up the loves and traditions that bind the owner to his home. If he is a good man it will take an agricultural convulsion of Nature to eject him from that farm—provided, as our banker friend cannily stated, the annual charges against him are not too high. He figured out for us what he meant by this—and in doing so he made a computation of the greatest importance to the tenant farmers, the landlords and the whole people of the United States.

Sound Second Mortgages

"SUPPOSE," said he, "that a tenant farmer, a good man, comes to me and says that he has the equipment to farm eighty acres of land, and can raise, from funds saved or by making a sale, fifteen hundred dollars. He can buy the eighty acres for eight thousand dollars. He can join the nearest National Farm Loan Association and borrow from the Federal Land Bank half the value of the farm—four thousand dollars—and turn this sum over to the seller of the land. This leaves the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars to be provided for.

"I should figure that if the interest on the first mortgage—the amortization charge, the interest, taxes, insurance and upkeep—did not amount to more than a fair rental for the land it would be a safe loan for an investment banker. I should not think so if the first mortgage had only three, five or ten years to run; because I should figure that it would take him about ten years to pay off my second mortgage. I think seven per cent would be a fair interest for the second mortgage to bear and that it would be good paper to handle."

That this gentleman from whom I quote from memory has won the prominence among the bankers of America that I have accorded to him is proved, I believe, by the fact that, within a week from

(Continued on Page 81)

CAPPY RICKS, WHEAT BARON

Wherein J. Augustus Redell Scores a Knock-Out

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Friend of My Heart, I Love You! Damn Eet! I Say Eet!"

SEÑOR FELIPE LUIZ ALMEIDA, secretary-treasurer of the West Coast Trading Company and familiarly known as Live Wire Luiz, gazed a moment in dumb popeyed admiration at his partner, J. Augustus Redell. The latter watched him suspiciously, for he knew from experience what was coming. He was not disappointed.

"Friend of my heart!" the little Peruvian cried excitedly, and held out his arms to Redell, inviting a fraternal embrace. "I love you! Damn eet! I say eet! You are one wezard weeth the money-making schemes!"

Mr. Redell cautiously compromised on a hearty handshake; to avoid a kiss he was careful to keep the table between himself and Live Wire Luiz.

"Shall we empty the corporate sock and climb aboard for every cent we can beg, borrow or steal?" he demanded.

"Sure, I bet you!" Live Wire Luiz cried; for, though a featherweight physically, he was possessed of the courage of an Alexander.

J. Augustus Redell put on his hat, took from a pigeonhole in his desk the last trial balance of the West Coast Trading Company's books and departed for a conference with his banker. Half an hour later he returned, and the expectant Luiz promptly noted a cloud on Mr. Redell's sunny countenance.

"I can't arrange for a loan," he reported disgustedly. "The limit, in view of our present obligations, has been reached."

"On margin of ten cents," suggested Live Wire Luiz, "take a chance, *amigo*. Thees is not speculation. It ees what you call the ceench weeth the copper reevets."

"I figure it that way; nevertheless, copper-riveted cinches sometimes aren't properly cinched and Fortune backs out of the packsaddle. I dare not take a long chance on this, Luiz.

"If something went wrong we'd be sadly embarrassed. We dare not take a chance up to the limit of what money we have on hand, because we need those funds for other things."

Live Wire Luiz swore mournfully in Spanish. Redell nodded and retired to his own office, where for an hour he sat with his head in his hands, searching his agile brain for a bright idea that would lead him out of his dilemma. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, tossed his hat to the ceiling, and caught it again as it came down.

"Cappy Ricks is my meat," he declared aloud. "Besides, I owe Cappy one for making a monkey out of me on that lath deal. He hoisted me on my own petard—whatever a petard may be. Now I'll hoist him, and incidentally annex a profit for the West Coast Trading Company."

He rushed out into California Street and for the major portion of the day was very busy among various shipping offices. When he returned, late in the afternoon, to the offices of the West Coast Trading Company, his alert young face wore a pleased and confident smile. Live Wire Luiz noted this and took heart of hope.

II

CAPPY RICKS, president emeritus of the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company and the Blue Star Navigation Company, was, for the thousandth time since his voluntary retirement from active business some ten years previously, overwhelmed with his ancient responsibilities. Mr. Skinner, his general manager, in charge of the lumber end of Cappy's vast interests, had, under the insistent prodding of his wife, consented grudgingly to a vacation and had gone up into the Sierras to loaf and fish.

Scarcely had Skinner departed when one of the Blue Star steamers ran ashore on the Southern California coast, and Captain Matt Peasley, Cappy's son-in-law and right bower, in charge of the shipping end, left immediately for the scene of the disaster to superintend the work of floating the stranded vessel. This left Cappy riding herd on the destinies of the Blue Star ships, with Mr. Hankins, Skinner's understudy, looking after the lumber.

Prior to boarding the train, Matt Peasley had ventured the suggestion that Mr. Skinner be ordered by wire to return to town at once; but this veiled hint that the Blue Star ships could not be managed by the man who had built up the Blue Star Navigation Company had been received very coldly by the president emeritus of the Ricks interests.

"Young feller," Cappy informed his son-in-law testily, "I'll have you know I was managing the Blue Star Navigation Company quite some years before you quit wearing pinafores; so I guess, while you and Skinner are away from the office, we can manage to stagger along after a fashion."

"But I don't like to have you worried with business after you've retired ——"

"Retired!" Cappy hooted. "Swell chance I've got to retire! I'll die in the harness whether I want to or not. Tut, tut, my boy! Don't be afraid to put me in as a pinch hitter for this organization. The worst I can do is to single—and I might clout a home run."

"But Skinner has been away two weeks ——"

"Enough! It would be a bad thing to obsess Skinner with the notion that we can't get along without him. Then he never would take a rest; and I don't want any martyrs or neurasthenics round my office. You got anything on the fire that's liable to burn or boil over before you get back?"

"Nothing to worry about, Cappy," Matt answered. "Our five-masted schooner Mindoro is the only vessel requiring immediate attention. She arrived at Sydney yesterday with lumber from Grays Harbor, and as yet I haven't been able to get a satisfactory return cargo for her."

"What have you been holding out for?"

"I want to get a cargo for delivery in San Francisco if possible. The vessel will be ready to go on dry dock by the time she gets back here; and besides, I'm planning to put a semi-Diesel-type engine in her."

"Not by a jugful! She wasn't built with a shaft log, and I won't have you weakening my Mindoro by cutting away her deadwood ——"

"Tish! Tush! You're a back number, Cappy. They don't cut through the deadwood any more. They run the shaft over her quarter and hang it on struts."

"She'll carry a helm ——"

"She'll not; but if she does, let her. It'll give the helmsman something to do."

Cappy subsided, fearful that if he persisted he might be given new evidence of the fact that times had changed a trifle, here and there, since he had ostensibly gone on the retired list.

"Well, I'll take care of the Mindoro," he assured his son-in-law. "Early in life I adopted the woodpecker as my patron saint. Ever since, whenever I want anything I keep pecking away, and pretty soon I bust through somewhere."

The following morning, bursting with a sense of responsibility, Cappy came bustling down to the office and got o the job at eight-thirty. After looking through th mail he called up all the freight brokers in town an urged them to make a special effort to line up a Sa Francisco cargo for the Mindoro; then he summone Mr. Skinner's stenographer and was busy dictating whe Mr. J. Augustus Redell was announced by a youth fro the general office. Cappy went to the door to welcome h beloved young friend and business enemy.

"Come in, Gus, my dear boy," he chirped, "and re your face and hands." He turned to the stenographe "That will be all, my dear, for the present. I can't dicta business secrets in the presence of this—ahem!—harumph h-h!—er ——"

His desk telephone rang. Cappy took down the receiv and grunted.

"J. O. Heyfuss & Co. are calling you, Mr. Ricks," h private exchange operator announced.

Cappy smiled and nodded. J. O. Heyfuss & Co. we ship, freight and marine insurance brokers.

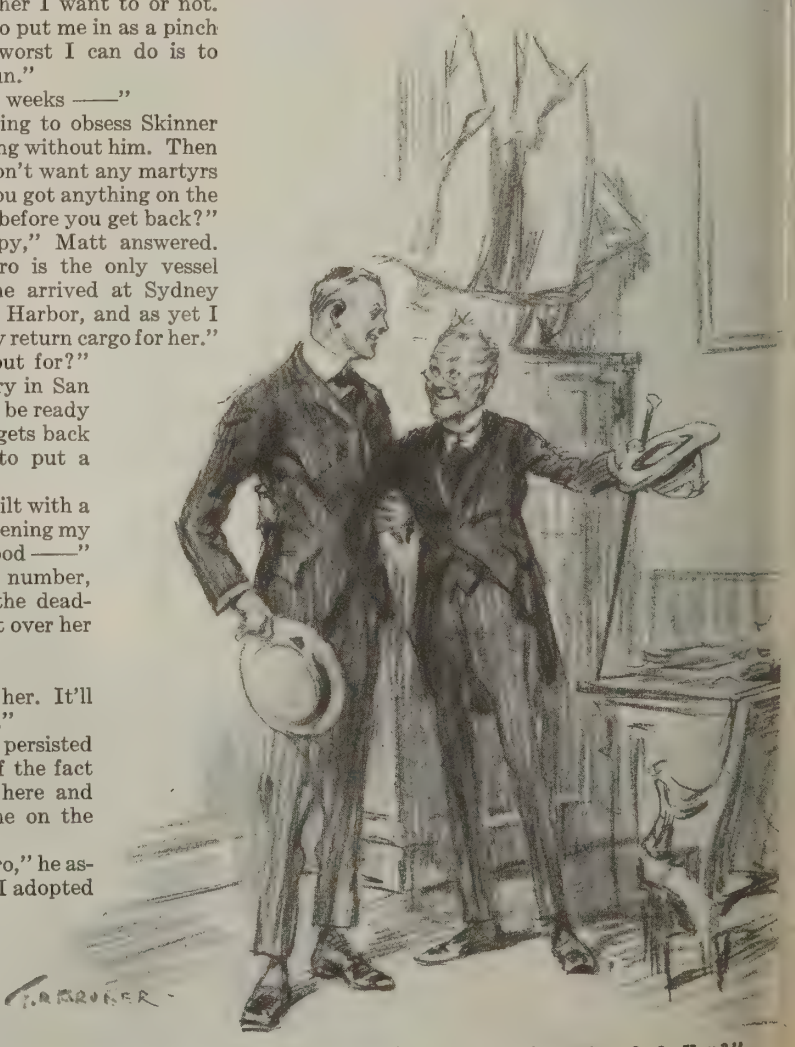
"Something doing for my Mindoro," he soliloquiz aloud.

"Mr. Ricks?" a voice came over the wire.

"Hello there!" Cappy replied at the top of his voi For some reason he always shouted when telephonin "Ricks on the job! Whatja got for my Mindoro, Heyfus . . . Zinc ore? Never carried any before. Don't kn what it looks like. . . . Yes; that freight rate is acce able. We should have more, but God forbid that should be considered human hogs. . . . Yes. . . . St it's for discharge in San Francisco? . . . All right. Cl for it. . . . Good-by! . . . Hey there, Heyfuss! Do close in a hurry. See if you can't get the charterers to p the towage over to her loading port. If they won't pay strike 'em for half."

He hung up without saying good-by.

"Well, that's out of the way," he declared with sat faction. "Just closed for a cargo of zinc ore from Austra to San Francisco ex our schooner Mindoro. Matt Peasle been hunting wild-eyed for a cargo for her—scouring market, Gus—and nothing doing! And here the old mas comes along and digs up a cargo while you'd be saying J Robinson. By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, if you can sh me how the rising generation is going to get by ——"



"My Dear Boy, Suppose You and I Go Out and Pin One On? Hey?"

He paused suddenly, leaned forward, and pointed an ·cusing finger at his visitor.

"Gus," he charged, "you're up to something. I can see in your eyes. You look guilty."

Mr. Redell hitched his chair close to Cappy and with s index finger tapped the old gentleman three times on ıe right knee—three impressive taps.

"Alden P. Ricks," he began with equal impressiveness, I have a scheme ——"

Cappy chuckled and slapped his thin old thigh.

"I knew it! By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet! Gus, if ou ever come into my office and fail to pull a scheme on e I'll think you aren't enjoying your usual robust health. hat are you going to start now? A skunk farm for cor-ring the market on Russian sable?"

"Cut out the hi-city. This is seri-s business, Cappy. can show you ere you and I can ltz into the Chi-go Pit, make a ling on December eat, and escape th a sizable wad fore our identity discovered."

Cappy, caught off guard, blinked the enormity of e prospect; but, membering his nity as a business n, he shook his ad sadly and re-ed:

'Wheat! Wheat, ? A lumber and pping man mon-ying with wheat? t for little old len P. Ricks! No, ! When I go spec-ting I stick to my cialties—lumber l ships. Did you er hear of a nbler, winning a tune at faro, who din't drop his nnings on the nies?"

'But this is a utiful layout."

'I don't know ything about weat and I'm too o to learn. Be-ies, I don't trust yı, Gus. You're a infernal scoun-l; and experience h, taught me that y time I take r tip and go in on a deal I have to step lively to keep m being walked on."

'But this time I'm free from guile. I won't stab you, Cppy."

'No use! The last boat just left, Augustus."

Mr. Redell, however, was made of rather stern stuff. H was a young man who never took "No" for an answer. Psistence was his most striking characteristic.

'Now listen," he implored. "Let the dead past bury itlf. I give you my word of honor, Cappy, that this deal is n the level. Just let me put all my cards on the table wle you take a look; then, if you don't want to come in, all ask is your word of honor that you'll stay out while I rnd up a partner with red blood in his veins."

Cappy pricked up his ears at that. He saw that Redell w serious; he knew that once the latter passed his word honor he never broke it. Still, Cappy did not wish to pear precipitate in his surrender; so he said weakly:

I'm against speculation."

You mean you're against foolish speculation," Redell rected him. "I take it, however, that you have no jection to playing a sure thing."

Well," Cappy admitted, "in that event I might be psuaded. Nevertheless, I'm afraid of you. There's a fly n he ointment, even if I cannot see it. You owe me a ce, and you'll never rest until you've squared the aount between us."

Mr. Redell held up his hands in abject distress.

,Cappy," he pleaded, "don't say that. You wrong me erlly. It is in my power to stand idly by and let you asmilate a poke right now; but, just to show you I hen't any hard feelings, I'll do something nice for you in ead."

What do you mean—nice?"

"I'll save you money—not only to-day but for years to come; and I'll save your self-respect."

"Shoot!"

"Call up J. O. Heyfuss & Co. and tell them to take their cargo of zinc ore in bulk for your schooner Mindoro and go to the devil with it!"

"But, good gracious, boy, I have to get something for her homeward trip!"

"In this case nothing is better than something. Do you know anything about zinc ore?"

"Yes; as much as an Eskimo knows about the doctrine of transubstantiation."

"I thought so. Well, I'll enlighten you. Zinc ore is blamed near as heavy as lead, and it's as fine as cement. Load it in a ship in bulk and, what with the pitching and rolling of the vessel on a long voyage, she opens up every seam and crack in her interior; then this powdered ore sifts into the skin of the ship and down into her bilge, and you'll never be able to get it out without tearing the ship apart. Why, after a vessel has freighted a cargo of zinc ore there may be as much as fifty tons left in her after she's supposed to be discharged; and, of course, thereafter she'll carry that much less cargo than she did before. Besides, the consignees are liable to send you a bill for the shortage; you can gamble your head they'll deduct it from the freight bill."

"Holy sailor!" Cappy was appalled.

"Why," Redell continued, "I'm surprised at your ignorance, Cappy!"

"And I'm amazed at your intelligence! Where did you get all this zinc-ore dope?" Cappy challenged. "How do I know it's true?"

"I got it from Captain Matt Peasley. I heard him give it to J. O. Heyfuss on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange two weeks ago, when Heyfuss tried to sneak up on his blind side and hang that cargo of zinc ore on him. I guess they weren't importing much zinc ore when you were active in business, Cappy, or you'd be hep without being told. You see the plot, don't you? As soon as Heyfuss learned that Matt Peasley and Skinner had gone away, leaving a defenseless old man on the job, he organized himself to spear you."

"The shameless son of a sea cook! By gravy, Gus, you're my friend!"

"Need any more proof?"

"Not a speck."

"Then I'll give you some. Call up Heyfuss and declare that ore cargo off; after you've done that I'll tell you where you can get something better. Moreover, you can close the deal yourself and save the brokerage."

"I Don't Know Anything About Wheat and I'm Too Old to Learn. Besides, I Don't Trust You, Gus. You're an Infernal Scoundrel"

Cappy Ricks called up J. O. Heyfuss and in a few terse sentences told that individual where to head in.

"Now, then ——" he began, facing round on Redell once more.

Again Mr. Redell's index finger tapped Cappy's knee. Dramatically he pronounced a single word:

"Wheat!"

"Wheat?"

"Wheat!"

"What kind of wheat?" In his amazement Cappy was rather helpless.

"Number One white Australian wheat."

"You jibbering jackdaw! Wheat? Don't you know blamed well that wheat is one of the commodities Australia never exports to these United States? Why? Because we don't need her dog-goned wheat! We grow all the wheat we need and a lot more we don't need; we export that, and it's just as fine wheat as you'll find anywhere. Moreover, any time our crop is a failure, our next-door neighbor, Canada, is Johnny-on-the-spot, ready to make prompt delivery. So what in thunder are you talking about?"

For answer J. Augustus Redell drew from his pocket that morning's paper and pointed to the headline of a front-page story. Cappy adjusted his spectacles and read: Bakers Announce Six-Cent Loaf!

"Hum-m-m!" said Cappy.

"You bet! And it's a smaller loaf, by the way. Doesn't that argue that there is something doing in wheat, when the price of bread goes to six cents for a half portion?"

"Well, there might be something in that, Gus. Crack along and tell me some more."

"Until the identity of the real culprits is fixed, Cappy, we must blame the war in Europe for the six-cent loaf; likewise for the fifteen-dollar shoe that formerly cost our wives six or seven; for the eleven pounds of sugar for a dollar, when twenty to twenty-two pounds was the standard in the good old days. Europe is too busy fighting to pay much attention to farming; the wheat farmers of Canada are somewhere in France, instead of being at home tending to business; and it has been up to Uncle Sam and the Argentine Republic to feed the world, you might say. Naturally speculators have seized upon this condition to shoot the price of wheat to the skies, and in desperation the millers have been casting about to buy cheaper wheat. Investigation discloses the fact that Australia has an enormous quantity of wheat on hand; some of it is the surplus of the 1915 crop. Of course she has exported all she could to England; but, at that, she has been handicapped."

"How?"

"Because when a ship sails from Liverpool with goods for Australia, it is a rare case when that same ship promptly loads with Australian goods and puts back to Liverpool. She takes a cargo of coal, say, from Newcastle up to Manila; a general cargo from Manila to Seattle or San Francisco; thence to a West Coast port with a general cargo; thence to New York with nitrate; thence to Europe with foodstuffs or munitions. Australia hasn't had the tonnage to export her wheat and it's been piling up on her. Now they've simply got to sell something to get some ready money."

"This is perfectly re-markable!"

Redell took a document from his pocket and gravely handed it to Cappy, who examined it and discovered the same to be a charter party, consummated the day before between the West Coast Trading Company, owners of the barkentine Mazeppa, and Messrs. Ford & Carter, a well-known export and import firm whose principal business

was done in grain. Cappy read the charter party carefully and even verified the signatures, with all of which he was familiar. The vessel was to carry a cargo of wheat from Melbourne to San Francisco at a freight rate of —— shillings.

"Re-markable!" Cappy declared. "Pre-posterous!"

"Seeing is believing. Call up Ford & Carter, and they'll jump over themselves to give you a cargo of wheat for your Mindoro."

"Im-possible!"

"Well, I'm telling you. Why, it stands to reason, Cappy! Canada and the United States are so much nearer Europe than is Australia it has been cheaper to use our wheat, and the result is we've been cleaned out; and the newspapers are filled with dismal stories of the sufferings of the poor due to the increased price of bread."

"Come to think of it, Gus, there has been a lot of that stuff in the papers lately. But, of course, when a fellow's stomach is full and he isn't in danger of being attached for debt, he never thinks of the less fortunate brother. Yes, Gus, I dare say the demand for our wheat now exceeds the visible supply."

"Is it any wonder, then, that this condition of affairs should come to the attention of the Australian exporters? Just because Australian wheat has never been shipped into the United States is no reason why it shouldn't be shipped—particularly when the price of flour goes up daily. Why, we pay two and a half for the fifty-pound sack of flour that formerly cost us a dollar and a quarter! Eggs are up to seventy cents a dozen—by jingo, Cappy, what's going to become of us?"

"God knows!" Cappy answered dismally.

Redell had him hypnotized. Already Cappy could see the gates of the poorhouse opening to receive them all. Redell's voice brought him back to a realization of his peril.

"You'll find, Cappy Ricks, that for months to come every sailing vessel that carries lumber to Australia from the Pacific Coast will come back with a cargo of wheat while these war prices are maintained."

"Great Jumping Jehoshaphat! How'd you get next to all this, Gus?"

"The early bird gets the worm, and success comes to the man who creates his own opportunities. I thought it all up out of my own head, Cappy, and then tried it out on Ford & Carter. It knocked 'em cold for a minute; but that was only because the proposition was so unusual. When I explained the situation to them, however, and gave them time to digest it, both offered to take me out to luncheon. You can see for yourself they've chartered our Mazeppa at a fancy freight rate."

Cappy licked his lips.

"The Mindoro is sound, tight and seaworthy," he murmured. "She could carry wheat."

"Come on in, Cappy. The water's fine!"

"I'll do it! Gus, you're a mighty good fellow, if I do say it that shouldn't. I have five windjammers en route to Australia this minute, and, by the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, if I can get wheat charters for all of them on the return trip I'll accept, if it costs me money. Gus, something has got to be done about this high cost of living or we'll all go to hell together. There comes a time in a man's life when he must put aside the sordid question of 'How much is there in it for me?' and ask himself: 'How much can I put in it for the other fellow?' Gus, it's our Christian duty to furnish tonnage to import this wheat. We should, as patriotic citizens, make it our business to boom Australian wheat in the United States and give these dog-goned pirates that gamble in the foodstuffs of the country a run for their money. Food prices should be regulated by this Government. The Chicago Pit should be abolished by legislative enactment ——"

"Well, they won't do it this year, Cappy," Redell interrupted dryly. "Still, it occurred to me that I saw an opening where two high-minded philanthropists—to wit, Alden P. Ricks and J. Augustus Redell—might strike a blow for freedom and at the same time give these wheat speculators a kick where it will do them the most good. When one cannot annihilate his enemy the next best thing is to take some money away from him; and you and I, Cappy Ricks, can take a young fortune away from these fellows, while at the same time depressing the price of wheat and doing our fellow countrymen a favor. Are you prepared to volunteer under my banner? If so, hold up your right hand."

Cappy held up his right hand.

"Out with it, Gus," he ordered; "out with it! This is most interesting."

"Ah! You're interested now, are you? Well, bearing in mind the fact that your specialty is lumber and ships, I will give you an opportunity to withdraw before it is too late. Besides, it occurs to me that I have already done enough for you to-day."

"Don't be greedy, Gus. Remember there is an exception to every rule. Besides, I'm getting old and—er—ahem!—hell's bells, boy, I've got to have my fling every once in a while. Come now, Gus! Out with it! I believe your proposition embodied the coupling of both our names in the betting, did it not?"

"It did, Cappy. Still, come to think of it, I really ought not come in here and tempt you into speculating ——"

"How much money do you want?" Cappy shrilled impatiently. "Cut out this infernal drivel and get down to business. Unfold your proposition; and if it looks to me like a winner I'll take a flyer with you if it's the last act of my sinful life."

"On your own head be it, Cappy. Here goes! However, before laying my plan before you, perfect frankness compels me to state that my visit to you was not born of an overweening desire to do you a kindness or make money for you. Philanthropy is not my long suit—in business hours; and my interest in you to-day is purely a selfish one."

"Go on; go on, boy! Am I a child in arms?"

"I have made a ball, Cappy," Redell continued, "and I want you to fire it. I have a splendid prescription to make a clean-up in December wheat ——"

"Give me your prescription."

"Well, sir, my prescription lacks one small ingredient to make it a standard household remedy. You can supply that ingredient—to wit, cash of the present standard of weight and fineness. Every spare dollar that Live Wire Luiz and I can get our hands on is working overtime in the legitimate business of the West Coast Trading Company; every loose asset with a hockable value has been hocked, and we dare not strain our credit with our banker by borrowing money with which to speculate. If I apply for a sizable loan, without putting up the collateral, he'll ask me what I want to do with the money—and if I answer truthfully he'll throw Luiz and me and our account out of his bank. And I never was a very successful liar. Therefore, in consideration of the valuable information I can furnish, I suggest that you carry me for a quarter of million bushels of December wheat."

"How much will that cost me?" Cappy queried warily

"We'll operate on margin. I think a margin of ten cen a bushel will do the trick; of course, if wheat should go u a point you'll be asked to come through with more mone However, I have a sneaking notion that a well-know financial heavyweight like you can place his order with ar of the local brokers without having to put up a sing cent; at the most, they might ask you for five thousand ten thousand dollars. But they know you're good for ar engagement you may make; they'd be tickled to death have your promissory note. I suggest that you get in touc with a sound brokerage house in this city—one that is member of the New York Stock Exchange and the Chica Board of Trade—and sell, for my account, two hundr and fifty thousand bushels of December wheat at t market."

"What'll I do for myself?"

"Go as far as you like. You know your own limitatio I'm desirous of selling a quarter of a million bushels at t market; and, as I am furnishing the plans and specific tions for this raid, I suggest that you sell at least a quart of a million yourself."

"Funny business!" Cappy murmured. "Selling a qua ter of a million bushels of wheat you do not own and nev will! Hum-m-m! Ahem! Harumph-h-h! Then what'

He bent his head and gazed very severely at Mr. Red over the rims of his spectacles. For reply Mr. Redell to from his pocket thirteen sheaves of paper and handed the to Cappy, who investigated and discovered them to thirteen forty-eight-hour options on thirteen sailing vess bound to Australian ports with lumber, and not as y provided with a return cargo to the United States.

"By to-morrow morning I shall have exercised th options and closed for thirteen cargoes of wheat," Red explained. "You have five vessels bound to Australia al Give me an option on them for their return cargo and th will make eighteen."

"Yes, yes. Then what?"

"I will charter all of the eighteen to Ford & Carter, w will load them with Number One white Australian wh for Pacific Coast ports. Before doing so, however, Ford Carter will have closed contracts with Pacific Coast milli companies for the sale of every grain of it, in order to p tect themselves against a falling market."

"Naturally. And the market is ——"

"December wheat closed in the Chicago Pit yesterd at $1.89½, and the market has been very stiff for quit while. The bulls are right on t job."

"Will not the advent of all t Australian wheat depress the m ket?" Cappy shrilled excitedly

"Not unless the bears hap to find it out, Cappy," Redell torted gently. "It is our job bring the matter to their att tion, for it so happens that Al P. Ricks and J. Augustus Re are the only two people in United States who happen know about it. Ford & Car know; but they are v conservative, and I do that the tremendous p sibilities of this inform tion have occurred them. At any rate, w probably be first abo the lugger."

Cappy nodded sag

"Are you sure, Gus, dear young friend, t we are not too conservat in selling but a quarter c million bushels each? The such a thing as playing too close to the vest, know."

"We'll try selling hal million bushels first; if t doesn't depress the mar we'll just keep on selling u something happens. Th right, isn't it?"

"I think so. The bulls l probably grab that first l million bushels to hold up market; they may even sorb a million. We'll try at any rate. What next?

"Having sold all we ca the market, Cappy, our n move will be to kick the m ket to pieces."

"How?"

"That Will be All, My Dear, for the Present. I Can't Dictate Business Secrets in the Presence of This—Ahem!—Harumph-h-h!—er ——"

(Continued on Page 6

THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VIII

THE ornithologist was absent but a brief while. Then, with the force of an explosion in our midst, thing came to pass so utterly odd, ıd so bound up, as it transpired, with the estiny of the Craigensides, that I feel ıliged to describe it in detail.

This event took its rise in the return of ır. James Smith with the act known as an or Mechanism. This act, as was to be ferred from the handbills, had to do with sort of Frankenstein's monster, a thing the likeness of a man, which would ake seemingly independent movements, nether electrically energized or inspired th the very breath of life its proprietor ould not take it upon himself to say. hat, in short, was what he left to the criti-l judgment of his audience to determine.

The baggage of the new company came to the Glade late on Monday afternoon. : that hour I was sitting with my senior d colleague, Mr. Bag Fuller, on the canoe at presided over by the boatman Sturgis. ır. Fuller pointed out with his pipe stem ıe huge black box which in his opinion mprised the Man or Mechanism act. I d only time to take note of its brass cor-ırs and heavy construction, when it was -ended and urged sidewise onto the ıge. The expressmen were straining and outing curses underneath it, as if the ling were a grievous weight on their oulders.

"Funny what will amuse people," said ller.

He was of the opinion that the act was ake act, as nearly everything in life was wadays.

"Ain't no more real than those needles," said mournfully.

The needles he referred to were pine ıedles, and were being strewn from carts, along the roots of weary, bald-headed nes.

Sturgis stirred sleepily, rubbed the bowl his pipe against his nose and uttered:

'I think it will turn out to be a man, not anechanism."

'Man nothing!" retorted Fuller. "Ain't likely a man would be given away first ack out of the box. He would cough or a cinder in his eye."

'There are people with remarkable rve control," said Sturgis. "I knew a n who went twenty minutes without aking his eyes, for example."

My fat colleague was an opinionated n. He waddled away unconvinced.

The policeman at Silver Glade had, in addition to his ıer duties, that of taking tickets at the theater gate. It ıs, as I had pointed out, a sapping of his authority and awering of his dignity to give him a job beyond that of rely towering impassively among his fellow citizens. But t management that year was bent on economy. Already t road was a squeezed lemon, about to be thrown into ne financial gutter.

And thus it happened that on this Monday night at ven-thirty I was "on the gate," as they used to say at Silver Glade.

As darkness fell the arc lights shone more boldly among t debilitated pines. I heard the torturing creak of wooden ngs, and the sound of lobster shells snapping when trod o—this in the lucid intervals between the whirls of the rry-go-round.

At a quarter to eight the manager of Silver Glade thrust h sweating face anxiously over the gate.

'It's a good house, isn't it?" he said nervously. "I hope thing goes wrong with these acts. Outside the Man or Mechanism thing they don't amount to much, I tell you fl. Mostly silent acts, curtain raisers. They've made kg jumps too. Slapped together at the last moment. Tat's what they get, fighting for cheaper acts. These acts h e come from five different holes—they don't know each o er even."

He went off grumbling.

. then became conscious of the figure of Mr. James Smith lumbering up the center aisle. His head swung like a bull's, rht and left; he seemed to be taking stock of the few p ple who had come in.

Reaching the gate, he stood back in the deep shadow b ind me, with only a muttered word or two, and there he remained until the audience was made up and the first act well started. He then went through the gate and made for the dressing rooms. A full minute had not passed when Jane Craigenside presented her ticket.

"Where is Captain Craigenside?" I inquired.

"Wild horses wouldn't drag him here," she replied. "He's not the man to want to be amused."

My thought was that, in her present mood, she wasn't the kind of girl to be amused either, if it came to that. I had never seen any young woman in my life whose eyes gave less assurance of a likelihood of being entertained by what was going forward.

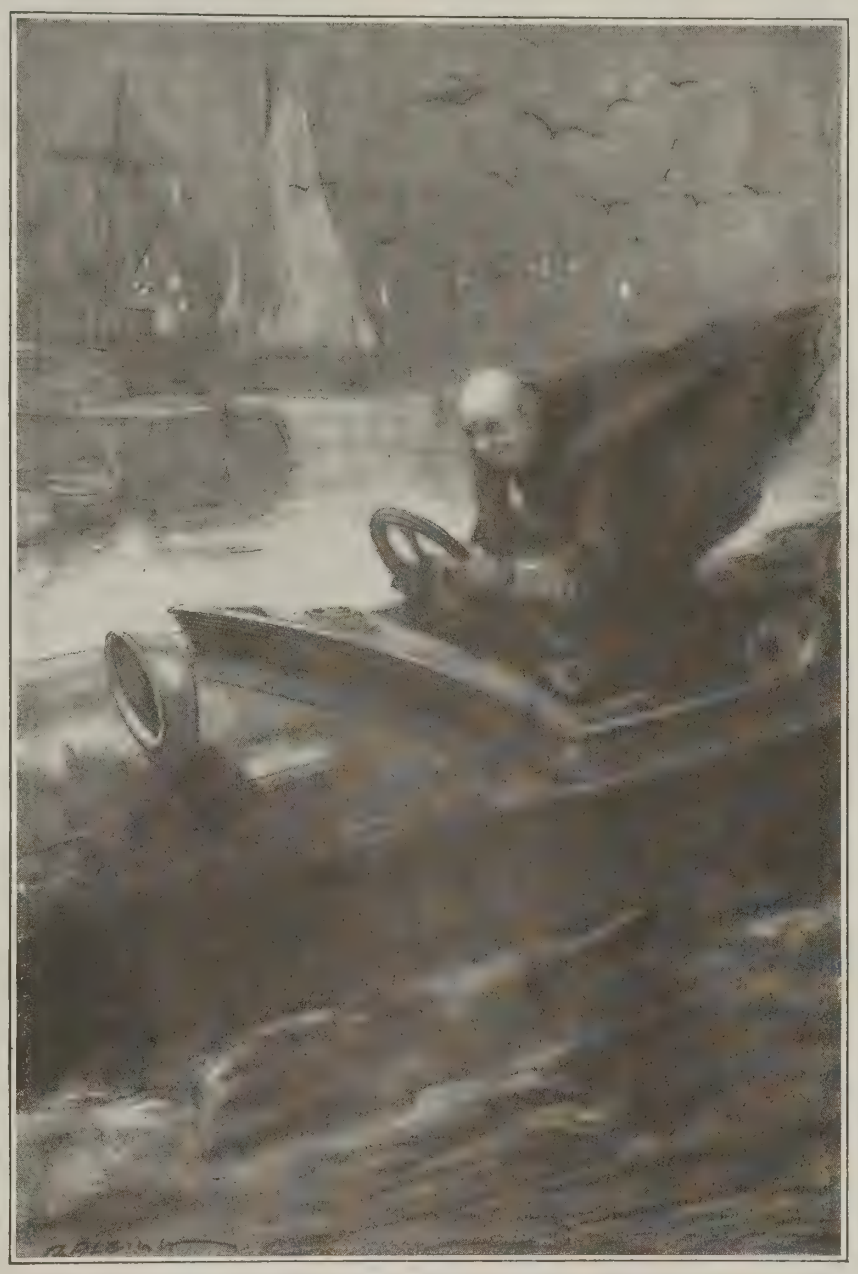
I showed her to a seat myself, and later, getting my colleague, Mr. Fuller, on the gate, I summoned courage to take the empty seat beside her. I was conscious of an agitation on her part which made her reluctant to talk. But if this was how she felt, why had she come to Silver Glade at all?

I confess she puzzled me.

The first act was silent—a pair of acrobats. The second was of the sort technically known as slapstick. One man played a concertina while the other pummeled him systematically with a barrel stave.

Stealing a look at the girl by my side from time to time, I saw that she was watching with a rigid face and that her mind was otherwhere.

Then the Man or Mechanism act was announced, and now the audience shifted on those wooden benches, for this was the act that had been featured, and with the mystery of which even philosophers and sages, it was averred, had not been ashamed to concern themselves. Out of the tail of my eye I saw the girl beside me sink forward and put out one hand to the iron chair back in front of her.



Mr. James Smith Was Standing Hatless at the Wheel, Heading for the Open Sea

An attendant appeared, rolling out from behind the wing-screen an immense black box studded with brass nails which I had caught a glimpse of earlier. This he placed at the left of the stage and withdrew.

Next appeared a tall, pale man robed in black, with a black skullcap on his head and long straw cuffs at his wrists. This was Mr. James Smith. The ex-ornithologist was certainly master of strange trades as well as a manufacturer of omens. He stood viewing the audience like a man lying in wait, his pale eyes oddly lighted. Indeed, so haunting was this light that judgment was instinctively passed against his experiment before he could so much as open his mouth. This prejudice was heightened also by the molelike protuberance on his forehead.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he unctuously said, "I am a man of few words, and I prefer that you should judge my manikin rather by its own actions than by my account of it. It is the work of my own hands; whether alive or not, you shall judge for yourselves. If motion in the limbs be once granted, you see for yourselves it would only be necessary to simulate the digestive and peristaltic processes to have a completely functioning organism—in short, man. Ladies and gentlemen, I now disclose to your eyes the manikin. Is it man or mechanism?"

He bowed low. Then going to the black box he took the lid entirely clear of the front face of it. Many nervous sighs were heaved in the obscurity below him; a noise arose of divers feet pressing hard on lobster claws and peanut shells.

They were looking into the staring eyes of a waxen figure nearly six feet high, reposing on a half couch of palest rose. The black hair was slightly curly, the nose aquiline, the chalklike features those of a man of perhaps thirty and of great personal beauty. This figure was clothed in black velvet slashed with scarlet stripes.

The face was weird and trancelike beyond words. It was not human, it is true, but neither had it the insipid quality of a face of wax.

And now this strange circumstance was superadded to the others: The girl beside me strained forward in her seat and whispered "It is he!"

Could I believe my ears? Had she recognized this corpselike figure? "It is he!" Who then? And what might be his real relation with the uncanny ornithologist? There was about all of this a child's magic, a fantastic Orientalism, that yet held me spellbound. I leaned forward, expecting I know not what, perhaps that the whole parcel of them would disappear into the gaping jaws of the dragon painted on the canvas wing.

My hand fell on Jane Craigenside's. As before when I had taken it, it was cold; and again I experienced a vague shock that this should be so. It seemed certain that the cold fingers of some horrid fear had fallen on her. And yet in the moment when she had said "It is he" I could have sworn that a note of relief, and even immeasurable gladness, had mingled with that other note of strain and terror.

"It is who?" I said gently, hoping that in that moment of rapt attention the word might fall which would make all clear.

I was disappointed. She shook her head slowly, her eyes riveted to the mechanism, to which the fat operator had now turned back.

"I show you now his inward part," he said suavely, twitching at his straw cuffs. "I trust that it is not all wickedness."

There came a click; a door in the small of the figure's back opened, revealing a collection of springs and cogs—about enough to fill an ordinary alarm clock.

"It must be reflected from the sides—by mirrors," said the girl in the same curiously absorbed whisper. She was quite oblivious of me. I began to see that she wished this thing to be a man—that her whole soul cried out that it should prove a man. Her steady eyes flared with the fierce light I have already noted; the line of the jaw, the pouted lip, the slope of the lashes, all went to emphasize the strain of the barbaric and imperious which was her inheritance

from that grim line of seamen who had sprung from the house of Craigenside. She breathed stormily. The black ribbon slung about her neck moved; one point fluttered on my cheek.

But my own attention returned to the stage. Our friend, Mr. James Smith, had flung out on the bare boards a system of wires ending in what appeared to be small bulbs of black rubber.

Speaking slowly, in his thick, grating voice, which seemed to have been long unused, he called the attention of the audience to the fact that the man—or mechanism—was now about to move.

"You will observe," he continued, "that when I press this bulb he walks alone. I have provided him with the floating principle of equilibrium, You all know that the thing which keeps the balance of the human body is afloat in an inner compartment of the ear. This principle I sought to imitate in vain for many years, and I discovered my method only by chance, through feeding domesticated pigeons on bread crumbs soaked in brandy."

A murmur came from the audience.

Mr. James Smith pressed the bulb. There came a whirr, a clack, the left hand of the object shook, the fingers remaining rigid. In another instant, with a faint sound of clicking, the thing stepped out of its box and took a stiff step or two along the stage, its crimson-clad arms dangling.

Mr. James Smith dropped the bulb he had been holding. At once the Man—or Mechanism—came to a halt. The arms twitched spasmodically, and the head canted a little to one side, the eyes, however, continuing wide open and utterly without expression.

"It is necessary," said its proprietor, "to simulate by electrical impulses the effect of muscular contraction and expansion. It is plain that if the peristaltic and respiratory impulses could be similarly simulated, the organism would differ in nowise from man's. It would be possible to nourish it, as a system of normal reflexes."

He then drew from his pocket a small package, and uttering pleasantly the words "Red pepper," slashed it through the air.

Several gentlemen in the front row sneezed. Smith sneezed himself; but the figure in striped velvet remained unaffected. There was something severe and statesmanlike in its profile, actually the same look of cramped greatness which you will see, for example, in the portraits of William H. Seward.

As to the authentic nature of this miracle, people were about equally divided. Some were saying that of course the pepper would not have its effect on sawdust; others averred that the figure was a man who had schooled himself to endure its ravages.

But the girl at my side sat white-faced and silent, following with all her soul the least movement of that perplexing manikin. Useless to recount its bag of tricks. It sat in a chair, it picked a handkerchief from the floor, it raised a china cup to its lips, it put a derby hat on its glossy head. The range of its performance was, of course, narrow; the fact of mere movement on the part of such a contrivance was what was remarkable to those of us whose minds habitually swung open on hinges of wonder. Once when the current of its being was cut sharp off the thing fainted dead away, and lay limp in the arms of its creator, still with its miraculous eyes wide open in that impenetrable glassy stare of which it was past master.

I did not once see the quiver of an expression there. There was not the slightest movement of the lashes, not the least flutter of a lid or wrinkling of skin round the eyeball—movements which chiefly control and determine the expression. I did not so much as detect the pulse of an artery in the neck or an expansion of the lungs, and yet there was a lurking, underlying something there like human personality.

"Has it a soul?" breathed Mr. James Smith in one place. "Ladies and gentlemen, I do not know."

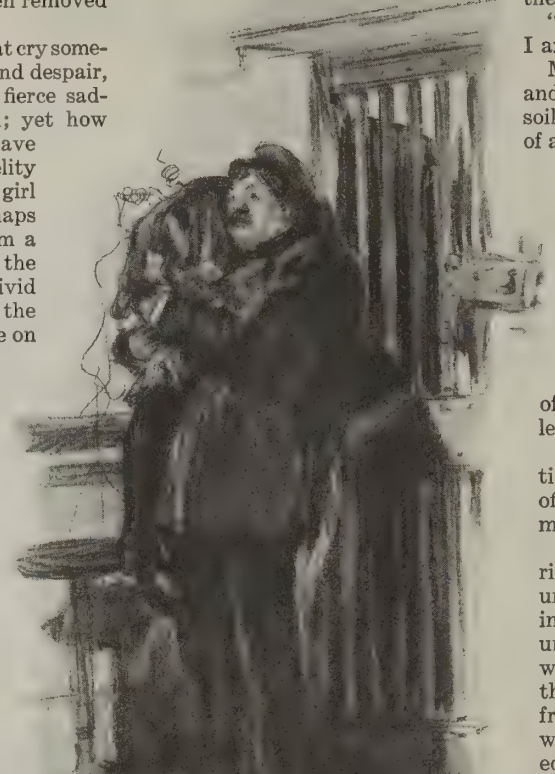
In the very moment of deciding that the thing was a mechanism I had called to mind those swiftly whispered words of the girl at my side, "It is he!" when the lid had been removed from the box.

I seemed to read into that cry something between yearning and despair, a note of unconquerable fierce sadness. It was recognition; yet how should the man Smith have modeled with such fidelity the face of a man this girl had known? Had he perhaps copied these features from a living model? Or was the man himself behind this livid mask? I remembered the trepidation of Craigenside on seeing the ornithologist's bag, and it began to be plain to me that this was no haphazard business.

As these reflections crossed my mind the proprietor of the act said in his suety voice that, for the benefit of those whose eyes might be dim or whose judgment was yet undetermined, the figurine would walk into their very midst and undergo the closest scrutiny possible to be given it.

A runway was brought, a wooden chute, with cleats nailed across it, which we had made use of the week before in connection with the performing horses.

"He is coming down," whispered Jane Craigenside. "We shall see."



"It's Only a Straw Man After All, and Pretty Well Drowned Too"

The manikin hesitated on the verge of the descent, tottered, put out a foot in exact accordance with the elaborate leg action laid down for it, and began the descent.

The strangest feelings flooded through me as I beheld the uncanny contrivance approaching at its precise, shuddering stride. I heard the soles of its boots tap in the wooden aisle. I saw the graven face loom closer; there was a fixed light in the eye, which seemed frozen in the socket, and not the slightest movement of the lids, although a swirl of dust just then passed over the theater fence which set everybody coughing.

With the same mechanical accuracy it came on, dragging its wire, until it was within ten feet of where we sat. At this moment a soul-stirring change came over it. I do not aver that there was so much as a quiver of a facial muscle—the lids were as before, there was no breath in the nostrils—and yet I could have sworn that the look of yearning and despair which I had seen in the girl's face was now reflected in these dark eyes, which only a moment since had seemed as impenetrable as stone.

It was all in a second; a thrill passed through me as my sense of this interchange of profound emotion grew more certain. Already the girl was rising in her seat, her clenched hand pressed into her cheek—when there came a click which had hitherto been no part of the action.

The manikin reeled in its tracks, and I heard the fat Mr. Smith lumbering down the runway. As he wrapped his immense arms hard about the scarlet body of the mechanism he shouted hoarsely:

"The sea wind. Ladies and gentlemen, the air has proved too heavy for it. I ask your kind indulgence ——"

He was back on the stage with the agility of a spider, and in a second had clapped the figure into the box and replaced the lid. At this moment, and before the ornithologist could make his apologie the girl whispered to me:

"Mr. Weymouth, will you take me out I am not well."

My hand was already at her elbow and I hurried her up the aisle, past m soiled and shuffling colleague, whose ey of a boiled codfish bulged with curiosity and so into the deep shadow cast b the theater fence.

Her white dress was all that wa now visible. The dark plumes the aged pines hung over us lik brooding murderers. Step by step followed her as she made the circu of the fence. She moved like a slee walker, one slim arm outthrust, u til at length we stood at the botto of a rickety flight of outside steps whi led into the dressing rooms.

"You can be certain of my discr tion," I remember saying. "I am officer of the law, but I am first of all man."

The tension was so great that t ridiculous flavor of this assertion pass unnoticed by her. She took her skir in her hand and began the ascent of t uncertain outside staircase. When s was in the act of turning the knob the door at the top a loud outcry aro from within—a chorus of voices which fear and accusation seem equally blended. It must have be audible even to those sitting in t theater seats.

In one bound I was at the girl's sid and had thrust hastily past her into t alleyway which ran the length of t dressing rooms and separated them fr the stage proper. The place was thi with the bodies of partly denuded p formers. A sweating strong man barred my way; eloquent arm shook with soft and complicated muscl His was a silent act, but he proved to me that he did r lack a tongue.

"I tale you," he shouted, "I haf heard 'eem cry ou

He pointed to a wooden door on which was stenciled black paint the figure 3, and now I saw that my colleag Fuller had been before me. He must have run across t stage itself. He was kneeling before the door and star through a crack in the panel.

I turned to a pale-faced, scintillating young woman, wife of the strong man, whose dress was hung to her fre led shoulders by the veriest threads of scarlet. She cr madly in my ear that murder had been done in there, a that the other officer refused to break the door down.

Mr. Fuller in truth looked not a little pale. He had co mitted the fatal intellectual folly, for an officer, of read too much law; and he was now besieged by a hide doubt of his legal right to enter without a warrant.

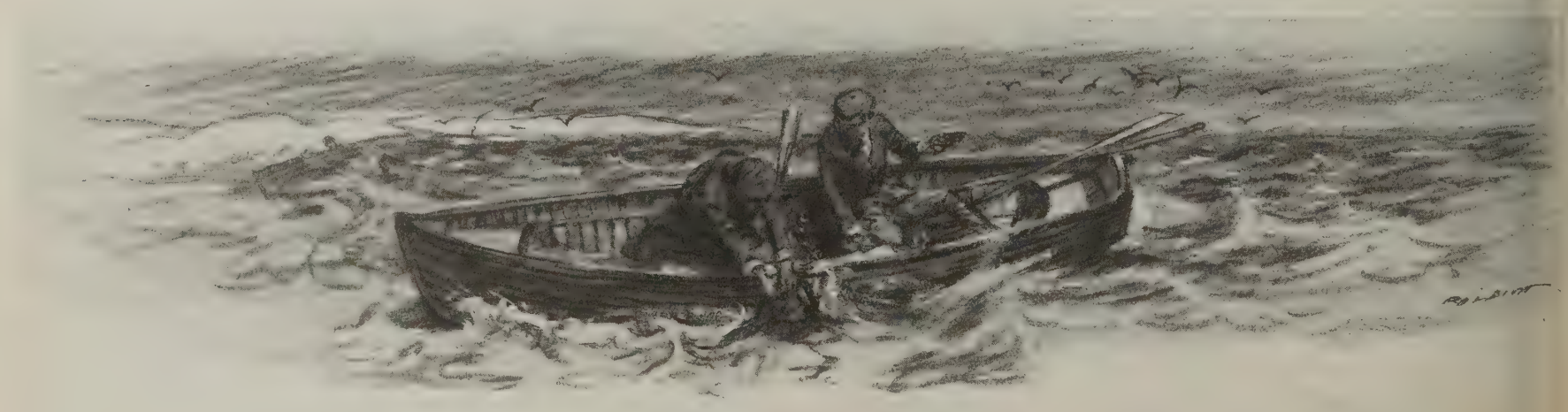
"This woman says she heard a sound like someth had fell into the river through the trap," he mutte "But that ain't nothing more than hearsay."

He glared at the insistent woman with a resentful which said plainer than words that she had manufactu this story on purpose to embarrass him. It was, howe perfectly true that the whole place overhung the ri The tide was now running out strongly, and we co plainly hear the piles grunting and squealing toget underneath. Flashes of moonlight from the water c through cracks and knotholes in the floor.

"Who is in the room?" I shouted.

"The Man or Mechanism act."

I hesitated no longer, but put my shoulder to the fli door and burst it in.



Sturgis Threw Down His Oars and Brought the Thing in Dripping, With a Piece of Kelp Clinging to It

Directly opposite me, on a ruined chair, sat Mr. James ith, his skullcap awry, his hands fumbling with a curi- s nickel-plated pipe which I recognized at once as an ium container. His eyes were calm, but his chest rose d fell strongly, as if after violent effort by one not in the st of condition, and the knoll of flesh on his forehead was oded with a sinister scarlet. But there was not the slight- trace in the room either of the black box or of the leous and questionable shape that had lain within it. ly in the center of the floor yawned a hole, made by a ed trap, two-feet square, disclosing the bright chaotic ver of the running tide ten feet below.

"He's dropped him in the river!" quavered Fuller.

"Then search at once," I cried; and closing with Mr. nes Smith, I added: "You are under arrest. In the me of the Com- nwealth I arrest u."

He mouthed the m of his pipe, and glistening astral uble lids drew ck slowly with ir infernal snakish tion.

"What's the urge?"

"You are charged h the murder of unknown man— r assistant."

The ornithologist e trailed some gabol in the air h his pipe stem. At the same time I ed that the lump his forehead had its red glare and recovered that uliar and even thsome iridescent iteness.

"My assistant?" said with a nasty e. "I had no as- iant."

The thing in the , then."

"Ah," said James ith, "if you close to call a figure tffed with straw an sstant ——"

His face was as en as the face of one god and his ed eye gleamed.

The thing you rer to was a toy, a mechanism," he sal in even tones. failed to work in a crucial moment, as you have seen. In rage I destroyed it and threw it in the river. Who had better right?"

I stood aghast at the smooth and horrible plausibility of th assertion. It was a mechanism—and he had destroyed it What proof had we that it was not a mechanism? We we accusing him of murder, and yet not only the iden- ti, but the living reality of his victim hung in doubt. If it was indeed a thing of rags and wires I should be the laghing stock of a county.

But even while I hesitated Jane Craigenside stood at m elbow. With her hand at her throat she cried fiercely, w fully:

"He lies! He lies! It was a living man. Oh, why do you al stand there talking! Let the river be searched. It may n be too late even now."

These words broke the spell which the assertion of the orithologist had laid on all of us. I called to Sturgis and Fuller to take boats and proceed along the river's bank, fol- loing the tide and keeping an eye out for the black box ar its unlikely occupant. I reserved to myself the duty of scorting the prisoner to the jail. Our jail consisted of a dble cell, screwed to the floor of a log cabin which had se service as a lunchroom.

A yellowed sign, "Ham Sandwitches 5 cents," still lin- ged on the wall.

As soon as Smith was fairly in the cell a shadow of mis- ging crossed his bloated face. He gripped the bars.

"Gentlemen," he said earnestly, "I swear to you that wt I have told you is the truth."

"I hope for your sake it may prove so," I returned gr ly.

While waiting, I held an inquiry among the members of th troupe, but nothing of a positive nature was to be le ned. As the Glade manager, Wakefield, had already to me, the five acts had come from five different houses. They had come late, and had hastily occupied the dressing rooms assigned to them. On one point they were all agreed: None of them had seen the supposititious partner of Smith lingering in the alleyway, nor had any of the Glade em- ployees seen him in the Glade. All the others had been seen, and were now identified; but this man—or mechanism—had not been seen. Strange fact! It occurred to me that per- haps the make-up of the man, his utter lack of expression as he lay in the box, had deceived them.

"You see," said James Smith, "there was no such man."

Sweat stood in large beads on his shining brow.

"You may be right," I said; "but I am not convinced of it. You are no fool. Man alive, why should you destroy your means of livelihood? How can you expect me to believe you so infernally childish? It's nonsense!"

"Oh, Why Do You All Stand There Talking! Let the River be Searched. It May Not be Too Late Even Now"

"Truth," he murmured. "I am subject to fits of rage."

He sank back on the stained mattress, and precisely then I had another thought.

"And why—why should you drop box and all in, if I may ask? You had no quarrel with the box, I should imagine."

He did not answer. But then in the very moment when, as it seemed to me, confession trembled on his lips, I heard outside among the pines the noise of a crowd of people coming toward the jail.

"Now, then, Mr. James Smith, we shall see," I said.

In the faint light of the cobwebbed lantern his face was darkened by a horrible uncertainty. He clutched the bars, he swayed, he glinted, he breathed with a hoarse catarrhal rattle in his throat. I assure you I wished myself well rid of him and of the case as well. I was as certain as of any- thing in this world that the man facing me there was guilty of the most damnable atrocity—the murder of a hypnotized subject.

And suddenly Sturgis burst in with a limp, draggled body slung over his shoulder. The head hung down; some of the pallor had soaked off in the water, but there was no mis- taking the hawknose, the black hair, the wide staring eye, and the scarlet trappings of the manikin which had just now paraded upright before our eyes. A system of tangled wires hung from its thigh.

"Here we are," said Sturgis. "It's only a straw man after all, and pretty well drowned too. Man or mechanism, hey? Well, neither, just at present. Not even a good don- key's breakfast."

I glared at Smith. He had entirely recovered his self- possession.

"I suppose I may ask you to unlock this," he said inso- lently, rattling the door of his cell.

Now in strict truth it was beyond my power to release, of my own accord, a man whom I had once arrested in the name of the Commonwealth. But I thoroughly disliked the notion of being laughed at in open court, and the idea of confessing to that rat-faced little judge, with his feazing goatee, that I had arrested the prisoner on the charge of drowning a straw man made no appeal to me. I there- fore unlocked the door to the cell.

"Sorry to have detained you," I mumbled, crestfallen.

My hatred of the man in that moment was as extreme as my puzzlement.

"I suppose I may take my property," he said with a gesture toward the scarlet figure.

I nodded, lowering the lantern. He stooped, picked up the manikin, and in another moment we heard his huge feet crunching among the pine cones and lobster shells. Instantly Sturgis closed a moist hand over mine.

"Quick! Follow him, but at a dis- tance," he said in a shaking whisper. "We are not through with this man yet."

"What the devil ——" I began, star- ing through the black pines.

"Come, quick," said the boatman. "We have him safe enough, if we follow on."

I followed my friend in amazed silence. The crowd had evidently tired of waiting in the en- virons of the jail. The curious features of this business had not been noised abroad, and it was thought to be noth- ing but some sort of drunken brawl of a kind with which those who fre- quented Silver Glade were only too famil- iar. The lower part of the Glade was empty when we came into it, and the arc lights were out; but still we could see ahead of us the mov- ing shadow of that mysterious man who carried a scarlet puppet slung over his shoulder.

"He will go into the hotel," whispered Sturgis.

He was wrong. The ex-ornithologist did not go into the hotel. He first came out of the thicker growth of pines behind that building; and then with the moon shining on him, he began to run toward the boat landing as if an imp were in his heels. Once there, and with the same unexpected agility he had displayed in coming to the rescue of his mechanism in the theater, he darted aboard a long, shark- like motor boat which was tied up there, the Fra Diavolo.

The Fra Diavolo was a speed boat, shining in brass and mahogany, and stuffed full of luxurious divans and wicker chairs. It belonged to a youth called String Fortescue, who haunted the Glade as if its nymphs were sacred.

Mr. James Smith cut the painter with a knife. Next we saw him stoop and turn the flywheel over. We heard the engine sputter, we saw the ornithologist straighten up and seize the wheel.

"He will escape after all!" groaned Sturgis, breaking into a run.

"Escape?" I said stupidly. "Escape? But we have let him go."

Sturgis made no answer. He ran forward, only in time to catch in the face a dash of spray from the sheer of the Fra Diavolo, which began to move fast toward the mouth of the river. Mr. James Smith was standing hatless at the wheel. The moon sparkled on his polished dome, and we saw very well that he was heading for the open sea.

"Quick—oars," cried Sturgis, fumbling with the painter of a boat equipped with two sets of rowlocks.

I had never seen him so disturbed. The water slapped over his shoulders, but he paid it no heed. He stared back into the Glade; there was no sound of following footsteps.

"You are crazy as a loon!" I yelled. "How are you going after that thing with oars?"

"Lame engine," puffed Sturgis. "Don't argue. Come on. He may stop any minute."

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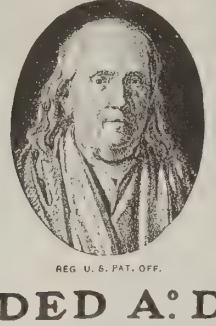
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 17, 1917

The New Utopia

PRESIDENT WILSON'S address to the Senate in January was damned with faint praise—or, just damned. To many distinguished preachers, politicians and business men his proposals were "Utopian"; "beautiful ideals"; "desirable, of course, but not practical." To one of our historians they were "asinine."

There was a time in the history of this nation when we made ideals come true by believing in them. America was discovered, settled and preserved by faith in such "beautiful ideals" as are embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which in its day was quite as Utopian as President Wilson's proposals. Nothing is so practical as an ideal in which men believe.

A Call to the Nation

PRESIDENT WILSON'S address is the most important and the most admirable public utterance that has been heard in the United States in many years. It expresses the supreme interest of this country in its foreign relations. The country, we believe, is ready to support it heartily.

We want peace, first for ourselves, but also for the world. This war has made it doubtful, at several junctures, whether we could have peace for ourselves. Through trade, travel, investments, and so on, common world interests interlace more and more closely. Opposing alliances of nations to secure a dubious balance of power grow more and more extensive. Any future war is quite certain to be a great war, and to affect more rigorously those nations that seek to stay out of it. Presumption is all in favor of the President's declaration, some time ago, that we could hardly hope to keep out of another world war.

Peace now depends absolutely upon the will of any nation. If it asserts that its honor or vital interest is involved, the world has no recourse save to submit to an ordeal by battle, even though the whole world may be involved in it. In the present state of the world's development that is a ridiculous situation. There must be some organ to express and assert the common interest as against any particular national interest. No other arrangement contains a reasonable guaranty of peace.

The United States is pretty well agreed as to that. It should be willing, then, and glad, to take its share in establishing and supporting an organ of the common interest. To declare that we want lasting peace, and then sit back and merely advise Europe how it may secure lasting peace, without being willing to take our share in securing it, would be a contemptible rôle. There may be differences of opinion over details; but details are unimportant now.

The idea that President Wilson expressed to the Senate ought to receive the country's hearty indorsement.

Centralized Bank Power

THE Federal Reserve Act became law a little over three years ago. What chiefly recommended it to many people was that it theoretically reduced or neutralized the power over bank reserves which the big banks of Wall Street had long exercised. Evidently, however, it was not concentrated power itself that these people feared; for this act probably concentrated in the hands of a few men greater power over banking than any like number of men had ever exercised anywhere else in the world.

Last September, without much opposition or discussion, the act was amended in a way that increased the power of the central board. At this session of Congress other amendments are proposed that would still further extend the board's power. They would require all national banks to deposit all their legal cash reserves, except five per cent—which is only till money—with the Federal Reserve Banks. They would empower the board, by a vote of five members, to increase the banks' reserve requirements by one-fifth at any time, thereby drawing that much more bank money into the central reservoirs.

Amendments adopted last September or proposed now would increase the central institutions' discretionary powers in handling the reserves deposited with them and in issuing circulating notes. Broadly speaking, half a dozen men could expand or contract bank credits at will, merely by pressing a button.

Not that the amendments adopted last fall or those proposed now are necessarily obnoxious. They may be very useful. But we are always talking about the danger of centralized power; yet in various cases we cheerfully hand over to a few men centralized power to a degree hardly known elsewhere; which finally means that our practice is better than our preaching.

Burying Dead Languages

THE General Education Board, backed by thirty-five million dollars of Rockefeller money, proposes, in coöperation with Columbia University, to try a series of experiments that look toward reorganization of elementary and secondary education. The experimental school will ignore Greek and Latin, and stress modern languages. It will try to find a method of teaching mathematics in connection with the ordinary practical uses of mathematics. Science, industry and the domestic arts will be prominent, and increased attention will be given to music, drawing and the arts.

Every effort will be made to keep the pupils in constant contact with their natural, industrial, social, economic, vocational and domestic environment, so as to derive the basis for their school work from real situations and thus make school work constantly real to them. The theory of education known as formal discipline will be discarded and an attempt made to secure mental training through the study of subjects that are valuable in themselves, and not merely useful as means of discipline.

A highly praiseworthy and promising undertaking, we should say; frankly experimental, with no implication that public schools or other institutions of learning shall adopt this school's recommendations until at least a strong probability of their usefulness has been raised.

Yet we find the proposal ponderously assailed as a blow to culture; an opening wedge to a merely sordid materialistic scheme of education, which, ignoring æsthetic and moral values, will presently make us a race of efficient Hottentots.

The notion that a boy going to sleep over his Cæsar is still traveling in the high road to culture, while a boy all excited over an account of how the Wright Brothers invented a flying machine is in a blind alley, dies hard. All the same, it is dying.

Law and Sense

IT FREQUENTLY happens that after a case has traveled for some years through the courts, and the lawyers have buried it under a whole mountain range of precedents, technical points, ingenious theories and supposititious perils to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the Supreme Court brushes all that aside, looks simply at the essential elements of the case, and decides it according to sound common sense.

Its recent decision upholding the "blue sky" laws of Ohio, Michigan, South Dakota and—inferentially—some twenty other states, is an illustration. These laws were designed to stop an extensive and peculiarly detestable form of swindling. They vest large discretionary powers in state boards. Those powers might be abused. They might be applied in a hidebound, vexatious way, so as seriously to embarrass legitimate investment business. In any event they would impose some trouble and expense upon legitimate business. So lower courts declared them void, as an undue interference with interstate trade in stocks and bonds.

The Supreme Court expresses the kernel of it in few words by saying that the prevention of swindling is within the police powers of the states; and if that does incidentally impose some burden on legitimate business it is for the state to say—within reasonable limits, of course—whether or not the object in view is worth the burden.

Intelligently administered, these laws need burden legitimate business but little. It is for the states to see that they are intelligently administered, with an eye singl to keeping out the swindler. We have always believe that precisely the best thing for legitimate investmer business was to keep out the swindler.

Investment Tendencies

LIFE-INSURANCE companies—mostly mutual—an mutual savings banks have about ten billion dollars invested assets. This is much the biggest concentrate investment fund in this or any other country. The inves ing is done by experts; and the changes that occurred in ten-year period, as disclosed by a recent report, should b interesting to individual investors.

The biggest item, footing up four billion dollars, co sists of real-estate loans, and the next biggest—about ha as large—consists of railroad bonds. These two are th prime investments; and the great preponderance of loar over railroad bonds must be viewed in the light of the fa that these investors have well-organized facilities for mal ing mortgage loans.

In ten years loan investment increased more rapidl than railroad-bond investment, especially in the case life-insurance companies. Their investment in mortgag loans, in fact, increased a hundred and forty-four per cen while their investment in railroad bonds increased onl sixty-seven per cent. At the same time their investmer in municipal bonds increased two hundred and twenty seven per cent.

As the freer agents—investments of savings banks beir strictly prescribed by law—the life-insurance companie changes are the more significant. The fact that the increased their investments in mortgage loans, municip bonds and public service-company bonds by almost billion and a half, while increasing their investment railroad bonds by only half a billion, is not a wholly sati factory sign; for it suggests a disparagement of railroa investment.

Commercial Failures

TAKING it all round, 1916 was the best business ye the United States ever experienced; yet there we seventeen thousand business failures. Compared wi twenty-two thousand the year before, this is encouragin but practically one out of a hundred of all concerns business failed, and, year in and year out, through go times and bad times, the proportion of failures nev varies very far from one per cent.

In only two hundred and sixteen of the seventee thousand failures did the liabilities exceed one hundr thousand dollars. Nearly all the failures, in other wor were of small concerns.

Credit men assign many reasons for these failures, su as lack of experience, insufficient capital, injudicio extending of credit, overbuying—which merely mea unwise buying—and so on. But we venture to guess th one cause was present in nearly all of them—to wit, pc bookkeeping. They did not keep books so as to kn exactly what it cost them to do business and precisely h they stood all the time.

We recommend again to every business concern accounting system that will show costs accurately.

A Growing Idea

AGRICULTURAL and labor coöperation have be formally sanctioned by Congress. The Governm has long informally sanctioned joint rate making by r roads. The new Shipping Act provides that certain agr ments among water carriers to restrict competition shall valid when approved by the board. The act to perr coöperation by manufacturers for export trade will dou less pass.

We are steadily giving statutory acknowledgment to t plain fact that in various cases unrestricted competiti is harmful.

Now the Chamber of Commerce of the United State urging coöperation that would restrain competition certain industries based directly on natural resources known supply of which is strictly limited.

There is abundant evidence that unrestricted compe tion in soft coal mining works badly, for it leads direc to great waste. A recent report by the Department Agriculture shows that timber is in somewhat the sa condition. With keen and unlimited competition am lumbermen, many of whom are holding great areas timberland that will not be available for market for ye but upon the capital investment on which interest m somehow be earned, there is wasteful overproduct every now and then; the most conservative methods cutting are not followed, and there is very little atten to reforest the cut-over areas, though, as consumpt exceeds Nature's growth of the forests, this is bound time to lead to shortage and still higher prices.

The Forest Service recommends coöperation am lumbermen—not extending to the fixing of prices or lin ing of output—as a partial remedy.

WARM DOLLARS

By Frank Goewey Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

A STOCKY young business man strode resiliently down lower Woodward Avenue and wheeled into a cross street near the river. John Kent's brisk walk in the September sunshine had splashed his smooth, lean cheeks with pink. His brown hair crinkled moistly along the edge of his forehead. Vitality bubbled in his blue eyes.

He approached the entrance to a low, short building. 'Gordon Machine Shop—George Gordon and John Kent, Proprietors," was painted in sooty white on the red bricks. The tread of the junior partner had been elastic; but as he opened the office door his whole body became taut. He marched in self-consciously and spoke a formal salutation to the only other occupant of the little room.

"Good morning, Mr. Gordon!"

The tall figure that stood near a side window twisted about at Kent's entrance. The bent broad shoulders stiffened. The brooding gray eyes instantly turned hard. The shock of grizzled tawny hair and the crisp beard seemed to bristle, all at once, like an old lion's mane. A leonine voice growled from the deep chest:

"Good morning!"

The bookkeeper and the stenographer were not due to arrive until half past eight. The partners continued alone in the cramped plain office, but they exchanged no speech after greeting each other. Kent sat down at a flat-top desk. He swiftly opened and sorted the pile of mail on his blotter. Gordon stood, almost rigid, beside the window until the young man crossed the room and set a tray of letters on the big table in the farthest corner. Then the head of the firm walked to his place.

Kent unlocked the safe and stuffed a handful of customers' checks into the cash drawer. He turned and looked wistfully at his partner. John had racked his wits for the last nine weeks trying to determine why his business associate and foster father had altered suddenly in mid-July from paternal affection to cold dislike. A dozen times he had begged or demanded the reason. The dour Scotchman always refused to explain. Yet now Kent longingly repeated his question again:

"Spit it out, dad, won't you?"

The stern, proud old face gave no sign that the veteran master machinist had heard the appeal. The stony gray eyes were not lifted from the letters on the corner table.

Though Kent felt innocent of any dereliction, he hung his head as if he bore a shame. For half a minute after his puff the young man quivered in front of the safe. Then he trudged heavily from the office into the little shop.

The moment the junior partner closed the door between Gordon and himself his resilience began to return. He greeted the workmen cheerily as he traversed the aisles lined with closely set machine tools. The first smell of oily metal was an elixir to John every day. His blood raced now like the belting. His pulses throbbed in harmony with the rhythmic jar of the punch presses and automatically shifting turret heads. His eyes held such sparkles of lighting as danced on the bright commutators of the motors.

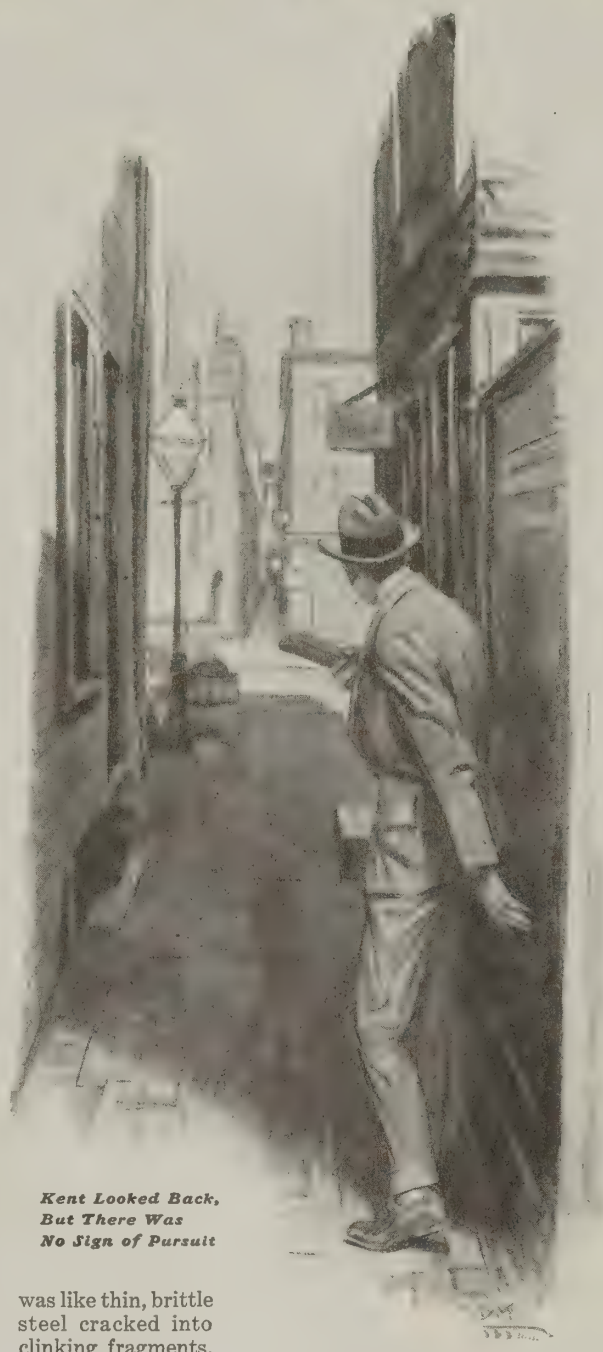
But this morning his tingle of satisfaction in the busy shop dulled very soon to an ache of lonesomeness. Kent missed more than ever before the stalwart, kingly old fellow he had left in the office. Each successive day of the last two months he had yearned increasingly for the comradely presence of "dad" beside him whenever he made the rounds of the factory. They had been like father and son for years. Gordon had taught Kent his trade. The pain of their estrangement had grown unbearably poignant to the young man.

John did not want to return to his desk, though the familiar clatter of the shop no longer soothed him but jangled his tense nerves. He impulsively decided to call Walling instead of later, as he had intended, at the Walling Engineering Works down the street, where he was having built the first model of a carburetor he had invented recently. Kent left the Gordon Machine Shop by a rear door. Five minutes later he entered the dingy big office of Henry Walling.

The automobile engineer, a prematurely bald, barefaced man in rusty black, squatted behind a low drafting table. His long neck and narrow shoulders were stooped close to some blue prints outspread under his fingers. He peered above his steel-rimmed spectacles as the door unlatched. Then, with hurried furtiveness, he scrolled the papers and straightened. Walling acted as though he had come close to detection in guilt. He laid the blue prints stealthily on the drawing board and creaked a greeting meant to sound cordial:

"Well, well, John! I'm certainly glad to see you! I didn't expect you to come over the very first thing. This is fine!"

His fulsome words and hoarse tone rasped incongruously, as if the oil of geniality had been so unfamiliarly applied that the harshness of his natural expression grated in his voice despite the copious lubricant. His metallic chuckle



Kent Looked Back, But There Was No Sign of Pursuit

was like thin, brittle steel cracked into clinking fragments.

Walling minced round the draftsman's table and effusively clutched the palm of his visitor. Kent pulled his hand away from the bony fingers after the briefest grip in return.

"I just dropped in, Walling, to tell you I appreciate your proposition on my new carburetor; but I prefer to swing it in the Gordon Machine Shop, along with my other automobile specialties."

The disappointed sycophant turned vicious in a second.

"So you refuse my offer of fifteen thousand dollars," he snarled, "and intend to present half of your latest invention to that fossilized partner of yours!"

"Cut out slurs at Mr. Gordon!"

The warning was snipped off as if Kent's lips had been shears. His eyes hardened to the blue of tempered steel. The engineer, in trepidation, blurted a hasty palliative.

"I respect the old gentleman as a first-class machinist. Everybody does. For twenty-five years George Gordon has been generally recognized as Detroit's best independent master mechanic. But you know as well as I do that he's prejudiced against the automobile business. Even now he thinks it's just a craze, which will die out pretty soon. Why, if you give him a half interest in your carburetor he'll choke all its chances to death in his dinky machine shop."

Walling dropped disgustedly into his chair behind the littered desk. Then he made a sudden fresh attack on Kent's purpose. He swiveled about and swung forward like a rapid-fire gun.

"You've never mentioned your latest invention to your partner, have you?" he shot out.

"No; I'm going to surprise him with my carburetor as soon as you get the model done."

"Well, you won't!" Walling denied bluntly. "He's known all about it for months."

Kent rushed across the room and crouched in menace before the desk.

"You told him!" he accused. A flash of intuition had given the junior partner his first glimpse of a reason for his associate's resentful coldness of late. "You wanted to cause trouble between dad and me so you could drive us apart and get me to hitch up with you instead. You let him know I was having you build a model that I'd never mentioned to him. Of course he misunderstood my purpose in ordering the carburetor made here secretly."

"I didn't tell Gordon anything!" Walling hotly repelled the charges. "I hadn't spoken to him for six months until last Wednesday. He came up here to my office that afternoon and asked me point-blank about the carburetor. I've no idea how he learned I was building the model—unless he picked up a hint from some workman."

"I apologize!" John made hasty *amende;* then he put an eager request: "Tell me everything Mr. Gordon said."

He smiled in anticipation of hearing the cause of his partner's recent hostile behavior.

"What are you laughing at?" Walling demanded indignantly.

"Why, dad hasn't spoken a civil word to me for two months. I couldn't imagine why. I see now that he's been grouchy because he thought I was underhanded about the carburetor. It makes me laugh to think how he'll look when I tell him the real reason I kept it secret from him."

Walling leaned back in his seat. A grin wrinkled his crafty face, as if the unaccustomed inward warmth shriveled the dry skin. A chuckle of satisfaction rustled harshly from his throat.

"You're all wrong, John!" the engineer croaked. "You don't savvy Gordon any better than he understands you. I knew you both were tangled. That's why I phoned you to come over. I'll get you straightened out; then I'm sure you'll change your mind about giving him half of your carburetor. You'll accept the proposition I made you, instead, and become my partner. Sit down. I'll tell you some things you ought to have known long ago."

Kent's buoyant new hope for restored affectionate relations with his foster father was punctured. He collapsed in a chair.

"What do you mean?" he cried fearfully.

"Gordon doesn't want a share in your carburetor!" Walling exulted. "Probably he did feel hurt because you kept it secret; but that is only one reason he's sore at you. What he bitterly resents is your jamming his old shop full of 'newfangled contraptions.' That's what he called your automobile specialties. He still expects the motor-car business to blow up any day, and it made him wild to find out you are going to take on another device in which he has no faith.

"He told me your inventions monopolized the machine tools—that the firm was handling practically no custom jobs nowadays. It drives him frantic to think that you intend to crowd from his old shop more of the familiar work he has done for a quarter of a century, which he knows is safely profitable, in order to run additional chances by manufacturing a new carburetor. The old fogy declared he'd be glad if every one of your specialties was out of the place."

Kent stared blankly; yet he was not so stunned by surprise as he appeared. John seemingly looked at Walling, but he saw only the loved face of the crotchety "old fogy." His eyes were fixed because his thoughts were concentrated on his personal problem in its new light. The engineer misconstrued Kent's silence. He seized the apparently favorable opportunity to urge his own plans again.

"Gordon would be a great deal more contented if you'd give him back his shop to potter round in with jobwork for his old customers. Now I've offered to organize a fifty-thousand-dollar corporation with you to make the carburetor. I'll put up twenty-five thousand cash for half the capital. For the other fifty per cent of the stock you invest ten thousand dollars of your own as a guaranty of good faith, and assign your rights as inventor in exchange for the remaining fifteen thousand.

"In addition I'll give my technical knowledge as an automobile engineer to the company for a merely nominal salary—say a thousand dollars a year—while you'll draw five thousand. You'll soon be a rich man if you come in with me. Our company can take over your other specialties, too, a little later, if you're willing. We'll issue additional capital stock to cover them. Now what do you say?"

While the voluble engineer expatiated on his program Kent was comparing in his mind the greedy little fox and the stalwart old lion of the machine shop. All at once John's filial respect and love for Gordon surged overwhelmingly from the depths of his heart. On the crest of the wave curled the froth of his dislike for cunning, sordid Henry Walling. At the avid question Kent leaped to his feet.

"What do I say?" he foamed. "That I'd rather give up all my specialties and earn five warm dollars a day as a machinist at the bench beside Dad Gordon, as I used to

do before he took me into partnership, than to share a hundred times that much with you! You're just a money-making machine! He's a regular Man!"

When the swelling billow of his feelings broke into the spume of speech Kent had backed with repugnance from the desk. At the conclusion of his outburst he whirled to the door. As he turned suddenly to leave the room his hand struck the drawing board. The blue prints the engineer had furtively scrolled when he first caught sight of his early morning visitor dropped to the floor. John bent to pick them up. The roll loosened in his fingers. His eyes glimpsed the fine print in the upper left-hand corner of a sheet:

K–W Carburetor
John Kent and Henry Walling
Inventors
March 7, 1916

Kent's scornful words seemed to have paralyzed the astounded engineer. He had acted confidently in renewing his corporation proposal. When his scheme was flung aside with aversion he huddled behind his desk like a clutter of rusted junk. But as Kent stooped to retrieve the fallen blue prints Walling sprang from his chair as though animated by sudden terror.

"Get out of my office!" he shrieked.

John was dumfounded when he saw his name on the drawings joined with that of the engineer as co-inventor of the carburetor. He did not comprehend yet what the caption signified, but he was enraged, after the first shock of astonishment. Like a menacing bulldog he faced the little man behind the table and snarled his ferocity:

"What's the meaning of this?"

Instead of answering, the panic-stricken engineer bolted through the rear exit of his office to his model-making room and slammed the door. John leaped in chase, but a lock barred pursuit. He shook the knob savagely; then he heard the rush of many feet and Walling screaming frantically to his workmen:

"Kent's got some of my drawings! Take them away from him! Quick!"

John bounded across the office to the front door and clattered down the stairs. He darted round the corner and up the street toward the Gordon Machine Shop. He looked back, but there was no sign of pursuit. Kent slackened his gait to glance over the roll of papers he gripped.

The blue prints constituted a complete set of drawings of his latest invention. With the exception of the extraordinary notation on them, John was familiar with everything in the dozen sheets. Walling's model-makers had been referring to such drawings for their guidance while they constructed the sample carburetor. The detailed original tracings of Kent's new motor specialty had been made by the engineer's draftsmen as part of the work on the order the inventor had given for the building of his first model. John had seen many similar blue prints before; but on none of the other had there been the corner notation, in fine print: K–W Carburetor—John Kent and Henry Walling, Inventors. March 7, 1916.

Kent hurried back to the Gordon Machine Shop. He intended to explain away in a jiffy his partner's misunderstanding about the carburetor; then to ask the shrewd old Scotchman whether he could guess the meaning of the words which indicated that Walling had some villainy afoot. John never before had felt so urgently in need of counsel from his foster father. But he found that in his absence Gordon had left the office. The bookkeeper did not know where he was.

The junior partner hesitated a few moments, undecided what he should do. Then he rushed from the shop to consult his patent attorney. He poured out his story. The lawyer listened with grave attention, asked a great many questions, and at the end shook his gray head portentously.

"Walling has schemed to get a half interest in your carburetor by fair means or foul, Mr. Kent. I surmise that every employee of his who worked on your model received blue prints like these, with your name and Walling's in the notation to indicate you were joint inventors.

"Probably the carburetor is commonly known as the K–W at the Engineering Works. Your frequent consultations with Walling about it at his office in the presence of various workmen supported the general assumption that you and he are partners in the device.

The Bank Had Refused to Cash His Check, Because Gordon Had Drawn Out All But a Few Dollars of the Firm's Balance

"You say you have seen many blue prints without the K–W label. Walling doubtless printed those before he had the heading put on the tracings for the special purpose of hoodwinking you. It was necessary sometimes for you to refer to a blue print when instructing mechanics at the Engineering Works. On such occasions I assume that Walling produced from his private safe, for your inspection, drawings with the corners blank.

"The omission of the inconspicuous label was not apt to attract the attention of the model-makers present, intent on the orders you and Walling were giving them about their work. If those employees should be questioned in court they would swear in perfect good faith that the prints you handled in their presence did bear your name and Walling's, to designate the joint invention of the carburetor. In all other respects such prints, of course, were exact replicas of those used by the workmen at their benches in the experimental room. By handling the drawings, though they actually had no labels, you seem to have acquiesced tacitly in Walling's brazen claim to equal rights with you to the new device. The rascal will perjure himself in the Patent Office; his workmen and the circumstantial evidence will support him."

"But he offered to buy a half interest!" Kent reminded him desperately.

"Yes; he'd rather not run the risk of perjury if he can accomplish otherwise his object of participating in the rich profits of manufacturing your carburetor. He hoped you would accept his offer to form a corporation.

"His crooked scheme was the second string to his bow."

"What would you advise me to do?" John appealed to his counsel. He realized his predicament now.

"There seem to be only two things you can do," the attorney replied. "You must either fight a long, expensive interference proceeding in the Patent Office, or assent to the sale of a half interest in your invention to Walling. He has made you a pretty good offer, in my judgment. It appears to me, also, that Mr. Gordon does not want to have anything to do with manufacturing the carburetor. I know how you feel about being held up; but, after all, you'd not be a loser by going into the proposed corporation with Walling. You'd still have fifty per cent of the profits you've expected to keep for yourself."

The client instantly flared to rage at the advice of the lawyer. He grabbed the roll of blue prints and strode abruptly to the door. John's wrath exploded over his shoulder toward the astounded attorney.

"I'll see him in hell first! Good-by!"

Kent went back to the Gordon Machine Shop. His partner was still out. John locked the roll of blue prints in his desk and sat down to ponder his problem alone. He cudgeled his wits for an hour; then he decided there was only one answer. A fight in the courts would likely be futile, as the lawyer had warned.

Action followed immediately after decision. Kent returned to the Engineering Works and opened the door of the private office. He found Walling seated at the desk in the farthest corner. As John walked in the engineer sprang to his feet; but Kent stopped just inside the entrance to the long room.

He acted only sullen now, as if his recent violent rage had been spent.

"I won't touch you. I've come back to do business," he announced curtly, like a beaten man surrendering with very bad grace.

"Do you mean you'll accept my proposition to buy a half interest in the carburetor?" asked Walling suspiciously. He edged toward the rear door.

"Yes; I see you've got me foul. I've consulted my patent attorney and he says it's about an even bet if I should fight you, with the odds in your favor. Besides, I'm convinced now that Mr. Gordon doesn't want to manufacture the carburetor.

"He and I can't continue doing business the way we have been pulling against each other lately. I'm compelled to make a new arrangement of some kind. I admit frankly that I don't want an expensive patent litigation with you. I might take the satisfaction of breaking your neck; but I've decided I can't afford that luxury, either. I do not believe it ever will be to your interest to skin me again. You think I can make more money for you if you give me square treatment hereafter. So I've concluded to drop the idea of getting even personally, and look at the matter from a strictly business standpoint."

"That's the right view to take!" Walling interjected eagerly.

"It's the only sensible view I've thought the whole thing over. I believe that when you say we'd both get rich if we should join forces you realized it would pay you to play fair with me."

"We'll not have a bit of trouble," the engineer avidly assured.

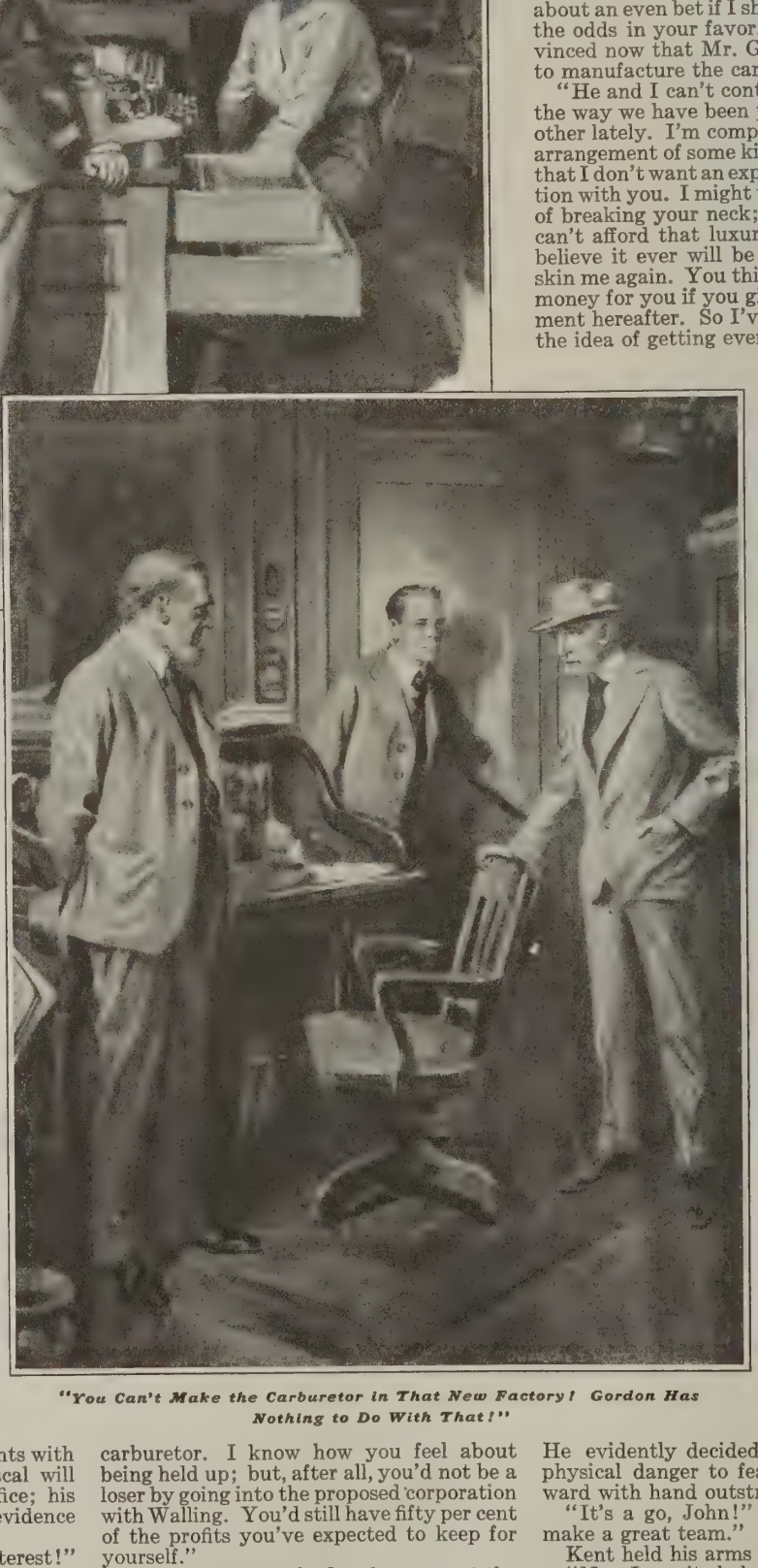
"I think the same. Now let's get down to brass tacks: I'll agree to assign all my rights in the carburetor to the corporation you proposed. We each take half the stock. You are to put up twenty-five thousand dollars cash, and I'll put in the thousand. My carburetor rights are to go in for the remaining fifteen thousand dollars of my share."

The engineer stared half a minute searchingly at the grim face confronting him. He evidently decided there was no menace of physical danger to fear; so he came forward with hand outstretched.

"It's a go, John!" he exulted. "We'll make a great team."

Kent held his arms stiffly at his sides.

"No; I won't shake hands," he refused. "I'm willing to let bygones be bygones, but I don't mean to act friendly just because of our own stock in the same corporation. I was sentimental when I talked to you early this morning." John affected to sneer self-contemptuously. "I spoke of warm dollars! But this deal is simply cold business



"You Can't Make the Carburetor in That New Factory! Gordon Has Nothing to Do With That!"

(Continued on Page 30)

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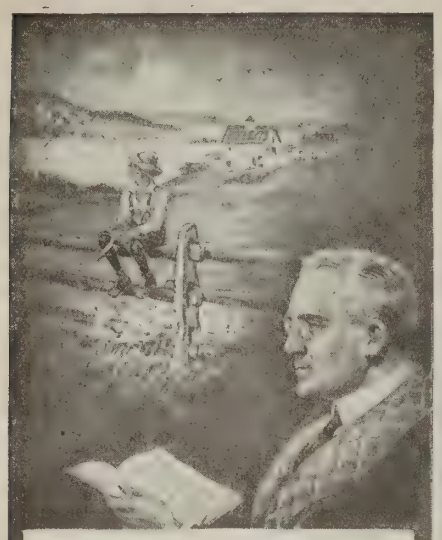

Are Your Eyes

as good as your memory?

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KRYPTOKS *(pronounced Cryptocks)* end the trouble and annoyance of removing your reading glasses every time you look at objects more than a few feet away. They free you from fussing with two pairs.

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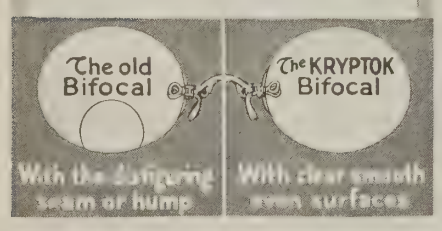
KRYPTOKS keep your eyes young in *looks*, as well as in *usefulness*, because they do not have that age-revealing seam or hump of other bifocals. When you are wearing KRYPTOKS, they cannot be distinguished from single vision glasses. Their surfaces are clear, smooth and even—free from line, seam or hump.

Ask your oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOK Glasses.

Write for Booklet, "Eyesight Efficiency"

It contains important information for every man or woman who needs glasses for near and far vision. When writing, please give (if possible) name of your oculist, optometrist or optician.

KRYPTOK COMPANY, INC.
1049 Old South Building
Boston, Mass.



(Continued from Page 28)

with me. The less there is of anything else the better—so far as I am concerned. The question now is: Are you ready to sign an agreement?"

Walling was not disconcerted by the rebuff. He instantly met the other man on the ground of business.

"Yes," he replied crisply.

"All right, then," responded Kent. "I want our understanding in black and white at once, so I can go back and settle my affairs with Mr. Gordon too—right away. I'm going to pull my specialties out of his machine shop and let him have the old place to potter round in all he wants. You hit the nail on the head about him."

John's tone seemed bitterly scornful. It had the intended effect.

"Gordon never appreciated you!" Walling exclaimed. "I do. Maybe I did mean to go after you pretty strong on the carburetor, but it was only because I realized what a lot we could accomplish together." The crafty engineer followed this attempted extenuation of his crooked design by showing his greed. "I hope," he urged, "that you and I can handle all your automobile inventions in our corporation."

Kent stiffened as if he drew back from a scented danger.

"First, I wish to see whether or not you really mean to give me a square deal," he declared bluntly. "I don't trust you, and make no bones about saying so. I'm willing to start on the carburetor; then I'll consider putting my other specialties into the corporation. One thing, though, I'll say now: I'm going to take my inventions out of the Gordon Machine Shop just as soon as I can make satisfactory new arrangements. And, of course, I'd prefer to have all my specialties manufactured at the same place as the carburetor."

Walling seemed satisfied. He rubbed his hands zestfully.

"Let's go down town and have our lawyers prepare the necessary papers at once, then," he proposed.

Kent impatiently shook his head.

"I haven't time to wait while a couple of attorneys fuss over technical contracts. What I want now is positive assurance that you mean business, so I can go right back to the Gordon Machine Shop and complete arrangements to pull my specialties out of there immediately. That is even more important to me than the carburetor deal. It will take lawyers several days to organize a corporation and to attend to all the details of the proposed agreement between you and me. I'm going to have a settlement with Mr. Gordon at once; but, first, I need to know just what I can count on with you.

"Walling, I want you and myself to sign now a rough statement of what our agreement is to be. We both know what you proposed, but I intend to have it in writing before I notify Mr. Gordon that I'm going to leave his machine shop with my specialties. So that I'll be sure you won't back down, I insist that we both put up our checks at once with a neutral bank, to be exchanged for capital shares as soon as the corporation is organized. I will agree now, too, that I'll assign all my rights in the carburetor to the company for fifteen thousand dollars of the stock. I wish to know exactly where I stand with you before I quit the Gordon Machine Shop with my inventions. And I mean to give my present partner notice of my withdrawal immediately."

"But how can we make an agreement that will be binding without our attorneys to draw it up?" Walling demurred. "Neither of us knows how to prepare a legal contract."

"Oh, bosh!" Kent scoffed. "What's difficult about putting down in writing the things we've talked?"

He strode to the engineer's vacated chair and sat down at the desk. He pulled a sheet of paper toward him and snatched up a pen.

"I'll show you what I mean," he declared. "Our lawyers can embody our understanding in formal contracts later, if necessary; but I haven't time to monkey round waiting. If you mean to be fair you won't have any objection to signing your name to precisely what you offered orally. And you can't blame me for being unwilling to pull out of the Gordon Machine Shop just on the basis of your word that you'll go in with me on the carburetor, as you proposed. I'll test your intentions right now, Walling. If you have anything more up your sleeve I'll make you show it."

"I haven't!" the engineer protested earnestly.

"Then you'll sign this with me," insisted Kent.

He began to write and in a few minutes had filled two sheets with a hurried scrawl. He stood up to read the paper.

"Henry Walling and John Kent, in consideration of their mutual promises and benefits hereunder, agree:

"FIRST. As soon as possible they will organize a corporation under the laws of Michigan, with a capital stock of fifty thousand dollars. Henry Walling agrees to pay twenty-five thousand dollars cash for one-half of the corporation stock. John Kent agrees to pay for the other half of the stock as follows: Ten thousand dollars cash and fifteen thousand dollars by assigning to said corporation as soon as it is organized, which shall be within thirty days after this date, all his right, title and interest in an improved carburetor he has invented, of which Henry Walling has been building a model and has complete drawings. The two parties agree that John Kent's right and title in said invention are worth fifteen thousand dollars and that fifteen thousand dollars of the capital stock of the corporation to be organized shall be issued to John Kent when he makes the assignment above mentioned.

"SECOND. The parties agree that immediately after the corporation shall be organized John Kent shall be employed by said corporation, at a salary of five thousand dollars a year for five years. Henry Walling also shall be employed, at a salary of one thousand dollars a year for five years. Each party shall have exactly equal power with the other in the corporation management so long as he continues to own or control one-half of the stock.

"THIRD. As evidences of mutual good faith, John Kent agrees to deposit with the Motor Trust Company, of Detroit, Michigan, forthwith, ten thousand dollars; and Henry Walling also agrees to deposit with said Motor Trust Company twenty-five thousand dollars. Both parties agree that said Motor Trust Company shall hold said deposits in escrow until the corporation above mentioned shall be organized. Then said Motor Trust Company shall pay the entire sum of said deposits into the treasury of said corporation, and shall receive for the same thirty-five thousand dollars of the stock of the corporation—twenty-five thousand dollars in the name of Henry Walling and ten thousand dollars in the name of John Kent.

"FOURTH. All the stock herein mentioned shall be full paid and nonassessable; and the assignment by John Kent of his carburetor rights, as above provided, shall entitle him to receive fifteen thousand dollars additional of the capital stock, the same as if he had paid for the same in cash.

"FIFTH. Henry Walling admits that John Kent is the sole and exclusive inventor of the carburetor, a model of which Henry Walling is now making in his experimental department. And Henry Walling admits that he himself has no claim on said carburetor as a joint inventor thereof."

Kent finished his reading and handed the sheets to the engineer.

"That's in the rough, of course, Walling; but it's perfectly plain, isn't it? I'm willing to sign that. If you mean to be square with me you'll sign too, just as readily as you talked the proposition. Then we can go right over to the Motor Trust Company and deposit our money."

The engineer evidently was disinclined to being hurried into a written compact; yet obviously he also feared to demur, lest impulsive Kent should misconstrue his hesitance. Walling read and reread the paper. He tried again to persuade the other man to wait until their lawyers could prepare a formal contract. John stubbornly demanded that Walling show him wherein the present draft did not state their agreement exactly. The engineer was unable to deny that the written proposition was precisely what he himself had urged. He did not take any exception at all to the last clause, in which he would confess that Kent was sole inventor of the carburetor. That was not a debatable point, as Walling seemed to recognize.

"If I've written just what you said, why aren't you willing to sign it?" was the question Kent hurled back at every objection.

Finally, when the engineer could make no more specious excuses for a delay that he seemed both to desire and to fear, he agreed to Kent's ultimatum. He called a stenographer and two copies of the document were made. Thereupon both men

(Continued on Page 33)

THIS is DIMUNETTE ¼ actual size. Fully protected by patents, easy to operate, extremely light in weight, of handsome brushed bronze effect and solid construction. It gives all the protection of high priced machines, and will last forever.

$7.50

IN CANADA $10.

"It's a crime to take your money"

(But $7.50 prevents that crime)

IT'S a crime to take your money laughed a famous check-raiser as he demonstrated his art. A stroke of his pen—and $8 was $8,000! A drop of acid in the right place—and there was plenty of room to change "Eight" to "Eight thousand"! No wonder check-raising attracts so many criminals. "It's a crime to take your money"—a cinch of a crime to commit—desperately hard to detect because your checks pass through so many unknown hands.

Formerly devices giving Standard Protection were expensive. But now that day is passed. Now you may stand better with your banker by giving your checks standard protection at a price you can afford to pay

Now the Dimunette gives you Standard Check protection for $7.50—less than you would lose by having one $1 check raised to $10. Can you afford *not* to invest $7.50? The oldest makers of check protecting devices now bring standard check protection within the reach of all.

If you have the slightest difficulty in securing the Dimunette of your stationer or office supply dealer, send check, money order or draft to us, and we will gladly supply you, charges prepaid.

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Defiance Check Writer Corp.
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Gentlemen:

Enclosed find (Check / Money Order / Draft) for $7.50 for which please send one Dimunette, delivery free.

Name_____

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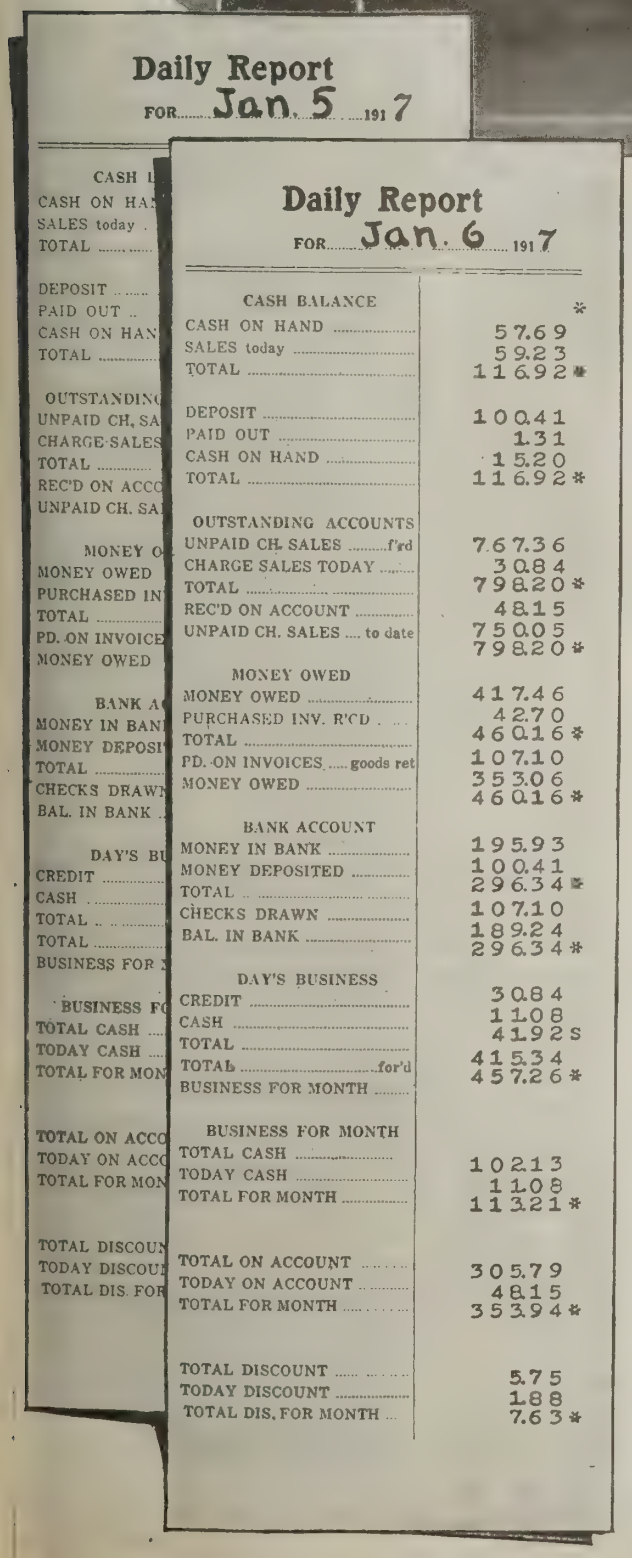
Gold-Mining in a Grocery



I "pan" figures for profit in my Seattle grocery the same as I used to pan "pay dirt" on the Klondike

By
A. E. ANDREWS, of the Park Grocery Company

When I left the Klondike hills to go into the grocery business I didn't give up all my former methods.

I wanted to know how my labor "panned out" in profits, and I wanted to know this *every day*.

But my first records were like those of many other grocers—they didn't tell me where I stood.

The facts were there—like nuggets in the gravel—but they had to be brought to the surface.

I got a Burroughs Figuring Machine to do the work of reducing my ore, as it were, to tell me how I was making my "claim" pay.

I Had to Reduce Items to Totals

To get the facts I had to add items and get totals—and that's where the Burroughs first proved invaluable. It added rapidly, and the totals, computed automatically, were always right. I never could have secured the results quickly enough with pencil and pen.

My Daily Report Should Interest Every Retailer

The slip shown at the left is made out daily. I get these figures with the Burroughs in less than half an hour. Think of it!—all this vital information obtained in only a few minutes each day.

I have a credit register for taking care of charge sales and a cash register for handling cash transactions.

Each day the charge sales are totaled, the cash received on account subtracted from this total, and the balance added to the previous day's total of outstanding accounts.

Accounts payable are handled in the same way.

By adding checks drawn each day, and subtracting this total from the balance brought forward plus the day's deposit, I keep the amount of my bank balance to date before me.

The charge slips are made in triplicate. One copy goes to the customer, one to the credit register, and one to the figuring machine. It is only a few minutes' work to add the charge and cash sales for the day, obtaining total daily sales.

The Burroughs is Always on the Job Somewhere

When I have completed my daily report the machine is free for general use about the store. For instance, it is used to check each account before the bill is paid. Customers like to receive the machine slip, for it is their protection against overcharges.

By detecting undercharges that would have otherwise got by, the machine has more than paid for itself.

I'm a better buyer for having my daily report always before me. I can see what I owe—what I have in the bank. I keep my outstanding accounts carefully checked and have had very few losses from bad debts.

My clerks are careful in adding up sales slips, because they know that each slip is later checked over mechanically with the Burroughs.

The Burroughs Machine is doing more than "pan" the ore of my figures for facts. It is putting organization and accuracy into my business and creating customer good-will.

There's a Burroughs Machine for every business. The Burroughs Company has 170 offices in the United States and Canada. Your banker or telephone book will give you the address of the nearest.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

Who won that $3000?

The Question on Half a Million Tongues

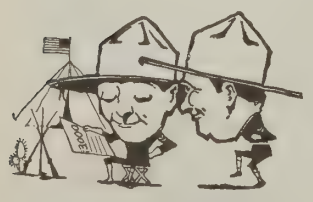
WHO won that $3000 for a better name than "flashlight"? From city, town and hamlet throughout the United States—from Central America, Cuba, Morocco and even China is heard the echo of this question. Everywhere interest is at high pitch and while half a million people wait, the Eveready organization is working day and night to find the winner and the winning word.

Never before has a contest for a new name met with such generous and enthusiastic response. Suggestions have poured in at the rate of 10,000 to 25,000 a day. On the last day of the contest 50,000 were received.

The Post Office at Long Island City was forced to call for help. Eveready automobile trucks were pressed into service to deliver contest mail. It took ten days after the close of the contest to finish opening the mail. It took six weeks to transfer to entry blanks the thousands of suggestions received in letters written to the company. It took one entire week to sort out all the names beginning with the letter "L."

Fifty *extra* employees have been necessary to handle the purely mechanical details such as opening mail, sorting, filing, etc.

College students were specially recruited to handle some of the more important routine. Salesmen from the Eveready organization were taken off the road to speed up the search for that $3000 word.



Scores of suggestions came from the boys on the border

Two days from here to Guantanamo, Cuba, but we got his suggestion in time

Now we are just as anxious to know who won that $3000 as you are; but we have simply been snowed under.

Up to the official date set for the close of the Eveready Contest (Nov. 7th, 1916) over 530,000 suggestions had been received and at this moment the judges have before them the 50,000 best suggestions from which the choice will be made.

To settle this question fairly we must ask for more time. On its settlement depends not only the fulfillment of our obligation to pay $3000 but a decision on that name which is best suited to our needs.

April 5th is the date now set for the award announcement. Watch your Eveready dealer's windows. The announcement of the prize winner will be made through our dealers as well as through the newspapers and magazines, because we can thus place the news before the greatest number of people with the least possible delay.

If the judges decide sooner, the announcement will not be held back. We are not going to keep half a million people waiting any longer than we can help.

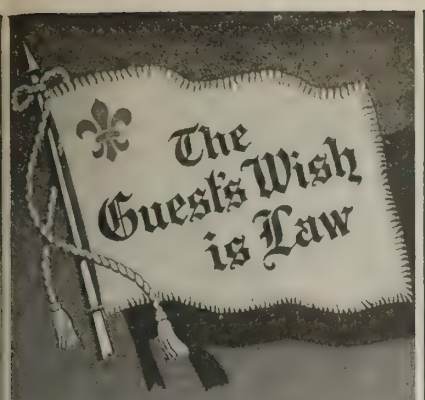
50,000 Eveready dealers all over the United States and Canada are ready to flash the message when the judges decide.

Out in the sagebrush—80 miles from the nearest dealer—so we sent our western friend a contest blank.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City New York

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Limited
Toronto Ontario

Watch your Eveready Dealer's Window



HERE is the essence of all service—the personal attention which sees that your precise wishes are carried out with quiet courtesy and dispatch.

This is the unfailing rule with the one thousand trained attendants at

Hotel LaSalle

The wheels of your busy life run smoothly. Details are disposed of quickly and with utmost efficiency by the individual clerk on your floor. Women traveling alone find this private service especially helpful. The distinctive advantage in a central location makes Hotel LaSalle the obvious choice for business or pleasure, whether your stay be long or short.

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO
Ernest J. Stevens, Vice-Pres. and Mgr.

(Continued from Page 30)

went to the Motor Trust Company. They deposited their respective checks on their own banks and signed the escrow agreement in duplicate. Then they separated, shortly before eleven o'clock.

John hurried from the Motor Trust Company to the machine shop, but Gordon was still absent. Kent restlessly attended to various routine business matters while he waited for his foster father's reappearance. Just after noon the bookkeeper, who had gone downtown ten minutes earlier to get the money for the weekly pay roll, rushed back to the office in great excitement. He told the junior partner the bank had refused to cash his check, because Gordon, at half past eleven, had drawn out all but a few dollars of the firm's balance of over eighteen thousand dollars.

Kent was startled and dumfounded. He could not imagine the specific reason for his partner's unprecedented surreptitious action; but he was sure it had a direct relation of some kind to Gordon's mistaken umbrage regarding the carburetor. John stood aghast after he heard the bookkeeper's story. The uncertified check for ten thousand dollars, which he himself had deposited in escrow with the Motor Trust Company at eleven o'clock, was made on the firm's account in the Wolverine National Bank. Over ten thousand dollars stood to the personal credit of the junior member on the partnership books, and Kent had drawn against this balance.

If now his escrow check should be presented at the firm's bank and repudiated, the Motor Trust Company would notify the automobile engineer at once. He would immediately stop payment on his own check for twenty-five thousand dollars. Gordon's act in drawing out all the partnership money, therefore, had imperiled and, at any minute, might invalidate Kent's contract with Walling. The consequences would be disastrous if the ten-thousand-dollar check should be protested.

John was half frantic. He sent the bookkeeper to scour the neighborhood for the veteran mechanic, who sometimes visited acquaintances in other machine shops near by. Kent himself started a frenzied search by telephone for his partner; but he could find no trace of the old Scotchman. Meantime precious time was passing. John expected the Wolverine National Bank to call him up any second and announce that his ten-thousand-dollar check had been presented for payment.

Shortly before half past twelve Gordon stalked into the little office. He was scowling blackly, but Kent hardly noticed his expression. With a cry of relief, mixed with acute anxiety, John rushed across the room.

"I've been looking for you everywhere! I want to explain to you about the carburetor, and ——"

"I know already what you've done!" Gordon snarled in a towering rage. "I met Henry Walling an hour ago. He showed me the contract you'd just signed. He said, too, you were going to take all your automobile specialties away from here and manufacture them in partnership with him. I tell you right now that you can't get 'em out of my shop any too quick to suit me!"

Kent tried to break in, but the old lion roared him silent.

"You needn't make any excuses! I understand why you're leaving me. Don't be a hypocrite and make believe you're sorry. I used to think you had high principles, but I've found you out to-day. You're like the majority of young fellows in these times—just a dollar worshiper. Get out! It will be good riddance for me. I never wanted your contraptions in my shop. Pack your stuff! Don't palaver! I know you can make more money with Walling."

The old master machinist half choked. He seemed beside himself with scornful fury.

"I despise a sneak!" he hissed through gritted teeth. "I might have had a little respect for you if you hadn't attempted to hide what you were up to. Why couldn't you come out honestly and tell me you had decided to cut loose from such an old fogy? It would have hurt to hear that, but not so much as it does to know you've been living a lie to me for months."

"I never thought ——" Kent began to protest frantically.

"I found out from Walling what you thought!" Gordon thunderously shut him off. "That I've been holding you back from getting rich! You thought I was a fossil—that I opposed having your specialties monopolize my shop because I had no faith in the automobile business. That wasn't it at all! You made me hate everything connected with motors, because your contraptions shoved me out of my place in the world! You never guessed the real reason I didn't seem to appreciate those profits from your inventions that you shared half and half with me. You think I'm sore now because I won't get anything out of the carburetor. I don't want money! You robbed me of more than you ever can pay back in dollars.

"Until you turned my old custom shop into a factory to make your specialties, most of the expert machine job work in Detroit was sent to George Gordon. I was known as the best independent mechanic in the city and I was proud of that reputation. But in the last few months my customers have been crowded out. I've had to refuse orders because your manufacturing required more and more room, and there was 'bigger money' in the specialties. Now I don't feel at home in the shop where I have worked thirty-two years! It's been so lately I couldn't bear to stay round the place.

"I sacrificed my pride because I thought as much of you as if you'd been my own son. I never would have told you how I felt about being shoved to one side in the old place if I hadn't found out your underhand deal to make more money by tying up with one of the worst rascals out of jail!"

Gordon's gray eyes blazed with contempt. Kent leaped to his partner and clutched his arm.

"Dad!" he cried. "You're wrong! I never intended to deceive you. I'll explain everything later. I haven't time now. Walling means to steal half of my carburetor. I just found out his scheme to-day. I've been looking for you ever since to tell you about him. I have trapped the fox in that contract he showed you! I tried to find you so you could advise me before I signed it; but I couldn't, and I had to act quickly. You endangered my whole plan when you drew that money from the bank. If my check for ten thousand dollars should be protested I'd be trapped, not Walling!"

Kent snatched the telephone and called the Engineering Works.

"Hello, Mr. Walling! This is John Kent. Can you come over to the shop right away? I'm straightening out my matters with Mr. Gordon and I need you here as a witness."

"I'll start this moment!" the engineer agreed eagerly.

Kent banged the receiver back on its hook and turned to his partner again.

"I called him away from his office so he can't get a message from the bank," he explained. "My check may be presented for payment any minute. Walling mustn't find out it isn't good before I spring my trap."

Kent had no time to recount details, but in the course of the next hundred seconds he sketched to dazed Gordon the reason why he had ordered the carburetor made at the Engineering Works. Then he summarized the plot to defraud him of his rights as sole inventor of the new device. He broke off abruptly as he caught sight of Walling through the front window.

"Here he comes, dad! Don't say a word until I give you the tip."

The engineer hurried in and shut the door. Kent quickly stepped behind him to bar the exit.

"Walling," he snapped, "you and I made an agreement this morning about my carburetor; but ——"

"That contract is perfectly legal," the engineer interrupted with instant suspicion. "I showed it to my attorney, and he assured me it is binding, though a little informal."

"I'm glad to know that!" Kent exclaimed. "I meant it to hold. I intend to stick by our agreement; but I didn't take time when we talked before to discuss certain details. So I'll explain now just what my plans are.

"This morning you referred to the fact that Mr. Gordon and myself hadn't been getting along very well lately. I've since learned that my partner and I have been working at cross-purposes. He misunderstood my reason for having you build the model. He has drawn wrong inferences, also, regarding my intentions with reference to the manufacture of the carburetor and my other specialties. On the other hand, I've misjudged him in several ways too."

Gordon leaned forward in strained eagerness as Kent continued to address the engineer.

"I told you, Walling, that I intended to take all my inventions out of the Gordon Machine Shop; but I didn't say where

FOR that logy, after-dinner time on Sunday afternoon—perchance you've eaten just a bit too much—

Wingfoot for an hour or so, and see the change it brings—*wingfoot* and fit yourself for next week's tasks.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heel. A new pair free if yours do not.

Wingfoots in black, white and tan, for big folks and little folks—50 cents—put on by shoe dealers and repair men.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

WING FOOT
HEELS

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Frantz Premier
ELECTRIC CLEANER

SHE takes pride in the furnishings of her home—the modern housewife. Preservation of costly rugs, tapestries and upholstered furniture is simple with the Frantz Premier. A quarter million of these machines are in use.

Nine Pounds of Sterling Quality!

We have branches and dealers nearly everywhere. Our price is modest—time payments if desired. Booklet on request.

The Frantz Premier Co., Cleveland, Ohio

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., 28 Adelaide St., E., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Lawson
Odorless Gas Heater

Has Revolutionized Gas Heating

The *Lawson* Odorless is the highest development in gas heaters. Its combustion chamber makes it odorless, economical and a greater producer of heat than gas stoves twice as large.

It radiates only pure, heated air—no smells, nothing "stuffy." Inside the perforated jacket is the combustion chamber, the "heart" of the Lawson, red hot and glowing, burning up all gases under high temperature.

This "red hot" heart spreads a cheering, ruddy glow and makes the Lawson the cosiest kind of heater.

Quickly takes the chill from cold, damp halls or supplies generous warmth to nursery, bath or spareroom. On the flat, open top you can heat water for baby's bath or for shaving. Thousands of "Lawson's" are giving satisfaction in homes everywhere.

Price, $5.00—at Dealers'

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL: If your dealer can't supply you send $5 and dealer's name. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for leaflet on Odorless Gas Stoves and for booklet on Lawson Water Heaters.

Dealers, Attention!

Open territory still obtainable. Write now and place order for fall. The Lawson Odorless is a quick seller and good money-maker. Prices and terms on request.

Lawson Manufacturing Co. of Pittsburgh

We are also makers of Lawson Water Heaters; over a million in use

I expected to do my manufacturing afterward. I realize now that it was unfair of me to crowd Mr. Gordon from his old quarters here, where he made his reputation as a mechanical expert. I've just come to full appreciation of his feelings. I comprehend how selfish and thoughtless I have been. The Gordon Machine Shop hereafter will be devoted exclusively to high-class work on tools and dies and designing, as it used to be. I'm going to pull all the manufacturing out."

Kent turned to the dumfounded Scotchman:

"Dad, I propose that our firm shall erect a factory building on the vacant lot next door to this old shop and do all our manufacturing there. In that way we'll have plenty of room in our present quarters for your expert custom work, and in the new plant for my automobile specialties. Of course we're to be partners in everything."

The veteran master machinist seemed spellbound. He opened his mouth slowly as if to speak; but Walling viciously broke in first:

"You can't make the carburetor in that new factory you intend to build! Gordon has nothing to do with that!"

"Why, yes, he has!" the inventor exclaimed in simulated surprise. "Dad owns half the carburetor, you know."

The old Scotchman looked as amazed as the engineer was astounded; but Gordon stood dumb while Walling shouted a question:

"What do you mean? You agreed to assign all the carburetor to our corporation."

Kent pulled his copy of the agreement from his pocket.

"You're mistaken about that," he remarked with provocative mildness. "I only contracted to assign 'all' *my* 'right, title and interest'—that is, my half of the carburetor. Six months ago, when I filed my patent application, I assigned the other half to Mr. Gordon. I told you, Walling, before we made our agreement that dad was entitled to half of everything I invented."

The fox saw the trap. He gnashed his sharp teeth in his fury.

"It's a fraud!" he snarled.

"I've prevented a fraud!" Kent corrected harshly. "Our contract is valid, Walling. Your own attorney advised you so. I notified you before you signed it that my partner had a right to half of any invention I might make. You were so unscrupulously greedy that you caught yourself.

"My contract is that I will assign all my rights in the carburetor to the corporation. I couldn't have bound Mr. Gordon if I had wanted to. He owns half of the invention. The law gives him the same right to manufacture as if he held the entire patent title." John grinned as he added: "Let me remind you of something here: I put into our agreement, Walling, a clause that provides 'Each party shall have exactly equal power with the other in the corporation management.' I notify you now that I shan't agree to the sale by the company of a single carburetor at the low price Mr. Gordon will make to the trade."

The engineer was frothing with rage.

"I'll fight you in court!" he yelled.

"The risk is too great," Kent retorted. "You have overlooked the provision in our contract that I am to draw a salary of five thousand dollars a year from the company, beginning within thirty days, while you'll get only one thousand dollars a year. I'm ready to go to work for the corporation on that basis.

"You put up twenty-five thousand of the thirty-five thousand dollars cash we have deposited together in escrow as subscriptions for the capital stock. The contract entitles me to receive for my services over twenty-nine thousand dollars in the time you'll get back a little less than six thousand of the money contributed to the corporation treasury. Our salaries have been agreed on. They must be paid whether the company manufactures many carburetors or only a few. You'd better give up the fight idea, Walling. Your methods won't appeal to the sympathy of the courts. I suggest that you compromise with me right now, while you have a chance."

"What do you mean?" the engineer barked.

"I'm satisfied to beat your crooked scheme to steal half of my carburetor. All I want in the contract we've made is the last clause—your acknowledgment, witnessed by Mr. Gordon, that you have no claim to my invention. Sign that statement separately, surrender every tracing and blue print you have, together with all the parts, tools and patterns of the model, and I'll let the corporation off from paying me that five-thousand-dollar salary for five years. I'll cancel this agreement and we'll both get our money back from the Motor Trust Company."

Walling drew a long breath. He did not parley a second.

"All right!" he accepted.

Walling sat down at Gordon's desk and snatched a sheet of paper. He copied the final paragraph of the contract in a minute; then signed his name. Kent read the release carefully and handed it over to his partner. He winked:

"Satisfied, dad?"

Gordon blinked like a man just coming out of a trance. He stared first at the trapped fox and then at John. Then his old eyes shone as brightly as a boy's.

"Satisfied!" the veteran machinist chortled aloud. "I'm just chock-full of satisfaction!"

Suddenly Gordon was alarmed by remembrance. He leaned over and whispered in his partner's ear:

"Jack! That ten-thousand-dollar check! I drew all the firm's money out of the bank just to prevent Walling from getting his claws on any of it. I knew he had a scheme of some kind to rob you. I was afraid the rascal would cash your check before I could warn you what a crook he was. I drew our entire balance to save your ten thousand dollars for you. But you said I'd got you into trouble. Maybe there isn't any damage done yet. I'll hustle over to the bank right off and redeposit the money I took out."

"Good old dad!" Kent choked. "Wait a minute."

He picked up the telephone and called the cashier of the firm's depository:

"John Kent talking. Has my check for ten thousand dollars to the Motor Trust Company been presented for payment yet? . . . Oh, it's just come in! Well, hold it please. The deal for which it was given has been called off. I'll be over and see you in a few minutes."

Kent handed the telephone receiver to Walling:

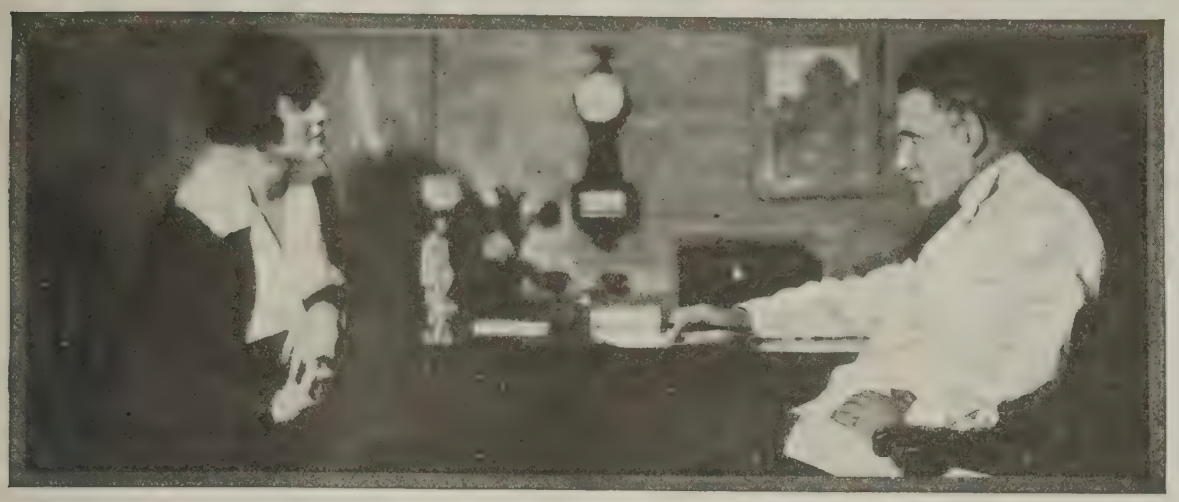
"Call up your bank now and stop payment on your check too; then everything will be straightened out."

A Tribute

WHEN Julia Ward Howe died memorial services in her honor were held in San Francisco, and the local literary colony attended practically en masse to pay by their presence a tribute to the writer.

A municipal officer was asked to preside. Dressed in his long frock coat and his broad white tie, he advanced to the edge of the platform to launch the exercises and introduce the principal eulogist. He bowed low and spoke as follows:

"Your attendance here, ladies and gentlemen, in such great numbers shows San Francisco's appreciation of good literature. This meeting is a great testimonial to the immortal author of Uncle Tom's Cabin—the late Julia Ward Howard!"



Dentists today follow their patients into their homes by means of prescriptions for daily use.

The serious meaning of sensitive gums

More teeth are lost through the loosening of the tissues that hold the teeth in place, than through decay

If at times your gums are sensitive when you brush them; if you have a loose or "tender" tooth; if certain foods set your teeth "on edge," *see your dentist immediately*.

These conditions that seem so negligible, usually portend one far more serious.

Your dentist will tell you that they are the early symptoms which, if not checked, may develop into a loosening of the teeth and their eventual loss. More permanent teeth are lost through this insidious loosening than through decay.

What dentists prescribe

Modern dentistry requires more for the treatment of such conditions than the application from time to time of medicinal agents by the dentist himself. Dentists today follow their patients into their homes by means of prescriptions for daily use. Not otherwise can persistent unhealthy conditions of the mouth be overcome.

At least twice daily must the patient himself supplement the work his dentist has done for him—by applications that will steadily tone up the condition of the gums.

Your tooth paste should be more than a cleanser

Ask your own dentist how you can do this at the same time that you cleanse your teeth daily. Ask him about Senreco Tooth Paste.

Senreco is more than a cleanser. It is a dentist's formula containing, in addition to cleansing properties, agents especially helpful for sensitive conditions of the gums. Because Senreco contains precisely the agents that dentists themselves apply to correct unhealthy conditions of the gums, many dentists use it at the chair, even though it is really a tooth paste intended for supplementary use.

Prevent the accumulation of tartar

As a cleanser, Senreco is wonderful. It polishes the surfaces of the teeth in a new and better way, and it *directly attacks the mucin film which leads to tartar*.

Try it. You will appreciate its medicinal qualities even more than its cleansing properties. It leaves a cool, clean, wholesome taste in the mouth. Notice after a few treatments the gradual strengthening of your gums to a wonderfully sound and healthy condition. You will delight in the brilliancy and whiteness of your teeth, and their cleanly freedom from the beginnings of tartar.

Senreco costs only 25c the large size tube, though it is probably the most expensive tooth paste prepared. You will find it at your druggist's or toilet counter. Get a tube today. Know for yourself what a healthy, cleanly feeling its use gives to the gums. Find out how much better for you is Senreco than any tooth paste that only cleanses.

Send 6c for a liberal sample

For six cents we will send you a sample tube of Senreco; enough to provide you with treatment twice daily for one week. Simply fill in your name and address on the coupon below, and mail it to us with six cents in stamps or coin. Address "Senreco," 1400 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Experimental Laboratory; Covington, Ky.

Senreco

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE TOOTHPASTE THAT REALLY CLEANS

A prominent dentist (name on request) writes:

"*I want to call your attention to a case which will interest you as well as myself. A young man patient came to me in October last with very badly inflamed gums, no deposit around the necks to speak of. I scaled the roots thoroughly, and gave him a mouth wash (which had no effect).* He came in this morning for a filling. I had forgotten about his gums until he called my attention to them. He says they are all right now and feel fine. He bought a tube of Senreco tooth paste, and says it wasn't a week before they were well. They have receded somewhat, but are in perfectly healthy condition. This is positive proof to me that you have *the* right preparation."

Another dentist (name on request) writes:

"What the busy dentist wants most is results. Your tooth paste, 'Senreco' combined with the usual oral treatment does give results. You have an ideal tooth paste."

Use Senreco twice daily.
See your dentist twice a year.

"Senreco"
1400 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me liberal sample tube of Senreco to provide me with treatments twice daily for one week. I enclose six cents for it.

Name_____

Address

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Service to you—through Public Utilities

Those who give you water, light, heat travel and communication—use Johns-Manville Products

THOSE great public servants who bring you light, heat, telephone, telegraph and make transportation possible, live by serving. Remarkable as they are in size and scope, they are even more impressive for the sense of tireless diligence they convey.

When you press the switch at 2 A. M., the light must respond. You lift the telephone receiver today or next year—Central is always there. You expect water when you turn on the faucet. Thousands of trains move daily over the rails so that you may take just one—occasionally—any time. Have you ever figured out why this is so? Why it can be?

In organization these companies approach perfection. In mechanical equipment they choose only the best. Every material they use must be dependable and so must the concern from whom they buy.

They buy Johns-Manville products. Conduit for underground wires, Wrappings for cables, Electrical Protective Devices, Cements for boiler furnaces, Insulations for steam pipes, Lagging and Packing for locomotives, Roofs for their buildings, Insulations for steel cars, Linings for smoke stacks, and a hundred other products—all of Johns-Manville.

* * *

What better recommendation to you for the quality, safety and dependability of all things that carry the surname Johns-Manville? What better testimonial could there be of the value of Johns-Manville Service to you personally?

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
Branches in 55 Large Cities

HER DAIRY

(Continued from Page 6)

At seven I rose and with palpatating ngers dressed myself in my best evening Frock, which is a pale yellow. I put my air up, and was just finished, when mother ocked. It was terrable.

I had to duck back into bed and crush verything. But she only looked in and said o try and behave for the next three hours, nd went away.

At a quarter to eight I left the house in a landestine manner by means of the cellar nd the area steps, and on the pavment rew a long breath. I was free, and I had welve dollars.

Act One went well, and no disturbence. lthough Adrian started when he saw me. he yellow looked very well.

I had expected to sit back, sheltered by ie curtains, and only visable from the age. I have often read of this method. ut there were no curtains. I therfor sat, rning a stoney profile to the audiance, and noreing it, as though it were not present, usting to luck that no one I knew was ere.

He saw me. More than that, he hardly ok his eyes from the box wherein I sat. am sure to that he had mentioned me to ie company, for one and all they stared at e until I think they will know me the ext time they see me.

I still think I would not have been recogzed by the Familey had I not, in a very iet seen, commenced to sneaze. I did this veral times, and a lot of people looked oyed, as though I sneazed because I ed to sneaze. And I looked back at them fiantly, and in so doing, encountered the ze of my Maternel Parent.

Oh, Dear Dairy, that I could have died that moment, and thus, when streched it a pathetic figure, with tubroses and her flowers, have compeled their pity. it alas, no. I sneazed again!

Mother was weged in, and I saw that my ly hope was flight. I had not had more an between three and four dollars worth the evening, but I glansed again and Sis is boreing holes into me with her eyes. ly Beresford knew nothing, and was tryg to hold Sis's hand under her opera cloke. y fool could tell that.

But, as I was about to rise and stand jized, as one may say, for departure, I ught Adrian's eyes, with a gleam in their ep depths. He was, at the moment, ying with the bowl of roses. He took one t, and while the leading lady was talking, l eged his way toward my box. There, nding very close, aparently by accident, l droped the rose into my lap.

Oh Dairy! Dairy!

I picked it up, and holding it close to me, lew.

I am now in bed and rather chilley. lother banged at the door some time ago, d at last went away, mutering.

I am afraid she is going to be petish.

JANUARY 22ND. Father came home this rning, and things are looking up. Mother course tackeled him first thing, and when came upstairs I expected an awful time. t my father is a reel Person, so he only s down on the bed, and said:

'Well, chicken, so you're at it again!"

I had to smile, although my chin shook.

'You'd better turn me out and forget ," I said. "I was born for Trouble. My avice to the Familey is to get out from der. That's all."

'Oh, I don't know," he said. "It's pretty veniant to have a Familey to drop on ven the slump comes." He thumped hims on the chest. "A hundred and eighty nds," he observed," just intended for le daughters to fall back on when other ngs fail."

'Father," I inquired, putting my hand nis, because I had been bearing my burdis alone, and my strength was ebing: "do ya beleive in Love?"

'*Do* I!"

'But I mean, not the ordinery atachment bween two married people. I mean le—the reel thing."

'I see! Why, of course I do."

'Did you ever read Pope, father?"

'Pope? Why I—probably, chicken. Wy?"

'Then you know what he says: 'Curse o all laws but those which Love has ade.'"

'Look here," he said, sudenly laying a hnd on my brow. "I beleive you are fevish."

"Not feverish, but in trouble," I explained. And so I told him the story, not saying much of my deep Passion for Adrian, but merly that I had formed an atachment for him which would persist during life. Although I had never yet exchanged a word with him.

Father listened and said it was indeed a sad story, and that he knew my deep nature, and that I would be true to the End. But he refused to give me any money, except enough to pay back Hannah and Carter Brooks, saying:

"Your mother does not wish you to go to the theater again, and who are we to go against her wishes? And anyhow, maybe if you met this fellow and talked to him, you would find him a disapointment. Many a pretty girl I have seen in my time, who didn't pan out acording to specifications when I finaly met her."

At this revalation of my beloved father's true self, I was almost stuned. It is evadent that I do not inherit my being true as steal from him. Nor from my mother, who is like steal in hardness but not in being true to anything but Social Position.

As I record this awfull day, dear Dairy, there comes again into my mind the thought that *I do not belong here.* I am not like them. I do not even resemble them in features. And, if I belonged to them, would they not treat me with more consideration and less disipline? Who, in the Familey, has my noze?

It is all well enough for Hannah to observe that I was a pretty baby with fat cheaks. May not Hannah herself, for some hiden reason, have brought me here, takeing away the reel I to perhaps languish unseen and "waste my sweetness on the dessert air?" But that way lies madness. Life must be made the best of as it is, and not as it might or indeed ought to be.

Father promised before he left that I was not to be scolded, as I felt far from well, and was drinking water about every minute.

"I just want to lie here and think about things," I said, when he was going. "I seem to have so many thoughts. And father ——"

"Yes, chicken."

"If I need any help to carry out a plan I have, will you give it to me, or will I have to go to totle strangers?"

"Good gracious, Bab!" he exclaimed. "Come to me, of course."

"And you'll do what you're told?"

He looked out into the hall to see if mother was near. Then, dear Dairy, he turned to me and said:

"I always have, Bab. I guess I'll run true to form."

JANUARY 23RD. Much better today. Out and around. Familey (mother and Sis) very dignafied and nothing much to say. Evadently have promised father to restrain themselves. Father rushed and not comeing home to dinner.

Beresford on edge of proposle. Sis very jumpy.

LATER: Jane Raleigh is home for her couzin's wedding! Is comeing over. We shall take a walk, as I have much to tell her.

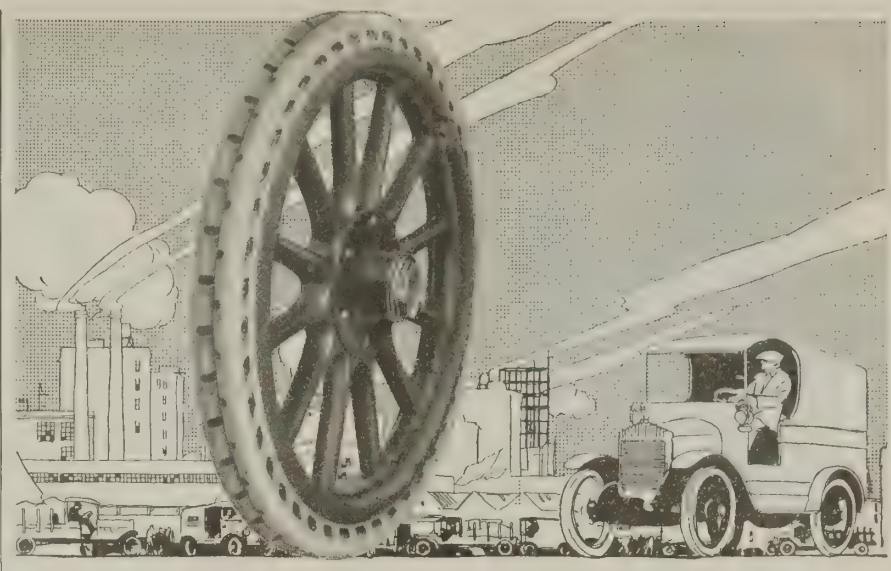
6 P.M. What an afternoon! How shall I write it? This is a Milestone in my Life.

I have met him at last. Nay, more. I have been in his dressing room, conversing as though acustomed to such things all my life. I have conceled under the mattress a reel photograph of him, beneath which he has written Yours always, Adrian Egleston."

I am writing in bed, as the room is chilley—or I am—and by putting out my hand I can touch his pictured likeness.

Jane came around for me this afternoon, and mother consented to a walk. I did not have a chance to take Sis's pink hat, as she keeps her door locked now when not in her room. Which is rediculous, because I am not her tipe, and her things do not suit me very well anyhow. And I have never borowed anything but gloves and handkercheifs, except Maidie's dress and the hat.

She had, however, not locked her bathroom, and finding a bunch of violets in the washbowl I put them on. It does not hurt violets to wear them, and anyhow I knew Carter Brooks had sent them and she ought to wear only Beresford's flowers if she means to marry him.



Motz Tires Cause No Delays

To approximate the resilience of high-grade pneumatics, while retaining the trouble-proof qualities of solid rubber construction—such is the plan behind the making of the high-efficiency Goodyear Motz Cushion Tire.

Most light trucks—up to a ton and a half capacity—are used in delivery service.

Here speed is essential.

But *certainty* and freedom from trouble are just as important as speed.

And Motz Tires deliver *both* speed and certainty.

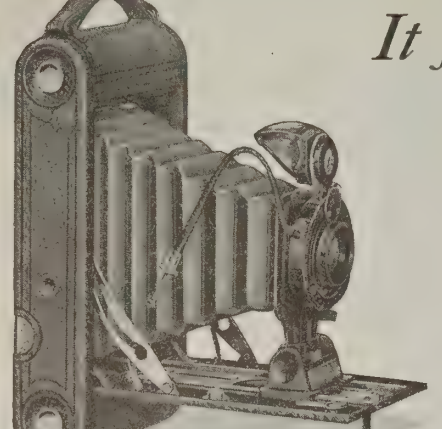
Moreover these tires are economical, averaging better than 10,000 miles—with records up to 35,000.

And they save power cost.

These facts account for the phenomenal increase in the use of this tire—practically *two* Motz Tires in use now for every *one* a year ago.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON



It fits the pocket.

Pictures
2⅞ x 4⅞

The New 2C Kodak Jr.

A thin, slim camera for pictures of the somewhat elongated post card *shape*—but just a trifle smaller—it fits the pocket.

Accurate and reliable, because made in the factories where honest workmanship has become a habit, simple in operation, it meets every requirement in hand camera photography.

Autographic of course, all the folding Kodaks now are.

No. 2C Autographic Kodak Jr., with Kodak Ball Bearing shutter having speeds up to 1-100 of a second and meniscus achromatic lens, . . .	$12.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens, ...	14.00
Ditto, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f.7.7*, ...	19.00

All Dealers'.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Your Pride in Your Bathroom

demands it be kept clean, and really the toilet bowl is the simplest part of your bathroom to keep clean and sanitary, if you use

Sani-Flush

a cleaning preparation to be used for toilet bowls only. It not only removes the stain from the parts you can see, but it does get right down to the hidden trap where no brush can reach, cleaning it and keeping it clean. You don't have to dip water. Just sprinkle a little *Sani-Flush* in the bowl every few days.

25 Cents a Can

Sani-Flush is a necessity wherever there's a toilet. It cannot harm the bowl or the plumbing. Almost every dealer has it. If you do not find it readily, write

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
168 Walnut St., Canton, Ohio

Jane at once remarked that I looked changed.

"Naturaly," I said, in a *blase* maner.

"If I didn't know you, Bab," she observed, "I would say that you are rouged."

I became very stiff and distant at that. For Jane, although my best friend, had no right to be suspisious of me.

"How do I look changed?" I demanded.

"I don't know. You—Bab, I beleive you are up to some mischeif!"

"Mischeif?"

"You don't need to pretend to me," she went on, looking into my very soul. "I have eyes. You're not decked out this way for *me*."

I had meant to tell her nothing, but spying just then a man ahead who walked like Adrian, I was startled. I cluched her arm and closed my eyes.

"Bab!" she said.

The man turned, and I saw it was not he. I breathed again. But Jane was watching me, and I spoke out of an overflowing heart.

"For a moment I thought—Jane, I have met *the one* at last."

"Barbara!" she said, and stoped dead. "Is it any one I know?"

"He is an Actor."

"Ye gods!" said Jane, in a tence voice. "What a tradgedy!"

"Tradgedy indeed," I was compeled to admit. "Jane, my Heart is breaking. I am not alowed to see him. It is all off, forever."

"Darling!" said Jane. "You are trembling all over. Hold on to me. Do they disaprove?"

"I am never to see him again. Never."

The biterness of it all overcame me. My eyes sufused with tears.

But I told her, in broken accents, of my determination to stick to him, no matter what. I might never be Mrs. Adrian Egleston, but ——"

"Adrian Egleston!" she cried, in amazement. "Why *Barbara*, you lucky Thing!"

So, finding her fuller of simpathy than usual, I violated my Vow of Silense, and told her all.

And, to prove the truth of what I said, I showed her the sachet over my heart containing his rose.

"It's perfectly wonderfull," Jane said, in an awed tone. "You beat anything I've ever known for adventures. You are the tipe men like, for one thing. But there is one thing I could not stand, in your place—haveing to know that he is making love to the heroine every evening and twice on Wednesdays and—Bab, this is *Wednesday!*"

I glansed at my wrist watch. It was but too o'clock. Instantly, dear Dairy, I became conscious of a dual going on within me, between love and duty. Should I do as instructed and see him no more, thus crushing my inclination under the iron heal of resolution? Or should I cast my Parents to the winds, and go?

Which?

At last I desided to leave it to Jane. I observed:

"I'm forbiden to try to see him. But I darsay, if you bought some theater tickets and did not say what the play was, and we went and it hapened to be his, it would not be my fault, would it?"

I cannot recall her reply, or much more, except that I waited in a Pharmasy, and Jane went out, and came back and took me by the arm.

"We're going to the matinee, Bab," she said. "I'll not tell you which one, because it's to be a surprize." She squeazed my arm. "First row," she whispered.

I shall draw a Vale over my feelings. Jane bought some chocolates to take along, but I could eat none. I was thirsty, but not hungry. And my cold was pretty bad, to.

So we went in, and the curtain went up. When Adrian saw me, in the front row, he smiled although in the midst of a serious speach about the world oweing him a liveing. And Jane was terrably excited.

"Isn't he the handsomest Thing!" she said. "And oh, Bab, I can see that he adores you. He is acting for you. All the rest of the people mean nothing to him. He sees but you."

Well, I had not told her that we had not yet met, and she said I could do nothing less than send him a note.

"You ought to tell him that you are true, in spite of everything," she said.

If I had not decieved Jane things would be better. But she was set on my sending the note. So at last I wrote one on my visiting card, holding it so she could not read it. Jane is my best friend and I am devoted to her, but she has no scrupels about reading what is not meant for her. I said:

"Dear Mr. Egleston: I think the Play i perfectly wonderfull. And you are per fectly splendid in it. It is perfectly terrabl that it is going to stop.

(Signed) The girl of the rose.

I know that this seems bold. But I di not feel bold, Dear Dairy. It was such letter as any one might read, and containe nothing compromizing. Still, I darsay should not have written it. But "out of th fulness of the Heart the mouth speaketh."

I was shakeing so much that I could no give it to the usher. But Jane did. How ever, I had sealed it up in an envelop.

Now comes the reel surprize, dear Dairy For the usher came down and said Mr Egleston hoped I would go back and se him after the act was over. I think a palle must have come over me, and Jane said:

"Bab! Do you dare?"

I said yes, I dared, but that I would lik a glass of water. I seemed to be thirsty a the time. So she got it, and I recovered m *savoir fair*, and stopped shakeing.

I supose Jane expected to go along, but refrained from asking her. She then said "Try to remember everything he say Bab. I am just crazy about it."

Ah, dear Dairy, how can I write how I fe when being led to him. The entire see is engraved on my soul. I, with my ver heart in my eyes, in spite of my eforts t seem cool and collected. He, in front his mirror, drawing in the lines of starv tion around his mouth for the next see while on his poor feet a *valet* put the rag shoes of Act II!

He rose when I entered, and took me the hand.

"Well!" he said. "At last!"

He did not seem to mind the *valet*, w he treated like a chair or table. And held my hand and looked deep into n eyes.

Ah, dear Dairy, men may come and m may go in my life, but never again will know such ecstacy as at that moment.

"Sit down," he said. "Little lady of t rose—but it's violets today, isn't it? A so you like the play?"

I was by that time somwhat calmer, b glad to sit down, oweing to my knees feeli queer.

"I think it is magnifacent," I said.

"I wish there were more like you," observed. "Just a moment, I have make a change here. No need to go o There's a screan for that very purpose."

He went behind the screan, and the n handed him a raged shirt over the top of while I sat in a chair and dreamed. W I reflected, would the School say if it knew! I felt no remorce. I was there, beyond the screan, changing into the g ments of penury, was the only membe the Other Sex I had ever felt I could tr care for.

Dear Dairy, I am tired and my h aches. I cannot write it all. He was p fectly respectfull, and only his eyes sho his true feelings. The woman who is Adventuress in the play came to the D but he motioned her away with a waiv the hand. And at last it was over, an was asking me to come again soon, and I would care to have one of his pictures.

I am very sleepy tonight, but I can close this record of a w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l d-a-y — without ——

JANUARY 24TH. Cold worse.

Not hearing from Carter Brooks I fe foned him just now. He is sore about Be ford and said he would not come to house. So I have asked him to meet m the park, and said that there were onl more days, this being Thursday.

LATER: I have seen Carter, and he h a fine plan. If only father will do it.

Carter has a fine idea to help the p He says the Theme is that the world Adrian a liveing, and that the way t is to put that strongly before the peop

"Supose," he said, "that this fe would go to some big factery, and den work. Not ask for it. Demand it. He could pretend to be starveing and say: world owes me a liveing, and I inter have it."

"But supose they were sorry for him gave it to him?" I observed.

"Tut, child," he said. "That would ha be all fixed up first. It ought to be ara that he not only be refused, but what's re that he'll be thrown out. He'll have t

(Continued on Page 41)

Wearing Durable-DURHAM is Like Money-in-the-Bank

YES, siree, Bob! When the low-cost-of-wearing-Durable-DURHAM flashes on the screen, the high-cost-of-living sneaks out the back door. And, indeed, it *should!* For, as far as we know, Durable-DURHAM is the only complete, *guaranteed* line of *good* hosiery for the entire family selling as low as 15, 19, 25 and 35c the pair.

Only by being situated in the heart of the cotton country, by expert manufacturing in enormous quantities, with rigid factory inspection, is it possible to offer such wonderful value as you get in

Durable DURHAM Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Made Strongest Where the Wear Is Hardest

Thousands and thousands of substantial American families who formerly paid higher prices for their hosiery have swung around to the common-sense, economical habit of wearing smooth, comfortable, fine-fitting Durable-DURHAM, "The National Footwear."

Romping, marble-shooting school-kids; mothers who like to do most of their own housework; practical American fathers, brothers and sisters—all wear Durable-DURHAM, get heaps of satisfaction in the wearing, and put the difference in the bank. Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors, too, wear Durable-DURHAM.

The guarantee-ticket means just what it says: If for any reason you are not entirely satisfied with your Durable-DURHAM, take them back to the man who sold them to you, and he'll give you a new pair, or your money back—just like that. Pull on a pair of Durable-DURHAM.

Durham Hosiery Mills **Durham, N. C.**

DURABLE
DURHAM
HOSIERY
Trade-Mark

A PROPHECY FULFILLED

Ten years ago the scientist saw in his prophetic crystal, a *greater* motive power—a power so far superior that it would supersede all the motive forces then in general use.

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Detroit Electric

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Detroit

Michigan

(208)

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p a lot, d'you see, so they'll throw him out. nd we'll have reporters there, so the story m get around. You get it, don't you? our friend, in order to prove that the idea the Play is right, goes out for a job, and oves that he cannot demand Laber and t it." He stoped and spoke with excite- ent: "Is he a reel sport? Would he stand ing arested? Because that would cinch "

But here I drew a line. I would not bject him to such humilliation. I would t have him arested. And at last Carter ve in.

"But you get the Idea," he said. "There'll the deuce of a Row, and it's good for a lf collum on the first page of the evening pers. Result, a jamb that night at the rformence, and a new lease of life for the ay. Egleston comes on, bruized and bat- red, and perhaps with a limp. The laber ions take up the matter—it's a knock t. I'd charge a thousand dollars for that a if I were selling it."

"Bruized!" I exclaimed. "Realy bruized painted on?"

He glared at me impatiently.

"Now see here, Bab," he said. "I'm ing this for you. You've got to play up. d if your young man won't stand a bang the eye, for instanse, to earn his Bread d Butter, he's not worth saveing."

"Who are you going to get to—to throw n out?" I asked, in a faltering tone.

He stoped and stared at me.

"I like that!" he said. "It's not my y that's failing, is it? Go and tell him Skeme, and then let his maniger work ut. And tell him who I am, and that I ve a lot of Ideas, but this is the only one n giveing away."

We had arived at the house by that time d I invited him to come in. But he only nsed biterly at the Windows and ob- ved that they had taken in the mat with lcome on it, as far as he was concerned. d went away.

Although we have never had a mat with lcome on it.

Dear Dairy, I wonder if father would do i He is gentle and kind-hearted, and it uld be paneful to him. But to who else o I turn in my extremity?

I have but one hope. My father is like r. He can be coaxed and if kindly ated will do anything. But if aproached i the wrong way, or asked to do somthing ainst his principals, he becomes a Roar- i Lion.

He would never be bully-ed into giveing a man work, even so touching a Personall- if as Adrian's.

LATER: I meant to ask father tonight, b he has just heard of Beresford and is in a errable temper. He says Sis can't marry hi, because he is sure there are plenty of tngs he could be doing in England, if not a ualy fighting.

'He could probably run a bus, and re- lce some one who can fight," he shouted. r he could at least do an honest day's wrk with his hands. Don't let me see hi, that's all."

'Do I understand that you forbid him t house?" Leila asked, in a cold furey.

'Just keep him out of my sight," father s ped. "I supose I can't keep him from s lling tea while I am away doing my part t help the Allies ——"

'Oh, rot!" said Sis, in a scornfull maner. "hile you help your bank account, you nan. I don't object to that, father, but f Heaven's sake don't put it on altruistic g unds."

She went upstairs then and banged her dr, and mother merly set her lips and said nothing. But when Beresford called, later, Tanney had to tell him the Familey was out.

Were it not for our afections, and the necessity for getting married, so there would be an increase in the Population, how happy we could all be!

LATER: I have seen father.

It was a paneful evening, with Sis shut away in her room, and father cuting the ends off cigars in a viscious maner. Mother was *non est*, and had I not had my memories, it would have been a Sickning Time.

I sat very still and waited until father softened, which he usualy does, like ice cream, all at once and all over. I sat perfectly still in a large chair, and except for an ocasional sneaze, was quiet.

Only once did my parent adress me in an hour, when he said:

"What the devil's making you sneaze so?"

"My noze, I think, sir," I said meekly.

"Humph!" he said. "It's rather a small noze to be making such a racket."

I was cut to the heart, dear Dairy. One of my dearest dreams has always been a delicate noze, slightly arched and long enough to be truly aristocratic. Not realy acqualine but on the verge. I *hate* my little noze—hate it—hate it—*hate it.*

"Father!" I said, rising and on the point of tears. "How can you! To taunt me with what is not my own fault, but partly heredatary and partly carelessness. For if you had pinched it in infansy it would have been a good noze, and not a pug. And——"

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "Why, Bab, I never meant to insult your noze. As a matter of fact, it's a good noze. It's exactly the sort of noze you ought to have. Why, what in the world would you do with a Roman noze?"

I have not been feeling very well, dear Dairy, and so I sudenly began to weap.

"Why, chicken!" said my father. And made me sit down on his knee. "Don't tell me that my bit of sunshine is behind a clowd!"

"Behind a noze," I said, feebly.

So he said he liked my noze, even although somwhat swolen, and he kissed it, and told me I was a little fool, and at last I saw he was about ready to be tackeled. So I observed:

"Father, will you do me a faver?"

"Sure," he said. "How much do you need? Busness is pretty good now, and I've about landed the new order for shells for the English war department. I—supose we make it fifty! Although we'd better keep it a Secret between we to."

I drew myself up, although tempted. But what was fifty dollars to doing somthing for Adrian? A mere bagatell.

"Father," I said, "do you know Miss Everett, my English teacher?"

He remembered the name.

"Would you be willing to do her a great faver?" I demanded intencely.

"What sort of a faver?"

"Her couzin has written a play. She is very fond of her couzin, and anxious to have him suceed. And it is a lovely play."

He held me off and stared at me.

"So *that* is what you were doing in that box alone!" he exclaimed. "You incomprehensable child! Why didn't you tell your mother?"

"Mother does not always understand," I said, in a low voice. "I thought, by buying a Box, I would do my part to help Miss Everett's couzin's play suceed. And as a result I was draged home, and shamefully treated in the most mortafying maner. But I am acustomed to brutalaty."

"Oh, come now," he said. "I wouldn't go as far as that, chicken. Well, I won't finanse the play, but short of that I'll do what I can."

However, he was not so agreable when I told him Carter Brooks' plan. He delivered a firm no.

"Although," he said, "sombody ought to do it, and show the falasy of the Play. In the first place, the world doesn't owe the fellow a liveing, unless he will hustel around and make it. In the second place an employer has a right to turn away a man he doesn't want. No one can force capitle to employ laber."

"Well," I said, as long as Laber talks and makes a lot of noise, and Capitle is to dignafied to say anything, most people are going to side with Laber."

He gased at me.

"Right!" he said. "You've put your finger on it, in true femanine fashion."

"Then why won't you throw out this man when he comes to you for Work? He intends to forse you to employ him."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said father, in a feirce voice. "Well, let him come. I can stand up for my principals, to. I'll throw him out, all right."

Dear Dairy, the battle is over and I have won. I am very happy. How true it is that strategy will do more than violance!

We have aranged it all. Adrian is to go to the mill, dressed like a decayed Gentleman, and father will refuse to give him work. I have said nothing about violance, leaving that to arange itself.

I must see Adrian and his maniger. Carter has promised to tell some reporters that there may be a story at the mill on Saturday morning. I am to excited to sleep.

Feel horid. Forbiden to go out this morning.

JANUARY 25TH. Beresford was here to lunch and he and mother and Sis had a long talk. He says he has kept it a secret because he did not want his Busness known. But he is here to place a shell order for the English war department.

"Well," Leila said, "I can hardly wait to tell father and see him curl up."

"No, no," said Beresford, hastaly. "Realy you must alow me—I must inform him myself. I am sure you can see why. This is a thing for men to settle. Besides, it is a delicate matter. Mr. Archibald is trying to get the Order, and our New York office, if I am willing, is ready to place it with him."

"Well!" said Leila, in a thunderstruck tone. "If you British don't beat anything for keeping your own council!"

I could see that he had her hand under the table. It was sickning.

Jane came to see me after lunch. The wedding was that night, and I had to sit through silver vegatable dishes, and after-dinner coffee sets and plates and a grand piano and a set of gold vazes and a cabushon saphire and the bridesmaid's clothes and the wedding supper and heaven knows what. But at last she said:

"You dear thing—how weary and wan you look!"

I closed my eyes.

"But you don't intend to give him up, do you?"

"Look at me!" I said, in imperious tones. "Do I look like one who would give him up, because of Familey objections?"

"How brave you are!" she observed.

"Bab, I am green with envy. When I think of the way he looked at you, and the tones of his voice when he made love to that—that creature, I am posatively *shaken.*"

We sat in somber silense. Then she said: "I darsay he detests the heroine, doesn't he?"

"He tolarates her," I said, with a shrug.

More silense. I rang for Hannah to bring some ice water. We were in my *boudoir.*

"I saw him yesterday," said Jane, when Hannah had gone.

"Jane!"

"In the park. He was with the woman that plays the Adventuress. Ugly old thing."

I drew a long breath of releif. For I knew that the Adventuress was at least thirty and perhaps more. Besides being both wicked and cruel, and not at all femanine.

Hannah brought the ice-water and then came in the most madening way and put her hand on my Forehead.

"I've done nothing but bring you ice-water for too days," she said. "Your head's hot. I think you need a musterd foot bath and to go to bed."

"Hannah," Jane said, in her loftyest fashion, "Miss Barbara is woried, not ill. And please close the door when you go out."

Which was her way of telling Hannah to go. Hannah glared at her.

"If you take my advice, Miss Jane," she said. "You'll keep away from Miss Barbara."

And she went out, slaming the door.

"Well!" gasped Jane. "Such impertanence. Old servant or not, she ought to have her mouth slaped."

Well, I told Jane the plan and she was perfectly crazy about it. I had a headache, but she helped me into my street things, and got Sis's rose hat for me while Sis was at the telefone. Then we went out.

First we telaphoned Carter Brooks, and he said tomorrow morning would do, and he'd give a couple of reporters the word to hang around father's office at the mill. He said to have Adrian there at ten o'clock.

"Are you sure your father will do it?" he asked. "We don't want a flivver you know."

"He's making a principal of it," I said. "When he makes a principal of a thing, he does it."

"Good for father!" Carter said. "Tell him not to be too gentle. And tell your actor-friend to make a lot of fuss. The more the better. I'll see the policeman at the mill, and he'll probably take him up. But we'll get him out for the matinee. And watch the evening papers."

It was then that a terrable thought struck me. What if Adrian considered it beneath his profession to advertize, even if indirectly? What if he prefered the failure of Miss Everett's couzin's play to a bruize on the eye? What, in short, if he refused?

Dear Dairy, I was stupified. I knew not which way to turn. For Men are not like Women, who are dependible and anxious to get along, and will sacrifise anything for Success. No, men are likely to turn on the ones they love best, if the smallest Things do not suit them, such as cold soup, or sleaves to long from the shirt-maker, or plans made

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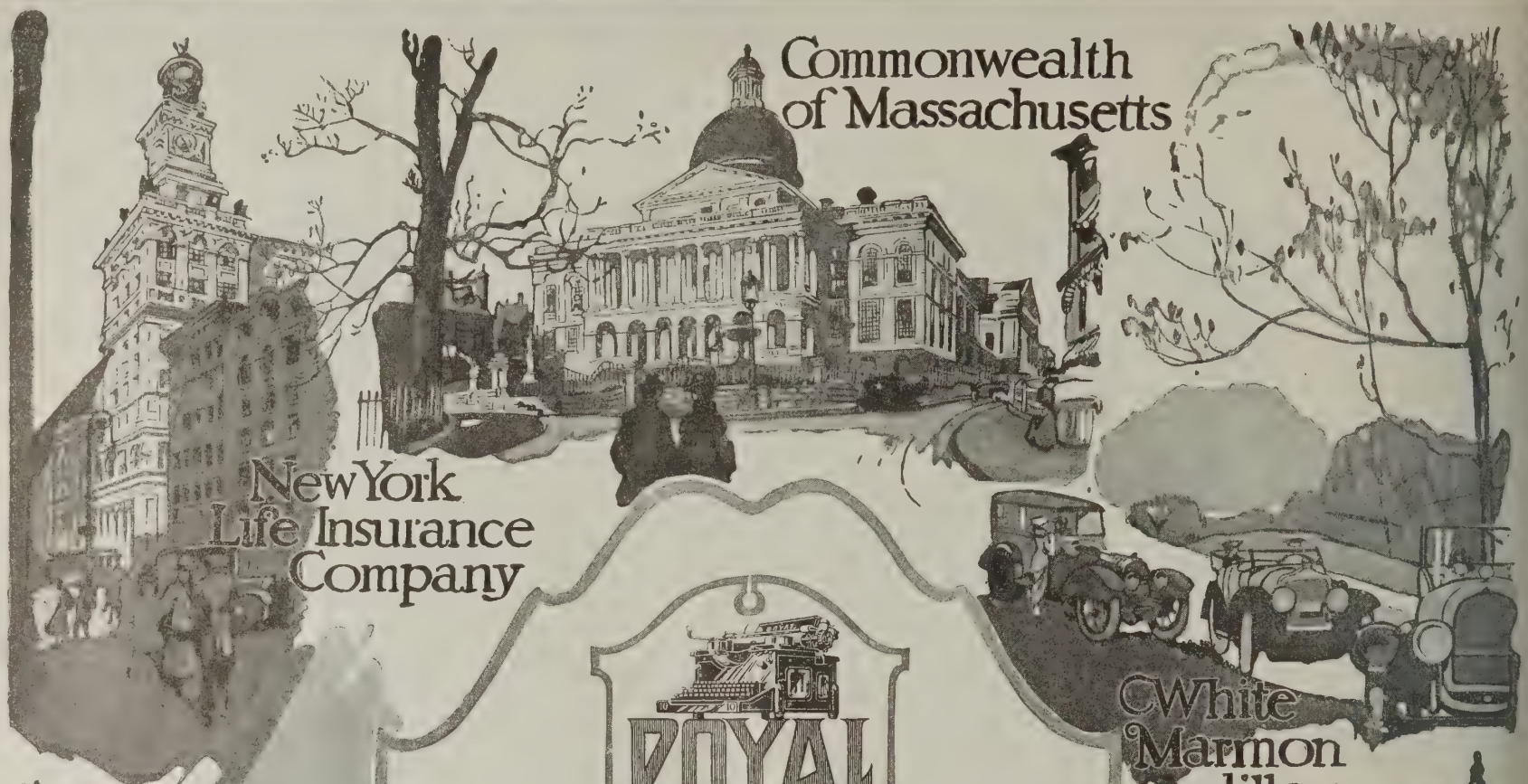

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(Concluded from Page 41)

which they have not been consulted about beforhand.

"Darling!" said Jane, as I turned away, "you look *stricken!*"

"My head aches," I said, with a weary gesture toward my forehead. It did ache, for that matter. It is acheing now, dear Dairy.

However, I had begun my task and must go through with it. Abandoning Jane at a corner, in spite of her calling me cruel and even sneeking, I went to Adrian's hotel, which I had learned of during my *seance* in his room, while he was changing his garments behind a screan, as it was marked on a dressing case.

It was then five o'clock.

How nervous I felt as I sent up my name to his chamber! Oh, dear Dairy, to think that it was but five hours ago that I sat and waited, while people who guessed not the inner trepadation of my heart past and repast, and glansed at me and at Leila's pink hat above.

At last he came. My heart beat thunderously, as he aproached, strideing along in that familiar walk, swinging his strong and tender arms. And I? I beheld him comeing, and could think of not a word to say.

"Well!" he said, pausing in front of me. "I knew I was going to be lucky today. Friday is my best day."

"I was born on Friday," I said. I could think of nothing else.

"Didn't I say it was my lucky day? But you mustn't sit here. What do you say to a cup of tea in the restarant?"

How grown up and like a *debutante* I felt, dear Dairy, going to have tea as if I had it every day at School, with a handsome actor across! Although somwhat uneasy also, owing to the posibility of the Familey comeing in. But it did not and I had a truly happy hour, not at all spoiled by looking out the window and seeing Jane going by, with her eyes poping out, and walking very slowly so I would invite her to come in.

Which I did not.

Dear Dairy, *he will do it.* At first he did not understand, and looked astounded. But when I told him of Carter being in the advertizing busness, and father owning a large mill, and that there would be reporters and so on, he became thoughtfull.

"It's realy incredably clever," he said. "And if it's pulled off right it ought to be a stampede. But I'd like to see Mr. Brooks. We can't have it fail, you know." He leaned over the table. "It's straight goods, is it, Miss—er—Barbara? There's nothing foney about it?"

"Foney!" I said, drawing back. "Certainly not."

He kept on leaning over the table.

"I wonder," he said, "what makes you so interested in the Play?"

Oh, Dairy, Dairy!

And just then I looked up, and the Adventuress was stareing in the door at me with the *meanest* look on her face.

I draw a Vale over the remainder of our happy hour. Suffice it to say that he considers me exactly the tipe he finds most atractive, and that he does not consider my noze to short. We had a long dispute about this. He thinks I am wrong and says I am not an acquiline tipe. He says I am romantic and of a loveing disposition. Also somwhat reckless, and he gave me good advice about doing what my Familey consider for my good, at least until I come out.

But our talk was all to short, for a fat man with three rings on came in, and sat down with us, and ordered a whiskey and soda. My blood turned cold, for fear some one I knew would come in and see me sitting there in a drinking party.

And my blood was right to turn cold. For, just as he had told the maniger about the arangement I had made, and the maniger said "Bully" and raised his glass to drink to me I looked across and there was mother's aunt, old Susan Paget, sitting near, with the most awfull face I ever saw!

I colapsed in my chair.

Dear Dairy, I only remember saying, "Well, remember. ten o'clock. And dress up like a gentleman in hard luck," and his saying: "Well, I hope I'm a gentleman, and the hard luck's no joke," and then I went away.

And now, dear Dairy, I am in bed, and every time the telefone rings I have a chill. And in between times I drink ice-water and sneaze. How terrable a thing is love.

LATER: I can hardly write. Switzerland is a setled thing. Father is not home tonight and I cannot apeal to him. Susan said I was drinking to, and mother is haveing the vibrater used on her spine. If I felt better I would run away.

JANUARY 26TH. How can I write what has happened? It is to terrable.

Beresford went at ten o'clock to ask for Leila, and did not send in his card for fear father would refuse to see him. And father thought, from his saying that he had come to ask for somthing, and so on, that it was Adrian, and threw him out. He ordered him out first, and Beresford refused to go, and they had words, and then there was a fight. The reporters got it, and it is in all the papers. Hannah has just brought one in. It is headed "Manufacturer assaults Peer." Leila is in bed, and the doctor is with her.

LATER: Adrian has disapeared. The maniger has just called up, and with shakeing knees I went to the telefone. Adrian went to the mill a little after ten, and has not been seen since.

It is in vane I protest that he has not eloped with me. It is almost time now for the matinee and no Adrian. What shall I do?

SATURDAY, 11 P.M. Dear Dairy, I have the meazles. I am all broken out, and look horible. But what is a sickness of the body compared to the agoney of my mind? Oh, dear Dairy, to think of what has happened since last I saw your stainless Pages!

What is a sickness to a broken heart? And to a heart broken while trying to help another who did not deserve to be helped. But if he decieved me, he has paid for it, and did until he was rescude at ten o'clock tonight.

I have been given a sleeping medacine, and until it takes affect I shall write out the tradgedy of this day, omiting nothing. The trained nurse is asleep on a cot, and her cap is hanging on the foot of the bed.

I have tried it on, dear Dairy, and it is very becomeing. If they insist on Switzerland I think I shall run away and be a trained nurse. It is easy work, although sleeping on a cot is not always comfortible. But at least a trained nurse leads her own life and is not bully-ed by her Familey. And more, she does good constantly.

I feel tonight that I should like to do good, and help the sick, and perhaps go to the Front. I know a lot of college men in the American Ambulence.

I shall never go on the stage, dear Dairy. I know now its decietfullness and visisitudes. My heart has bled until it can bleed no more, as a result of a theatricle Adonis. I am through with the theater forever.

I shall begin at the beginning. I left off where Adrian had disapéared.

Although feeling very strange, and looking a queer red color in my mirror, I rose and atired myself. I felt that somthing had slipped, and I must find Adrian. (It is strange with what coldness I write that once beloved name.)

While dressing I percieved that my chest and arms were covered with small red dots, but I had no time to think of myself. I sliped downstairs and outside the drawing room I heard mother conversing in a loud and angry tone with a visitor. I glansed in, and ye gods!

It was the Adventuress.

Drawing somwhat back, I listened. Oh, Dairy, what a revalation!

"But I *must* see her," she was saying. "Time is flying. In a half hour the performence begins, and—he cannot be found."

"I can't understand," mother said, in a stiff maner. "What can my daughter Barbara know about him?"

The Adventuress snifed. "Humph!" she said. "She knows, all right. And I'd like to see her in a hurrey, if she is in the house."

"Certainly she is in the house," said mother.

"*Are you sure of that?* Because I have every reason to beleive she has run away with him. She has been hanging around him all week, and only yesterday afternoon I found them together. She had some sort of a Skeme, he said afterwards, and he wrinkeled a coat under his mattress last night. He said it was to look as if he had slept in it. I know nothing further of your daughter's skeme. But I do know he went out to meet her. He has not been seen since. His maniger has hunted for to hours."

"Just a moment," said mother, in a fridgid tone. "Am I to understand that this—this Mr. Egleston is ——"

"He is my husband."

Ah, dear Dairy, that I might then and there have passed away. But I did not. I stood there, with my heart crushed, until I felt strong enough to escape. Then I fled, like a Gilty Soul. It was gastly.

On the doorstep I met Jane. She gased at me strangely when she saw my face, and then cluched me by the arm.

"Bab!" she cried. "What on the earth is the matter with your complexion?"

But I was desparate.

"Let me go!" I said. "Only lend me two dollars for a taxi and let me go. Somthing horible has happened."

She gave me ninty cents, which was all she had, and I rushed down the street, followed by her peircing gaze.

Although realizing that my life, at least the part of it pertaining to sentament, was over, I knew that, single or married, I must find him. I could not bare to think that I, in my desire to help, had ruined Miss Everett's couzin's play. Luckaly I got a taxi at the corner, and I ordered it to drive to the mill. I sank back, bathed in hot persparation, and on consulting my bracelet watch found I had but twenty five minutes until the curtain went up.

I must find him, but where and how! I confess for a moment that I doubted my own father, who can be very feirce on ocasion. What if, madened by his mistake about Beresford, he had, on being aproached by Adrian, been driven to violance? What if, in my endeaver to help one who was unworthy, I had led my poor paternal parent into crime?

"Hell is paved with good intentions."

SAMUEL JOHNSTON.

On driveing madly into the mill yard, I sudenly remembered that it was Saturday and a half holaday. The mill was going, but the offices were closed. Father, then, was imured in the safety of his Club, and could not be reached except by pay telefone. And the taxi was now ninty cents.

I got out, and paid the man. I felt very dizy and queer, and was very thirsty, so I went to the hydrent in the yard and got a drink of water. I did not as yet suspect meazles, but laid it all to my agoney of mind.

Haveing thus refreshed myself, I looked about, and saw the yard policeman, a new one who did not know me, as I am away at school most of the time, and the Familey is not expected to visit the mill, because of dirt and posible accidents.

I aproached him, however, and he stood still and stared at me.

"Officer," I said, in my most dignafied tones. "I am looking for a—for a gentleman who came here this morning to look for work."

"There was about two hundered lined up here this morning, Miss," he said. "Which one would it be, now?"

How my heart sank!

"About what time would he be comeing?" he said. "Things have been kind of mixed-up around here today, oweing to a little trouble this morning. But perhaps I'll remember him."

But, although Adrian is of an unusual tipe, I felt that I could not describe him, besides haveing a terrable headache. So I asked if he would lend me carfare, which he did with a strange look.

"You're not feeling sick, Miss, are you?" he said. But I could not stay to converce, as it was then time for the curtain to go up, and still no Adrian.

I had but one refuge in mind, Carter Brooks, and to him I fled on the wings of misery in the street car. I burst into his advertizing office like a furey.

"Where is he?" I demanded. "Where have you and your plotting hiden him?"

"Who? Beresford?" he asked in a placid maner. "He is at his hotel, I beleive, putting beefstake on a bad eye. Beleive me, Bab ——"

"Beresford!" I cried, in scorn and wrechedness. "What is he to me? Or his eye either? I refer to Mr. Egleston. It is time for the curtain to go up now, and unless he has by this time returned, there can be no performence."

"Look here," Carter said sudenly, "you look awfuly queer, Bab. Your face ——"

I stamped my foot.

"What does my face matter?" I demanded. "I no longer care for him, but I have ruined Miss Everett's couzin's play unless he turns up. Am I to be sent to Switzerland with that on my soul?"

"Switzerland!" he said slowly. "Why, Bab, they're not going to do that, are they? I—I don't want you so far away."

Dear Dairy, I am unsuspisious by nature, beleiving all mankind to be my friends until proven otherwise. But there was a gloating look in Carter Brooks' eyes as they turned on me.

"Carter!" I said, "you know where he is and you will not tell me. You *wish* to ruin him."

I was about to put my hand on his arm, but he drew away.

"Look here," he said. "I'll tell you somthing, but please keep back. Because you look like smallpox to me. I was at the mill this morning. I do not know anything about your actor-friend. He's probably only been run over or somthing. But I saw Beresford going in, and I—well, I sugested that he'd better walk in on your father or he wouldn't get in. It worked, Bab. *How it did work!* He went in and said he had come to ask your father for somthing, and your father blew up by saying that he knew about it, but that the world only owed a liveing to the man who would hustel for it, and that he would not be forsed to take any one he did not want.

"And in too minutes Beresford hit him, and got a responce. It was a million dollars worth."

So he babbled on. But what were his words to me?

Dear Dairy, I gave no thought to the smallpox he had mentioned, although fatle to the complexion. Or to the fight at the mill. I heard only Adrian's posible tradgic fate. Sudenly I colapsed, and asked for a drink of water feeling horible, very wobbley and unable to keep my knees from bending.

And the next thing I remember is father taking me home, and Adrian's fate still a deep mystery, and remaining such, while I had a warm sponge to bring out the rest of the rash, folowed by a sleep—it being meazles and not smallpox.

Oh, Dear Dairy, what a story I learned when haveing wakened and feeling better, my father came tonight and talked to me from the doorway, not being alowed in.

Adrian had gone to the mill, and father, haveing thrown Beresford out and asserted his principals, had not thrown him out, *but had given him a job in the mill.* And the policeman had given him no chance to escape, which he atempted. He was draged to the shell plant and there locked in, because of spies. The plant is under milatary guard.

And there he had been compeled to drag a wheelbarrow back and forth, containing charcoal for a small furnase, for hours!

Even when Carter found him he could not be releaced, as father was in hideing from reporters, and would not go to the telefone or see callers.

He labored until ten P. M., while the theater remained dark, and people got their money back.

I have ruined him. I have also ruined Miss Everett's couzin.

* * *

The nurse is still asleep. I think I will enter a hospitle. My career is ended, my life is blasted.

I reach under the mattress and draw out the picture of him who today I have ruined, compeling him to do manuel laber for hours, although unacustomed to it. He is a great actor, and I beleive has a future. But my love for him is dead. Dear Dairy, he decieved me, and that is one thing I cannot forgive.

So now I sit here among my pilows, while the nurse sleeps, and I reflect about many Things. But one speach rings in my ears over and over.

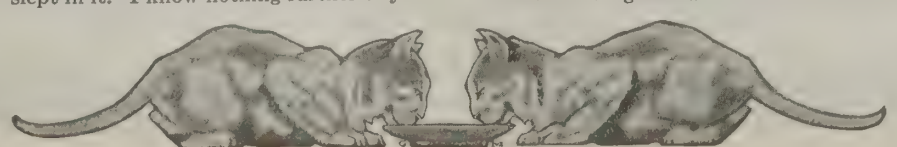
Carter Brooks, on learning about Switzerland, said it in a strange maner, looking at me with inscrutible eyes.

"Switzerland! Why, Bab—I don't want you to go so far away."

What did he mean by it?

* * *

Dear Dairy, you will have to be burned, I darsay. Perhaps it is as well. I have p o r e d out my h-e-a-r-t ——



Everywhere

Everywhere—throughout the length and breadth of the United States—you'll find United States Tires doing day-in and day-out consistent service.

On little cars and big cars—over good boulevards and rutty, rocky country lanes—over city pavements and uncertain sandy roads—up-hill and down-dale—giving the sort of service YOU have always wanted—long mileage and low mileage cost.

There are five types of United States Tires. Ask your dealer which one is best suited for your car and needs.

Good dealers everywhere sell them—wise motorists everywhere use them—that's the story of United States Tires.

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Royal Cord' 'Plain'

A tire for every motoring need of price and use.

United States Tire Company

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BUG HUNTERS OF INDUSTRY

(Concluded from Page 14)

contracts whenever material is bought, and they must be adhered to by the sellers.

When material is received at the factory the inspection force compares it with the specifications. A shipment of gun rod, for instance, is wanted for making fine screws for apparatus with delicate clearances, like an adding machine. A ton of this gun rod may be worked up into several million screws. But a few pieces of rod that did not meet the requirements of diameter, which may be within one-thousandth of an inch, if included in that ton of material and sent through the plant would make all kinds of trouble and expense. So the inspectors probably go over each separate piece of such a shipment and gauge it from end to end with calipers.

The next item may be a carload of castings. This is not so delicate a job of inspection, but it calls for just as much vigilance. The material must be examined for flaws and weighed to see that it is not running too heavy to the piece. Foundrymen have been known to make their own bills larger by shipping castings overweight. Such parts later on may add to the difficulties and costs of factory departments. So now at the door of almost every factory stands the chief inspector, like a policeman, ready to exclude trouble.

Products have become so complex lately, and promise to become so much more so, that he is absolutely necessary. It has not always been thus.

Once the average factory took most of its materials on snap judgment and guesswork, and the sellers furnished materials in about the same way. When the inspector appeared at the factory door and began sorting right from wrong, with his specifications and tests, there was a loud yell from the fellow whose stuff did not pass. He charged partiality on the part of the inspector, who told the dissatisfied producer to go away and learn something about his own business. But by and by the manufacturers found themselves facing about the same problems. One factory's finished product is raw material for some other factory. They were all in the same boat, so very sensibly they got together to talk matters over. And out of this phase of inspection has grown some of the finest constructive coöperation that exists in business to-day, with exchanges of information and interrelations between industries for the solution of common problems on a common basis.

Quite simple tests of raw material and tools will often decrease the percentage of defective goods produced. A large shoe concern equipped all its foremen with pocket microscopes of good magnifying power, and what they saw through them was most useful in improving the product. An operator on a stitching machine would have trouble with breaking thread. Under the glass the needle often showed a rough eye, and thus was revealed a poor lot of needles. Or a defect might be disclosed in the thread. No fancy finish served to hide defective leather when the foreman could see the grain through a microscope, and what looked like careless work on the part of an operator, viewed just from appearances, was often found to be due to dull tools, when they were examined under the microscope.

Human Inspectors the Best

In his relation to the factory, too, after materials have been started through the works, the inspector is a policeman. His job is to watch all the other fellows, even the boss if necessary, and hold everybody up to standards that must be enforced regardless of whose job or feelings are affected. Nowadays the inspector is often a department in himself. He has a central office with testing apparatus and master gauges, and when an order for so many thousand parts of a certain product is given to the factory he may require that each thousandth one be brought to his office for comparison with the standard. He has his assistants who follow work through the factory, checking up shortcomings of materials and men. A piece of defective work cannot be moved until they have made an investigation and tied a special tag on it.

The fruit growers of this country discovered that such police authority was necessary for a good product when, some years ago, they began packing red apples and bright oranges in fancy ways for fancy prices. At the outset each grower undertook to pack his own fruit according to the standard. But it was found that not one grower in a hundred could see worm holes in his own apples or scale on his own oranges. So the central-packing-house system came into existence, with an expert to pack and an inspector to watch the fruit during growth.

Without this system of impartiality it is well-nigh impossible to maintain a good standard in packing soil produce.

The factory inspector must also have human qualities, for the mere faultfinder doesn't get very far, no matter what his authority. An ideal factory inspector should be both a technical expert and a human being. He has to be an adviser and co-worker as well as a sleuth. He must be interested in helping all departments attain a high percentage of perfect production. Incidentally, he is not an easy man to find.

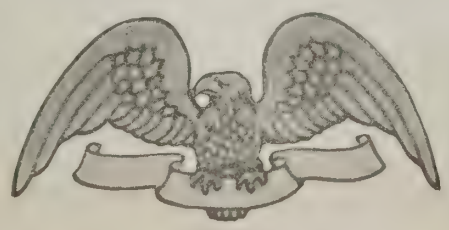
In a big electrical works there was an epidemic of damage to costly apparatus in the assembling department. Trouble seemed to be due to sheer carelessness on the part of workmen, and to stop it the chief inspector, who was a martinet, imposed heavy penalties. That didn't help matters a bit. Workmen grew sullen and silent, shielded one another and smuggled away damaged stuff. Another inspector was appointed. He was a finer kind of human being. His first act was to abolish all penalties and to make the damage problem a get-together proposition. When anything came through in bad shape he went out among the men, reassured them and made inquiries as to how the mishap had occurred. His attitude brought out all the facts that had been suppressed before and showed that carelessness was only a small factor in the problem. It was easier to eliminate even carelessness after all the facts were known, for then all the resources of the department could be brought to bear on the culprit, whereas before he had been scolded, fined and left to lonely self-improvement.

What Was Found in the Dump

Some concerns still charge each worker with the material that he spoils, making no effort to find out if the system is wrong. To add to this injustice, either the spoiled work is sold outright and the proceeds pocketed by the company, or the material in it is actually built into product, after the workman has paid for it, and put on the market.

How far such a system falls short of touching the real problem is shown in a story told by a machine-shop foreman. One of his best mechanics began spoiling shafts during grinding, and he turned out so many cripples that he asked to be put on some other work. He thought that he had lost his nerve. The foreman went back to the machine and watched the operator grind a shaft. Halfway through the shaft departed from true. Right next to that machine was another one, just like it, run by a less skillful man, who was turning out perfect work. The foreman could not account for the error and called an engineer, who was puzzled too. They went over both machines, making a regular doctor's diagnosis by eliminating every factor that was right. Still nothing was found which seemed to be wrong. Finally the trouble was located in a slight difference in the consistence of the grinding compound, a most obscure trouble. When that was set right the mechanic got his nerve back.

If inspection is blindly severe with its penalties, a factory can develop a vast underworld system for eluding them and covering up its mistakes. A new inspector of the human kind took charge of a plant where the other sort had ruled for years. His first step was to make a search of the boxes in which sweepings were carried out of the different departments. More than three thousand pieces of damaged stuff were found the first night—materials and tools that had been spoiled and smuggled out to the dump to escape the notice of the inspector. This had been going on for years, with heavy losses to the company. The new inspector handed to each foreman a list of stuff traced to his department, and this was posted where workers could see it and could compare their records with those of other departments. That started a competition of the old, familiar horse-race kind. Next night there was less dumped material, and in a month the salvage had been reduced practically to nothing.



Even when the trouble was remedied, however, the inspector kept up his nightly sifting of dirt-boxes. For it was found that dumped material would turn up suddenly, and its appearance always gave a clew to something wrong in the factory. Several hundred spoiled parts would come from a single department. Investigation showed that this department was being driven at too high pressure or that something was wrong with equipment.

A similar plan was adopted in an automobile factory in order to reduce the number of defective parts returned by owners of cars. In one month ten transmission countershafts were returned by owners for replacement as defective. The engineering staff studied those shafts to find out which had been defective when they left the factory and which had been damaged by careless owners. Then the facts were posted in the department that worked the countershafts. Ten cripples against an output of one thousand cars gave that department a percentage of one per cent of cripples. The percentage of each department was posted, so all could compare their respective efficiency, in plain figures. It was as clear as a baseball score and led to the elimination of cripples almost immediately.

Cripples are often charged to the carelessness of the men, when they are really due to defective equipment. They found that out some years ago in the shoe factories, when fashions in women's shoes turned to light-colored fancy fabrics. Immediately there was heavy loss from soiled shoes. They came to the treeing room marred by wax, cement, oil, dirt. No system of penalties did much good, and for a while the makers of bleaches and whiteners did a good business in their preparations for taking out stains. Finally the manufacturers tackled the difficulty in a broader way. Rooms were especially fitted up for making white and fancy shoes. Benches were covered with white cloth. Walls and ceilings were painted white. Floors were kept scrupulously clean, and even the machinery was enameled white. This furnished a background against which dirt was quickly spotted and eliminated. It was astonishing how quickly oil and dirt were wiped off a white-enameled machine. Then the shoes themselves were protected by cloth and paper covers, and operators were required to wear clean aprons and cotton gloves. After that the fancy shoes went through with only a trifling percentage of cripples.

How the System Helps the Worker

When downright carelessness and incompetence have been traced to a worker, and spoiled work is plainly his fault, under the new system of inspection he is given another chance. In the first place it finds his mistakes and helps him try to correct them. It keeps his mistakes separate from those of other workers and gives him the benefit of all doubts when machinery or methods are wrong. Then, when it is clear that he is to blame, it studies him personally and usually discovers that he is a good man in the wrong place. Somebody has put him at fine, exacting work, when he is really fitted for rough, heavy tasks, or vice versa.

If the inspection system is intelligent it tries to keep the man on at a more congenial job. One of the biggest problems in industry to-day is that of shifting human misfits round until square holes have square pegs, and round holes have round pegs, and every worker finds himself doing something in which he is interested and at which he can excel. A big job! It cannot be done in a day or a year. But it is being done piecemeal right now, as the necessity for doing it is recognized. Nothing helps more in the appraisal of workers than an intelligent inspection system for running down cripples in the factory.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.

Who Says: "I Don't Want Healthy Feet"?

SURELY, nobody in his senses would *say* that. And yet, thousands of people *show* they don't want healthy feet, by wearing narrow, bone-bending shoes, which cause corns, bunions, flat-foot and ingrown nails.

Show that *you* want healthy feet by getting into Educators now—the roomy, comfortable shoes built by experts to "let the feet grow as they should."

Made for MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Get Educators for your whole family today. For children they mean life-long protection from foot-troubles. For you they mean relief or prevention of all foot ills.

But don't fail to look for the word EDUCATOR branded on the sole. It guarantees the correct orthopædic Educator shape.

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" is a free booklet of important information about the feet by orthopædic scientists. Send for it now.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
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This Same Speed and Accuracy Await You

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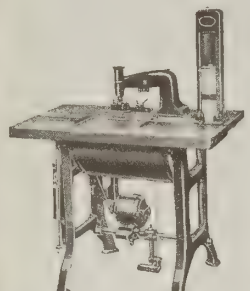
(Signed) JAMES BURTON,
Supt. Fort Scott Water Works,
Fort Scott, Kansas

With a DIREX-ALL you can save time, labor and expense in your mailing, listing and billing departments just as surely as does the Fort Scott Water Works.

And, in addition, the DIREX-ALL will insure an accuracy of work that will add to the efficiency of your office, and the effectiveness of your service.

Whether your mailing list is large or small, or whether your listing and billing is light or heavy, there is a DIREX-ALL for your particular needs —one that combines the threefold convenience of a mailing, listing *and* billing machine.

The DIREX-ALL is the modern addressing machine with typewriter ribbon principle and one-piece metal plates. Filing the imprinting plates gives you a complete index system that takes the place of cards. Operation so simple that a boy or girl can do it all with wonderful accuracy and dispatch—*guaranteed!*



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Note to Dealer: Return this coupon properly filled out and get credit of $1 as per agreement.

Royal Chair Co., 1100 Chicago St., Sturgis, Mich.

—and Realize Your Dream of Comfort!

No matter what your occupation during the day, you need a good, comfortable chair in which to relax and *rest* at *night*.

Such a chair is now offered you—a chair of *remarkable* comfort; yet beautiful and artistic as well. And by prompt action you can have it at a saving of $8.00.

Royal Easy Chairs

TRADE MARK — PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES — REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Royals are famously known as the world's easiest easy chair. When you want to lean back and get extra comfy in this chair, just push the button in the right chair-*arm*—the back reclines!—goes back to any desired angle, locking until released by another finger pressure.

And a leg rest, out of sight when not used, completes your dream of comfort. Complete relaxation—solace for every bone, nerve, muscle—rest, rejuvenation unfindable in anything but a Royal. Durably made and upholstered; push button device silent, out of the way, trouble-proof.

Take Advantage of This Liberal Offer

To further introduce Royals, we offer the two beautiful models shown herewith at a reduction of $7.00. But take the coupon to your Royal dealer, and he will allow you $1.00 for it, applying same on price of either chair illustrated. That means a saving of $8.00. Think of it! Clip coupon now!

No. 1 Special—A big, comfortable easy chair, luxuriously overstuffed, artistic—covered in genuine Spanish Leather, mahogany finish. Push Button, Leg Rest, Brass Feet, Brass Casters. Regular $37.50 value. Introductory price, after deducting $1 Coupon, $29.50. ($3 extra Denver and West.)

Write for "Conscious Rest"

A striking little booklet fully describing "Conscious Rest" and showing many pleasing Royal models. Book also brings name of your Royal dealer. It's free.

All Royals guaranteed. None genuine without the word Royal stamped on Push Button.

No. 2 Special—A low, deep den chair—in Fumed Oak, Spanish Leatherette cover only. Fitted with Push Button, Leg Rest, and Brass Casters. Reg. value $27.75. Introductory price, after deducting $1 Coupon, $19.75. ($3 extra Denver and West.)

Royal Chair Co.
1100 Chicago St.
Sturgis, Mich.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN JUNE

(Continued from Page 17)

I was so excited when I saw my first palm! And here, when I got out my new frocks, that had come all the way from New York—some of them—I sang and laughed. And then—the lorgnette squad shot me dead! Oh, am I so—so homely or something?"

"I think you're one of the most—oh, I can't even say it—one of the bulliest—and oh, prettiest and all—girls I've ever seen. Maybe the other women are jealous. Probably the old society hexes tell their sons to steer clear of you; they want them to marry ugly girls with lots of money."

"No; they don't worry enough about me for that! But it's sweet and dear of you to pretend that's the way it is. And thank you for reassuring me that I'm not really covered with rattlesnakes." The daughter of the Wild West rose and made him an ante-bellum curtsy. As she settled down, with a fluff of lace, she sighed: "I don't suppose I ought to be quite so brazen and absolutely fish for compliments from a complete stranger; but I'm so glad to have somebody tell me I'm still an inoffensive little thing."

"Seems to me you aren't very complimentary to say I'm just a somebody. Like saying that I'm kind to my Aunt Alice, but dance like an ice wagon. Am I as bad as that?"

She laughed at him.

"Am I?"

"I think you're a terribly nice boy, with nice eyes and a nice slim waist and good shoulders, and jolly to talk to. Oh, I am brazen! That's what your polite Palm Beach has done to poor modest me!"

They both looked shy, stared at the sea, tried to keep their eyes apart, flushed a little, dug vigorously at the sand—then glanced at each other and laughed aloud, like boy and girl.

"Come help me finish my sand castle!" he cried. "That's a modest game, anyway!"

"'Deed I will! All my life, back where it's prairie gumbo and lakes, I've wanted to build a huge sand castle on the seabeach, and I tried it here; but—it wasn't much fun—making one all by my little self."

"Poor kiddy! Come on."

She came with a smile and a flare of skirts and twinkling slippers; and they forgot they were strangers. They were both at the age when one is fiercely militaristic, and they provided the castle with defense against cavalry, aëroplanes, submarines, poison gas, catapults, bowmen, and the elephants of Alexander the Great.

Bert had never seen such delicate texture of skin as was now agitating his heart when she bent above the sand walls with shining throat. But she was so voluble that he forgot to study her at all—forgot to wonder at her.

When they sat back and admired the edifice he marveled:

"Is this really the first time you've played on the seabeach?"

"Yes. I suppose you were brought here by your folks when you were, oh, just so little. That's the way it is with all these people, I guess. And poor me, here only a week! Maybe that's one reason why I'm such an outsider."

"Oh, no," he said in a blasé manner that would have caused the buyer at Grafenheimer Brothers' to observe "What's matter, Bert? Got the nosebleed?" He comforted her with "No; it's only comparatively recently that I've started coming to Palm Beach." He was recalling the description of Palm Beach he had been studying in the day coach a few hours before. "Have you seen the Jungle Trail or had twilight tea in the Coconut Grove?"

"No; mostly I've just sat round and comforted daddy. He's felt as much out of it here as I have. I started to go through the Jungle Trail in one of those cunning Afromobiles; but I was so lonely I made the darky turn right round and come back. And I never could get daddy to have tea in the Grove with me; he said that he was afraid one of the waiters would ask 'Who was your grandfather?' before he'd let us in. It must be lots of fun to know the place as you do. I suppose you belong to the Beach Club and everything."

"The Beach Club? Bradley's?"

"Yes!"—in the manner of a girl asking a Junior about his fraternity.

"Oh, well, it's a decent place," he stated, with a wave of his hand which dismissed to the caféteria class the exclusive spot that is supposed to have one of the best cuisines between Spuds and Cudjoe. "But the gardens, now! That's what you want to study. Finest in the country. Glad to take you round; and then we'll see about lunch. And—uh—your father, if he'd care to come. But —— I don't want to be a bold, bad New Yorker, but may I ask what your name is? Mine is Albert Michado."

Her incandescent face dimmed.

"I have a horrid name!" she complained. "My first name is after an old aunt, and my last name isn't a name at all; it's just a kind of something so they can send us butcher bills. And we aren't anybody, and you never heard of us; and, as daddy says, our family must have come over on the Mayflower steerage and been missed by the reporters. So, what is the use of knowing my silly name?"

"So I can write you—send you a post card from New York sometime."

"Oh, yes! With 'Having a nice trip. Wish you were here!' on it. . . . Don't you loath people who write that?"

"Yes; idiotic!" assented Bert, it being fully sixteen hours since he had written that message to some grouchy girl—Pribble or some such name.

Then the fairy girl waited for Bert to insist that she tell him her name; and he insisted, and she laughed; and he teased, and she said she was Mrs. Solomon K. Nasty, of the Cross-Bar Y Ranch, Idaho; and he was sure she was the wittiest and most amusing companion in the world; and told her so; and she blushed and said she was really Miss Napoleona Bonaparte; and he seized her hand and declared that he would not let it go till she told the truth; and she tried to get her hand back, but didn't try very hard; and they both blushed and laughed. And ——

"If you must know," she said, "my name is Ocea Boggs."

"Osha?"

"O-c-e-a. Isn't it silly! Aunt of mine."

"Ocea Boggs!" He started; he stared; his voice rose and grew nimble. "Boggs, did you say? Boggs? I say, where do you come from?"

"Davenport, Iowa."

"Say—gee-whiz! Say, tell me, who is your father? Bet I know—know about him!"

"You wouldn't have heard of him. He's just in business."

"What is his business? Tell me!"

"Oh, he just has a silly old factory—the Boggs Button Works. You wouldn't have heard of it, any more than the rest of these people here."

"Heard of it! Why, my dear, I know he's the biggest man in buttons—I mean I have some friends who are interested in dry goods, and they often speak of him."

She leaped up and started running; you know how a cat jumps when it comes on an unexpected frog—sideways in the air, with all four feet spread out at once. So she skipped; though with only two feet in the air at once. Bert gaped after her. She drilled through the lessening crowd. She stopped beside a gray-haired solid man in a gray, dull sack suit. She dragged him up, like a kitten dragging a mastiff. Bert heard her say in her light, eager voice:

"Daddy, come quick! Here's somebody that knows who we are!"

He heard the man rumble:

"But who the dickens are we, Bunny?"

Towing the large man, she came panting back; and Bert rose meekly to greet the Colossus of Buttons, the lodestar of the notions world, the idol of Mr. Albert Michado.

"My daughter tells me you have—uh—what is it, Bunny?" said the large man meekly.

"Pleasure meet you," said Bert with as much manner of grandeur as he could recover from the wreck. "Often heard friend of mine who's in dry goods speak of you—Sid Grafenheimer, of Grafenheimer Brothers."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Boggs. "Think I've heard of him."

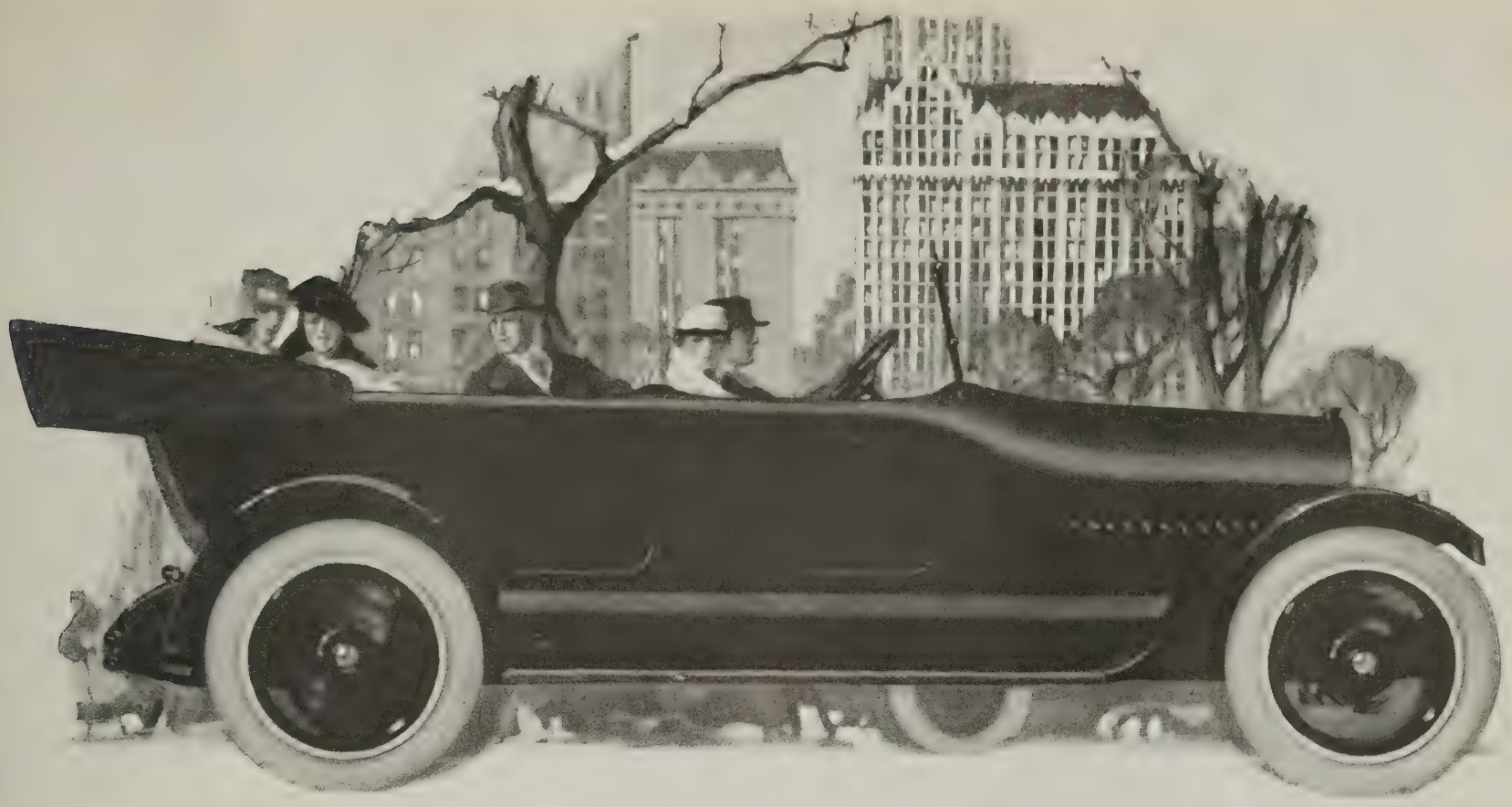
"Nice chap."

"Let's see; they're New York. You from there? Well, sir, you got a wonderful city there! But it's too much for me. Don't go there often. Well, I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. ——"

"Michado."

"—— Michado. Glad you and Bunny find something to do. We're plain folk

(Concluded on Page 49)



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Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car,	$1695
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Prices f. o. b. Factory

Canadian Prices

Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan,	$3250
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WE are confining our entire production to a single eight-cylinder chassis.

We know it to be most remarkable of all the many Cole achievements.

It is the largest Eight built—but relatively the lightest.

Think for a minute what that means.

Here is a car that rides with the ease of a bird on the wing.

Its motor has the quick response, the noiseless action and the tremendous vitality possible only in an Eight.

Its body has the room and the luxurious comfort that size alone can give.

Yet the light weight of the Cole Eight safeguards your pocketbook. It gives you more miles per gallon of gas than most sixes—more than some fours.

In short, the Cole Eight couples the known advantages of size and power with those of lightness and economy.

No wonder the Cole Eight is a phenomenal success!

No wonder we are producing three times as many cars as we did at this time last year—and are building nothing but Cole Eights!

Our dealer in your town will gladly demonstrate any Cole Eight model.

Cole Motor Car Company
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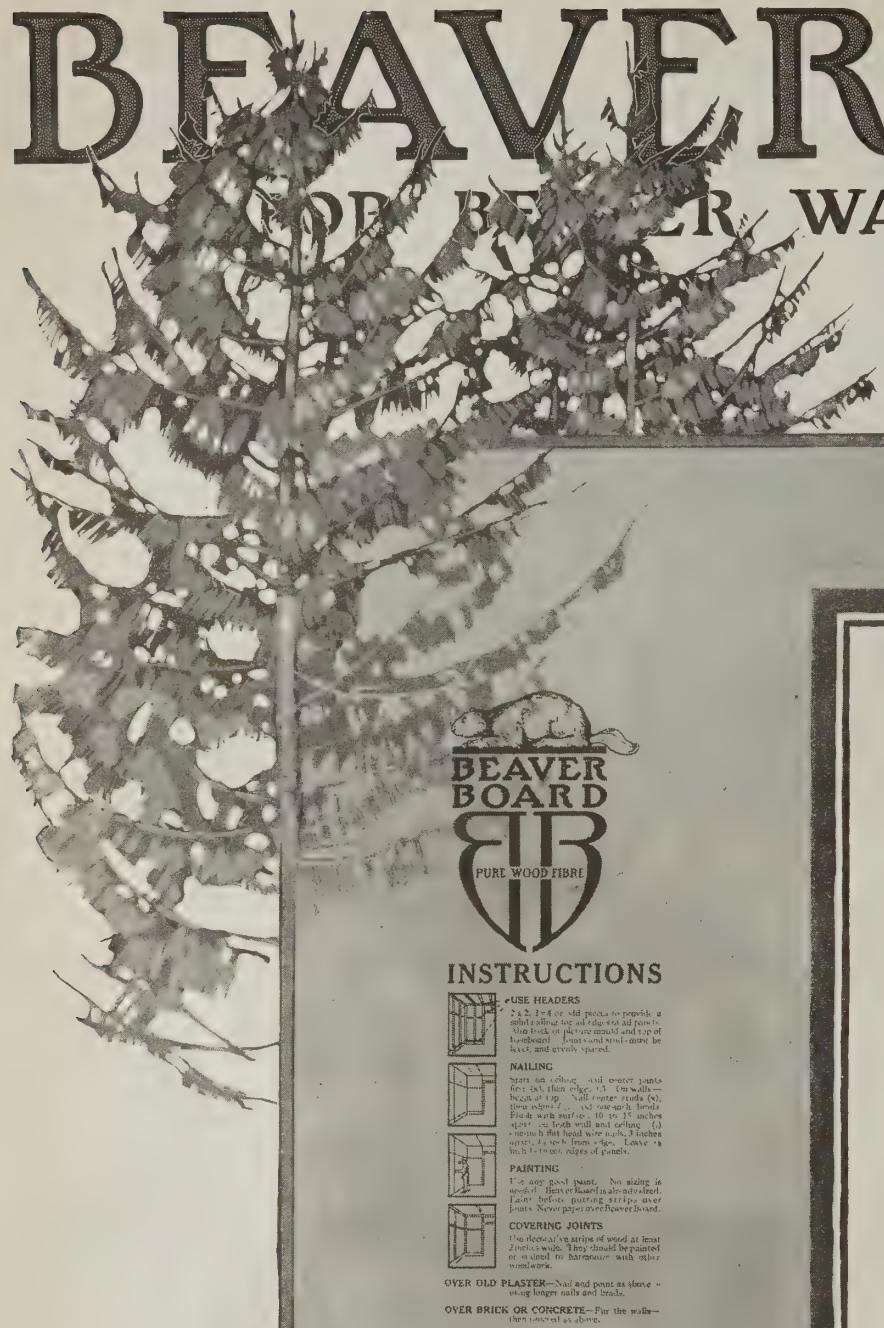
BEAVER BOARD

FOR BEAVER WALLS & CEILINGS



BEAVER BOARD

PURE WOOD FIBRE

INSTRUCTIONS

USE HEADERS

2 x 2, 2 x 4 or 3 x 4 pieces to provide a solid nailing top and edges of all panels. Also back of picture mould and top of baseboard. Joints and studs must be level, and evenly spaced.

NAILING

Start on ceiling. Nail center joints first (x), then edge. (.) On walls—begin at top. Nail center studs (x), then edges (.). (x) one-inch brads. Flush with surface, 10 to 15 inches apart on both wall and ceiling. (.) One-inch flat head wire nails, 3 inches apart, 1½ inch from edge. Leave ¼ inch between edges of panels.

PAINTING

Use any good paint. No sizing is needed. Beaver Board is already sized. Paint before putting strips over joints. Never paper over Beaver Board.

COVERING JOINTS

Use decorative strips of wood at least 2 inches wide. They should be painted or stained to harmonize with other woodwork.

OVER OLD PLASTER—Nail and paint as above—using longer nails and brads.

OVER BRICK OR CONCRETE—Fur the walls—then covered as above.

Knotless, Crackless, Manufactured Lumber

Nature cannot produce real lumber so free from knots, cracks and blemishes as Beaver Board.

Here, if you please, is a manufactured lumber built up from the strong, clean fibres of the spruce tree into sturdy, rigid panels, ready without planing or dressing, for your wall or ceiling.

All the advantages of the clearest lumber stock, without its blemishes. And in widths which only the mammoth redwood of California could supply in natural lumber.

Is it any wonder that this vastly improved wall and ceiling material is rapidly supplanting lath, plaster or metal wherever particular people are building new rooms or remodeling old ones?

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(Concluded from Page 46)

from Ioway and kind of out of it here with you gay New Yorkers. Well—uh —— Found a fellow here from Seattle; been talking politics with him." And Mr. Boggs deprecatingly disposed of himself.

Ocea had sunk on the sand, cross-legged, and she seemed waiting for Bert to come back to her.

"You're not a 'plain folks'," he said. He wanted to add, "You're adorable"; but he compromised on "You're a peach!" And he made that sound like what he meant.

"No; I'm not. I'm a useless little hussy; but dad really is a peach. Mother died five years ago; and dad is terribly busy with his factory and trying to make his old processes safe for the workers. But he plays with me as much as he can. He pretended it didn't matter, and he said we were here just for the sunshine; but I know he was terribly hurt when I didn't meet people here or have a good time."

"Wonder if he liked me?"

"Uh-huh! He did."

"Oh, I bet he didn't! Bet he thought I was just a fresh kid."

"No; I could tell from the way he's been smiling from the first."

"How do you mean?"

"He's been watching us from over there ever since you first spoke to me, and he smiled and nodded to me."

Bert felt feeble at being under the observation of the genius, and Ocea was laughing at him.

"For once I have something on a New Yorker," she rejoiced. "Oh, you don't mind, do you?"

"No."

"I'm glad. It's been nice to play with you. And daddy likes it. Poor dad! I suppose he thought somebody like Freddy Witherbee would come right up and ask me to go riding. . . . Doesn't Freddy look like a muff, there?"

All his life Bert had heard of Mr. Frederick Schermerhorn Witherbee as opening balls at Newport and bottles at the Tennis and Racquet Club. He had seen pictures of Freddy in polo costume, motoring costume, and practically no costume at all at Mrs. Fipnogle's cubist ball. But Bert did not move in the same part of the younger set as Mr. Witherbee. His set was both younger and not quite so set, and better acquainted with beef stew than with terrapin. He had never chanced to see Freddy till now, when Ocea's finger indicated a young man engaged in looking vacuous—a task that was a mere bagatelle for the clever Freddy. . . . Yes; he had, too, seen him! Freddy was one of the two Johnnies who had sat near him on the porch and encouraged him to go and take Palm Beach away from them.

"Oh, yes; Old Freddy!" said Bert.

"Oh, do you know him?"

"Very slightly, indeed. Just see him about."

"I'm glad you don't. I've been watching him; and I much prefer Billy Yurka, that I used to play mibs with when I was little. Billy's mother is the best washerwoman in Davenport. But Freddy —— I should love to know how it talks. Is it human?"

"Oh, yes; Freddy isn't a bad sort. Just kind of dull."

"Do make him come and have a drink with us after the bathing time. That's what's made me most lonely of all—all the people so friendly and rosy and excited after bathing, having a snippet on the porch at the Breakers, and the music; and everyone talking and looking so jolly and foreign—like a boulevard. Could you get him to come?"

Her voice was almost down to a whisper and her eyes trusted him.

"Why, of course! Just a moment," he said boldly.

For those dear eyes of the fairy girl he would have tackled three Freddies and a Newport matron with protected daughters. He went and sat down beside Freddy. He yawned, and said in the most bored of voices:

"How-do, Witherbee?"

"How-dee-duh?" said Witherbee; but he didn't really seem to care how Bert did.

Like all well-informed New Yorkers who study the great problems of the day, Bert knew Freddy was a graduate of Yale, where he had made all his athletic records by taking female parts in college dramatics.

"Dropped into the Yale Club just before I came down," Bert drawled, "and chap there asked me to give you his regards and two dollars he owed you."

"Eh? Who was that?"

"Isn't it beastly? Can't remember. Rotten bore, isn't it? Do forget people so. But here's the two dollars." He peeled the money from his roll—his innocent bantam of a roll—and tossed it to Freddy, who took it questioningly. "I'll remember chap's name before I leave and tell you. Better pay now, anyway. Rotten have such a rotten memory—what?" Bert was giving an almost perspiratory imitation of all the English comedies there are. "Ever forget people like that, ol' man—even chaps from Yale? Dear classmates and that sort of rot?"

With some of that financial acumen he must secretly have had to have accumulated nineteen millions on his twenty-first birthday, Freddy put the two dollars away before he answered, almost civilly:

"Oh, yes; in fact, just for the moment I don't recall your name."

"Michado. Don't you remember? Track team? After your time, of course."

"Oh, yes; to be sure!"

"I say, Witherbee, I have a Western cousin of mine here—chap named Boggs; jolly old boy, billionaire; terribly pretty daughter—the girl by herself, over there on the right. If you're toddling up to the Breakers for a drink I wish you'd walk up with us. I don't want to lose you before I remember the name of the chap who paid me the two dollars to give you."

"Why—uh ——"

Freddy looked bewildered. "What the juice was all this about?" his massaged countenance said, so far as it could say anything except "To rent, totally unfurnished."

"Right-oh!" said Bert cheerily. He bellowed "Ocea! Come! We must be trotting up to the Breakers. Witherbee is going up for a drink with us. Come on, Mr. Boggs."

Ocea and her father obeyed; and a wonder as to how he had ever let himself in for accepting an invitation from a stranger spread itself over Freddy's face. When Ocea was introduced to him he became much more interested in her than he had been in that sterling Yale hero, Mr. Albert Michado.

It was not a long walk to the Breakers and Freddy did not escape. He joined them at a table, as though they really belonged. Bert's trouble was not in retaining the only genuine Freddy, but in being at his own party. Ocea seemed absorbed in Freddy; and Freddy, now that he had been canonically introduced to this fair outsider by his old college chum, was willing to smile and haw at her.

"I'm an awful little barbarian!" she was saying. "I've never seen any polo. Won't you tell me how you defeated the California team last year?"

Now Freddy hadn't defeated any California team last year. Freddy hadn't defeated any team any year. Freddy couldn't have defeated a team of pea weevils at croquet. But he was a sub-substitute on a Newport polo team, and he gave an account of the game as played by the Safety First method. Bert discovered that Freddy wasn't a fool when talking to women. When talking to men—especially strange men—Freddy had the vocabulary of a Lithuanian cook and the originality of a compromise presidential platform. But Freddy was used to girls and he had no shyness about looking into their eyes as though he were demanding how far he could go.

He asked Ocea how she liked Florida; he asked her how she liked his "silly, rotten" new ring; he coaxed her and teased her, and apparently he made her oblivious of her forlorn little playmate, Mr. Bert Michado.

In the presence of dear old Freddy Mr. Boggs had nothing to say to Bert except that it was a fine day—really a mighty fine day; and Bert was left to talk to his glass of lemonade, to which he confided that he hated Ocea, desired to scrag Mr. Freddy Witherbee, and, as for Mr. Boggs, he would be dog-goned if he would work for the Boggs Button Works—not if he were offered the New York agency, with Mr. Vibels as office boy and Miss Pribble as window washer!

Between quivers of jealousy he was the victim of financial anxieties. With much care he slipped the bill for their round from under a plate and peeped at it. Freddy had desired a sandwich with his drink, and Bert hadn't desired one but had haughtily taken one; and the bill was two dollars. Plus the two dollars he had given Freddy, that made four. And he wanted to take the Boggses to lunch. Probably eight dollars more. He could pawn his watch in Jacksonville. Though he smiled fashionably, the jolly old Yale athlete could not keep from muttering over and over "Let's see now; two and two and eight—no darn it, prob'ly nine, with tip ——"

But he kept his eyes on Ocea while he had the chance. It began to appear to him that she was not entirely captivated by Freddy. She nodded and blushed at him, but her lively lips seemed to be quivering; and once, when Freddy was slightly boastful about his motor run from Jacksonville to Palm Beach, Bert thought he felt her toe softly kicking him.

He took heart. He devoted himself to getting rid of the Gilded Youth with as much earnestness as he had recently shown in capturing him. He looked at his watch, turned it different ways, and studied the second hand. Freddy seemed to have very little interest in Bert's opinion of the time.

"Now, now!" he was waggishly saying to Ocea.

Bert acted like a great executive. He rose.

"Well"—curtly—"time to get ready for lunch, children. C'm on!"

Freddy seemed bewildered. Sudden changes of base were hard on his brain. Bert pictured him tagging along. He chirped:

"Glad to have seen you, Witherbee. Still can't remember chap's name that paid me the two dollars. See you again."

Freddy nodded, teetered at Ocea and wabbled away. Bert captured Ocea and firmly led her off. Her father followed.

"You're at the Poinciana, I believe?" said Bert formally.

"Why are you so stern about it? We're at the Poinciana; but that isn't naughty, is it?"

"No; but —— I'm glad you liked Mr. Witherbee so much."

Bert spoke with an air of settled martyrdom—like an old, well-trained martyr who has been burned, imprisoned and bitten by ants constantly for years and years.

"Why, you pathetic baby—didn't you understand my kicking you under the table? I'm disappointed in you! Can't you see it will be dreadfully exciting, when I get back home and there's a picture of Freddy in Fashion, to show it to the girls and tell them I met him here? But, like him? Why, I think he's a silly ——"

"Do you like me better?"

"You are nothing but a vain child."

"Do you?"

Just then Mr. Boggs caught up with them and absorbed them in his heavy personality; but she smiled at Bert, and he was content.

"Don't suppose you could take lunch with us, Mr. Michado?" begged Mr. Boggs.

"Why—uh—I hadn't made any plans."

"Then, come—come on, lad! Bunny and I pull out for home to-morrow and we want to have a good time the last day."

V

"SORRY I can't take you to lunch at this Beach Club, but I don't belong," said Mr. Boggs apologetically; "and I guess we'll have to make out with the regular hotel lunch."

"Oh, it's perfectly all right, and not a bad dining room," Bert graciously acceded, glancing over the Gargantuan hall and dropping a condescending look on the menu. . . . He had got over the danger of having Mr. Boggs ask him whether he was registered at the Poinciana and his meal already paid for, by casually stating that he was in Palm Beach only for the day. And he had had time to realize that he was incredibly lunching with the boss of Mr. Everett Vibels, who was the boss of Miss Pribble, who had been too superior even to want to be the boss of Bert Michado. He was fascinated. He wanted to talk buttons, despite his pose of being an idle dog, with inherited wealth. He achieved:

"Oh, I say, I seem to remember that I met your New York representative—a Mr. Wibles or Gibles, or something."

"Oh! Everett Vibels. How'd you happen to meet him?"

"Dropped in there one time with Grafenheimer. Nice chap."

"Yes. Course I've got to admit Evy Vibels will never set the world afire; but he's a good lad."

Bert nodded with aged understanding.

"What business you in, Mr. Michado?" shot out Mr. Boggs. "I suppose, like the rest of you young New Yorkers here, you take it easy."

Bert had a desire to dodge the question. He had so recently been advanced to the position of Heir that he had not as yet learned all the details of his own biography. He said desperately:

"Well, I'm beginning to take an interest in Sid Grafenheimer's place. Believe in chap working ——"

"That isn't so very different from my own line. Buttons. You ought to get out of a congested hole like New York and come out to Ioway and learn the business. But I don't suppose ——"

"Wouldn't mind it a bit!" exclaimed Bert, and waited, trembling; but Mr. Boggs changed the subject.

"Bunny says this most highly respectable sack coat of mine isn't the proper caper for a place like this, and I must say I like you young chaps in flannels. Must I be obedient to my daughter and wear giddy things too?"

Between them—while Bert's chances of the future managership of the Boggs Button Works went glimmering—Ocea and he gave the great man instruction as to what he ought to wear and eat, and think about tennis and dancing and the habitual use of the ukulele. And the Titan almost promised them to take dancing lessons.

Before lunch ended Bert said: "If your father wants to smoke a cigar after lunch, why don't you and I take a spin through the Jungle Trail in a double wheel chair? Let's forget our other duties. Don't believe in cutting a party short when it's going well."

"Let's!" she said.

VI

JUNE'S enchantment of soft light and blossoming green and fluttering wings, of soaring skies and time stopped in its course, while Bert rode by the side of the fairy child. They talked great poetry, though it was couched in "No," and shy "Yes," and whispered "Isn't it corking?" For once he was not playing games.

They dismissed the wheel chair in the Trail; they walked through its wilderness and back to Lake Worth. They sat between huge palmettos and looked over amethyst waters. Twilight was coming and there was a strain between them. They had shared so many confidences—as many as strangers could. He was in a panic. Time had begun to move again—and so rapidly! In no time now he would have to take a train back to winter.

"We might go and have tea in the Grove?" he said desperately.

"Ye-es."

"And then pretty soon I must be rambling North; evening train."

"I'm sorry you're going. I'm—oh, I am sorry we can't play together to-morrow."

"I don't know whether I'll ever see you again. I never did know a girl like you; you're like a silver thread ——"

"But you must know hundreds of girls much nicer than I am, lots of nice little silver threads, in New York and Newport, and all."

"I never saw Newport in my life!"

"But ——"

"Honey, honey, honey, I can't leave you lying to you. I'm not rich. I'm not a swell. I'm a New Yorker, all right; but I'm just a bum little nineteen-dollar-a-week clerk. I haven't any social position and I don't know Sid Grafenheimer—I work for him; and that's just the opposite of knowing him. I never saw Palm Beach before yesterday ——"

"Jiminy, I'm glad!" she cried. "Then you will come out to Davenport and take a job with the factory, and you and I will play every Sunday!"

"Your father would never give me a job."

"You dear old silly—remember daddy spoke to me after lunch? He told me to get you to come out and learn the business. I've been getting up courage all afternoon to ask you. He is looking for someone like you, with New York training, like Evy Vibels; and not so hoity-toity as Evy, but jolly and up-an'-coming."

"Gee-whiz! I've always wanted a job with the Boggs Works."

"Then why didn't you come and ask?"

"Is that the stunt? Honey! Listen! Sometime there will be something else I'll dare to want."

"Then you come and ask!" she whispered. And, jumping up, she went skipping off with him, exclaiming: "Come! Daddy knew you weren't really rich, because you kept looking into your cigarette box, and then not taking a cigarette after all. We aren't so much slower than you New Yorkers."

"Gee!" said Bert.

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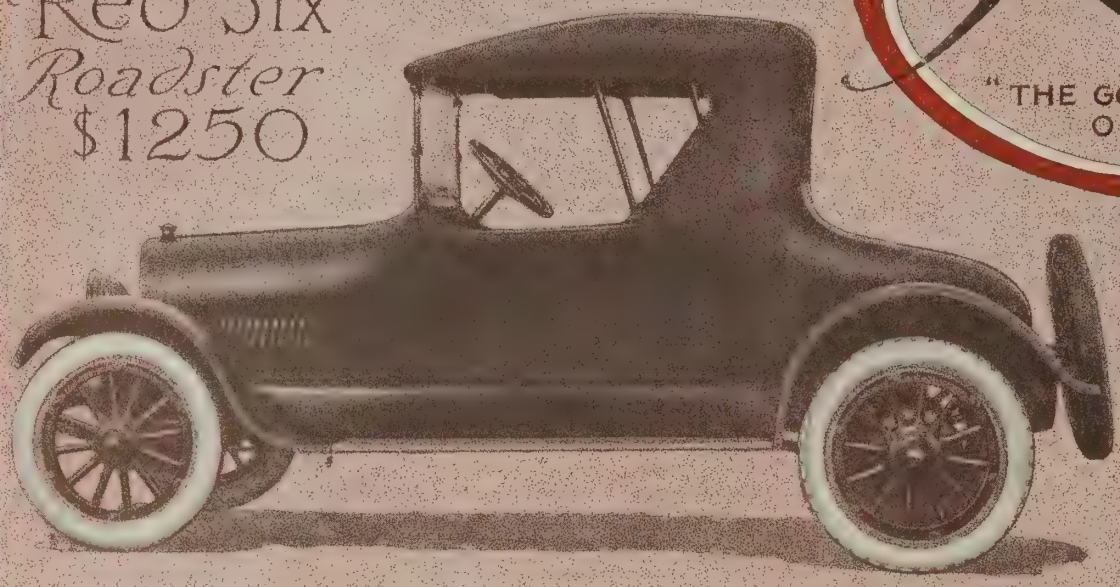

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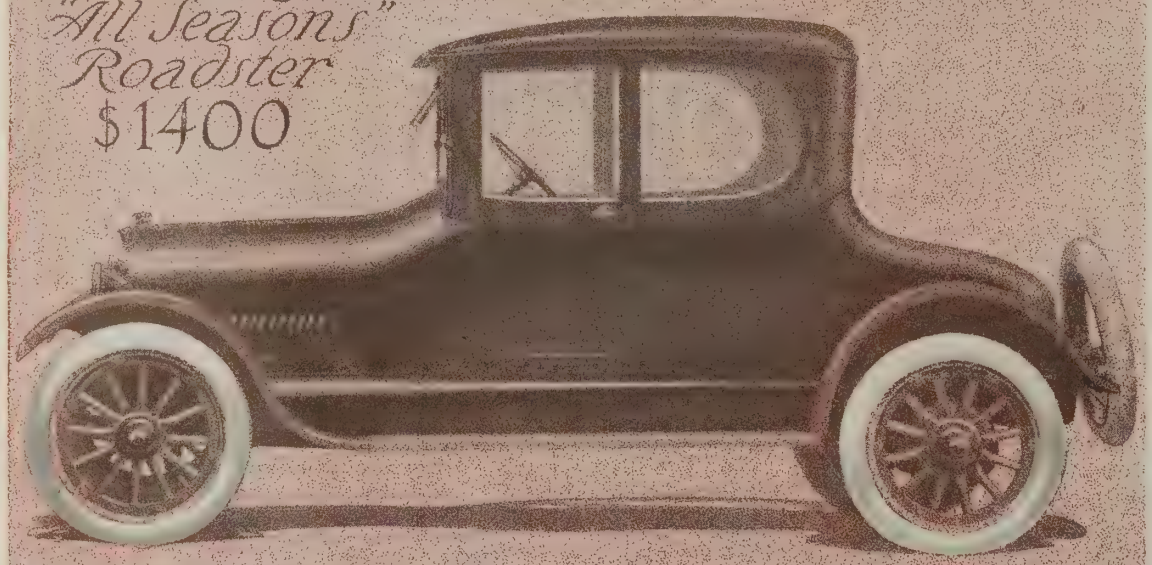

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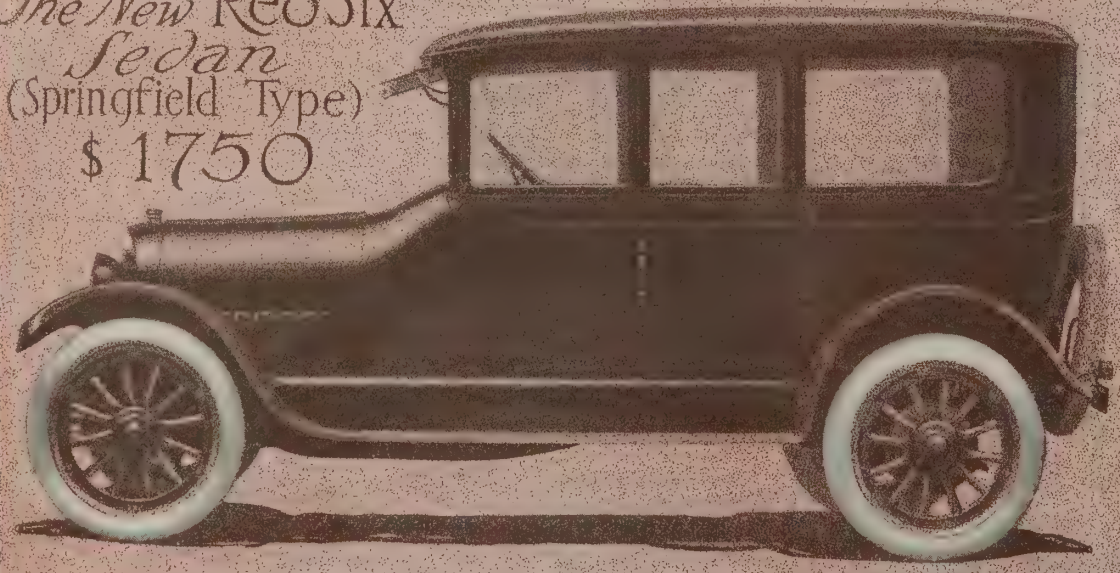

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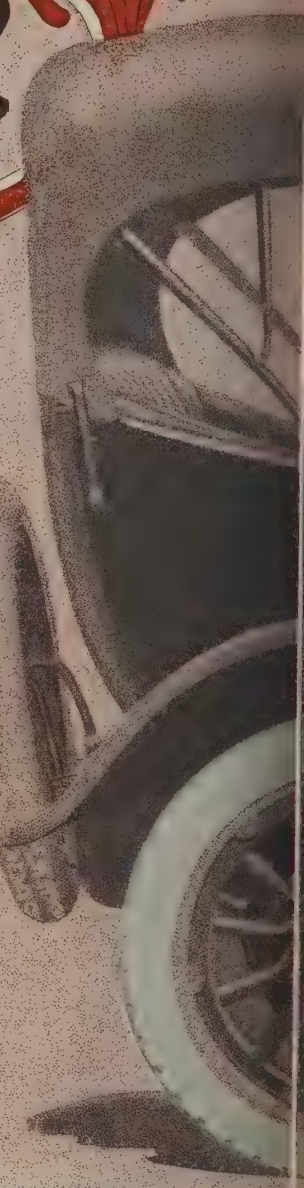

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OUTWITTING THE WOLF

By Enos A. Mills

NE day in Western Wyoming an elk was killed by hunters. It was left lying on the ground all night. Its nly protection was a handkerchief tied to ne of the horns. Tracks in the snow showed iat wolves were about and that they had ircled the carcass, but without going close nough to touch it.

In another instance I knew of, a deer was ft out all night in the wolf country.

"How did you protect it?" someone asked ie hunter.

"By simply rubbing my hands over it," e answered.

A mature wolf will not eat or touch anyiing that has human scent upon it, or that arries the scent of iron or steel, which he ridently associates with the deadly scent man.

A cowboy shot his injured pony and left lying on the plains. The pony was shod. olves did not touch the carcass. On iother occasion and in the same locality a ony was killed by lightning. It was not iod and carried no human scent. Upon is pony the wolves were feasting within a w hours.

The wolf in his struggles with man has ecome an extremely cautious animal. He is inted and pursued with deadly ingenuity id persistence. Guns, traps, poison and ogs are used for his destruction. There is quarter for him—always a price on his ead; and the sum is large. Survivors ust be exceptionally wide-awake and ary. The numbers that still survive show at this exacting price of existence has en met. They have not been beaten. together, the wolves now alive probably e much more destructive than their ncestors were, and far more capable of ving themselves from extermination by an.

Much of the time wolves hunt in coöpering packs. They run an animal down by llowing it in relays; sometimes one or ore wolves lie in wait at a point of vange while others drive or force the victim ito the ambush. On an island in Alaska a umber of wolves in relays chased a deer d at last drove it into the sea. Near the int where it leaped into the water a swimng wolf was in waiting.

Three wolves chased a young antelope rough my mountain camp. Though they arly ran over me, I doubt that either the telope or the wolves saw me. On they nt across the plateau. I hoped that the telope might escape; but just before he ached the top of a ridge I saw a wolf peerig over. The antelope and the wolves disppeared on the other side, where I suppose te drifting clouds and steadfast pines ain witnessed a common tragedy of the ld.

On another occasion I saw three wolves rive a deer from a cañon and so direct its ourse that it emerged where the way was vered with a deep snowdrift. As the deer undered through the soft snow it was unced upon by a fourth wolf, which was ng in wait at this point.

Killers of Cattle

Wolves prey extensively on cattle and seep; and to a less extent on horses, pigs d chickens. Many stockmen think that single pair of wolves may damage cattle rds to the value of a thousand dollars a ar. A single wolf has been charged with lling eighty head of cattle in a year, or en ten head of stock in a month. Occasnally a pair of wolves may kill a number animals in a day. In Texas the red wolf eds on cattle, colts, sheep and goats—the gy mostly on cattle; while the black sows a fondness for pork of a better grade an razorback.

Wolves occasionally capture the young, t stupid and the injured among deer, seep, elk and moose; but the percentage big-game loss from wolf depredations obably is not heavy. These wolf-chased imals have developed a wariness and elurance that usually enable them, except haps during heavy snows, to triumph er this enemy.

Economically the food habits of wolves a not entirely bad. In many localities ey prey freely upon those ever-damaging pits—mice, rats, rabbits and prairie dogs. Tey are also scavengers.

The vast herds of buffaloes used to be constantly followed by countless packs of wolves. At that time the gray wolf was commonly known as the buffalo wolf, and he is still often spoken of by that name. The stronger buffaloes usually defended endangered ones from the wolves, which were watchful to pounce upon any stray, weak or injured animal.

Well-authenticated accounts tell us that often a number of buffaloes would convoy a calf or a wounded buffalo to a place of safety. What a strange thing it must have been, out on the plains, to see a pack of wolves, fierce and fiendish, endeavoring to break through the buffalo line of defense that surrounded a retreating calf! Except while migrating, buffalo bulls appeared to have the habit of standing guard over a sick or injured buffalo until the weak one got well or died.

The cattle-raising country has a wolf population. Formerly wolves followed the buffalo herds in their long drifts and migrations up and down the plains. They now follow the cattle herds in the West; they winter with the cattle in the lowlands, and in the summer accompany the "beef on hoof" up into the high ranges among the peaks.

Clever Teamwork

When they come upon a herd of cattle they isolate one; then one or more wolves systematically attack the head while another or others attack behind. Their powerful jaws snap quickly and cut or crush deeply. They endeavor to hamstring the victim.

On one occasion, in Southern Colorado, I saw a herd of cattle standing in a circle with their heads outward. A number of wolves were attacking them. By leaping unitedly—first at one, then at another—they finally frightened one victim out of the circle of safety. He was at once driven away from the herd, and in a short time the wolves had disabled his hind legs and pulled him down.

On another occasion, in North Park, Colorado, I saw two wolves pull down three two-year-olds in a short time. I watched them through a field glass. One wolf attacked in front while the other kept leaping and snapping at the flanks and legs until the animal fell. These three animals were killed in less than half an hour. As they were not eaten, the killing was apparently for the amusement of the wolves.

In wolf-infested cattle territory it is common for one or more cows to guard the calves while the other cows go to water. At a ranch where I made my headquarters for a few days, the plan was being tried of equipping every thoroughbred calf with a bell. This practice proved only temporarily effective in keeping wolves away.

The wolf has extraordinary endurance, great strength, senses amazingly developed, and exceptionally powerful jaws. He is a good swimmer. I have seen wolves swimming vigorously in rivers, wide lakes and among breakers. They appear to be equally at home in the mountains, in the forest, in thickets or on the prairie. They probably live from eight to fifteen years.

The coyote, or prairie wolf, is a distinct species, much smaller and with more fox traits than his big brother, the gray wolf.

The average weight of a mature gray wolf is close to one hundred pounds. In exceptional cases they have been known to weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. They are, therefore, about twice the weight of the coyote, or prairie wolf, and considerably larger and heavier than the average collie. For the most part those near the Arctic regions are larger than those in the southern United States.

Seen in profile at a distance, the back line is comparatively straight. The ears rise just a trifle above this line; in front of the hips the back sags a trifle; while the tail is extended almost straight, with the point held slightly above the level of the back. With the coyote the ears are more prominent, the back more swayed; and the tail droops at a very sharp angle, with the point turned a little upward.

The howl of the wolf is deep, while that of the coyote is shrill and high-pitched. It appears that wolves have a language and a system of signaling. These consist of howls, snarls and barks of varying length, with varying spaces or accents. Wolves prowl and howl mostly at night; but it is not uncommon for them to hunt or to wander in the daytime.

The gray wolf is known, also, as the timber wolf. He may be gray, grayish yellow or grayish black, occasionally reddish; and now and then he verges on cream color. The color varies greatly, even among the members of a single and perhaps related pack.

Formerly the gray wolf was distributed practically over all North America. Though classified into various subspecies, it really was the same wolf in Florida and Alaska, in Labrador and Arizona. In different localities he varied in size, color and minor characteristics; he necessarily adapted himself to the food supply of his locality and followed the necessary means of getting his food. But everywhere he was really the same gray wolf.

The present wolf population of the United States is not numerous; but it is active, aggressive and destructive. The animal probably has been exterminated in most of the Eastern States and in California. The coyote probably is economically more beneficial to man than the gray wolf, and does less damage to man's cattle.

In common with most animals, wolves live on a fixed or home range. They spend their life in one locality. This has a diameter of fifteen or twenty miles. To a certain extent its area and form are dependent on the food supply and the topography. One wolf that I knew of had a home range that measured forty by ten miles.

Much of the time wolves run in pairs; and, from both my own observation and that of others, I believe they commonly mate for life. Their home is a den. This most frequently is upon a southern slope. It may be of their own digging or a badger or a prairie-dog hole which the wolves have enlarged; or it may be a natural cave. In the woods it may be in a huge hollow tree. Almost invariably single pairs have a den to themselves. I have heard of a few instances where two litters of wolf puppies were found in the same den; but probably the second litter, in an emergency, had been moved into the den for safety.

Painted Wolf Pets

Among Indians wolf pets are common. At an Alaskan Indian encampment I was once greeted by a number of romping Indian children who had several black-faced wolf puppies with faces painted vermilion and yellow.

The puppies are born early in March. The number varies from six to twelve. For the first few weeks they are almost black, especially about the head. For a period after the young cease nursing, the mother stays with them much of the time, while the father hunts and brings food to the entrance of the den or into it. At the age of a year the young wolf is still puppylike, and apparently he does not reach maturity until more than two years of age.

Young wolves are sometimes seized by eagles or foxes; and all wolves are subject to attacks from parasites and disease.

The wolf is closely related to the dog family; in fact, a Husky, or Eskimo dog, is a domesticated wolf. The track of a wolf is almost identical with that of a dog.

Old storybooks are full of tales of wolf ferocity. Wolves pursued the lone horseman, or even attacked the occupants of a sleigh. A fiddler returning at night was forced to take refuge on top of a deserted building or in a treetop; or a mail carrier narrowly escaped with his life after losing his sack. All too frequently we still hear stories of wolves attacking a solitary traveler; but careful investigation of these stories shows them to be sheer fabrications.

Wolves within the bounds of the United States are not ferocious; they do not attack human beings. That they were once ferocious is probable; but years ago they learned the folly of exposing themselves to human beings.

Notwithstanding all this, the wolf is not a coward. He is brave enough when anything is to be gained by being brave. The spectacular, reckless grand-stand bravery that is pretty certain to be accompanied by death does not appeal to the wolf. Instances are on record, however, where numbers of wolves have risked their lives in order to save or to try to save a wounded companion, either from men or from animals.

A man captured and brought home a number of wolf puppies and placed them in a box inside a high picket fence. He thought the mother might come to their rescue and prepared to entrap her. He took off a picket of the fence, and placed steel traps inside and outside the fence and in the gap. On the first night the mother did bravely come to the rescue; but she avoided all dangers and carried off her puppies.

In Montana I once saw a pair of wolves attack a broncho. The horse, which was exceptionally keen-witted and agile, fought the wolves off successfully for several minutes, and finally smashed a hind leg of one with a kick. He then became aggressive and endeavored to stamp the injured wolf to death. Under the brave protection of the other wolf, which fiercely fought the enemy, the disabled one tried to escape; but the horse landed a kick on this fighter, crippled it, and finally killed both.

Quick to Learn

The new environment of wolf life that accompanied the approach of man demanded a change of habit. Many things that wolves had always done—which had been good enough for their ancestors—must be done no more; things that never had been done must be done at once. It was the old, inexorable law—the survival of the fittest; the passing of those which could not change and cope with newly imposed conditions.

Anyone who has had experience with wolves is pretty certain to conclude that they are intelligent—that they reason. A trapper who thinks that a wolf is guided by instinct, who fails to realize lupine vigilance, and forgets that wolves are always learning—ever adapting themselves to changing environment—will be laughed at by a multiplying wolf population.

With astounding quickness the new dangers man introduced into the wolf world were comprehended and avoided. In the decade following 1885 wolves appear to have gained knowledge of human ways more rapidly than man developed in his knowledge of wolf ways. This rapid mental development on their part cannot be called instinct. Plainly it was a case of intelligence and the wisdom of experience. Surviving wolves have simply learned absolutely to avoid those insidious means of death that high bounties have led man to invent for their extermination.

Apparently, too, old wolves promptly educate their children; so that the youngsters avoid these new complex dangers. Whether this education is consciously given on the part of the old wolves matters not. The fact that wolves multiplied in the midst of the concerted and relentless war waged against them by man indicates that the youngsters learned how to take care of themselves from the experience and not from the instincts of their parents. The safety-first slogan in the wolf world appears to be: "Avoid being seen by a man; and never, never touch anything that carries the scent of man or that of iron or steel."

A generation or two ago a wolf took no pains to keep out of sight; now he uses his wits to avoid being seen. Then it was easy to trap him; now he has become exceedingly difficult to trap. Long-range rifles, poison and steel traps brought about these changes. It was about 1880 when wolves began to develop this cunning for self-preservation. Heavy bounties brought numerous trappers and hunters into the wolf domain; but such was their development that, despite this incessant warring, for fifteen years the wolves actually multiplied.

In the cattle country you will find the wolfer—a picturesque character engaged in

(Concluded on Page 56)

The birthplace of American liberty—Independence Hall, Philadelphia

What the Guarantee Promises —These Tires Deliver

If we call the definite mileage guarantee by its real name, what do we have? Nothing more than tire insurance.

You, the tire-buyer, pay for that insurance—just as you pay for any other item in the tire-maker's overhead.

Its cost, as are other overhead costs, is absorbed in the price of the tire you buy.

And in all such tires marketed, overhead fights with quality for place.

Goodyear Cord Tires carry no definite mileage guarantee. *They are independent of any charge whatsoever that does not confer a material benefit upon the tire itself.*

Their capacity for prolonged and economical service is insured by what their maker puts into them, not by what he says about them.

Their broad utility is guaranteed by perfect materials perfectly put together.

And their quality is real and actual—unimpaired by fictitious costs of any sort.

At the last, it must be recognized that the miles a tire delivers, spring directly from the structure and substance that resist the punishment of the road—and not from any written estimate of the virtues such elements may possess.

And it must be admitted, also, that there is small consolation for the man stranded on a lonely road, in the thought of an adjustment counter twenty miles away.

For the guarantee never will be penned that can be fitted to a rim, and ridden upon.

And that, it seems to us, is the final answer in this guarantee matter: not what can be looked for on paper, but what can be looked for underwheel.

To this end, we have built Goodyear Cord Tires in the strictest spirit of the practical—built them not on a chance of what they might perform, but straightway to a service they are sure to perform.

We have stripped the process of their making of every quality-sapping cost.

By perfected organization, by efficient manufacture, by universal distribution and the absence of expensive insurance schemes, we have discounted overhead to the last possible penny.

And every dollar you pay down for a Goodyear Cord Tire buys the good that is in the tire—nothing else.

Beyond dispute, the best fire insurance is a fireproof building. By the same token, the best tire insurance is a flawproof tire.

Goodyear Cord Tires command this enviable designation. And their greater comfort, their lasting strength, their surer security, their uniform quality and downright *goodness*, constitute the best insurance of exceptional service we are able to contrive.

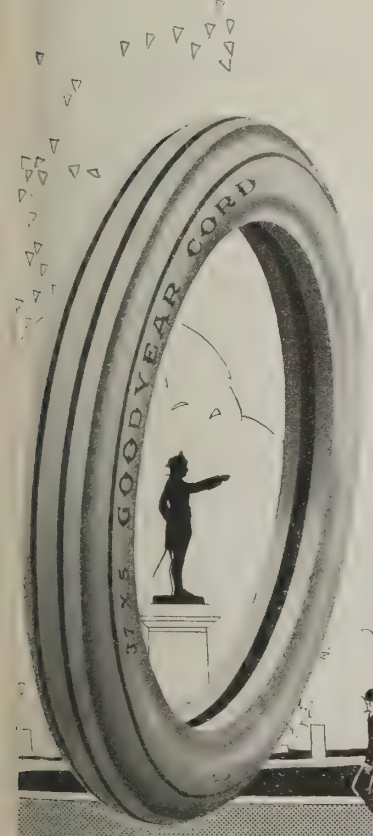
Particularly, when supported by the Goodyear policy that you—the tire-buyer—*must* be satisfied.

It requires a notable product to justify a confidence so profound that its guarantee is measured by no other limits than the patron's satisfaction.

Goodyear Cord Tires *are* such a product. They have proved it to us—they will prove it to you, once you try them on your car.

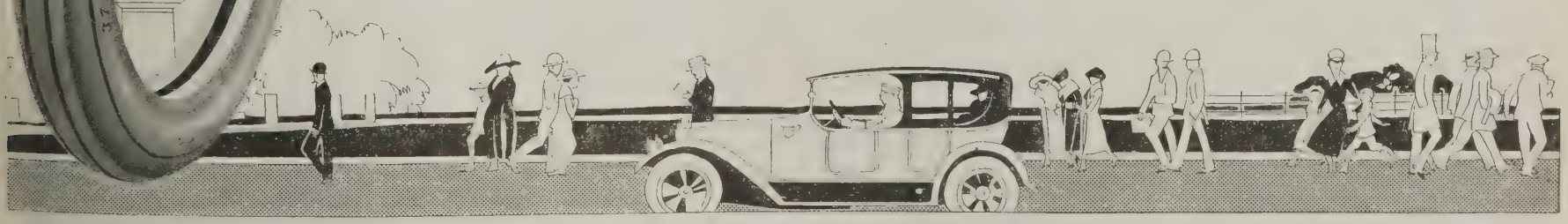
Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

They come in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, in both All-Weather and Ribbed treads, for gasoline and electric cars.



Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 53)

the peculiar occupation of trying to exterminate wolves. His equipment consists of a rifle, traps and poison. A few wolfers follow their occupation the year round. Many of them are free trappers—some of them old-timers who have seen better trapping days. Many of them enjoy good earnings, chiefly from the bounties paid for wolves, a smaller income being from the sale of the wolfskins.

In some instances a wolfer is employed by a cattlemen's association; in others by a big cattle company. In some cases the free trappers receive board and lodging at a cattle ranch—usually so long as they care to trap in the same vicinity. Often two of these wolfers go together. They have a spring wagon, a tent, a team, a saddle horse and the necessary trapping munitions. They begin operations by going over the territory and placing their traps, sometimes employing as many as three hundred. Often it takes two or three days to make the rounds of all these traps.

When a wolfer meets another wolfer, or when he is discussing business with stockmen and others who are interested, his talk is likely to run to "Three Toes," a wolf that killed so many cattle on the S. S. Bar Ranch; or to "Old Two Toes," which John Jones succeeded in trapping. He is eager to hear how Smith trapped the last wolf. Just as the prospector has faith that he will find the mythical lost mine, many wolfers firmly believe that they will yet compound a scent which will please the nostrils of the most wary wolf and lure him to his doom.

The hunter and the trapper keep bringing forward new and skillful ways of poisoning and trapping wolves. But getting a wolf becomes increasingly difficult. The majority of wolves now trapped are the young or the stupid ones. Many trappers use traps by the gross. These are set in clusters in selected places—in narrow trails, round carcasses, and in the approaches to stream crossings. The traps are concealed; placed in water; they are deodorized, hidden, and false-scented with offal. Whole batteries are placed before or round a stake the top of which is highly scented with something alluring to wolf nostrils.

One day I watched a trapper spend several hours in placing more than a hundred traps round the carcass of a cow. He avoided touching the carcass. This concealed trap arrangement was as complicated as a barbed-wire entanglement. At one place he set the traps three abreast and five deep. On another probable line of approach he set ten traps, singly, but on a zigzag line. Two fallen logs made a V-shaped chute, which ended close to the carcass. In the narrow end of this chute another cluster of traps was set. Thus the carcass was completely surrounded by numerous concealed traps. It seemed impossible for any animal to walk to the carcass without thrusting a foot into one of the steel jaws of this network of concealed traps. Yet a wolf got through that night and feasted on the carcass!

Clever ways have been devised to keep human scent off the poisoned meat. Poison is inserted into pieces of meat without touching them with the hand. Then these choice dainties are taken on horseback in a rawhide bucket and scattered with wooden pincers, the dispenser wearing rubber gloves. Yet most wolves will starve before touching these morsels, evidently scenting the poison!

Forced by poison and traps to avoid most dead stuff that man has touched, the wolf is compelled to do more killing. Then, too, his special development and increased experience, together with his exceptional equipment and opportunity, afford him a living and leave him spare energy and time; so for the fun of it he kills and kills, like a game-hog.

A tenderfoot arrived at a Wyoming ranch where I was staying. He proposed to go wolf hunting, and expressed a hope of being able to make a living by pursuing wolves. He was most heartily laughed at by the cowboys and the old-timers. He finally set off alone to kill a wolf. Wolves were all about the country. He had never seen one, but he had read of their habits. Patiently he searched until he found an entrance to a wolf den. Hiding in a favorable position, he lay in wait. The second day, as the pair emerged for food, he shot both. In less than a month this tenderfoot had found eight wolf dens within a small district. These dens were not known to the three cattlemen and the rancher who lived in that district. But this happened several years ago.

Until recently it was a rare thing to find a cattleman, a rancher, or even a hunter or a trapper, who appeared thoroughly acquainted with the habits of wolves. It was also a rare exception to find one of these men who had searched carefully for a wolf den, or who had actually hunted wolves in a systematic and painstaking manner.

Fencing with woven wire has been recommended by the Biological Survey. In many localities this appears to be practicable. It has been tried with success not only in this country but also against wild animals in Australia, New Zealand and Africa.

There has been a lack of conservation in many campaigns against wolves. Organized hunts, the employment of unskilled wolfers and the payment of bounties have generally been poor investments; and they have not exterminated wolves. Wyoming at one time had a county bounty, a state bounty and a stockman's bounty, averaging in the aggregate from fifteen to fifty dollars. In special cases as much as a thousand dollars has been offered for the pelt of a single destructive wolf. Yet in these times of high bounties wolves actually multiplied. A prominent stockman recently said:

"From now on there will be intensive cattle raising. This includes intensive wolfing—that is, we shall fight wolves with brains."

Even the most conservative figures of the total annual wolf damage to stock and ranch interests in the West go up into millions of dollars. The amount annually lost and the money annually spent in trying to destroy wolves, together with the vast payments in bounties, aggregate an enormous sum. If an equal amount was spent on fences the results would appear to be far more helpful and of more permanent benefit to the stock interests, and perhaps would hasten the destruction of the wolves.

Then, too, stock raising is beginning to be carried on in a more intensive manner. Smaller and more privately owned ranges everywhere, better grades of stock and more care of the grass—all these would help solve the damaging wolf problem by attracting more serious and intelligent attention to it.

To eradicate wolves, then, it appears necessary to understand their life habits and to use vigilance in discovering wolf dens. Vernon Bailey, of the Biological Survey, who probably has studied wolves longer and more carefully than almost an other man, emphasizes the importance o searching for dens. He says:

"A steep south slope is usually selecte for the den, preferably a barren bad-lan slope, but sometimes merely the wall of rocky cañon or a sagebrush hillside, broke by ledges or strewn with large bowlders— locations that afford good sentry post from which the old males can watch for th approach of enemies.

"Knowing the kind of country the wolve breed in, it is only necessary to ride over until wolf tracks are found. Good trackin snow often lies on the ground in Wyoming Montana and the Dakotas during the earl part of the time when the young are in th dens, and this makes it particularly easy t find them; but even where there is no sno it is entirely practicable to locate them b riding along the crests of the ridges an across good wolf country.

"Except for the tracks of an occasiona pack of bachelor wolves which wande through the country in the breeding seaso it is safe to assume that every track eithe goes to or comes from a den. When a trac is found the direction of the den can ofte be told by the lay of the land and the tim when it was made. Since the wolves hun mainly at night, to find the den a trac made in the evening should be followe backward, and one made in the morning forward. As the tracks approach the de they often gather into well-worn trails runways, which become so conspicuou near the den that no mistake can be mad as to its location."

As has been shown by a tenderfoot, b Vernon Bailey, of the Biological Surve and by others, the way to exterminat wolves is to search out their dens. Th finding of the den usually insures the ca ture of the pups and often of the enti family. As the old ones are much abroad the month of March, searching for food f their young, the discovery of the den ma often be made at that time; for the grou is then likely to be covered with sno marked with telltale tracks made by th wolves in leaving and returning to the homes.

The latest and best word concerni wolves in the cow world is that a number cattlemen, ranchers and the boys of settle are carefully combing the territory ne home for the lair of the wolf.

THE CONTROL OF FOOD SUPPLIES IN BLOCKADED GERMANY

(Continued from Page 8)

are determined by the products of their soil—the Italian cooks with olive oil, the German with lard. The adult clings to that upon which the tastes of childhood have been formed. The arts of the cuisine enter with cultivated classes, quite as indispensably as the nature of the ingredients; and service is as important as preparation.

Now these external standards of our diets have an influence upon the utilization of our foods. Foods that provoke distaste do not receive the same treatment by the digestive apparatus that will be accorded foods to which the individual is accustomed. There are, of course, wide variations in these reactions. But foods that must be eaten without appetite and enjoyment do not provoke the same response upon the part of the digestive apparatus which is accorded to foods that are relished.

The average person can force himself to eat almost anything; hunger drives one to eat the most revolting food. But the nervous system that has to tolerate such a situation is likely to develop abnormal reactions, and nutritional disturbances may arise. The nutrition of prisoners of war must be considered from this point of view; the prisoner of war must eat what the country of the captor offers him, no matter how repugnant to his tastes.

These external factors of a diet become problems when a nation has to undergo a generalized rationing. Under blockade, the people of Germany have to do without certain things to which they had become accustomed. In order to be fair to all, the attempt had to be made to give each German the same amount of the same food. Under the regulations they were all to have the same diet; and to this they object, as a natural reaction of their tastes. The fixed ration and the paucity of fats necessitated the cooking of foods in a manner that was repellent to many. A nation under blockade must abandon, in part, the external relations of a diet.

German agriculture has labored under many difficulties. The soil of Germany is of inferior grade, considered as a whole. Prussia, which contains nearly sixty-five per cent of the area of the empire and possesses about two-thirds of the arable land, has relatively little of rea'ly first-grade soil, and nearly one-half of the acres are of distinctly low grade. Large areas of Bavaria, Baden and Würtemberg are mountainous. Much of the soil of Northern Germany is sandy.

The climate of Germany is of indifferent quality, agriculturally speaking. Extremes in precipitation are common, both drought and excessive rainfall being of frequent occurrence. The seasons of 1911 and 1914 presented crop failures. In the summer of 1915 there was drought during critical months; during the summer of 1916 there was excessive rainfall. The temperature inclines to be subnormal; the summers of 1915 and 1916 were unusually cool, and the maturation of crops was placed in jeopardy thereby. The soil requires heavy fertilization and demands intensive cultivation, entailing much labor. Rotation of crops in some sections is made unusually difficult by the chemical composition or physical properties of the soils.

As a whole, the soil of Germany is distinctly inferior to that of the British Isles and markedly inferior to that of France. Nevertheless, agriculture is eminently successful in Germany. This has been due to the fact that the cultivation of the soil has been made the subject of intensive scientific study; farming has been made a veritable chemical industry.

The area of Germany is about 133,580,000 acres. Of this about 82,275,000 acres are under cultivation, using the term in the broad sense. The variations in acreage for the different crops has been slight during the past five years. Notable is the high percentage of grains and carbohydrate crops—sugar beet and potato—sixty-two per cent; and the small acreage under grasses—thirty per cent. In England and Wales two-thirds of the land is devoted to grasses and one-third to crops; in Germany one-third is devoted to grasses and two-thirds to crops.

German agriculture has displayed a progressively increasing efficiency during the past forty years. In the thirty years before 1913 the average yield of wheat rose from 19 to 32, barley from 23 to 36, oats from 25 to 44 bushels to the acre, while the yield of potatoes rose from 3.5 to 5.5 tons to the acre. When the cultivation of the sugar beet was first undertaken between eight and ten tons of beets were required to yield a ton of crude sugar; now less than six tons of beets yield a ton of crude sugar. Seventy-five persons are now fed with the produce of each hundred acres of cultivated land in Germany. This very excellent result has been due largely to artificial fertilization and scientific rotation of crops.

Four fertilizers are required in agriculture—nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium, and the organic substances that are called humus. The last is supplied by natural manures and turned-in cover crops. Under nitrogen are included nitrate and ammonia. In peacetime Germany applied to her soils large amounts of sodium nitrate and the saltpeter of Chile. In the years just previous to the war Germany imported some 750,000 metric tons of Chile saltpeter, of which about 500,000 tons were applied to the soil.

In addition to this, ammonium sulphate, to the extent of 94,000 tons—in terms of nitrogen—was applied to the soil, this being equal to about 650,000 tons of saltpeter, the ammonia having been derived from coke ovens. In addition to these, small amounts of calcium cyanamide were also used. This is very intensive artificial fertilization. Phosphorus, in a state of basic slag, Germany possesses in her iron industries, though obtained in part from imported ores. The amount of basic slag used in 19 was in excess of 1,900,000 tons. Sup phosphates were also imported, largely f use as fertilizer, from the United Stat Algiers, Tunis and the South Seas, abo eight hundred thousand tons having be used in agriculture in 1913.

Germany possesses potash deposits almost unlimited extent, the world's larg source of this chemical. Under these c cumstances potassium compounds ha been lavishly used as a fertilizer. Though is recognized that nitrogen is, on the whc the most important of the fertilizers, f use of potassium compounds and phospha with the nitrogen results in the larg yields; and for certain crops—sugar beet potassium compounds are of particu importance. The average use of th chemicals on the soil in Germany in t years just preceding the war was stated Germany to have been, in metric tons each hundred acres: of nitrogen—as trogen—0.20; phosphorus—as superph phate, thirty per cent soluble—3.65; a potassium—as potassium oxide—0.46; all about six million tons.

The amount of natural manure availa for use depends upon the number of dom ticated animals and upon the extent which concentrated fodder is used in th diet. It is probable that natural fertili is not more used to-day in Germany th thirty years ago. The marked increase yield of crops, of the grains especially, is c to three factors: Use of artificial ferti ers; selection of seed and of strains; a improved cultivation.

Probably half the gain has been due the intensive fertilization; in recent s sons the use of artificial fertilizer l yielded additions to the harvest of gr that may be estimated at from five to el bushels an acre, or from three million to million tons a year, of a total of fr twenty-five million to twenty-seven mill

(Continued on Page 59)

Notable Maxwell Records

IN APRIL, 1916, some interesting economy tests were conducted on the Brooklands track, London, Eng. Several makes of cars were used in testing out a new fuel mixture. Of all the cars entered, a stock Maxwell Touring Car made the most notable record, delivering a mileage of 33.6 on a gallon of the fuel. This performance was witnessed by a representative of "Autocar," the most conservative motor car journal of England, and he wrote as follows:

"In this article we are concerned primarily with the action of the new fuel, but we feel it only fair to give a word of praise to the behaviour of the Maxwell, which, brand new as it was, ran exceedingly well throughout the tests, and showed altogether remarkable acceleration and hill-climbing ability."

IN April, 1916, an economy test was made around Table Mountain, South Africa, which contains two fairly steep grades, and a stock Maxwell Touring Car made 31.3 miles on seven-eighths of a gallon of petrol.

IN August, 1916, tests for the economy of Maxwell Cars were made by Prof. David L. Gallup, professor of gas engineering of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, at the Narragansett Park Speedway, Providence, R. I. The following results were obtained and announced by him.

Speed (Miles per Hour)	Economy (Miles per Gal.)
10	33.7
15	32.7
20	31.2
25	28.8
30	26.1
35	23.0

Touring Car

$635

F.O.B. DETROIT

MAXWELL MOTOR CARS

are designed and constructed primarily for service under the average and usual conditions. They were never intended for stunts, racing speeds or any other extraordinary purposes.

It has simply been our aim to build a light, economical, durable car and to build it exceedingly well.

It is interesting to note, therefore, certain instances which prove that Maxwell Cars are not only performing their specific function—but that they possess, in reserve, a surplus merit which enables them to achieve marked distinction in events *out* of their field and class.

The facts and figures here presented throw some light on why the Maxwell is generally recognized as *The World's Greatest Motor Car Value.*

ENCLOSED CARS

Town Car $915 ***Cabriolet $865***

Sedan $985

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

AT the Virginia State Fair, held in Richmond early in October, 1916, a Maxwell stock touring car won a big economy run in competition with practically all the four-cylinder cars sold in that city. The contestants were started with one-half gallon of gasoline in a special tank provided by the fair authorities. The Maxwell distanced all competitors by a wide margin, covering 13.3 miles on the half-gallon.

IN February, 1916, Ray F. McNamara drove a Maxwell Roadster from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, 293 miles, in 8 hours and 19 minutes, averaging about 36 miles an hour. The run was made over snow-packed roads and part of the trip was through a heavy snow storm. The run was checked at both ends by newspaper men. The record still stands.

IN July, 1915, McNamara drove a stock touring car from Detroit to Indianapolis and return, 620 miles, in 20 hours.

McNAMARA also established a record for the drive from Portland to Spokane. The distance is 458 miles and the elapsed time was 15 hours, 31 minutes. The best previous time was 20 hours, 30 minutes.

LATE in November, 1916, a stock Maxwell Touring Car was driven out of Chicago and reached LaCrosse, Wis., a distance of 300 miles, in fourteen hours. High speed over icy roads cut into the tires and there were four blowouts. Despite deep snow and terrible roads, the car had no mechanical difficulty.

Roadster

$620

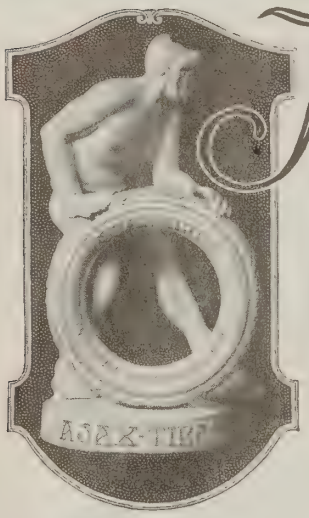
F.O.B. DETROIT

Maxwell Motor Company Inc. DETROIT MICHIGAN

AJAX TIRES

GUARANTEED IN WRITING 5000 MILES

ARE REGISTERED TIRES



AJAX Tires come of fighting stock. They were the first *independent* tires. Twelve years ago, they entered, single-handed, a monopoly-ridden industry—and won. They won the only way they *could* win in the teeth of violent opposition—on *quality*.

Quality was their armament and intrenchment—and their quality-challenge was the *first* tire guarantee.

The Ajax service-pledge in writing—5000 miles—is held inviolate today as then. Ajax inaugurated a straight-away policy of cards-on-the-table dealing with the tire owner. It met immediate and lasting response.

There is no longer a tire monopoly, but the Ajax initiative—the Ajax fight to maintain always-higher inbuilt quality—goes on and on.

In every industry there is a product that lifts itself, by sheer merit, by an actual service-showing above the rest—a product that achieves separate and supreme distinction. In tires, we honestly believe this master-product to be Ajax.

And when you consider the enormous yearly sales of Ajax Tires—the tremendous growth of the business—and remember that Ajax Tires are not regular equipment of the cars they are largely bought for, but the *individual choice* of thinking motorists to replace *other tires*—you have indisputable proof of leadership.

Ajax Tires are still of "fighting stock"—built for conquest in gruelling road test. They have stamina, spring and vitality—rugged resistance. Made of the cream of rubbers and quality fabrics, by the pick of tire-makers to one standard—the highest.

And note that now—in line with the Ajax policy of initiative always—Ajax Tires are *registered* at the home office in the individual tire owner's name as further insurance and protection of the Ajax Guarantee in Writing 5000 Miles minimum service. Consider that this means, based on the implied service of other standard makes, 43% more tire miles, a saving of $3 to $15 per tire according to wheel size.

Ajax Registered Tires prove Ajax determination to serve to the uttermost mile.

Ask your Ajax dealer for a copy of "The Story of Ajax Tires" by Horace De Lisser, Chairman of the Board, Ajax Rubber Co., Inc. It tells an unusual business story of romantic interest and solid fact.

While others are claiming Quality, we are guaranteeing it

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

1796–1798 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Branches in Leading Cities

Factories: Trenton, N. J.

(Continued from Page 56)

tons. Artificial fertilizers have alone made it possible to raise the huge crops of potatoes and sugar beets annually produced in Germany. The potatoes yielded pork, and the sugar beets made her an important factor in the sugar market of the world.

Germany possessed large herds of domesticated animals—of horses some 4,500,000; of cattle, from 20,000,000 to 22,000,000; of sheep and goats, 9,000,000; and of swine, from 21,000,000 to 33,000,000—depending upon the time of the year. Since Germany had only one-third of her agricultural land in grasses and two-thirds under cultivation for crops, it is clear that this livestock must have been nourished to a large extent upon concentrated feeds. Germany did not produce enough such fodder to feed her stock; she imported each year from one-fourth to one-third of the requirements of her livestock. This situation was, from the military point of view, the weakest spot in German agriculture. Germany was much more dependent, directly and indirectly, upon imports for her meats and dairy supplies than for her grains.

The economic situation in German agriculture has been one of exceptional strength. About ninety per cent of German agriculturists own the land they till; and, of the total land under cultivation, about eighty-five per cent is in the hands of the denominated ninety per cent of farmers. There are nearly four million holdings under five acres, some ten millions under fifteen acres; and half of the acreage is in holdings of less than fifty acres. Intensive cultivation demands abundance of labor, especially of female labor. Not only do all crops require careful cultivation in Germany, but the sugar beet in particular makes most exacting demands upon hand labor.

Just prior to the war about twenty laborers were engaged on each hundred acres of cultivated land, which, as previously stated, sustained about seventy-five persons. Of these laborers, one-third were not permanently engaged in farm labor, but migrated from place to place and from task to task. Not less than a million Russians were wont to migrate into Germany to work upon the farms during the summer. A large fraction of the native transient farm labor was engaged during the winter in forestry and in factory work connected with agriculture, as in sugar refineries, potato dryers and distilleries. Of the workers permanently employed in farm labor about half were women; of the transient workers in the fields two-thirds were women.

The progress of German agriculture has been greatly aided by the paternal attitude of the government. In every possible way—in schools, scientific experimentation, price control of supplies, financial aid and a protective tariff—the government has promoted the development and intensification of agriculture. This has been done, in part, for economic reasons; in part, however, it was done in order to make Germany self-sustaining in foodstuffs—in short, as a military measure.

The Lack of Fatty Foods

Excellent as German agriculture is, a critical survey indicates that there were several points of weakness in the system. The first was the extreme dependence upon hand labor, the relative and absolute scarcity of machinery for the most efficient handling of the crops. Farming by hand labor cannot respond to suddenly increased demands.

The predominance of female labor was another weakness. Though it was true that women were free of military claims and thus secured as farm laborers, had they not been already engaged in farm work their entrance upon such work in a time of emergency would have meant a positive increment in labor forces. Furthermore, the work of women cannot be speeded up as in the case of men. In a word nearly the total working power of the agricultural population was, in time of peace, already engaged in cultivation of the soil; when the men were withdrawn there were few within that class who could be called into activity, and a tremendous impost of extra work was placed upon the remaining workers, largely women.

Finally, a very grave defect was the lack of fat-bearing crops. This was not a lack imposed upon German agriculture by latitude, longitude or climate. For forty years specialists had been urging the necessity of the cultivation of fat-bearing crops and the pressing need of selection of the most advantageous varieties, several of which had been experimentally shown to be adapted to conditions of soil and climate in that country. But it was so much easier to raise potatoes and turn their starch into lard that German agriculturists neglected this development of their resources.

The agriculture of Austria-Hungary was primitive in comparison with that of Germany. The ratio of arable land to population is much higher in Austria-Hungary than in Germany. Hungary in particular is an agricultural state pure and simple; and Austria cannot be termed an industrial state. The total food production of the dual empire before the war was largely in excess of its own consumption and much foodstuff was exported. But the efficiency of agriculture was low; scarcely more than half a crop of any kind was gathered in Austria-Hungary as compared with Germany. The methods of cultivation were primitive and superficial, and the yields represented largely the natural excellence of the soil. Little use was made of artificial fertilizers and crop rotation was not systematically carried out.

When war broke out it was naturally supposed that the excess foodstuffs of Austria-Hungary would be made available to Germany. But, with the withdrawal of the men from the land to enter the army, the production fell to such an extent that the dual empire no longer produced more than its own requirements, and the world was offered the anomalous spectacle of Austria-Hungary prohibiting by edict the exportation of foodstuffs to Germany.

There has been little improvement for Germany in this state of affairs with the continuance of the war; neglect of production and of distribution have gone hand in hand; and, without any effective control of consumption, Austria has been hard set-to with her own problem of food supply. It is characteristic of the German propensity for efficiency that during the summer of 1916 organizations were established in Austria-Hungary for the purpose of educating the people there in the methods of modern agriculture.

Imported Foods

The diet of the German people was a composite of food produced within their borders and imported from the outside world. Importation of food was both direct and indirect. Germany imported meat directly; she also imported feeding stuffs, from which meat was produced. In earlier times the diet of a people was the direct expression of the production of the land. The development of transportation and the diversification of trade have each decade altered more and more the diet of civilized peoples, so that to-day the differences in national diets are much less pronounced than was the case two or three decades ago. This internationalization of the diet has progressed to a greater extent in Germany than in the other Continental countries.

Bread was the staple article in the German diet, particularly in the southern portions of Germany, as it still is in the French diet. In Prussia, where the potato yields very heavily, the use of the potato was much higher than in South Germany. Sea fish was used to a large extent by the Prussians and in the western sections adjacent to the North Sea. Thirty years ago mutton was used to a large extent in Germany. Year by year this has diminished and the use of pork has assumed greater proportions; the use of beef was limited largely to the well-to-do classes in the cities. Everywhere dairy products comprised a large fraction of the intake, but particularly in South Germany. The use of sugar in Germany was limited until the development of the sugar-beet industry, since which time it has greatly increased, though never to the extent practiced in America.

Up to two decades ago the peasants of Germany consumed in large part their dairy products, and little else than butter and cheese was sent from the farm; the butter consumption for each individual was low. With the advent of the modern centrifuge the German peasant was able, in connection with the excellent transportation facilities that had been developed by the German railroads, to sell his cream to the cities or to dairies operating for the urban trade. The result was a lessened consumption of dairy products on the farm, a larger shipment of dairy products to the cities, and the importation of other food to the farm. The business was profitable, since the inhabitants of the German cities, as everywhere in the world, increase yearly their consumption of dairy products.

Since the amount of cream the peasant could sell was limited only by the amount he could produce, the number of cows was yearly increased; and, to feed these added cows, concentrated feeding stuffs were imported in yearly increasing amounts. In the years just before the war many landholders of Germany conducted extensive dairies operated largely on imported feeding stuffs. The development of pasture land had not kept pace with the increase in livestock; during the past twenty years only a small fraction of an acre had been added in pasture lands to correspond to each additional milch cow, whereby the dependence on imported feeding stuffs had become yearly more pronounced.

The diet of the people in the cities, as everywhere in the civilized world, has developed in the direction of the standards of the hotel cuisine. By this is meant the greater use of meat and dairy products, and the preparation of these according to the standards of the hotel service, rather than in accordance with the native tastes of the people.

The per-capita meat consumption of the Germans has doubled within the last three decades, and this increase has taken place largely within the cities. The peasant of Germany in 1914 consumed little more meat than previously. In order to supply the demands of the cities for meat—largely pork—the stockraisers of Germany followed the example of the dairymen: they increased the number of animals and imported the feeding stuffs required. It must not be inferred that the production of native feeding stuffs had lagged in Germany; on the contrary, the cultivation of grain has been very successful, and in yields to the acre the German farm ranks with the best. But the increase in livestock devoted to dairy products and to meat production was so disproportionate to the increase in grain production as still to leave the meat industry dependent upon importation.

So far as dairy products were concerned, Germany made no attempt to meet the demands of the dairymen for concentrated feeding stuffs. Fat is the ingredient most desired in forced feeding of dairy cattle; and concentrates rich in fat had never been developed in Germany, but were imported, largely from the United States, in the form of oil meal, oil cake, peanut meal, and so on.

Though transportation has tended to erase the distinctions in the diets of different classes and sections, aided always by the instinctive attempts of the poor to emulate the diet of the rich, nevertheless, three class diets were distinguishable in Germany—that of the agricultural population; of the industrial population; and of the well-to-do in the cities.

The peasants of Germany lived largely on the vegetal products of the soil, supplemented by dairy products and a moderate amount of pork and veal, plus cheese in the south and fish in the north. The bread ration was highest in the south; the potato and fat intake largest in the north. Meat was consumed largely during the winter; in summer the diet was almost vegetarian.

Normal German Diet

The diet of the industrial classes—and by this term is meant the workers in the mining and manufacturing sections of Germany—did not present the seasonal variations noted in the agricultural sections; the staples were rye bread, potatoes and pork; butter, milk and cheese were consumed in but limited amounts, and the total intake of the industrial workers was always lower than with the agricultural population. The diet of the well-to-do classes in the cities was the diet of the markets, following the seasonal appearance of domestic and foreign products of the soil, in accordance with price and supply. Large classes of the poor of the cities were annually unable to meet the exigencies of the market, and for several months during each winter every large German city supplied thousands of poor citizens with food.

German agriculture had for forty years enjoyed the benefits of protection by high tariff, aided by other regulations designed to encourage the production and discourage the importation of food. At every session of the Reichstag, conflicts developed between the Social Democrats and the Agrarians; the former desiring easier import of foodstuffs, in order that the cost of living might be reduced; the latter striving ever to maintain their monopoly of foodstuffs. The Agrarians always won out in these contests, aided by the influence of the military authorities, who preached the importance of such development of German agriculture as to make Germany independent of foreign foodstuffs in the event of war.

Shortly after war was declared the German Government called together a commission of scientists, to which was intrusted the preparation of a report upon which the defensive food measures of the empire should be based. This commission, commonly called the Eltzbacher Commission, devoted several months to the study of the production, distribution and consumption of food in Germany.

All considerations of the food supply of a people relate to production, distribution and consumption; but the statistical data available are fragmentary to a surprising extent. The data of production are largely the data of the expert, the assessor and the market, leaving the direct consumption by the agricultural classes, and by the small towns locally supplied, more or less out of the calculations. The figures of consumption are drawn from the data of flour mills, slaughterhouses, customs-house reports and trade journals, leaving large gaps that are filled by only crude estimates.

The Eltzbacher Inventory

There is nowhere any adequate checking up of waste; there is nowhere any clear separation of the proportions of produce that go to the maintenance of domesticated animals and of human beings. Nevertheless, the Eltzbacher Commission proceeded to make an inventory of the food consumption, food production and food needs of Germany in accordance with correct scientific procedure; though it is evident from reading the report that they were not always able to see the forest for the trees. Classified on the basis of derivation, the peacetime food supplies of Germany were naturally arranged as follows:

1. Plant food grown from German fertilizer.
2. Plant food grown from imported fertilizer.
3. Animal food produced from vegetation not fit for human consumption.
4. Animal food produced from nutrients fit for human consumption.
5. Animal food produced from imported feeding stuffs.
6. Animal food derived from inclosed and adjacent fresh and salt waters.
7. Plant food grown in surrounding neutral countries from native fertilizer.
8. Plant food grown in surrounding neutral countries from imported fertilizer.
9. Animal food produced in surrounding neutral countries from fodder native and not fit for human consumption.
10. Animal food produced in surrounding neutral countries from domestic nutrients fit for human consumption.
11. Animal food produced in surrounding neutral countries from imported feeding stuffs.
12. Animal food from fresh and salt waters of surrounding neutral countries.
13. Plant food from overseas direct.
14. Plant food from overseas via neutral surrounding countries.
15. Animal food from overseas direct.
16. Animal food from overseas via surrounding neutral countries.
17. Colonial wares from overseas direct.
18. Colonial wares from overseas via surrounding neutral countries.

A complete blockade would obviously exclude all food under Numbers 2, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18; but the financial interest of the citizens of the surrounding neutral countries does not coincide with the purpose of the blockade, which cannot be made complete under Numbers 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12. It was the purpose of the blockade to place every contiguous neutral country in an inclosed situation, exportation to Germany being made indirectly impossible.

It was clear to the Eltzbacher Commission at the outset that the direct results of the food blockade must result largely from the abolition of importation of fertilizers, feeding stuffs, meats and fats. An attempt was made to evaluate the foodstuffs produced in surrounding neutral countries independently of their own importations, but the results were very evasive. As a matter of fact, it has been the results of the application of the blockade that taught both the Germans and the Allies the exact

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This is the Motorweave Man—a national figure—$6.75. Wherever you see him you will find genuine Motorweave

The Motorweave Man is At Your Service

HERE is a man it will pay you to know—the Motorweave Man.

About a year ago he saw an opportunity. He did a big thing. Now he has a nation of friends.

The Motorweave Man first thought of standardizing a quality automobile robe to sell nationally at a popular price—$6.75—guaranteed.

He made it durable, double-woven of fine reinforced woolen fabric with a warm, soft nap. He did not forget appearance. He used pleasing colors and modern patterns.

Motorweave received a truly remarkable sales ovation the moment it was placed in the national market. A tremendous demand came quickly—and everywhere! And the first season's success was built on only *one* design in only *five* colors.

* * *

The Motorweave Man hurried back to the factory for more. He got them to supply Motorweave in an immense line of assorted colors and patterns. He brought out a 1917 stock, more complete and comprehensive than any other robe manufacturer ever offered before.

And, note *this*—with prices increasing in every line of production and woolen material prices going steadily higher, he secured the factory's promise to hold Motorweave during 1917 at the *same standard price*—$6.75. At the same time, 1917 Motorweave will remain the same generous size, 60 x 80 inches, giving plenty of comfortable "tuck-in," even with three in a seat.

So, here he is today at your service.

Motorweave Robes Are Mill-Washed and Shrunk

Thousands of dollars' worth of new and modern machinery are employed in the mill-washing and mill-shrinking of Motorweave. Every atom of surface oil is removed by these latest processes. You may wash Motorweave yourself without danger of your robe shrinking. Simple instructions accompany every robe. Following these directions secures the user maximum satisfaction and long life for every robe!

In size, weight and texture it is ideal for motorists because it is made especially for motorists—the only robe so designed.

But that is not all. You will find Motorweave ideal also for lounging, camping and all outdoor purposes.

Demand to see the label and the guarantee. If your dealer does not stock Motorweave, send us your name and we will send you a handsome catalogue of the big 1917 line and will also see that you are supplied.

The Wallace & Smith Company, La Porte, Indiana

A Word to Dealers

THE Motorweave Man is fast establishing Motorweave Headquarters among dealers throughout the United States. His salesmen are now covering territory.

All dealers who stock Motorweave at this time will receive preferred attention on re-orders throughout the year *at the present standard price.*

Buy *now* and be sure of your year's supply!

Write us at once so that our salesman may call on you.

A Postal Will Do—

WALLACE & SMITH MOTOR WEAVE AUTOMOBILE ROBES

Trade Mark Registered

Trade Mark Registered

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extent to which the surrounding countries were able to contribute foodstuffs to Germany.

The Eltzbacher Commission devoted particular attention to Germany's own production of feeding stuffs. The following data had to be determined:

1. How many domestic animals were produced yearly?
2. How many domestic animals were imported and exported yearly?
3. For the animals produced yearly, whence came the feed?
4. How much roughage and green feed were produced yearly?
5. How much pasture had Germany for the different classes of livestock?
6. How much concentrated feeding stuffs were produced each year?
7. How much concentrated feeding stuffs were imported and exported each year?
8. How much concentrate was produced in the surrounding neutral countries?

As a result of their deliberations the Eltzbacher Commission prepared an elaborate report. In this report were tabulated:

(*a*) The amounts of foodstuffs consumed by Germany in a year.

(*b*) The proportions that were produced in Germany.

(*c*) The proportions of the foodstuffs that were produced in Germany from imported fertilizers and feeding stuffs.

The commission enunciated a standard for the food needs of the people of the empire, and the differences between the figures for *need* and the figures for *consumption* were portrayed as *waste*, which it was the imperative duty of the Germans to avoid in wartime. Recommendations for increased production were also formulated, whereby the restriction due to the blockade could be partly obviated.

Consumption and Production

A survey of the relations of consumption and production of concentrates and fodders made it clear that it would not be possible for Germany to maintain, under blockade, the normal number of domesticated animals. In order to reduce the number of animals to the plane of available feeding stuffs the commission recommended, after weighing the relative values of dairy products and pork on the basis of cost of production and availability in consumption, the slaughter of one-third of the swine and ten per cent of the milch cows, the numbers to be held to that level.

In addition to the work of this commission, independent scientists published the results of original investigations, confirming, in the main, the findings of the commission, though differing in essential features. Investigations were also carried out for the purpose of determining the total feed supply of the empire, in order that the subsistence of all domesticated animals might be planned out on a ration basis.

The writer has made an independent calculation of the food consumption of Germany based on official data for the years 1912 and 1913. The following table contains the estimates of four different calculations as stated for protein, fat, carbohydrate and calories per head per day:

CONSUMPTION OF FOOD UNITS IN GERMANY
1912–1913

	TOTAL				IMPORTED				DOMESTIC			
	PROTEIN OZ.	FAT OZ.	CARBOHYDRATE OZ.	CALORIES	PROTEIN OZ.	FAT OZ.	CARBOHYDRATE OZ.	CALORIES	PROTEIN OZ.	FAT OZ.	CARBOHYDRATE OZ.	CALORIES
Ballod	3.10	2.15	14.5	2708*	0.85	0.88	0.8	450*	2.25	1.30	13.5	2480*
Eltzbacher	3.30	3.75	18.7	3642	0.90	1.60	1.5	715	2.40	2.10	17.2	2927
Kuczynski and Zuntz	3.70	3.11	20.1	3550	1.13†	1.06†	1.4†	473†	2.57	2.05	18.7	3077
Author	3.25	2.33	16.0	2790	0.90	1.06	1.4	550	2.35	1.27	14.6	2240

*Lack of agreement due to fact that Ballod estimated exported sugar as a domestic food.
†Direct plus indirect imports calculated by writer.

The food needs of a people cannot be judged by the total food consumption, since this is much too high, including all loss and waste. The per capita consumption is directly misleading, because to divide the figure for total consumption by the number of individuals would mean that the suckling and dotard receive the same ration as the workingman. Scientists allow for the individual variations in what is known as the man ration. The food-need of the adult male is set at 100, the food-need of the adult female is set at from 80 to 90, and the food-needs of the different years from infancy on according to determined standards.

In the Eltzbacher report the German population was taken as 68,000,000. The number of children of each year and the number of adult males and females were known. The figure for the number of children of each year of age was multiplied by the figure for the food-need of that year. The number of adult females and the number of adult males were multiplied respectively by 85 and 100. The final figure for the needed food units—a compromise between several standards—was 51,822,908.

Close Figuring

This figure means that the population of 68,000,000 would be nourished if it received the ration of 51,822,908 adults. Three thousand calories was the figure set for the adult need—100. The caloric needs of the German people were, therefore, determined by the simple multiplication: $3000 \times 365 \times 51{,}822{,}908 = 56{,}750{,}000{,}000{,}000$ calories. When this figure for total calories, determined on the basis of man ration, is divided by the figure for the population, the result is 2280 calories a day; in other words, the per capita ration corresponded to seventy-six per cent of the man ration.

The protein needs of the people were also calculated. Children under six years of age were allotted 1.4 ounces a day; from six to twelve, about 1.75; from twelve to eighteen, about 2.3. The adult men were allotted 2.9 ounces; the adult women were vouchsafed 2.4. The total daily protein needs for the population were, therefore, set at 1,605,000 metric tons a year.

Hindsight has made it certain that the figure set for caloric needs a day—3000—was too low. It was, of course, realized that the workingman would need much more; but this, it was felt, would be balanced by the large number of women, who would need less. But in a great war most women are laborers, not nurses, as the preparedness-for-women movement in this country seems to assume. The units allotted the growing child from twelve to eighteen were too low. A boy of this age has a heat production one-fourth larger than an adult; in fact, an active growing boy consumes as much food as a hard-working man. More important than this, the extra work that must be done in a state at war was disregarded. Practically ten million men have been withdrawn from their occupations. The work done by these men may be fairly stated to have necessitated a thousand calories intake each a day. If the work these men used to do was to be done by the remaining civilians, these must be given a proportional increase in diet. That the work has been done by the extra exertions of the civilians is the testimony of all who have been in Germany during the war. In other words, the fifty-eight million civilians must be allowed ten billion extra calories. As the extra work is done by civilians from twelve years of age, these denominated calories must be divided between some thirty-nine million, or about two hundred and fifty calories a day above the needs of the peace diet. With these considerations in mind, the writer has calculated the protein and caloric needs of the German people in wartime, and reached these figures: protein, 1,524,000 tons; calories, 63,000,000,000,000.

The figures for peacetime requirements in protein and calories adopted by the German commission are higher than competent investigators in different parts of the world regard as necessary. In particular, what might be termed the American school, led by Chittenden, regards as adequate very much lower intakes of foodstuffs; and these figures are based upon extensive tests with healthy men over long periods of time.

Before the war, Chittenden used to be called an *Antieiweiss Fanatiker;* and in the German discussions of diet during the first year of the war this attitude was still apparent. Later results, however, have converted the Germans to Chittenden's ideas. One German humorously observed to the writer: "The Chittenden standard of eating had been almost as valuable as the Hindenburg standard of fighting." It will make the matter clearer to set these figures in a table:

PROTEIN NEEDS

	PER CAPITA	MAN RATION
Eltzbacher	2.30	2.83
Author	2.15—wartime	2.5
Chittenden	1.5	1.8

CALORIC NEEDS

	PER CAPITA	MAN RATION
Eltzbacher	2380—peacetime	3000
Author	2510—wartime	3300
Chittenden	2030	2600

From the data collected by the Eltzbacher Commission it was clear that the peacetime consumption in calories was from one-third to one-half in excess of physiological requirements, and that the calories of domestic production in peacetime were sufficient to cover the needs. The peacetime consumption of protein was fifty per cent in excess of the figure accepted for need; and the domestic production of protein was just large enough to cover the need. It was also apparent from the data that the fat consumption of peacetime was so large as to deserve the term luxurious, and the fat of domestic origin was enough to cover the normal requirements.

On paper, therefore, it seemed clear to the German scientists that if the German people would reduce their consumption to the plane of physiological needs, and maintain the domestic production on the peacetime basis, they would be able to sustain a food blockade without injury. It will be of interest to tabulate the recommendations of this commission, not only because they make the whole question clearer, but because they illustrate the systematic scientific consideration given to the questions.

Food Recommendations

The difference between need and use, the waste of one-third to one-half in protein, fat and carbohydrate, *must* be obliterated, since, if this waste continues under domestic production, want would be inevitable.

All luxurious living to be controlled—especially in public eating places.

The plane of peacetime production must be at least maintained. Necessary to this end is adequate labor on the land, sufficient use of fertilizer, proper rotation of crops, careful garnering and proper storage.

Production to be increased by cultivation of vacant land.

The cultivation of vegetables to be encouraged and the public exhorted to eat more vegetables and cereals and less of animal products.

The use of rye bread to be encouraged; that of wheat reduced.

The raising of hares, goats and sheep to be encouraged.

Exportation of foodstuffs to be prohibited and the importation of foodstuffs from neighboring states to be encouraged.

The use of grain for the manufacture of starch and alcoholic beverages, and for other industrial purposes, to be reduced.

The use of starch for the manufacture of alcohol for technical use to be reduced to the plane of "important uses of alcohol."

Waste in soap to be reduced.

Domestic animals to be reduced in number by slaughter to that number which can be fed on domestic feeding stuffs, the meat thus secured to be conserved for future use.

The prohibition of feeding bread grains to animals.

Regulation of feeding of potatoes to animals.

Reduction of number of milch cows to plane of necessity; no milk to be fed to swine.

Regulation of use of oats and barley in feeding animals.

Control of use of sugar beets as fodder.

Equal distribution of foodstuffs to all.

In reading the report of the Eltzbacher Commission one is impressed with the fact that the commission was composed of competent and conscientious men, who acted high-mindedly and solely in the interests of the consumer. They had, in a manner that was regarded as drastic, recommended the slaughter of one-tenth of the milch cows and one-third of the swine, in order to reduce the number to the plane of feeding stuffs of domestic origin. This ran counter to the interests of the agrarian classes.

Nevertheless, this was done. The recommendations of the commission for the control of bread grains were also placed in effect, and the entire people placed upon a bread and flour ration. From this point on, it was apparently assumed that the people would follow the recommendations of the scientists; it was assumed that producers and tradesmen would carry out recommendations designed to protect the consumer. Had the producers, tradesmen, administrators and politicians of Germany exhibited the same high-mindedness, foresight and regard for the consumer that was evident in the investigations of the scientists, the crucial problem of the nutrition of the industrial classes—which has been second in importance only to the military situation, or possibly equal to it—would never have arisen.

The Three Generals

There is a fable in Russia to the effect that three generals protect Russia from invasion: General Cold, General Distance and General Swamp. The three generals directing the attack on the nutrition of the German people were General Blockade, General Crop-Failure and General Mismanagement; and a review of the situation leads the impartial observer to the conviction that General Mismanagement was not subordinate to the others.

The recommendations of the scientific commission were directed at the problems of production and distribution in the interests of equitable consumption, even at the expense of the commercial interests of the producer and distributer. Though it was important that the producer should continue to find production profitable, it was of greater importance that each individual in Germany should possess a diet sufficient to maintain nutrition. If foodstuffs should be wanting, it was important that the lack be shared by all classes.

After the war had gotten under way, the disquieting fears of scientists were discounted by the public. The average German regarded the war as a promenade to Paris, just as the average Russian looked upon it as a procession to Berlin. Even the entrance of Great Britain awakened no serious apprehensions. With Belgium and France conquered by German arms and the Balkans under subjugation by Austria-Hungary, whatever Great Britain might do could lead to no serious consequences. The capture of large amounts of foodstuffs in Belgium and France was not without influence on the public—meat, 440,000 tons; potatoes, 650,000; flour, 400,000; bread grains, 670,000; butter, 55,000; and other foodstuffs over 500,000 tons.

Faith in the army inculcated an optimism that permeated every tissue of society. The crops of 1914 were only fair, but excellently garnered, despite the war. The check upon the Marne was regarded as a temporary lull; after the winter the march to Paris would be resumed. The report of the Eltzbacher Commission was issued just before Christmas, and appeared upon a scene of Christmas activities that was probably rarely surpassed in Germany. Not only did the civilians celebrate Christmas with all manner of eating and drinking, but the holiday delicacies sent to the front embarrassed the postal service.

When the government permitted the exportation of twenty-five hundred carloads of grain to Switzerland, and later granted permission for the exportation of a million tons of sugar (headed for Great Britain!) these relaxations were interpreted by the people as evidence of the splendid state of German food supplies, despite the protests of scientists and statisticians. The warning of the Eltzbacher report that if the per capita consumption of food continued at the customary figure of ninety units, when only fifty-six were needed and only sixty-seven were available, the supply would soon be reduced from sixty-seven to below the needed fifty-six, was seriously received by one class alone, the Social Democrats, who, as a

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A MESSAGE

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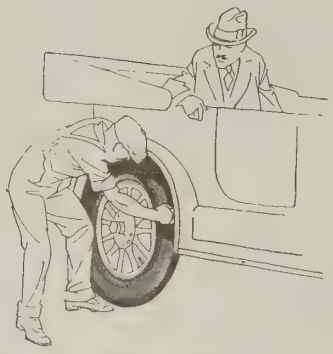

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Moreover, this is direct and uniform SERVICE, given by FISK employees through local FISK branches and service departments in principal cities throughout the United States.

The value and the scope of FISK FREE SERVICE to dealer and tire user, alike, cannot be over-estimated. To the direct benefit of each of them is the fact that with all its attained superiority FISK SERVICE *is offered to Everyone Free.*

Regardless of what tire he uses, a man may drive to any FISK Branch, and without any purchase and without any obligation, he may take full advantage of the exceptional FISK facilities and unique SERVICE policy.

When you get an offer of actual SERVICE for nothing, from a reputable company, it is good business to take advantage of it.

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Be fair to your tires. Give them the chance offered by expert care and inspection and they will amply repay you in economy and convenience.

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Of N. Y.
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

E. H. Broadwell,
Vice-President

BEFORE YOU TOUR consult your telephone directory for local FISK Branch addresses and send for complete branch list.

Glimpses of Tire Service given FREE at any of the more than 125 Fisk Branches

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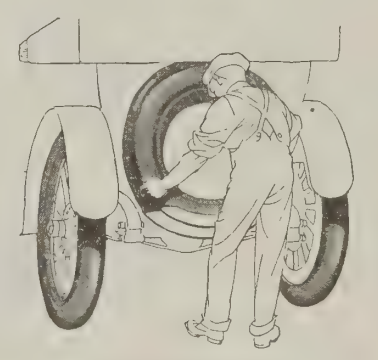
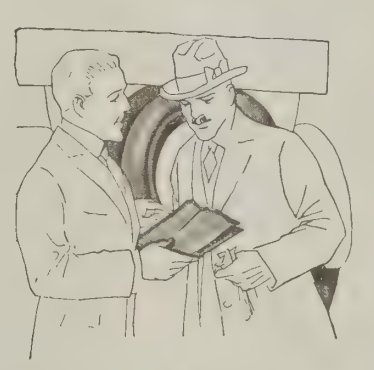


Extras Mounted



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No Charge!

8 Bears with 9 Shots

"I have tested the .250-3000 Savage I got from you last Spring on eight head of bear without a miss, and only shot one of them the second time."

Letter from Mr. James R. Gill, Cascade, Idaho.

Write us for a description of the rifle he used. Price $32.50; cartridges $5.70 per hundred. Gun dealers everywhere will be glad to show you this

.250-3000 SAVAGE

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 72 Savage Avenue, UTICA, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 61)

class, have proved themselves the most objectively thinking class in Germany. The agricultural population did not concern itself in attempting to measure how far its produce would reach into the industrial population.

The classes of larger means in the cities had faith in the buying power of money. "Each one should cut down; but, since so many others are cutting down, mine will not be missed." The control of bread grains and their products and the reduction in livestock were the only enactments of serious value put into force during the first year of the war. The harvest of 1915 was far below the normal in grains and the sugar beet, though the potato crop was a record crop.

The summer campaigns on the West Front were without decisive results, and convinced the mass of Germans that the capture of Paris had become very improbable. The capture of large areas of territory in the East yielded little booty in food supplies, as the Russians destroyed ruthlessly in their retreat, and had earlier in the year ruined the crops in considerable sections of East Prussia.

The advent of Italy into the war closed one door through which large stocks of supplies had entered. The entrance of Bulgaria and Turkey removed those countries from the position of benevolent neutrals to allied belligerents, who had to conserve their own food supplies for the state of war; as a matter of fact, when Bulgaria and Turkey declared war they became military aids but economic burdens, and the loss of their excess supplies was one of the prices the Central Powers paid for their military allegiance.

Two measures of conservation were enacted during the first year of the war: (*a*) All grains were declared subject to confiscation; the bread grains were reserved for human consumption; a bread ration established; feeding of bread grains to domestic animals was prohibited. The utilization of bread grains for industrial purposes was restricted; the use of barley for the manufacture of malt was reduced one-third; the oats were confiscated for the use of the army and work horses, and the feeding of barley and maize placed under a general regulation.

Unfortunate Waste

This was, in part, a paper regulation only; the grains were subject to confiscation, and such quantities as were needed, weekly or monthly, were taken possession of; but the grains that lay with the producers were not held in reserve in the same manner as though they had been impounded in government warehouses. The millers were instructed to mill rye flour to eighty-two per cent of the grain and wheat flour to eighty per cent of the grain. The flours thus obtained were somewhat more nourishing than the finer bolted flours of peacetime, and the yield in flour was, of course, materially greater; but the lessened residue in grain offal for feeding purposes was a disadvantage, since the fodder calculations had been based upon the normal production of grain offal.

The peacetime consumption of rye and wheat, in the proportion of about two to one, was about one pound a head a day—higher in Bavaria, lower in North Prussia. The bread and flour ration of the empire, fixed in the winter of 1914–1915, was equal to one-half of a pound of flour, which was much less than the flour ration of peacetime. Though ostensibly the bread card was imperial and supposed to be uniform in all portions of the empire, this was not strictly the case; in particular, considerable leeway was allowed in the purchase of flour in different portions of the country.

(*b*) The recommendations of the Eltzbacher Commission for the reduction of swine and cattle were carried out during the first four months of 1915. Approximately one-third of the swine and ten per cent of the milch cows—supposedly about a million and a half—were killed. About the time when the killing of the swine was under way, in March, an inventory of the potato stocks led to the official statement that these were low. Since the potato in Germany was one of the staple swine feeds, it was decided to kill rather more than the denominated number of swine, in order to meet the loss in potatoes. Two months later another potato inventory was taken, revealing the fact that the previous inventory had been in error and that the killing of the additional swine had been entirely unnecessary, since the potatoes were available; and these potatoes were thrown upon the market at a huge loss in price and to a large extent underwent decomposition.

No oxen were killed and the killing of calves was not in excess of the usual number; the slaughter did not extend to sheep and goats, which, on the contrary, were conserved with foresight. The presence of such huge amounts of meat upon the market unquestionably resulted in increased consumption during the first six months of 1915. According to the plan, by far the largest portion of the meats thus obtained was to be conserved for future use, and should have represented a very large stock of conserved meat. The processes of conservation were, however, carried out very inefficiently, with the result that a large portion of this meat underwent decomposition and became a complete loss.

The crops of the year 1914, though rather low, had been excellently garnered; the sugar crop was in excess of the normal; a great deal of food got in, because of the imperfect blockade; and, all in all, the nutrition of all classes of the German people was practically normal during the first year of the war.

Bread Regulations

Preoccupation with military affairs, aided by the tacit assumption that the campaign of the summer of 1915 would terminate the war, resulted in inadequate preparation of the soil for the crops of 1915. There was a definite lack of fertilizer. The basic slag produced in the mills was not sufficient in quantity to cover the phosphate needs of the fields that had always been dependent to a large extent upon soluble phosphate imported from the United States and elsewhere. Potassium, in various forms, was, of course, available in unlimited amounts.

Nitrogen, as nitrate, ammonia or cyanamide, was scarce. The plants devoted to the synthesis of nitric acid, ammonia and cyanamide were small; the conditions of successful manufacture on a large scale had not been worked out and the demands of the military authorities for nitric acid exceeded all expectations. The result was that little nitrogen was available as fertilizer for the soil, and the soil of Germany is directly dependent on fertilization for the production of each crop.

In addition, the season was not favorable; the temperature was low and there was a long period of drought at a time when the grain required rain. The result was a low yield in all grains, in hays, in sugar beets, but with a record crop of potatoes. The acreage of sugar beets had been reduced to about three-fourths, of which the yield was about four-fifths. The total grain yield of 1914 was nearly four million tons lower than in 1913; but the yield of 1915 was five million tons less than the crop of 1914. Four hundred thousand tons had been set aside as reserve for the army.

When the quantities allotted for the flour ration, plus the amounts devoted to industrial uses and reserved for seed, were subtracted from the known amount of grain available from the crop of 1914, there remained some three million and a half tons of wheat and rye to extend over into the new year. But when the inventory of the crop of 1915 was made, this grain had disappeared. During the first winter of the war the use of the potato was made obligatory in bread. Wheat flour had to be used with ten parts of potato, and, also, later contained from ten to twenty parts of rye flour. The regulation rye bread contained ten per cent of potato starch. If the bread contained more potato—from ten to twenty per cent—it was called "K" bread; if it contained still more potato—twenty to thirty per cent, or even more—it was called "K K" bread.

During the first part of the war the consumption of bread occurred largely in the form of the best rye bread. The disappearance of over three million tons of rye and wheat was not only a surprise, it was naturally a great disappointment.

The importation of grain in the two years before the war was between sixteen and twenty per cent of the domestic production. The agrarians had less grain of their own raising; they were denied the normal amount of domestic grain offal by the new milling regulations, and the blockade excluded the grain previously imported. This created for the agrarians a dilemma, despite the reduction in cattle and swine; and this dilemma they solved by the simple

rocedure of feeding the excess of grains that ıad been made liable to confiscation, on ›aper, but had, in fact, been allowed to re-nain in the possession of the producers.

The low crop in sugar beets brought with t, also, another ominous revelation—ıamely: that the sugar supply of the ›revious crop was exhausted. The average ugar production for the two years previous o the war was 2,700,000 tons, of which ıearly 600,000 tons were exported, leaving ›ver 2,000,000 tons crude, or 1,900,000 ons refined. Of the refined sugar 580,000 ons were exported, leaving for domestic con-umption 1,320,000 tons, which amounted o two ounces a head a day. At the out-›reak of the war Germany had 400,000 ons of crude sugar from the crop of the ›revious year; the new crop amounted to bout 2,600,000 tons, so that the huge tock of 3,000,000 tons was available to the ›erman people, under the assumption that one should be exported.

To the amazement of scientists, the gov-rnment, in October, 1914, gave permission or the exportation of 1,100,000 tons. The bject of exportation was explained as ful-lling three purposes: it complied with the ›ishes of the powerful syndicate of sugar ›finers; it gratified the importunities of the ›rrounding neutral countries; and it raised ıe rate of exchange. The yearly demands f Holland, Switzerland and the Scandi-avian countries were not over one hundred nd fifty thousand tons of sugar a year; the ›emainder was headed for the French and ›ritish markets. And this was made clear ı the energetic protests that were made to ıe government.

Regulations for the control of the utiliza-on of sugar-beet residue, molasses, crude nd refined sugars for food, fodders and in-ustrial uses, were established late in the ıll of 1914. These did not include physical ›nfiscation, but did include authorization f control. In order to provide larger sup-lies for livestock, recovery of refined sugar ›om molasses was prohibited. During the ›inter of 1914–1915 the consumption of ıgar was much above normal. Very large ›mounts were consumed in the army, also ı hospitals; and apparently the people in eneral used sugar with unusual freedom. To what extent the total available ıgar was diverted from human to animal consumption cannot be stated, since the sugar beets were not under accurate statistical control. It does not seem probable that the consumption of sugar by each individual could have been in excess of three ounces a day, in terms of crude sugar, which would have amounted to 1,900,000 tons, leaving some seven hundred thousand tons for industrial and feeding uses after the half million tons allotted to exportation were subtracted. All in all, the fact remains that when the sugar-beet crop of 1915 was brought in, the sugar of the previous year was practically exhausted.

In the autumn of 1915 two meatless days—Tuesday and Friday—and two fatless days—Monday and Thursday—were introduced. And this was within six months after one-third of the swine and a million and a quarter of milch cows had been killed!

Maximum prices were placed to control the retail sales, again without correlation and usually without result. Gradually the lines became drawn between the cities and industrial districts, on the one hand, and the country districts, on the other. In order to protect themselves, the country districts went to the length of establishing prohibitions of export.

The authorities attempted in a half-hearted manner to oppose such regulations and to reëstablish the flow of foodstuffs in the channels of trade by increasing the maximum prices; a maximum price once established became, of course, the only price. As opposed to the regulations of the cities and of the imperial authorities, the regulations of the smaller districts were naturally more effective.

A veritable pestilence of restrictive regulations spread over the entire land; and, since it was community against community and the devil take the hindmost, it was soon made apparent that the industrial cities were hindmost.

It was clear that, whatever influence the report of the Eltzbacher Commission might have had, as applied to the consumer—and such was certainly not strongly in evidence—the letter and the spirit of the recommendations were ignored by the producers and the middlemen.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Doctor Taylor. The second will appear in an early number.

THE STUDY OF FOOTPRINTS

(Concluded from Page 13)

ıey were able to demonstrate by actual xperiment that blows on the sheet-iron sides f the vault would reverberate through the ourthouse like the boom of a bass drum.

One of the best examples of typical crim-ıal investigation in this country is Nor-all's case, in Montana.

The theater of this tragedy was in the ıttle country on the Musselshell River. 'he scene of the crime showed two distin-uishing clews, clearly defined and capable f exact examination. They were, in fact, xamined by a number of persons several ays after the date of the tragedy. These riminal evidences consisted of the foot-rints of a man in the soft earth leading ›om the residence of the victim to a store-ouse some distance away, back again to ıe house, and from there to the river. The ›econd clew was the track of a horse, which ›uld be followed for some distance, leading way from the Musselshell River.

The footprints of the man and the tracks f the horse were clearly imprinted and ›ntained distinguishing characteristics ›hich should have enabled any intelligent ıvestigator to identify both the man and ıe horse.

The persons who discovered the foot-rints saw nothing strange about them. 'our or five days later some witnesses for ıe state examined these footprints. They ıought there was "something peculiar" bout them, but did not know what it was. ›ut later on, with a number of other per-›ns, they measured the tracks, marking ıeir length and width upon sticks. It is gnificant to notice that even these crude ıeasures were not produced at the trial. 'he witness who made them said he had ot kept the sticks because the prosecuting ttorney told him it was not necessary to eep them!

That was about the extent of the exami-ation of the footprints, except that some-›dy among the number of persons who isited the place finally discovered that the ıan who had made the prints had been earing overshoes.

The examination of the horse's tracks was even more careless, if possible. The witnesses who knew something about horses looked at the tracks and said that the hoof mark was queer. They thought it had been made by a horse named Nig, which belonged to Nordall. They tracked the horse pretty cleverly, located the place where the assassin had left it standing while he walked from the river to the house, and followed the trail where the horse had gone in the direction of Nordall's ranch.

There the matter ended. Nothing was done to show the court in what manner the tracks were queer, or how they resembled the track of Nordall's horse.

Upon such an examination of marked distinguishing clews the assassin never could have been located or convicted. It happened, however, that there was an abundance of physical evidence indicating Nordall as the assassin. Among other things the authorities found at his house a pair of overshoes. Both of these overshoes were for the left foot. It was then discovered that the "something peculiar" which the witnesses had noticed in the footprints was that they had all been made by what appeared to be a left foot—that is to say, by some one wearing a left overshoe on each foot. See Figure 10.

An examination disclosed that there was frozen blood on the bottom of these overshoes, between the heel and the sole. The overshoes were given to an analytical chemist to determine whether the stains were human blood. And, to add to all the other amazing inadequacies in this example of criminal investigation, the expert testified at the trial that he was unable to say whether or not the blood on the overshoes was that of a human being!

Is it any wonder that European authorities dismiss the subject of criminal investigation in this country with the single condemnatory sentence:

"Crude, unscientific and careless!"

Author's Note: See Gross; Zenker; Shauenstein; System der Kriminalistik, for diagrams.

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A Few Elcar Specifications

Wheel Base—As long as some cars selling up to $3,000 and more—115 in.
Motor—4 cylinder; long stroke; high speed; 34.7 h. p. at 1,800 r. p. m.
Fuel Supply—Stewart vacuum system.
Ignition—Delco automatic spark advance with manual control.
Starting and Lighting—Dyneto two-unit; double-bulb headlights; Willard storage battery.
Clutch—Dry multiple disk—seven plates, steel on Raybestos.
Rear Axle—Full-floating with roller bearings at each end of wheel hubs.
Differential—Spiral bevel driving gears, with roller main bearings and ball thrust bearings.
Brakes—Internal and external, two inches wide on 12-inch drums.

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Five Passenger Touring Car
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Two Passenger Roadster

Each model is large and roomy—some would say room to spare, but you want a car that will seat its full load comfortably. Fine in appearance, fine driving and remarkably easy riding qualities, power in excess, economical in upkeep and fuel consumption, a car to give you satisfactory service for years to come—a car that we believe to be as high in quality and as nearly mechanically perfect as any car ever offered at an approachingly low price.

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$1460 F. o. b. Racine
7-Passenger — 48 Horsepower
127-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell SIXES

$1150 F. o. b. Racine
Mitchell Junior — a 40 h. p. Six
120-inch Wheelbase

Millions in Extras

Unique to Mitchells—Paid For by Efficiency

Go measure up what the Mitchell extras mean. There are hundreds of them—weigh their value to you.

Then remember that each represents a factory waste which John W. Bate has saved.

These extras cost us millions of dollars. They would be utterly impossible at Mitchell prices under old manufacturing methods.

It is hard to grasp, in the abstract, the value of efficiency. Here you will see the countless results embodied in a single car. Here you will find a wealth of attractions heretofore unknown. And the total will amaze you.

Go see what these Bate methods mean to you, before you decide on a car.

The Double Strength

The latest extra—first announced this year—is 100 per cent over-strength. Our former safety margins have been doubled in three years. All important parts are twice as strong as need be.

That means oversize parts made of costly steel. It requires much Chrome-Vanadium. Over 440 parts are made of toughened steel.

The difference doesn't show now. It may not show for years. But we adopted this extreme standard after 12 years of car building. So you may know you need it in a lifetime car.

Some Radical Tests

The Bate cantilever springs used now are tested for months in our factory. The tests mean more than years of road use. Yet not one Bate spring has broken.

We have used those same springs for two years now, on tens of thousands of cars, on millions of miles of road. Not a single one has broken.

For safety's sake, our steering parts are now vastly oversize, and built of Chrome-Vanadium.

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As proof of endurance, two Mitchell cars have run over 200,000 miles each—full 40 years of ordinary service. Seven that we know of have averaged 175,000 miles each.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell —a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical, 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.

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You see in the Mitchell 31 extra features, which nearly all cars omit. Things like a power tire pump, reversible headlights, a ball-bearing steering gear, an easy control, a dashboard engine primer. You see a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables, a tool box under hood.

These 31 extras, on this year's output, will cost about $4,000,000. Yet they form but a minor part of the Mitchell extra value.

New Luxury This Year

Our new body plant will this year save us a vast sum more. This all goes into extra luxury. It makes the Mitchell the handsomest car you see.

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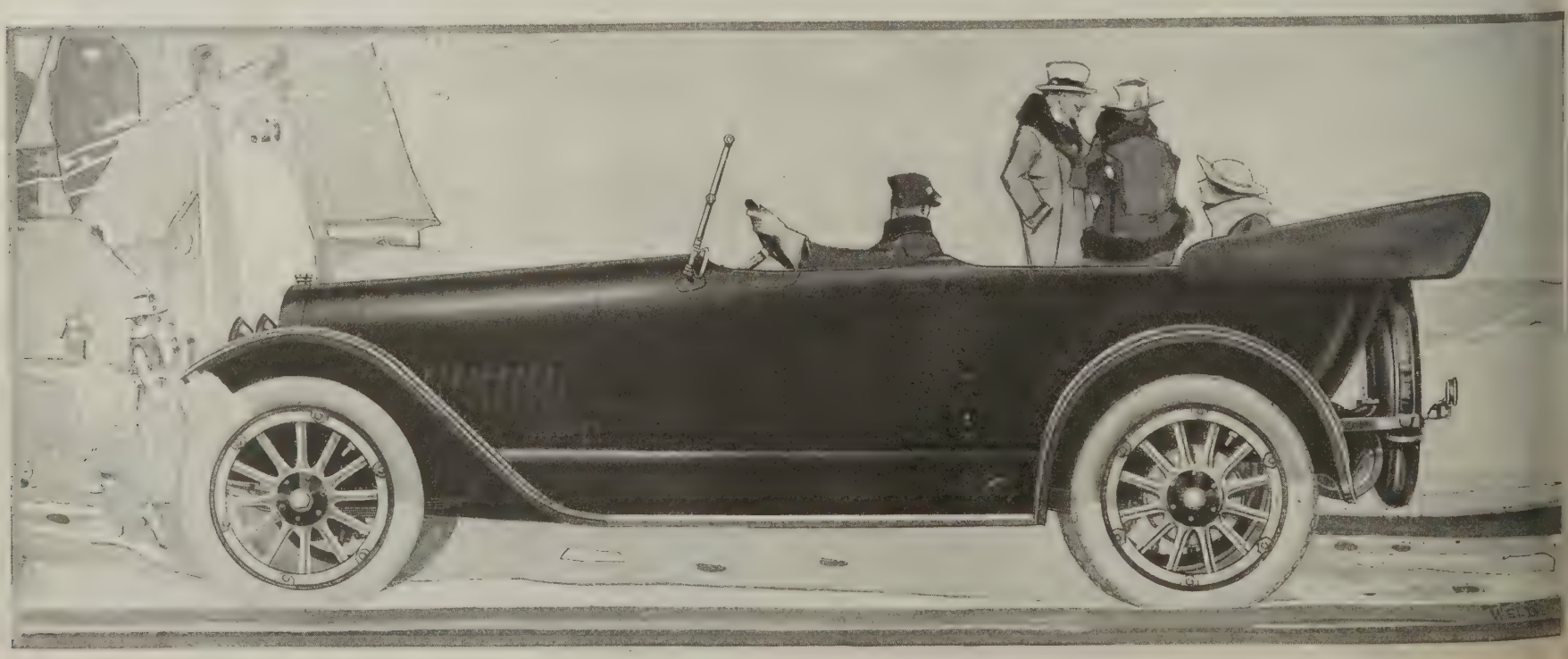
We are using an extra-grade leather. Also new deep cushion springs which cost 50 per cent more than others. The rear seat is wider. We have added a total of 24 per cent to the cost of beauty and comfort.

This is a new, conspicuous extra. And it results directly from the savings our new body plant creates.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



31 Extra Features
24% Added Luxury
100% Over-Strength

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Two Sizes
$1150-$1460
F. o. b. Racine

A New Size—$1150

Offers You Choice of 2 Sizes and 8 Body Styles

Here is John W. Bate's idea of efficiency applied in another way.

The larger Mitchell—127-inch wheelbase—is required for a roomy, 7-passenger car. And to drive it loaded, under all conditions, requires a 48-horsepower motor.

But many men want a 5-passenger car. A 120-inch wheelbase gives ample room, and a 40-horsepower motor is sufficient. That is more room and power than usual, as you know.

So we now make a Mitchell Junior. This year no one needs to pay for room or power not needed.

Both are Sixes—both typical Mitchells. Both are generous models. Both show equal over-value. And, to prove their sufficiency, 2500 Mitchell Juniors have already been driven six months.

John W. Bate Creates a New Factor

The latest Mitchell models typify a new idea in fine cars. Factory efficiency has been applied to cheap cars, and with marvelous results, as you know. Here you see it applied to quality cars, and to the very limit.

John W. Bate, the great efficiency expert, has spent years to attain this result. He has traveled widely—including a year in Europe—to gather ideas from others.

He has spent millions of dollars to build and equip this model Mitchell plant. Every machine, every operation has been adapted to build this one type economically.

He has kept on, until 98 per cent of the Mitchell car is built under his methods here. He has succeeded in cutting our factory cost in two.

He has used all these savings to make the car better and to make it a lifetime car.

Don't Overlook Them

Don't overlook these vital factors when you come to choose a car.

You will see here standards which sometimes bring $1,000 more. And they are worth whatever price they cost. But you find them here at Mitchell prices because of John W. Bate.

Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

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Will you let wrong methods deprive you of them? Will you pay an extra price to get them? Or will you get them in Mitchell cars?

Demand Has Doubled

These facts will show the answer given by legions of motor car buyers.

Last year—the Mitchell's 14th year—the demand for Mitchells doubled. This year we have multiplied our factory capacity by 2½ times.

The Mitchell used to be known as "The Engineers' Car," because so many great engineers bought it. It is now becoming the average man's car, because more men are finding it out.

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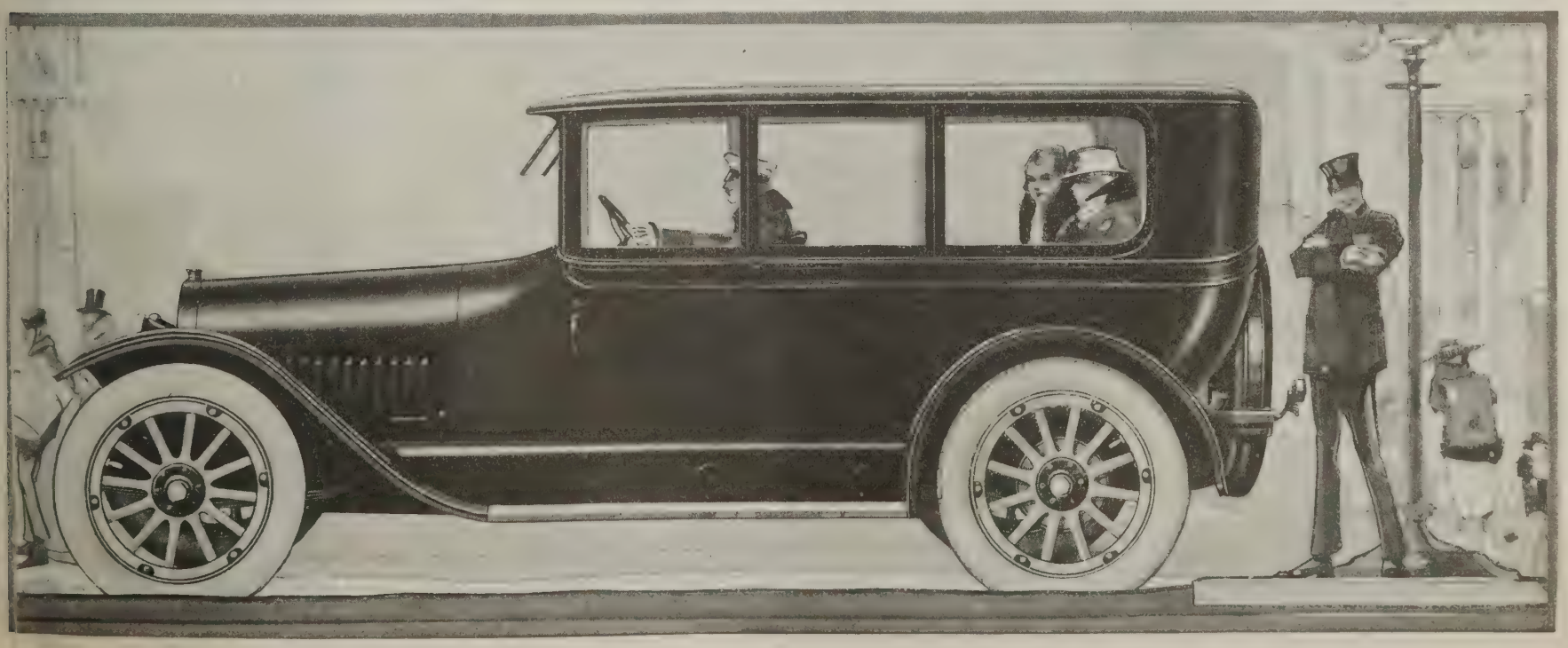
See them at your nearest Mitchell showroom. See them before the spring demand creates a waiting list.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



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are famous for their dealing qualities. The most awkward player never has to ask someone else to deal Bicycle Cards for him. Expert players deal round after round, evening after evening, without a single misdeal. Yet they sell at a popular price thanks to a world-wide demand which reduces manufacturing cost to the minimum. Club indexes. Ivory or Air-cushion finish.

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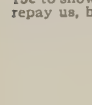

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TIRES, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line at *half usual prices. Write Today.*

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. N-55, Chicago

NATHAN FLEXIBLE NO-METAL ARCH SUPPORTS

View of arch cut with knife

give immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature to restore normal strength to weakened arches. Relieve and prevent flat feet. At dealers' or direct.

Write for Booklet and Free 10-day Trial Offer

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PATENTS

MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, oldest U.S. firm having Main Office at Washington, D. C. Also New York and Chicago. Est'd 1861. Best References. Trade-Marks Registered. *BOOKLET and Information FREE.*

PATENTS

SECURED OR FEE RETURNED Actual search free. Send sketch or model. 90-page, 1917 Edition Patent Book free. GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 211 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

What 15c Will Bring You from the Nation's Capital

The little matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's Center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and that tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 23d year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new Friends. The Pathfinder, Box 98, Washington, D. C.

CAPPY RICKS, WHEAT BARON

(Continued from Page 22)

"Publicity! We'll tell all we know to the bears. The bulls will get panicky; the bears will take heart of hope, and with Number One white Australian wheat they'll beat the brains out of the market and in all probability kick it down to $1.85, at which figure we promptly buy as much wheat as we have previously sold. Thus we cover our shorts, and the difference between $1.89½ and $1.85, less brokerage and interest—if any—will be, roughly speaking, four cents. Four cents on a quarter of a million bushels is ten thousand dollars—not a great deal, truly, in these days of swollen fortunes, but, nevertheless, a nice piece of velvet—eh, Cappy, you sporty boy?"

"It isn't so much the money we make," Cappy replied sagely. "It's the fun we have making it, my boy; the joy of putting over a winner. The instant a man begins to love money for money's sake he's a knave and a fool. Kill him! But—er—ahem—as you say, my dear young friend, ten thousand each is not to be—er—sneezed at."

"Then you're coming in on the deal?"

"I should tell a man!"

After the fashion of the West they shook hands on it and went to luncheon together at the Commercial Club.

III

DIRECTLY luncheon was over and Cappy Ricks had returned to his office, J. Augustus Redell moved into action. He called on Messrs. Ford & Carter, talked the situation over with them, and showed them where they, having the necessary tonnage in hand with which to guarantee delivery, could bring a couple of million bushels of fine Number One white Australian wheat to the Pacific Coast, cut the price a cent, and doubtless unload every kernel of it at a fair profit. There was every probability that wheat would go to two dollars. For his part in producing this profit Mr. Redell desired a commission of five per cent on all sales of wheat imported in the bottoms he had under option and which he stood ready to turn over to Ford & Carter without profit, since the owners of the vessels would pay him the customary broker's commission on the freight money earned on the voyage. Ford & Carter said they would think the matter over; so Mr. Redell tactfully withdrew, stating that he would call up the following day for an answer.

He knew Ford & Carter would promptly dispatch a long cablegram to their agent in Australia, instructing him to get a forty-eight-hour option on the wheat, with a guaranty of delivery to the vessels as they arrived from time to time. Meantime Ford & Carter would quote every milling company in the West, subject to prior acceptance and their ability to deliver Number One white Australian wheat at a price that would be of interest. If the milling companies accepted this rather nebulous quotation and telegraphed orders, and Ford & Carter's Australian agent could purchase at a satisfactory price the wheat to fill these orders, then Ford & Carter would make formal acceptance and purchase the wheat. If, on the other hand, their agent in Australia failed to get the wheat, then Ford & Carter had an "out" with the milling companies who desired to buy the wheat from them, and the entire matter was off, with Ford & Carter merely out a couple of hundred dollars in telegraph bills. That was the bet they had to make to put their fortune to the touch; and right cheerfully did they make it.

J. Augustus Redell gave them all the time he could. His forty-eight-hour options on the vessels then en route to Australia had cost him nothing; that was a courtesy which one shipowner always extends to another, free of charge, unless the vessel happens to be on demurrage at the time the option is given. When his options were within two hours of expiring he called on Ford & Carter.

"We'll take 'em all," Carter almost shouted at him. "They'll be arriving with sufficient time elapsing between arrivals to guarantee us immunity from any undue delay or embarrassment in loading them. We've bought the wheat and sold it; now give us the tonnage to freight it, Redell, and we'll all be happy, and a little richer than we were the day before yesterday."

Redell took up the telephone and called each shipowner, in turn, to inform him

(Continued on Page 70)

GTD

America Is Famous For Better Tools

A great part of America's reputation for making superior machinery rests on American toolmakers. No more momentous improvement in tools has ever been made than in the design of the Gun Tap shown below. In one step the tap has been changed from a continually breaking, expensive trouble-maker to an efficient, modern tool.

The Gun Tap is first the tap that *wears out before it breaks*. (90% is the usually accepted figure for breakage with ordinary taps.) Then it is the easiest cutting tap, and the first type to cut correctly—with a shearing action. It cuts more accurate threads, requires less power, and holds its size longer, than any other type.

Thus the Gun Tap makes possible a production greatly increased in accuracy and quantity.

For further details and reasons why, send for Bulletin on Gun Taps.

Greenfield Tap and Die Corporation
Gages-Taps-Dies
Threading Machines, Reamers, etc.
Greenfield, Massachusetts

Note shearing cutting edges — *Note thick stock*

The Gun Tap—Pat. Dec. 28, 1915
(Trade Name Registered)

AMERICA FIRST

Perfect Hearing for the DEAF

SCIENCE has found a way for *you* to hear—perfectly. The wonderful

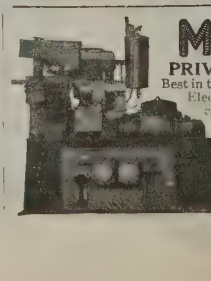
Little Gem Ear Phone

doubles the joy of living. Look at it and you SEE the simplest and smallest hearing device in the world; use it and you FEEL you have the most wonderful piece of mechanism yet devised for afflicted humanity.

The absolute superiority of the Little Gem was recognized at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, where it received the Gold Medal, highest award for ear phones, in competition with the world.

Write for booklet "Cause Thine Ear to Hear" and learn how you may obtain our $10 Auto Ear Massage FREE.

GEM EAR PHONE CO., Inc.
802-F Marbridge Bldg. (Bway. & 34th St.)
New York



MATTHEWS AUTOMATIC
PRIVATE LIGHTING PLA
Best in the world because it embodies G... Electric Company generator, Sc... carburetor, Stewart vacuum fe... tem and Willard storage bat... Everything of highest grade... in 50 and 100 light sizes. Abs... automatic in operation. Id... country homes and farms. ... for details. The Matthews En... ing Co., 1 King St., Sandusky.

t Pays to Have an Expert Repair Your Battery

By the Willard Service Station Man

It doesn't pay to repair a tire when it's given you ten to fifteen thousand miles of service—when it is rim-cut and its casing is torn to ribbons.

But when it is merely punctured it *does* pay.

And batteries are like tires—except that a good battery, well cared for, should outlast a set of tires and costs less to begin with.

Sooner or later both batteries and tires wear out and have to be replaced.

But when it's merely a matter of re-insulation or of replacing a single cell it often *is* worth while to repair a battery.

Don't, however, trust it to the judgment of a man who isn't a battery expert.

Better depend on a Willard Service Station to advise you—and also to do the work.

It's our business. We've been trained for it by Willard factory experts, and Willard Service was established to give you the fullest possible return on your investment.

And Willard Service backing up Willard quality is the reason why over a million cars have been equipped with Willard Batteries.

If I find your battery needs to be repaired, I have a rental battery for your use while yours is in the shop.

Willard Batteries are sold by Car Dealers, Garages and all Willard Service Stations and Factory Branches.

Ask your Car Dealer for addresses of the 850 Willard Service Stations, or write to the Willard Storage Battery Co., Cleveland, O.

Merely an Entrance or an Invitation?

There is a bright quality of radiant friendliness and cheerfulness in a freshly enameled white porch.

Think of placing your outdoor rugs and furniture in such a setting! The brightest, gayest "porch fixings" will look shabby on a painted porch that mud and weather and time have turned a dirty gray.

Enamolin will last. Wind and weather will not affect it, because Enamolin will not crack, check or peel. If it looks soiled next Spring — *scrub it* — with a good strong cleanser, just as you would your bathtub, and it will shine out in all its original whiteness.

As for the floor of the Enamolin-finished porch—there is Namlac Floor Finish — the most durable varnish you can put on a floor. It is proof against rain, snow and the tramp of muddy feet.

Enamolin and Namlac are on sale at the better paint and hardware stores. If you cannot secure them, write us.

Ask for free copy of "The White Spot" booklet.

A sample can of either Enamolin or Namlac Floor Finish sent for 10 cents.

Address Consumers' Dept.

EMIL CALMAN & CO.
ESTABLISHED IN 1850
100 William St., New York

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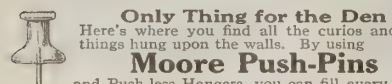
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SALESMEN WANTED to sell Shinon Products to retailers and jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Lowest prices, attractive deals. 20-year quality reputation. Big commissions net handsome income. All or part time. ROCHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Rochester, N. Y

Only Thing for the Den
Here's where you find all the curios and odd things hung upon the walls. By using
Moore Push-Pins
and Push-less Hangers, you can fill every inch of wall space with Prints, Pictures, Knicknacks of every description, without defacing the walls. Suggestions and samples free.
Moore Push-Pins. Made in 2 Sizes. Glass Heads, Steel Points
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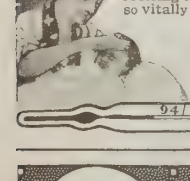
LE PAGE'S GLUE 10c
HAS HUNDREDS OF USES


Can You Read Nature's Danger Signals?
A rising temperature may be the only warning that a Doctor is needed—don't guess about anything so vitally important. Use a
Tycos Fever Thermometer
Each one is individual in its manufacture and requires nearly two years for aging and completion. Be sure *Tycos* in red is on the fever thermometer you buy. It's your protection. Ask your dealer. Write for booklet.
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There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose.
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BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST
THIS bank has depositors in all parts of the World. Our plan of Banking by Mail brings this institution right into your home—affording you Safety and 4% compound interest—yielding one-third greater income than 3%. Send today for free booklet "M."
THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 60 MILLION DOLLARS. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $7,000,000.00

Dromedary Dates

Try these dates de-luxe.
The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. K, 375 Washington St., New York

(Continued from Page 68)

that he would exercise his option on the latter's ship, and for the owner to prepare charter parties and send them up to his office for signature.

"I will have no difficulty in getting the owners to agree to an assignment of these charters to you," he advised Carter. "You and Ford are brothers in good standing, I take it. However, if they insist on doing business through me, in order that they may hold me responsible, I'll simply re-charter to you at the same rate."

"Lovely!" cried Messrs. Ford & Carter in unison.

Ten minutes later J. Augustus Redell burst into Cappy Ricks' sanctum and wakened the old gentleman from his afternoon siesta.

"The trap is set," he announced. "Come on, Cappy! We're going up to the broker's office now and give the order to sell our December wheat. I can't go alone, you know. There wouldn't be an odor of sanctity about the transaction if I did."

"We'll have Gregg & Co. attend to it for us," Cappy announced. "You remember Harry Gregg, don't you? Used to be in the steamship business years ago. Gosh, that boy knows me! He'll take a stiff finger bet from Alden P. Ricks."

Together they motored uptown to the office of Gregg & Co., where Cappy's card gained him instant admittance to the broker's private office. Redell remained in the anteroom on pretense of speaking to an acquaintance, and the instant Cappy disappeared into Gregg's office Redell stepped out into the hall, where he waited until Cappy had booked his order and came hunting for him.

"Well, I've sold my two hundred and fifty thousand bushels at a dollar-ninety," Cappy announced.

"How much margin?" Redell demanded.

"Oh, Gregg didn't sting me very hard. Ten thousand. It seemed like a good bet to him. He looks for a drop in December wheat."

"Met a pest out here and couldn't seem to get away from him," Redell explained. "Take me in and introduce me to Gregg, and I'll give him an order to sell a jag of wheat for me."

Cappy complied and Redell gave the broker his order.

"It will take about twenty-five thousand dollars to margin this trade, Mr. Redell," the latter remarked easily as he wrote out the order and handed a copy to Redell.

"Nonsense!" Cappy struck in. "Mr. Redell is one of our most delightful, trustworthy and popular young men, and to ask him for twenty-five thousand dollars to-day would prejudice his standing with his banker. I guarantee him, Harry. Treat him as you'd treat me. I guarantee him up to a hundred thousand dollars."

"Your guaranty goes with me, Mr. Ricks," Gregg answered promptly, and shoved the copy of the order he had just booked over to Cappy, together with a fountain pen. Cappy wrote: "O. K. Alden P. Ricks." Redell gave his check for ten thousand dollars margin and the deal was closed. When the scheming pair returned to Cappy's office the latter gave Redell his check for ten thousand to reimburse Redell for margining the trade, in accordance with Cappy's verbal agreement to provide the sinews of war.

"Now then, Cappy," Redell announced as he stuffed Cappy's check into his pocket, "the next move is to return to my office, close those charters with the owners and turn the ships over to Ford & Carter. That matter attended to, I shall, with eighteen charter parties in my pocket, drift casually over to the Merchants' Exchange. There I shall find the market reporters for both of our sunrise sheets; if they are not there I shall wait until they arrive. These gifted young men I shall draw to one side; to them I shall, with great gusto, relate a tale of Number One white Australian wheat, shortly to descend upon the United States of America in no less than eighteen vessels, now chartered for that purpose, with more to follow. In proof of this statement I shall exhibit the charter parties; and then ——"

"Front-page story!" Cappy declared, interrupting.

"Not yet—but soon. To get on the front page a story must be rather unusual. A perusal of our daily rags will convince the most skeptical that the sensational, the unusual, the bizarre are what appeal most to the men who make the newspapers. The unusual thing about our deal lies in the fact that this is the first time in the history of Australia or the United States that t former country has exported wheat in the latter—the first time the latter has ev had to call on an outsider for help. The Cappy, it will be a front-page story—a how those boys will hop to it! Why, we get a column about Australian wheat vading the land of the free whose rapaci threatens the very food that goes into t mouths of little children! Little childr and their mouths is good stuff! I'll use th line when slipping the story to the bo They might overlook it if I didn't. I'll mind them of the six-cent loaf of bread, t sufferings of the poor, and how far the i portation of Australian wheat will go knock the Chicago wheat barons galle west."

"Here, here! You're too precipitat Cappy cautioned. "Don't tip this sto off to both reporters. That's coarse wo Tell it to one only. Put him under oblig tions to you by seeming to give him a sco Tell him you won't say a word to his co petitor, and he'll tell his city editor t story is exclusive; then they'll be certain play it up big."

"Cappy, you're a rock in a weary lan Who'll tip off the other reporter?"

"I will, of course. Leave it to me. man doesn't go through the mill of E Business without knowing the way of th singularly useful individual, the newspap man."

Redell sat down and laughed until t tears ran down his merry countenan Cappy thought the outlook sufficien cheerful to warrant that laugh and suspect nothing. He even joined in the laugh.

"And to-morrow morning, when th story appears, the local brokerage firms w be calling up Ford & Carter to verify i Redell continued presently. "Of course will be verified; then—bingo! the story wired on to Chicago. It busts, first, in t Wheat Pit and, second, in the afterno editions. The bears will leap on the mark and kick it to pieces; the bulls will g panic-stricken and hesitate about suppo ing it; all the little fellows who have be going short on December wheat will g cold feet and throw their trades overboa and before the smoke clears away Dece ber wheat will break four or five point

Cappy Ricks put his old arm round young friend and gave him a paternal h He winked wickedly.

"My dear boy," he suggested, "supp you and I go out and pin one on? H How about you, boy? A pint of '98, in or that we may properly drink confusion to wolf of want and damnation to dull car

IV

LATE that afternoon Cappy Ricks g ciously summoned the Chronicle porter to his office and told him in detail al knew about the Australian wheat invasi

"Of course," he added, "this may mere street gossip; but I think the something in it, my boy. At any rat thought you might care to be tipped of the situation. It looks like a corking st to me. I suggest that you call on For Carter and see what they have to about it."

"I wonder whether the Examiner repo has a tip on this?" the Chronicle r queried hopefully.

"Not from me. This story is for y young man. That's why I called you d to my office."

About the same hour J. Augustus Re might have been seen at the press t on 'Change, unfolding a similar stor the market reporter of the Examiner, thought it was a humdinger of a story, so declared.

"All right. Glad you think so," Redell replied, beaming upon him. "I just to show you I'm right, I'll not bre a word of it to the Chronicle man."

Having planted his journalistic bo Mr. Redell glanced at his watch. It exactly eleven o'clock. "I still have tir he murmured, and departed immedia to the office of Gregg & Co., where he pl an order to sell for his account up to h million bushels of December wheat, bu cease selling the instant the market tated to absorb it or the price broke a p At the same moment, in another broke office, Cappy Ricks was issuing a sir order. Before the market closed, C had succeeded in selling a hundred eighty thousand bushels, while Redell disposed of a hundred and thirty. dently the bears took it as it came, fo market closed strong at $1.89.

(Concluded on Page 72)

JORDAN

The Unusual

Distinctive and Irresistible

Ever stop to analyze the reason why people gather around some cars and pay no attention whatsoever to others?

Why don't they stare at all cars? What is it that prompts people to crowd around certain cars—to linger, stare and admire?

Its style. That's all. Clean-cut, genuine, good-looking style. Its smartness—attractiveness. That's the Jordan!

The Jordan custom style bodies are the most distinctively individual bodies in America.

The long, low, rakish, smart lines, plus the attractive mahogany maroon and Venetian green color schemes are a refreshing change.

When you drive in your Jordan you know that every pair of eyes within focus is taking a good long look at your car.

But that is not all.

Beneath the handsome Jordan body are the world's foremost motor car units.

The Jordan contains more of the complete standard specifications of the Society of Automobile Engineers than any other car made in the world today.

There's the famous Continental motor. This big, sturdy, smooth-running, quiet-as-a-mouse six-cylinder brute slides along with the ease of an eagle. It's "there" in every sense of the word.

Then there's the Bosch ignition system—Bijur two-unit starting and lighting system—Stromberg carburetor—Vanadium steel springs—Timken axles and bearings—Fedders radiator—Boyce Motometer—Brown-Lipe transmission—Willard batteries—Stewart-Warner vacuum system.

All top notch first water units.

So with a chassis as sound as gold specie you can now get a distinctive and attractive style body at a very attractive price.

Whether you own one or not, the Jordan is the car you'll always admire.

The most distinctive car on the road.

The Jordan Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio

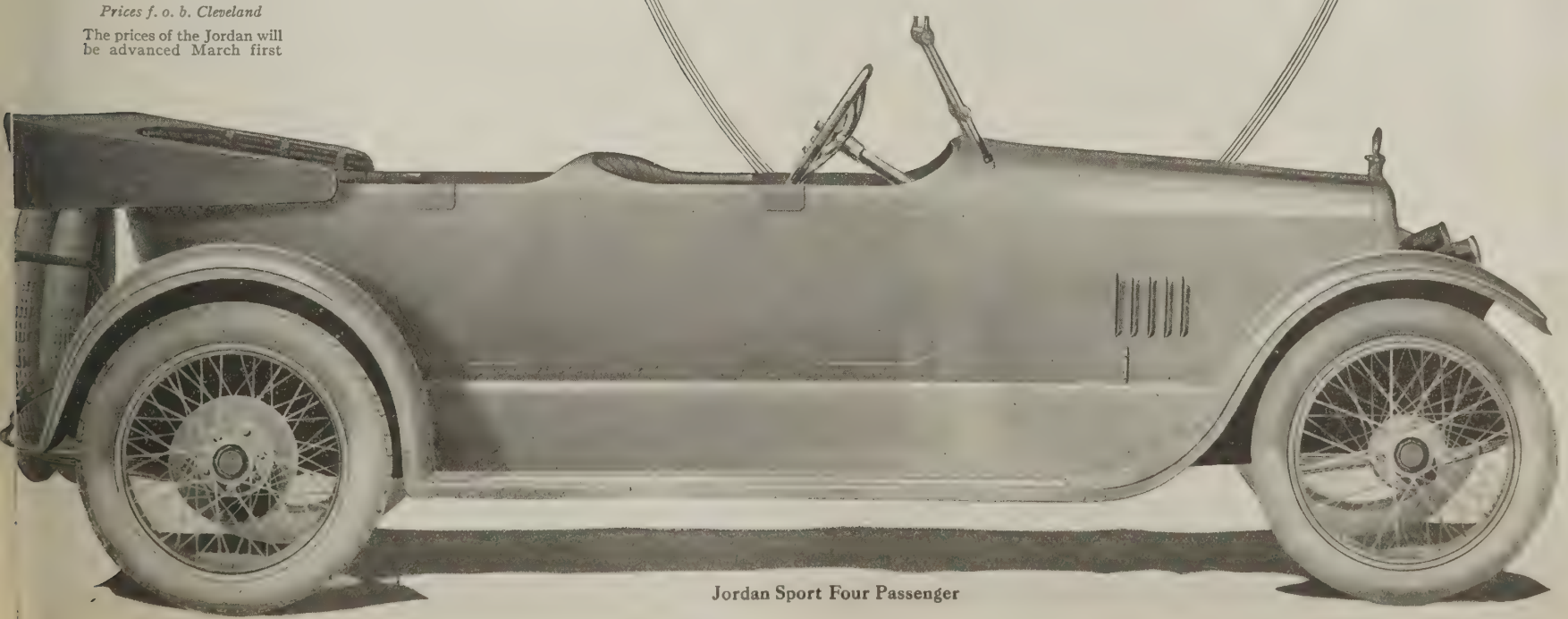
JORDAN

Jordan Prices

Seven Passenger Luxury Car $1650	Jordan Sedan $2350
Four Passenger Sport Model $1750 *Five wire wheels standard*	Jordan Coupé $2300
Jordan Sixty Roadster $1650	Jordan Limousine $3000

Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

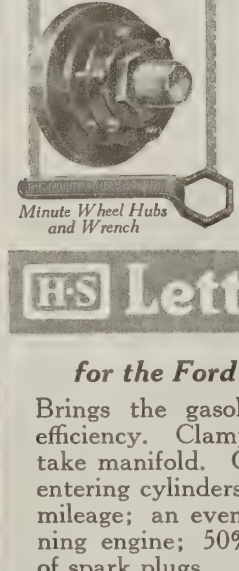
The prices of the Jordan will be advanced March first



Jordan Sport Four Passenger

THE MINUTE DEMOUNTABLE WHEEL

"One nut to unscrew, that's all you do"



Minute Wheel Hubs and Wrench

"Man alive! If you drive a Ford, get this Minute Wheel Equipment. You'll laugh at your tire troubles.

"If my tire goes flat or if I break my wheel, I can be on my way again sixty seconds after it happens. Yes, and the change is made so easily, with no soiled hands, no tugging or pulling or jarring of tire or temper."

Equipment consists of extra wheel, four strong double hubs, extra flange and wrench.

Installed in two hours. Costs only $30.00

See your dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us. Ask for booklet that gives full particulars.

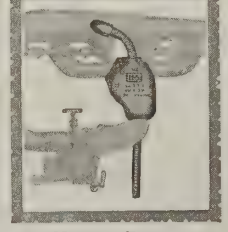
H-S Letts Manifold Heater

for the Ford and Chevrolet Cars *Price $6.00*

Brings the gasoline mixture up to top efficiency. Clamps in two sections on intake manifold. Gas is superheated before entering cylinders—result 20 to 40% more mileage; an even, non-skipping, cool running engine; 50% less carbon, no fouling of spark plugs.

Two years' tests have developed no failure to live up to the guarantee.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Mention his name. We'll send you a booklet on "Mileage."



Heater in Position on Manifold

H-S Automobile Repair Parts

for the Ford and Overland Cars

are constructed with the one idea of service. Nineteen years in manufacture of motor parts enables us to know how to give this. Specify H-S Repair Parts to avoid annoying replacements.

Your dealer will be glad to install H-S parts because he knows they're best. Sold by H-S jobbers. Dealers should write for illustrated catalogue

THE HILL-SMITH METAL GOODS COMPANY

82 Brookline Avenue, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 70)

Neither Cappy nor Redell reported at his office the following day. At the hour when the market opened in Chicago both schemers appeared on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange and bent their anxious gaze upon the only blackboard on 'Change they had not heretofore honored with their scrutiny—the board in back of the Grain Pit, which carried the quotations on the Chicago Board of Trade, already beginning to come in by wire.

For an hour the trading was inactive. Then suddenly the price broke half a point as somebody tossed a lot of fifty thousand bushels on the market. Cappy and Redell each wondered whether he might not be the responsible party; and while they pondered somebody unloaded a hundred thousand bushels at $1.88. Cappy gasped as the quotations appeared on the blackboard.

"Something doing, Gus!" he whispered; Redell nodded.

And now commenced a period of wild trading. The price crept back to $1.89, only to be assaulted and beaten back to $1.87; then, fraction by fraction and point by point, the price fell; and J. Augustus Redell wagged his head approvingly.

"They have received our message," he said. "The riot is on!"

When the price had been beaten down to $1.83 Cappy turned to his associate.

"I'm through!" he said. "Time to cover my shorts." And he trotted away to a telephone booth.

As for Redell, he would not intrust his fortune to a telephonic order, but sprang into his runabout, parked at the curb outside the Exchange, and scorched uptown to Gregg & Co.'s offices, where he learned that he had sold four hundred and ten thousand bushels of December wheat. One hundred thousand had been sold at $1.90, two hundred and eighty thousand at prices varying from $1.89 to $1.88⅛, and the remainder at $1.88.

"Buy me four hundred and ten thousand bushels at the market," he ordered.

Before he left the office the sale had been confirmed and Mr. Redell's shorts had been covered at a price ranging from $1.83 to $1.83⅝, whereupon he closed out his trade and received a check for his margin and his profits. An hour later he met Cappy Ricks again on 'Change.

"Well, Cappy?" he queried.

"I cleaned up, thank you," the old gentleman informed him. "Sold, bought, and got the money. This is one time it rained duck soup and I was there with a bucket."

He prodded Mr. Redell playfully in the short ribs and the incident was closed. They had made a profit of more than twenty thousand dollars each; and when each returned to his office he forgot all about December wheat until half past five that evening, when both met on the deserted floor of the Exchange to scan the blackboard. December wheat had closed that day at $1.83!

Two days later J. Augustus Redell called Cappy Ricks on the telephone.

"That you, Cappy?"

"Yep!"

"Redell speaking. Read the story on the front page of the Chronicle this morning?"

"No; what was it?"

"The British Government has placed an embargo on the exportation of wheat from Australia; so all those eighteen charters I negotiated with Ford & Carter are knocked out."

"You don't say so!"

"Surest thing you know, Cappy."

"Well, say! That makes it hard on Ford & Carter, doesn't it? All those ships on their hands and no wheat! They'll have to hustle like the devil to dig up new business for them."

"Not at all! There's a clause in the charter parties that saves them. You know, Cappy—that line about fires, floods, strikes, lockouts, the acts of the public enemy, and other causes beyond their control. Consequently the ships are back on their owners' hands. I wish you joy of your five, Cappy."

"Well, that's all right. Considering my winnings in December wheat I won't hold it against Ford & Carter; so you needn't inject that note of malice into your conversation. Those boys are stuck hard enough as it is, I dare say. They've contracted to deliver a lot of Australian wheat to various milling companies; they can't do it, and I'll bet they'll be sued out of house and home for breach of contract."

"On, no, they won't! They hedged on their quotations when making them; all those telegraphic orders were placed with Ford & Carter subject to Ford & Carter ability to make delivery and to prior sal Before Ford & Carter could make them fir orders and get in over their heads, I tipp them off to the possibility of this gover ment embargo."

"You tipped them off! How did y know the British Government was going clap an embargo on Australian wheat?"

"Why, I didn't know," Redell confesse "I just guessed it would; so I advised Fo & Carter to lay low a day or two and awa developments. Said developments appe to have arrived according to schedule, everybody's happy. I have even rei bursed Ford & Carter to the extent of two-hundred-and-eighty-five-dollar te graph bill they incurred. You see, Capp I gave them the wrong steer, and I kn it was wrong when I gave it to them; cons quently my conscience wouldn't let me re until I'd squared myself."

"You in-fer-nal scoundrel! Well, y didn't give me the wrong steer; and I surprised at that. For once in your l you're on the level."

"Don't cheer until you're out of t woods. Do you remember that Germ steamer, the Valkyrie, that you skinned out of last year?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember how you us to send me statements of her earnings a write me ironical letters about the Iri dividends I was getting from her?"

"Yes-s-s, I remember."

"And do you remember how, when tried to get even on you by inducing you short the lath market, in order that I mig sting you for about ten thousand dolla while I made twenty, you outgeneraled and made a star-spangled monkey of me

"Ah!" Cappy chuckled; "you bet I member that! Maybe after a while, dear young friend, you'll get enough of t funny business and lay off on the old ma

"I'm off you now. I've had enough you, Cappy Ricks. I've made fifty tho sand dollars off you in the past week; a that satisfies me."

"Gus, don't lie to me! You didn't ma a cent more than I did—and I made a tri more than twenty-four thousand dollar

"Is that so? Well, listen to me tell When you and I cashed in that day our d was closed, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"And I'd played fair with you?"

"You certainly did, Gus."

"Then I was freed from any further ol gations to take you into partnership w me, was I not?"

"That's how I figure it, my boy."

"That's how I figured it also, Cap Consequently, being morally certain t the British Government would place embargo on the exportation of Austral wheat—Cappy, you must admit that British Government would have been ab lutely crazy if it didn't—I just called Gregg & Co. and bought another half lion bushels of December wheat at $1.8 $1.84 a bushel. Then I sat tight and wai for that embargo story to break. Cap do you know that story just raised hell the Chicago Pit to-day? The bears w caught napping; and the bulls got b and kicked the price up to $1.90 again which figure I unloaded and took my pro

"You amazing rascal! Why didn't tip your partner off to that deal?"

"We were no longer partners. You l mitted that a moment ago. When I outlined this scheme I didn't have a d to spare with which I could specul Every last buffalo nickel was tied up in business of the West Coast Trading C pany. So I schemed to take you in partner on one-half of the deal; and you only financed me but guaranteed me to broker! Your introduction was all I wan After that my credit was as good as Dec ber wheat; in consequence of which, w out a cent invested, I was actually ena to carry a trade for half a million bush Much obliged to you, Cappy. You're a old sport, and I like you—particularly that I've collected those long-deferred dividends! I wouldn't be surprised if laid off on me after this—eh, Cappy?

"Gus," said Cappy Ricks, "one of t days the Democratic party is going to up and discover that America isn't w they left it the night before! And that happens they're going to ask about it, you—you—infer-nal ——"

The phone clicked. J. Augustus R had hung up.

"Drat it! —— God bless him!" murmured Cappy Ricks—and hung up too

Yes, a Monopoly
IN HUDSON SUPER-SIX
But Note How We Employ It

It is true, as some say, that the Super-Six motor constitutes a Hudson monopoly. We control it by basic patents. One must buy a Hudson to get it. But note how far the Super-Six under-sells many cars which it out-performs.

We must expect that every possible argument will be used against the Super-Six.

The arguments used a year ago have all been disproved and abandoned. Over 28,000 Super-Six owners have proved every suspicion baseless.

Now some say, "We also have an improved Six." Some argue Eights and Twelves. And some reflect on the Super-Six monopoly.

Mark the Hudson Value

But remember that Hudson has won by performance the pinnacle place in Motordom.

The Super-Six motor has added 80 per cent to the car's efficiency.

It has proved an endurance which is yet beyond measure—probably a doubled endurance.

Against all other types, however costly, it has won all the worth-while stock-car records.

And a year has been spent to make this car, in every detail, worthy of its front-rank place.

Yet note now many rivals—all without the Super-Six motor—sell above the Hudson price. Every buyer of the Hudson Super-Six gets a value of performance which can't be matched.

Why Another Type?

Then why consider another type of motor in buying a high-grade car?

Not because of performance. The records of the Super-Six prove it supreme in that.

Not because of endurance. The Super-Six excelled—as high as 52 per cent—in the feats which prove that.

Not because of smoothness. The whole Super-Six supremacy comes through minimized vibration.

Not because of anything. If any other motor type were better, don't you know that Hudson would adopt it? Rival types are not controlled by patents.

The Friction Question

The only question is, What motor best reduces friction? For that is the aim of all.

It is motor friction that wastes power, that limits performance and that causes wear.

Friction was the limitation of the old-type Six. Friction caused the trend toward Eights and Twelves. And the solution of this problem is what stopped that trend. The Super-Six invention, by reducing friction almost to nil, gave the crown to a new-type Six.

It isn't speed, or power, or hill-climbing ability which makes the Super-Six supreme. It is endurance, due to lack of friction. That is what won those records. If that is important the Super-Six is important.

A New Gasoline Saver

The latest Hudsons have a new gasoline saver which adds greatly to their economy. They have bodies which show our final attainment in beauty, finish and luxury.

To own a Hudson Super-Six means to rule the road. And this car, in any crowd, looks the monarch that it is.

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster, 2-passenger	1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1950	*Prices f. o. b. Detroit*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

YOU and *Everyone* Would Eat Peanut Butter if it were *ALL* made like Beech-Nut

WE firmly believe that if all peanut butter were made in the Beech-Nut way, far more people would be users of peanut butter today. Because more people would realize what a finely flavored food peanut butter is; how nourishing; how handy.

"What are the reasons why the flavor of the Beech-Nut Brand is different from that of any other?"

Reason No. 1: Only No. 1 quality (choicest grown) peanuts used. This quality commands the highest price. Peanuts that cost one-third less would make a fair peanut butter. But they could not make *Beech-Nut* Peanut Butter.

Reason No. 2: The flavor is *blended.* Rich Spanish peanuts and flavorous Virginia peanuts are combined in just the right proportion to give perfect peanut taste plus richness of flavor.

Reason No. 3: Uniform roasting. Correct roasting is determined solely by *color.* We roast our peanuts under great North skylights, so that the roasting expert has an unvarying light by which to see just when the nuts have reached the right light brown color.

Reason No. 4: Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is absolutely *free from grit.* We have devised ingenious processes that remove all skins, defective kernels, the little bitter "hearts" and grit.

Reason No. 5: Uniform crushing and seasoning. Remarkable machines crush the nuts and salt them evenly at the same time.

Reason No. 6: Careful packing. The finished butter pours directly into the jars, filling from the bottom first, to exclude air. Careful vacuum-sealing completes the process. This is why Beech-Nut Peanut Butter always comes to you pure and sweet—*never rancid.*

Thus you see that the making of fine peanut butter is not a simple process, and that to obtain delicious flavor and goodness, *infinite* pains must be taken.

Mothers: Children love Beech-Nut Peanut Butter dearly. Give them all they want, for a sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter contains all the Strength, Heat and Energy that a glass of rich milk does.

Don't forget that grown-ups like it too. Have Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on the table at every meal. Spread it on crackers, bread, toast—it is fine on saltines. Order a jar today.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Ask Your Grocer about the Superior Quality of

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

FELIX

(Continued from Page 11)

"No one has accused you of stealing a dog, Monsieur De Brancheville."

"Then what in heaven's name am I here for?" he demanded.

"Monsieur De Brancheville," said Le Febre, "let us make this interview as little unpleasant as need be. I assure you that this kind of thing is wholly useless. You are a gentleman. I should prefer to talk to you as one."

"As a gentleman," said De Brancheville testily, "I assure you that if my arrest is not over the matter of a dog I have no idea what it is for. If you will be good enough to tell me, in spite of your conviction that I already know, we shall get on faster."

"But for what purpose?"

"Merely to oblige me, if no other reason occurs to you."

"Very well," said Le Febre indulgently, "we will play the comedy out. I have, therefore, to inform you, Monsieur De Brancheville, that a certain quantity of radium, duly tested and certified, was delivered on Monday to Professor Rochefort, director of the government laboratory, by one George De Brancheville, and payment made therefor by the French Government to the amount of one and a half million francs."

He paused and De Brancheville looked at him in perplexity.

"Owing to the circumstance that the laboratory staff was engaged upon work of an urgent nature," he continued, "this radium was at once placed in the vault. The combination of this vault is known only to Professor Rochefort and to his assistant, Monsieur Claude Dubois. So far as is known, the vault was not opened again until this morning, when the leaden containers were removed, examined and found to contain particles of zinc instead of radium. Now Professor Rochefort is positive that he received the radium from Monsieur De Brancheville. He is equally positive that neither he nor Monsieur Dubois effected the substitution. Monsieur Dubois, it appears, was so much affected by the responsibility of knowing the combination of the safe that both evenings, upon leaving the laboratory, he insisted upon being searched.

"Under these circumstances you will see that it was necessary for the police to consider all possibilities. One of these possibilities was that, by some means known only to himself, the person ostensibly delivering the radium to Professor Rochefort, in fact delivered containers filled with crumbs of base metal. It is my desire to find out how this substitution was effected, and that I may state is the reason for this interview."

"But this is outrageous!" cried De Brancheville. "Without a scrap of proof, you charge me with a crime and bring me here to be insulted!"

Le Febre gazed at him over his spectacles and drummed thoughtfully on the desk with an ivory paper knife.

"Is it possible, Monsieur De Brancheville, that you do not yet know that the radium has been discovered in your apartment at your hotel?"

De Brancheville sat speechless, staring at the speaker.

"Discovered in my apartments?" he said at last. "Is this some practical joke or am I crazy?"

Le Febre shrugged his shoulders. From a drawer he took four small leaden boxes, each about an inch long by three quarters wide, and laid them on the desk.

"There is, of course, the possibility," he said, weighing his words with a shade of irony, "that this is not the stolen radium. Would you care to examine it?"

De Brancheville opened one of the boxes and dumped a flake of metallic substance on the table. He looked at Le Febre in stupefaction. He examined the contents of the other three containers.

"This is the radium I sold the laboratory," he said. "There are no pieces of equal size in Europe. The containers are too light for such large quantities," he added irrelevantly.

"Then you identify the radium, but not the containers?"

De Brancheville nodded.

Le Febre remained in thought for some moments, then took from the drawer a crumpled sheet of white tissue paper and ten inches of narrow blue ribbon.

De Brancheville started. The paper and ribbon were similar to the paper and ribbon that had wrapped the dog collar. He saw, with the eye of his mind, the four leaden boxes, piled two on two, making the cubical package which the clerk had described. I it had not come with the collar, where had it come from? If Primavera had sent it how had she obtained it? What was her motive in sending it? What did it al mean?

"I see the wrappings of this little package interest you," observed Le Febre.

De Brancheville made no reply.

"You have nothing to volunteer?"

De Brancheville shook his head.

"Well," continued the police official pa tiently, "let us suppose that this packag was conveyed to your apartment, while yo were absent, and recovered by our agent before your return. Suppose also that yo had never laid eyes on the package, thu wrapped and tied. What, therefore, is th association of the ribbon and tissue pape which so obviously interest you?"

"I must decline to answer that," sai De Brancheville.

"It is natural," said Le Febre, "and ye I advise you to answer."

"You have my answer," said De Branche ville.

"Monsieur De Brancheville," said L Febre, "the evidence against you is com plete. Most police officials would conside the case closed. Curiosity, however, is weakness of mine. I am more interested i the details of a crime than in making record for convictions. Now I know tha this package was sent to you by a woman, fo the reason that the bow in which the ribbo was tied could only have been tied by woman. It is creditable to you that yo should refuse to disclose her name, bu your refusal can, at most, but delay the di covery of her identity. Why not be fran with me? If she has acted innocently, I think is not improbable, you have my wo that she will not be drawn into the case

De Brancheville was silent, turning th matter over in his mind. Finally he said:

"Monsieur Le Febre, because I am co vinced that whatever part the woman question may have played in this stran transaction is unquestionably an innoce one, and because apparently the one chan of getting at the truth of the matter depen upon your assistance, I will tell you I know of the affair, though that is inde little."

"Who then is the lady?" asked Le Feb

"Her name I cannot tell you," said Brancheville.

"But that is the point of my questio

"For the reason," De Brancheville co tinued "that I do not know it."

Le Febre shot a surprised look at him

"Proceed, Monsieur De Brancheville he said in even tones.

"About eleven o'clock this mornin began De Brancheville, "I was walki through one of the short streets that r into the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, not from the Avenue Hoche, when my attent was attracted by an automobile runn over a dog. The car stopped and a wom perhaps thirty-five but younger in appe ance, sprang out. I ran to her assistance immediately perceived that she took me be the owner of the dog. It is enough to that I did not undeceive her."

Le Febre smiled.

"It is conceivable," he said, "that a n should practice such a deception."

"This lady," continued De Branc ville, "was on the way to the banking ho of Carruthers & Grimshaw, and it suggested that, before taking me to y hotel, she keep her appointment. I th upon got into her car with the dog."

"I see," said Le Febre.

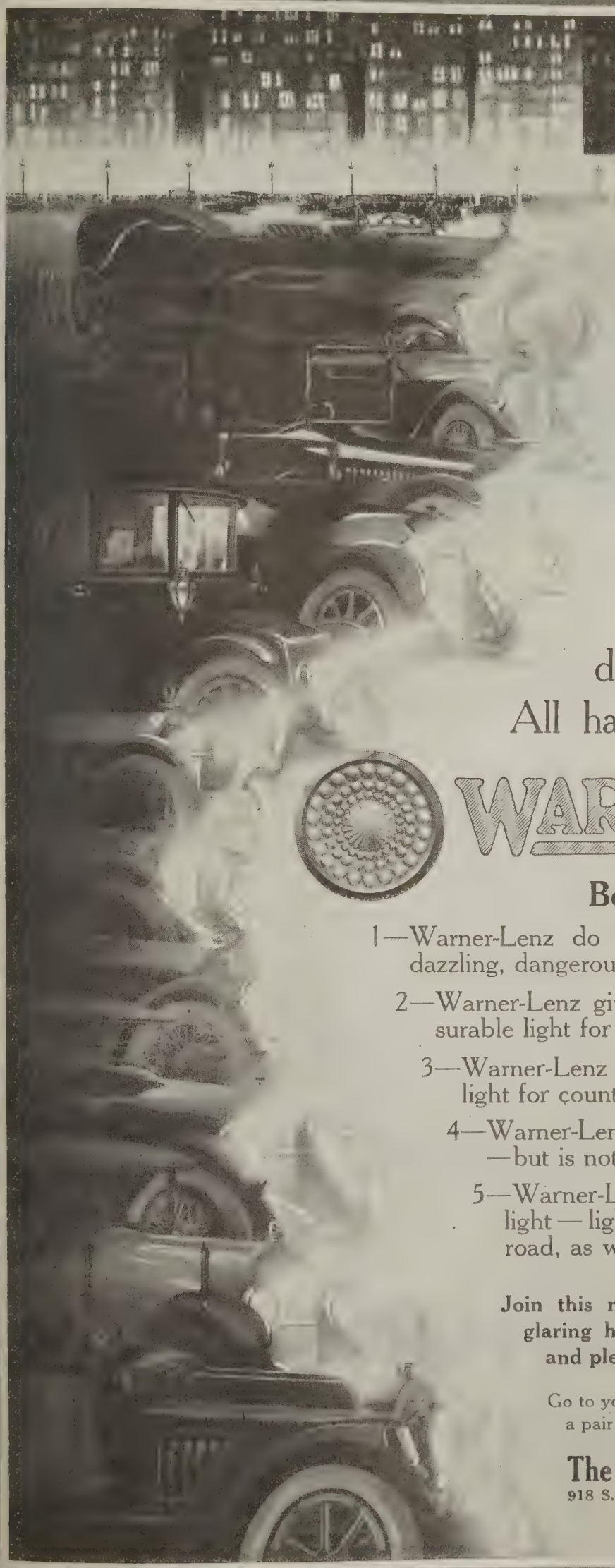
De Brancheville then went on with narrative, describing his interview Carruthers, the invitation to visit the the departure of the automobile withou address being given, his efforts to find ruthers, the discovery of the advertisem the arrival of the collar wrapped in w tissue and tied with ribbon, and finally return of the substituted Airedale.

"I was on the point of telephoning Carruthers' address in London," he cluded, "when I was arrested and bro here."

Le Febre remained in thought, tap softly, with the paper cutter, upon the d

"Well Monsieur De Brancheville," he said at last, "your story compares in p ability with the history of the fisher

(Continued on Page 77)



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Because

1—Warner-Lenz do away with the blinding, dazzling, dangerous, *unlawful* beam of light.

2—Warner-Lenz give a safe, sane and pleasurable light for city driving.

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Diameter in inches	East of Rockies
5 to 9, inclusive,	$3.50
9¼ to 10, inclusive,	4.00
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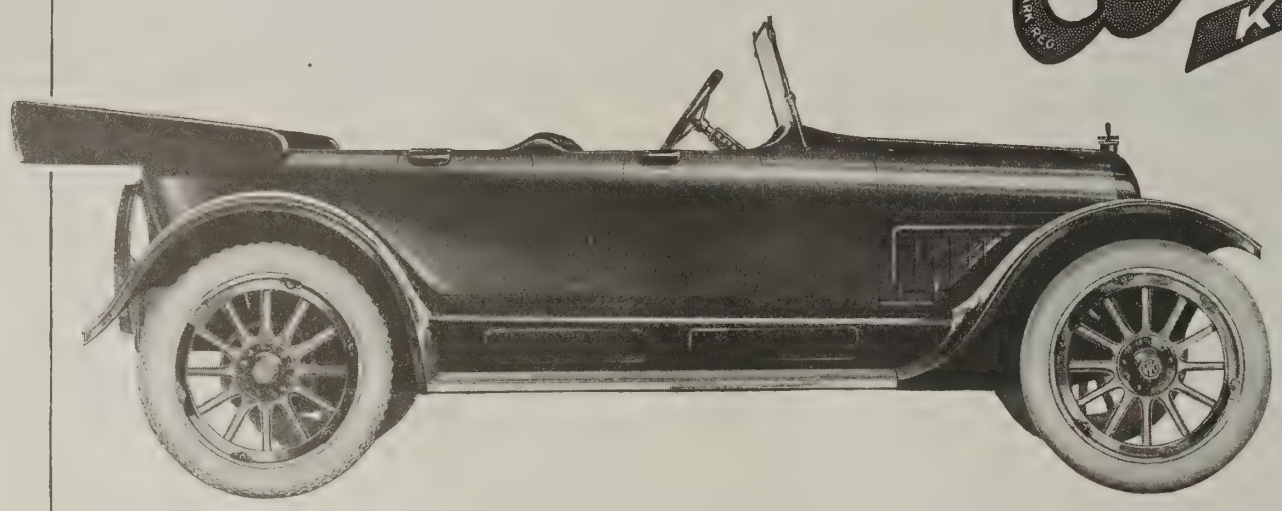
West of Rockies, 25c per pair extra

Please Read These Directions Carefully

Merely send us the name and model of your car with the diameter of your present lens.

Willys Knight



Concerning—

Carbon

To you—to every experienced motorist, carbon means lessening power, increasing fuel consumption, engine "knock," valve grinding, cylinder cleaning and recurring loss of the use of your car.

It is the conspicuous enemy to the joy of motoring.

Carbon accumulates in the cylinders of the Willys-Knight Motor as it does in other types of motors—but in lesser degree—and with exactly *opposite* results.

The sleeve-valve construction of the Willys-Knight motor enables it to make *beneficial use of carbon.*

As carbon accumulates on the metal surface of these sleeves, it is evenly distributed by their sliding action, and becomes a polished smooth-as-glass coating,—smoother than it is mechanically possible to polish any metal.

Instead of unseating the valves, carbon seals the fit of the sleeve-valves of the Willys-Knight Motor.

And the result is *a gain in compression and power* for the Willys-Knight Motor instead of a loss—*increasing quietness, smoothness, flexibility and fuel economy* instead of a decrease.

Carbon is in this manner the reconstructing life which builds up and sustains the efficiency of the Willys-Knight Motor.

So instead of deteriorating, the Willys-Knight Motor *improves with use* and instead of succumbing to carbon troubles it *thrives on carbon benefits.*

This is one of the many reasons why the Knight motor has been standardized for the steady hard usage of the London Omnibuses and the Fifth Avenue Buses in New York.

This is one of the many reasons why the Knight motor is used by the leading manufacturers of Europe. — Daimler of England, Panhard of France, Minerva of Belgium, Mercedes of Germany and nineteen other European producers.

This one of the many reasons why twelve thousand discriminating American buyers purchased Willys-Knight Motor Cars during 1916 and drive them with steadily increasing respect.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

"Made in U. S. A."

Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Automobiles

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Eight Seven Passenger Touring 125-inch Wheelbase **$1950**

Four Seven Passenger Touring 121-inch Wheelbase **$1285**

Four Sedan $1950 **Four Limousine $1950**
Four Coupé $1650

f. o. b. Toledo

"Here Go My Corns"

"I'M just one of the millions who have used that easy, remarkably simple, and painless remover of corns and calluses, 'Gets-It.' I don't have to 'putter' with my corns any more and make them sore. I just put 2 or 3 drops of 'Gets-It' on. It takes only a few seconds, and it dries immediately."

"GETS-IT"

Common-Sense Corn-Remover

It's a pleasure to use "Gets-It"—there's no work, discomfort or pain in its use. Just notice how that corn or callus loosens right off from your toe, so you can just peel it off with your fingers! "Gets-It" "gets" the corn only, not the surrounding flesh. It will make it unnecessary to cut, or dig at, a corn to remove any part of it. Try "Gets-It" tonight, surprise yourself and lose a corn.

25c At All Drug Stores In the Land

or sent direct by the manufacturers,
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Preparation for C. P. A. practice and for executive positions in business.

The accountant is the professional advisor of modern business. Pace graduates are recognized everywhere by their ability in practice. Many of the largest business organizations have adopted Pace Courses to meet their growing need for competent men.

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No previous knowledge of bookkeeping necessary. Bulletin S-23 gives details and outline of preparation needed.

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Fuller Sanitary Brushes

Twisted Wire Back

A shower in your bath tub
Fuller Friction Shower scrubs, massages, and gives a shower bath in one operation. Perforated aluminum tube in centre emits a constant shower of clean water. White bristles curved to reach all parts of the body. Hexagonal aluminum handle. 5-foot rubber hose fits any faucet. By mail, $3.25.

A brush for every purpose
for personal use, housecleaning, automobile, etc.—each built on the twisted-wire back principle. Sanitary—can be cleaned in hot water. Lasts longer—bristles can't come out. Write for catalog of complete line.

Representatives wanted to sell Fuller Brushes. Rapid advancement for those with ability.

Fuller Brush Co., 72 Union St., Hartford, Conn.

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THE HASEROT CANNERIES CO.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
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(Continued from Page 74)

and the ring in the Arabian Nights. But perhaps the most extraordinary thing relating to it is the fact that I am inclined to believe it."

De Brancheville rose impulsively, but Le Febre restrained him with a gesture.

"Slowly," he said; "my belief is my personal conviction; that is all. The evidence against you, as I have said, is complete. Men are guillotined every week on less. As the case stands, you face twenty years in the galleys. I have no right to release you. But I am warranted in experimenting to this extent. I will give you twenty-four hours to discover the identity of the lady and report to me where she obtained these four containers. It would not be difficult," he added, "to make the investigation myself, but I have my own reasons for doing otherwise. Even a police official has his whims."

Their eyes met and De Brancheville thought the shadow of a smile lurked in the police official's.

"However," he added, "you understand that you will be under surveillance and that it will be impossible for you to leave Paris." He touched a bell and an attendant appeared. "Show Monsieur De Brancheville to the street," he said.

Two minutes later De Brancheville hailed a taxi and drove to his hotel. Entering his rooms he took off his hat, mopped his forehead and rang for a brandy and soda. Presently he felt better and telephoned Carruthers' house. He learned that Carruthers had left no London address, but was to wire after he arrived. Thereupon De Brancheville went to bed.

III

AT TEN o'clock the next morning no word had come from Carruthers. De Brancheville then drove to the bank and asked for Grimshaw, the junior partner. It would entail an embarrassing explanation, as he did not know Grimshaw, but there was no time to be squeamish. Grimshaw, however, was engaged in an important conference and could not tell when he would be at liberty.

De Brancheville started back to the hotel on foot. The cards were running against him, and there was nothing to do but wait. Suddenly he remembered his promise to visit Raoul's fiancée at eleven. He took the note of introduction from his pocket. It was addressed to Mademoiselle Ann Pendleton. The envelope was unsealed and he read the contents. It said:

Dear Ann: This is Raoul's cousin, George De Brancheville, who wants to talk to you. He is very amiable. Be good to him! I am explaining to your mother about his coming.

De Brancheville called a taxi, gave the street number to the driver and got in. The taxi stopped before an unusual looking house, the frontage of which was extended by a high wall, indicating a courtyard. As he rang the bell he saw a man on a bicycle slow down, half a block beyond, and turn back. He had noticed the same man passing Carruthers' bank.

Obviously Le Febre was keeping track of his movements.

A footman opened the door, ushered him into a small reception room and took the letter of introduction. In a few moments he reappeared, led him through a passage opening upon the court, across this and through a wicket gate, into a garden. His first glimpse took his breath away. There was a mimic winding lake, along the grassy margin of which clumps of tulips and narcissi bloomed. On a miniature island a great willow trailed its festoons of new green. In one corner the ground rose and became a little hill, surmounted by a temple masked in cedars; in the other an ancient apple tree, a mass of bloom, towered above the shrubbery. The air was sweet; the sound of bees mingled with the play of an unseen fountain. He seemed to have stepped into an enchanted paradise. He thought of Le Febre's allusion to the Arabian Nights.

His guide led him down a winding path in the direction of the apple tree. A dozen paces and they entered a little formal garden fenced with high cedars. At the farther gateway the footman stood aside. De Brancheville had a view of green grass, a glimpse of water where the lake ended, and then, on a marble bench, the drifting apple bloom about her, an Airedale at her feet, sat Primavera. His heart stopped beating. This was Raoul's fiancée. This was the end of it all.

The cake of Pears' Soap you'll buy next February is aging now for you.

Hurry and rush never spell perfection. Pears' could not be the Perfect Toilet Soap were it made and handled like ordinary soaps.

First, it is made of the purest materials skillfully blended, with the century-old experience of the largest manufacturers of high-grade toilet soap in the world—

Then every cake is laid away in racks to age a full year before it is offered for sale.

You would call it good soap if you bought it within a few weeks (as you do other soap), but the makers of Pears' know that 12 months' curing will make it better. Every drop of moisture is lost and Pears' comes to you not only as the perfect toilet soap but the most economical soap.

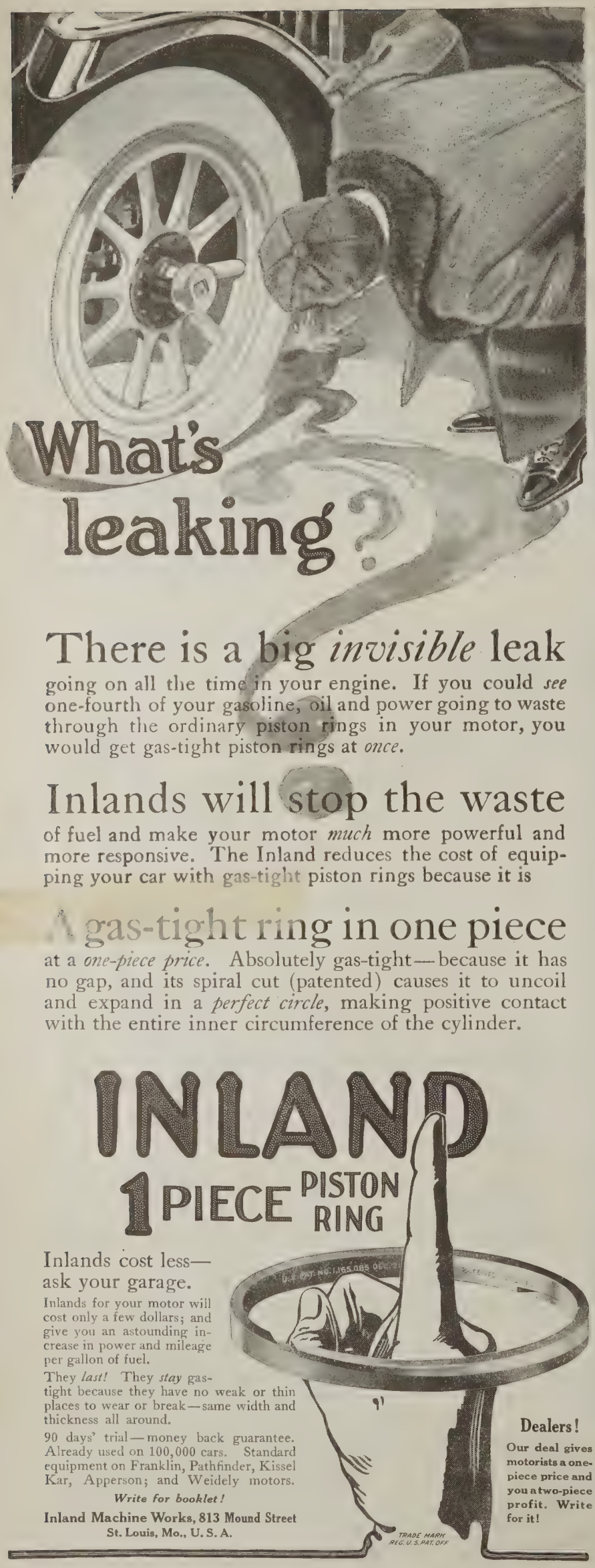
Do you appreciate such care? Your complexion will, if you do not. The tenderest skin welcomes the soft, cleansing effect of a daily bath with Pears'.

Your dealer has Pears' of course.

Pears' (unscented) is 15c a cake; box of one dozen, $1.50. Its only odor is the refreshing fragrance of the choice oils from which it is made.

Pears' Glycerine Soap (scented) is 20c; box of three cakes, 51 cents.

If you wish to test Pears' for little expense, Walter Janvier, 419 Canal Street, New York, (Pears' United States Agent) will send you a trial cake of the unscented for 4c in stamps.



What's leaking?

There is a big *invisible* leak

going on all the time in your engine. If you could *see* one-fourth of your gasoline, oil and power going to waste through the ordinary piston rings in your motor, you would get gas-tight piston rings at *once*.

Inlands will stop the waste

of fuel and make your motor *much* more powerful and more responsive. The Inland reduces the cost of equipping your car with gas-tight piston rings because it is

A gas-tight ring in one piece

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Her eyes danced as she saw him. She rose and held out her hand.

He bowed and took it.

"Is anything the matter?" she demanded. "You look as if someone were dead."

"It's a bit of a surprise," he said.

She burst into a peal of laughter.

"Do you mean you didn't know?" she cried. "You didn't find out from Carruthers?"

He shook his head.

She laughed again.

"Then I can understand. When I read your name on your walking stick I was dumfounded myself. You see Raoul and your aunt had talked about you, and I knew they hadn't an idea you were in Paris. I wanted to surprise them, get them here to meet you or something; but when you went into the bank for me I thought, of course, you'd find out. I want to thank you again for what you did," she added; "I didn't realize at the time all it meant!"

"Please ——" he protested. He stood gazing at her dumbly.

"You are a strange man!" she exclaimed. "Aren't you glad to see me again, to see Felix? Aren't you excited over it all? To think it was your dog I ran over!"

"To tell the truth," he answered, "my capacity for excitements is giving out. Just at present I'm out on bail, preliminary to spending twenty years in jail."

"Jail?" she replied. She looked at him skeptically.

"It's the truth," he laughed mirthlessly. "What is going to happen to me depends a good deal on you."

"On me?"

He nodded.

"What I want to know is where you got the four leaden boxes that you sent me with the dog collar."

"Why, those," she said, "were in Felix's collar. You know the four little pockets in the heavy leather. Julie, my maid, took them out herself and wrapped them up separately."

De Brancheville exclaimed softly.

"Was anything in them that has been lost?" she asked.

"Those little boxes," he said, "happened to contain the radium which I sold the French Government two days ago, and which was subsequently stolen. As the police found them in my rooms the consequences have been embarrassing."

She looked at him blankly.

"But how did they get in the collar of your dog?" she demanded.

"It isn't my dog," he answered dryly.

"Not your dog!" she gasped. "But why did you say it was?" Suddenly she stopped and dropped her eyes. He saw the color deepen in her temples.

"My dear Miss Pendleton," he said, "we must remember that I am here on an embassy. Raoul's mother must have written your mother."

She began to laugh.

"Ann hasn't come in yet," she answered. "I am Miss Pendleton's mother."

It was De Brancheville's turn to gasp. But even gasping was beyond him. He gazed at her speechless. Hundreds of years seemed to fall from his shoulders. As his emotions registered—as they say in films—she blushed furiously and bent down over the dog.

"Well," he said at last, "I can only say ——"

His sentence was never finished, for a man servant appeared with a silver tray, on which lay a letter.

"For Monsieur De Brancheville," said the man.

De Brancheville took the letter wonderingly and the man departed.

"Who can be writing me here?" he said. "No one knows I am here."

She made no answer, but glanced up at him from her defenses.

He tore open the envelope and looked at the signature.

"Ah! it is from Le Febre, my jailer. May I read it?"

"Of course."

"'I am sending you the final chapter,'" he read aloud. "'It appears that the person who advertised the lost dog, upon recovering his property at the newspaper office, insisted that certain objects had been removed from the collar. I daresay by this time you have ascertained who it was that removed them. As it was known that Monsieur Dubois had been accompanied to the laboratory, on the days in question, by an Airedale terrier, it was not difficult to obtain his admission that he had employed the dog to convey the radium out of the building.'"

"Then it's all right," she exclaimed. "You knew, of course, it would be. But tell me what happened! How did you send his dog back when Felix was here?"

He told her.

"Really," she said, "for a grown man to ——"

"There's more to the letter," he suggested. "Do you want to hear it?"

She nodded.

He read on:

"'Permit an unromantic police official to express his congratulations and the wish that the considerations which prompted Monsieur De Brancheville to steal will be found to justify his crime. Unofficially I advise you to present the stolen dog to madame.'"

As he finished, she was bending even closer to Felix. For a time neither spoke. De Brancheville broke the silence.

"I have revised my ideas about the mirage," he said. "It does come true. The only question is ——"

She lifted her head and met his eyes unflinchingly.

"Think," she said; "I have a daughter seventeen."

"What has that to do with it?" he demanded.

She looked away in silence for a time. Then she faced him and seemed about to speak, when voices were heard beyond the cedars.

"It is your aunt," she said, "and your grandfather."

She rose hastily and glided through the gateway to meet them.

"We came," De Brancheville heard his aunt say, "to tell you that the young people have composed their differences. I don't suppose George De Brancheville has put in an appearance?"

"Monsieur De Brancheville is already here," Vera answered.

"I see him," cried the old man; "he is there underneath the apple tree. Come forth, villain!" he called.

De Brancheville went through the little gateway and stood beside Vera.

Madame De Courville-Rochers raised her lorgnette and glanced sharply from one to the other.

"Papa," she said, "I should judge that we were interrupting. I thought you two were strangers?"

"Hardly that," said Vera; "we met yesterday morning."

"He never mentioned it yesterday afternoon. Did Raoul bring him here?"

"Not Raoul—it was through Felix ——"

"Felix?" she repeated questioningly, at the same time searching her memory for the bearer of the name.

There was no answer to her question, for the duke, a spry excitable little old man, suddenly shouted:

"They are blushing! Even George is blushing! *Ma foi*, but they are making game of us!"

"Behave yourself, grandpapa!" said De Brancheville.

"Embrace me," cried the old man. He clasped his grandson, kissed him on both cheeks and whispered, "But how did you know I had selected her?" Receiving no answer he turned to Vera. "My dear," he said, "with much greater pleasure I embrace you. If I were young again there would be no George! As it is ——" He shrugged his shoulders. He was turning away when he stopped. "You are all dining with me to-night. Remember there shall be veal for the prodigal and roses for the fair."

"You ridiculous grandfather!" said De Brancheville.

"Not a word from you, sir!" answered grandpapa. "And now, Suzette, I must take you away." Seizing Madame De Courville-Rochers by the hand, he proceeded to do so.

"Well," said De Brancheville when they were alone, "they seem to have arranged it."

"There is Felix trying to walk on three legs!" she answered and, smiling back at him, ran through the opening in the cedars toward the apple tree.

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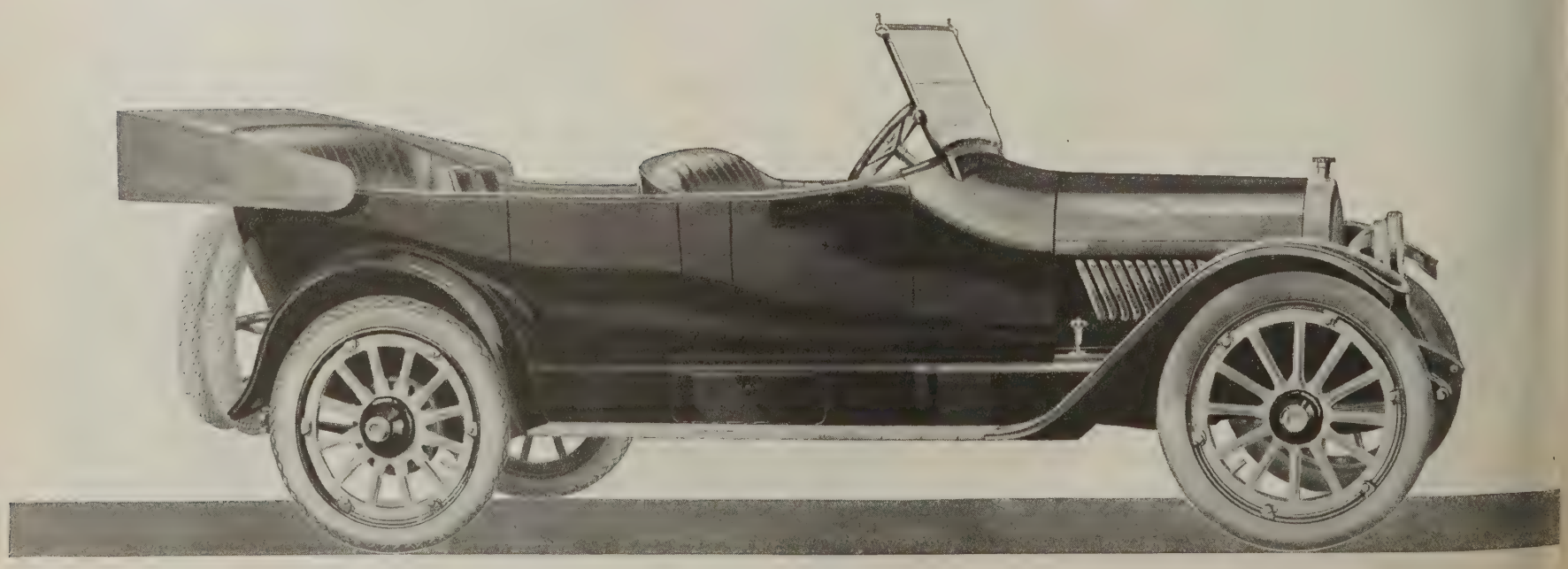


BORROWING FROM YOUR UNCLE

(Continued from Page 19)

the day on which he appeared before the Federal Farm Loan Board, at Topeka, he was elected president of the American Bankers' Association, a position which he now holds. If he stood alone in his opinion of the facility which long-time, amortized first mortgages will offer to men who cannot pay half the value of the farms they desire to buy, the mere fact that he is a prominent banker would not prove the case; but he agrees with most bankers who have studied the matter.

Mr. Gordon Jones, of Denver, an authority on both rural credits and banking, states in a little booklet issued by him that, in his opinion, perhaps the most noteworthy effect of the Federal Farm Loan Act will be to enable tenants to buy farms under the method outlined. Bankers from Central Kansas testified that fifty per cent of the tenants in their neighborhood will buy farms on this plan with the proceeds of their dollar-and-seventy-five-cent wheat this year.

The same state of things was testified to in the South as a result of eighteen-cent cotton. Corn Belt tenants do business on rather a large scale and, as a rule, possess resources sufficient to enable them to use this plan in purchasing farms if they remove to regions where the price of land is a little lower—if they can have some security against the overvaluation of the land in the new country. The valuations of the Federal Land Banks will give them a safer estimate of land values everywhere than they now possess; and will save them from some, at least, of the traps and pitfalls set for them by real-estate enthusiasts—not to use stronger words.

In Baltimore there came to our hearing a gentleman who seemed greatly interested in the new system. A member of the Board asked him, after the hearing, whether he felt repaid for his attendance.

"I surely do," he replied. "I see how it will help me out. I have three thousand acres in farms on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. It is beginning to show signs of decreasing fertility under the tenant system in vogue; and I can see in the future nothing but poorer farms, poorer tenants and finally a poorer landlord. I am especially interested in the landlord's end of it; though, as a good citizen, I hope I am not entirely oblivious of the desirability of maintaining the fertility of the lands of the nation, or to the welfare of the tenants. What is it the poet says?

"But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

"All right; I'm not going to destroy 'em any more. I shall go home and prepare to sell my lands. I can within a year or two find thirty farm tenants who are the right sort of men; and, having organized a National Farm Loan Association, I shall deed my plantation away in thirty tracts, take that half of their value which my purchasers may get under the Federal Farm Loan Act, take also anything they can pay me without sacrificing their equipment, and second mortgages for the balance at six per cent."

What Land Owners Must Do

"I shall insist that they all take out forty-year mortgages ahead of me, and I shall not worry as to their digging out. They will dig out in a few years if they have good luck; and if any of them fall down it won't hurt me much. I shall have plenty of time before the first mortgage falls due in which to find other purchasers."

This man is a fair type. America has thousands of just such landlords.

At Nashville the writer, after the hearing, sat at meat beside a gentleman who turned out to be the possessor of a great tract of cut-over timberlands in the alluvial districts of Western Tennessee. These lands are of enormous fertility, but the clearing of them is no small job. Therefore, they are low in value and slow of sale.

"I came to the hearing this morning," said he, "out of curiosity; but I have been blessed with a big idea, born while the farmers were testifying. I shall sell my land out to tenant farmers—to any farmer or farm hand who can get the equipment for carrying on the development of the farm—and take a second mortgage for every cent of the half they can't pay for out of the Federal Land Bank mortgage."

"At what valuation?" he was asked; for there is no doubt that there is many a canny landowner in these states of ours who plans to sell to the Federal Land Banks by dint of doubling the price of his land, letting a buyer borrow half of the doubled price and pay it over.

"I see your point," said he. "Of course the Federal Land Bank wouldn't fall for any funny business. I'll take the Land Bank's valuation as the basis of the deal."

"You'll have to do better than that," he was assured.

"How much better?" he inquired.

"You'll have to make those tracts into real farms. You'll have to clear enough so that your buyer can make a living on the place; and you must furnish some fencing, and a house, a well, a barn, and the like. Each man should have a cow, some fowls and a couple of swine. Then it would be such a farm as the Federal Land Bank could loan upon—actually under cultivation."

"Well," said he, "all those things, except the chickens and livestock, would add to the value of the land, wouldn't they?"

"Yes."

"And form the basis for a little larger loan?"

"Yes."

"Well," said he, "I'll do it, then!"

"And," went on his informant, "if your buyers will then go on and do more clearing, thus adding to the value of the land, they can return to the bank for reappraisement, as the value increases, and get enlarged loans, so long as they do not ask for more than fifty per cent of the value. That's what the Federal Farm Loan Act is for—'To provide capital for agricultural development.'"

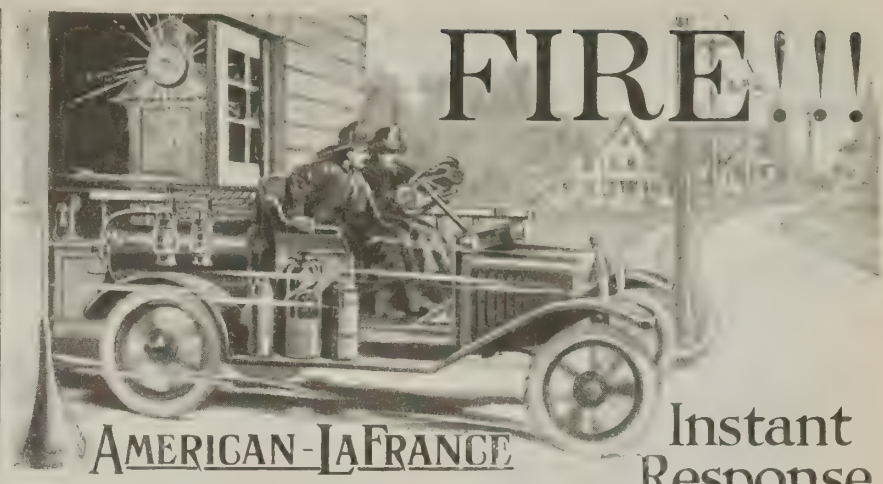
The Wisconsin Land Bank

This matter of negotiating loans for the development of land by clearing and then making reappraisements as the clearing progresses as a basis for larger loans to clear more lands, and so on, has been worked out for years in Northern Wisconsin by a land bank organized under a law of that state. Here, too, is shown the capacity of the Federal Farm Loan System to finance the poor man into farming affluence. This portion of Wisconsin is a cut-over region of rich lands splendidly adapted to stockraising—and this usually means, in Wisconsin, dairying. The people located on these lands were mostly foreign families whose breadwinners had worked in factories, some of them for as long as twenty years, during which time they had accumulated from two to five hundred dollars each by the slow process of laying one dollar on another in an unceasing struggle with the problem of living.

Each family had a small clearing and some such start in necessary farm animals as was suggested to the Nashville lumberman. But their clearings were not large enough to furnish a living for the family. The man of the house was obliged to "work out" in order that the family might live; and the clearing went on at the slow rate of not more than an acre a year to a farm. This is too slow for the twentieth century. Such slow progress it was that forced our ancestors to spend seventy-five years in reclaiming Indiana and Ohio; but there are too many other opportunities open to willing hands in 1917.

The cut-over lands, constituting the bulk of the remainder of our untilled area, must yield quicker returns or they will remain waste. The Wisconsin land bank has been for years financing these families in such a way as to make it worth while for the man of the present day to subdue the wilderness the lumberman has left.

When these farms were once occupied, and so far reclaimed as to give the settler a home and a mere toe hold, values went up a little. The man who owed half the value of his farm three years ago now owes only a third of it; therefore, he is able to go to the land bank, show that he is eligible for a loan of two or three hundred dollars more, and secure it by executing a new mortgage and retiring the old. This little margin of cash he uses in clearing more land, partly by dint of hiring labor or buying dynamite, and partly by using it to support his family while he stays at home and works. Ten acres more cleared, and his farm is worth five hundred dollars more; and the reappraisement is repeated.



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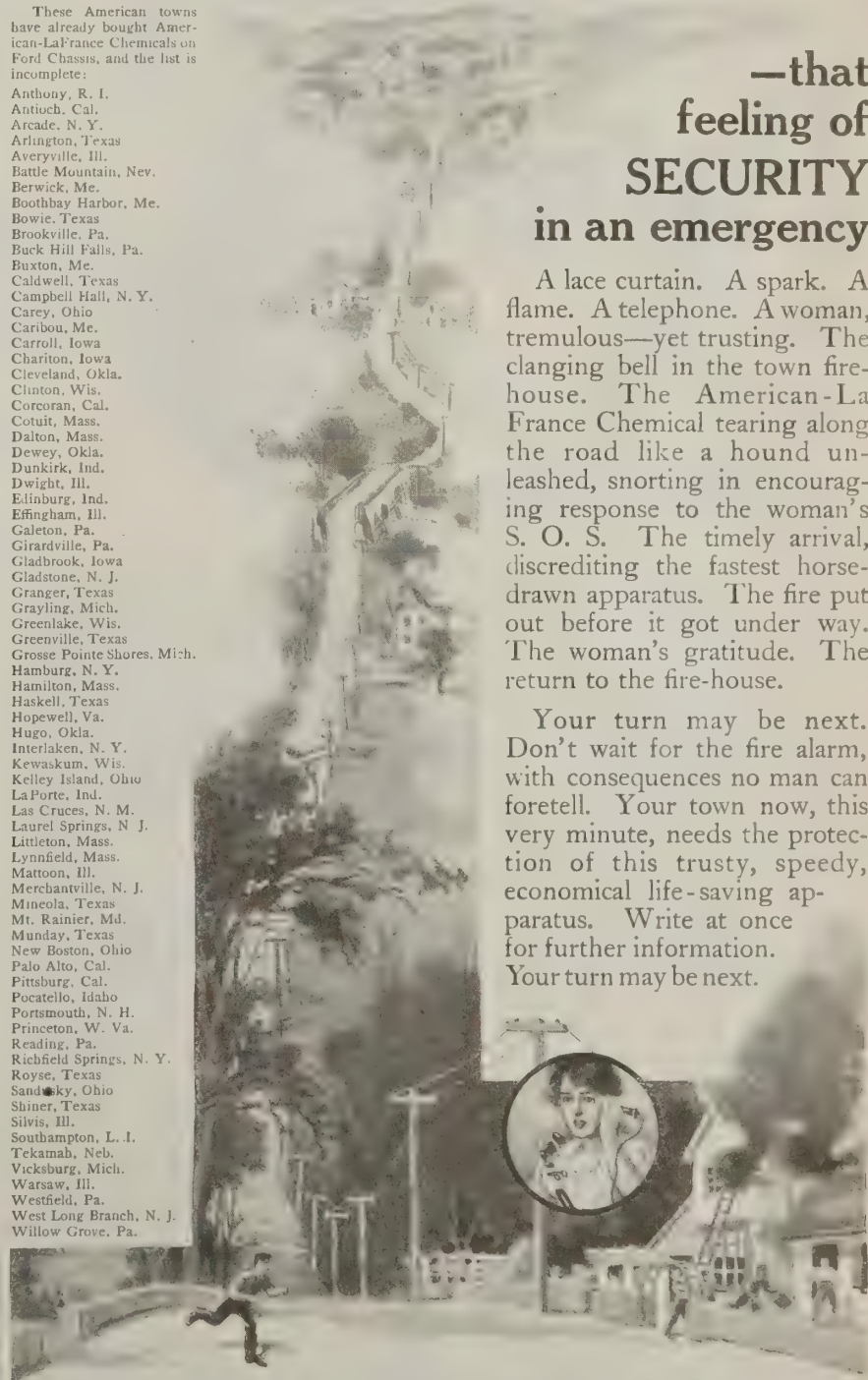

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PAINT DEVOE PAINT

The loaning of money on second mortgage is not a hazardous business when wisely conducted, even subject to the ordinary first mortgage. It may be that the people managing the well-known organization for aiding Jewish back-to-the-landers are more than ordinarily efficient; but they are conducting it under peculiarly disadvantageous conditions. The Jewish farmers are mainly typical greenhorns. The Jews have been for ages divorced from farming. The traditions of agriculture have departed from their blood.

The risks of the business are widely scattered, and inspection is enormously difficult as compared with the same work in the case of the Wisconsin land bank or the prospective loans of the Federal Farm Loan Bureau. The loans are, many of them, made to farmers who are absolutely insolvent. Instead of second mortgages, the Jewish concerns loan on third and fourth mortgages as well; and in some cases have advanced funds in sixth place from the bottom title! Anyone would say that they ought to have lost a lot of money; but at a gathering of Jewish farmers in New York in November, attended by nearly three hundred Children of Israel from eight states—veritable spies sent to spy out the Promised Land and the advance guard of who knows how mighty a host!—I was informed that these losses, incurred through aiding over three thousand families, have been only 2.82 per cent in sixteen years.

Had these loans been made subject only to forty-year amortized loans, and on second mortgage only, it is difficult to see how any losses at all could have been made. As a matter of fact, the debt at low interest on forty years' time is shown by the Texas school-land experience to amount to very little as an encumbrance. The Lone Star State sells its school lands on forty years' time at three per cent interest, on receiving an initial payment of ten per cent. These mortgaged lands sell in the market for very little less than unencumbered lands; and second mortgages subject to them are scarcely inferior as securities to first mortgages.

Four Per Cent Philanthropy

I have hitherto written of the financing of rural integrity and ability as a business to be done by the local capitalist only, or by the seller of lands as a means of retiring from landlordism. It was in the state of Massachusetts, however, that the first suggestion came to us that such a thing as a legally organized system for doing this work might be expected as a result of the enactment of the Federal Farm Loan Act. In that state, as in the rest of New England, there is special need of some more liberal system of farm loans in order that the agriculture of New England may be rehabilitated. A state land-bank law was passed just before the Federal Farm Loan Act became a law; but little has been done under it. It is now on the tapis in the Bay State to amend the state law so as to make it the agency for aggregating second mortgages and making them the basis of issues of bonds.

Thus, if this project bears fruit, a second land-mortgage law will be built under the first, in order that the man with little money may have credit with which to buy and time in which to pay. The plan is to deal in those second mortgages only that are subject to long-time amortized first mortgages. From North Dakota comes a rumor that a million-dollar company is organizing to deal in second mortgages of the same sort. Doubtless there will be many more projects of both kinds. Many more were mentioned at our hearings as among things planned.

And, lastly, one cannot but think of the great field which lies open here for some such philanthropy as that of the late Mr. Mills, of hotel fame. I am informed that the Mills' hotels, built for the excellent purpose of furnishing clean lodgings and meals for the almost penniless, have paid dividends at the rate of about four per cent. Where is there a better field for four per cent philanthropy than that of turning farm tenants and farm laborers, country-minded city people, and young men with farm experience and agricultural educations into actual owning farmers by giving them the money they lack at four per cent on second mortgage?

Whatever may have been the risks attendant on such a project in the past, the day seems now to have come when such a work may be entered upon with safety. In what other way can wealth serve its country so well—and yet earn four per cent?

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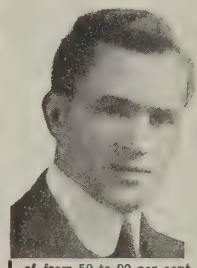

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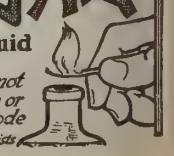

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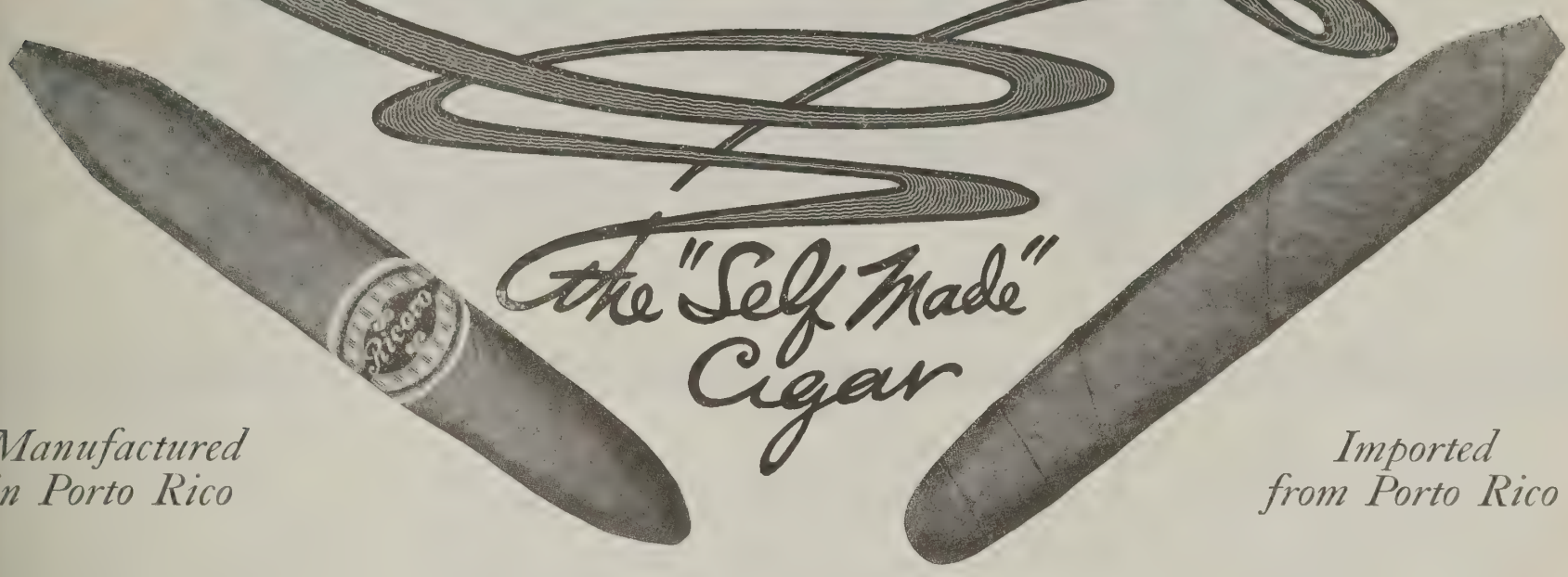

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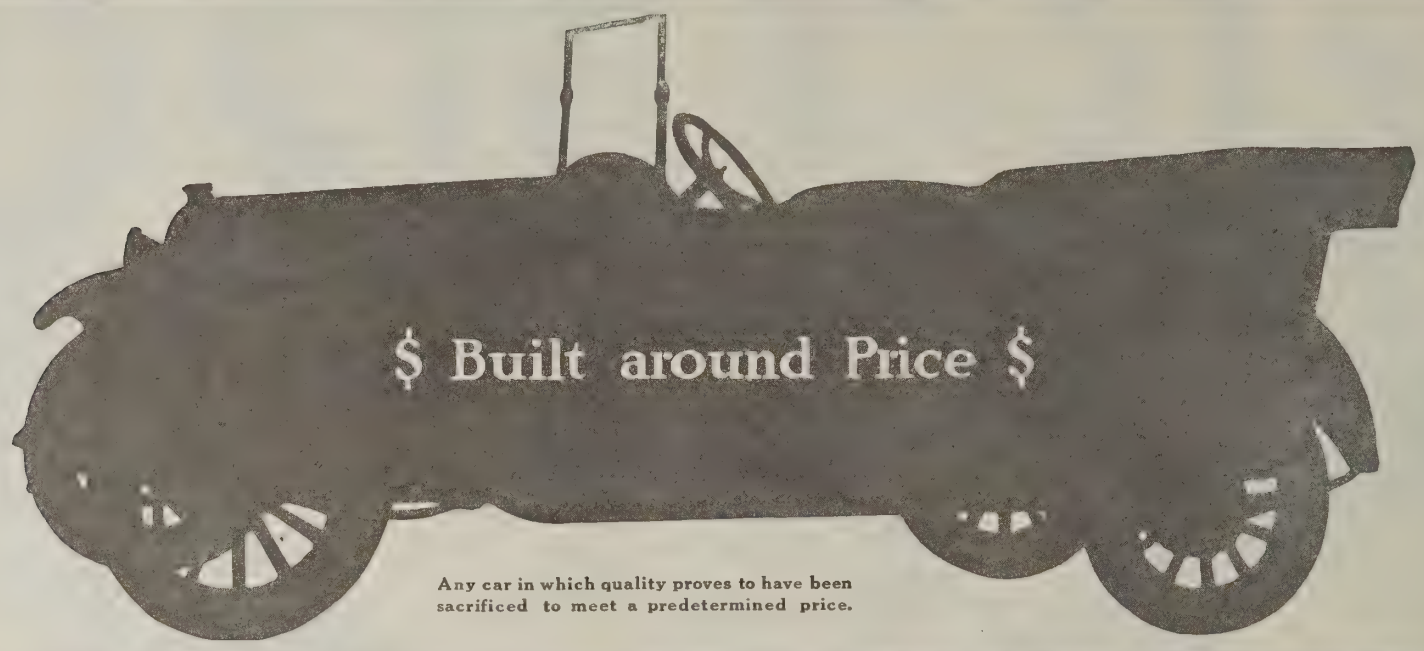

Any car in which quality proves to have been sacrificed to meet a predetermined price.

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Figuratively speaking, it becomes an auction where the lowest bidder, irrespective of quality, gets the business.

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Second—Because we will not enter such a contest under any circumstances. The character of the cars that are equipped with Timken-Detroit Axles is good evidence of Timken-Detroit quality—just as their use of Timken-Detroit Axles is evidence of the car's high standard of quality. We cannot afford to jeopardize our own reputation or that of our customers for protecting the safety of the car owner.

Building a good axle first and pricing it afterward, is not, however, an *expensive* policy. It results in more value for dollars expended. It produces axles at the lowest cost consistent with the highest quality. It saves repair expense for car owners.

Nine years of exclusive devotion to good axle building has proven that that is what the most prominent and progressive car-builders are after.

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TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

THE SHRINKING DOLLAR BILL

II

By Forrest Crissey

AS MAY be imagined from the present startling prices of poultry, there have been distressful doings in the great American henhouse. When the market man in the small country town charges thirty cents a pound for cold-storage broilers and twenty-four cents a pound for plain "stewing hens" it is evident that something has happened in the neighborhood of the chicken roost. The fact is that the aforesaid great American henhouse looks like a temple of race suicide. It is depleted to the lowest point known in years, if the opinions of the experts count for anything.

As the financier would phrase it, the fowl is decidedly a liquid asset and responds with extreme sensitiveness to fluctuations in demand. It is by no means so much of an undertaking to place the feathered meat in the henhouse on the market as it is to convert the cattle and hogs of the feed lot into cash. Again, the hen is not exclusively a farm creature; the country villages and the provincial cities of the United States normally shelter several millions of them, in all probability. This makes the question of "chicken feed" a sensitive one; and when the high cost of living for the hen goes above a certain point the village poultry roosts begin to depopulate rapidly. With corn close to the dollar point, wheat at nearly two dollars, and the household economist keeping a zealous eye on kitchen waste, the movement of our feathered friends from roost to market has been almost unanimous—at least so far as the village henneries are concerned.

Poultry prices naturally reflect meat prices; and the offerings of the poultry packing houses preceding Thanksgiving were so attractive that even the farmer "cleaned out the henhouse" to an extent seldom if ever known before. One of the best-informed poultry experts in America, who is able to speak from a wholly disinterested viewpoint, says:

"The poultry which has been coming to market in such enormous quantities has gone to the storage warehouses very largely. We have no public reports of the holdings of poultry in warehouses, either public or private, in this country; but we know that all broilers for the entire year's supply are produced between July and October; all soft-meated roasters for the whole year are produced between September and December. There is never a time on any market when one cannot obtain these strictly seasonal types of chickens provided one is willing to pay the price for them. Therefore, it may be assumed that a sufficient amount of broilers and roasters go into the warehouses to supply the demand throughout the nine months during which each variety is not produced."

A Lesson for Poultry Shippers

"In 1913 warm weather prevailed throughout the poultry-dressing season, which is from about the middle of October to Christmas. During this season the highest prices are paid for birds that are chilled in cold air rather than in ice water or fine ice. It is, therefore, the aim of poultry dressers to chill dry and so ship. The man who is not provided with mechanical refrigeration depends upon the weather—when the weather is decidedly undependable. This results in completely chilled poultry—and there is always a large amount of it at best—which is almost sure to be 'green struck' when it arrives at the market, or will be of such altered condition that it is also lowered in eating quality, and decidedly lowered in storage ability.

"An enormous amount of this low-grade poultry went into freezers in 1913. This meant that the high-quality seasonal birds—that is, broilers and roasters—were represented during the next nine months by low-grade stock. The consuming public got tired of this poor poultry and refused to buy. The whole poultry industry, in general, had one of the worst years, commercially speaking, that it ever experienced. The following year commercial conditions were very different, due to a cold poultry-dressing season. Every effort was also made by a number of agents to insure good poultry reaching the market. The result was that poultry in excellent condition went into the warehouses and poultry in excellent condition came out. Prices were high and the poultry industry experienced one of its best years.

"This experience taught poultry shippers and dealers many useful lessons—with the result that to-day poultry is handled with an intelligence that has improved its quality all along the line. The cold-storage bird of to-day—dry-picked, dry-cooled and dry-packed—is a real delicacy and has remarkable keeping powers."

For one who has "kept chickens," and then finally reformed, a store sign bearing the simple legend, "Fancy Eggs, Eighty-two Cents," has a melancholy fascination. Lately I looked upon such a sign in a New York retail grocery and engaged in a brood of reflections upon the perverse way of hens, eggs and markets. The wind itself is not more wayward than the hen—the universal emblem of the spirit of contrariness. Yet this whimsical creature has a secure place in the affections of the people, because she is the author of a popular breakfast food—the most perfect piece of "package goods" ever put out. The meaty egg is not only the most delicious of foods but is the most perfectly protected from the despoiling and adulterating hand of man.

Doctor Pennington's Information

Probably there is no person in America who knows more about the egg of commerce in all its stages of perfection and imperfection than Dr. M. E. Pennington, the head of Uncle Sam's Food Research Laboratories in Philadelphia. Doctor Pennington has played the searchlight of scientific investigation upon all the dark secrets of the egg and the egg trade, and there is little in the lore of the hen and her relation to human nourishment and to the commerce of the United States that is not an open book to this authority, who says:

"What has happened to our egg crop? Certainly a whole lot! In the first place, the eggs laid last spring were not an excessive crop. Then the buying power of the country had risen and the demand for eggs was so great that, instead of the usual percentage of the spring lay going into storage, it went down the throats of the people. Apparently almost everybody in the country—man, woman and child—wanted two eggs for breakfast, could pay for them and got them. Anyhow, this was true of the average wage-worker who, before the war, was content to get one breakfast egg, say, three days a week.

"As a result, the fifty-four warehouses reporting stored eggs on August 1, 1916, when the storage stocks were highest, were nearly nine hundred thousand cases short as compared with the previous year. These fifty-four warehouses covered about sixty-eight per cent of the entire warehouse holdings of the United States. That meant a shortage of considerably more than a million cases of eggs in the whole country.

"Now the New York market reports on eggs show that the consumption in 1916 throughout the whole season was unusually heavy. From March 1, 1916, to October 1, 1916, New York used 320,829 more cases of eggs than it used during the same period in 1915. From March 1, 1916, to November 30, 1916, it increased this difference still further, using 331,794 cases of eggs in excess of the 1915 consumption. The same trend is noticed to an even greater extent in Chicago.

"About November 20, 1916, active trading showed that fancy varieties of early packings went, at wholesale, from 37 to 38½ cents a dozen. The reserve stock in Chicago, New York, Boston and Philadelphia was less during 1916 than any year since 1913. In Chicago, in 1913, storage eggs sold for from 29½ to 32½ cents wholesale, while fresh-gathered ranged from 31 to 37 cents. If the consumption of eggs continues at its present rate the visible reserve in the four centers mentioned must be exhausted before February 1, 1917. The trade output in New York for November, 1916, was about 91,500 cases weekly against 97,100 cases weekly in October, 1916, and 93,600 cases weekly in November, 1915.

"In 1914, sixteen million dozen eggs were exported; in 1916 twenty-six million dozen were exported.

"On November 29, 1916, in New York, 'fresh extra' wholesales were from 47 to 48 cents and the total receipts for the week were 29,716 cases. The receipts for the same week in 1915 were 39,799 cases. Prices in Worcester, Massachusetts, were 75 cents a dozen during Thanksgiving week. Near-by eggs in New York—the finest lots—ranged from 55 to 58 cents a dozen wholesale. The values of the greater part of the supply ranged from 45 to 55 cents, because many lots are mixed more or less with shrunken eggs. Near-by hennery browns are still very scarce, and a few buyers pay full prices for them when all new and of good size—say from 50 to 55 cents. Which means that on the New York market white eggs are very scarce, because the white egg ordinarily commands a big premium in New York, just as the brown egg commands a big premium in Boston."

This authority calls attention to the fact that the United States Department of Agriculture, Office of Markets, reports cold-storage holdings of eggs on December 1, 1916, in 238 cold storages as 2,103,869 cases as compared with 3,984,534 cases in 254 storages on November 1, 1916. The 193 storages that reported holdings on December 1, 1916, and December 1, 1915, also showed a present stock of 1,794,740 cases as compared with 2,787,802 cases in 1915, a difference of 993,062 cases, or 35.6 per cent.

Apparently there is plenty of reason why strictly fresh eggs have become almost precious.

The bloated pay envelopes of the wage-workers and the general business prosperity, resulting in greatly increased consumption, are sufficient causes.

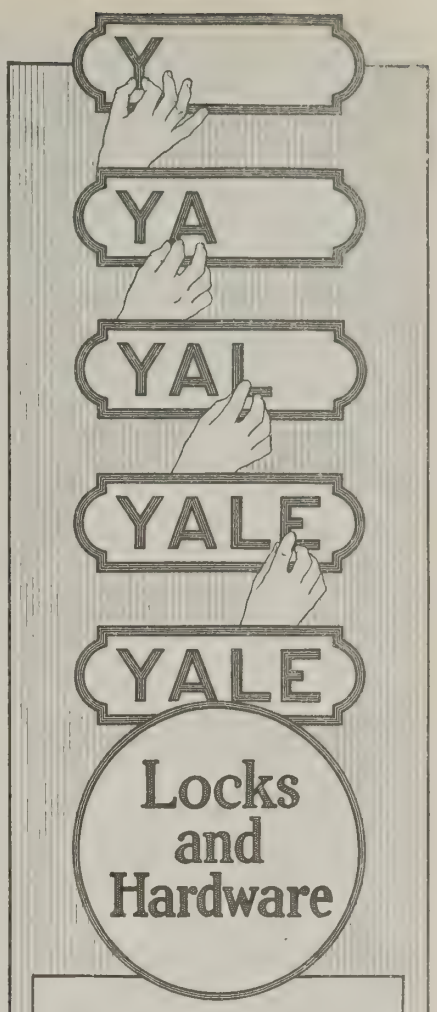
"Last spring," says Doctor Pennington, "was an unusually long, cold spring. The egg-storage man has a habit of storing eggs whenever the weather is cool. During the summer of 1916 he stored eggs much longer than usual. Had there not been the excessive demand for eggs, we should have had our usual storage stocks."

The Federal Egg Campaign

"The quality of the egg during the past year also increased enormously by the enforcement of the Federal food laws last summer in interstate commerce. A large number of Corn-Belt states, from Dakota to Tennessee, coöperated with the Federal officials to keep the rotten egg out of commerce. This means that the large supply of low-grade eggs, which ordinarily reaches the big consuming centers and which tends to keep prices as well as quality low, did not last year reach those centers, but was disposed of back in the country where it originated. One result was that the receivers in the large markets had fewer but much better eggs. One receiver in New York stated to me that he had saved seventy-five per cent of the usual loss due to hot weather. A shipper in the West says that, according to his observations, not more than twenty-five per cent of the low-grade eggs that ought to stay in the producing section were getting into commerce. These men were absolutely unknown to each other. The concordance in their statements, which were based on general trade observation alone, is striking.

"Undoubtedly the egg campaign waged by the food officials last summer operated to increase quality and to decrease the large numbers of low-grade eggs that come out of storage warehouses during the wintertime. That was the first season of the egg campaign, but it served to show the shippers that the Federal Government meant what it said about rotten eggs in interstate commerce, and that they must candle eggs and ship only good eggs if they proposed to stay in the business. Shipper upon shipper, at the close of the season, began to look round for egg-candling devices and egg-candling knowledge, and some method by which he could refrigerate his eggs as soon as they were brought in by the farmer, and so prevent the largest proportion of deterioration, which occurs between the receipt of the egg by the shipper and by the consumer. He will also educate the farmers to gather eggs more promptly and handle them better."

Of course the springtime—when the hen turns to thoughts of filling a nest for maternal purposes—is bound to bring a measure of relief, so that the man on the moderate salary may increase his breakfast portion of eggs, like the laborer in the steel mill. This help, however, will not be of normal volume, for the reason that high poultry prices and



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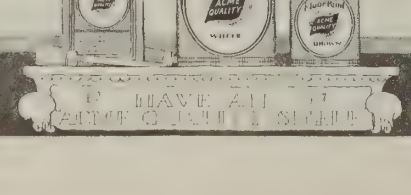
For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.



the high cost of chicken feed have caused thousands of henhouses to be swept comparatively clean of pullets which are ordinarily carried over for the spring egg harvest.

When we consider that no other country in the world is capable of producing so much "green stuff," and of spreading this supply so completely over the entire year, it must be admitted that we have developed the art of living out of a can to a high degree. The American people are immense consumers of canned foods; and when a calamity overtakes our crops which are logically destined for the cannery, the housewife of this country is sure to be heard from in protest.

To-day, however, the consumers of canned foods face a seeming contradiction of this statement. The calamity descended in full force upon the crops grown to be sealed in tin—and still, in thousands of stores throughout the whole country, the prices asked for foods in cans have not kept pace in price advance with the other necessities of the table.

In the line of contradictions it would be hard to find one of a commercial or economic character that is able to outrank this: In thousands of communities the retail grocer will sell you a can of corn, peas, tomatoes, or other "tinned" foods, at a lower price than you could buy that identical food, in a similar package, from the wholesaler if you took a carload or a trainload. In all probability this very thing is taking place in your own purchasing. If you are not buying at least some canned foods at a lower price for a can than they could be bought for on the wholesale market today, then your storekeeper does not do his business after the manner of the average retail grocer.

The explanation of this apparent anomaly is simple: The retail grocer generally contracts for his canned foods in advance from the wholesaler. If he has confidence in his own judgment and good financial standing, he will provide for all or most of his year's supply in this way by a "future" order. He expects the wholesaler to deliver a hundred per cent too. Generally he deals with a wholesaler who is substantial enough to do this, even when it involves a heavy loss. Retail grocers say that, as a rule, in the principal canned foods the larger wholesalers have kept close to their customary practice of delivering all their futures. With some articles, however, this has been impossible.

Canned Foods at Old Prices

Remember, there has been an immense shortage in all the most popular foods that are put into cans—with several of the most important the shortage has been close to one-half; also, in some of these foods there has been extensive export buying. Naturally the wholesale price has been pushed up to unprecedented points. Logically the retailers' price should have kept pace with the advance; but it hasn't—except when the retailer has stripped his shelves of cans of a certain food and has been compelled to get in a new supply on a current market basis. With the goods he bought on future, however, his attitude is quite commonly this:

"I've had to push up the price on so many things not contracted for in advance, but bought from hand to mouth, that I'm tired of explaining to disgruntled customers. Here's a chance to give them the benefit of a lucky stroke of buying ahead—and that's what I'm going to do as long as my stock of future-bought goods lasts."

Therefore, in thousands of instances the retailer is shoving cans of foods across his counter at a price for a can of several cents less than that food could be secured from the wholesaler or canner in carload lots. You may charge this to the timidity, the consideration, the shrewdness or the stupidity of the retailer—just as you please to put it; but the fact remains that, as a rule, he has not passed the advance in the price of canned foods over the counter to his customers. He is standing between the consumer and a market depleted by a short crop, an uncommon domestic demand and considerable buying for foreign nations.

Even on goods of this kind which he has been obliged to buy outside his fortunate future price he is not adding the normal margin, as a rule. The contrast between the price at which he is selling his contract stock of other canned foods and has been selling these identical goods would be too great, he thinks, to add even the profit—so he adds none. Besides, his competitor may have a few cans of the same food left from the original stock, and, therefore, this competition must be met.

It is interesting in this connection to raise the question of what has happened to the wholesale grocer and to the canner and "packer." Usually the contract or, rather, the future order by which the wholesaler agrees to deliver to the retailer a certain number of cases of canned foods within a specified time is positive, and constructed without any clause by which the wholesaler may escape in case of emergency.

The attitude of the large wholesale merchant is substantially this:

"I'm selling to a regular customer, whose trade I expect to keep from year to year. He buys not only canned foods from me but scores of other articles. Though my contract with the consumer says that in case of crop failure I shall receive my *pro-rata* share only, I can't pass this safety-first clause along to the retailer and furnish myself with a way of escape, because he would neither understand it nor stand for it. It's up to me to look out for myself when the price is made, and then take my medicine in case of trouble. He expects me to know what I'm about when I do my buying and to protect myself and him too. So I'm going to do it."

The Case of the Blushing Tomato

As a consequence more than one wholesale food merchant is filling futures in canned foods without profit, at a positive loss.

Not all wholesalers are doing this, however; probably by far the larger number of them are simply making their stock, secured from the canners under a *pro-rata* contract, go as far as possible in satisfying the future orders of their own customers, and then stopping there. At the same time there are large wholesalers who are delivering one hundred per cent on the future orders they have taken, regardless of the cost involved in "piecing out" short lines after their own deliveries from the canners have been exhausted.

Mr. Frank Gorrell, secretary of the National Canners' Association, who has a broad and intimate view of the whole field of canned foods, confesses that he is obliged to take the rôle of a kill-joy when looking into the future of this favorite source of American food supply. First, he points to the fact that the surplus left over from former stocks on the shelves of most of the wholesalers and retailers has practically been wiped out by the pressure of two years of phenomenally acute demands.

"Take the tomato as an example, because it is one of the most popular foods put into a can," says Mr. Gorrell. "The average pack in this country is about fifteen million cases. In the spring of 1915 it rained for two months straight, and then for the next two months there was practically no rain at all, and the heat was intense. The pollen was washed out of the blooms by the rain, and fertilization and fruitage were, therefore, far below normal. Consequently we had just about one-half a normal crop to put into the cans. Of course these destructive weather conditions cut down every kind of crop destined for a cannery. This shortage was felt very keenly, especially after the prosperity resulting from war orders began to show itself on the table of the American wage earner. These two causes acted as a vacuum cleaner in removing all the reserve from warehouses and shelves of the wholesalers and the retailers.

"When the crop of 1916 came in it was at least two million cases short of the average. This was in spite of the fact that every effort was made on the part of the canner to secure an uncommonly large crop.

"In the course of the 1916 packing season a new element entered into the situation: Either because Canada had a short tomato crop, or else because Canadian buyers were sent to secure a supply of canned tomatoes for the armies of the Entente Allies, buyers from the Dominion appeared in our markets and soon sent the price of spot goods up to $1.35, when futures were bringing about eighty cents. For several weeks these Canadian buyers had a standing offer of $1.35 a dozen for canned tomatoes up in all our principal markets. Naturally this brought our own wholesalers into the competition, with the result that the price went as high as $1.45. Undoubtedly this foreign buying was for the fighting men in the trenches, because it is a matter of common knowledge that the tomato is a striking

(Continued on Page 89)

Five Layers—Six Processes What It Means to You

NEPONSET Twin Shingles are made of five layers (six processes) pressed into a thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, moisture, frost; undecaying and unaffected by sparks or embers. Similar materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new. A roof of these shingles, when laid, being several times as thick, should last as long as the house. But wear is not all. Here are other facts:

Beauty The colors, form, size and slate-surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make as handsome a roof as it is possible to find. It has the look of slate, laid in substantial looking large slabs. Its soft green and red colors harmonize with any surroundings or architectural plan. You can be sure of eye-satisfaction.

Fire-Resistance On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmless. Most conflagrations spread from roof to roof. These shingles are a very great protection. They are approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Cost Notwithstanding their great beauty and durability, Neponset Twin Shingles belong in the class of economical roofings. Their uniform shape and double width halve cost of laying, because two shingles are really laid at a time; and also lessen cracks and nail holes.

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

(Patent applied for)

There are three types of Neponset Shingles for every requirement and purse.

For factories, warehouses, barns, etc., similar material is furnished in rolls. It is Neponset PAROID Roofing—a roofing that for service has been unchallenged for 18 years.

There are three types of Neponset Roll Roofing, meeting every requirement and pocket book.

See the Neponset dealer in your town. He can supply you with just the product you need—made and guaranteed by us.

Send for Free Booklet, "Repairing and Building"

It tells about the different Neponset Building Products.
NEPONSET Built-up Roof for Industrial plants.
NEPONSET Waterproof Building Papers.
NEPONSET Wall Board for cottages, attics, ceilings, in place of laths and plaster.
Lumber and hardware dealers sell Neponset Products.

BIRD & SON (Established 1795) 263 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass.
New York Chicago Washington Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ont.

Manufacturers of Neponset Floor Covering—sold by department and furniture stores everywhere. Also manufacturers of Special Waterproof Papers, Special Paper Boxes and Fibre Shipping Cases.

When Will You Displace Cruel, Time Wasting, Money Losing Horse Drawn Service and Use Smith Form-a-Truck?

Blinding storms, snow, icy streets and—down go the horses! One delay, one accident, may cause the loss of a valuable shipment or the death of a costly animal. And the money cost will be greater than you would pay for Smith Form-a-Truck.

Pays for Itself

Smith Form-a-Truck takes uncertainty out of hauling—takes high cost out of delivery—puts your hauling department on a profit-earning, time-saving basis that more than pays for your Smith Form-a-Truck equipment in the first few months of use.

Twice the Tonnage; 3 Times the Area

Smith Form-a-Truck hauling costs are lower than for any other form of service—accurate records show that one Smith, working the same number of hours as horses, will cover three times the area and haul twice the tonnage. Can you afford to delay installing this remarkable service in your delivery?

$8 Repairs in 4 Years

Smith Form-a-Truck service is reliable under every condition of work. The first Smith Form-a-Truck ever used has gone 20,000 miles—carried an average load of 2050 pounds and cost $8 for repairs in its four years of work. Where can you duplicate this record except in Smith Form-a-Truck itself?

Use These Power Plants

Smith Form-a-Truck combines with any Ford, Maxwell, Buick, Dodge Brothers, Chevrolet or Overland power plant. Makes a permanent, strongly built one-ton truck, fully guaranteed, with every feature of construction adding to endurance, long life, low cost and good speed of delivery.

Thousands of Users—352 Lines of Work

10,000 users of Smith Form-a-Truck in 352 lines of business all over the country are building new standards of motor truck efficiency and delivery economy in all their work. Equipments range from large fleets used by many of the biggest corporations to single units that are bringing a new idea of real service to small users.

$350

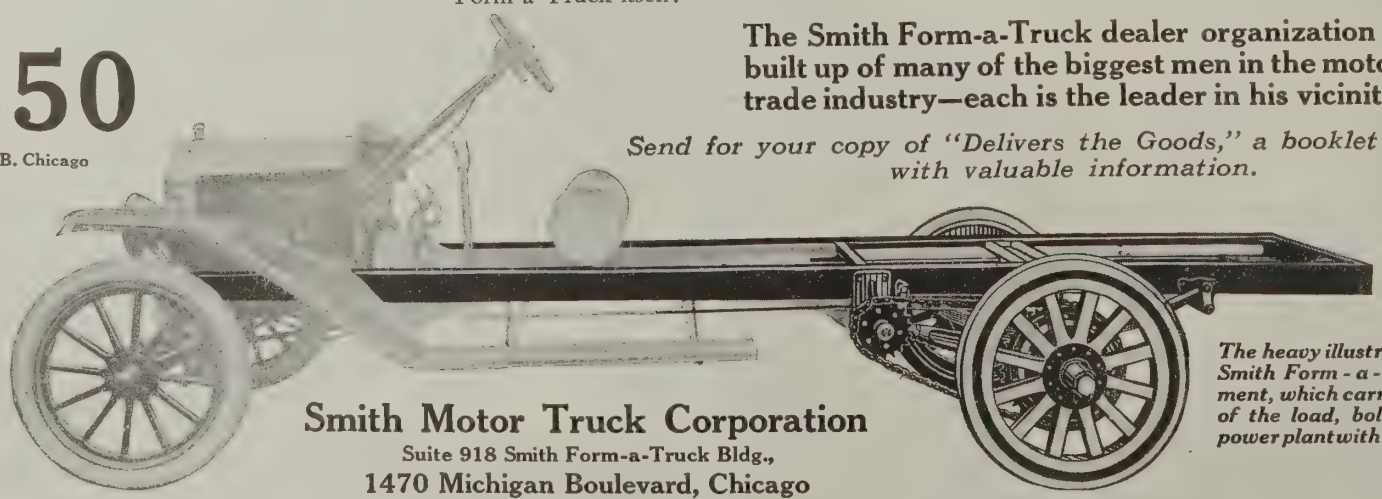
F. O. B. Chicago

The Smith Form-a-Truck dealer organization is built up of many of the biggest men in the motor trade industry—each is the leader in his vicinity.

Send for your copy of "Delivers the Goods," a booklet crammed with valuable information.

DEALERS

Our proposition to you is the biggest ever offered—get full details of our wonderful sales developing co-operation. Wire before it is too late.



The heavy illustration shows the Smith Form-a-Truck Attachment, which carries 90 per cent of the load, bolted to the car power plant with a vise-like grip.

Smith Motor Truck Corporation

Suite 918 Smith Form-a-Truck Bldg.,
1470 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

EASTERN BRANCH
1834 Broadway, New York

SOUTHERN BRANCH
120 Mariette Street, Atlanta

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH
Pico and Hill Sts., Los Angeles

KANSAS CITY BRANCH
1808 Grand Avenue

(Continued from Page 86)

discourager of scurvy, shingles and beriberi, and other disorders of a similar character that often assail men when they are herded together in large bodies.

"Of course these export orders were withdrawn after a few weeks; but they certainly put a stiff backbone into the market while they were here. Incidentally it should be remarked that the canners, or 'packers,' as we call them, who sold futures at the average price of eighty cents swapped dollars, and some of them were not even fortunate enough to get out on this basis.

"For one thing, the packer's labor and operating costs were considerably higher. Probably the average increase was not far from twenty-five per cent. Certainly in some localities where the canning industry is extensive the increase was much greater than this. His cans and his labels, like his labor, were decidedly more costly."

This authority declares that he has no consolation to offer the American housewife, so far as the future prices of canned foods are concerned. For cans in which to put the crop of 1917 the packer will be obliged to pay ten or twelve cents more a dozen.

Again, the agricultural situation, so far as the canner is concerned, is without precedent. Crops for canning are decidedly delicate and they also call for an immense amount of labor. From his 1916 experience the farmer knows full well that, so long as the European war continues, the wage of the hired hand is bound to bear a disagreeable resemblance to a king's ransom; and that in the most crucial moment of crop making and crop harvesting he is likely to find himself with insufficient help, even though he is willing to pay a reckless price for his labor.

With wheat at practically two dollars a bushel and with corn at close to a dollar a bushel, the farmer who has previously supplied canneries sees an easy way out of his difficulty through the growing of these crops, which are far less delicate and uncertain than those destined for the can. Especially in the case of wheat the amount of labor required would be extremely small compared with that of cultivating the same acreage of tomatoes, peas, beans or other canners' crops. Because high wheat and corn offer the farmer an easy way out, with less risk than he would run growing for the cannery, the packer sees plenty of trouble ahead, so far as securing anything like an adequate supply of raw materials is concerned.

"The future of the canning situation," comments Mr. Gorrell, "is about the most serious thing we have to consider to-day in the matter of foods. There is no question whatever that the price of all canned foods must be advanced very decidedly. There is no escape from this in view of the fact that it is morally certain that prices have increased fully thirty cents a dozen above 1915, and very likely more than that. Will the irresistible increase in cost put canned foods up to a price that will decrease consumption? That is a mighty big and vital question, and one which I cannot even attempt to answer."

The Increased Cost of Cans

"In this matter we are going to find ourselves in a situation where there are few precedents to serve as guideposts. Of course the answer to this question hinges on whether our wageworkers are going to continue to receive steady employment at high wages. The canner is now certain of only two things: That his costs are going to be immensely increased in 1917; and that when the labor reaction comes the question of his survival will depend very largely upon whether it catches him with a supply of goods on hand.

"I do not know of one canner, who is substantial and has a good standing, who is now willing to name a price at which he will furnish goods in the season of 1917. He looks at the price of tin plate—six dollars and a half as compared with twoxty for the season of 1915—reflects for a moment upon the increased cost of labor, of labels, and the inclination of growers for the canners to go into grain raising, and then concludes that he is going to feel his way very cautiously this year. Why, it is almost impossible for the canners to buy tin plate at all to-day. I am told that no tin-plate manufacturer will guarantee deliveries after July. Bessemer steel has gone up out of sight in price. Bessemer is the basis of tin plate, and not long ago it was obtainable at fifty dollars a ton, as against about a hundred and twenty now. Tin—the pure stuff—has kept pace with this advance; in fact, we are really at the mercy of the British Government for our tin and must take what it chooses to allow us to have.

"As for the price of canned foods for the immediate future, there is not a single crumb of comfort to offer the consumer. As a general rule, thus far the merchants—both wholesale and retail—have been holding the bag for him and have not passed the price increase over the counter to him. This is especially true of the retailers, and they should have the credit for it."

When it was suggested to this authority that the public was inclined to the opinion that there had been a large volume of speculation in canned foods, he answered:

"Undoubtedly there was some speculation in tomatoes in 1915; but I do not know of any speculative buying in 1916—and it would naturally have come to my knowledge if it had existed. It is important for the consumer to appreciate the fact that the attitude of the canner is naturally against speculation in his products. The reason for this is entirely simple—the speculator stimulates a false demand and confuses the market. Again, when it comes to selling he is a demoralizing factor. The selling of legitimate futures to wholesalers, who, in turn, sell futures to their customers, is absolutely necessary and the only practical system by which the demands of the consumer may be met."

The Part of the Speculator

"This, it seems to me, should not be called speculation. Speculation occurs when a man who has not a clientèle which depends upon him year after year for its supply of canned foods jumps into the market, buys a big lot of goods, and puts them away in a warehouse until he thinks the psychological moment for dumping them has come. Then, instead of dealing them out to an established trade, which will forward them along on their way to consumers, these goods hit the market with a dead weight; and the result of the blow is bad for the whole canned-food industry from start to finish. For this reason the canners are strongly opposed to the speculator. I do not know of a single high-class canner who will sell goods to a speculator if he knows it.

"I know of a man, for example, who decided a few years ago that tomatoes offered a good chance for speculation. He had plenty of capital and could pay cash for all he could buy. He received the jolt of his life when he took his money into the market and could not buy the big block of goods he was after. There is no 'Welcome' on the doormat of canned-food industry for the speculator; his confusion and unsettling influence are not wanted there."

Remember, the tomato has been taken merely as a type of all canned foods in the vegetable and fruit lines. The destructive weather conditions which cut down the tomato crop devastated all other crops intended for the cannery, and in some cases wrought a havoc greater than that which reduced the tomato production of 1916 to about fifty per cent.

There may be an optimistic consumer who is inclined to suggest that, as fish do not grow from the soil and are not influenced by either excessive drought or rainfall, the tin can containing salmon ought to afford a cheering exception to the general atmosphere of gloom. But the answer is that it does not. According to the authorities the salmon pack of 1916 was just about one-third short of what it should have been. The one ray of consolation in sight is that the big run of salmon is due this year. In other words, the sockeye salmon runs every four years, and the last run was in 1913.

The baked bean is one of the most popular of canned foods, and Nature was just as unkind to the bean crop in 1916 as to all the other cannery crops; and in addition to this there has been an immense exportation of dry beans to the fighting men in the trenches. The navy bean in its natural dry state is a very condensed and extremely portable food, and for this reason export demand has been almost insatiable; and beans normally bringing a few cents above two dollars in Michigan can now command about six dollars. One country grocer went behind his counter and brought out a quart sack of navy beans, took out a handful and, as he poured them back into the sack, remarked:

"At the present price they are something like pearls! At the beginning of the season I placed a future order with a wholesale

Nick and Pull!

See the point?

With a Blaisdell pencil just "nick" the narrow strip of paper between perforations and "pull." Your pencil is sharpened, quick as a wink and clean as a whistle. No time nor lead is wasted by whittling. No soiled hands nor littered floor.

And *such* pencil satisfaction!

The perfectly balanced, friendly "feel" of the Blaisdell makes writing a joy. With minimum pressure the Blaisdell writes clearly and wears slowly. Superior, gritless leads mean quicker, cleaner work, and happier workers.

"Nick" and "Pull" will work for you and pay you well for the privilege.

"Nick" and "Pull" are efficiency experts—they guarantee better pencil service at lower pencil cost. They are eliminating fuss and muss, and are saving money, for millions of Blaisdell users. *Why not you?*

Blaisdell Guarantees PENCIL Satisfaction

Are the world's largest pencil buyers all wrong?

"Nick" and "Pull" are cutting down pencil costs for practically every large business house in America. Here are a few large users of Blaisdells:

United States Steel Corporation
Pennsylvania Railroad Company
Ford Motor Car Company
American Tobacco Company
Westinghouse Electric Company
Bell Telephone Company of Penna.
Western Union Telegraph Company
New York Central Railroad
William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Company
Bradstreet Company
New York World
duPont Powder Company
Standard Oil Company
General Electric Company
United States Navy
Carnegie Steel Corporation
City of New York
City of Chicago
Prudential Life Insurance Company
State of Pennsylvania
New York Life Insurance Company
Chicago Tribune

You can profit by *their* experience—*use Blaisdells.*

The Blaisdell line is complete—there's a Blaisdell technically and practically perfect for every pencil purpose. Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra Thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's, Railroad, etc. All standard grades and degrees of hardness.

Blaisdell pencils are guaranteed to have perfect leads of highest quality and to be satisfactory in every way. Any defective or unsatisfactory pencils will be replaced, or are exchangeable, through your supply house or direct, for cash at full purchase price.

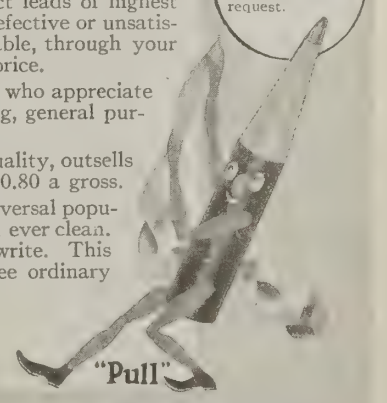
Blaisdell 202, with eraser tip, is specified by all who appreciate a superior, long-wearing, ever-ready, smooth-writing, general purpose pencil. 60c a dozen, $6.00 a gross.

Blaisdell 151, blue pencil, leads the world in quality, outsells all other blue pencils combined. $1.10 a dozen, $10.80 a gross.

Blaisdell's spun glass Ink Eraser has earned universal popularity. "Nick" and "Pull" keep it ever ready and ever clean. Takes out blots in a jiffy. A delight to all who write. This perfect all-purpose ink eraser at 10c outlasts three ordinary erasers.

Let "Nick" and "Pull" go to work for you TODAY. Your stationer sells and recommends Blaisdell pencils.

FREE SAMPLE
Hardware Pencil No. 795, marks on metal, sent to hardware men on request.



Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA

And What *Is* Good Tobacco?

That may be largely a matter of opinion, but how does this strike *you?*

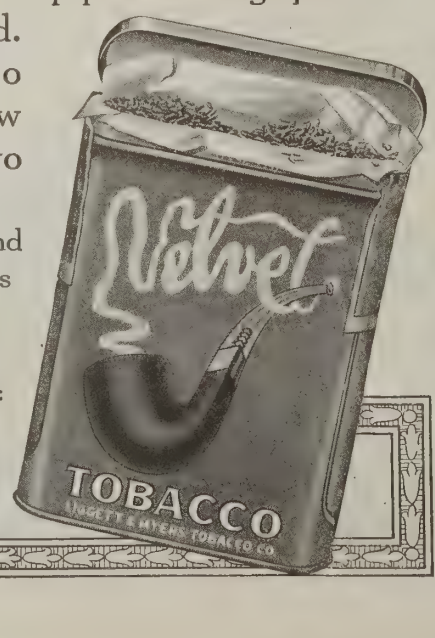
A cool, slow-burning tobacco. A tobacco mild enough to be smoked pipeful after pipeful, yet not "tastelessly" mild. A tobacco smooth and *mellow.*

Well, *that* is VELVET.

To begin with, VELVET is the choicest tobacco from Kentucky. And pipe smokers of long standing agree that Kentucky tobacco has more all around good pipe smoking qualities than any other kind.

Kentucky tobacco reaches its full, mellow maturity only after two years' ageing.

VELVET is mellowed and matured *naturally* for not less than two years.



Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins 5c Metal-lined Bags

One Pound Glass Humidors

house for a large quantity of navy beans. The other day this quart sack came, with the information that it was my *pro rata* from the stock in the hands of the wholesale house with which my order had been placed."

The family milk bottle has by no means been immune from the fearsome attacks of the H. C. of L.; in fact, everything in the food line for which the cow is responsible has suffered a boost of price well calculated to make children shudder and household providers hide on the first of the month. With the ordinary milk of commerce selling for nine cents a quart in the city and eight cents in country towns, it is evident that something has happened in the cow stable as well as in the tomato, the potato, the wheat and the corn field, and on the cattle range.

The high cost of living for the cow is no mere figure of speech. The writer happens to live where spotted Holsteins are the prevailing landscape decorations and the menu of the milking herd is a standard and exciting topic of conversation. Just now a mention, for example, of the feeding grains is enough to drive a dairy farmer to strong language. Thirty-six dollars a ton! And when he buys he invariably remarks that it seems only yesterday when twenty-four dollars was a top price for this bovine breakfast food.

The Sensitive Milk Market

Brewers' grains that brought twenty-four dollars a ton in 1914 are now costing the farmers of Kane County, Illinois, about thirty-three; and wheat middlings have advanced at least nine dollars a ton since the war began. Certainly this should be sufficient to suggest why the nation's milk, butter and cheese bill has become swollen to its present sensational proportions. So far as diligent inquiry is able to reveal, there are no two dairy farmers in America who are agreed upon how much it costs to produce a quart of milk, with feed at the present prices. One farmer, who keeps careful records and is an able manager, is able to show by his books that it cost him, as a year's average, an invisible fraction of a penny less than five cents a quart to make milk when he bought brewers' grains for winter feeding at twenty-six dollars a ton.

Probably there is no other food necessity that responds more sensitively to a change in general financial and labor conditions than does milk. When times begin to tighten a very large body of consumers cut their allowance of milk in half, making a pint serve where they formerly used a quart. This is the statement of the largest milk retailing concern in America. This means that in the period of the fat pay envelope and the munitions orders from warring Europe the pressure of domestic demand has been beyond all precedent. Though the volume of this demand has been immense, it by no means represents all the pressure that has been put upon the American milk bottle. The call for canned milk for the fighting men in the trenches has been loud and insistent. The president of one company puts it this way:

"Right now there is a demand from Europe for half a million cases of condensed milk—most of it for army use. Exports have, of course, been very heavy."

One of the keenest observers of the American butter market is Mr. William Taber, of the New York Price Current, who makes this interesting comment:

"The butter industry of this country is constantly following the advice of Horace Greeley and the Star of Empire, and moving westward. To-day we get very little butter from New York State. Practically all of this supply comes from the Middle West and the Far West. Last week, for example, we had five carloads of butter here from California, and it was as good and golden as the state from which it came. Colorado, Idaho and Montana are fast joining the ranks of the commonwealths that contribute butter for Manhattan's bread. In 1915 forty-five new creameries were started in Montana.

"When the American wageworker is getting good money, and getting it regularly, he wants to see a good share of it on his table; and he is especially inclined to celebrate his prosperity by spreading yellow butter over his bread. Consequently in our present period of the loaded pay envelope the pressure of increased home consumption has been keenly felt in the butter market. This led to a most interesting development—the determination of how high a price we shall pay, at a time of high-tide prosperity, for good creamery butter.

"I have been watching this market for thirty-nine years and have never before known butter to reach forty-two cents and a half before the break came. Then it fell five cents in seven days. Literally hundreds of stores took out licenses to sell oleomargarine and butterine; and this sudden stampede to the standard of the butter substitutes signalized the fact that the point had been reached at which the consumer would not stand for another cent of increase. This breaking point in butter has often been determined before, but it has never been at so high a price as that recently found by the prosperity test of 1916.

"Before the outbreak of the European war we were importing Danish butter of wonderful quality. To-day England is coming to the United States for butter. For example, between the first of September and the latter part of December, 1916, we sent 235,000 tubs of butter, averaging sixty pounds to the tub, across the water from this port. Large quantities have also gone out from Boston, St. John's and Montreal. In short, we have exported more than 23,000,000 pounds of butter inside of three and a half months.

"On December 1, 1916, the volume of butter in fifty-four associated warehouses was 52,586,000 pounds, or more than nine million pounds short of the previous year's reserve on that date.

"Is it any wonder, in view of all these facts, that butter, in big lots, reached the record price of forty-two and a half cents? This seems almost unbelievable, however, when I recall a period at which, for ten consecutive weeks, the price of the finest creamery butter in this market stuck at fifteen cents a pound. This means that the farmer received only eleven or twelve cents a pound for his product. As a rule, the jobber to-day takes a toll of about two cents or two and a half cents a pound for his service and investment in distributing to the retailer, who, in turn, adds four or five cents for his labor and investment. These margins appear to me to be entirely reasonable."

The Sugar Situation

The whole story of the sugar situation may be suggested by the statement that Europe has made continued and heavy raids upon the American sugar barrel. Our average annual export of refined sugar for the years 1907 to 1913 inclusive was 31,910 short tons. In the calendar year 1914 the United States' export of refined sugar amounted to 195,205 tons; in 1915 it amounted to 481,669 tons; and in 1916 the Department of Commerce estimates that 800,000 tons of refined sugar were exported from this country. In 1907 the United States consumed 3,353,256 short tons of sugar and exported 11,662 tons—that is, we exported but 0.35 per cent of the amount of sugar we consumed. In 1916 the United States consumed 4,097,741 short tons and exported 800,000.

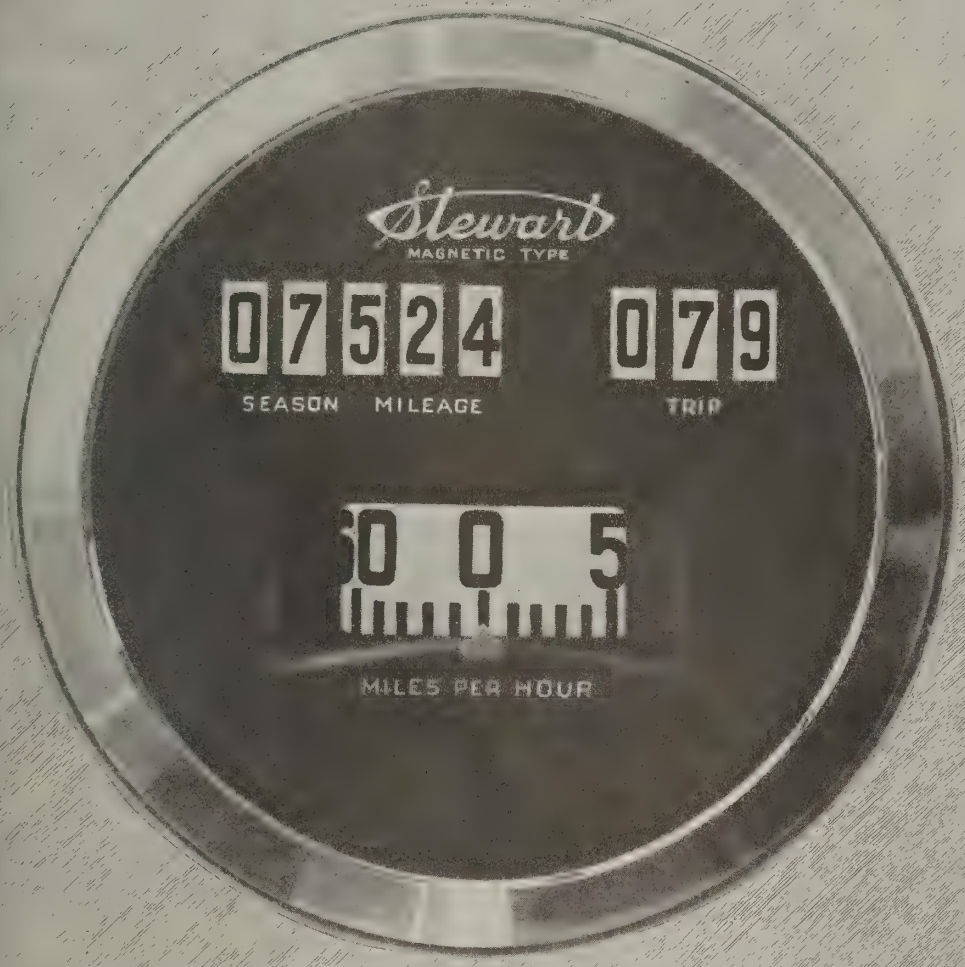
When we analyze the figures which show that in 1916 we exported twenty-five hundred per cent more sugar than the annual average of seven years prior to the outbreak of the war, we cannot fail to realize that this large increase in our exports must necessarily increase the price of sugar to the American consumer.

Before the outbreak of war in Europe about one-half the world's production of sugar, exclusive of India, was derived from beets. The world's crop of beet sugar is produced almost exclusively in Europe and the United States. The leading European countries engaged in the production of beet sugar are Germany, Russia, Austria Hungary, France, Belgium, Holland and Italy. Cut off by the war from 73.5 per cent of her annual sugar supply, England turned to the nearest available market New York City, to supply this deficit. Within a few days British buyers raised the world's market price of sugar three cents a pound and bought almost two hundred million pounds of raw and refined sugar.

As a consequence of this action on the part of Great Britain the New York wholesale price of sugar rose from $4.16 a hundredweight on July 30, 1914, to $7.35 a hundredweight on August twentieth, an increase of more than three cents a pound in three weeks. Early in October, however, England began to withdraw from the buying market and the wholesale price declined until, in December, it dropped to $4.75 a hundredweight—only a little higher than the average normal price.

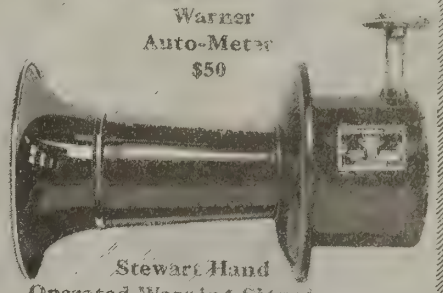
Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Crissey.

Stewart Products

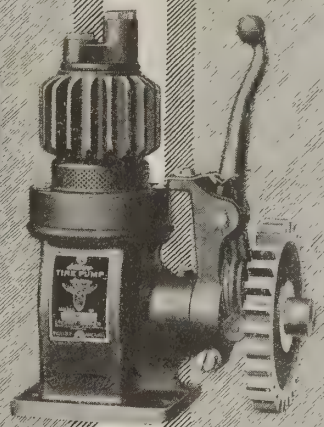


Stewart
V-Ray Spark Plug
$1

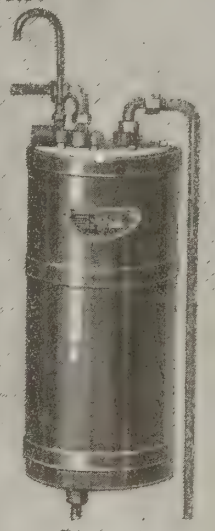
Warner
Auto-Meter
$50



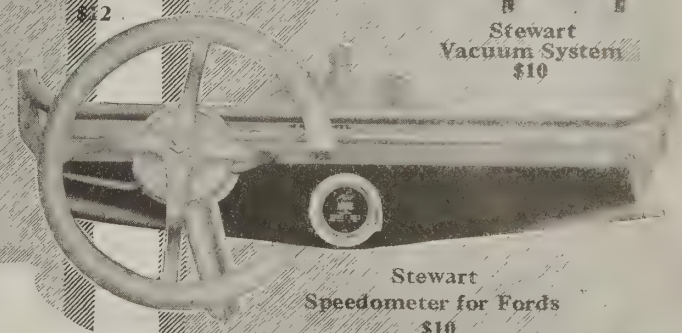
Stewart Hand
Operated Warning Signal
$3.50



Stewart
Tire Pump
$12



Stewart
Vacuum System
$10



Stewart
Speedometer for Fords
$10

We Have 95 Per Cent of the Business

Innovations come in the Speedometer business—and innovations go.

And through the haze of new ideas, new schemes, and new failures, the wonderful success of the Stewart Speedometer is even more conspicuous than ever.

Today the Stewart Speedometer is used as standard equipment by over 95% of the car manufacturers. And this—in spite of the fact that the Stewart is the most expensive speedometer built.

No other automobile accessory has ever received so unanimous an endorsement.

Motorists have learned the value of having the best equipment on their cars. They have found it worth while to be protected by Stewart workmanship, Stewart quality and Stewart nation-wide service.

Take the Stewart Vacuum System—*the* system that insures a smooth, positive flow of gas to the carburetor. It is now used on over 70% of all makes of cars and will soon be on every car built.

The Stewart Tire Pump is also standard equipment on many well known cars. And thousands are sold each week to individual car owners. It does away with that laborious, back-breaking work of pumping by hand, and makes it easy to keep tires properly inflated.

Stewart Warning Signals—motor-driven or hand-operated—are the best known and most used signals on the market. They are absolutely dependable—always ready to warn with loud piercing commands. They have no superiors in finish and appearance.

The Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug—the newest Stewart Product—is already in great demand. Its four sparking points mean four times longer life and a big, fat spark under conditions that would put ordinary plugs completely out of business.

The Stewart Speedometer for Fords is the most popular of the many Ford accessories now built. It costs $10—or mounted in a handsome special cowlboard of enameled steel—$11.25.

Such successes cannot be excelled in any line of business. Each Stewart product has won instant popularity on its own merits.

Insist upon having Stewart Products on the next car you buy.

Stewart Products are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A.

Quality Without Extravagance

LIKE two railroad trains—both all-steel, modern, all-Pullman, running over the same roadbed, the same rails, under the same safety and efficiency. The National Twelve is an extra fare train with slight advantage in speed. A difference in power is there, but not enough to affect the popularity of either. The Six is a highly developed, wonderfully quiet, flexible, smooth riding car of sumptuous accommodations.

The Twelve, if you want a greater volume of power and the fun of taking the "extra-fare-Pullman."

Equal in style—same wheel base—same wonderful new bodies—same endurance—same easy riding—both typical National quality—in fact, identical throughout with exception of the motors.

Six Motor—303 cubic inches, 56 horsepower. Twelve Motor—370 cubic inches, 77 horsepower. Both cars 128-inch wheelbase.

National Highway Sixes and Twelves will out-perform and out-demonstrate any other team of motors on the market today.

IT is a *permanent* pleasure to spend the cost price of a National "Highway." After the first flush of having the new car delivered to your home, there are no after-regrets; no doubt about the wisdom of your choice; no wondering if you suffer in comparison to your motoring friends.

Mother and daughter cannot ask for more beauty, luxury or social prestige; the son cannot ask for more power, speed and thoroughbredness; while for father who pays, it is endless satisfaction not to have over-spent. Even more important is the conviction that grows the longer he drives his National that it was cash-wisdom not to *under-spend.*

Furnished in Touring Car, Four Passenger Roadster, Phaeton, Coupé and Touring Sedan, in both Six and Twelve Cylinder Models

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THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

(Continued from Page 25)

We were off, plying the oars like madmen. A choppy sea swelled under us; we were soon wet through. From time to time Sturgis turned to catch again the direction of the chase.

"He's turning the point," he said; "going beyond the dunes. The tide will be horsing it again in half an hour. Now—take purchase."

Again we bent to it, and after much buffeting rounded the Horn—so we referred to the outermost dune.

"There he is," said Sturgis, standing up in the boat. "His engine has stopped—he is nearly aground."

The Fra Diavolo had blown broadside toward the dunes.

"Why, he's not in her!" I shouted.

"Have your gun handy," returned Sturgis. "He knows he is pursued. He may be crouching in the bottom. Look out for him—I believe he is deadlier than a king cobra."

I drew out my revolver—a present from the county. Sturgis took a few more strokes with the oars, and in loud tones I called upon Mr. James Smith to surrender his person.

There was no answer from the Fra Diavolo. If he were still aboard he must be lying flat in the bottom of her. Again I shouted to him that he must give himself up. But on the heels of that Sturgis struck his oar against some half-submerged object in the water. He cried out, breathlessly, and I had an instant's vision of the thing as it slid off the blade of the oar. It was the head of Mr. James Smith's scarlet puppet.

Sturgis threw down his oars and brought the thing in dripping, with a piece of kelp clinging to it.

"Fool—fool that I was," cried Sturgis, staring at that hideous chalk-white face, which he clutched in both hands. "Why didn't I examine this mechanism before we let him take it! But who could have foreseen that he would slip away like this? Look for the rest of the body."

We looked in vain. The thing was neither on the surface of the water nor in the Fra Diavolo. That boat we found empty; more, we found the flywheel gone, unshipped and flung overboard, of course.

"Sunk with the manikin," muttered Sturgis in a gloomy voice. "We shall never get to the bottom of this now."

"The man has drowned himself!" I cried, astonished.

"I don't know," returned the boatman. He pointed to the dunes in a terror-stricken way. "He may have gone ashore. Be quick! I am in a terrible predicament for certain."

The boatman was as white as the head which he still held twisted in his nervous fingers. He looked hauntedly at the empty sea, at the great dunes shining under the moon, at the motor boat rolling in the trough of the sea.

"Put her nose in the sand," he cried.

We grounded a moment later, towing the Fra Diavolo, and shoved both boats high up on the beach. The tide was at the slack, and there was a wide margin of wet sand on which the surf pounded and lashed out traces of footsteps in a twinkling. The dry sand beyond was so soft as not to take a definite imprint. Nevertheless, on impulse we began to run in opposite directions along the shore; but we saw no track of our quarry, and presently came together again.

The wind was coming in heavier and heavier gusts, with a great thrashing sound among the sea goldenrod as it came breezing through the lowermost ravine. Particles of sand were driven into our faces with stinging force. Wrathful by reason of this, we loped back and forth, like hounds fairly off the scent.

"Let us strike inland," panted Sturgis. "That is a chance at least, and better than standing here like fools."

"As you please," I said. "You seem to have made a great fool of me already."

"It is a long story," he said over his shoulder, beginning to run.

"And a tall fool, no doubt," I said viciously, plowing up the sand in his wake.

We ran first up a great seaward slope of marvelously sifted sand, quite free of shell particles and gravel and very yielding to the foot. Reaching the summit, we saw far to the left the white columns of the Craigenside house, and the rough blue surface of the river, flecked with white caps under a sky perfectly clear and at the same time stormy with wind. At our feet the leading features of the dunes lay spread, obscured and made a whirling ground for miniature sandspouts which moved off the tossing crests in rapid succession. The lines of the dunes, however, when we could see them plainly between these assaults of the sand, had the distinctness to be expected of their barren bulk, and so the shadows cast by them were sharp and black and of the weirdest possible design. From this vantage point those sphinxlike eminences seemed to have been deluged in a sea of ink. With their long ravines, odd distorted shoulders and fissurelike cavities, they lay at our feet like the shining ghost of Arizona bad lands.

"The jig is up," Sturgis said despairingly. "Even if he came ashore, we two shall never find him here alone."

He pointed a shaking finger at the three major folds or convolutions in the sandhills, where lone vegetation had found sufficient holdfast to thrive. In these folds three separate forests had established themselves, growths of pine, poplar, birch and scrub oak, which had thrust down their roots here through many generations with the automatic tenacity of things doomed to periodic extinction. These trees, where they were still normally above the sand tide, stood in shallow bogs or lagoons. The water glimmered among their dark boles scarcely ever ruffled, for they served as a windbreak; and the presence of this water anchored to some extent the sand below it. But nothing could permanently check the onward march of the dunes. The sand action had before now made itself felt on woods as thick as these and destroyed children of its own nourishing, throttled them by rising gradually so as to girdle them high up the trunk and rot the bark away. The pine needles to be seen here were for the most part red, the cones black and shriveled; scarcely anywhere was healthy growth to be observed. The prematurely devastated boughs served as vast rookeries for herons, cranes and crows, which were dislodged in raucous thousands at the first step of the intruder.

The trees were in three typical situations: Those still rising to a good height out of the protective film of water; those which by the resistless swelling of the sand had been almost wholly buried, their blasted tips alone remaining to show the process of suffocation which had gone on below; and finally, those which had emerged, in places where the wave had passed, revealing, as the bones of a once-living vegetation, regiments of ghastly rotted stumps with foreshortened limbs crazily gesticulating. The first would still afford a very tolerable shelter, and nothing but an energetic posse would suffice to run to cover any quarry which had sought concealment amid the damp glooms of its complaining rookeries.

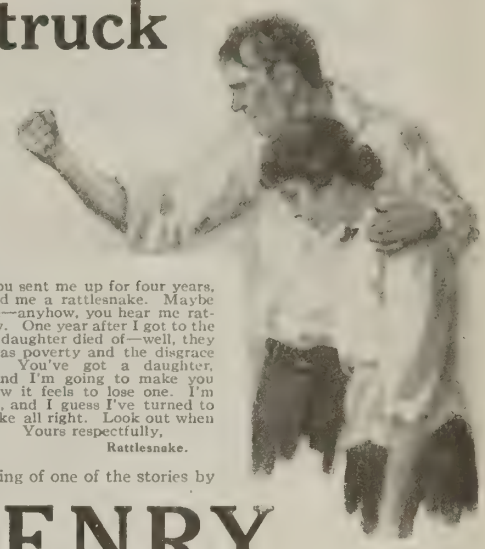
"He has slipped through our fingers pretty handily," said Sturgis, pausing with something like a sob in his throat. "I am at my wit's end, I tell you. I don't know which way to turn. Going it blind, we are certain to betray ourselves to him."

"Still, there is no help for that," I said. "Suppose we take a line for the lighthouse, and trust to blundering on him in one of these hollows."

My extraordinary boatman groaned "As you say," and began to run forward at a breakneck pace, through a tangle of straggling vines, now crashing through dense growths of sea goldenrod, and again running on sheltered white flanks of the purest sand without vegetable features of any sort. Here the impress of the wind was plainly discernible; its revelries were stamped in flowing lines expressive of untrammeled speed, like mænadic lines of streaming hair. In places, too, the action of the fierce rains, which from time to time drove across the dunes, was visible. These rains, rushing in freshets from the tops of the dunes, had sifted out the sands, and evolved long bronze striations running toward the pools which lay between them. In calm weather these pools lay like flashing mirrors; the sand, dark and damp at their edges, by insensible shadings growing white near the rim of the bowl which contained them. At each instant I expected we were to come within striking distance of that sinister figure, brought to bay at last; but always I was disappointed.

"It's no good," said Sturgis, pulling up at length. "He must have drowned himself after all. And yet—I wish I could be sure of that. I tell you, Weymouth, I am

When the Rattlesnake Struck



Judge!
When you sent me up for four years, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike. Yours respectfully,
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in an ugly fix; and you, too, for that matter, by my fault."

The creaking limbs of a choked pine threw down shadows on our faces; our own shadows went streaming out across a patch of billowing whiteness at our feet.

He looked about him warily. We were in an angle sheltered from the wind, but the sand still hissed on the crests of dunes and rose in tawny plumes against the pale night sky.

"Well," I said, "what is this mystery? We have evidently hunted a man to his death; and if he has drowned himself, that is evidence enough of guilt. But in God's name, then, in what did this guilt consist? Why did you let him go, only to close with him again? The thing he threw in the river was certainly of straw."

"Was it so certainly?" said Sturgis.

He passed a hand across his face. We stood motionless, confronting each other, and the moon floating over those dunes seemed as large as a washtub.

"Was there nothing strange about this business?" he demanded, facing me with his legs well apart and his arms folded. Our situation by night among those rival dunes made his low voice portentous. His smoky eyes were full of smoldering blue fire. The student, the dreamer, was at last awake. He appeared shaken to the heart and yet absolutely certain of himself.

"The agitation of that girl—was this nothing? I turned several times in my seat to watch her. You were beside her. Had she the look of a woman watching a thing of straw?"

I sank my fingers in his shoulder.

"Do you know," I cried, "the words that fell from her lips when the lid to that infernal box was removed? 'It is he!'"

"'It is he!'" breathed Sturgis exultantly. "This makes for certainty. 'It is he!' Who, we do not know; but at any rate a living man. She saw in that ghastly countenance the features she instinctively recognized—the partner of Smith; and we know that she thought herself in deadly peril from that fellow."

"But—man alive—the puppet! You have fished it out yourself. What remained for us to do? What possible alternative——"

"I tell you frankly I do not know," said Sturgis in a somber voice. "We ought to have examined the mechanism, of course. We might have ascertained in a few minutes whether that thing could be worked—I mean, whether it was even plausible. It may have had no works at all inside it. I was naturally in a hurry."

He hit his forehead sharply with the back of his hand.

"There is some deeper and darker solution to this business than we have any notion of as yet. Deep below deep. It is conceived with the infernal cunning and with the deep simplicity of a mind essentially Oriental in its nature—a man that lays hold of the fantastic to mystify and to befog the issue. As soon as I saw that this chap to-night was our ornithologist, and no other, I was on my guard at once. I watched the face of that manikin like a hawk, because I knew that under the influence of hypnotic suggestion the features would be absolutely rigid. You might have thrown a double fistful of cayenne into the thing's face, and, assuming it to have been a man in a trance, it would not have so much as blinked."

"And yet ——"

"Wait!" said Sturgis. "My fascination got the better of me, do you see? when I saw the deadly interest that dark woman behind me took in the performance. It seemed to me that we had something here beyond common—I couldn't guess what. Now I had been playing with a little penknife. On impulse—— Well, as the thing passed me in the aisle I jabbed it in the leg."

I gasped.

"You jabbed it? With what result?"

"Not a quiver. Not the slightest expression of pain."

"You see? Damn it ——"

"But when I drew back the knife *there was blood on the blade.*"

He held out to me a small penknife with the blade open. There was a dark stain on the tip. Ice was in my veins then. I stared stupidly at my companion.

"Blood? Blood? Then it was a man?"

"What were the words of the girl? She cried out 'It is he!'" said Sturgis. "Now I come to another point: That girl, you notice, didn't follow you to your confounded lunch counter. She followed Fuller and me in her canoe. I was not aware of this until just as I was pulling that scarlet mockery out of the water at Hodder's Point. She came out of shadow like a flash, and cried, 'Is he dead, then?' And I never want to hear more despair in any human voice. 'Dead?' I said to her. 'Yes, dead enough. It's made of straw.' I held it out to her, and I tell you she was as genuinely amazed as any of us. Up to this point she had known something—she had the advantage of us; but this puppet threw her off the scent entirely. She gave me a wild sort of stare, and said 'Why, so it is.' Then she turned the head of the canoe toward the Craigensides' pier."

We stared at one another.

"I'm a scared man," said Sturgis in a trembling voice. "I ought to have spoken of this. I ought to have warned you not to let him go."

"You had," I rejoined grimly.

"But I wanted to see," pleaded Sturgis, "where he was going—what he would do if he thought the shadow of suspicion lifted. It didn't seem possible that he could streak out of our clutch like that. I never gave that motor boat a thought."

"Well, the horse is out of the stable," I said. "And here's another thing: Having arrested him in the name of the Commonwealth, I had no right to let him go. You understand that, I suppose. It would take a court order to free him legally. I shall be facing a serious charge when this transaction comes to light."

"Still, he must have drowned himself."

I came closer.

"Sturgis, do you think for one instant that that fat jellyfish has thrown himself overboard?"

"I do not," he replied, lighting a cigarette with shaking hand.

"Nor I."

"Then he must be here."

"We have failed to find him."

"Perhaps he was met off the horn in another boat."

"A submarine then. The coast was clear when we came on the scene. There hadn't been time for the fastest power boat to disappear."

Sturgis looked toward the jagged cliffs beyond the dunes.

"He has dodged us through these sand cracks," he said. "And now I suppose we have got to set half the county on him to root him out."

His eyes fell on a black bulk rising against the white line of the dune.

"What is that thing?" he whispered.

"The tomb of the Craigensides."

"Ah! That old devil in his tomb may be behind all this. I bet you this affair had that old ghost anchorage fairly at the bottom of it."

He glared at the house, whose white pediment rose over the shoulder of the dune. I turned my head in time to see that flock of fat gulls pass over the roof of the house, shrieking. I thought it strange that they should fly by night, and I fancied I saw at their head that grisly bird with the loop of black cord hanging from its neck.

That crimson knife end was too much for self-constituted detectives to carry on their consciences. On the following morning we made a clean breast of the matter to the authorities at Dockport; and in the afternoon a slim, clean-shaven little man presented himself, with a card from the county attorney. The name of our detective was Hawley.

"Young men," he said, twinkling, "I don't mind telling you that you are in bad odor at headquarters on account of this delay in notification. You let the fellow slip, I understand, under the Cat and Mouse Act—intended to nab him right away again, of course."

"Of course," assented Sturgis with a gloomy brow.

"Excess of zeal—what? Excess of zeal."

Sturgis began to explain, but our gentleman waved his hand.

"The facts," he said; "first and before everything, the facts. Have a conscience for the facts."

So we told him the facts. As he listened he tweaked his nose from time to time and tapped pencil on pad.

"Have you grappled for the body of the supposed victim?"

We had, with the first tide that served.

"Without success?"

"Without the slightest."

"And no further trace of this curious straw figure, I suppose?"

"Not any. The flywheel was probably securely knotted to it."

(Continued on Page 97)

That Film on Teeth

The Source of All Tooth Troubles

By William M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Why Teeth Discolor and Decay

Why Germs Breed Around Them

What you already know is this: Despite all your brushing, your teeth still discolor. Tartar forms on them, so they need frequent dental cleaning. And some teeth still decay.

You know that what you do, and what you use, fail to really keep teeth clean. The old methods don't protect you. So there must be something wrong.

The trouble lies in a slimy, ever-present film which you feel with your tongue.

That film is where the stains lodge, spoiling the teeth's whiteness. That film is what hardens into tartar.

That film is what holds food particles. There they shortly ferment and form acid—the cause of all tooth decay.

And that film is where the germs breed—the germs which cause countless troubles, including pyorrhea.

Thus the chief object of teeth-cleaning is to keep rid of that film. And that is where old methods fail.

Feel your teeth with your tongue, however often you brush them, and you find that film still there. Every discolorment proves it—every evidence of tartar. But between the teeth and in crevices is where it accumulates most.

It is now known that alkali hardens it. So many applications do more harm than good.

And we can't combat the acids or destroy the germs while that film remains to protect them.

That is why many methods of teeth-cleaning fail. They remove only the loose débris. That is important, but water alone will do that. The great need of a dentifrice is to attack that film. For, day and night, harmful things are being held by that film to the teeth.

That, in all probability, is your situation unless your dentist has already told you of Pepsodent. You rely for your protection on periodic dental cleaning. But Pepsodent now assures you clean, safe teeth—teeth that long stay white.

For now science has solved this film problem. And this is to ask that you prove it by a one-week's pleasant test.

Now There's a Way To End It

To Keep Teeth Really Clean

Three years ago a way was found to keep the teeth free from this film. Those three years have been spent by dentists in proving the fact beyond question.

There have been many false theories of teeth-cleaning. Many ways which seemed good have proved worthless—in fact, are now known to be harmful. So we waited three years to let dental authorities prove that this method was right.

The film is albuminous matter. That fact suggested pepsin, which is albumin's digestant. Pepsin is known to digest albumin, and that means its dissolution.

But pepsin is inert until activated. And the activating agents are acid. The usual acid is destructive to the teeth. So pepsin for long seemed barred.

Then an acid salt was found—a neutralized acid—which does not harm the teeth. In fact, the teeth themselves are largely formed from it. This acid salt will activate pepsin. It is this discovery which has solved the problem of that film.

Pepsodent combines pepsin with this activating agent. The purpose is to dissolve the film so that brushing will remove it. Five governments already, by granting patents on this combination, have recognized its newness and efficiency.

Pepsodent is now supplanting all former methods of teeth-cleaning. It has been subjected to thousands of clinical tests. Its results have been proved beyond question.

It has won the endorsement of authorities who are recognized all over America. And countless dentists in their practice have proved that it does what they seek.

Now, on their advice, we are telling the facts to you.

This is to urge you to make a one-week test. The coupon below will bring you Pepsodent for it. See what it means to you.

Note how clean your teeth feel, even after one application. Note how quickly the slimy film disappears, how your teeth grow whiter. And how they soon feel as they feel after a thorough dental cleaning.

Mark how pleasant its use is, how unique and complete its effects. One week will forever convince you. You will never return to any method which leaves your teeth coated with film. Cut out the coupon now.

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THE DESIGNER | THE Delineator | THE WOMANS MAGAZINE

(Continued from Page 94)

"And you had not taken the precaution of having a look at its inwards?"

We shook our heads sheepishly.

"The fact is," I burst out, "I was so taken by surprise —— Well, I was convinced out of hand. Who could have thought ——"

"Yes, sufficiently bizarre," said our friend. "Still, your friend with his bloody knife point—his knowledge might have warned him, I should think."

"Oh, I'm a fake detective, I grant you," said Sturgis bitterly. "And yet, look here: I was convinced that he had killed a living man. I was as sure of it as of anything in his life. But what was the evidence? We had no body, and what is more, we might not succeed in finding one. The tide horses out, just there, at an incredible rate; if that box had been adjusted to float just submerged, it might have been carried out to sea with its occupant. To have ripped open that puppet would have been to put the man upon his guard. To let him go off with it unsuspected might lead him into some betraying action. If it hadn't been for that cursed motor boat ——"

Hawley nodded sympathetically.

"As it stands then," he said, "everything that gave rise to this excitement has vanished like the mist of morning: the criminal and his victim, and all his apparatus—in short, the crime itself."

"Do not forget this," said Sturgis grimly, advancing his knife with the blade open.

"No, certainly not," said Hawley. He extended his hand for it.

"We ought first to submit that to an analytical chemist, to see if it is in truth blood. This puppet may have had some animating fluid in its veins, for all we know."

"But, then," cried Sturgis, "do not forget the strange behavior of the girl."

"Ah, the little Craigenside," said Hawley. "No, I do not forget her. We shall talk with her presently."

"It's the worst mystery in my young life," groaned Sturgis.

"Come, come," said the detective cheerily, "you are not afraid of mystery, I hope. Everything in life propounds a mystery. Man, a dark mystery. Woman, a delicious mystery. Without mystery, by heaven, his life would be insupportable."

"Really?" muttered Sturgis. The philosopher in him had been touched.

"It would be madness," said Hawley calmly. "Look over your heads. The sanity of the blue sky itself resides in its infinity—which is mysterious. That is why man establishes the headquarters of the soul here. It's the concrete things we stumble over that drive us mad."

The little detective's eyes blazed like blue crystals.

"You know what it is to be held in suspense by a mystery story," he snapped out, and you know how you drop back to earth when the solution comes. Of course. In the nature of things the solution is inferior to the mystery itself. The beginning savors best. Put it another way. Two and two make four. You know it and I know it; but do we get any pleasure out of it? Not I, by your leave. What we don't know—that's what interests, that's what captivates. Yes, yes, you will see that the solution of the very business in hand, for example, will not be in any degree comparable to the present mystery, in the hold it has over our mind. I prophesy that it simply won't measure up at all. It never does. Nothing competes with mystery itself, least of all the solution."

"In that case," said Sturgis, "the bitter moment for the detective is when he puts his hand on the shoulder of the criminal."

The little man laughed.

"Just after that," he agreed. "Give him a pitiful margin of triumph. But wait, have we in this instance even so much as the shoulder of a criminal?"

"You think then he may have drowned himself?"

"My friend, I do not have thoughts in advance of an occasion for them. I do not say that he drowned himself—no. Before I consider the criminal I consider the victim. And before I consider the victim I must know that there is a victim. Now it seems to me that there is one very simple method of ascertaining the true quality of this Man or Mechanism: We ought to consult the theatrical agent who sent you the bet."

"Dennison?"

"Precisely."

The little man drew his watch.

"And so I wired him to come at once. If I do not mistake that was the whistle of the train I heard a few minutes back. Mr. Dennison is an old friend of mine, and I think in this instance will humor me. Why, yes, here he comes now."

We were joined by a burly, keen-faced man, dressed in a heavy sack suit and smoking a malodorous cigar.

"In trouble again, I see, John," he said, shaking Hawley by the hand.

"Your testimony may be the beginning of it," said Hawley placidly.

But strangely enough Dennison, on strict questioning, proved to be no better equipped to testify than any member of the audience on that evening. He had booked the act after a very partial exhibition on his private stage. He had seen such acts before—they were always played by living men; and he had assumed that such was the case here. Yet he had to admit that he had had no speech with that scarlet figurine; and at the conclusion of the act Smith had fitted the lid on the box and caused the thing to be conveyed away.

"I thought that was a little strange," said Dennison; "but I was up to my neck in business, and it dropped out of my mind."

"Do you think it possible," Hawley asked, "that a mechanism could be constructed to play such a part?"

"Have a heart, Harry," said his old friend derisively. "I've been in the show business thirty years, and I've never seen one yet."

"Your view is, then, that this was a man, thrown into a trance for the purposes of the act."

"Most assuredly."

"But you offer no proof that it was a man."

"No more than horse sense affords," said Dennison.

He could not say where the man Smith had come from or whether he had had other theatrical connections. This agency appeared to have been the strange man's one point of contact with the world of affairs. Here for an instant his shadowy activities had taken definite shape. He had applied for work, had signed a contract—we saw his signature written in an even, flowing hand; and this had been the last that Dennison had seen of him.

"I kept him making long jumps," he explained. "He was a first-class attraction everywhere."

This was all that Dennison could say, beyond giving the officers the names of the cities and houses at which James Smith had played. One after another we got these houses on the long-distance telephone, but always with the same result. The man Smith had had a whim that not even his associates should know the true inwardness of his act; and his assistant, if indeed a living assistant, had in no case been seen apart from his act. It was general opinion that the unfortunate man must have spent most of his time lying in a trance on the rose-colored cushions of that hideous casket.

Hawley then ordered the sea to be dragged at low tide at the place where Sturgis and I had overtaken the Fra Diavolo. It was always possible that Mr. James Smith had drowned himself; but certain massive doubts of the correctness of this position persisted. If he had drowned himself why, for one thing, had he taken the trouble to sink his betraying manikin with a weight attached to it? A man hunted to his death would not naturally be thinking of such mystifying trifles. Why, if he meant to make away with himself, should he care what evidences of his crime he left behind him? He certainly could not expect to be tried in another world on the evidence which men might produce in this. Again, if he had drowned himself at the spot where we had found the Fra Diavolo the tide, which then was horsing in, would almost certainly have cast him up. Yet we waited in vain for him or any part of him.

"No, no," said Hawley; "the chances are that he hid among the dunes and has since made his escape. There may be something to be picked up across the river, however, even now. Let us repair to the Place of Pirates."

The girl received us on the porch, where introductions were made.

"There are a few questions," said Hawley smoothly, "which I should like to put to you, Miss Craigenside, with regard to the odd disappearance of a—mechanism from the theater dressing room at Silver Glade."

"Why should you come to me?" said the girl almost sullenly.

Hawley raised his brows.

"We must come to all whose testimony might have a bearing on the case," he said.

How I Raised My Earnings from $30 to $1000 a week

The Story of a Young Man's Remarkable Rise, as Told by Himself.

THREE years ago I was earning $30 per week. With a wife and two children to support it was a constant struggle to make both ends meet. We saved very little, and that only by sacrificing things we really needed. Today my earnings average a thousand dollars weekly. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a $25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to, and I do less work than ever before.

What I have done, anyone can do—for I am only an average man. I have never gone to college, my education is limited, and I am not "brilliant" by any means. I personally know at least a hundred men who are better business men than I, who are better educated, who are better informed on hundreds of subjects, and who have much better ideas than I ever had. Yet not one of them approaches my earnings. I mention this merely to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education and to convince my readers that there is only *one* reason for my success—a reason I will give herein.

One day, a few years ago, I began to "take stock" of myself. I found that, like most other men, I had energy, ambition, determination. Yet in spite of these assets, for some reason or other I drifted along without getting anywhere. My lack of education bothered me, and I had thought seriously of making further sacrifices in order to better equip myself to earn more. Then I read somewhere that but few *millionaires* ever went to college. Edison, Rockefeller, Hill, Schwab, Carnegie—not one of them had any more schooling than I had.

One day something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of no great consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover myself. Along towards dawn I resolved to try an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to put it "over"—that I would not be "afraid" of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to "give" me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—*to demand and command what I wanted.*

But how shall I begin? What shall I do first? It was easy enough for me to determine to do things—I had "determined" many times before. But this was a question of will power, and I made up my mind that the first step was to muster up enough of my own will power to stick to and carry out my determination.

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power. I was sure that other men must have studied the subject, and the results of their experience would doubtless be of great value to me in understanding the workings of my own will. So, with a directness of purpose that I had scarcely known before, I began my search.

The results at first were discouraging. While a good deal had been written about the memory and other faculties of the brain, I could find nothing that offered any help to me in acquiring the new power that I had hoped might be possible.

But a little later in my investigation I encountered the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson and Royce, had just completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body"! My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of Training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

But it may be thought that my case is exceptional. Let me again assure you that I am but an average man, with no super-developed powers, save that of my will. And to further prove my contention let me cite one or two instances I have since come across, which seem to show conclusively that an indomitable will can be developed by anyone.

One case that comes to my mind is that of a young man who worked in a big factory. He was bright and willing, but seemed to get nowhere. Finally he took up the study of will training, at the suggestion of Mr. W. M. Taylor, the famous efficiency expert of the Willys-Overland Company, and in less than a year his salary was increased 800%. Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Just a short time after receiving the methods in will development suggested by Prof. Haddock, he felt that they would be worth from $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Mr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $90 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. These are but a few—there are many other equally amazing examples which I personally know about. And aside from the financial gain, this training has enabled thousands to overcome drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Pelton has authorized me to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 150,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will," are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 17-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

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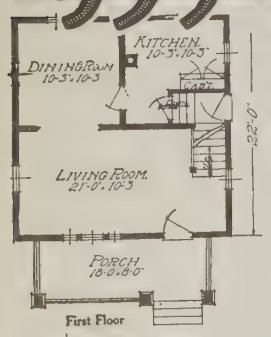

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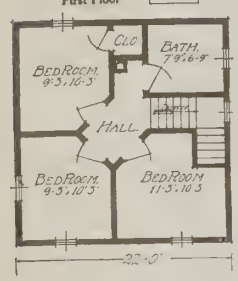

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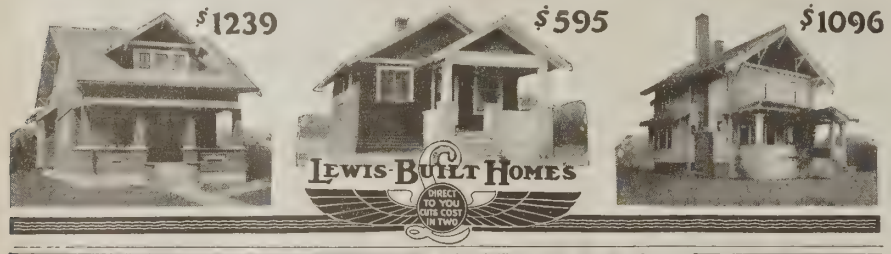

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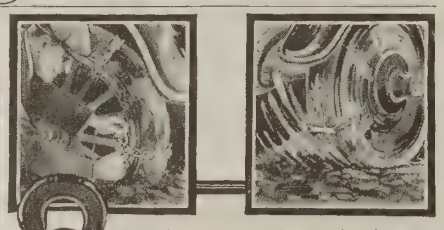

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"I am afraid I can tell you nothing," replied the girl.

Nevertheless, she groped for a chair back and tilted it against her body. In the intervals of talk I heard the heavy tread of Captain Craigenside within. He seemed to be pacing up and down.

"I am sure you will see," continued Hawley gently, "that complete candor now may save us all a world of embarrassment later."

Jane Craigenside looked up at the gulls which were wheeling over the house.

"Put your questions," she said wearily.

"In the first place, then, had you any object beyond mere amusement in going to the Glade on the night of July seventeenth?"

"None at all."

"You had no suspicion, no forewarning, that the thing to be exhibited in the guise of Man or Mechanism was other than it seemed?"

"None whatever."

"You had no acquaintance with the operator, Mr. James Smith?"

"I had not."

"Then will you kindly explain to us the meaning of your assertion, made in the hearing of a dozen people, that it was a living man—and that after the disappearance? You remember crying out 'Let the river be searched'?"

Jane Craigenside nodded; her lips moved. Suddenly she seemed to gain courage.

"I was mistaken," she said calmly. "The features of the puppet were very like those of one I had known in the Orient; it seemed to me that some monstrous trick was being played. Then when I saw the thing close up I knew I was mistaken."

"Yet you had fancied a resemblance?"

"Yes."

"A strong resemblance?"

She nodded again.

"So strong," continued Hawley, "that you all but fainted, and had to be assisted out of the theater by Mr. Weymouth, I understand."

"Is that so much to be wondered at?" she cried piteously. "I am all unstrung; the sickness of our old housekeeper has prevented me from getting sleep."

"Of course," said Hawley sympathetically. "I do not wish to press you too far. A last question: Was this person whom you fancied the manikin resembled an intimate friend or a mere casual acquaintance?"

"A mere acquaintance," said the girl.

"What profession or trade had he?"

"He was second mate aboard my uncle's ship."

"Ah, the Asphodel!"

The little man's eyes glowed and crept round to the ship lying in the river:

"He was second mate. And where did you last see him?"

"In Nagasaki."

"He left the ship?"

"Yes."

"Of his own accord?"

"Yes."

"Was there any unusual reason for his going?"

"No, he merely tired of the ship, as sailors will."

Hawley stared at her intently, and she dropped her eyes. Her last answers had been barely audible. It seemed to me that her least movement, her slightest word, were like parts of a subtly organized defense of the House of Craigenside.

Hawley stood up, clapped his hands sharply behind his back, and began to pace back and forth along the porch, as if considering. Then he put out a white hand and stroked the head of the nearest dragon.

"The old lady who is sick," he began again—"she has been long a member of your household?"

"Longer than I have myself," returned the girl with a faint smile. "But you must not question her," she went on with a serious intentness. "You must not really. Her condition is so bad that the doctor fears she may go with any tide."

"Ah, yes, with the tide," said Hawley. "A very poetical notion. Poor lady, her testimony might be valuable, but we will not force ourselves upon her."

He had been looking about him, and now he rubbed his hands together briskly.

"This is a noble old house," he said, as if his questioning were over. "These ferocious animals make a good guard for it. They were brought from the East?"

"Yes."

He moved toward the door, inspected the brass mermaid there, and turned as if to go. But then the clock inside struck four, and he wheeled about.

"A grandfather's clock!" he exclaimed with a note of genuine pleasure, as it seemed. "Well, well, I am repaid for my visit surely. I have made them a subject of special investigation."

The door behind him creaked and Ruel Craigenside stood on the threshold of the great double parlors.

Hawley put out his hand.

"Captain Craigenside, I believe? I am just examining your clock. It is a curious specimen, sir. The head is common enough; the tin ship is rather oftener met with than the background of the sky with a moon rising in it, perhaps. But the case—I think it is the oddest case I ever saw. Bless me, it has every appearance of ——"

"Time and Eternity," muttered Craigenside in his beard.

"Exactly," said the little man; and with an unforeseen gesture he snatched open the lid of the clock. The interior of the case was empty. The vertical slats had been ripped away, and no trace of the god remained behind the tarnished pendulum.

"Yes, gone, as you see," said Craigenside.

"Gone?" said Hawley pleasantly. "What is gone?"

"You well know, or you wouldn't have opened the clock. The jade is gone."

"Was it there yesterday?" continued the little man, whose inquisitiveness seemed to flow out and fill every crack and cranny of suspicion like a fluid.

Without answering, Captain Craigenside lumbered through the doorway and began walking toward the dunes.

"You must excuse him," said Jane Craigenside. "He's not himself at all. This was an heirloom, a little figure that he prized very highly. I can't understand who can have taken it."

"Suppose we say," said Hawley amiably, "that Eternity has taken leave of Time. Don't you think, my dear girl, that it would be as well to make a clean breast of the whole matter?"

"I will say nothing more," cried the girl.

"As you please," said Hawley. "We will come at it another way."

As we crossed the river I said glibly: "If mystery is what you crave you should be satisfied with this."

The little man said absently:

"*Finis coronat opus.* We shall see. We shall see. And now, my dear boys, one further question in regard to the bag which our friend the ornithologist made use of—or rather to the lens of his camera: Did you note closely the character of the flashes you have described?"

"Their character?"

"Yes. You have described them as intermittent. Now, did they intermit regularly or irregularly? In your judgment, was some intelligible communication being made to the man on the housetop?"

"I should say not. The flashes were regular. Furthermore, in my opinion the brain of Craigenside during those few moments was in no condition to remark an intelligent sign. His face was emptied of all expression, the eye fixed, the jaw slack."

"In one word—tranced?"

"If that were possible."

The little man fell back against the tiller of the boat we were rowing.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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But in this "loafing" range it is operating on half rations—consuming fuel so sparingly as to put many a lesser powered six to shame, even many a four.

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Peerless Eight

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The Customary Two Weeks

By FREEMAN TILDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT WAS Vibert's boast that when it came to firing an employee he never shirked, sparred or minced the ultimatum. Therein Carl Vibert differed from most ffice managers; for ; is one thing to ake your pencil in and and figure eadly percentages gainst the poor evil who isn't aking good, and ite another thing call that same or devil in and n the blue badge freedom to his pel. Such a job kes away the erage man's ap- tite and gives him ddle-aged nerves. mebody has to do to be sure. Like- se, somebody has t turn the switch tat connects with te electric chair; lt you don't notice y pushing or shov- g or standing in le for the position.

But Vibert liked i And whether he amitted it or not, itwould have been ca enough. Some- t ng triumphant al even malicious s lled itself on his li when he fired a m n. It was as though he was en- fcing a superior- it—publishing it; a d making his pwer felt. And, w se than all, he a ally passed the hin sign with a kind of neer.

"George! I Know You Don't Mean What You Say. But We Must Go—at Once!"

The office of the Eclipse Tool Company was in the north end of the factory. It was a succession, on two floors, of little boxes, built when wood partitions were cheap and nobody dreamed of opening up a whole floor and letting the manager have a look. On the lower floor, east, was the office of the president, Harry Burnhart. The president's office was locked whenever golfing was good; and for a man who has the carfare there are few days in the year when golfing isn't good somewhere in the United States. Directly overhead was Vibert's office. Somebody called it the "dark room," and the name stuck.

The dark room it was, though it had four windows. It had in it the shadow of hatred—the hatred, unspoken but as living as the radio, of the office force for the manager. It had Vibert's own dark, suspicious eyes, and over them Vibert's heavy black eyebrows and hair. He usually wore dark clothes.

There was one bright spot in the room. It was the gleam of a lamp in a cellar. She sat directly facing Vibert, and her gorgeous hair, shading to a gold that you sometimes see at sunset, and her bright, witty eyes fought the somber shadows across the desk—and won. It was only truly the dark room when Muriel Clemm was away.

It was the best stenographic job in the office, so she had been glad to get it, in spite of Vibert's personality. To do him justice, he evidently tried to be wholly decent to her. But Extell, the advertising manager, who worked in the adjoining room, suspected him of deep motives, and was in a jealous rage half the time.

Located, as the Eclipse people were, in a town where the factory was practically the whole town life, it was almost pathetic to observe the isolation of Carl Vibert. As he walked back and forth from his boarding place to the factory four times a day, the office force passed him with scarcely a nod of recognition. Some of the younger girls deliberately crossed the street when they saw him coming. In the office they were bound to be respectful; outside they felt they could do as they pleased.

Now all this is on the minus side of Vibert. A man doesn't hold a job, under any régime, on the minus side. There must have been something plus—and there was. When Vibert fired a man he had two justifications. One was that he was acting, as he saw it, in the best interests of the firm. There wasn't a question of his sincerity on this point. The other was, as he once loosened up and said, that when the time came for him to get his own medicine he wanted it handed to him in exactly the same manner. He may have been equally sincere about this. Still it was rather an easy thing for him to say, after all. He felt secure, with a lot of years ahead of him. Just as you sometimes hear lusty gentlemen talking about the advantages of euthanasia for the unfit.

But Vibert was a plugger. He was a glutton for work. You could see a light in that corner upstairs office when the Montreal sleeper roared across the bridge just under the windows, about half past ten at night. He had that patient, persistent kind of mediocrity that had made a deep impression on Harry Burnhart, soon after Old Man Burnhart died and the youngster took charge. He knew how to dictate a straightforward, minutely detailed letter to Harry Burnhart, that the latter, reading on the veranda of a Palm Beach hotel, construed almost as a personal compliment. He was a driver, with the defect of a driver—that when he let the reins go loose for an instant the horses slowed up. He was a martinet, with the defect of a martinet—that he got the hand without the spirit. He had a great head for details, with the defect that goes with this merit—that when you look for little things you often miss the big. He was the sort of man that could pick out Keokuk on the map of Iowa at a glance—and never see the big IOWA that stretched across the state.

Unloved, then, was Vibert; but nobody hated him quite so bitterly as George Extell. Had there been no other reason, this would have been enough: Muriel Clemm was Vibert's stenographer, and George Extell was in love with Muriel Clemm.

"Pop" Grinnell was the oldest old employee. He must have been in the game from the day Old Man Burnhart started making tools in a room over the wheelwright's—of ancient memory. He started as a woodworker, became a correspondent, and remained one. The old man would have cut off his right hand, on principle, before he would have ever let Pop go. He ought to have left Pop a few thousand when he died; but he forgot that. Young Harry ought to have pensioned Pop when he took hold; but he didn't. And so Pop was left to the mercies of Vibert, who had no sentimental interest in him, and watched the old fellow's honest efforts with a hawklike eye.

One day Pop Grinnell went into Vibert's office—and when he came out he staggered like a drunken man. His clean old face and bald head were as white as paper, and the tears were in his eyes. He went to his desk, fell into the chair, tried to clean the pigeonholes, failed, and dropped forward on his arms and wept like a child.

George Extell, looking in at the door, saw the old man, went over to him and shook him.

"What's the matter, Pop?"

Pop raised his head, gulped and said:

"I'm through, George. I—I've been discharged." He looked vacant a moment, and then went on as though talking to himself: "I—I've been expecting it. No surprise. But it was the way he said it, George."

Extell asked with a burning sensation in his throat:

"What did he say, Pop?"

"Oh, it was the way he said it," repeated the old man. "The cur—the cur grinned at me. 'You're not live enough, Pop,' he said. 'You can have the customary two weeks.' That's all he said: 'You can have the customary two weeks.'"

George Extell exploded with the lyddite of youth.

"He said that, Pop?" he cried. "You're right, he is a cur! Pop, don't you worry! Harry Burnhart'll never stand for that, never in the world. Vibert'll find out he isn't quite the whole show, Pop. You wait. Don't you pack up a single thing. I——"

Somebody gently touched Extell on the sleeve. He turned and faced Muriel Clemm, who was looking earnestly at him and shaking her head, with a finger at her mouth. But Extell was angry, angry on account of the old man, angry, no doubt, on his own score.

"Don't you move a single thing, Pop!" he went on, lowering his voice.

"Please, George!" whispered Muriel Clemm.

The young fellow looked into the clear eyes, hesitated, and then went into his own room.

She followed him, probably afraid he wouldn't understand her motive. With an uneasy glance at the door she hurried over to his desk, where he had sat down, and whispered:

"I mustn't be here but a minute, George. I didn't want you to misunderstand me. To make a scene—that would hurt both you and Pop. I—I feel just as you do about Pop Grinnell. It's a shame. But——"

"I'm going to see Harry Burnhart," interrupted Extell belligerently. "If he thinks anything of his father he won't stand it. Why, Muriel, Pop Grinnell was working faithfully here when that pup——"

"Please, please, George!" the girl begged.

She was looking into the young fellow's face with her full red lips parted and her eyes a little moist with solicitude.

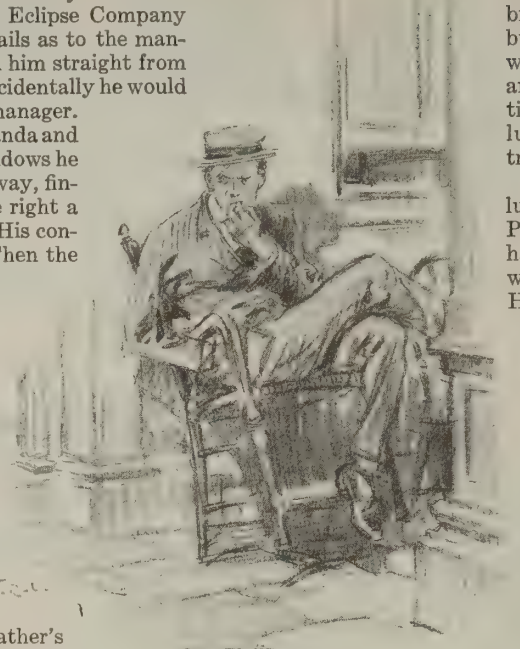
"I am going to see him," he reiterated rather unnecessarily.

"Do so then," said Muriel Clemm. "Do as you think best, George. But do be sensible—here."

She hurried away and left Extell stewing. He picked up some page proof sheets of a new catalogue and tried to read them. His hand shook with excitement and he couldn't fix his mind on the printing. The catalogue should have been sent out two weeks before. It was no fault of Extell's; the printer and the engraver had dawdled; but Extell, as advertising manager, was responsible. Yet he felt that this afternoon he couldn't be trusted with any work. He closed his door, strode over to the window and stood for a long time looking out.

That night after supper he went to see Harry Burnhart, who was making one of his brief visits to Milledgeville. With the dramatic spirit of youth—Extell was turned twenty-four, but from having never been away from Milledgeville for more than two weeks at a time he was quite lacking in sophistication—the advertising manager rehearsed his little speech as he made his way toward the big Burnhart mansion on a maple-shaded street near the outskirts of the village. Without once suspecting it his vanity was fairly oozing from him. He honestly thought that he was making a vicarious sacrifice for Pop Grinnell; yet in the back of his head, all the while, there was the thought that Harry Burnhart would be impressed with the magnanimity of Extell's conduct. The young president of the Eclipse Company would undoubtedly sound him for details as to the management of the office. Extell would tell him straight from the shoulder, without fear or favor. Incidentally he would tell him what sort of man he had as a manager.

He went up the broad steps of the veranda and rang the bell. Through the long side windows he could see the magnificent hall and stairway, finished in polished hardwood, and to the right a library with elegant leather furniture. His confidence deserted him for a moment. Then the door opened. He went in, after telling the maid who he was, and stood crumpling his hat with nervous fingers. A moment afterward the owner of the Eclipse Company came toward him. Harry Burnhart was an athletic, clean-cut fellow, only three or four years older than Extell. The usual type of college-bred man, of the kind who has lived on the Gold Coast at Cambridge and never known the want of a roadster of foreign make, there was still nothing of superiority in his tone and manner in greeting Extell. On the contrary, he showed clearly that he had taken to heart his father's democratic attitude toward the men who worked for him. He held out his hand and gripped Extell's frankly.



He Began to Hang Round the Mansion House, Planning How He Should Some Day Get Even With Vibert

"Come right in, Extell," he said. "Sit down. You smoke, don't you?"

A moment afterward George Extell was on the excusably wrong end of a cigar, and wondering how to begin. His host waited discreetly.

Extell's prepared speech disappeared in a mist. His errand was the gainer for the fact, for he blurted out, with unquestionable honesty of purpose:

"Mr. Burnhart, Pop Grinnell has been fired by Mr. Vibert!" If Extell had expected that the news would make the president "take a fall," as they say in the comic movies, he was disappointed. He did not clutch at his heart with emotion, nor did he rise and rage up and down the room. What he did say, however, was perfectly genuine. In a tone that showed his surprise, he asked:

"You don't mean it, Extell? Not Pop?"

"Yes, sir; this afternoon."

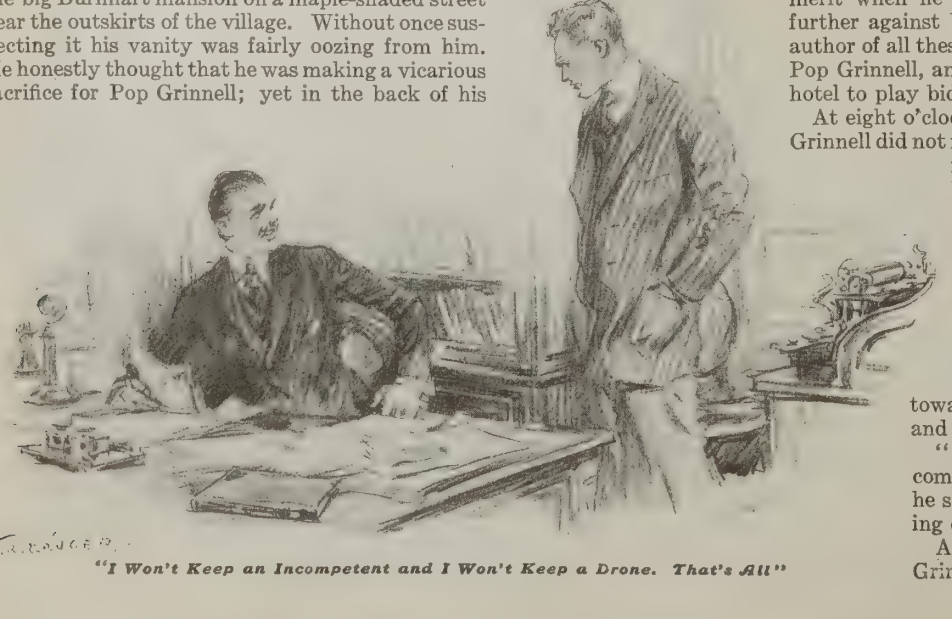
"There must be a mistake," went on Burnhart quietly. "Of course Pop stays with us as long as he lives—or as long as he wants to stay. I dare say Mr. Vibert didn't think about Pop's long services. I'll see Mr. Vibert about it in the morning. Er—was there anything else, Extell?"

There was nothing else. The interview was obviously at an end. The young fellow rose, somehow chagrined. Burnhart didn't seem in the least interested in Extell's ideas as to the conduct of the factory. But he said politely as he went to the door with him:

"Thank you for coming up, Mr. Extell. Always glad to see you. Good night!"

From the Burnhart house Extell walked rapidly to Muriel Clemm's. He was wounded in his *amour propre*, and he was feverish to be consoled. Mrs. Clemm, a sweet-faced woman of fifty with snowy hair, greeted him with almost maternal affection, and told him that Muriel had gone out without saying where she was going. But would he come in? Perhaps Muriel would be back soon.

Extell turned away with undisguised petulance. He muttered "Never mind" ungraciously, and started away. He felt that the world had turned against him. He was angry with Muriel for being away; disillusioned in his belief that Harry Burnhart could discern merit when he saw it; and enraged further against Vibert for being the author of all these shocks. He forgot Pop Grinnell, and went down to the hotel to play bid whist.



"I Won't Keep an Incompetent and I Won't Keep a Drone. That's All"

At eight o'clock next morning Pop Grinnell did not ring in as he had done for so many years. Neither did Extell, who got in half an hour later, looking sleepy in the corners of his eyes. Extell rang the clock and looked into Pop's room as he passed. Then he looked toward the corner room and grinned.

"There's something coming to you, Mr. Man!" he said to himself, thinking of Vibert.

At one o'clock Pop Grinnell returned to the office with a look of mingled fear and joy on his face. He brought with him the little bundle of personal effects which he had taken away, and started in with his patient, slow, and not absolutely sure instruction to travelers.

Extell, coming back from lunch ten minutes late, saw Pop in his room, waved his hand at him meaningly, and went to his own desk to gloat. He had not been indulging in that pastime long before Vibert entered. Extell's heart beat fast as he saw the manager. He felt sure that he had come to talk about Pop Grinnell.

He would give him as good as he sent!

But Vibert said nothing about Pop. Instead he pulled up a chair, favored Extell with a ghost of a smile that made the young fellow's spine cool and began blandly:

"About that catalogue, Extell? You know we want to use it this year."

"It isn't my fault, Mr. Vibert, if the engravers can't get out the half tones on time," began Extell with a manner that his excitement rather than his intent made unfortunate.

"I take it the engravers aren't running this office," replied Vibert. "However, I don't want to be unjust to you—of course delays are bound to happen. By the way, Extell, you don't call that a very snappy ad, do you?" The manager thrust an advertisement, clipped from a trade journal, on the desk in front of the advertising manager.

Extell did not reply. He gazed at his work wonderingly.

"That ad," went on Vibert, "from my point of view has about as much life as a mummy. It hasn't as much punch as a Sunday-school program. And I'll tell you why, Extell. I'll tell you why your ads don't pull. It's because you don't understand selling. You want to write something pretty. I don't say you couldn't write swell poetry, Extell. I s'pose you know more about grammar than the rest of the office put together. But I've had travelers, Extell, that can hardly write their name, ignorant as horse jockeys, that could put over an ad—dictate it—that would sell something. Now we're not doing the advertising we should. I've worn out my voice trying to get Mr. Burnhart to see that we ought to give our men on the road some backing. He doesn't see it yet—but he will. But the stuff you turn out, Extell, wouldn't sell peanuts to the bleachers."

Extell, crimson, did not reply. He wondered how he was able to restrain himself from choking this malefactor. After a moment's pause, to let the words sink in, Vibert rose and stood at the door. Then he added:

"Another thing, Extell. I wish you would get round to the office the same hours as the rest of us. Look at your card for this half month. It looks like the social visits of a banker. It won't do, Extell. Think it over."

When Vibert had gone out Extell sat stunned. He felt as though he had been deftly relieved of all his vital organs; in the pit of his torso there was a gnawing void. Nobody had ever talked to him like this before. True, Vibert had mentioned the matter of Extell's being late once or twice, but not in a way to carry conviction to a young man who had been more or less the petted child of the office.

Extell had gone directly from high school into the employ of the Eclipse people. His father had been a friend of Old Man Burnhart, and his way had been made comparatively easy. And, inasmuch as John Burnhart, founder of the business, had held the old-fashioned view of advertising—that it was a sort of necessary evil—Extell had had no criticism worth the name.

The young fellow had considered his advertisements exceedingly fine. He used hackneyed catch phrases with a naïve belief that the waiting world would find them seductive. He had begun by toiling ardently over his copy, but during the past two years he had been loafing, partly without knowing it. It wasn't entirely his fault—the office simply hadn't taken the job of advertising manager seriously.

As to being late at the office, he had to admit the validity of that charge. But he had come to endow himself with a sort of artistic temperament—he felt a little beyond the rules.

If it had been truly an awakening—if Extell could have seen that Vibert, no matter what his underlying animus, was really telling the simple truth—the young fellow might

ve avoided what followed. But he phrased the thing
st as he saw it when he went over to Muriel Clemm's that
ght and purred himself into a sleepy self-content:
"Vibert didn't know of any other way to get back at me
r going over his head in regard to Pop Grinnell, Muriel.
he had to try to find a flaw somewhere."
To a young man not befogged by indulgence toward
mself, the girl would have appeared doubly charming
at night. For she showed not only the tenderness she
t for Extell, but the solid common sense with which she
uld temper that affection. She looked at him with eyes
l of wistful interest; and she let her hand lie between his
th this unspoken thought—which she prayed he could
ad: "Here is my hand, dear boy. But—make me think
you as dearly as I feel toward you."
He couldn't read that. He was too engrossed in the
ject of Vibert's ill-will toward him. He rattled on,
infully cocksure:
'He'd fire me to-
rrow, Muriel, if he
red to. But he
ows that Harry
rnhart wouldn't
nd for it. I do my
rk, and he knows
If I don't happen
get to the office
t on the dot——"
'George," inter-
ted the girl in
deftest manner;
on't be angry, will
u? You want me
be reasonably
nk with you, don't
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ght to get in on
ie. I really think
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re, it isn't the
st important
ng in life; but
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ng little things
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e saw it. He re-
lied thoughtfully:
You're right,
riel. I'll make
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ein't think it's
e use I'm afraid
f im!"
e took confi-
ence from this.
And about Mr.
irt, George," she
ve on cautiously:
I onder if perhaps
ou don't think too
uch about him. Please don't think I'm defending him.
Some ways I think just as you do. I—I like you more for
nything that prompted you to go to Mr. Burnhart about
ear old Pop; in a way, I was glad you did it. And yet
just think—put yourself in Mr. Vibert's place. You went
ver his head. Of course he wouldn't like it. No, please
don't interrupt; you went over his head, and somehow—
somehow nobody ever quite forgives that. Do they?"
She knew, in her wise young head, that this sort of
shoulder talk must be accompanied by a special display on
the personal side; and she put her head close to Extell's,
as they sat on the sofa, and breathed her fragrant loyalty
upon him.
The young man had not come to be enlightened. He
had come to be stroked. The richest nuggets of wisdom
would like iron pyrites to him just then. The inherent
boy nature and rugged sense and boyish ingenuousness—
all those things in his character that had given him the
preference in the girl's heart—deserted him.
"I should think you might see my side a little more
easy, Muriel," he said.
She sighed. All her caution and pains had been wasted.
He went away peeved, and she saw him go with a sharp
pain in her soul.
He went down to the hotel and played bid whist savagely,
not dreaming that a certain pretty and much-desired girl
was rocking back and forth in her room and sobbing im-
potently, sobbing partly for a reason unknown, and
partly because she loved a young man who chose to ride
on a toboggan.
That night Extell met a crew of good fellows at the hotel,
who were going up-river in a launch in the moonlight. He
went along and got to bed at quarter to four in the morning.
He had the fervent notion, as he took off his clothes, that
he would just take a nap and be at the office at eight sharp.

The Young Fellow Looked Into the Clear Eyes, Hesitated, and Then Went Into His Own Room

He woke up at eleven, fell asleep again, and woke up again at half past twelve. By going without his luncheon he was at the office at one.

Extell's interior telephone rang. Vibert would like to see him. He went to the corner room with a combination of misgivings and defiance.

The office manager was brief. And he accompanied what he said by that peculiar half-sneer that had made him a hated man. He said:

"Extell, you were probably sick this morning?"

The young fellow didn't choose to lie. He replied that he was not sick; but he advanced no reason for his absence.

"A sort of sleeping sickness," went on Vibert ironically. "I haven't been hasty with you, Extell. Some ways you're a likable chap. But I won't keep an incompetent and I won't keep a drone. You can have the customary two weeks. That's all."

Extell looked at the manager with wild incredulity. The customary two weeks! Those words—to him! Without explanation! Without preamble! The stern stuff of self-respect that was in him told Extell to supply a smile, say "Very well, sir," and quit the office. But he weakened again and justified Vibert's sneer to some extent as he said with feeble defiance:

"We'll see about that, Mr. Vibert!"

Vibert went on writing without replying. He knew the strength that lay in silence, if Extell didn't.

Before he had reached his own room Extell had made up his mind just what to do. But he stopped in the hall, just in front of his door, as Muriel Clemm came along toward him with her hands full of letters. She saw his white face and guessed unerringly. Her breath came fast as she whispered "What is it, George?"

Extell gulped as he replied with an assumed airiness:

"Oh, Vibert thinks he's fired me. He thinks so. He thought he fired Pop Grinnell; but it turned out he hadn't. Next thing he knows he'll fire himself."

The silken eyelashes closed over the wistful eyes, and opened wet. She shook her head, not trusting to words, and started along. But she turned and whispered:

"It's the best thing that could happen. You will win, George."

He thought she meant that he would be able to defeat Vibert's purpose, and it gave him confidence. If he had known what she really meant, he would have collapsed.

Extell found that Harry Burnhart was leaving for French Lick at five o'clock. He went up to the house as soon as he could pull himself together. The president of the Eclipse was obviously surprised to have the same visitor again so soon; but he greeted Extell just as cordially, and at once said:

"Oh, that's all right about Pop Grinnell, Extell. I saw Mr. Vibert, and Pop is reinstated. Didn't you know it?"

Extell went scarlet. Somehow the platform fell from under his feet when Harry Burnhart assumed that he came again philanthropically. But he had to say something now. He stammered:

"It wasn't about Pop I came this time, Mr. Burnhart. I—I have been unjustly discharged by Mr. Vibert. He has never liked me, and since I came to you about Pop Grinnell ——"

Harry Burnhart's lips came together with a different expression. He regarded Extell in a not unfriendly way, something of pity and a little of contempt in his glance. But he shook his head and replied:

"I'm sorry, Extell; but you've created a bad situation. I don't mean I blame you, because I don't know the facts; but I mean that you've somehow managed to raise an issue between Mr. Vibert and yourself. Now in such a case as this one or the other always goes. I don't want to let Mr. Vibert go. I hire him to run the business. In Pop Grinnell's case—well, that was almost a family affair. I say, Extell, you're young! Jump out and show Mr. Vibert that he made a mistake—eh? Nobody dependent on you, is there? Well, well, Extell, hit the trail for the West and make good. This town's half asleep anyway. If I can be of any assistance, let me know. I'll give you a good recommendation—but recommendations are no good. Good-by and good luck!"

Extell found himself halfway to his room before he wholly came to his senses.

"The dirty crowd!" he kept repeating to himself. "The dirty crowd!" What galled him most was that Vibert had beaten him. It was evident that the manager had apprised Harry Burnhart of his intention. At half past five he went down to the office, bundled up a few things of his own, rolled up his linen duster and jammed it into his pocket, and left the place without telling anyone that he was through. It gave him a measurable satisfaction to believe, as he passed Pop Grinnell's door, that he was martyred to save Pop. He couldn't help wondering if Pop appreciated it.

The next day was Saturday. Extell had to go to the office to draw the customary two weeks' salary to which he was entitled by Vibert's sardonic custom. It was a perfect day. Extell and Muriel Clemm had planned, the previous week, to go canoeing up-river in the young fellow's canoe. They were both skillful paddlers, and this was one of their most joyous diversions on the Saturday half-holidays.

The excursion proved to be only the skeleton of a pleasure that was. After a period of straining to speak of other things than this biggest thing, they both broke down and faced the necessary. Halfway to their destination Extell steered in toward the bank, and they pulled the canoe up under a canopy of hemlocks that grew down to the water's edge. Then they sat down on the brown carpet. She spoke first.

"Tell me," she said, looking at Extell anxiously, "what you are going to do."

"Oh, I'll find another place easy enough," he replied.

Reflectively the girl lifted the folds of her blue-dotted skirt and smoothed them all out. She was looking down at the ground now. Finally she went on:

"If I didn't know that you would do something worth while, George, of course I couldn't care for you as I do. I'm glad you are out of this—this office. I keep my eyes open, George, and I can see that the Eclipse isn't making a bit of progress. I wouldn't tell that to anyone else in the world, and you mustn't say a word. But since John Burnhart died everything has been going backward. You'll say it's Mr. Vibert's fault. I don't know—but I don't think it

(Continued on Page 69)

HIGH FINANCE'S RECRUITS

By WILL PAYNE

AT THE beginning of the year a new member was admitted to the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company. This new partner, Thomas Cochran, was born in St. Paul forty-six years ago and grew up there to the age of sixteen, when he went to a preparatory school; then to Yale. At college he was more distinguished, in good healthy fashion, by devotion to athletics and ingenuity in pranks than by feats of scholarship.

In his third year at college a crisis overtook his father's business. When the word reached young Cochran he dropped his studies and hurried home to lend all the help he could. In the final casting up of accounts some debts were left unsatisfied, which the college student romantically assumed. As his economic status at the moment was that of a liability rather than an asset, one may surmise that the creditors derived little comfort from his assumption of the debts.

He returned to New Haven, applied himself diligently and completed his course; then went to New York and turned his hand to teaching—tutoring candidates for Yale—as the readiest means of making a living. Presently he went back to St. Paul and took a job in a wholesale hardware house, where he remained about six years, until he found a more promising opening.

That opening brought him to a small town in New York State, where he had charge of the construction of a trolley line. Seventeen years ago he went to New York City, without money or influential connections, and there presently was employed by a real-estate company, of which he became the treasurer at a modest salary.

All the while he had actually been hacking away at those assumed debts, and a few years after going to New York he paid off the last of them. As treasurer of the real-estate company he had the handling of certain realty that brought him into contact with downtown bankers. Among those whose acquaintance he formed were Henry P. Davison, a vice president of the Liberty National Bank, and Thomas W. Lamont, a vice president of the Bankers Trust Company. Ten years ago these two were interested in the organization of a new banking institution, the Astor Trust Company. They needed officers for the new concern and by that time they thought very well of Mr. Cochran; so he was put in as a vice president, at the age of thirty-six.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Charles Steele, the Late J. J. Hill and George F. Baker

Buying for the Allies

NATURALLY he made more influential acquaintances; impressed more people with his character and ability. Some years later there was a shift in the management of the Liberty National Bank and Cochran was elected president. Meantime his friends, Davison and Lamont, had been made partners in the Morgan house. The business of that house has expanded rapidly of late—with these boom times and especially with the enormous war financing and munitions purchasing which it handles for the Allies. It has taken in three partners since July, 1914, and six since the beginning of 1911. Wanting another man who measured up to its requirements, it took in Mr. Cochran.

That is the way high finance gets its recruits. It is getting them all the time. They come from all parts of the country. Almost invariably they are men who have made their own way from just about the average fairly comfortable American lot—not really poor, but with little or no inherited advantage of money and influential connections. Almost invariably they are men of abundant physical vigor and have won a big job while round the age of forty—somewhat before that age oftener than somewhat after it.

A few months before Mr. Cochran was taken into the Morgan firm, Edward R. Stettinius was made a partner. He was born in St. Louis, where he attended public school and began rustling for a livelihood at the age of eighteen. Presently he was taken into a small manufacturing concern that made water-tube boilers. O. C. Barber, president of the Diamond Match Company, was interested in this concern. In 1906 it went into a consolidation, and the same year Mr. Stettinius was made a vice president of the Diamond Match Company. Three years later he was elected president. He spent considerable time in New York, and people who became acquainted with him got an impression of force, ability, and extensive experience in merchandising.

War came along and the Allies began buying supplies of all sorts on an immense scale in this country. There was a good deal of confusion, lost motion and waste—perhaps with one Ally bidding against another, and so on. So a great part of this huge business was put in the hands of J. P. Morgan & Company—undoubtedly the greatest job in its line ever handed over to a private concern. Of course it needed capable supervision, and the firm picked Mr. Stettinius to do the supervising. He must have done it to their satisfaction, for after about a year he was made a partner in the house. He was fifty-one then; but he had held a big job for at least eleven years.

Technically he was an employee of the firm at the time, and this is the only instance in which an employee has been made a partner; but he was an exceptional employee, and the circumstances were altogether so exceptional that his case can hardly be regarded as breaking the rule—if it can be said there is a rule.

Probably there is not exactly a rule. The firm takes in a new partner because it wants additional horse power of talent and energy. Of course if a man is employed by the house it already has his horse power of talent and energy. Possibly—though nobody in a position to speak with authority would dream of admitting it for publication—there is a somewhat aristocratic flavor in this institution, and it would just a little rather have an outsider than an employee at the table.

But, though it certainly has not been the rule to promote employees to membership, it is a fact that employees rarely leave to go into any other similar institution. It pays, on the whole, no higher salaries than other big banks. Perhaps salaries in some others are even rather higher. But there are many pleasant conditions of employment.

In the first place, the house gives its employees a substantial bonus at the end of each year. At the end of this last prosperous year every man got seventy per cent of his year's salary; and it is said a f higher employees got considera more. There is no announced r about it. The bonus may be o thirty per cent. But the emplo knows he is going to get a very t Christmas present, its size depe ing on the year's profits.

Handing the bonus money c in a lump at the end of the yea a better encouragement to th and saving than apportioning out monthly or weekly during year.

Working conditions are pr ably as agreeable as any conditi that involve clerical toil can This sanctum of high finance, a cuit's toss from the feverish St Exchange, with Broad Street su ing and shouting on one side Wall Street swarming and swe ing on the other, is as quiet a village store on a rainy Mon morning. Going through the g doored vestibule, you run pl into two very tall and bra gentlemen in everyday clot your first step inside bringing figuratively right into their ar They are very courteous, smilin the most affable manner as t inquire whom you wish to see, your card, and show you to a se the seat being directly under t amiable eyes.

Nothing could be more pe All the same, you perceive the there to discourage any mere t dering about. As a matter of there is little coming and go no confusion; you may listen n minutes and hardly hear a so It impresses you as being a s undistracted sort of place in w to work. And the house, in takes very good care of its m

But it goes outside for partners. Running over th shows where they come from and indicates how. years before Mr. Stettinius was made a partner, D W. Morrow was admitted to the firm. He was born Pennsylvania town, his father being a school principa went to Amherst; then through the Columbia Law Sc and was engaged by a big New York law firm that good deal of business for Morgan & Company. At one he was made a partner in this law firm.

The 1911 Crop of Partners

FOR some years Charles Steele has been the l member of the Morgan house. Of late he has no so active as formerly, and the law business has grown with other branches. So in July, 1914, Mr. Mor already for some years member of a law firm that did business for the house—was made a Morgan pa going in rather as a lawyer than as a banker.

In 1911 three members were taken in—Thom Lamont, William H. Porter and Horatio G. Lloyd. Lamont was born in a New York village, went to P Exeter and to Harvard, struck into the banking bu in New York City, and advanced rapidly. He was Morgan partner at forty-one and had been a man of in the financial district for several years before that Porter was born in a small town in Vermont; went th high school and to an academy. His first e ment in New York was in the office of a small ra then he went into the Fifth Avenue Bank, as a clerk, age of eighteen. Seven years later he went to the National in a much more responsible position, thirty-eight was made a vice president of that big Mr. Lloyd came from Philadelphia. While workin as a clerk he studied law in the University of Pennsy and was admitted to the bar. He was a clerk in company, and after a while was made secretary company. A new trust company was organized. elected treasurer, then vice president, then presider and so progressed into partnership in Drexel & pany, which is the Philadelphia connection of Mo Company.

In 1909 Henry P. Davison was made a Morgan p He was born in Troy, Pennsylvania, and went to paratory school, but not to college. He taught sc

teen and worked on a farm during vacation while he s in the preparatory school. After a little experience a country bank he went to New York City and got a job messenger in a bank there. He worked up to paying er and resigned to take the job of receiving teller in a all uptown national bank. He got to be paying teller of t bank and at the age of twenty-seven was made an istant cashier of the Liberty National Bank. The next r he was made cashier; then vice president; then sident, at the age of thirty-two. From that vantage und he went on to the Morgan partnership.

)lder members of the firm are E. T. Stotesbury and A. Newbold, of Philadelphia, Charles Steele, the lawyer, l W. P. Hamilton, son-in-law of the late J. P. Morgan. he twelve partners, only the head of the house inherited osition in high finance; and if he had not measured up he opportunity either he would not be head of the house he house would not be the important affair it is. The newest partners were brought up in the West—Min-ota and Missouri. Five others were born in country ns. All of them won an important position round the of forty—under that rather than over it. Eight of m were college men and four were not.

low did they get to this top story of high finance? n what principle or according to what formula were y invited to seats at the first table?

The Stuff Bankers are Made Of

) GET an answer we might look a little farther than he Morgan firm. Twelve national banks and trust panies in Wall Street hold assets that foot up three ion dollars and a half. They, with the big private houses n various collateral institutions, are about what people illy have in mind when they speak of high finance.

o take them in the order of size we should begin at the ional City Bank, with assets of six hundred million ars. Its president, Frank A. Vanderlip, was born at ora, Illinois; went to public school and for a time he University of Illinois; worked in a machine shop n while so engaged taught himself shorthand. Going hicago, he got a job as a newspaper re-oer, and presently won the position of fi-ial editor of the Tribune. That naturally ght him into frequent contact with bankers. r of them was Lyman J. Gage, then a vice dent of the First National Bank. President Kinley appointed Mr. Gage Secretary of Treasury; and a Secretary of the Treasury t have a private secretary. Among many ong men whom he knew, and who might be cted to fill that comparatively easy posi-io satisfactorily, he chose Mr. Vanderlip.

'at was not because the candidate had had experience as a private secretary. It was ot because he knew anything in particular ot the duties of a private secretary to a ectary of the Treasury. If the award had made on the Civil-Service plan, with a lot f andidates answering carefully prepared utions, which were designed to bring out he knowledge f e business a goes on in e ffice of the ectary of the Treury, some th candidate old undoubt-dl have got he ob. It was n all-round mession of he an.

First of all, without doubt, t is because Mr Gage per-sonlly liked this particular youg man and thught he wold be an agreable per-son o associate with It was be-cau he per-ceived in this young man a certain weight and force which impressed itself upon the people he came in contact with, along with a cordiality that made friends readily and kept them. He struck Mr. Gage as a person having the knack of dealing with men.

No doubt successful men of affairs instinctively know their own kind—the sort of well-oiled, aggressive ability that can make its way among men with the maximum of speed and the minimum of friction. Some time before this a company of Chicago's weightiest captains of industry made an excursion to the South. So much of the city's commercial leadership could not be permitted to go off on a special train by itself. The press must have a representative along, and the young man on the Tribune was at once chosen for the post. Any company of successful business men, having to choose one among the reporters known to its members, would quite certainly have picked him.

As private secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Vanderlip so well satisfied his chief that in a year or so Mr. Gage had him appointed an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The Treasury Department always has more or less dealings with Wall Street, as the center of the country's banking system; so the new assistant secretary began making acquaintances among bankers there. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, was one of those whose acquaintance he made, and the qualities that had recommended him to Mr. Gage also recommended him to Mr. Stillman, who presently invited him to become a vice president of the bank.

Again, it was not because Mr. Vanderlip knew anything about the banking business in detail, for he had never been behind a bank counter in his life—except possibly as a visitor. It was not primarily because he understood the theory of banking and the principles of finance. In the economic departments of our colleges Mr. Stillman might easily have found fifty men who could talk circles all round Mr. Vanderlip on the theory of banking and the principles of finance—and it is safe to say the president of the City Bank would have been aghast at the suggestion of appointing any of those men a vice president of his institution.

It was because he liked this Assistant Secretary of the Treasury personally, and saw in him the sort of genial, forceful ability that attracts men, makes friends, impresses itself. He judged that Mr. Vanderlip would be a useful instrument in extending the reach and influence of the National City Bank; not because of his exact, technical knowledge of banking—much less because of his money, for, as he had been employed all his life at a modest salary, first as newspaper reporter, then as private secretary and assistant secretary, there can be no disparagement in guessing that he had none to speak of—but because of his personal qualities.

Thomas W. Lamont

Henry P. Davison

Frank A. Vanderlip

PHOTOS. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Gates W. McGarrah

In fact Mr. Vanderlip himself has confessed that when he went into the bank as a vice president he found to his surprise that there was nothing in particular for him to do.

He had a fine job at a fine salary, and his only definitely appointed duty consisted in drawing the salary. Evidently it was just a personal equation that Mr. Stillman had wanted in getting him into the bank. In order to get himself anything in particular to do the new vice president had to strike out on his own motion and organize a bond department.

For some time before Mr. Stillman retired from the presidency it was a foregone conclusion and an open secret that Mr. Vanderlip would succeed him. Now, as chief mover in the City Bank, the City Company, the fifty-million-dollar American International Corporation, and other enterprises, he is picking out young men for seats up near the front, in the same way that Mr. Gage and Mr. Stillman picked him.

There are thirteen vice presidents of the City Bank, most of whom Mr. Vanderlip has selected—four from the Middle West, a couple from the Southwest, and so on. He picked them because he liked them personally and found in them certain forceful, genial personal qualities that are easy enough to recognize but hard to describe. Whether they knew anything in particular about banking was a secondary consideration, and whether they had any money to speak of was no consideration at all.

Next in size after the City Bank comes the Guaranty Trust Company, with half a billion dollars of assets. Its president, Charles H. Sabin, was born in a town in the Berkshire Hills and went to school there, but not to college. At seventeen he went to work with a concern that dealt in flour, but two years later started in banking, as a clerk, in Albany, New York. Two years more and he was promoted to the teller's cage, and at thirty was elected cashier. A few years later he moved up to a vice presidency. The next step was to the vice presidency of a comparatively small bank in New York City; but he kept on going.

James S. Alexander, president of the National Bank of Commerce, which counts for about three hundred and fifty million dollars, was born at Tarrytown, New York, and began his business career at eighteen as a clerk in the bank there. Two years later he went down to the city as a clerk in the big bank of which he is now president. It was not until he was thirty-four that he won his first official position—an assistant cashiership. Since then he has moved up steadily to the top.

This, it will be noticed, is about the traditional case of the young man who starts at the bottom of the ladder and works his way up step by step until he arrives at the topmost rung of the identical ladder on which he began.

Great Men's Orbits

A SOMEWHAT similar case is that of James N. Wallace, president of the Central Trust Company. He was born in a Connecticut village and went to work at the age of fifteen in a private banking house of which F. P. Olcott was a member. Mr. Olcott, an eminently successful and finally very rich banker, took a liking to the lad and, when he was made president of the Central Trust Company, carried young Wallace along with him as a sort of personal office boy. Mr. Olcott's liking continued and the youth had the stuff of success in him; so at the age of thirty-nine, Mr. Olcott retiring, Mr. Wallace was made president of the big concern.

But these traditional cases are exceptional. In most cases there is considerable skipping about from one ladder to another. There is Seward Prosser, president of the Bankers Trust Company, a creation largely of the late J. P. Morgan. He was born in Buffalo; but his parents moved to Brooklyn, where he attended public school. He went to work for a life-insurance company and after a while formed a partnership for the purpose of writing life insurance. He made acquaintances among influential men, who thought highly of his capacity; and at the age of thirty-six he was elected a vice president of the Astor Trust Company. A few years later he was made president of the Liberty National Bank, and from that went to the Bankers Trust.

The Morgan influence is powerful in the Bankers Trust Company; in fact, it is usually called a Morgan concern. It may be noted that Mr. Cochran, the new Morgan partner, graduated into his present position by way of the Astor Trust Company and the Liberty National Bank; and that Mr. Lamont, another Morgan partner, also came from the Liberty National Bank. Neither the Astor Trust nor the Liberty Bank is among the bigger financial institutions, but the cases of Messrs. Prosser, Cochran and Lamont suggest how the lines of promotion run. It is primarily a question of making the right impression upon a man who has high financial positions to dispose of, which means that you must somehow get into the great man's orbit. If you are so fortunate as to be in an institution that is in his orbit your chance of advancement to high command is that much better.

To illustrate another point we may take two more big bank chiefs. First, Gates W. McGarrah, president of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank, whose assets foot up a quarter of a billion dollars. He was born in a small

(Concluded on Page 86)

THE LAST THROW

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

JUST after the market's opening on the day preceding the big boom in Furnace Common, the customers' room at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s New Street brokerage house framed for a few brief moments a scene surprising even for a locality where surprises are a daily event. Startled by the happening, the crowd seated before the quotation board turned in their chairs to stare.

There were two principals in the affair. The first was Mr. Buck Rooker, the head partner of the firm; the other was a tall, shabbily dressed person, a visitor whom the crowd recognized as once having traded in the place. Emerging abruptly from his private office at the rear, Mr. Rooker was seen to be propelling the caller rapidly toward the street door.

"Beat it!" he directed; and, giving the man another energetic shove, Mr. Rooker added heatedly: "You come in here again—you panhandler—and I'll turn you over to the cops!"

Rising idly, Mr. Pincus as idly yawned.

"Vell," he remarked, the remark addressed to no one in particular, "I guess I go up to Frank's place and buy myself a cigar." Then he yawned again.

For years Mr. Pincus had been a trader in the place. He was a short and stout nearsighted gentleman, with Oriental features, whose specialty was deals in Chicago futures—pork ribs and shoulders, as a rule; and that he was a person of ironclad calmness and repose he had shown clearly during the commotion. Perched on a stool before the stock ticker, Mr. Pincus had sat there coolly scanning the tape. A bronze Buddha, squatted on a mantelpiece, could not have seemed less concerned.

The man, that visitor whom Rooker had ejected, was not the first, however, Mr. Pincus had seen thrown out of a brokerage office. In his years of experience in Wall Street, more than once he'd beheld that sight. Usually when the market cleaned out some dabbler the victim went quietly enough; but now and then one of the unfortunates made a row. Whatever the case, though, whether the victim went passively or had to be escorted to the door, Mr. Pincus made it a point to ignore the happening; in fact, to remain calm, not to say unfeeling, was invariably his pose. "Business is business!" was Mr. Pincus' favorite remark; for, as he said, if a fellow was playing the market the market needed all his mind.

Not that Mr. Pincus professed a love for the market, though. It was a "bum *Geschäft*" he'd tell you; and all he asked was a chance once to make a killing—then to get out of it for good. Whenever he said this, however, the men about him invariably winked. Pincus give up trading? "Rats!" was the usual remark.

But once Mr. Pincus had nearly quit the market. What's more, it was willy-nilly too. Only chance, it seems, had saved him; and curiously—all the more curious in view of his present calmness, his air of easy aplomb—that chance had come through the very man Rooker had just ejected.

Blake was his name. Blake had lent Mr. Pincus the money to tide him over the crisis; and now, indifferent, unmoved apparently by what was going on, Mr. Pincus had sat there stolidly, idly scanning the tape. It was callous. It was, indeed, so callous that, even in face of the fact that indifference was invariably Mr. Pincus' pose, one would have marveled at the gentleman's inhumanity.

Again yawning, he was moving toward the street door when the man nearest him, a Mr. Thurlow, nudged him in the ribs. Something in the scene of that recent happening seemed to have tickled Mr. Thurlow's risibilities, for a grin was spread on his face.

"Say, did you see that, Pink?" he tittered.

Mr. Pincus gazed at him queerly. Mr. Thurlow, too, had long been a trader at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, but in that time cordiality between the two had never been what one would call effusive. It was Mr. Pincus' opinion of Mr. Thurlow that he was "A couple of two-spots, just."

"Did I see vat?" he interrogated.

"Why, that fellow Blake," returned Mr. Thurlow; "he's back again, trying to get in on the market. He wanted Rooker to stake him."

Mr. Pincus' eyes narrowed slightly.

"Stake him for vat? A haircut or a shave?"

This, though he didn't say so, was Mr. Pincus' estimate of the extent of Rooker's liberality. What Blake, however, had asked was that Rooker should stake him to a hundred shares of something or other on margin. It was a last chance, a final effort for the man to get on his feet again; and, having related this, Mr. Thurlow giggled:

"Think of that sucker trying to break in again!"

"Sure!" nodded Mr. Pincus. "All the suckers wish to come back. When you bust you'll want to too."

Mr. Thurlow scowled sharply.

"Hey?" he inquired.

Mr. Pincus, however, having briefly sucked his teeth, was now staring at the floor; so, after the scowl—that and a sudden glance—Mr. Thurlow shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well," he drawled, "I've got no time to waste over any has-been like Blake."

Then, having added sagely that Wall Street was too full, anyway, of hobos and down-and-outs to worry about, Mr. Thurlow changed the subject. Had Mr. Pincus noted the activity in Furnace Common? Mr. Thurlow had a tip on it. The tip was a hot tip. He had it direct from a friend who got it direct from another friend. This friend of his, it appeared, was a director in Ingot Furnace Company; and, if Mr. Pincus was willing to do "the regular thing," Mr. Thurlow might be willing to let him in on it.

For some reason, Mr. Pincus did not seem to hear him. He was gazing at the street door, the exit through which Blake had just departed; and, thoughtful now, his air reflective, he was uneasily scratching his chin. After waiting a protracted moment, Mr. Thurlow began to betray a hint of annoyance.

"Well?" he inquired.

"Vell, vat?" returned Mr. Pincus.

"I said," rejoined Mr. Thurlow, "that if you were willing to come across—pay me a percentage of what you win, you know—I'd let you in on the tip I have."

"Oh, you got a tip, have you?" remarked Mr. Pincus.

A grin lurked on his jaw. Mr. Pincus, in fact, had his opinion of tips and tipsters; a view that more than once he had aired in the customers' room. If only you asked for it, he'd said, you could get a tip on anything—the next dividend on Bay State Gas; the millennium, either; or when they'd cut a melon in Hocking or retire Rock Island's bonds. Perhaps Mr. Thurlow now recalled this, for he began to color pinkly.

"Say, this ain't the sort of tip you thi it is!" he said sharply. "I got it straight fro the inside, I say."

"Sure!" nodded Mr. Pincus geniall "That's where they all come from—the i side. Blake, when he gets cleaned out last year, he gets tip from the inside, too, I guess."

"Blake? What's Blake got to do with it?" demand Mr. Thurlow bewilderedly; and Mr. Pincus grinned.

"It's a secret—nothing! Only all of us gets cleaned o some time; and mostly it's off a tip. I get cleaned out well, maybe; and you get cleaned out—yes; for su Then we hunts up a job; or, if we don't get it, some tw spot of a crab has a chance to call us a loafer or a stre bum. Sure; for a tip, yes!" said Mr. Pincus.

"Say, what're you driving at?" demanded Mr. Thurlo darkly; and, again sucking his teeth, Mr. Pincus on more idly smiled.

"I was saying it was a fine weather for ducks—sor ducks," he replied; and, abruptly turning on his heel, M Pincus left Mr. Thurlow snorting indignantly, and hurri toward the cashier's cage at the rear.

Beeks, a round-faced, pudgy personage, the office ma ager, was standing there, laughing and joking with t cashier; and, his air insinuating, Mr. Pincus nudged hi on the arm.

"Say, Handsome," said Mr. Pincus, "what's this th feller Blake now asks Rooker to stake him for? A hunne shares of something, was it?"

Beeks nodded indifferently.

"That bum? Oh, sure! It was a hunnerd shares, fir but before Rooker threw him out it was a meal ticket a the price of a room he was begging."

Mr. Pincus gave a start.

"Vat? He don't eat, and he sleeps in a park, maybe

It was so for all Beeks knew—all Beeks cared, eith one had thought. Rooker, Burke & Co.'s was not tramps' lodging house; besides, Rooker was tired—s and tired of supporting panhandlers like Blake. Enlarg on his topic, the subject of his employer's open-hand liberality, Beeks was telling how, only the Saturday bef they'd slipped Blake a couple of bones; and here hobo was back for more—when all at once Beeks woke the fact that he was addressing empty air. Mr. Pin had departed.

Of a sudden that air of his, that show of easy, idle in ference, had seemed to vanish; and, with a mutte exclamation—"*Himmel!*"—that and an tated grunt, Mr. Pincus had darted across office, bolting through the throng to the st door.

The next instant, jamming his hat down his ears and without umbrella or overcoa protect him, Mr. Pincus scuttled up New St in the rain.

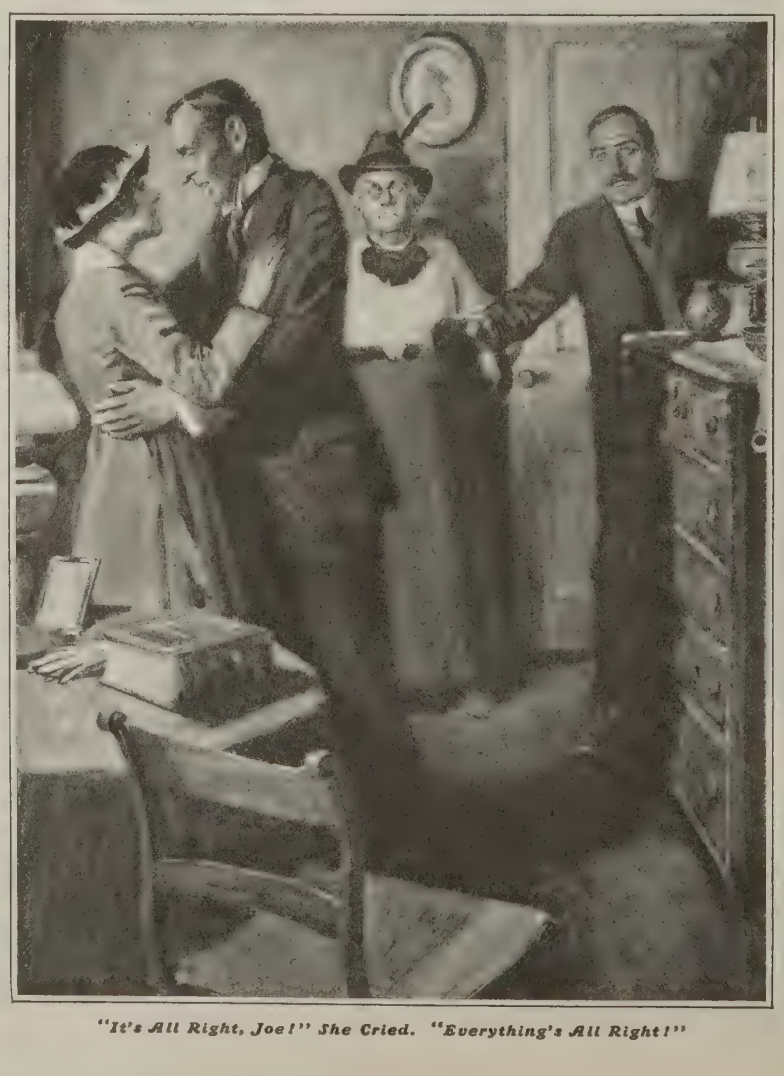
It was true, indeed, that Blake—no wreck, a battered stray—had once saved Pincus from disaster. But for him, Mr. Pin day in Wall Street would have come to a sud end.

Mr. Pincus did not wish it to end. L of all did he wish it to end like that. plans, like the plans of every dabbler, invo a different, more exhilarating exit. This the killing he talked about; but even t even if he did make this killing, the clea that all the dabblers dream of, that did n necessity mean he'd quit the Street for g If he liked he could still take an occasional f The flyer would be just for amusemen course—just to pick up a little lunch m or to buy his wife a Christmas present. to go broke, to be chucked out, penniless— was different!

The calamity, as expressed, however, a not limited only to this. In Mr. Pincus' it seemed to invoke in train certain reflec concerning the Bleecker Street dress-li trade, a business, it appeared, with which Pincus once had been connected. Some the mere thought of it made him shu Return to that! Go back to that grubby p the loft in Bleecker Street!

"*Ach!*" ejaculated Mr. Pincus, the g expressive.

It had been touch and go, however. chance had saved him. Just when Ro Burke & Co. had been about to sell him Blake had come to his rescue. The loan h made Mr. Pincus voluntarily had saved th for Mr. Pincus.



"It's All Right, Joe!" She Cried. "Everything's All Right!"

But chance, it appeared, a stroke of strange good fortune, had not intervened for Blake. A year later Blake himself had been cleaned out. Mr. Pincus had been absent at the time—away at Atlantic City, where every year at astertime Mr. Pincus, accompanied by Mrs. Pincus, took ıe air. When he'd returned Blake was gone. Even so, Ir. Pincus had only nodded.

"Vell," he'd said cynically, "the feller goes back to his ıb now, vat?"

Briefly Blake's job had been that of New York agent for large manufacturing concern in Ohio. In salary and comissions the firm had paid him twenty thousand dollars a ear; and as Mr. Pincus said: "If twenty t'ouzand a year feller has, for him play the market is a sucker!"

But Blake, it appeared, had not ne back to his o. He had no job. is employers having heard of his reculations, Blake ıd been discarged. Here he us, now, walking le streets, a tramp.

"*Himmel!*" exclaimed Mr. Pincus; d, jamming his lt down farther on ir ears, he sped on ı way up New reet.

The man, the fellv he pursued, had jıt turned westvard into Wall reet. His clothes, hif rags, flapped al fluttered in the gsts that came vooping down the hl; and as Mr. Ihcus scuttled aft him he eyed the cthes and wonded how long their warer had slept in tlm in the park. Tere was something else, too, that Mr. Pincus wondered. It was: What had become of the scarecrow's wife? Where was Ms. Blake?—for, as Mr. Pincus knew, there had been a Ms. Blake. Had she, too, been sleeping in the park?

"Hey, you!" cried Mr. Pincus.

With a sudden spurt he ranged alongside and gripped th man by the arm; and Blake, at the touch, leaped as if he had been struck.

"Leggo! I ain't done anything!" he vociferated, his voice a startled whine. Then another cry escaped him. His ctor he had recognized. "Pink!" he gulped. "Oh, Pink!"

Mr. Pincus gazed about him uneasily.

Sure, it's Pink," he acknowledged; "only for you don't y it so loud." Explaining apologetically "Should they her you, somebody thinks Pincus himself is carrying the biner too!" he beckoned Blake into a near-by doorway. Tere, after a brief glance at Blake's attire, Mr. Pincus sucked his teeth. "Vell, how's tricks?" he inquired ıually.

Blake all at once began to shake. The once dapper, plisant fellow Mr. Pincus once had known was hardly recognizable. His hands outstretched, convulsed and trembling, he begged wildly for a quarter—a dime even; the price of a cup of coffee and a slice of bread. Mr. Pincus scowled.

"Say, nix on that panhandle stuff!" he directed roughly. "Nix on that dime-for-a-cup-of-coffee game! I don't fall for that!"

Blake gave a gasp.

"Pincus!" he ejaculated.

Again Mr. Pincus shook his head; and Blake gave another cry.

"You won't?"

"I vill not!" said Mr. Pincus.

Then, having sucked his teeth a moment, Mr. Pincus gave Blake a dig in the side with his elbow.

"No; I don't give you no dime," said Mr. Pincus; "but what'd you say to a nice fat sirloin and fried *kartoffel?*—thin and a few cakes, hot, right off the griddle, vat?"

But Blake seemed to have forgotten the hunger gnawing at him.

"Listen, Pincus!" he babbled hoarsely. "Listen!"

Mr. Pincus paused.

"Vell, I'm listening."

Blake clawed at him with trembling paws.

"Do you want to be rich? Rich!" shrilled Blake.

"Do I vant to be vat?" inquired Mr. Pincus.

"Rich! Rich!" shrilled Blake. When Mr. Pincus, grinning slightly, lightly admitted he had no objections, Blake pawed at him again. "I can do it, Pink! I can make you rich!" cried Blake again; and, sniffing slightly, Mr. Pincus took him by the arm.

"Come along, feller; you feel better after you eat," he was saying, when Blake snatched his arm away.

"Say, listen! D'ye hear?" snarled Blake. "I mean it!"

His eyes fierce, roaming everywhere as if he feared someone might hear his secret, for a full minute he poured into Mr. Pincus' ears a flood of fierce, impassioned words.

"You Come In Here Again—You Panhandler—and I'll Turn You Over to the Cops!"

Idly Mr. Pincus listened. It was as if he humored Blake, placating him as anyone would placate a man crazed by his privations. All at once, though, Mr. Pincus' air of bored benevolence suffered a sudden change.

"Vat?" he ejaculated.

Again Blake poured into his ears the fire of his impassioned eloquence; and, with a gasp, Mr. Pincus gaped. Blake again went at it. He was in the midst of it once more when, with a start, another ejaculation, Mr. Pincus gripped him all at once by the arm.

"Vat!"

"I pledge you my word!" said Blake; and, at that, excitement seemed to burst within Mr. Pincus' breast.

"Here!" he cried; and, shoving a hand into his pocket, Mr. Pincus dragged out a single rumpled bill.

The bill was a dollar bill; and, this in hand, he was thrusting it on Blake, bidding him to go eat; he must get a jump on and get back to Rooker's; there was not a moment to lose. Mr. Pincus was darting away, when he paused, with a sudden cry. It was a loud cry too. The bill falling from his hand, fluttered to the floor.

"Why, what is it?" ejaculated Blake.

His face blank, his air of a sudden abject, Mr. Pincus bent down and picked the bill from the floor.

"Oh, nothing," drawled Mr. Pincus, and he sighed—"nothing; only I guess for you and me, Blake, we go jump off the dock in the river!"

"What's wrong?" Blake demanded hoarsely.

Mr. Pincus told him:

"I'm bust, Blake! I ain't got a cent in the world! This week again the market cleans me out."

It was so. Once more Mr. Pincus was on the rocks. That was why, when Blake, desperate, had appealed to Rooker, and Rooker had thrown him out, Mr. Pincus had sat there, to every appearance callous and indifferent. He could not help Blake. He could not even help himself. Bleecker Street and the fancy dress-linings trade beckoned him anew.

What is more, it beckoned when, with a little cash, a little capital, Mr. Pincus could have saved himself. With money to back him, he could have jumped into the market and made a clean-up—that killing he so long had dreamed about. For Blake's tip was a knock-out. It was one tip in a thousand!

How Blake, too, had come by the tip was as much a nightmare as all the rest of it.

Blake, it seemed, had fallen very low. Unable to find work—the sort, at any rate, he was suited for—the man had gone from bad to worse. Finally, to save himself and his wife from want, he had become a porter in a downtown office building. There he had swept out offices and emptied wastepaper baskets. There, it happened, too, he'd fallen on his tip.

One night, broom in hand, Blake had opened an office door. To his surprise, he'd found the room filled with men. It was a directors' meeting, Blake had seen; and at the meeting something big was happening. An hour later, after they'd gone, he'd slipped back to the room; and there the papers in a scrapbasket had given him his clew. The meeting was a meeting of the Ingot Furnace Company. Blake's tip, in fact, was on the same stock that Thurlow, that "two-spot," had been tipped.

There was this difference, though: Thurlow had been tipped to sell. Blake's tip was to buy! In other words, the company's directors, getting together, planned that well-known financial diversion—namely, jobbing the stockholders out of their stock.

Armed with the tip, for five days Blake had hurried from place to place, hunting up former friends and begging each for a loan. To each he had told his tip and each had laughed in his face. Buy Ingot Common? Put money into a cat-and-dog like that? Desperate, Blake at last had gone to Rooker. In turn, Rooker, too, had laughed at him; after which Rooker had thrown him out of the place.

Mr. Pincus, however, had not laughed. Instantly he had grasped the significance of what Blake had told him. It was to little purpose, though. Mr. Pincus was broke—"bust," indeed, as he'd expressed it. Unless luck, another chance, happened to save him, one sure thing stared him in the face. It was Bleecker Street and the dress-linings trade.

Late that night, long after dusk had fallen and an hour or more behind the time he usually arrived at home, Mr. Pincus climbed the stairs of the modest West Side flat house where he dwelt; and, arriving at his door, for a moment he halted irresolutely, his latchkey in his hand. Doubt, an air of unwonted concern, seemed at the moment to engulf him; and, gazing at the door, he took off his hat and scratched his head reflectively. He looked, in addition, a little feverish.

All that day, his eyes afire and the fever growing in him, Mr. Pincus had been rushing about the town. Like Blake, he, too, had sought out friends of his, begging and beseeching them to advance him enough to play the tip on Ingot Steel. Most of the friends were centered in a certain quarter—Bleecker Street and the dress-linings trade; and each of the friends, as was also the case with Blake, had laughed in Mr. Pincus' face. What! Lend money to dabble in stocks? Lend money, especially, to play that cat-and-dog Ingot Furnace Common? Pincus must be crazy with the heat!

That gentleman, however, had one string left to his bow; and jamming on his hat, with a sudden air of resolution, he opened the door and stepped boldly into the hall.

At once a voice as well as a gust of aromatic vapor came wafting toward him from the kitchen, at the rear. The vapor was that of fried fish and cauliflower, while the voice was that of his wife. Instantly an artful smile spread on Mr. Pincus' face.

"Vell, Minnie?" chirped Mr. Pincus dulcetly.

"Vell, Benny?" responded his wife.

Like her husband, the lady was short and rotund—roly-poly, in fact, with a round, smiling face at once as shrewd as it was good-natured. As she came down the

hall, wiping her hands on her apron as she came, the good nature was for the moment uppermost. It was only for a moment, though. Reaching up, Mrs. Pincus delivered a chaste salute on Mr. Pincus' still artfully beaming countenance, after which she backed off a step, her air of a sudden shrewd. "Vell?" she inquired.

"Vell, vat?" inquired Mr. Pincus.

In response Mrs. Pincus put out her hand, its palm open.

"Fifty-fifty, Pincus!" she directed; at which instantly the smile was stricken from Mr. Pincus' face.

He seemed to grasp clearly what she meant. The fact is, few knew better than Mrs. Pincus the hazardous nature of her husband's occupation; so for several years now, every night when he came home, his wife had made it her habit to extract from him a certain percentage of his winnings. What he gave her, of course, was not the fifty-fifty she demanded; but often she got ten per cent, and sometimes even twenty. Lately, however, it appeared, Mr. Pincus had given her little.

A grumble escaped him; and he was turning away when, with a deft movement of her upturned palm, Mrs. Pincus jabbed him in the waistcoat.

"You don't win something again?" she demanded.

Mr. Pincus' look grew uneasy. Evidently, this reception was not at all as he'd planned it; and he was mumbling uncomfortably, his manner awkward, when Mrs. Pincus returned to the charge.

"If you don't win something," she demanded, "how is it I should pay bills for the house, I ask you? Is it on wind, Pincus? Vat?"

At once a crafty look leaped into Mr. Pincus' eye.

"Vell, you got that nest egg, ain't you?" he suggested.

It was true that Mrs. Pincus had a nest egg. From what she'd extracted from Mr. Pincus she had laid by three thousand dollars in the bank. The reference to it now, however, seemed to produce in her an effect that also was not in the least as he'd anticipated.

"Sure, I got it!" she returned; adding instantly: "That nest egg, too, stays where it is—right there on the nest!"

Starting violently Mr. Pincus blinked.

"Vat! You mean you don't loosen up from it nohow?"

"Not a stitch!" affirmed Mrs. Pincus flatly; and Mr. Pincus gasped.

"Yes; but what if it was to help out a feller, y'r husband?" he persisted. It was all one to Mrs. Pincus.

"You c'd holler y'r head off!" she replied.

What! Give up her nest egg? Give up that money she'd scrimped and labored to save? Snorting indignantly she went off down the hall, her shoulders working expressively.

Mr. Pincus, however, was not one to submit readily to defeat. All that evening, the fever glittering in his eyes, he sat gazing appealingly at his wife. But Mrs. Pincus did not seem to heed him. She was engaged, it seems, in turning a last-year's hat into a this-year's model.

This she managed by pulling out the feather, which was upright, and, with a pair of shears, cutting off the brim. Then, when she had crushed the crown together, afterward denting in the top, Mrs. Pincus sewed the feather on it lengthwise, its end sticking out behind. The effect it gave was Scottish; and, remarking this, she was again admiring herself in the glass, when Mr. Pincus rose abruptly. As if unable to restrain himself further, he suddenly threw out both his hands.

"Minnie," he appealed, "you c'd be a good feller, couldn't you?"

Mrs. Pincus gave the hat another dig.

"I could not!" she replied; and emotion at this point got the better of Mr. Pincus.

His arms waving and speech bursting from him in a flood, he poured forth into Mrs. Pincus' ears all he had learned that day from Blake. The Ingot Company was booming. War orders were what had done it—the company, with these orders behind it, was working day and night; and now, having cleared millions, the directors were about to cut a melon.

What a chance! What an opportunity! With Minnie's money, the three thousand she had in the bank, Mr. Pincus could make a clean-up, a killing epic in its slaughter! There were thousands in it—"T'ouzands *und* t'ouzands!" Mr. Pincus averred; and, his face aflame, his arms all the more wildly waving, he vowed that if Minnie only this once would "loosen up" he would quit the Street, give up dabbling for good, never again take a flyer in stocks.

He was in the midst of it when a grunt escaped Mrs. Pincus.

"Vat? You quit stocks?" she echoed.

"I swear it!" cried Mr. Pincus; and again Mrs. Pincus gave her hat a dig.

"*'Raus mit* you!" said Mrs. Pincus brusquely. "Ven you quit it is because you are dead or you go bust, either." And Mr. Pincus, gaping, stared at her.

"Vat? You don't loosen up then, Minnie?"

It was so. Not even if from Rockefeller himself he'd had that tip would Mrs. Pincus do so; and, hearing this, Mr. Pincus threw all caution to the winds.

"If you don't," he cried, "all that happens is, we bust!"

The prophecy—a threat, rather—seemed to fall as flat as his appeals.

"No; we don't," retorted Mrs. Pincus. "You bust, maybe; but we—we don't bust." Then, giving the hat feather another yank, the hat itself another dig, Mrs. Pincus again calmly glanced at herself in the glass. "And ven you bust, too, Pincus," she added blandly, "you go back to work—that's all!"

A muffled cry leaped from his lips.

"Vat! Go back to the fancy-linings trade? A feller c'd be dead as well!"

"Makes no difference, Pincus," she rejoined. "Better you are a nice funeral than you waste my money and your time down in that loafer business, Wall Street. As well you c'd play *Stütz* or pinochle for a living, dealing cards, as to gamble in them stocks—yes! . . . Vell," added Mrs. Pincus vehemently, "for seven years you hang out in that feller Rooker's place; and for seven years your wife, which is me, she tries to get you out of it. Now she does it—that's all!"

"Yes; but that tip!" cried Mr. Pincus frenzied. "T'ouzands! T'ouzands *und* t'ouzands! And we lose 'em!"

"Makes no difference," answered Minnie; and a last, a despairing cry burst from Mr. Pincus.

"You von't, Minnie?"

"Not if you was to choke, Pincus!" was her reply.

Mr. Pincus indeed choked. An hour later, tossing fitfully among the feathers, he was, in fact, still choking. Then a curious thing occurred. A groan, a hollow note of despair, had just escaped him, when a hand reached out and jabbed Mr. Pincus in the side.

"Listen, Pincus," said Minnie; "if you gamble, playing stocks, how much is it them fellers, your broker, charges you?"

"Vat?" ejaculated Mr. Pincus.

Minnie repeated the question; and, startled, a gleam of hope springing into his heart, Mr. Pincus babbled the information. What a broker charged was an eighth for each transaction. Also, with three thousand dollars, one could margin three hundred shares. Eloquent now, his fever rising anew, Mr. Pincus gave her all the details. Then, his heart in his mouth, hope trembling high, Mr. Pincus wet his lips.

"Vell, you make me a check out, vat?" he suggested.

A grunt was heard.

"Go to sleep, Pincus," directed Mrs. Pincus.

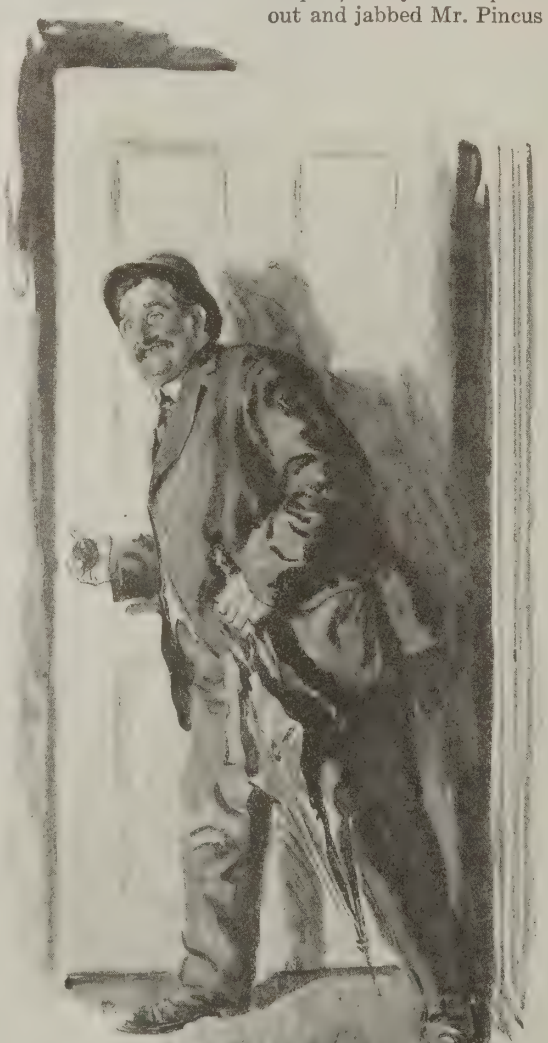
"Vat? You make a fool of me, then?" roared Mr. Pincus.

Minnie only gave another grunt.

"If you are a fool, Pincus," she replied calmly, "that is your affair."

Then, turning her back to him, Mrs. Pincus slept.

The tip, that pointer worth a fortune, was destined, it seemed, to die on Mr. Pincus' hands.



Instantly an Artful Smile Spread on Mr. Pincus' Face. "Vell, Minnie?" He Chirped

Those familiar with the doings of that crop of singular securities, the War Babies, to which Wall Stree has of late given birth, will recall that it was on a Tuesda morning, just after the market's opening, when Ingot firs began to splutter and buzz. That day more than one for tune was made in Wall Street. In train with this, mor than one fortune was lost there too.

But then, that is always true of Wall Street. What on man wins is of necessity what some other man has lost Only a few, however, the chosen few, had ever won any thing on Ingot. Almost invariably outsiders always ha lost.

Always in trouble, the quarry always of that Wall Stree wrecking crew, who feast and fatten on disaster, the con cern's career before the war was a succession of refunding receiverships and reorganizations. Now, however, the wa had changed all that. The Ingot Company was about t cut a melon. However, before the melon was cut, the dire tors meant first to secure for themselves the largest, th most juicy of the slices. Consequently, having picked u almost every share available, the instant the news brok the stock soared skyward with a rush.

At ten o'clock the market opened. Ingot was the firs quotation. Having closed at 34 bid, a quarter asked, i opened with a whoop. The first transaction, a block of tw hundred shares, was snapped up at 35. The next transac tion was another three-quarters up. Five minutes late uproar raged in the market. The whole Street fought t get aboard; and in every brokerage office—Rooker, Burk & Co.'s among them—the uproar on the Stock Exchang was instantly and as wildly reflected.

"Ingot, a half—three-quarters! Five hundred Ingot a seven-eighths! Ingot, thirty-nine! A quarter! A half Five hundred Ingot at forty! Ingot, forty-one!"

Mr. Thurlow, his mouth agape and his face now of startling pasty pallor, stood gaping at the quotation boar The day before the gentleman's mood had been merry When Blake, that stray, that has-been, had been ejecte from the place, Mr. Thurlow had lightly laughed. Bu then, why not? Had not Mr. Thurlow had a tip? Wa not the tip a hot tip too? In anticipation of the mone the riches that would accrue from it, there had been evel reason why Mr. Thurlow should take things pleasantl Now, however, the dream seemed somehow to have bee shattered.

Tipped to sell, Mr. Thurlow had sold. That, in fact, w what the Ingot Company's director had expected when he given out the tip. Consequently, having sold at 34, M Thurlow now looked as if he meant to faint.

His face moist and his lips wetting themselves togeth he was still staring at the quotation board when Rook tapped him on the shoulder.

Rooker's face wore a smile. The smile, however, w purely professional.

"Say, Thurlow," he said, "if it's convenient, I'd like little check from you."

When Mr. Thurlow, a bit whiter, mumbled he'd let h have the check the next day, Mr. Rooker shook his hea He must have a check at once, he said; and, his face co vulsed, Mr. Thurlow made an exclamation.

"What! You'd close me out?" he cried.

It was as he said. Unless he came across at once witl check, the firm indeed would close him out; and, his vo rising, Mr. Thurlow began to protest. It was not for lo however. "Here, you," ordered Rooker, his jaw ugly; you have any squealing to do you can't do it in here!"

Mr. Thurlow, however, did not heed. He had raised voice even higher, shrill now in his misery, when Rook assisted by Beeks, the office manager, briskly escorted h to the door. Exit Mr. Thurlow, still squealing.

This commotion, however, had hardly subsided whe was succeeded by another. Ingot had just crossed 50 wh with a stifled cry, Mr. Pincus rose and launched him across the room. Then, throwing open the street do with another cry he bolted out into New Street, waving arms as he went.

"Say," said one of the crowd, addressing a fellow tra in the chair adjoining, "what's biting Pincus? Crazy w the heat, huh?"

"Search me," replied the other gentleman. "Loo like he was tearing his hair!"

If so, Mr. Pincus had cause to tear his hair. At se o'clock that day Mr. Pincus had risen. In moody sile having dressed himself, he had then repaired to the bre fast table. There, in the same submerged gloom hav consumed a dish of prunes, a saucer of breakfast food, f slices of toast, a couple of eggs and two cups of coffee had kicked back his chair and lumbered to the door. wife inquiring then whither he was bound, Mr. Pincus turned on her with a savage glare—that and an equ savage answer.

"Vat's it to you? If it's to the river I go and jump vat do you care, anyhow?"

"Vell, don't get your feet wet, Pincus!" she had rejoi

And, jamming on his hat, Mr. Pincus had turned on again.

"Vell, I fool you, anyway!" he cried excitedly. "I b maybe! Just the same, I don't go back to them d linings."

(Continued on Page 30)

FOG

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS DUER

"How You Likee—Huh?" Said Lee Sing. "Plitty Good?"

E SING, heathen laundryman, filled his mouth tepid water and ly sprayed the y bosom of the that for the mo- claimed his at- on.

knew little and d less about s, this being in ark but cheerful efore germs at- d prominence customers grew on the subject nitation. Lee successor, do- usiness in the frame shack, blowpump op- by compressed has his neck d twice a week gularly as any American, and the queue and e of his fore- s.

ily, the world snove!

Lee Sing wadded arment into a s ball he lifted uvering Celestial e o in snatches of r melody, his graided queue ng like a pendulum and marking the time of the

"In uh swee-ee-eet . . . by um by . . .
We sha' lest on 'at beau-tee-fu' shaw,
Beau-tee-fu' shaw."

without reason was Lee Sing remembered and re- tl as the prize backslider of the Chinese Christian ssn, where good women, whose husbands should have w better, labored long and hard to snatch yellow n from the burning.

Hsing first acquainted himself with the educational uof apostasy, Lee Sing had embraced Christianity, and l mained an ardent and enthusiastic convert for just lo a time as it had taken him to learn to read and te ne-syllable English. Then, having laid the founda- n f a successful commercial career, Lee Sing had ceased ea in prayer and had fallen from grace with a dull thud; Cinese Christian Mission knew him no more. He had ur d to his idols, his joss houses, his red-spotted dice, o asional nips of fiery rice brandy, his semioccasional iffi from a bamboo pipe, and, last but by no means st, he two-a-day drawings of the Quong Hop Lottery mpny.

Lee Sing was a gambler. Outwardly a laundryman, he sh dirty linen only to secure the means wherewith to tif a consuming passion. Even as he imparted a ssyshine to collars and cuffs, Lee Sing saw himself, ayl in a plum-colored blouse of brocaded silk, loafing out the ill-smelling gambling dens of Fish Alley, and nso ing with the *jeunesse dorée* of the Chinese Quarter. Sor day he hoped to catch a ten-spot and break the on Hop Company, or strike a lucky streak at four- e-si and force old Sam Wing to turn the big blue dice wl side down. This was Lee Sing's vision of the Sweet an By—a vision that kept his irons flying and his pock- empty. A dime is a piker's bet, but he who stakes lasten-cent piece earns the right to be called a plunger. Lee Sing lived and worked in a community where big was the rule rather than the exception. From e widows of his shack he could see the high board fence rrounding the race track where white men gambled on e sped of horses. The smell of easy money was in every o breeze blowing in from the broad Pacific, the betting fever as in the very air; but Lee Sing stuck to the games at h knew about and paid little or no attention to his rf neighbors, save when he met them in a business way. Experience had taught him that horsemen were good stoners, often given to sudden, inexplicable bursts of nerosity. It had also taught him that California stable ys ere vest-pocket editions of the devil himself—unte imps who threw stones at Chinamen and cursed th aluency far beyond their years.

"*In uh swee-ee-eet . . . by um by . . .*"

The front door opened with a bang, and a short bow-legged youth entered abruptly.

"'Lo, Lee!"

"'Lo, lilla kit!"

The visitor scowled and twitched a shabby cap lower over his eyes, which were gray, deep-set and older than they should have been. Fringes of yellow hair seemed to bristle behind each ear, and the muscles of his small but sturdy torso tightened under a ragged blue sweater.

"Aw, cut that 'little kid' stuff! . . . Is my shirt done yet?"

Lee Sing's loose slippers clipclapped on the floor as he moved over to the rack that contained his finished work. Selecting a small flat package from the pile, he examined the hieroglyphics scrawled upon the linen tag.

"Me ketch 'um," said Lee Sing, grinning pleasantly. "You ketch 'um dolla hop?"

"Now where would I get a dollar'n a half?" demanded the youth. "How many times have I told you the hoss ain't started yet?"

Lee Sing's face became perfectly blank; he took refuge behind the phrase at which the entire West has battered in vain.

"Me no sabby," said Lee Sing stupidly. "No sabby hoss. You no ketch 'um dolla hop, no ketch 'um laun'ly. Fo', fi', sixsa week—alla time you foola me. Alla time you say not yet—jusha one week maw. You hip no-o good!" He replaced the small bundle on the pile.

"Aw, listen, Lee!" begged the youth. "I know I've had to stand you off for a month or so, an' I'm sorry; but I've got to have that shirt. I've got to have it to-day!"

"Dolla hop, you ketch 'um," replied Lee Sing, unmoved.

"But I got to take my sister down town to see a doctor," pleaded the boy, "an' I can't go lookin' like a tramp! Have a heart!"

"Umph!" grunted the Chinaman. "Sista, she sick?"

"She coughs all the time, an' she's kind o' weak an' run down. I can't take any chances, lettin' it go too long. I want a doctor to find out what ails her, an' mebbe give her some medicine. That's why I need the shirt. I got to look as if I can pay a doctor's bill, anyhow!"

Lee Sing reflected for some time, his slant eyes half closed.

"When you ketch 'um dolla hop?" he asked.

"Next Friday!" said the boy desperately.

"Umph!" remarked Lee Sing, still far from conviction.

"Friday I got Ninespot entered in a race," persisted the boy, "an' I'm goin' to bring him home in front by a city block. He'll win sure, Lee!"

Lee Sing showed the yellow stumps of his teeth in an incredulous grin.

"Mebbe so; mebbe so not," said he, shaking his head. It was not the first time that a race-track customer in straitened circumstances had offered Lee Sing feed-box information in lieu of coin of the realm. "Mebbe so loosh 'um!"

"But he can't lose!" argued the boy, drawing nearer and lowering his voice to a confidential pitch. "You know how long I've waited with this hoss, just to get him placed in a soft spot. Well, Friday's the day; an' there ain't a thing in there for him to beat—not a thing! I'll have money Friday night—all kinds of money; but I got to have that shirt now!"

"Dolla hop," murmured Lee Sing, weakening.

"But Jennie can't wait till Friday," urged the youth, pressing his advantage.

"She ought to see a doctor this afternoon an' get something to stop that cough! Aw, be a good feller, Lee!"

"You no foola me?" demanded the Chinaman, with a shrewd glance out of the corner of his almond eyes. "You no tell 'um lie?"

"Cross my heart!" cried the boy with sudden passion. "Cross my heart an' hope to die if it ain't the truth! Jennie's sick, I tell you; an' I got to take her to the doctor. You think I'd lie about a thing like that?"

Lee Sing sighed heavily and picked up the small bundle again.

"Aw light," he grunted. "Nisha time aw light. . . . Me hip dam' fool! . . . Fliday, you ketch 'um dolla hop?"

"You bet your life!" The boy snatched the bundle from Lee Sing's hands and moved toward the door; the Chinaman followed him swiftly.

"You hoss," said he, "what him nem?"

"His name's Ninespot, I told you; an' he goes in the sixth race, Friday. Ninespot—sixth race—Friday—got that?"

"Ni'spot," repeated the Chinaman, and a sudden smile bisected his grave countenance. "Ni'spot, Chinee lottelly, him plitty dam' good; ten-spot mo' betta!"

"Gee, but you're a bug on that lottery stuff, ain't you?" asked the boy, pausing at the door. "And say, you got as much chance to land a ten-spot as—as I have to win the American Derby with the awful oat-hound I got in my barn!"

"Bimeby ketch 'um, git plenty money," replied Lee Sing, grinning vacuously. "Ten-spot losh money, kit; all sem lich!"

"Lots of money, eh? Well, go to it, Lee; I'm for you. You're a good feller at that!"

"Uh-huh," was the dry response; "jusha now me dolla hop good fella. Me sabby you. You come back Fliday?"

"Just as sure as the sun shines!"

The boy leaped out into the chill December breeze, hugging the flat bundle to his breast.

"Billy," said he to himself, "what's goin' to become of you? You lied like a common tout—lied to a Chinaman to get a shirt an' make a front so's to stand off a doctor! Ninespot! They flattered him when they named him! An' you said he'd win sure! I'm ashamed of you!"

Inside the frame shack Lee Sing continued to wad damp garments into little balls, and the quavering melody rose and fell, while the swaying queue marked time:

"In uh swee-ee-eet . . . by um by . . .
We sha' lest on 'at beau-tee-fu' shaw,
Beau-tee-fu' shaw."

"Haw!" chuckled Lee Sing, and followed his chuckle with an avalanche of guttural sounds, which being interpreted into pidgin English gives us the following bit of wisdom:

"Ni'spot, him plitty dam' good; ten-spot, mo' betta!"

II

WHEN old Tom Randolph closed his eyes on a world of change and chance he left an estate consisting of a spotlessly clean record on the American turf, an excellent

split-second stop watch, which he had carried for thirty years, and a heavy-headed, blundering chestnut colt named Ninespot, which had never faced the barrier. He also left two children—Jane Marcum, aged nineteen, and William Churchill, "seventeen, goin' on eighteen."

Time was when the Randolph Stable amounted to something in prestige and dollars and cents; but the owner's latter days had been evil ones, and the glory of his faded racing colors had departed.

"It's a mean trick, Billy," Old Tom had said after the doctor had told him the truth; "yes, a mighty mean trick, leavin' you like this—you an' Jennie. You'll have to watch her pretty close, my boy. She's inclined to be delicate, like her mother was, an' she'll need lookin' after. . . . I ain't askin' you to promise me, sonny. I know you'll think of her first always. . . . The racin' game ain't what it used to be before bookmakers began buyin' stables of their own; but if you stay with it, Billy, run your hosses on the square—I expect you'll be ridin' a couple of seasons yet. Don't never ride for a man that wants you to do wrong, an' remember what I told you 'bout makin' a low weight if it hurts you. It ain't worth while ruinin' your health. . . . And now, if you'll bring Jennie in. . . . I'm in the home stretch, sonny, an' finishin' fast."

For two years Billy had preserved his father's estate intact. Old Tom's turf record had not suffered by any act of his son; the split-second stop watch had not left the Randolph family for as much as an instant, and the worthless Ninespot had a roof over his head and oats to eat—oats he had not earned. By riding for other owners Billy had been able to keep a horse of his own—not much of a horse, to be sure, but still a thoroughbred and the sole survivor of the Randolph Stable.

And now, at the end of the second year, Billy Randolph sat on the porch of a three-room cottage in the rear of the barns and faced a crisis all too serious for his years.

It was night, and a dense fog had drifted in from the ocean, swallowing up the stable lights and blotting out the low even lines of the buildings where the thoroughbreds were quartered. A medley of sounds came to the boy out of the thick gray pall—some of them amazingly close at hand, others muffled and indistinct—snatches of camp-meeting melodies crooned by negro hostlers and roustabouts; shrill cries of youthful gamblers, bending over the dice in some near-by but invisible tackle room; occasional bursts of loud laughter, marking the point of some rude joke. Billy Randolph heard these things but did not heed them. He sat with his chin in his hands, while the fog slowly took the stiffness out of the bosom of his clean white shirt.

A door creaked behind him, and a girl's voice caused him to turn his head.

"Billy, you mustn't set out there in the fog! You'll ketch your death o' cold!"

"Shucks, Jen! I'm warm as toast! Run along to bed, an' don't bother about me. I'll be in after a while. I'm waitin' for George th' Greek."

There was a short silence. The door creaked in an undecided manner but did not quite close. A pencil of yellowish light still glimmered through the fog curtain.

"Billy?"

"Well?"

"You ain't worryin' about it, are you, dear? You know you can't do any more'n just your level best. I'd rather stay here with you, Billy, than go down there among strangers. Don't let it bother you."

The boy laughed harshly. "Bother me? I should say not! Didn't the doctor tell me you'd be all right once you get out of this damp foggy climate? Well, we're goin' to get out. I'll land you in Arizona if I have to make Ninespot carry double. Right at present, I'm figurin' ways an' means—mostly means. . . . Hike, now—here comes somebody!"

The door closed softly as a figure loomed through the fog.

"That you, Billy?"

"What's left of me, Greek. Set down; I want to have a talk with you."

Now George the Greek was really not a Greek at all, neither was his first name George. The alias had been bestowed on him because of an olive complexion, dark dreamy eyes, and a mop of blue-black hair, inclined to curl. When he had money, which was seldom, he could be found vibrating between the paddock and the betting ring, and he had once been four hundred dollars ahead of the game for almost half an hour. When he had no money he worked and earned it, in this respect differing from many turf followers.

The Greek was a gentle, kindly soul, and a very handy man about a racing stable. He loved good horses and understood them and would have made an ideal groom, but would have fought the man who dared to suggest such a thing. Billy Randolph was his only close friend, Jennie the only girl of his acquaintance; the Greek loved them both devotedly.

"What did the doctor say?" George was a youth of few words.

"Plenty. In the first place, it's her lungs. That was my guess all along."

George the Greek made a clicking noise with his tongue and shook his head sorrowfully. Because he found nothing to say, he patted Billy's knee.

"Cheese!" said the head of the Randolph household. "It ain't as bad as that! It's only in the first stages. The doctor says I got to get her out of this foggy climate."

"Sure!" said George the Greek, and swore softly at the fog.

"Go as far as you like!" said Billy. "You don't hate it any worse'n I do—on her account. It's the fog that brings on all her coughin' spells. . . . Arizona or New Mexico—that's what he said. Might as well ask me to take a trip to the moon! Arizona's a long ways off."

"We'll do it somehow," said the Greek.

"But it's got to be done quick. If we take it in time she can beat the game yet. If she stays here ——"

"No 'if' about it. You got to get her there in a hurry."

"But how? That's what stops me—how?"

George the Greek rolled a cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke into the fog.

"Couldn't you sell Ninespot?" he asked.

"Humph!" grunted Billy. "That big hound? Why, I couldn't give him away! He ain't worth thirty cents. . . . I tell you, Greek, I feel like goin' out with a gun an' stickin' up some fat bookmaker!"

"I know," said George. "I've felt the same way lots o' times."

Billy Thoughtfully Guided Ninespot Well Into the Middle of the Track

"I got Ninespot entered in a race next Friday," said Billy. "It's a Burglars' Handicap if ever there was one—all the bad hosses at the track are in it. The route is a shade longer than he likes—seven-eighths; but if he runs up to his best work he stands an outside chance. Jim Barlow has got his big black hoss in there ——"

"Ace of Spades?" asked George.

"That's the baby. Ace of Spades is quite a hoss. He outclasses this bunch—can win in a walk if Barlow's tryin' with him. Trouble is, you never know what Jim's doin' till he's done it; an' by that time they're payin' off. He's been cheatin' with the black hoss lately—waitin' to get a price, I reckon—an' he may not be ready to cut him loose on Friday.

"If he ain't it's anybody else's race, an' Ninespot'll have as good a chance as most of 'em. . . . If I only knew about Jim ——"

"Maybe I can find out," said George the Greek hopefully. "I know a couple of swipes that are working for Barlow."

"Jim's too foxy to tip his mitt to stable hands," said Billy.

"Well, you never can tell. They might have he something. Won't do any harm to nose round an' see. Suppose you do win with Ninespot?"

Billy Randolph solemnly knocked on wood three tim

"After payin' what I owe," said he, "there'd be ab two hundred left of the purse. That would get us th an' I don't ask no more. It's a hoss country; an' wh there's hosses I can always get a job—if it's only drivi delivery wagon."

"You goin' to take Ninespot out in front?" asked Geo the Greek.

"Yes; an' if anybody beats that barrier next Fri it'll be me. The only good races the big hound ever were the ones when he had the jump on the bunch. ain't got no heart, Greek. He quits as soon as they co up 'longside of him. . . . A big yellow hound! An' that's the only hoss left to run for the Rando Stable—in a pinch like this!"

"He might not quit Friday," said the optimistic Geo the Greek.

"He better not!" was the savage rejoinder. "If he d quit it'll be after the worst lickin' a race hoss ever got hear Jennie movin' round inside. Reckon I ought to in an' talk to her—cheer her up a little."

"Is—is she scared, Billy?"

"She wouldn't ever let me know it if she was," repl the boy. "I wanted her to go in the next room whil talked with the doctor alone. Think she'd stand for it? N in a thousand years! It was the truth she was after. A game? She's so game that I kind of choke up when talks about the little cold on her chest. . . . Tha what she calls it—a cold on her chest. Can you beat he

"Listen!" urged George the Greek, with a sudd inspiration. "You tell her I had an aunt once that was ful sick—lungs all shot to pieces. They had to carry to the train on a stretcher—that's how bad she was; now—now she weighs a couple of hundred pounds, an' wouldn't know there was ever anything the matter w her! Honest, you wouldn't! That's what zona done for my aunt; you tell Jennie."

"Is this aunt business on the level?" deman Billy sternly.

"Aw, what difference does t make?" growled George the Gr "You tell her anyhow. It may do s good!"

III

THERE are great souls to who little luck is only an aggravat Not content to accept the small fa flung them by the blind goddess, satisfied to touch the hem of her ment, these bold and greedy adventu essay to pick her pockets and loot her of capital prize as she passes them by. A few believe that this can be done. As a eral thing, the belief costs them money heartaches.

It was on a Thursday afternoon that Sing "caught a ten-cent seven" in the light drawing of the Quong Hop Lot Company, and thus found himself riche the sum of eighteen dollars and seventy cents. Another lowly dabbler in soap might have rejoiced; but Lee Sing sneered as he wound his queue about his and prepared to board the street ca Chinatown. He regarded a ten-cent s as very small fish indeed—fit for nothin to be used as bait in the snaring of a levia

From the lottery headquarters it wa a step to the establishment of old Sam W ostensibly a respectable merchant, rea pillar of the gambling trust. In his basement, where a million shopworn fought for mastery, and some were def but none died, Sam Wing defied a city ordinance by erating a dice game known to the initiated as four-fiv

Night and day the ivory cubes rattled and spun i big blue bowl; and the stakes changed hands, some with amazing rapidity, for four-five-six is the sort of where the speculator gets action for his money.

Lee Sing clattered down the basement stairs, wi nose in the air and many silver dollars clinking i pockets. To-night is always the night when a Chin has money he has not earned.

Sam Wing, a frail little mummy done in wrinkled parchment, peered through the smoke of cigarette and rank Chinese-made cigars and nodded at Lee Sing who nodded politely in return.

About the large round table were the gamesters—ite, black, yellow and brown. Plump, smooth-skinned C dandies were jostled by negroes and Mexicans; men, their dead eyes and sallow cheeks marking th as opium smokers, made room for coolies and Japanese table growers. Lee Sing saw at a glance that it was game, with plenty of money in sight. He edged hi in to the table, thus inconveniencing a white bo

ssenger's uniform, who s feverishly watching his enty-five-cent bet.

'Hey, quitcha shovin'!" owled the youth. "Now n, come on, ace!"

Lee Sing made a few small s, with varying success; when it came his turn to ndle the dice he emptied pockets into the small dish Sam Wing held to him. A mutter of ment ran round the le.

'Plenty money now," avered Sam Wing. vlybody bet 'um—bet up!"

he other players placed their wagers front of them, in amounts ranging n a dime to a dollar. Lee Sing waited il the last coin was staked; then he ked up the three dice and examined m carefully.

All the spots are on 'em!" grumbled messenger boy. "Shoot!"

ee Sing rolled up the right sleeve his blouse and extended his arm il his closed fist was directly over bowl.

'Got nothin' to deceive us, eh?" said the boy. "Why 't you shoot?"

Heh!" cried Lee Sing, releasing the dice with a quick nward jerk of his wrist.

hey fell, spinning, into the blue bowl. A deuce ap- ed, then a trey; and from the entire circle went up a fled ejaculation, almost a prayer, and addressed to third die, which was spinning like a top. It wavered ast, rolled halfway across the bottom of the bowl and e to rest. A grunt of relief rose from the players.

Acey, him come—too bad!" said Sam Wing calmly, dipped his talons into the tin dish.

ee Sing had thrown one-two-three, the lowest possible , and must pay every bet, so far as his money would o Beginning with the messenger boy, Sam Wing dis- uted the contents of the dish, making change with lost incredible swiftness, and permitting no arguments. n he had finished he flipped three dimes out on the ale—all that remained of Lee Sing's fortune.

'Nother good man gone wrong!" said the messenger o' pertly, rattling some small change into the tin dish. Come ride with me, gents! I'll give you something to not at—tell you that now!"

Aw, you alla time talk!" said old Sam Wing wearily. Ish talk; not much money!" He shook the tin dish fully. "Eighty-fi' cent—humph!"

ee Sing picked up the three dimes, glanced at them arlessly, tucked his hands under his long blouse and ded for the stairs. A white man would have cursed his ; a negro would have mentioned the amount of his s a Mexican would have snarled at the winners. Being Chinaman, and coming of the race that produces the e losers on earth, Lee Sing made his exit in dignified dece, carrying with him into Fish Alley a wooden expres- o of countenance, which had not changed by as much e flicker of an eyelash.

Little later he shuffled into the back room of the Chow on Company—the same being the respectable alias of Quong Hop enterprise—and, seating himself at a table, ced up a square slip of flimsy paper. On this slip were ri ed eighty Chinese characters, ten to the line, and ared in columns—a copy of the first page of a hese book considerably older than Christianity, mprising twenty sentences of four characters ch, some of them rich with wisdom, as the follow- ng samples will show:

'The sun, at times, is not in the center; and the on, at times, is not full."

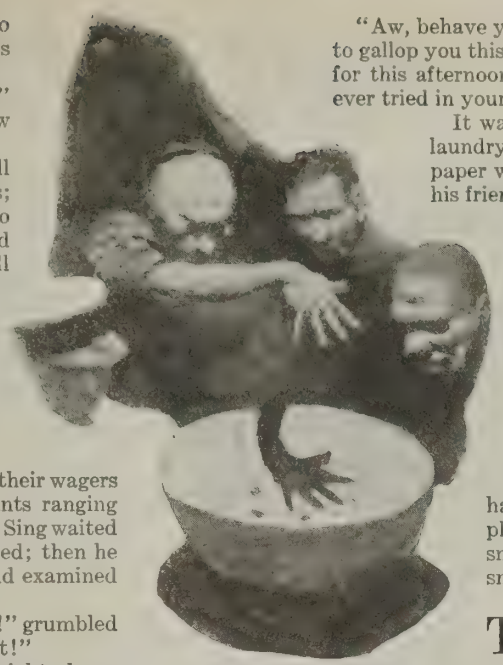
'When the clouds appear the rain will come."

'Ocean water is salty and river water is fresh."

Lee Sing was not in search of information about the nmoon or stars. He selected a camel's-hair brush, ped it in blue indelible ink and thoughtfully pro- eed to obliterate ten of the characters, apparently t random. He then marked a duplicate for future ref- rence and tucked it inside his blouse. The original he anded to a sleepy attendant, together with two of h dimes, and once more his fortunes were at the mely of the midnight drawing of the Quong Hop Lotery Company.

Erring the third dime, reserved as car fare, Lee Sin was "all bloke."

Friday morning dawned raw and cold, and Billy Ran- dolh's teeth chattered as he opened the door of a stall and looked in at a large chestnut horse, which did not seem par- ticularly glad to see him.



"Heh!" Cried Lee Sing, Releasing the Dice With a Quick Downward Jerk of His Wrist

"Aw, behave yourself!" scolded the boy. "I ain't goin' to gallop you this mornin'. I'm saving everything you got for this afternoon, you ornery oat-hound; an' oh, if you ever tried in your life, try for us to-day!"

It was also cold in Lee Sing's shack, and the laundryman shivered as he picked up a folded paper which had been thrust under his door by his friend See Yit, an early-rising vegetable peddler. It was the same sort of slip that Lee Sing had marked the night before, but twenty of the characters had been punched out—the lucky twenty, which had been drawn by lot at midnight in the cellar of the Chow Loon Company.

Lee Sing's sleepy eyes widened as he examined the "drawing." Hastily he compared it with the duplicate preserved for that purpose, and an explosion of strangled gutturals escaped him. The next instant he snatched his slouch hat from its peg and dashed out of the place, his queue streaming behind him, snapping this way and that like a blacksnake whip.

IV

THE day continued raw and cold, with a hint of rain in the air. The rain did not come, but the afternoon breeze brought the fog in from the Farallones—only a shred or two at first, driving low across the infield; then a pearl-gray haze, clinging close to the ground; lastly the main body of the fog bank itself, rolling swiftly in from the sea, obliterating landmarks, obscuring the sun and hastening the dusk of a winter evening.

The fourth race was run through scudding patches of mist; the fifth, in a haze which almost hid the upper turn; and when the bookmakers posted the prices for the last event objects fifty feet away were blurred and indistinct, and rapidly becoming invisible.

George the Greek, acting as hostler for the Randolph Stable, brought Ninespot to the paddock, where fourteen other horses were waiting for the saddling bell. The Greek scowled as he recognized several of the owners.

"Billy called it!" thought he. "Burglars' Handicap is right. Every thief on the track has got a horse in this race. Question is, How many of 'em are tryin'? . . . Jim Barlow ain't—that's one good thing. . . . Ace of Spades looks fine, though—looks ready."

The bell brought Billy from the jockey's room—a stocky little figure in the shabby colors of the Randolph Stable. George the Greek saddled Ninespot under the critical eye of the owner, and the boys engaged in low-toned conversation as they waited the signal to mount.

"My—oh! What a fog!" said Billy. "Jen wanted to see the race; I'm glad I told her to stay home."

"Nobody'll see this race," said George the Greek. "It's thicker than soup out there. . . . Fine chance for rough stuff on the upper turn; the judges can't see any fouls. Better look out for some of these fellers."

"They better look out for me!" said Billy, fumbling in the leg of his boot. "I'm desperate enough to do most anything."

He straightened up and showed the Greek a twenty-dollar note folded small in the palm of his hand.

"Where'd you get that?" demanded George.

"I borrowed it on the watch," replied Billy. "I'm takin' a chance that you got the straight dope on Ace of Spades."

"Both of Barlow's boys told me Jim wasn't tryin' to-day," said George the Greek. "They told me the black horse wouldn't be anywhere."

"I hope you're right," said Billy; "an' I'm goin' to gamble that you are. Stand over here and I'll drop this in your coat pocket. I don't want anybody to see me slip it to you—it might start a lot of pikers to playin' Ninespot. . . . Now this is what you do: Wait till the very last minute, an' then slip into the ring an' get me the top price on him to win. He'll go up in the bettin', sure; you ought to get fifty or seventy-five to one."

"Hadn't I better put ten on the nose an' ten on the limb?" asked the cautious George.

"Put it all on his nose!" ordered Billy. "Every nickel! He'll win or he won't be nowhere; an' if it comes to a cleanin' I might as well be cleaned right. What good will a stop watch be to me—in Arizona?"

"There's something in that," murmured George the Greek.

"I haven't told Jen," continued Billy; "so be careful an' don't spill it. She'd feel bad if she knew I hocked the watch. If Ace of Spades is in the morgue to-day I got as much chance as the rest of 'em; an' this big hound will certainly get a sure-enough ride, no matter where he finishes."

Somewhere in the fog a bugle blared shrilly.

"Good luck, ole pal!" said George the Greek as he hoisted Jockey Randolph into the saddle. "If wishin' was winnin' ——"

"I know," said Billy; "but it ain't. That's the hell of it."

The fifteen thoroughbreds passed the grand stand in a ghostly procession, invisible to all but the judges and the spectators near the fence. Even at this close range it was difficult to read the numbers on the saddlecloths, and the presiding judge shook his head at his assistant.

"I don't remember ever seeing it quite so thick as this," said he.

"Nor me," remarked the other. "It'll be just our luck if about seven of these skates take it into their heads to finish noses apart. That'd be lovely, eh? Better run through those colors again, I think. Let's see—red jacket, white sleeves, white cap—that's Harrington's horse; purple jacket, green sleeves, purple and green cap—that's the Denver Stable ——"

Billy Randolph, jogging along at the extreme end of the line, urged Ninespot a bit and soon found himself touching elbows with Jockey Sanderson on Ace of Spades. Sanderson, who was young in years but nevertheless an able business man, was cursing several things, among them Jim Barlow, his heirs and assigns forever.

"What's it all about, Sandy?" asked Billy.

"Barlow crossed me," answered Sanderson, and continued to free his mind.

"Crossed you? How?"

"He told me he'd let me know when he was goin' to turn this one loose, so I could bet some money on him. . . . Barlow never bet a dime for a jock in his life."

The cold seemed to strike Billy Randolph through and through.

"Why," said he, "I—I understood Ace of Spades wasn't—wasn't ——"

Jockey Sanderson interrupted him with a savage oath:

"So did a lot o' people! So did I! Last night Jim Barlow told me this race was just goin' to be another one of 'them things.' Then, at the last minute, when there ain't a chance for me to flag my bettin' c'missioner, Jim breaks it to me that the stable money is down, an' gives me orders to take this baby out in front an' never look back! I leave it to you if that ain't a rotten trick!"

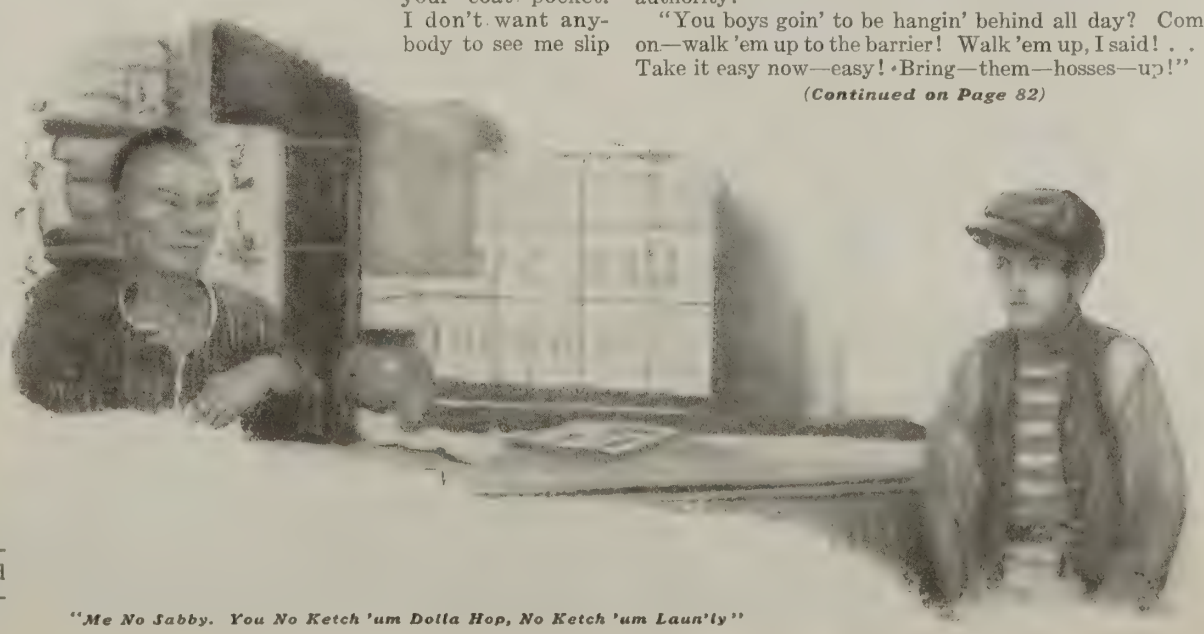
Billy Randolph did not answer. He could not speak.

"It's all right to job the bookmakers an' the public," complained Jockey Sanderson; "but a guy ought to be on the level with his stable c'nections. Here I been grabbin' this bird every time out, messin' him all over the track, bringin' him home outside the money, takin' a chance on bein' set down by the judges; an' now, when Jim gits ready to send him for the checks, he don't even tell me! He's a fine stiff, he is! Why, if I ——"

Out of the fog bank ahead boomed the hoarse voice of authority:

"You boys goin' to be hangin' behind all day? Come on—walk 'em up to the barrier! Walk 'em up, I said! . . . Take it easy now—easy! Bring—them—hosses—up!"

(Continued on Page 82)



"Me No Sabby. You No Ketch 'um Dolla Hop, No Ketch 'um Laun'ly"

UNCLE SAM IN FAIRVIEW

DECORATIONS BY H. DEVITT WELSH

I HAVE come to the end of these sketches of the history of recent changes in rural life in Fairview. I cannot finish, however, without telling something of our experience with Uncle Sam's farming missionary—the county agent. I suppose I have delayed speaking of this because I have been depicting the Fairview Idea, and we can't claim the county agent as a part of that; in fact, we are not very proud of our original attitude toward the county agent.

You may remember that the Reverend Frank Wiggins tried hard to have us hire one early in the movement, and had offered Tom Whelpley as his candidate for the job. I was responsible, in the main, for having Tom rejected by the farmers—and then Frank turned on me and got Tom elected to the position of principal of the Fairview Consolidated Rural School, in which position he has heaped coals of fire on our heads by making that school the best in the state, we think, and winning renown all over the nation as the master of a prize rural school, in which teaching is, from the first day to the last and in all branches, knit into the life of the community.

It was a fine thing for us that we rejected the county-agent stone so that it might become the head of the corner in our educational edifice; and I wish to predict that at some time not far in the future all really progressive communities will have the teaching of the A B C of farming, to which the county agents now so largely devote themselves, done in the rural schools. So, as a matter of fact, we accidentally took a leap toward the better by and by when we put that work into the Fairview Consolidated Rural School—where it belongs.

But, though the county agent is not a part of the Fairview Idea, it is a part of that idea to make the best possible use of good things—like the Little Country Theater of North Dakota, and the rural drama of that state and Minnesota—no matter whether they originate with us or not. And the county-agent movement in the United States is too big and revolutionary a function of the National Government to be ignored by any community that is trying to march forward and is even halfway open-minded.

I wonder how many of the readers of this weekly know how great, how vital and how potent a thing for growth the county-agent movement is. I wonder whether there are not many of them who are very hazy in their minds as to what it is, even in a general way. How many know that the United States Government, through the Department of Agriculture, sends missionaries of skilled farming, salesmen of agricultural prosperity, into any county in the United States that fulfills the conditions, pays a part of their salaries—if the state and county will pay the rest—and hires state managers to keep these men in the field and see that they do good work? And that after these men are on the ground they become active organizers of better agriculture, working with and for the farmers instead of on them, and becoming, in fact, County Superintendents of Agricultural Education under United States Government and State Agricultural College management?

A Lesson in Crop-Rotation

MANY know these things; but few, save farmers who have actually worked with these farm experts, know them as one of the great and growing things in our new rural life. Few know that out of the twenty-five hundred or three thousand counties in the United States, nearly half, and of those which are farming counties much more than half, already have these salesmen of good farming. Yet such is the fact.

As I have said, we felt that we knew more about farming in this county than any pinfeathered kid from an agricultural college could know. You see, we misunderstood these kids, and also the attitude of the county agent toward the farmers. We thought he was coming out to do things for us or to us. Really the agents do things with us, and become community hired men who perform a lot of work that we all have long known to be good and even necessary, but which men cannot do alone. Take Freeman Clay's chinch-bug campaign, for instance.

It grew out of our ignorance or lack of practice in growing wheat. Not that we oldsters weren't veterans in wheat growing; we all went broke on wheat in the sixties and seventies, when these prairies fed the world with bread. Then we grew spring wheat exclusively. We used to break the prairie sod in April and May of one year and sow it to wheat the next spring. We knew of no crop that would grow on the freshly broken sod; and we thought the furrow slice, a long ribbon of black earth, had to lie and rot for one season before it would make a crop of anything. To be sure, we used to plant corn in holes chopped through the sod with an ax, but sod corn was the synonym for nothing much. Also, we raised our winter's potatoes, turnips, pumpkins and squashes on the new sod, and scant crops of buckwheat for our winter's cakes; but nothing of much value in money.

What we grew helped us to exist, and that is about all. After the earliest flight of pioneers had roughed it through, the later comers found that they could grow a crop of flax right after the breaking plow and make good money on it; and farther west many a man paid for his land with the first crop of flax. Then, in Western Canada the landowners became wise to this possibility and sold the land on the basis of a crop the first year; so that the new knowledge was capitalized in the price of land—just as all knowledge, new or old, inevitably becomes so capitalized sooner or later. It's a law of land values.

After the first crop of wheat, which was the second year of plowing, we sowed another crop of wheat; and then another and another—and so on. The Corn-Belt prairies were golden seas, rippling in the sunshine and the winds—a magnificent sight; as different from the Corn-Belt summer landscape of to-day as Alaska is different from Florida. It was black soil in fall and spring—bare black soil as far as the eye could reach. It was the faint green of sprouting grain in April, deepening into lush greenery in May and June, now beginning to wave in dark ripples in the wind. It was green and gold in July. And in August came the great self-rake reapers, the old droppers and the harvesters, each with two men binding and riding at the same time, and the headers spouting geysers of wheatheads into great board boxes.

And then the prairie became freckled with shocks, which soon gathered into groups of hive-shaped stacks, after which the threshers went about filling the air from daylight till after dark with the hum of the cylinders, rising and falling like the voice of no other machine, in a long, wavering, musical pæan of triumphant plenty. Then came the days of burning straw piles, and the stubble fields were again scored with broadening black ribbons of plowed land—broadening until all was black again; and the wagons wore deep grooves in the earth as the crop went to the railway, sometimes as much a forty miles off. And then in the spring there went into those fields another crop of wheat.

Not for too long a time, however, would Nature allow this to go on. There came a time when something mysterious was seen to be the matter with the wheat. It came up as rank as ever, it grew as tall as ever, its heads were as long as ever; but the straw, which used to turn to gold from green, now bore black specks and turned brash, so that the heads would pull off the bands when we cinched up the sheaf before tucking it in. Sometimes, too, our boots would be red with rust from the wheat straw, and at other times the wheat would stand shoulder-high and filled with kernels, when some terrible thing would shrivel the grains almost to chaff.

We waded through deep waters in those days. Nobody knew what the trouble was, though we had all sorts of theories. Now the professors in the colleges of the spring wheat states have found out that when wheat is sown after wheat, as we sowed it, there are fungi and bacteria which fill the soil and pervade the country. But, though we suffered from them, we did not know they existed. Nobody knew then. Such knowledge belongs to the age of the college of agriculture and the county agent.

We quit growing wheat, finally, and corn became our great crop. Then our states became the Corn-Belt States. Now one may see as much corn as then we saw wheat. It is as beautiful as the wheat, but it is different. We warned by Nature's protest against a one-crop system, we planted corn after corn. And recently we have begun to see that this, too, is a mistaken policy. Then wheat came back; but this time it was not spring wheat.

In my young manhood, here in the Corn Belt, we had no winter wheat that would resist the severities of our winters. But twenty-five years or so ago Russian immigrants brought to Kansas varieties of winter wheat which are more hardy; and these have gradually made their way north until they are now grown in Alberta, where the season is so short that this year's harvest must be taken off after next year's seed is sown.

Young Men With New Methods

THIS wheat has been perfected by the plant breeders of the colleges until it is better than when the Russian immigrants brought it over. It brought wheat back to Fairview. We began slowly to adopt the Ohio Valley rotation—corn, then wheat, then clover.

Now this new system found us all out of practice in wheat growing. We had never been much troubled with chinch bugs and not at all, to speak of, with Hessian fly; but now both these pests were upon us. About the time that I, at least, had come to the conclusion that I had forgotten a lot about wheat, and that there was another lot I had never known, a county agent was hired for our county.

We in the Fairview neighborhood took very little interest in him and his work. We thought we had in Tom Whelpley and the school, and in Frank Wiggins and Dan, his wife, and the Fairview Meetinghouse, a good deal more than the county agent could give us in the way of aids to rural progress. We were, perhaps, a little uppish and conceited in the matter.

But the county agent didn't feel that way about us; in fact, he disarmed us by coming to our meetings every Sunday and levying on Tom and Frank for help in his work. He said it was not often that a county agent came to a county in which his work was so well started in an influential neighborhood. If he could just get the Fairview spirit and the Fairview Idea, he said, spread all over the county, he would consider his work there a success.

Now what can you do against that sort of approach! Nothing but turn in and help. And after a while we discovered that not even a Tom Whelpley knows everything; and that the keen young fellow who is making a business of gobbling up every bit of new knowledge, as soon as it is knowledge, is sure to be a few laps ahead of the best of us—except in the general and old-established practice of farming, in which, of course, we old stagers naturally know more than anybody else.

The county agent's name was Freeman Clay. He wasn't so very youthful after all, though we called him, disparagingly, a kid. He had an office in the courthouse at the county seat, and kept a little gasoline runabout, in which he burned up the highways of the county all summer long. On Saturdays he was in his office; and the farmers, and their wives and children, too, got into the habit of dropping in to see him pretty often. I understand this is the way most of these fellows do. Going from farm to farm, as he did, he kept posted on matters of interest; and the first favor he did me was to tell me where I could get three brood sows of the breed I like best, and which I wanted.

He sold fifty dollars' worth of seed corn for Wilson Beebe, because Wilson's boy had been taught in school how to select it, save it and test it; and it was a good variety of corn. He organized boys' and girls' clubs all over the county, and used to come in his little car and take Tom Whelpley ten or fifteen miles about every week, to tell some backward neighborhood how much good we had got out of some community function in Fairview. He was always organizing parties of visitors to attend our Fairview meetings; and localities that still had only the old-fashioned one-room schoolhouses began to simmer with the Fairview ferment.

He always carried a book with him in which he set down notes of anything any farmer wanted to buy or had to sell. He was a sort of universal sales agent and commission man, with the commission eliminated. It wasn't long before every farmer in the county would stop at the turnrow by the road and wait if he saw the dust of Clay's gasoline bug approaching.

I did that one day and complained, when Clay arrived, that the chinch bugs, after ruining my wheat, had attacked the outer rows of corn.

"Too bad!" said he. "I'm from a chinch-bug country myself, and have had considerable experience with them."

"Where?" I asked.

"Kansas," said he.

"Do any farming down there?" I asked.

"Born and raised at it," he answered; "and have an interest in a wheat farm there now. That's how I learned about tackling the chinch-bug evil."

Anti-Chinch-Bug Crusade

NOW I am firmly convinced that he learned about the control of chinch bugs in college; but if he had said it and called it "the control" of chinch bugs instead of "tackling" them, he knew I should have refused to accept any advice from him. He led me to believe he had picked up his knowledge in farming, just the way I have picked up mine, so I would talk with him as farmer to farmer.

We farmers are such fools sometimes—almost as big fools as the American banker or the American manufacturer. In a business in which only the expert can possibly earn anything above the wages of unskilled labor in other fields, and in which many of us are so inexpert that we actually earn less than do our hired men, there are thousands of farmers who sneer at experts. I have done so myself. I shall no doubt do so at times in the future; but I have learned this much, anyhow: I shall sneer only at the men who are, as I shall for the moment believe, imitation experts and not true ones. The real experts—experts in theory as well as in practice—will always observe me in the act of taking my hat off to them, even if I did earn the reputation of being the prize mossback of the Corn Belt by having a whip socket put on the dash of my first motor car.

Moreover, I am willing to concede that perhaps most of the real farming experts of the country, aside from the successful farmers, are found in the ranks of the county-agent force of the Bureau of Farm Management of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, working with the farmers in the various counties to which they are accredited under the Smith-Lever Act.

All that can be done to check the ravages of chinch bugs after harvest Freeman Clay showed me how to do; I had read of it of course, but it had gone into my brain at the eyes and oozed out at the back of my head, as most things do that we read. That's the value of the county agent to the fairly well-informed farmer: he makes real the things which otherwise remain wrapped in the haze of matters only read of. Only scholars really visualize things that are merely read.

Old Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, father of the county-agent movement and, I think, the greatest educator America ever produced, once said to me: "When a man reads a thing he doesn't know it. When you tell it to him he doesn't know it. When you actually do it before his eyes he still doesn't know it. He never actually knows a thing until he does it with his own hands and brains!"

On the other hand, a friend of mine in New York, who likes to deal in contradictions, is fond of saying that you can't teach any person anything he doesn't already know.

Both these men are absolutely right. I knew, in the way one of them meant, how to check the invasions of chinch bugs marching from the stubble into the corn; but I never really knew it in the way meant by the other until after I had worked it out with Freeman Clay, and found out how far too late it is to tackle these pests after they have got their big summer start.

"Anyhow," said Freeman, "this is no time to start on chinch bugs. Over in Lincoln Township the farmers are going to go after next year's bugs this fall."

"So am I," said I; though I hadn't thought of it until that moment.

"Good!" said Freeman. "You can get most of 'em that way."

"Um—how would you advise going about it," I asked cautiously—"er—under our conditions?"

"Well," he answered, "there's no use fighting them individually. It's a community proposition. They're going at it on a township scale over in Lincoln."

"So are we," said I—for I'd be darned if I'd admit I was plumb ignorant of the whole business after beginning with a bluff. Not that we didn't both know I'd been bluffing; but he is so young and I'm so old, you see. "Can you come over and help us organize the movement?"

"Sure!" said Freeman. "That's what I'm paid for. And I harbor a bitterness toward chinch bugs that makes me feel a savage joy in such a frolic."

Well, with the help of Tom Whelpley, Frank Wiggins and the leaders among the boys and girls, we did have a frolic—and we cleaned them out for the next year. We raked and burned over all the roadsides, so there were no wintering places for eggs of the bugs. We left no batch of weeds uncut or unburnt. We scourged the swales of matted vegetation as with fire and sword; and gave a shampoo to a lot of lawns and orchards which had not been under the barber's care once in their whole history. We went through groves and hedges with fine-tooth combs; and for two or three days the smokes of our holocausts ascended to heaven like Indian signal fires.

We divided the country into sections of two square miles each, and chose squads, which were scored by a committee composed of Doctor Faville, Jeff Sharpe and Ethel Wyatt Fisher, fifty points each being allowed for speed and efficiency. The best three squads got badges, which we sent off for, to be won three years in succession in order to be permanently possessed. And we had a dance and feast at the schoolhouse when it was all over. We were that much to the good, no matter what the effect on the bugs; but I really think it did a lot of good. The next year we had no chinches to speak of; and they had a good many in sections where no bugging contest was held.

I suppose, too, we destroyed a great many other bad insects, of which we knew nothing. You almost always do better than you expect by being thorough. I reckon the San José scale has been a good thing for the fruit industry; when you spray for scale you rid the orchard of pests of which you never had any suspicion.

Practical Coöperation

THIS started a kind of intimacy between Freeman Clay and me, and gave me a new slant on the county-agent business. I began taking rides with him in his car or mine, in which we pretty well explored the county. I never realized before how ignorant the average farmer is of what is going forward on farms within two hours' run; and I came to believe that we haven't yet really domesticated the automobile as a farm tool. It lays all the farm skill of the countryside under contribution for the farmer who likes to know what the real, practical farmers—not the theorists—are doing.

It began by excursions with Freeman Clay to see what other neighborhoods were doing in the anti-chinch-bug crusade; and I found that he was carrying that war into Africa pretty well all over the county. I calculate that in this thing alone he saved the county several times his salary; for we should never have done it if we hadn't had a county hired man to do the drudgery of dragooning us into it.

Pretty soon, however, he began showing me other things. Before I knew it I had joined with six others to buy bulls coöperatively. You must understand that the bull is just exactly half the herd, so far as improvement is concerned; and, as it is cheaper to buy good blood in one animal than in ten or twenty or forty, he is really a good deal more than half from the practical viewpoint.

"Do you know," said Freeman to me, "how many grand sires are never recognized as such until after they have gone to the block?"

He went on and told me of scores of great cows whose sires had been dead before it became known what great and valuable animals they were. So we organized this bull club to get good animals and keep them, passing them from farm to farm among us until they were aged and tested. Some of these days we'll be found showing the Missourians what's what in breeding—all by the exercise of a little common sense in doing things together instead of separately, and saving on overhead charges all the time.

Since then I have made the same sort of arrangement with breeders of my kind of swine also; and the women and boys are doing the same thing with a bred-to-lay

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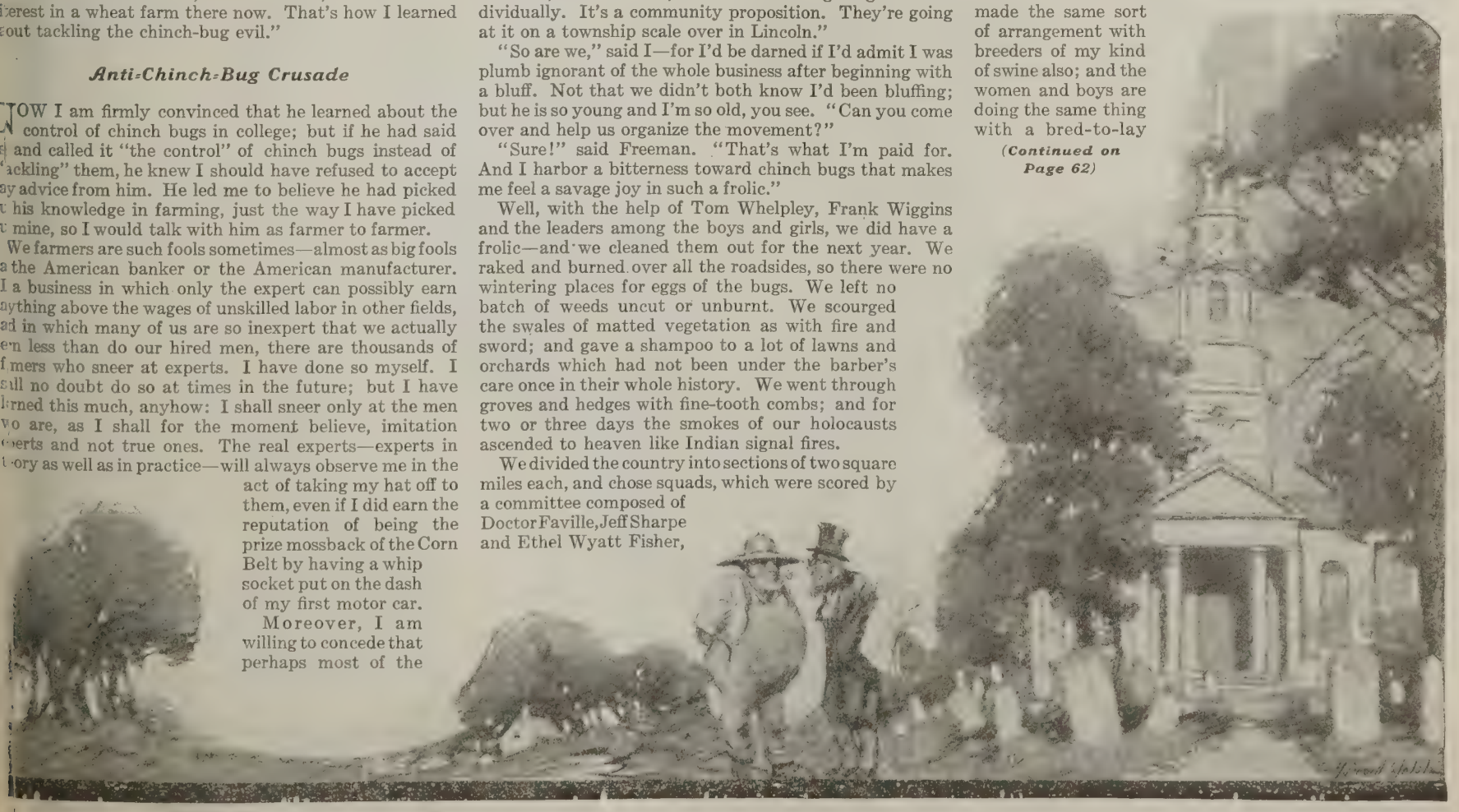

MACAROONS

By Meade Minnigerode

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

BILLY MANNERS had a pleasant way of arching his eyebrows and he stammered a little when he was interested suddenly in something—or more usually someone. Chaperons had a habit of stopping him on the stairs at dances to tell him he reminded them so much of their own boys—the highest praise a mother can bestow.

Billy went to a little town where they still have hitching posts in the sidewalks—and met a girl. It was at a reception on Easter Monday. It was a very fine reception indeed and Billy was very bored. He was not at all a ladies' man, which is perhaps one reason why the ladies, young and old, all liked him so much.

This reception was the great annual social event in that little town. It took place in a big house on the hill; and, of course, the hill had been there long before the town, socially as well as geographically. His hostess was a very ancient lady who insisted on having the young people around her in spite of the protestations of her rather angular maiden nieces, on whose rebellious shoulders fell the labor of preparing for these festive occasions.

Her house was filled with furniture of the solid variety and her cabinets were bursting with Oriental curios begging to be knocked over and broken. Many of them were, annually. She owned three cats and a spaniel of uncertain age, who joined with the maiden nieces in objecting to these social functions and contrived, with exemplary self-sacrifice, to be stepped on at every turn. In a corner of the library she always had a silver bowl of champagne punch for the gentlemen, presided over by a toothless butler.

No one ever partook of the champagne punch; it was not that kind of town anyway, and the old lady was much relieved every year to find it so. But she felt it her duty to have it, just as she tolerated the new dances, or such emendations of them as had reached her secluded neighborhood. Agamemnon, the most enterprising of her three cats, was the only person—if indeed cats are persons—who had ever been known to sample the punch; and that had been years ago. Really good champagne is so hard to get in a little town where they still have hitching posts before the gates.

On this occasion the rooms were crowded with what the society editor—herself not present—would refer to the next morning as the élite of the town. The tables and sideboards were loaded down with chicken salad, and chocolate and whipped cream, and macaroons made by the maiden nieces, their yearly personal contribution. They were not good macaroons by any means, but they achieved a certain *succès d'estime*, due to their exalted parentage. All these things required to be passed around, and it seemed to Billy that the responsibility of this duty presented itself to him with unending monotony.

Moreover, all the windows on the ground floor were closed. Once he meditated helping himself from the punch bowl, being unversed in the ways of that community; but the butler looked so surprised that he retired hastily, with the vague feeling of having committed a breach of etiquette—and stepped on Agamemnon's tail. Billy was very bored.

He finally came to the conclusion that his duty to his aunt's neighbors had been more than satisfied, and took steps to escape from that reception. But just as he was slipping out of the door there were loud outcries from a group of young ladies near the front windows, and two of them swooped down upon him with detaining hands.

"Why, Mr. Manners, you're never going so early!"—"Why, the idea! I suppose this is too dull for him after the gay life of New York."—"You know, really, we couldn't think of letting you go before you've seen Pepita!"—"She's coming now; she's coming now!"—"There she is! Oh, goodie!"—"Now you'll see!"—"Pepita! . . . Pepita!"

A long cheer for Pepita!

And who was this Pepita? Billy made careful inquiries and was breathlessly informed that, in the first place, Pepita was Pepita, and there were no other girls but Pepita. And in the second, third and fourth places—he lost track after that—she was the best-looking girl, and the cleverest girl, and the duckiest girl—whatever that might portend—in the three adjacent counties. Apparently Pepita was a whiz; and not to stay and see Pepita would be a crime against humanity. She would make him wish he lived where he could see her every day—see if he didn't!

Billy decided to stay.

It Can Hardly be Said That His Heart Was in the Work

In the midst of an impressive hush Pepita came into the room. She stood framed in the doorway, a magazine cover of a girl, all in pink, with brown curls clustered behind her ears. Her lips were parted in a smile, and she contrived to look surprised and timid. It was known as the Pepita look and had many imitators. In her own way she came near being a raving beauty. She was simply delightful to behold.

Billy took a violent dislike to her on the spot.

The hush lasted long enough for Pepita to look around the room, leaving a morsel of her glance, like a benediction, with each one of her devotees. She held her pose in the doorway without faltering until a rising murmur around her warned her that the limit of endurance, so to speak, had been reached. At the same moment she completed her ocular circuit of the room—and her gaze fell on Billy. For just a second she focused the full power of the Pepita look on his person; and then, lowering her eyes, she stepped out of her frame and came to life in the room.

Instantly the spell was broken. A cloud of Easter gowns and bonnets fluttered around her and a multitude of little sounds filled the air, such as emanate from a gathering of enthusiastic young ladies. Billy turned noiselessly and made for the door. There was nothing about this Pepita that he cared to investigate further.

"Oh, Mr. Manners!" Retreat was cut off as, for the second time, he reached the door. One of the two young ladies who had detained him before now came running after him, clapping her hands. "Oh, Mr. Manners," she cried, "I do believe you were trying to run away—you naughty man! But I shan't let you go until you have met Pepita."

"Oh, I was just going to see whether the street door was closed," said Billy, somewhat at random. "I'm dying to meet your friend. Where does the line form?"

"Oh, aren't you funny?" exclaimed his captor. "Seeing it's you, I'll take you right up now and introduce you."

"Slick!" remarked Billy; but she did not hear him—nor did he intend she should.

She propelled him toward the center of the room, uttering shrill exclamations of "Pepita! Oh, Pepita dear!"—which attracted the attention of everyone and served to clear a space for them. So he found himself face to face with Pepita, and the circle closed in behind him. Once again a hush fell on the assemblage. Obviously this was a great moment. For one thing, Pepita was about to speak, and undoubtedly she would say something awfully clever; and then Mr. Manners—well, there was no telling what Mr. Manners might do. The moment was crowded with possibilities.

"Oh, Pepita dear!" chirped his sponsor, fully aware of the importance of her function—it might well be that in days to come she might say "Why, yes; I introduced them to each other"—"I want to present Mr. Manners. Miss Farragut, Mr. Manners."

Their eyes met.

The entire gathering held its breath. Bang!

Alas, not the tiniest pop of a bang! It was rather disappointing.

"Mr. Manners?" said Pepita. "So glad to meet you. You'll pardon my left hand, won't you? Nearest the heart, you know!"

A titter ran its discreet course around the circle. Trust Pepita to say something bright.

"How do you do?" said Billy—not that he cared a whoop, at that.

They shook hands, and Pepita's fingers twined around his own like the tendrils of a vine; and Billy hardened his heart.

"What do you think?" chimed in the mistress of ceremonies. "Mr. Manners is so shy! I caught him trying to run away—now didn't I?"

Billy looked at her coldly, but without rancor. She was too young to die; it was quite out of the question.

"Not running away from poor me, I hope!" said Pepita. "I'm sure, Mr. Manners, I should never wish to drive you away!"—accent on the you.

She flashed the Pepita look at him at one-second intervals. She had found it most effective in the past.

Billy felt that something was expected of him. He was always so conscientious. Without any warning, he came a step nearer and arched his eyebrows. Pepita was startled.

"Oh, Mr. Manners!" she exclaimed; and the circle shivered with anticipatory delight.

"You see," said Billy, "I have never met anyone quite like you before!"

Perfectly true; he never had. He had always managed to avoid doing so before.

"I'm afraid you're making fun of me," said Pepita in a go-on-do-it-again tone of voice.

"Who, me?" said Billy. "I couldn't make fun of you!"

"I don't know about that," said Pepita. "I think you're a dangerous man, Mr. Manners; and I'm afraid of you."

"Don't be afraid!" said Billy, as though he were addressing the last girl in the world. "Let me call you Pepita!"

"From what I've heard about you, I don't believe I ought to—Billy!" she replied very softly, turning from the Prologue to Act I, Scene I.

But Billy missed his cue. He had no intention of going on a conversational joy ride with Pepita.

"May I get you something to eat?" he inquired, and she closed the book of the play of Pepita and Billy with a snap.

Something had gone astray and they were lined up for the Prologue again. Pepita was annoyed.

"If you wouldn't mind," she said, turning away. "I am simply starved, Mr. Manners."

Billy proceeded toward the dining room and provided himself with the first thing that came to his hand. It happened to be a plate of macaroons. It can hardly be said that his heart was in the work.

On the way back he suddenly became aware of a girl sitting in the corner—a jolly-looking sort of girl, prettily dressed and with frank eyes. Billy looked at her once and then promptly retraced his steps to the table. He walked around it once or twice, getting glimpses of her as people came and went between them; then he absently took up a second plate and started off again. It was another plate of macaroons.

This time he looked at her very carefully; and the sight pleased him, for unconsciously he began walking more and more slowly until finally he came to a dead stop before her with a plate of macaroons wavering precariously in each hand. And then the girl looked straight into his eyes and smiled. Billy was delighted—not because she had smiled at him, though that was pleasant enough, but because the smile reminded him of all sorts of lovable things.

Then very suddenly she tilted her head and began to laugh. Billy came back with a start from some place very far away and realized that he was pouring a cataract of macaroons into her lap.

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed; and then his laugh answered hers. "H-have some m-macaroons!"

'Thanks awfully!" she tittered. "And please excuse me laughing, Mr. Manners. I'm afraid it was very rude."

So she knew who he was, thought Billy; probably some- he had met in the receiving line and failed to notice ough some mischance. Certainly he had no idea who might be; but he was determined to conceal the fact rn her.

"I'm terribly sorry!" he said. "Lucky it wasn't ice am; it would have spoiled your nice dress."

"Do you think it is nice?" she asked. "I made it self. Won't you sit down?"

Billy stammered again. This girl was not like other girls.

"M-may I s-sit down?" he said, and did so at once.

At the same time he managed to peep around the cur- ns. Pepita was established at the farther end of the om, surrounded by local swains who seemed to be more n amply ministering to her wants.

He turned to the girl by his side, and for a time they were y, smilingly eating macaroons out of her lap. She now ned very timid all of a sudden, and all he could see of s eyes was the beautiful long dark lashes. It was a ier plain little face, except for the eyes; but the mouth nice when she smiled. And she had lovely dark hair, n no curls at all. Billy looked particularly to make sure.

"Kind of nice, isn't it?" he said at last, without knowing tly what he meant. "Aren't they? I mean—the aroons, you know."

"Oh, yes," she said. "I like it—them, I mean."

Billy was not quite sure. Any girl might have said that.

"I meant it was nice being with you, really," he said, n waited.

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed. "That was a compli- t for me, wasn't it? You know, people don't usually e compliments to me."

The answer pleased him. He felt sure Pepita would have something quite different.

"Why is that?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "They don't pay much ttention to me. You see I'm very young and I'm not y very clever yet. I think some day I shall be if I I think it's splendid to be able to interest people. I'm really not old enough to be very interesting; usually just sit and listen, and people don't notice I don't mind it a bit. I'm not used to being grown quite. I always want to laugh, and you know one n't when one is a young lady. It's very difficult, n it? Oh!"

She stopped very suddenly, as though frightened at length of her speech; and he could not coax her to look at him. "Y-yes; it's v-very difficult," Billy. "You do it so much better than I do. I'm you never spill macarooms in people's laps!"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed with a sudden rn of animation. "But only yesterday tickled my little brother's feet when he was ing his prayers—and—oh, I shouldn't told you! I must go now, I think. Good-by, Mr. Manners."

She was gone before he could swallow the aroon he had in his mouth. He jumped still holding the plate, and followed her rough the door; but the room was in a ur oil of departures. Pepita was leaving was doing her farewell scene in the door- Billy went up to her, feeling that he must say something. "Oh, are you going?" remarked. "I've been looking all over r ou. Do have a macaroon!"

She graciously took the plate from him; at that moment he caught sight of his nway friend of the dining room, standing in all. He abandoned Pepita, plate and all, urned to his cousin, who was passing.

"Say, Buck," he whispered, or he meant to hisper, "who's that girl out there? No; in the al-no; right there, there! Do you see her?"

"Why, that's Miss Farragut, you boob!" said Buck. "You'll see her at the dance to-night."

Then he escaped to find his own particular divinity.

Pepita had disappeared, which was of no con- quence; but the mysterious little lady had disappeared, and it seemed to Billy that something r fresh and pleasant had gone with her.

What became of the plate of macaroons is not recorded.

It was the unwritten code in that little town that young men should be late in arriving at dances, and Buck, being the leading local dandy, made a point of being later than most. Billy found it very irksome; and when his cousin began a game of pool after dinner he quietly slipped out and went off to the dance alone. And therein he made a grave mistake, for he was the first young man on the scene; and to his horror he discovered that it was a card dance. He was hopelessly outnumbered and hemmed in on all sides, and by the time his card was filled with names he began to see reason in the unwritten code of the young men of that town.

At the first opportunity he retired to the smoking room, to give expression to a few bitter thoughts, and surveyed his card: Miss Mortimer, Miss Ashmead, Miss Ferris, Miss Anne Ferris, Miss Gertrude Ferris—grand slam for the Ferris family—Miss Lawrence. . . . Names; nothing but names. He tore the card into little bits and threw them into the fireplace. Young men came and went; but he was a stranger and they paid no attention to him, after the manner of local young men at a dance. There was an outburst of sounds at the front door and Billy understood that Pepita had arrived. Then the music began, and he knew that the first dance was under way and that he was cutting it.

Billy felt very mean. It was only a step for him to feel very sick. He must feel sick. He did feel sick. Must have been those macaroons! In a moment someone would probably come looking for him in the smoking room. He must look sick. He moved over to the window. As he passed the fireplace it annoyed him to see in the mirror how extremely well he was looking. He tried holding his breath to make himself look pale, but he succeeded only in getting very red in the face. He stared gloomily out of the window and heard the applause for the first encore.

The dance was at a hotel and the smoking-room window looked out on a veranda—a deserted veranda, dimly lit by the glow from the ballroom windows. Billy viewed it without interest, except as a possible avenue of escape. And yet the veranda was not actually deserted. In the shadow of one of the pillars a girl was standing, and when Billy opened the window above her she saw him. She said "Oh!" very softly and stood very still in the shadow, watching him.

One is not told what passed through her mind. One can only judge from her actions. In her right hand she held a macaroon—a trifle crumbled, to be sure; and one wonders why she had it with her. She had not brought it to eat, apparently; and, anyway, under her dark cloak she had on a simple but very pretty evening gown, and it is not to be supposed that she had gone without her dinner. She watched Billy for some time without moving. She seemed to be waiting hopefully for something very special to happen. Her eyes were open very wide and she was biting her underlip with the tips of two very small white teeth.

"Mr. Manners Is So Shy! I Caught Him Trying to Run Away—Now Didn't I?"

But nothing happened. Billy just stood there by the window, looking at what he supposed to be the empty veranda. With every moment that passed he felt meaner, and he tried to convince himself he felt sicker. And finally the girl grew tired of waiting.

"Oh, you silly billy!" she observed—but whether she meant Billy in particular or someone else—possibly herself—is not known; then, with a swift little motion, she threw something at the window.

Billy knew nothing until he felt some small object strike his arm and heard it fall to the floor beside him. He looked down and saw the fragments of what had once been a macaroon. For a moment it conveyed nothing to him, though it did seem odd that someone should be throwing macaroons around. Then it occurred to him that it had been thrown from the veranda and presumably at him. Who on earth could be throwing macaroons at him? Good Lord! Who on earth, indeed, but one person! He leaned out of the window.

"Hey!" he exclaimed. "Wh-where are you?" No answer. "Might as well tell me!" he insisted. "Sure to be caught—throwing things around like that!" Still no answer. "Of course you know I can see you perfectly well!" he lied hopefully.

"Oh, no," came a sudden answer in a voice that set Billy smiling. "You can't see me at all now. You're not even looking in the right direction."

"Wait and see!" said Billy. "I'm coming down."

"I'll be gone when you get here," she teased. "It's a long way around."

Ah, but he had no intention of going down by the stairs! It was not a long drop onto the veranda. He put a hand on the sill. "No, you won't," he laughed. "I'm coming now!" And he did.

"Oh, oh!" she exclaimed, stepping out of the shadows. "Aren't you hurt? You couldn't do it again, I expect; but then, it's not necessary, is it?"

"No; it's not necessary," said Billy. "Did you throw that m-macaroon at me?"

"Yes, I believe I did," she replied. "I mean—yes, I know I did. Do you mind? I'm very sorry."

"Are you?" asked Billy.

"Oh, I can't say," she hedged. "I don't believe I have to answer, do I?"

"No, you don't," said Billy. "Why did you?"

"Oh, dear! You ask a great many questions, don't you, Mr. Manners?" she complained.

"I beg your pardon," said Billy. "Please tell me."

"Well," she replied, "I came to see the dance. I couldn't go to it, because—well, never mind why. I don't have to tell you everything, do I? So I came to look through the windows; it's kind of fun. And then I saw you upstairs in the window; and—and I thought perhaps you'd like to talk to me, and—and I threw it."

"I know why you can't go to the dance," laughed Billy. "It's because you tickled your little brother's feet last night, I'll bet! Well, tell me, how did you happen to have it with you?"

"What?" she asked, looking startled.

"The macaroon," said Billy.

"The mac—oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "I didn't think —— You're awfully grown up, Mr. Manners, to ask so many questions. I had it—oh, dear! I'm going now. Good night!"

She turned and ran down the veranda like a little ghost and disappeared around the corner. "Hey! W-wait a minute!" said Billy, and lost valuable seconds before starting in pursuit.

He reached the end of the veranda and caught a glimpse of her flitting across the street, and followed breathlessly, his coat-tails streaming out behind him. She went down the street and turned a corner well ahead of him; but he got there in time to see her run up the steps of a big old-fashioned house set back from the roadway. He stormed after her and heard the front door bang before he was halfway up the path. His pumps clattered on the wooden porch and he hurled himself at the door.

"Say!" he panted. "Let me in! Gosh, let me in!" No answer. "Oh, come," he shouted; "be a sport! You can't run away like that."

Profound silence. He began pounding on the door with his fists. It opened about an inch and he tried to push it farther; but it seemed to be fastened on the inside in some way.

"Please go away!" said a small voice, breathless as his own. "Someone will come if you go on making that noise. I shall be very embarrassed."

He stopped pounding. "Won't you let me in?" he pleaded. "We hadn't half begun to talk." No reply. "You're not sulking, are you?" he asked, hoping for a rise.

(Concluded on Page 81)

The Control of Food Supplies in Blockaded Germany

The Second Year of the War—By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

IN THE first article in this series the writer described the extremely unsatisfactory state of affairs that existed when he arrived in Germany, late in the winter of 1915–16. A few days after his arrival he was discussing the food situation, then the universal topic of conversation—except at the table!—with an old acquaintance, a university professor of unusual knowledge and attainments. The writer ventured to ask what the trouble was. The reply ran something as follows:

"Each nation possesses just so much efficiency; it has a limited number of independently efficient men. This is true, even of Germany. Up to the present time our efficient men have been occupied with other vast problems that confront us; the control of the food supplies has been neglected. What is necessary to be done? The first thing to be done—and that the sooner, the better—is to hang Delbrück politically to the highest pole on Unter den Linden!"

Clemens von Delbrück was Secretary of Internal Affairs, and in his department lay whatever control Germany, as a nation, possessed over the business affairs of the citizens of the component parts of the empire. Delbrück was by nature and temperament unqualified to understand or solve the new problems the war had created for his department. He was, and is, highly esteemed as a critical economist—he now occupies a chair in Jena, striving, like Eucken, to draw a little of the historical mantle of Goethe over his shoulders; as to constructive economics his administration was a fiasco. Of the results of many of the Delbrück enactments it was said that "the principle was saved, but the object was sacrificed."

At the same time, justice to Delbrück, even in his inefficiency, demands that the existing limitations in the powers of his department be recognized. The German Empire is a collection of some twenty-six states, grand duchies, duchies, principalities, free towns and one imperial territory. Binding them together is a constitution that even Germans, trained as they are in metaphysics, regard as obscure, equivocal of construction, and, by reservation of rights to the component parts, difficult of application under abnormal conditions.

The solution of the food problem belonged to the department of Delbrück. His hands were tied, it is true; but a strong man would have broken the fetters, or resigned and raised such a commotion as to force reform in procedure and organization. Delbrück sat helpless, surrounded by turmoil, half-heartedly defended by his friends, who protested against the responsibility being laid at his door. The writer overheard the following conversation between two educated Germans:

"Delbrück is squealing very loudly!"

"Yes; he is being pinched."

"Pinched by whom?"

"He is being pinched between the efficiency experts and the Social-Democrats."

"Then, God help him!"

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

PHOTO. FROM PRESS ILLUSTRATING COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Feeding Orphan Children in Germany. Above, a Military Soup Wagon

Batocki's Mighty Task

THE fall of Delbrück was deferred until all plans for the reorganization of his department were completed and the new machinery created that was necessary to do the work. When Delbrück resigned, "on account of boils," with the decoration of the Order of the Black Eagle, the very capable and modern Helfferich was appointed Staats-secretär des Innern, and a separate department created directly under the Chancellor, though coöperating with the Department of the Interior—that of the War Nutrition Office.

The new organization included the acquirement of original authority in its affairs, and the creation of a complete set of legal and technical machinery. The individual units of the empire relinquished—presumably for the period of the war—their control over the business affairs of their own citizens, and the Controller of Food Supplies (President of the War Nutrition Office) was given police powers, under martial law, that are absolute in their scope.

The appointment of food controller went to Adolph von Batocki. Of him four things were said: That he had an exceptional record as an efficient administrator; that he followed the method of getting facts first and formulating policies afterward; that he was not self-opinionated; and that he possessed the rhinoceros hide, highly desirable as the skin of a food controller. Later developments showed that Von Batocki possessed powers of conciliation, but also resoluteness of purpose. He has the vision and he has the "punch"—and he is devoid of metaphysics!

Surrounding the controller is a standing committee of experts, who represent the various interests of producer, transporter, middleman and consumer, and army. But it does not include an expert in nutrition! The board consisted of the president; Groener, head of transportation; Von Falkenhausen, under secretary of agriculture; Von Braun, counsellor of the Bavarian Department of the Interior; Dehne, mayor of Plauen; Reusch, an engineer; Stegerwald, an economist; Manasse, general consul in Stettin; and Mueller, Social-Democrat member of the Reichstag from Hamburg.

Under the new organization, the powers centralized in one department authorize the following procedures:

The produce of the soil, plant and animal, may be confiscated in toto.

The amount of his produce that is to belong to the producer for the use of the producer class is determined by the authorities.

The feeding of all livestock is governed by regulation.

The acreage and rotation of crops may be regulated.

The use of fertilizer is under official control.

The use that the grower may make of the crop allotted to him is specified.

The price for produce to the producer is fixed by regulation.

The milling of grain, the composition of flour, the composition of bread and the disposition of grain offal are determined by regulation.

The amounts of grain that may be used in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages is limited by order.

The manufacture of industrial products from produce of the soil—such as starch, alcohol, soap—is limited and regulated.

The disposition of livestock is under regulation; so much and such stock is prepared for market, set apart for the dairy, and so on. The slaughtering of animals for food is under central control.

The uses to which milk is put are determined by regulation. The importation and exportation of all foodstuffs and fodders are under central control.

The number of middlemen that may handle a food is limited by order.

The number of wholesalers and retailers that may engage in the sale of foodstuffs and fodders is limited and specified.

The selection of retailer by consumer is under regulation.

The hours of doing business in sale of foods is under control.

The prices that may be charged by wholesalers and retailers, and the numbers of dealers in any line, are matters of regulation.

More Regulations

THE amount of the several foodstuffs that could legally be in one's possession is limited.

The menus that are to be served in restaurants, eating houses and hotels are limited by regulations.

The ration of the entire people is subject to limitation and specification; so much of this and that article of diet per day, week or month, for each infant, child, adult, hard-working laborer, for the sick, and so on.

It is incumbent upon the controller to see that equality is maintained in the food supplies and fodders allotted to the agricultural classes; that waste is eliminated; that transportation is facilitated; that the prices are not elevated by manipulation; that the prices of all foods are kept to the level consistent with the increased cost of production and the increased scale of wages; and that absolute equality in distribution and consumption is attained.

There were metaphysical distinctions between conditional and unconditional confiscation, and limited and unlimited control; for practical purposes the power of the food controller is absolute.

The new system was installed, with the appointment of the food controller, on June 1, 1916. Under this system Germany passed into a state of communism surpassing the visions of Marx and Lasalle. But it was communism from without, not from within. It did not represent altruism, merely repression of commercial interests of individuals and classes under stress of military necessity. Nevertheless, the workings of the system will illustrate to the world how men may be expected to react to the operations of a communistic system of government.

It is interesting to recall that France in 1792–94 passed through an experience quite like that of Germany to-day. The government seized foodstuffs and attempted to regulate amounts, prices, distribution and use upon a socialistic basis. The experiment failed, according to French historians, because of the impossibility of making the producer, the peasant, play square. The German system profited by experience in one direction, and the work of the food controller was classified as executive, and not legislative. The food controller does not have to go to the Reichstag for authorizations. Otherwise each procedure of the Kriegsernährungs-amt—War Nutrition Office—would provoke a struggle between the Agrarian Group and the Social-Democrats—and both know how to filibuster.

One feature of the German regulations that roused much opposition was the control of prices all along the line—

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German Soldiers Cultivating the Enemy's Land

ıer words, limita- in of profit. But iitation of profit ıder these circum- ınces should not ɔ judged from the ındpoint of social ɛislation; it was ır legislation. Lim- ttion of profit is ı hing more than ɔscription of cap- t. In all wars ɔ ı have served for ninal pay and ed their lives in bargain; in all ɛs industry has ɔsued its search gain, capitaliz- the exigencies of the emergency. It is an index of ıher morality that in this war, on both sides, cap- t is being made to serve the state—if not for nom- ı returns, at least for far less returns than would ɔ e accrued through the operation of the laws of ply and demand.

Another feature of the new system that was ɔngly opposed was the taking of complete inven- es of livestock and foodstuffs, including those the householder. But it was the foundation of structure of regulations. The worst mistakes of the brück régime were due to trying to regulate the and use of a food without knowing how much of existed. The inventory not only furnished the sis for the unit of consumption, it also enabled the ce to enforce the regulations for distribution and Whenever it was announced that the sale and con- of a particular article would be centralized the supply ıat commodity in private hands would at once disappear ɔn the market; only a search could recover it.

The thing most hoped for from Von Batocki by the con- ıer was the abolition of the polonaise. The Berliner is ol of dancing; but there was a great difference between ıcing in the Palais de Danse and dancing in front of a ıter shop. The word "polonaise" was applied to the ıting in front of shops for the sale of foodstuffs. For ıths in the cities of Germany, under the régime of Dbrück, literally millions of women spent hours daily ıding in front of shops, the police keeping the line. The ir shoppers came hours before the time set; often they ıle the evening before.

The End of the Polonaise

THE reason was that the food card did not carry any guaranty. It was, therefore, first come, first served; when the supply for the day was exhausted the remaining shop- ɛ were turned away. The bread cards were obligatory; ıre was no dancing in front of the bread shop. But the ıdwalks in front of shops for the sale of meat, sugar, but- ɛ milk and fats were more or less continuously thronged. Disturbances of the peace were inevitable and frequent. Yet the women were withdrawn from occupation for ıcıs was a grievous injustice.

Under Delbrück no one knew how much meat, butter, mi or sugar would be available for sale on a day or within ı ɛek. Cards were issued, but the organization was, in reality, only a paper organization. The total value of the food card, outside the bread card, was that it gave the holder the right to stand in line for hours and take the chances. During the month of May, 1916, the householder in Berlin who desired any of the following articles had to stand in line for purchase: Meat, sausage, oil, butter, margarine, milk, flour, sugar, coffee, potatoes, eggs and sauerkraut. The results were appalling in loss of time and energy. Rubner made the amusing calculation that the woman who remained in bed for six hours would have more fat than if she stood in line the necessary time to secure the amount allotted on the card.

This state of affairs was particularly onerous for the mother in the family that had no servant. One of the first acts of Von Batocki was to state the principle that no article of food should be announced for sale until the amount available was known; this amount would then be divided into the population pro rata and fixed time for sales abolished. The Social-Democrats charged, week in and out during the Delbrück régime, that the wealthy were permitted to purchase food outside the regulations. Von Batocki promised equality before the food counter, but stated that months would be required to bring it into effect.

A review of the development of the problems that confronted the new food controller resembles a description of a game of hide-and-seek. The producer class desired to consume, convert or dispose of their produce in accordance with their own interests, as in time of peace. The trading class desired to have the distribution to the consumer pass through the ordinary channels of trade and subject to the customary scope of manipulations. The industrial classes demanded that food be furnished to them in adequate amounts and at commensurate prices. The people had been officially advised at the outset of the war that consumption of wheat, meat and fats would have to be restricted; that of rye, potato and sugar increased as equivalent.

When the inventory of grains was taken in the fall of 1915, revealing a total of less than twenty-two million tons as against twenty-seven millions the year before, the fact also came to light that nothing remained of the excess of bread grains of the previous year. Under these circumstances the authorities paid particular attention to the control of wheat and rye, and were able to maintain the allotted bread ration—seven to eight ounces of flour—despite the restrictions of the small crop, but only by the free addition of potato to the bread. During the winter of 1915–16 some fourteen hundred thousand tons of grains were imported from Rumania, half of which were bread grains. Efficient management in the army effected a saving of some two hundred thousand tons; so that, with the addition of those two amounts, the bread grains available for the year 1915–16 lacked only three hundred thousand tons of the crop of the previous year.

A calculation on the basis of bread-card and flour allotments, including the heavy bread ration of the army, indicated that a million bushels remained as reserve. The importance of this reserve became apparent in the spring of 1916, when the scarcity of potatoes and sugar made an increase in the bread ration highly desirable. The reserve, as in the previous year, had largely disappeared; and, though it was possible to enlarge the bread ration to certain groups of workmen in industrial districts, the fact remained that a million tons of bread grains had again disappeared.

Bread Grains Fed to Cattle

THE statement of the Social-Democratic Party, made in the Reichstag, to the effect that eight million tons of bread grains had been deflected from food to stock feed, was an exaggeration; but there is apparently no doubt that, in all, between three and four million tons were thus diverted within two years. As time passed the unfortunate results of the original establishment of the bread ration have become more and more apparent. Had the flour ration, as flour and bread, been set at the outset at nine-tenths of a pound, where it should have been established, that ration could have been maintained, since the control would have been elaborated to that end. Then, when other articles of food became scarce, the deprivations would have been less severely felt.

The crop of wheat and rye of 1916 was larger than that of the previous year, equaling that of 1914—over fourteen million tons. As soon as this was assured the food controller announced an added ration of one ounce and eight-tenths of flour for children between the ages of twelve and seventeen, increase in the bread ration to nine-tenths of a pound for all manual laborers, and to one pound and

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Soldiers Harvesting Apples

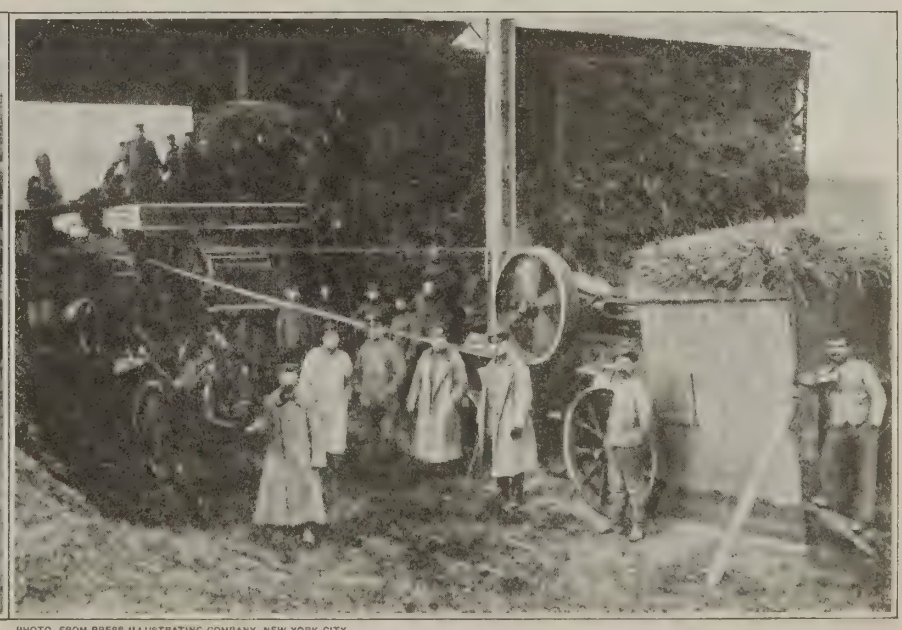


PHOTO. FROM PRESS ILLUSTRATING COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Using the Threshing Machine in France

one-tenth for workers in mines and other places requiring unusual exertion. The maintenance of this ration depends upon the physical possession of the grain by the controller; and it is believed that the process of confiscation has been made effective.

Not only was the bread ration increased, but the quality of the bread has been very much improved by the withdrawal of potato. The grain crop of 1916 was relatively larger than the potato crop; so, in the interest of efficiency, the food controller withdrew the potato and restored the normal bread to the people. The potato bread was unpalatable, prone to produce indigestion, and, weight for weight, materially less nutritious. The control of the bread ration has been the model to which the control of other foodstuffs has vainly attempted to attain.

The harvest of 1915 yielded very small crops of barley and oats—only eight million tons, some five million tons short. Since the potato crop was very large, potato could be used as surrogate; and, assuming that ten million tons were used, these corresponded to some two million tons of grain, reducing the deficit very materially. When one considers that one-third of the swine and a million milch cows had been killed six months prior to the harvesting of this crop, it would seem as though the feeding grains, plus potato, should have been sufficient to cover the nutrition of the remaining animals. That this was not true was due to two additional factors: The swine killed were large and the feed demands of the remaining swine included, therefore, growth rations. More important than this, the season of 1915 was very unfavorable for grasses and hay, and the crop of roughage was far below the normal. Therefore, during the winter months increased demands were made upon other feeds, with the result of scarcity before the winter was past.

How the Hay Crop Helped

FOR the crop of 1916 the soil received much better cultivation and much more liberal fertilization than was possible the previous year. This, together with more favorable climatic conditions, resulted in a relatively normal harvest for 1916. The total yield of grains was a little over twenty-six million tons, almost as large as the crop of 1914. It was accompanied by a huge yield of grasses, so that a large hay crop was gathered. From the standpoint of feed requirements for domesticated animals, the large hay crop and the normal crop of oats and barley probably make up for the low potato crop.

Under these circumstances it ought to be possible during the present winter to raise the bread ration for each person to one pound a day, if the exigencies of the situation with other foodstuffs should make this desirable or imperative.

In view of the experience of the previous years, however, the industrial classes will not be convinced that the distribution of grains has been equitably made until the increased bread allotments are upon their tables. Increased utilization of barley and oats for human food has been already inaugurated. In several directions the authorities have secured increase in production of fodders. Some four hundred thousand acres have been added to cultivation; woodland that previously was closed to livestock has been thrown open to pasturage; plants that had been ignored are now being utilized; and the large crop of hay of the past summer was, in part, the result of efforts in this direction.

The problem of the synthesis of foodstuffs has been solved in a positive sense through the investigations of the scientists of the Commission for Fodder-Surrogates. If yeast be grown in a medium of sugar, ammonia and the necessary mineral salts, the ammonia and sugar will be converted into protein through multiplication of the yeast cells. When the culture is dried the powder contains over forty-five per cent of protein. This yeast powder has been used as addendum to the human diet. The powder can be obtained on a larger scale as fodder, and cheaply. The water of pulp mills, containing considerable carbohydrate, is made alkaline by addition of the washwater of gas works, which contains ammonia. The mixture is then inoculated with yeasts; the cells multiply, converting first the carbohydrate into sugar, then with the ammonia into protein of the yeast cell. The cells are washed free of sulphites—from the pulping process—and dried for stock feed. One part of yeast powder equals four parts of grain as carrier of protein.

It has been stated that thousands of tons of such powders are being produced monthly. It is relatively expensive if sugar be used, as there is a large loss by combustion of sugar; prepared from the waste waters of pulp mills and gas works, the gain is almost total. Other fodders are being prepared by action of alkali on straw, the cellulose being converted into sugar. A hundred thousand tons of this feed are being made during the present year. The product has the value of crude sugar, and, mixed with yeast powder or with protein meal, makes a feed equal to ground oats. The residue can be fermented, and alcohol, acetone and glycerine recovered. The food value of the crude sugar is eight times greater than that of the straw from which it was prepared; the alcohol, glycerine and acetone are very valuable.

Meals are made by grinding up different forest plants, to which protein can be added as concentrate. Mixtures of ground oats, straw, chopped hay, straw sugar and protein meal have been formed into briquettes for easy shipment. Kitchen waste and table scraps are subject to collection in cities of over forty thousand inhabitants; and special wagons are provided for this purpose. The collected materials are dried and pressed into cakes and then delivered to communal authorities, who allot them as fodder for milch cows. It has been estimated that the per-capita waste thus saved amounts to over one ounce a day, and that the milk derived therefrom was equal to a million quarts a day. Animal waste matter has been utilized to the practical exclusion of all loss. Slaughterhouse refuse, bones, bodies of dead animals—including bodies of animals killed in the war zone—fish and mussels are dried, pressed and used as fodder, alone or with carbohydrates. Such materials used to go to the soil as fertilizers; to feed them directly means saving time. The control of sale and use of feeding stuffs and fodders of all kinds is now under the charge of the Feeding Permission Bureau, which determines how, where and to what extent livestock shall be fed.

The Pig-Fattening Company

OPERATING in connection with this bureau is the Pig-Fattening Company, which directly or through communals contracts with swine or cattle owners to send to them feeding stuffs against agreements to return certain numbers of fattened animals of specified weight within a stated time. These arrangements, of which the large cities have made especial use, have worked out to the satisfaction of all concerned. The risk is taken from the feeder, capital is advanced to him and the result cannot be deflected. It would have been better had the state in the beginning confiscated all fodder, feeding stuffs and livestock, reduced the latter to the plane of the former, and fattened them, by contract with the peasant, with the confiscated feeding stuffs. It would have been better to pay the peasant his price rather than to lose the units of human food; if a guard had been placed upon every farm in Germany he would have saved much more than his board and wage.

When the small sugar-beet crop of 1915 came to the refineries these were practically empty of the huge crop of 1914. The exact sugar crop of 1915 was not then announced, beyond the statement that it was about two-thirds of the crop of the previous year. It was later announced as fifteen hundred thousand tons. This should have sufficed to cover the normal consumption of sugar plus the excessive demands of the army. There was paper regulation of sugar during the winter of 1915–16, despite which the peasants fed beets freely, and also molasses; and the consumption by distilleries was probably in excess of the normal.

In January, 1916, sugar had become very scarce. Then the feeding of beets and molasses to livestock was prohibited and the recovery of the sugar from molasses again permitted. Sugar cards appeared in March as local regulations, the allotment was not guaranteed, maximum prices could not be maintained, and during the spring and summer months sugar spelled confusion.

A survey of household consumption indicated that this had been abnormal. The authorities had evidently calculated that the people would consume the usual

(Continued on Page 35)

PHOTOS. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

German Soldiers Commandeering Pigs in the North of France

One Corner of the Gigantic Army Storehouse in Berlin for Meat and Sausages Alone

Where the Wine and Beer for the Troops are Casked in Berlin

THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IX

AT THIS point we were nearing the Asphodel on her port side, and looking up I caught sight of Goddard staring at us over the rail. He beckoned mysteriously and disappeared.

"'Who is that?'" cried Hawley quickly.

"'The watchman of the ship.'"

"'Ah, the fellow with the story about bells. Bring me Craigenside, Mr. Weymouth, if you please.'"

The detective went up a knotted monkey rope like a sailor. His method with Goddard was direct and downright. He correctly gauged him from the start. Like all sailors, Goddard supposed that some natural right existed on the part of the police to clap him into jail as soon as one stuck a leg ashore. He had no intention, he told us earnestly, to foul his anchors by reason of his lingering there aboard the Asphodel.

"I'm a seafaring man," he said, "and I'm accustomed to speak out what's on my mind, and that's a fact. I was brought up by Black Dan, of Salcksport, and he was one of the finest sailormen under the canopy of heaven, between you and me and sidewalks of New York. 'Joe,' he says to me—if he says it once he says it twenty times—'in time of danger,' he says, 'a dogfish swallows her pups,' he says. 'But don't you do nothing of the kind. Spit it out,' he says, 'brace, bolt and shackle. Don't you hold nothing in your brooding-sack,' he says, 'nothing at all, because you got to remember there ain't much consideration showed sailors, by and large, in any port that ever I sailed out of.'"

"Black Dan is a man after my own heart," said Hawley.

"One of the finest sailormen under the canopy of heaven," replied Goddard.

He then proceeded with his story. It appeared that about a week prior to the appearance of the act, Man or Mechanism, at Silver Glade, Captain Craigenside had transferred his watchman from the ship to the house. It became Goddard's duty to come ashore at nine o'clock in the evening—at which hour the captain usually retired—and patrol the front porch until relieved. This was as a rule about dawn.

The captain was very nervous all this while, and Joe often heard him pacing overhead in his sennit slippers. Sometimes he would lean down from the wrought-iron balcony over the head of his watchman, and surprise him with a few guarded words. Joe supposed that at such times one of his old fits had overtaken him, and although never his familiar, he had a good deal of commiseration for the plight of a good seaman. If he had ever had any ambition to lead the solitary life of a sea captain, it would have been put to flight by this prolonged observation of the morass in which his skipper had become involved. If there was such a thing as night terrors Craigenside experienced their bitterness to the full.

"More than once I wondered why he didn't weigh anchor and loose sail on the Asphodel," said Joe, "but this trouble of his he carries under his own hat, I suppose. At any rate, no man could have stuck closer to a house than he did to his."

Then came the night of the fracas in the Glade. This was a night of strange happenings, Joe averred. First, along about eleven o'clock the young lady, who was usually as quiet as a lamb and much more self-possessed than her uncle, came rushing up the terraces like a mad woman with her hair tumbled and her cheeks as pale as death. She went past Goddard without a word and stood leaning a moment against that cast-iron dog on the lawn, and looking back toward the river with heaving breast.

"Do You Not See Its Fearful Eye Staring at Me Through the Wall? Save Me From It!"

Fascinated, Goddard crept up on her, and for an instant, before she turned away from him and ran into the house, he saw the expression on her pale face. Her jaw with its delicate squareness was set, her dark eyes expressed a fiery resolution; but beyond this they were full of a supreme happiness, which seemed to communicate itself to every atom of her body. This transfiguration was so strong that even the rough seaman could not fail to note it.

He stood there wondering in the darkness, and then it occurred to him that if he was to inhale the true savor of this thing it must be through the medium of tobacco. He searched his pockets in vain, and at last remembered that he had left his pouch on a spile at the wharf's end.

He had heard nothing of the captain on this evening; he felt certain that he must be asleep. Whether asleep or no, the pull of the tobacco pouch was too strong to be resisted. Down he went, as speedily as his bow-legged gait would warrant. He snatched the pouch from its spile, filled and lit his pipe, and began to reascend the terraces at a more contented pace.

Then when he was about level with the second terrace he heard behind the rose bushes there the noise of some sort of scramble. There was a hollow sound, as if a man's ribs had been severely thumped; then a more ominous sound yet, as if a skull had been splintered by some sort of bludgeon.

Joe Goddard snatched his pipe from his mouth and rushed forward, only in time to see Captain Ruel stretched his length on the turf, and a rill of blood sprawling on his cheek. He stood aghast, but before he could collect his wits to look about him for this mysterious night assailant he received himself from behind a crashing blow on the head which tumbled him senseless across Ruel's body. When he opened his eyes Craigenside was standing over him, staring at his hand, which was crimson with blood where he had put it to his head.

"What's all this?" he said in a dazed way. "What's gone on here, Goddard?"

"We've been knocked out by some sort of thug or other," said his watchman. "Did you get a glimpse of him, I wonder?"

Ruel shook his head stupidly; then struck by a sudden thought and with a frightened oath, he wheeled in his tracks and began lumbering toward the house. Goddard, staggering after him, was in time to see him snatch open the lid of the clock, mutter "Gone!" in an agonized voice, and sink to his knees in a kind of lethargy. As to what might be gone, Goddard did not know; he had never monkeyed with the clock itself.

Hawley and I were not so much at a loss.

"It looks as if the jig was up," I said. "The man has got what he wants; he must be off by this time."

"Not so sure," said the little man. "We do not know yet into whose possession the jade actually came. We do not know who delivered these two very skillful blows."

"Who if not the ornithologist?"

"Assuming that he had a living assistant, that man must have had an interest in the thing. Otherwise why should he have tried to murder him?"

"Have tried ——"

"We have no proof of actual murder."

My brain reeled.

"Neither have we proof of an actual victim," I reminded him.

He acquiesced.

"We have first to construct a man; we have next to contrive his escape from the power of this mesmerist. But, assuming the criminality of Smith, this is certainly one of the possibilities; and if we do not assume his criminality we might as well give over effort at once."

Turning to Goddard, who had stood listening in a puzzled way, he said curtly:

"Did you see the young lady again that night?"

"In about ten minutes she came by again, and there was Captain Craigenside standing beside that cast-iron dog with blood on his cheek and his eyes bulging out of his head. It was just after his looking into that clock for something that wasn't there. But she seemed to take no notice of him at all, but into the house with her and up the stairs at one bound."

"Did she retire then?"

"No, sir, she was on the roof of the house with her uncle's glass for a good hour. Then down she came, and said to me she was going over to spell the girl with the old lady."

"You did not attempt to follow her, I suppose?"

"I was too sick and sore," replied Goddard. "I had all I could do to hang onto my head."

"So that you do not know whether the young lady actually did as she said she was going to?"

"Well, now, I think I do. For the next day I says to the Crooker girl: 'You look peaked. Were you sitting up all night with the old lady?'

"'No,' says she; 'I was spelled at the usual hour by the young lady.'"

"And what time did she come back?"

"Along sun-up. She was as fresh as a daisy then, and came along singing. That's the first time I've heard that girl sing, too, to my knowledge."

"She was happy," said Hawley reflectively. "Now what an odd circumstance, gentlemen, was that! You will agree with me that the sight of her uncle, bathed in his own blood and half demented by the approach of some creeping horror, could not have been the cause of this singing; nor is the bedside of a dying woman usually a cause of cheerful reflection. Yet after such a night she sings—she sings. Not out of sheer callousness or indifference surely."

He mused. Arching his brows he stared at the house, which seemed to pose for him defiantly its eternal mystery.

"What a race!" he muttered.

Then to Goddard: "You know nothing of the old lady who lies yonder, I suppose?"

"Nothing more than she's not long for this world," returned the watchman. "They say she's a sort of witch with a devil in her closet and fire on her tongue, if she likes."

"What sort of a devil precisely?"

"That I don't know."

"Nor any man, most likely. One thing I had very nearly forgotten—the instrument with which you were struck. You, of course, do not know what that was; but if you will take off your cap I may be able to determine something from the wound."

"That won't be necessary," said Goddard, "because, as a matter of fact, I know exactly what hit me."

"Ah! He left his weapon."

"It was lying in the grass the next morning."

"You have it?"

"I took it back to the ship, where it belonged. It was a wooden belaying pin, which had been taken from the fife-rail round the mizzen."

"Ah, a belaying pin!"

Hawley opened his eyes wide:

"Is there another man on the ship?"

"There wasn't to my knowledge," said Goddard. "Of course he might have been there all the time and I not have known it. But I gave the ship a good going over, and I couldn't find hide nor hair of him. Of course by that time the horse was out of the stable, as the feller said."

"Precisely so. But he had left no trace of his residence on that ship?"

"None that I could see."

Hawley sank his chin on his breast. He seemed in a trance. Then suddenly he flung up his head and eyed those black, jagged cliffs which began where the dunes ended.

"You're likely to prove my star witness," he said, and we went over the side.

"I only hope I ain't quoted against myself," said Joe Goddard uneasily.

"Never fear," laughed Hawley as we floated clear of the Asphodel. "A man can't be asked to incriminate himself."

When we were once more in Silver Glade, Hawley said briskly:

"This is a very curious old lady, I perceive—the one who has a closet demon. I should think it might be an invaluable possession, like that demon Socrates made use of. What do you know of her?"

"Here comes the man who can tell you everything," I answered.

I had seen Doctor Starr picking his way gingerly over the pine roots. The little old doctor used to smoke his pipe on the water front at this time of day, when he was able. He seemed to like to watch the tide himself. So often had he fought against the influence of its ebb that it had become a living spirit to him, or perhaps a great host of spirits flowing over the horizon.

Doctor Starr explained the fate which Amos' calculating humor had enforced on the old lady. Hawley scratched his ear.

"Fate does sometimes take strange twists out of maiden ladies," he said. "What a fund of bitterness there might be there, gentlemen. Yet she goes with him on his last voyage ——"

"She made him agree to take her against his better judgment," interpolated Doctor Starr. "Fairly swam aboard, and sat in his forechains," continued Hawley. "Acted as stewardess all through that voyage of which we know nothing, and finally prepared him with her own hands for those last rites."

"She will soon follow him now," said Doctor Starr gently.

"Is she so very low?"

"She may go with any tide."

"Ah, yes—again that notion."

"Notion or not," said the little doctor testily, "it comes true nine times out of ten."

Hawley nodded.

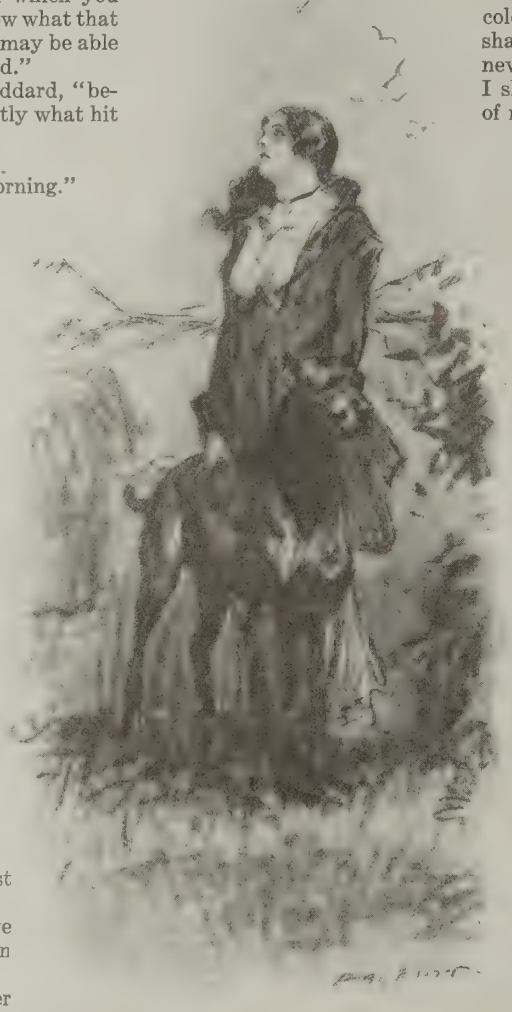
"Is there anything odd about this old house of hers?"

"Odd? How do you mean—odd?"

"In the construction."

"Nothing that I know of. If there is anything secretly constructed, it is that old lady's brain," said Doctor Starr. Turning to me, he added: "She has a strange desire to talk with you, Weymouth, which I see no reason for not gratifying, if you are agreeable."

"With me?"



She Went Past Goddard Without a Word and Stood Leaning Against the Cast-Iron Dog on the Lawn

"Strange as it may seem," he returned dryly, "you have made an impression on her. Medicine must be sent over to-night which I expect by the eight o'clock mail. Will you take it to her?"

"Good," said Hawley. "It's the candy, my boy. This is very opportune. We could not very well have forced ourselves upon her, but I wish to know the lay of the land there. It may be that her closet demon will prompt her to make some useful revelation."

"And you?"

"That is a horse of another color," said the little man. "I shall be busy on my own hook, never fear. As the lawyers say, I shall be off on a little frolic of my own."

He drew me aside and said in a whisper:

"Watch for the ebb."

There was still sunlight left when Hawley departed. To calm my mind and bring it out of its confusion, I took oars and went up the river in a little punt belonging to Sturgis.

What strangeness there was in all this business! It seemed certain that there was a connection between the disappearance of that scarlet puppet and the secret history of the Craigensides; and what could this connecting link be if not the god which had been stolen from the shelf in that upright teakwood coffin? But if that was it, then vengeance had been consummated; and what likelihood was there that the criminal still lingered in this neighborhood? I for my part had privately made up my mind that I should never again in this life clap eyes on Mr. James Smith. He had gone as he had come, without fuss or feathers, perhaps into the sea, perhaps transmuted into one of those whirling sand devils which fled along the crests of the dunes in vanishing troops. Whether or no he still had length, breadth or thickness, it was my opinion that he had transported himself beyond our jurisdiction.

So musing, I drifted into that region of marshland where Dave Crooker had his little black fishhouse set up on piles. The day was still extraordinarily clear, but a rampart of purple cloud had risen imperceptibly on the horizon to the north, and wind began to come in strong gusts, hurled like clods against the tiny house, rattling the many oars which lay in a heap across the rafters.

"Nothing but wind," said Dave Crooker. He sat outside the door with a black weir net across his knees. "There is no rain in those clouds. But look there! The gulls are drunk with wind."

He peered seaward, and there the fat flock could be seen whirling and tossing their tipsy bodies against that ugly rack of cloud.

"Ghosts, every one," said Dave Crooker. "Man alive, I mistrust those fat, squawking birds. But there they are, and there they'll be when you and I are gone. There's no patience like theirs."

"So it seems."

"There'll be a new one wrangling with them before the week is out."

I understood his reference to poor old Mercy.

"She is near the end then?"

"Well, well," said Dave, "this time I calculate she'll make a die of it. Would you believe it now—her feet are dead already."

I wrinkled my brow.

"Yes, dead and buried," went on the fisherman, paring down a huge cork with his crooked knife.

"Buried?" I uttered sharply.

"Sure enough—in an ungodly lump of clay that I dug myself for her below the gravel pits. She's mortifying fast."

Dave looked mysteriously round him. A late sun was streaming on the dunes. Sea and shore had entered their evening conspiracy of shining silence.

"I hear she doesn't want to go," he said gravely. "Doesn't want to go."

"Do we any of us want to go?"

"Still, where she has lived her life, a man would think she would know enough not to train on as she does. But, dear me, my girl Amanda has waited on her by inches for the past week; and quite often she is out of her head, the old lady, and no sooner is she out of her head than she dreams she is in hell."

"In hell?"

"Yes, sir, with the flames scorching her. Did ever you hear of that? Calling out 'Water! water!' and squirming on the bed like all possessed. She's a strong Methodist, too, strong Methodist to appearance. But now if I was to bet with you about that old lady ——"

He narrowed his eyes. "It's God's truth she and old Amos had some league with the devil. Yes, sir. It would come natural to him; and she was that kind, that she would follow where he led. She wasn't in them Eastern oceans all her life for nothing."

I laughed, knowing this to be normally a spur to Dave's imagination.

He shook his head and rasped his hands together.

"You kin laugh," he said, "but my daughter will tell you that it ain't no laughing matter. She has heard her talking to the devil himself this last day or so, and if it wasn't that she was a mighty sensible, strong-minded kind—she's like her father, takes an interest in things and the like of that, but ain't to be frightened—she'd have fled the house long before this."

"And why?"

"Maybe you ain't heard about the old lady's closet demon," suggested Dave.

The closet demon!

"Explain this thing," I said.

"There ain't nothing that can be explained," Dave answered. "But there's an imp from hell joggling her elbow the moment my daughter's back is turned. She can't be left alone a second."

"And what like is this imp?"

"That's more than I can tell you," said Dave gloomily. "It's not of this world, but still it has a mortal hunger for the old lady's soul."

"And it is this demon which is tormenting the old lady?"

"There ain't a doubt of it. The thing keeps dragging and dragging at her, and won't take 'No' for an answer. She'll go with the ebb."

Dave stood up with his weir net over his shoulder.

"I'm heading for the dunes," he said. "Will you put along with me?"

We began to go toward the sea together. The sun had left the water by that time, but the gulls flashed light as they glided in the upper air, which held a mellowness of last rays. The wind fell away to nothing, and in the stillness we heard the sea droning on the coast. The dunes were like crouching yellow hounds awaiting whatever prey destiny might waft them from that wide horizon. More dazzling and more unstable than the imagination of man itself, they were not the same two days together. They rippled, crawled billowed, uncovering here and burying there. At no great distance from the tomb of the Craigensides the bones of some old ship had come to light, a file of charred rib ends protruding black as ink into the swimming golden lights of the western ridges.

"Look how the sand has sucked her old skeleton in," said Dave.

The great net was draped over his crooked shoulder corks dragged at his heels over the yielding sands. He looked himself like a sea wraith born of that shipwreck and I was following him, smiling a little at the figure he presented, when suddenly he came to a full stop opposite the tomb itself.

This had been cut into a solid rock ledge, at the extreme limit of sand. It was a desolate little place. Granite pillars had been set at intervals round it, linked together by sagging chains which had grown very rusty. At the base of the tomb some sort of tiny flower grew in clusters, and the iron gate had wrought into its pattern a scheme of lyres and weeping willows, much bitten by time and sea salt and driving sand.

Now a strange thing: The little fisherman at my side stared and then bent down with a convulsive movement his nose all but thrust into the sand.

"Come here, boy, come here," he said in a throaty whisper.

The golden coloring had left all those floating wisps of cloud; the dunes lay cold and ashen in a sinking light; and coming up behind my little fisherman I saw with beating heart the thing he pointed out. We were not twenty feet from the front face of that old rock tomb, and there in a patch of firm sand the tracks of a naked foot were sunk deep.

I sank to my knees. Beyond all question I had under my eye the track of a man with six toes on his right foot. I sprang up and stood staring at the rusty door and the purple flowers all about it, and scarcely felt old Crooker twitching my sleeve.

"Let's put her for home," he muttered. "Let's put her for home, boy."

"Wait," I said. "There may be nothing mysterious about this."

"Look there at the six toes. Man alive, it's no one else's

laughed, but not with very great heartiness.

Oh, Dave," I said, "this must be a weary weight of
it to leave a track like this."

I've thought of that," returned the fisherman, "and
this is what I am thinking: It's a weight of sin that
es his track so plain. He carries a load of sin, the old
te, bound fast to his back; and who knows if even hell
an burn it up and purge it away. Stamp out the track
put her for home."

'No," I said.

Took a step forward.

'You're never going into the tomb? "cried Dave, aghast.

'm going into the tomb."

'You're crazy mad!"

Confess to you that in that first moment of discovery I
ot think all the powers of another world would have
ed to bring me to a closer inspection of that grisly
t. The myth of six-toed Amos had been so often in my
l that this impression in the sand came as an eerie
ication of the wildest stories told of that old pirate.
f expected the old reprobate to shape himself dimly in
ling sand. The old fisherman stood away from me.

wouldn't be the man to meddle in the affairs of that
e," he said in a voice hardly audible.

'hen I will," I answered sharply, and I knelt before
omb.

once I found that the heavy padlock had been broken.
discovery had some effect in putting to flight my super-
us terrors; but it had no less the effect of presenting
omb in the guise of a formidable menace. I drew my
ver and swung open the door. I go no further than to
hat my search was thorough, and that there was noth-
ving in the tomb.

Did you think there was something there that you
l put your hand on?" muttered Crooker.

Excitement was rising in me, for I thought now that I
who had found sanctuary in that place. I looked
; the south shore to where the heavy cliffs began and
and ended. There were a thousand cracks and spout-
averns in the face of that giant rampart, where a man
lose himself. Was my suspect even now crouching in
ef them? But why, after so long a time, should he still
in the neighborhood?

left the fisherman still shaking his head, and casting
God-fearing eyes at the flashing gulls. I reached the
scarcely in time to station myself at the theater gate.
when the audience was inside the fence, I ran down to
hore to speak to the two men who were in charge of
raft laden with rockets and colored bombs which had
anchored in midstream. This was the evening of our
d pyrotechnic display. "How will the wind be?" I
to the leader of these two men, a sagacious devil
hollowed cheeks and satirical eye.

"Offshore," he said briefly.

"So you said before," I answered him tersely; "but one of your rockets went through the theater roof notwithstanding."

"That will not happen again. We have set these sticks up at a different angle this time—about eighty degrees. They will all land in the river."

"Make sure they do," I replied. "The first rocket is to go off the moment the five arcs come on under the theater roof. Then wait five minutes and go on with your exhibition."

I left the powder monkey grinning, and went back on the gate. At some time during the second act Doctor Starr put into my hand a bottle wrapped in pink paper.

"Here you are," he said. "The girl will know how to give it."

I pocketed the bottle.

"Any time before midnight then."

He was gone.

I felt that there was no time to lose. I held a deep-seated conviction that some part of this mystery lay locked in that old lady's dying brain. Accordingly I got my colleague on the gate and crossed the river.

Making my boat fast to the Craigenside pier I skirted the lowest terrace, leaped the stone wall, and found myself in Mercy Cobb's estate.

Mercy's house lay to the left of the Craigenside estate. It was far older than the larger place. Long, low and broken-backed, it seemed as if several ripples had been sent through it, like those which attend movement on the part of a caterpillar. Seaweed had been banked all round its foundation the winter before for the warmth, and this rampart, though shriveled and blackened, had never been removed, and straggled away from the house like locks of the dead Medusa. The windows were full of small, wrinkled panes, and the unpainted shingles, dislodged in places, glowed wan silver under the flying moon as I stepped into the yard. It was like an old gray hen that had begun to molt.

Delicate pilasters were set into the body of the house at the front door, supporting the fan-shaped glass transom over it. Into the worn granite flag which served for a step an iron scraper had been sunk and leaded, and on the ground at either side lay vertebræ of giant blackfish bleached marble-white and very porous. The wind that eddied there bearing the strong odor of the flats, testified that already, as I pulled the bell, the tide was running hard.

A sleepy girl, of nineteen or so, with red eyes and flaxen hair, let me into the hall. This was the daughter of the fisherman.

"I've brought the medicine," I said, and handed her the bottle.

She was a tall, broad-shoulderd girl with tousled yellow hair and kindly eyes red from lack of sleep.

"I'm thankful you've come," she breathed, half sobbing. "I've been thinking she might go any minute, and me here all sole alone with her."

"Is there nobody to relieve you?"

"Miss Craigenside was here earlier, but the captain sent for her."

"How is the patient?"

"She couldn't well be worse. Oh, Lordy, I hope I never live to grow old and carry on as she does. It's just wicked that that good old soul should be made to bear it in her last days. It doesn't seem right. Oh, I do sincerely hope I may die young, sooner than come to this."

"She has requested to see me."

"Then come this way, please."

The house had a faint, not unpleasant smell of must, interpenetrated by the odor of straw matting. A week's dust lay about, but otherwise the place was neat as waxwork. Not a rug was turned, not a chair out of its appointed place. Faded pictures in tarnished gilt frames hung against wall paper that had wrinkled and blistered in the corners, and the design of which was of a very ancient date. The stairs and banisters creaked and snapped as I followed my guide upstairs. A hand lamp stood burning dimly on the top step. In another moment I had entered the room, and stood looking down at all that was left of the earthly tenement of Mercy Cobb.

The indomitable old lady presented an extraordinary spectacle. She was propped up in the huge four-poster, her meager body covered by a sunflower quilt, one of these affairs of a thousand pieces, to which such women devote I hesitate to think how much of their lives.

"Ah, you are there," she said feebly. "Sit down, my good young man."

Her black eye held craft and entreaty in it.

I drew near a blue-painted wooden chair, on the back of which a red robin was roughly indicated. She regarded me with burning eyes, clutching the quilt to her chin, the witchlike outthrust of which sickness had exaggerated. And this movement of the quilt revealed, what I would rather not have seen, a great lump of glistening blue clay at the foot of the bed, in which her feet were buried. The angel of death, it seemed, touched her cold by horrible degrees.

"I'm going with the ebb, as I said I should," she whispered, closing her eyes. "Have you seen the captain?"

"Not to-day."

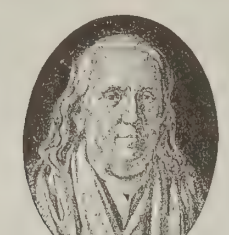
"Ah, he's up to some deviltry. He called the girl from an old lady's deathbed. I never liked that man from first to last. Not from first to last. He's no more like his father than chalk is like cheese."

The girl came in with the medicine in a graduated glass. Old Mercy clutched it in a trembling hand.

(Continued on Page 74)

The Head of the Little God Spun to the Feet of the Priest, Still Emitting That Baleful Light

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 24, 1917

Food and Frightfulness

THERE have been many contradictory reports about food conditions in Germany, and in palliation of the ruthless acts of the Central Powers their sympathizers have claimed that women and children are being starved to death. The results of Doctor Taylor's six months' scientific inquiry into the control of food supplies in Germany, now being published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, seem to establish conclusively that up to the last of the year, at least, Germany, while it had had to tighten its belt, was not starving or threatened with starvation.

That the German nation as a whole is living on short rations, and rather uninviting rations, appears to be the fact; but that any condition approaching actual starvation exists in any class is not true. Germany cannot plead that extenuation for lawlessness and ruthlessness.

Precedents

THERE are two broadly typical ways of looking at a precedent. The conservative way is to say: "This institution; or policy, or custom, has endured so many generations; therefore, it must be the final embodiment of human wisdom, and we should be bound by it." The radical way is to say: "This thing has stood here a hundred years; therefore, let's give it a kick in the ribs to find out whether it's still alive, or only a mummy."

Taking it by and large, the radical way, of course, is the more intelligent—especially in politics; for if any political arrangement was good a hundred years ago the rational presumption would be that it is not good now. Step into a museum and notice how little of the stuff that was used a hundred years ago would be useful now. For one illustration: Nobody knows better than constitutional lawyers and Federal judges how the Constitution of the United States has undergone constant modification from the day it was adopted, until its framers would hardly recognize it now.

Recently they have been quoting Washington and Jefferson and Monroe on every problem that has come before them. Quoting Confucius would be almost as much to the point. Washington and Jefferson, at least, were not blockheads. They did not derive their policy from the precepts of Solon, but from the situation of America and Europe as it was in their day.

What somebody else had thought on the subject under the different conditions of a century before would have interested them little. They had recently been engaged in a very extensive smashing of precedents.

Work for a New Solon

IN HIS last sane years Nietzsche projected a great book which he was never able to write. His notes indicate something of what he had in mind. One of them reads:

"Third Book: The problem of the legislator. To bind anew the unregulated forces in such a manner that they are not mutually annihilated by running foul of one another; to make a real augmentation of force."

Doubtless he did not mean a League to Enforce Peace, for he held that a truly useful state must engage in vigorous warfare "to put an end to all lightness of mind." To a great philosopher, whose frivolous contemporaries paid so little attention to him that he had to publish his immortal works at his own expense, and could find only half a dozen people to read them—even when presented with copies—lightness of mind might well seem a serious evil—to be remedied by shooting off the male population's legs, thereby reducing them to a state of sobriety which would relish philosophy.

All the same—especially in view of what has been happening during the last two and a half years—that note suggests an enormous task for the statesman: "to bind anew the unregulated forces in such a manner that they are not mutually annihilated by running foul of one another." Even in the peaceful United States a large part of the country's potential force does cancel itself by mutual jealousies and antagonisms. Better coöperation is the greatest problem before the world.

Statecraft

THE Bryce report on Armenian horrors is possibly subject to a certain discount, because the atmosphere of war is not conducive to judicial poise. Making all reasonable allowance for that, it still seems clear that some hundreds of thousands of Armenians were murdered by the Turks in 1915 and 1916, with all the beastly circumstances of Genghis Khan and Tamburlaine. Children were brained and drowned wholesale, and the highest good fortune for a woman was to find some means of committing suicide before falling into Turkish hands.

The hundreds of thousands of Armenian men, women and children who were killed with appalling cruelty during the last two years were really victims of Europe's international system. They were among its logical fruits. The civilized states were so completely occupied in jealously watching one another, and patching up a wabbly balance of power, that the Turk practically had a free hand. The civilized power of Europe simply canceled itself in mutual distrust and hostility.

We may be absolutely sure that the old system will produce the old results. Under it, a generation hence—if the Christian subjects of Turkey have not been quite exterminated—we shall be reading of more Armenian outrages. The only remedy is a new international relationship.

Advertising the Library

SEATTLE sends us a set of attractive placards that are well suited to making citizens aware of their public library. One of them reads: "Get the good out of your Public Library! Borrow the brains of the best writers in your line of work. For information on any subject, try the Reference Department, Main 2466." Another says: "When you want information, statistics or facts, don't hesitate; come to your Public Library or telephone. This service is yours for the asking." Another reminds the Seattle parent that "Your child's reading may bring happiness, success, character. If you want to know what books are worth while for boys and girls, go to your Public Library; ask the Children's Librarian."

Skilled workmen and those who wish technical information are reminded that the latest and best books are to be found at the library: "Go to the Technology Room and ask for Mr. Thompson, who will be glad to assist you."

This is real public-library service. Broadcast messages of that sort, in striking and attractive type, will multiply a library's usefulness.

Every day's mail shows us how much public libraries need to be advertised. Follow Seattle's example in inculcating a public-library habit.

A Real-Estate Note

THE world is going up!

A hundred and fourteen years ago we bought from France nearly a million square miles of territory, containing great areas of agricultural land as rich as any on the globe, all in a temperate climate and abutting on a great highway to the world's markets. The purchase price was approximately fifteen million dollars, or only a few cents an acre.

Fifty years ago we bought from Russia nearly six hundred thousand square miles of remote and rugged territory, just under the Arctic Circle, having little known productive power. The price was seven million two hundred thousand dollars—a great advance over the Louisiana Purchase, considering the difference in the land.

The other day we bought from Denmark a handful of rocks in the Caribbean and paid twenty-five million dollars for them.

This overmatches any story of city real-estate boom that we know. The world is going up!

No farther back than the eighteenth century great parts of the earth's surface were like land, say, in Nebraska in the early seventies. A farmer with a homestead claim and a timber claim, and illimitable reaches of scantily settled country all round him, might swap a horse for somebody else's timber claim, or pay a hundred dollars for a school lease; but getting more land was a matter of no particular urgency to anybody. Now the earth's whole temperate zones are pretty much like real estate at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street. Every square inch is coveted by competitors who are able to throw almost unlimited resources into the competition.

A Hopeful Sign

CONGRESS, it seems, has some interest in the subject of economy. The Senate proposes asking the President to investigate the executive departments, somewhat on the lines of the Taft Efficiency Commission, and report next winter whether they cannot be reorganized to advantage. Several senators expressed an opinion that thirty or forty million dollars yearly might be saved in that way.

This is a hopeful sign. That at least thirty million dollars a year can be saved, and public business more efficiently handled, by an intelligent overhauling of the executive departments is highly probable.

But the great waste is up at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. If Congress once gets interested in this subject of economy there is hope that it will finally overhaul its own end—with a real budget system, a comprehensive and permanent plan for river-and-harbor and building appropriations, and so on. We should like to assure Congress that a great number of people have long been interested in governmental economy, and that every sign of interest on its part will be popular.

Waste

SECRETARY REDFIELD recently confessed to having a "suspicion" that the country's total cartage bill might be five or even ten times the total freight bill. The secretary may be too suspicious; but unquestionably, on a great part of the goods consumed in the United States that are transported both by rail and wagon, the cartage cost is much more than the freight cost.

This is because transportation by rail is highly organized and transportation by wagon is hardly organized at all. In every city, and almost every town, at every hour of the day, wagons are running over substantially the same routes, so that two or three, or half a dozen, are performing a service which one could perform just as well.

That is the way in which the United States is really wasteful—in lack of teamwork and intelligent comprehensive planning. In many other ways it is blamed for waste that is more an appearance than a reality. It wastes many substances because to conserve them would be a waste of human energy.

If a carpenter's time costs forty cents an hour it is cheaper to let him throw away thirty cents' worth of board ends than to spend an hour in carefully matching them together. To make it worth while to save the board ends we should have to pay him only twenty cents an hour. We waste the boards, but save the carpenter.

A farmer who cannot, sometime in nine open months, waste half a day taking his family to a picnic in his own wasteful automobile is himself largely wasted. We do not want life so ordered that nobody can throw anything away.

It is the waste of bad organization that needs curing.

A Revenue Reform

AFTER three years of experience the income tax is open to question. Returns for 1916 emphasize this.

Some seventy million dollars of easily got revenue is derived from it; but every study of the returns strengthens a suspicion that a good deal of taxable income escapes.

The fault is not at all that a small part of the country pays a great part of the tax. In 1916 fifteen districts, inconsiderable in area, but comprising the chief wealth centers of the East and Middle West, paid five-sixths of the total tax. But if they have the income they ought to pay the tax.

The real cause for dissatisfaction arises from a presumption that a great deal of taxable income in the lower ranges of taxable income escapes. After three years' experience the Collector of Internal Revenue says "It is axiomatic that the Government cannot rely entirely upon a taxpayer's declaration as to his own tax liability."

The tax ought to be enforced as equally as possible or ought to be abandoned. The Prussian method of enforcing an income tax is vexatious; but it is better than a general presumption that the man who does declare his income honestly is paying taxes for his neighbor whose conscience is more accommodating. The Prussian method involves keeping an official eye upon every man's expenditure—the sort of house he lives in, whether he has an automobile, and so on—and calling him in for a rigid cross-examination if the income he reports for taxation seems inadequate for his style of living.

As a beginning—and whether or not the exemption is lowered—the Government should require a statement of income from everybody in receipt, say, of fifteen hundred dollars a year or more. That foundation would facilitate checking up evasions.

England and the Upper Class

By WILL IRWIN

ON FIRST acquaintance the American usually tricks himself into thinking that he understands the British—or, rather, that southern part of ıe British who largely govern the empire, and whom we ıll the English. There is the language—except perhaps ıirty or forty words used in different senses on opposite des of the Atlantic—exactly the same. There is the terature—we, as they, learned our letters from Shakpere and Milton. A thousand common institutions, laws, ıstoms and superstitions furnish a basis for mutual nderstanding. Across the waters, Wells, Shaw, Bennett, alsworthy, Masefield, speak to us a set of ideas that we nderstand perfectly; and just so do they read and nderstand Howells, O. Henry, Jack London and Edith harton.

In all these things the waters have not divided us one om the other. So Americans of the old British stock who ttled this continent go among them with perfect conidence that they will understand us, and we them.

The well-willed and good-natured American visits ngland, then, in the mood of a genial setter dog that ıters the house with his tail gently waving, his ears down, s whole soul ready to respond to any advances. And, at st, he usually gets those advances. It is only later that, his explorations of the British Houses of Thought, he ıcounters locked doors—runs, like a man in a fairy tale, to invisible obstacles, which he cannot surmount.

The first and most obvious of these is the institution of onarchy, and the reverence with which the British regard ıth the King and the Royal Family—or, rather, the ıculiar form of that reverence. For the dyed-in-the-wool nglishman will criticize his King, will gossip about him, ll joke about his personal peculiarities, as freely and eerfully as any American. But let the American—let ıyone—criticize the institution of monarchy, and the ıiton becomes coldly or passıonately resentful, according ı his personal nature. An ınor—even the slightest—ins enormously if the name the King is affixed thereto.

Long Live the King!

HAD quoted to me, before I left England, the inconsistent rformance of a titled lady. Se had been gossiping to a ıitor — openly gossiping — out the Royal Family. On te next day the visitor called ain. She had just received a ıle box, value perhaps a und, as a birthday present m the Queen. She was ıist-eyed with the event, exaed; she had been made ppy.

On a journey from Edinburgh t London I found myself in a ıpartment with a wounded itish Tommy, a young man o education, intelligence and en mind. Our conversation f upon the Balkan situation, a the mischief wrought down i that focus of world trouble h dynastic rivalries.

"The institution of royalty is dangerous," I ventured to s. "Hedge it about as you wl by constitutions, it is dgerous!"

His face changed; I could s that he was struggling with irtation.

"Perhaps," he answered; "ut you won't find one in a thusand of us who could think o England without a King!"

Again, in crossing the Atlanti on my way home, I talked wh a Briton who held advanced vws on many things. Being o of England I dared express m extreme republican ideas. H too, froze.

"I am willing to pay my sılling in the pound to keep up th Royal Family," he said. "'s our proudest symbol. Yu lack that symbol. Do you suppose you could have raised such a volunteer army as we have—an army so large in proportion to your population? The prestige of Kitchener had something to do with it; but mostly the King. 'Your King Needs You!' was the phrase that brought the volunteers!"

I mention these instances because they are typical of a thousand others. Here and there I found a man who whispered—gently whispered—that the institution of monarchy had worn itself out. But these were rare. One such was a Socialist leader.

"Nevertheless," he added in qualification, "it isn't nearly so bad as some other things we have to correct in these islands; and I'm afraid Humpty Dumpty will be the last figure to come off the stone wall."

Yet an American understands all this, with his mind, though not with his emotions, if he compares their symbol with ours. We have the flag, merely a combination of primitive, inartistic forms and colors printed on cloth. We may criticize the design; without being unpatriotic, we may say of any given flag that it is blazoned in cheap dyes on rotten fabric. Yet he who publicly insults the flag gets arrested, and he who tramples upon it stands in danger of the mob. It is our symbol. Now, instead of a flag as a symbol, imagine a human being with flesh, blood, animal warmth and personal peculiarities. Imagine, also, that the symbol is surrounded by beautiful, antique appurtenances of pomp; that it is kept in palaces such as appeal to national or local pride; that every great government honor is conferred in its name.

By holding the symbolism of the flag in mind we shall arrive, I think, at some sympathetic understanding of the British attitude toward royalty.

Death in the Desert

So we can make a key to this door; but presently, exploring further the British House of Thought, we come to another, which we cannot unlock, a state of mind for which most of us have no means of sympathetic understanding. It is the class system, and the British attitude thereto. This, the dyed-in-the-wool American can regard only externally, looking upon it as a man looks upon such a phenomenon as the migration of birds or a blood stampede in a herd of cattle—the activity of a totally alien mind, whose expressions and manifestations he may note, but whose true, deep motives he cannot understand.

We encounter it even among the people with whom, on most points, we have the greatest mental kinship. A young American woman of intelligence and ideas was making her first visit to England. She met an English lady, with a minor title, who held advanced social and political views. Together, as kindred spirits, they used to knock about among the radical and revolutionary meetings so common in London, and usually so interesting. At last they attended a dinner given by a group of workingmen to the popular hero of the hour. The toastmaster, in his preliminary remarks, said something like this:

The Prayer Book Taken Literally

"WE ARE glad to honor one who has been honored by so many of the higher classes."

The American girl whispered to her companion:

"Heavens! I thought that here, at least, we should escape from this cant about class."

The English girl turned upon her a blank face.

"My dear," she said, "you must remember that the class system was arranged by a power higher than we!"

The lady was expressing a tenet of her church. There it stands in the catechism of the Church of England:

"*Q.* What is thy duty toward thy neighbor? *A.* To order myself lowly and reverently toward all my betters . . . and to do my duty in the state of life into which it shall please God to call me."

Similar words are in the prayer book of our Protestant Episcopal Church in America; but we do not interpret them literally. The conservative English, I take it, do.

I was talking last autumn with a British economist and Fabian Socialist, a great, quiet force in England. He was forecasting for me that newer England which British liberalism hopes to bring about after the war—its organization for social justice, its abolition of old forms.

"And what you call the class system," I ventured—"will that go too? Will you abolish your government by class?"

A change came over his face. I had run into the invisible wall.

"We believe," he said, "that the best people should rule. In county elections we delight to think that our candidate is a man of education and comes from the finest families. That is the wisest way—don't you think?"

And he said it with such sincerity, with such deep, basic conviction, that I had the heart to register no more than a mouselike difference of opinion.

To give still another typical example: I had written something in praise of the democratic spirit in the French Army. An Englishman took me to task for this article, alleging that the British Army was also perfectly democratic, and should have been mentioned along with the French.

"Why," he said, "the spirit is perfect! The men love their officers."

"But aren't those officers still mostly of the governing class?" I asked.

"Yes," he said; "why shouldn't they be?"

Now the spirit of snobbery, or social superiority, or whatever you may call it, is a human instinct, observable in savages, and, I think, especially strong in the Northern races, from which we ourselves have drawn most of our blood. We Americans have no sooner got a new mining camp into working order than it begins to develop "the best people." What are our fraternities in the Western and small Eastern colleges; our class societies at Yale and Harvard; our clubs at Princeton—but artificial reachings toward an upper class? We have in the older cities of the Atlantic Coast an aristocracy almost as insistent on exclusiveness, almost as convinced of the righteousness in class, as the oldest aristocracies of Europe.

But—and herein we differ from the British—the people below these exalted beings do not recognize their claims. To a very great extent the lower classes of the British do. "I am as good as any man alive!" says the American mechanic. Tell him that he isn't a gentleman and he will knock you down. "I am of the lower class," an English workingman will say, with neither pride nor humbleness, but as one stating a fact. Tell him that he is not a gentleman, and he will reply "Of course not!"

In short, the average conservative Englishman accepts the social position into which he was born, be it upper class, upper middle class, or lower class, as he accepts his stature, the color of his eyes, the shape of his nose. The average American or Frenchman accepts class only if he happens to be of the upper class.

Once, in a town of Central France, I witnessed an interview between an old French peasant farmer and a count, whose family, under the old régime, were lords of the High Justice, the Middle and the Low in all that region. They held adjoining tracts of land; the interview had to do with some emergency war measure. The peasant entered the presence of the aristocrat with an easy dignity that had in it neither deference nor impudence. He was just one Frenchman talking to another, with the same politeness he would have shown to any comparative stranger of his own class—no more; no less. The British small farmer, thrust so into the presence of the lord, would have entered fumbling his cap and ducking. The Frenchman, risen to eminence from humble occupation, absorbs the manners of the class into which he has been graduated. The average Englishman, in like circumstances, carries with him to the last of his days the marks of his origin. He usually shows an uneasy consciousness that he is not quite a gentleman.

The Operation of Class

The operation of class in Great Britain has so many lights and shades, so many subtleties, that an alien must needs live in England for twenty years in order to get all its bearings and ramifications. I, who write of it here, profess to give only a superficial view, like that of the Englishman who polishes off Chicago after a month's observation. Yet, having seen a few of the workings of class in politics, in the army and in commerce, I can perhaps write of it truthfully and soundly along broad lines.

One who cast an observing eye over England in the early days of the war, before all its manhood was cast into the military melting pot, could not fail to observe a difference in the physical build of men and officers. At the time, the old rule of British Army organization held pretty generally true—the officers were gentlemen; the ranks were lower class. And, almost without exception, the officers were long-limbed, slender, willowy—the kind of build we associate with a distance runner. And, almost without exception, the rank and file were stocky and beefy—the John Bull build. As the first volunteer regiments came into khaki one noticed a change in the appearance of the rank and file. The distance-runner build began to appear among them also. This, you found after a little investigation, was because the upper class, true to their traditions, had been first to volunteer. I spoke of this to an English friend, who added his testimony.

"I stood in the lobby of the Houses of Parliament last week," he said, "when the House of Commons and the House of Lords adjourned at the same time and came streaming into the lobby from opposite hallways. I was struck with the same thing you have observed. Most of the lords had the willowy, knife-blade build; most of the commoners looked like John Bull."

Now that peculiar, long-limbed, lithe and yet sturdy build is a Scandinavian characteristic; and the Normans were a Scandinavian people. The stocky build is a Saxon characteristic, apparent to this day in the people of Saxony. In short, one began to suspect that among the South British, whom we call the English, there were still two peoples, dwelling side by side—and I wondered whether Norman and Anglo-Saxon had yet really fused.

Why was it? William conquered England, bringing with him his Norman lords, retainers and settlers, in 1066; within two or three centuries, the history books tell us, the amalgamation of the two peoples was complete. Though Norman blood remained the boast of the oldest nobility, that strain, in the law of breeding, must have flowed through much of the English people, as a drop of actual blood in a pail of water will spread at once and color the whole mixture. Dr. David Starr Jordan has said that almost every person of pure English blood would be found, could we but follow up his ancestry, to be a descendant of William the Conqueror.

However, a special tendency, newly discovered but universally recognized, governs breeding—what science called the Mendelian law. We know now that there is such a thing as a dominant strain. One parent, or one race of parents, is, in the function of breeding, stronger than the other. This tends to put its imprint upon the race that arises from the mixture.

The Dominant Norman Strain

Now I miss my guess if the Normans, those wild, vigorous, long-limbed, hard-hitting rovers who adventured all over Europe in the dawn after the Dark Ages, did not constitute one of these dominant strains. A tribe of them settled on the River Don, in Russia, marrying with Slav and Tartar women, taking Slav and Tartar men into the tribe—a small part, really, of the blood that made the Don Cossack. Yet to-day the Don Cossack bears the mark of the Norman in mind and body. The Normandy of France holds still, in spite of centuries of marriage with Frank and Latin, a population of tall, blue-eyed men and women. If the Norman strain does not show in Sicily, it is because the Norman lords conquered not by their own people, but with armies of alien adventurers.

Now if I am right, and the Norman blood is really a dominant strain, the conditions in England were especially favorable for keeping that strain a little select and apart. For at least two centuries they were the governing class, the nobles and gentlemen, striving to preserve the pure blood. They opened up to let in the able Saxon who forced his way through the mass. But that Saxon usually married a daughter of the Normans; and most certainly his descendants, newly made aristocrats, avoided misalliances and took to themselves women of the Norman breed. Dominance of strain did the rest.

The Wars of the Roses extinguished a great part of the old titles; but the nobles who stepped into their places were mainly of the dominant stock. The day of democracy and industrialism arrived. Brewer and ironmaker and boatbuilder began to force their way into the Peerage, until now a third of the House of Lords hold titles less than a century old. Nevertheless, in these newly arrived families, also, the Norman strain seems to dominate by the third or fourth generation. Hence this long-limbed, clean build, which is the outstanding fact in any gathering of the upper classes; hence the persistence of certain Viking traits, such as a love of out-of-doors and manly sports and a passion for seeking wild and remote corners of the globe.

That the portion of the British race which remains in England is conservative to its bones has become an axiom. Indeed, the Tory portion of Britain glories in that conservatism. Kipling, in his later stories, is never so sentimental as when he records the fact that this thing or that is done exactly as it was under old King John. Now for two or three centuries of frank Norman domination the middle and lower classes of England lived as political and economic serfs to an alien race.

Feudalism was feudalism wherever found. But the French serf and the French lord, the Teutonic serf and the Teutonic lord, were, after all, of the same blood. England is the only country which, through centuries of feudalism, had one race above the salt and one below; one race in command and another in subjection; one race in the hall and another in the hut; one race governing and the other producing. The seeds of that British mental peculiarity whereby the lower class admits its inferiority may have been sown in those days, to grow into the class system of the nineteenth century.

One may carry this theory of a dual race entirely too far. Yet it does explain much about England otherwise inexplicable to the citizen of an alleged democracy. The boundaries of the classes are hazy. It is often hard to say whether any given man belongs to the upper class or to the upper middle class. A family with a title is surely upper class; yet people not even related to titles are so classified. People of possessions and leisure, whose ancestors have held possessions and leisure for generations, might be described by the English as middle class. There, however, we come to subtleties and distinctions with which no American can deal until he has lived a decade in England.

The point of the matter for us is that the upper class is nearly synonymous with the governing class. As my friend, the Fabian Socialist, says, the English, even when it comes to a matter of popular election, usually like to be represented by a gentleman, by a man of good family, by one to whom, on social standards, they can look up. Perhaps that tendency is not strictly British; perhaps it is partly just human and belongs to settled states of society. There are conservative districts in France where noble blood is a political asset; and I find the same tendency here and there among the people of our East. At any rate, during a century in which the hereditary House of Lords declined in power and the elected House of Commons rose, during which the franchise was so extended as to become nearly universal, the upper class still held the reins of government.

Government was its business, as we may learn by inquiring into what sociologists would call the "economic sanctions" of the class. Only a few professions were open to a man of the upper class who wished fully to keep caste. Politics, law, the army or navy, the church—there you have the list. Law, in England as elsewhere, is the little brother of politics; the lawyer interprets, enforces—and gets round—the laws the politician has made. The army and navy are the defenders of government. The priest is a governor in ecclesiastical matters—especially when, as in England, there is an established church, sending its bishops, by right, to the higher legislative body.

Class Occupations

Until the great democratizing movement of the latter part of the nineteenth century it was degrading for the upper class to mix in any business except the supervision of its own landed estates. If the movement of the times carried lords into boards of directors, and managers of great industrial enterprises—like Lord Cowdray and Lord Cunard—into the Peerage, it still remained beneath the dignity of strictly upper-class people to get technical education. Engineering, expert chemistry, scientific research—such education was for the middle class.

If men of the upper class took them up these were but younger sons of large families, whose position in the family line debarred them from hope of inheriting entailed property. For the elder sons, who wanted to do anything at all—for the more brilliant sons—the army, politics, a government appointment to rule a bureau or a colony, the church. In all these positions the family money or estates would help to maintain the position. The practical work of production, even in its most scholarly and scientific aspects, was for the culls of the breed.

Along with this system ran a certain kind of democracy, rather more advanced than ours. That is one of the subtleties in complex old England that will forever puzzle us. A man, to be a laborer or a lord, had certain social and legal rights that society, on the one hand, and the law, on the other, enforced with scrupulous exactness.

Englishmen are always twitting us with the undeniable fact that we do not hang our rich men for murder or imprison them for theft. Somehow, their money and their pull helps them wriggle out, while the British courts will hang a lord as readily as a commoner. The very upper class will combine to convict one of their own members who has broken the law, or to ostracize one who has grossly and cruelly violated custom.

The anomaly of the situation is perhaps this: That a land of advanced democratic ideas permitted and cherished feudalism in its midst. The French, the Swiss and the Americans abolished long ago the idea of a governing class. Not until the later years of the nineteenth century did Britain begin the job of attacking the privileges and questioning the right of the nobles and gentlemen. That movement, accelerated by the advanced Liberal government, which held power for eight years before the war, has been going pretty fast. The House of Lords, stripped of many powers and privileges before the war, was tottering.

The Liberals were beginning to attack the land system, with its bulwark of entailed estates, which had put the soil of England under control of a few great individuals or families. "They are taxing the gentleman class out of existence!" moaned a Tory to me before the war. Indeed, certain Englishmen have told us, with perfect sincerity, that the class system is finished; whereas the class system is almost the first thing about England that strikes an outsider from a democratic country such as France, the United States or the British Colonies.

The Rise of Aristocracy

No; through two or three generations during which the tide of democracy has risen over England, during which she has changed from the *laissez-faire* theory of economics to the coöperative theory, the upper class and the governing class have maintained their grip. Other democracies have broken this grip of a class in the very beginning—we by process of law; the French by the guillotine. The reason for the anomaly lies, I suppose, not so much in the conservative character of the British people as in the merits and excellencies of the British upper class.

Nature, which abhors heights and depths in a breed, which works by leveling the mass and then raising it as a whole, destroys most aristocracies in a few generations by the working of natural or seminatural laws. An aristocracy begins with the rise of able individuals from the mass; they marry with the daughters of other able individuals; able strains are born. This is the logical part of the aristocratic theory and I think it stands the test.

Take, for example, the breed of kings. Even omitting those who have seized thrones by their own powers, like Hugh Capet, Napoleon and Cæsar, you find people of genius or high ability, such as Peter the Great, Augustus Cæsar, Frederick the Great, Elizabeth of England, or Charlemagne, occurring in far greater proportion among kings than among the general run of mankind. Exceptional opportunity is not enough to account for such human phenomena as these. In the British nobility are certain strains, such as those of Cecil and Churchill, which through every generation spawn men approaching or achieving genius. Arthur Balfour, of these times, is a Cecil, and Winston Churchill's name places him.

However, no sooner is an aristocracy founded along these lines than its self-destruction begins, through two special tendencies: In the first place, war is the particular interest of an oligarchy. Until this period of vast enlightenment in the possibility of destruction most wars have been fought by the nobles and gentlemen plus the dregs of the population. Those sturdy yeomen of England who bent the long bow at Crécy and Poitiers are the exception. The officers, in old days, were aristocrats; the rank and file were the failures of peace.

Wars did to the aristocratic blood exactly what the present war is doing to the best blood, eugenically considered, of all the European nations. It stamped out those breeds that had been trying to defy the leveling law of Nature and to divide our human race into man and superman. Follow back the history of almost any title—a title is not the same thing as a noble race—and notice how often the race thereabore it has come to a full stop, leaving the title to some newly arrived breed, because the holder and his heirs have all perished in war.

(Concluded on Page 28)

"I promise the nation, my administration
In vigor and health shall unfold.
This soup of perfection will give you protection,
And *your* constitution uphold!"

A sensible inauguration—

That's what it is when you install a supply of Campbell's wholesome Soups on your pantry shelf. You inaugurate better appetites, greater enjoyment of the home table, less drudgery and care. Above all, you inaugurate improved health and vitality. *As a body-builder and nerve-builder no other food is so consistently effective as good soup eaten every day.*

At times when you especially want a nourishing dish that is easy to digest and ready without trouble or delay, what a comfort to go to your pantry shelf and lay your hand in a minute on such a vitalizing, health-promoting food as

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It combines sustaining nourishment with the most appetizing zest and savor.
Its basis is a rich and strengthening meat stock which we make from selected beef.

We blend with this an abundance of nutritious vegetables—choice white potatoes—Maine-grown, fine Jersey sweet potatoes, tender carrots, sweet yellow turnips, "baby" lima beans, small green peas, cabbage, succulent okra, celery, parsley, tomatoes and "Country Gentleman" corn.

We also include rice, barley, macaroni "alphabets", fresh herbs, delicate spices, a hint of leek and onion and a smart suggestion of sweet red peppers.

You could not imagine a dish more tempting or more satisfying. And it comes to you cooked and prepared, all ready to serve in three minutes.

Your grocer will supply you with these nourishing Campbell "kinds" by the dozen or the case if you wish. And that is the practical way to buy.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Concluded from Page 26)

Again, nobility presumes property and riches. "There never was an aristocracy which was not a financial aristocracy." Born to all the comforts and healthy luxuries of life, possessed of riches without work, and honor without effort, they gravitate toward sharper and sharper pleasures, toward stronger and stronger dissipations, in which excess kills the breed.

So when an aristocracy runs its normal course we have such a group of people as the ancient nobility before the French Revolution. For generations the drain of war had carried off their strongest blood, unreproduced. Dissipation had done the rest.

Now the British upper class has a special history and a special character; and therein resides the reason why it has held the fort so long. Since the Wars of the Roses England has not known any war that much affected its noble blood. If there be an exception it is the Civil War; but that, after all, made small inroads on the breed. While Germany was murdering her nobles wholesale in the Thirty Years' War, while France was grinding up lord and commoner together in the Napoleonic Wars, Britain was holding her domain mostly by naval warfare, which involves comparatively small loss of life.

Again, the British nobility has never, as a class, weakened itself by dissipation. A little priggish, it has also been virtuous. By and large, the English have more character than almost any other people in the world; and this trait is especially prominent in the upper class. They have a sense of responsibility to their nation, their class, their religion. If this sense of responsibility operated to keep the feudal régime in England, it no less operated to keep the upper class wholesome.

Then, too, that excessive love of sport, against which Matthew Arnold railed, has been an important conserver of upper-class virtue. As our Y. M. C. A. long ago discovered, athletic exercise is a great foe of Billy Sunday's Personal Devil. The hunts and polo, the rowing, the school football and cricket, were preservatives of the aristocracy, letting off that excess vitality which in softer oligarchies produced decadence.

Indeed, a zealot for democracy may say, without concession of his principles, I think, that no people in the world excel these for finished human beings. Physically they are a handsome race. I need scarcely describe the tall, lean, long-limbed, scrubbed young man of this class; the type is too familiar. The female of his species, robust, and yet usually graceful through exercise, her satin-complexioned flesh backed by a comely structure of bone, may lack the allure every Frenchwoman has; but most often of any women in the world do these upper-class Englishwomen achieve beauty.

Gentility and Efficiency

I have seen the men of five nations going forward to be ground up in the meat mills of the German Junkers, and have known all the revulsions of sentimental pity; but at no time have I felt such an artistic pity as when I have seen those young English officers marching up to have their fair young bodies rent apart.

Mentally, it seems to me, they are—or were—almost all you might expect of a finished class, sure of its position; usually sure that it has achieved the end of progress. If they lacked anything it was that quality of "soul" or "temperament," so common in the Latin and the Slav. Their schools and universities taught them not usefulness and efficiency—such education was for the bourgeois—but the kind of culture that is the final embroidery to a gentleman's character. The outsider, looking into the life of Oxford, is either appalled or amused by the loafing spirit of the place. Unless the student happens to have a special ambition for certain fairly empty and useless honors in mathematics or the classics, he can slide through to a degree with a paucity of work that makes the "snap hunting" of our American universities seem like industry.

The very teaching of science at the two famous and leading British universities has for its end not practical use, but that rounding out of the mind which we call culture. The practical education of England was for the middle classes, and its schools were elsewhere. To those students of the well-brained Scotch race who dig for twelve hours a day in the libraries and laboratories of Edinburgh has belonged almost an undue share in the technical, scientific and business direction of England.

A well-rounded and tolerant development of mind and character, the aristocratic spirit in its flower—that is the ideal of Oxford and Cambridge, and of the public schools, which follow their lead. The mind of the upper class lacked efficiency in the twentieth-century sense. It possessed information in speculative and historic fields, and—until you reached certain lines along which no British gentleman is supposed to think—breadth and an easy tolerance.

Talking once with a Tory peer I happened to mention that it was Lincoln's Birthday. That brought a discussion of our great liberator. Now I thought myself well informed, as every American should be, on Lincoln; but he bore me down by sheer weight of information. Governing is the business of this class; and their women, without direct participation in politics, have always acted indirectly. They have almost as much interest in the game as their men; and they, too, know affairs and the learning that is back of affairs.

"England," said Morley, "is a heaven for the rich, a hell for the poor, and a purgatory for the able." No life is more charming, better worth leading as an end in itself, than that of the landholding, leisure-class people of England. The English house party is the world's mark for a hospitality cordial without effusion, diverting without dissipation. They know the art of living. Indeed, that life is a weapon in their class struggle. It is so easy, so pleasant, that it acts as a soporific to those who want to waken England and the world.

The Passing of Feudalism

In spite of a "silly set" here and there, in spite of an occasional outburst of dissipation in small groups, this governing class, viewed by itself, has been a fine, admirable body of people, leading a singularly attractive life. There is only one reasonable ground of criticism: It has been too expensive. In terms of humanity, it has cost too much, as aristocracies always do.

Its peculiar ideas, customs and character, with their feudal tinge, suited it far better to govern in the eighteenth century than in the nineteenth or twentieth. In that era England was agricultural; it lived mainly by the soil. The lord, holding then, as now, the greater part of the land, had his upper-class sense of responsibility. He knew his tenants, servants and retainers as individuals. If he was true to the best traditions of his class he administered his position paternalistically, supporting them in adversity, nursing them in sickness.

This was an aristocratic idea; and at its very best it prevented the rise of the mass. It had, however, its virtues of affection between classes, loyalty, generosity. Its flower was that life of Bracebridge Hall, concerning which Washington Irving wrote. The muck about its roots was a kind of intellectual degradation in the peasant class, and the exaltation of property and position, which made the theft of a shilling or the poaching of a hare figure on the statute books as a parallel offense with murder.

Then came the industrial era. The able middle class of England discovered the modern factory system. The more successful of the *entrepreneurs* forced their way into the Peerage and the upper class. The older aristocracy, holding that land which is the basis of wealth, began to invest. And now the economic foundation of the class was rebuilt. The lord held perhaps the governing interest in half a dozen great factories or tenements in London, which housed ten thousand people. He did not know, he could not possibly know, his retainers and tenants. They were far away from the personal interest and benevolence of His Lordship and Her Ladyship.

Sympathetic imagination is the rarest of qualities in Northern blood. The upper-class Briton, wanting this sympathetic imagination, could usually see in industrial relations only the factor of dividends. There followed the *laissez-faire* doctrine of economics, the comfortable theory that if things were let alone they would right themselves. The history of reform in England since the early part of the nineteenth century is written in the assaults on this doctrine.

Yet not all the upper class was mentally crippled by lack of imagination. Indeed, one of those merits operating to keep the governing class in power was the self-sacrifice for conscience' sake which led aristocrat after aristocrat to fight the interests of his class, his family, his very self, for what he believed to be the general good. Notwithstanding that liberalism in its essence is opposed to oligarchy, the direction of British liberalism has come from the upper class.

Other nations have witnessed aristocrats fighting their class, accepting chains and ostracism for democracy—like Count Tolstoy and Prince Krapotkin, in Russia, or the Marquis de Lafayette, in France. But no other has ever possessed a whole group passing on the torch from generation to generation. The English have a genius for political martyrdom; and when a Briton gets it into his rather slow, conservative intelligence that a thing is right, he goes through with that thing, though the gates of hell oppose him.

When this governing class entered Armageddon, its most bitter period of trial, old ideas still prevailed. The gentleman was made to lead; the mere workman to follow. Gentlemen were the officers of the Old Army, which virtually ceased to exist after Mons, the Aisne and Ypres; and lower-class men the rank and file. The aristocracy, true as ever to the responsibility it could see, flocked to the colors; and, at first, the officers of the New Army were universally chosen from this class, with rather more regard to their standing as gentlemen than to their qualifications for the job in hand. They died like men, without flinching; and that, it seemed to one who saw the period just after first Ypres—when the Germans were holding the line by machinery, the British by lives—was about all they did. How could they do better? The direction of warfare now is a matter of exact scientific knowledge. Of what use was the long, ripening, leisurely culture at Oxford and Cambridge; their dialectics and Greek roots; their history and philosophy? They could only do their best—and die.

That they did; and as England straightened things out the other side of the shield began to show. At school, at the universities, all through their education, their fellows, as much as their instructors, had been pounding into them the cardinal principles of life expressed in two old English phrases: "Keep a stiff upper lip!" and "Stand the gaff!" Those principles held them strong during the discouraging days of second Ypres, of Festuberg, of Loos, when the muddling at home had denied them enough equipment and proper ammunition. It gave England breathing space to look about, collect her thoughts, and start on the right track. "Here the battle of Waterloo was won," said Wellington as he viewed a public-school cricket field. There, perhaps, Armageddon was half won for England.

Plain Men in High Places

The system, however, had to go, at least temporarily and partially. Mid-course, England put her military affairs into the hands of a man who began life as a footman; her political affairs into the hands of a man whose uncle cobbled shoes to educate him for the bar. "Our lower-class soldiers want to be led by gentlemen; they will not follow anyone else," said the heads of the army in 1914; and they proceeded on that theory. But, when the British family in Barrie's play was wrecked on a desert island and ran against primitive necessity, it was the butler who, being endowed with practical intelligence, became king of the island. So, in that crisis of the primitive, which was Armageddon, artificial distinctions went down.

The failures of peace often become the successes of war. Men of military capacity began to appear in the ranks—sometimes gentlemen; sometimes not. In the beginning gentlemen were hurled into the officers' training corps who knew no more about a rifle than that it is a thing which shoots. Now the new officer must have done his turn in the ranks. The average social standing of officers went steadily downward. An officers' training corps I looked over last autumn is full of men registered in their papers as "clerks."

Now when such men as the "Kipps," whom H. G. Wells has described for us, achieve in any great numbers the British corps of officers, there is a revolution in British thought. The laboring class is not represented to any great extent in the command of the New Army; but the British have a reasonable explanation for that: To make an officer, you need a basis of education—the cultivated ability to grasp abstractions and to acquire scientific knowledge.

The French Army forms our pattern for military democracy; many of its best regimental and company officers worked with their hands before the war. However, in France, as in the United States, education is more generally diffused than in Great Britain. The barrier to the working class in the British corps of officers is less lingering snobbery or lack of ambition than want of preparatory education. The British upper-class snob may call these new arrivals "T. G.'s"—or "Temporary Gentlemen"; but England, after the war, will know many a temporary permanency.

The England of the Future

"England changes not," says Balfour. "We shall have, after this war, a new England—the newest country that exists," says Lloyd George. The shopkeeper's clerk, who has worn on his sleeve the three stars of a captain or the crown of a major; who has messed on nominally equal terms with the sons of lords and baronets; who has matched flesh and brain and nerve with aristocrats of the same military rank, and found himself their equal—will he live the rest of his life in the spirit of the old-time British shopkeeper? The governing class cannot and will not open up to let him enter. He has not the financial background; and, for all the expressed aristocratic scorn of money, the fact remains that it constitutes the essential, indispensable basis of any aristocracy. He must go back to what he was before the war—Captain Smith, Lieutenant Jones, cutting cloth or directing lady customers to the fifth aisle, rear! Go farther down the military scale to the private in the ranks, who has faced death every day for two or three years; who has dealt such strokes for England as man never dealt before. Will he be again the respectful, contented, subservient domestic, the well-oiled cog in an aristocratic machine?

Barrie, in the last act of his fantasy, which I have mentioned above, shows the shipwrecked English family, and the butler who became king of the desert island, back again in England. The butler, in the old environment, has reverted to type. He is once more the perfect English servant. Does a universal truth about this race lie under Barrie's fantasy? I think not. But, as I have democratic leanings and am an outsider to this game, I put forward my opinion with hesitation: I think that, after a possible setback in the four or five years following the war, the democratic tide in England will roll on more powerfully because it has been diked temporarily.

Two special factors will help to break the hold of the aristocracy: They were the first class of all to volunteer; as officers of the early Kitchener forces they occupied positions of great danger. The mortality among them has been very heavy. Before the war had gone a year, a man of the upper classes told me that the crimp in the noble blood of England was greater than in the Wars of the Roses. The war is now approaching the three-year mark, with the greatest losses for England, and for the upper class, perhaps yet to come.

Also, the economic foundation of the class without which it cannot exist, stands in peril. "They were taxing us out of existence, even before the war," said an aristocrat. The burden of taxation for war debt will fall most heavily on the class that holds the land of England; nothing in the future seems so inevitable as the break-up of the great estates and the restoration of land ownership to the yeomanry.

The system will pass, though not all at once. The British do not arrange progress in that manner—they hate anything sudden; we love it. Then, too, old formulas and ways of existence linger long in new states of civilization.

Though the end will not come until we are all dead and gone, the system will perish—with its honors and ermines, its pageants of power and pretty ceremonies of sport, its hunting parks and preserves, its honors and emoluments.

One who holds democratic convictions but who loves the romance in life, mourns in passing a little, as he mourns the passing of the lotus days in Egypt or the age of chivalry. He may mourn, indeed, on less romantic grounds. For all the faults we find in it, for all our opposition to the system that maintains it, the British aristocracy has been perhaps the most worthy oligarchy since the great ephemeral day of Athens.

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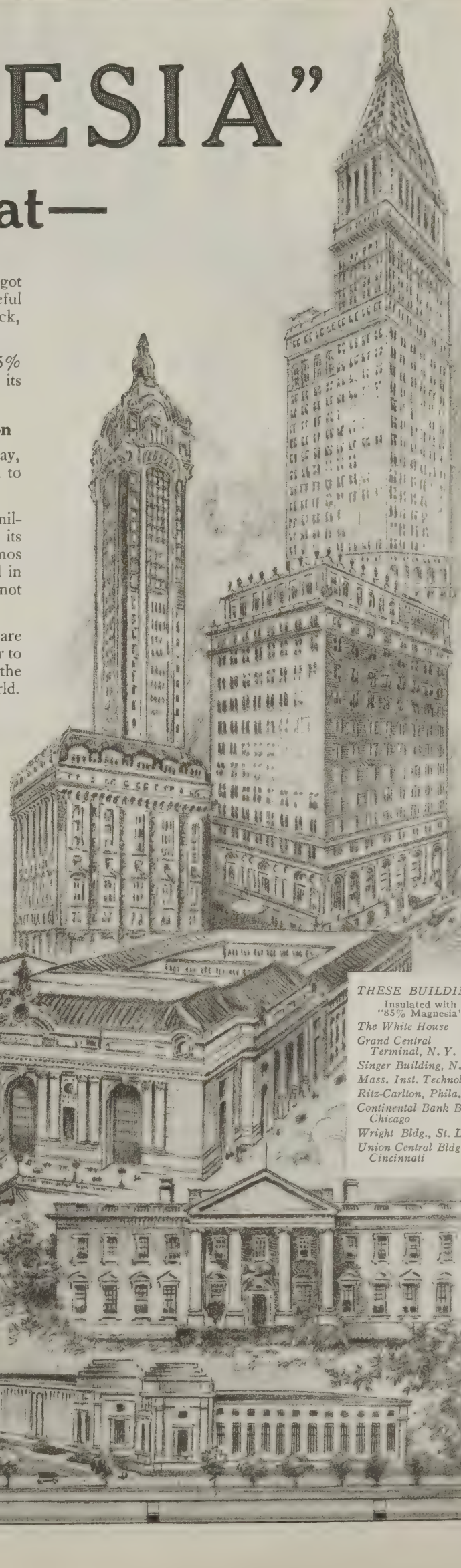

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THE LAST THROW

(Continued from Page 10)

"Don't you?" inquired Mrs. Pincus.

"No; I don't!" snapped Mr. Pincus; and his voice rising, his face filled with tragic triumph, he added: "Yesterday they told me so! They won't give Pincus a place, because he deals in stocks—yes! Put that in your pipe! Hah, hah!" laughed Mr. Pincus wildly; and Minnie gave him a smile.

"Dress linings, it is, Pincus," she rejoined. "Back you go to them dress linings if with my hands I have to buy a business for you!"

He tossed his arms in contempt.

"You buy a place? Rats! For ten t'ouzand dollars, the least it costs to buy a dress linings place! And where do you get them ten? Is it off the bushes—vat?" Jamming on his hat he gave still another snort of disgust. "You make me sick!" said Mr. Pincus.

"Oh, sick are you?" responded Mrs. Pincus. "Then, why not take something for it at the drug store?"

He did not even reply. Slamming the door behind him, Mr. Pincus scuttled down the stairs.

He still had one string left to his bow. Down at the office—down at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s—he might find somebody who'd help him out, perhaps. He had that tip, hadn't he? It was a hot tip too. If those fellows would do the regular thing—come across, you know—he'd let them in on it. In that way he could still get something from the tip. The dream, however, was as idle as all the others. What! Take a tip from Pincus? Pay Pincus for a tip when for years he'd sneered and sniffed at tipsters? Mr. Pincus, in short, had been hoist with his own petard.

Balked and baffled, his courage gone, he'd sat there all the morning, half crazed in his desperation. Thus, when Ingot, soaring, crossed 50, Mr. Pincus no longer had been able to restrain himself. Rising with a cry, the once calm, once imperturbable dabbler had dashed out and away from the scene of his disaster.

Such a disaster too! Here he was, armed with a tip, a pointer, that meant thousands and thousands in the market; and yet here he must stand by, idle, and watch it die on his hands! It was terrible! Worse than terrible; it was criminal! Minnie, too, had mocked him! That was the worst of all with Mr. Pincus. Had it not been for Minnie's three thousand, that money lying idle in the bank, he might even have forced himself to face it. The loss of the money was not everything. It was the fact that, with that killing almost in his grasp, Minnie had stood by and seen opportunity go to waste!

"*Ach!*" Mr. Pincus exploded violently.

Well, he'd show her! She'd see if he went back to "them linings"! In that, anyway, was some satisfaction. Even though she tried it, she couldn't drive him back to Bleecker Street.

She couldn't, not even if he was willing to go. It would show Minnie the extent of what she'd done.

What had happened, though, was but a part of it. Mr. Pincus had still to face something else. He was rolling on, mumbling and muttering to himself, when at the street corner a tall, shabbily dressed man darted out of a doorway and gripped him by the arm.

"Pink! Pink!" he cried. "What's happened? I've been waiting here two hours now."

Mr. Pincus roughly shook him off.

"Out of my way, loafer!" he snarled, and was striding on when Blake again gripped him by the arm.

"What's happened, Pink?" he demanded wildly. "You were going to stake me to a hundred shares, weren't you? Don't tell me you didn't do it!"

An unintelligible murmur rumbled out of Mr. Pincus, and again he sought to free himself.

"No, no, Pink!" shrilled Blake. "You've won thousands—you know you have! I was up in a place there—a barroom round the corner—and I've seen the tape. You've won thousands and thousands, haven't you?"

"T'ouzands?" inquired Mr. Pincus. A laugh escaped him then. The laugh, though, was harsh—bitter and devoid of merriment. "Oh, sure! I win t'ouzands! It's in my mind I win them. Now ven I lose my mind I lose them t'ouzands too!" Then he told Blake what had happened. "We're bust, Blake—you and me! My old woman she don't let me have that money, and your tip, it blows up in my hand."

Stricken, Blake stared at him.

"She wouldn't let you have it? She wouldn't do it to save me, even though I'd once saved you and her?"

So it was, and shamefully Mr. Pincus admitted it.

"That woman ain't got no heart, Blake. Never before would I suspect it; but now I know. All she thinks of, I guess, is that flat of hers and getting ready three meals a day. . . . Oh, vell," sighed Mr. Pincus, "all them women is like that. A feller c'd be as well dead or a widower." Then he gave a shrug. "Just the same, yes," added Mr. Pincus; "I show her vat!"

Blake, in spite of his distress, stared at him.

"You mean you're going to leave her?"

No; it was nothing like that. He couldn't leave Minnie even if he wished to. Minnie wouldn't let him. What Mr. Pincus planned was something different. He meant to go home; that was all. Then, when he got home he would stay there.

"That fixes her!" explained Mr. Pincus grimly. "After I sit round a week she gets sick of the sight of me. Then she wishes she hadn't!"

It was a fine idea. It was, as Mr. Pincus himself would have expressed it, "swell!" However, though it would indeed have created the result he'd anticipated—that of making Minnie sick of the sight of him—Mr. Pincus had overlooked one salient thing. That thing was Minnie herself.

The hours passed. Noon went by; it was one o'clock, two; then three. At three the market closed. Long ere this the news about Ingot was out and discounted, but still the stock had climbed. At the close it stood firm at 70¾.

Mr. Pincus almost wept.

"*Himmel!*" he cried. "Forty points it up, and that tip busts in a feller's face!"

Blake was still with him. Together they stood in a barroom scanning a news-ticker tape; and curiously it was Blake now who consoled and comforted. In his hopeless ness calm had come to him.

"Well, no use worrying," said Blake and again Mr. Pincus exploded violently.

"Not worry, vat? For why shouldn't feller worry? If in one day you lose twelv t'ouzand dollars, which is forty points three hundred shares, I would worry all like! You are crazy, man! I bet I worr I worry all I wish, I tell you!"

"Come along, Pink," urged Blake "You're coming, aren't you?"

Yes; Mr. Pincus was coming. Blake w going home with him, and when they g there Mr. Pincus was going to give him suit of clothes. These Blake meant to e change for another suit—one that wou fit him; after which Blake meant to hu another job. Mr. Pincus, however, mea to seek no job. His mind was still fix firmly on his original plan of sitting at hor till Minnie got sick of the sight of hi What is more, the minute he got home meant to announce it to her.

Five o'clock had just struck as Mr. Pi cus, accompanied by Blake, climbed t stairs of the West Side flat house where M Pincus dwelt. At five Minnie was alwa at home. Nothing, no matter what it w ever prevented that. Home at five, M nie put the dinner on the stove, and at she put it on the table. A chronometer w not more fixed and accurate in its mo ments than was Minnie in her domes arrangements. To-night, however, th appeared to be a change.

"Vell, here we are!" said Mr. Pinc grimly.

His jaw set, his manner all ready show Minnie what he thought of her, stepped into the hall. To his surprise hall was dark. Furthermore, the kitch also was dark. No dinner was on the sto either—no scent of it in the air.

"Hey, vat?" inquired Mr. Pincus, st tled; and, hurrying down the hall, he w halfway to the kitchen when the parlor d was opened abruptly, letting forth a fl of light.

Mrs. Pincus stood in the doorway. Sh had her hat on, as if she'd just come in. I air bland, she smiled.

"Vell, Benny?" she remarked.

(Concluded on Page 33)

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The Hupmobile has always been a quality car.

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It is, in very fact, the world's best Four. That needs no further proof than the testimony of 17,000 owners.

In our four-million-dollar factories, with nearly $1,000,000 of recent improvements, it now receives the outer dress befitting its famous inner virtues.

Many tell us we build the car too good. That we pay too much for things people never see.

If We Build Too Good: Why—We Build Too Good

We could not be content to give Hupmobile owners less.

Quality and performance—these long have been our ideal.

Surely we have reached our goal in a car fit to stand as the world's best Four.

Five-Pass. Touring Car,	$1185	Roadster	$1185
Year 'Round Touring Car,	$1385	Year 'Round Coupé .	$1370
Seven-Pass. Touring Car,	$1340	Sedan	$1735

f. o. b. Detroit

The Mark of Superior — *Motor Car Service*

So we studied people's style-wants. We prepared for them by building new factories.

In The New Hupmobile, see how we have met them. How we have gone a year ahead.

Note the new upholstery. The gloss, the softness of the leather. The depth of the cushions. The stylish French seam.

Note the finish and fittings of the tonneau—and the front compartment, too.

Be Guided By Your Own Style-Sense

You see the rear quarter curtains on few other cars—unless costlier. A top fashioned in our own factories, on Hupmobile design.

Dim the headlights. See how the light is graduated—down to a dull pin-point glow.

Drop the side curtains into place. See the ease of placing the supports in the doors. They convince instantly that here, at last, is an open car which quickly avails the perfect bad-weather comfort of a closed car.

Let your own style-sense guide you as you go over the car.

Do this, and you can have no doubt that The New Hupmobile is indeed the Year-Ahead Beauty-Car.

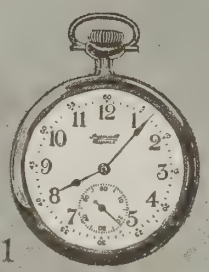
Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

There is an *Ingersoll* for Everyone

Find *Yourself* in this list:

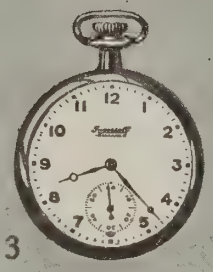
The numbers will show you which of the Ingersoll watches are best suited to your needs.

Automobilists, 8, 4
Baggagemen, 9, 10, 6
Boys, 6, 1, 11, 8
Boat Owners, 8, 5
Bricklayers, 9, 11
Businessmen, 3, 2, 4, 5, 7
Carpenters, 9, 11, 4
Chauffeurs, 8, 4, 6
Conductors, 10, 4
Cooks, 7, 12
Doctors, 3, 7, 8, 2
Drivers, 9, 10, 6
Electricians, 11, 5, 8
Engineers, 2, 8, 5
Factory Men, 9, 1, 5, 4
Farmers, 6, 9, 3
Firemen, 6, 10, 2
Fishermen, 6, 9, 1
Foundry Workers, 9, 1, 5
Girls, 12, 8, 7
Housekeepers, 7, 12, 8
Hunters, 8, 5, 11
Laboratory Workers, 6, 8, 3
Laboring Men, 9, 1, 6
Lawyers, 3, 5, 7, 4
Lumbermen, 9, 6, 2, 4
Machinists, 2, 8, 5
Miners, 6, 9, 11, 10
Motormen, 8, 5, 2
Night Workers, 5, 6, 7, 8
Nurses, 8, 6, 12
Office Workers, 7, 3, 4
Plumbers, 9, 11, 6, 5, 3
Professional Men, 3, 5, 7, 4
Railroad Men, 2, 3, 5, 8
Sailors, 8, 9, 6
Salesmen, 3, 5
Shoppers, 12, 8
Sportsmen, 8, 11
Soldiers, 8
Students, 7, 2, 5
Teachers, 7, 3, 12
Telegraph and Telephone Operators, 12, 8, 7
Travelers, 7, 8
Watchmen, 6, 8, 5
Women, 12, 7, 8

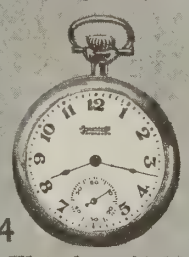


1 *Reliance $3.00* (snap case)

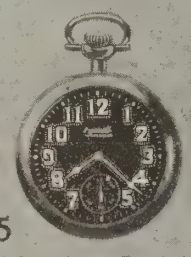
2 *Reliance $3.50* (screw case)



3 *Reliance $6.00* (gold-filled case)



4 *Waterbury $3.00*



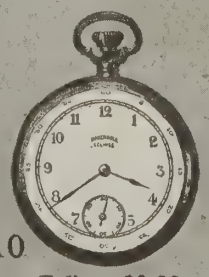
5 *Waterbury Radiolite $4.00*

6 *Radiolite $2.00*

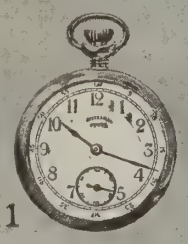
7 *Radiolite Two-in-One $2.25*

8 *Radiolite Strap Watch $4.00* In plain dial, $3.00

9 *Triumph $1.50*



10 *Eclipse $2.00*



11 *Junior $2.50*

12 *Midget $2.50* In glow dial, $3.50

A Quarter-Century of Ingersolls

IN 1892 the House of Ingersoll was marketing but one model; now there is an Ingersoll for everyone—for every use—at prices from $6.00 down. We'd like to make you better acquainted with the newer models.

"Radiolites"

Most interesting of all are the "Radiolites," watches that tell time in daylight and dark. The hands and figures are thickly layered with a new self-luminous substance called "Radiolite." "Radiolite" contains genuine radium (only a little is needed) and glows as brightly as ever for at least eight years—probably much longer.

Jeweled Watches

The Reliance is thin, accurate and handsome. You now have a choice of snap case, dust-proof screw case, and extra high-grade ten-year gold-filled case.

The Waterbury is a man's watch, small and with four jewels. It is accurate, sturdy and good-looking.

Special Watches

Have you seen the "Two-in-Ones"—ideal for desk or bureau? And the strap watches in plain and glow dial, that both men and women are wearing? You can see them at any Ingersoll dealer's store, alongside the familiar Triumph, Eclipse, Junior and Midget, and the Radiolites and jeweled models.

CANADIAN PRICES: Radiolite, $2.25; Radiolite Two-in-One, $2.50; Reliance, snap, $3.50, screw case, $4.00, gold-filled case, $7.50; Waterbury, plain dial, $3.50, glow dial, $4.50. Other models same as in U. S. A.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.

New York Chicago
San Francisco Montreal

Illustrations of watches are ½ actual size

(Concluded from Page 30)

Mr. Pincus did not wait for more. The look of dark, icy grimness and reserve he had planned would be fitting for their meeting somehow seemed to desert him, and of a sudden he found himself shrill and undignified. Here was the woman, however, who had brought about his ruin; and, his voice rising, Mr. Pincus poured out on Mrs. Pincus all the ire and resentment bred by the vicissitudes of the day.

Minnie merely smiled, though. Her hands folded placidly on her waistline, she waited to wait complacently for Mr. Pincus to finish. There was about her, too, an air of unalloyed triumph and enjoyment that drove Mr. Pincus nearly wild. Catching his breath, he began at her anew.

His voice rising, Mr. Pincus was in the act of telling Mrs. Pincus what he thought of her when Blake, starting violently, gave vent to an agitated cry.

"Rosie!" cried Blake.

"What?" inquired Mr. Pincus; startled, he paused in the midst of his vociferations.

"Rosie! You here?" Blake ejaculated; and pushing Mr. Pincus aside, he stepped into the parlor. Then, for the first time, Mr. Pincus noted that Mrs. Pincus had a child. She was a slender, delicate-featured woman, with soft dark hair and big, appealing brown eyes. The eyes were now moist and glistening, and on the caller's face there was a stain of recent tears. As Blake, however, strode toward her, she looked up tremulously.

"It's all right, Joe!" she cried. "Everything's all right!"

"Sure, everything's all right," nodded Mrs. Pincus; and, reaching out abruptly, with a dexterous hand she jerked Mr. Pincus into the parlor.

"Meet Mrs. Blake, Benny," directed Mrs. Pincus; then, turning to Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Pincus indicated her spouse with a gesture explanatory dig. "Meet Pincus, Mrs. Blake—this here is him."

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Blake," said Mr. Pincus.

Briefly baring his teeth in what he estimated to be a formal smile, he turned, beaming, to Mrs. Pincus.

"Say," growled Mr. Pincus, his air all one suspicious, "I don't get you, Minnie. *Was machst du*, anyhow? Is it a game to pull off, vat?"

Minnie smiled more blandly still.

"No game, Pincus. Only my friend Mrs. Blake, she and Mr. Blake, we all go to a restaurant for dinner, first; then Mrs. Blake and him, they take the train for Cincinnati."

"Cincinnati!" ejaculated Blake.

"Yes; that's where you worked once, don't it?" rejoined Mrs. Pincus, beaming ever wider. "You go back to Cincinnati; then you go to work again."

"And go to work!" Blake exclaimed.

Mrs. Blake rose swiftly. Again tears glistened in her eyes, but they were tears of gladness now.

"It's your old job, Joe—don't you understand? You've got it back again!" Then, clinging to her husband, she pointed to Mrs. Pincus. "She got it for you, Joe."

"She?" gasped Blake.

"Why, yes; stupid!" cried Mrs. Blake. "She made me telephone—it was over long distance; and when I promised you'd give up speculating—never gamble again in wheat—they told me to bring you right down. You're going to work the minute we get there!"

"Yes!" nodded Mrs. Pincus, jabbing at Mr. Pincus again with her thumb—"yes; and this loafer here, too, he goes back to his work as well!"

Mr. Pincus stood there gaping. At Mrs. Pincus' words, however, he gave a violent start.

"Vat? I go to work?" Starting again he composed himself, a scowl on his brow. "Vat work, Mrs. Pincus?"

"Dress linings," she replied.

In disgust, in triumph and mockery, Mr. Pincus raised his voice:

"No; I don't! I don't work for any dress-linings feller! Already I tell you they won't give a place to Pincus! . . . Yes; that for you, smarty!" ejaculated Mr. Pincus.

And, her smile as imperturbable as ever, Mrs. Pincus still more widely smiled.

"No; you don't work for no feller, Pincus. Instead, you work for me!"

"For you!" Mr. Pincus gaped open-mouthed. "Vat? I work for you?"

Mrs. Pincus nodded pleasantly.

"Sure; you work for me. It is in the dress-linings trade, like I say. I buy out a business, you know."

Mr. Pincus stared at her for a moment.

"You buy out a business, vat? Don't make a fool of me, Mrs. Pincus! A dress-linings business costs ten t'ouzand dollars!"

"Sure," nodded Mrs. Pincus; "ten t'ouzand I pay for this one, also. Five t'ouzand it is cash, and for the balance I give a note. This afternoon I do it, Pincus." Then, smiling sweetly, Mrs. Pincus gave him a jab. "To-morrow you go to work, Benny! You work for me, you know."

A great light seemed all at once to have dawned on Mr. Pincus; his face moist, he wet his lips together.

"Say," he said, and his voice cracked as he said it; "say, vere is it you get them t'ouzands of dollars—vere, I ask it—vere?"

At once she told him.

"It was in the market, Benny. That tip is a good tip; so I play on it myself. If you play it, you know, and get the money, you stay down a loafer always. So this morning, after you go out, I take the Subway down to Rooker's. Then I slip in by the back way and buy Ingot, like you said. Ingot goes up; so at three o'clock I tell Rooker to close me out. Afterward I hunt up Mrs. Blake, here, where she lives."

"*Ach!*" gasped Mr. Pincus, and he gaped. "You do that? *Gott im Himmel!* How much do you clear?"

"It was twelve t'ouzand nine hundred eighty-two dollars *und* a quowter," replied Mrs. Pincus—"only half of it, fifty-fifty, it belongs to Mrs. Blake, there, like I offer her."

"Yes; but I wouldn't take it!" protested Mrs. Blake.

"Yes; but I make you take a couple o' t'ouzand, anyhow," Mrs. Pincus rejoined; then, with another jab of her thumb, she again adroitly indicated Mr. Pincus. "Even for this loafer—this feller here—two t'ouzand it is cheap to get him back to work again. Hey, vat, Pincus?" she demanded.

Mr. Pincus did not seem to hear her.

"Bleecker Street!" he was breathing. "*Ach, Himmel!* Bleecker Street!"

"Sure; two doors from the corner, Pincus," rejoined Mrs. Pincus; adding grimly: "Eight o'clock, too, every morning, you punch the time clock also. I don't have any loafers hanging about my place!"

Moist, palpitating, Mr. Pincus drew a hand across his brow.

"A time clock? You run the place also?"

It was so, and Mr. Pincus wiped his brow.

"*Himmel!*" he breathed. "If last night I knew this I'd have choked, like you told me, before I give you that tip!"

The Road to Ballymena

By Mary Lanier Magruder

THE ould days; the ould road
To Ballymena going;
The ould hill; the ould thorn
With all its buds a-blowing!
Wild the wind now on the heather;
Wild the heart in me;
For no more we'll walk together
The ould road to the sea.

Leave the day go by in keening
For what's gone before.
Sheila, night has but one meaning
For sad hearts, asthore!
Gray the clouds lie on the could rocks;
Gray the heart in me;
And the gray ship by the ould docks
Soon will wear to sea.

"Down the ould road, in the ould town,
All the bobbins flying
Weave a wedding veil for Sheila—
Oh, my heart is dying!—
His the hold of Ballymoney;
Mine the open sky;
His the white loaf and the honey—
Dawn and dew have I!"

The gray night, the fey night,
And all the wild winds blowing;
A wanderer on the ould road
From Ballymena going;
With only memory to beguile,
And a broken promise his;
But in his heart is Sheila's smile—
And on her lips his kiss!

BLUE STREAKS

$3.00 each

Guaranteed

THAT bicycle you used to ride—is it rusty and dusty in your garret or woodshed? Bring it back again into service with Goodyear Blue Streak tires. Get it out! For Blue Streaks have met that bicycle tire bugaboo. You may now buy really dependable tires—Goodyear Blue Streaks, everywhere. Tires that let you forget that former high cost of bicycle upkeep.

Goodyear has done that for bicycle folk by making only one bicycle tire, and making that one tire really good. Blue Streaks hold fast to a high quality standard. And, they're packed with happy, healthy miles that make your heart glad.

Put that bicycle of yours back on its feet again! Make bicycling better than ever, on Goodyear Blue Streaks.

Even with material prices as high as they are today, Blue Streaks cost only $3.00.

Blue Streaks are standard everywhere.
One quality, one guaranty, one price.
AT ANY GOODYEAR DEALER'S

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Milady Chocolates

60c—$1—$2—$3.50 the box.

American Candy Co., 230 BROADWAY Milwaukee, Wis.

Makers of REX Chocolates—King of Bitter Sweets

Firestone

Traction

The sure push forward of the Non-Skid tread, with its grip against side slip, attracts added thousands of motorists to Firestone Tires every winter. The quality of Firestone rubber, as well as the design of the Non-Skid tread, accounts for this. The "life," buoyancy and tensile strength of the rubber enable the tires to get a grip and hold it.

This same quality means greater resiliency. An easy, comfortable ride, as well as a safe one, over roads that would otherwise jiggle and jar and jolt one.

All this is yours on Firestone Tires, with the economy of Most Miles per Dollar. Your dealer will supply you.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

THE CONTROL OF FOOD SUPPLIES IN BLOCKADED GERMANY

(Continued from Page 20)

amount, one and one-half to two ounces a day, and that the balance could be fed to stock and used industrially; but the public, short of fat, consumed so much sugar that by March it was very scarce, and a house-to-house search was made for concealed sugar. The sugar ration was reduced by April to a little over a pound a fortnight. The inventory in May revealed only six hundred thousand tons, to last until October. Allotments were made to marmalade factories, cake bakers and for household canning of fruit. Finally the state confiscated the early apples and plums, and canned them in order that the sugar and fruit might be thus conserved for general utilization.

The reaction of the public to the scarcity of sugar was unmistakable in tone. The scarcity could not be explained away. Germany, which before the war exported a million tons of sugar a year, was without export reduced to the plane of consumption of one hundred thousand tons a month. The scarcity in meats and fats could be explained in several ways, as directly or indirectly due to the blockade; but the dearth of sugar could not be explained as the result of the stoppage of export. The simple truth was that the peasant fed sugar beets, the distillery used crude sugar and the household consumed refined sugar—all at excessive rates and simultaneously.

The irony of the restriction in sugar must have been most keenly felt by the German when he perused the widely distributed Nutrition of the People in War, a collection of lectures delivered before the Department of the Interior, of Prussia. On page 259 of this publication was an article by Naumann, in which suggestions were given for lectures, to be held in popular language, for the purpose of instruction of the common people in the ways and means of household management. Among the things urged upon the housewife was the doubling of the consumption of sugar!

The sugar crop of 1916 was supposed to represent not much under two million tons, sugar. The food controller apparently has this crop under control. Sugars and sugar products cannot be fed to livestock, and utilization in industries has been restricted. If the sugar crop was as large as estimated it ought to be possible to increase the ration somewhat over the amount allotted for November—a little less than one ounce a day—unless unusual demands are made for industrial utilization of sugar. At the same time it is obvious that the government may add to the present ration and utilize the importation of a certain amount of sugar—which is very scarce and expensive in the surrounding neutral countries—to exact the importation of a corresponding price-amount of fat.

Control of the Potato Crop

When the cold and dry year 1915 turned into the German people fifty-five million tons of sound potatoes, the fact was the basis for widespread rejoicing, since, with the failure of the grain crops, the added millions of potatoes constituted veritable starvation. The crop seemed so large that the necessity of control was not taken seriously by the authorities. The distilleries were making unusual demands; it was obvious that large amounts would be fed to swine and cattle; and potatoes were introduced into the regular ration of horses. The scarcity of labor made the proper storage of this crop of potatoes an impossibility, with the result, not foreseen, that when the stored potatoes were brought out later in the winter loss by decomposition was found to have been excessive.

Nevertheless, since the total crop was over four times the normal consumption as food, it certainly seemed to promise an abundance throughout the year. The amount of potato used in the bread did not form a large figure when compared with the total potato crop. Utilization of potato in the manufacture of soap was prohibited and the amount used for starch was restricted. Maximum prices had been continued from the previous year, both for retailer and grower.

Late in January scarcity in potatoes developed in the cities. This was at first attributed to manipulation. An inventory taken in January, however, showed that only eighteen million tons remained, from which the seed had still to be reserved, leaving only eleven million tons to last for six months. Potatoes had been consumed by man, beast and industry at the rate of over five million tons a month. Thereupon potato cards were introduced and the attempt was made to limit the feeding of potatoes to livestock. The potato card for swine, for example, allotted four pounds a head a day; for man, one pound. It was when the authorities determined to uncover and seize the stocks of stored potatoes that the unexpected losses by decomposition became apparent.

The food controller, on assuming office, promptly forbade any feeding of potatoes to livestock. The potato cards were not guaranteed, and in the large cities the intake for each person during the spring months was often as low as a quarter of a pound a day; to make up for the missing potatoes equivalent rations in bread and flour were issued. The crop of summer potatoes came upon the market with a rush, as the maximum prices were high and scaled downward in order to increase the offerings. The growers brought out the potatoes before they were mature and flooded the market with them. So anxious were the growers to harvest the new potatoes that in some sections the Whitsuntide holiday was not granted to potato workers. The summer crop of potatoes was estimated at some eleven million tons, and was supposed to last three months.

The Imperial Potato Card

Early in August the cities were flooded with potatoes in carload lots. The poor, cognizant by announcement that prices were scaled to fall, bought only from hand to mouth; as a result, thousands of tons decomposed and were lost. Nevertheless, even at this time the potato card and the prohibition of feeding to swine were not suspended. Two weeks later the cities were again empty of potatoes. The growers had ceased to harvest potatoes when the prices fell; they were engaged in the harvesting of grain, and the people in the cities had to wait for regular rations of potatoes until the digging of potatoes could be again resumed.

The potato crop of 1916 was small, supposedly as low as thirty-six million tons, and not of normal grade. The food controller has established an excellent system of regulations: All users of potatoes have to hand in the figures for their year's requirements. An inventory of potatoes has been made in every district. The required amounts are subject to revision by the central authorities; and when the total figures for demand have been checked up against the total supplies available, all of which have been requisitioned and seized, the denominated amounts of potato belonging to each district, community, household and factory were to be set aside or delivered.

The unclaimed potatoes, if such there were, the authorities could dispose of as they chose. Extensive drying of potatoes was being done under official supervision, and every effort directed against waste. Feeding of potatoes to animals is permitted only to swine and geese. The potatoes of the horse's ration of last year were replaced with oats, and every possible measure taken to prevent the peasant from mulcting the crop.

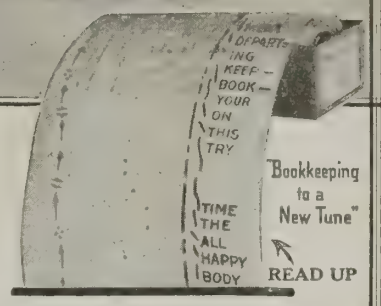
The imperial potato card was issued in October, a guaranteed card, for which each household must select a retailer, who could obtain supplies only by presentation of the collected cards. The potato ration per day for grower and industrial classes was fixed at one and one-tenth pounds for women, children and light workers; two and two-tenth pounds for hard workers, the ration per head not to exceed one and three-quarter pounds, with extra allotments for the army, the sick and wounded, and children whenever necessary. This ration means the use in food of about nineteen million tons, so that apparently, when the industrial demands are satisfied, not over five million or six million tons will be available for animals.

In the spring of 1915 the people were officially urged to plant vegetables, especially

(Continued on Page 37)

No. 55 of a series

Are your bookkeepers burning "midnight oil"?
Is it a struggle to get trial balances?
Are your statements sent out late?



MACHINE BOOKKEEPING

with neat type-printed, accurate **machine-figured Baker-Vawter** ledgers (in place of the slower **hand-written, brain-figured** books)—did away with the need for more help at the office of the Vocalstyle Music Roll Company of Cincinnati. It ended nights of struggling to find trial balances. Neat, accurate, machine-made statements now go to each customer **on the first.** One bookkeeper handles all posting (direct to the ledger), keeps books in daily balance (machine automatically adds debits, subtracts credits and computes balance as items are posted), issues statements **and has time for more work!** Formerly it required two persons. You can effect proportionate savings in **your** office by writing to

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
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Baker-Vawter Company supplies the binders, ledger leaves, indexes, racks, etc., for THE BIG MAJORITY of all machine bookkeeping users. Firms who **investigate** before buying supplies quickly see the many points of advantage in giving their orders to Baker-Vawter Company. Experience in making so many thousands of installations for others will insure a successful and money-saving machine bookkeeping installation for you.

For advice as to the best make and type of machine for *your* office, write Department A for full particulars, or for a Baker-Vawter salesman to call.

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No. 55 of a series

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

Very Fine Elastic

The Ivory Garter is made of the very best elastic. It is most flexible and "stretchy." Pull it out and see how elastic it is—how strong. Furthermore, there are no seams made across the webbing to cut the rubber strands. Consequently, Ivory Garters wear *long* besides wearing well. The Ivory Garter is most comfortable—doesn't bind—is extremely light—and is GUARANTEED. At your haberdashers.

PRICES: Silk 50 cts. Lisle 25 cts.

DEALERS: Order from your jobber or direct. Write for catalog which includes garters for women.

Men's Side Garters
For those who do not like a garter around the leg.
Price 50 cts. and 25 cts.

Ivory Garter Co. Sole Mfrs.
New Orleans, U. S. A.

This Snow-Sweeper is Driven by Gould Batteries

Equip Your Automobile—

with a Gould Starting-Lighting Battery of the same rugged quality. A generation of experience gained in the hardest fields of battery service is built into Gould Starting-Lighting Batteries.

Go to the bottom of the battery question and you find that battery-quality depends on *plate*-quality. That is why the rugged quality of the Gould Starting-Lighting Battery is fundamental, *in-built*. It rests squarely on Gould Super-Hard Plates—plates that have never been successfully imitated—that are the result of cumulative experience gained in years of plate-building.

The men who make Gould Starting-Lighting Batteries are long-trained in building batteries for requirements vastly more severe than your car demands. *Built inside* of the Gould Battery is the service you want—*service on the car*. When you buy a new car specify a Gould Battery. When you need a new battery remember that over 2,500 dealers can supply a Gould of the correct type and size for your car.

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GOULD STORAGE BATTERY

(Continued from Page 35)

to till all the odds and ends of uncultivated ground; the people of the cities were aided by the municipal authorities in the establishment of small gardens, taught how, what and where to plant, how to cultivate, how to harvest and store. Desiccation establishments were installed in order that waste might be prevented. There was also increased cultivation of vegetables on a large scale for the market. The result has been that during the past two years the use of vegetables in the diet has probably been larger than ever before, particularly during the summer of 1916. For many vegetables maximum prices have been established, wholesale and retail.

The commercial manufacture of sauerkraut has been vested in a special company, and it is sold at fixed prices. The conservation of vegetables has been encouraged; in some instances these were confiscated and canned in order to solve disputes between canners and growers. About asparagus was played a little game that illustrates how keen are the Germans to the finer points of trade: The crop of 1915 was large; nevertheless, the retail prices remained rather high, despite the fact that little asparagus was canned on account of scarcity of the cans that are adapted to this product.

To the indignation of the people it became known that special permission had been granted for the exportation of asparagus. The asparagus went to Holland and Denmark, and from there, in part, to England. When the consuming public demanded that this exportation be prohibited and the people be given the advantage of the crop at low prices, the reply was made that asparagus had little nutritive value and was to be classed as a delicacy; but that its high price on export made it a factor of importance in maintaining the foreign value of the mark. Nevertheless, the public clamor was followed by the restoration of the original prohibition of exportation.

It was with the prices of vegetables that the middlemen ran wild during the summer of 1916. On account of the perishable nature of the product, confiscation was impracticable and maximum prices could not be enforced, with the result that the market could never be relied upon, as manipulation swept the produce hither and thither. As an illustration, the city of Cologne was without vegetables for several days.

The Use of Saccharine

Vegetables constituted in peacetime from three to five per cent of the German diet. It is possible that during the past two years double the normal quantum of vegetables has been consumed. Rubner took the wind out of the sails of the popular advocates of green vegetables for the war diet by pointing out that to replace 5.4 ounces of meat or 3.6 ounces of rye bread one would need to consume forty-six ounces of spinach, thirty-one ounces of cabbage, forty ounces of apple or thirty-six ounces of turnips. Nor was anything to be gained by adding to the diet the weeds of the forest or the straws of the field, since experimentation only proved what experience had indicated before—that we are not constituted to digest them.

If there was confusion in the vegetable market during the past year there was double confusion in the fruit market. The retail prices for fresh fruit reached unheard-of elevations during the summer of 1916. The growers' prices were high, in extenuation of which the high cost of fertilizer, cultivation, picking and packing were adduced. The perishable nature of the product and the intense desire of the people for fresh fruit afforded unusual opportunities to the manipulator.

The maximum prices first set were low—then the growers refused to pick; the prices were raised—thereupon green fruit was sent to the market. The people were encouraged to put up fruit by sterilization by heat, and with saccharine; but the housewife was not inclined to experimentation. Thereupon the food controller confiscated the entire crop of early apples and plums, supplied the sugar, and had them converted into jams.

This was an excellent move, as the jams would probably not have been put up on private initiative. The importance of jam and marmalade is greater than can be appreciated at this distance.

Butter is scarce and will continue to be so. Coffee is very poor. It was all important to have marmalade and jam for breakfast, else there would be nothing left of the Continental breakfast. The exclusion by the blockade of the large supplies of dried fruits previously obtained from California has been keenly felt.

When sugar became scarce the law prohibiting the use of saccharine was abrogated, and in March the public was encouraged to use saccharine. Two months later this use became compulsory in certain directions. Since then, eating houses have not been allowed to serve sugar with beverages, and many soft drinks and other addenda of the dietary must contain saccharine instead of sugar. During the summer it was widely used in jams and marmalades, and also made its appearance in beer. It was frankly admitted by the authorities that the use of saccharine was a questionable policy, as it was a constant reminder to the people of the straits in which Germany, a sugar-producing country, found herself.

Saccharine can never be termed a substitute for sugar from the gustatory or any other point of view. Certain articles of food containing saccharine have the normal taste, as though they contained sugar; to other articles of food, however, an abnormal aftertaste is given by saccharine, a condition particularly noticeable in beer. Amazingly enough, though ironically so to the people of Germany, the supply of saccharine was so short that for a time it was almost as difficult to secure saccharine as to obtain sugar—a condition, of course, that was only temporary.

The Scarcity of Eggs

A subject that possessed an interest in the cities, and occupied an amount of space in the newspapers out of all proportion to its importance in the diet, was the egg. The peacetime consumption of eggs was two per capita per week. The domestic production varied from sixty-five to seventy-five eggs per capita per year. These were mostly consumed in the country districts and the cities supplied largely by importation. The eggs secured by importation came principally from Austria-Hungary and Russia—in reality from Russia, since they were largely Russian eggs that came from Austria-Hungary.

A fragile and perishable article like the egg is a poor blockade runner; and when Austria-Hungary, at the beginning of the war, prohibited exportation to Germany, the consumption was reduced to the plane of domestic production, since the surrounding neutral countries produced few eggs. Since the imported eggs supplied the cities, a situation was created that was just made to order for the market manipulator. During the first year of the war, when there was little scarcity of food, eggs could always be obtained in the city markets at high prices. During the second year of the war the country districts were less inclined to send their eggs to the cities, except at very high prices. When the spring of 1916 appeared the usual spring increase of eggs was awaited with great expectation.

But the eggs did not appear and winter prices were maintained.

The use of eggs had been prohibited in ordinary cakes and limited in the making of tart. Local regulations appeared in many cities, fixing maximum price, limiting the number that could be bought, prohibiting the serving of eggs at breakfast—and finally the egg card appeared. The wealthy classes had become very dependent upon eggs in their diet and the egg dealer preyed upon them. Among the students in Germany a popular story was current long ago to illustrate the limitations in the average student's wardrobe, depicting him counting his clean laundry, ending with *und das Hemd*—"and the shirt." Now it had become *und das Ei*—"and the egg."

The wealthy classes resented the restrictions on importations made by the central purchasing bureau, convinced that if the authorities had not centralized imported eggs, but had permitted buyers of eggs in Germany to compete with buyers in foreign lands, eggs would have been available, though the prices would have been very high. As a matter of fact, the supply of domestic eggs was not reduced below the figure for peacetime. In peacetime a few million Germans consumed eighty per cent of the eggs. The total number coming to the cities was reduced and most of these went to the wealthy and to public eating houses.

In June the number allotted in the cities was two per week per head. In July this was reduced to one per week, which was the allotment in September and October; the

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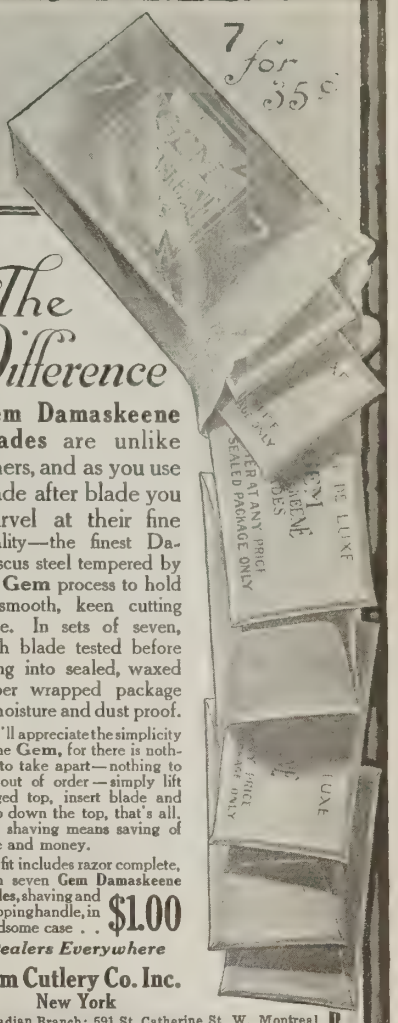

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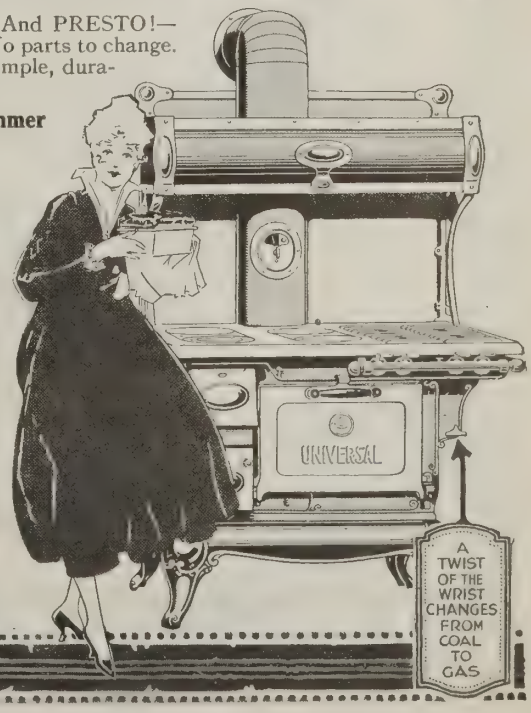

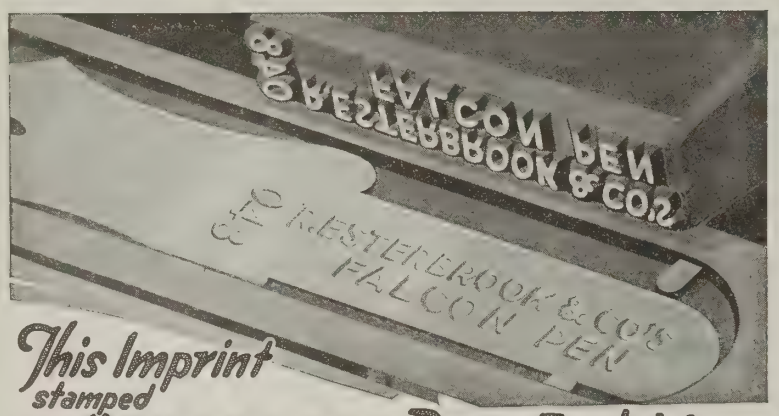

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price, seven cents. In October the controller enacted regulations of confiscation in order to protect the needs of children, the army and the sick. The producers were supposed to retain a portion of their production; the remainder was to be turned in to the food controller.

When it becomes a question of dividing the eggs of the peasant's hens between the war nutrition department and the peasant's wife, it will be safe to place the wager on the woman. In the channel of trade the egg is too evanescent an object to be placed under rigid regulation. Enforcement of the egg regulation in hotels was out of the question, and circumvention was always accomplished. When the writer was last in Berlin, in October, he could without difficulty secure an omelet each day in the same eating place, and this not out of any regard for his being an American.

In peacetime the majority of Germans had not over two eggs a month, while a few had thirty a week. Now all have three or four available a month. The cuisine of the well-to-do is hit hard by the lack of eggs, and the well-to-do have loud voices. It is a clamor for luxury. The government will, under these circumstances, find it difficult to effect a confiscation of the peasant's eggs for any other purpose than the needs of the sick and the wounded; and one may be assured that, once an egg reaches the channels of trade, it stands little chance of ever landing upon a poor man's table.

During the first year of the war there was no scarcity of tea, coffee, cocoa or chocolate. Apparently the stocks in Germany were large; considerable amounts were obtained in Belgium; a large amount of Brazilian coffee was confiscated in Hamburg and Bremen; and until July, 1916, importation was not seriously restricted. During the past six months, however, there has been scarcity, which has been met by regulation of use. The first regulations made obligatory the use of substitute with coffee, half and half; and all middlemen were wiped out, retailers securing supplies direct from the authorities. Hotels and restaurants were allotted half the amounts to which they were accustomed, with equal amount of substitute.

Supplies of Chocolate and Milk

In October final regulations were issued. Coffee now comes in three grades—ten, twenty-five and fifty per cent coffee; the rest is substitute. The best coffee has the maximum price of sixty cents a pound. Many substitutes are on the market, composed largely of browned grains, with a certain amount of chicory. The quality of these surrogates finally became so bad that they were placed under the control of the coffee commission.

Tea never possessed the standard of a man's drink in Germany, and the supplies were satisfactory until last May, when the tea was confiscated and the retail sale regulated, the limit being set at half an ounce. The use of substitute was not made obligatory; the prices varied from one to two dollars a pound.

Cocoa was little used as such in Germany and chocolate to a very large extent in foods rather than as a beverage. The writer was never able to understand where the limitless supplies of chocolate in Germany came from. In the smallest hamlet and the largest cities were shops after shops filled with chocolate candies, often of very low grade, but, nevertheless, inexplicable when viewed from the standpoint of quantity. Up to November there was no limitation in the use of chocolate.

No item of the German food supplies has attracted more attention in Germany and in the outside world than the scarcity of milk; and ever since the beginning of the war periodic appeals have been made to the governments of neutral countries to induce them to exert their influence toward such modification of the blockade as would permit the shipment into Germany of milk for little children. Laudable as was the motive of these appeals from the humanitarian standpoint, they were based upon a misconception of the amount of Germany's milk supply that naturally went to the children, since they assumed that any reduction in the milk supply must naturally fall proportionately or disproportionately upon the children.

This was an erroneous assumption. According to the Eltzbacher Commission, from forty to forty-three per cent of the milk produced in Germany in peacetime was

(Continued on Page 41)

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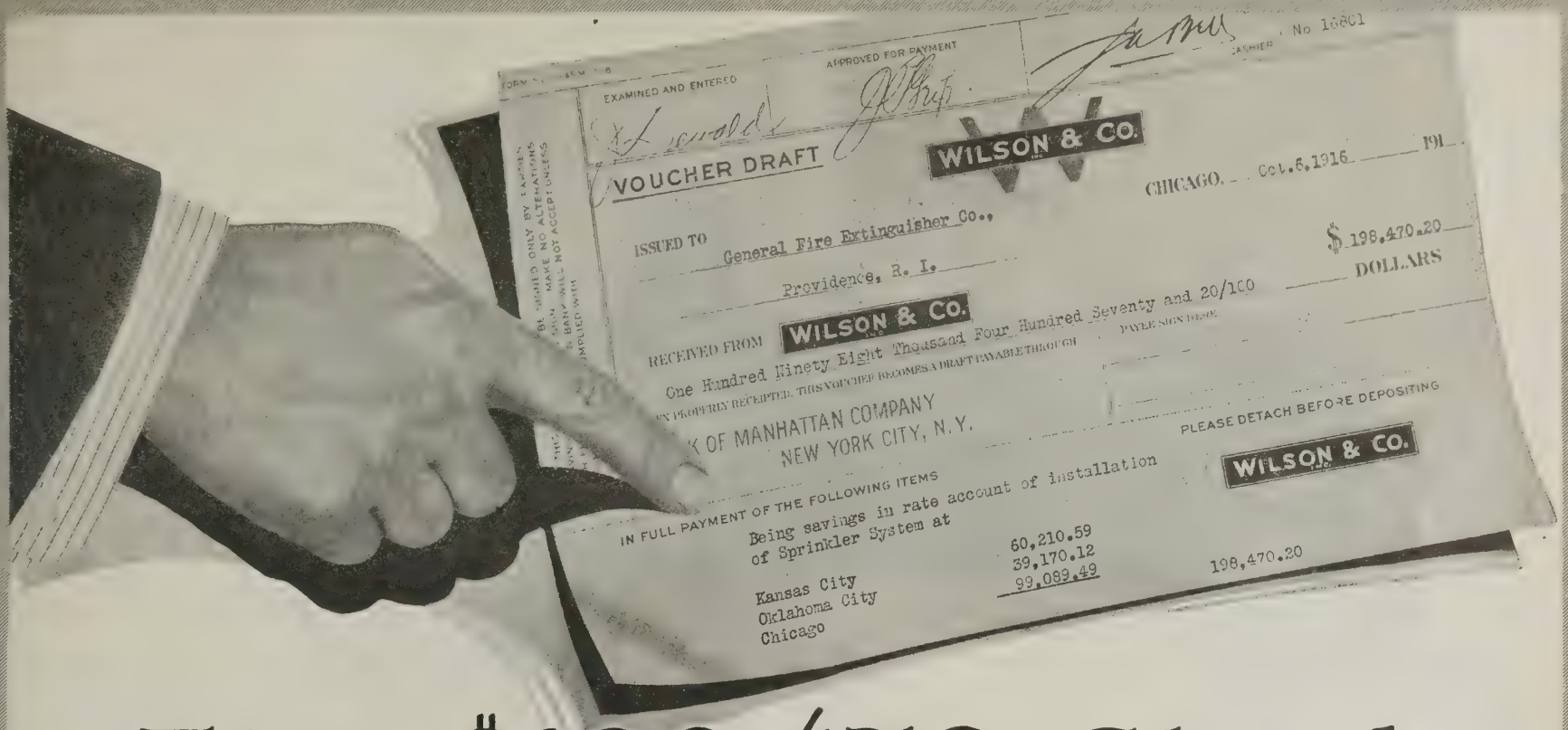

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THE FASHION CAR

(Continued from Page 38)

consumed in the household, as such, as beverage and in cooking. The remainder was devoted to the manufacture of butter and cheese. Of the amount consumed as such in the household only two-thirds was required for the children if every child under ten years of age received a quart of full milk a day. From this it is clear that what might be termed the direct childhood need of milk was less than one-third of the normal milk consumption of Germany. Over half of the milk, in terms of units of casein, was fed to livestock. In the final analysis, therefore, the need of the German children for milk was not particular or different from their need for other foodstuffs.

When the government, in the spring of 1915, killed off ten per cent of the milch cows, it was with the idea that the remaining ninety per cent could be so fed as to regain normal production. In other words, the milk production of the empire would be reduced not over ten per cent. In any event it was obvious that reduction in the milk supply, at least down to fifty per cent, need have no effect upon the children if the adult population permitted the reduction to fall upon their butter and cheese. In the light of later events, it is clear that the slaughtering of only ten per cent of the milch cows was a mistake. The production of milk in peacetime was dependent upon imported concentrate to the extent of practically one-half.

The dairies of Germany could almost be compared to dairies in a city cut off by a railroad strike. The slaughter of the lesser number of milch cows was based upon the proposition that, if more swine were slaughtered, fodder that was devoted to them could be diverted to milch cows. The calculations of the commission have been shown by events to have been unfulfilled, since the feeding stuffs that were supposed to be diverted to milch cows were, in fact, not so diverted; whereby the ratio of milk production as against maintenance per head was materially lowered.

The milk supply in the first part of the war was not far from normal. This was aided by the continued importation of oil concentrates from the United States, not checked until well into the second year of the war. The low yield of grasses and hay in 1915, together with the small crop of grain and the scarcity of all concentrates, combined in the fall of 1915 to bring about a scarcity of milk that has since constituted one of the most difficult problems in Germany. The problem has concerned only the industrial population. The agricultural population has throughout the war enjoyed practically the normal supply of milk.

Milk Regulations

The first regulations were enacted in the summer of 1915. Nursing mothers, infants and children to the twelth year, and the sick of all ages, were given first call upon full milk. The use of milk in the kitchen and public eating houses, and as a beverage for adults, was restricted. With the onset of winter, the supply of milk became very much reduced, and in particular the milk supply of the cities was far below the normal. It is probably not far from the truth to state that, from December, 1915, on, not over half of the normal milk supply reached the large cities of Prussia, Saxony and the lower Rhine.

The authorities were at the outset loath to interfere, since milk is such a perishable product. Attempts were made to regulate the prices and to fix the volume of trade in different directions in the geographical sense, and thus secure equitable distribution by middlemen. As a matter of fact, the distribution was exceedingly inequitable until the advent of the new food controller. No milk carrier could supply the normal demands of his route; no milk shop could meet the requirements of its clientèle. Therefore, the milk went to the highest bidder, and customers searched for milk from shop to shop.

The authorities attempted to force production. The producers replied that in the reduced condition of the cows forced production was not profitable at the prices of feeding stuffs and at the price of milk. The scarcity of feeding stuffs tempted the peasant to feed milk to his young stock. Grain offal was supposed to go to the milch cows rather than to beef cattle. It is clear, however, that at the prevailing prices of milk and beef it was more profitable to convert it into meat than into milk; and we may be sure that this was done. The low ration of flour resulted in a larger consumption of milk by the peasant class. The high prices of butter induced the peasant to produce butter rather than sell milk.

Gradually the price of milk at retail was raised from five to eight cents a quart. Nevertheless, increase of price did not bring increase of production. During the winter months the public was urged to be patient until the coming of spring, which would yield the green fodder on which the freshened cows would again produce satisfactory amounts of milk. The spring came, but with it little increase in milk. The cows had calved in such poor physical condition that when the new fodder became available the excess of intake over maintenance went to restitution of lost tissues and not to increase in the flow of milk.

Just at this time the use of crude sugar was prohibited, potatoes were becoming scarce, and grain also; and there was no relief. With the advent of spring the cows of the peasant were placed at work, since the scarcity of horses and work oxen made this necessary. Emaciation of the cows, subsistence on green fodder and subjection to hard work in the fields were not conducive to a large yield of milk; only a low production of milk could be expected and nothing else materialized. These considerations did not apply to the large dairies; but the large dairies lacked concentrated feed.

Chances for Leaks

Milk cards appeared throughout the spring and summer as local regulations. In September, 1916, the supply of milk was very low—scarcely more than enough to cover the needs of mothers, infants, children and the sick. The rule imposed upon the dealer that he should confine himself to his old customers, and not accept new ones, did not prevent him from practicing favoritism with his old customers; and the instruction of the controller to sell not over one-fourth to one-third of the peacetime amounts could not be enforced, as in the last analysis it had no reference to the size of the household.

The point of failure in the entire attempt at regulation, up to the control introduced in October, lay in the fact that the enforcement of specified use was imposed upon the consumer.

The final system inaugurated in October was founded on four considerations: the milk of peasants and of dairies was separated in the regulations; the use of milk in the household, guaranteed on the milk cards, was based on the composition of the family; the amounts of milk devoted to household use and to the manufacture of butter and cheese were regulated at the source; and the feeding of milch cows was effected by rationing by the authorities. Large dairies are supplied with rations, and must return specified amounts of milk. The small producers' milk was not confiscated. They were advised to use the normal amounts and turn the balance over to the authorities.

Here, obviously, was left unguarded an opportunity for a leak, since the peasant might feed milk to swine or calves. The nonagricultural population has been placed upon a strict milk regulation. During the last three months of gestation, during the period of nursing and period of recovery therefrom, a woman receives one liter of full milk daily. The bottle-fed child up to the second year is to receive daily one liter of full milk; between two and four years, three-fourths of a liter; between five and six years one-half of a liter. After the age of six, no milk ration is guaranteed, but of skim milk the child may receive as much as the market affords.

Full milk is allotted to the sick under the care of a physician. After these amounts have been allowed for, the remainder of the full milk goes to the manufacture of butter and cheese, the skim milk being returned to the market for unrestricted sale.

The medical world expressed criticism of the exclusion of milk from the diet of the child over the age of six. A choice had to be made between the milk needs of these children and the butter needs of the entire population; and the controller evidently reasoned that the child would receive the skim milk, and in their ration their share of the butter. There is little doubt that, under the operation of the present system, the people of the cities in industrial sections receive more milk than they secured during the first nine months of 1916.

The manufacture of cheese was regulated and the total cheese production of the empire, outside household cheese, confiscated.

(Continued on Page 43)

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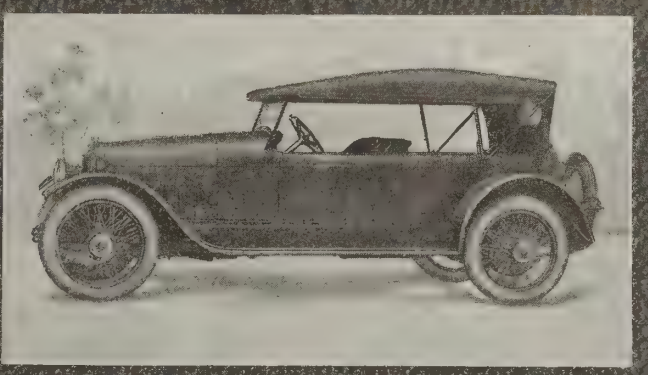

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How Men Feel Who Own a

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Some 28,000 men are driving a Hudson Super-Six. Ask any one how it compares with any other car. You will find the feeling about as we find it. And as we express in this ad.

"I have a ——— Six," says one man, "with a motor the same size as yours."

But what about motor efficiency?

Hudsons have long been Sixes. But the Super-Six invention added 80 per cent to the power and efficiency without adding a mite to the size.

A Six with the old limitations is a long, long way from the Super-Six, remember.

"Mine Is a Twin Type"

Other men have Eights and Twelves. And they used to feel that added cylinders gave the car added prestige.

But the present Hudson owner knows this:

The Super-Six, in all sorts of tests, has outperformed other types. It has won in speed, in endurance, in hill-climbing and quick acceleration. It holds all stock car records worth while.

Hudson also built Eights and Twelves before the Super-Six invention. Those types, no doubt, would have displaced Sixes, had the Super-Six not appeared.

We, with others, had turned to the Twin Type because of the unsatisfying limitations of the Six. Then we invented the Super-Six and found it gave all that was sought for by those who had developed the multi-cylinder cars.

How Much Friction?

The question is not between Sixes, Eights and Twelves. It is, What type best minimizes friction? For that is what all aim at.

Friction wastes motor power. It limits motor speed. It causes wear, prohibits endurance.

It was by reducing friction almost to nil that the Super-Six gained its supremacy. It is through the endurance which results that it won its amazing records.

The evidence is clear that the Super-Six best reduces friction. Until some type excels it in that respect, it holds the leading place. Every motorist must concede that, whatever type he owns.

Not Waste Alone

Much of the power was wasted in the old-type Six. We knew that, as did others. And, like others, Hudson engineers sought ways to correct it. We clung to the Six because this invention made the Super-Six excel.

By saving this waste, we get speed, power and flexibility such as like-size motors never showed before. We get more than you need, or will use.

But we get, above all, endurance. The fiercest strains, continued thousands of miles, have failed to show in the Super-Six the slightest evidence of wear.

We now combine this Super-Six motor with the limit in beauty and luxury. We have added to the car a great gasoline saver. No effort has been spared to make the Hudson supreme in every detail.

It is today the world's great car. And it probably always will be. The Super-Six motor comes so close to perfection that it leaves little room for improvement. And our patents control it.

Its owner knows that it can win in any sort of test. And, above all, in the test of long life.

Phaeton, 7-passenger . $1650	Touring Sedan $2175	Town Car Landaulet . $3025
Roadster, 2-passenger .	Town Car 2925	Limousine 2925
Cabriolet, 3-passenger . 1950	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*	Limousine Landaulet . 3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 41)

The importation of cheese has suffered little during the war. Up to September, 1916, there was no regulation controlling the purchase of cheese; there was no maximum price, though the prices were high, and the cheese shops presented the normal appearance of peacetime. In September all imported cheeses were withdrawn from the market and allotted to the army, hospitals and prison-of-war camps. The domestic cheese is being distributed through control bureaus established in different cities. There was, up to November, no cheese card and no limit to individual purchase.

In Germany prior to the war, butter was the fat of the rich, lard and margarine the fat of the poor. According to the Eltzbacher Commission the per-capita consumption of butter-fat was about 3.5 ounces a day, of which nearly one-half was obtained by importation directly or indirectly. In peacetime Germany imported hundreds of thousands of tons of both vegetal and animal fats for direct consumption, for manufacture of margarine in concentrates, and for industrial purposes, as for manufacture of soap.

In Germany under complete blockade, the dining table, the feeding trough and the factories compete for the fat of domestic production. It is at fats that the blockade of contraband and the blockade of foodstuffs overlap. Battleships need painting; therefore fat is contraband. Leather needs cleaning and dressing; therefore fat is contraband. Glycerine is used in smokeless explosives; therefore fat is contraband. In the polar and tropical zones fat is produced in excess; in the temperate zone fat must be cultivated. This cultivation Germany had neglected and it has proved the weakest as well as the noisiest gear in her transmission.

Of the different varieties of fat, the largest relative importation was in butter, two-thirds of which was indirectly or directly derived from the outside world. The butter consumption of Germany was not evenly distributed, geographically or in classes. The people of North Germany consumed more fat than those of South Germany. The people in the cities consumed more than in the rural districts, the public eating houses being the great dispensers of butter. During the months of scarcity of butter there was, of course, some complaint from the working classes; but, for the largest part, the complaints came from the spoiled rich, whose tables were conducted like those of a hotel.

During the first year of the war there was little scarcity of fat and butter, and there were no regulations concerning their uses. The second year brought scarcity and regulations. Butter, margarine and other fats became so scarce in December, 1915, that regulations were enacted compelling the large dairies to turn over to the Central Buying Bureau portions of their output for distribution to the cities. Cities, towns and communals then introduced butter cards and fat cards. Two fatless days were prescribed—Mondays and Thursdays; on those days the use of fat on the table and in the preparation of food was prohibited.

Fat and Butter Cards

The butter cards' allotments were unequal, allowing from five to ten ounces a week. In the smaller towns there was practically no limit. With each month in the cities the stringency became more pressing. In some places maximum prices were set; in others not. The retail prices in the shops rose gradually until the best grades of butter sold as high as one, or even two dollars, a pound. The authorities attempted to have the card follow the supply, and gradually the figure fell, until in May, in the cities, the weekly allotment was rarely above four ounces, and the ration of children had been reduced to one-half.

During the summer of 1916 there was considerable importation of butter from the surrounding neutral countries. All manner of butter substitutes were placed upon the market for the deception of the poor; while the willingness of the wealthy to pay large prices afforded the basis for widespread manipulation. The standards of manufacture were slowly reduced, and each day the butter and margarine became more watery. There was confusion in the administration of the several departments controlling the dietetic and industrial uses of fats, and in some places there were at one time four different cards for the use of fats. In the cities artificial gradings were established that expressed price distinctions, but not qualities.

The wealthy devised a pretty scheme to circumvent all regulations. A peasant possessing ten milch cows would sell one to each of ten men of means. Then each would employ the peasant to care for his cow, supplying the fodder, and having the milk and butter delivered to him, claiming exemption as an individual producer. The scheme was expensive; but it provided butter and milk in excess of the allotment of the cards.

With the advent of the new controller all fats were confiscated. The outputs of dairies were exacted on the basis of their milk supplies, and their cattle were rationed by the state. The killing of milch cows was made illegal. The butter cards became obligatory for the empire, and the selection of dealers was made compulsory. During June, July, August and September rations in cities varied from three and two-tenths ounces to four and six-tenths a week. The prices averaged from twelve to fifteen cents for three ounces. Communal authorities seized all butter produced by dairies of over fifty-quarts capacity a day, determined how much should be distributed locally and how much should be sent to the Imperial Bureau for Fat for the Use of the Cities. Peasants were not allowed to sell butter except to the communal authorities and the peasant's butter and milk were both liable to requisition.

To illustrate how hard it is to scotch the peasant, one needs but to state that, in Bavaria, it is contrary to law to sell a centrifuge or churn to a peasant, unless he contracts to sell his butter to the communal authorities.

Substitutes for Soap

The margarine and fats are now distributed by the same organization. The results of the new system have been a marked reduction in prices, but no increase in quantity. During October the usual ration in cities was three and two-tenths ounces of table fat a week; butter, two-thirds; margarine, one-third. The prices were from six to eight cents for two and one-tenth ounces of butter; for margarine, three cents for one and one-tenth ounces.

Lard and tallow are classed either as meats for purposes of the diet or as industrial fats. The cultivation of vegetable fats has been greatly stimulated and the crop of 1916 contained very material amounts of fat obtained from chestnuts, beechnuts, rape, marigold, poppy, sunflower and mustard. Slaughterhouse residues are no longer fed to animals until after all the fat has been extracted.

According to Liebig, the great German chemist of two generations ago, the civilization of a people may be measured by the consumption of soap; and if this dictum be accepted the Germans will have to admit that one other people is more civilized—namely, the Americans. The peacetime production of soap in Germany was some seven hundred thousand tons, ten per cent of which was toilet soap; nine thousand tons of glycerine were obtained as by-product. The per-capita use of soap was a little over twenty-two pounds a year. When fats became scarce in Germany, in the winter of 1915–16, the soap makers were among the first to feel the pinch.

In March, 1916, the soap card was issued. The ration at first was three and three-quarter ounces of toilet soap and one and one-fifth pounds of common soap a month, purchased on the bread card on the twenty-fifth of the month. The use of soaps for common cleaning purposes—steps, woodwork, leather—has been prohibited. Since July the monthly soap ration has been one and four-fifths ounces of toilet soap and half a pound of bar soap. There is now an Imperial soap card, guaranteed and uniform throughout the empire. Special provision has been made to cover the needs of children, nurses, physicians and dentists.

A large number of synthetic cleansing agents have been devised. Some of these, which are entirely free of soap and resemble tooth powders or tooth pastes in appearance, are very effective in the cleansing of the skin, operating after the fashion of almond meal. The scarcity of soap illustrates strikingly the scarcity of fats. When one considers the high value of glycerine to a nation at war, one may be certain that all the fat which can be spared from human consumption and technical uses will be spared; and the soap production becomes, therefore, a reliable index of the availability of fat.

(Continued on Page 46)

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

Men wear Stein-Bloch clothes because success and the appearance of success are so closely associated with each other.

THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors REGISTERED 1888

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors Rochester, N. Y.

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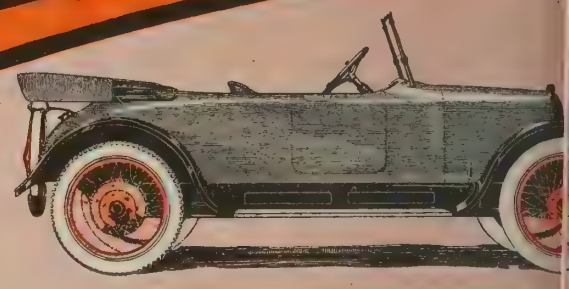
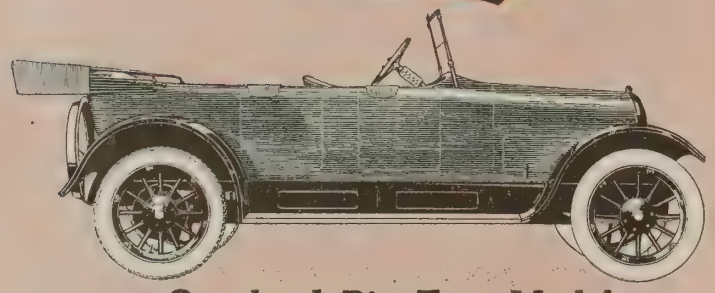
Overland

TRADE MARK REG.



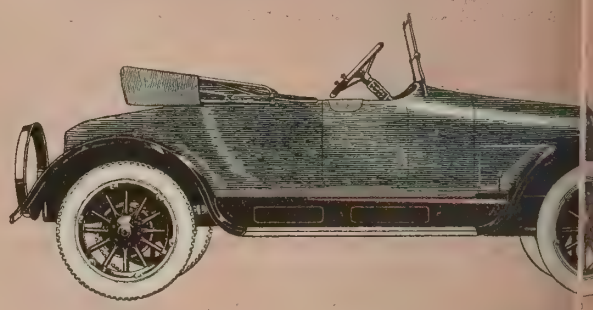
Overland Light Four Mode

Roadster, 104-in. wheelbase . . . . . .
Touring, 106-in. wheelbase . . . . . .
Sport Model, Country Club (Illustrated) . . . .



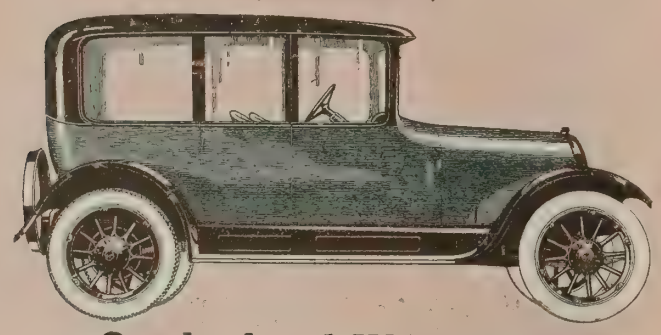
Overland Big Four Models

Roadster, 112-in. wheelbase $835
Touring, 112-in. wheelbase—(Illustrated) $850
(See also Closed Cars)



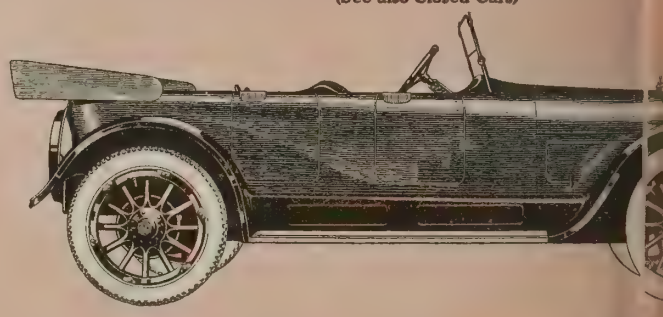
Overland Light Six Model

Roadster, 116-in. wheelbase—(Illustrated) . . .
Touring, 116-in. wheelbase . . . . . .
(See also Closed Cars)



Overland and Willys-Knight Closed Cars

Overland Big Four Coupé, 112-in. wheelbase . . . $1250
Overland Big Four Sedan, 112-in. wheelbase . . . $1450
Overland Light Six Coupé, 116-in. wheelbase . . . $1385
Overland Light Six Sedan, 116-in. wheelbase (Illustrated) $1585
Willys-Knight Four Coupé, 114-in. wheelbase . . $1650
Willys-Knight Four Sedan, 121-in. wheelbase . . . $1950
Willys-Knight Four Limousine, 121-in. wheelbase . $1950



Willys-Knight 7-Passenger Mo

Four Cylinder Touring, 121-in. wheelbase . .
Eight Cylinder, 125-in. wheelbase (Illustrated) . .
(See also Closed Cars)

to Reason
o Logic

better motor car for *less* money.

Overland success means just that to you.

For five years we have out-sold all cars in our class.

Last year our sales were millions of dollars ahead of any make selling over $400.

Economies were greater—values greater than ever.

This year, through an achievement new to the American Automobile Industry, we apply the economies of vast production to a *complete* line of cars.

We have been working toward this end for eight years.

All the general expense heretofore charged to a single class of cars we now *distribute* over several groups including not only low priced cars but cars in the high priced class as well.

Our dealers this year have contracted already for $180,000,000 worth of these cars.

On this volume we will save millions of dollars in manufacturing and sales economies.

We offer you a most attractive line of automobiles in the high priced class—at moderate prices.

We offer you the dominant value in lower priced cars—greater values than ever.

There are Light Fours, Big Fours, Light Sixes and the Willys-Knight group which includes the new Willys-Knight Eight.

Body styles, *all new*, include

—roadsters, two and three passenger,

—Country Club, four passenger sport model,

—touring cars, five and seven passenger,

—coupés, three and four passenger,

—sedan, five and seven passenger,

—and the limousine.

You will find in the Willys-Overland line an automobile of high quality, exactly adapted to your any need or pleasure.

In every class these cars represent such remarkable value that every consideration of pride, economy, safety and enjoyment must urge you to consider the Willys-Overland line first.

Tell the Overland dealer what kind and class of car you want. Let him help you solve your personal automobile problem as thousands of others are solving theirs—permanently.

See the Overland dealer now.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of Overland and Willys-Knight Automobiles and Light Commercial Cars

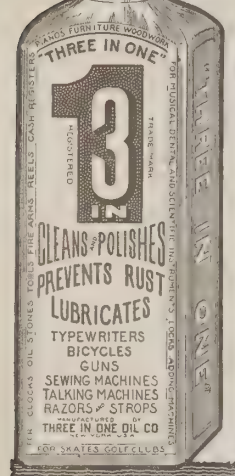
"Made in U. S. A."

New Furniture for Old

If you only knew how wonderfully it would improve the appearance of your furniture, you would go right out and buy a bottle of

3-in-One

this very minute! Yes—those stains, smuts and finger-marks—even surface scratches—that mar so many handsome pieces of furniture, so many pianos and phonographs, can all be removed—quickly, easily. Try this 3-in-One treatment—



It Will Restore the "New" Look

Pour just a little 3-in-One Oil on a cloth wrung out of cold water. Wipe thoroughly each piece of furniture. Don't cover too much surface at a time, and be careful to rub only with the grain of the wood. Dry and polish with soft woolen or cheese-cloth. Do this today. The transformation will surprise and delight you.

3-in-One is sold at all stores—in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles, and in Handy Oil Cans, 25c.

FREE—Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses—both sent free for the asking.

Three-in-One Oil Co. 42 EUF Broadway, New York

The Charm of LIFE SAVERS

Man—tickle on tongue—Life Savers in pocket—hand reaches down—unwraps tinfoil—places one Life Saver on tongue. CHARM! DELIGHT!

Always carry Life Savers—the better candy mints on a million tongues. Get the mints *with the hole.* Avoid imitations. 5 cents.

Three flavors: Pep-O-mint Wint-O-green Cl-O-ve

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY
New York
Canadian Sales Agents:
MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Ltd.
Montreal

(Continued from Page 43)

The peacetime consumption of meat in Germany was about two and a quarter pounds per head per week, practically double the consumption of a generation ago.

The meat production of Germany was to a considerable extent dependent upon imported foodstuffs. We shall not go far wrong if we assume that the fat concentrates were devoted to milk production and the grain concentrates to meat production. If the data of the total fodder consumption and imported feeding stuffs be contrasted, and evaluated according to the rules of scientific stock feeding, we learn that approximately one-quarter of the meat consumption of Germany was derived from imported feeding stuffs. The meat production of Germany had long been upon an efficient plane, as the livestock yielded annually over half their weight in market meat. Germany also imported meat and meat products, and especially fat.

Following the recommendation of the Eltzbacher Commission, one-third of the swine were slaughtered late in the winter of 1914–15; presumably between six and seven million swine were killed. During this winter there was undoubtedly an unusual consumption of meat. Of the conserved meat, which should have been available for reserve for the ration of the following year, a great deal was lost by decomposition; so that, beginning with the autumn of 1915, the meat consumption was reduced to the plane of meat production, and this was low, because the fodder and grain crops of that summer, with the exception of potato, were far below normal.

According to the plans of the scientists, the number of head of domestic animals was to be kept down to the available fodder. When, in the fall of 1915, the available feeding stuffs were recognized to have fallen far below the plane of the number of animals, a second slaughter should have been decreed. If the slaughtering of animals was necessary in 1914–15 it was doubly necessary in 1915–16. Now this did not meet the views of the agricultural population at all. They wished to nurture their stock in order to restore their possessions and stand equipped, ready for the return of peace, which was regarded as certain to come within a year.

When Meat is Not Meat

If the peasant fed up his young stock this could only be done at the expense of proper feeding of the milch cows and by the utilization of potatoes, sugar beets and molasses; to some extent also of grains, the feeding of which to stock was prohibited. All of these the peasant did feed, with the aim of restoring his count of livestock.

During the winter of 1915–16 a great deal of meat was requisitioned for the army. The peasants killed many animals in domestic slaughtering, consuming the meat themselves outside of all control and dispensing large amounts outside the channels of trade, to people living in small towns and in the large cities. Under these circumstances the stock in the best condition was killed. There was not enough feeding stuff to maintain all the animals in reasonably good condition; therefore, the remainder of the stock was carried along on what was little more than a maintenance ration.

When the cities, buying through the channels of trade, went to the country for livestock they could secure only cattle and swine of low grade, thin even to emaciation. Such animals yielded little meat and when placed upon the market did not suffice to meet the demands. Thus, with each month following October, 1915, the scarcity in meats became more and more pronounced. There was little or no meat procurable by importation during the winter of 1915-1916; certainly not over one hundred thousand tons, as meat was scarce both in Holland and in Scandinavia.

Local meat cards appeared in various portions of the empire late in 1915 and became universal in the cities early in 1916. Two meatless days were established—Tuesday and Friday. There was little control in the country districts or in small towns that could secure their supplies through personal dealings with the growers. The country districts made the exportation of animals and meat products to the cities directly and indirectly difficult or impossible. Maximum prices were placed on certain meat—pork—which had the simple effect of driving that meat from the market and inducing others to appear at higher prices.

The situation was, of course, taken advantage of by manipulators, with the result that the rich secured the meat and the poor in the cities had practically none. In the cities there were fine distinctions as to when meat was meat, and when it was not meat. Thus, loin of veal was meat; but tongue and liver and tail were not meat.

In March, 1916, the open market for cattle was practically empty and the provisioning of the cities with livestock was placed under regulations. The cities contracted with livestock associations to furnish so many head a week. Thus, Berlin, in peacetime, consumed one hundred thousand swine a month. In April fourteen thousand swine were ordered to be purchased for the city markets; only twenty-three hundred were secured. The simple truth was that the swine were not fit for slaughter. The cities had no power to confiscate the animals.

Conditions in South Germany

Meantime, in South Germany, the meat cards provided for one and a half to two pounds of meat a week. The cities attempted to meet the situation by buying their stock directly. Failing to obtain stock fit for slaughter, as early as May they began to buy lean stock; and, securing supplies of feeding stuffs, proceeded to prepare the animals for their markets. These meats went largely to the poorer classes.

For example, in May, 1916, four hundred thousand swine were purchased by the city of Berlin, to be used as feeding stock. The cards throughout the cities, from January to May, called for from one-half to one pound a week. The amount of meat available was so small that only a small percentage of the buying public could secure meat, and the average weekly ration in many cities in the spring months was not over three-quarters of an ounce, and this on paper.

In May conditions became so bad that a uniform card regulation was attempted, and this was elaborated when the new food controller took charge. Each householder had to select a meat dealer. The central slaughterhouses and the wholesale buyers were eliminated. The cities sublet contracts for slaughter and delivered the meat directly to retailers, who obtained meat in return for retail cards turned in by them. The amount stated on the cards was reduced to nine ounces a week. At this time the meat ration in the army was reduced to three-quarters of a pound a day, with two meatless days a week for soldiers not on active duty. The card system at this time was necessarily a failure because the amount of meat available was so much smaller than the amounts called for by the cards.

In June a survey of the livestock situation convinced the authorities that it was useless to attempt to increase the ration. The plan was then formulated to keep the ration low and feed up the younger stock, with the intention of increasing the meat ration in the autumn. Practically speaking, conditions in the summer months remained unsatisfactory from every point of view until the Imperial meat card was issued in July. This accomplished more equitable distribution of meat; but the ration remained very low. In August pork was practically withdrawn from sale. A survey of the rations of the different cities of Germany during the summer months indicated that the individual allotment secured each week was not over one-third of a pound.

In September the final system of the war nutrition department was put into effect. The essential feature of this system was the confiscation of the livestock and the control of the feeding of this stock and its delivery to the market, precisely comparable to the system described for the dairies. The livestock remains in the physical possession of the peasant, but the use belongs to the state; the state furnishes the feeding stuffs, allots to the peasant a certain fraction of the meat, and claims the balance for the nonagricultural population.

One concession was made to the peasant which, it was fully realized, carried grave dangers: the peasant was permitted to slaughter stock for his own use, but was supposed to kill such animals as gave a meat ration comparable to the meat card of the nonagricultural population. There is good evidence that this concession was being widely abused in the early months of the autumn of 1916; and, indeed, nothing else was to be expected.

Looking back over the nine months preceding the introduction of the Imperial meat card, in September, 1916, one may concisely describe the situation by saying that the

agrarians took food from the people of Germany and utilized it, with their own feeding stuffs, in order to carry along a number of animals so large that the total available feed for them was not enough to produce comparable amounts of market meat or dairy products, the nutrients being largely utilized by the animals for mere maintenance. This has been made clear by the results of the census of animals.

The number of swine left at the time of the great slaughter in 1915 was supposed to have been some seventeen millions. In October, 1915, the count was over nineteen millions. In December, 1915, it had fallen to seventeen millions. The count in April, 1916, gave a figure a little over thirteen millions. This indicates the number of pigs that were killed during the winter for use by the peasants and for sale outside the open channels of trade. On September 1 the number had risen to over seventeen millions. In November, 1916, another census of swine indicated that the count had risen to practically the figure of June, 1913—some twenty-one millions. In other words, the young pigs born early in 1916 had been fed up during the summer.

The count of cattle in April, 1915, was 24,900,000; in April, 1916, it was 19,900,000; and the milch cows were only eight hundred thousand less than in December, 1914. In November, 1916, the number of milch cows was back to the number before the great slaughter. In other words, the calves had not been killed; the heifers had been raised to milch cows. All in all, the peasants during the year from May, 1915, to October, 1916, had accomplished the restoration in numbers of the livestock in Germany.

If Germany, in December, 1914, did not have the feeding stuffs to maintain the animals, then she certainly did not have them in November, 1916; and all the work of the Eltzbacher Commission to regulate the relative consumption of food units by domesticated animals, and by man, has been in vain. Germany during the winter of 1916-17 is consuming, according to the card, a little over half a pound of meat a week from the same number of animals that in time of peace yielded over two pounds a week, of which one-fourth of a pound came from imported feeding stuffs. The experience of the past year has been an experiment to determine how many head of stock and of human beings could be maintained on a minimum of food and feeding stuffs; but this has not redounded to the credit of the agrarians or to the nutrition of the industrial classes.

Von Hindenburg's Appeal

Now that it has passed, it may be a source of satisfaction to the people of Germany to realize that these animals will be of utility in the near future. It is, however, improbable that the present crop will flesh and fatten the number of animals now in hand. Until the enactment of the comprehensive regulations of the food controller in September the agrarian population was permitted to decide between the maintenance of their domesticated animals and of their fellow citizens; and the fellow citizens had a close shave.

All through the summer of 1916 the industrial workmen of Germany, underfed and overworked, supported their government with the assurance that they would "hold through." When they come to realize that they have had to "hold through" as much against the mismanagement of their agrarian brothers as against the Allies' blockade, the breach between the Social-Democrats and the Agrarians will be wider than ever.

The system of regulation now in operation had it been placed in effect in the fall of 1915 would have spared Germany to a large extent the meat and milk scarcity of the past year. If the accounts in the public press of this country, to the effect that Field Marshal von Hindenburg has appealed to the agrarians for a square deal with the industrial population, and for a strict compliance with the regulations of the food controller, are true, that fact suggests that the regulations of the President of the War Nutrition Office were being evaded.

On the face of the returns one cannot believe that it will be possible during the present winter to maintain in a productive state the swine and cattle of Germany, except by restriction of the foodstuffs now assigned to the industrial classes by the excellent system worked out by Von Batocki.

It is possible that the final struggle between scientific control of the food supplies and the class-interest policy of the agrarians is now at hand. Last year the industrial population went on short rations. This year it must be the livestock alone, or German efficiency has gone to wreck.

The use of poultry in Germany was restricted practically to the well-to-do classes and the accentuated scarcity of poultry, with its higher prices, concerned them alone. On the other hand, the reduction in the supplies of fish affected the common people. From one-half to two-thirds of the supply of sea fish in peacetime was drawn from waters that are now more or less closed to German fishing. Importation of fish from Holland and the Scandinavian countries was extensive until the pressure of the blockade forced these countries, first, to reduce the scope of their fishing operations, and, second, to prohibit indirectly or directly the sending of fish to Germany.

Under these circumstances the sea-fish supply was much reduced during the summer of 1916. The German catches of Baltic and sweet-water fish were increased. The higher grades of fish were consumed by the well-to-do in peacetime, but the cheaper grades of fish formed a staple in the diet of the working people. These cheaper grades of fish, both fresh and smoked, are now expensive. Herring were so cheap in peacetime that they were used as fertilizer; now the prices on the coast range from ten to twenty cents a pound.

A Reduced Beer Supply

A survey of the fish markets and of the reports in the trade papers confirms the opinion, expressed in the daily press, that the total fish consumption during the past summer was probably not much lower than in peacetime; but that the distribution was different, since fish went to replace meat in the households of the well-to-do and middle classes. The supply of fish during this winter must be very much reduced, since the sweet waters now furnish very little; and even in peacetime the salt waters furnished in winter much less than in summer.

In the years directly preceding the war the consumption of alcoholic beverages by each person a day in Germany was seven-tenths of a gallon of beer, two hundredths of a gallon of spirituous liquors and three-hundredths of a gallon of wine. Some thirteen per cent of the beer was made from imported barley; half of the wine was imported. The per-capita consumption of alcohol yielded one hundred and ten calories daily—between four and five per cent of the total intake in calories. The Germans ingested more calories in the form of alcoholic beverages than in vegetables and fruits.

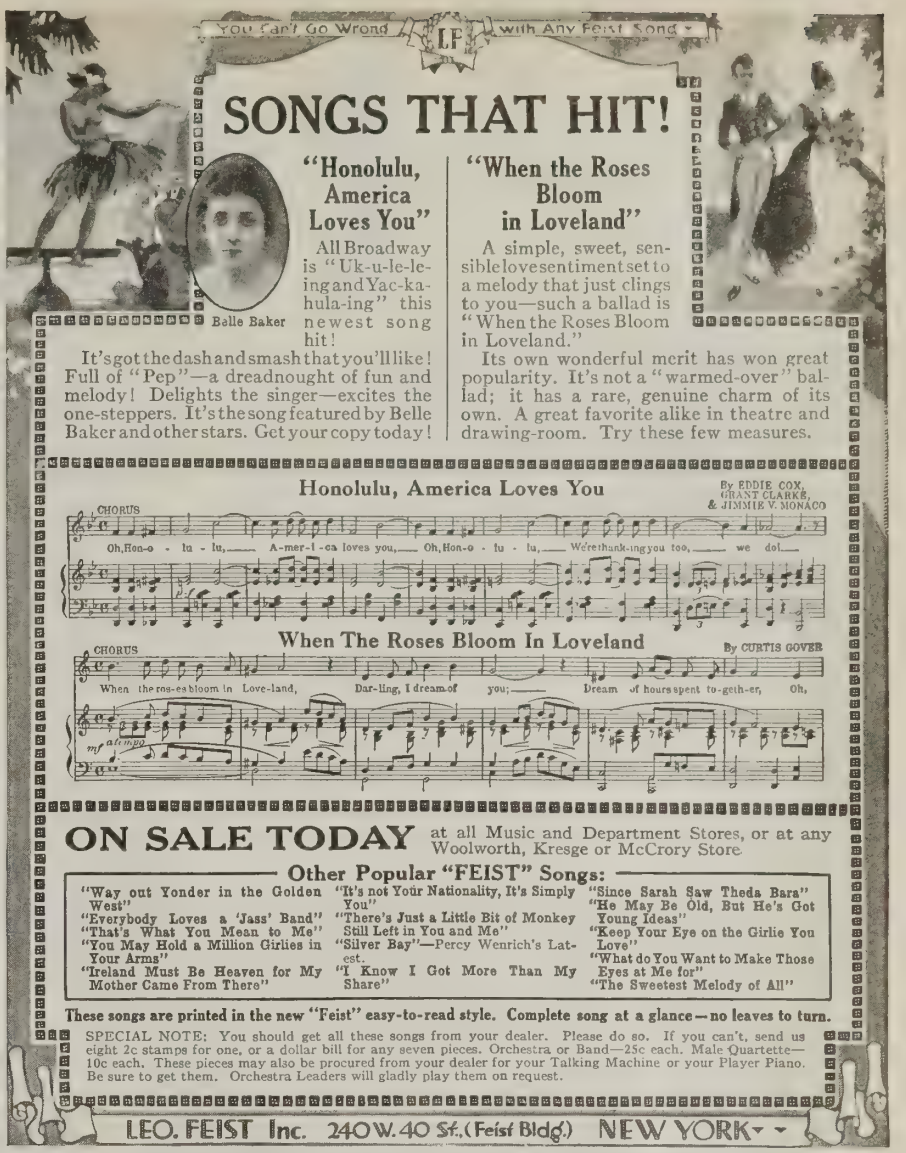
Reduction in consumption of alcoholic beverages was determined upon early in the war, but really carried into effect only after the low harvest of 1915. The alcoholic beverages contain but a small fraction of the protein and calories of the grains from which they are manufactured; the protein is entirely lacking in spirituous liquors. Entirely apart from questions of the effects of alcohol, restriction in manufacture was necessary to minimize loss in grain and to reduce the labor required in the processes of manufacture.

That the prohibition of vodka was necessary in Russia was regarded in Germany as evidence of the lack of civilization in Russia. The amount of barley that could be devoted to the manufacture of malt was reduced to sixty per cent; grain devoted to whiskies was understood to have been reduced one half. More recently the making of grain whiskies has been interdicted. The importation of French wines apparently continues; otherwise there must have been immense amounts stored in Germany, for these wines are everywhere to be had.

The hours of sale and the amounts allotted for daily sale were fixed differently in different parts of the empire. In Berlin limitation was by hours; in Munich limitation was by quantity—so much for each resort for each day. In the summer of 1916 sophistication of the beer by addition of saccharine was first permitted; later it became compulsory. This adulteration has been resented by the people, as saccharine almost ruins a good beer.

Abuse of alcoholic beverages was very rarely observed by the writer during the months he was in Germany, moderation being due largely, he is convinced, to the restraint imposed by the psychology of war and to preoccupation with work, thus indicating again that alcoholism results from idleness rather than from overwork.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Doctor Taylor. The third will appear in an early issue.



It answers cost
It answers comfort—

Neōlin—our wonder-sole of wear

We sat discouraged, my wife and I, listening to the pounding of the children's feet—thinking of the monthly shoe-bills which seemed to set each little sacrifice of ours at naught.

We sat discouraged, my wife and I—I, foot-weary from the busy office, she from all the foot-miles of her household tasks. And then I spoke:

"Ah! if there were but something BETTER THAN LEATHER—something that would wear better and be more foot-comforting."

How little did we know that even at that moment Science had produced something far, far better than leather—better feeling, better LASTING, and with looks that match its wear!

* * *

Six months after, I made my great discovery.

I had picked up a shoe idly from where it lay on a shoe-store shelf. It was a beautiful shoe, styled and smart.

And about the sole was something—well, *modern* would be the word, I think.

So first I saw a Neōlin Sole. The next moment I had tried it. That moment was a memorable one for me—for flexible and foot-easing Neōlin was, and soothing as a slipper from the first smooth step!

And that was but the beginning of my wonderful Neōlin experience.

For, as day by day and month by month I wore my new Neōlin Soles, an increasing wonder came. They were wearing as no other shoe-soles had ever worn. And then—!

Well, my wife wasted not a moment! Neōlin looks had already won her—and now that Neōlin wear and comfort were proven facts, there was nothing for it but Neōlin Soles for the whole family!

Yes, life is somehow different since Neōlin came—and we thank Neōlin for that. Since then the shoe-bills have hoisted a permanent relief sign, and Willie and Margaret and Dorothy can play and jump and pound, and, bless you, we won't worry. Isn't Neōlin there to wear and save? Yes, and to do far more than that:—

For Neōlin saves the doctor bills as well through snug-foot, waterproof tread—and we just thank it again for that.

Wouldn't *you* thank Neōlin, too?

* *

Neōlin is for new shoes or new soles. It comes in black, white, tan; and your shoe-dealer or repairer probably has it. If not, *insist* and both will get it next time. Remember, it costs no more. And its quality is always the same on any price of shoe. To avoid the imitations—*mark* that mark, stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

ONE MOTOR OR THOUSANDS

in your plant,

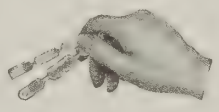
ECONOMY renewable

FUSES

Should always be used to break the electrical circuits when excessive currents cause fire and accident hazards. Safe under all conditions of service, Economy Fuses have the additional advantage over old-style "one-time" fuses of being renewable—just the replacement of an inexpensive "Drop Out" Renewal Link restores an Economy Fuse (after it has operated) to its original efficiency.

Thus Economy Fuse users (large and small) cut annual fuse maintenance expense 80% besides obtaining positive protection.

This is a sectional view of an Economy ferrule type renewable fuse. They are made in all commercial capacities (both ferrule and knife blade types) from 3 to 1000 amperes in both 250 and 600 volts.



"Drop Out" Renewal Links are accurately rated, inexpensive, and their use renews an Economy Fuse over and over again.

Write for samples as offered in The Saturday Evening Post of December 9 and December 30, 1916.

Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.

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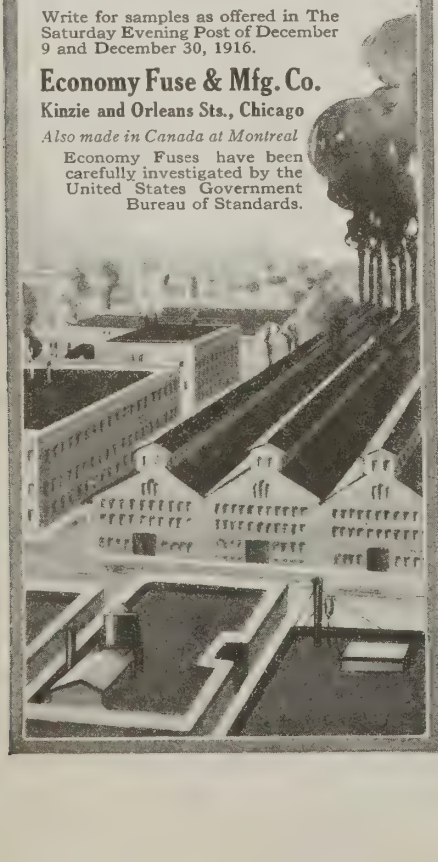
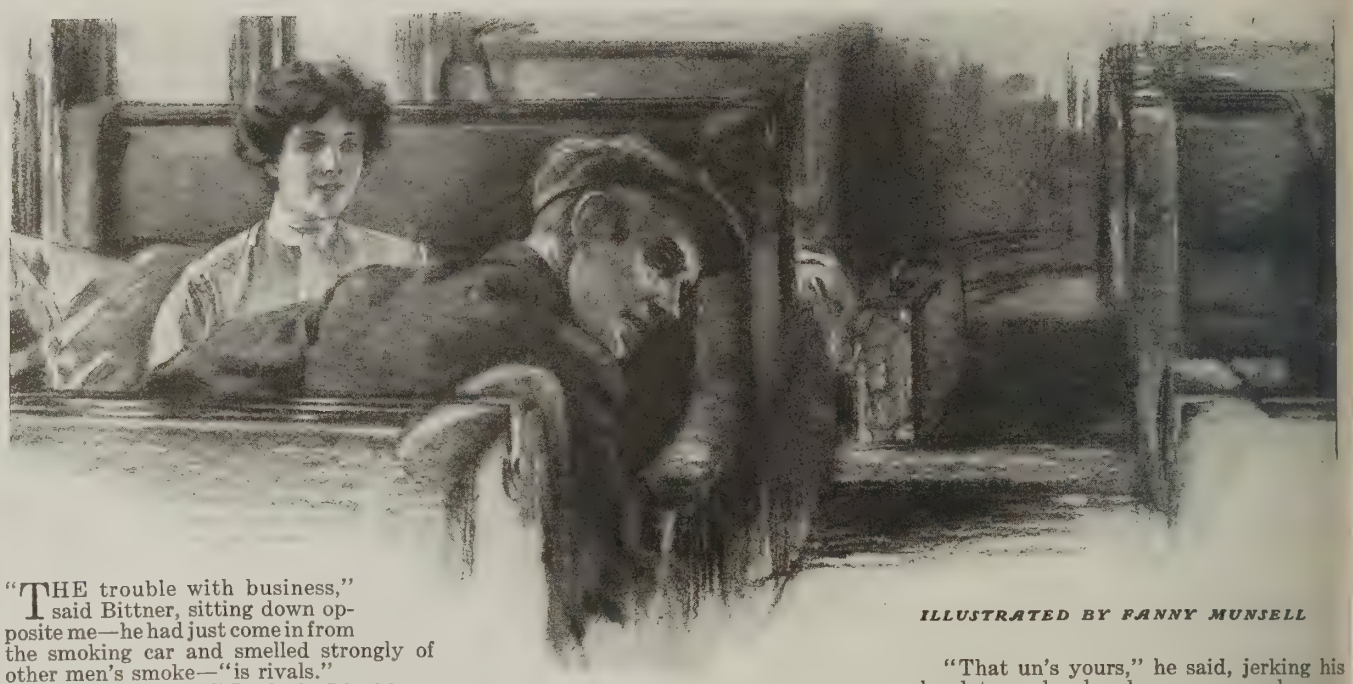


Making Business Men

By Anne Shannon Monroe



ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

"THE trouble with business," said Bittner, sitting down opposite me—he had just come in from the smoking car and smelled strongly of other men's smoke—"is rivals."

"Is business bad?" I asked. I had been in the West for a year in business for myself, and I was eager to get at the heart of things with my old employer, with whom I was now returning to Chicago as full partner. He had come West and summarily carried me off on the suggestion that he had a big new scheme on foot, but he had given me no inkling of what it was. His suggestion of rivals now made me wonder whether things were going altogether well with the old Bittner & Binks concern.

"Business ain't what you might call bad from a box-office standpoint," he said, pulling out his knife and looking about for something to whittle, while I grew uneasy for the Pullman furniture.

"And every business must have rivals," I put in cheerfully. "That's inevitable."

"If they can get away with it, it's theirs," he came back, jabbing viciously at his umbrella handle. "I ain't got nothin' against the general run; they get theirs, natural. And when once we get our new scheme rival proof, rock-ribbed and riveted, we'll step over to it so slick and clean there won't be no chance for any of our old rivals to tack and follow. You're not standin' to lose, comin' in with me; but there'll be some hard tuggin' for a while."

I suddenly thought with comfort of my Western ranch, acquired the past year. My own future was secure, whatever happened. New schemes, even with a business genius like Bittner, had diverse possibilities.

"Will this new scheme do away with the old book business?" I asked. We had traveled two days, but owing to Bittner's many excursions to the smoker and the crowded condition of the Pullman car, we had got only this far. Bittner would never talk business in another's hearing.

Plowing With Razors

"It'll swallow it," he answered. "It's bigger." He gouged on for a while; then glancing back to make sure that no one was in earshot he continued: "My idea is that a big proportion of American business men are doin' the other fellow's work and noddin' over it. Their job ain't no alarm clock to their senses. When they started in they didn't know enough about business in general to choose right, and they ain't earned enough or learned enough since to make a change. My new scheme's to put 'em wise to business principles and conditions at the present moment, make 'em know the whole market and their own value in it. Creator's played mighty fair—ain't started none out without his tools, but a lot ain't never found theirs. They're plowin' with razors, and they just rough up the field and ruin the razor."

I sat for some moments thinking over the new scheme. It sounded gigantic; but just how was it to be carried out?

"Is the new scheme pretty well worked out?" I asked. He looked quickly round. Two men had just taken the seat behind us.

"The thing's all blocked out, and that's the biggest part," he said in a low tone. He looked at his watch. "We can't talk here, and there's a man I've gotta see before he gets off. I won't wait for you in the mornin'. Come to the office as early as you can, and we'll go into everything root and branch."

The first whiff of the office air reminded me that as partner I now had a voice, and I instantly determined to raise it in the cause of ventilation. A hundred typists were clicking away for dear life in the large operating room. Miss Krog, the handsome blond forewoman, well tinted and tailored and more of a presence than ever, was showing a new girl how to fill in lines on follow-up letters. The same old bookkeeper was busy in the cage, her swarthy, heavily lined face bent over her books, and her big, intense black eyes peering through ugly, horn-rimmed glasses, fairly daring a figure to get away uncounted. The private office was neglected and ill-kept, though sturdy William, the bullet-headed office boy, had evidently attempted to bring about a semblance of order on the surface of things.

Apparently I was not expected. Miss Krog's expression changed to frowning surprise when she saw me—I caught the antagonism before she could mask it; then she came over to shake hands.

"Glad to see you back," she said in a low, constrained voice.

The bookkeeper left her cage.

"Where you stopping?" she demanded in an inquisitional tone.

"At the Harrington."

"Umph! I looked there once."

William stopped his dusting, rubbed his hand on his trouser leg and thrust it out to be squeezed. He didn't say a word, but there was heart in William's greeting. Each went quickly back to the tasks that had been interrupted. The dull, heavy atmosphere of the great barnlike place contrasted drearily with the remembered brightness of my own snug little office in the West. I had forgot the cold, machinelike inhumanity of a large office. I suddenly wished with all my heart that it would prove a dream, that I would wake up presently and find myself back at my own quiet desk, where business was human. How many times in the next months I was to repeat that wish! Had I imagined then what was ahead of me, I would have taken the first train out of the city.

While I was hanging up my wraps Mr. Bittner came in, spoke to Miss Krog, nodded to me, and went directly to his own much-hacked, flat-topped desk and began to open mail.

"That un's yours," he said, jerking his head toward a handsome new mahogany desk in the lightest corner of the private office.

I went to it, pleased in spite of myself with this compliment to my taste—it was the only good piece of furniture about the place. Further than that, deep down inside I was thrilled by this demonstration of the will and determination of the man. He had bought the desk before leaving for the West, not doubting that I would return with him. I felt once more that peculiar sense of certainty that whatever he ordained would eventually come to pass. And with the feeling the thrill of adventure returned and for a time banished regret. I sat down at the desk, rolled back the top and began to investigate the little pigeon-holes and drawers.

Bittner Goes on Record

Mr. Bittner came over and placed a bulky package before me, then he drew up a chair and sat down. At last I was to hear all the details of the big new scheme.

"First off," he began, squinting up over his carving, "we gotta get rid of our rivals."

"I thought this was wholly new, without rivals!" I exclaimed, dropping back in my chair, disappointed.

He gave me one of his steady sidelong looks, then went on: "Before a new business is dry from the shell the come-ons are ready. We gotta put up bars as fast as we travel—bars that'll be hard to get over. I want you to write a complete history of the beginnin', growth and development of the new scheme. Give the date of its startin'—now; the name of the founder—me; the purpose—to make and place business men and then tell what it's done in the way of wakin' up American men and puttin' 'em right with themselves and business. State it clear that it's the only enterprise of the kind in existence. After the scheme is going good, carry this history over to the State Historical Society, have it filed, and get a receipt for it that will read like this:

"'Received and filed by the State Historical Society a complete history of the founding of the first enterprise in existence for the making and placing of business men

That'll be the first bar for the imitators to get over—that record provin' that we are the first. Then there's one more bar: I gotta get recognized in some public way as an authority on business; but I ain't got that figured out yet; and ——"

"Mr. Bittner," I interrupted, "you are. It's perfectly wonderful how all over the West business men defer to the Bittner & Binks books."

"It's gotta be in shape so's they can see it, like a label or a blue ribbon put on at a fair. But that can wait. You go ahead with the history."

"Please be specific, Mr. Bittner. Just how are you going to make business men?"

"By the aid o' your Uncle Sam and Bittner's Fifty Business Principles," he said.

"Then it's a course of study by mail, that makes plain the entire industry of money-making and shows a man his place in this industry?"

"You've got it. It's one thing to have the makin's and another to roll the cigarette. I'm goin' to do some rollin' that'll make folks take notice. Dope's all there." He tapped the bulky package, got up and ambled over to the bookkeeper's cage.

I untied the package and began to straighten out his notes. Soon I was into the thing and my enthusiasm awoke. I saw men of all stations in life, everywhere, doing uncongenial work, and I saw how this plan of Mr. Bittner's might be tremendously helpful, not alone to the man already marked with the stripes of deadly routine but to young men ready to enter business. By noon I had the plan fairly well in mind.

I found myself hurrying through lunch in the old-time spirit of not wanting to lose a minute. I was eager to finish reading the Fifty Principles and get at the History. At least I told myself that this was the reason why I gulped down tea and sandwiches in the regulation busy way; but I think the power of suggestion was really responsible. I was back in the land of rush and hurry, and already I was moving to the marching time business ever plays in large cities.

That afternoon I finished reading the notes on the Fifty Principles and the following morning began blocking out the History. The work went rapidly, and in a few days I was ready for the task of arranging the course of study. It was to include fifty short problems, a printed talk on each one, and as many personal letters as the subscriber needed.

Each problem involved one distinct and vital principle of sound business. It stated a complication, similar to a problem in arithmetic: "Mr. A, starting in business for himself, receives a call, apparently friendly, from Mr. B, who is already in the same business. How is he to treat that call?"

"They gotta be fooled into exercisin' their brains," Bittner had said, "same's a schoolboy over his arithmetic. He just thinks he's gettin' the answer."

The plan was to correct the subscriber's answer to the problem and return it to him, together with a printed talk on rivals and a personal letter. The meat of the whole course was in these talks. They so analyzed business, specific avenues and the type of mind especially suited to each one, that any man on its completion would have not only a very practical understanding of the entire business world and the principles on which success is founded but a pretty clear idea also of what his own brain could most readily accomplish!

Promising Profits

As formerly, my work consisted mainly of editing. The talks were scientific, based on experience and a keen knowledge of men, and they were tremendously human. I left them largely in Bittner's own peculiar style. I believed they would prove a sharp relish to the most jaded of minds.

The printing for each set of talks and problems would amount to about fifteen cents; the stamps for the entire course would come to about two dollars. Allowing from ten to fifteen minutes of our time for the correction of each problem, two days' work to a subscriber would be the outside limit. As we were to charge fifty dollars for the course, this would make our profit on each subscription in the neighborhood of forty dollars. I saw the practical soundness of the plan. It was not a get-rich-quick scheme, but a very excellent method of meeting a very real need. Business is making greater strides to-day than any other one science. Its tactics change, new departments spring into being, with new discoveries and inventions, and expansion is constantly going on. The very language of business changes year by year. Business literature, like medical works, is of small value a few years after it is printed. Getting down to our personal problem: To sell our books at a price to meet others on the market, we had been compelled to print in large quantities; and before these vast editions could be exhausted the books needed revision. By putting the whole science of modern business and business psychology in the form of fifty principles, each in a pamphlet to itself, the matter was simplified. Year by year new pamphlets could be added and old ones eliminated as they lost their value, without losing on the whole mass. I bowed to the astuteness of my partner.

So often I find that a lack of understanding in the accuser is the fault, rather than a fault in the accused.

I was soon ready to begin dictating the rearranged pages, and I asked Miss Krog, who had held aloof ever since my return, for her best stenographer. She thought a moment.

"I'll give you Gladys Howe," she said. "I find her very satisfactory."

I must confess that I doubted Gladys when I saw her coming. She was a lumpy sort of a girl, with blond hair falling over her eyes, fat arms and neck emerging from a blouse known as "peekaboo," fat hips that wabbled and large feet that overran her shoes. Her face was rather pretty, in a baby way, and she appeared amiable. She sat down by my desk and opened her notebook. Her nails were not nice, and she heaved in a short-of-breath manner as though her clothes were too tight for her.

She seemed to take her dictation readily, however, and I made up my mind to overlook her untidiness; but during the remainder of the day I paid for her readiness. Half a dozen times she came to me to get her notes straightened out, and frequently I had to redictate. She had probably done very well for Miss Krog, whose dictation varied little, day after day, and always concerned the business books. Gladys had achieved Miss Krog's vocabulary. But the work I was doing was of a different order and required a much larger vocabulary. Gladys didn't have it.

Gladys and Her Beau

I went to Miss Krog: "Can't you get me a better stenographer?"

She lifted her handsome eyes in a questioning way that put me all in the wrong. "That's very strange," she said icily. "Gladys does my work very well. I gave you the best girl I had."

I decided to try her a while longer. The next day, in smiling good nature, Gladys took her place. I dictated more slowly this time and had her read each paragraph back to me. I spent the forenoon dictating matter that I could have given to a competent stenographer in a couple of hours. But when she brought me the transcribed pages late in the afternoon they were full of errors. She had written "act yes" for "acquiesce," and said an "author" had expired when I had dictated "offer."

"Gladys, did you really think I dictated 'author'?" I asked. "It doesn't fit in with the context in the least."

She looked blank and ceased chewing gum for a moment.

"I didn't think," she said, blushing.

"Try thinking to-morrow."

I really did my utmost to get along with Gladys, as I could see plainly that Miss Krog did not intend to brook interference in her department, and she had always engaged the employees. She resented any criticism of a girl that she had hired as a criticism of herself. Miss Krog did not seem fully to understand my new position with the firm, or else she preferred to ignore it. Undoubtedly it was hard for her to see another woman in more confidential relationship with Mr. Bittner than herself, when she had been with him for so many years.

She had grown up with the business and she may have hoped some day to be given an interest in it. But Miss Krog had not grown beyond the business—that is, she merely kept up with it. She was an excellent forewoman, but that was all.

I foresaw trouble should I interfere with her in any way, so I determined to be as tactful as possible. The situation was a fire all laid, ready for the stroke of a match. I would not be the one to light the match. Day by day, however, Gladys became more irritating, and in spite of my good resolutions I decided I should have to get rid of her. However, an amicable way of doing so presented itself.

"What is that ring you are always twirling?" I asked one morning as she sank like lead into her seat.

"My engagement ring."

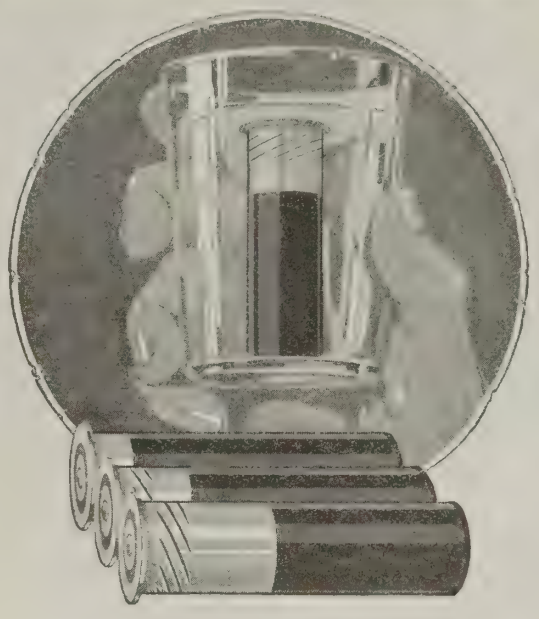
"When are you to be married?"

"I'm not giving notice," she said. "I'm working to get my wedding clothes."

"Is he a good man, Gladys?"

"Oh, yes! He gets eighteen a week and often overtime. He's a printer."

"Then why wait? Isn't he ready?"



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Ask your dealer for The Black Shells. If he hasn't them, mail $1.25 to our nearest selling agent to pay for a box of twenty-five and they will ship prepaid. Be sure to specify gauge and details of load. This is a trial offer and holds good only in towns where The Black Shells are not now sold.

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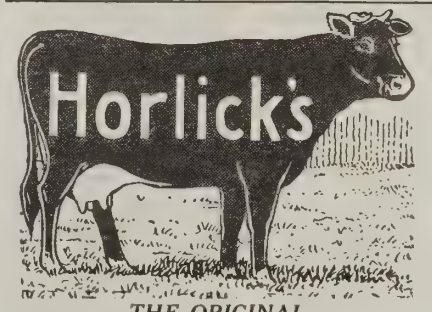

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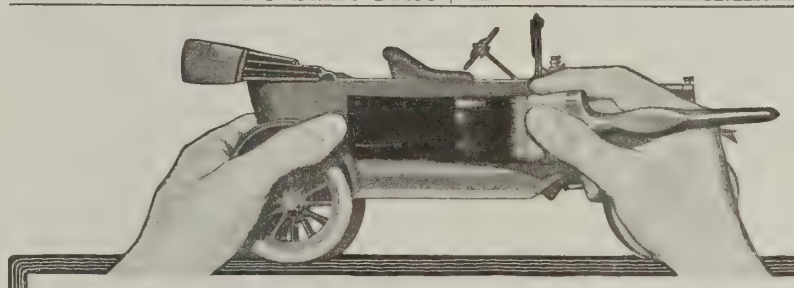

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You can do it easily, quickly and conveniently with Glidden Auto Finish.
—easily, because Glidden Auto Finish makes your car like new with only one coat.
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—conveniently, because you don't have to lay up your car for a week or two.
Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you send $1.00 ($1.25 in Canada) for one quart of Auto Finish Black to THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., 1501 Berea Rd., Cleveland, O.

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Federal Tires have all desirable features of the best tires, and something more.

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As the greatest strain upon a tire occurs at its base next to the rim, there are built into the base of every Federal Tire, four staunch, twisted steel cables of great tensile strength.

These cables hold the tire so securely to the rim as to withstand the most severe service strains. It is an exclusive strength and safety feature which overcomes the causes of most tire troubles.

Federal Tires in Rugged (white) and Traffik (black) non-skid treads are especially built for Extra Service.

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Mfrs. of Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods.

"Oh, yes, but I want lots of pretty clothes."

"That is foolish, Gladys. You get married right away. This office will ruin your looks, and a girl's looks mean more to a man than her clothes."

She slapped a pudgy hand to her plump cheek. "He said I was losing my color. To think you noticed it too!"

"Get married, Gladys; that's the best thing for you to do."

Several mornings later she came to my desk, blushing: "We're going to," she whispered. "I'm leaving Saturday."

I closed my eyes to the sloppy, untidy wife she would make, and encouraged her to go ahead. Maybe the man wouldn't mind. She was lovable in an easy-going, good-natured way, and men prefer lovableness to efficiency in their wives, if they can't have both.

So passed Gladys. My next stenographer, Miss Douglass, was a horse-faced girl with eyes high in her head and fingers of steel. Miss Krog sent her in for me to test before hiring her, and I found she read her notes easily. She demanded—and got, as I upheld her—ten dollars a week. I simply could not spend so much time correcting work and searching my vocabulary for simple words. Miss Douglass showed no matrimonial symptoms in the way of a ring. She was neat and orderly and always on time. That problem seemed settled, provided she did not insist on a raise too soon. It is only the inefficient women who reduce wages. The efficient ones demand and receive pay commensurate with their abilities. The great mass of drifting, unambitious girl workers, who are merely doing time till some man makes it possible for them to "quit workin'," have established a wage that just about measures their worth. Their standard need not frighten a girl who is ambitious and really tries; who brings a brain as well as fingers to the typist's job.

When I was not busy with my stenographer I was usually working with Mr. Bittner. He put himself into the Fifty Principles with a fierce, constant, burrowing force that sometimes startled me, so determined did he seem to wrest from life and experience every particle of business value. Once when I suggested that he let well enough alone, as the course as we now had it was sufficiently unique and thorough to please American business men, he came back with:

"You're forgettin' Borrige & Kemp!"

Hated Rivals

Borrige & Kemp, I had discovered, were the particular rivals that Bittner feared in his new field.

I laughed outright. "Aren't you a bit dippy on that firm?"

"I'd be dippy to forget 'em," he returned with a snap of his jaws, and I said nothing more. This was one subject about which there could be no levity.

At the end of three months I again suggested that we begin to advertise the course without waiting to finish it. I was confident of success, and Borrige & Kemp had pushed the business-book advertising to full pages in all the leading publications, again cutting the price. We had been compelled to do the same, thus increasing our expenses while decreasing our income. The book business remained steady, but it did not grow, neither did we get the high class of buyers that had once been Bittner's pride.

"We'll have our hands full after she's rigged," he said, "commandin' her and keepin' her off the rocks. She's gotta be finished to the last ounce o' paint before she's launched."

"Mr. Bittner," I asked one day, "did you ever fail in anything you set out to do?"

"No man can keep on doin' things rapid, one after another, without succeedin' sometimes and failin' sometimes," he said. "If you think the successful men always succeed, just get a searchlight on their careers way back. It ain't a failure that ruins a man and it ain't a success that makes him; it's never campin' by either."

At last the entire course was in readiness, and I determined to hustle the final copying through and get it to a printer as soon as possible, so that Mr. Bittner would have no chance for further changes. I asked Miss Krog to get me a good copyist, for I had decided that I would put two girls on the work.

"I'm advertising Sunday," she said shortly. "I can't spare another girl now from the operating room."

Monday morning Miss Krog was detained at home by a sore throat, and Mr. Bittner

What Do You Do When Your Pipe Gets a Grouch?

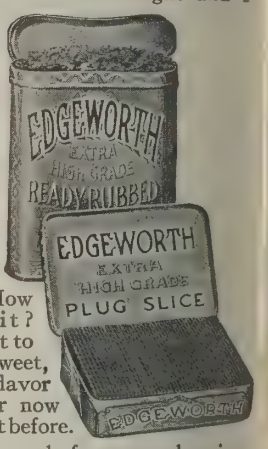
"That pipe and I had been friends for years," remarked a pipe-smoker, pulling out an old scorched briar. "Then of a sudden something went wrong. The pipe got a grouch.

"I tried so many cures, my wife started making fun of me. Finally I gave up and chucked the old briar into the ash pile—covered it up with every shovelful of ashes I could lay my hands on.

"For two months after that it was one thing after another—new pipes, cigars, and even cigarettes. Between them all I managed to forget.

"But one day a couple of weeks ago I was down cellar brushing up when I thought of my old pipe. Do you know, I dug down in that ash pile like a dog after a bone. And I got it—caked in damp ashes and the color of a wet piece of iron.

"Williams came over that night and I brought out the relic.



"'Fill her up with my Edgeworth,' he suggested, handing me his blue tin.

"For a moment I smoked—just deciding what the result was. Then Williams saw the grin that spread over my face. How could I help it? Imagine how it felt to get back to that sweet, satisfying old flavor again, and better now than I had known it before.

"So that's my remedy for a grouchy pipe. Throw it in the ash pile and let it stew for a couple of months."

Now, Williams has another side to this story. He claims it was the Edgeworth that gave that glorious flavor and not the pipe at all.

We won't attempt to decide this for you one way or the other, except to say that Williams has been smoking Edgeworth for years and his word ought to carry some weight. And, we might add, the man who told this story has used it ever since.

Anyway, Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco makes a friend or two wherever it goes—mostly among fellows who take pipe-smoking rather seriously.

You perhaps have never smoked Edgeworth. We very much wish that you would try it and will very gladly send you enough for several smokes, free. Just drop us a card bearing your name and address, and the name of a dealer from whom you buy tobacco.

Edgeworth comes in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. It's the same tobacco in both forms, but Plug Slice is prepared for the pipe by the smoker, who "rubs it up" in the palms of his hands. Ready-Rubbed is, as the name suggests, all ready for the pipe. You may have a sample of both and decide for yourself which form suits you better.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for handsome humidor package. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply, but except in a few isolated cases all dealers have it.

Write to Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

"Cereal for Breakfast!"

What child is not fond of delicious and nourishing cereal—oatmeal, rice, farina, etc.?

Serve cereals often! They're good for children. Easy to prepare, and the results are perfect, if you use a

"Wear-Ever"

ALUMINUM DOUBLE BOILER

Simply fill the lower saucepan with water, place cereal in upper saucepan, and let boil for about 15 minutes.

You will say, "I had no idea cereals could be made so deliciously soft and creamy."

You can also cook the most delicate sauces and puddings in the **Wear-Ever** Aluminum Double Boiler without fear of burning. And you will find other uses for this valuable utensil from day to day as it remains in your kitchen.

Wear-Ever Aluminum Utensils save fuel because they take the heat quickly and hold it. Remember to turn up the flame high until utensil is thoroughly heated, and then to turn it down low.

Wear-Ever Utensils give such universal satisfaction because they are made up to the highest manufacturing standards.

The enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines makes the metal in **Wear-Ever** dense, hard and smooth, insuring lasting durability.

Because made in one piece, **Wear-Ever** Utensils have no soldered parts, or joints and seams in which particles of food can lodge and form poisonous compounds. They are pure and safe—cannot break, crack or chip.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

If you have never used **"Wear-Ever"** we will send you the sample 1-qt. Stewpan, as pictured, for only 30c. if the coupon is mailed on or before March 20th, 1917.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
New Kensington, Pa., Dept. 18, or (if you live in Canada) Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Send, prepaid, 1-qt. **"Wear-Ever"** Stewpan. Enclosed is 30c. in stamps or coin—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until March 20th, 1917, only.

Name_____

Address_____

asked me to go to the reception room and choose some girls. It seemed that we needed an assistant for the bookkeeper, Miss Lutkins, and several typists. I was glad of this opportunity to choose for myself, for I wanted an especially quick, accurate copyist to put on the Fifty Principles with Miss Douglass.

I found the usual throng of applicants and everyone went to my heart, but I couldn't help looking among them for the especially appealing case. I found two. Miss Carrel was a small, emaciated person with a pale, anæmic face out of which burned eager eyes. When I sent her to the table to fill out a blank I discovered that she was also lame. That decided me on the spot. I couldn't send such a girl traveling farther until I had proved her inefficiency. I was delighted to find that she was a rapid copyist, that she had done manuscripts for authors, for this made her just my girl. She was thirty, but she had never worked in an office before. The other girl, Blanch Booth, was too pretty to go around to men's offices looking for work. I still think she was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw—slender, with a beautiful supple figure and patrician bearing. Her features were almost Greek and her fairness made everyone else look dingy. Fortunately she had studied bookkeeping at a business college, so I engaged her to help Miss Lutkins. She was only nineteen and this was her first job. It was well for her to begin in an office made up so largely of women. The other applicants were not unusual in any way.

I took Blanch to Miss Lutkins.

"Here is your new assistant, Miss Booth," I said.

"What?" Miss Lutkins' hard, harsh "What" always made me think of a flatiron coming down on a delicate shirt front. It was fairly slammed at the person who addressed her.

"Miss Booth," I repeated.

Bold Advertising

"Well, put up your things and get busy. There's plenty to do." She again riveted her eyes on her figures and I showed the young girl to the cloakroom. Then I installed the new typists, and returned to the private office where Miss Carrel was waiting. She looked up and smiled so happily and humanly that I was won to her all over again. I had William fix her up a desk near the private office, so that she would not have to walk far to consult me, and then I explained her work.

From the first she was on the job every minute. The way the pages flew from the typewriter under her nimble fingers was a delight. It put new vim into the office force. At noon she sprang up from her desk and hurried over to the reading table where we put magazines for the girls' use. She picked up a business publication.

"May I carry one home to-night?" she asked. I sat watching her.

"Yes, indeed. Bring it back, that's all."

Then she hurried out of the office, dragging her poor lame leg pathetically.

She was late that noon, and I was sorry. I wanted her to be the ideal business girl. But I said nothing about it. Probably it wouldn't happen again—she was new to business rules.

With the two girls working steadily and both of them rapid, the Fifty Principles' typing was soon finished and the manuscript sent to a printer. The next work on hand was the writing of the advertisements. They were subjected to the same tests of writing and rewriting as the Principles. We planned a three months' campaign, during which time we were to spend thirty thousand dollars on space. Had the firm of Bittner & Binks been less well known and without persistent rivals, we should have had a less expensive try-out; but in the face of all the advertising the firm had done during the last six years and with the necessity of springing the scheme full-fledged on Borrige & Kemp, it would not do for us to be niggardly. We must show confidence in our own commodity. This did not really mean a heavier advertising appropriation than usual, however, as we intended to substitute the Fifty Principles for the business books. Not even the advertising representatives knew that a new scheme was in the air. No one had been taken into our confidence—even Miss Krog supposed we were working on another book—so great was Mr. Bittner's fear lest the plan get abroad and reach the ears of our rivals.

The catalogue was an achievement in itself. It was of regular book size and form,

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

It Means More Miles To You

Experts contend that 30% of all tires wear out before their time because of inadequate inflation.

And inadequate inflation usually means an inadequate tube—one that holds air feebly, surrenders some, and inflicts insidious damage by failure to perform properly its part of the tire's work.

Whether you figure it in your tire bills, or in the mileage delivered to you upon the road, you cannot escape the fact that the tube's importance far outweighs its cost.

On this ground it is to your every interest that you put Goodyear Tubes inside your tires.

Putting them there means putting adequate and constant pressure there also—these tubes *hold* air. Putting them there means more miles to you.

They are thicker than ordinary tubes, and stronger—made up of many paper-thin sheets of rubber vulcanized together into a perfect air-retaining unit.

Their valve stems are vulcanized in also, not stuck on.

We especially recommend the Goodyear Heavy Tourist type for sustained and severe service. It is exceptionally stout and vigorous, a little higher-priced—and *better*.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

A Car's Equipment Tells The Tale

A GLANCE at the dash will tell you the quality of any car. Try it out.

Look at the instrument board of any de luxe car.

Chances are you will find the Warner Auto-Meter.

For really fine cars are fine in every detail.

And the Warner Auto-Meter stands out as the one speed indicator suitable for these de luxe cars.

So it is virtually the unanimous choice of all builders of costly cars.

The Warner is a jewelled instrument—compensated against cold and heat—perfect in design and workmanship. It is unerring in its precision.

It is the most expensive speed indicator made. Its superiority is unquestioned. The market can offer nothing better.

A Warner Auto-Meter on the dash is the best outward indication of a car's costliness.

Look for it.

Warner Auto-Meter

$50 to $200

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Chicago U. S. A.

printed on good paper and bound in cloth. The title, Bittner's Fifty Business Principles, was on the back, so that it could easily be read if stuck up on a shelf of books. It was printed in unusually large black type, with extra spacing and wide margins, so that it might be comfortably read on crowded street cars or by a poor light. It was not a thick book—it would slip easily into a man's coat pocket. The matter consisted of a direct talk purporting to be from Mr. Bittner to the reader. It was in his intimate personal style. The plan of study was outlined concisely at the close. From beginning to end there was not a stereotyped phrase, a usual expression or a trite claim. If we resorted to any of the ordinary plans by which business is built up, we so worded it that it sounded fresh and new.

In all this work, monotonous and tiring through much repetition, Miss Carrel was far more useful to me than Miss Douglass, though she could not take dictation. Miss Douglass had her one value—she was an accurate stenographer, and she satisfied herself with that. In fact, she rather resented being asked to do anything but take notes and copy corrected pages. But Miss Carrel would be at my desk the moment her work was finished, asking for more. She was interested in everything I did, and wanted to have a part in it. One day she found me laying out an advertisement.

"Can't I help you?" she asked, looking on with interest.

"Not very well. But you can take down that file marked advertisements and read our advertisements for the last year and learn our style. Then later you might be useful."

She took the file and went back to her desk to pore over advertisements until more copying was ready for her.

We tried out our advertisements before they were run. We had them set up and pasted here and there in the advertising sections of magazines, then we would lay them aside until the following day, when we would open the pages to see which style started up most strikingly to meet the eye. We tried them on Miss Krog, Miss Carrel, Miss Lutkins and William, and in this way they got the threshing out that a new campaign generally gets at a cost of thousands of dollars.

The Spring Campaign

We opened the campaign in the March publications. Mr. Bittner had timed this so that we would have three issues in which to test the plan immediately preceding the dull summer months, when business always fell off. This would give us time for any revisions and changes suggested by the practical try-out. For nothing ever works out in every detail as planned.

Some people, particularly women, regard business as a dull subject. I wish a few of these might have spent the month of March with us. When a woman spends two weeks planning a party she is usually on the *qui vive* till it is over. Mr. Bittner had spent two years, and I some seven months, planning a gigantic party for American business men. We had invested over a thousand dollars in the feast and thirty thousand in the invitations, and now the weighty question was—how many would accept?

The first morning after the March publications were on the news-stands I entered the office trembling with excitement and expectation. Bittner was there ahead of me, and he had the publications, all open at our advertisement, spread out on the long reading table. He was pacing the floor with bent head and hands behind his back, every few minutes stopping to look at the magazines. I paused by the table and examined each advertisement carefully. It was dignified, attractive copy!

"Sour on 'em?" he asked, halting beside me.

"No," I said with decision. "I still like them, and it's a wonder I don't hate them, I've worked on them so long. But they still give me a little shiver of pleasure. I believe they are good."

"If they're the right bait we'll soon know it."

I started to ask if Miss Krog had seen them, and then I closed my lips on the words. She was at her desk just within the operating room, and the expression of her elaborately arranged coiffure was ominous. I knew that she had ignored the advertisements. We had kept her in ignorance of the scheme, and she did not intend to show any interest now that the idea was made public. I was sorry about it, but there was nothing I could do. Mr. Bittner had every confidence in Miss Krog's loyalty, but he did not consider it good policy to tell his plans to anyone.

I went to my own desk and found a surprise. Mr. Bittner had put the entire stack of mail there for me to open. Of course he might have shifted the mail opening to me merely because I now had very little to do, since all the work pertaining to the Fifty Principles was finished; but I believed it was his sensitiveness—which he would not have admitted for the world—about opening letters that would begin to tell the story of our success or failure.

I began to open letters, and instantly Bittner took up his hat and coat and went out. All that day I opened the mail as it came in each delivery, separated checks from business-book orders and handed the one to the bookkeeper and the other to Miss Krog. Mr. Bittner did not return till closing time.

The following day I began to open mail, keenly expectant, for it was possible that a few inquiries might arrive from the city or near-by towns. All day I sorted letters and listed checks and orders. There was just one Fifty Principles inquiry. A man named Clarke wanted to buy the course outright. He wrote in a very kind, courteous manner, saying that though he appreciated the fact that he would miss a great deal in not subscribing in the regular way, he was too busy at present to do so. He inclosed a money order for fifty dollars. Bittner again spent the day at his club or elsewhere, coming in late in the afternoon.

A Competitor's Work

"It's early yet," I said, handing him the one order.

"It's darned queer," he growled, dropping into his chair and fixing his eyes on the letter. Instantly his head shot forward and his eyes burned their way through the request for the Fifty Principles. He got to his feet in a flash and brought the letter and money order over to me.

"Send it back!" he commanded, with a swift indrawing of his breath that had told me before of white-hot anger inside. "Tell 'im we don't sell outright."

"But, Mr. Bittner, it's really all in the 'talks'; and for a very busy man ——"

"Can't you see he's a tool?" he shouted, shaking the paper in my face. "This is Borrige & Kemp's first move. Can't you recognize fake politeness?"

He went back to his desk and I took another look at the inquiry. Yes, it was rather over-felicitous. I sighed heavily. Then it was all true, Bittner's cause for uneasiness over these persistent rivals.

The third day I was at the office at the earliest possible moment, and eagerly started opening the mail. There was not an inquiry. Bittner did not show up till noon, and then he came in as peevish as a teething child. He snarled at the girls for dropping crumbs, ordered William to clean up, and then went to his desk without speaking to me.

The fourth day there was an inquiry from a man named Wagner, who was connected with a small business college near Chicago. It looked promising, but someway just one inquiry seemed worse than none. It was almost an insult. I attended to it personally and said nothing to Mr. Bittner about it. The fifth and sixth days were repetitions of the first three—there were no inquiries. On the seventh day one letter carried the Fifty Principles key number, and I seized upon it eagerly and tore open the envelope. It was from the one inquirer, Wagner. He wished to subscribe, and accompanied his request with a money order for the full price. When Mr. Bittner came in I showed it to him and tried to laugh about it. "If every inquirer means a subscriber," I said gayly, "we're all right."

Again his eyes flamed with sudden anger and his breath came scorchingly; but he only said:

"Well, start him in!"

One subscriber, when we had figured on a thousand at the start! It was enough to enrage him.

The thing continued throughout March; there was not another inquiry for the Fifty Principles. Day after day Bittner became more silent and morose, and he was more and more absent from his desk.

Early in April I stopped by Bittner's desk and asked him what he thought of changing the style of the advertisements for May. It was too late then to do anything about the April copy. He looked up

(Concluded on Page 56)

Only a few days more will this 5-passenger 6-30 Chalmers remain at $1090. On March 1 the price becomes $1250. Prompt action now pays you $160. The roadster price also advances from $1070 to $1250, showing a saving of $180. Either model will prove the most sensible car you ever drove. Sensible because it is neither over nor under weight. Neither a speed car nor a slow poke. Instead: a simple, economical, soundly made car that holds the road, drives straight as an arrow, takes a hill with plenty of reserve, looks the good stuff it is made of, and acts like a thoroughbred. And the saving pays you more than 6 per cent on $2500.

Present Prices

Five-passenger Touring - -	$1090 Detroit	Seven-passenger Sedan - -	$1850 Detroit
Seven " Touring - - -	1350 "	Seven " Limousine - -	2550 "
Two " Roadster - -	1070 "	Seven " Town-car -	2550 "

CHALMERS MOTOR CO. Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.

Johns Manville

NON-BURN
ASBESTOS
BRAKE LINING

Your brake lining is no better than its Asbestos

In the factory of the world's largest asbestos producers where Johns-Manville Asbestos is sorted, there is one pile set aside marked, "for brake lining."

It is the prime selection of fibre chosen for its great length and strength, from the thousands of tons of Johns-Manville asbestos—and yet it is not too fine for the best lining made—J-M Non-Burn.

Every strand of this fibre comes from Johns-Manville Mines, every ounce goes into Johns-Manville Looms and every foot of woven product is J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining

—and the point is: Your Brake Lining can't be better than its asbestos. So that these selected fibres that go into J-M Non-Burn guarantee you the best lining—tough, non-slipping, durable—safe. It costs no more than others and is just as easy to get—at your dealer's.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
Branches in 55 Large Cities

When you think of Asbestos you think of Johns-Manville

(Concluded from Page 54)

and I saw that his face was haggard. His eyes were drawn back into his head, and the flesh had melted away from his chin, leaving it sharp and angular. I was shocked.

"Change it! What for?" he snapped. I was sorry I had spoken.

"Some other style might arouse interest," I suggested lamely.

"Didn't we study out those advertisements and decide that they were the right style for the men we want?" he demanded. "Didn't we agree to spend thirty thousand dollars on a three months' try-out?"

I had to admit that this was so.

"Well, then, what's eatin' you!" He sank back into his chair and I went on to my desk.

Daily the strain grew more tense. I was personally interested, but I felt Mr. Bittner's strain more than I did my own. All the years I had known him—and doubtless many more—he had been using his brain-power at full capacity. He had never taken a real vacation. The climax of his achievement was the Fifty Principles. He had put himself into this work like a fiend, never resting, never laying the subject aside.

How often I have heard men say, speaking of some venture in which they failed: "It was a bad year"; or "I got the wrong men in with me"; or "The thing was misrepresented"; always giving what seemed to them an adequate reason outside of themselves for their failure. But there was none of this in Bittner. When he failed he blamed no one but himself. Hard as he was on others, uncompromising in what he expected of them, he was no less hard, no less uncompromising with himself. The evident failure of the Fifty Principles was, therefore, a failure in himself, and it was gripping him vitally.

A Laconic Message

I went to sleep each night with a terrible stack of letters photographed on my mind. I dreamed of millions of letters that I had to open one by one, in an ever fruitless search for a Fifty Principles inquiry. I arrived at my desk each day, dreading a continuation of the strain. I told myself that when the three months were up and the thing was a proved failure Bittner would rally and put his dynamic brain to the task of reorganizing business. But the waiting was terrific.

Miss Carrel and I had just read proof on the May advertisements. Bittner had not been at the office for three days and Miss Krog had hardly spoken to me in that time. Miss Lutkins was more savage than usual and more absorbed. There seemed nothing human about the place, except Miss Carrel's ever eager face and poor little Blanch Booth's unhappy one—she was having a hard time getting used to Miss Lutkins. I think the child had never been harshly spoken to before in her life. I felt a wild desire to kill the May copy, write my resignation, place it on Bittner's desk and escape. I was tired of the strain and uncertainty and of the unsympathetic office atmosphere. I told myself I had earned the right to enjoy. I thought of my sixty thousand dollars tied up in a Western ranch. It could give me freedom and friends—and it should. I was a fool to remain longer in a place where the women were jealous or suspicious, and the one man always absent, leaving me to bear the brunt of things. I wouldn't wait a day longer. I seized my pen and began to write my resignation, when I saw William leading in a messenger boy.

"That's her," he said, pointing to me. Then he turned back to his parcel-wrapping. The boy came over to my desk and I experienced a sudden sinking sensation. He handed me a note. With trembling fingers I tore it open and read in an almost illegible scrawl:

"Come at once with the boy. Say nothing.
"BITTNER."

I closed my desk, and putting on my hat followed the boy out. Bittner was in some kind of serious trouble, or he would never have sent for me like that. When we reached the street I turned to my companion.

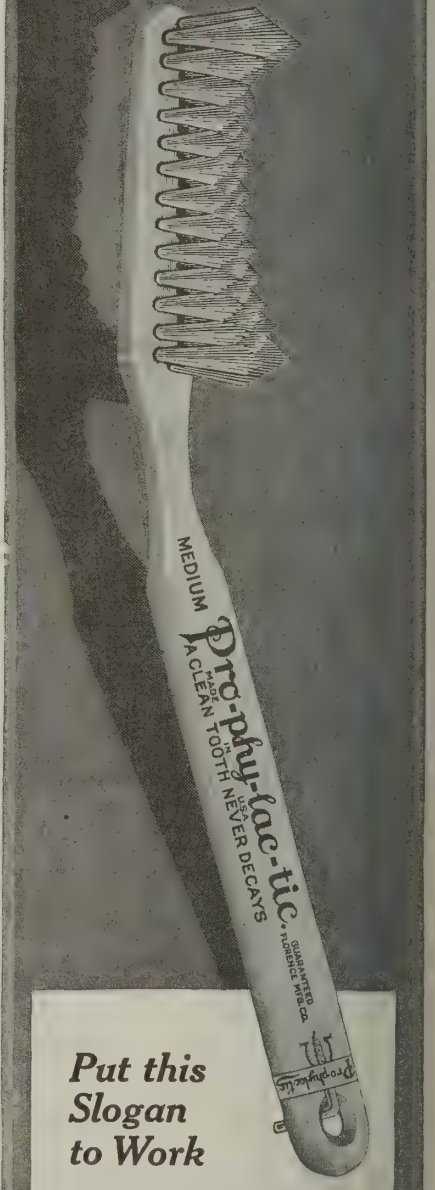
"Where are we going?" I demanded sharply.

"To the St. Mark's Hospital. Guess it's a deat' or somepin."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Anne Shannon Monroe. The second will appear in an early issue.

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush



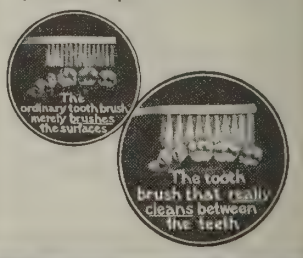
Put this Slogan to Work

Why not put the slogan, "A Clean Tooth Never Decays," to work in *your* home?

When you buy a Pro-phy-lac-tic you have the double satisfaction of knowing that it is the *world's standard tooth brush* and that no other tooth brush so perfectly cleans the backs of teeth and in-between.

Made in adult's, youth's and child's sizes; rigid, flexible and De Luxe (transparent) handles. Always sold in a Yellow Box.

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
32 Pine Street
Florence, Mass., U. S. A.
Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes



"You Get The Job"

"We've been watching you, young man. We know you're made of the stuff that wins. The man that cares enough about his future to study an I. C. S. course in his spare time is the kind we want in this firm's responsible positions. You're getting your promotion on what you *know*, and I wish we had more like you."

The boss can't take chances. When he has a responsible job to fill, he picks a man *trained to hold it*. He's watching ***you*** right now, hoping you'll be ready when your opportunity comes.

The thing for you to do is to start today and train yourself to do some one thing better than others. You can do it in spare time through the International Correspondence Schools. Over 5000 men reported advancement last year as a result of their I. C. S. training.

The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make *your* start the same way—and make it right now.

I. C. S., Box 3973, Scranton, Pa.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 3973, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	SALESMANSHIP
Electric Lighting	ADVERTISING MAN
Electric Car Running	Window Trimmer
Electric Wiring	Show Card Writer
Practical Telephony	Outdoor Sign Painter
Telegraph Expert	RAILROADER
MECHANICAL ENGINEER	ILLUSTRATOR
Mechanical Draughtsman	DESIGNER
Machine Shop Practice	BOOKKEEPER
Gas Engineer	Stenographer and Typist
CIVIL ENGINEER	Cert. Pub. Accountant
Surveying and Mapping	Railway Accountant
MINE FOREM'N OR ENG'R	Commercial Law
Metallurgist or Prospector	Traffic Management
STATIONARY ENGINEER	GOOD ENGLISH
Marine Engineer	Teacher
ARCHITECT	Common School Subjects
Contractor and Builder	CIVIL SERVICE
Architectural Draftsman	Railway Mail Clerk
Concrete Builder	Textile Overseer or Supt.
Structural Engineer	Navigator — Spanish
PLUMBING AND HEATING	Agriculture — German
Sheet Metal Worker	Poultry Raising — French
CHEMICAL ENGINEER	Automobiles — Italian

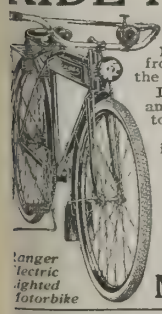
Name_____

Occupation & Employer_____

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

RIDE A RANGER



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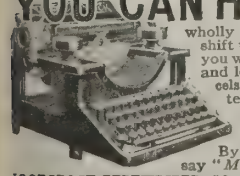

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The Man at the Top

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

THE station agent at Hicks Mills used to impress me much as I imagined King George did a Colonial who approached him with a petition under his arm.

Hicks Mills had twenty-two houses and the depot. There were two irregular trains a day, besides an occasional freight; so the agent could not have been habitually exhausted by overwork. Yet it was very difficult to transact business with him, even on a cash basis. And as for getting free information on such irrelevant subjects as whether you had any freight stored in the station, or the probable hour of arrival of Number Three—why, that was a hazardous undertaking.

As a youth I have often stood at the ticket window with my money in my hand and my heart in my mouth for long stretches of time, watching the brown birthmark on the left side of that operator's neck, while he sat in the chair on his fourteenth and fifteenth vertebræ, his back indifferently turned to a boresome world. When he finally did, with great reluctance, twist himself from the chair and approach the window, he always stood looking languidly at the ticket stamp on the right of the window, as though under no circumstance would he demean himself by looking at me; and on his lips was that insolent curl which you see on a lawyer's when he asks the witness whether he has ever been in jail.

If I ever got up enough courage to ask him a question he ignored it—as any gentleman should an insult; if I repeated the question he showed symptoms of violence.

One summer my father gave me the peaches on two of the best trees in the orchard. There were about ten bushels and I conceived the idea of shipping them to a small city fifty miles up the road. We had never shipped any fruit; neither had our neighbors; and I did not know how to go about it. The only thing to do was to go to Hicks Mills and inquire of the railroad agent.

For minutes I stood at the window, waiting as usual for Brown Ellis to turn his face to the public. Finally I made a timid noise on the window ledge with my pocketknife and he looked wearily over his left shoulder.

"I want to ship some peaches," I gulped.

"Well, ship 'em!" said Brown.

"How'll I fix them?" I asked anxiously.

He stared at me blightingly a full minute.

"How in hell do I know? Do I look like a hayseed?"

Another Kind of Railroad Man

A few months ago I stopped in front of a fruit store, looking at a box of extra-fine peaches. A keen, busy, forceful man stopped beside me.

"Ozark peaches," he remarked.

"I wonder," I asked, "how many cars the Koshkonong District will ship this month?"

He told me—and told me more. He explained in a few minutes the preparation the railroad was making for the handling of the fruit. He described the new coöperative organization of the growers for gathering, shipping and marketing peaches. As I manifested an interest in the matter he held out his hand and remarked:

"I'm the general manager of that railroad system. The next time you are in Springfield come to my office and I will give you all the data you want."

Two weeks later, while in that city, I remarked to a friend who was showing me the town:

"Stop at the Railroad Building. I want to go up and see the general manager."

"General manager!" He looked as though he thought it was a hoax; but when he saw I meant it he remarked dubiously: "I suppose you know that his time is worth about five hundred dollars an hour."

"Oh, well," I said, "I am not paying for it."

I was sent in to the general manager almost immediately, and we talked for an hour about railroads and peaches and poetry; for he would not let me go until he had read two or three recent poems that had caught his fancy. And even then he got up and went out down the street, bareheaded, to the railroad tracks, a hundred

ACORN RANGES

MUFFINS!

Who likes brown muffins?

Who likes to make brown muffins?

Who likes the girl who likes to make brown muffins?

Back of all the really good things in a life that's worth the telling, must be those who sense the artistry of doing each thing well. It's the *genuine pride of doing*, not the snobbish pride of show, that makes the happy housewife make the muffins brown just so!

Recipe for muffins: A cook with lots of pride; flour, butter, etc., any ordinary cook would use, but each ingredient made by people who like to do things well; put in the fine, hot oven of a *good* range made by people with a genuine pride of doing.

We want the younger ladies of America to know Acorn Ranges as so many of their elders know them. We have made Acorn Ranges for 87 years, and are proud of having made them better and better as the years have gone by.

ACORN RANGES

Gas, Coal, Combinations and Electric

Always Improving

The chief purpose of a kitchen: A Good Place for a Good Range

Baby Grand

Go to your dealer's or the Gas Company display rooms and see the Acorn Baby Grand—two baking ovens, one broiler oven, warming oven, six top burners—very compact.

If gas is available, but you have to use coal part of the time, the Acorn Combination Range for both coal and gas certainly will save you space, time and fuel. In another model a lever does it all. Lever up, gas stove; lever down, coal stove. No heavy oven bottom to remove.

Combination

If gas is not available, let your hardware or furniture dealer show you an Acorn Coal Range designed to cut down coal bills and save many a step with a heavy coal-hod. Special designs for each kind of coal.

The Acorn Electric Range, a joy and pride to the housewife who is so situated that electricity is the fuel she ought to use. So thoroughly attractive it would not be inappropriate in the dining-room itself. The charm of the chafing dish and the utility of a range combined.

RATHBONE, SARD & COMPANY

Main Office, Albany, N. Y. Factories, Albany, N. Y., and Aurora, Ill.
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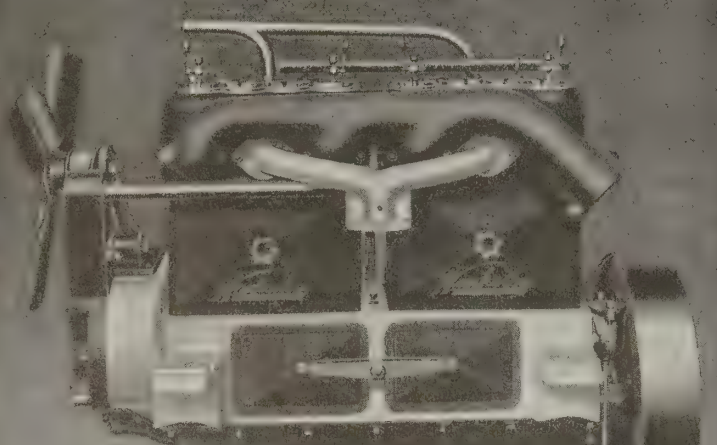
We have made Acorn Stoves and Ranges for 87 years



When you buy a truck or tractor,

you cannot be expected to dissect the *power-plant*. The character of the manufacturer is your only insurance of quality. There are many substantial reasons why you can place unbounded confidence in the *integrity* and *worthiness* of

Waukesha
TRADE-MARK REG.

Four-Cylinder Motors
for
Trucks and Tractors

Principally the reasons are: *preponderance* of Waukesha Motors in the truck and tractor field; the *character* of design; the *quality* of materials used; the Waukesha Governor; the *reputation* and *financial responsibility* of the manufacturers and, above all, they are the product of *specialists* in *power-plant* construction for heavy duty purposes, nothing else. Why experiment when you are sure of Waukesha quality and dependability?

"Demand a Waukesha Motor in the Truck or Tractor You Buy"

Write for bulletin "A Guide to Truck and Tractor Buying"—and list of Trucks and Tractors that are Waukesha Motored. Truck and Tractor Manufacturers write for catalog.

WAUKESHA MOTOR CO.
206 FACTORY STREET
WAUKESHA, WIS.

World's Largest Builders of Truck and Tractor Motors Exclusively

yards below, to show me the operation of a new switching device.

"Hello, George! How does she work?" the general manager said to the fellow in charge.

"Fine!" replied the switchman enthusiastically.

"By the way," I asked as we stood discussing switches and accidents, "how long have you been in the railroad business?"

"Seventeen years—and all that time with this road."

"You must have begun about the same time that Brown Ellis became agent at Hicks Mills."

"Yes; I knew Ellis," he replied. "He was still the operator at Hicks Mills when I became chief dispatcher of that division; but we had to fire him."

"What is he doing now?" I inquired.

"The last I heard of him," answered the general manager, "he was janitor in a livery stable."

If you want to get to the bottom of a thing go to the man at the top. He not only knows it but is willing to tell it.

There are several ways to try to magnify one's job, but only one way to do it. There are thousands of little men like Brown Ellis at Hicks Mills, who, given a small position, puff up with insolence and try to make themselves seem big by making other people feel little.

There are whole shoals of clerks and doorkeepers and flunkies who, when vested with a little authority, imagine they are increasing their importance when they overwork that authority.

But all these fail; practically none of them go forward—and most of them drop out entirely. There is only one way to increase the importance of any job, and that is by increasing its usefulness.

The post of agent at a cinder station—a job that pays sixty dollars a month—does not impress one as important, no matter how boredly superior the operator may appear. But I know a ticket agent at a small station who can, without looking at a time-table, plan your trip over any road to almost any spot in America; tell you the best connection, the most interesting scenery, the most comfortable hotels, at just what hour you will arrive in any given town and at what minute you will get a train out; where you are allowed to stop over and exactly how to do it. He may make mistakes, but I have never discovered one. He stands at the window or the telephone and lays the transportation system of the country at your service.

Now that man's job seems important to me. He is doing a difficult thing, and doing it well; and it is a thing worth doing. He is magnifying his job, and one day he will be given a job that is already magnified. Of course that man is courteous and approachable, and invariably gives information or renders assistance to travelers as though it was a pleasure to him—as it really is.

Surliness is either an effort to make others suffer for one's own bad digestion or blunders, or else it is assumed from a foolish notion that it gives an air of decisiveness and importance.

Two Kinds of Answers

We all dislike effusiveness and have come to look upon it as the tintinnabulations of a thin mind. Palaver—a spatter of inane irrelevant remarks used solely in a selfish effort to cultivate one—is always nauseating. And in their proneness to go to extremes many essentially friendly people go to the opposite extreme and cultivate an unnecessary brusqueness.

Real friendliness consists in rendering efficient service pleasantly. No matter in what capacity a man works, or how busily, it is up to him to do what his job requires—and a little more—and be pleasant about it. That does not mean smiling necessarily—some really happy people cannot smile. It does not mean that one must be chatty and discuss the weather as he makes change; but it does mean that he should render the service with an air and an accent of willingness, so that the receiver shall not feel that he is an interloper and his business an imposition.

If you had asked the agent at Hicks Mills "Is there a westbound train at four o'clock?" he would have answered "Naw!" If, when the present general manager was agent at Sarvis Point, you had asked him the same question, he would have replied: "No; but there is one at five-fifteen."

See the difference? One word more, a rising or falling inflection, a look direct into the face, a gesture of the hand, may make the difference between a grouchy, disagreeable service and a willing, efficient one.

The man at the top is usually the friendliest man on the job.

One morning last winter in New York I spoke to a friend about getting a check cashed.

"Why," he said, astonished, "you don't expect to cash an out-of-town check in New York? And you a stranger!"

"I never have been in a city where I could not cash a check if I needed to badly enough."

"You can't do it in New York," he asseverated. "It is impossible! It simply isn't done."

I laid a wager with him and returned that night with the currency.

"How did you work it?" he demanded curiously.

A Bet Easily Won

"I did not take it to the paying teller," I replied. "The paying teller of a New York bank would not cash a Government check unless the Secretary of the Treasury was present, with the whole Cabinet to identify him. I went to one of the big banks and, having learned the name of the president, walked straight back and asked for him by name—not by position. I introduced myself to him, shook hands, and told him I was from the West. After we had chatted ten minutes, discussing Western crops, commerce and banking interests, I mentioned that I had a check I wished to cash. He O. K.'d it without a moment's hesitance, shook hands at parting, and told me to be sure to drop in whenever I was in town."

The man at the top is the least suspicious man in the institution. Suspicion is the cloud in the mind of a man who does not know. The smaller a man's horizon, the more often will it be clouded with suspicion. The gatekeeper regards every man who speaks to him as a deadhead. He would suspect the owner of half a continent of trying to work him for a pass as quickly as he would a paste-diamond four-flusher. But the man at the top does not need to be suspicious, for he knows the difference.

In dealing with those exalted personages who stand in outer offices with icy swords, to guard the head of the institution from interruption, I learned quite by accident never to ask for "the president," "the manager," or "the secretary."

I was in a strange city and wanted to go through a big sugar refinery. All the way along the line I was told "No," most emphatically. But I persisted until I got to the office and asked whether the manager was in. The clerk looked at me dubiously and shook his head. Now I was sure the manager was in. But when his chief clerk assures you that he is not, there is nothing to be done about it unless you are overly athletic. I went back to town dampened, but not discouraged.

When a fellow has started in he hates to be kept out. In town I inquired whether there was any pressure that might be brought to bear which would squeeze me in. And incidentally someone mentioned the name of the manager—Mr. Harter.

I went back to the plant that afternoon and walked straight through the gate and across the grounds, as though all the orders of the Allies for sugar rested in my inside vest pocket. I approached the clerk in the manager's office authoritatively and asked briskly: "Is Mr. Harter back from lunch?" I went in to the manager at once; and, as he discovered that a friend of mine had befriended his son somewhere in Cuba, he made an exception to the rule and sent me through the plant.

Since then, when I have business with the head of an institution—and I never go unless I have business, preferably mental business, for they love to discuss problems—I invariably ask for Mr. Calder, or Mr. Barton, or whoever happens to be in an official position at that time.

The man at the top is direct and likes directness. He gives extra consideration to the man who, really meaning business, comes straight to him with it.

It was a small city and I was overlooking no chance for information on a subject in which I was interested. Some random individual downtown told me that the

(Concluded on Page 61)

At Last! A Nation's Need is Supplied—

DISCARD your old fashioned overalls, men! Slip on a suit of **Lee Union-Alls!** You'll never wear anything else to work in. Such an improvement! Such convenience! Such service! It's the work garment men in all walks of life have been waiting for. The mechanic, the motorist, the farmer, the laborer, the man who does odd jobs about the home and works in his garden—to every one of these, **Lee Union-Alls** are a revelation of comfort, convenience and serviceability. You'll forget there was ever such a word as "overall." Work clothing will mean **Union-Alls** to you first, last and all the time. Cost no more, either, than old fashioned, inconvenient, binding two-piece garments.

Lee Union-Alls are all in one piece (like your union underwear), which means there is no belt to bind, no double thickness at the waist, no jacket tails to get in the way. The suit slips on easily and quickly and can be worn conveniently and comfortably over clothing or next to your underwear. It is already the fastest selling work garment ever manufactured. You'll know why the minute you put on a suit.

Lee Union-Alls are made to endure the hardest wear—every strain point reinforced—all seams triple stitched; every button hole machine stitched; eight convenient pockets. **Lee Union-Alls** are made of Khaki, blue denim, express stripe, pin check or white drill.

Lee Union-Alls for children are made "just like Dad's," a complete one-piece suit, that pays its cost many times in the saving of clothing, washing bills, stockings, etc.

Lee Union-Alls are at first class dealers' everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, send your order direct to any of our factories, enclosing post office money order and stating size and material desired. Sent prepaid to any address in the U. S. Take no substitute. There is none "just as good."

MEN'S: 34 to 50 chest, $3.00
YOUTHS': 12 to 17 years, $2.25
BOYS': 7 to 11 years $1.75
CHILD'S: 2 to 6 years, $1.50

UNION Lee MADE
Union-Alls
TRADE MARK REG.

DEALERS: If you wish to know more about this popular garment and the tremendous sales being made, write today.

The H. D. Lee Mercantile Co.

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Kansas City, Mo., Kansas City, Kans., Salina, Kans.
Waterbury, Conn., South Bend, Ind.

What St. Louis thinks of The NEW EDISON

ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

PROBLEM OF MUSIC IN HOME SETTLED BY DIAMOND DISC

Edison Machine 'Re-Creates' Voice Beside It at Victoria Theater Concert.

BY HOMER MOORE.

When Mark Silverstone announces an Edison Diamond Disc concert in the Victoria Theater it is a foregone conclusion that the "Standing Room Only" sign will be displayed. From orchestra pit to roof the multitude filled every nook and corner, and the enthusiasm was commensurate with the attendance. It is a wonderful thing—even in this age of scientific wonders—to see and hear an instrument "re-creating"—as Mr. Silverstone calls it—a human voice that is right there beside it, now singing with it and now listening to it, thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality—almost a dual personality. The problem "to hear ourselves as others hear us" has been solved even if we can't as yet "see ourselves as others see us."

The vocal soloist last evening was the beautiful Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was richer than ever before. Her style has broadened and matured and become more musicianly. There is a heart in it that goes to the heart and self-poise and sensitiveness that prophesies a brilliant musical future for this young artist. Miss Case sang the well-known air from Charpentier's "Louise," "A Song of India," by Rimsky-Korsakow, and a number of folk songs, "The Old Folks at Home" being among the number.

Arthur Walsh, the violinist, played the Schubert "Ave Maria" with the Diamond Disc, and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thaïs," by Massenet. Besides these selections, he accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "Recreator" blending into one beautiful tonal picture.

The voice of Thomas Chalmers displayed the merits of that good old tune, "Answers," by Alfred G. Robyn, who used to so completely belong to St. Louis that St. Louis nearly, if not quite, belonged to him.

Mr. Silverstone is, by these concerts, contributing very largely to the advancement of musical taste and interest in this city. Doubtless many went to the performance last night out of curiosity, but that element soon gave place to genuine enjoyment of the program. The problem of music in the home is solved when the singing of the greatest artists is made possible by an instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artist herself.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

2500 Endeavor to Distinguish Natural Voice From Phonograph.

A musical event of unique interest was that at the Victoria Theater Saturday evening, when Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, appeared before 2500 music lovers in a tone test of Thomas A. Edison's wonderful phonographic invention.

After an opening address by Mr. Mark Silverstone, who arranged the test, Miss Case stood beside the new Edison phonograph and sang several numbers with the instrument, records of which had previously been made from her voice.

So perfectly did the instrument blend with her voice that the audience could not distinguish except by her lips when Miss Case ceased singing. During rendition of the Song of India, the house was darkened and until the lights were turned on no one knew. Miss Case had left the stage.

Besides a rare musical treat, the test convinced many skeptics of the triumph of Mr. Edison's genius in re-creating the human voice in all its naturalness.

THE ST. LOUIS STAR

SILVERSTONE TONE TEST SHOWS EDISON SUCCESS

Again Mark Silverstone's tone test has come and gone and thousands of St. Louis music lovers have voted him their thanks, for indeed he has done much for the uplift of music.

That Thomas A. Edison successfully accomplished the marvelous task of re-creating the natural tone of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict of a big audience, Saturday night. The vocal soloist Saturday evening was Miss Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was at its best, and as she progressed it became richer and broader. Miss Case sang the well known aria from Charpentier's "Louise." "A Song of India" by Rimsky-Korsakow, and a number of folk songs.

Arthur Walsh, violinist, played Schubert's "Ave Maria" with the diamond disc and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thaïs," by Massenet. He also accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "recreator" blending into one beautiful tone.

Silverstone has given these tone tests for several years and with each performance hundreds of the skeptical listeners go away convinced that the new Edison does re-create and that one can now have the greatest artists in their home. Records played by an instrument that does not betray itself in the presence of the artists.

Daily Globe-Democrat.

2500 HEAR NATURAL VOICE TONES IN PHONOGRAPH

That Thomas A. Edison has successfully accomplished the marvelous task of re-creating the natural tone and timbre of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict last night of 2500 music lovers who gathered at the Victoria Theater to witness this demonstration of the triumph of inventive genius. Of the numerous persons who attended the demonstration skeptical of the claims made for the records, all came away convinced that it had proved equal to the severe test.

Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was chosen for the test. Edison considers her soprano voice one of the finest of the many great voices he now re-creates. She stood beside the new Edison as it began to play. She sang a few bars, and the instrument blended perfectly with her silvery voice. She ceased, and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality as when the star accompanied it. None in the audience was able to distinguish when Miss Case ceased singing, except by observing that her lips did not move. The unison between the tones of her voice and the reproduction on the instrument was so remarkable that trained ears could not detect the slightest difference.

Anna Case, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, photographed on the stage of the Victoria Theatre in St. Louis on Oct. 21, 1916, while singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of her voice.

The NEW EDISON makes your home the world's greatest stage

There is a licensed dealer in your vicinity. Watch for his announcement May we send you the brochure "MUSIC'S RE-CREATION"?

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Dept. 2352, ORANGE, N. J.

(Concluded from Page 58)

best-posted man in the community was Prof. Harold Buckholder, B. S., A. M., Ph.D., at the Big Bend College.

I found Doctor Buckholder was assistant professor of English; and later I discovered he had won his Ph.D. by a very exhaustive thesis on Shakspere's Use of the Past Participle in King Lear. I had some trouble in gaining admittance to the professor's office and he received me on probation. I did not wear a Phi Beta Kappa key and had forwarded to him no letter of introduction vouching for my honorable discharge from some approved institution for the perpetuation of precise information in regard to past participles. And when, in pursuit of information, I mentioned the subject I was investigating, the professor's aloof, probationary air grew distinctly alien.

"I am not particularly interested," he remarked, "in so-called popular subjects."

Those Who Live in Pockets

Immediately, of course, I gave up any thought of getting valuable information from him. His was the type of mind that gets sidetracked and lives out its life at the end of the spur of some remote intellectual system. He lived in a pocket. While burrowing for the roots of verbs he had become permanently buried.

One evening some months later, in New Orleans, I met at a club a big, frank, interesting-looking man, with a clear eye and warm personality. He had a most comprehensive view of all sorts of movements and things; was interested in crops, in railroads, in labor, ways of living, in politics, in roads and cities. During the conversation he incidentally gave me some concise and interesting information about China and the Chinese problem of government.

Two things impressed me most strongly about this man: the direct way in which his mind worked—his unerring elimination of the unessential; and the clear, simple way in which he expressed his ideas.

"I did not understand your name when I was introduced to you," I confessed at leave-taking.

He smiled and repeated it. And not until then had I known that I had been visiting with the president of one of our leading universities.

Not alone in scholarship is the man who is really at the top—the man of the greatest simplicity. In all professions there are men whose minds get caught by some little byplay of intellectual activity and camp there for the rest of their lives, losing touch with all the bigger and more vital interests.

Such minds, be they legal or medical, literary or scholastic, follow long and tortuous ways of reasoning and perpetually keep their mental storehouses so cluttered with extraneous information that their feet stumble over it, so that they never can get to the door in time to answer the knock of a new idea.

Great scientists, real geniuses, big workers in every field, are almost invariably men of direct mental processes. They think straight because they cut across lots and go direct to the subject. They use, as a rule, the simplest language, the clearest phrasing, the most common and understandable words. They are modest, open-minded, approachable. They do not have any fixed standard of what is valuable and what is worthless, for they know that what was trivial yesterday is often of momentous significance to-day. Ignorant people, common people, all sorts of folks, are of interest to them. Everyday problems are big problems. The germ of a fever is of far more importance than a past participle, and the starving of a people is a greater crime than the splitting of an infinitive.

There is an impression among some men that the only way they can protect themselves from interruption is by exclusiveness. It is not true. A man cannot hide from bores. He cannot burrow deep enough, or shelter behind closed doors thick enough, or have a line of stony-faced sentinels close enough, to escape from that long-winded gentleman who wishes to prove to him that his uncle was the first man who ever ate codfish on Sandy Hook.

The newly elected governor of a Middle West state when he went to the Executive Mansion found his office arranged in the following order: first, an office boy; next, a stenographer; third, an assistant secretary; fourth, the governor's secretary; and last, in the secluded, almost padded remoteness, the office of the executive himself. This governor said to the office boy: "Jim, you have my seat; you go back to the far end." And, calling his secretary to the next post, he reversed the whole order. He was not only the most popular governor the state ever had but transacted more business.

The man with a quick mind and a simple, straightforward approach can discover a caller's business and have it transacted before the ordinary office force could get a card to him. Certainly not every man could follow the governor's example. There are times and affairs which require absolute privacy, and that privacy must be protected; but, other things being equal, the bigger a man the less protection he needs, and the harder a man is to approach the less worth seeing he is.

The peasants of every country have a story of how their favorite king once appeared before some lowly door, disguised as a shepherd or hunter, and, seeing the bread about to burn or a board needing nails, did a simple homely act. All the king's greatness as a warrior and all his glory as a courtier have become their own because the king for that moment became one of them.

Often one hears the same story on a railroad—how the president of the whole system stopped and helped a section man push a hand car. Or the humblest voter will thrill as he recites how a man stepped off at the Junction and chatted with him—"Just as plain as shucks!" And he afterward discovered that he was a cabinet member, or a famous senator, or the President.

Now it is not condescension in a real king, or in a great man of any sort, to do a homely thing or to meet in a simple way his plainest fellow being. A great man never condescends. He does not need to, for he is already on a level with all his fellow men.

The Simplicity of Greatness

Greatness is not in elevation, but in perception. The top of the mountain and the highest rung of the ladder are very good figures of speech; but great men—successful men of every sort—do not live up there. They stay on a common footing with the great mass of mankind. They have a common bond with them—only they see and feel more. They feel and understand as other men do—but more penetratingly, more clearly. They know the value of ordinary things in a way ordinary men do not.

And it is this simplicity, this open-minded interest in everything from the bottom up, which has furnished the inspiration for their success. They have been able to see and use all sorts of material; and, understanding men, have been able to organize and use them too.

Of course there are exceptions—seemingly; very proud, haughty, overbearing men at the heads of great institutions and enterprises. There are a few of that sort—a very few. And most of them have become soured self-worshipers since arriving—not before; else they would not have arrived.

It is noteworthy that the great men we have loved—statesmen, artists, scientists, writers—have had, for the most part, almost a child's simplicity and modesty. They know their worth—some of them were even egotistic in one way or another; but in their spirits they were very modest and very accessible.

Getting to the top is a hard, painful job. Getting anywhere is. A man needs every help he can get. He needs, above all, the active sympathetic interest of those round him. He needs a clear vision to help him miss some of the false steps. He needs an abundance of warm enthusiasm and a lasting appreciation of things that count.

All these make it necessary for him to have a sort of universal understanding and sympathy, which will give him directness and simplicity. He is never fenced in by tortuous manners; nor is his view obscured by circumlocution of phrases. He meets men and ideas and circumstances face to face—smiles if they are friendly and sets his jaw if they are not. But, whether friend or foe, he makes no assumption of arrogant superiority. It is merely a matter of man to man.

His work, his environment, his health, may modify the customs and habits of the man at the top; but eight times out of ten at heart he is the simplest, friendliest, most approachable, most open-minded, most direct man in the whole concern.

For this is the manner of man who gets to the top.

Smart Serge SUIT $15
Made to your measure
Pure Silk Lined

We sell direct by mail. We have no agents.

Style Book and 72 Samples FREE

AS an introductory demonstration of our value-giving, the Bell Tailors of New York, for $15, will make you a smart serge suit of American Woolen Company's #6055 pure, all-wool worsted serge;—guaranteed fast color.

We will line it with Skinner's guaranteed pure dye silk. In fact, we will use the best standard materials in every step of its making. We will guarantee it to be a perfect-fitting, splendidly-tailored, smartly-styled suit that will compare favorably with any you have ever had for even a third more price than we ask.

This is but one of the Seventy-two exceptional values we offer in our catalog of smart, New York made-to-measure clothes.

All Wool Serge Suit, Silk-Lined, $15 Made-to-Measure —By Mail

Colors: Black or Blue.
Lined with Skinner's Pure Dye Silk.
Sewed throughout with silk.
Hand-made button holes.
Coat front re-enforced with real hair cloth and canvas.
Hand-tailored throughout.
Made in any style you want.
Guaranteed to fit perfectly or your money refunded.

Send for New Style Book and 72 Samples—FREE

BELL Tailors of New York are the largest direct mail order tailoring concern in the world—37 years making clothes for smart dressers of America.

Our only salesman is our catalog, which we send with samples and complete outfit with which you can take your own measure. We have no agents or out-of-town representatives of any kind. We deal direct with the consumer by mail, eliminating all in between costs and expenses, and giving you the benefit of the money we save by having you wait on yourself.

Money-Back Guarantee

We guarantee to fit you perfectly from the measurements you send us and to satisfy you in every respect. You are the sole judge, and if you are not entirely satisfied with the clothes we make you, we will cheerfully refund every cent of your money.

Let us send you our new Style Book and 72 cloth samples. It places you under no obligation to buy, but it will show you how to get the smartest New York, made-to-measure clothes at a worth-while saving. Write to-night.

BELL TAILORS OF NEW YORK
Dept. N, 119–125 Walker St., New York

Send this Coupon

Bell Tailors of New York, Dept. N, 119–125 Walker St., New York
Please send your FREE New York Style Book and samples without obligation to—

Forty Thousand Miles on a Fifth Avenue Bus

IN the eleven months ending October 31, 1916, the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, New York, had placed in service 259 Goodyear S-V Pressed-On Truck Tires.

On this date Mr. G. A. Green, Chief Engineer of the Company, looked up the records of these tires and sent to Goodyear the most remarkable tabulation of truck tire performance the world has ever seen.

Of the 259 tires, eleven had been retired from duty. In Mr. Green's words these tires had "failed." But before "failing" they had delivered an average mileage of more than 17,000—the lowest nearly 10,000 and the highest more than 28,000.

Two hundred and forty-eight were still running.

Three of them had gone between 35,000 and 40,000 miles. Two months later, on December 31, one of these three had gone 49,324 miles. And still going.

Thirteen had covered between 30,000 and 35,000 miles. And still going.

Fourteen had gone between 25,000 and 30,000 miles. And still going.

But the work of S-V for the coach company, though spectacular because of the number of tires employed, is merely an index to what this wonderful tire is doing in varied service, all over America.

If *your* trucks are not equipped with S-V's probably you are not getting all that you ought to get, in efficient tire service—at a low cost.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

UNCLE SAM IN FAIRVIEW

(Continued from Page 15)

strain of chickens, introduced by Mrs. Wilberforce Fogg. They figure on making the two-hundred-egg hen a back number by developing whole flocks of two-hundred-and-fifty-egg hens, thereby adding to the national wealth a figure one and a whole hatful of noughts. We find these things very fascinating, and lots better things to gossip about than others that might be mentioned.

All this showed me the value of the county agent. Our neighborhood was all right as a neighborhood; but it was not large enough for the coöperation and the organization we needed. For instance, when the Federal Farm-Loan Act was passed it was not in the Fairview Settlement that the first National Farm-Loan Association was formed for the purpose of getting the benefit on the farm of the building-and-loan association idea, which has done so much in the cities, but over on Beaver Creek—quite out of our bailiwick.

Freeman Clay found out that several farmers over there needed loans on long time for slow-fruiting improvements; and though he didn't appear in their organization he did figure out for them that by borrowing money for thirty-six years, with the privilege of paying off in whole or in part after five years, they could earn more than twice the interest charge and not be worried about the mortgage ever falling due. They have the right to call their own loans at any time after five years, and nobody else on earth has that power over them. In other words, for the first time in the history of the American farmer the borrower rather than the lender is to have the say about time and terms.

The Beaver Creek people are admitting a Fairview borrower to their association occasionally. The Reverend Frank Wiggins was the first of us to go in, so as to get the money to finance a silo and a lounging barn for his cows—he is abandoning the stanchion system, though I think he is wrong in that.

The money obtained through the government system costs five per cent. One per cent more—making six per cent a year—will amortize, or "kill off," the mortgage in thirty-six years. Frank figures that even on a fifteen-acre farm he can easily make the silo pay him ten per cent on the investment by keeping the silage made in seasons of excessive crops for bad seasons when feed is scarce through drought or something of the sort.

"There is never a time," says he, "three years together, when a silo will not pay for itself in whole or in great part by giving the dairyman feed when otherwise he would have to buy dear or sacrifice a part of his herd. It doesn't pay, perhaps, to fill a silo in September and begin emptying it in October; but give me silage in August every year when the pastures are short, or the silage of wet 1912 kept over for dry 1914, and I'll show you profits on the silo that will make both interest and amortization look small."

Cheap Working Capital

This is pretty sensible talk for a preacher; and I was gratified to see Frank developing sound business sense along with his visionary ideas. I discovered, however, that he probably got it from the county agent, Freeman Clay, who was preaching all over the county the fact that the new Federal Farm-Loan Act is making it necessary for the farmers to figure interest on investments instead of first costs.

"Don't ask me what this will cost," he used to say to the farmers we visited, "when you can get the money on your own time at low rates of interest whenever you want it. Ask yourself what interest it will pay on the investment. If it costs you two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and pays you four hundred dollars, you can add one hundred and fifty dollars a year to your labor income by borrowing.

"Instead of a mortgage being a disgrace under such circumstances, it is a discredit not to have one."

He pointed out to me the fact that the small borrower now has an equal chance with the big one. Now it has been for a long time a fact in the Corn Belt that the farmer who doesn't need a loan of at least four or five thousand dollars isn't of much consequence to the loan companies; though for the big loans we certainly have already had good credit at rather low rates. Personally I never felt that it was good business to encumber my farm for two or three thousand dollars, and I never needed all my farm would stand in the way of a loan; but lots of men who could borrow ten thousand if they had to could use a quarter of that as working capital at a profit.

I began figuring on the thing; and Freeman and I worked the problem out in this way: I might take, say, twenty-five hundred dollars in a Federal farm loan and use it in developing my feeding operations.

I could, for instance, get the money cheaper in that way for buying lambs to put in my cornfields after harvest to clean up the pigeon grass that naturally comes in, and to eat the lower foliage of the corn and the rape I might sow between the rows, and make fifty cents or a dollar a head by the operation. It's good farming to do it too. Or I might take advantage of the market to buy any other stock—when it is cheap—as steers or heifers or sheep, as my feed made it possible. That much money ought to pay for itself, and a little besides, as I'm fixed.

"But," said I, "as I turned these deals the money would come in and would be idle at times, and all the while I'd be paying interest on it. That's an objection."

"You ought to figure to keep it busy," said he; "that's a part of the business of a business farmer. There ought to be a textbook published on the use of money under the Federal Farm-Loan Act. It's going to be the most important part of the farmer's business from now on. As for your periods of idle money, why not invest it when it must be idle in Federal Farm-Loan bonds, and cut down your loss of interest to one per cent or half of one per cent? You ought to be able to stand that for the sake of having a supply of working capital."

A Plea for the Small Farm

I am so much impressed with the idea that I believe I'll join the Beaver Creek National Farm-Loan Association, and indulge in the luxury of keeping two or three thousand extra dollars working for me all the time. That's how the new law will help the farmers with big investments in their farms. If I don't like the scheme I'll pay off after five years. I feel perfectly sure I can make money by the transaction; and I surely can't lose much.

This sort of business farming is coming to be a great part of the county agent's work in the Corn Belt. To be sure, he still looks after the A B C of farming—in cow-testing associations, boys' and girls' clubs, canning clubs, pig clubs, acre-yield contests, seed-corn campaigns, calf fairs, colt fairs, egg circles, beef rings, and county short courses for the young people; but in a community like Fairview, already well socialized by such people as our school force and the Wigginses, he has to rise to a higher plane. He reached this, too, in another movement he inaugurated. That was the contest of Extensive versus Intensive Farming.

Frank Wiggins is an enthusiastic exponent of the small farm.

"I tell you," said he to Freeman Clay and some more of us one day, "Doctor Spillman's investigators in the Department of Agriculture may show that, as farming is now done—here, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and elsewhere—the big farm pays the better labor income; but what they say isn't the last word. My little fifteen-acre patch of glebeland is nearer the last word."

"You don't make the labor income off it," said Freeman Clay, "that Mr. Dunham and Mr. Bohn or any of the other big farmers make on their operations."

"True," said Frank; "but see who does their work and see who does mine. My work is done by a self-respecting citizen of the community, who has a happy wife doing good things in the community, and a couple of healthy babies. Who does Mr. Bohn's work or Mr. Sharpe's?"

"Hobos," said Jeff.

Abel Bohn nodded. So did I.

"You big farmers," said Frank, "make your labor incomes out of men who drift out in the farming season, and in the winter spend their time in lodging houses for down-and-outers in St. Louis and Chicago; and eke out the time before the spring elections by selling their votes in

(Continued on Page 65)

Should You Be Permitted To Know The Size Of Your Shoes

WE were just saying in this page recently that your average shoe-store doesn't permit you to know the *origin* of your shoes.

It likes private labels — its own name stamped in the shoes.

Further than that, it doesn't think you are to be trusted with the correct *size* of your shoe.

You may think you know the size you have on. Look in the lining where the size-stamp is supposed to be, and unless you wear Regal Shoes, you will probably find something like this: 2X4V7Y2.

Why all these secret signs and symbols? They belong to the Dark Ages of merchandising—before the days of fixed prices, uniform profits, and standard merchandise of known value.

One great source of dissatisfaction and foot trouble is that shoes are *not properly fitted.*

The shoe-dealer objects to plain size-marks that anybody can read. If he is out of your exact size he wants to substitute another size from his stock.

We plainly mark the size in Regal Shoes to prevent this very thing. We want every man or woman to find comfort in Regal Shoes. We particularly do not want a wrong size to go on anyone's foot.

Daylight methods—all the cards on the table, frankness, publicity—are here to stay.

People prefer to buy goods they *know all about.* The movement toward *standard merchandise* in all lines was never so pronounced as it is today. Poor merchandise doesn't seek publicity—it evades it.

To the man who has found a shoe he likes, in a last that fits him—if it is an honest shoe by a reputable maker: if he can always go back and get that shoe, find the style right, the quality uniform, the price fair—we say to that man, stick to what you have! We do not ask you to change!

Much as we would appreciate your trade and well as we might serve you, we do not grudge any good maker the custom he has won.

What we *do* say is that the number of such shoe-wearers is smaller than it has any business to be.

Shoe-quality—shoe-service in general is a variable quantity.

Beginning away back with the "take off" of the hide, there are things you can't *see* that affect the quality of your shoes.

There is too much tendency to keep you in the dark.

In nearly every community there is at least one alert shoe-dealer who is not in sympathy with this backward policy. He follows it because it is the practice in the trade.

There may be at this moment in your town a wide-awake shoe-man who could build up a great business on shoes of *known merit*—authentic styles, plainly-marked sizes, and *values* he does not have to excuse or explain.

Is there any reason why he could not make as great a success of Regal Shoes as is being made elsewhere?

Regal Shoes are a known factor. They are *proving themselves* every day with men and women in the great Metropolitan Fashion Centers, and in the hands of special Regal representatives in a thousand towns and cities throughout the country.

Cities and folks do not differ greatly as to what they like best in a shoe-store.

For one thing, they like to know that there is an *institution* back of their shoes.

With us it is just a question of finding, in each community, the right kind of shoe-man.

Perhaps you know who he is, in your town, right now!

REGAL SHOES

268 SUMMER STREET BOSTON, MASS.

Rugged Honesty

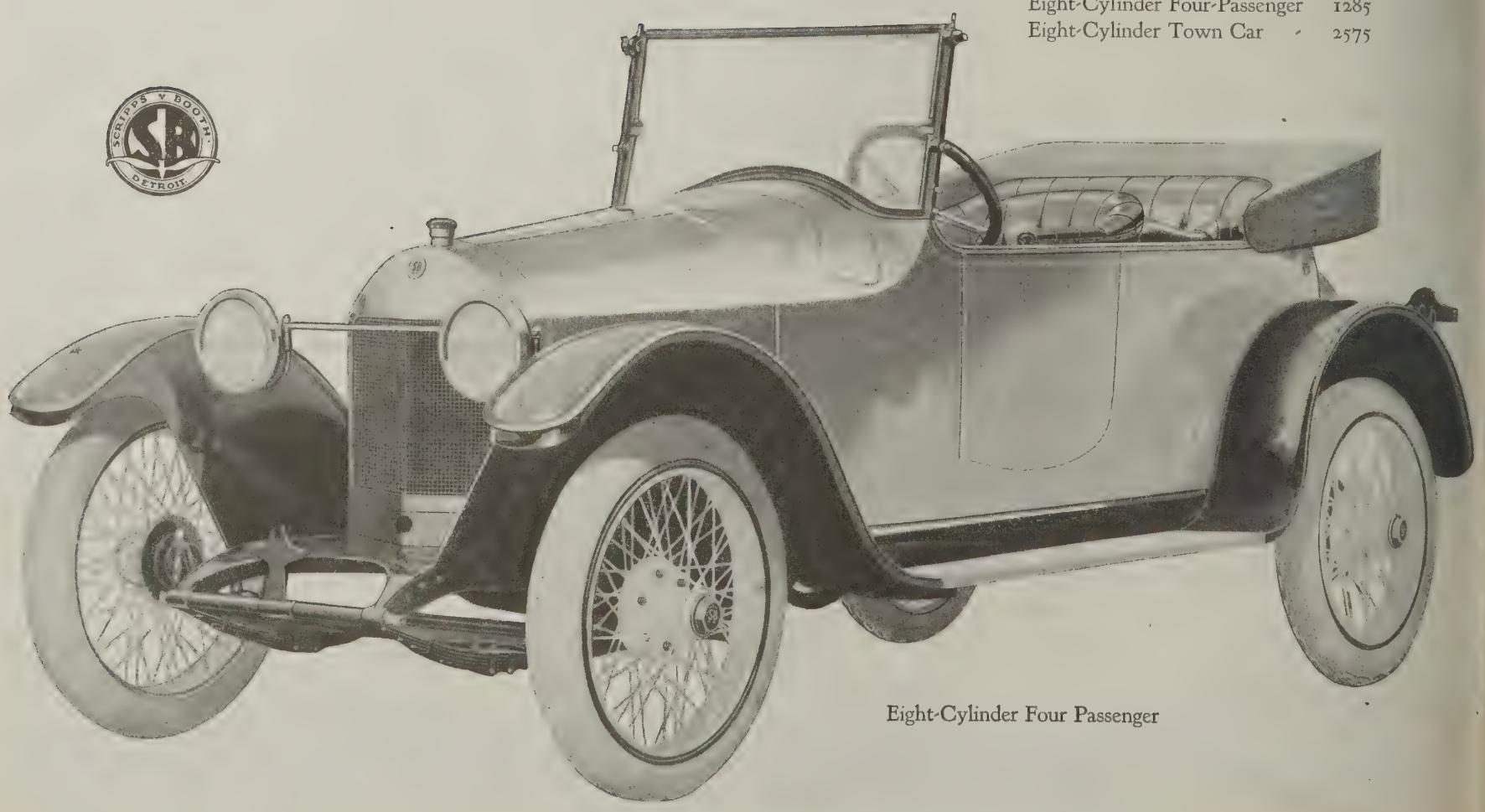
of construction is the real source of Scripps-Booth popularity. It is like a lean, light-footed thoroughbred, with sinews of steel and muscles of whip cord. It is built to do heroic things and does them. Beneath the surface-beauty of

Scripps-Booth

are hidden homely qualities which spring from an honest purpose. It has road-steadiness without weight, strength without bulk. Its mechanism is in perfect balance. Its performance is consistent, responsive and enduring even under abuse. Add to the economy of the cheap light car, extraordinary riding ease. Subtract from the costly heavy car its clumsiness and expense. The net result is Scripps-Booth luxury.

Scripps-Booth Corporation
Detroit, Mich.

Four-Cylinder Roadster	$935
Four-Cylinder Coupé	1450
Eight-Cylinder Four-Passenger	1285
Eight-Cylinder Town Car	2575



Eight-Cylinder Four Passenger

WORKS of ART
The Valkyr's Ride and
Chocolate Nut Clusters

Poverty to $10,000.00 A Year

Miner $1.00 Day

Adv. Mgr. $10,000 Yr.

(A True Story)

Ten years ago a young man with little education was working in a coal mine at a dollar a day. Now he is an advertising manager at $10,000 a year. What did it? The same thorough, practical training that we offer in our new Home-Study course of

Advertising & Salesmanship

This course was organized by ten leading advertising and sales managers in conjunction with Bryant & Stratton College. Each of these ten instructors is a well-known advertising or sales manager with years of experience. Not one is a "professional" teacher. The atmosphere of these men's daily work is in all their lessons.

New Method of Instruction This course is nine-tenths practice and one-tenth theory. You will be trained to write copy for advertisements, booklets, mailing cards and folders; analyze markets; plan advertising and sales campaigns; edit house organs; conduct a mail order business; and to write convincing "human-interest" sales letters. Every lesson carries the "human-touch" that makes you anxious for the next.

Are You Prepared to take this Course?

To help you determine whether or not you are qualified to succeed in Advertising & Salesmanship a well-known Vocational Director will personally analyze you free of charge before enrollment.

Write for complete Personal Analysis chart and Free Book "From Poverty to $10,000 a Year."

BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE
1621 Bryant & Stratton Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

HIGH-VALUE PATENTS
—the ONLY kind Wanted and BOUGHT by Manufacturers. Send 6c. postage for new book of Extraordinary Interest to Inventors
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, 59 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 62)

Chi for beer and a warm place by the radiator. They are the Huns and Vandals who will tear down our Greater Rome. With my little labor income I live like a king; and I'm a good citizen. Yours is not clean money, my friends—mine is!"

There was a long pause, during which I waited for some one readier-witted than I am to show Frank the foolishness of this visionary stuff. Finally Freeman Clay spoke up.

"I have been thinking," said he, "that it might be instructive if we made a comparison of the results, even in labor income, between the small farm, well tilled, and the large farm. What the Department and the state stations have published, you know, shows only average results. Average results in Mexico or Argentina would damn the farm of a thousand acres as against the ranch of from twenty thousand to a million. The question is: What do both show in profits under the best conditions?"

"In profits?" said Frank. "And in men, women and children?"

"Yes," said Freeman Clay; "and in social values. Of course they come in, but not for the economist."

"So much the worse," said Frank, "for the economist. What is Uncle Abner's bank roll worth if it means a man or two every winter rotting in a Chicago saloon?"

"Suppose," said Freeman, "we run a contest, beginning March first, between a dozen small farms and a dozen large ones."

"I'm in!" said the preacher.

"And you'll be in," said I, "with fifteen acres of the richest land out of doors; because you flimflammed me out of a marsh and wheedled Abel, here, into letting you pump the water across the road on him! Do you call that fair?"

"I do!" exclaimed Frank: "I'm making billions of blades grow, Uncle Abner, where you and Brother Bohn, by your mulishness, made cat-tails and wild parsnips grow, and never would have done any better."

"That," said Abel, "is true, Brother Dunham."

Barto's Labor Income

Well, we had the contest. I went in; and so did Abel and Jeff Sharpe and Wilson Beebe and enough more farmers to make a dozen. Frank's farm was the baby of the small holders, and the others ran from forty acres up to eighty—all small farms for this part of the country. I never took so much pains with my farming since I broke the prairie in the seventies.

Freeman Clay, impartial as a judge, went from farm to farm, big and little alike, and talked things over with us. There was a good deal of excitement at our County Farm Bureau meetings, and a lot of mental money changed heads on the outcome. The state experts got interested. The results are embodied in the first bulletin published by our County Farm Bureau, written by Freeman Clay.

Jeff Sharpe's income was, by all odds, the largest; but I was beaten by Peter Barto, with his little dinky forty-eight-acre farm and his ten-cow dairy. We eliminated truck farms and orchards, because we wanted the race to be run by real farmers mounted on real farms, and there is no doubt that Pete's is such a one. Here's his record for the year, giving him more than two hundred dollars more than I made on my operations:

INCOME	
Milk checks	$1500
Hogs	300
Fruit	100
Poultry and poultry products	100
Calves sold for veal	65
Seed grain sold	150
Stock sold	450
Sundries	40
	$2705
EXPENSES	
Feed	$400
Labor	40
Silo filling and threshing	25
Seed purchased	25
Taxes	26
Insurance	6
Sundries	100
	$622
Interest on investment—$8000 at six per cent	480
Depreciation	300
Total expenses	$1402
Income	$2705
Total expenses	1402
Labor income	$1303

CASSCO
ENGINE DRIVEN
TIRE PUMP

This engine-driven tire pump will save your energy and your time and will save you $30 or $40 a year on your tire bill.

It saves time because it inflates your tires faster than any other pump—*in one-tenth the time of hand-pumping.*

It saves energy because you won't have to do back-breaking work with a hand-pump. Pumping by hand is a dirty, disagreeable job that ruins your clothes and your temper.

It saves money on your tires because it keeps them properly inflated all the time. *Under-inflation causes 80% of all tire trouble.* Keep your tires pumped to standard pressure and you will double your tire mileage.

99.2% factory built—not assembled

The Cassco Pump is *not assembled;* it is actually *built.* 99.2% of the pump is manufactured in the West Side Foundry Co. shops at Troy, N. Y. Only hose, gauge and two small stampings are purchased. We save more than 25% because we do not have to pay profits on various parts to several manufacturers. You get the benefit of these savings.

Designed by expert engineers

The Cassco Pump was designed by expert mechanical engineers. It is simple and scientific in design. It takes up little space. It is easy to install. A motorist can attach it himself. Once in place, it is always ready for service. With one easy motion of your hand you can mesh or unmesh the gears. It requires no attention except occasional oiling. Its few, strongly made parts are never out of order.

Dry air—no oil spray

The air from the Cassco Pump is dry and clean. The Cassco design of piston and cylinder prevents oil spray. Oil ruins tires. The Cassco Pump will inflate a 34 x 4 tire to 80 pounds pressure in 1½ minutes. Smaller tires take proportionately less time. The Cassco Pump has given satisfaction to every user.

Save your time, energy and tires—put a Cassco Pump on *your* car today. Your dealer will supply you.

Manufacturers
The West Side Foundry Co.
Troy, New York

Sales Dept.
Edward A. Cassidy Co., Inc.
588 Foster Bldg., Madison Ave. and 40th St., New York

Flour Facts

Every particle of Pillsbury's Best flour is purified by being sifted through beautiful, white, silk bolting-cloth, costing $5 per yard, so fine and closely woven as to make such a process seem almost impossible.

Grinding and sifting; regrinding and sifting again and again through finer and finer, soft, silk cloths insures the purity and uniformity of this purest flour.

Few people know of this wonderfully delicate process employed to avoid impurities in Pillsbury's Best flour.

This is a fact worth remembering—

Because
Pillsbury's Best

Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Now this makes Peter Barto easily the real winner of the contest, though other large farms besides the Sharpe place brought in more labor income than did Pete's. Pete had a good income when it is considered that all the produce the family consumed for their living is left out of the account; and when it is further taken into the reckoning that the average labor income of the American farmer is from two hundred to four hundred dollars after allowing him interest on his investment at five per cent instead of six, as was done in our contest.

You see, Pete's folks had $1783 to spend that year when their interest on investment was added to their labor income—and they had this after they had got a good part of their living off the little farm. Note, too, that Pete's folks did practically all their own work; but don't think that the Bartos lived below American standards. They have running water in the house, a fine bathroom, furnace heating and a gasoline lighting system; and Pete's car cost more than mine. They use it, too, in a sensible way; and as liberally as people can who do their own work.

They have a milking machine for their cows, and every up-to-date thing that ought to distinguish well-to-do American farming. Their farming is not fancy, but staple farming. The basis of it is ten cows; not pure-breds, but grades, that bring in from $102.30 a year—the record that year of the poorest—to $208.23 a year, which was earned by his best, a prize-winning milker.

Barto was not, like Frank Wiggins, blessed with a farm of exceptional richness. It was badly run down when he bought it, fifteen years or so ago. He labored under a mortgage, too, for years, and paid it off from his earnings. He made his original start on a small farm and his whole proposition is a small-farm success. On the farm he keeps the ten cows, a team of horses and some young stock, besides the poultry and the automobile. His success has been made with cows, tile drains, clover and barnyard manure.

This demonstration was made by Freeman Clay, I feel sure, for the purpose of showing the Department of Agriculture that there is something yet to be said as between extensive farming and intensive farming.

Frank Wiggins, whose record was pretty good, was exultant. He preached a sermon the next Sunday on the text "I went by the field of the slothful, and, by the vineyard of the man void of understanding," in which he showed, to his own satisfaction at least, that Freeman Clay is tilling his own particular field—to wit, this county—mighty well; and that the fellows who speak for the big farm, just because the big farm pays best as it is farmed on the average, are the men void of understanding.

Farm Missionaries

Not that I think this is just. I believe that one of these days the Department will come out with a study of the small farm which will tell us something about what they call successful departures from the norm toward more intensive farming; in fact, a few years ago they did this very thing, but have since discredited the Bulletins on Small Farms with matter that seems opposed to their lessons.

Not that I have become a believer in intensive farming of the sort preached by the Little Landers—who, it seems to me, are just plain crazy; but there is a middle ground between the pocket-handkerchief farming of Japan and the all-outdoors kind which the experts now seem to favor. The big farm is morally wrong, so long as there are people who want farms and can't get them.

I think I must have made plain by this time the function of Uncle Sam in Fairview. It is to show us that, no matter how well organized a neighborhood may be, the county agent is needed. Uncle Sam, through the county agent, possesses the power to spread the good things of our Fairviews over whole counties, states, and finally over the whole nation, north, south, east and west; and to build up Fairviews where they are not. To put a missionary of good farming in every county in every region in the United States is an epochal thing.

Unless this is done, however, the Smith-Lever Act will fail to do its duty. It is rather sad to see that the poorest regions in every state are the last to get this help—so that it still fails to reach the people who need it most. It might have been better, for instance, to have set Freeman Clay working in one of the twenty-three counties of Southern Illinois which, because they cannot pay their portions of the agents' salaries, have no county agents than to have had him sent to our county, where we were doing pretty well without him. Any educational law that succeeds where education is general and fails where it is needed is not altogether a perfect law.

So this will be about all from your Uncle Abner Dunham on the Fairview Idea. It is the greatest idea in the world. It relates to the improvement of the biggest business of all Big Business—farming. This is a business that has been all hands and no head. The Fairview Idea will give it head. It shows that the country church may be not only as good a church as that of the city, but a better one, we think, than any city can possibly produce. It shows that the rural school may be and ought to be a better school than any city school can possibly be. It shows that country life—poor and sordid as it usually is—may be richer and fuller than city life at its best.

Reforming Standpat Farmers

The Fairview Idea has the power to transmute a standpat farming reactionary into an agricultural progressive, with something of the apostolic in his heart. And why not? For ages society has taken bread from the farmer's hand and given him back a stone; from him it has received fishes and paid for them in serpents.

For many of us older people not much may be done; but think of the unending generations of little girls and boys coming on and on out of the fruitful womb of time to tread the furrows of America, to the end that a world may be fed and clothed! And to receive for these things—what? The sordid things, the false things and the useless things which have been given to them in the past? Or that vital enlightenment of which my New England ancestors must dimly have dreamed when they set up free institutions and free schools?

For the farm boys and girls of the future there must be justice and opportunity, according to the measure of the ages in which they are to live—opportunity to know, to live, and to seek the truth.

Some disquieting truth we have encountered in Fairview; but all truth is good. Even though we hook the Midgard Snake, still must we go on fishing in the ocean of human knowledge.

Whatever of change is necessary for the working out of justice as between Man and the Land is beyond me to say; but I feel sure that such changes as are essential can be made only by that farming people who really live and think, and by their living and thinking are brought to the envisagement of their own tremendous problems—the basic problems of the world; because they are the questions growing out of the relations of Man to the Planet out of which he comes, on which he lives and into which he dissolves.

The Fairview Idea, carried to its logical development, will give such a life to the farmers of the future. Where Truth leads is none of our business. It is ours to follow her unquestioningly, making sure first of one fact only—Is she really Truth?

The Tire that doesn't need its guarantee

When we conceived the idea of The General Tire, we had one great, big thought before us—

that tire users are no longer to be satisfied with adjustments for *under*-mileage; what they want is a tire that won't keep the manufacturer everlastingly in debt to them for more miles than the tire was ever built to deliver.

So we designed a tire to put tire buying and selling on a *sound* commercial basis. We figured your standpoint and resolved to make you buy the second General Tire because you liked the first one and not in order to make good the mileage the first one failed to deliver.

We figured the distributor's and dealer's standpoint and resolved to save them the constant expense, shortened profits and worry that come with adjustments.

We figured from our own standpoint and proved by calculation that adjustments and replacements cost the manufacturer more money than putting the right stuff into the tire in the first place. Our figures showed us that we could better afford to build a tire for 6,500 miles and guarantee it for 5,000 miles than to build, guarantee and sell a tire on a 3,500-mile basis.

That former is just exactly what we've done in The General Tire. Design, fabric, rubber, tread, construction, treatment, cure—every one and all of these things selected and done to make a strong, lively and long-lived tire.

Double Protection by Guarantee and Quality

The service must be 5,000 miles or more—never less. The actual mileage is greater than the guarantee. The General distributors and dealers are anxious to protect your interests, because our liberal guarantee and unstinted quality protect theirs.

Guaranteed for 5,000 miles so you will have the knowledge that you are protected—but a guarantee you'll not be called upon to use. Owners everywhere are piling up 8,000, 10,000 and more miles.

Sold at a moderate—a very moderate price.

We've proved our whole theory by building a sound and solid national success in a year's time. We've proved it by the fact that the new General Tire dealers and distributors who have taken hold of the tire have done it not through wonderful salesmanship on our part, but because of the enthusiastic recommendation of other distributors to whom we have referred them. They all say "it stands up"—they couldn't and wouldn't say this if users hadn't found that it does stand up.

This is the kind of tire you want—viewed from every angle of economy of time, money and trouble.

The General costs less per guaranteed mile. Look up the General Dealer in your city—ask him to tell you honestly what he thinks of the tire. Then ask the price and be surprised.

THE GENERAL TIRE

Built in Akron

The General Tire and Rubber Co.

A Power Miracle

The Counterbalanced Crankshaft Motor Car

It effects a complete transformation in automobile performance. Among other things, it adds 35% extra power. No such result has been accomplished by a car selling for anywhere near our price. Get our treatise for your own instruction. Motoring now is a different kind of traveling.

A new silky kind of continuous power thrills you in the Counterbalanced Crankshaft Motor Car. In this $795 automobile you now get silent performance without vibration that is scarcely believable in a car at this price; it gives constant-torque smoothness—the ideal of power engineers.

A Silken-Powered Car

You travel 60 miles an hour with no more sensation of speed than at 15 miles an hour. From a standing start you pick up to 40 miles an hour in 20 SECONDS. You lull down to a creeping pace—AT 3 MILES AN HOUR IN HIGH GEAR.

Drivers who take the wheel of this new Crow-Elkhart find that the power has amazing smoothness. The power-flow seems the same from 15 to 30 miles, from 40 to 50 miles, and from 50 to 60 miles an hour. You can always relax in this car. There is no nerve tension.

That tremendous volume of silky energy carries you with the lazy ease of a giant—everywhere.

Climaxes Success of Famous 9-Year Chassis

This famous chassis is today the basis of the silk-like power created by the counterbalanced crankshaft construction in the motor. It is a scientific combination of advancements developed by Martin E. Crow. Engineer Crow had developed what was probably the first "L" head motor—now the accepted standard. Successively he had introduced large bearings—crankshafts and camshafts—valve cover plates—helical cut gears—large size valves—detachable cylinder head—piston oil ports preventing smoking.

Crow-Elkhart cars today are full of new ideas. Crow-Elkhart features: 114-inch wheelbase; light weight, 2040 pounds (touring); chrome nickel steel gears in rear axle; full floating rear axle; underslung three-quarter elliptic rear springs; heavy steel dome fenders.

In addition we offer you choice of ten colors and three upholstery options. Such Custom Service at $795 is unprecedented.

Write for the Complete Announcement

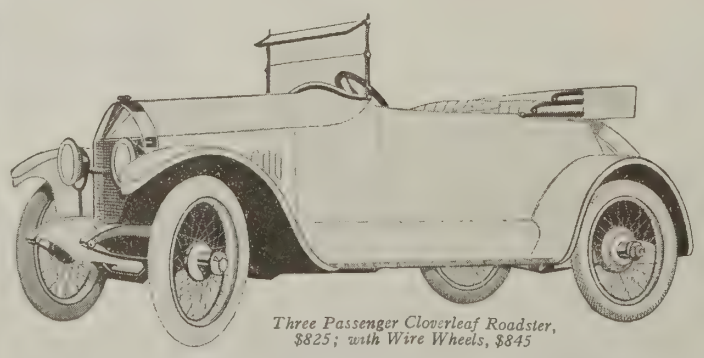
Your judgment of motor cars must now be revised to meet this new standard.

Therefore, write for Treatise on the New Counterbalanced Crankshaft Motor Car. Inform yourself as to how motor power has been so completely transformed—why it is so "silky smooth." Know the secret of this motor miracle. For the Treatise, address

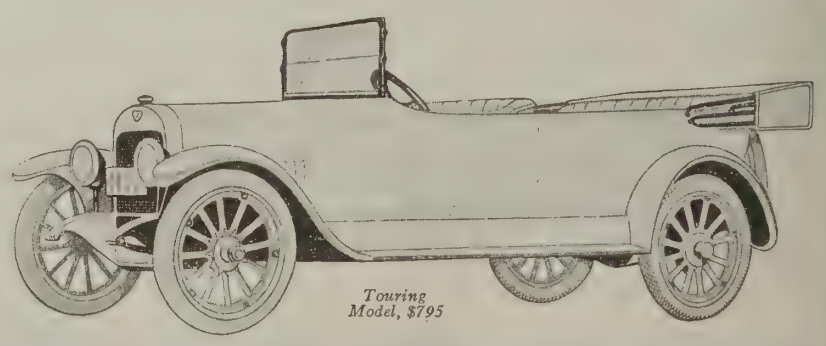
CROW-ELKHART MOTOR COMPANY, Dept. 12, ELKHART, INDIANA

CANADIAN CROW MOTOR COMPANY, LIMITED, Mt. Bridges, Ont.

DEALERS: A special announcement of unusual importance is ready to send you. It describes the biggest territorial opportunity in years!



Three Passenger Cloverleaf Roadster, $825; with Wire Wheels, $845



Touring Model, $795

Crow-Elkhart $795 TOURING CAR

What Do We Mean By "Safety-Sealed"?

No holes in the wall of a Parker, preventing any escape of ink to soil hands, spoil clothes or ruin dainty dresses or purses. Can be carried flat, upside down—any position—it cannot leak—it's SAFETY-SEALED.

In case of accident to self-filling mechanism it automatically changes to a SAFETY-SEALED non-self-filler.

Fills itself in 2 seconds—press the concealed SAFETY-SEALED button.

All sizes at nearest Parker dealer—$2.50, $3, $4 and $5.

PARKER PEN COMPANY
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
N. Y. RETAIL STORE—Woolworth Building

Means—No holes cut in wall of barrel—no openings, levers or rings where ink can get out to ruin clothes or linen.

Cheerful Bran Days

Find out what bran does by its laxative effect.

Learn how it keeps one fit. What it adds to life's enjoyment.

For one week start each day with Pettijohn's. Give the bran flakes a chance.

Then you will know why doctors urge bran food. And why millions of homes have adopted it.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran.

Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent fine patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

Both sold in packages only.

(1494)

STUDENTS ART MAGAZINE Publishes Cash Art Assignments and lessons on Cartooning, Designing, Illustrating, Lettering, and Chalk-talking. Criticises amateurs' work. Interesting, helpful, artistic. Will please you or money back. $1 a year, 10 cents a copy. Send $1 now, stamps or bill, to the editor. **G. H. Lockwood, Dept. 322, Kalamazoo, Mich.**

THE CUSTOMARY TWO WEEKS

(Continued from Page 5)

all is. With Mr. Harry Burnhart taking so little interest in things it makes it hard for any manager."

It cut Extell to the nerves to hear a word in extenuation of the man who had just discharged him. He went into a state of sulkiness, and to dispense gloom he blurted out:

"You seem to be a good deal interested in Vibert, Muriel!"

She reddened, but forgave him the words and the inference.

"I am interested in you—in us," she replied. "You won't stay in Milledgeville, will you, George?"

"Why not?" he snapped suspiciously.

"Why, because—because there's nothing here to keep you. There's only the paper mill. Surely you're going out into the world now, dear, to win! You ——"

"Listen, Muriel!" he broke in angrily. "I'm going to get even with Vibert some day! If it takes me as long as I live I'm going to get that man! I hate him as I never hated anything or anybody!"

"You will do something; you will make yourself big and strong and successful for your own sake—and for mine?" she replied, leaning toward him and putting her hands on his shoulders. "What do we care for him?"

"I'll advertise for a job in the trade journal next week!" he flashed. The girl looked at him in the eyes.

"As an advertising man?" she asked softly.

"Yes. Why not?" Something in her voice gave him a horrible suspicion. "You don't think as Vibert does?" he cried.

She was silent because she didn't dare to speak, but he rattled on:

"You do think as he does! Why didn't you say so? Afraid to hurt my feelings, I suppose! A lot Vibert knows about advertising! That's another proof that you're under his thumb, Muriel. I suppose you sit there, looking up at him ——"

"George!" she cried, springing up. "Don't—don't—please—we must go home! I—I know you are all wrought up. I know you don't mean what you say. But we must go—at once! We mustn't spoil everything. There are some things—some things that leave a scar that never heals, George! Come!"

They paddled back to the canoe house with hardly another word.

Extell inserted a rather colorless advertisement in a trade paper, as he said he would. He got one reply, and that came to nothing. A few weeks later he tried a New York daily newspaper. This elicited one response also; but after a brief correspondence he was told that, though they would keep him in mind, they had chosen a man with longer experience. The young fellow had the notion of packing up and going West, as Mr. Burnhart had hinted. Somehow he couldn't get started. He had been born in Milledgeville, and he had taken root.

For the first few weeks he felt a delicious sense of freedom. He made himself believe that he was overjoyed to see his old companions plodding to work when he could stay at home. Then he began to get restless. He began to hang round the Mansion House, planning, when he wasn't gossiping, how he should some day get even with Vibert.

Worse, Extell began to buttonhole his old associates on their way to and from work, and to talk loudly against Vibert. Some of the other employees, hating the manager just as cordially, baited him, drew him out, encouraged his venom, because they enjoyed hearing the tirades. He began to tell them how they could bother the manager.

Vibert heard all about this. One day he said to Muriel Clemm, just as they started some dictation:

"Your friend Extell is becoming a common nuisance, Miss Clemm."

The girl nearly fainted. The sneer tore into her heart because she knew it was the truth. She rallied and replied pointedly:

"I am ready to take dictation, Mr. Vibert."

On her birthday Muriel Clemm was amazed to find a leather-bound set of Shakspere on her desk when she came in. There was no inscription, but Vibert's engraved card was in the first volume. She did not

Electricity's Latest Gift

A complete Sewing Machine no larger than a Typewriter

The electric iron, washing machine and vacuum cleaner were great improvements on the old ways of doing things. Now comes this wonderfully compact electric sewing machine that you can carry in one hand—a full-size, high-grade machine without the unhandiness and unsightliness of the ordinary foot-power machine. No more need you tire yourself out pedaling. The

Western Electric Portable Sewing Machine

gives you one or a thousand stitches—for all day long, if you wish. The motor does the work. You simply regulate the speed by a light pressure of your foot on the control pedal. The price is less than you would pay for most any of the well-known makes of foot-power machines. Guaranteed 10 years.

Costs Only $35

($37 West of the Rockies)

If your lighting company, electric dealer or department store cannot show you this wonderful machine, send coupon to nearest office.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY, Inc.

New York Chicago
Kansas City San Francisco
Houses in all Principal Cities

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY Inc.

Gentlemen:
Please send me Booklet No. 504-Q, describing your portable electric sewing machine.

Name _____

Address _____

Comptometer Section, Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis.

Centralizing the Figure Work of Accounting

How They Cut the Expense of Cost Finding in the Jeffery Car Plant

By bringing all Cost Calculations, figuring of Payroll, Bills of Material, and the Proving of Incoming Invoices together into a central Comptometer Section, the Nash Motors Co. of Kenosha, Wisconsin, struck a body blow at the High Cost of Accounting.

In these days of shifting values, casual Cost Estimates are dangerous. Safety lies in a Cost Finding System comprehensive and flexible enough to get the facts—and keep them up-to-date. That is what they have in this office.

But as Mr. McCandless, Head of the Statistical Department, observed:

"Valuable as our Cost System is, it would be economically impractical if we had to handle the calculations mentally. It would cost too much—more than double what it does now. There's the Payroll, too—instead of having it worked up in the various Shop Departments by higher priced help, it is all turned in to the Comptometers for extending and footing at a marked reduction in cost—to say nothing of how much more accurate the machine figures are."

This fairly illustrates what centralized Comptometer Service is doing for Accounting in a host of offices representing practically all lines of business.

Its benefits are not confined to the large concern—it is just as practical in the one-machine office as where a whole battery is employed.

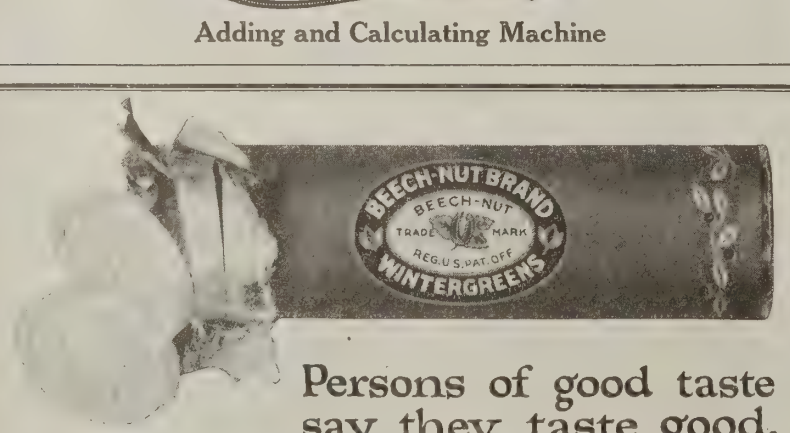
Figure work of any kind—Proving Postings; Adding Trial Balance; Calculating Costs; Figuring Payroll, Bills, Estimates, Inventory—all can be turned over to the Comptometer with a sure saving of labor and expense and a comforting assurance of accuracy.

Invite a Comptometer man to show you what the centering of all figure work on the Controlled-key Comptometer would mean in your case. That service is at your command without obligation.

Copy of "Better Methods of Accounting" sent free on request.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co. Comptometer **1723 N. Paulina St. Chicago**

Adding and Calculating Machine



Persons of good taste say they taste good.

Beech-Nut Wintergreens

5¢

Tasteful confections that melt on your tongue — They add zest to your novel.

Also Beech-Nut Mints, Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

want to accept the gift, yet she didn't know how to refuse. Finally she thanked the manager, and for the first time since she had worked in the office he showed a real human gleam in his eye as he replied:

"Not at all, Miss Clemm. Your work has been splendid this past year. You don't know how much you help me in my work. I hoped you would accept the little gift in the spirit it was given."

That same day she went home feeling sure that there would be some trifle from George Extell, as in five birthdays past, that she could accept in a far different spirit. But this time Extell had forgotten.

Extell called upon Muriel one night, and almost immediately started on the usual string. He began to tell her, with a great deal of relish, how Arthur Goodwin, one of the clerks in the credit department, had clashed with Vibert and threatened to punch him. The girl stopped him short. Her lips came together with a new firmness, and something altogether new spoke to him from her eyes.

"I don't want to hear it, George!" she exclaimed. "I want to hear nothing more about Mr. Vibert."

He glared at the girl, stupefied.

"You don't know what it means to me to say this, George," she went on with a little shudder of her lower lip. "I must say it. I shall not see you any more, George—while you remain here in Milledgeville. It does you harm and it will drive me mad. I have tried and tried—and you won't let me help you. They are laughing at you—everybody; the people in the office talk shamefully about you behind your back. I thought you were going away from here to fight your way to something fine. I know it is in you; I believe in you; I shall—I shall believe in you. But you must go away. I—forgive me, forgive me if I hurt you; I am hurting myself more. Yes, come once more—the day before you go away—once more."

"You don't want to see me?" he gasped pitiably.

"I want to see you succeed. I want to see you do something well. Anything, George—but well. Good night!"

Extell literally staggered as he went down the steps. The air choked him. He began to walk. There was no moon, and when he got beyond the lighted section of the village he stumbled along; but he did ten miles of fast hiking before he got back to his room. The film fell from his eyes as he walked. Some stoppage of his brain gave way, and he began to see things in their true perspective. And for the first time since Vibert had turned him loose he saw Muriel Clemm, not as a woman to approach for petting but as a woman to fight for, to strive for, to be worthy of.

With a frantic and clumsy-handed joy he lighted the lamp in his room and began to pack.

At seven o'clock, feeling fresh in spite of his sleepless night, Extell was ready. He called a truckman for his trunk, locked his suit case, and swinging it in his hand with a buoyant grip and stride, he went over to the Clemm house and got there just as Muriel was rising from the breakfast table.

Like lightning she caught the welcome news. He didn't tell her; he didn't need to. She bounded toward him with a sunrise of joy radiating from her beautiful face.

"Where?" she whispered.

"Chicago."

"This morning?"

"Yes, I'll catch the eight twenty-nine for Springhaven and get the Southwestern Express."

Muriel Clemm seized her hand bag from the mantel of the sitting room and opened it with thumby fingers.

"Here!" she said. "Take this envelope, George. I wrote it—the week you left the office. I knew the time would come to give it to you. See, it is sealed. I want you to put it away where it will be always safe, and I want you to open it the day you know you have made good. Will you promise me—you will, won't you? 'Not to be opened'—see, I have written on the envelope!—'not to be opened till George Extell knows that he has conquered!' Don't think I mean that you must make a lot of money! It isn't that at all! You know what I mean—the day you feel that you have won."

"Good-by, Muriel," he said gently. "I love you!"

II

THE sales manager of the South Trent Tool Company looked up at the young man who had just been admitted to the office. He held a card between a thumb and forefinger, and scanned the new face for surface indications. But in that swift, businesslike assay there was no sign of suspicion or preconceived judgment. Instead, the sales manager looked at George Extell, as he looked at all the candidates for jobs, with the hopefulness and interest of a man who is constantly saying to himself "This may be the man we want!"

Extell felt it. And when the sales manager, instead of uttering a cold "What can I do for you?"—which is the deadliest gas ever emitted upon enthusiasm—said "How d'ye do, Mr. Extell; pull up a chair!" the stranger felt a powerful desire to leap forward and grip the other man's hand.

"You are with the Eclipse people," went on the sales manager, glancing at the card again.

"I was," corrected Extell. "I'm not now. I am here looking for a job."

"I haven't anything to do with the advertising department——" the sales manager was saying, when Extell interrupted.

"I'm not looking for that kind of a job," he explained. "I want to sell." Mr. Wetterson nodded.

"Good!" he said. "That's more in my line. How did you happen to leave the Eclipse people, Mr. Extell?"

The visitor's face almost matched the dark red varnish on the walls; but he replied with the promptness of a man who wants an ugly task over and done with:

"I was fired."

Extell half expected to hear the words, "Sorry; good day!" as a result of his painful veracity. Indeed, Mr. Wetterson's eyebrows elevated somewhat, but he added simply:

"Do you mind telling me just how it happened, Mr. Extell? I assure you of absolute confidence. It might not be important anyway. Very good men have been fired. Er—I was fired myself once. Good thing too!"

"I was fired for incompetence," replied Extell gravely.

Mr. Wetterson's eyebrows reacted unconsciously. He smiled slightly and suggested:

"That is, Mr. Extell, the man who fired you told you that?"

"No, sir; I was incompetent. I didn't realize it at the time. I see it now. I couldn't have been anything else."

It wasn't the unusual method of approach that held Wetterson's attention. He was justly suspicious of unusual methods of approach. He knew perfectly well that the unusual had become the usual, that too many men were now aware of the effectiveness of surprise, in getting their wares before him. Only a week before an insurance solicitor put his elbow through the frosted glass of his door—and sold him a five thousand dollar policy on the strength of the introduction that his apologies secured. He had had prospective salesmen deliver orations on selling efficiency that held him spellbound—until they got on the pay roll; and he had had them speak of themselves with the humility of Trappists and prove just as productive. But there was something else about Extell—something even besides his clean, healthy exterior and priceless youth—something of just plain, old-fashioned, trite honesty unadorned. Wetterson said:

"Have you ever sold tools?"

"No, sir."

"What makes you think you can?"

It was a challenge, and a fair challenge. Extell hesitated just a moment. Then he replied:

"Mr. Wetterson, I've got to sell goods. I know I can. I'm on my toes. I don't think about anything else. There are some things I can't explain, but those things will make me sell."

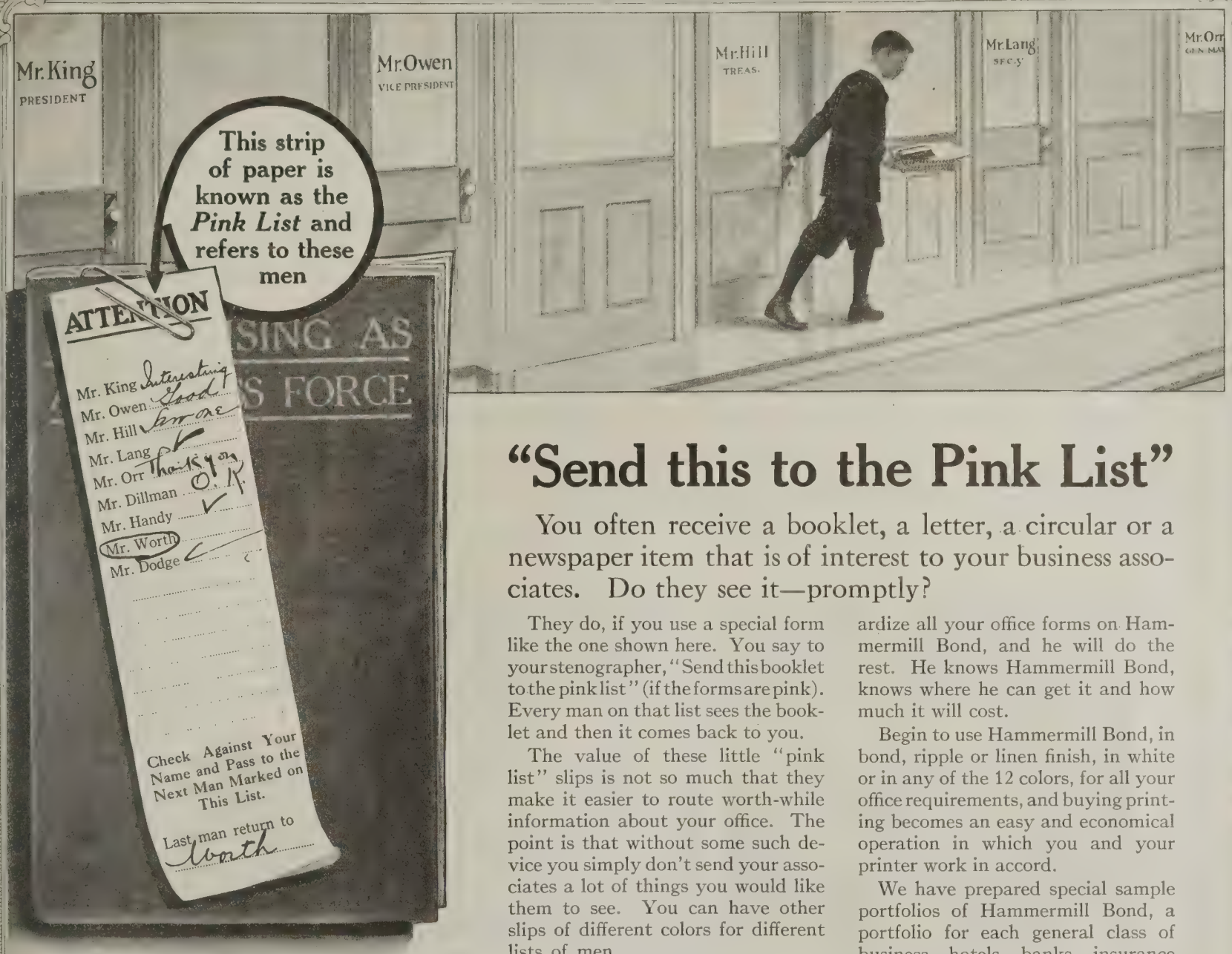
Wetterson smiled, but not deprecatingly. He wasn't impressed by Extell's words; he was impressed by his manner. Such words he had heard before a hundred times. The manner was somehow refreshingly new.

"Naturally you want to stick to tools," he said. "That's right too. You know something about them. By the way, Mr. Extell, tell me something very frankly, will you? What is your opinion of the Eclipse mechanical tools?"

The truth fairly spurted from Extell's lips. With the fervor of a devotee he replied:

"Mr. Wetterson, the Eclipse tools are as fine as anything produced in the world. They are made absolutely on honor. I was with them five years nearly, and I never

(Continued on Page 73)



"Send this to the Pink List"

You often receive a booklet, a letter, a circular or a newspaper item that is of interest to your business associates. Do they see it—promptly?

They do, if you use a special form like the one shown here. You say to your stenographer, "Send this booklet to the pink list" (if the forms are pink). Every man on that list sees the booklet and then it comes back to you.

The value of these little "pink list" slips is not so much that they make it easier to route worth-while information about your office. The point is that without some such device you simply don't send your associates a lot of things you would like them to see. You can have other slips of different colors for different lists of men.

Perhaps you will have to try out this little convenience to find out what a genuine help it is.

That is not difficult. Any printer can supply these slips at a small cost.

Too many firms make a job of buying printing, when it is really an easy matter.

Tell your printer you want to standardize all your office forms on Hammermill Bond, and he will do the rest. He knows Hammermill Bond, knows where he can get it and how much it will cost.

Begin to use Hammermill Bond, in bond, ripple or linen finish, in white or in any of the 12 colors, for all your office requirements, and buying printing becomes an easy and economical operation in which you and your printer work in accord.

We have prepared special sample portfolios of Hammermill Bond, a portfolio for each general class of business—hotels, banks, insurance companies, retail stores, professional men and so on. Let us send you, free, the portfolio that applies to your particular business.

Printers have found complete sets of these portfolios very useful in soliciting business, because they offer suggestions to the customer. Any printer may have the complete set.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

KISSELKAR
EVERY INCH A CAR

Adding Six Months To the Motorist's Calendar

WITH the coming of Spring you will, of course, want a wide-open, ROOFLESS car—just as in winter you want it quickly changed into an EXCLUSIVE closed coach—***adding six months to your motoring calendar.***

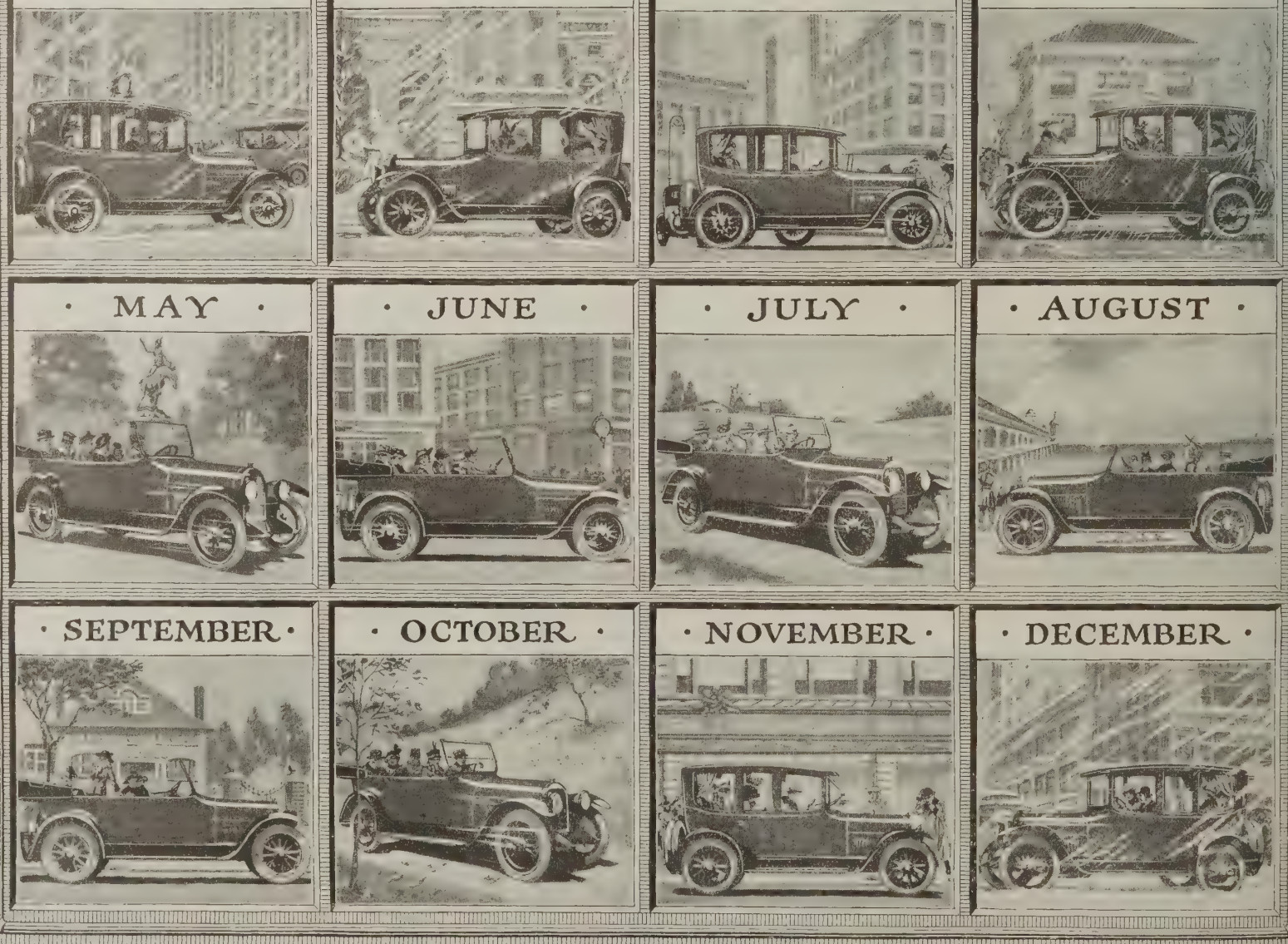
You possess ***both*** in the ALL-YEAR Car—the ***highest developed convertible car—practical*** for ***every*** day in ***every*** month—***complete*** for ***all*** purposes—***distinctive*** for ***any*** occasion. The ALL-YEAR Top is ***built in***—not on. It is ***entirely removable.***

See your KisselKar Dealer. Send for ALL-YEAR Car Booklet.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Hartford, Wisconsin

Kissel's Original Idea that Changed the Motoring Habits of a Nation.

The ALL-YEAR Car



(Continued from Page 70)

knew of an inferior article going out of the factory intentionally, and not often by accident. If you could see the rigid inspection and the loving care and the expert work done by a lot of men that have been there for years ——"

Extell stopped, confused. The belief in the Eclipse line, which he had been unwittingly imbibing for several years, had come naturally to the surface. Then he had a sinking sensation. It suddenly dawned on him that he was a candidate for the job of selling a rival line. He started to hedge weakly, by beginning: "Of course, though, I know that South Trent tools ——"

"Wait a minute, Extell! Don't spoil it! Don't spoil it, man! You've come through with straight stuff. Good! A man who can talk like that for the Eclipse line can talk just as well for South Trent. And I'll tell you right now, Extell, I subscribe to every word you've just said. There isn't a man in this office that would deny it, and the fact that the Eclipse people are our biggest rivals makes no difference. Extell, I'm going to take a chance on you. If you make good, I'll be tickled to death. When do you want to start?"

"Right now, Mr. Wetterson."

"You'll go into the factory for three months," said the sales manager with a grin. "You'll get eight dollars a week for those three months. Can you live on that?"

Extell couldn't repress the chagrin that showed on his face. His vision had been that of having mileage issued to him forthwith. But he replied:

"I've got enough money to see me through that time. You needn't pay me anything for those three months ——"

"Sh-h-h!" laughed Wetterson. "Don't talk like that, Extell. The whole office will be borrowing money of you if they hear about it! Come in to-morrow morning and report to me. Miss Willis, take this note to the factory superintendent, please. . . . Good-by, Extell!"

George Extell went back to his room, which he had thriftily taken at a rope-fire-escape hotel, and nervously penned a brief note to Muriel Clemm:

"*Dear little Girl:* This is just to let you know that I am going into the South Trent plant to-morrow morning, for three months' factory experience before they put me on the road. The sales manager is a fine chap named Wetterson. He treated me like a white man. Some difference between him and that reptile in the dark room. Muriel, as sure as I live I am going to get even with V. I am going to win, I can feel it in every nerve. I am going to make them all sit up." . . .

The young fellow folded up the paper, put it in the envelope, sealed it, and then sat over it a long time with his eyes fixed on the corner room in the Eclipse office, a thousand miles away. He could re-create in his mind's eye every detail of the dark room, from the tilted line of old-fashioned box letter files, to the stack of trade journals on the top of the one-section bookcase. He could see those beloved fingers, supple and strong, dancing over the typewriter keys, unpursued by the eyes; the marvelously clean and correct letters issuing from the top of the typewriter; the clear contralto answering questions with scarcely a pause in the writing. He felt homesick.

She was there with him, with Vibert. He was giving her orders; his unworthy eyes were gazing at her; his mind thinking about her. Extell suddenly pounded his fist on the table with such vehemence that he barely saved the ink bottle from going to the carpet. The words, "You can have the customary two weeks," rattled in his ears; he felt the blood rush into his head. "I won't keep an incompetent and I won't keep a drone! You can have the customary two weeks! That's all!"

"Incompetent or not, I'll make him eat those words some day!" cried Extell. "I'll show him!"

Three days after he entered the factory Extell got a reply from Muriel Clemm. Part of it ran:

. . . "Your letter, George, made me so glad, so glad to hear that you had actually made a start on the road to something big. Of course the eight dollars a week is merely a nominal figure; you mustn't feel a bit hurt about that, will you? I have heard several of our travelers say that the office force of the South Trent are very nice, and that they are fine people to work for. . . .

Yes, George, your letter made me so glad—and yet it hurt me a little too. Do you know how? Oh, my dear boy, won't you please, *please* put Mr. Vibert out of your head forever? Can't you consider it as something that never happened? It is only that I am so afraid that this feeling of revenge will hurt you in your work. And that somehow it may grow and grow and finally eat into your very being. What do you care for him?" . . .

"She may be right," said Extell after reading Muriel's letter, "but she doesn't understand how deep that feeling goes. However, I won't mention him to her again. But, by heavens, I'll get him some day sure!"

Extell was one of those men who seem born never to entertain a grudge against anyone alive; and who, having once decidedly found a hatred, follow it with blind, amateur fury. He went into the South Trent factory with his teeth clenched. He clenched them so hard that the keen-eyed Wetterson, meeting him one day, slapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Extell, don't plug too hard. Don't wear yourself out. You'll need energy later. Smile a little, old man, once in a while."

Another time: "Extell, you're a kind of mystery. What's behind that grim deathness of yours anyway? Well, never mind; whatever it is, it looks as if it might put you over. But try to smile, Extell!"

Extell shouldn't have found it hard to smile in those surroundings. The Eclipse environment had—excepting Vibert—been polite, virtuous, but cold. Here there was warmth, a radiation of good fellowship that seemed to come down from the top of the organization, to accumulate hearty interest as it was fanned through all the departments. The newcomer felt it from the first day, when the big Swedish-American factory superintendent, Dahl, took him into his enormous paws. He got a breath of it from Erb, the advertising man, who came to him in the factory one day with a proof in his hand, and said:

"I say, Extell, you were advertising man over there. Look at this, will you, and tell me what you think of it?"

The request brought color to Extell's cheeks. He wondered, with a sort of shame, whether he would have been similarly capable of asking advice when he was in Milledgeville.

So in the latter part of 1912 George Extell was, for the first time in his life, honestly striving, keeping everlastingly at it, spending three evenings out of seven in reading, studying, planning. He had a tremendous driving force behind him. He did not inquire of himself exactly how this driving force was made up. He thought it was due to his solemn oath to get even with Vibert in some way as yet obscure. Whenever he thought of his old manager his muscles tightened and his nerves strained.

In October Wetterson stopped Extell in the hall one morning just as he was punching in. He took the young fellow into his room and sat him down.

"Extell," he said, "you go on the road Monday. The rest of the week you can spend with our Mr. Preston, who is correspondent for your territory, and with our topnotch man in the Southern New England district, who is in the office just now. I'll introduce you to him this morning.

"I want to say just a few words, Extell. I'm giving you a hard territory with a lot of hurdles in it. The man who has had it is getting through. He has done little with it, and I don't hold him altogether responsible. Really I'd like to start you off on something more promising; but there isn't another vacancy. You're going to find the going hard, and at times you're going to get as blue as this typewriter ribbon. I know how it is, and you may as well know. I think you've got sense enough so you won't be hurt by hearing this in advance.

"Extell, you've seen our line. I tell you, South Trent tools can't be beaten in this world for mechanical perfection. You've caught our atmosphere, here in the office, and you can see that we deal square—absolutely on the level. I want every one of my men to go out and talk our tools from an honest belief in them. I want them to feel that, all things considered, they are the best in the wide world. But if I should ever hear that you walked into a place and knocked our rivals, Extell—even by innuendo—well, son, I'd take the first train and wring your neck! Good luck to you!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

They Wouldn't Even Buy Shoes for Her!

Marguerite Clark
in "Snow White"

There was an envious stepmother, and a beautiful princess, and seven dwarfs, and the most gallant knight that ever was. And they make a beautiful story—a story with the very spirit of fairyland. Of course, it is a Paramount picture. Marguerite Clark appears exclusively in Paramount Pictures. She is the spirit of everlasting youth, so eagerly welcomed by so many thousands of men and women and children when her lovely face and tiny figure flash out on the screen!

LOOK FOR MARGUERITE CLARK in these Paramount Pictures—"The Fortunes of Fifi," by Mollie Elliot Seawell; and in "Cinders," "Miss George Washington," "Little Lady Eileen," "Mice and Men," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Molly Make-Believe"—and many others. And see these other Paramount Pictures—"Oliver Twist," "Great Expectations," "The Slave Market." These and "Snow White" are some of the

Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures are produced by four companies—Famous Players—Lasky—Morosco—Pallas. If you see one of these names you know it is a Paramount Picture.

You know now, that when the bill board in front of the motion picture house shows a *Paramount Picture*, you are going to see a good play and a great star. You know that the Paramount theatre in your neighborhood is the best theatre.

This is no accident. It is the result of many long years of careful effort and much struggle. For the *Paramount Producers* were the first who made motion pictures of quality and always of a clean, wholesome character. They were the first to put Sarah Bernhardt and other great stage stars in the films. They were the first to feature five reel photoplays. They knew from the first that nothing was too good for the motion picture.

Here are some of the many Paramount Stars:

Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, Marie Doro, Fannie Ward, Mme. Petrova, Margaret Illington, Lenore Ulrich, Mae Murray, Louise Huff, Kathlyn Williams, Ann Pennington, Vivian Martin, Myrtle Stedman, Cleo Ridgely, Theodore Roberts, George Beban, Lou-Tellegen, Jack Pickford, Sessue Hayakawa.

SEP 2-24-'17

Paramount Pictures Corporation
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Please send me free a sample copy of your magazine "Picture Progress."

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Remember that the man who runs the theatre wants to please you. Tell him what you want to see. He will be only too glad to get it.

Ask your Motion Picture Exhibitor for our magazine "Picture Progress," free. If he hasn't it, send the coupon for a copy free.

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Uni-Lectric Light and Power for Every Rural Home

The Uni-Lectric brings to the farm home electric current for both light and power. At a very nominal cost you can have ***all the lights you need***—you can operate the various electrical conveniences and you can have 24 hours continuous service ***every day in the year*** if you wish. The Uni-Lectric operates on exactly the same principle as city lighting plants, delivering its current ***direct*** from the generator. Extremely simple in construction and takes up very little space, being only 24 inches wide, 25 inches long, and 42 inches high.

No Belts—No Batteries

Our patented, high speed, rotary sleeve valve engine drives the generator with such smoothness that there is no flicker of the lights or unsteadiness of the current. Thus all necessity for storage batteries is done away with and the renewal of batteries and battery up-keep cost is permanently eliminated. The engine and generator being direct connected, no belts, gears, chains or sprockets are needed.

Big Capacity The capacity of the Uni-Lectric is sufficient for 50 lights at one time. You can operate electric irons, electric heaters, vacuum sweepers, electric fans, churns, separators, washing machines and electric motors up to 1 H. P. for power purposes about the farm.

110 Volt The Uni-Lectric generates standard 110-volt current the same as city lighting plants. Uses standard lamp fixtures and electrical devices obtainable in *any* electrical supply store. The Uni-Lectric can be placed three or four hundred yards from the house or barn as it will deliver current double the distance possible with low voltage.

Easily Installed—Easy to Operate

Being built in one unit the Uni-Lectric can be placed in any convenient location and after the wiring is completed you simply attach the wires to those leading from the generator. The Uni-Lectric requires only the care and attention that you would give any machine from which you expect *many years* of service. The accurate and carefully adjusted governor gives positive and automatic regulation. Wiring may be so arranged that engine can be stopped by switch located in bed-room or other convenient location.

Because storage batteries are unnecessary with the Uni-Lectric, we guarantee the *entire outfit* for five years. It has proven its efficiency and economy by over two years of actual service in the hands of users.

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FAST as a grey hound! Comfortable, easy-running, dependable! Good to look at — but *better* to ride — that's a DAYTON Bicycle! You can be sure of long, faithful and satisfactory service when you invest in a DAYTON. The *name* is a *guarantee*.

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Boys, this booklet tells 50 different ways to make money with a bicycle. You want good, money-making suggestions. Here they are — and the booklet is free. Write today, asking for Booklet 21.

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More time to make money—or even better, to tinker around home—or "loaf." A Dayton *gives* you *more* time. This booklet tells how. Sent free with attractive new catalog. Write today; ask for Booklet 22.

Dayton bicycles have been made by this company for 22 years and are backed by a straightforward five-year guarantee. A Gold Medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition is just one evidence of the Dayton's unusual merit. Made in 7 models. Ride a Dayton *this* year—and you'll ride one *every* year. And remember! One of the two booklets above is yours for the asking. Write for it today.

Cycle Department
THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

(Continued from Page 23)

"I feel all gone," she whispered. "Something has taken the starch out of me."

She drank, then motioned the girl to take away from the bed the copper warming pan, in which a handful of coals still glowed red.

"Shift the rolls," she said then, shrill as a parrot.

These rolls were rolls of sand bound in red cloth, like huge window bags, one on each side of her. They seemed to be all that kept her tortured body together in the bed. The girl shifted them.

"Hear the wind," said the old lady between her teeth. "It comes against this old rattletrap like a judgment—like a judgment, young man."

The girl left the room with the empty glass, and Mercy turned on me a glittering eye.

"Come straight from the shoulder and no shillyshallying," she said to me. "Prevarication kills me quicker than anything in the world. I won't hear to it. A track was seen in the sand, you said?"

"I saw it with my own eyes this afternoon."

Fear stood in her black eye.

"With your own eye. And no foot that could have made it, I suppose? You saw nothing that you could have put your hand on?"

"There is no reason to start," I said soothingly. "I have good reason to believe that no ghost made it."

"No ghost, I'll be bound," said the old lady faintly. "Better a thousand times if it was a ghost. No, it was no ghost of Amos."

I leaned forward eagerly:

"Then you yourself know who it was?"

"And suppose I do?" shrilled old Mercy. "What does all my knowledge avail me, now that I come to the judgment seat? What was all my nursing him and waiting on him by inches, the great spleeny man? I worked my fingers to the bone, I slaved like a dog, and what was my reward? To embalm him, if you please! That was his will and pleasure—that was what he could find it in his heart to leave me as a legacy. I've heard him say, young man, that women like to be martyred. That was the theory he went on; and so he went and consorted as he chose, and left me to pickle him and bring him home here away from the clutch of foreign hells."

She muttered unintelligible words, then said clearly: "He's well preserved—I had the embalming of him myself. It's a trade like any other, and I learnt it young. 'Bring your tools, Mercy,' he said to me. 'If you must come, bring your devil's chemicals. I shan't be easy unless I'm under those sand dunes. Some day they'll pile over the tomb and hold the secrets of the Craigensides safe.'"

She paused for breath; then went on:

"He was afraid of his little idol, though he wouldn't admit it. Oh, don't tell me they're only wood and stone, these foreign gods! They are wicked contraptions, I don't care if they are carved by hand of man."

Her blue fist was knotted in the sheet.

"I've never known one peaceful hour since the day he brought the thing aboard."

"Where was that then?" I inquired.

"That was in the China seas, young man."

Then she lost the thread of things again. When next she spoke intelligibly, she said:

"Hark! Do you hear the wind over the dunes? So I heard it when I was a child, but it changes its tune. Ah, the air is sweet. Raise the window higher. Let the wind come in on my face. I'm burning up! No, shut it again. Shut it down. Hogs hate wind; but no more than humans, when the soul is blown along too. I felt it snatch at me. Ah, well, I'm going with the ebb . . . with the ebb . . . with the ebb . . ."

Her words became an unmeaning drabble of sound. They ceased. I leaned closer, thinking she had gone already. She still breathed. Through the closed window I glimpsed the ceaseless glitter of the outrushing tide, on which the moon had cast sharp silver spurs. With the ebb?

But the ebb was not yet consummated. The old lady gave vent to that shuddering sigh which, as she said herself, was of such a character that with each repetition it withdrew a drop of blood from the heart.

"Works, that's what it is, plain works," she mumbled. . . . . "For shame! Oh, if there's one thing more than another that just about kills me, it's ingratitude. I can do and do for you and bear and bear with you and slave and work like a dog and wear my fingers to the bone, and not one single, solitary thing will you do for me in return."

She grew wrathful, rose up between her sand rolls and beat the quilt feebly.

"I will not bear with that demon lurking there. . . . Hear the man. . . . Unreasonable. . . . To save myself . . . from the clutches. . . . All my life, fair weather and foul . . . without a murmur of complaint . . . and now . . . unreasonable. . . . Look there at the thing he has set to watch over me in my misery; its eyes follow me in my turnings and tossings. Oh dear, it's awful to face, cast up red hot out of hell. . . . There, there . . . the ship shudders. . . . What's that sharp noise forward? . . . Take the deck, man . . . we shall go down with all our sins if we are not precious careful."

All at once this fit was over; the old lady looked at me with sane eyes, and murmured:

"'Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?'"

Immediately she relapsed into her harangue:

"I counsel you to drop it where the ocean's deepest. Why should you fear cold stone? Ha, why indeed? You are too bold by half. Bend it toward you, as he says. . . . No, no."

These words came as a wild screech.

An extraordinary light had come into the old lady's black eyes. She rose half up in bed, beating the quilt feebly; and then the most terrible delusion of those who die was all about her.

"My feet take hold on hell!" she shrieked.

I affirm to you that it was possible to see the flames consuming her; she shriveled before my eyes like an ant laid on the coals, and with a shiver I reflected that indeed her feet were gone already. She writhed between the two great sand rolls, and the agony of all historic fiends was comprehensible to me thenceforward. Her cane with the albatross beak appeared from under the quilt, its jaws gaping side by side with hers, as if in a queer, headless sympathy.

I was conscious of the sane appointments of that little chamber—the great four-poster bed, the chintz-covered wood box, the frayed samplers on the walls, the leaky bellows by the chimney place, the low-seated horsehair chair. These things gave the place a look worn and habitual. Yet under my eyes lay a soul suffering the torments of the damned, to whom all this had become remote and chimerical, whose ear had no receptivity unless for the dreaming voice of the tide, which ebbed, ebbed, soliciting her spirit into that dark ocean with its immeasurable voice, that mystery beyond solution.

Mercy Cobb fell back, and the light of reason stood in her eye again. I looked furtively at the lump of clay at the foot of the bed. Could she see it also? Alas, poor lady, thus flies are smeared! Death knows nothing of fastidiousness.

"There you are again," she whispered.

I stooped and adjusted the rolls. The sand itself had absorbed the burning heat of her shriveled body.

"Hark! Is that the gulls beating about the house?"

It was only the tide with its many urgent voices.

"But still they'll wheel and wheel—they're never satisfied. . . . Lost souls. . . . There's the wind again, trampling on the roof. . . . Many the time I've thought it would shoulder this house into the sea. But no, it is founded on a rock. . . . Listen again! Isn't that they, coming against the wind?"

Her eyes blazed; a sort of madness seized her.

"Yes, yes! Here's the one that was hanged. Just God, the hangman's noose is at my neck! Ah, I have done no wrong, but there it is, seven fat turns of the rope round a standing part. It comes nearer. Drive off the bird. . . . Now, hold off. . . . God's mercy, I confess . . . give me time."

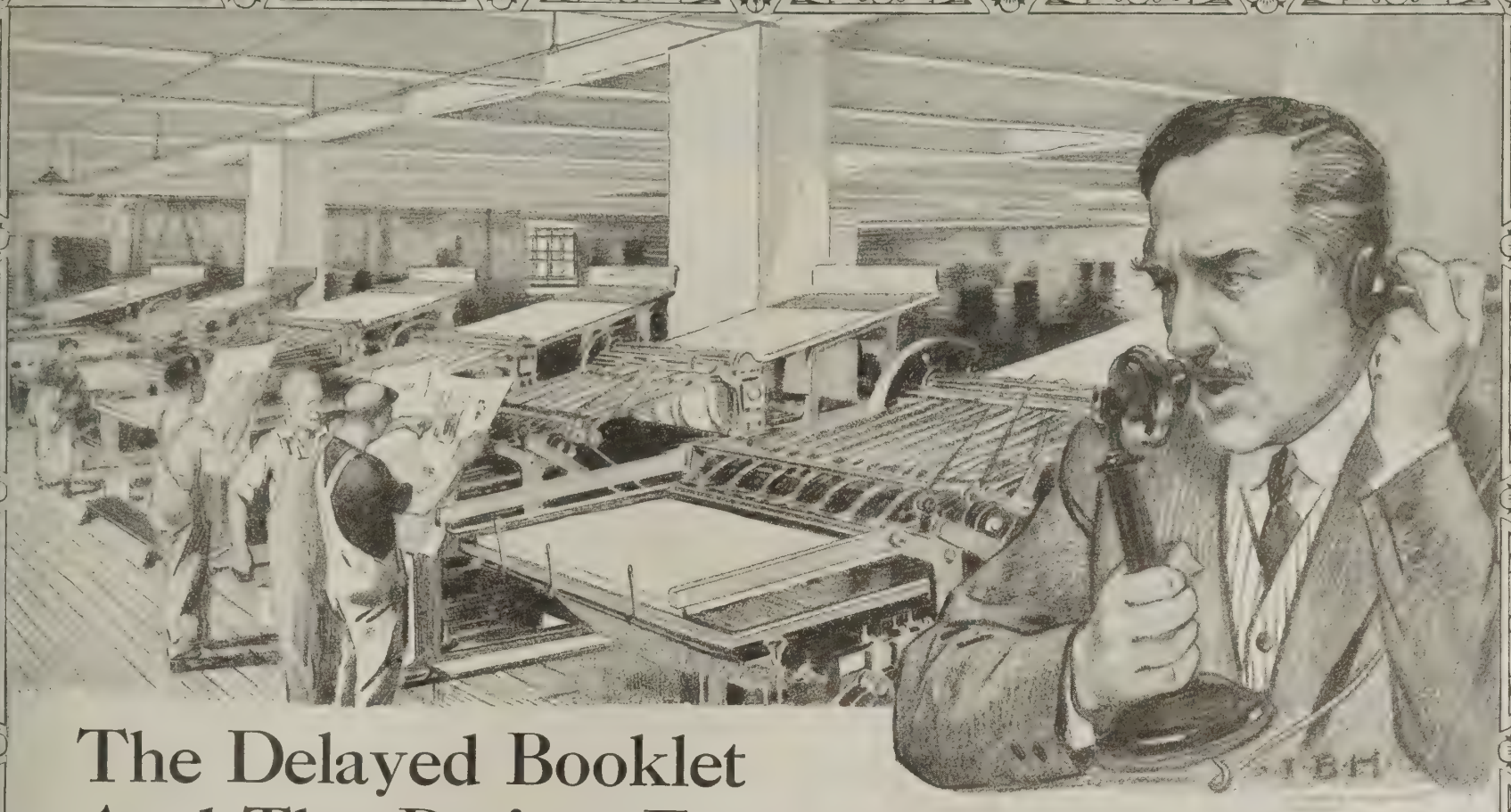
"Confess," I whispered. "And to what?"

But a saner light had come into her eye.

"Young man, I charge you, upon your conscience, bring me the god . . . the little jade . . . here to my bedside. In half an hour it may be too late. Oh, to be plunged at my latest hour into the furnace of adversity, as I am! It is more than I should bear!"

Her fingers were actually at my wrist. Wild terror gave that skeleton hand invincible strength.

(Continued on Page 77)



The Delayed Booklet And The Perfect Excuse

When the telephone rang that morning I was apprehensive of trouble. There was something ominous in the tone of the bell.

It was my printer on the wire.

He had finished his make-ready and started his presses on my new booklet—and the coating of the paper had "picked."

Inquiry (I am afraid I said, "What do you mean 'picked'?") developed that the coating of the paper stuck to the halftone cuts and pulled off.

"Can't you fix it?"—the old, familiar wail went over the wire, unnecessarily loud, for I was in a hurry for that booklet.

No, the paper was not up to standard. The entire order would have to be thrown out and a new run of paper secured.

Next day the printer told me something about printing papers.

It seems that not only the "picking" of cuts, but binding troubles, blotched engravings, some booklets actually weighing more than others, with consequent variations in the way individual pages are printed, folders and circulars that break in the mail, blistered pages, shrunken wrinkled sheets—all these deviltries are due to lack of standardization in the making of paper.

A standardized paper is one that invariably gives uniform results under the same press-room conditions.

Good printing depends upon a perfect co-ordination of three factors: the press, the paper and the cuts.

Just as the speed of a press is standard; just as the number of separations to an inch in a halftone cut is standardized—so must there be a definite weight, thickness, color, surface and body to the paper that is to run on those presses and which is to record impressions from those cuts.

Variations in paper mean variations in printing. Definite standards in paper mean definite standards in printing.

If you want fine printing, you must work with standard papers.

S. D. Warren & Company were the first to realize the importance of standardized printing papers and the first to set about producing them. Their announcement of Warren's Standard Printing Papers gave better printing to America by establishing a basic standard for the kind of paper to be used in the printing you contemplate.

The 1917 Warren Suggestion Book shows you all of Warren's Standard Papers, and suggests when to use them.

It shows you when to use the lustreless, ivory-like CAMEO that gives to halftones the depth and softness of platinum photographs, and the glowing WARREN'S LUSTRO, the highest refinement of surface in glossy, coated papers.

It shows you how WARREN'S SILKOTE brings out the fine detail of illustrations of either commercial or artistic subjects. You see the remarkable effects obtainable on the dignified, clear-printing CUMBERLAND COATED. WARREN'S PRINTONE for large editions, a good-looking, perfect-folding paper, "better than super, cheaper than coated," is also shown and the best uses described.

Write on your business letterhead for the 1917 Warren Suggestion Book, seventy-two pages that are a real, constructive help to any buyer of printing. It and supplementary booklets are free. If you buy printing they will be useful (we almost say indispensable) to you. They are text-books on paper for those who use it.

Warren's STANDARD

PRINTING PAPERS

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY, 162 Devonshire Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Manufacturers of Warren's Standard Printing Papers

THE FRANKLIN CAR

WHAT IS SCIENTIFIC LIGHT WEIGHT

PROGRESS is a fight, not so much against ignorance and stupidity, as against the tendency of the *human mind* to run in *grooves.*

The great mass of motorists has never been able to look ahead in automobile construction. It reasons *backward* from what it sees close at hand.

It takes as long to get a wrong idea out of its head as to get a right one into it.

* * *

At first, all fine automobiles were ponderous, heavy cars, complicated and expensive. It took the weight to justify the price.

Besides, that was the way men mostly thought about the automobile—a sort of Pullman-car feeling.

So the heavy car was what the average motorist saw close at hand. And reasoning backward, he built up a fine assortment of *fallacies:* such as, the heavy car was easier to ride in, that it kept the road better, that it made the owner more impressive, that there was virtue in the big wheel base.

Actual motor car *experience* shows up and *disproves* these *fallacies.*

Now the heavy car is going out of fashion.

If you doubt this you can prove it for yourself by going into any fine car salesroom. The automobile salesmen are very eager to tell you that their new models are considerably lighter than last year, if that happens to be the case. But they say nothing about weight if their new car is heavier or the same weight as their former model.

But the average motorist cannot entirely free his mind from the old grooves.

He still looks for an eyeful of cumbersome car and mechanism. He still lingers over the big wheel base.

* * *

For fifteen long years the motor world has fought each advanced principle in Franklin Car construction—and then finally come around to it!

Among fine automobiles the Franklin was the *first scientific* light car, and for fifteen years it has been the consistent exponent of *Scientific Light Weight.*

You may have noticed lately how many cars are making their appeal to the public on light weight.

Now, as an *enlightened motorist*—not one of the unthinking mass—you want to *discriminate* between a car that has had some of its weight chopped off to meet public demand and the one motor car in America that is today as it always has been—a *consistently* Scientific-Light-Weight car.

The Franklin construction calls for the finest materials that can be put into a car. The choice of material is a special Department of Science in itself. The use of these materials is another—saving weight ounce by ounce all over the car.

* * *

The car that has *Scientific Light Weight* to offer you (not merely lightness) can show actual *results* in *facts* and *figures*—in gasoline mileage—in tire mileage.

It can demonstrate to you a new *comfort* and *reliability,* smooth-rolling quality, flexibility, easy control, a resiliency, that saves not alone the expense but the *annoyance* of tire trouble.

In our next announcement we shall take up some actual results of Scientific Light Weight as proven by the Franklin Car.

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$1950.00	*Cabriolet*	2485 lbs.	$2750.00	*Town Car*	2610 lbs.	$3100.00
Runabout	2160 lbs.	1900.00	*Sedan*	2610 lbs.	2850.00	*Limousine*	2620 lbs.	3100.00
Four-passenger Roadster	2280 lbs.	1950.00	*Brougham*	2575 lbs.	2800.00	*All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse*		

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 74)

"I mistrust it will drag me with it into hell," she cried aloud. "The wrong hell. Yes, yes, 'There's hells and hells,' so Amos said. . . . 'I don't mind roasting in a good Christian hell, as a Christian should. . . . No, that's very good . . . that's like a sailor' . . . so he said. 'But now . . . I tell you, Mercy . . . it'll be rogue's business falling into a hell for strangers. I'm bad; I've been from rum and molasses to champagne and back again in my time . . . but I don't like this Asiatic hell. . . . Put me under the dunes, woman . . . the dunes.'"

Her voice had become hoarse and domineering. It was as if the voice of Amos Craigenside himself issued from those withered lips, and in that moment I could no longer mistake the noise outside. It was a sound of gulls wrangling over the roof of the house. The coincidence was chilling, I confess it.

"Bring the god," breathed Mercy, "holding it very carefully . . . so . . . in both hands."

"Where shall I find it?"

"There . . . there . . . behind you. . . . Do you not see its fearful eye staring at me through the wall? Oh, God forgive me for my many sins! Day and night it stares upon me in my agony. . . . Ah . . . there it turns . . . the eye turns in the head. Save me from it!"

We were suddenly interrupted by a single stealthy sound, which, in fact, seemed to proceed from the wall behind me. I could not then have said in what this sound consisted, and I cannot now begin to describe to you the overwhelming sentiment of horror and white terror which ran all through me in that instant.

I stood frozen in my tracks, and suddenly old Mercy Cobb sat up in bed to stare past me with such a light in her eye as I hope never to see again in this life.

"They come already," she said in a fearful whisper, and fell back, and in that very moment was stone dead.

She had gone with the ebb!

I trust I may never be called upon to turn round again in quite those circumstances. My body seemed to move as if foreign to my will. But turn I did, and immediately the strange noise was explained. One of the framed samplers had been deposited on the floor; a square opening had appeared in the wall, and a human face hung in this opening.

Conceive my amazement when I found myself looking into the eyes of the undoubted living counterpart, eye for eye, feature for feature, down to the last detail of dress, of the scarlet puppet which Mr. James Smith had plunged into the river through the floor of his dressing room.

"Stand where you are!" I called. "You are not dead, it seems. You were not thrown into the river after all."

"Not thrown—no—I jumped," said the fellow grimly. "I threw myself in."

"Aha," said a voice over my shoulder. "In which case there is neither crime nor criminal, and we have wasted our time with you."

Hawley was standing behind me.

"There is the greatest criminal in the world," said the man slowly. "Let me out of this. There may be no time to lose."

He put his hand into the blouse of his uniform and drew forth with cautious fingers the missing jade.

"Be calm, my beauty!" he said in a resonant voice. "You are at last in the hands of the police."

x

WE HAD first to get our man out of his hiding place. But that hole in the wall was not a thing of such monstrous omen as it had seemed to my terror-stricken eye.

"There is a door at my back," he said, withdrawing his head into the recesses of that mystifying aperture. "Under the attic stairs."

We found a low door, concealed by a tapestry and held fast by a wooden button. Hawley pushed it in. At once our velvet-clad manikin stepped out into the yellow light, blinking and holding the god gingerly in both hands.

Hawley thrust past him into his musty prison and lit a match. The place was buttressed with beams big enough for the massive knees of a ship. Rising from the middle of the floor we saw a heavy squared timber, equipped with clustered chains, which terminated in iron wristlets.

"A slave room!" cried Hawley, taking up in his fist a mass of these iron parts.

"She had many," murmured our quarry.

"A slave room—in this Northern state?" I protested.

"My dear sir, this is a Queen Anne house, and its Queen Anne owner would certainly have held slaves, even in this Northern state."

"Wait, did you hear a step outside?" said the man—or mechanism—recoiling with a ghastly face, but still holding the god rigidly erect.

We stood listening with all our ears; but there was no sound. The girl below, we later learned, frightened by the sound of strange voices, had fled the house.

"I hear nothing," said Hawley. "And now, sir, will you be good enough to explain to us how it comes that you haunt an old lady's last hours in this disgraceful fashion? Upon my word, by the look of things it is fair to presume that you have been the death of her."

"Turn and turn about," said the man in scarlet. "She has taken ten years off my life in times past. But it was her own conscience that killed her, and the memory of—this."

He tapped the pug-nosed god affectionately on the end of its most characteristic feature.

"I may say," he continued, "that she had in a measure got into the habit of bowing down to sticks and stones. She is now dead. God rest her! I say it from my heart, though I have reason and to spare to be bitter against her. She had a hard row to hoe at the last. This thing had had its unholy eye on her all along, for all she was a Methodist. The truth is, she is responsible for its having been—transplanted. The East and the West are here weirdly mixed up. No, if you value your life, sir, do not touch this thing until I have verified once and for all the suspicion I have of it."

Again his jaw hung slack, and again he listened, as if to the low breathing of some far-off menace.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe there is no time to lose."

He seized my arm, urging me toward the door.

"As I live, there's deviltry in the air, and of a kind I am familiar enough with by now, in all conscience," he said. "Come with me, if you please, to the other house."

"We expect an explanation in due time," said Hawley.

"In due time you shall have it. I suppose we may leave her alone upstairs. She no longer needs an attendant."

But at the very door we met Doctor Starr, dangling in his fist a small pine box in which he had intended to pack that lump of clay.

"You will have to bring a larger box than that," said Hawley gently in passing out. "Your patient is dead."

"It is the best that God could do for her," said the doctor quietly.

"That is mortal truth, I can swear to it," said our man, "after the time I have put in in that closet of hers."

As we leaped the wall which bounded the Craigenside terraces he told us that he was a sailor, by name Jim Garnett.

"You will not have heard of me," he added. "I went away when a boy, and I've never been back; but I was born on this sand spit for all that, and my feet can still feel it out for me."

He put back a restraining hand as we crept into the shadow of the house.

All was dark and still. In another moment we were between the central pillars of that wide-flagged porch. A cool stir of air came from the river; and then we received into our nostrils that strange suggestion of spice from the huge musty hall which had first drawn my attention to its Oriental flavor. Starshine struck a sparkle from that robust mermaid of brass affixed as a knocker to the center of the panel; and immediately I saw that the door itself stood ajar.

The scarlet figure at my side reached out a hand and brought down the knocker three times. The portentous dwelling of the Craigensides gave out no answer and no stir of life. It seemed absolutely empty, and there was not a sound except a slow dropping of water in some hollow place which gave out a minute echo. From where we stood we could see through darkness a faint spur of light on the silvered knob of the door which opened into the front parlor; but beyond this, nothing.

My friend therefore opened the door wider, and said in a distressed way:

"I believe they have gone already. Is it possible ——"

He twisted his head sharply and made sure that the ship was still lying at her anchorage. The moon had gone behind a cloud,

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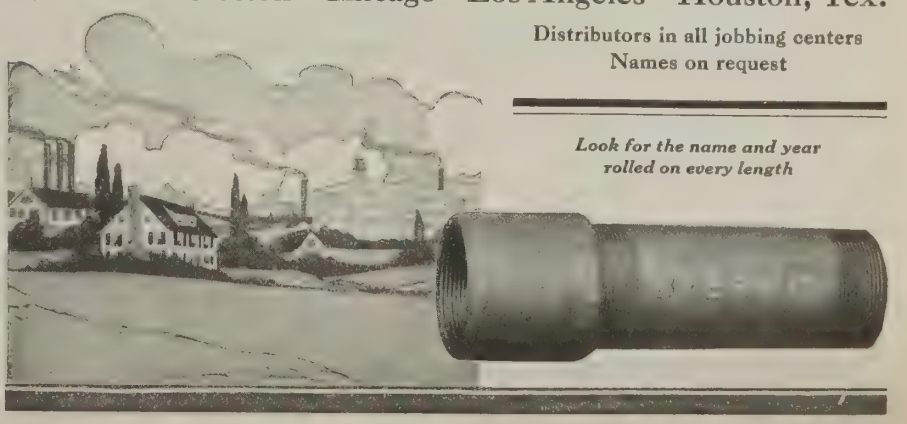

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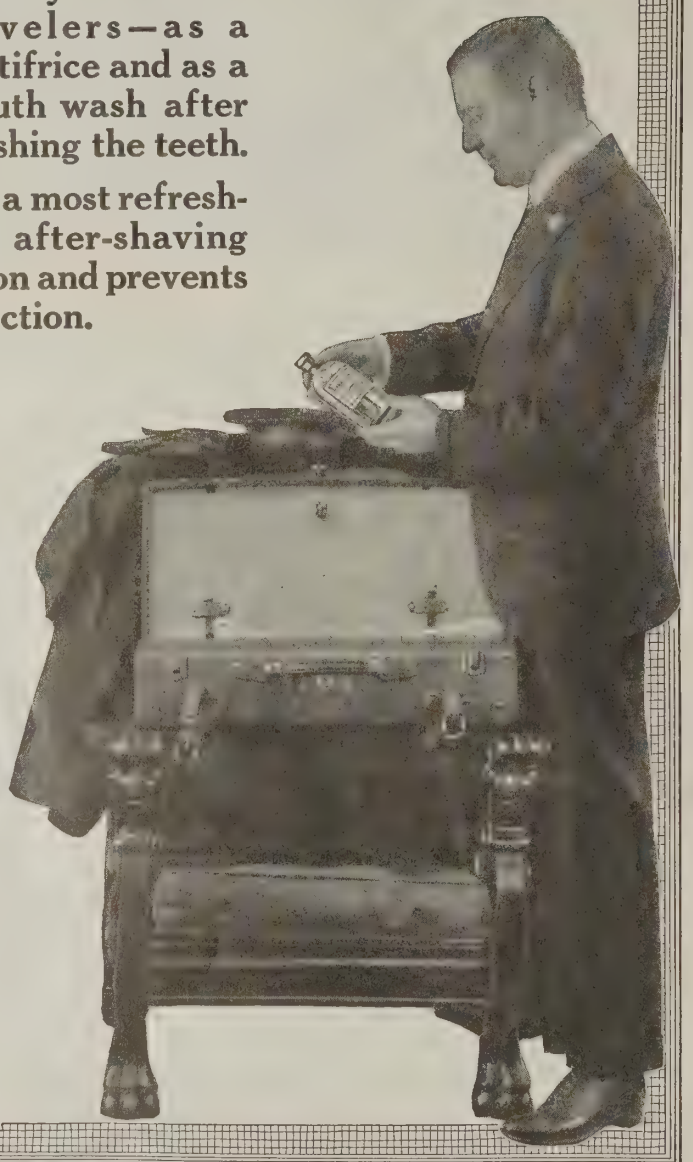

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but the Asphodel's riding light was plainly visible, and something like the ghostly shadow of the ship itself extended on the dark surface of the water.

"The Asphodel," he murmured; "pale flower of Hades and the dead. Well named, choice flower of hell! Do you know it is true that a ship takes the complexion of her company? The very shrouds and shadows may take on that tinge of the murderous and treasonable. I tell you, when I look at that ship, lying there—the very ship that I saw lost in the fires of sunset—gone like morning mist or like a chip on the tide, I feel as if a cold wind had passed through my heart."

"The ship then enters in?"

"You may say that. I suppose as a ship is hung up, rib by rib, bolt by bolt, yard by yard, so she goes. The song of the mallets that drove the oakum into the seams of the Asphodel was a dirge, however. Have you a match? No matter; there comes the moon again."

He opened the lid of the tall clock and replaced the god on its shelf. The eyes, appearing as two venomous sparks of green fire, favored us with a horrid scrutiny.

Jim Garnett loomed close in his bizarre costume. Suddenly his fingers banded themselves like steel about my upper arm, and he hissed:

"Did you hear that noise? Something between a wail and a whistle?"

I had heard it certainly, and for a second had indulged a spasm of fright. But the cause of it had instantly occurred to me.

"They are setting off the fireworks," I said. "That was the stick of a stray rocket falling hereabouts."

I stepped to the door, and in that moment the sky was rent by the splay colors of a triple bomb. Great golden fingers hung for an instant high over that dark house, reaching down as if to whirl it away in the clutch of that mad phantasmagoria which linked it with the vengeance of unknown gods.

Jim Garnett sank his fingers in my shoulder.

"They are coming—from the waterside," he whispered. "Now you shall see a curious thing. Look! I leave the lid of the clock open. The moon will shine into the face of the thing in another second. Come this way, into the double parlors."

We fell back into the musty darkness of those huge rooms; and in another moment Craigenside appeared on the porch, and the girl behind him. "You see, there is nothing," she was saying softly.

"I felt the tug of the thing, I tell you," he insisted in a weary voice, "as much as if some cursed anaconda had got me round the middle. It caught me here. I was as numb as an oyster for a second, then I felt something like a warm wave dart up from my heels, do you understand, and then—— Merciful God, the thing is back!"

We saw him, with his arms hanging limp, stop and stare. He crept toward the coffin, whispering "There is something devilish in this reappearance."

The tall clock was now plainly discernible in its corner, and Craigenside fixed a terror-stricken eye on its infernal occupant.

"Fancy or no fancy, I am a doomed man," he said thickly.

"No, no," said the girl. "If we keep a strict watch, what harm can come to us?"

"Watch?" cried the captain fiercely. "What is there to watch? You know this religion as well as I do. Every act of a man's life follows him, and climbs his back like his shadow—his shadow—his shadow ——"

He went on with his mad muttering. He stole toward the masked horror in the corner, reached out an arm, drew it back.

"The sins of the fathers," he whispered. "Was it my fault? I felt in my bones that no good would come of that hell's opening. But he would have it, and so all of us must pay the shot."

The girl tried to pluck him back, making at the same time a movement to shut the door of the clock.

"Let be," said Ruel. "Time and Eternity! Time and Eternity! So it goes with the house of Craigenside—divided against itself. Hah! Tick, tick, tick, so you go—the sand running in the glass."

Then, in a flash, followed a dreadful series of events. Craigenside, swaying in his tracks, drew one hand across his brow.

"He is coming," he muttered. "He is here already. The summons ——"

He fell to his knees, and his hands clawed at the rug. The ropy shadows of the invisible retribution seemed to be knotted at his throat already.

It was precisely then that we heard a roaring on the roof of the house, and saw the night sky taking a red tinge. That rocket whose whistling we had heard had fallen through the skylight into the attic and set fire to the heap of dusty rubbish there. The house was open from top to bottom, and with the draft thus afforded the flames had a fatal hold in a twinkling.

It may have been this threat of ruin that drew Mr. James Smith out of his hiding place. At all events, he came. We saw his black figure pause on the threshold, that terrible pale eye of his fastened on the god. He had come far and schemed a great deal to possess it; but after all he was doomed to disappointment. He stood with folded arms, the lump on his forehead glowing scarlet. I think we were all affected by glancing rays of his strange mesmeric power. A sleepy veil seemed to hang between our eyes and that impending horror. That extraordinary yellow mortal was terrifying in his economy of movement. It was as if the soul within had stationed itself a thousand miles away. That stillness in the body was like a projection in the flesh of the terrible steadfastness of purpose held within. The man seemed to live by one thought, and to await the revolution of the wheel of things to bring uppermost his opportunity.

Jane Craigenside was first to rouse herself. With a cry between disgust and fear she stepped back, and with a convulsive movement of her arm flung into that ghastly black box a heavy dagger—sheath and all—which she had ripped from the draperies behind her. All her valiant soul went into the throw.

The god fell to the floor. But in that same instant Craigenside thrust his body forward spasmodically in an effort to save the idol from destruction. He overbalanced, and his head brought up with a jarring impact a foot or so below the pendulum. The enormous coffin, which must have been poised very nicely on the warped flooring, suddenly hung out over him, became a descending shadow, then with a horrid crash shut the master of Craigenside from view with his neck broken.

The prophecy of old Jared was so far fulfilled, that the coffin he had built, as if that vindictive spirit had informed it, claimed its own. Jim Garnett stood holding the body of the unconscious girl across his arm; and the head of the little god, snapped off short, spun to the feet of the priest, its eyes still emitting that baleful light with its suggestion of green fire.

Mr. James Smith snatched it up and vanished through the open doorway.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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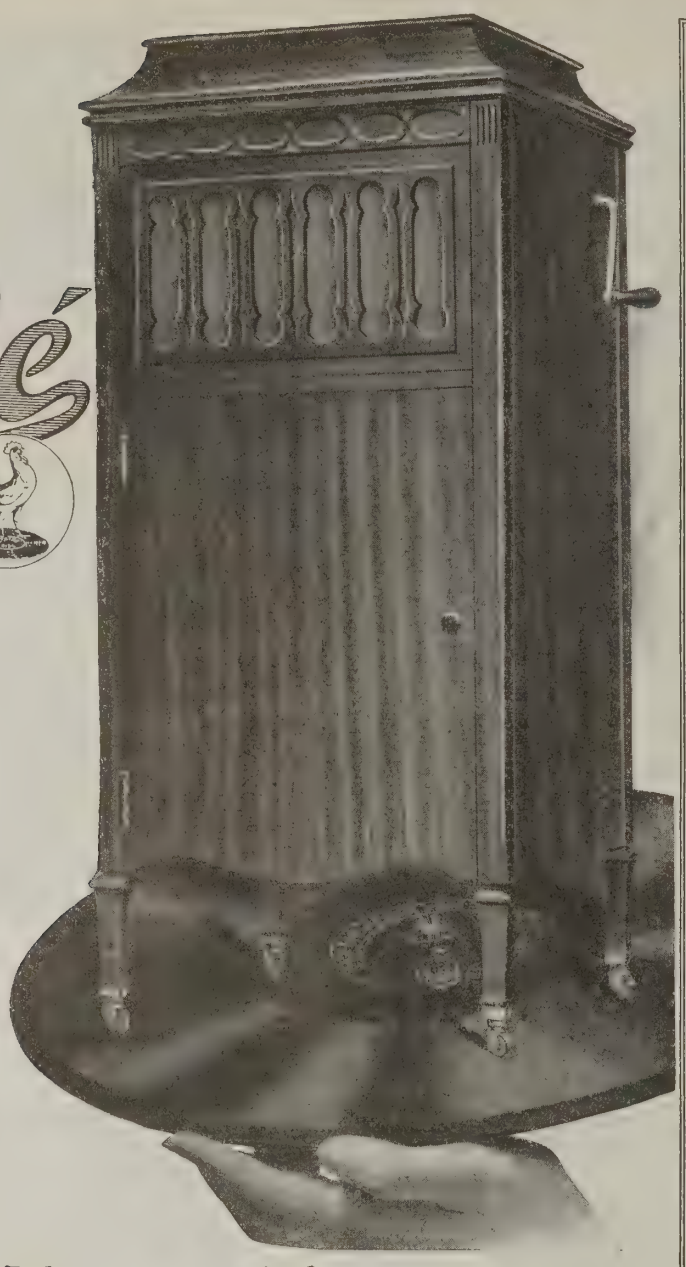

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MURATORE, DIDUR, SLEZAK, three giants in the world of music, make this month's Pathé list one of the most interesting we have ever offered. Added to these are the beautiful voices of Eleonora de Cisneros, and the young American coloratura soprano, Grace Hoffman, and the favorite Irish tenor, Thomas Egan, artists who are making thousands of strong friends among Pathé enthusiasts.

LUCIEN MURATORE, Tenor, Chicago Opera

Comme, O Zuccaro (Ferraro, Carrera, and Fonzo) Neapolitan Song	64008	29 C/M
O Surdato 'Nnamorato (Fourzo) Neapolitan Song Sung in Italian, Orchestra Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$4.00

ADAMO DIDUR, Leading Basso, Metropolitan Opera

The Barber of Seville (Rossini) "La Calumnia" (Slander's Whisper) Sung in Italian, Orchestra Acc.	82004	35 C/M
Chanson de Mephistopheles (Moussorgsky) Sung in Russian, Orchestra Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$3.00

LEO SLEZAK, World-Famous Wagnerian Tenor

Lohengrin (Wagner) "Abschied"	63001	29 C/M
Lohengrin (Wagner) "Graal's Erzählung" Sung in German, Orchestra Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$3.00

ELEONORA DE CISNEROS, Mezzo-Soprano

Kashmiri Song, "Indian Love Lyrics" (Hope and Woodforde-Finden)	52013	29 C/M
Till I Wake, "Indian Love Lyrics" (Hope and Woodforde-Finden) Sung in English, Orchestra Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$1.50

GRACE HOFFMAN, Coloratura Soprano

Mignon (Thomas) "Je Suis Titania" (I am Titania)	76004	35 C/M
Dinorah (Meyerbeer) "Shadow Song" Sung in French, Orchestra Acc.	(about 14 in.)	$2.00

THOMAS EGAN, Popular Irish Tenor

Macushla (Rowe-MacMurrough)	52020	29 C/M
Molly Bawn (Lover) Pathé Salon Orchestra Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$1.50
Roisin Dubh (Dark Rosaleen)	25001	27 C/M
Le Fainne Geal an Lae (Dawning of The Day) Sung in Gaelic. Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	$1.00

JACQUES THIBAUD'S NEW VIOLIN RECORDS

IN addition to the new Thibaud selections recently announced, we take pride in presenting the following beautiful St. Saëns number, played as only this great artist can play.

Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (St. Saëns) Part 1.	60047	29 C/M
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (St. Saëns) Part 2. Violin solo, Orchestra Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$2.00
(As Announced on February List)	60046	29 C/M
Melody in F, Op. 3, No. 1 (Rubinstein), Piano Acc.	(about 12 in.)	$2.00
Piccolino (Guiraud), Orchestra Acc.		

INTERESTING INSTRUMENTAL NOVELTIES

SOLOS on the zither, selections by the foremost group of Hawaiian musicians, and two rousing marches by famous military bands this month admirably maintain the Pathé reputation for musical novelties.

D'Alpenröserl'n (Alpine Roses) Zither Solo, **Otto Slezak**	35015	29 C/M
Am Grundlsee (Anon) Zither Solo, **Otto Slezak**	(about 12 in.)	85c
Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula (Wendling and Young) Fox Trot	20101	27 C/M
Southern Blues (Old Hawaiian Medley) **Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Troupe**	(about 10½ in.)	75c
Till the Boys Come Home (Hume) Band of H. M. Grenadier Guards	35099	29 C/M
Victory March (Avkoff) Pathé Military Band	(about 12 in.)	85c

POPULAR HITS OF THE MONTH

Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose (Egan and Whiting) Duet, **Ruth Roye,** Soprano, **Louis J. Winsch,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	20103	27 C/M
It's Not Your Nationality (Johnson and McCarthy) **Roy Randall,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	75c
Put On Your Slippers and Fill Up Your Pipe (Moran, Wheeler and Von Tilzer) **Ruth Roye,** Soprano, Orchestra Acc.	20135	27 C/M
Pray for the Lights to Go Out (Skidmore and Tunnah) **Arthur Collins,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	75c
My Lonely Lola Lo (Murphy, Lance and Solman) **Sterling Trio,** Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	20130	27 C/M
My Hawaiian Maid (Sonny Cunha) **Henry Burr,** Tenor, Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	75c
Flora Bella, from "Flora Bella" (Carroll and Schwarzwald) **Elida Morris,** Soprano, Orchestra Acc.	20081	27 C/M
You're the Girl, from "Flora Bella" (Schertzinger and Schwarzwald) **Roselle Martin,** Soprano, **Gordon MacHughes,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	75c
Miss Samantha Johnson's Wedding Day (Toney Jackson) **Collins and Harlan,** Orchestra Acc.	20131	27 C/M
I've Got 'Em (Jackson and Frost) **Arthur Collins,** Baritone, Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	75c
Everybody Hula (Sonny Cunha) **Henry Burr,** Tenor, Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	20134	27 C/M
Dear Old Honolulu (Sonny Cunha) **Marie Narelle,** Soprano, Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Orchestra Acc.	(about 10½ in.)	75c

NEW PATHÉ "DE LUXE" DANCE RECORDS

Poor Butterfly (Raymond Hubbell) Fox Trot, Sherbo's "Castles By the Sea" Orchestra	20132	27 C/M.
Topsy (Hugh Frey) One- or Two-Step, Sherbo's "Castles By the Sea" Orchestra	(about 10½ in.)	75c
The Garden of Romance, from "Miss Springtime" (Kalman) Waltz, American Republic Band	20109	27 C/M
Out of the Cradle (Gilbert and Friedland) One- or Two-Step, American Republic Band	(about 10½ in.)	75c
My Skating Girl, from "The Big Show," N. Y. Hippodrome (Raymond Hubbell) One- or Two-Step, American Republic Band	20108	27 C/M
My Castle in the Air, from "Miss Springtime" (Jerome Kern) Fox Trot, American Republic Band	(about 10½ in.)	75c
The Witching Hour (Grant) Fox Trot, Van Epsbanta Dance Orchestra	35100	29 C/M
Rugged Thoughts (Von der Mehden) One- or Two-Step, Pathé Dance Orchestra	(about 12 in.)	85c

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A FEW OF THE GREAT NUMBER OF FAMOUS PATHÉ STAR ARTISTS

(Photos (c) by Mishkin, Apeda and Victor Georg)

MACAROONS

(Concluded from Page 17)

"Oh, no," came the unexpected reply. "I'm winding my watch."

Billy laughed.

"When you've finished winding it," he asked, "are you going to let me in?"

"No, Mr. Manners," she replied. "I have finished."

"Why not?" Billy argued. "We were getting on splendidly. Why did you run away?"

"I thought I ought to," she explained in one of her sudden bursts of confidence. "You see, I ought not to have gone—and then I ought never to have thrown that macaroon at you; and it was very bold of me. But I thought it would please you; and I kept it from this afternoon because—because I expect I'm not grown up quite, and I pretended that would please you too. And please don't ask me any more questions. Aren't you going away soon?"

"No; I'm going to stay until you open the door," he said. "You might as well; and I'm catching cold."

He began walking up and down, whistling to himself. Always he watched the door. He did this for a very long time. He was determined to see her, and look into her eyes, and hear her utter simplicities, and tell her—well, he would know what to tell her when the time came. Billy's heart was set on this girl who spoke what was in her mind and knew no guile.

"Oh, Mr. Manners!" said the small voice suddenly.

Billy was at the door in one leap.

"Yes!" he said eagerly. "Are you going to let me in?"

"Oh, no," she said blandly. "I was eating some goodies. Would you like one?"

"Yes, indeed," Billy replied.

A slender little hand came through the crack and he pounced on it.

"Now I've got you!" he announced exultantly. "And I won't let go until you open the door."

"Oh! Ouch! Mr. Manners!" she exclaimed. "Look out! You're scrunching it."

"I'm not, either," he said. "I'm just holding it."

"Oh, not my hand, Mr. Manners," she explained; "it's really quite comfortable. The macaroon, I mean."

Billy loosened her fingers and a little shower of crumbs fell at his feet.

"You've scrunched it, haven't you?" she asked. "That was the last one! I brought two away with me this afternoon. I think I meant to keep them; but I used one, and now you've scrunched the other; so there aren't any macaroons left. Hadn't you better go away? And will you sweep up the crumbs before you go?"

"No, no!" he said. He took her hand in both of his and knelt before the crack. "Listen! I want to tell you something. You said this afternoon that no one took any notice of you because you weren't interesting enough. Well, I think you're the most interesting girl I've ever known; and I think you're the loveliest girl too. And I want you to ——"

"Why, Mr. Manners! What are you doing?"

Steps on the porch and the voice of Pepita interrupted Billy's discourse. He sat back on his heels and looked at Pepita over his shoulder, without letting go of the little hand.

"I—I believe I'm proposing to someone," he announced.

"You! Who? Where?" asked Pepita. Thank goodness, she was alone!

"Behind the door," said Billy. "I—I don't believe I know her name. Say, what are you doing here, Miss Farragut?"

"What am I doing here?" Pepita repeated. "Why, I live here! This is my house. Really, Mr. Manners ——"

"Oh, say!" exclaimed Billy. "Then you're just the person! Do you think you could get this door open?"

The little hand was tugging and straining at his now; but he held on grimly.

"If you'll move away from the door perhaps I can," said Pepita very coldly; she was not in sympathy with proposals that were not addressed to her.

"Oh, but I can't, you see," Billy explained. "If I let go she'll run away again."

"Don't you really know who it is?" Pepita asked.

"No," laughed Billy. "Funny, isn't it? Do you?"

"I believe I do," Pepita replied; and reaching over his shoulder she slipped her hand inside the crack and opened the safety catch.

The door swung open and Billy found himself kneeling on the doorstep, face to face with the runaway girl.

"Yes; I thought so," said Pepita. "Mr. Manners, permit me to present my little sister Suzan."

"Your little sister!" exclaimed Billy. "Your little sister S-Suzan! Why, that's perfectly fine, isn't it?"

Pepita ignored him. She turned to her sister.

"Don't you think you'd better get up off the floor?" she remarked. "And then perhaps you'll tell me what you've been doing."

Suzan did not budge.

"Don't be angry with her," said Billy. "It's all my fault. She couldn't go to the dance, you know, because she tickled her brother's feet at prayers yesterday; and she just went to peep through the windows. And I saw her there, and we've—we've just been talking."

"Mr. Manners, what are you trying to tell me?" asked Pepita. "We have no brother. I thought Suzan was at the dance. By the way, haven't you been cutting a good many this evening?"

"You have no brother!" exclaimed Billy. "Why, she told me ——"

"Goodness knows what she told you!" said Pepita. "She's a perfect little terror! You didn't like me, Mr. Manners, because you thought I posed; but you let her make a monkey of you!"

"Then—then it's not true!" Billy stammered. "You were just stringing me—you didn't really care ——"

"Mr. Manners, do get up," begged Pepita, "and let me close the front door. There'll be some people here for supper at any minute."

Billy stood up, but he did not let go of the little hand. He stared very hard at Suzan; and as he did so he was thinking very rapidly.

"Oh, shut up, sis!" said the little voice. "You don't have to give the whole show away just because you're jealous. I was just having a little fun." Did she falter just the least bit over the word? Billy was not sure, but he held onto the hand all the tighter. "Mr. Manners," she went on, "I expect you won't want to see me again. Please go away now." She looked at him rather mournfully; and then suddenly she began to laugh. "Have a macaroon before you go?" And she produced a large plate of them from behind her back.

Pepita was growing impatient. All this fuss over that child!

"Hadn't you better call it off, both of you?" she said. "Suzan ought to be spanked; and you —— Oh, mercy! Here are the others!"

Sounds of feet on the porch, and laughter, and the door opened to admit a crowd of supper guests from the dance.

They greeted him with loud outcries: "Why, if there isn't Mr. Manners!"—"Do you know you cut my dance?"—"Rehearsing something?" This last from Buck.

Billy arched his eyebrows. Then he looked at Suzan, and in her downcast eyes he seemed to find what he wanted. He was still holding her hand in both of his, while with her free one she extended the plate of macaroons to the entering company.

Billy turned and faced them.

"I'm terribly s-sorry!" he said. "I'll apologize to you all later. You see, the fact is I've been awfully busy. Miss Suzan Farragut has done me the honor to consent to be my wife!" And before them all he drew her to him and kissed her.

Doubled, tripled, quadrupled outcries! How perfectly romantic! But why in the name of sense had he chosen Suzan when he might have had Pepita?

What on earth was he doing? thought Pepita herself; and she forgot to pose at all for perhaps the first time in her life.

"Oh, Mr. Manners!" whispered a small voice in his ear—a voice with a tremble of laughter in it. "What a whopping fib!"

"One good fib deserves another!" he laughed back at her. "Do I have to go now—if I take a macaroon?"

"No; I expect you'll stay now," she replied. "Take a lot!"

They always have a big bowl of macaroons on the sideboard in Billy's home now.

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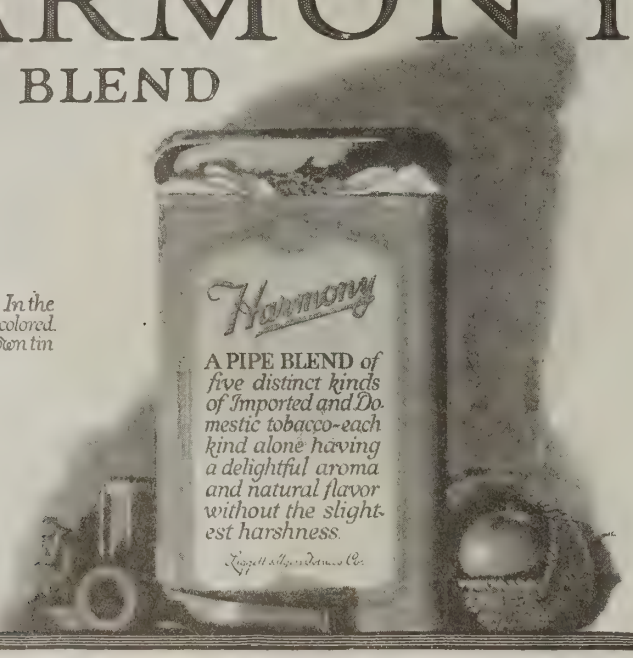

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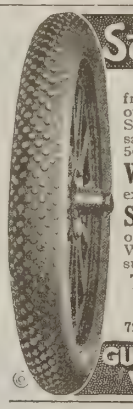

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FOG

(Continued from Page 13)

Mechanically, half in a daze, Billy wheeled Ninespot to the extreme outside of the track, into the position indicated by his number. Tears of helpless rage stood in his eyes; a lump in his throat threatened to choke him. His need was so great, his chance at best so pitifully small; and now he knew that even this slender thing was to be taken from him—Ace of Spades was "trying." Barring a miracle, Ace of Spades would win.

It seemed that some of the other horses were also out to win, or at least to steal an advantage in the break; and Mr. Francis X. Sheehan, Official Starter, took hold of the railing of his perch and used all the language permissible on such occasions, and some which is supposed to be under the ban.

Four times he saw the shifting, plunging line shaping itself for a fair start, and each time some eager jockey attempted to anticipate the rise of the barrier by a wild sudden dash—after which there were many wild dashes furnished by the exasperated Mr. Sheehan. In each case the culprit, perceiving his error, managed to duck under the narrow strip of elastic webbing without breaking it—something to be thankful for, though one would never have guessed this by listening to Sheehan's blistering comments.

From his position on the outer rail Billy Randolph was also keeping his eye on the field. What faint hope remained in him was centered on a good start—a good one for Ninespot; a bad one for Ace of Spades.

A fifth time the field wavered into something resembling a line, and Sheehan bent forward. At least seven of the riders interpreted that crouching attitude as a preliminary to jerking the trigger and releasing the barrier; they hurled their mounts forward—snap! went the strip of webbing, and seven horses dashed down the back stretch and disappeared in the fog.

"No! No!" barked Sheehan with profane emphasis. "No, I said! Bring them beagles back here, till I fine every mother's son o' ye! Bring 'em back!"

And, with these words still on his lips, Mr. Sheehan was given something else to think about. One of the horses still at the post adroitly planted both heels in the midriff of the assistant starter, a gentleman whose name was Connolly.

"Are ye hur-rted, Con?" asked Sheehan anxiously.

"Course not!" gasped Connolly. "I'm layin' here—on th' ground—for fun! Gimme a hand; I'm near—bruk in two!"

Mr. Sheehan clambered down from his perch, grunting, for there was much of him and nearly all of it in one place; and, because Connolly was too sick to do anything but use his whip on the horse that had kicked him, Sheehan had to help with the mending of the barrier. He was still at this ticklish job when the fugitives began to return from their brief dash down the back stretch—and so busy that he forgot to fine the riders; forgot something else, too, as we shall see.

Now when the false break occurred the horse that led the way into the fog bank was Ninespot. When the other horses checked their speed Ninespot drifted by them, no more than a shadow on the upper rail. Billy heard the yell of the starter and sawed at the reins; Ninespot had the bit in his teeth and refused to slacken his stride. The heavy-headed chestnut was out in front alone; it suited him to run in that position and he had no desire for company and competition. He fought viciously for his head, and it was only after a struggle that Billy succeeded in bringing the big brute to a standstill. The half-mile post loomed close ahead, tall and white in the fog; Ninespot seemed to be regarding it with deep interest. He showed not the slightest inclination to retrace his steps.

"You hammer-headed fool!" said Billy. "Come on; we're goin' back!"

Ninespot thought otherwise; he shook his head, grunted, and refused to budge. Billy touched him lightly with the whip; Ninespot laid his ears back and kicked his heels in the air. Billy coaxed; Ninespot sulked. Billy threatened; Ninespot pointed his ears at the half-mile post and shrugged his shoulders. At last mind triumphed over matter, and conqueror and conquered started back through the fog—but very slowly. Ninespot had decided to obey, but he would take his own time about it.

"It's a wonder Sheehan hasn't sent Connolly after me," thought Billy; and then, out of the dripping wall, faint and far away, a hoarse rumbling sound reached his ears:

"No! No! You can't break that way, I tell you! Walk 'em up slow! Slow!"

Billy fairly bounced in the saddle; Ninespot stopped and pricked up his ears.

"Great King!" whispered the boy. "He hasn't missed us; Sheehan hasn't missed us! He's linin' 'em up for another start!"

Plainly, here was a situation requiring thought—an astounding condition of affairs demanding analysis and action of some sort. Billy Randolph was thoroughly familiar with the ironclad racing rule, which—for good or ill—centers all responsibility upon a single individual. As soon as the horses pass the paddock gate and appear upon the track they are declared to be "in the hands of the starter"; and they remain in his hands until the barrier rises. During that period no accident to a horse, no error of judgment on the part of any human being can affect the bets as placed. They must stand for decision at the wire. The starter may leave an odds-on favorite flat-footed at the post or send away a long shot ten lengths ahead of the field; but from his action there is no appeal. While the horses are in his hands the Official Starter is rather more than an autocrat—he is the personification of turf law.

Sheehan had blundered in allowing a horse to slip through his fingers; and the blunder amounted to an advantage of at least a quarter of a mile in a seven-eighths race—a flying start for Arizona. As Billy peered into the fog wall one thought struck him with considerable force—he might steal the race, but no witnesses could rise against him.

Nobody could see him there in the fog; he was alone with his conscience and a very bad horse.

"If you stay with it, Billy, run your hosses on the square."

Yes, his father had said that; but his father had also told him to think of his sister first.

"Huh!" said Billy aloud. "We ain't goin' to stay with it, are we, Ninespot? We're goin' to Arizona ——"

And then he heard the pflung-ng-ng of the barrier and the roar of the Official Starter:

"You're off! Take 'em away!"

Billy whirled Ninespot in his tracks and gave him his head.

"Let's be movin' or we'll get run over," said he.

The big chestnut seemed to sense the humor of the situation. He set a brisk pace, but Billy curbed him to half speed.

"Not quite so fast, ole boy. If we get down there too soon they might ask us where we've been. . . . Steady; that's it—steady!"

Ninespot loafed round the upper turn into the home stretch; and it was then that Billy began to watch the track behind him. As the chestnut passed the paddock gate a black shape appeared on the rail, ten lengths to the rear.

"Now you can run if you want to!" said Billy, drawing his whip. "You got a lot of speed left in you. Let's have it!"

When the grand stand loomed up, a giant shadow in the fog, Billy thoughtfully guided Ninespot well into the middle of the track.

"We'll not take any chances with them judges," said he. "They may not be expectin' us to come first; so we'll get over where they can't overlook us. . . . Oh, no hurry; no hurry—he's pumped out; an' here's one time when a Ninespot takes an Ace!"

Five lengths behind the easy-going chestnut came a laboring black horse, then a long gap, and finally the straggling field.

"That one, eh?" said the presiding judge, fingering his beard. "Well, I'm mighty glad of it. I used to know Tom Randolph. Fine old character! Straight as a die! Boy's just like him."

"Ye-es," said the associate judge; "but this chestnut horse won, pulled up, 'way ahead of Ace of Spades. I wish you'd tell me ——"

"Bad horses, my boy; bad horses," said the presiding judge. "Nobody knows what's going to happen in a dog race like this!"

As Ninespot slowed to a canter the black horse drew alongside.

(Concluded on Page 85)

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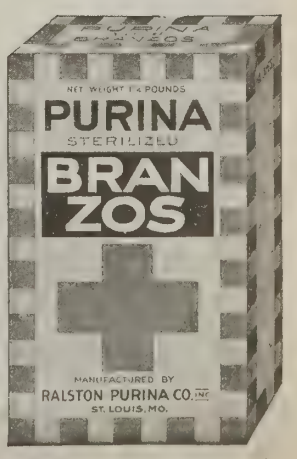

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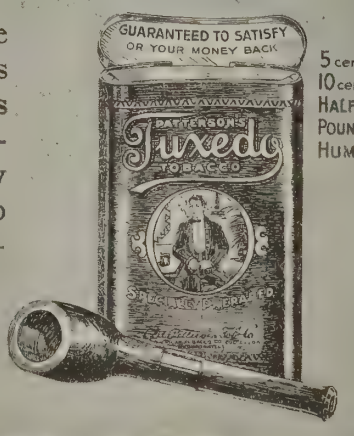

5 cent BAGS
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HALF and FULL POUND GLASS HUMIDORS

(Concluded from Page 82)

"Not wishin' to seem inquisitive," said Jockey Sanderson, "where was you when the barrier went up? I got away in front—I'll swear to that—an' I thought I had this race cinched till I was halfway down the stretch. What come off anyhow?"

"If I told you, you'd know," said Jockey Randolph.

"All right—if that's the way you feel about it. All right, Billy." Jockey Sanderson chuckled.

"What's that for?" asked Billy suspiciously.

"I'm thinkin' about the stable money—bet on Ace of Spades," said Sanderson. "It serves that big stiff right!"

V

THE real jubilee took place in the front room of the Randolph cottage; but George the Greek, who was present, mourned in a corner and refused to be comforted.

"What I can't understand," said he, "is the short price we got on Ninespot. I went in there expectin' to get fifty at least, but the best in sight was fifteen."

"Oh, well," said Billy, "we're over five hundred to the good, all told; an' I think I've got a customer for the hoss—account of the fast time he made to-day."

George the Greek rolled an eloquent eye at his friend.

"It takes a stake horse to step seven-eighths any faster," said he. "But that price—now on form, on his record, on everything he oughta been fifty."

"We're satisfied, ain't we, Jen?" asked Billy. "Think we can get away to-morrow?"

"There ain't much here to pack," said the girl.

"Fifty, anyhow!" mooned the Greek, stepping out on the porch and closing the door behind him. "Darned if I can understand it!"

"Well, sis," said Billy, "we finally put one over on 'em, didn't we?"

"You haven't told me about the race," said the girl. "Did you get away in front?"

"You bet I did!" answered Billy. "He stayed in front all the way ——"

The door opened suddenly and George the Greek appeared.

"There's a crazy Chinaman out here, Billy; says he wants to see you."

"A Chinaman? . . . Oh, by golly, it's Lee Sing! I told him I'd pay him a dollar'n a half to-night ——"

"No want 'um dolla hop!" protested the unseen visitor.

"What does he want, then?" asked Billy. "Tell him to come in an' we'll find out. He ain't a bad Chink, at that—well, by the limpin', lingerin' Lazarus! Where'd you get all the clothes, Lee?"

A vision of Oriental splendor teetered and swayed in the doorway, smiling an extremely loose but bland smile. The face was the face of Lee Sing and the hands were undoubtedly the hands of a laundryman; but all else was unrecognizable and gorgeous beyond description. A resplendent coat of plum-colored brocaded silk covered him from neck to ankles; its buttons were of gold and shaped like tiny acorns. His black silk trousers were very little in evidence, but they were there, nevertheless, and taped snugly about the ankles, as fashion prescribes; a flash of flesh-colored silk stockings; and then the shoes—marvelous creations, with inch-thick white soles, and uppers stiff with gold-thread embroidery. On his head Lee Sing wore a dapper bowl-shaped cap, topped with button and tassel, and he bore every evidence of having been barbered and perfumed within an inch of his life; bore other evidence, too, if all the truth must be told, for upon his breath was the faint but unmistakable odor of Chinese gin, reënforced by the more robust aroma of race-track brandy.

"How you likee—huh?" said Lee Sing, turning round slowly. "Plitty good?"

"Fine!" said Billy enthusiastically. "Great! But where did you steal 'em?"

"No steal 'um!" cackled Lee Sing. "Buy 'um! Nisha mawnin' me ketch 'um twen'y cent ni'spot—alla sem ni'spot two times ——"

"He made a killing in the lottery—hit nine of the winnin' numbers," interrupted George the Greek for Jennie's benefit. "A twenty-cent nine! No wonder he bought new clothes; I would, too!"

Lee Sing giggled happily and rocked back and forth on his curved white soles; pidgin English flowed from him in a steady stream:

"Ketch 'um losh money; buy 'um clothes—'nen I 'memba you tell 'um me hoss he win—Ni'spot he win—come out by laish tlack—pay 'um dolla, go insi'—bet 'um; bet 'um evlybody Ni'spot he win ——"

"Holy Moses!" breathed George the Greek. "And so that's why we didn't get a price! This crazy Chink played him down! Why, I'll bet he won a million dollars!"

"Wait a minute," said Billy, interrupting Lee Sing, who was still babbling cheerfully. "What was Ninespot's price—how much to one?"

"No sabby plice," said Lee Sing, shaking his head. "Bet 'um evlybody—no sabby how much—you look see!"

He walked over to the table and began producing bundles of currency and fistfuls of gold. His black silk trousers proved to be a veritable Golconda; the inside of his plum-colored coat yielded rich treasure. The three witnesses could only stare at the loot; they were dumb before such a flood of dollars.

Lee Sing dropped the last bundle of yellow-backed bills and stepped back with a tipsy flourish.

"So now me come you' place," said he to Billy. "You alla sem my podnah; ketch 'um hop!"

"There ain't any hop here!" said Billy sternly. "What does he think this is—an opium joint?"

"Not hop—half!" squealed George the Greek excitedly. "Don't you see? He says you're his partner an' he wants you to have half!"

"Aw, go on!" said Billy. "You're crazy!"

"Ask him!" cried George. "You slipped him a good thing an' he's declared you in with the bet—a Chink'll do it every time. Ask him!"

Billy looked at Lee Sing, who was beaming like a yellow moon.

"You—you want me to have any of that?" said the boy, pointing to the table.

Lee Sing bobbed his head rapidly.

"Me podnah—you podnah, alla sem. Me ketch 'um hop—you ketch 'um hop."

"Well, can you beat that?" gasped Billy Randolph. "He's got every instinct of a Christian!"

Lee Sing laughed as he began to stack the gold-pieces.

"One time me Clistian—go Mission thlee time evly week; jusha now me not Clistian—me Chinaman!"

Billy Randolph and his sister stood in the doorway and watched their amazing visitor disappear in the fog.

They had not been able to detain him long. He had pressing engagements in Fish Alley.

"Pinch me, Jen, and see if I'm awake!" said Billy.

George the Greek needed no such demonstration. He was counting the money into neat piles. Out of the fog wall came a quavering Celestial falsetto, wandering aimlessly from key to key, growing fainter with increasing distance:

"In uh swee-ee-eet . . . by um by . . .
We sha' lest on 'at beau-tee-fu' shaw,
Beau-tee-fu' shaw."

"Well," said Billy, "it'll be comin' to him, at that!"

"Come in out of that confounded fog!" called George the Greek. "What's the matter with you two lunatics anyway?"

"Don't call the fog any hard names," said Billy gently. "It done the Randolph Stable a mighty good turn to-day."

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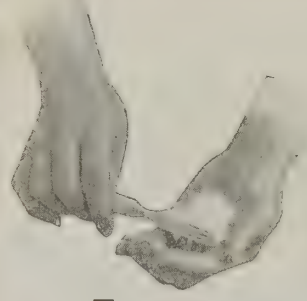

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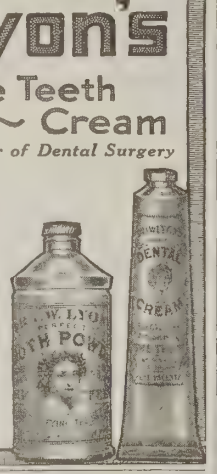

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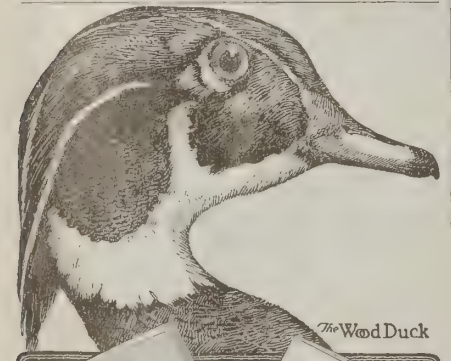

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They tell all about game farming—the profit and pleasure to be obtained from it. "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure" is sent free on request. It treats of the subject as a whole; describes the many game birds, tells of their food and habits, etc. "American Pheasant Breeding and Shooting" is sent on receipt of 10c in stamps. It is a complete manual on the subject.

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HIGH FINANCE'S RECRUITS

(Concluded from Page 7)

town in New York, where his father kept a country store. He attended public school, and at eighteen went to work as a clerk in a country-town bank. Two years later he went down to the city, where he took a clerkship in a minor bank. At twenty-nine he was made assistant cashier, and six years later was elected to the cashiership of another minor bank. At thirty-nine he was made president. Then there was a bank merger, and he was made president of the consolidated institution.

All his life after public-school days has been passed in banks; so when he won his first important banking position he doubtless knew the technical side of banking thoroughly.

On the other hand, there is Alvin W. Krech, president of the Equitable Trust Company. He was born at Hannibal, Missouri, where his father—who came to this country, like so many other liberal Germans, after the failure of the revolutionary movement there in 1848—was a teacher. He went to public school and began his business career as a clerk in a flour mill at Minneapolis. Round thirty he became a partner in the mill and eventually owner of it. He then turned to railroad construction, and so to railroad enterprise generally. When the Union Pacific Railroad was reorganized, Mr. Krech was appointed secretary of the reorganization committee. That brought him to New York, and in due time he engaged in banking. But he was a successful, influential man of middle age before he engaged in banking.

The Successful Type

Boys are taught a good deal of poppycock about the vital necessity of technical training. For an underling technical ability counts perhaps for ninety in a scale of a hundred; but for an overling it probably does not count for ten out of the hundred. This is particularly true of banking, which is a kind of composite of all businesses.

No doubt every big bank contains men who know the technical mechanism of the business much better than the president does. The late J. P. Morgan was commonly accounted America's foremost banker; but several times, when under cross-examination, he had to confess that he knew precious little about the details of his own business. As to various other businesses, in the transportation, manufacturing and trading lines, where he exerted a very great influence, his technical knowledge of their details would not have won him a junior clerkship in them. A candid bank president has confessed that, in selecting a vice president for his concern, he cares little whether the man knows anything in particular about banking.

Business ability in its higher manifestations is pretty much all out of the same piece of cloth. If a man has business ability in the abstract he will make a good banker. If a young man is ambitious to reach the first table many other things are much more important than technical knowledge. Those at the first table can always find plenty of people lower down who will know how to manage details. It may even be doubted whether careful preoccupation with details is a good augury of one's ever reaching the first table. That perhaps indicates another type of mind—the studious, cautious, particularizing, indwelling type; whereas the most successful type is apt to be expansive, adventurous, confident, generalizing.

Probably a college career is an advantage—not at all on account of its formal training and for the stuff in the textbooks and classrooms. So far as notable success in business goes—as distinguished from professional success—that stuff might just as well be anything else. But probably college tends to promote sociability, to strengthen one's facility in getting acquainted and making friends. That facility usually counts for a great deal in business success. The man who can meet people easily, cordially, agreeably, has an advantage. College may help him to that.

Of the twelve Morgan partners, you remember, eight are college men and four are not. But the heads of the house for two generations have been college men, and perhaps it leans somewhat more in that direction than high finance generally does; or perhaps the preponderance of college men on the Morgan roster is merely an accident.

Of the twelve big-bank presidents only two could be called college men; and only one of them, I believe, is a graduate of an institution of higher learning. In the case of the big-bank presidents there were more people to do the choosing than in the case of the Morgan partners; so this list is rather more representative of the way high finance does its choosing. On the basis of this list college education is evidently of slight importance.

Taking the twenty-four men—Morgan partners and big-bank presidents—only five were born outside that comparatively small territory which lies along the North Atlantic Seaboard. Nineteen were born in New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Of course this does not indicate that those states are more prolific in financial genius; but the ambitious young man in those states is very apt to go to New York, and so to get himself into the orbit of high finance. If these men had happened to be born in the Mississippi Valley, most of them would no doubt now be cutting a figure in business in Kansas City, Minneapolis, and so on, instead of on the larger stage.

Of the twenty-four names on the list only one was of any particular significance in business before its present bearer made it so. The exception, of course, is J. P. Morgan. He inherited a great opportunity. What is even rarer than that, he proved equal to it; for the house doubtless does more business to-day than ever in his father's time, and, on the whole, probably has quite as great influence.

A Morgan came to this new country from Wales early in the seventeenth century and settled on the soil in Connecticut. For several generations his successors were undistinguished New England farmers. Soon after the Revolutionary War a James Morgan broke away from the farm and set up in business as keeper of a tavern on the post road at Hartford. Stagecoaches, of course, were the chief means of transportation in those days, and James Morgan gradually got control of a number of stage lines—dimly foreshadowing his celebrated grandson's operations in a more extensive means of transportation.

Then a big fire happened in New York—big, that is, for a place which we should now consider only a flourishing country town. For some inscrutable reason, Hartford has always been a home of fire insurance. One of the Hartford insurance companies was hard hit by this New York calamity. For a time its solvency seems to have been questioned. Evidently James Morgan thought it was sound, for he bought up, at a heavy discount, many claims against it. When the company finally paid out he had a very comfortable fortune.

Another Able Morgan

His son, Junius Spencer Morgan, inherited not only the fortune but the ability that had won it. He went into the dry-goods trade, with Levi P. Morton as a partner. The dry-goods trade at that time was one of the chief importing businesses; so it involved foreign connections and dealings in foreign exchange. Kuhn, Loeb & Company got into the international banking business by way of the dry-goods trade. Morgan set up a house in London, then in Paris, and long before his death left the dry-goods business to devote himself to banking.

He was—nominally, at least—head of the Morgan house up to his death in 1890; though by that time his son, the first John Pierpont, was very active in its affairs. It is an odd coincidence that J. S. Morgan died abroad—at Monte Carlo—while his son died at Rome. He left a fortune of ten million dollars and a great business. How the first J. P. made it a much greater business is well known. They are saying now that, judging by his performance to date, the present J. P. will keep it at the height his father attained.

But only once in a long while does a family develop four exceptionally able men in succession. Here and there in the roll of high finance you come across a name that was famous in the previous generation; but then, usually the name does not stand for leadership.

Mere money involves little in the way of leadership. There may be a popular impression that a man gets a big job in finance because he has made a lot of money; but mostly it is the other way round. The job comes first and the man makes a lot of money because he has a big job. A House of Morgan, or a big bank, does not take a man into its fold because it wants his capital. It can get all the capital it needs in an easier way. It takes in the man because it wants his personality; because it thinks his personal qualities of ability, energy, attractiveness, and so on, will strengthen its influence.

A great part of business is just dealing with men; essentially it is just salesmanship in some form or other. All business is making something and selling it, and there is a heavy emphasis on the selling end. The job of the president of the City Bank is finally to see that the bank is made right, and then to sell it, pretty much essentially as a grocer sells his soap and flour. By and large, the more people he knows and the more people like him, the better salesman he will be.

The Men Who are Chosen

This is why a good many Government officials—Secretaries of the Treasury and Comptrollers of the Currency—are given high positions in big banks; not because of their knowledge of banking and finance, but because they have been well advertised. Their names are well known; they have formed many acquaintances; and so they will presumably be good salesmen. Mr. Vanderlip came from the Treasury Department. Mr. Hepburn, chairman of the board of the Chase National, was Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Gage and Mr. Shaw, upon leaving the Treasury, were made presidents of New York banks. The other day Senator Burton, of Ohio, was elected president of a New York bank.

At one time three ex-Comptrollers of the Currency were presidents of important banks at Chicago. The theory was that, being well known, they were in a position to sell the bank efficiently. George B. Cortelyou, private secretary to President McKinley and President Roosevelt, then Secretary of Commerce and Labor and Secretary of the Treasury, was taken from the latter position and made president of the opulent concern that supplies New York City with gas.

If you should look over the men who hold big jobs in high finance you would find them a well-set-up lot physically, running decidedly to the broad-shouldered, deep-chested type, with a round neck that fills out its collar snugly, and a development at the back and base of the skull which indicates large vital motor power.

The candidate for an important job in high finance ought to be physically vigorous. He ought to have a lot of friends and be of the sort that makes friends readily. He had much better be a shade under forty than two shades over. He must have a good deal of confidence in himself and be sufficiently egotistic to assert himself without being offensive about it.

Of course he must have a considerable degree of sheer intellectual ability—that is, he must be able to think fast and straight, and to size up the important elements in a situation. The extent of his bank account and his technical training are immaterial, except that, as a matter of course, he must have had a good deal of practical experience of some sort, and have shown that he can deal successfully with practical affairs—which really means dealing successfully with men.

Then, if the candidate is going to get elected, he must come into contact with a man, or with men, who have the disposal of important financial jobs; and that is probably about nine parts sheer luck. No doubt, for every man who lands a big job in Wall Street there are a hundred men who have all the natural qualifications; but they did not happen to fall into the right orbit.

It seems probable, however, that the orbit is growing wider. Of the two latest Morgan partners, one was brought up in Minnesota, the other in Missouri. When Mr. Cochran left the Liberty Bank a new vice president was taken in; and this new vice president got his business experience mainly in Detroit.

The roster changes continually, both because men die or retire and because the business of the big institutions continually expands. Very rarely does a "son's" name get on it. It is a free field for talent—and luck.

Is Your Battery Holding Its Own?

YOUR car battles its way today through the grip of Winter's worst storm. A few short months and the blazing heat of Summer's sun brings new conditions. Roads, speeds, traffic and many other causes are constantly tearing down or building up the storage battery of your car.

Whether your battery endures the conditions unfailingly, depends not only on the kind of battery, but also on the service behind it.

If your battery is "supervised by Prest-O-Lite Service" you may avoid the greater part of battery trouble—without this supervision your battery may be seriously handicapped. Any battery, no matter how good, may easily be ruined by neglect.

No matter what conditions you encounter—no matter where you may be—you'll find Prest-O-Lite Service waiting to keep your battery in good condition and insure your satisfaction.

There are special Prest-O-Lite Service Stations in cities and towns in all parts of this country—backed up by the great chain of Prest-O-Lite Factory branches in principal cities—insuring prompt, direct *factory* service.

When you need a new battery, remember—there is a Prest-O-Lite battery of correct size for your car, and it will give you superior service and satisfaction.

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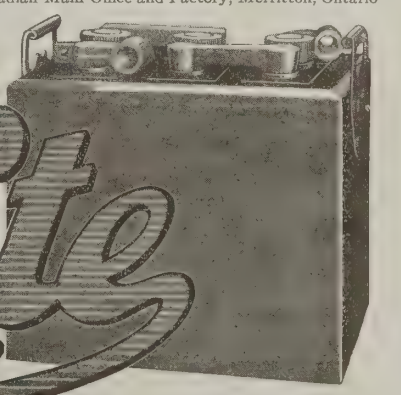

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DEALERS—Our proposition affords wide opportunity for profit. Write!

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Look for the Name "Congoleum"

Don't be misled by imitations. Insist upon seeing the name "Congoleum" on the back of every Rug, Rug Border or piece of By-The-Yard goods you buy. It is there for your protection.

CONGOLEUM RUGS

FREE!

Handsome Rug Chart

We will send you free an attractive Rug Chart printed in colors. It will give you some idea of the beauty of Congoleum Rugs. Just send us your name and address. It will help solve that floor covering problem.

Beautiful—Convenient—Sanitary—Economical

MANY floor coverings possess one or two very desirable features. Carpets are soft and warm, but they are expensive, hard to clean, and they never wear evenly. Good fabric rugs are artistic, but they gather dust, are easily kicked up, and their price makes them a luxury.

Congoleum Rugs are rapidly supplanting low-priced carpets and fabric rugs because in addition to great beauty they combine convenience, sanitation and economy. They have a firm, washable surface, with patterns just like the finest of woven rugs.

For Every Room

The great variety of artistic designs and pretty colors will enable you to find a Congoleum Rug that will harmonize with any decorative scheme.

Congoleum Art-Rugs

First we have Congoleum Art-Rugs—a positive sensation in rugs. They are the product of famous rug designers and have unusually beautiful patterns. Distinctive because of their beautifully blended, rich colors.

Sizes and Prices

Congoleum Art-Rugs are seamless. They come in many beautiful patterns and in two sizes, as follows:

9 feet x 10½ feet, $10.00 9 feet x 12 feet, $11.00

Congoleum Utility-Rugs

These rugs are made in a greater variety of sizes and patterns than our Art-Rugs. They are our original Congoleum Rug line and their prices are surprisingly low.

Utility-Rug Sizes and Prices

3 feet x 4½ feet $0.98	6 feet x 6 feet $2.60
3 feet x 6 feet 1.30	6 feet x 9 feet 3.90
4½ feet x 4½ feet 1.50	Two-piece Rug 9 feet x 12 feet $8.00

Washable and Sanitary

All Congoleum Rugs are entirely waterproof—therefore washable and sanitary. A damp mop keeps them clean. No dusty beating or sweeping.

Lie Flat Without Fastening

Congoleum Rugs never curl or "kick up." No need of tacking or pasting down. They "hug the floor." No dust can collect under them.

Congoleum By-The-Yard

If you want to cover a whole floor, you will find Congoleum By-The-Yard a real bargain. Guaranteed to outwear printed linoleum under equal wearing conditions. Sanitary and rot-proof. No fastening needed. Many pretty patterns to select from. Made in 72-inch width. Price 50c. per square yard.

Congoleum Rug Borders

These unique floor coverings are literally hardwood floors in rolls. To be used around a center rug. They give all the artistic effects of real oak floors at a fraction of the expense. Not a cheap, painted imitation. They lie flat without fastening, are waterproof and sanitary.

Made in 36- and 24-inch widths, at 50c. and 40c. a yard respectively. Your dealer will cut any length desired.

Protected By Patents

Congoleum Rugs are manufactured in accordance with United States and foreign patents, with numerous other patents pending both in the United States and foreign countries.

Be sure to send for handsome Color Chart.

For sale by good dealers everywhere; if, however, your dealer cannot supply you, write us and we will

Prices in the far West average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher

The Congoleum Company

Department of

The Barrett Company

Philadelphia Chicago Montreal Toronto St. John, N. B.

Boston San Francisco Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax, N.S. Sydney, N.S.

"Look, Baby! Here comes Papa to see our new waterproof Rug."

This rug on the floor is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 316. The 9 x 12 ft. size retails for $11.00.

FAIRY SOAP affords real refreshment in toilet and bath use. Its rich, creamy lather—its whiteness and lasting purity—are due to the skillful blending of choice materials.

The oval, floating cake fits the hand, and holds its refreshing, cleansing qualities to the last. The cost is but 5c.

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"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

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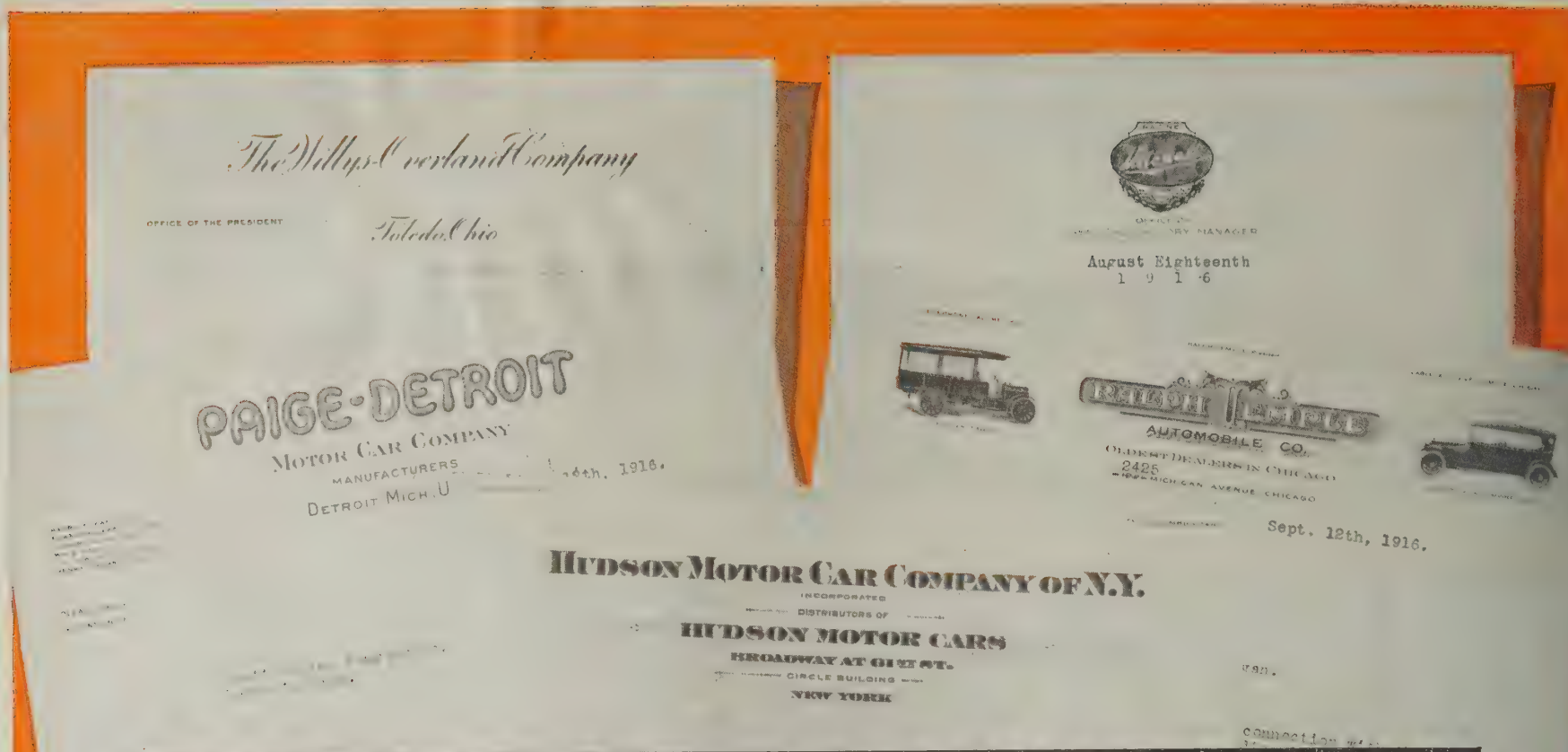
MARCH 3, 1917 [illegible]OPY

DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Beginning

BRINGING OUT BARBARA—By ETHEL TRAIN



Men Who Know

(Manufacturer)

"Our determination has been to make a ***good*** car. The success of the Overland has been due to the fact that we do make good cars.

The Overland is good because every part of it is good. And the Hyatt Roller Bearings which are a part of it measure up to the high standard we have established, in every particular."

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND CO.
John N. Willys,
President

(Sales Manager)

"In marketing Paige Motor Cars our endeavor is to completely satisfy the user.

Naturally, the less trouble he is caused and the less attention required, the greater he is pleased.

For that reason, we have found Hyatt Roller Bearings an asset in making sales, and a continual source of satisfaction afterwards.

Hyatt Bearings are just one of the many reasons why Paige Motor Cars satisfy."

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.
H. Krohn,
Sales Manager

(Engineer)

"Our aim has been to make the Mitchell the car of utmost efficiency. Realizing that a car is no better than its weakest part, great attention was given to the designing of this car from the most important part to the minutest detail.

In giving consideration to bearings for certain locations we found that Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings filled our every requirement. They have been used for years and the service they have given has only confirmed us in our choice."

MITCHELL MOTORS CO., INC.
John W. Bate,
Chief Engineer and
General Factory Manager

(Distributor)

"We find that our Hudson owners recognize and appreciate the quiet operation of our transmission, of which your Bearings are a part.

We are always ready to give service to owners. Yet the carefree, dependable performance of Hyatt Bearings, which require so little attention, is appreciated by both owners and ourselves.

They are a sales asset to us because they are known to require little or no attention and to last almost indefinitely."

THE HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO. OF N. Y., INC.
Harry S. Haupt,
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(Service Manager)

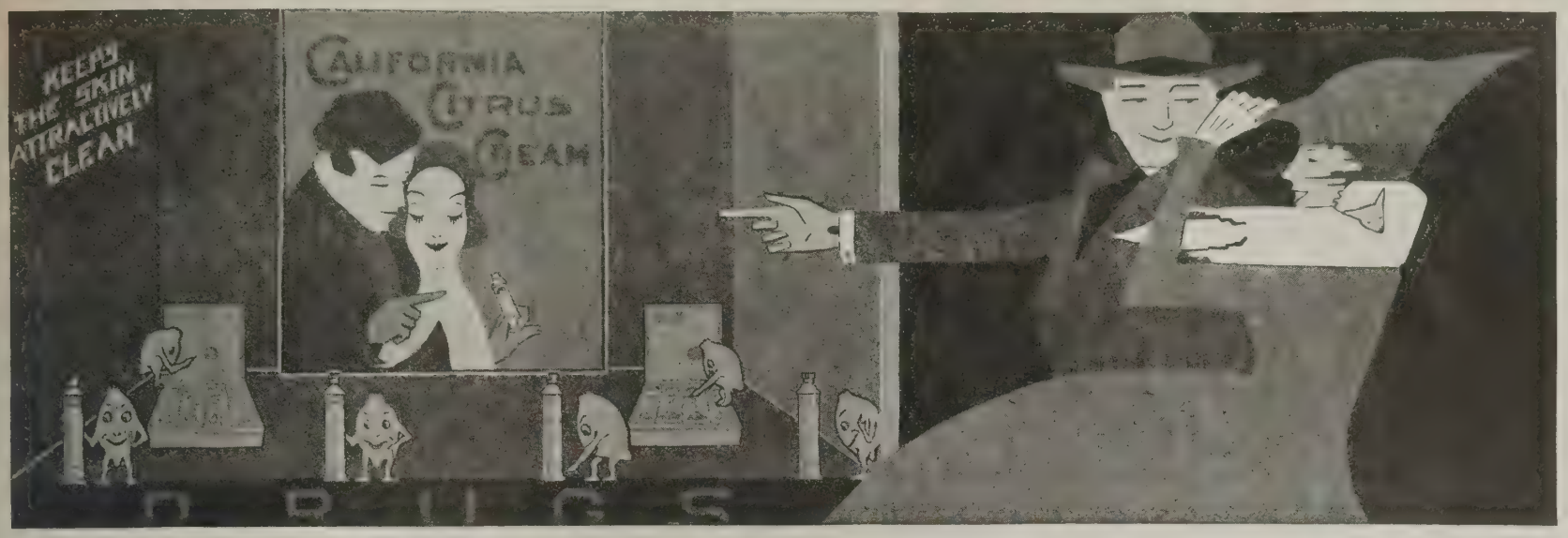
"Through my connection with the various automobile houses in Chicago distributing such cars as the Jackson, Empire, Reo, and others, I have gained a practical, first hand knowledge of motor car bearings, which convinces me of the superiority of the Hyatt Flexible Roller Bearings.

I know from experience that the Hyatt Quiet Bearings are the kind of bearings which prevent annoyance, save time, trouble and money—and satisfy the user."

RALPH TEMPLE AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
A. B. Ferdinand,
Service Manager

HYATT QUIET

The Roller Bearing for Automobiles



Look, Mary! Here is where I go in and buy a tube of California Citrus Cream. This March wind is cracking my lips.

You're right, Jack! But it is up to you to spend another 25c, because you have been using my Cream every time you shave.

I'll do it! But I might just as well make it 85c and get 4 tubes in that pretty box. You know the druggist in our block didn't have it the other day.

Jack! The next time you pass his store, go in and tell him that he can find where to get it in this week's Saturday Evening Post.

Partial list of wholesale dealers who are especially active in distributing California Citrus Cream

ALABAMA

Birmingham—Doster-Northington Drug Co. **Mobile**—Van Antwerp's Drug Corporation Inc. **Montgomery**—Durr Drug Co., Greil Bros. Co.

ARKANSAS

Little Rock—J. B. Bond, Jr., C. J. Lincoln Co. **Pine Bluff**—W. L. DeWoody & Co.

CALIFORNIA

Eureka—Skinner-Duprey Drug Co. **Los Angeles**—Brunswig Drug Co., Western Wholesale Drug Co. **Sacramento**—Kirk, Geary & Co. **San Diego**—Brunswig Drug Co. **San Francisco**—Langley & Michaels Co., Coffin-Redington Co.

COLORADO

Denver — W. A. Hover & Co. **Colorado Springs**—Hefley Drug Co.

CONNECTICUT

Hartford—Sisson Drug Co., Talcott Co. **New Haven**—The Chas. W. Whittlesey Co. **Norwich**—The Chas. Osgood Co. **Waterbury**—The Apothecaries Hall Co.

FLORIDA

Jacksonville — Groover-Stewart Drug Co., Southern Mfg. Drug Co. **Tampa**—Southern Drug Co.

GEORGIA

Atlanta—Lamar & Rankin Drug Co., Jno. B. Daniel Inc., McRoberts Drug Co. **Savannah**—Columbia Drug Co., Solomons Company.

IDAHO

Lewiston—Idaho Drug Co., Ltd.

ILLINOIS

Cairo—Schuh Drug Co. **Chicago**—Chicago Wholesale Drug Co., Fuller-Morrison Co., Humiston Keeling & Co., Robt. Stevenson & Co., Peter Van Schaack & Sons, The Old Salamander Drug House. **Peoria**—Barker & Wheeler Co., Colburn, Birks & Co. **Quincy**—Aldo Sommers Drug Co. **Rock Island**—Hartz & Bahnsen Co.

INDIANA

Evansville—Chas. Leich & Co. **Ft. Wayne**—Ft. Wayne Drug Co. **Indianapolis**—Hoosier Drug Co., Kiefer-Stewart Drug Co., Mooney-Mueller-Ward Co.

IOWA

Burlington—Churchill Drug Co. **Cedar Rapids**—Churchill Drug Co. **Council Bluffs**—Harle-Hass Drug Co. **Des Moines**—Des Moines

IOWA—Continued

Drug Co., Iowa Drug Co. **Dubuque**—Torbert Drug Co. **Fort Madison**—George H. Schafer & Co. **Ottumwa**—J. W. Edgerly & Co. **Sioux City**—Hornick, Moore & Porterfield.

KANSAS

Atchison—Wherrett Mize Drug Co. **Leavenworth**—Adolph Lange. **Wichita**—[illegible] Drug Co., Southwestern Drug Co.

KENTUCKY

Louisville—Peter, Neat, Richardson Co., Robinson-Pettet Co. **Paducah**—L. S. Du Bois Son & Co.

LOUISIANA

Alexandria—Rapides Drug Co., Ltd. **New Orleans**—I. L. Lyons & Co., Ltd., Finlay Dicks & Co., Ltd., Parker-Blake Co., Ltd.

MAINE

Portland—Jno. W. Perkins Co.

MARYLAND

Baltimore—Muth Bros. & Co., Calvert Drug Co., Gilbert Bros. & Co., Henry B. Gloyd Co. Inc.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston—Carter, Carter Meigs Co., Eastern Drug Co., Gilman Bros. Inc. **Fall River**—Brewer & Co., Inc. **Springfield**—H. & J. Brewer Co. **Worcester**—Brewer & Co.

MICHIGAN

Detroit—Farrand, Williams & Clark Inc., Mutual Drug Co. **Grand Rapids**—Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis—Minneapolis Drug Co. **St. Paul**—Noyes Bros. & Cutler.

MISSOURI

Kansas City—Evans-Smith Drug Co., Paxon & Gallagher Drug Co., McPike Drug Co. **St. Joseph**—C. D. Smith Drug Co., Van Natta Drug Co. **St. Louis**—St. Louis Wholesale Drug Co., J. S. Merrell Drug Co., Meyer Bros. Drug Co. **Springfield**—Hall Bros. Drug Co.

MONTANA

Billings—Billings Drug Co. **Butte**—The Newbro Drug Co. Inc.

NEBRASKA

Lincoln—Lincoln Drug Co. **Omaha**—E. E. Bruce & Co. Inc., Richardson Drug Co.

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Atlantic City—Theo. J. Lapres, Inc. **Newark**—Roeber & Kuebler Co.

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Albany—Walker & Gibson Inc. **Rochester**—Gibson Drug Co. **Syracuse**—C. W. Snow & Co. Inc. **Utica**—A. H. Williams. New York City—Bruce Bitchey & Co., Doty & Humphrey Drug Co., Ehler & Ament, Gibson Drug Co., Chas. Hubbard Sons & Co., Kenyon & Co., Lenn & Fink, Louis K. Liggett Co., McKesson & Robbins, C. W. Snow & Co., Schieffelin & Co.

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Charlotte—Burwell & Dunn Co., J. M. Scott & Co. Inc.

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OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City—Alexander Drug Co.

OREGON

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BRINGING OUT BARBARA

The Experiences of a New York Débutante

By ETHEL TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"MOTHER!" I cried.

"How do you do, dear?" a carefully modulated voice replied.

Two minutes earlier we had puffed noisily into the station and the train had disgorged a carload of our girls, several of whom, like myself, were leaving school for good. I was staggering under the weight of two huge grips, one in each hand, not having been able to find in my pocketbook any change for a tip to the porter.

Mothers and mothers were pressing eager faces against the railing at the top of the flight of steps we were about to ascend, but I did not discover mine. It was terrible, that sight of other people's mothers when I couldn't find my own! She hadn't troubled, I thought, to meet her girl, who was coming home to her forever. I jumped to the conclusion that some social engagement had been allowed to interfere with that reunion to which I had been looking forward for months.

In the anguish of that moment I could not remember what she looked like. I knew I had a mother, but her face was without features, like the faces of the people I used to draw when I was a little girl. I could not imagine the faces adequately, so I just left them out.

Laboring up the steps under my load I saw Jean Royce already at the top, her little slim figure almost obliterated by the clasp of a big man's arms. No father was waiting to sweep me off my feet like that. It was the abomination of desolation, this arrival.

Then suddenly I saw father and mother both, standing quietly beside a pillar. Father looked appallingly tall, had on a silk hat and carried a cane. He's six-feet-one and always wonderfully dressed, dark, with a clear olive skin, smooth black hair, and a mustache that's too small for him. I should sketch it several inches longer and much thicker on an ideal head. He's continually being mistaken for an Englishman, though he was never in England in his life until he had finished college, and, I think, looks more French than English. At any rate, he doesn't seem a bit like an American, even to me. He was born in New York and has never lived anywhere else; yet when I walked uptown with him once, last Christmas vacation, he observed everything as though he were trying to form an impression of manners and customs previously unknown.

I Ripped Open the Nearest Grip and Rapidly Selected What I Wanted

Mother would have served to perfection as a cover design for a fashion magazine. She was faultlessly gowned, creamily spatted, with her hat tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees and, notwithstanding the breathless humidity of the June day, almost obliterated as to contours of cheek and chin by a large, fluffy, white-fox boa. Her whole appearance was calculated to deceive the observer as to her age. It did not seem possible that she could be the mother of a girl of seventeen.

When she made her even rejoinder to my glad cry she protruded her cheek out of the fur just far enough for me to kiss it. As I pressed trembling lips against its coolness I noticed a resemblance between her eyes and those of the dead stuffed animal that dangled over her shoulder.

Shocked that such a thought had entered my mind, I turned to father with some idea of throwing myself into his arms. Luckily I perceived in time the absurdity of this impulse. He was inspecting me with his habitual air of detachment. This affectation embarrassed me. He had known perfectly well for seventeen years what I looked like. The dimple in my cheek, the irregularity of my nose, the cleft in my chin—all had been patent in my babyhood; it was unnecessary to observe them further. The changes that counted were inside changes, due to spiritual growth, but to these I well knew he would devote no scrutiny.

"You've grown, I think?" he hazarded politely; and I answered with regret: .

"Not much, I'm afraid," adding: "Oh! I almost forgot. I must go and report to Miss Wier that I've been met. I won't be a minute."

I found Miss Wier, in whose charge we had made the journey, standing alone, with her hands crossed, a thin, prim presence, spectacled, and as angular as the subject she taught—geometry. Contrasted with hers, my own lot seemed suddenly full of warmth and color. For her there were neither partings nor meetings. In a spot so suggestive of palpitating emotion as a great terminal the isolation of that patient figure wrung my heart.

I wanted to share with her everything I had—my father, my mother and my home. My impulse was to take her by the hand; turn a deaf ear to her trifling protests; carry her off bodily. On fire with my desire I faced about and ran back.

"Mother!" I cried. "May I ask Miss Wier to stay with us while she's in town? She's our geometry teacher, you know, who chaperoned us on the train. There's nobody to meet her and I'm sure she's going to some boarding house."

"Not to-day," said mother. Then, seeing in my face a very abyss of disappointment, she explained: "There are people for dinner." And she added, as though making a great concession: "If you want it very much I might be able to manage it to-morrow."

To-morrow! Bereft of spontaneity, what would the invitation amount to?

"If I can't have her now," I returned hotly, "I won't have her at all."

"You talk like a spoiled child," was the answer. "You don't seem to have outgrown your willfulness."

At these words memory turned up in my mind old scenes—stormy tears and tempers, frequent foot-stampings, innumerable clenchings of fists—of which I had repented bitterly in my exile, vowing that they should never occur again. Could it have been that they had had any justification in fact? That they had been a child's weapons of defense against false standards of conduct, misinterpretation of motives and want of heart? But, even if this were so, I was wrong, now that reason had wakened, in resorting to such means.

"I only meant," I said slowly, "that I didn't think she'd care to move after she was settled. She'd have unpacked her bag, and all that. Is it a formal dinner?"

"No," said mother; "there is no formal entertaining in New York in June."

"Then," I urged, "what would it matter about having one more chair at the table? Couldn't you just slide her in?"

"People are not slid in at dinner," was the reply. "Besides making the number uneven, she would be put in the embarrassing position of having nothing in common with my other guests. It's out of the question. Please go now, and report."

I went, genuinely puzzled as to what constituted informality. Offhand I should have defined an informal dinner as one admitting of any amount of elasticity in regard

to arrangement—everybody moving up at the last moment to make room for one more.

"There you are at last, Barbara!" said Miss Wier when she caught sight of me. "All the others are accounted for. Have you been met?"

"Yes, Miss Wier," I replied glibly in perfunctory school phraseology, and then stood silent before her, in the grip of sudden realization.

Of a multitude of small obediences distributed over years this was the final one. The school had made its ultimate demand of me; imposed its behests upon me for the last time. Henceforth it could dictate to me no more forever. Should I be able to stand alone? Fearful of liberty, fearful of emancipation, I felt unaccountably homesick for the old surroundings, with their hitherto irksome props, demerits for transgression of rules, marks for untidinesses, permissions written and signed. Without these, how was I to know whether I did well or ill?

At the door of my prison I stood hesitant, blinking at the daylight. I was unaware that these thoughts showed in my face, until I saw Miss Wier's eyes soften strangely under her glasses.

"It's hard to give you up. It's harder for us to give you up," she said in a tone I had never heard her use before, "than it is for you to leave us. How we shall miss you, my child!"

Tears started to my eyes. I threw both arms round her neck and squeezed her with all my strength.

"Oh, Miss Wier!" I choked. "After all the bother I've been to you with my rotten work in mathematics!"

She only smiled. At school she got up with her subject, spent the day with it, and took it to bed with her to ponder it in her dreams. Now she vouchsafed it not even passing attention.

"I hope nothing will spoil you," she said fervently, bending over to kiss me on the lips. "Dear Barbara! Good-by!"

I could give no expression to my grief at having to let our association drop then and there, just as it had sloughed off the relation of teacher and pupil, so hampering to the growth of friendship on equal terms. To breathe a word of what had passed between mother and myself would have been arrant disloyalty; so I gave her one more squeeze, released her abruptly and dashed away, not once looking back.

When I came up mother saw me wiping my eyes, but she made no comment. The three of us moved along together, and yet apart, followed at a respectful distance by a porter carrying my grips. The station was rather crowded with people standing in little groups, which broke up inevitably to let father through. What was it, I wondered, that thus cleared a path for him, as though he were a fire engine or an ambulance? I hated to suspect it of my democratic countrymen, but I gathered that it was the "distinguished foreigner" impression he produced.

All this had little to do with the reunion of a family. It was no reunion—this meeting of three people who had nothing to say to one another except obvious things like "Here is the motor," which mother now said as a little automobile rolled up.

Its wheel was in the hand of a chauffeur unmistakably French, with mustaches as sensitive as the whiskers of a cat, and lynx eyes that indicated an order of intelligence too high for such a simple job as driving a toy machine.

At school the same old darkies were familiar presences to generations of girls, but mother changed her servants with the seasons, as she did her gowns. An uneasy fear tormented me that she would have changed her daughter, too, had that been practicable. It would have relieved her of the herculean task of making a silken purse out of a sow's ear, when the sow was likely to protest at the amputation. I fancied her discarding me with scant compunction—a last year's daughter; a daughter out of style; one not worth the trouble and expense of remodeling.

"Show me your latest thing in daughters," I could imagine her saying in her somewhat languid voice. "No; not to take with me. I shall have her made to order. My last daughter I got ready made, and she was such a complete failure that I had to throw her away."

Whimsical as was this idea, it made me seem to myself even more of an alien than I should otherwise have done in that delicately upholstered car, my well-worn clothes brushing the luxurious ones on each side as I sat down uncomfortably between my parents upon a seat obviously designed only for two.

I felt as though I were being taken somewhere to be adopted instead of to my own home, and that the first thing they would do when they got me there would be to order me a bath and provide fresh raiment.

The groom adjusted the robe and asked:

"Where to, madam?" touching his cap.

"Home," was the answer.

"Yes, madam," he replied, touching his cap again. "Very good, madam," touching it a third time.

"And—James!"

"Yes, madam," with another touch.

"Tell Réné not to drive quite so fast as he did on the way down."

"Very good, madam," with still another sign of deference.

I had begun to regard this frequent gesture with fascinated eyes.

"Don't you get tired of being treated like royalty?" I questioned flippantly when the door had snapped. "I should be bored to death by having a man like that about."

"His manners are excellent," returned father with an emphasis which was clearly meant to reflect on mine; and, indeed, the groom's were the better of the two.

"It's a tiresome trip from school in hot weather," mother remarked presently.

"Yes, mother," was my prompt answer. "Quite, mother."

"Through uninteresting country," she went on.

"Yes, mother," I repeated. "Very, mother."

"Did you make an early start?" father inquired.

"No, father," I replied in monotone. "Not very early, father."

Conversation languished.

At length mother tried again.

"Did you receive a letter from me yesterday," she questioned, "with money in it?"

"Yes, mother," I said. "Thank you, mother."

At this, with one accord, they drew back.

"Have you lost your mind?" father demanded. "Or are you making fun of us?"

I laughed.

"I was only trying an experiment," I explained. "You see, I have such difficulty with my manners, and his kind seemed so simple I hoped an adaptation of them would work. It won't, though. It seems more difficult for a girl to give satisfaction than for a groom."

While Two Women Were Pinning and Snipping at Me, Mother Ordered More Dresses

"You put things in the strangest way," mother objected. "Why do you talk about giving satisfaction, as though you were a servant? You, the daughter of the house!"

I made no reply. It would have required some thought to formulate my reasons for the remark; and, even had I done so, my success in conveying them would have been problematical. Theoretically I was the daughter of the house, certainly; but practically I was worse off than the groom, who, if his efforts to please did not meet with success, would be dismissed, and thus provided with an opportunity to try his luck elsewhere. There was no such loophole for me. Satisfactory or not, now that I was here, here I should have to remain.

How was I to fit into the existence of which the expensive trifles I had already noted were the emblems and the signs? I had no notion of either the duties or the perquisites of my position. Instead of familiarizing me with them gradually during my adolescence—the period of greatest adaptability—mother had abruptly cut me off at its start from my natural surroundings and thrust me into others where entirely different ideals prevailed.

Having kept me for four years out of sight, put away like a lunatic, she had suddenly brought me back in the expectation that I would feel like a daughter.

I didn't feel like a daughter. I didn't know what I felt like, I'd been away from home so long—ever since I was a kid of thirteen. Now I was almost a woman; too old to go to school any more. Every summer I'd been packed off to camp, and the winter and spring vacations were too temporary to make much impression.

Just then we passed the cathedral and my eyes fell upon a long line of orphans going in to some service.

That was it! That was what I felt like! A blue-garbed Orphan, with a capital O—a Public Charge—an Institution Child! By a quick transition my thoughts passed from myself to mother. If I had had no mother she had had no child. During my long exile she had remained in undisturbed possession of a childless house. She had had no willfulness to encounter; no opposition; no interruptions; no demands; no whispered confessions; no penitence; no confidences in the dark, cheek on cheek.

The motherhood that was the kernel of my soul revolted, and there arose within me a fierce longing for a little child of my own, that I might make up to it all that we had lost—she and I. I felt that I should never be able to give it up to anyone, even at night. When I woke I should want to feel its warm, live, marvelous little body in my arms; press it, limp and unresponsive as it was, against my breast. It would grow up then without my knowing it; and I should grow along with it, because I should have to find answers to the questions it asked. That would be much less disconcerting than receiving it back from somewhere, full grown, like a Venus rising out of the waves.

Poor mother! I understood a little now why she had not seemed more glad to see me. My absence had become a habit. It wasn't going to be easy, this taking up of motherhood at the eleventh hour. She had omitted all the steps—the settling of childish difficulties; the comforting of small troubles easily comforted. As she sat there beside me, so calm, so dainty, so aloof, she seemed to me to resemble in every respect a woman who had never either desired or possessed a child.

"Where's he going?" I asked suddenly, when the chauffeur failed to slow down at the accustomed corner. "Stop him, mother! He's passed the street."

"What are you thinking of, Barbara?" she returned. "I wrote you we'd moved into the new house."

"Oh-h!" I gasped. "The new house! Of course! I'd forgotten all about it. It went completely out of my head."

"We've been in it two weeks," said father as we slowed down before an imposing edifice, which upon my previous views of it had been obstructed by scaffolding. "That is the only reason we're not at Westbury. Rotten bore! It's practically all furnished."

"All furnished!" I repeated, incredulous. "That immense house—in two weeks? But you had a lot of things, of course."

"Very little that was suitable," he replied.

"My furniture?" I insisted, suspicious and on the defensive. "You haven't got rid of that?"

"You'll see," said mother evasively as we got out.

The front door swung inward, revealing three men, one in afternoon attire and

two in livery. All had British countenances, entirely devoid of expression, and all were six feet high. These strange, imposing servants in possession of a strange, imposing house oppressed my spirit.

"What's become of Jules?" I whispered to mother, referring to our erstwhile French butler, whose wrinkled, smiling face had welcomed me home at least twice—at Christmas and at Easter—and who, therefore, in our ménage might almost have been regarded as a family servant.

"I couldn't have a Frenchman in this house," she replied.

"But you have one on your car!" I demurred, doubting whether I should ever master these distinctions. It was apparently correct to employ a French chauffeur. A butler, however, must be English. Moreover, an impressive presence was a requirement. Not being very tall myself, I had a fellow feeling for those who did not measure up to standard, and determined that when I had a house I would employ only short men.

The entrance hall was spacious, with Caen-stone walls and a floor of black and white marble laid in squares.

We went up in the elevator to the third landing to inspect my room before lunch.

The walls of this room were paneled in ivory; the furniture was ivory and cane; the hangings pale-rose taffeta; the rug of the same hue. The desk was supplied with a desk set of pale-rose leather in dull tooled gold, and the crowning touch was a pale-rose quill pen, thrust into a pale-rose receptacle filled with white shot.

I had never seen white shot used for ammunition and I wondered where these had been obtained.

I did not like this two-tone room; it cried to heaven for some jarring note—something crashingly purple, orange or blue; yet my heart overflowed in appreciation of the pains mother had bestowed upon it; the time she had spent in carrying out the minutiæ of the scheme—just now, when she was so busy and had so much on her mind. Nothing that day had made me so happy as this, and I threw my arms round her neck, crying: "Oh, mother darling! How sweet of you!"

Her next words chilled me to the bone.

"I felt sure you'd be pleased with it," she said. "This whole room was on exhibition, just as it is, in every detail, even to the pictures, at the interior decorator's. All they had to do was to move it. Luckily even the curtains were an exact fit."

She left, telling me to meet her in her sitting room when I had taken off my things.

While I was standing disconsolate there was a muffled knock at the door. I opened it and found that my grips had arrived in the hands of one of the huge footmen. No sooner had he left than I ripped open the nearest one, scattered its contents over the floor, and rapidly selected what I wanted. My old felt slippers went under the bed, my memory book on the table, the photographs of our cheer leaders and basket-ball teams I piled on the desk—all but a few of the choicest, which I stuck in the mirror of the dressing table. Then, a little comforted, I ran downstairs. In the dining room the table was laid for two, father having disappeared.

It was a very large dining room indeed, decorated in green and white marble, with a stone mantel and tapestried chairs.

"The breakfast room isn't finished yet," mother explained. "We'll always lunch there when it is."

The butler stood behind mother's chair, a footman behind mine. Acting in concert they pulled the two chairs out simultaneously. I sat down, my feet missing the floor by half an inch.

The first course was cold eggs in aspic jelly, with an herbaceous border encircling the dish. I partook nervously, not only of the solids but of the party-colored garnishings.

"Have you got a new cook?" I asked, detecting an unfamiliar bite at the tip of my tongue.

"A chef," she replied, "who was twelve years at Voisin's. He's an expert at seasoning."

The second course roused little interest in me, as the eggs had more than satisfied my appetite. It consisted of small round fillets, each with a mushroom on top and, underneath, a layer of artichoke resting upon a foundation of toast. I took one perfunctorily, and also a spoonful of very black thick sauce. Salad followed; and we had for dessert ice cream, together with strawberries almost as big as plums. At least that was the way they felt when I swallowed them.

It Was No Reunion—This Meeting of Three People Who Had Nothing to Say to One Another

Coffee was served in mother's sitting room by the butler, the first footman immediately following him with liqueurs on a tray. We declined both and they marched out again.

"I've ordered the car at three," mother announced.

"Must we go out?" I asked, lolling in an easy-chair. "I feel as though I didn't want to move after that lunch."

Her eye rested upon me in disapproval.

"You must learn not to eat everything," she said. "I don't. If you noticed all I took to-day was an egg, some green peas and a strawberry or two."

"What do you have it all cooked for, then?" I questioned. "Isn't it a waste?"

"Oh, no," returned mother vaguely. "François doesn't waste anything. He makes use of it in some way, of course."

"Where are we going at three?" I resumed.

"To get you some clothes," she replied with decision.

I had not been mistaken, then, in my conjecture as to raiment.

"What's the matter with those I've got on?" I demanded, in sudden reluctance to part with the rough garments that had adapted themselves to my casual lines, and the discarding of which would mark the end of an epoch.

"They're unsuitable," she decreed. "They were all very well for a schoolgirl, but you're not a schoolgirl now. Go and put on your hat."

As we crawled down Fifth Avenue, in a line three deep with motors bent on similar errands, I remarked that we should never get to Rosenberg & Hymen's at this rate.

"We're not going there," mother enlightened me. "I shall not dress you at the department stores any longer. We'll see whether Yvette has anything."

Yvette had a great many things. Her dressmaking establishment, which specialized in girls' frocks, was carried on in a large corner house built not five years before as a private residence, and hastily vacated, as such houses often are in New York—why, nobody knew.

Yvette herself failed to appear, but in her absence the gowns were displayed by a Miss Hawkins, who seemed to be a person of authority, and a smiling assistant to whom money was no object.

"This is only a hundred and fifty dollars," she would say, holding up an exquisite, flowerlike dress, thrown together out of nothing more durable than net and tulle. "That blue chiffon with the silver embroidery is two-twenty-five; but look at the lines of it!"

These figures made my brain reel. Up to this time, while a girl at school, eighteen-fifty had been the highest price paid at Rosenberg's for my "best" dresses. My shirt waists I had been allowed to choose myself at Tracy's, for sums ranging from $1.49 to $4.75, articles of striped and zigzagged patterns in which my soul had rejoiced. At home I had always had my supper apart on a tray, and at school my wardrobe had stood up well beside those of the other girls.

"How do you like the blue, Barbara?" mother asked indifferently. "Don't you think it's rather pretty? I think I shall have my daughter try the blue one on, Miss Hawkins."

I went over to her and whispered tensely in her ear.

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars for that dress is robbery, mother!" I said. "Don't buy it! Please don't! Suppose I should get a spot on it! Let's go back to Rosenberg's. They've got lovely things! Really they have, when you get extra lace to fill them in! I'm not out; I don't need such a beautiful dress as that."

"Yes, you do," she returned placidly. "You forget that you're coming down to all my informal dinners after this. Could we have this dress for to-night, Miss Hawkins?"

At Rosenberg's alterations inevitably took ten days; so I was astonished when Miss Hawkins acquiesced suavely:

"If there's not too much to do, madam; certainly I'll hurry it through for you! The alterations, of course, will be extra—I can't tell how much until I see just what there is to be done."

While two efficient young women were pinning and snipping at me together, mother ordered more dresses and arranged for appointments late in the week. As we were leaving the establishment I reminded her that she had forgotten to ask anything more about the cost of the alterations.

"Twenty-five dollars," said Miss Hawkins offhand. "The young lady seems to be very economical; so different from most of the young ladies nowadays. How nice that is!"

Her tone was bland, but her glance at me was inimical as she bowed us out.

On our way home I maintained silence for at least two blocks. Then I burst out:

"It's wicked to charge twenty-five dollars for those alterations! Why, mother, there was hardly anything to do! Just a little redraping in the back and putting in some tulle—about a dollar's worth, I should think. It could have been done just as well in the house."

"Not in time for to-night," rejoined mother easily. "Why do you worry so, Barbara? You're not paying for it."

We had tea, served by most of the men; and when I went up to my room there was the gayly striped box that held my dress.

I had no desire to open it. The extravagance I had seen displayed that day sickened me. More food than you could eat; better clothes than you needed to wear; a servant at every door and behind every chair—I was weary of it already, weary and depressed. What was the object of this continual outpouring of money for that which was not bread?

One little pincushion of mother's choosing would have meant more to me than the whole room she had bought at a price, and a single kiss of real welcome I should have prized above all the finery in the world.

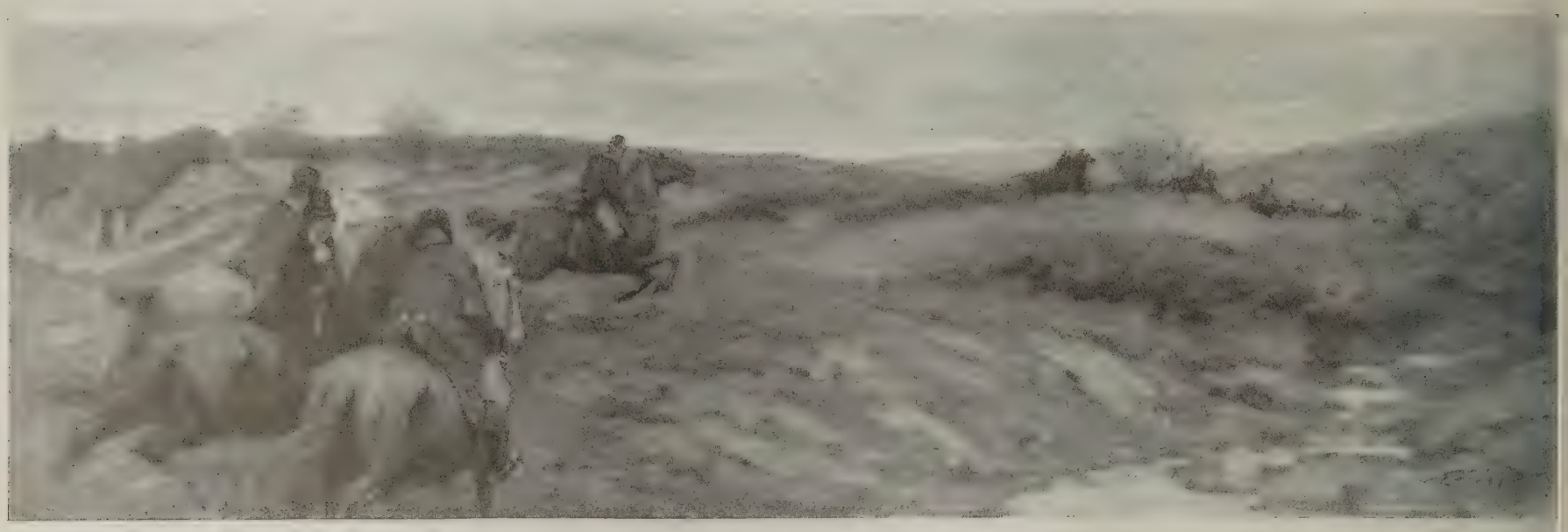
"You must learn how to wear your clothes, Barbara," she admonished me as we went downstairs together at five minutes to eight. "You can't move about in an evening gown as though you were swinging clubs."

I restrained my movements obediently.

As we passed the heavily wainscoted room known as father's "study," through the open door I glimpsed the butler deigning to occupy his leisure moments in altering by the fraction of an inch the positions of the magazines on the Italian table.

(Continued on Page 39)

A WOMAN IN THE HOUSE



By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

HE REINED in the big gray gelding for an instant while he watched his son and the girl take the fence together. There was a hard thunder of hoofs, like a hammering of bass drums, as they raced neck and neck; and then suddenly the great chestnut hunter that the boy rode and the girl's fine black mare were over lightly, like swallows whipping over water.

He brought the gray across easily, with a quick lift of his knees, and leisurely took in the scene before him. Three hundred yards away, up the hill, between the bright yellow of the gorse and the grayish brown of the winter grass, he could see the red streak of the old dog fox as he headed warily for the copse above; then came the flying squadron of the dappled pack, heads forward and tails stiff, silently intent; and after that Tim, the old huntsman, in faded red broadcloth and brown corduroy, on his mare Pegeen. Then again came the girl and his son, tall, lithe figures on their mounts. Behind him straggled the rest of the hunt, motley in red broadcloth and gray tweed.

He brought the gelding down to a walk, and for the first time in many years he let his eye wander from the quarry and the pack. His glance was on the girl ahead, in her trim habit and bowler hat. And he wondered to himself how it was that, of the thousand times he had seen her, it was only on the last three or four occasions she had engrossed his attention. He had always known her for a little beauty, and he had laughed at every dare-devil feat of hers that had evoked the applause of the countryside. But somehow he had never thought of her as a woman until a few days ago; and yet she was twenty-five.

"The little Heart of Corn!" he said to himself tenderly, repeating the name that the peasantry had given her.

And then suddenly, as though he had been storing up memory subconsciously these ten years or more, there rushed into his brain a flood of remembrances of her. It seemed to him that he had always been looking into that imperfect oval face, with its tinge of olive color, its full gray eyes, and straight black hair. He could always remember her swift boyish stride and hunched shoulders; the mannish hunting dress; the little spurred feet in the top boots—and, above all, that pert, inquiring, challenging look of hers, that made one uncertain, a fox-hunting parson had said, whether to thrash her or kiss her.

And how often had he laughed at Tim the huntsman's description of her!

"She's a rare young devil—Miss Hester!" Tim would say. "Ah, but she's the little Heart of Corn!"

That morning at the meet she had greeted him pertly, sitting there beside that son of his, who seemed less of a son than a younger brother.

"I doubt, Sir Patrick," she had said in that touch of brogue that was hers, "you're getting old. I heard your bones creak, and you climbing into the saddle."

"Huh!" her father, old Colonel O'Donnell, had snorted. "Boyd's younger than his overgrown son, and he rides harder; and harder than you, too, miss."

And he could, too, at forty-six, outride his son Harry, who was only twenty-three; and her, too, though she was the best horsewoman of the county.

A host of new and disturbing ideas had come into his head since he had begun noticing her, now that there was the fleeting expression in her eyes that betokened she was woman as well as tomboy, capable of loving as much as of riding to hounds. He remarked the trim tidiness of her, and it occurred to him, with a sense of shock, how much in need of attention his house and gardens were, which had had no woman to care about them now for two-and-twenty years, except for a doddering housekeeper and a couple of maids who would be more at home milking cattle than polishing furniture.

That old house of his, now, for example, resting at the foot of Slievegullion—how much she could have done with that! There in the great dining-room, where the portraits of the Boyds looked down mellowly from the wall—the Boyd who had fought with Cromwell, and "Boyd of the Boyne," and the Boyd who had stood by Grattan against Castlereagh—those and a dozen of others, soldiers and statesmen—would there never again be a gathering of beautiful women and stalwart men? In the drawing room, with its noble depth and height, with its virginal, which a queen had given his father, with damascened weapons on the walls, would there never be a woman to brighten it, to place flowers here and there, to warm it into the intimacy of life? Every corner of the house was cluttered with fishing rods, with guns and saddles. A pair of spurs lay on the antique sideboard in the dining room. An otter dog dozed in the depths of a brocaded couch.

And that garden, too, with its walks that should be graveled and its flower beds that should be trimmed; the little lake, where swans should be, with their throats raised exultantly—would there be never again a beautiful woman in clinging white to pass down its alleys in the full of the moon?

The red fox had taken cover in the copse, and about it the pack was circling busily, with shrill impatient yelps. The whipper-in was herding them together, making his lash crack like a rifle. Boyd watched the girl as she sat back easily, waiting for the leader to give tongue.

"A woman in the house!" Boyd thought to himself. "We need a woman in the house."

And for his son, too, something was needed. In spite of the boy's years at Harrow and Dublin, there was lacking a polish to him—due undoubtedly to the lack of mother care, the lack of mixing with women. In a while, Boyd felt, the lad might become a boorish type of county gentleman, like old Squire Boyley, who spoke of nothing but the points of cattle and the vintages of port. No; there must be a refining somewhere.

The fox had broken cover and was careering uphill gayly. The hounds broke into a passion of crying and tore along in a wavering piebald stream. The girl was after them like an arrow.

"The little Heart of Corn!" Boyd repeated as he watched her; he nodded his head in conviction. "That's what we need—a woman in the house."

II

IF YOU had been present—say, three years ago—at one of the formal levees at Dublin Castle, your eye would have wandered past the gorgeous Viceroy; past the Ulster King at Arms, with his four heralds; past the bemedaled generals and Knights of Saint Patrick, in their long cloaks, with their swords and stars—and it would have fixed on a tall, young-looking man in modest court dress, knee breeches and sword, standing apart, with his back against the wall and his arms folded. You would have been certain to ask his name.

"That is Sir Patrick Boyd," the answer would have come, with a note of deference at the name.

A tall, lean figure of a man, I remember him, six feet or thereabouts, and spare as a lance. He impressed you as a sheaf of sinew, something like a panther. Surmounting that came the lean, aquiline face, with its overbig nose and its overlong jaw; the chestnut hair, with just the faintest gray at the temples; the cool, calm, fearless brown eyes. If it had not been for the eyes one might have thought him to be some official, aged thirty-two; but the look in them showed that he was a man who had lived long enough to gain poise and authority. Still and all, one would hardly have thought him to be forty-six years old, and to have a son of twenty-three.

It means very little in England—that name, Boyd of Beltana. It means nothing in Europe. In America it has hardly ever been heard. But in Ireland it means a great and gallant sportsman, a credit to his country; one of those last figures of Irish gentlemen who resemble, in a way, the old noblesse of France—like the White Knight the Knight of Glyn, O'Conor Don, and McGillicuddy of the Ricks. It means all that; and it does more—it recalls a tragedy.

They will tell you, old county gentlemen in rough tweeds and blue poplin stocks, disappointed diplomats in third-rate capitals, officers of the Rifles and the Fusiliers sunburnt from India—all who had been to Trinity with him—that they cannot understand how Boyd married her.

"You could see she was that sort," they say. "You could see it with half an eye."

They alluded to little Ada Breguel, that turbulent French dancer who whirled across the stage of the Empire, shook Dublin out of its lethargy, and captured the hearts of a field marshal and a chancery judge in ten minutes. A woman who looked like a child, is the description I get of her, with her pert flashing face, her mass of black curls and her slight figure.

Boyd met her after the theater and in one week they were married. It was his perfect courtesy, his respect for her, for whom few others had respect, and a clean whole some manner of wooing that gained her. He was twenty-two then, and a student at Trinity.

His father, blunt old sportsman, took it philosophically. "Well, it's done now. Let's make the best of it," he said. "Thank God his mother isn't alive to see it! She was such a stickler for family!"

Nor did he last to see the worst of it. A week later they brought him home on a door from the hunting field and the men's heads were bared.

She had thought she would enjoy being Lady Boyd of Beltana; of having a recognized position in society; of having a husband who treated her with deference. She had all the *gamin's* love for a title and lands. She would escape, she thought, the muck of dressing rooms, the tyranny of hours, the need for giving every ounce of herself every moment to keep her hold on the public.

But she found the North sad. The hunting and the fishing did not interest her. She discovered, to her amazement, that a duchess was only a charming elderly lady such as a butcher's wife might be. The two peeresses she met never wore their coronets, and one of them swore like a trooper. At the Punchestown races none paid attention to dress, as they did at the Grand Prix. They watched the horses. She was bored.

"There are no smart people here, Patrick," she would complain to him. "Let's go to Paris and live."

"But I can't, dear," he would explain patiently. "I've got my responsibilities here; my tenants—everything."

"I'm so sick of it," she would tell him.

This frame of mind occupied her for a year, at the end of which their son Henry was born. As soon as she could get round she packed her trunks.

"I'm sick of you," she told Boyd. "I'm sick of your place. I'm sick of your people. I'm going back to something with life in it."

Nothing could hold her; arguments, affection—not even threats. The dregs of Paris were in her, and they suppurated now into an ulcer of discontent. She had never wanted horses and dogs, flowing water and blossoming heather, a house surrounded by purple mountains. She had wanted an *hôtel* on the Avenue Kléber, the adulation of bankers, the intrigue of music halls. A fierce nostalgia for them seized and paralyzed her.

"I don't want your child," was her final word.

She died in Paris a few years later. How, nobody but Boyd knew; and he never spoke of it. Even he could find nothing good to say of the dead. So he said nothing at all.

The boy grew up. Out of the indiscriminate features of childhood emerged the hooked Boyd nose, the heavy Boyd jaw. Out of the cooing clamor of infancy emerged the wonderful Boyd dignity and the Boyd calm. There was nothing in him of his mother—not one speck.

"A miracle of God!" the friends of the family judged it. But of that they mentioned no word to Sir Patrick. He was not the sort of man who allowed criticism of his wife, no matter what she had been.

Tall and lithe and straight he grew, while his father watched him with a care a mother could not have equaled. He taught him to ride and shoot straight; the ethics of sport; the duties of a landlord to his tenants; the duties of a gentleman to his dependents and his peers. And little by little they came to resemble each other, until the boy seemed but a pocket edition of his father.

"I'd know him out of his father anywhere," Tim the huntsman would say. "The same high head and the same eyes. Aye, and the same way of looking at you. The dead spit of the Boyds—God bless him!"

To Harrow the father sent him, going over to England to be near him, and forsaking, for the time, the furze-clad hills and ditches of his hunting country for the sodden plowed fields and elaborate social meets of the Saxon. Carefully he guided him through Trinity, in Dublin; and then Harry came home.

"What is it to be, Hal," the father asked him—"army, navy, diplomacy, church?"

"I'd rather stay at home, sir," he said, "and help you with the estate. If we look after our own people the Empire can look after itself."

"I'm glad," his father said simply; but his heart leaped at the thought that, for another generation at least, the Boyd tradition would be carried on; that another link of the chain would remain to care for the people and govern the estate well and justly.

Together they rode to the hunt and back from it. They visited cottages; planned improvements; heard complaints and investigated them. There was always the kind word for the children, and an occasional phrase of the vanishing Gaelic for the white-haired women sunning themselves at the doors. There was a joke for the fox-hunting parson and a chat over politics for the parish priest.

"Listen to me, my friend," old Father Kelly told a member of Parliament who had journeyed North during the agrarian discussion with an eye to the disaffection of the neighborhood; the member had spoken violently about "landlords' spawn," as he put it. "Listen to me: You may shoot landlords in Kerry and ambush them in Roscommon. But if you advise that here you'll go home on a stretcher. And it won't be the landlords will send you. It'll be the tenants. I'm just telling you!"

And it wasn't alone their sense of justice and honor that made this man and boy popular in the Barony of Oriel. It was the deep bond between them that called forth the sympathy in everyone. Even old men's eyes grew dim as they saw the admiration and the near-worship of the son for the father; his happiness when they were together; his pride in the elder man's strength and endurance, handsome face and proud carriage.

And women with children smiled tenderly in understanding as they watched the baronet's concealed solicitude for the boy's welfare, the careful training, the inculcation of ideals. They understood even more his patient waiting for the boy's return when away on a visit, or on a trip to Dublin, or a round of the fairs, looking after stock. Patiently the baronet sat and waited on the terrace for his return, like David, sitting between two gates, waiting for tidings of Absalom, his son.

III

A GREAT line of Boyds there had been since De Courcy clanked into Ulster at the head of his Norman band; and of all that line there had not been one who was a famous lover. They were not uxorious men—women in the main had no attraction for them; but it seemed their custom to pick out one woman and to lavish their lives on her. It was their boast that they picked out wives of high ideals and tried to live up to them.

"A grand eye for a horse, they've got," the country people would say; "aye, and a grand eye for a woman. 'Tis better for a girl to be married to one of them than to be a queen, with crown and jewels. A better thing, surely."

There had been few of them who had married outside their own Province of Ulster. They mated with the O'Donnells and O'Neills, overlords of the North; with the O'Hanlon women, those red-haired, strapping amazons; with the De Lacys and D'Arcys, tall, commanding women who still retained the Norman manner. A Boyd had stolen a King of Spain's daughter, and another Boyd had brought home an Austrian; but that had been all—that and the defection of Sir Patrick, who had married the dancer from Paris.

"A queer thing for him to do!" the tenantry puzzled. "'Tis many the hearts were sore and broken on that same day."

That was dead and gone, now; buried in the oblivion of twenty-three years, until it seemed no more to the squire than a tragic story that had happened to someone else. For twenty years the stream of affection that was in him had been dammed by the caring for his son; and now that the boy was no longer a stripling, but a man, the stream flowed over the bulwarks and was prepared to take its natural course.

If there was one woman who would have suited him in the whole world it was Hester O'Donnell. He liked everything about her—that quick and boyish stride that was always carrying her swiftly somewhere; those raised eyebrows that gave the impression she was eternally puzzling over something. More still, he even liked her way of walking along the road, her left hand in the pocket of her tweed coat.

And then came the daily, ever-dramatic change from the hoyden of the mannish stride to the gracious, well-gowned woman who presided over her father's table—a slim, soft beauty, to the manner born. That was the thing which fascinated him.

"A sportswoman and a great lady," Boyd told himself. "There's only one in a million!"

He had noticed her watch himself quizzically, and with a little tenderness in her eyes. She could not feel anything particular for him, he thought; but she might be receptive toward his courtship. Her father, old Colonel O'Donnell, would be only too pleased at the alliance. Indeed, he had once hinted at it himself.

"I wish I had someone to look after that child," the colonel had said—"someone like yourself, Boyd."

"She'll find a young man some of these days," the baronet had answered; "my kind are too old."

"You're good for twenty-five years in the saddle yet," O'Donnell chaffed; "and she's not exactly an infant. She's twenty-five years old."

Whom else could she marry? Boyd tried to think. Two or three seasons she had been to London and Dublin; but from both of them she had come back heart-whole apparently. For the officers of the near-by garrison she seemed to have no liking. There were few of the old stock left from whom she could choose. She was too much of "a fine woman," as the phrase went, to be taken by the younger whippersnappers she might meet. She would want a whole man—mind, body and soul.

"I can't think of anyone she could care for." The baronet shook his head.

Well, then, if that were so, why shouldn't he have his chance as well as the next? An old name and a fine estate, a constitution ten years younger than his age, there might be a possibility of the match appealing to her. And then there was the boy. She seemed to like him, from their companionship together. How happy they could be, all three of them! And how the old house would brighten up, as it used to be under every one of the Boyds until his tragedy had occurred! Again there would be the laughing parties there, the balls, the hunt breakfasts—everything as the old tradition had it, the tradition of his hospitable, open-handed ancestry.

It was getting toward evening now. The sun had dropped behind the crest of Slievegullion, and a great golden light, like a

"On Your Word of Honor as an Irish Gentleman, Is That True?"

liquid, bathed the mountainsides. Beneath it the lake lay, a placid winding pool bordered on each side by pine trees. As he stood by the open French window and watched it across the garden with the stripped rhododendron trees, the baronet wondered to himself how the boy would take it. A great flight of wild geese went clamoring by, and Showk, the red setter, raised his head as though he heard something. He trotted down the avenue of chestnut trees. A moment later Boyd could hear his son's strong barytone ringing out:

"I cautiously saluted her, and I viewed her o'er and o'er;
And I says: 'Are you Aurora bright, descending here below?'
'Oh, no, kind sir,' this maiden fair, she modestly replied;
'I daily labor for my bread down by the tanyard side.'"

The boy swung round the side path to the back of the house. He had been duck shooting, the baronet remembered, and he was probably going round to leave his gun and bag before coming up. He could hear the old housekeeper greet him:

"Yerra, Master Henry, and 'tis you is the elegant shot. Eight of them, and you not gone upward of an hour!"

"Not so bad for a young one—eh, Margaret?"

And then his voice rang out again:

"Her golden hair in ringlets rare hung down her shapely neck,
And the killing glances of her eye would save a ship from wreck.
Her cheeks like fair Hypatia's, and her teeth so waxy white,
Would have made Napoleon her slave down by the tanyard side."

He swung into the room easily, with his shotgun beneath his arm. His hair was tousled under the tweed hat, and the pockets of his golf coat were bulging with cartridges. His hands were in the pockets of his riding breeches. There was so much wholesomeness to the devil-may-care look of him that Boyd's heart jumped with pride.

"Dreaming, father?" he asked laughingly. He put his hat upon the muzzle of the gun and propped the barrel carefully against the wall. "A penny for your thoughts, sir."

"I was thinking, Hal —— What would you say if some fine day I were to get married?"

"Success to you, sir, a thousand times! And I'll dance at the wedding until the dawn of day." He paused for an instant and his voice grew anxious: "Why, sir, you've not been worrying about me, have you? Sure, I'd only be too glad of anything that would make you happy. Who is it, sir? Lady Alice Sellingham?"

"No."

"Mrs. Brown-Abott?"

"No."

"Surely it's not Miss Reddy? It couldn't be she!"

"It isn't," his father laughed back.

"Who is it, sir? Don't tease me about it."

"Hal," his father said softly—he kept his head averted with some sense of embarrassment—"it's Hester O'Donnell I want to ask to marry me."

"Hester O'Donnell!" The name seemed to be more gasped than spoken.

The elder man was noticing nothing. His mind was full of relief and tenderness at the son's quick delight at his happiness. He didn't notice the long spaces that came now between his remarks or how white he had suddenly become.

"Have you asked her yet, father?"

"Not yet, Hal."

Another long pause. The son moved toward him at last.

"I wish you every success, sir. If you get her you'll be getting the best girl in the world; and I've often said that the woman you'd marry would lack for nothing. Success again, sir."

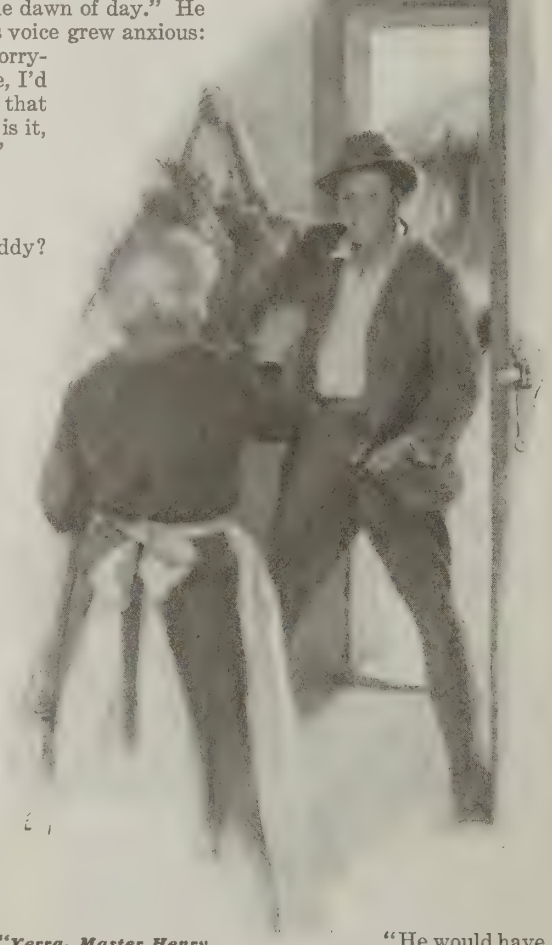
"Thanks, Hal."

The boy straightened up and moved toward the door.

"I'll be taking the gray down the road for a gallop," he said. "He's not been out to-day."

Hal swung off quickly. His father stood there motionless. He couldn't trust himself to speak, so moved did he feel. How happy they three would be together, he thought! He listened for his son's voice to break into the countryside ballad again. The boy did so much like the last verse. The baronet repeated it to himself with an amused smile:

"Farewell, my aged parents; to you I bid adieu;
I am crossing the main ocean, my love, for love of you.
And if ever I return again I will make that girl my bride,
And I'll roll her in my arms down by the tanyard side."



"Yerra, Master Henry, and 'tis You is the Elegant Shot!"

But no swinging barytone arose, lilting the grace notes of the Come-all-you. The only sound the baronet heard was the shuffle of the gray hunter at the stable door; and then, an instant later, the thunder of his hoofs along the road.

IV

IT SEEMED to Boyd, in those three days, that there had always been a gray cloud over Slievegullion Mountain, and that the lake had always been misty and desolate, with no sound from it but the hollow and lonely booming of the bitterns. About the house the servants came and went with the furtive, exaggeratedly careful step that seems to go with the presence of Death—as though that were a light sleep, instead of being the heaviest of all. Riordan, the butler, for instance—his ruddy cheeks seemed to have suddenly gone gray. Margaret, the housekeeper, was ever wiping a tear from her eye. The stableboys' loudness was hushed, and the maids whispered together in a stealthy susurrus that was more irritating than if they had shrieked aloud. Even the dogs whined, as though they knew something was wrong.

Where had his son gone? the baronet demanded of himself fiercely. And why? There had been no news of him beyond that which came with the man who brought the horse back from Goraghwood Station, and who said the boy had got into the Derry train. To every station on the line Boyd had wired; but no news came from any.

"He can't be dead!" the baronet told himself over and over again, fighting against the fear that was rising in him; and as he began pacing about he noticed himself in the glass, and he saw suddenly how aged he had become in the few days. His face was haggard, and great rings showed about the eyes from sleeplessness. He had become old overnight, like Ossian of the Fianna, who had touched earth after living in the Enchanted Isle.

Why had the lad done it? he asked himself, going over the thing again like a foxhound searching a covert. Why? He had seemed glad that the father was about to marry. There seemed no objection to that ——

Riordan, the butler, came into the room.

"Miss Hester O'Donnell to see you, Sir Patrick," he announced.

"Show her in, Riordan," Boyd told him.

There was no need for Riordan to show her in. She was behind him like a flash.

Her face blazed into the baronet's.

"Where is my boy, Sir Patrick?" she cried to him. "What have you done to my boy?"

He looked at her in amazement. A great color had mounted to her cheeks and her gray eyes were flashing in little sparks of vindictive light. Her ride over had blown a strand of black hair across her brow, and in her right hand she held her riding crop fiercely, as though at any moment she might strike him with it.

"Your boy?" he asked faintly.

"Yes; my boy," she told him. "My boy! Nobody's but mine."

"I see!" He felt a little faint for an instant; but he pulled himself together quickly. "Hester, did you care for Hal?"

"I did," she told him boldly. "And he for me."

"Why didn't he tell me?" Boyd asked. "Why didn't he tell me?"

"He would have," she answered—"in a few days."

He must have gone very white then, for the eager fire went out of her face and a look of anxiety came into it as she watched him. He went over to the fireplace and leaned heavily on the mantel.

"Sir Patrick," she whispered—"he's not dead?"

"No; he's not dead."

There was a pause in which it seemed to each of them that they could hear the other's heart beat, and that they each could feel the other's mind and soul struggle with a gray, shapeless fear.

"Why? Why did he go?" Hester O'Donnell asked breathlessly.

He did not answer for a minute; it seemed such a hard thing to say, such a terribly violent, blasphemous thing in the face of what he had just heard. But it had to be done.

"I'll tell you, little Hester," he explained: "I told him I was going to propose marriage to somebody. I thought it would be good for him to have the house as it ought to be—to have a woman in it, as it were, who would loo after him. I was afraid of his going wild. Do you see Do you understand?"

"Yes; but why should he go away?" she demanded "What is there in that to make him go away?"

He kept silent and watched her as she bit her lips an knit her brows, trying to puzzle it out. She raised her hea to ask him again, to demand an answer; and they looke at each other without saying anything. The color fade from her cheeks and she recoiled slightly.

"You wanted to marry me?" she cried out.

"And to put it absolutely brutally"—he lied with a wr smile—"the only reason I had for wanting to marry yo was my son's good. I never thought of him as being any thing but a child; never thought of his marrying."

"At his age you had a son a year old," she told him. Sh took a quick turn about the room, head down, thinkin "I know where he is," she said suddenly: "he's in Americ He's taken the Derry boat for New York. He was alway saying, if anything went wrong —— Oh, I know it in m bones—he's there!"

"I'll go look," Boyd told her. "I'll find him for you.

"Listen!" she asked him fiercely: "What you said t me—that the only reason you had for marrying me was fo his sake—is that true?"

"Absolutely true."

"I don't know," she said. "On your word of honor as a Irish gentleman, is that true?"

"On my word of honor as an Irish gentleman," he an swered smilingly, "it's true."

"Oh, then it is true!" she said in relief; and, letting he self break down, she cried in his arms.

V

THE police had failed and the private detectives ha failed to find any trace of his son in the week that th baronet had been in New York. There was nothing els to be done, they told him, shrugging their shoulders. Peopl disappeared every day, and no trace was ever found them. Perhaps the son was at home now. Perhaps it wa only some boyish escapade, some hiding of himself out pique. But Sir Patrick knew better; he knew the boy.

Disconsolately, night after night and day after day, h roamed the streets. He watched the quays, with the lon shoremen loading cargo by sun and incandescent light. H watched the Subway workers crawl out of their cave, shi by shift; but no Harry was among them. He searche among the structural workers who clambered like pygmi up and down the great iron columns. And yet there wa no sign.

"Give it over," the police told him. "There's not chance in the world. If he's to be found we'd have got him.

"He's here," the baronet replied doggedly. "I know in my heart. He's here!"

The porters at the Grand Central came to know hin sitting there forlornly in the great main hall, waiting f the boy to pass through. The men at the Pennsylvan offered sympathy as the police told the story. He woul thank them politely and, after hours of waiting, go awa

"I know he's here!" he would tell himself. "I know he here! We both feel it—Hester and I."

It was eight o'clock now. Somewhere the strokes ra out from a near-by church as he crossed Herald Squa from Sixth Avenue. The theater crowd of motors whirr into Broadway, their horns snarling like dogs. The El vated Road lumbered by overhead with a thunder like ba drums. Here and there horses picked their way throug the maze of cars and pillars with the adroitness of tri skaters upon ice.

All about him advertising devices twinkled and flashed a red star; a pelican opening and closing its beak; a chari snorting along, the horses' nostrils distended, the driv flogging viciously at their flanks; a pair of boxers leadi and countering, with absurd mechanical gestures. It seemed a vast pandemonium of sound and light.

Sir Patrick saw none of it, heard none of it, as he blu dered his way across as calmly as though he were walki across his own moor. A shrill whistle cut into the air li a knife. From a street near by came the loud, insiste clang of a bell. The automobiles stopped short as if turn to stone. A huge furniture wagon, with two figures on t driver's seat, drew up within a foot of him. The clamor bell was nearer. It was fifty yards away.

"Hi, you!" a policeman shouted from a distanc "Where do you think you're going? Get back!" T baronet did not hear him.

A slight figure in overalls and a flannel shirt sprang fro the furniture van. It caught the baronet by the should and swung him into safety. The fire engine whipped by a streak of red.

"A narrow shave, sir!" he heard said behind him. "D I hurt you?"

He turned round unbelievingly, and caught the figu by the arm.

"Harry! Is it you, Harry?"

The boy went white. He tottered and nearly fell.

"It's I, father," he said.

(Concluded on Page 102)

THE PHANTOM CIRCUIT

Out of the Corner of My Eye I Saw the Military-Appearing Spy Dawdling a Hundred Feet Away

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

"DID you find her?" I asked George Turner when we met two years after the close of a brief association in Bermuda.

It was the first night out from Honolulu, and the turbiner Hesperia thrust her lofty bows into the rich glow of the rising moon as if hurrying out of the unreal, phantasmic sea toward a daylit world.

"Did you find your real woman?" I continued. "Or did some other motion-picture director seize your prize?"

"I found her and directed her," he announced with sudden bitterness. "I'll probably destroy the film."

"What picture did you feature this—this paragon in?" I asked.

"War stuff," he mumbled.

"Then you, too, did your battles on a California field?"

Turner laid one finger on his neck and indicated a deep, triangular scar. I begged his pardon in proper terms.

"I was in China—and all that," he explained. "My people sent me over at the beginning of the war."

"And you really got a picture?" I inquired respectfully. "You had your wish—grim reality before your camera? Kiao-chau?"

"Not there. I got my picture in Bismarckshafen."

"I confess I never heard of it," I told him.

Turner acknowledged that most people had not.

"A German coaling station just outside the Samoan Group," he told me. "Used to be rather under the United States protectorate; but we let the Germans have it a good many years ago, and they made it a real naval station, defended by a third-class cruiser, a hundred and fifty soldiers and a little fortress. Besieged and captured by a modest expedition from the Colonies."

"Good picture stuff?" I demanded.

"I don't know!" he burst out. "Just six weeks ago I finished it—three thousand feet. The reels are in the purser's safe. And I'm not sure I'll ever turn the film in. I—I may burn it!"

"Nonsense!" I said roughly. "You're morbid. You get some genuine fighting stuff—not to speak of being wounded yourself—and then go daffy because of—er—a woman," I concluded lamely.

He considered my remonstrance, for he presently ejaculated: "Ha! Not so simple as that. To tell the truth, I staged the affair as a fake—a replica of a real fight, of course, but redone with an eye to the dramatic possibilities, and with a girl in it. The thing fizzles out finally—but I got this!" He pointed again to the uncomely scar on his neck. "I risked my life for her," he muttered.

"You thought you were filming a battle that had taken place before, and found yourself taking the real article?" I suggested. "And the girl? How did she come out?"

Turner peered about him at the shadowy figures recumbent here and there under the deck lights. Then he laid a shaking hand on my arm.

"I don't know!" he whispered.

"You don't know?" I cried. "Surely you must know! What does your film say? The camera can't lie!"

"Can't it?" he whispered again. "I daren't look!"

A thought occurred to me. I had, before this, heard motion-picture men mutter of strange apparitions seen against the projecting-room screen, as if ghastly actors had seized the set stage for themselves and played an unearthly scene above the commonplace of the cinema. Had this shaken and desolate man caught a glimpse on his costly reels of some such phantasmal drama? Out of the unknown had some dark power called forth a dimly seen, unforgetable horror? I fished for my answer.

"The girl played the lead as you planned?"

He shook his head as much as to say once more "I don't know!" Then he began at the beginning.

II

WHEN I reached China they told me I had better go back to America. Officialdom disapproved of pictures, and particularly motion pictures of actual events. Not a soul was even decent to me till a representative of a Dutch concern took pity on me and said:

"You're wasting time in Hong-Kong. Go to Melbourne and see Major Forsythe."

I went to Australia and didn't find him, though everybody seemed to know of him. He was a very high personage, I understood—a kind of free lance, with the entrée everywhere. In Sydney I got trace of him, though nobody would admit for a minute that the major held any place under the government. Yet it was as clear as day that the man was vastly important. I was justified in assuming that the very indefiniteness of his position meant he was something extraordinarily lofty and influential—exactly the man who could help me. Incidentally I learned that he had a daughter.

"The major is a queer card," said an acquaintance; "but the girl is magnificent. I suspect her father is a lord and she a lady. She has the grand manner. Lofty? Handsome? And cold? My word!"

Following a hint, I sailed for Auckland. There I discovered my man. He was living very quietly and unobtrusively with his daughter. Inquiry for him in official quarters elicited nothing but inarticulate murmurs.

I went to his house—a cottage back from the road—and caught him right in his own doorway. I told him I had been referred to him, and set forth my business, which was to get permission to make moving pictures of as much of the active operations as I could.

The old boy shied terribly, waved his well-kept hands, and gave indications of great mental disturbance. I gathered that he was about business so fine, so delicate, so weighty, that a breath might do irreparable injury. Nothing out-and-out, you understand—evasive civilities uttered in a mysterious tone. At the end he leaned outward from the doorway and said impressively:

"Mr. Turner, you would do well to consider my position here. And your own."

"A warning?" I asked. "Or a threat?"

He lifted his lids a little, so that I saw his somber eyes.

"The air is filled with it," he said. "One breathes it. It is the terror by day and the menace by night. 'Who? Who? Who?' one man asks of another."

"Who?" I repeated. "Who what?"

"Who is a spy?" he whispered.

At the time I hadn't learned my lesson. I was astonished that this elderly soldier and man of affairs should be affected by a phantom, and stated that I, at least, was no spy. I insisted that I represented a reputable and neutral film company, and stood a little on my dignity. The major seemed abashed, stumbled over a sentence or two, and then astonished me still more by curtly asking me inside.

I was extremely surprised to walk into a large, bare apartment and come to a stand before a small, light table on which a young woman knelt and held a tin saucepan over the single gas jet that depended from the dusty ceiling.

"My daughter Aileen," the major mumbled.

I realized that this was no maidservant.

"I am heating this milk for the kitten," she told him calmly, and surveyed me for an instant with eyes as emotionless as crystal.

We stood there like owls until the contents of the little pan steamed. For a very good reason the major didn't ask me to sit down—there was no chair. It didn't matter. I stared at the girl and understood perfectly that I should never see another woman with so splendid a throat—her head tilted back a little as she looked at the gas flame. I wondered how she was going to get off that spindle-legged table.

Her task finished, she simply slipped to her feet and set the pan down. Then she looked at me as if to defy me to inquire what kind of a kitten drank scalding hot milk, with rum in it. Her father ignored the saucepan and introduced me as his friend—"The General Director of the Planetary Film Company." He repeated that I was his friend.

Presently the major excused himself and departed.

"How much do you know of my father's plans?" the girl asked me suddenly when he was gone.

I was startled—I couldn't get it out of my head that she bore a title and was socially equal to the magnificence of her beauty—and answered that I knew nothing, except I had heard he was very influential. I explained to her, in full, my own plans and hopes. I wound up by pleading with her to help me with her father.

"I want to have a chance to accompany some of the expeditions they are sending out," I said. "I want to film some genuine war stuff. You see, Major Forsythe can assure them I am harmless. Personal influence means everything to me."

She was haughtily interested. She went into particulars about the business; asked a score of questions as to my ability to depict battles, sieges and assaults; was anxious to learn how we motion-picture people reproduced scenes of the past; and inquired what was the minimum material I needed to start work.

"Give me the story of a battle, put me on the spot with soldiers enough, artillery and paraphernalia, and I'll make the fight live again," I told her.

"And a real battle? Could you make a film of that?" she demanded.

I explained that this would be possible; but that when I had taken all my pictures it would be necessary to arrange the scenes in some logical order, so that the spectator in the theater would get a clear notion of the continuity of the action and see the outcome in a single flash.

"Give me three hundred feet of actual fighting and I'll make two reels of battle," I told her.

Then we discussed the government's half-hearted entertainment of proposals that motion pictures be made of actual warfare, to be exhibited for patriotic purposes. Here she seemed to have special information, and suggested that

many hard-worked officials had been reluctant to take the matter up only because there was doubt in their minds whether the censorship would be adequate.

"If there is one thing more than another that they fear, it's giving information to the enemy," she said.

The girl's complete and splendid beauty was bewitching me. I could think of one thing only.

"I must have your father's help—your help," I said.

"Impossible!" she told me.

All that week I could not get Aileen Forsythe out of my thoughts for a moment. You see, she was precisely the woman I had been seeking all my life; the kind of woman everyone looks at when great things are afoot; and a woman, I fancied, whose extraordinary loveliness was like a crystal wall about her passionate soul. And from the hour she dismissed me from the cottage I never managed to lay eyes on her. The major avoided me as if I were poisonous.

My plans seemed vain. Nobody would listen to me. Once or twice I met with rebuffs that partook of a semi-official warning to be gone from the country. Why did I stay on?

The only explanation I can offer is that I had been completely subjugated by that girl. Nothing mattered except my seeing her again. With my belongings packed, and various police agents constantly hinting at my departure, I stayed in Auckland, walking the streets, and biting my nails because I could not see Aileen again. I was mad. I dreamed of running off with her; of making her the lead in a company that would film miracles. I told myself that nothing mattered but her; I fought the fear that she, with her social position and title, would have forgotten me. Oh, well!

I was at last ordered out of the Dominion. I was given so many hours in which to clear out. I was at the end of my resources. I sat in my wretched room, cursing wars and all their consequences. My landlady bustled and fidgeted in the hallway, eager to be rid of her dangerous guest. A muffled policeman stamped the pavement outside. Then my door opened and Aileen Forsythe walked in.

I stared at her. She was dressed, I saw, for a journey. I gaped at her.

"I must have your help," she said in a clear voice, as though we had parted only an hour before.

"I'll do anything in God's world for you," I replied fervently. "Anything!"

She lifted her veil and I saw the despairing expression on her face.

"I'll be grateful," she murmured.

"What is the matter?" I demanded.

Her whisper barely reached me:

"I must save my father."

In amazement I repeated the word after her:

"Father?"

"Yes," she said. "I've thought and thought! And there is no one to go to but you."

I thought I saw her plight.

"You don't want him to go back into active service?"

"I don't want him shot as a spy," she told me.

I tell you that, when Aileen looked at me with her level, sad, beautiful glance and formed the word "spy" on her strained lips, my heart missed a beat. God help me! I had lived under the pall of suspicion too long, I'd had too much experience with the dreadful obsession that holds whole nations in its power and makes them cringe at the word "treason." I was instantly convinced that Major Forsythe was a traitor. I believe I uttered no sound except an "Ah!"—a brutal ejaculation that must have pierced the girl's bosom like a bullet. But she faced me gallantly.

"He mustn't be shot as a spy!" she repeated.

"Is he a spy?"

You see, I had to know. I might be in danger myself, for having been at his house.

"They won't believe that he is not," she said simply.

"Why not?"

"And they won't believe you either," she murmured.

I fairly jumped.

"Me?" I shouted.

"They know that you came to our house," she said. "And—haven't you felt what the police think of you?"

"But this must be some—some definite affair," I stammered. "Your father has—they have discovered ——"

I looked into her eyes. The two of us stood there in that wretched room with the shadow of the gallows dark above us. I admit that the whole affair sounds unreal, exaggerated, false. Who was this girl? Who was her father?

I Sat in My Wretched Room, Cursing Wars and All Their Consequences

Yet I trusted her. She had warned me. She hadn't come to me empty-handed either. She had a scheme to save her father's life—and to save my own, too.

"What am I to do?" I asked her.

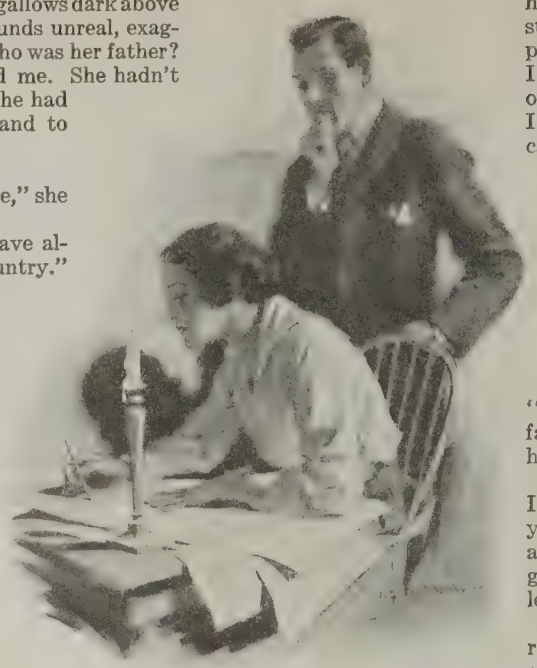
"You must take pictures—a picture," she told me.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "I have already been given notice to quit the country."

"I can arrange it," she said, growing calmer. "My—er—friends have risked giving me a chance." She assumed a proud expression. "I have friends—still."

"I can understand it," I returned.

"And though they have no definite knowledge, they are aware that father has been indiscreet. Nothing, you see, is certain. So there is time. I have seen several people who are really powerful. They have stretched a point." She flushed. "They have thought it might be arranged for you to go to Bismarck Island and take a picture of the expedition there. A government boat is going down with supplies. You could take myself and my father along as members of your company."



"He Would Have Fought if There Had Been a Chance"

"Still, I don't understand," I protested. "I'm ordered out of New Zealand and you tell me your father is suspected of being a spy. Do you mean to tell me that the government will actually let us go together and take pictures of some maneuvers?"

"Not of maneuvers," ran her swift correction. "They look at it this way: they will have us all under surveillance. They will be sure that you aren't taking observations or pictures without their knowledge. Father will be—we shall be—it amounts to our being really prisoners. But no one will know. I have arranged it."

I suppose I stared at her, for she flushed hotly.

"Is it too much to do for my father?" she cried.

"You arranged it!" I repeated. "And what—er—friend in the government did you deceive? A young man? In love with you?" She choked, and I went on: "And now you come to me and try to make me put my neck in the noose. Are you wagering on my being in love with you too?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"But I—I'm not!" I stormed.

Then I was silent. I saw the mystery of her inscrutable eyes and knew my falsehood for what it was. I loved her. Nothing she might do or say could ever change that truth. She was very still, like a lovely enchantress in the presence of a miracle she had wrought.

Presently I found my voice. But at the first syllable she laid a finger to her lip. The stair outside the door creaked. Someone was listening. It was a tight place. Any moment the man outside might rush in and denounce us. I played trumps.

"We have only a little while," I said in a loud voice. "If we have government permission we must make our arrangements right away. Are you ready?"

She knew better than I what depended on eluding and deluding the invisible auditor on the other side of the door. She did not hesitate, but replied in a calm voice:

"I suppose we had better go."

The stair creaked again and we waited. The spy was gone. Undoubtedly he would watch for us on the street. We went down and walked slowly to the corner. A glance behind me assured me that we were followed.

"He is going to see you home," I muttered.

She whispered back:

"We must have everything settled and our passes in our hands, and our luggage ready, this afternoon."

"Then it is so dangerous?" I asked. "Have they got anything—any proof against your father?"

"You don't know him as I do," she replied in a restrained tone. "They will work on him. We must have everything decided and done to-night. We must sail to-morrow. There is a steamer going to Bismarckshafen in the forenoon. Oh, we must hurry!"

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the military-appearing spy dawdling a hundred feet away. It struck me that he was expecting others to join him. I seemed to catch a vision of myself huddled in a cell. I looked up the street and caught sight of a flag floating from a staff three blocks away. I touched Aileen on the arm.

"If it's a matter of such haste, come on!" I said.

At the door of the American Consulate she looked up and grew pale.

"Why—they will turn us out!" she whispered. "And it won't help my father. I don't care what happens to me."

"Or to me either, I fancy," I told her bitterly. "But you've dragged me into this and I propose to have some guaranty that you will not leave me in the lurch."

"We must hurry," she responded with an evident effort to be calm. "We must arrange matters and tell my father—warn him."

"When we have done a little business in here," I replied, and led her inside, under the Eagle of the United States.

Twenty minutes later we came out, man and wife! On the lower step she halted and let me see into her splendid, bitter eyes.

"You have had your way," she said. "You will be sorry. I did this only to save my father."

I held her by the arm.

"Shall I be sorry, I wonder?"

She flinched at my touch; then smiled faintly.

"I must not resent it, I suppose. You have the right to lay your hand on me. I have warned you."

I relaxed my clutch and she withdrew a step. Then, in some impulse of feeling, she stretched out both hands to me.

"I—I'm sorry!" she cried.

"I have a good deal to do," I responded. "I know enough of the plan to work it out. When I've got my own arrangements made I'll let you know. Then you can take it up with the people you know in the government. I'll see you this evening."

After she was gone I still felt the quick pressure of her fingers about mine as a steady stress on some obscure nerve that went to my heart and made me a little breathless and weak. I turned on my heel and strode back toward the spy, who still dawdled on the curb. He seemed puzzled.

"Look here," I said vigorously; "I don't like your manner. Keep away from me and my wife."

The man opened his mouth.

"Your wife!" he repeated in a daze.

"My wife," I told him. "I warn you!"

The spy gulped, stammered, and tried to give me to understand that he was on entirely other business than I suspected. He almost made me laugh, so hurt he was at being thought ungentlemanly. I left him to his bewilderment and hastened to make ready for this preposterous and thrilling adventure. And I was married to the most absolutely perfect woman in the world!

III

MY GOODS packed up, my landlady thoroughly satisfied by my explanation that, at last, I had been sent by the government on an expedition, a hasty call made on a couple of unattached camera men, I swallowed a bite of lunch—my wedding supper!—and went to Major Forsythe's cottage. I rang the bell loudly. The old fellow himself opened the door and I pushed by him.

"I must see my wife," I told him.

He grabbed my hand.

"She told me," he said, clinging to me. "My boy!"

"You will be hanged for this business," I said brutally, jerking away from his insufferable clasp.

"Hush!" said a voice from the obscurity behind him. I looked beyond the candle flickering on the table. I saw Aileen, her earnest, intent face vividly emerging from the dusk.

"I think I had better take a walk," her father said in a stifled tone, and was gone.

"Well?" I remarked to my wife.

Just as I spoke there was the long roll of a drum from the distance, a gloomy and ominous reminder of the search of a city for traitors. Aileen answered me quietly:

"I saw my friends. They think it best that we go to Bismarckshafen to-morrow, as you said. Father will go too." She bit her lip. "They will see that you don't miss the boat. That is what you get for marrying me."

"Be frank," I adjured her. "I've trusted you. Trust me."

"I shall have to uncover a—an imposture," she said with difficulty. "My father's."

I tried to help her out.

"I know he is a spy," I remarked gently.

"He isn't, at all!" she protested. "That is part of his imposture."

"Then he isn't really a retired British army officer?" I demanded. "Is that a pretense too?"

She bowed her head.

"Better tell me the truth," I urged her. "I am wholly in the dark. I came here expecting to find an honorable officer, busy on his country's affairs. They told me you were a lady born. I find—so far—that Major Forsythe isn't at all highly regarded by his supposedly fellow British officers; and—I doubt whether you are a lady born."

Her defenses were beaten down.

"I know! I know!" she cried. "That is only part of the great pretense. We are both impostors—but spies, never!"

"Was our marriage this afternoon a pretense too?" I demanded. "How many husbands have you?"

"I had one," she said simply.

"When?" I shouted, seized with a wild rage.

"This afternoon, when you put this ring on my finger," she answered. "I—I lost him at the door of the American Consulate."

I was touched. But I didn't wish to make a new, useless surrender.

"You aren't in mourning for him?" I asked brutally.

"No," she said. "I had my moment of reality—in a whole lifetime of playing a part."

I was suddenly swept by a feeling of prodigious triumph.

"Then you love me!"

What was it I saw in that girl's mysterious eyes at the instant? I can't tell. Something exhilarating and soothing, rousing and satisfying.

"Come!" I urged her. "Stop playing a part and live realities. Let's get back to the Consulate. I've made you an American. Let's get away from here and back to the States."

She gave me a glance of inexpressible regret.

"I'm bound," she whispered. "I'm the only person in the world who understands my father. I must save him. I've always promised myself I would save him."

"Who will save me, Aileen?" I pleaded.

"I will!" She glowed, transfigured. "It will be my reward for all the years I have suffered—to save you." Her voice fell into a compassionate murmur. "I will save you from myself."

The street without became clamorous with the noise of men following a single, steadily tramping man whose footsteps seemed to come straight for us. We held our breath till the night patrol was past the door. "You speak constantly in riddles," I said. "Tell me what it all means."

IV

"HE TOLD my mother he was a major in the Confederate Army," she said. "He married my mother, who loved him. He wasn't ever in the Confederate Army, you see—or in any army at all. But mother left her people and died in two years."

"He killed her," I said.

"No!" she protested. "She was a Southern girl, and lovely and proud. She wouldn't have fallen in love with anybody but a brave soldier. Father knew it and lied to her. But when she found him out she understood why he had deceived her."

"Womanlike, she forgave him," I remarked. "She excused his lie because it was to win her. But there were other deceptions—that have landed your father here in Auckland to be seized as a spy."

"Oh, yes!" she confessed. "He tried to conceal himself from me too. He wanted to be worth my loving as well."

"By falsehoods," I said.

"Wasn't I worth it?" she inquired in a low voice. "Maybe not! He came to me in school when I was fourteen. I'd written him that I was homesick. 'My dear,' he told me, 'I'm back from fighting for the Stars and Stripes against the Spanish. I've been badly wounded, my child. I can't live any longer without a woman in my house.' I knew—and yet I went gladly with him."

"He hadn't been fighting against Spain?" I demanded.

Aileen shook her head.

"He only dreamed it. He never let on; but so many people got to looking sidewise at him. They laughed at him. We had to quit America."

"Japan?" I said, smiling.

"He had been there, he said, years before. I don't know. You see, everything with him was a grand pretense. He is a splendid child, making believe. But when the Russian War broke out we had to leave Japan. I don't know why. So we went to London."

"And what did he pretend to be, there?" I asked.

She did not wince.

"An American naval officer, retired. And then someone turned up to say horrid things. Then it was Hong-Kong—Auckland."

"A spy!" I muttered.

"Only another pretense," she pleaded. "It's father's way to accept any suggestion of his own importance. Nothing is so talked of now as spies. He never actually did anything wrong—he couldn't. People first suggested that father had been a most important man in England. He couldn't disabuse them. Then they suspected him. Now they think he may be a spy."

Their Shouts Rang Out; But Above Them I Heard Aileen's Clear Cry: "Father! Father!"

"Your explanation is plausible," I admitted. "Your father is mildly insane. But it strikes me that his performance was pretty consistent. He won a fine woman to wife, and you for a daughter. He has never ceased to be an impostor. I fancy you live on the money he makes by it?"

"Mother had no money at all. Freeing of our slaves made us bitterly poor. Father knew that. He had then and has now his royalties on a patented tin can."

"Tin can!" I echoed.

She nodded.

"It sounds awful, doesn't it? Mother never knew that! Father is a rich man." She looked at me appealingly.

"I can forgive his lying to win your mother," I said, "if she was as beautiful as you are. The rest is beyond me. I can't understand the motive for a life so perfectly futile, disgraceful and perilous."

"It didn't take me long to sympathize with him," she told me. "He had begun his deception to be worth mother's while. He kept it up to be worth my while. Now he does it to be worth his own while!" She lowered her eyes. "It is terrible never to have done anything worth while—to have invented only a tin can!"

Dimly, of course, I did get a light on the old fellow's mental twistiness. He should have been an actor. The same queer spiritual hunger—I insist on the genuine nobility of the desire—that impels certain men and women to be always playing some part on a stage, however obscure and tawdry, had made him enact rôle after rôle in real life, where Destiny directs the stage. He had picked the world for his theater—and financed the venture on the proceeds from the invention of a peculiar and useful tin can. I demanded better illumination.

"He lacks opportunity," she answered.

"To be real?" I suggested.

"You see," she explained, "he was deeply touched by the brave struggle the South made in '64 and '65. He would have loved to have fought under the Stars and Bars."

"Why didn't he?"

"He was a boy in the North," she answered. "I suppose he heard only Yankee talk. When he heard the South's story it was too late. But he did his best! Don't you see? He joined the Lost Cause when the end had come. He said he had been in the Confederate Army!"

"And lately he's been a British officer."

She wrung her hands.

"It was because of Belgium. He was so helpless. 'They call Americans damned neutrals,' he told me. 'Other people are dying gloriously on the field of battle, and we sit and smoke at home as mum as mice!'"

"Well?"

She bent over the candle, which lit her starry eyes.

"He would have fought if there had been a chance."

I understood. I pondered the loyalty of fine women, who take our pretenses and our dreams and our tinsel, and try to make real the phantom of impotent ambition; and always toss us the cloak of their glowing love when the mire soils our useless finery. Lucky the man who plays his part in the spotlight of a woman's love!

"But what is to be the end?" I demanded.

"Your film," she said. "A picture of a battle—the storming of a redoubt—and my father dying gloriously at the head of his troops!"

V

WITH the gas burning yellow over our heads, we studied the map she flung open on the table. Within half an hour I was in possession of the story of the sending of a small naval force to Bismarck Island by the New Zealand Government, the attack on the enemy squadron there, the assault and capture of the fortifications of Bismarckshafen.

Aileen made it plain that certain officials would like nothing better than to have the whole affair fittingly celebrated in motion pictures; and in the course of her narrative I perceived that she had managed very shrewdly to give a much-embarrassed lot of men a chance to extricate themselves from a bad business by shipping the false major, his daughter and myself to a place where we could do no possible harm. Everything had been arranged except the professional details, which would fall to me on our arrival.

"I have no choice except to agree," I said. "But where does your father come in? How is he to appear on the film?"

"You see?" she said breathlessly. "People will see it in the theater—they will see Major Forsythe—and they will say to themselves 'What a gallant soldier!' In the States—in Hong-Kong—in London—men who have known him and laughed will see the picture and confess they were wrong. Major Forsythe will have given his life in the assault on Bismarckshafen!"

"You seem to think those fellows down there will gladly step aside and give him the glory in the picture," I warned her. "My experience tells me that he won't be allowed so much as a place on the side lines."

"I'll arrange that," she told me.

"And everybody will know that the picture is only a fake," I went on.

She looked deeply into my eyes.

"It will be real," she murmured. Then she tossed her head. "I have known all my life that sooner or later someone would denounce him. We will anticipate them. No one can say anything when we can point to the film, and to him, and say 'He died at Bismarckshafen.'"

(Continued on Page 98)

Jeeves and the Hard-Boiled Egg

He Furthermore Endeared Himself to Me by a Most Extraordinarily Gifted Imitation of a Bull Terrier Chasing a Cat Up a Tree

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

SOMETIMES of a morning, as I've sat in bed sucking down the early cup of tea and watched my man Jeeves flitting about the room and putting out the raiment for the day, I've wondered what the deuce I should do if the fellow ever took it into his head to leave me. It's not so bad now I'm in New York, but in London the anxiety was frightful. There used to be all sorts of attempts on the part of low blighters to sneak him away from me. Young Reggie Foljambe to my certain knowledge offered him double what I was giving him, and Alistair Bingham-Reeves, who's got a valet who had been known to press his trousers sideways, used to look at him, when he came to see me, with a kind of glittering, hungry eye which disturbed me deucedly. Bally pirates!

The thing, you see, is that Jeeves is so dashed competent. You can spot it even in the way he shoves studs into a shirt.

I rely on him absolutely in every crisis, and he never lets me down. And, what's more, he can always be counted on to extend himself on behalf of any pal of mine who happens to be to all appearances knee-deep in the bouillon. Take the rather rummy case, for instance, of dear old Bicky and his uncle, the hard-boiled egg.

It happened after I had been in America for a few months. I got back to the apartment latish one night, and when Jeeves brought me the final high ball he said:

"Mr. Bickersteth called to see you this evening, sir, while you were out."

"Oh?" I said.

"Twice, sir. He appeared a trifle agitated."

"What, pipped?"

"He gave that impression, sir."

I sipped the high ball. I was sorry if Bicky was in trouble, but, as a matter of fact, I was rather glad to have something I could discuss freely with Jeeves just then, because things had been a bit strained between us for some time and it had been rather difficult to hit on anything to talk about that wasn't apt to take a personal turn. You see, I had decided—rightly or wrongly—to grow a mustache, and this had cut Jeeves to the quick. He couldn't stick the thing at any price, and I had been living ever since in an atmosphere of bally disapproval till I was getting jolly well fed up with it. What I mean is, while there's no doubt that in certain matters of dress Jeeves' judgment is absolutely sound and should be followed, it seemed to me that it was getting a bit too thick if he was going to edit my face as well as my costume. No one can call me an unreasonable chappie, and many's the time I've given in like a lamb when Jeeves has voted against one of my pet suits or ties; but when it comes to a valet's staking out a claim on your upper lip you've simply got to have a bit of the good old bulldog pluck and defy the blighter.

"He said that he would call again later, sir."

"Something must be up, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir."

I gave the mustache a thoughtful twirl. It seemed to hurt Jeeves a good deal, so I chucked it.

"I see by the paper, sir, that Mr. Bickersteth's uncle is arriving on the Carmantic."

"Yes?"

"His Grace the Duke of Chiswick, sir."

This was news to me, that Bicky's uncle was a duke. Rum, how little one knows about one's pals! I had met Bicky for the first time at a species of beano or jamboree down in Washington Square, not long after my arrival in New York. I suppose I was a bit homesick at the time, and I rather took to Bicky when I found that he was an Englishman and had, in fact, been up at Oxford with me. Besides, he was a frightful chump, so we naturally drifted together; and while we were taking a quiet snort in a corner that wasn't all cluttered up with artists and sculptors and what not, he furthermore endeared himself to me by a most extraordinarily gifted imitation of a bull terrier chasing a cat up a tree. But, though we had subsequently become extremely pally, all I really knew about him was that he was generally hard up and had an uncle who relieved the strain a bit from time to time by sending him monthly remittances.

"If the Duke of Chiswick is his uncle," I said, "why hasn't he a title? Why isn't he Lord What-Not?"

"Mr. Bickersteth is the son of his grace's late sister, sir, who married Captain Rollo Bickersteth of the Coldstream Guards."

Jeeves knows everything.

"Is Mr. Bickersteth's father dead too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Leave any money?"

"No, sir."

I began to understand why poor old Bicky was always more or less on the rocks. To the casual and irreflective observer, if you know what I mean, it may sound a pretty good wheeze having a duke for an uncle, but the trouble about old Chiswick was that, though an extremely wealthy old buster, owning half London and about five counties up north, he was notoriously the most prudent spender in England. He was what American chappies would call a hard-boiled egg. If Bicky's people hadn't left him anything and he depended on what he could prize out of the old duke he was in a pretty bad way. Not that that explained why he was hunting me like this, because he was a chap who never borrowed money. He said he wanted to keep his pals, so never bit anyone's ear on principle.

At this juncture the doorbell rang. Jeeves floated out to answer it.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Wooster has just returned," I heard him say. And Bicky came trickling in, looking pretty sorry for himself.

"Hullo, Bicky!" I said. "Jeeves told me you had been trying to get me. Jeeves, bring another glass, and let the revels commence. What's the trouble, Bicky?"

"I'm in a hole, Bertie. I want your advice."

"Say on, old lad!"

"My uncle's turning up to-morrow, Bertie."

"So Jeeves told me."

"The Duke of Chiswick, you know."

"So Jeeves told me."

Bicky seemed a bit surprised.

"Jeeves seems to know everything."

"Rather rummily, that's exactly what I was thinking just now myself."

"Well, I wish," said Bicky gloomily, "that he knew a way to get me out of the hole I'm in."

Jeeves shimmered in with the glass, and stuck it competently on the table.

"Mr. Bickersteth is in a bit of a hole, Jeeves," I said, "and wants you to rally round."

"Very good, sir."

Bicky looked a bit doubtful.

"Well, of course, you know, Bertie, this thing is by way of being a bit private and all that!"

"I shouldn't worry about that, old top. I bet Jeeves knows all about it already. Don't you, Jeeves?"

"Yes, sir."

"Eh?" said Bicky, rattled.

"I am open to correction, sir, but is not your dilemma due to the fact that you are at a loss to explain to his grace why you are in New York instead of in Colorado?"

Bicky rocked like a jelly in a high wind.

"How the deuce do you know anything about it?"

"I chanced to meet his grace's butler before we left England. He informed me that he happened to overhear his grace speaking to you on the matter, sir, as he passed the library door."

Bicky gave a hollow sort of laugh.

"Well, as everybody seems to know all about it, there's no need to try to keep it dark. The old boy turfed me out, Bertie, because he said I was a brainless nincompoop. The idea was that he would give me a remittance on condition that I dashed out to some blighted locality of the name of Colorado and learned farming or ranching, or whatever they call it, at some bally ranch or farm or whatever it's called. I didn't fancy the idea a bit. I should have had to ride horses and pursue cows, and so forth. I hate horses. They bite at you. I was all against the scheme. At the same time, don't you know, I had to have that remittance."

"I get you absolutely, dear boy."

"Well, when I got to New York it looked a decent sort of place to me, so I thought it would be a pretty sound notion to stop here. So I cabled to my uncle telling him that I had dropped into a good business wheeze in the city and wanted to chuck the ranch idea. He wrote back that it was all right, and here I've been ever since. He thinks

I'm doing well at something or other down town. I never dreamed, don't you know, that he would ever come out here. What on earth am I to do?"

"Jeeves," I said, "what on earth is Mr. Bickersteth to do?"

"You see," said Bicky, "I had a wireless from him to say that he was coming to stay with me—to save hotel bills, I suppose. I've always given him the impression that I was living in pretty good style. I can't have him to stay at my boarding house."

"Thought of anything, Jeeves?" I said.

"To what extent, sir, if the question is not a delicate one, are you prepared to assist Mr. Bickersteth?"

"I'll do anything I can for you, of course, Bicky, old man."

"Then, if I might make the suggestion, sir, you might lend Mr. Bickersteth ——"

"No, by Jove!" said Bicky firmly. "I never have touched you, Bertie, and I'm not going to start now. I may be a chump, but it's my boast that I don't owe a penny to a single soul—not counting tradesmen, of course."

"I was about to suggest, sir, that you might lend Mr. Bickersteth this apartment. Mr. Bickersteth could give his grace the impression that he was the owner of it. With your permission I could convey the notion that I was in Mr. Bickersteth's employment and not in yours. You would be residing here temporarily as Mr. Bickersteth's guest. His grace would occupy the second spare bedroom. I fancy that you would find this answer satisfactorily, sir."

Bicky had stopped rocking himself and was staring at Jeeves in an awed sort of way.

"I would advocate the dispatching of a wireless message to his grace on board the vessel, notifying him of the change of address. Mr. Bickersteth could meet his grace at the dock and proceed directly here. Will that meet the situation, sir?"

"Absolutely."

"Thank you, sir."

Bicky followed him with his eye till the door closed.

"How does he do it, Bertie?" he said. "I'll tell you what I think it is. I believe it's something to do with the shape of his head. Have you ever noticed his head, Bertie, old man? It sort of sticks out at the back!"

I hopped out of bed pretty early next morning, so as to be among those present when the old boy should arrive. I knew from experience that these ocean liners fetch up at the dock at a deucedly ungodly hour. It wasn't much after nine by the time I'd dressed and had my morning tea and was leaning out of the window, watching the street for Bicky and his uncle. It was one of those jolly, peaceful mornings that make a chappie wish he'd got a soul or something, and I was just brooding on life in general when I became aware of the dickens of a spat in progress down below. A taxi had driven up, and an old boy in a top hat had got out and was kicking up a frightful row about the fare. As far as I could make out he was trying to get the cab chappie to switch from New York to London prices, and the cab chappie had apparently never heard of London before and didn't seem to think a lot of it now. The old boy said that in London the trip would have set him back eight pence; and the cabby said he should worry. I called to Jeeves.

"The duke has arrived, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir?"

"That'll be him at the door now."

Jeeves made a long arm and opened the front door, and the old boy crawled in, looking licked to a splinter.

"How do you do, sir?" I said, bustling up and being the ray of sunshine. "Your nephew went down to the dock to meet you, but you must have missed him. My name's Wooster, don't you know. Great pal of Bicky's, and all that sort of thing. I'm staying with him, you know. Would you like a cup of tea? Jeeves, bring a cup of tea."

Old Chiswick had sunk into an armchair and was looking about the room.

"Does this luxurious flat belong to my nephew Francis?"

"Absolutely."

"It must be terribly expensive."

"Pretty well, of course. Everything costs a lot over here, you know."

He moaned. Jeeves filtered in with the tea. Old Chiswick took a stab at it to restore his tissues, and nodded.

"A terrible country, Mr. Wooster! A terrible country! Nearly eight shillings for a short cab drive! Iniquitous!" He took another look round the room. It seemed to fascinate him. "Have you any idea how much my nephew pays for this flat, Mr. Wooster?"

"About two hundred dollars a month, I believe."

"What! Forty pounds a month!"

I began to see that, unless I made the thing a bit more plausible, the scheme might turn out a frost. I could guess what the old boy was thinking. He was trying to square all this prosperity with what he knew of poor old Bicky. And one had to admit that it took a lot of squaring, for dear old Bicky, though a stout fellow and absolutely unrivaled as an imitator of bull terriers and cats, was in many ways one of the most pronounced fatheads that ever pulled on a suit of gents' underwear.

"I suppose it seems rummy to you," I said, "but the fact is New York often bucks chappies up and makes them show a flash of speed that you wouldn't have imagined them capable of. It sort of develops them. Something in the air, don't you know. I imagine that Bicky in the past, when you knew him, may have been something of a chump, but it's quite different now. Devilish efficient sort of chappie, and looked on in commercial circles as quite the nib!"

"I am amazed! What is the nature of my nephew's business, Mr. Wooster?"

"Oh, just business, don't you know. The same sort of thing Carnegie and Rockefeller and all these coves do, you know." I slid for the door. "Awfully sorry to leave you, but I've got to meet some of the lads elsewhere."

Coming out of the elevator I met Bicky bustling in from the street.

"Hullo, Bertie! I missed him. Has he turned up?"

"He's upstairs now, having some tea."

"What does he think of it all?"

"He's absolutely rattled."

"Ripping! I'll be toddling up then. Toodle-oo, Bertie, old man. See you later."

"Pip-pip, Bicky, dear boy."

He trotted off, full of merriment and good cheer, and I went off to the club to sit in the window and watch the traffic coming up one way and going down the other.

It was latish in the evening when I looked in at the apartment to dress for dinner.

"Where's everybody, Jeeves?" I said, finding no little feet pattering about the place. "Gone out?"

"His grace desired to see some of the sights of the city, sir. Mr. Bickersteth is acting as his escort. I fancy their immediate objective was Grant's Tomb."

"I suppose Mr. Bickersteth is a bit braced at the way things are going—what?"

"Sir?"

"I say, I take it that Mr. Bickersteth is tolerably full of beans."

"Not altogether, sir."

"What's his trouble now?"

"The scheme which I took the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Bickersteth and yourself has unfortunately not answered entirely satisfactorily, sir."

"Surely the duke believes that Mr. Bickersteth is doing well in business, and all that sort of thing?"

"Exactly, sir. With the result that he has decided to cancel Mr. Bickersteth's monthly allowance, on the ground that, as Mr. Bickersteth is doing so well on his own account, he no longer requires pecuniary assistance."

"Great Scott, Jeeves! This is awful!"

"Somewhat disturbing, sir."

"I never expected anything like this!"

"I confess I scarcely anticipated the contingency myself, sir."

"I suppose it bowled the poor blighter over absolutely?"

"Mr. Bickersteth appeared somewhat taken aback, sir."

My heart bled for Bicky.

"We must do something, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir."

"Can you think of anything?"

"Not at the moment, sir."

"There must be something we can do."

"It was a maxim of one of my former employers, sir—as I believe I mentioned to you once before—the present Lord Bridgnorth, that there is always a way. I remember

(Continued on Page 93)

"If You're the Duke of Chiswick, Why Isn't He Lord Percy Something? I've Read English Novels, and I Know All About It"

NICK CARTER, REALIST

By Melville Davisson Post

NOT long ago some young gentlemen who write fiction, some gentlemen not young, and a princess occupied a page of a New York daily in issue with the author of this article on the value of plot structure in a story. They imagined that the surprises of plot structure were something artificial; that mystery and coincidence were forced effects. They thought the editors of magazines that reach the whole people were not adhering, in their fiction, to the actualities of life.

I wonder what they would think of a narrative which I have just been reading. It is a blood-and-thunder story! It has the characters, the tricks, the devices, the thrills, the mysteries, and the melodramatic, tragic climaxes of the most daring penny dreadful.

Desperadoes with alliterative names swagger through it. There are disguises and automatic pistols in it, a thundering express, baffled detectives, mysterious clews, persons miraculously saved from death, the stock heroes, and a great smashing curtain. And the names in it are of the luridest.

I shall take no advantage of these literary persons.

This narrative was not written by Nicholas Carter. It was written in the District Court of the United States, for the District of Nebraska. And every item in it is precisely the truth; winnowed out by the fiction-removing machinery of the law. It is called Transcript of Record, Number 3423. Not much of a title for a dime novel, I cheerfully grant you. But let us not deceive ourselves. It has the yellow stuff between its covers.

Listen to it open:

It was forty-five minutes until midnight. The Overland Limited of the Union Pacific was thundering into Omaha. It had just passed the east switch of Seymour when suddenly two shadowy figures began to crawl forward over the engine tender. They were sinister and terrifying figures. They were cloaked to their feet, with slouch hats pulled down over their foreheads and blue polka-dot handkerchiefs tied round their faces. Each was armed with a big automatic revolver that glittered in the flaring light of the engine cab.

The Great Holdup at Mud Cut

THERE were three men in the cab of the Overland Limited that night—the engineer, the fireman and Dick Wright, who was deadheading into Omaha from Columbus. The movement of the masked figures was so silent that the men in the cab were unaware of the approaching menace until one of the robbers jumped over the coal gate and thrust his weapon into the fireman's face. The second robber covered the engineer. That official turned with an oath.

"What the hell do you want here?" he said.

"Never mind," replied the robber; "this is a holdup. Stop at the mouth of Mud Cut."

The engineer was angry and profane.

"Where the hell's Mud Cut?" he said.

"Just east of the double board," replied the robber.

Then he silenced the engineer with a bit of explanation. It was an explanation that the man accepted for the truth:

"We don't want to kill anybody . . . so long as you do the right thing."

Suddenly the robber who held up the fireman saw the person who was deadheading into Omaha sitting in the corner of the cab and turned savagely on him.

"Come out of there—damn you!" he cried, "or I'll blow your head off."

And so, as this dime novel puts it, "he come out and stood in front of the fire door with his hands up."

The train thundered onward, carrying these tragic actors.

Presently in the darkness ahead there appeared a tiny flare of light. It burned steadily until the train was almost upon it; then it vanished, and the robber covering the engineer ordered him to stop. The air went on, the wheels ground on the rails, and the great Overland Limited pulled up panting in the Cut.

The determined outlaws ordered the men to get down on the north side of the train. Here they were joined by another masked robber, and the three took their prisoners along the track toward the mail car.

There were eight railway postal clerks on this run from Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific, into Omaha. They were all in a single mail car—second back from the engine. It was a sixty-foot car, lighted by electricity, with two doors on each side opening on a sliding carriage, and three or four windows covered with iron bars. There was no stop on the line between Fremont and Omaha. When the air went on it threw the doors of the mail car open. There was a tremendous jar, and the men thought the express had collided with a freight train.

"I guess we have got into 'em," somebody said.

One of the men went back, closed the doors and locked them. A companion said:

"What's the matter?"

The man could not see anything from the south door, so he went over to the north door. For a moment he stared out into the darkness; then he spoke:

"It's a holdup, boys!"

Immediately there came an ominous rapping on the north door of the car, and a voice:

"Come out of there!"

And immediately a pistol shot crashed into a window.

And here the dime novel has its item of miraculous coincidence. William Sears was standing directly before this window. The dust and glass spattered his face. There was an iron bar across this window at precisely the height of his chest. The bullet struck the bar and was deflected. The bar was broken, but the bullet was providentially turned aside from the bosom of the mail clerk.

We are warned against these incidents. The literary gentlemen and the princess are scornful of them. One can hardly use them in creative fiction. They are possible only in the realities of life.

The mail clerks saw that resistance was useless. They called out not to shoot. They were ordered to hurry. And in obedience to that command they opened the door and filed out of the car. There was order and expedition in the way the bandits went about their work. They drove back the conductor and the flagman, and kept the passengers in the coaches by the simple device of firing shots along the sides of the train. They lined up the prisoners from the cab and the eight postal clerks, facing the train, and then turned them about. Two of the robbers now began to search the line, not for any personal effects, but to discover whether the clerks carried any weapons.

The commanding outlaw made such a brief explanation that the engineer remembered precisely the words that he used:

"All we want is a little of Uncle Sam's money. We are damn' good men in a damn' bad business!"

He knew what he was after and set about to do it in the quickest way.

"I want a mail clerk," he said.

The line of prisoners explained that there were eight mail clerks. The bandit selected one of the men out of the line and addressed him with directness:

"I want the bank pouch."

"We haven't any bank pouch," replied the man.

"You have a bank shipment, a special shipment," said the bandit. "I want that."

"Well," said the mail clerk, "I don't know what we have got."

The robber now took charge of the mail clerk and went with him into the car. He wore a black hat with a low crown, a long overcoat buttoned closely, and a mask made from a piece of black cloth. The mail clerk kept looking at him, and he took occasion to advise the clerk, with a good deal of vivid language and the menace of his big weapon, that he had better concern himself with something else.

"Where's the registered mail?" he said.

"In the back end of the car," replied the clerk.

"Go back there," said the bandit, "and call them off."

This was a moment particularly tense and dramatic. Outside in the darkness, ten men were lined up under the menace of weapons. And now and then, to keep the passengers reminded of the danger, a pistol shot broke the silence of the night.

The reader would like to know what went on in the damaged mail car; what acts, what matters of conversation were accomplished between the bandit and his prisoner. The story leaves him in no doubt.

A Grim Touch of Color

THE mail clerk reached over the pile of bags and commenced calling out the destinations of the pouches. The bandit stood on the left side of the clerk, and the story goes along here in the language of that official:

"When I uncovered the Reno Inners, which are small sacks made up by the post offices that do not have enough registered to justify larger pouches, but have the same style of lock as the others, he looked them over carefully and laid them on the pile he wanted to take out of the car. After I had pulled off several more he looked them over himself, and pulled out one or two small pouches and threw them over on the pile, and said:

"'Take them to the other door.'

"I said:

"'Good God, man! I don't want to do all the work.'

"He said:

"'Hurry up; and I will help you.'

"We made two trips and got the pouches to the door and he said:

"'Throw them off!'

"I started to look at the destinations from force of habit, and he said:

"'Never mind looking; we will do that. Throw them off!'

"So I dropped seven sacks out of the car door; and then he went up to the upper end of the car and made some inquiries about sacks there, and then went to the other end of the car and looked round the tables and made some inquiries about things there; and then he said:

"'I have got all I want, I think. We will get off.'

"All the time we were in the car he had in his left hand a gun which had the appearance and style of an automatic pistol of the army pattern, large size, with blue-steel finish."

While these things were going forward in the mail car it was a time of anxiety for the line of prisoners outside. A big outlaw swaggered along this line, a polka-dot handkerchief concealing his sinister face and his nicked ear. No; I have not loosed the checkrein of my fancy. It is on page 73 of the record. And, with his automatic pistol in his hand, he assured his helpless prisoners that if anything happened to the bandit in the car he would shoot every "damned" one of them. It was no idle threat. The man behind it was a cold, cruel, cunning, inconsiderate desperado. I bring forward a climax of the story when I name him:

It was Derf the Dane!

I kiss the Book against your elevated eyebrows. He was a Dane and they called him Derf. Read the sixty-fifth page; read the seventy-seventh page.

When the mail pouches had all been thrown out the robbers ordered their line of prisoners to carry them down the track ahead of the engine. There is a grim touch of color in this scene: a line of mail clerks carrying pouches from the rifled car, with an armed outlaw on each side of the line. One of the clerks was a little lame and could not move as rapidly as his guard wished, and Dan Downer—thus is the

doughty desperado denominated in the record—encouraged him by jamming the muzzle of his big automatic into the man's back.

As the line passed the head of the engine a notorious bandit came into the scene. He was a short heavy man. He fell in behind the line and shot at the headlight. But he was a bad shot; the headlight was uninjured. This was one of the famous characters in the midnight drama, mysterious Matthews, known as Bully Red, a woman-hater—*vide* the scene in the Sapphire Restaurant, in Kansas City, page 77—an old stage driver from Idaho, gone to the bad, like a rogue elephant.

He talked through his clenched teeth, as desperate bandits do in the yellow novels. It is an accurate, determined fact—this dramatic peculiarity. A waitress in the Uneeda Restaurant, in Omaha, afterward swore to the identity of the man.

"He speaks with his teeth closed," she said in her testimony before the court. "Kind of through his teeth."

And so will the critics observe that desperate bandits do, in life, have the habit of talking through their clenched teeth!

The procession went ahead in the darkness, with now and then a fragment of conversation such as Nicholas Carter would throw in.

A prisoner complained of being forced to carry the heavy mail sack.

"I doubled the road to-day," he said, "and don't want to carry it."

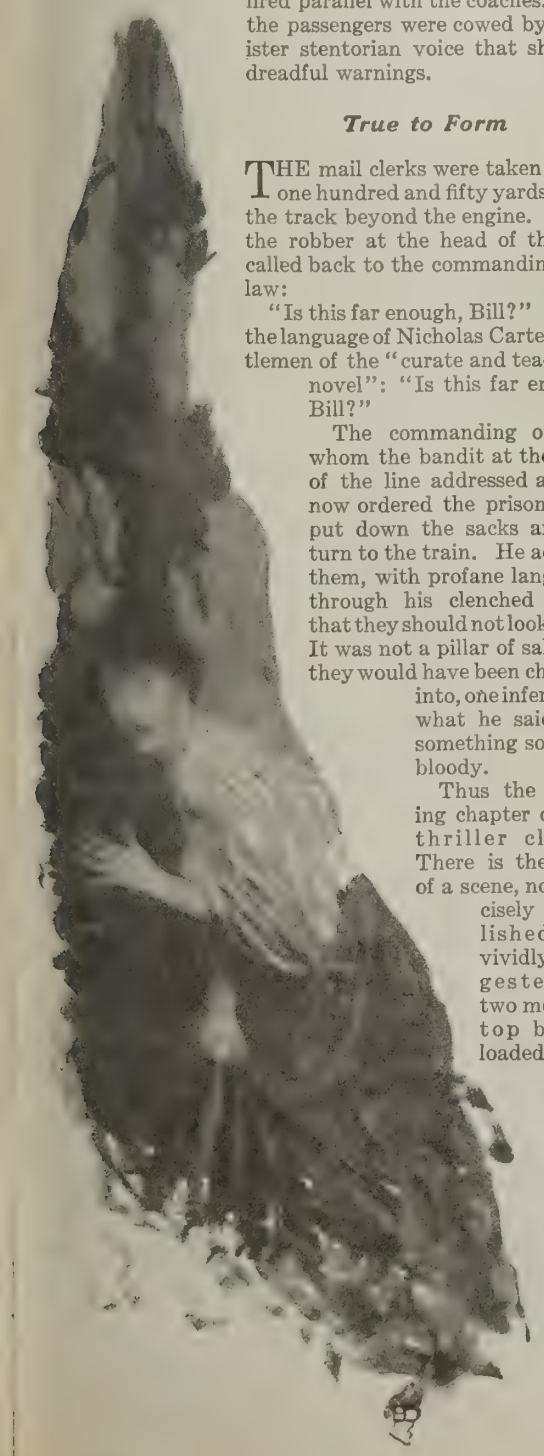
"Carry it," replied the masked robber on his right. "You made more money to-day than I did."

And again:

"Brother," said the engineer, "what do I get out of this if we ever meet?"

"I'll get you a drink," replied the desperado.

While these events went forward the flagman on the rear of the train and the conductor were driven in by shots fired parallel with the coaches. And the passengers were cowed by a sinister stentorian voice that shouted dreadful warnings.



True to Form

THE mail clerks were taken about one hundred and fifty yards down the track beyond the engine. Then the robber at the head of the line called back to the commanding outlaw:

"Is this far enough, Bill?" Mark the language of Nicholas Carter, gentlemen of the "curate and tea-party novel": "Is this far enough, Bill?"

The commanding outlaw, whom the bandit at the head of the line addressed as Bill, now ordered the prisoners to put down the sacks and return to the train. He advised them, with profane language, through his clenched teeth, that they should not look back. It was not a pillar of salt that they would have been changed into, one infers from what he said, but something soft and bloody.

Thus the opening chapter of this thriller closes. There is the flash of a scene, not precisely established but vividly suggested, of two men in a top buggy loaded with mail sacks, driving desperately along the midnight road, while the long Overland Limited crawled through Mud Cut into Omaha.

Now this is but the opening chapter of the shilling shocker. There must be many other artificialities to make a tale—stock tricks, stock devices, all the impossible machinery that my gentle critics tell me cannot happen, and are but the evidences of a perverted and sensational taste. Prithee, sirs, observe: the District Court of the United States, writing its narrative in the Federal courtroom for the District of Nebraska, included them all. It was not writing this dime novel for general circulation. It was writing it to be read by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals—a number of rather grave gentlemen, with a marked disinclination for figments of the fancy, and a rather effective way about them of insisting on the truth.

Let us see how close the tale adheres to the formulas.

There ought to be a detective in it who finds a clew. The obviousness of this clew will depend upon the skill of the writer of the detective story. Conan Doyle would leave a fragment of a word written in blood on a wall. The word would be in a foreign language and have to be translated two or three times before one discovered that it meant Revenge! Gaboriau would have a Delphic sentence: "The Prussians are coming!" Poe, a cryptograph. Nick Carter would have his bandits leave behind them a fragment of an address. Not a complete address, for that would be too obvious; but a fragment of one that his detective could work out. It is Nicholas Carter that this story follows!

On Sunday morning the chief special agent for the Union Pacific went out to the scene of the robbery. He found where a fire had been built; and, after the manner of the formula for this sort of story, he picked up two pieces of an envelope. It was postmarked at Waco, Texas, and bore the following fragment of an address:

"Mr. . . . nk. . . . re. . . . City. . . . issouri, Gen. De . . . "

Thus the detective was given his clew according to the rules, and the story can go on.

Now there must be other things besides the baffled detective and his enigmatic clew in the typical story of this sort. There ought to be boy heroes and a schoolmarm in it; finger-worn lay figures, the critical gentlemen and the princess tell us. Well, they are all here; even the boy heroes and the schoolmarm!

The Brown Park School is a two-story brick building with an attic and twelve rooms. The attic is reached by a ladder and also by a rope and pulleys. When not in use the ladder is drawn up to the ceiling by a rope fastened to a hook. The school is in the outskirts of Omaha.

On Monday morning the janitor found that one of the west windows in the north basement was unlocked. He knew that somebody had entered through this window—note the trick of the detective writer—because there were cinders on the floor where somebody had stepped down! This trail of cinders led out into the hall and up a flight of stairs to the first floor; there it ended. Nothing had been disturbed and the clew vanished in a cul-de-sac.

But let the reader be encouraged; the boy heroes are on the way: Johnny Krolik, Stanley Perina, Anton Kubat, Joe Tesnohlidek, Antone Potach—sturdy youthful Americans all!

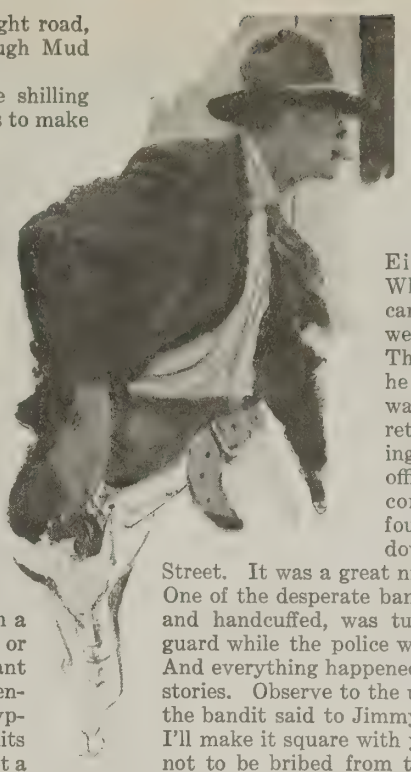
There is a deep gulley across the street from the Brown Park Schoolhouse and a fallen telegraph pole lying along the clay side of the slope. Johnny Krolik and little Stanley Perina were playing in the gulley on the Thursday after the robbery, when they saw a leather strap sticking out of the ground. Stanley Perina thought it would be a good strap for his dog. But the other end of the strap was buried and he was afraid to pull it out.

Not afraid was the American Johnny Krolik.

He pulled it out; and there came out with it a big automatic pistol in a leather pouch, a blue polka-dot handkerchief and a black soft hat. The boys searched the bank that afternoon. They found an electric flashlight and two additional revolvers, one a blue-steel automatic and the other of a well-known make. Lying with each revolver was a blue polka-dot handkerchief and a number of loaded cartridges. These articles had been concealed in the gulley close to the telegraph pole. They were taken to the schoolteacher and by her, through the truant officer, turned over to the police officials of Omaha.

But this is not the only work of the boy heroes.

That night, as the story runs, by an arrangement with the police officers, six boys stationed themselves at a point which commanded a view of that part of the gulley where the articles had been hidden and kept watch to see whether anybody would return for them. About eleven o'clock they saw four men coming down Nineteenth Street toward the schoolhouse, and at once notified the police by telephone. When the men reached the telegraph pole one of them went down into the gulley where the first revolver had been discovered. After a few moments he went over to the bank where the other revolvers had been found and continued his search.



Meantime the others passed back and forth along the street a couple of times, and went on to Eighteenth and U Streets. While they were gone the man came up out of the gulley and went over to the schoolhouse. The police had now arrived and he was arrested. Shortly afterward two of the other men returned, and as they were passing the schoolhouse the police officers seized them. The boys continued to watch for the fourth man and saw him jump down the bank at Nineteenth Street. It was a great night for the youthful heroes. One of the desperate bandits, Dan Downer, abashed and handcuffed, was turned over to the boys to guard while the police went after the other outlaws. And everything happened as it happens in the yellow stories. Observe to the utmost detail: Item—What the bandit said to Jimmy Belik: "Let me loose, and I'll make it square with you." But Jimmy Belik was not to be bribed from the bright path of duty by the enticements of any trussed-up desperado! It was a time spread over with gold leaf for the sleuths with Johnny Krolik. They had captured three train robbers, two of them celebrated bandits, as their sinister names eloquently testify—Dan Downer and Derf the Dane!

And now there comes into the story some of the effective deductions of the hatchet-faced detective of Baker Street; some deductions like those that used to make Doctor Watson stand aghast at his chief's amazing perspicacity.

Whither did the cinder trail from the unlocked basement window lead? To the first floor of the schoolhouse, for one had seen the scattered fragments on the steps. But whither after that? Why, obviously, onward and upward! It is a motto of the copy books: "Onward and upward!" Onward and upward lay the attic of the schoolhouse. And in it, when he looked, the janitor saw the mail sacks lying in a row between two joists; six large sacks and two small ones. There were also three raincoats, a pair of overalls and a rope. The mail sacks had been cut open.

Dan Downer and Bully Red in the Toils

THE school-teacher came now with New England efficiency. She wrote down an inventory of everything she found and an accurate description of it. She was a person of discernment and expedition. And when one reads her chapter in this story, one sees that it is for good and sufficient reasons that the schoolmarm is a stock character in the Western tale.

It is the custom of Nicholas Carter to furnish the Government with some conclusive evidence against his outlaws. It is all very well to fit the pieces of the puzzle together, but there must be something that is distinguishing and conclusive—something to come in crashing at the end. It belongs in the formula, and the District Court of the United States does not omit it from its tale. Moreover, it must come in coupled with some name agreeable to this type of fiction—some name that we are accustomed to associate with it and that colors it yellow on the utterance.

Deadwood is the best name that Nicholas Carter ever put in black letters on the cover of his novels.

Query: Does the District Court of the United States dare to plagiarize it from him?

Answer: It does!

On the twenty-first of May the assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Kemmerer, in Wyoming, mailed a registered letter to the National Park Bank, in New York. This letter contained a ten-dollar bill issued by the First National Bank of Deadwood, in South Dakota. Read it over again carefully; it is the magic name—Deadwood! Deadwood, in alliteration with Dakota. My hand is up in solemn affirmation!

The bill was mutilated and the bank wished to have it redeemed. Therefore, its number had been made a matter of record. It was Number T-560897-T.

Imagine that, gentlemen of "the curate and tea-party novel"!

In order conclusively to bring to grief Dan Downer, Bully Red and Derf the Dane, the Providence of Heaven causes the assistant cashier of Kemmerer, in Wyoming, to select a mutilated bill of the First National Bank of Deadwood, make a record of its number, inclose it in a letter to the National Park Bank, in New York, register the

(Concluded on Page 59)

The Emancipation of Galatea

By KATE KELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"You Know Perf'ly Well What I Mean—Perf'ly!"

THIS story is going to tell what happened after Galatea had been down off the pedestal a while. The assumption has always been that she and Pygmalion lived happily ever after, but any thoughtful person must have his doubts of so unqualifiedly jolly a conclusion; inevitably the day had to come when Galatea would be told that she was, but for Pygmalion, merely a statue, and had better get back on the pedestal. The advanced position Galatea took in the matter is the subject of this narrative.

Of course she couldn't have married James R. Skinner, because he went home every night to a pair of sympathetic brown eyes; and I don't mean that she was really called Galatea, either.

"Eloise Eisel," she had replied to the head of R. E. Babcock's advertising department as she sat down for a trial trip on the typewriting machine; and Charlie MacEwan, overhearing, had remarked that it was a name like a squeaky cart wheel in two feet of mud.

Charlie MacEwan sat all day long in the north light and drew slim, slippered débutantes wearing R. E. Babcock's specially priced dance dresses, or R. E. Babcock's richly lace-trimmed combinations, or R. E. Babcock's copies of imported hats. The advertising, auditing and buying departments, which together occupied the eleventh floor, liked Charlie MacEwan; but Miss Eisel, when she heard of the slur upon her euphonious name, put him down—and publicly too—as "A pinhead simp!"

That, however, was after her emancipation. Before the dawn of that surprising day the little world of Babcock's eleventh floor roused none of her emotions and received a minimum of her attention; it merely flowed round her as she stood, self-contained, like an island in the stream.

It is a loss to learning that Miss Eisel and her type are not so well known to the psychologists who write about the subconscious, as they are to business offices. It might be said that theirs is a dual personality, were it not for the fact that they haven't any personality at all—let alone two. A dual self perhaps—one, a mere automaton, residing in the fingers and communicating only with the spinal cord; the other, a self reserved for interests far above the vulgar business of common-sense English and spelling.

The amazing psychological fact is that these two selves carry on their separate existences simultaneously. The Miss Eisel sort patters the keys and plans her winter clothes; she answers the telephone and puzzles out how the girl at the next typewriter does up her back hair. You dictate an important telegram and her pencil flies, but there is a far-away look in her eyes, for she is wondering whether her gentleman friend will suggest that they go down to Coney on Sunday. She is your employee only from the knuckles down. Demand, in some irritated moment, cerebration of her and she is highly indignant. Perhaps she is right—what more than finger service can you expect for twelve dollars a week?

At any rate, Miss Eisel fulfilled all the requirements of the subliminal-action stenographer and added a few that were quite her own. Of course, if James R. Skinner had not lost his temper she would never have existed for Babcock's advertising department. It must be admitted, in his excuse, that the long talk on the subject of cutting down expenses, to which young Babcock had submitted him, was nettling. Old Robert Babcock had been gradually withdrawing, of late, from the burden of active business, and Harvard, 1912, with a minimum of tact, was working his hand in.

"Even if profits were better, Mr. Skinner, I should hold that any unnecessary leakage must be plugged up," he had explained. "Naturally I don't propose to economize on the brains of the concern; cheap men are always expensive!" Here there was an appreciable pause; but his listener let this bit of brilliance go by, apparently unnoted. "But we can and must cut down on the more or less mechanical details—the stenographic force, for instance. Now I don't doubt for a minute that an intelligent girl like Miss Elmer is worth twenty dollars, Mr. Skinner. But the point is, she isn't worth it to Babcock's; in fact, it's been my personal experience ——"

James Skinner didn't care any one of a lot of things what this young man's personal experience had been, because he knew that it had been next to nothing at all. But he did care enormously that the little home in the suburbs should be paid for within the next two years; and when his superior began to express vague dissatisfaction with the day's advertising copy, which lay before him on the desk, Skinner felt the stab of the ugly realization—which some time comes to every man—that no place in this world's business is secure.

Consequently he went back to his desk that morning divided between two strong emotions—anger and fear. He gave expression to the former by telling Miss Elmer that her only fault was unintelligence, and—would a week be long enough notice? Then he called up an agency and told them to send him the stupidest girl they could furnish for twelve dollars a week, at which the other end of the wire was highly indignant, as well she might have been. He shouted so into the transmitter that the entire three departments of the eleventh floor heard him and commented variously.

Miss Tillotson, who was not openly recognized as a member of Babcock's publicity department, being in charge of the welfare work, said she was surprised Mr. Skinner should talk like that—even to be smart; and Mr. Schermerhorn, the silk buyer, who had an eleven-room apartment and was very much above the house of Babcock, save when talking with members of the firm, remarked that Skinner wasn't a very smart man, in his opinion, if he had to go off the floor to find stupidity.

Whereat Miss Mandelbaum, who got together the material for ladies' wear, and little Miss May, who typed form letters, were considerably perturbed; for, though it wasn't pleasant to be thought stupid—and Miss Mandelbaum, for one, didn't intend to be—still, on the other hand, Mr. Skinner might get them all fired for being too intelligent. It was a difficult situation.

Monday morning, with Miss Elmer actually gone and her would-be successor standing before his desk, James Skinner himself realized how very difficult was the situation. The Independent Agency had taken him at his word. One look into Miss Eisel's blue eyes, shadowing as they did about as much depth as a clean clamshell, would have satisfied even the most particular seeker of unintelligence that he had here found a prize. So, at all events, the minor toilers on the eleventh floor concluded, as Miss Eisel languished in the rail-inclosed preserves of the advertising head.

Miss May and Miss Mandelbaum strained their ears—Mr. Skinner mumbled so.

"—— congratulated; you're a paragon!"

"Wha'd he say?" whispered Miss May anxiously.

"He said she was to stay," replied Miss Mandelbaum cautiously, and cast toward Miss Tillotson, who also was watching, a look of scorn and indignation. The removal of Miss Eisel's tilting hat, Miss Eisel's fox furs and Miss Eisel's ripple-skirted coat confirmed Miss Mandelbaum's translation of Mr. Skinner's apostrophe.

Mr. Skinner, it seemed, had wakened to the fact that he had made a fool of himself; but it was now too late to retreat. The morning after his conversation with the Independent Agency he had felt a bit ashamed; but the incident was soon snowed under by the requirements of a busy day. Now, however, with Miss Eisel before him, and an audible titter apprising him that his little farce had an attentive audience, he realized that he had done two very childish things—tied his own hands, and made himself ridiculous. And the only way of making himself less ridiculous was to tie his hands some more and install this obviously useless creature at Miss Elmer's desk, and keep her there until the public eye had turned elsewhere.

Hence it was with sarcasm welling up out of a profound disgust with himself that he told Miss Eisel she was a paragon, and would do.

"She makes me think of a banana!" he reflected, as he watched the inevitable rearrangement of the desk drawers.

The analogy was good. Miss Eisel was willowy and fair—curiously fair. Her straw-colored hair was pasted flat to her temples and cheeks with innumerable little gilt hairpins, "blond invisibles"; and every one glitteringly prominent. Miss Eisel's hair was not luxuriant; consequently her ears showed through. No one can have her ears show through and look captivating—not even E. B. Browning, whom Miss Eisel did not in the least resemble otherwise. But Miss Eisel's ears were much the same lifeless color as her hair; her complexion was as puttylike and neutral as herself, a fact to which she called attention by powdering her nose and dabbing on a little rouge from the box she kept in her stocking. Her nose was too much and her chin not nearly enough; her teeth, though restrained at intervals with gold, gave the appearance of a concerted attempt to struggle to a given point in the front of her face.

"I guess I got what I asked for," concluded James Skinner; and he pulled himself together and dictated a letter with awful distinctness.

Miss Eisel's face took on the transported look which indicates that all the subconscious processes are now at your disposal, and James Skinner shortened his words accordingly. But he did not shorten them enough; the sentence he dictated as "Such a course would never conform to our personal convictions," emerged from Miss Eisel's fluent shorthand as "Such, of course, would sever our telephone connections."

The Entire Three Departments Heard Him and Commented Variously

He locked his desk and went out to luncheon at eleven. Miss Eisel rearranged her supply of envelopes, clips and carbon paper, sharpened several pencils that didn't need sharpening, and at twelve took out her patent-leather bag, submerged her typewriter, and went to the coat room.

Little Miss May was there, tying on a veil that ended just below her nose.

"Y' goin' t' work for Mr. Skinner?"

"Yeh," said Miss Eisel. "I guess he's nice, ain't he?"

"Oh, yeh; he's awful nice."

"But he's kinda queer, ain't he?"

"Yeh; kinda. But he's nice."

"Yeh; I thought he was nice."

"He cert'n'y is."

"He don't never make you stay overtime?"

"Sure, he don't—never."

"I guess there ain't much work to do, yeh?"

"Yeh; it ain't so much."

"It don't seem like much."

"Yeh; 'tain't."

"Aft'noons you could get off by ha' past four, yeh?"

Miss May hesitated.

"Well, I don' know. Miss Elmer never did."

"Well, if there ain't work to do? Oh, it's awful the way they keep us girls sittin' round whether there's anythin' pertic'ler to do or not—just so they can have us sittin' round!"

"Yeh."

"'Snawful cute little veil you got."

"Y' like it?"

"Yeh; 'sawful cute."

"Well, goin' t' lunch?"

"Yeh. Where d' you eat?"

"Drake's is a nawful nice place."

"Awright!"

And they went off to have "slice' tomatuhs an' a glassa milk, an' a piece raisin pie."

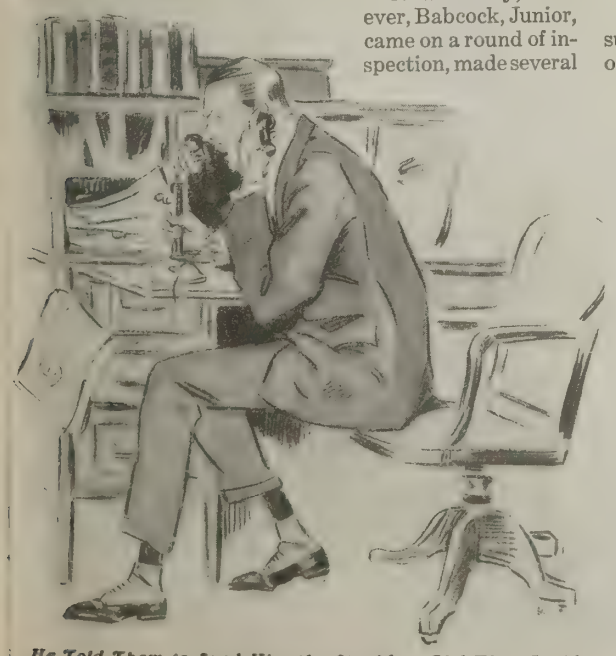
I detail this conversation only by way of pointing out to you that the head of Babcock's advertising department did get what he asked for, and that Mr. Schermerhorn was right when he said that stupidity need not be sought at any great distance from the eleventh floor.

During the next few days James Skinner tried to make the best of Miss Eisel; but it was uphill work. The shock-haired elevator boy found her a great improvement on Miss Elmer, and in consequence her taking-dictation look became more rapt than ever, the transcription of her stenographic notes more extraordinary.

As for Miss Eisel's feeling in the matter, she was enchanted with her new place, and on Wednesday reaffirmed to Miss May her belief that Mr. Skinner was "a nawful nice man"; and she got all her shopping done at lunch-time and he never said a word. Mr. Skinner meantime wrote out his advertising copy painfully by hand, tormented by the realization of how greatly he had depended on Miss Elmer.

At two-thirty on Thursday he had to sidle over to Miss Mandelbaum and ask, as a special favor, that she whack this copy off on her machine for him, if she could spare a moment, as Miss Eisel was still at luncheon. Friday morning he began the day by telling himself it wouldn't do for a man in his position; and if things had to be retyped a dozen times they would have to be—that was all; and it served him right for making an almighty fool of himself before a lot of giggling stenographers. But when he looked round, to carry out his resolution, Miss Eisel had vanished, to return at least twenty minutes later with a freshly whitened nose and the blond invisibles all rearranged.

On Saturday, however, Babcock, Junior, came on a round of inspection, made several remarks about system; and on Monday a time clock was installed on the eleventh floor, an innovation that called forth much indignant discussion. Indeed, young Mr. Babcock's activities were food for thought to more than the lower strata of the eleventh floor. Mr. Weinstock, who had been auditor for nine years, looked worried; Mr. Schermerhorn seemed preoccupied. For a young man with new power in his hand, and in his head a vague idea that change is progress, is a very uncertain quantity.



He Told Them to Send Him the Stupidest Girl They Could Furnish for Twelve Dollars a Week

The consciousness of that uncertainty had been sitting heavy on James Skinner's chest ever since his talk with his employer. With a picture of that attractive suburban cottage tripping up his resentment, he had listened attentively to the younger man's remarks on the function of advertising, and had patiently but unsuccessfully endeavored to wring from him some concrete suggestions for the improvement of Babcock's present method of addressing the public.

"We must have more verve," the junior member had declared, and James Skinner had come away feeling unhappy.

It was a problem. How to put in more verve and yet maintain Babcock's long-standing reputation for reliability? James Skinner was an honest chap, with a real sense of obligation to old Robert Babcock and to the business he had built up.

One Look Into Miss Eisel's Blue Eyes Would Have Satisfied Even the Most Particular Seeker of Unintelligence

"How can you appeal to a mind like hers, for instance?" he asked himself gloomily as he watched Miss Eisel pushing about the hairpins in her flat coiffure with one hand, and, with a little rag in the other, polishing the nickel of her typewriter; there are no ways of appearing sufficiently occupied to ward off work with which Miss Eisel and her tribe are not acquainted.

"It's the Miss Eisels who read Babcock's advertisements," said James Skinner. "What can you do but appeal to them with 'values'? We can't get down to the cheap level with scare-head sales; and, on the other hand, we can't stimulate their imagination with well-placed hints, as the exclusive shops can, because there isn't any imagination to stimulate. The great in-between class, the Eisel class, don't want any romance in their shopping information; they want to know what you've got to sell, what it looks like and how much it costs. Where do you do your shopping?"

This last was said aloud and with such abruptness that Miss Eisel looked up startled, her hand on the typewriter carriage and one flat shoulder blade lifted. Indignation was gathering in her blank eyes.

"Pardon?" she said, implying: "If you are going to make improper advances to a perfectly respectable girl——"

But her strange employer repeated the question with such an intent and abstracted look that she reformed her surmise and replied:

"Here, or at Constable & Lennon's, or Whitney's."

"Do you ever read the advertisements?"

"Oh, yeh."

"Which? All of them?"

"Not all of them." Miss Eisel was flattered by this sudden interest in her reading matter. "Not reg'larly all of them. I always read Paul's, though."

James Skinner stared.

"Paul's!"

"Yeh; they must have a swell advertising man there, ain't they?"

He ignored this tribute.

"But you don't buy anything at Paul's, do you?" he pursued.

"Oh, no; I ain't never been in there. But I got a friend once bought a sport hat there, an' she paid fifteen for it; an' it was marked down at that. An' I tol' her it was redic'lous, her payin' that price; an' w'y didn't she get some nice little novelty style that showed its price outside insteada on a label in the lining? An' she said it wasn't so different inside from Babcock's gray saloons—on'y better-lookin' girls. But I said to her, I said:

"'Believe me! if I——'"

James Skinner plugged up the dike with another question.

"Why do you read Paul's advertisements if you don't buy anything there?" he insisted.

"Oh," replied Miss Eisel vaguely, "I like it the way they are—French words an' all."

He pondered this a moment. Somehow he felt his estimate of the Eisel public's psyche undergoing revision.

"By George!" he said finally. "Do you mean to insinuate that you've got some imagination?"

"Pardon?" asked Miss Eisel.

"Look here; would you rather buy a *robe d'après-midi* than an afternoon dress?"

"It all depends," dodged Miss Eisel.

This time he spoke French as it meets the English reading eye.

"I mean, for instance, would you rather buy a *chapeau trotteur* than a street hat?"

"If it didn't cost no more," she replied, and wondered what would come next; but her puzzling employer abruptly concluded the pleasing conversation.

"All right!" he snapped. "Make two carbons of that letter to Michelson." And he eased back in his chair to ponder a possibility.

It had seemed to him a mistake when Constable & Lennon had begun inserting an occasional French heading; perhaps, however, they were right.

"But I often use French words," he burst out again inconsequently.

Miss Eisel decided that Mr. Skinner was awful queer; but she was pleased with this conversational tendency he had developed. She marshaled her explanation, with an effort, and put it forth importantly:

"Yeh, Mr. Skinner. But now look; you say like this: 'A *chick* hat!' An' Paul would say just: 'Our imported models evidence a maximum o' *chick!*' An' they ain't the same effect—absolutely!"

"Good enough!" said Mr. Skinner. "Take this."

And he dictated with such velocity that Miss Eisel very nearly swallowed her chewing gum in the effort to attend her galloping pencil. Even so, she had to be rescued twice, and the typed result was as follows:

The most difficult task in the world is the selection of a "party frock" for the June fille. Her ——ity [?] must not be destroyed by the furblows that are the acne of poor taste; and her charm must be cheapened and ——ated [?] by just the right prevention of simplicity and artfulness.

A rosebud here, a ribbon there, a 'not of toul at the shoulder—these little touches which the world has had to learn from the Paris attila, make the June fille a thing of bueaty and a boy forever.

In the gray sallons of R. E. Babcock's a small but select assortment of party dresses is awaiting the particular purchaser.

"What's your opinion on that sort of thing, Miss Eisel?" asked James Skinner.

"Class!" replied his paragon succinctly. "On'y"—and here Eloise Eisel made a real contribution—"On'y you gotta say a bottom price, or people'll be afraid to go in; you gotta say now like eighteen-fifty an' up."

And a faint pink, which did not owe its origin to the box in her stocking, found its way to Miss Eisel's cheeks as she watched the head of the advertising department add "eighteen-fifty and up" to his copy. The pink deepened as he said gravely:

"Miss Eisel, your acumen is immense! I can see plainly that you will be a most valuable asset to the advertising business."

(Continued on Page 41)

The Customary Two Weeks

By FREEMAN TILDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Is That the Way Goods are Sold—by Telling Falsehoods About Your Competitors?"

III

GEORGE EXTELL went on the road full of determination and confidence. The three months in the South Trent plant had done him a world of good. They showed him, among other things, how little of real understanding of mechanical tools he had absorbed during his five years at Milledgeville. He had a good working knowledge of his line now, and he had acquired an enthusiasm for the South Trent trade-mark quite as genuine as his old enthusiasm for Eclipse. The retiring salesman on his territory went part of the way with him, and then started back.

Wetterson had not claimed much for the territory, and he was just in not doing so. It was the southeastern part of the country, from Tennessee to the Gulf, and east and north on the seaboard to North Carolina. The demand seemed limited, and capable of a slow growth at best. And the fact that the customers were less subject to fickle impulses than those in the North, less likely to shift from a man or a brand they had learned to like, made it obviously easy to fall into a padded life of order-taking.

This was just what Urmy, the last man on the territory, had done.

Extell meant to dodge that fate. He told himself grimly that he was going to take his hack saws and squares and gauges and protractors and verniers and micrometers into every shop that was big enough to be seen with the naked eye, and that he was going to earn his sleep.

Right from the jump the dealers liked him. They couldn't very well help it. To what youth was doing for him, Extell added such an irrepressible enthusiasm and such manifest sincerity that he seemed to radiate the welcome atmosphere of business, even when business didn't exist. They liked him; they listened to him, sometimes when they didn't want to; but he was facing the cruelly well-known fact that you can't get something out of nothing, and that, similarly, when tools aren't selling off the shelves it isn't necessary to buy any to replace them.

There was one other obstacle that used to give the young fellow a lot of troubled thoughts after he turned out the light in his room. He felt that there was still something lacking in his approach. He couldn't lay hands on this thing; it was subtle and elusive; yet somehow, when he analyzed the situation after making a visit, he had the consciousness that something had been unsaid or undone—that last touch that makes or mars. And one day he learned what that one lack was.

It was in a city in Central Georgia. Extell was making his first call on a little ruddy Austrian, a comedy of a man when one first looked at him, carelessly dressed, with ragged, short whiskers and hair that seemed to stand up straight, not through any intent of the owner, but because it simply refused to lie down. But something in the soft, expressive eyes told Extell from the first moment that this was no ordinary man.

Introductions over, Extell had to stand being depressed a few minutes by sober stories of hard times—and times were certainly not good in Georgia just then. It flashed out of little Mr. Weinberger's conversation, too, that he was pretty much attached to the Eclipse line of tools. The Austrian was in a loquacious mood. He talked fast and needed no assistance in the way of replies or suggestions. But suddenly, as he was talking, the dealer's eye sparkled. His glance had fallen upon a pair of micrometer calipers in a simple case from Extell's bag. In a moment the whole manner of the man changed. He took up the instrument, holding it before him almost as though it had been eggshell china, and his nostrils twitched with emotion as he said, with a strong German accent:

"Ah, Mr. Axdell, it is a beautiful instrument! I was a mechanic; I know the Eglibse is alzo. There is noding between them. See, the berfection! A hair out of your head would make the difference! So fine; so beautifully aggurate! Ah, Mr. Axdell, some dings are gross. Some have a soul. Dis has a soul. The man that makes it—he is an artist almost. And the vernier alzo has a soul. Nod like some dings. Meganigal dools are different altogedder. You must understand them to love them—as I do."

Extell looked at the man in amazement. Then, to show interest, he said, looking at the right hand with three fingers missing:

"You used to be a mechanic, Mr. Weinberger?"

"But I did nod lose the fingers in machinery," was the smiling response. He had followed Extell's glance. "I was in the army. Shot off."

And then Mr. Weinberger went back to his discourse about the tools. He did not buy any tools. He was undoubtedly overstocked, as it was. With his affection for them he was bound to be. But Extell walked down the street with the sensation that something new and big was leaking in upon him. Weinberger's words began to take coherent form in his mind. He felt as though a new and keener light had been turned on in the brain corners where he kept his sales ideas. He had been five years in Milledgeville without once perceiving this personality in the tools. He had been three months in South Trent without thinking of it. And it had remained for a queer little man in Central Georgia to show it to him. It was not a thing that could be phrased in words. It was a feeling. But it was a feeling that took root in George Extell's mind, and grew. That day he found himself.

It was a discouraging year, but Extell stuck like glue. He had the consciousness that he was wringing every last drop out of the territory. And at the end of the year, when he came to the plant, he was rewarded with a hearty greeting from Wetterson and a ten-minute conversation with the president. They had been talking him over. They had been going over his orders.

Extell wasn't nearly so well satisfied as his employers were.

The young fellow was writing regularly and goodspiritedly to Muriel Clemm. He was telling her the truth even when it hurt; but what he couldn't tell her, because he didn't know, was that Wetterson had already said to the president of the South Trent:

"Mr. Gaylord, I'm beginning to think I picked a good man in Extell. There isn't a man that's doing the amount of missionary work he is. I hear it from all sides. And it's making a fine impression on the dealers."

The president nodded, puffed on his cigar and asked:

"Why keep him South, Wetterson?"

"I'm not going to. I think we ought to put him on Thrasher's territory when he gets through the first of the month—Pennsylvania and Western New York, you know."

When Extell got the news he indulged himself in a flip-flap in the middle of his hotel room. Then he dived into his suit case and fumbled through his papers till he came to a sealed envelope. On the outside was written in Muriel Clemm's strongly feminine script: "Not to be opened till George Extell knows that he has conquered." But after gazing upon it a moment he shook his head and put it back.

"I've got a long way to go yet, I guess," he murmured.

On the new job Extell ignited no swiftly flowing rivers. He had balance enough nowadays not to expect to. But he sold the goods, and did a tremendous deal of that hard work that does not immediately show—missionary work, so called—which had the primary result of increasing his own confidence. He sent in a few suggestions with his letters, but the few were sound and useful. He had reached the point where he needed the unusual opportunity to develop the unusual results. And the opportunity came sooner than he expected.

In August, 1914, Europe shut up its stores, drew the shutters, and sent the help to the front. Over-night peace became bedlam, good will became hate, and killing became laudable. The traveling salesmen left their cases, put on different clothes, and went out to convince their rivals with a different kind of argument. The pulleys and belts and machines creaked and stopped, and then started to manufacture something to make people miserable instead of comfortable. And as they couldn't manufacture this new line fast enough—as some of them couldn't—something began to happen in the American factories too.

There was the first panicky feeling, when everybody in the United States was thinking the same thing, which was that destruction had come; followed quickly by enormous war orders.

It came so suddenly that many a salesman in the much desired lines began to wonder if he hadn't supernaturally solved the problem of selling. Everything that bore the slightest relation to machinery began to disappear from the shelves and warerooms. George Extell found himself selling more mechanical tools in a week than he had been selling in a month. He took orders that, on the book, looked mad and dreamlike.

And then the Northern Machinery Company deal went through. It was no secret. This group of financiers went into the market and bought factories as hucksters buy apples. An uncomplicated change in the automatics—and they were ready to make shells. A slight readjustment here and there, and they were making

"Ah, Mr. Axdell, You Must Understand Dools to Love Them—as I Do"

bayonets. And it all meant more and more mechanical tools. The Northern Machinery Company was operating in seven towns in Extell's territory already, was building additions as fast as the concrete could be poured in, and was reaching out for more factories.

Extell got a telegram to come in to the home office at once. When he got there the president, the sales manager and several other heads were in session and ready to look him over. It was the first time Extell had faced them all together, and his knees felt giddy.

"Mr. Extell, our understanding is that the Northern people are ready to place contracts for nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of tools," began Mr. Wetterson. "Yes, I know; your letters on the subject were accurate. There isn't any doubt of it now, however. It's a whale of a contract, Extell, and there's more behind it. And we want it—we want it all if we can get it. The question resolves itself frankly: Can we or should we put it up to you? What do you think? Don't be afraid to say exactly what you think."

Extell's voice trembled with emotion.

"If you would let me ——" he began.

The president interrupted:

"It means a good deal to us, Mr. Extell. You see, the simple advertising value of it is tremendous."

"Yes, sir, I know it." Then he stood, not knowing how to say what he wanted to say.

The president fixed his eyes on Extell. He looked at him a moment, straight in the face, then rose deliberately and said to the sales manager:

"I think you can find the best thing to do, Mr. Wetterson." Then he went out.

Immediately Wetterson walked over to Extell, put his hands on the young fellow's shoulders, and said:

"Extell, I'm banking on you. They think you lack experience. I don't. I didn't convince Mr. Gaylord, you see—you noticed the way he put it up to me. On the other hand, he didn't say no. Extell, go out and get that contract!"

It was a settled fact that the competition lay between the Eclipse and the South Trent companies. In the first place they were the only ones equipped to fill orders of such magnitude; and, besides, the smaller fry had all the business they could attend to.

It was with a peculiar feeling that Extell started for Simonsburg, the temporary main office of the Northern Machinery Company. He felt powerfully confident—and somehow a little regretful. He supposed that he would be pitted against Adams Walker, the Eclipse man on his territory, and he knew Adams to be one of the squarest and best-willed fellows in the world. They had often lunched and dined together in the old days, whenever Adams came to the home office. And now they were going to fight it out.

When Extell reached Simonsburg he learned from the Northern offices that the president had been hurriedly called to New York, and that when he should return there would be a conference to receive the salesmen. A date was set four days distant. Extell filled in the time to splendid advantage farther along, getting back to Simonsburg early on the appointed Monday morning. He went to a hotel, wiped the cinders out of his eyes, shook out the train dust, had breakfast, and then got out on the street. It was a quarter to eight, and there were few persons on the main thoroughfare. He strode along for several blocks, unconscious of anything round him until, with a shock that went through every nerve of his body, he heard a well-known voice impulsively cry: "George!" The next moment he was looking into the face of Muriel Clemm.

"Muriel!" responded Extell. "What—what on earth are you doing here?"

"Wait, please, George!" exclaimed the girl with a little nervous laugh. "Please—you'll attract a crowd!" And then Extell was suddenly aware that in his excitement he had almost taken the girl into his arms. He backed off a little, still retaining her hand. With a catch in her voice Muriel half-whispered:

"You're not here about the Northern?"

Extell nodded.

"But tell me, what are you doing here? How in the world ——"

She looked at Extell dazed. He saw her breast rising and falling quickly, and her lips trembled.

"He—he said you wouldn't be here. He —— Oh, George! I'm—I'm ——"

"What is it, Muriel?" cried Extell. "I can't understand. Who said I wouldn't be here?"

"Mr. Vibert!"

"I am Wondering, Dear, if You Have Ever Even Peeped Into That Envelope"

Extell went back as though he had been struck in the face. He stared at the girl incredulously for a time before he asked:

"You don't mean he is here, Muriel. You—you're not here with him?"

She seized the young man's hand and held it tightly.

"Isn't there some place we can go to talk?" she said. "We mustn't stand here. Take me somewhere, George, anywhere."

He did not move a muscle. He simply stared at her and repeated in a voice that was as cold as the tinkle of ice in a thin glass:

"You are here with him, Muriel. With Vibert!" Then he got a hold on himself and added: "I am at the Randolph. Shall I take you there?"

"Anywhere," she replied faintly.

As soon as they were seated in the parlor Muriel Clemm began to speak.

"He said you wouldn't be here," she told him. "He was sure the sales manager of the South Trent would come himself. He offered mother the trip, so that I could come along, because there were so many letters to take care of while he was here—and mother wanted so much to make the journey. You know she has hardly ever traveled. And now you are here—and ——"

"He had no right—no right to bring you," came from the man. "He lied to you. He knew I should be here for South Trent. He knew it would get my nerve. He knew just what it would do to me."

"No, no!" she cried. "Don't look at me like that, George! Perhaps he really thought as he said. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"As if it wasn't bad enough for me, all these months, to think of you in the same office with him!" exclaimed Extell. "And now you help him—you—when I was just at the threshold ——" He stopped abruptly. "You will go back to Milledgeville, you and your mother, immediately!" he added with set teeth.

"But I am working for him, George! He is my employer. The Eclipse Company ——"

"It makes no difference, Muriel. You didn't contract to follow that man round the country. You will go back."

"George," said the girl falteringly, "you—you are bigger than that. You have grown; I have seen it in your letters. You can forget that I am here; you can forget who we are—you know we are each working for our own companies, George, you for yours and I for mine. We must both be loyal. You won't ask me to desert now."

"You want to stay!" he said bitterly.

"No—I ought to stay. But it is only my head; my heart will be with you, George, you know it."

Extell rose. "Very well, Muriel," he said shortly. "You will stay then."

She reached out her hands toward him.

"Tell me it will be the right thing. Don't say it like that, George!"

"It will be the right thing, I suppose," he replied mechanically. "I must go over to the Northern office now. You are stopping at the Fiske? I will take you over on my way."

"No, I'll stay here a while," she said.

The sun was shining brightly when Extell gained the street again, but somehow he was walking in a shadow. All his hatred of Vibert came back, redoubled, and the future turned black before his eyes. He was told at the Northern plant that the representative of the Eclipse Tool Company was to have his inning that afternoon, and that probably Extell might have to wait till the following morning. And that information, which would have pleased him the day before, as a chance for getting in the last word, now seemed a fatal omen. He went back to his room in the Randolph and, utterly exhausted, threw himself upon the bed. All the suppressed jealousy and antipathy for Vibert seethed and boiled anew. He was twice on the point of telegraphing to Wetterson to come immediately, but he could not summon strength enough to make the decision.

In the afternoon Extell tried a walk, but gave it up and went back to the room again. At three o'clock he called up the Northern plant to make sure about his appointment. It was for the first thing in the morning. At half past four his telephone rang. There was a lady to see him in the parlor. But scarcely had he pulled on his coat when there came a knock on the door. He opened it, and Muriel Clemm, with a cautious look behind her, pushed into the room.

"I know this isn't the right thing to do—but there were people in the parlor and I had to see you alone!" she cried, half sobbing. "You—you were right, George. I was wrong. Mother and I are going home immediately. I have been punished for coming!"

"Punished!" he cried, seizing her hands and finding them cold. "What do you mean, Muriel?"

"For putting the office before my—my heart! For wanting success for myself. You don't know—I've never told you—I've dreamed of being successful for myself. I've been selfish—and, well, it's over now! I never want any more to do with business. I've resigned. I never want to see the Eclipse office again."

"I don't understand," was all Extell could say.

She went on, speaking fast:

"Mr. Vibert asked me to come down to the Northern offices, in case he should be held up. There were important

letters to be mailed. After I typed them I went down. They showed me into a room that adjoined the room where Mr. Vibert was having his interview. The transom was half open, and I couldn't help hearing what was being said. He was talking. I heard every word. And I would not work another day in the Eclipse office, no matter what happened, George. My poor illusions are gone—all gone!" Extell waited diplomatically.

"How could they sit and listen to him? Why didn't they stop him?" she cried passionately. "Is that the way goods are sold—by telling falsehoods about your competitors? By telling things you know are not true? Oh, I could have died of shame to be with such a firm! And they sat and listened to him. They let him go on."

"Did he knock South Trent?" asked Extell with a queer smile coming into his face.

"He lied foolishly and shamefully. He didn't seem to have a word to say as to why they should buy his goods. It all seemed to be why they shouldn't buy the others. But I mustn't tell you any more—it wouldn't be right, I suppose. The only thing I can do is to quit them—and I have. But why did they listen to him? George, is that the way business is done?"

Something like happiness had come back to George Extell. His eyes shone as he held her hands and looked into her eyes.

"No, it isn't, Muriel!" he cried. "You'll see! That was Vibert's idea of good salesmanship. I could have sworn he would do that. He was raised on that kind of argument. The only salesman he has that has never copied him is Adams Walker. And that's why he came out here himself. He thought Adams wasn't strong enough. He'll find out! Oh, my dear, you don't know what you've done to me! You're going home! You're not going to stay in that office! Now I feel as though I could sell anything! I can hardly wait till to-morrow."

She looked at him and her face brightened.

"You don't have to tell falsehoods about your competitors, do you?" she asked.

"You bet I don't!" replied the man. "I'm with the real people, Muriel. You wouldn't ask that if you knew Wetterson. Muriel, if I put this order over I'll get something good. You remember what you wrote on the envelope? Would that be it?"

She smiled with eyes that never missed the little humors.

"I shan't need to tell you when the time comes," she answered. "You will know."

He saw the girl and her mother off at the station, and brought a big box of roses to go home with them.

"Really you ought not to do that," Muriel objected, her prudence trying hard to overcome her delight.

"By to-morrow night I'm going to ship you a carload!" was the boyish reply just as the train was pulling out.

That night Extell in his room opened his case and took out a micrometer: the very micrometer that the little Austrian in Central Georgia had apostrophized. He looked at it a long time. He studied the infinitely accurate gradations, and noted how marvelously adapted it was for the work it had to do. He saw how intricate it was, and yet how simple; noted the ratchet stop, so adroitly contrived to keep the measuring spindle from turning when it should be at rest—and the words of the little old man came back to him: "Axdell, you must understand them to love them—as I do."

IV

AT A QUARTER to ten next morning, when he had made his talk before a group of sharp-eyed men, Extell felt that he had expressed this understanding of his tools. He felt that he had never talked better. He had been direct, not wordy. He had not once mentioned the competing lines. He had told the exact truth about shipments—that freight was congested in their district as elsewhere. But above all he had tried to convey this idea of perfection, of efficiency, in the South Trent tools.

Extell paused and wiped his dry lips with his handkerchief. The feeling of strong confidence had never once left him. But there was one thing which had just a little disconcerted him. It was the steady, riveted, impersonal eyes of an elderly man with iron-gray hair and mustache, who had sat just at his left across the table. He tried vainly, as he was speaking, to read that look. It worried him. Round the mouth of this man—the president of the newly formed corporation—was something that never quite ripened into a smile. It was as though the man was hazing him, in a subtle way, trying to make him say something incautious or ill-advised. And after a short silence this sphinxlike man spoke. His voice was just as impersonal as his eyes, touched, it seemed, by no emotions whatever. He asked quietly:

"Mr. Extell, what do you think of the Eclipse tools?"

Extell had a queer sensation. He felt his lips tighten and the nerves of his face twitch. He was thinking of Vibert. He was thinking of the dark room, of Muriel Clemm, and of the words: "You can have the customary two weeks." But he replied:

"Mr. Nickerson, I worked for the Eclipse people for nearly five years. They make beautiful tools, sir. They have always made beautiful tools; and I have no doubt they always will. I believed in them then and I have never lost my faith in them."

"You would admit they are just as good as the South Trent tools, then?" said that impassive mouth.

"No, sir."

"Why not, Mr. Extell?"

"Because, Mr. Nickerson, I am selling South Trent tools. And, aside from that, I can show you that our line is fuller and I have shown you that we have several invaluable patents."

"It is generally thought, however, in the trade, that there is little to choose between them," went on the president. "You would be satisfied, I suppose, if we split the order, Mr. Extell?"

"No, sir. I am asking you for the entire order."

"But on what grounds do you ask it, Mr. Extell? You have admitted that the Eclipse are fine tools. The patents—well, I don't think those are so very important really. A hack saw is a hack saw, when they are both of high quality. I should like to have you tell me what other thing, what final argument, you rely upon to convince us that you should have the whole contract."

It was the crucial moment.

Extell felt it. Somehow he knew that there had been a tacit decision made in that conference to split the order. He felt it going from him. And then like a flash he whipped out:

"Yes, sir; there is one other thing."

"I should like to hear it," was the challenge.

"It is something I say with hesitation," said Extell, feeling himself redden. "I wouldn't have mentioned it, Mr. Nickerson, if you had not put it squarely up to me. There in one other thing, and I am depending on it as the last resort. I ask you not to believe that I say it with any unworthy motive or spirit; but it is something that comes into nearly every order that wa ever sold. It is a real, living thing. It is the personality of the salesman."

The moment he uttered the words Extell felt his knee shake. If his words were construed wrongly he was lost He saw the utterly amazed glance of the president in the direction of the factory superintendent.

He saw the factory superintendent return a grin to tha astonished look.

The New York manager of the Northern looked surprise a moment, and then began to laugh outright.

Mr. Nickerson rose slowly.

"I think that will do, Mr. Extell," he said.

"Thank you, sir."

But just as Extell gathered up his effects and started fo the door, the president came after him and seized him by the arm.

"Mr. Extell," he said, "you have the nerve of the devil!"

The young man looked frankly and soberly into the eye of the older man. In a voice that trembled in spite o himself, he asked:

"Do you really think that was merely nerve?"

The older man did not answer for a moment. Then h reached out and gave the young fellow's hand a little shake

"No!" he replied. "You told the gospel truth. It' funny nobody ever sprang that before. You'll go far, youn man. Good day."

There are days that are not merely red-letter days, they are rainbow-letter days. There are few of them in a life and the memory of them never dies. The next day was on of those days for George Extell. When he went to the tele graph office, the following afternoon, the two telegrams tha he wrote there swam before his eyes. The telegraphe looked like an Adonis. The dirty telegraph office looke like the Stock Exchange. The barely swept floor was lik a carpet of priceless Oriental pile. One telegram went t Wetterson, the other to Muriel Clemm. The one to Wetter son read:

"I put it over. EXTELL."

The other one:

"You gave me the courage to win. GEORGE."

Queerly enough, in Extell's first flush of triumph h entirely forgot Vibert. He had dreamed, without darin to hope, that the day would come when he could meet hi old manager on even terms and show him who was th better man. His common sense had told him that thi could scarcely happen—yet it had happened—and nov his first reaction was not the one he had expected. It wa not that he had ceased to hate Vibert. It wa simply that he was now thinking of bigger things

In the first place, Wetterson's night letter, i response to his brief telegram announcing hi success, thrilled him with honest joy. It wa just like Wetterson, enthusiastic without slop ping over, and sincere as few men could phras sincerity. It ended with a sentence that stencile itself on Extell's mind and steadied him abso lutely. The sentence was: "I know you ca stand prosperity."

Muriel Clemm's letter filled his cup of hap piness. She wrote herself into it unreservedly She had the art of translating her inmost feelin into written words, of projecting herself to hin with every dotted i, so that as the young fello read she seemed to be at his side. She did no mention Vibert. Sh said never a word abou the Eclipse office.

Extell's first desir was to go to Milledge ville at once. H burned to tell Muri the whole story; to se her eyes respond t every point. He kne that his request for couple of days would b granted at South Tren without demur—an yet he could not ask i He was coming in on th high tide. Everythin was going his way now He was writing orde such as he had neve turned in before, an even the conditions c the trade did not seer wholly to account for i Then one night, jus as he was coming out o the dining room of hi hotel, he came face t face with Harry Burr hart. That the presider

(Continued on Page 4

"That Northern Machinery Business Gave Us an Awful Jolt. You Got Us There, and Got Us Good"

THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

By RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"'You are Going the Right Way About to Make a Dead Man of Yourself, Mister Mate'"

XI

THE ornithologist, in good truth, had gone this time, beyond all recapturing. He headed straight across the dunes, Hawley following at top stretch. When they came to the beach the chase did not once hesitate or falter. James Smith plunged in and with a strong motion of the arms made for the open sea. Hawley set guards along the coast, but the ornithologist did not return.

Nothing could save the house itself. It made a vast showing, cast as it was into that lonely situation. The black bark, anchored in mid-channel, stood revealed high and clear; and the dunes behind the house shone with a smooth red light, as the flames shot higher and yet higher.

And, strangest of all, this tumult had roused the gulls from sleep. I saw the flickering of crimson breasts hurled in mid-air, and wondered if in truth new voices had joined already in that unlikely chorus.

It was morning before we could come together on the water front at Silver Glade. Garnett had seen to it that a room was made ready in the Glade Hotel for Jane Craigenside; and presently he came toward us with a grave step.

"The shock of these two deaths has been too much for her," he said to us. "And yet, if she but knew it, the old lady had done her—and me—a fearful wrong."

Garnett had washed the enamel from his face and got into other clothes. The lines in his face appeared deeper, but still he was seen to be a young and rugged man, with a keen eye that rested briefly on our faces, one after the other.

"There is no need for her to know it," he added gently, "and God knows the old lady paid the shot. After my experience in that slave room, I can assure you, gentlemen, that I shall never look a sea gull in the face again. If there is the least jot of superstition in you, you will believe that tale you know. I remember coming upon a raft in mid-Pacific, empty as the palm of my hand, and the greatest flock of gulls keeping it company that ever you saw. These things naturally come back to a man in circumstances like the present. You will want to know the truth about all this. It can be told briefly, I imagine.

"This man—James Smith, he called himself—was actually the son of old Craigenside by a Chinese wife. Amos had her stationed for years past count aboard a junk in a certain backwater of the Yang-tse. I have seen that junk. It was and is a fine piece of work—sandalwood paneling, reed lanterns aft, and two blazing blood-red eyes at the prow. Watchful eyes, gentlemen; but I can assure you not more watchful than the eyes of that old Tartar lying in state across the river.

"She was a Tartar. That's the colossal joke involved in this business—one of these merciless jokes that a devil might dispatch red-hot out of hell. Craigenside had held her off a great many years, and yet he had granted her privileges, don't you see, until the man was fairly under her thumb. There were times when he didn't dare to say his soul was his own. You may have heard the Tartar apply those words to herself; they applied with triple force to him. If you had ever seen that smooth yellow woman in the Yang-tse, you would understand the peace that stole into the bosom of that old pirate every time he headed for his mysterious yellow river. She was the impersonation of silent worship. If he so much as held up his hand she was watching it that moment like a cat, like a dumb slave. I verily believe he went there to recover the self-respect which he lost periodically in the presence of old Mercy. Why, then, didn't he stay in the East? Why should he return to Dockport to confront her with his uneasy conscience squirming somewhere inside that great barrel of a body? How came it that at length she began to go as stewardess and visited those perilous waters in her own person? I don't know, except to say that hers was the presiding personality.

"All the years that Mercy went as steward," he continued, "there was this establishment going on, the boy growing up, Craigenside absenting himself from time to time and coming back to his mentor with a sheepish eye. You have seen that old lady's face—lined, and acid, and featured with hirsute moles? He used to look into it as a naughty boy looks into the eye of a stern parent, trying to fathom what shape the administration of wild justice will assume. It was 'killing,' to use a phrase of Mercy's own.

"When the child was twelve years old Craigenside assigned to some broken-down but omniscient missionary the task of providing him with an education of the Western sort. But note: The silent mother, to counteract this alien influence, induced a certain Chinese gentleman to attach himself to her household in the situation of a tutor, and so the learning of two hemispheres came to be poured into his head. By the powers, his range was enormous. He knew more than the devil himself. But I don't know which of those gentlemen brought out his mesmeric faculty. He had it, to a degree. He could put me into a trance by turning a marlinespike in his hand and letting the sun flash from its tip.

"But wait. Old Craigenside never fully understood what flame it was he had plunged his hand in. He knew nothing of the necessities, nothing of the resources of one of these Eastern religions, patched together through the industry of certain shady and traitorous disciples of the great god Buddh.

"The fact is, during those years the boy's mind was being prepared to take up the vengeance which expiring generations had been forced to drop. To put the matter briefly, the Chinese gentleman above-mentioned had ascertained that the woman was descended from a dynasty of pirates who had their headquarters on a certain island in the Yellow Sea. They were not, perhaps, practicing piracy at this date; indeed, the woman gave Craigenside to understand that they had gone out of the business, after making certain terms humiliating to the Chinese Government. Nevertheless, they were bound to that island by the common bond of a piratical tradition; and through the instrumentality of that Chinese tutor a call was issued to the son of Craigenside's foreign wife as the last male representative of a perishing dynasty.

"So it happened that on that last voyage Craigenside stole up the Yang-tse, only to be met with a cool statement from the lips of that hitherto tractable woman that his son had been drafted into the priesthood.

"Craigenside was frantic. Was it conceivable that son of his should turn into the sort of stony-eyed idiot who would bow down to sticks and stones? In the blood of the old seaman there resided very little of the strict tincture of religion, I suppose. If he owned in his heart to a fundamental belief at all, it must have been only in some vast power screened by clouds or moving silently underfoot; an inscrutable power, contemptuous of man-made fantasies, a power that spoke only in the whirlwind, and that never stooped to examine individual destinies. Into the invisible bosom of that power he was hurled, and that sufficed him.

"For the rest, he had slept through many sermons, had paid pew rent, and in winter put his ponderous feet on the zinc-lined foot warmer which had descended to him through many generations of cold-footed co-religionists. He called himself in a booming voice a 'fair-weather Christian,' with a vague belief in a kind heaven and a serviceable hell; and as such he had no sympathy with foreign gods. That son of his should fall so low as to feed the fires in the very incense pans laid before foreign altars was what he could not stomach.

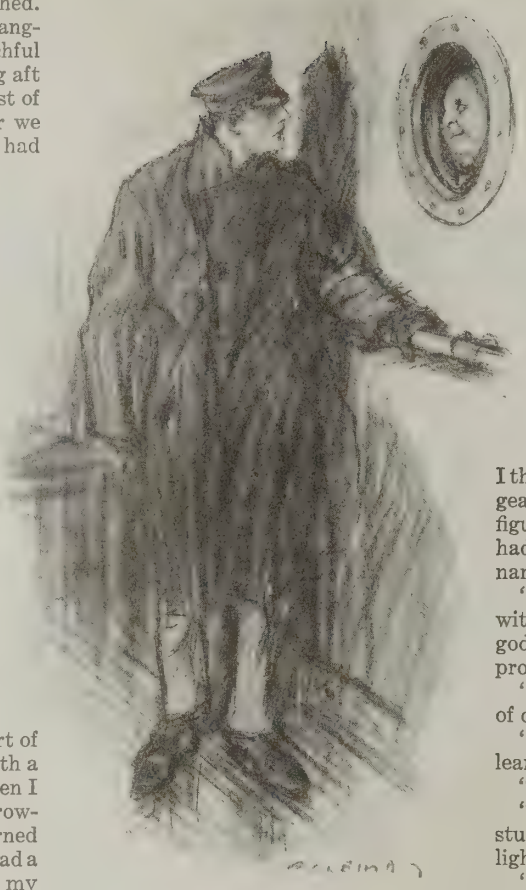
"That was how he came to follow him, seize him up out of the crater of that broken-down volcanic island where he had established himself, and bring him to book in the cabin of the Asphodel along with his green jade god.

"There were ructions on that ship, I can tell you, when Mercy saw who the man was," continued Garnett. "And she wasn't in doubt long, because by chance she spied the six toes on his right foot—his curious Western inheritance, almost the only part of him that he had in common with his father. Can you wonder if the old lady carried on a little after all those years—her life, no less—which at one stroke she saw to have been spent in the shadow of a mocking delusion? I think she was not accountable for her actions.

"All the time I was going about that ship making love to Jane Craigenside, getting deeper and deeper in love every blessed minute. I felt those sharp black eyes of Mercy's trailing me with that hungry power of observing another's felicity which seems to be the especial attribute of spinsters. They can never grow too old for it; and after all, she was not so old, not over sixty, and sentimental as the devil behind that black mustache, I imagine. A poisoned soul escapes by distilling itself through the very pores of the

skin; an atmosphere is engendered which if not seen, is yet breathed. The eyes of that junk in the Yangtse were not one-half so watchful as those of that old lady lying aft in a canvas chair, with a nest of tatting in her lap. I wonder we didn't all of us see how she had come to hate the old man.

"We didn't—not one of us. I had eyes for no one but that girl. I had first spied her bringing the sextant out to Craigenside, the very day I joined the ship in Sydney harbor. Her fingers were adjusting the screws, and I swear there were small brains in the pink tips of them. We got to have a very good understanding in a short while, and she told me frankly just the nature of the old lady's tantrums; but she had not the slightest notion of what might be expected to come from them. I thought the old Tartar had entirely recovered her calm. That's how far deluded I was! She made no noise on the deck. Her feet were encased in a sort of moccasin of black leather with a limp sole. Every now and then I caught a flash from the arrowheads of obsidian which adorned her constricted old bosom. I had a feeling that the very course of my thought was traced with limpid thoroughness by the intent watchful eye of that ancient shade. In the hours of my later reflection a sort of ominous cloud gathered about her mysterious and fragmentary utterances.



"I Would Catch That Enormous Yellow Face Hanging in the Port Like an Unfathomable Mask"

"Then one morning as I was going to take the deck I found the cabin thronged. Breakfast was just over. Mercy Cobb sat back, grasping her shark's spine, and sucking her lips grimly together. The girl stood tall and pale beside her. Ruel sat pulling sullenly at a fringe of the tablecloth. Behind him rose the portly figure of the priest, his arms crossed, his heavy-lidded eyes half shut. For the first time a sort of excitement seemed to breathe out of him, and the ugly knob on his forehead had turned red. The cause of this commotion was to be found in the sudden determination of Craigenside to break his son publicly of his superstitious folly.

"'You have about as much chance of making converts to that thing as a song sparrow of finding Venus in the blizzard of '58,' he roared. 'It galls me to think that son of mine should descend so low.'

"The priest said in cold tones:

"'It is enough. You do not believe.'

"'Not in foreign hells, no,' said Craigenside. 'I have enough to do to swallow a Christian one.'

"I caught a glimpse of Mercy's eye at this point. Sunk as it was in its shadowy socket, it seemed to emit a terrible fire.

"'Come now,' said Craigenside, striking his hands behind him, 'tell me, sir, what are the properties of this god? Suppose I slap him in the face: Do you think he will rise up against me? Can he strike me dead?'

"'When he falls forward on his face,' said the priest, 'then, and not till then, will he wreak vengeance.'

"'In that case,' said Craigenside, putting out his huge hand, 'I calculate to know the nature of this vengeance.'

"Ruel, turning in his seat, struck his father's hand away from the god's head.

"'You will have us all hopping in the wrong hell next,' he muttered sheepishly.

"'I want to know! I want to know!' the old gentleman said then. 'So now my other son is bowing down to sticks and stones.'

"'Do the safe thing,' retorted Ruel.

"The old man was staggered a little in spite of himself. He saw about him a ring of tense white faces. Little by little some dread omen seemed to creep into the atmosphere. It was a burning hot morning. I felt as though I had been trapped in my own tomb. The sun came through the starboard porthole in a thick golden fog. It glittered on a strip of red linoleum, on Craigenside's fist raised to smite the god, and on the plump six-toed foot of that priest, who never seemed to move one jot. And now I thought I saw a kind of certainty of vengeance stream from the eyes of the jade figure. I could have sworn that a smirk had overspread the diabolical countenance of that pug-nosed little god.

"'The wrong hell,' repeated Amos without turning round. He stared at the god long and hard, as if revolving that proposition in his secret soul.

"His meditation was broken by a sort of cackle from the Tartar.

"'He's afraid,' she sneered aloud, leaning forward in her chair.

"'Afraid?' roared Craigenside.

"I called out suddenly 'Beware!' stung to suspicion by the continuing light in the old fury's eye.

"I was too late. Craigenside had hooked his finger about the neck of the little god and drawn it forward on its face.

"I felt in the ensuing seconds that a change had come over the old man with the completion of that movement. He drew one hand across his forehead in a daze.

"I heard Ruel whisper 'What's the matter?'

"'Matter—nothing the matter,' said old Craigenside. 'I'm a little cold. It's a foggy morning.'

"Something was wrong, however. He reached up one hairy arm to the gimbals, in which a lamp was swinging, and hung there—twirled slowly, facing each of them in turn. They saw his mouth open and the whites of his eyes glitter.

"'Bring me . . . coffee . . . woman,' he said in a ghastly voice. 'There's ice in my veins.'

"It was frightful! All in the course of a few seconds! And still he hung to that bracket. I began to believe that he would hang there in death, with a kind of unforgiving tenacity in his finger-ends. He hung about our very necks.

"Then Ruel sprang toward him and eased him down. That yellow priest had not stirred an atom of his fat body. But the old lady fell down stiffly on her knees and began a kind of low wailing, stroking the head of her master.

"Can you imagine the terror of that moment? The jade god was upright on its shelf again. Was the priest responsible for its new position? Nobody had seen him stir out of his tracks. But there was a gleam of satisfied vengeance in those eyes of jade.

"They carried the old skipper into his cabin. There he was alone in his last moments with Mercy Cobb, by his own request, and not until he was dead did she come out again. Then with a rigid face she set about unpacking her embalming tools."

"I knew as well as I wanted to what had happened," continued Garnett somberly, "and yet I forbore to breathe such a charge without first having a look at that perverted god. But I am not a believer in foreign hells myself. I said as much to Ruel, but he took the short way with me and shut me up. You were all privileged to see how he felt about the matter.

"I had decided to get round that old lady, but how I didn't know. She never slept, to the best of my knowledge. She had taken the jade into her own cabin and locked the priest fairly into his. I would catch that enormous yellow face hanging in the port like an unfathomable mask; and every time he could get me to stand still he would send out flashes of reflected light from some bright object. It had the effect of rooting me to the spot once or twice.

"I said nothing of my suspicion of that god to anyone—not to Jane even; but I set out to have a look at it. Now how did that old lady get wind of me in the extraordinary fashion she did? I have given up explaining her. I suppose, as a matter of fact, she overheard me talking with the starboard bos'n. She might have been anywhere; she hovered about the ship like a murk.

"He came aft one night to heave the log, and stopped to whisper in my ear:

"'She's been training on again, hasn't she?'

"His words were almost lost in a heavy wind. I nodded absently. The sails, powder white half an hour before, were beginning to get black with rain. The bos'n's earnest, privileged face was close to mine, and a pale phosphoric light played about his person.

"'I tell you what,' he whispered, 'I don't like this a little bit. I wish he was overside, that's what I wish. I want to shake those sharks. She is pickling him in brine, isn't she? Time we get into port he will be sweet enough for a chowder. The old witch!'

"Before letting fall the compromising word 'witch' he favored the chart house with a prolonged stare, full of discretion, as if he had detected her presence there by some remote sound or some secret motion of the heart.

"'Give them an inch and they want an acre,' I said a trifle prosily.

"'You can't talk to me about women,' returned the bos'n. 'I know 'em right down to the ground. I was brought up on 'em, I tell you, and I know enough to know that you can't indulge 'em only about so far without running your neck into a noose.'

"'Did she offer any objection to this job in the Yellow Sea?'

"'Not a word. She sat there as stiff as a new sail, and over the side he went without so much as looking at her. Up we went over that cliff hand over hand, and into the temple, and snakes out this fellow in less than no time, the old man puffing after us with the idol under his arm. What he wants of it is more than I can tell.'

"I said morosely: 'If I had my way, I'd maroon her!'

"The bos'n shook his head gloomily at that.

"'You might as well try to hurdle up smoke in a gill net,' he said in somber tones. 'That old witch would leak out of a sealed pot!'

"That very night as I lay in my bunk the thought came to me to have it out with the old lady, once and for all. There was no wind; a flat calm had fallen. The slightly resonant personality of the ship oppressed me with vague creakings and slattings. It was a depth of calm which poisons the sources of thought and defeats the simplest movements of the brain.

"Impelled by this restlessness, I rose and went out of my room in stockinged feet. You understand that my berth was on the port side, separated from the main cabin by an alleyway. The cabin was empty, lighted by a dim lamp in a bracket affixed to the round of the jiggermast.

"I was full of panic fears in making my expedition against that old lady. The whining of wheel tackle outside caused me to stand in my tracks, bolt upright like a rabbit. One pane of the skylight was raised; and I heard Craigenside murmur something to the wheelman. Silence again. My eyes coasted over the sticky maple panels of that cabin and finally fixed themselves on the door of Mercy Cobb's room.

"It was held open a foot or so by a long hook, which served to introduce a draft of air through it on hot nights.

"I came closer, step by step, withdrawing the hook from its eye, and pushed in the door an inch or two. At once I had a view of the thing I was looking for. The god was affixed to a white panel in some way. The eyes were horrid, I can tell you, opalescent in a ray of bright moonlight which fell through the porthole.

"I was fascinated, so much so that I didn't so much as notice the Tartar's strong, harsh breathing. She was prone in her bunk. I had got as far as to stretch out my arm for that jade when I heard a rustle from the gloom of the bunk; then a click, such as the barrel of an old horse pistol might make in turning over. She was awake.

"She said to me without a trace of excitement:

"'You are going the right way about to make a dead man of yourself, Mister Mate.'"

Garnett lay back in his chair and stared hard at the Asphodel and at the stark ruin of the house of Craigenside.

"By George," he said, "that old woman believed in a policy of Thorough! She meant to make a clean sweep, I haven't a doubt of it. She meant what she said, neither more nor less. I drew back out of that cabin like a ghost of other years, but I could be as still as I liked after that—I had sealed my own doom. I had revealed my curiosity as to the nature of that god, who could strike a man dead in his tracks without winking an eye. She had caught me flat-footed cruising about in her cabin, and she knew what she had to expect. Thorough. That was Strafford's policy, you remember; well, it was that old lady's policy no less. All the time I was on that ship she wouldn't allow a smudge of dirt anywhere. The men were always busy with the holystones; always expecting to see her come along with the corner of her apron lifted looking for dirt. Rasp, rasp, rasp! They quaked when they saw her shadow."

Garnett drew on his pipe reflectively.

"Well, she was shipshape to the end," he continued, his eyes glowing with the first amusement I had seen in them. "Thorough, and no mistake. She marooned me. She put me off in company with Mr. James Smith, on an island, an atoll in the Marshall group. Ruel was her instrument. They came in on me in the dead of night with all my imperfections on my head, snaked me out of my bunk, bound and gagged me, and had me overside in the ship's cutter before you could say kismet.

"The priest was there before me. I imagine it was a sort of bargain. The old lady conceded Ruel the casting away of that mongrel son of his father in exchange for his allowing of similar treatment being meted out to me. He was as meek as Moses with her.

"At any rate we were put off there together. The old lady even insisted on being swung down into the stern sheets in a bos'n's chair. I caught a glimpse of her, like a descending harpy, with that black dress wavering all about her and her eyes fixed lovingly on mine. Her last words to me were: 'A taste of your own medicine, Mister Man'; and I swallowed them. There wasn't the least outcry aboard the ship. That bos'n who had called her a witch was the selfsame man who rigged the bos'n's chair for her; and the girl was sleeping below.

"Yes—marooned.

"A taste of my own medicine! There we were, James Smith and I together. We sat on the sands of that cursed atoll through burning eons of time, hung our heads and let time pass as we imagined it might over the heads of stone images. We let it pass like men doing penance in a yellow hell obscured at intervals by blue-black flames filled with flaring sparks.

"And all the while we had a distaste for one another—physical, mental, moral. There was no way in which we could mix. This distaste became profound antipathy, and the antipathy mortal hate. I could have sprung on him time and again, taken him by his fat throat, and forced him to yield up the secret of that amazing resignation, which caused him to surrender his body to those hot sands with the serenity of a god whom nothing and nobody can challenge. He was as uncomplaining as if he had created his own situation. But this did not detract from the smoldering venom of that poison he was hoarding up for me.

"I tried to keep away from him. I found some timber, and began to build a boat with nothing more than a pocket knife. I stripped the fiber from coconuts and wove it into rope. I found a piece of old ship's metal, cast there, heaven knew how, and I set to work to cut it square and hammer it down smooth with stones. One side I polished bright, and marked out a compass on it. I marked the point east to the sun when it rose, and then leaving it on the ground until night I marked out the bearings of the different constellations. I had a mad notion that with nothing more than this instrument, as soon as my boat was done I should start before the wind for China, three thousand miles away.

"All this while the Oriental sat idly by. He seemed neither to hope nor to fear, but only to anticipate the miracle which was going to restore him to his volcano.

"'A Bell!' He Cried. 'Here in My Shadow. It Rang Four Times'"

"Then came a strange turn in this common life. One night, as we sat together listening to the wash of the reef, James Smith stood upright with a ghostlike face.

"'Hark!' he whispered.

"You are aware what power there is in a whisper, coming unsolicited like that, to smite the heart dumb. It is like the cold hand of death laid on the brow of the sleeper. The body of the priest went as still as stone. He stood with one arm half raised and an indescribable light in his eye.

"I sprang up and actually grappled with him. I was in a rage to think of the chill he had been able to sink into my very marrow by a single word. I began to believe that already I was taking his tone, so to speak—being drawn into the maw of that voracious intelligence and made helplessly subject to its apprehensions.

"'What do you hear?' cried I.

"He ran his tongue over his lips.

"'A bell!' he cried. 'Here in my shadow. It rang four times.'"

XII

AS GARNETT spoke these words I could not hold back a cry of astonishment. Bells! This was what that grizzled watchman of the Asphodel had described as Craigenside's affliction. He heard bells.

"That amazes you," continued Garnett. "Well, it was the truth. They were distinctly audible to us as we sat together on that atoll.

"God pity us! What will you think when I tell you that they actually measured the time for us! At first I thought it was the sort of thing that accompanies the sound of water. You know the drone of inland rapids provides the imagination with a spur. You hear chimes and sweet voices oftentimes.

"But this was a thing of darker omen. It came once an hour, as nearly as we could estimate it. The number of the strokes increased from one to twelve, and began with one again.

"It was a terrifying thing, to the priest as well as to the sailor. It had the significance of a dread summons. We had no knowledge of the injunction Craigenside had laid on the old lady in his dying moments, as later appeared, to set up that figure in the shadow of Time and Eternity.

"'Bring it under a good Christian curse,' were Amos Craigenside's last muttered words, as I later learned them from the lips of the old Tartar herself.

"It might seem as if this sound was only the curious imagining of mad castaways. Perhaps. But to them it came as the voice of that god, summoning out of a dark void.

"And this eerie sound came between them like the shadow of a fiend. Each read the soul of the other. Meantime, those bells showered on them out of a clear sky. They slept only between the striking of those fateful hours.

"Isn't it a fact that by tradition, or by a memory like an echo of the conflicts of other days, we are familiar with the Christian hell?

"Yes, we have those curious descriptions—a precise imagining of the sort of reception that awaits us, as sailormen—even a history of the unlucky man, Satan. We are in a measure prepared.

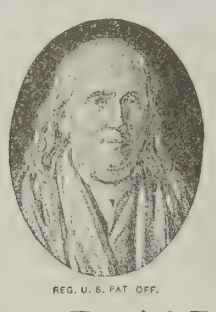
"But what was this other? Nothing. A bell. A summoning. To what? Could I tell that?

"It couldn't have gone on long of course. I should have been a madman. That plague of bells was lifted the moment we were taken from the atoll by a United States gunboat, the Essex. I heard them no more.

"But I was in the grip of something worse than solitude by that time. Do you think I could pry myself loose from the company of that man, Mr. James Smith? Not by a jugful! He knew my goal. He knew that I could never rest until I had seen Jane Craigenside again. And where she was, there his jade god would be.

(Continued on Page 81)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 3, 1917

The Submarine

GERMANY advertises an expectation of starving England into submission by midsummer through unrestricted submarine warfare. If she should realize that expectation England's command of the sea would be paralyzed for the time being, and the political map of the world would be altered in so radical a fashion that the exploits of Napoleon would afford the only comparison in modern times.

England derives about two-thirds of her food from overseas, all of her cotton, much of her wool, copper and other basic raw materials. Cut off at sea, she could neither feed nor clothe herself—to say nothing of carrying on that vast industrial activity which makes her the world's premier exporter, and on which her whole economic life is largely founded. To cripple her fatally it would not be necessary absolutely to cut off imports, but only to reduce them by a certain percentage. For basic materials that are absolutely necessary in carrying on a war—especially food—Germany was much less dependent than England upon sea traffic; yet the Allies' blockade undoubtedly pinches her sharply.

To the first of February—that is, in thirty months of war—the Allies had lost a little over three million tons of merchant shipping through mine, submarine and cruiser attack, and neutrals nearly a million. Until about five months ago shipping losses had been pretty nearly offset by new construction, and the submarine had affected ocean carrying so little that insurance against it in North Atlantic trade could be had at about one per cent.

Last fall, however, submarine activity began to increase; and in January—the last month under the rules imposed by the United States—destruction of shipping was greater than in any previous month of the war, amounting to over three hundred thousand tons. The February record no doubt exceeded this.

This is a serious burden upon shipping, as the great advance in war-insurance rates shows; but unrestricted submarine warfare will undoubtedly involve a much more vigorous warfare upon submarines. Presumably all merchant ships will speedily be armed, and a comparatively small gun is effective against submarines. Patrols and convoys can be increased. The unrestricted submarine is a pirate, with no standing before international law—to be sunk at sight.

In adopting unrestricted submarine warfare Germany has engaged in the greatest sea gamble ever known. The stakes are the highest ever played for on water. Winning it would imply that, until there is another advance in naval art, any nation rich enough to maintain a fleet of submarines can paralyze the world's commerce at will. Few except Germany's own partisans will share her expectations of winning.

No Time for Politics

UP TO the end of January the old game went on at Washington in an especially dull and unpleasant manner. Having played the most narrow and purblind sort of party politics in the late presidential campaign and got nothing from it but defeat, the opposition developed here and there a quite febrile eagerness to win a trick. Even the President's address to the Senate on world peace, bringing forward the greatest question that American statesmanship has had to consider in many years, could not elevate some congressional minds above the dust of partisan squabbling.

At the shock of the rupture with Germany partisanship was laid aside, as sober men leave checkers when the fire bell rings—a good sign of capacity for sober and responsible action. But shock, in the nature of the case, is a temporary state. There will be temptations to go back to the game.

The people have means of letting it be known that all such temptations must be resisted just so long as the international relations of the country are out of joint. They should overlook no opportunity of expressing a conviction that the man who attempts to shape any phase of this international situation to a partisan pattern will be disgraced and marked unfit for public trust as long as he lives.

The mere partisan game of jockeying for position and fencing for points is burdensome, but tolerable, in fair weather. It is intolerable when the barometer falls.

The Difference

THE Allies have trespassed upon our neutral rights at sea. They have disregarded international law or made it over to suit themselves. They say what shall be contraband. They ransack our mails. They take our ships to port and search them, condemning them if the cargo is contraband. We continue friendly relations with them; so why not with Germany?

The two cases are fundamentally different. The difference between them is as great as that between dumping ashes in a neighbor's yard and turning him out of his house, with homicide.

We do not decisively object to Germany's doing anything the Allies do. Without decisive objection, we permit her to do more. England takes a ship to port and searches it at leisure. Germany, as in the recent case of the Housatonic, sinks the ship outright, only giving the crew time to take to open boats, far from land. But as she did give them opportunity to save their lives we did not object.

Her note implied that American ships, passenger and freight, would be sunk without warning, and with hardly a chance of saving the lives aboard. Two or three passenger boats might ply over a rigidly prescribed track in a rigidly prescribed manner, provided this Government guaranteed that they carried no contraband—the definition of contraband being fixed by Germany.

Under the circumstances this involved nothing less than assent by the United States to Germany's laying an embargo on our export trade. It involved assent by the United States to the proposition that Germany could mark off any regions of the high seas she chose and forbid us to enter them—not merely putting annoyances upon our trade there but forbidding us to trade altogether, except at the risk of our lives.

For less oppressive impositions the American colonists revolted against their lawful sovereign.

In Safe Hands

WOODROW WILSON deserves the implicit confidence of that great majority of the people of the United States who earnestly desire peace. For two years, in the most trying circumstances, under great and repeated provocation, he showed an unwavering determination to keep the United States out of war if that could possibly be done without surrendering rights of such a fundamental nature that none but a contemptible nation would surrender them.

Last April—a year after the sinking of the Lusitania—he stated the terms upon which this country would continue friendly relations with Germany. The country unquestionably approved that statement. The only notable objections came from those who resented its moderation. After careful consideration, Germany chose to reject those terms. The choice lay with her. When she chose to reject our terms the United States had no choice but to terminate friendly relations.

The situation was thrust upon the President after he had done the utmost to avoid it that national self-respect would permit. On his record all those who sincerely wish peace, but would not purchase it by surrender of vital rights, must give him their complete confidence. His course throughout demonstrated that he was a trustworthy guardian of their interests. Whatever could reasonably be done to avoid war, he would do.

All attempts to discredit and harass him in the crisis were unworthy and should have no countenance. The fatuous and transparent agitation for a referendum previous to a declaration of war was only, in effect, an attempt to get a vote of lack of confidence in the President and to tie his hands; so that, no matter what indignities or outrages might come, the Government of the United States must stand idle for weeks with its hands in its pockets—a spectacle for the laughter and scorn of the nations—while an electioneering diversion was carried out.

Give no countenance to any attempt to discredit and harass the President. He has deserved your confidence. Let him know he has it.

Short Selling

THE question of short selling is simply and exactly the question of speculation. If speculation is useful or permissible, its usefulness or permissibleness extends to the bear operation precisely as much as to the bull. There is, say, a surplus of wheat—more than the consumptive demand will take up. If the only purchasers are those who have an actual use for wheat—namely, millers, who must buy it and carry it until consumptive demand requires it in the shape of flour—prices will probably decline heavily. Purchases by speculators who will carry the grain in hope of a rise broaden the market and tend to stabilize prices.

Such is the stock argument for speculation on the bull side. It applies equally to speculation on the bear side. If there is a shortage of wheat at the time being, selling by speculators who hope to buy back cheaper later on broadens the market on that side and tends to stabilize prices. Later, when a new source of supply is available, the decline in prices is steadied by the purchases of speculators who have sold short.

Whether speculation does, in fact, tend to stabilize prices is an open and difficult question. But if it has any usefulness on one side it has an equal usefulness on the other side; nor is there the slightest difference in the ethics of the two operations.

It is absurd to say that a man can back his judgment by buying for a rise something he has no use for and no intention of owning, but cannot back his judgment by selling for a fall something he does not own.

East and West

CONSIDERABLE geographical illiteracy is to be expected in a country as big as the United States. Many excellent and noisy people along the North Atlantic Seaboard are in a state of chronic astonishment over the West—astonishment and, from time to time, exasperation. For example, they could not, for the life of them, imagine what the West was thinking of when it took up with Populism a good dozen years before the essential features of that creed became fashionable in New York. Oklahoma's constitution seemed utterly irrational until Ohio adopted one cut after the same general pattern.

In Western indorsement of President Wilson's course regarding the European war these good people read an appalling affirmation that patriotism stopped pretty close to the Mississippi River—with some shocking lapses east of there—and at least beyond the Missouri there was not spirit enough left to fight a jack rabbit.

As for California, "Chinese" was one of the endearing terms applied to it considerably west of Broadway. There was the historic fact that the Middle West had done some fighting in 1861–1865—as well as those degenerate states below the Ohio River which also voted for Wilson—but the old stock was presumed to be dead.

What the recent presidential vote meant, of course, was that the West, with cooler head, had then seen no cause to fight. If the relentless Fates should ever require the President to call for a great army of volunteers, watch that same supine region. It will give its Eastern critics another big surprise.

Cost of Government

OHIO furnishes a bit of preparedness that we should like to see generally emulated. It has published a pamphlet showing in convenient and easily understood form not only where every dollar of public revenue raised within the state comes from and where it goes, but giving comparative statistics, reduced to a per-capita basis, of the revenue and expenditure of all counties and cities.

One city of about ten thousand inhabitants has a revenue of little over six dollars a head; another, nearly the same size, has a revenue of more than twelve and a half dollars. One county spends two dollars and forty-three cents a head on the public schools; another, with almost the same population, spends six dollars and sixty-three cents. Of two cities, each having about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, one spends fifty-seven cents a head for police; the other, one dollar and seven cents. Fire protection in two cities of about the same size costs fifty-two cents a head in one, and a dollar and thirty-eight cents in the other.

There are, no doubt, differences in local conditions; but not enough difference, in many cases, to explain the difference in cost.

Thanks to this compilation, any citizen of Ohio can easily find out how his town's expenditures compare, in all the principal details, with the expenditures of other towns of similar size and conditions.

This is the beginning of economy and efficiency in local government.

The Control of Food Supplies in Blockaded Germany

Importation of Foodstuffs—By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

IT IS difficult to discuss the question of food importation into Germany comprehensively, since the available data are difficult of evaluation. The Central Buying Bureau, referred to in a previous article, had complete charge of importation of food supplies. It was daily charged in newspapers of all political and industrial complexions that this bureau did not accomplish as much as private buyers could have done; that it specified the rates of exchange and influenced the type of payments so that trade was diverted to the Allies from Germany, since the surrounding neutral countries could sell to either. Few figures for importations were given out in Germany.

The writer, when in Holland, looked into the trade figures for exportation and importation; and in England, also, for the Scandinavian countries. The data are convincing that during the first year of the war the importation of foodstuffs, and even of feeding stuffs, continued with but slight restrictions. It was only when organizations like the Oversea Trading Trust, in Holland, were put into operation, through the conduct of the blockade, that the results upon German importations were seriously felt.

Since the first of July, 1916, the surrounding neutral countries have been practically rationed by the Allies—that is, they may import of foodstuffs only as much as they can show are needed by their own peoples, and must make agreements not to reëxport into Germany. From that time the importations became weekly less and less.

The complexities of the actual situation in which the citizen of the neutral country is placed were well illustrated to the writer by a Dutch dairyman. He had been so restricted by the Allies in his importation of concentrates, to prevent his exportation of dairy products to Germany, that the business had become unprofitable. He thereupon sold his cows to the Germans at close to five hundred dollars a head. With the money in hand, he was deliberating over the figures of the bond exchange, to determine whether to buy British, French or German war bonds!

The Feeding of the Poor

IT IS not possible to express in figures the importations of foodstuffs. It is probable, however, that the food supplies captured in Belgium and Northern France, added to the amounts imported during the first eighteen months of the war, more than equaled the amounts of the normal direct importations in food units in two years. But the indirect losses, through loss of concentrates for feeds, could not be overcome, and these deprivations have been of far-reaching influence.

From October, 1916, the food blockade has been, by common consent of the blockaded and the blockaders, tighter than ever before. This tightness is also being felt keenly in the surrounding countries. The cost of living in Holland and Switzerland is higher than in Germany; in Holland higher than in England. The chief efforts of the

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Adolph von Batocki, Food Director of Germany

Germans for importations extend to cocoa and chocolate, fats, cheese and meats. The price of sugar in the surrounding neutral countries is very high. It is commonly supposed in Germany that a certain amount of sugar is being allowed to pass out to these countries, thus compelling the return of value-equivalent amounts of fats and meats.

Such an arrangement, though technically in violation of the stated prohibition of exportation, if skillfully carried out would yield a net gain in calories. And, since the exchange would be both directly and indirectly profitable, it is likely that it is taking place. The writer is certain that he ate beet sugar in Holland in October.

In peacetime the cities and the social-service organizations of Germany maintained supply stations, from which foodstuffs were dealt out to the needy, and public eating places where they served prepared food. These have been greatly expanded in wartime. Thus, the city of Berlin buys large amounts of flour, potato and pork for direct distribution to its poor. It also pays part of the cost of foodstuffs the price of which has risen past the buying power of the poor. In July it contributed daily seventy-six thousand marks, paying one pfennig on each pound of potatoes that went to the working classes.

Since the beginning of the war Berlin has dispensed for its poorer citizens, in foodstuffs, over forty million dollars. Early in the spring of 1916, when the scarcity in food supplies first became acute, field kitchens were sent into the streets to offer cooked supplies to the poor. The *goulasch-kannonen* provoked miniature riots, and it was soon seen that this method of reaching the needy was impracticable. Then began the expansion of the civic kitchens and eating rooms.

The value of the civic kitchens lies in three considerations: They can buy and prepare food much cheaper, and often much better, than can be done in the houses of the poor; they operate without determent by fluctuations in wages or food supplies; they save labor, and thus permit the women in the poorer classes to engage in remunerative work. In all the large cities needy school children of the poor are given the noonday meal at a cost of from twenty to thirty pfennigs, as against eighteen in peacetime. Three classes of kitchens are now maintained in practically all cities: For the very poor; for the lower middle classes; and for the class of petty officials.

Meals at Civic Kitchens

THE petty officials—post office, police, railroad, telegraph, and so on—have had a hard time, because the salaries in those positions, unlike daily wages, have not been advanced at all comparably to the increase in the cost of living. The food may be taken to the home or eaten at the public eating house. The costs vary from 7–10 to 17–22 cents for the noonday meal—the former for the poorest classes; the latter for the middle class.

The food is clean, well selected, prepared in accordance with the tastes of the class to which it is to be served, and also, of course, in accordance with the state of the markets. Very few of these places serve more than the midday meal, it being considered better policy to have the breakfast and supper prepared in the home. The taking of the noon-meal food to the home is encouraged, as tending to maintain family life. The efficiency in management may be illustrated by the figures for one large kitchen, where, of the total cost of a meal—thirty-three pfennigs—twenty-eight went for the raw foods.

The unit value of these meals varies from nine to thirteen hundred calories.

The patrons of civic kitchens must hand in portions of the meat and potato cards; in some cities cards for pulses and cereals also. It is usually planned to leave the food of the bread, butter and sugar cards for home consumption.

The attendance on these civic kitchens and eating houses has fluctuated with the stringency in food supplies. The different cities in the empire have now capacities for

PHOTOS. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Berlin Housewives Storming the Bakeshops

School Children Contributing Their Share to the Food Supply

feeding some six millions daily; to what extent of their capacities they are in operation cannot be stated, as the statistics of these places are not published. They have accomplished results of enormous nutritional importance during the past summer. The feature of pauperization is being carefully avoided. That these places fill a niche between the problems of production and consumption cannot be doubted, as they remove the difficulties of distribution from a class that has little stability in the market.

The machinery through which the regulation of production, distribution and consumption of food and feeding stuffs was accomplished was elaborated for the exigencies of the situation of war. The workings occur largely through operating companies. These companies were organized for particular tasks. They were incorporated, and were limited—*Gesellschaft mit beschränkter Haftung*. Once the articles they were to handle had been obtained by confiscation, they were turned over to the particular company. The company had a capital stock, derived from the state. It had the right of contract, could buy, sell; and, in fact, enjoyed all the rights of trade, plus monopoly. The transactions were supposed to return a nominal profit.

The press of the opposition frequently made complaints against the management of these companies. It was alleged that the overhead charges were excessive; that the officials were oversalaried; that too many aids were employed; that sinecures existed; and that influence and not efficiency sometimes determined appointments. So far as it was possible for the writer to obtain an idea of the internal workings of these companies, these allegations seemed to have little basis; on the whole, these companies seemed to carry out their allotted tasks with dispatch and effectiveness. There was sometimes overlapping, with resulting confusion and failure. The companies did not always succeed in accomplishing what they were organized to do; but that lay in the difficulties of the situation, rather than in the working operations.

The following is an incomplete list of these companies, but it will suffice to indicate the scope and character of the organizations—thirty-three in all:

Imperial Grain Department; Central Bureau for Maintenance of Military Supplies; Barley Utilization Bureau; Imperial Society for Milk Concentrates; Imperial Bureau for Food Fats; Commission for Fodder Surrogates; Distribution Bureau for Crude Sugar; Association of German Landlords; Central Buying Department; Dried Potato Utilization Company; War Company for Sauerkraut; War Company for Fruit Canning and Marmalades; Pig-fattening Corporation; War Commission for Vegetal Oils and Animal Fats. These operate now under the food controller by authorization of the Chancellor.

Middlemen Cut Out

PASSING through the average small American town, one is impressed by the number of retail stores and churches; there is not business enough for the stores, and there are not communicants enough for the churches. One of the first problems in the food control of Germany was the multiplicity of middlemen, and the desire of each to continue in wartime to handle foodstuffs as he had done in peacetime. The wishes of these tradesmen were not compatible with the desire of the authorities to keep the prices of foodstuffs down. Until the incoming of Von Batocki the dealers eluded all efforts to constrict them successfully. Wholesale prices would be fixed for a certain article. Then the article would be passed through a chain trading, passed from one to another for the mere purpose of adding to the price. Thus the retail price was forced up.

If maximum retail prices were applied in one place and not in another the wares were shipped to the locality of highest price. If a substitute was on the market this would be used in manipulation of the price of the real article. The middlemen would store large amounts, create a shortage, and when the demand forced the elevation of the maximum price the hidden wares would be returned to the markets, and the producer had no advantage from the increase in maximum prices.

When one contrasts the producers' prices and retail prices during the first six months of 1916, one is forced to the conclusion that the toll imposed on the consumer by the middlemen was, for many articles, not less than half the sales price. In particular, the middlemen plied a profitable trade in inferior or worthless surrogates that were foisted on the market and tempted people because stringency was so acute.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Berlin Ladies Preparing Dinner in the Day Home for Soldiers' Children

PHOTO. FROM HENRY RUSCHIN, NEW YORK CITY

Children Cultivating Vacant Plots in Berlin

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Measuring Supplies in a Berlin Butcher Shop

The authorities in cities and communals early took their business into their own hands as the only method of cutting out the chain trading, dealing with the producer directly, and themselves making their distributions. This had, in itself, a tendency to corner the market, as the cities were such large buyers. And instances were not unknown in which a municipality plied this trade to the large financial advantage of its own coffers, as when Schöneberg purchased noodles from the Imperial Grain Department, allowed the retail seller five pfennigs' profit per pound, and retained seven for itself.

Definite regulations were enacted by Von Batocki in August, 1916. All dealers in foodstuffs had to secure licenses to engage in business. This did not apply to producers, holders of wa concessions, municipalities or communals. The Centra Bureau grants, limits or refuses in accordance with it interpretation of the needs of the market and the interest of the consumer. Commission agents are abolished; fron the wholesaler to retailer there must b no middleman. The number of whole salers is limited by the volume of the busi ness. The number of retailers is limite by the interests of the consumers; and for most foodstuffs, the consumers ar placed on retailers' lists, and the busines of the retailer is thus directly known an controlled.

Censored Advertising

ALL increase of price by indirection o chain trading was made a pena offense. Advertisements seeking purchas of foodstuffs must pass inspection of au thorities before being permitted, also suc dealing with offers for sale or with an subject bearing on the question of the sup ply or prices of foods. The press was mad responsible for the periodic inspection o the advertisement columns.

Acting under the authority of thes regulations, the authorities now practicall dictate the way that business in foodstuff is done; and the result has been to plac the consumer closer to the producer, an to eliminate a considerable number o large and small middlemen and buyin and sales agents. The theory is not tha such intermediary dealing between pro ducer and consumer is indispensable o wrong—though, of course, in normal times abused b manipulations and extortions; it is that the state will d for nothing what private interests previously did at a larg profit to themselves.

During the month of August the following were convicte in the city of Berlin for violations of the regulations dealin with sale and prices of foodstuffs: Butchers, twenty-nin produce dealers, one hundred and twenty; grocers, seventy three; milk dealers, fifty-eight; bakers, twenty-four; pe dlers, twenty-nine; barkeepers, six; fishmongers, fiv pastry dealers, two; butter dealer, one; and soap deale one. If this number were caught, how many were guilty The regulations were later well enforced and observed.

When the authorities limited the number of middl men—wholesalers, commission men and retailers—in an line of trade, the result was, of course, to deprive those me of their occupations. Such limitations were carried throug rather rigorously in some lines, because of the lessened vo ume of business and the necessity of control of the circun stances of sale. The deposed dealers were left to their ow devices; if individual sacrifice was made necessary, tha was nothing unusual in a war that teemed with sacrifice

The labor market of Germany has faced scarcity in me from the beginning of the war, and wages have been hig The central bureaus controlling the distribution of foo stuffs have required the services of many aids, drawn i part from the ranks of those familiar with a particula trade. Removed from trade, dealers have lost the profi that war has, in history, yielded to tradesmen; but in a likelihood want has not been induced thereby, as oppo tunity for occupation in one line or another has alway been easily available.

(Continued on Page 49)

Setting a Pace for Production

One idle machine is costlier than a hundred that keep on working.

The factory superintendent knows this. To him uninterrupted production is vital.

So he demands equipment that will obviate shut-downs due to faulty performance.

He specifies Robbins & Myers Motors for their dependability year in and year out. To him every Robbins & Myers installation is a veritable production guarantee.

He knows that whatever the size, whether 1/40 or 25 horsepower, or whatever the circuit—direct or alternating current, there is the very Robbins & Myers Motor for the purpose.

He knows that makers of the best motor driven equipment, from vacuum cleaners for the home to drill-presses for the machine shop, equip their product with Robbins & Myers Motors because of the high operating efficiency they insure.

If you are a user of electrical power, a manufacturer of motor driven equipment, or a dealer, write for prices and facts regarding Robbins & Myers service.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors

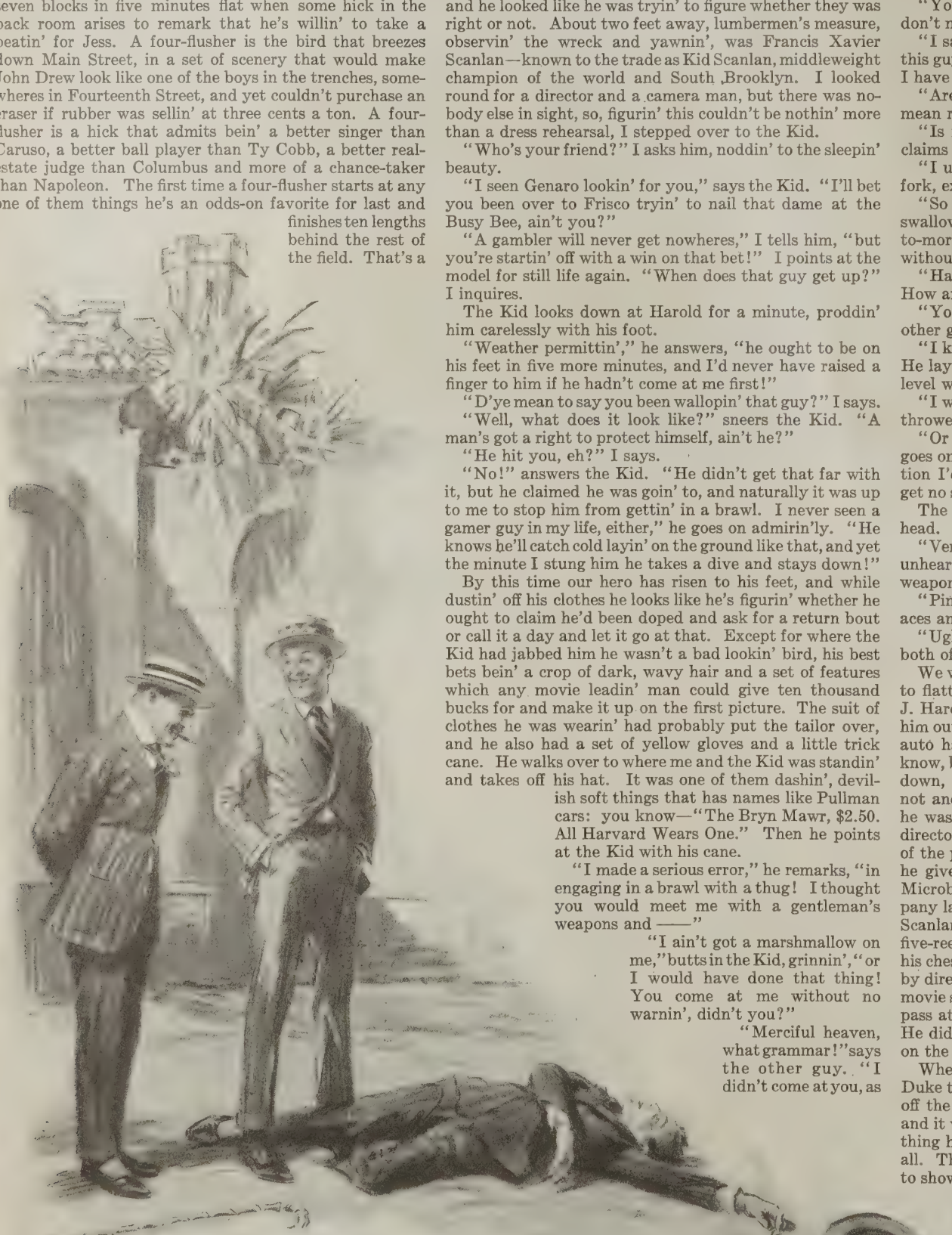
LEND ME YOUR EARS

By H. C. WITWER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I DON'T mind a four-flusher if his stuff is good—know what I mean? A guy that makes the world think he's there forty ways when, as a matter of fact, he's shy about sixty, deserves credit. Usually them birds get it too! They know more about credit than the guy that wrote it; and any butcher, grocer, tailor or bartender who figures on 'em settlin' the old account has no right to be in business. The only time a four-flusher pays off is when he hits a new town. Then, if the attendance is good, he'll buy four or five evenin' papers right out loud in front of everybody, carelessly displayin' a couple of yellow bills that might be fifties—if they wasn't tens. After that outburst all he spends is the week-end.

For the benefit of those who live in towns where the total vote for president sounds like the score of a world-series game, I'll explain what a four-flusher is—although they probably got one in their midst at that. You'll generally find one wherever there's two people—men or women. A four-flusher is a guy that claims he can lick Jess Willard, in a loud and annoyin' voice, and then runs seven blocks in five minutes flat when some hick in the back room arises to remark that he's willin' to take a beatin' for Jess. A four-flusher is the bird that breezes down Main Street, in a set of scenery that would make John Drew look like one of the boys in the trenches, somewheres in Fourteenth Street, and yet couldn't purchase an eraser if rubber was sellin' at three cents a ton. A four-flusher is a hick that admits bein' a better singer than Caruso, a better ball player than Ty Cobb, a better real-estate judge than Columbus and more of a chance-taker than Napoleon. The first time a four-flusher starts at any one of them things he's an odds-on favorite for last and finishes ten lengths behind the rest of the field. That's a four-flusher! A guy can be taught paintin', pinochle, politics and prohibition, but a first-class four-flusher is born that way!



"D'ye Mean to Say You Been Wallopin' That Guy?" I Says

Takin' 'em as a league, I'm about as fond of them guys as a worm is of a fisherman. The only one I ever fell for was J. Harold Cuthbert, and that bird had somethin' that the others didn't—he was different! I thought I had seen 'em all, but this guy crossed me—his stuff was new!

The way I met Harold was almost romantic. He was reclinin' on the ground in a careless manner about ten feet away from the main entrance to Film City, Cal.; and he looked like the loser in a battle royal, where the weapons used had been picked out by a guy who hoped there'd be no survivors. He was gazin' up at what the natives insist is a better grade of sky than anything we got in the East, and he looked like he was tryin' to figure whether they was right or not. About two feet away, lumbermen's measure, observin' the wreck and yawnin', was Francis Xavier Scanlan—known to the trade as Kid Scanlan, middleweight champion of the world and South Brooklyn. I looked round for a director and a camera man, but there was nobody else in sight, so, figurin' this couldn't be nothin' more than a dress rehearsal, I stepped over to the Kid.

"Who's your friend?" I asks him, noddin' to the sleepin' beauty.

"I seen Genaro lookin' for you," says the Kid. "I'll bet you been over to Frisco tryin' to nail that dame at the Busy Bee, ain't you?"

"A gambler will never get nowheres," I tells him, "but you're startin' off with a win on that bet!" I points at the model for still life again. "When does that guy get up?" I inquires.

The Kid looks down at Harold for a minute, proddin' him carelessly with his foot.

"Weather permittin'," he answers, "he ought to be on his feet in five more minutes, and I'd never have raised a finger to him if he hadn't come at me first!"

"D'ye mean to say you been wallopin' that guy?" I says.

"Well, what does it look like?" sneers the Kid. "A man's got a right to protect himself, ain't he?"

"He hit you, eh?" I says.

"No!" answers the Kid. "He didn't get that far with it, but he claimed he was goin' to, and naturally it was up to me to stop him from gettin' in a brawl. I never seen a gamer guy in my life, either," he goes on admirin'ly. "He knows he'll catch cold layin' on the ground like that, and yet the minute I stung him he takes a dive and stays down!"

By this time our hero has risen to his feet, and while dustin' off his clothes he looks like he's figurin' whether he ought to claim he'd been doped and ask for a return bout or call it a day and let it go at that. Except for where the Kid had jabbed him he wasn't a bad lookin' bird, his best bets bein' a crop of dark, wavy hair and a set of features which any movie leadin' man could give ten thousand bucks for and make it up on the first picture. The suit of clothes he was wearin' had probably put the tailor over, and he also had a set of yellow gloves and a little trick cane. He walks over to where me and the Kid was standin' and takes off his hat. It was one of them dashin', devilish soft things that has names like Pullman cars: you know—"The Bryn Mawr, $2.50. All Harvard Wears One." Then he points at the Kid with his cane.

"I made a serious error," he remarks, "in engaging in a brawl with a thug! I thought you would meet me with a gentleman's weapons and ——"

"I ain't got a marshmallow on me," butts in the Kid, grinnin', "or I would have done that thing! You come at me without no warnin', didn't you?"

"Merciful heaven, what grammar!" says the other guy. "I didn't come at you, as you say in that quaint English of yours; I thought you could take a joke or ——"

"Yeh?" interrupts the Kid. "That's what the Kaiser has been tellin' Belgium, but I don't think they went into no hysterics over his comedy!"

"Well," says the other guy, buttonin' up his coat and glarin' at us both, "this is not the end of the incident you can rest assured of that! The next time we meet I think the result will be different!"

"Say!" pipes the Kid. "What d'ye think I'm gonna do—fight a world series with you? If you wanna scrap I know where you can get all the action you can handle."

"And where is that, pray?" asks the other guy.

"Europe!" says the Kid. "You must have seen it in the papers." He pats the young man on the shoulder. "And now good-by and good luck," he goes on. "I'm sorry I had to bounce you, but ——"

"Enough of this nonsense!" cuts in the other guy, pullin' out a card and passin' it over to the Kid. "My second will wait upon you to-morrow. I choose rapiers!"

"You which?" says the Kid, examinin' the card. "I don't make you."

"I said that my choice of weapons is rapiers!" explains this guy. "And as a matter of fairness I must tell you that I have never met my equal with a sword!"

"Are you tryin' to kid me?" asks Scanlan. "What d'ye mean rapiers?"

"Is it possible you have never handled a blade?" exclaims the other guy, like he couldn't have heard it right.

"I used to at that," admits the Kid, "but now I use a fork, except to pat down the potatoes."

"So much the worse for you, then!" frowns the sword swallower. "But you brought it upon yourself. Remember to-morrow! And"—he stoops over and hisses—"rapiers without buttons!"

"Ha, ha!" yells the Kid. "Raypeers without buttons! How are you gonna hold 'em up?"

"Your ignorance is pathetic—not funny!" answers the other guy.

"I know," says the Kid. "I barely got through Yale!" He lays his arm on this guy's shoulder. "Are you on the level with this fight thing?" he asks him.

"I was never more in earnest in my life!" says the knife thrower.

"Or nearer heaven!" grins the Kid. "All right!" he goes on. "I'm game if you are, only there's just one question I'd like to ask before the slaughter begins—don't I get no say about the tools we're gonna use?"

The other guy thinks for a minute and then nods his head.

"Very well!" he says. "I'll make the concession—an unheard-of thing in the code. What is your choice of weapons?"

"Pinochle!" yells the Kid. "I'll stake you to a hundred aces and beat you from here to Denver!"

"Ugh!" snorts the other guy, and castin' a sneer at both of us he passes in the gate.

We went in after him, and the Kid tells me how he come to flatten this guy, which from the card he give us was J. Harold Cuthbert. The Kid says Harold had stopped him outside the portals of Film City and asked him why no auto had met him at the train. Scanlan says he didn't know, but he had seen the mayor and two brass bands goin' down, and hadn't Harold met 'em? Harold says he had not and he was gonna file a complaint about it, because he was the greatest movie actor that ever bawled out a director. With that, says the Kid, he reeled off the names of the pictures he had been featured in; and from the list he give out the only thing he didn't play the lead in was Microbes at Play, an educational film tore off by the company last year. The Kid asks him if he ever heard of Kid Scanlan, the shopgirls' delight, who was bein' starred in a five-reeler called Lay Off, MacDuff. Harold throws out his chest and says he wrote it and practically made Scanlan by directin' it. At that the Kid tells him that he may be a movie star, but he looks like a liar to him. Harold makes a pass at him and Scanlan hit him to see would he bounce. He didn't, and he was just comin' round when I blowed on the scene.

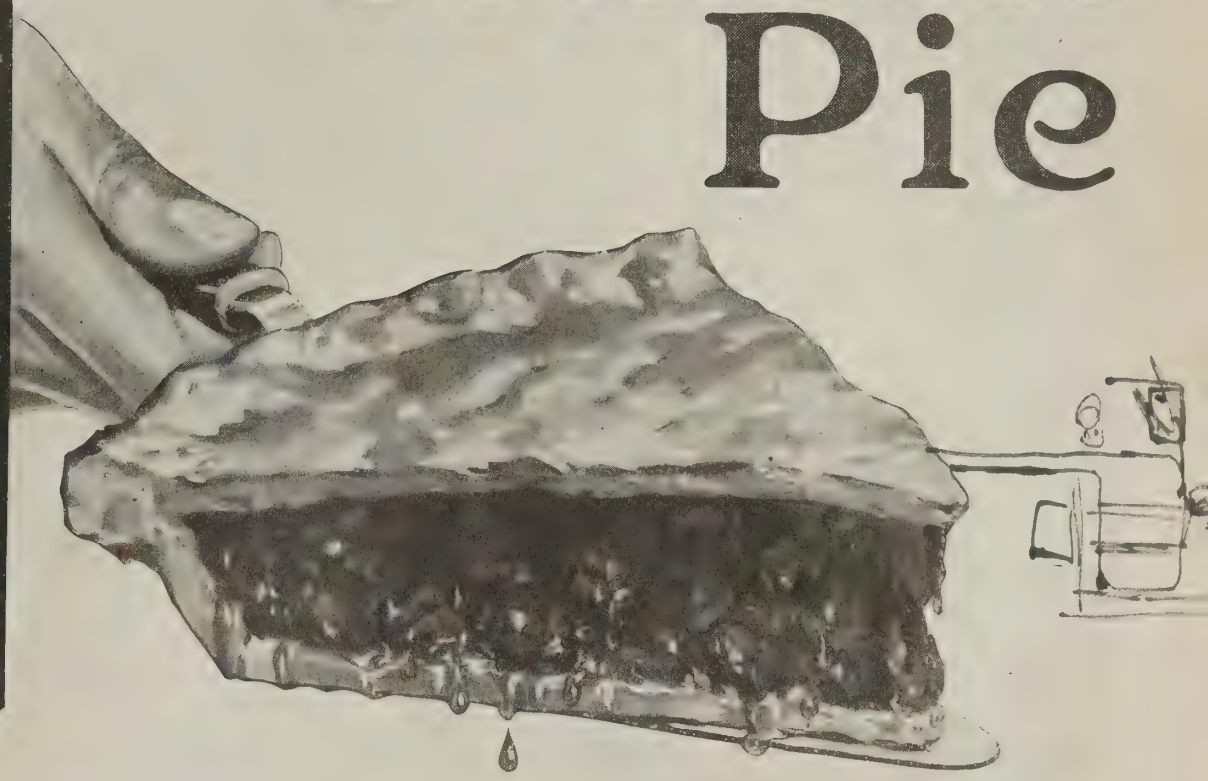
When we got to Genaro's office, Harold was tellin' Eddie Duke the reason he was bunged up was because he had fell off the train comin' out. And Eddie says that was tough, and it was time Congress got after them railroads, but the thing he'd like to know was why Harold had come out at all. They had looked up the files and there was nothin' to show who had ordered this guy shipped on.

Harold looks over the bunch in the office for a minute, registers "I am thinking deeply," and then snaps his fingers.

"Oh!" he says. "I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Potts, but I suppose it's in my gra

(Continued on Page 30)

California Raisin Pie



The Famous Recipe
—made with Sun-Maid Raisins

"CALIFORNIA RAISIN PIE" leads in deliciousness, ease of making and economy. Countless thousands now ask for it at the mid-day meal downtown. It's the *energizing* fruit pie—for *brain* and *brawn*. Both good and good *for you*, and for the children. Just serve a California Raisin Pie with a meal at home. You can buy it from your baker or bake it in your kitchen. Use the recipe below.

This luscious pie is made with Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins, which every grocer sells—full-juiced, meaty, thin-skinned *California* raisins—Muscat grapes cured by the glorious California sunshine. And raisins are 75% carbohydrates—grape sugar—pre-digested and ready for action in providing energy.

Mother, give your family, especially the children, the benefit of pie like this. Order a package of Sun-Maid Raisins now—then try our recipe.

Business men and women, ask for *this* pie at your restaurant or lunch room. It is a delicious adjunct to the light-lunch method of preventing "heavy" afternoons. Taste this energy dessert. Learn how it sustains you.

SUN-MAID RAISINS are packed for home use in one-pound sealed containers—each package freshly seeded and pasteurized by a highly scientific mechanical process. Quality always uniform.

California *Raisin* Pie

One cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins, 1 cup cold water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1 level teaspoon salt. Put raisins in saucepan with cold water, bring slowly to boil. Add sugar, salt and cornstarch, which has been mixed with a little cold water. Boil three minutes. Pour into pie tin lined with crust, while hot. Cover and brush with cold milk. Bake in oven with quick bottom heat. Lemon flavor may be added if desired.

A beautiful little booklet containing tested recipes for scores of dainty raisin dishes will be sent free to any address upon request. Send a post card for your copy today.

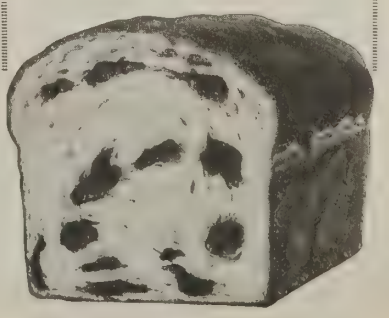
California *Raisin* Bread

Made with Sun-Maid Raisins

Your baker can now supply you with a delicious loaf of

CALIFORNIA
RAISIN BREAD

Made with Sun-Maid Raisins after a prize recipe which we furnish to all bakers free. This recipe calls for a loaf containing *plenty* of Sun-Maid Raisins—a loaf that will please you in every respect.



California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership 8000 Growers
Fresno, California

(Continued from Page 28)

morning suit, which will arrive with my trunks in a day or so. Mr. Potts and myself are old friends." He winks at Genaro confidentially. "I really think my father owns a slew of the company's stock, but then dad is connected with so many vast enterprises that ——"

"Joosta wan minoote!" interrupts Genaro, turnin' a cold eye on Harold. "Joosta wan minoote! We're very busy joosta now; sometime nex' week everybody she's a listen about your father. What we wanna know is what Meester Potts he's a send you out here to do."

"Yeh!" says Duke. "That's the idea—what's your act?"

"Why I intend to play romantic leads," pipes Harold; "and I have an idea that ——"

"Ha, ha!" laughs the Kid. "That's fair enough. All Edison had was an idea, and look at him now!"

Harold frowns at him and walks over to Miss Vincent.

"How do you do, Miss Vincent?" he says, takin' off his hat and makin' a costume-play bow. "I knew you at once from your photographs. I have a remarkable memory, inherited from my father. The late J. P. Morgan once said of him, during the course of a gigantic stock deal, that —— But enough of personalities. I saw you in the Escapes of Eva."

"Did you like me?" smiles Miss Vincent.

"Very much!" Harold tells her. "Although the mediocre support and execrable direction spoiled most of your opportunities. Now, if I had directed that picture you would have been a great deal ——"

"Joosta wan minoote!" butts in Genaro, gettin' red in the face. "I, Genaro, directed that picture!"

Harold looks over at him and lights a cigarette.

"Well," he says, flickin' the ash in Genaro's drinkin' glass, "I dare say you did your best! But had I been there when the picture was being produced I would have suggested a great many things that would have greatly improved it. I remember calling Belasco's attention to a detail one time, and Dave said to me ——"

"Enough!" snaps Genaro, glarin' at him. "You will report to Meester Duke. He's a tella you what to do. Or maybe," he snorts, "maybe you tella heem!"

And he stamps out of the office.

"What a quaint little man!" says Harold, sittin' down in Genaro's chair and glancin' with interest over some letters that was on his desk. "How do those chaps ever get into the movies?"

"Ow!" whispers Duke. "If the quaint little man had only heard that!" He turns to Harold. "I don't know where I can place you right away," he says. "How are you on Shakspere? We're putting on a seven-reeler of As You Like It, with Betty Vincent as Rosalind. Do you think you could do Orlando?"

Harold throws out his chest and sneers. "What a question!" he remarks. "I could eat it up!"

"I don't want you to eat it," says Duke, gettin' sore. "If you can play it I'll be satisfied! You had better go over and register at the hotel now, and when you come back we'll go over the thing."

Harold gets up, yawns and looks at Miss Vincent.

"I'll show you an entirely new interpretation of Rosalind, Miss Vincent," he tells her. "Of course Shakspere was clever after a fashion, but I—however ——" He breaks off and holds out his arm. "Would you care to walk about the grounds here a bit, so that I may illustrate some of the salient points in my version?"

"No!" cuts in the Kid before she can answer. "On your way!" he says. "Miss Vincent's got a date with me to find out is it true you can make ninety miles an hour in a 1916 Automatic!"

"But—but, my dear sir," splutters Harold, "I—you ——"

"Listen, stupid!" says the Kid. "I can't be bouncin' you all day, but if you don't canter along I'll make you hard to catch!"

Miss Vincent smiles and grabs the Kid by the arm.

"Let us have no violence!" she says. "You can tell me all about Rosalind when I return, Mr. Cuthbert."

"Yeh," adds the Kid, "I'll be willin' to stand for an earful of it myself then!" And they breeze out.

"Heavens, what an uncouth ruffian!" pipes Harold, lookin' after 'em. "I wonder Miss Vincent trusts herself in his company!"

"She's a whole lot safer with him than you'd be, old top!" I says. "And if I was you I'd lay off that uncouth-ruffian stuff round the Kid. Don't keep temptin' him, because he's liable to get sore, and when Scanlan gets mad you want to be in the next county!"

"Huh!" sneers Harold. "What does he do, pray?"

"Well," I says, "I'll tell you. I don't get that 'do-pray' thing of yours, but the last time the Kid got peeved he won the middleweight title! Is that good enough?"

"He had better look to his laurels," remarks Harold, "for if he insults me again he'll lose them! I'm rather a master of boxing, and at home I won several medals as an amateur heavy ——"

"I suppose," I butts in—"I suppose you left them medals in one of them gray mornin' suits of yours, eh? You didn't have 'em on when the Kid flattened you, did you?"

"I am not fond of vulgar display," he says, "or ——"

"What are you wearin' that black eye for, then?" I asks him.

He didn't have none ready for that and I blew.

II

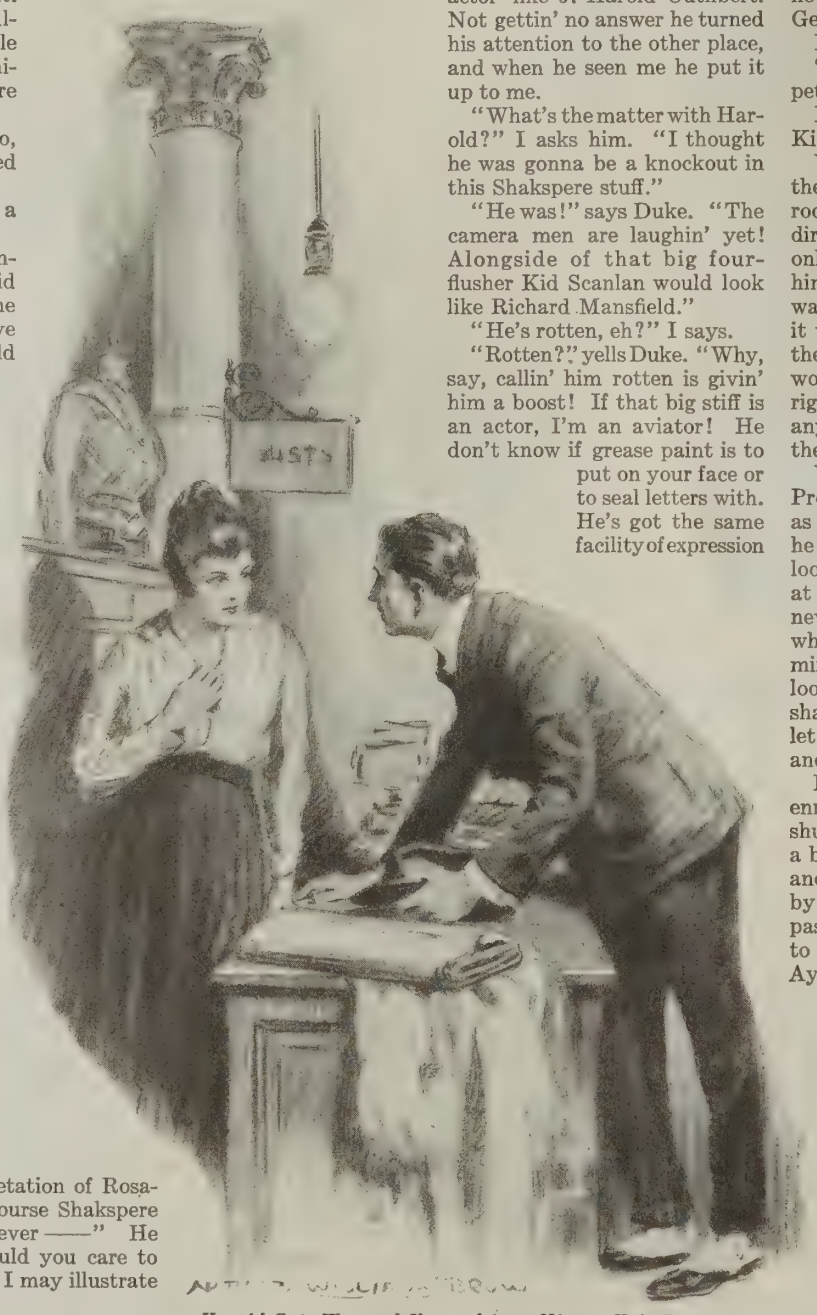
WELL, Harold run true to form. The next afternoon I seen Duke standin' near the African Desert. He was callin' upon heaven, in a voice that could be heard plainly in Cape May, N. J., to ask it if it had ever seen an actor like J. Harold Cuthbert. Not gettin' no answer he turned his attention to the other place, and when he seen me he put it up to me.

"What's the matter with Harold?" I asks him. "I thought he was gonna be a knockout in this Shakspere stuff."

"He was!" says Duke. "The camera men are laughin' yet! Alongside of that big four-flusher Kid Scanlan would look like Richard Mansfield."

"He's rotten, eh?" I says.

"Rotten?" yells Duke. "Why, say, callin' him rotten is givin' him a boost! If that big stiff is an actor, I'm an aviator! He don't know if grease paint is to put on your face or to seal letters with. He's got the same facility of expression on that soft-putty map of his as an ox has. He makes love like a wax dummy, and he come out to play As You Like It in a dress suit! It took eight supers to keep him away from in front of the camera, and he played one scene with his face glued up against the lens!"



Harold Gets Warmed Up, and in a Minute He's Press Agentin' Himself at the Rate of Fifty-Five Words a Minute

Just then Harold himself eases into view with the Kid taggin' along at his side. Scanlan is excited about somethin' and wavin' his arms, but Harold still has that old sneer on his face, and as they come up I hear him sayin' this:

"My dear fellow, I know more about auction pinochle than Hoyle. At home I am recognized as the champion card player of ——" He breaks off when he sees us and turns to Duke. "Hello!" he calls over. "Are you ready to admit now that my idea of making feature productions is the right one?"

"No," snarls Duke, "but I'll concede that as an actc you're a crackajack bartender! D'ye mean to tell me tha you got away with that kind of stuff in the studios bac East?"

"I introduced it!" says Harold proudly. "As a directc for some of the largest film companies in the world I hav put on hundreds of ——"

"The only thing you ever put on was your hat!" inte rupts Duke. "And I bet that give you trouble on accoun of the size of your head! I suppose you're gonna tell m that you're also a scenario writer, a camera man and th guy that got Nero's permission to film the burnin' of Rom eh?"

"The last is something of an exaggeration," pipe Harold, "but as far as the other things you mention ar concerned I must confess that there are few people in th business who have approached me!"

"Ain't that rich?" whispers the Kid to me. "You gc to hand it to this bird!"

"You'd be a wonder as a press agent," I says to Harol

"Now that's odd you should remark that," he smile "for as a matter of fact I excel in that field! I did all th press work for ——"

"Columbus!" yells Duke, wavin' him off. "Good-by! he goes on. "I got enough! You got a liar lookin' lik George Washington!"

Harold looks after Duke as he went into the office.

"Heavens!" he says. "I can't stand that man with h petty little jealousies! Now when I ——"

I don't know what the rest of it was, because me and th Kid left him to tell it to the African Desert.

Well, Genaro, bein' afraid to get in Dutch with Potts the owner of Film City and, accordin' to Harold, an e roommate of his—give this guy a crack at everything fro directin' to supin', and Harold hit .000 at 'em all. Th only thing he seemed to be any good at was talkin' abou himself, and he was champion of the world at that! H was willin' to concede that Wellington beat Napoleon an it was Fulton who doped out the steamboat, but he wa the guy that had put over everything else. His favori word only had one letter in it and that's the one that come right after *H*. No matter what subject would come u anywheres where Harold could get an earful of it, he wa the bird that invented it!

We went down to Montana Bill's one afternoon to de Prohibition a blow, and the Kid gets talkin' about drinki as an art, carelessly lettin' fall the information that, befo he had put the Demon Rum down for the count, he had bee looked on as champion at goin' through the rye. He wink at Bill and orders a tumbler of private stock. Harol never bats an eye, but says he's got a roomful of lovin' cu which was give him for emptyin' bottles. Bill sets down mixin' glass full of the stuff before the Kid, and Scanla looks at Harold and asks Bill what was the matter with th shaker. Harold coughs and raps on the bar. "You ma let me have a seidel of gin!" he says, sneerin' at the Kid and we all fainted.

He got run out the south gate one afternoon by a enraged scene painter, for tellin' the latter that he coul shut both eyes, bind one arm, lay flat on his side and pai a better exterior than the two-hundred-a-week decorato and he started a riot in the developin' room another tim by remarkin' that the bunch in there didn't know how t paste up film—addin', of course, that he did. He trie to show Van Aylstyne how to write scenarios, and Va Aylstyne threatened to quit cold if Harold wasn't calle off; and when he found fault with Genaro's lighti of a night scene Genaro chased him all over the pla with a practical shotgun.

It wouldn't have been so bad if Harold had con through on somethin'. If he had discovered an thing he could actually do even halfway decent I would have got away with murder; but no—that bi was the original No Good Nathan, from Useles Miss. The fact that he didn't cause no sensation our midst worried Harold about as much as the pri of electric fans keeps 'em awake in Iceland. The was only one thing Harold was afraid of—and th was lockjaw!

Then Potts, the big boss, blows in unexpected o afternoon and we all stood round to see him a Harold fall on each other's necks. In fact, pret near everybody in Film City watched the reunion, whi took place on the edge of the street scene in Tokio.

Potts comes walkin' along with three supers and Edd Duke carryin' his suit cases, when Harold bumps into t parade at the corner. Genaro had sent him over to Fris for a lot of props that would be needed in a picture he w puttin' on, and naturally, now that Potts was on hand, was anxious to have everything O. K. He had give Harol list in the mornin' that read like an inventory of a machi shop, and here's friend Harold comin' back with nothin' his hands but his fingers.

"The props—where are they?" shrieks Genaro. "Sev hour you have been gone and you come back with nothin Everything she's a ready and we musta wait till you con with the props. Where are they—queek?"

(Continued on Page 33)

"Won't Daddy be surprised that I've made my own birthday cake, mother?"
"Yes, dear, and I'm proud you did, with only the McDougall to help you."

All the Latest Improvements are in the McDougall

The McDougall has the new, snow-white porceliron extension tabletop — that never requires scrubbing or scouring—that is as sanitary as glass, but will not chip or break—that nothing can stain or mar.

—has the new leg base—that you can sweep under without moving the cabinet—a sanitary feature of the greatest importance.

—has the new, easy filling, removable, open-faced flour bin, with attached magic sifter — that supplies the exact amount of flour needed.

—has durable, pure white enamelled cupboards and compartments — to hold a full supply of package goods and necessary china.

—has large, swinging, crystal-glass, metal-top sugar bin, with new quick-action shutter, from which the sugar flows freely as required.

—has crystal-glass, metal-top jars, plainly marked for coffee, tea, spices—with sifter-tops for salt and pepper.

—has racks for cook-books, extracts, tickets, small change—bill spindles—reference tables—order reminder—meat board and chopper stand.

—has roomy drawers or knives, forks, spoons and all small articles — for linens and towels — all neatly and conveniently divided.

—has large cupboard with sliding bottom and sliding shelf, containing ample room for all kettles, pots, pans and other large utensils.

—has big, all-metal bread and cake drawer, with automatic cover and sliding shelf — that keeps bread and pastry fresh and sweet.

—has lacquered artcraft trimmings, ball-bearing casters, art-panel doors — and all the latest improvements in kitchen efficiency.

—has graceful lines — superfine cabinet work, and is daintily finished with steam-proof varnish that retains its lustre indefinitely.

In addition to all these advantages, the McDougall is the only kitchen cabinet made that has the patented Auto-Front feature—which adds immensely to its beauty and convenience.

The McDougall Auto-Front is therefore the one perfect Kitchen Cabinet — the undisputed "Steinway of the kitchen."

ARE you fitting your daughter by example and experience to be a successful home-maker?

Are you encouraging her to take keen delight in cooking and baking? Are you educating her for the practical work of life? Are you teaching her true economy and efficiency?

Economy comes from knowing how to get the best results for the least expenditure—efficiency comes from accomplishment with the least effort. Each is an essential factor.

In kitchen work, both economy and efficiency find their real development in the McDougall with the Auto-Front feature—securing the best results from the least expenditure—in time, labor, money—all with the least possible effort.

The Auto-Front

device (patented and trade-mark registered) consists of a flexible wooden curtain that drops and raises at the finger's touch—leaves no slot or groove to catch dirt and foods—adds over one-third more working surface — does away forever with doors which obstruct the table top.

The McDougall Auto-Front makes kitchen work easier, simpler, quicker—and more interesting.

The McDougall Auto-Front cuts the time spent in the kitchen practically in half—gives you leisure for other things—thus adds to the joy of living—all for only $1.00 a week, for a short time.

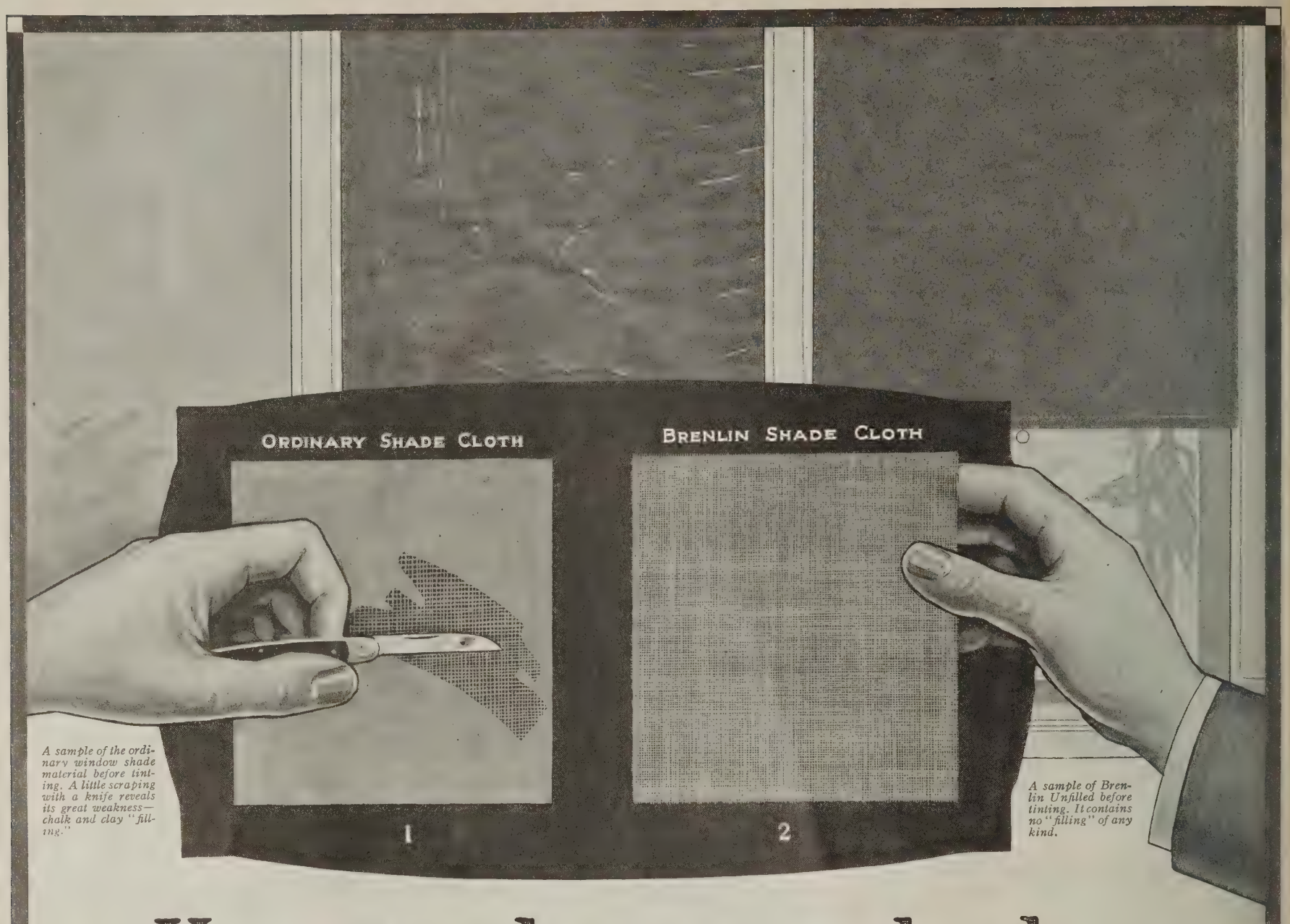
You cannot spend this small amount in any way that will be of greater daily benefit to your daughter, your family and yourself.

Visit your McDougall dealer today—let him demonstrate the advantages of the McDougall Auto-Front. Then, have him send you one on approval—so you can test it in practical use.

Also, write—now—for description, prices and dealer's name to McDougall Company, Frankfort, Ind.

McDougall

The Auto-Front feature can be had only on cabinets bearing this name



A sample of the ordinary window shade material before tinting. A little scraping with a knife reveals its great weakness—chalk and clay "filling."

A sample of Brenlin Unfilled before tinting. It contains no "filling" of any kind.

Here is why your shades show cracks and pinholes

Here is the vital fact you must know—if you would get window shades that *really wear*.

It is a *hidden* weakness—this cause of cracks and pinholes—a certain great fault of the ordinary type of window shade.

What it is—and how you can avoid it—is clearly revealed above.

The story the pictures tell

Note, first, photograph No. 1. This is a sample of the ordinary window shade material in unfinished state, before the tint is applied. Its surface has been lightly scraped with a knife. Here, exposed before your eyes, is the great hidden weakness of the ordinary shade.

See what has happened: The scratching has loosened a quantity of chalk and clay filling, revealing the coarse muslin cloth beneath. At your windows, under the strains and stress of daily usage, this "filling" loosens and falls out, leaving a "mess" of cracks and pinholes, as shown above in the picture to the left.

Now note photograph No. 2. This is a sample of BRENLIN UNFILLED shade material in the same unfinished state. Observe that it consists purely of a fine, closely woven cloth—that it contains not a particle of chalk, clay or any other filling!

What is the result?

In Brenlin Unfilled, as a result, has been perfected a shade material of remarkable durability. A material that really resists the constant strains of daily usage—a material that is fortified to withstand those sudden attacks of sucking, snapping wind—a material that the hottest sun cannot fade, nor the inbeat of water spot—a material that is supple, not stiff, yet cannot sag, bag, or wrinkle. A material, to sum up, that wears twice as long as the average—because from it has been eliminated that filling which is the greatest weakness of the ordinary shade.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town today, ask for this UNFILLED grade of Brenlin Shades—*and get it.* It is perforated with this mark—BRENLIN—along the edge of every yard. Look closely for it when you buy and when your shades are hung. Made in many rich, lustreless tones, and in Brenlin DUPLEX—light on one side, dark on the other.

For windows of little importance Brenlin Filled offers the utmost shade value at its price.

Write for the Brenlin Book today

It shows actual samples of Brenlin UNFILLED shades in all colors and gives many helpful suggestions for artistic window treatment. With it we will send you the name of the Brenlin dealer nearest you, or tell you how to order direct. CHAS. W. BRENEMAN & CO., 2010 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Unfilled Grade of

Brenlin Window Shades

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 30)

"My dear fellow," says Harold, bowin' to Miss Vincent, "there is no excuse for addressing me before these ladies and gentlemen in that ruffianly manner. I was unable to carry out your—er—orders this morning, having overlooked a trifling detail in the scurry and bustle of catching that ungodly early train."

"What!" screams Genaro, doin' a few cabaret steps. "You got nothing? *Sapristi!* What you do—make fun of me? Why you no get those props?"

"Calm yourself!" pipes Harold. "I'll tell all. I forgot the list of articles you gave me and ——"

"Aha—he's a maka me crazee!" yelps Genaro, pullin' a swell clog step. "Take heem away before I keel heem!"

Just then Potts comes by and we all yell:

"Welcome to Film City, Mr. Potts!"

Harold hears this and turns pale. He seen we was all watchin' closely for the grand reunion between him and his old college chum Potts. He coughs a couple of times and takes a step forward. That boy was game!

"How do you do, Mr. Potts?" he says. "Did you—er—have a pleasant trip?"

"Yes," answers Potts, lookin' at him kinda puzzled. "What is your name again? I don't seem to recall it!"

And this was supposed to be Harold's dear old college chum!

"Why—eh—why—ha, ha!" pipes Harold, dyin' game. "That's odd! Surely you recall—eh—Cuthbert, my name is, you must remember—eh—why in New York we—eh ——"

He's about eighty feet up in the air and still soarin', with the whole bunch watchin' him and enjoyin' the thing out loud. Potts is lookin' him over like he's a strange fish or somethin'.

"I think you're mistaken!" pipes the boss, cuttin' in on Harold. "I never saw you before in my life!"

With that he passes on, leavin' Harold flat and with no more friends than an umpire.

After that little incident it was about as pleasant for Harold in Film City as it would be for a German in Liverpool. Genaro, Duke and everybody else went out of their way to make him sick of the movies; but Harold stuck round and took whatever odd jobs that come his way, with the remark that he could do it better than anybody else and that was why they give it to him.

I made a mistake when I said everybody rode him. He had three little pals. They was Miss Vincent, the Kid, and yours in the faith. Miss Vincent claimed that after all he was only a boy which would grow out of lyin', if given enough time, and it was an outrage the way everybody picked on him. The Kid said we couldn't all be perfect, and Miss Vincent would give him back his presents if he laid off Harold. My excuse for not shootin' Harold was that I liked one thing about him, and that was the way he hung on no matter how they was breakin' for him. He was no good all over, but he wouldn't quit, and any guy that could stand up under the punishment like he did is worth a cheer any time—and sometimes a bet!

I thought I'd brighten his life by tellin' him how he stood with the three of us. I pictured him goin' down on his knees and thankin' me, with tears in his eyes, when I said that we was with him to the bitter end. He must have had rheumatism or a pair of charley horses, because he failed to do any kneelin' where I could see it, and his eyes was as dry as the middle of Maine. Instead of that he took me for ten bucks and said the news was no surprise to him. He didn't see how Miss Vincent could miss likin' him, because he had been an assassin with the women from birth. As for the Kid—well, it was common talk that Scanlan was afraid of him, and I was nothin' but a sure-thing player which knowed he was a winner and stuck, hopin' I'd cash. Could you tie Harold?

Van Aylstyne, the guy that committed the scenarios, went out one night to get some atmosphere for a thriller at Montana Bill's. He got the atmosphere O. K., bringin' most of it back on his breath, and the Kid asked him to stick out his tongue so he could see was there any revenue stamps on it. For the rest of the night the self-confessed author give imitations of the chairman of the belchin' relief committee; and in the mornin' he grabbed a container of ice water and a pen and dashed off an atrocity in five reels, based on what atmosphere of Montana Bill's was still with him. He called the thing The End of the World.

Potts says the title sounded good enough to him to remove the bumpers from his bank roll without lookin' further, addin' in a loud aside that if the plot wasn't a knockout Van Aylstyne could change the title to The End of My Job. De Vronde, the popular heartbreaker, is given the lead, opposite Miss Vincent; and of course Kid Scanlan is to be dragged in as a special feature. Harold has hypnotized Genaro into lettin' him take off a enter-with-others in the first reel. Everything was ready to have the cameras pointed at it, when somethin' come up that balled it all up.

Her name was Gladys O'Hara. Gladys was no ravin' beauty and I heard her say "ain't it" twice, but she was one of them dames that the first flash you get at 'em you wonder are they still enforcin' the law against mashers. She had a wonderful complexion, and although, if you looked close, you could see she had give Nature a helpin' hand she did the retouchin' so well that you was glad she had. She had one of the latest-model, twin-six figures, and she dressed with the idea of givin' the natives a treat, even if she was takin' chances on pneumonia. Gladys was the kind of dame that starts the arguments in the newspapers on what is our offices comin' to—look how them stenographers dress!

When J. Harold Cuthbert met Gladys she had got as far as bein' a saleslady in the Busy Bee, Frisco. She could have beat that with her eyes closed, but Gladys kept hers open, and bein' a female wise guy she knew who to eat lunch with and who to say "I don't get you!" to—which is an art. As a result, she had never got no further than sellin' shirtwaists, and had her first home to break up. She never advanced beyond that counter—up or down! Many a necktie salesman had flashed Gladys and gone right out to buy the tickets before he even asked her would she look over a show, windin' up by throwin' 'em away and tellin' her what a sweet old woman his mother was. That was Gladys. She looked like what she wasn't and she fooled 'em all. All but Harold.

I found Gladys very easy to look at myself, and I helped the Sante Fé over a tough year by runnin' over to Frisco to the Busy Bee whenever I could get away. It took me a short month to find out that I had the same chance of winnin' out that a temperance candidate would have at a brewers' picnic, because Harold had been there first and got in his deadly work.

I was standin' in the next aisle to where Gladys held forth one afternoon, waitin' for a couple of fatheads to call it a day and move away from the counter, when along comes Harold. As usual he was all dressed up like a horse, with the even fare back to Film City in them one-way pockets of his. He butts right into the conversation, and I nearly fainted when he passes a box of candy over to Gladys. Then I seen the label on the package and I revived, because it was one of a dozen that some simp had sent Miss Vincent, and in order to please the Kid she had give 'em all away. Harold had brought his all the way over to Frisco—on a ticket furnished by the Maudlin Movin'-Picture Company, which sent him over for props.

Well, Harold gets warmed up, and in a minute he's press agentin' himself at the rate of fifty-five words a minute—I clocked him! He tells Gladys he's bein' starred in The End of the World and the amount of money they're payin' him would startle Europe, if it ever got out. He claims he made 'em all faint at the rehearsals, and offers from other companies is comin' in so fast that he's got a charley horse on his thumb from openin' telegrams. From that he works into the fact that after the picture is made he's gonna run round Europe—that's just the way he said it: "Run round Europe!" Oh, boy!—that bein' the way he usually spent his vacations. When Gladys staggers over to wait on a customer, Harold charges himself up again, and when she comes back he's off to a runnin' start. He remarks that his father has just made a killin' in Wall Street that has caused Rockefeller to weep and gnash his teeth, and that the last affair his mother give at Newport got four columns on the front page, although the mayor of the town had been shot the same afternoon.

Gladys takes this all in with her mouth as open as Kelly pool, and her eyes half closed and dreamy, like she was dyin' happy. When Harold put on the brakes and eased up, she throwed him a look that I would have walloped Willard for. Harold says he must go because the picture would be ruined if he wasn't there to direct it, and Gladys holds out a tremblin' hand. Then Harold plays his ace—he takes off his hat, bows, kisses that hand and blows.

When I seen Gladys deliberately walk back of the wrappin' booth, put that hand to her lips and kiss it herself, I pulled my hat down over my ears and went round to the joint on the corner, to do my little bit in aid of the Scotch. When I figured I had done enough for the Allies, I shot back to Film City.

The next mornin' they begin work on the first reel of The End of the World, and Harold had a field day at bein' rotten. He got in everybody's way, ruined twenty feet of film by firin' off a cannon at the wrong time, and made Genaro hysterical by gettin' caught in a papier-mâché tower and pullin' it down. Not content with that,

"How Do You Do, Miss Vincent?" He Says, Makin a Costume-Play Bow. "I Knew You at Once From Your Photographs"

he goes back of an interior to try out one of the Kid's cigarettes, and by simply flickin' the thing into a can of kerosene he set the Maudlin Movin'-Picture Company back about five hundred bucks.

They run him out of the picture and he went, yellin' that it would be a farce without him in it.

About four o'clock me and the Kid is trottin' along the road outside of Film City, like we did every day so's Scanlan could keep in condition, when we all but fell over Harold. He's sittin' on a rock and gazin' off very sad in the general direction of New York. His dashin', smashin', soft hat was yanked down over his home-breakin' face, and his dimpled chin was buried in his lily-white hands. He looked like a guy that has worked twenty-seven years building a trick boat and then seen it sink the first time he tried it out.

The Kid runs over and slaps him on the back just hard enough to make his hat fall off.

"Cheer up, cutey!" pipes Scanlan. "They can't hang a guy for tryin'!"

Harold retrieves his hat, smooths it out carefully and lets loose the gloomiest sigh I ever heard in my life.

"Have you a cigarette?" he asks sadly.

The Kid pulls out a deck and Harold takes two, droppin' one in his pocket.

"Alas!" he remarks, strikin' a match on my shoe. "Alas!"

"When can the body be seen?" asks Scanlan. "And is it a church funeral, or will they pull it off at the house?"

"This is no time for levity," mutters Harold. "I'm ruined!"

"I only got ten bucks on me," the Kid tells him, "but I'll part with ——"

"Poof!" sneers Harold, wavin' his hands like a head waiter. "Money! I am not in need of that. Why, my father ——" He breaks off to take the bill from the Kid's hand and shove it into his pocket. "Rather than offend you!" he explains. "No," he goes on, "this is a more serious matter than money. I"—he flicks away the cigarette, jumps up off the rock and gives us both the up and down—"I am going to take you two into my confidence," he says, "and perhaps you will help me."

"Go on!" encourages the Kid. "I'm all worked up—shoot it!"

"Well, then," says Harold with the air of a guy pleadin' guilty to save his old father, "in the first place, my name is not J. Harold Cuthbert!"

There was no answer from us, and Harold seemed peeved because we had not collapsed at his confession.

"What is it?" I asks, when the silence begin to hurt the ears.

"Trout!" pipes Harold bitterly. "Joe Trout!"

"Yeh?" says the Kid. "Well, what's the matter with that? What did you can it for?"

"Ha, ha!" hisses Harold with a curse-you giggle. "Where could a man get with a name like that?"

"In the aquarium!" yells the Kid. "I knew you'd fall!"

Harold shakes his head and blows himself to another sigh.

"Imagine a moving-picture leading man named Trout!" he goes on. "I changed my name as a sacrifice to the movies, for ——"

"Just a minute!" I butts in. "On the level now, where did you get your movin'-picture experience?"

"As assistant bookkeeper in a grocery store!" he answers. "Now you have it!"

"But you said your father was a big man in Wall Street!" I busts out.

"He is!" answers Harold, lookin' over at the Sante Fé. "They don't come any bigger. He's a traffic policeman at the corner of Broadway and Wall!"

"Oh, boy!" shouts the Kid, and falls off the rock.

When we recover from that, Harold has smoked the other cigarette and he nods for my box. Then he asks us do we want to hear the rest.

"If you don't tell it," says the Kid, "you'll never leave here alive! Hurry up, I'm dyin' to hear it!"

"Well," says the ex-J. Harold Cuthbert, "I am about to be married, and at the eleventh hour Nemesis has gripped me. I told my fiancée that I was being featured in The End of the World, and that it would be exceedingly easy for me to get her a part in the picture—she having expressed a desire to that effect at various times. She will be here, within the hour, to watch me being filmed and to hold me to my promise to place her as leading woman opposite me."

He stops and moans. "Gentlemen," he goes on, "picture for yourself the *contretemps* when she finds I am nothing but a super and that Genaro wouldn't give Sarah Bernhardt a job on a recommendation from me! My romance will be shattered and the—the humiliation will kill me!"

There was a heavy silence for a minute and then the Kid whistles.

"Well, pal," he says, "you have certainly balled things up a few, haven't you?"

Joe Trout just let loose another moan.

"Gimme one of them good cigarettes!" pipes the Kid to me. He lights it and looks over at friend Joe. "The first thing," he says, puffin' away—"the first thing is this: Just how much do you think of this dame, all jokes aside?"

Joe turns round and straightens up, for once in his life lookin' like the real thing.

"I love her!" he says. That was all—but the way he pulled it was a plenty!

The Kid grunts and tosses away the pill. Then he walks over to Joe and slaps him on the back.

"Listen!" he says. "You ain't a bad guy at that! I'm gonna give you somethin' I never took in my life—advice! Why don't you lay off lyin' about yourself, kid? Why don't you can that four-flush thing?"

The effect of them simple words on Joe was remarkable. He swung round on us so quick that we both ducked, thinkin' he was comin' back with a wallop, but his hands was sunk so deep in his coat pockets they liked to pushed through the linin', and his face was as hard and white as an iceberg.

"Because," he shoots out through his teeth—"because I can't!"

Y'know the change was so sudden I remember lettin' out a little nervous laugh and then side-steppin' a vicious left the Kid sent at me. Scanlan had turned as serious as the other guy.

"What d'ye mean, you can't?" he says, grabbin' Joe by the arm and holdin' him fast. Joe's face showed how hard he was fightin' to keep from fallin' apart.

"You won't understand," he answers in a hard voice, "but I'll tell you. The thing has grown upon me until I cannot shake it off! I guess I was born a liar and probably four-flushed to my nurse when I was three days old. When I was a boy my incessant lying, although it harmed no one but myself, kept me in countless scrapes. As I grew older the habit grew stronger, and I lost girls, jobs, friends and opportunities with breath-taking rapidity. Time after time I have sworn to rid myself of the thing and speak nothing but the undiluted truth, and the first time I open my mouth I find myself unconsciously telling the most astounding falsehoods about myself with an ease that nauseates me!"

He tore himself loose from the Kid and kicked an innocent tomato can down a cañon. "I know I'm nothing but a big four-flusher," he winds up, "and I can't help it!"

Right then and there I warmed up to Joe Trout like I never had before. After all, Miss Vincent had the right dope. He was nothin' but a big kid at that, and any guy that will come right out in public and admit he's a false alarm deserves credit!

"Well," he says after a minute, "I suppose you're both through with me now, eh?"

"Do I look like a quitter?" demands the Kid.

"I'm still here, ain't I?" I chimes in.

Joe coughs and took hold of our hands.

"Thanks!" he mutters. "And now ——"

"Listen!" interrupts the Kid. "I got the whole thing doped out. When is this dame of yours due to hit Film City?"

"She'll be here on that one-o'clock train," moans Joe.

"Fine!" says the Kid. "Now get this! De Vronde is supposed to do a fall from a horse in The End of the World, and the big yellow bum won't do it. They're lookin' for some guy that will take his place just for that one flash—see? Now suppose I fix it so you get that chance, and, when the dame comes on, there you are playin' the lead as far as she can see in the best part of the frolic. How's that?"

I thought Joe was gonna kiss him!

"I'll never forget it!" he hollers. "You have saved my life! What can I do to repay you?"

"Stop four-flushing," comes back the Kid, "and be on the level!"

"I'll do it if it kills me!" promises Joe—and I don't know whether he meant the fall or the other.

"Can you ride a horse?" the Kid asks him as we start back.

"Can I ride a horse?" repeats Joe, stoppin' short. "What a question! Why, at home I was the champion ——"

"Now, now!" butts in the Kid. "There you go again!"

"Pardon me!" says Joe, gettin' red—and he quits!

Well, the Kid fixed it all right so's Joe could double for De Vronde in that one place where he did the fall. I don't know how he did it any more than I know how Edison come to think of the phonograph, but he did. All my suspicions as to who the dame was come true when Gladys hops off the one-o'clock train that afternoon. I seen her talkin' to Eddie Duke near the African Desert, and I immediately went scoutin' round for Joe, because Eddie liked him the same way the brewers are infatuated with Billy Sunday; and I knowed if Eddie got a chance to harpoon Joe with Gladys he'd do that thing.

About half an hour later Genaro asks me to go over and find Potts, because they're ready to start shootin' the picture, and when I got near the hotel I seen a couple of people blockin' the little narrow passage in back of it. They was Gladys O'Hara and Joe Trout, and when I got close up I heard Joseph talkin'. He was goin' like a house on fire, and his little old lyin' apparatus was hittin' on all cylinders and runnin' smooth without a break. He explains to Gladys that he went on only in the important part of the picture, which she would see in a minute, and that De Vronde was only one of the cheap help who played the part while Joe was restin' for the big scene. As soon as that come up—and he said the whole picture was built round it—they give De Vronde the gate, and in went the darin' Joe.

He was all dressed up in a soft hat, a cute little yellow-silk handkerchief twisted round his manly neck, and more chaps than any cow puncher ever wore on his legs—outside of a picture. He looked like what he'd like to have been.

"And not only that," he winds up, "but they are going to feature my name on all the advertising for the picture!"

"Is that all?" asks Gladys in a queer little voice.

Joe looked surprised. I guess it was the first time anybody had asked for more!

"Well—no!" he starts off again briskly. "Of course I am ——"

"Wait!" says Gladys, grabbin' his arm. "Don't tell me any more lies! They are not featuring you in this or any other picture! You are not the leading man, you are only a super! Your father is not a millionaire, and you cannot get me a job with the Maudlin Moving-Picture Company! You're simply a big four-flusher and that lets you out!"

Say, on the level, I thought Joe was gonna pass away on his feet! If I was given to faintin' I'd have been stretched out cold myself. He got white and then he got red, then he got white again and red again for fully a minute. He tried eighteen times by actual count to say somethin', but that well-known tongue of his had laid down at last and quit! He couldn't even raise a whisper.

"I knew you were four-flushin' the first time you started to hand me that stuff!" goes on Gladys sweetly. "I happen to know the folks here, includin' the leadin' man, De Vronde. He was hangin' round that shirtwaist counter before you knew whether they made pictures here or sponge cake. Also some of your friends come over from time to time and tipped me off about you, so that I was all set when you started!"

Joe whirls round on her at that, and although this bird had beat me to the wire with Gladys I felt sorry for him right then. The poor kid was hangin' on the ropes, waitin' for the sponge.

"If you knew all that," he says, kinda choked, "why—why did you let me come over and continue to—to mislead you?"

Gladys coughs and places three or four stray hairs exactly back of her little white ear, gazin' at her wrist watch like it's the first time she ever seen one and she's wonderin' can it really go. The big boob stands there lookin' at her, and the chance of a couple of lifetimes is slippin' away. What? Say, listen! I don't know much about women—fighters is my line—but there was a look on Gladys' face that I'd seen Genaro work two hours one time to put on Miss Vincent's when they was takin' a big picture. So you can figure she wasn't registerin' hate!

"Well, why?" demands Joe again.

"This stuff is all new to me," says Gladys with a sigh, "but I guess I've got to do it!" She gazes at the ground and gets kinda red. "It was not your conversation that made the hit with me!" she winds up softly.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," pipes senseless Joe.

"Heavens!" remarks Gladys. "There's enough concrete between your neck and your hat to build a bridge over the bay! I can safely say you're the first man I ever proposed to, but somebody's gotta do it and I guess I'm the goat!"

"What!" screams Joe, comin' to life at last. "You—you—forgive—you ——" The poor simp gets all excited and once again he can't talk and—I don't blame him. You never seen Gladys and you don't know how she looked right then!

"Say," says Gladys, "am I bein' kidded or ——"

Joe might have been a tramp as a movie lover, but take if from me as the real thing he was no slouch! I hadda stand there and watch it, because I couldn't get past till they got away, and if they'd ever seen me I guess Joe would have bought a gun. Finally they break, Gladys pushin' Joe away and holdin' him off.

"You've got to promise me you'll stop lyin' and four-flushin'!" she tells him. "Tell the truth and don't kid yourself that you'd have been president if you hadn't been jobbed! That stuff is poor and will get you nowheres! Make good and you won't have to tell anybody about it—it'll be in the papers!"

"We'll get married to-night!" yelps Joe. "There's a minister in Film City and ——"

"Don't crowd me!" interrupts Gladys, lettin' herself be kissed. "Do you promise?"

"Anything!" grins Joe.

"Just what are you supposed to do in this picture?" she asks him. "The truth now!"

"Fall off a horse!" says Joe.

"Is that all?" asks Gladys.

Joe nods.

"Well," Gladys tells him, "you won't do it! I don't want no crippled bridegroom at my weddin'. Now listen to me! If you could write that stuff you've been wastin' on the air round here, you ought to make a pretty good press agent. Mr. Potts, the man who owns the company and the fellow you or your father never palled around with, has a man on his pay roll named Struther. He's head of what they call the publicity department; it says so on ten of his cards I have. He once claimed he'd do anything for me, in such a loud voice that the floor-walker had to speak to him. I'm goin' over to the office now and ask him to give you a job back in New York. To be perfectly truthful with you, that's what I came over here for to-day in the first place!"

"But—but——" stammers Joe, "I can't have you asking favors for me, Gladys and—and why New York?"

"Because," she says, "that's where I come from and I want to look at it again. I'm simply crazy to yell down a dumb-waiter and throw a quarter in my own gas meter!"

Well—that's about all. They had a big weddin' right in the middle of Film City and everybody sent in and bought 'em a present. Potts got a flash at Gladys, moans regretfully, and has the ceremony filmed givin' the result to Joe as a special gift. Of course Gladys got Joe that job.

"It'll be terrible here when you're gone," I says, "because you know more about makin' movies than Rockefeller does about oil."

Joe shakes his head and grins.

"No!" he says. "I guess I don't know much about anything!"

I pronounced him cured to myself and shook his hand. The Kid went to the train with him and his bride. I didn't feel up to seein' that guy goin' away with Gladys.

I met the Kid as he was comin' up from the railroad station and, seein' he was laughin', I asked him if the happy pair got off all right.

"Yeh!" he says. "Everything went fine. Me and Miss Vincent waited till the train was pullin' out. Gladys was inside and Joe was standin' on the steps of the Pullman talkin'. Just before the thing pulled out I shook Joe's hand and said I hoped he go past in New York, because it was a big burg and a tough one for losers." The Kid stops and laughs some more.

"Well," I says, "what's the joke?"

"Oh, boy!" says the Kid, wipin' his eyes. "Joe's face lights all up and that old glitter comes back in his eyes!

"'Make good?' he yells to me. 'Well, I ought to make good—my father owns half the town, and I was the biggest thing in it when I left!'"

Is Your Storekeeper A *Business* Man

IT'S important to you in these days of rising prices, of quality manipulation, of widening delivery radius—it's *mighty important* to know that your storekeeper is a good business man. One quick way to tell is to look out of your window and see how he delivers your packages.

Investigation of a thousand stores shows delivery costs from 2½c. to 48c. per package.

The average dealer knows the cost of everything in his store except his delivery service. In fact, when it comes to delivery cost the whole business world *thinks with its feet.*

As far as we can learn, only one concern in America has actual figures and data on the cost of package-delivery in all lines of trade—and that is the VIM Company of Philadelphia.

From the big Department Store, with a hundred wagons, to the little grocer with one, dealers are delivering packages on *theory.*

Now about your dealer—

If he clatters around with a horse and wagon, his delivery is costly and his service bad.

With telephones everywhere and the spread of population, a live dealer's delivery covers ten to twenty-five miles to the trip, and handles packages in loads anywhere up to 1000 pounds.

Horses and wagons cannot cover the ground.

The answer is some form of *motor* transportation—

Now we say again—look out of your window and see how your storekeeper delivers your packages.

Is he using a *converted pleasure car*—an automobile made into a delivery truck—a chassis built to carry only live weight (which by its very nature absorbs the shock and consequently is easy on the car) when the facts and the figures show that the economical thing is a car *built especially for package-delivery purposes?*

Some dealers make the costly mistake of using a truck too heavy for the work. They think it looks impressive to drag around a ton of dead weight—burning up gas, grinding down tires.

When you look out of the window and see a VIM Delivery Car you know that your storekeeper has the last word in a delivery car—the first answer to efficient package-delivery—founded on facts, proved by the results.

A car that is light in weight, quick on its feet, easy on tires, built for strength and simplicity; that will carry packages and loads up to one-half ton, stand the shock and strain of shifting dead weight over any kind of pavement and roads, economical in gas consumption; that will run day after day in the care of ordinary drivers with practically no adjustment and keep out of the repair shop.

This is the most efficient chassis for its work in the world—price is $645. Fitted with any one of twelve types of body—handsomely designed and strongly built—suitable for a hundred lines of business. Price complete: Open Express, $695; Closed Panel Body, $725.

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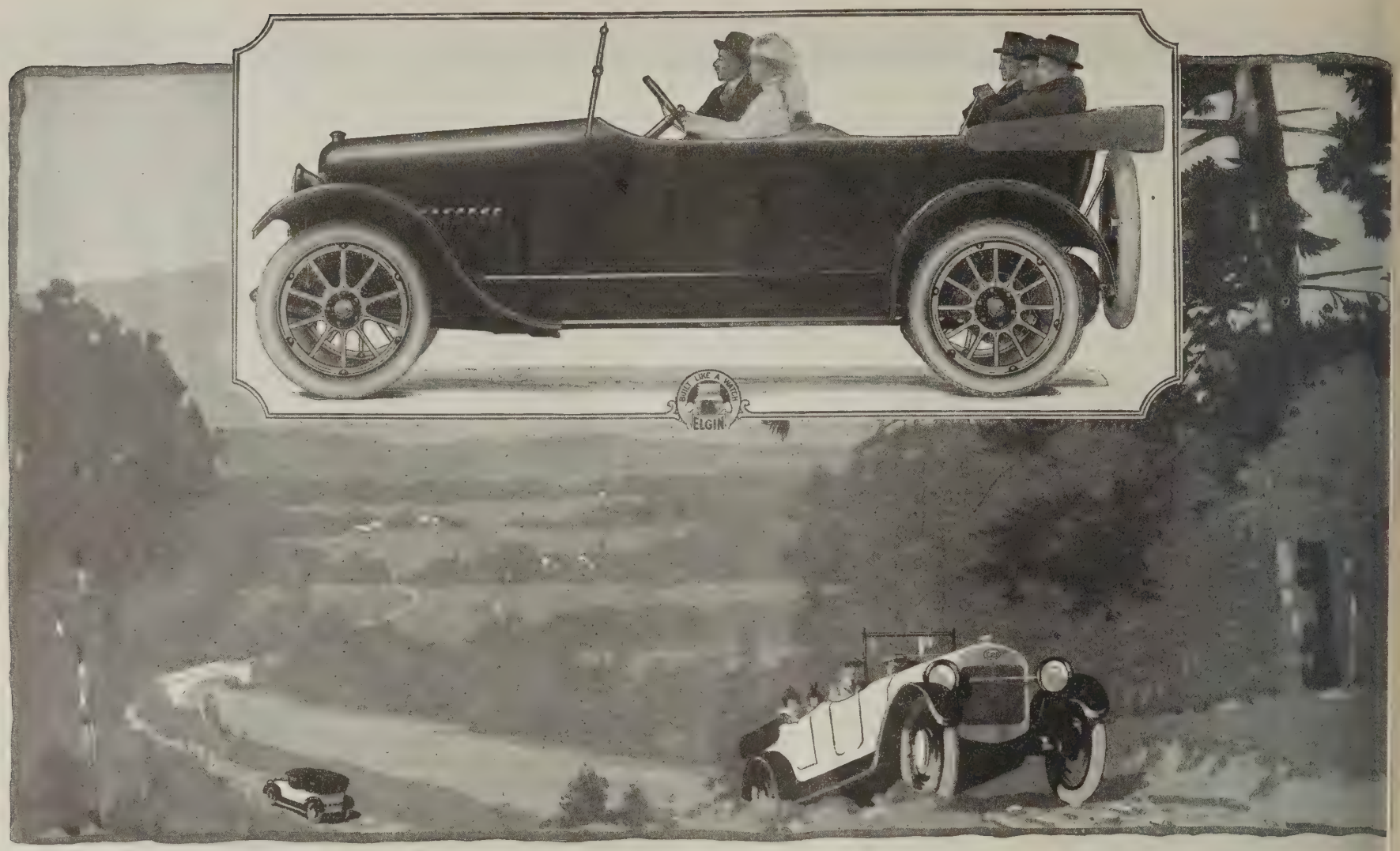

"THE ACID TEST"

Endurance and Economy

The Elgin Six, now in its second triumphant year, has stood "The Acid Test" by winning perfect scores and highest economy honors in some of the most gruelling endurance and economy runs of the past year.

The most recent championship performance of the Elgin Six was the establishing of a new record of 67½ hours between Chicago and Miami, Fla., over some of the roughest, steepest mountain roads and through the heaviest sand and mud in the country. Another Elgin Six, used as the official pathfinder by the President of the Chicago Motor Club, completed a strenuous trip of 1626 car-racking, stamina-testing miles, conquering alike the steep, rocky mountain grades of Kentucky and Tennessee, the deep sands and heavy muds of Georgia, and the slippery, treacherous swamp roads of Florida. Both cars finished the long, hard grind without mishap and in perfect mechanical condition.

Three Elgin Sixes, on a hard two days' run under the auspices of the Chicago Motor Club, made perfect scores and averaged 25.6 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

An Elgin Six Touring Car won a race against a fast express train through the wilds of Minnesota and Dakota, over roads that in some places were little better than a mere rocky trail, covering 552 miles without mechanical adjustment and without a single stop of the motor.

Comfort and Ease of Operation

Elgin Engineers have perfected an improved rear spring suspension, found only in the New Elgin Six, which sets a new standard of motoring ease and comfort at high speeds, reducing shock and vibration to a point not surpassed in any car at any price.

The interior is noticeably roomy and loungy. The seats are curved and tilted at just the right angle to permit leaning back in comfort, as you would at home in your favorite armchair.

The special construction of the Elgin velvet-acting clutch enables the Elgin Six to be started on high gear, under ordinary conditions, eliminating to a large degree the necessity of gear shifting, thus removing the last barrier to the safe and easy handling of a motor car by women.

Artistic Body Effects

A famous artist has created body effects of such exquisite taste and harmonious proportions that the New Elgin Six radiates an atmosphere of refinement and distinction, so that it stands aloof from the monotonous design of the average car.

The long line body, swung between 116 inches of wheel base, follows the European fashion of center cowl, yet embodying the full yacht-line effect.

Right From Every Standpoint

The Elgin Six delights the hearts the most artistic on account of its style a beauty; it has won the cold, measured approv of engineers and designers, who think in m chanical terms and calculate materials and p portions down to the thousandth of an inc it has won the gruff praise of the grimy-fac greasy-handed repairmen, who think only "the insides" of a car and who seldom have "doctor" an Elgin; it brings greater ease a comfort and more pleasure to delicate wom and children on longer trips and over roug roads; it fits the pocketbook of the avera American family, and effects substantial s ings for them in the cost of motoring.

Can you afford to buy a small, "che six," when for a slight additional cost you c drive this Capable Six—this big, roomy, impr sive quality car, of superior beauty and co fort?

Can you afford to pay more than t Elgin Six price when this "Beauty of the Roa embodies in such full measure the quali style and comfort desired by the discriminat motorist?

Write us today for catalog "B" a the story of "Elgin Winnings." And be sure o see the New Elgin Six before you buy.

5-Passenger Touring
$985

Elgin Six

4-Passenger Roadster
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ELGIN MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, CHICAGO

JERRY OUT-O'-MY-WAY

By William Dudley Pelley

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

FRANK BAUM, the gambler, was killed in the lobby of the Hotel Prince Alexander on the evening of June tenth—the year being somewhat previous to the open season for hunting public crooks enjoyed by certain muckraking magazines. Baum had been at dinner with his wife, when word was sent him that a friend outside urgently desired to see him. As he emerged from the dining room three young bucks turned in from the sidewalk. Instantaneously the great lobby roared with the thunderous reports of belching revolvers, followed by panic-stricken cries and the scuffle of feet. Baum staggered a moment, then went down on his hands. A long, low gray car, which had been brought to the curb with motors rummeling, caught up the three gunmen and they were subsequently lost in the traffic.

Baum lived five minutes; but not long enough to tell of the relation of one Mike Bleaseley with the state government, or of the connection between the state government and several raw deals that had lately been put over in a financial way at the capital to the south. The public sensed that it had been Baum's threat to do this which had resulted in his death. Baum said so anyhow, just before he died.

The gunmen were never captured; and the newspapers mysteriously dropped the case, as nothing could be pounded out of Bleaseley or his associates which could in the slightest manner involve them with those who plotted the murder. A disappointed reform element was obliged to abandon the investigation and accept the verdict of the obedient newspapers—to wit, that Baum's death had been only the revenge of a gambler's gang. Again it must bide its time to destroy Bleaseley's power.

This much is public history.

Bleaseley and his crowd are no longer in control of the state machinery. It was no sensational disclosure, legislative investigation or official shakedown that shattered their influence. Quietly they resigned their positions, wound up their affairs and left the state. And they were never seen therein again, either in official or in unofficial capacity. That the men responsible for the existence of the Bleaseley organization did fold up their tents and silently steal away is also history, but not history that has ever been made public. Three chaps besides myself, Sanderson Anderson Platt, who records this narrative, know why the Bleaseley crowd pulled down their shingles and went out of state business. These men are Bill Gridley and old Joe Dermott—Wild-West showmen—and a half-bald, grim-faced bum who had all the earmarks of a college professor down on his luck, and was known to the show folks by the name of Jerry Out-o'-My-Way.

Jerry Out-o'-My-Way is a hero who never had a halo, a public benefactor who never had a reward. It's time someone told how Jerry—the worm that turned!—with no power but his own backbone, kept the pages of his state's history clean. And the yarn really starts with Bill Gridley and old Joe Dermott.

Bill Gridley and old Joe Dermott were Western old-timers, who had lumped their coin, accumulated an outfit and started through the Middle States with a Wild-West show. Their venture has gone down in show history under the title of Gridley & Dermott's Montana Stampede. Bill had driven stagecoach on the old Laramie Trail; Joe had gone through the campaign with Crook on the border. When it came to an exhibition that made this powder-puff generation thank Providence they'd been born in an age of civic improvement societies, wireless telegraphy and fly paper, those two old bunch-grass angels were sure some artists.

"First, Understand That I Don't Give a Tinker's Dam for Any of You"

The first year Joe acted as advance man for the outfit. The Wild-West shows had only recently graduated from Fourth of July cowmen's contests and hadn't learned to figure very far ahead. We'd play almost to the border of one state before asking permission to go on into another. One day Joe invaded the statehouse of a prospective commonwealth and made formal application for a license for his show. I'm told that the chap he interviewed looked more like a barkeep than official bookkeeper for a great and glorious slice of this land of the free. He hemmed and hawed and sucked a clove. Finally he said:

"Am I talkin' to a business man or am I not?"

Joe was a whole-hearted, innocent old cuss; he didn't tumble. The clove-chewer explained:

"There's a man over on Bacon Street we sort o' let pass on such situations. He's better acquainted with the inside o' this license-grantin' than we boys under the dome. If you should see him now, and he should phone us it's all right, I would of course supply you with the wanted permission."

Poor old Joe hunted up the Bacon Street address, thinking he was being sent to some ex-official whose advice still came in useful to those in authority. The house resembled the place from which little Cinderella fled when she kicked off one of her oxfords. A chap who supported the Confucius administration let him in the plate-glass door and demanded what he wanted. Joe was told to wait in the downstairs hall until sent for. The gentleman he desired was busy.

If the gentleman hadn't been so busy as to keep Joe waiting the better part of two hours, maybe there'd have been a different kind of wreck of the Bleaseley machine. But he got tired sitting there in the hall, and started ambling round that establishment looking at the pictures and investigating the house furnishings. The house being pretty much deserted, Joe went from one room to another until behind a closed door he heard voices raised in a scrap. If they had not been scrapping Joe would never have eavesdropped; but if there was anything Joe loved it was battle. He used the door full ten minutes to listen behind. Not only did he hear who the gunmen were that killed Baum and where they were hiding, but he heard enough evidence of "the man higher up" to send Bleaseley to the chair. It seems Old Joe had rammed into a conference of Bleaseley's henchmen just when there was a little unpleasantness in the matter of coming across with hush money. Joe got away from the door in time to avoid discovery. The conference was closed, the roughnecks went out a back way, and the Chinaman came to tell Joe he could have his audience. When Joe went in he found his man reading a sporting extra and trying to get more out of life than there is in it by saturating himself with whisky-and-soda. He had a jaw like a chimpanzee and there were queer-shaped horizons to his bald head. "Very good," says Mike Bleaseley—for it was none other than that famous old crook—"I can get you a license at a profitable figure if you'll let me have your gambling concessions for my men."

Joe wasn't so wild and woolly but that he understood then that he stood in the presence of the power behind the throne. And he didn't like the lack of face round the other's eyes.

"Me and Bill don't allow gamblin' with our outfit no more," says he. "A couple o' smooth guys taggin' after us skinned a rube o' his roll down in Ohio last month and his friends nearly cut our trick to pieces. We concluded hereafter it was more profitable to go straight."

"All right," said Bleaseley; "then the state's afraid of an epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease. I doubt if the authorities will permit you to bring in stock that's collected all the four-footed germs of the Middle States," said he.

He rolled his cigar round in his face and returned to the extra.

"In other words," said Joe, "by askin' me if I was a business man you-all meant would I stand for graft?"

"That's not a popular term," said Bleaseley, "to apply to a gentleman."

"I ain't applyin' it to no gentleman," said Joe.

One word led to another, and within ninety seconds both men had lost their tempers. Joe said that he guessed he'd get that license without paying graft. Bleaseley smirked and asked how.

"Oh," said Joe, "I've heard enough in the last ten minutes listening behind your door here to get me that license!"

Bleaseley jumped like he'd been shot from beneath. He yanked a gentleman's gun out of the table drawer and made the mistake of his life by shoving its business end into

the hurry-up department of Joe's nervous central office. It was all a bad business, especially for Bleaseley. Joe wasn't heeled and took the gun away. Bleaseley was seized suddenly with lack of breath.

Eighteen hours later a little bare cubby-hole of an office down in a back street held a half-dozen coarse-featured men who spoke in cautious whispers. Right then and there a course was determined on by the machine men that introduced the complications into this history. If Joe Dermott ever came up for trial, it meant that the fact of Mike Bleaseley's control over the state government would become public property. That wouldn't be healthy for the machine men. Bleaseley was dead, but the evil which he had done lived after him. At all costs his official rottenness must be kept from the common people.

They decided that for the sake of every skin in the crowd the machine had to put its power to a supreme test. Joe had been arrested and the story of Bleaseley's murder was in the newspapers. It was, therefore, impossible to keep Joe's mouth shut by croaking him in prison. There was but one thing to do—the man had to be railroaded! In other words, there must be no public trial, at which Joe for his own defense would tell what he knew. Instead, a confession of guilt must somehow be pried out of him. The hearing must be held before safely bought machine men and a judge that could be relied upon, the man sentenced and executed at once.

He Used the Door Full Ten Minutes to Listen Behind

There must be no slip. If Joe couldn't be croaked privately, the machinery of state must be utilized and speeded up for the purpose. Every last ounce of rotten strength in the grafter's grip must be applied toward keeping Joe from making an affidavit of the things he knew. It was a ticklish situation. There were terrific chances of a slip-up; but the gang was desperate, and desperate men take desperate chances.

Well, they sent Joe a lawyer—nothing but a machine crook. To the latter's surprise honest old Joe declared without any palavering that he had shot Bleaseley. He added that he was mighty glad of it; there was one dirty, rotten grafter less in the world. To allay Joe's suspicions the lawyer encouraged him to make an affidavit. But it was burnt to ashes within fifteen minutes after the attorney had left the jail.

Joe's confession was produced at the formal hearing. No mention was made of the affidavit. Joe told his story to a judge, who heard him without blinking. The judge blandly informed him that the fact that Bleaseley had produced a gun did not warrant Joe's getting it and using it on the political boss. Joe was flabbergasted and started to refer to laws and customs in the sagebrush country. He was informed that his crime had been committed in the East and must be judged by Eastern codes. He was reminded that he had pleaded guilty, and nothing remained but the sentence and its execution. Joe got mad at that, and declared if that was the way they did business in the East he wanted no mercy—and they clapped the sentence onto him while he was in that mood, and made it as quick as they dared without exciting too much public suspicion.

Although I'm relating facts here that the bunch of us weren't wise to until afterward, we felt that all wasn't as it should be in Joe's case, and old Bill got busy. But it didn't get him anywhere. In the first place, no one was allowed to see Joe. This was tough, besides being illegal—but for that matter so was the whole thing. And old Joe's grouch really helped the crooks out. You can bet that his lawyers were seeing to it that none of his friends had the opportunity to beat it for the mountain top with a strangle hold on the skeleton in the statehouse closet. As for our chances with the governor—he was a wishy-washy, no-good man, a polished but spineless figurehead, who would have left his bed at midnight and gone to Bleaseley's home to pull off the latter's boots if Mike had told him to. When we saw that a jury trial for Joe meant only a packed box and worse verdict, we went to him; but the son of a gun had sneaked. The machine had seen to that also. The governor had been ordered to take a fishing trip for his shattered nerves until after Joe was croaked. He had obeyed. One old showman's life was nothing to him anyway.

So things looked like a November horizon at twilight for old Joe Dermott. The newspapers got sudden orders to shut up on the Bleaseley murder, and they obeyed. The men who were responsible went round the scaredest bunch of mortals that ever blew the suds off booze. But they were getting away with it, and that, in the last analysis, is what really counts in this world. That is, they thought they were getting away with it.

Joe had about twenty more days to enjoy a normal method of respiration when I came under the "come-and-get-it" top one night to see something happen that was funny. One of our lady riders—Helen o' Troy—came down the other side the grub bench and spotted Jerry. He wasn't doing anything more offensive than poking nourishment in the hole under his nose. But Helen, like the rest of us, was pretty glum over the rough deal that was being handed Joe; and she had a sudden hunch that on this particular evening she wanted that particular corner.

"Out o' my way, Jerry!" said she, crowding him from his place and giving him and his grub a flying shove.

I felt sorry for the cuss. A portion of a look told you that Jerry was one of those taggers-on after a circus that had seen better days. Now he was dressed in anybody's old cast-off baggage. There was a growth of beard that his own mother wouldn't recognize, and he was prematurely old by being kicked round like an old hat. From the first day that Jerry had come onto the lot and begged a job on the canvas until the day I saw the last of him he reminded me of a college professor down on his luck. Just enough quiet studiousness to him, just enough gray at the temples, just enough quiet living in himself, and silent and melancholy timidity.

He picked himself up from where Helen had spun him, dusting off the battered black-felt hat and wiping his grim-lipped face with his sleeve. Not a syllable did he say, but he just stumbled over and stood by some water barrels in the shadow until everybody who might be hostile had fed. Then he chose a corner off down at one end in the gathering darkness. I found him there munching scraps when I came back after a rope I'd left beneath the table.

By way of showing him I was his friend, I said:

"You poor sepulcher-faced has-been, what's the matter with you anyhow? You're a fine candidate for tobacco-juice and suspenders to let a mere female toss you round like that!"

He shut his lips hard beneath the dirty whiskers, and his forehead wrinkled as he gazed off across the lot to the lights of the distant town.

"Waal," said I. "Say somethin'!"

"I haven't anything to say," said he after a moment. Then, in that precise college-professor voice of his, he concluded: "There's a popular fallacy that all men are created equal. It isn't so. Some men are born to lead and some are born to be led. Nature endows certain men with aggressiveness and self-confidence. Others are created totally devoid of them. It's my misfortune that I've been one of those last."

"Rot!" said I. "You make me sick! Didn't Nature give you as many hands and feet and senses as these other male humans that use you to wipe up the earth with? Doesn't air whistle into your lungs and food stick up your in'ards same as all the rest o' them. Why then bow down and offer your neck for the boot of a social class that warn't created with any more hands and feet than you?"

"I told you," he said. "I've been a man that's had brains, education and social position; but I lacked aggressiveness and will-power. A horror of physical force and the shedding of blood was born in me," said he. "I've never been able to live it down. If I had I shouldn't be following this show now." He sat with those fine artist's hands of his, all bruised and battered where he'd done rough work for his grub, lying idle in his lap. His forehead was furrowed into so many wrinkles that it resembled an accident in a corrugated boxboard factory. "Take to-night, for instance. Suppose that woman had done to you what she did to me. What course would you have taken? Fought her back, I suppose. But I couldn't do it."

"Fought her back?" said I. "No, I wouldn't never have been you in the first place. You've heard what the boys call me here in this outfit? Well, it's Gatlin'-Gun Platt. Gun for short. It's about as safe to monkey with my screws and cranks as with a machine gun. And the boys and girls know it. No one handles me like Arizona and Pu and Helen has handled you. Danger signals stick out all over me like burs," said I.

"Now," I went on, "you're just the opposite. You made your first mistake debutin' with this show in such an inoffensive, hang-down manner. A certain amount of offensiveness is mutually admired by the human species. You should o' interviewed the boss like a fire-eatin' personification o' the old saw 'I'm little—but oh my!' Then havin' got the job, you should o' gone among the boys—not like some dear dead memory o' the past or a broke resolution—but with the cool, calm demeanor of a case of cholera or a rattlesnake; conductin' yourself so that it subconsciously inferred that you're about as safe to take hold of as the drivin' rods on a locomotive. Instead o' being perpetually bawled out with 'Out o' my way, Jerry!' you ought to sport them words as a monicker the other way round. You ought to glory in the title o' Jerry Out-o'-My-Way!"

"I'd like to be that manner of man," said he. "I'd give a good deal if I could cultivate the propensities for a little fighting. But I'm beginning to wonder if at my time in life it isn't too late."

"Let me tell you somethin'," said I, "and don't you never forget it, regardless o' who tells you contrary: It ain't the folks with twenty-ounce brains, youth or college diplomas that gets the good things o' the earth," I said. "It's the folks with engine-pilot fronts, who bang through this vale o' tears usin' their voice to roar 'Out o' my way!' Success, man, is like a play on a football field. The grandstand don't applaud or give much credit to some brainy little chap that gets the ball and maneuvers round on the edge o' circumstances till he makes a goal. But let some great mountain o' humanity with a prow like

(Continued on Page 105)

The Hand of Destiny Screwed in My Neck and the Wrath of Judgment Took a Strangle Hold on My Trousers

Nut Tootsie Rolls

A GREAT SAGE said: "Do something a little better than anyone else and the world will make a path to your door."

That Nut Tootsie Rolls are a "better" candy is not due to magic, but simply to the combining of good, pure, wholesome ingredients.

We have only mixed fresh, roasted Virginia Peanuts and delicious chocolate candy in a way that everybody likes.

Nut Tootsie Rolls are made clean—kept clean—wrapped dustproof.

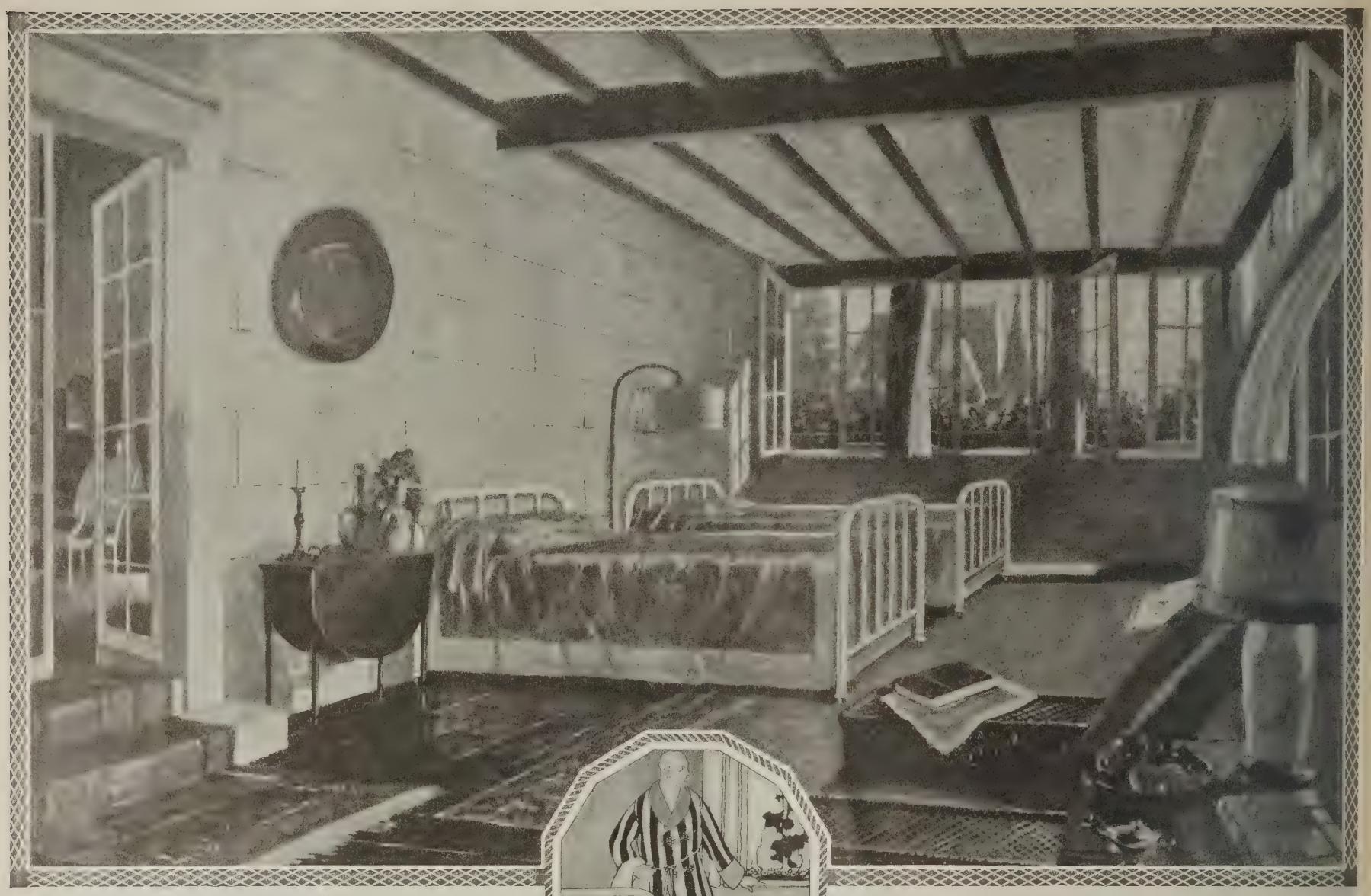
MILLIONS have eaten Nut Tootsie Rolls, and what was intended as a modest idea has developed into a national enterprise.

The demand for this honestly good product has gone beyond the originator's wildest hope.

We thank you and promise to allow your liking for Nut Tootsie Rolls never to grow less.

Each roll is divided into six parts for your convenience—sold wherever candy is sold.

The Stern & Saalberg Co., New York City.



See your dealer's exhibit *of Simmons Beds*

ON THE SLEEPING PORCH

Out in the crisp air, close to the stars, within hearing of the crickets, the whispering trees, the far-off, drowsy murmurings. Sounder sleep, brighter mornings.

But the bed must defy storm and dew and outdoor sun, and never get dull or rusty or creaky.

There are Simmons beds just right for sleeping porch, or camp, or summer cottage.

It is because every last detail of Simmons beds is carried to perfection in the same great shops, that the finish is so lasting, the construction so solid.

Our own enamel factory—

Our own rolling mill—

Our own patented machinery for welding electrically a new kind of metal tubing—

Our own artisans, trained for years—

It is upon these that we depend for this high quality.

And this high quality strikes the keynote of the whole Simmons policy, as reflected in its merchandise, its men and its methods.

Always Buy a Simmons Spring for a Simmons Bed

SIMMONS COMPANY

The World's Largest Makers of Beds and Springs

FACTORIES: KENOSHA, WISCONSIN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Branch Warehouses at

Boston	New York
Philadelphia	Baltimore
Richmond, Va.	Pittsburgh
Cleveland	Cincinnati
Buffalo	Atlanta
Indianapolis	Toledo
Detroit	Chicago
Portland, Ore.	St. Louis
Los Angeles	Seattle
San Francisco	Denver
Milwaukee	El Paso
St. Paul-Minneapolis	
High Point, N. C.	

SIMMONS COMPANY — 1/3 OF YOUR LIFE IS SPENT IN BED — TRADE MARK — REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SIMMONS *Beds*

THE EMANCIPATION OF GALATEA

(Continued from Page 17)

Eloise Eisel struggled to keep her remarks up to this amazingly high level on which she had unexpectedly arrived.

"The whole trutha the matter is," she observed confidentially, "you gotta give the public w'at it wants, Mr. Skinner—ab-so-lutely!"

"Miss Eisel," rejoined her employer solemnly, "I almost believe you are right." And he went upstairs to suggest a new slant for Babcock's daily half page.

Babcock, Junior, listened, frowned, made quite the objections that his advertising manager expected him to make, and, in the end, said it should be tried, care being taken not to shoot over their heads.

"Their heads, Mr. Babcock," James Skinner earnestly assured him, "are in places we should never suspect them to be—in clouds of romance, to which we are quite blind. As you have said, only close psychological study can make us understand their darned empty heads and where they are; and that's the advertiser's business, isn't it?"

"I didn't say quite that," replied his employer, annoyed at the mutilation of an epigrammatic statement, but pleased that it should have left an impression. "However, the plan is, as you present it, reasonable."

"It wasn't my idea"—and this with outward modesty and sudden inward deviltry. "That new twelve-dollar girl you advised me to get suggested it."

"So! Bright girl?"

"A very valuable asset," was the grave reply; and James Skinner went downstairs feeling buoyant.

The hideous feeling of insecurity had lifted considerably and he felt positively jovial as he made his way across the room to where Charlie MacEwan was copying, with pathetic fidelity, the different models in ladies' nightdresses, which the January sale was to offer Babcock's patrons. Half a dozen headless forms, arrayed in half a dozen degrees of unsubstantiality, were ranged before him, looking very bleak in the north light.

"Look at that!" said James Skinner over Charlie's shoulder, addressing no one in particular. "I ask you to look at that!"

"Look at what?" said Charlie, screwing round.

"Look at that collection with which he's planning to use up eight hundred dollars' worth of space. Just look at it! I ask you, could anything be more unappetizing?"

"Unappetizing? Wha'd'ya mean—unappetizing?" came from Charlie huffily. "These aren't forty-nine-cent chocolates we're advertising. These are nightgowns!"

"My friend," laying an affectionate hand on Charlie's shoulder, "they are nightgowns; no one could ever doubt it. But the public doesn't want to know what they are; it wants to know what they're not, Mr. Charles MacEwan. And, as I have just learned, we 'gotta give the public what it wants—ab-so-lutely!'"

"Well, Mr. Skinner," broke in Miss Tillotson; "if I didn't know that was just your way of speaking I'd say you were deliberately advocating principles of misrepresentation—deliberately!"

"Miss Tillotson," replied James Skinner, "we tell the public that it can buy itself a nightie, 'Value, $2, special for to-day, $1.49,' and it doesn't mean anything; and when I say 'Exquisite *robes de nuit*,' in bold-face italics, it doesn't mean anything, either; but the girl who buys a *robe de nuit* instead of a nightgown gets with it a feeling that's worth twice the price to her, and no misrepresentation about it. Misrepresentation and romance—they are two different things, Miss Tillotson—ah, romance!" And Mr. Skinner opened his arms dramatically.

"I see!" cut in Charlie plaintively. "Just *rub de nuey* sells the goods, and I look round for a job. Is that the idea, Mr. Skinner? Are you letting me down easy by E. H. Sothering about romance? Because, if you are ——"

"Charles, you are getting sensitive. Look here, my boy; I'm going to make a little change in our advertising methods—not in our staff. Put those *genre* masterpieces in the basket." Charlie was already unscrewing his board. "Now make me a nice little three-column silhouette of a four-poster bed, a fiddle-backed chair, and a lady just about to blow out the candle before jumping in. Get me?"

Charlie MacEwan stared a moment.

"No more of these damn things?" he asked, unbelievingly pointing to the models before him.

"Not for a while, anyway, Charlie."

"You mean I can think up something—have some ideas?"

"I shall be glad to consider a few ideas from you, Mr. MacEwan."

"You mean there's going to be some drawing in the advertising?"

"Oh, we may not get hung in the Academy this year; but ——"

Charlie suddenly took James Skinner's hand and began unexpectedly pumping it up and down.

"I'm your man, Mr. Skinner—God bless you! I'm your man!"

"Why, Charlie!" exclaimed his superior as he began to realize the unsuspected. "Why, Charlie, you've really got some art in you, haven't you?"

Charlie reddened apologetically.

"S'ell to spend your time drawing lifelike holes in Val trimming," he mumbled. "God bless you, Mr. Skinner!"

"Well, you needn't thank me," the other replied. "Thank Miss Eisel. She's the one who is responsible for this change."

It is this last sentence that is of importance in my story, for on it was reared the framework of Miss Eisel's personality. Miss May heard Mr. Skinner's remarkable statement and confided it to Miss Plotz, in the auditing department; and thus circuitously it came back to Miss Eisel, to strengthen the suspicion Mr. Skinner himself had already implanted in her mind—namely, that she was something of an individual.

Now, if this were a moral tale instead of merely a true one, I should tell how, with this realization, Miss Eisel's stupidity gradually gave way before an awakening interest in a larger life; how her indifference was replaced by attentiveness; how she came to ask searching questions about the business, and eventually made herself so indispensable to R. E. Babcock's that the junior member had, in the end, to marry her.

But, though this makes interesting reading, I am bound to set down that it did not happen. Nothing in the way of stupidity was subtracted from Miss Eisel's general make up. Quite the contrary; if anything her dictation was somewhat worse, for her mind was full to bursting with a hazy, gratifying sense of importance. Heretofore she had merely known that she, Eloise Eisel—her real self—was outside the world of Babcock's advertising department. She had never located her exact position; she had not considered it above or below; it was merely outside.

Now, though she felt no new share in Babcock's welfare, she knew—positively knew—where she stood in relation to it—not only outside, but distinctly above; and this consciousness made itself objectively felt with peculiar force. Not that Miss Eisel convinced the eleventh floor that this newly discovered personality really existed; they perfectly agreed with the Independent Agency's estimate of her, and, had she gone on in the even tenor of her way, they would have come to treat her with superior indifference. Now, however, such was the self-assurance she radiated that, though one could smile behind a hand or lift the lip in scorn, still this fact was established: Miss Eisel could not and would not be ignored!

Even Mr. Weinstock looked up as she entered; whenever she passed, the eyes of Miss Plotz and Miss Myers and Miss Tiernan turned as one eye, and Miss Eisel became responsible for many an erasure on formerly clean copy. On the strength of nothing at all Eloise Eisel had passed from Cipherdom into Being, and such was her nature that she preferred simply to enjoy this new state rather than investigate the causes of the transition.

"I must say," commented Miss Tillotson, after a week of being patronized by Miss Eisel, "I must say I don't think it's a very dignified proceeding in a business office; and, even if Mr. Skinner does like to show off, he has no right to let that girl make such a fool of herself."

"It's terrible!" sympathized Miss Mandelbaum. "Why, he asks her everything! 'Miss Eisel, here is the copy for to-morrow; will you see whether it is all right?' And, 'Miss Eisel, is the wording of that perfectly

BLUE STREAKS

$3.00 each

Guaranteed

You can afford that bicycle now. You have long wanted it. You need it for get-about business service and it's great for pleasure jaunts.

But you've feared the expense of tire-buying. For that is the only considerable expense in bicycle riding today.

Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tires have met your problem. You needn't hesitate any longer. For Blue Streaks cut tire costs by giving you better value at a price you can afford to pay.

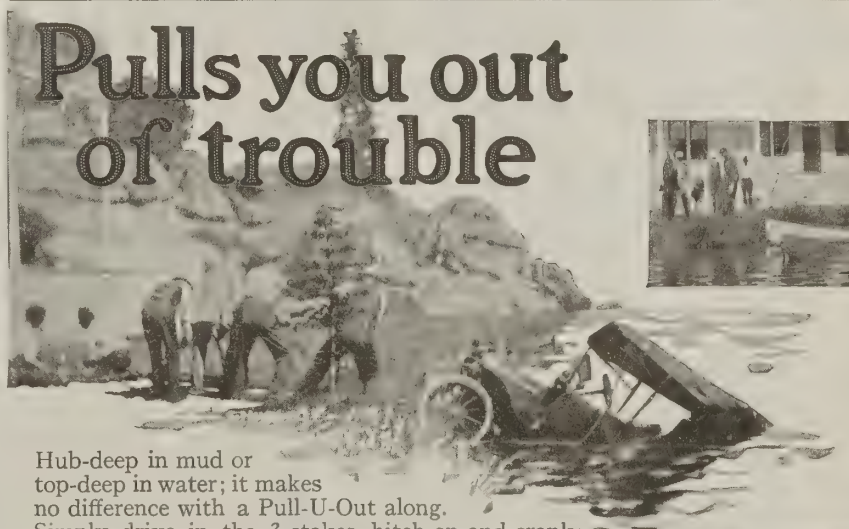
To do this, Goodyear specialized on one tire, built into it the honest quality you have long wanted and kept that one tire standardly good. More than that, Goodyear cut out unnecessary selling costs, and put the saving into tire quality.

Talk to your dealer now about that bicycle you want. Any Goodyear Dealer can supply you with Blue Streak Tires. Even with material prices as high as they are today, Blue Streaks cost only $3.00.

Blue Streaks are standard everywhere. One quality, one guaranty, one price. At any Goodyear Dealer's.

GOODYEAR AKRON

Pulls you out of trouble



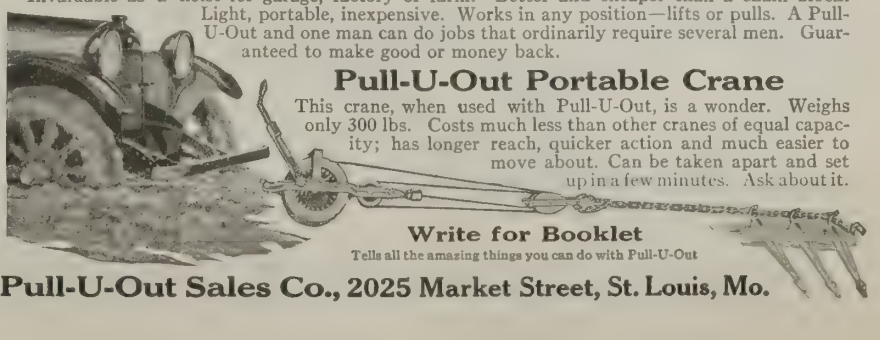
Hub-deep in mud or top-deep in water; it makes no difference with a Pull-U-Out along. Simply drive in the 3 stakes, hitch on and crank; you're out in no time and with no effort, for Pull-U-Out puts four mule-power into your arm.

Pull-U-Out
The little thing with the big pull

takes the sting out of bad luck and makes you care-free of road conditions. Consists of a winding drum, lever crank, 40 ft. of steel cable, two 7 ft. chains, 3 stakes. Weighs only 28 lbs. and goes in space 4 x 6 x 14 inches—yet is strong enough to pull the biggest auto out of trouble. A Pull-U-Out and towline combined—the two indispensables of autoing.

Does jobs no other machine can do

Invaluable as a hoist for garage, factory or farm. Better and cheaper than a chain block. Light, portable, inexpensive. Works in any position—lifts or pulls. A Pull-U-Out and one man can do jobs that ordinarily require several men. Guaranteed to make good or money back.



Pull-U-Out Portable Crane

This crane, when used with Pull-U-Out, is a wonder. Weighs only 300 lbs. Costs much less than other cranes of equal capacity; has longer reach, quicker action and much easier to move about. Can be taken apart and set up in a few minutes. Ask about it.

Write for Booklet

Tells all the amazing things you can do with Pull-U-Out

Pull-U-Out Sales Co., 2025 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

YOU DRAW THE TRIBUTE
OF SILENT ADMIRATION

Talk correctly, and nobody seems to notice it, but make a single slip, and up go eye-brows. The polished and restrained style of

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

attracts no open notice, only silent admiration, the finest tribute that it is possible to give or get.

When you say STEIN-BLOCH, *you've said* STYLE.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
TAILOR SHOPS AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

All Roads Are Smooth Roads
when your Ford car is equipped with
AITCHANDEE
"TRADE-MARK REGISTERED"
Shock Absorbers

THEY "IRON" the roads for Fords. Over 100,000 are now in use. They give your car Comfort, Safety and Economy.

COMFORT because the "Cantilever" construction gives different tension on the upward and downward thrusts, eliminating the annoying rebound and sidesway.

SAFETY because the elimination of sidesway and "rolling" makes steering easy on all sorts of roads and does away with the danger of breakage of some vital part.

ECONOMY because by reducing vibration, strain on engine and transmission is done away with and lack of rebound prolongs the life of the tires. Wheels do not bounce—but stick to the road all the time. Your dealer can fit a set of AITCHANDEES. They do not mar the appearance of the car.

Let us send you our illustrated booklet. It tells you what AITCHANDEES will do for your Ford.

THE H. & D. COMPANY, Inc., Goodland, Ind.

Retail Price
$10
For Set of Four

clear to you?' And Miss Eisel this and Miss Eisel that. And she thinks he's really asking her for advice! Up in the coat room she'll say to the girls: 'Oh, excuse me; I must go. There're some important matters Mr. Skinner wants to consult me about.' Now isn't that terrible—especially if she knew what Mr. Skinner said over the telephone!"

For when James Skinner realized what, innocently enough, he had done, he was for extending the experiment as far as it would go.

"I tell you," he would declare to the brown eyes that squinted almost shut when she laughed, "I've created a personality—with my bare hands! And out of nothing! I've made Galatea get down off her perch and walk round with real life in her! I've taken zero and I've made it plus infinity! Why, Dora, the Lord had a good live rib to work from; I had much less than that!"

"Jimsy!" exclaimed the brown eyes, horrified.

"I had less, I tell you! I had a complete blank—putty—a vacuum! If you could have seen her the day she came! She had about as much chin as a rabbit!"

"Well, dearie, you know you didn't give her a new chin by making her feel important."

"I did! I have! She has a brand-new chin, as stern as Juno's; she has a new eye, as militant as a suffragette; she has a positively regal nose—like—like Carrie Nation's."

"You never saw Carrie Nation's nose."

"Why, she has even a completely new voice—not renovated, mind you; but new! She used to drawl over the telephone like this"—falsetto imitation of Miss Eisel, which makes the brown eyes squint up: "'Yeh—yeh! No, he ain't! Yeh—aw-right!' Now she says in a deep voice, an exact counterpart of a bank president on his busy day: 'I see! I see—surely—yes, indeed—I see! I shall do so!'"

The brown eyes had to be dried with a wisp of a handkerchief.

"But, Jimsy, she doesn't know any more than she did before."

"Any more! She knows less! Why, my dear, she's precisely like the fellow in the Arabian Nights—you know, the beggar, or whatever he was, they played the trick on—put him asleep into the king's bed; and when he woke up, with 'em all bowing and scraping before him, it took him just five minutes to readjust his ideas and convince himself that he was the king. Miss Eisel rose to the top of the advertising department, Dora, in less than twenty-four hours. I expect, any day, to hear her say that she doesn't think so much of the advertising manager; off with his head!"

"But, you know, I think you should let her go now and get a better stenographer. It doesn't look right—the head of the department ——"

"Oh, I shall, of course, dear; though I shall have to cook up some explanation to offer young Babcock. I've solemnly assured him every time we mention advertising that he was right about twelve-dollar girls being much more intelligent than Miss Elmer's sort; and he's come to think Miss Eisel a mine of progressive ideas."

"But, Jimsy, I'm afraid he'll think ——"

"He doesn't think, Tootsicums; he just perches up on somebody else's ideas and chirps away from there. But he likes this new slant to the advertising, and he's going to add five dollars to Charlie MacEwan's princely salary. I think it may be a Happy New Year for us, too, Dolly."

The brown eyes widened.

"Not really a raise, Jimsy?"

"But don't hope too much. Maybe not."

"Oh, Jimsy, you're really a very wonderfully remarkable sort of man!"

"My darling!"

"Precious!"

It seldom happens that people six years married continue to conclude their conversations in this charmingly illogical fashion, but it's very pleasant when they do; and may God bless 'em!

But this takes me afield into the Skinner romance, which is too commonplace to have even a minor part in the story of Miss Eloise Eisel and her personality. That story came, on the fifth week of Miss Eisel's career in the advertising department, to a swift and unexpected summation. I say unexpected—an acute observer would have had premonitions; for there had been gathering an undercurrent of resentment against Miss Eisel; it extended even to the outlying districts of the auditing department.

The storm was brewing. Miss Tillotson was expressing her opinion of both Mr. Skinner and his talented secretary with ever-increasing audibility; and even meek little Miss May had told the coat room that she wasn't going to be lorded over "by nobody who wasn't anybody what-so-ever!" James Skinner himself was thus far committed to the idea of imminent change in that he was speculating as to what his nine days' wonder would say when he fired her.

He speculated a little too long; the event swept down and found him unprepared. Miss Eisel had just learned, in some round-about fashion, what Charlie MacEwan had said about the cart wheel in the mud, and she had called him "A pinhead simp!"—as I set down at the beginning of this narrative. But you will realize how far on the way to a great personality she was when I tell you that she uttered this verdict—and to Charlie himself—not in anger but in sympathy.

What she conveyed by tone and manner was pity for one whose judgment was so circumscribed, whose mind was so trivially occupied. Charlie, somewhat embarrassed, had gone on lining in, and she had stood there, looking over his shoulder with the air of one who takes a charitable interest. The personal affront she had decided to let pass with just that brief phrase.

"Your work's improved, Mr. McCune," she went on helpfully; "but you ain't yet got the idear. You ain't yet got th' s'ggestiona *chick*. You ain't got yet t' know that the public deman's *chick;* an' you gotta give it to 'em if it wants it."

Charlie squirmed.

"But you mustn't get discouraged, because you really do real good," added Miss Eisel, "only you should oughta ——"

It was too much.

"Well, I must say," broke in Miss Tillotson, the pent indignation of five weeks finding relief. "I must say I think Mr. MacEwan can do his work without any suggestions from what the Independent Agency considers its stupidest girl!"

There was the silence that precedes the storm.

"Oh, it does, does it? He can, can he?"

"He certainly can, and it did!"

The storm burst.

"Let me tell you, Miss Tillotson, as woman to woman—let me tell you ——"

Probably Miss Tillotson could not have set down in black and white just what it was Miss Eisel begged so earnestly to be allowed to tell her, but that made little difference; the emotional content was clear enough, and its color scheme was not black and white, either. It was sufficient, at all events, to make it imperative for Miss Tillotson to enlighten Eloise Eisel as to the circumstances under which she had been engaged and under which she continued to be Mr. Skinner's stenographer.

There was comparative silence throughout the eleventh floor; every typewriter ceased clacking; Mr. Goosen paused; and the auditing department, hampered by distance, nearly burst a bloodvessel in the effort to hear what Miss Tillotson was saying to Miss Eisel. They gathered enough to know that the awful truth was being told her. "And it serves her darn right!" declared Miss Plow vehemently. The great are circled round about with petty jealousies.

Eloise Eisel went back to her desk, and the typewriters took up their pattering and rattling, a furtive buzz of comment accompanying them.

"Take this, Miss Eisel, please," said James Skinner impersonally, quite unaware of the terrible tension a more sensitive nature would have felt on Miss Eisel's approach: "To Mr. Bernard—B-e-r-n-a-r-d ——"

Automatically Miss Eisel opened her note book and took down five letters. But when her employer said "That's all; thanks," and turned to the card index, she stood up.

"Mr. Skinner!" she said.

"Yes?" he replied, looking for the card drawer.

"Mr. Skinner, will you kin'ly tell me pos'*tive*ly what it was you telephoned the Independent Agency about me?"

It was a bolt from the blue. James Skinner swung round in his chair and faced Eloise Eisel's personality.

"Good Lord!" he registered mentally. "I put the machine together and made it work, and now it's going to steam-roller me! Off with the king's head!"

For, indeed, the work of his own hand seemed about to turn and rend him. The righteous indignation blazed at him on

(Concluded on Page 45)

REMY STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS REMY

Why Remy Is First

Ignition Experience is Vital, and Remy's Is the Oldest—Automobile Engineers Recognize Remy as an Authority in Starting, Lighting and Ignition

REMY is winning more and more motor car manufacturers. The reasonableness of the Remy argument is irresistible. Engineers realize, now, that correctly designed ignition is vital to the success and reliability of a starting system.

Remy history, therefore, appeals to them. They know that Remy experience dates back to the days of the gas engine and that Remy supplied the spark then—long before automobiles were born.

Remy and Ignition Mean the Same

Remy and ignition became synonymous. Progressive, intensive research upon the solid ground of experience is the reason why Remy sets the ignition standards for the world.

Because ignition is so vital to starting systems, Remy enjoys an immense advantage.

No Other Experience Like Remy's

Remy speaks with certainty. No one else has had such experience. No one else can look back on such exhaustive research. No one else has put uncertain experiment so far behind.

Automobile engineers feel safe with Remy, as they recognize the certainty of its experience. They know that the best-will-in-the-world cannot make up for the lack of that experience.

What Remy Has Done in the Generator Field

They realize that the generator is the all-in-all of starting and lighting efficiency.

No one else has Remy's mastery of generator design and construction. No one else has evidenced such a thorough study of generator needs. Remy has always advocated large-capacity generators as a positive necessity; and no one has made still larger capacity possible by inventing an automatic Thermostat Control.

Moreover, the public has found out that Remy is safe and sure. Motor car manufacturers recognize public approval of Remy as an asset. Automobile engineers keep track of users' experience. They have had thousands of reports of Remy reliability.

Additional Lustre On An Old Name

So one of the oldest names in the industry shines with additional lustre. Remy pioneered in Ignition. But better still, it has strengthened its hold by bringing Remy Starting and Lighting to the fore by the sheer force of successful performance.

Remy experience, coupled with honest purpose, assures you that a Remy-equipped car is sound and right in Starting, Lighting, and Ignition.

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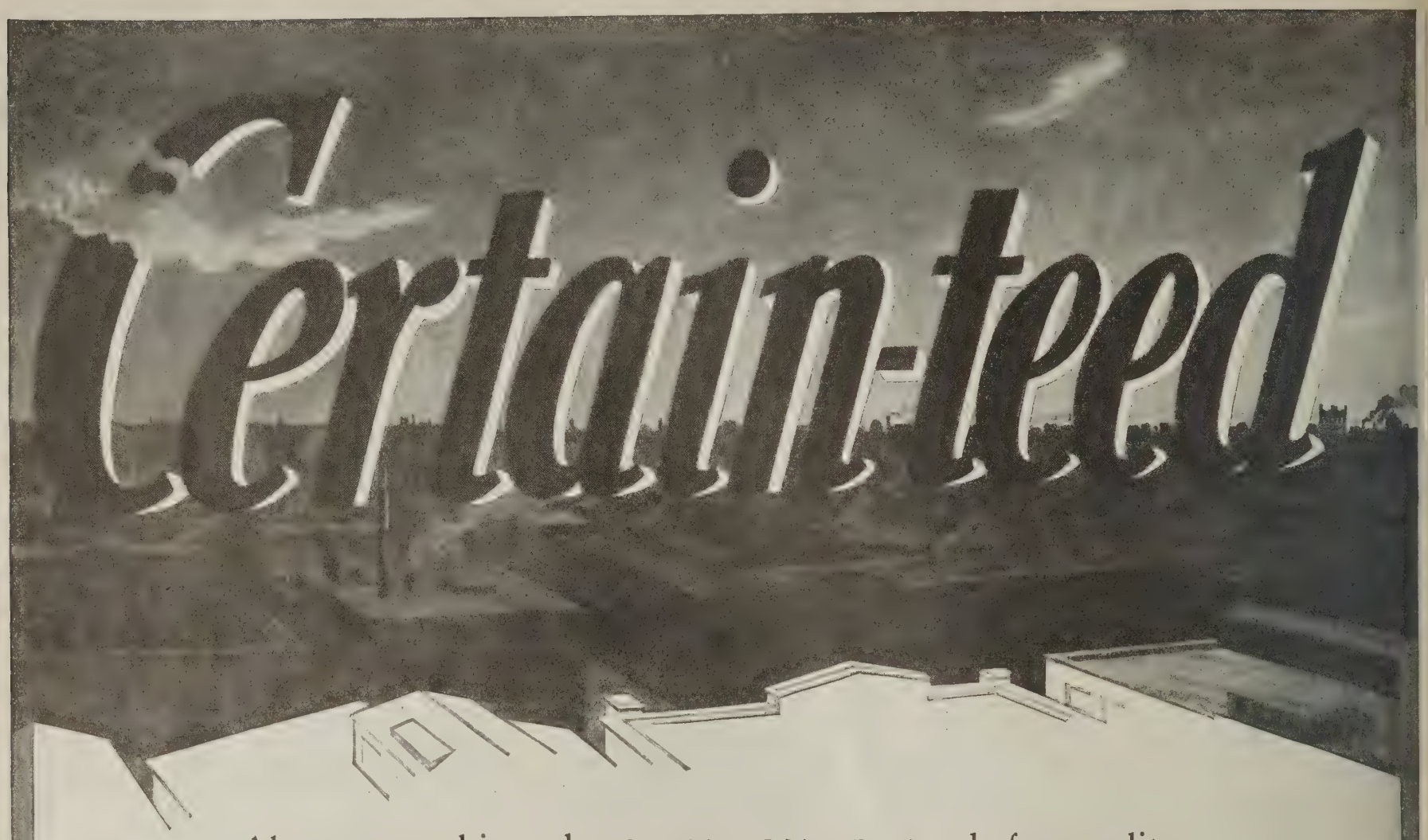

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(Concluded from Page 42)

of those eyes; a terrible hauteur raised the left shoulder of Miss Eisel's flimsy silk blouse; and a fearful scorn curled the edges of Miss Eisel's cutting words. James Skinner was completely swept off his feet; it was, indeed, an unlooked-for turn of the experiment.

"Why, Miss Eisel—what I telephoned—what ——"

"You know perf'ly well what I mean—perf'ly!"

There was a pause. For the life of him James Skinner could not wholly repress the desire to tip back in his chair and shout; it flickered to the corners of his mouth in a smile, and came from his lips in a choking sort of sigh.

"Oh, Galatea!" said James Skinner.

There was an ominous silence; and then it was made clear to this presumptuous Pygmalion that not only had his Galatea no intention of going back on her pedestal but she had never been on one at all.

"I'll thank you—I'll thank you, Mr. James R. Skinner, not to begin callin' me s'ggestive names. An' I mus' say I thought you was a gen'l'man, and not one to be so mean an' underhanded as to take credit away from a girl w'en she has idears, just because she's on'y a girl an' can't pertect herself; but I see what you're gettin' at—be-lieve me! I c'n see you want to get all the credit for yourself an' keep people from knowin' they was my idears all along by sayin' I'm stupid, in your smart-Aleck way. An' I mus' say you gotta nerve to talk like that w'en you know all along you're stealin' my idears an' not givin' me my credit for 'em; an' that's little enough for anybody to ask. An' I want to say right here, Mr. Skinner, you ain't no gen'l'man; an' I'll thank you to remember it!"

Miss Eisel paused in deference to the demands of respiration.

"No—oh, no!" hastily reflected James R. Skinner, bewildered by this new psychological complex. "No; I'm not Pygmalion. I'm Frankenstein!"

"Where are you going?" he asked aloud, for his paragon was opening and shutting desk drawers with great conclusiveness.

"You don't think I'm goin' t' work for a man that's mean enough t' steal my idears an' then defame my character? Well, maybe you got another guess, if you please! I'm goin' to leave; an' right now!"

"Oh, come now!" And her employer put his heels on the floor and asserted his authority. "We've had enough of this nonsense, Miss Eisel. Go at the end of the week, if you like; but wait until you've looked round for another place. Don't be silly!" And he waved the matter aside.

He should have known that Eloise Eisel was past waving aside. She straightened up, snapped her patent-leather bag shut, and regarded him, her look a curious mixture of ice and fire.

"Thank you, Mr. Skinner!" she replied. "Thank you for your kin' thought; but I guess there's plentya places waitin' 'most any time for girls of my ability."

And Eloise Eisel marched out to the elevator.

"Well, I'll be darned! I'll be holy goshdarned!" said James Skinner as he watched her go.

And there were still further qualifications of his state of darnedness when he learned that she had walked straight up to the office of Babcock, Junior, and magnetized him, by sheer force of her powerful individuality, into believing that she could be a most useful secretary to a man of ideas like himself.

It's the same old story; you can't keep Personality down.

"But wait!" said James Skinner. "Wait until he sees what she does to the dictation!"

THE CUSTOMARY TWO WEEKS

(Continued from Page 20)

of the Eclipse Company had sought him he knew at a glance; and his first sensation, on looking into the clean-cut features of his old employer, was that of surprise at seeing there a determined expression that was wholly new.

"Mr. Extell," said Harry Burnhart, "I wanted to have a little talk with you on an important matter. Frankly, I've made the trip for the purpose of seeing you. Shall we go in to the lounge?"

Burnhart came to the issue with astonishing abruptness. He could hardly have chosen a more flattering introduction than the intimacy of his first statement:

"Mr. Extell," he began with a smile, "I've come to life. You won't have any difficulty in knowing what I mean by that. I've—er—quit playing and gone to work."

"You have taken active charge of the plant?" asked Extell.

"Exactly. I am now to be found at the office week days from eight-thirty to five. And I want you back in Milledgeville. That's what I'm here for. I don't want the suspicion of underhandedness about it. If you are not in a position to discuss the offer I want to make you, if you have contracted in any way to your present employers, say so at once. I know it's a delicate matter, a thing of this kind."

Extell thought quickly. Then he replied: "I see no reason why I shouldn't hear the proposition."

"Good! Extell, you're a Milledgeville boy and you know our people. You left us under circumstances—well, I don't think we need to discuss that matter. It was certainly a great thing for you, as it turned out. The time has come when you can come back, and come back big. You may be surprised—and maybe you're not—to hear that I am the office manager and sales manager. I want to resign both jobs just as soon as I get the man for them. I ——"

"But—Vibert?" broke in Extell breathlessly.

"He is still with us. He is my assistant. Whether he remains depends upon the man who comes in. Whether I remain in the office depends on the same man. In other words, I stand ready to be fired if I don't make good. Mr. Vibert runs the same risk. Now, Extell, I could go out into the open market and get a man who already holds that kind of a job. It isn't a question of money. But I've got an idea into my head that what we want is young blood, somebody just arriving, and arriving with the punch. If I'm wrong, well, my money pays for my mistakes. I've also got a vain idea that I can size up men. That Northern Machinery business gave us an awful jolt. You got us there, and got us good. It wasn't a question of life or death, but it hurt. And I know a little more about it than you think I do. Er—hang it, Extell, I'm going to tell you! I'm about to be married to Miss Nickerson, the daughter of that elderly man who charged you with having the nerve of the devil. What do you think of that?"

"You—don't mean it!" gasped Extell.

"I do mean it. That's the kind of a man he is. When you get an order from him you've got to show why. And he's given me the laugh ever since. Er—he suggested you to me. You made all kinds of a hit with Mr. Nickerson. Well, enough of that. I want you to come back to Milledgeville. Will you do it? And on what terms?"

Extell was looking at Harry Burnhart, but somehow he didn't see Harry Burnhart. His brain was a swirl of images and notions, and yet surprisingly clear too. But at that moment he was looking at Carl Vibert.

"Five thousand dollars, and the unrestricted right to run the selling end along lines that seem best to me," was the cool reply.

The expression on Burnhart's face indicated that the price sounded stiff to him, coming from a salesman who was not even holding down a star territory. But the young heir to the Eclipse was game. He knew what he wanted, and he had set his mind upon it.

"Agreed!" he said. "Shake hands on it, Extell!"

When Wetterson heard of the offer from Extell he threw up his hands in a sort of half-humorous, half-serious despair.

"Just my luck!" he said. "I pick winners for other people." But seeing the hurt look on Extell's face, he added quickly: "As your immediate boss, Extell, I ought to try to persuade you not to go. But I haven't anything like that to offer you. As man to man, all I can say to you is that I wish you the best of luck. And once you take hold over there in Milledgeville, mind you, I'm going to show you no quarter. So look out for me!"

"The Lord give me enemies like you!" replied Extell simply.

A month later came Extell's last day with South Trent. He had faithfully done his level best up to the last day. He had turned in his samples, his books and his papers, and severed the last tie. He had a little lump in his throat as he thought of the decent Wetterson, and impulsively sat down at a writing table in his hotel room to send a last personal note. In hunting for some stationery in his bag his eye fell upon a little package of letters, all in light-blue envelopes. They were a few of Muriel Clemm's letters—priceless stimulants to his courage they had been—and on the top was the sealed envelope she had given him when he had left Milledgeville. He took it from its place and poised it on his hand, deliciously tormenting himself with it for a while.

"Surely," he told himself, "I can open it now. Sales manager of the Eclipse—even Muriel probably did not dream of that!" He took out his penknife and inserted it under the envelope flap. Then he hesitated. Always when he had reached this point he had hesitated. That envelope had come to have a potent influence upon him. It had come to be a silent champion, always traveling at his side, always attending his thoughts of home; and it was a silence he somehow was reluctant now to break.

"I have succeeded," he repeated in a low voice. "And yet ——"

Suddenly he snapped the envelope back into its place under the rubber band.

"No!" he muttered. "She meant not till the day when I have done all I had in mind to do. The time hasn't come. Vibert is still over there." He began to laugh queerly. "Vibert! I wonder if he'll wait for me to come. If he'll only wait! 'The customary two weeks, Vibert!' 'You haven't quite got the punch in your work, Vibert!' Ah, if he'll only wait! If he'll hang on! I'll hand it to him just the way he handed it to me and to Pop Grinnell and the rest of the boys. 'The customary two weeks, Vibert!'"

V

INSTEAD of handing in his resignation the day Harry Burnhart demoted him from the position of office and sales manager, Carl Vibert weakly stuck. He hoped, perhaps, that it was merely a whim on the part of the young owner, and that when Burnhart had become tired of toying with authority things would easily slip back to the old status. But it was evident to everyone but Vibert himself that the manager's steam had been leaking away for some time past. His discomfiture at the hands of George Extell, and the subsequent awakening of Harry Burnhart, were but finishing touches. Somehow, though unconsciously, he sensed the end of his reign of terror. He faced it with nervous indecision and put off action till it was too late, till Extell was actually in the office and in a position to exact pound for pound.

On Extell's side the spirit of revenge had been so long in his mind that he never questioned what he would do. He was going to fire Vibert, if it was his first, last or only official act. Whenever he thought of his old enemy the lines round his mouth hardened. Toward no other human being in the world did he feel the slightest ill will; but as he looked back upon his humiliation at the hands of this man he saw red. And he promised himself now that he not only would fire Vibert but would make the act as mortifying as possible.

Yet there was no sign in Extell's manner, as he greeted his old manager the first day in the office, of what was in his mind. He was disconcertingly polite. Vibert twisted at his mustache, shifted from one foot to the other, and finally stammered:

"I—I wish you success, Mr. Extell. I hope the changed conditions will—will not ——"

"I don't think so," interrupted Extell. He felt like adding, not out of pity but out of a sort of horror that a man should be willing to put himself in Vibert's hopeless position: "For heaven's sake, Vibert, why don't you quit before the ax falls?"

It was just what Vibert couldn't make up his mind to do. He had begun to have that middle-aged terror of looking for another job. He had begun to ask himself: "What if I couldn't land anything?"

The result was that day after day Vibert came furtively into the room of the man who was now his superior, swallowed the

(Concluded on Page 47)

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(Concluded from Page 45)

contemptuous looks that were cast on him, and worked harder than ever. In an almost juvenile way he tried to let Extell know about the extra hours he was putting in, tried to show him how sincerely he was taking orders and executing them. He didn't need to make this effort; Extell saw it all well enough; and it began to give him concern. For it flashed upon him one day that in Vibert he had an assistant who could scarcely be matched. He understood for the first time that Vibert as manager had wabbled round in shoes that were too big for him; but that Vibert, as an assistant, as a detail man, could be invaluable.

It was this knowledge, first, that held back Extell's intention. And then, as he delayed carrying out his design, he saw something else. He saw that Vibert, in constant suspense, was suffering mentally as much as his most relentless enemy could wish, whereas with one word that trepidation would be over and the zest would be gone. And so Extell fell into the habit of alternating his outward display toward Vibert, of treating him with threatening coolness one day and praising his efforts the next. He kept the ax poised, but never let it fall.

Harry Burnhart did not suspect what was in Extell's mind. He was too busy trying to get on familiar terms with his own business. Vibert himself could never quite make up his mind as to where he stood, and he worried constantly. His thin face got thinner, and the dark spots under his dark eyes grew down upon his sallow cheeks.

But there was one who knew, and who trembled because she knew. She had been afraid of it. She had seen what was coming from the day she heard that Extell was returning to Milledgeville. And now, in the midst of her happiness at having George at her side, the thing cast a shadow. It was not that she was afraid for Vibert; she had a woman's pity for the man, that was all. But a certain hardness that was creeping round Extell's mouth and a reserve that was coming into his conversation when the talk went toward office matters, made her afraid.

Yet Muriel Clemm could not make up her mind to speak of that thing. It seemed to her too much like rousing a sleeping beast. She made the most of her happiness, and if she sometimes fixed her tender, searching eyes on Extell she never let him know what was in her mind.

One night, unasked, the question came up between them. She had said timidly, because Extell had consistently refused to mention it:

"Do you know what I am wondering, dear? I am wondering if you have ever even peeped into that envelope?"

Extell shook his head. Something hard came into his eyes and made the girl wish that she hadn't spoken. But Extell, who had been waiting for this chance, went on:

"No, Muriel, I haven't. Should I? Do you think I have conquered?"

"I think you have done wonderfully," she replied without looking at him.

"Do you think I have conquered?"

"Y-yes," she said finally.

"No," cried Extell, "you know I haven't. You only said that because you didn't want to hurt me. I have just found out what you meant by those words. It came to me the other day as I was thinking about Vibert! I never meant to mention him to you again, but I've simply got to. That man—something about him makes a barrier between you and me. I feel it."

"No, no," said the girl quickly. "He doesn't stand between you and me. Nothing can come between us, George. But that thing is a barrier between you—and yourself. That's what makes me afraid. I have been afraid of it from the beginning. It was the reason I asked you—remember?—please not to think about Mr. Vibert. I can see what it is doing, George. I can see it taking away something of that sweetness I loved so much. Oh, my dear, you are so much bigger than he! You are so much stronger; you don't need to be afraid of him. Don't you see that it only spoils a little of you ——"

"I know it's all true what you say—I've thought it all out. But I can't help it. Something stronger than I am urges me on. It's as though I'd signed a contract with some greater power than I am, Muriel, and I can't escape the terms of it now. I try not to think of it; and then every time I see that man it comes rushing back at me. Then I see nothing except the way he looked at me that day, and I hear nothing except those words with which he humiliated me. No, it's no use. I can't stand it any longer. I've got to do it. I wish there were some way out. From the office point of view I need him. He's really valuable. But it's no use. Either he or I would have to go."

She looked at him fixedly.

"Then you should lose no time," she said, with a little sigh of resignation.

"You're right!" returned Extell. "I'll do it to-morrow." Then he turned to her, still only half convinced, and asked: "Do you blame me?"

"Blame you? No, George, not the way you feel about it. No, I don't blame you."

As it turned out, Vibert himself forced the issue. The little of his nerve remaining to him was gone. He had made no decision, but he was on the verge of an explosion that would decide well enough.

Extell had made it a practice to spend the first half-hour of the day going over the most important sales matters with Vibert. This morning the assistant sales manager came into Extell's room as usual, but instead of seating himself he walked up and down.

"I'm ready, Mr. Vibert," began Extell coldly.

He got no further. Vibert, his face livid, his eyes uncanny with the dull glare of nervous exhaustion, suddenly stopped short and leaped toward his side of the desk. He smashed his hand down upon the glass top, producing no sound except the creaking of his own knuckles from the impact, and he cried hysterically:

"Why don't you do it? Why don't you do it? I can't stand this any longer! Do it now, if you're going to!"

Extell made no reply. He merely followed the other man with his eyes, having a healthy inspiration to get to the heavy inkwell first if Vibert should make a grasp for it. Vibert began to laugh. It was not a pleasant laugh. It came out from between two rows of teeth almost shut together.

"I can't stand it any longer!" he rushed on. "I've given the best years of my life here. I've failed to make good. I've been anything you please—a fool, or a brute, or anything; but I can't stand this, Extell. It's your turn. I know you've got the deal. I ought to have seen it coming! I ought to have had the sand to quit! I ought ——"

Vibert paused from sheer lack of energy.

"What do you want me to do, Mr. Vibert?" asked Extell in a shaky voice.

"Do as you damn please!" shouted Vibert. "But don't keep this farce going any longer! Extell, I didn't treat you right. I know apologies are no good—but I apologize to you. I gave some of the others a rotten deal. Don't get the idea I'm begging for mercy. I don't care what you do now! But I've got to tell you I'm sorry!"

"Mr. Vibert," said Extell slowly, "'you can have the customary two weeks.'"

For reply Vibert sank into the chair. Exhausted, his head fell over upon his breast, and he gripped the arms of the chair convulsively. "Thank God, it's over with!" Extell heard him mutter.

Then Extell jumped up. He strode round the corner of the desk and, laying a hand on the other man's shoulder, said quickly:

"Vibert, I've wiped the slate clean! I say 'Thank God' too. It's all over with, and I shall never have to give it another moment's thought. I've lived in hopes of this moment; but I never thought I'd view it the way I do! We're both changed. We can both start new. Vibert, I want to offer you a job. It's a job that you can handle better than any other man I know. It's the job you were holding down ten minutes ago. Will you take it?"

"What do you mean?" shrilled Vibert suspiciously.

"I mean what I say. I mean we can start new, clean and square. I mean that I never saw you before and you never saw me before—see?"

Vibert's eyes were staring incredulously. As he did not hazard an answer, Extell went on, still more at ease now the problem was solved:

"I'll tell you something else, Mr. Vibert, before we let the subject drop for good and all. I haven't always been just in estimating you. I never did give you credit for what you had. I was a bumptious kid when I left here, and—well, I've grown up. I want you to stay. I want to work with you. There's room enough in the office for both of us. When either one of us gets something bigger we can jump; but for the present let's pull together. What do you say?"

Vibert rose.

"You're on the level," he said. "I'll do it, Extell. I—I hand it to you—you're the bigger man. I'll start in to-morrow."

As he was going out, he halted in the doorway and added: "You deserve her, Extell. Tell her I said so."

The moment Extell had made sure that Vibert was out of sight he seized his hat and went through the factory almost on the run to the back entrance. From there to the Clemm home he made record time.

"I know this is terribly bad—to quit the office like this on personal business," he panted, reaching out for the girl's hands, "but it'll never happen again—at least not like this. Muriel, it's done! It's over with! I've fired Vibert! He's gone home!"

She looked at him aghast. It was not that the crash had come. She had expected that. But on Extell's face there was a light of ecstasy. His eyes had gone back to what they were three years before, and the old boyish gallop had come back into his voice. She couldn't understand it.

"Yes, he's gone home," rattled Extell. "I gave him the customary two weeks. And then I hired him right back! And he's game, Vibert is! He's coming in to-morrow morning—and we start clean! I burned the road getting up here to let you know!"

"You hired him back?" she murmured. "You ——" Then abruptly she saw the reason for the change that had come over him. She looked into Extell's face with the old tenderness in her eyes, but now there was something else besides. It was her recognition of something for which she had waited wistfully through long months, and she surrendered joyously to it.

"My man!" she whispered up to him. "You have conquered—yourself—me—everything!"

A few minutes later Extell went fumbling for the envelope.

"See, I have it with me!" he said.

"Please don't open it here—just now," she begged. "I—I don't want you to. You must wait till you get back to the office."

But her words came too late. The envelope was already torn, and Extell was reading:

"My George: I know that you will succeed; I know you are strong and fine and something will develop every bit of it. I shall wait for you always. Wherever you are I shall always be with you. It is only yourself you must conquer, George. That will be everything. I don't think you will open this before you are very sure. But I want you to know, dear, that no matter what happens, whether you do well or badly, whether you succeed or fail, no matter what happens, you need only to come back and take me—because I am all yours.

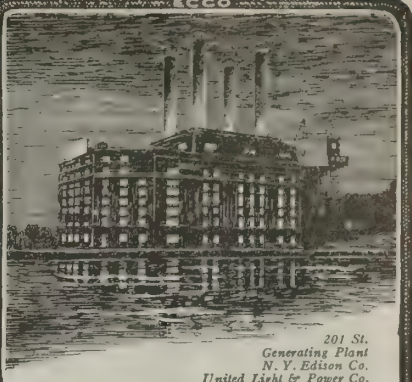
"MURIEL."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Extell with a grin. "All this hard work for nothing. Why, if I'd opened this envelope the day after I left here I'd have taken the first train back."

She put her arms about his neck and smiled up at him all her love and pride.

"If I hadn't known you wouldn't open it I shouldn't have written it, should I?" she asked.

(THE END)



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THE CONTROL OF FOOD SUPPLIES IN BLOCKADED GERMANY

(Continued from Page 26)

During the past months the authorities have been working on the concrete details of a mobilization of civilians. The authorities, intimately cognizant of the exact status of the industries, are in position to know where increased production must be achieved. The purpose of mobilization of labor is merely to put the man where his services are most needed; what needs to be done, and not what the individual wants to do, is the criterion of employment. This holds for brain service as well as for hand service.

The excess of tradesmen was merely transferred to other lines of activity, since in wartime they were nothing else than parasitic. The social philosopher has long contended that the middleman is a parasite; expert and legislative committees in this country are engaged in investigations to determine to what extent the practices of the middlemen are parasitic. Measured up on the scale of wartime efficiency, the trade practices of peacetime have been shown to be cumbersome, circuitous, expensive and inequitable.

Hotels, restaurants and cafés provided points of especial difficulty in the enforcement of the food regulations. The public eating house may be placed under compulsion to serve no food except upon presentation of food cards; but it cannot buy its supplies in that manner, since it must be provisioned in advance of the arrival of its guests. The most feasible method of regulation was to permit the public eating house to buy supplies in accordance with its established needs of peacetime, or a fraction thereof, but not to permit a revictualizing except after the turning in of the food cards of the guests who have been served from the preceding allotments. But manipulations were easy of execution. Thus, a café of good grade would buy from one of poor grade a portion of its coffee, so that the good café would be able to serve pure coffee, in violation of the regulation making use of coffee and substitute, half-and-half, compulsory.

The Disposition of Waste

So long as all forms of meat were not on the card, the public eating house could accomplish many violations of the regulations by indirection. The correction of the abuses, so far as they were corrected, was accomplished by limitation of purchase of raw supplies to the lowest possible figure. The result was that, at times, these places would run out of food entirely, as the writer several times learned by experience. The eating places in the largest cities were often run with a laxness that suggested the occurrence of grafting—or, at least, of favoritism.

Special regulations governing the disposition of waste materials were imposed on public eating houses, and in many ways attempts were made to check the notorious waste of these establishments. To limit consumption, to prevent abuse and to check waste, the simplified bill of fare was finally introduced as an Imperial regulation. A soup, choice of fish, choice of two meats, choice of several vegetables, and dessert was the established bill of fare. To this the eating places objected, on the ground that such a system did not permit of the advantageous utilization of the different cuts and portions of meats—if a restaurant served fowl and pork it was not permitted to serve a dish of livers of fowl, which had to be kept over for another day, and so forth.

Secreted Food Supplies

Nevertheless the system was forced into operation, and though not fully successful the simplified bill of fare did accomplish large savings, tending to reduce the food consumption of the eating houses to somewhat nearer the level of the home. In the matter of serving bread and butter, most eating houses respected the card system closely. Naturally the large hotels had exceptional difficulties; the patrons were willing to put up with simplified menus, but desired also simplified prices, which the hotel could not grant, because the costs of operations and overhead charges continued on a high plane.

The writer used to amuse himself in calculating the caloric contents of the dinners in the large hotels and contrasting the units with the prices. It was not uncommon to eat a simplified meal from an elaborately worded bill of fare, and realize at the close that some six hundred calories had been ingested at a cost of two dollars, recalling the experience of Lusk and Gephart that in New York twenty-five hundred calories cost, in sliced tomatoes, in a cheap restaurant, nine dollars, and in champagne fourteen dollars. The hotel cuisine suffered especially from the paucity in fats, since hotel cooking is based on the use of fats.

During the winter of 1915–16 there was much buying of household supplies in excess of need at the time, the supplies being cached for future use. Such storage was practiced by the peasant and in the small towns, as well as by the rich in the cities. The practice was vicious, because it enabled manipulators to force up retail prices and made distribution even more unequal. Such concealed storage was particularly applied to conserved meats, especially smoked sausage; and the extent of the abuse of the practice led finally to prohibition of the manufacture of all nonperishable varieties of sausage.

The total amounts of food thus secretly impounded in private homes was greatly exaggerated. Under Von Batocki a house-to-house search was carried out with more or less seriousness of purpose; but notable amounts of concealed foodstuffs were not uncovered.

The cost of living is a composite. The high cost of living in Germany is not the

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Germany's Vast Stores of Grain in One of the Sheds at Hamburg

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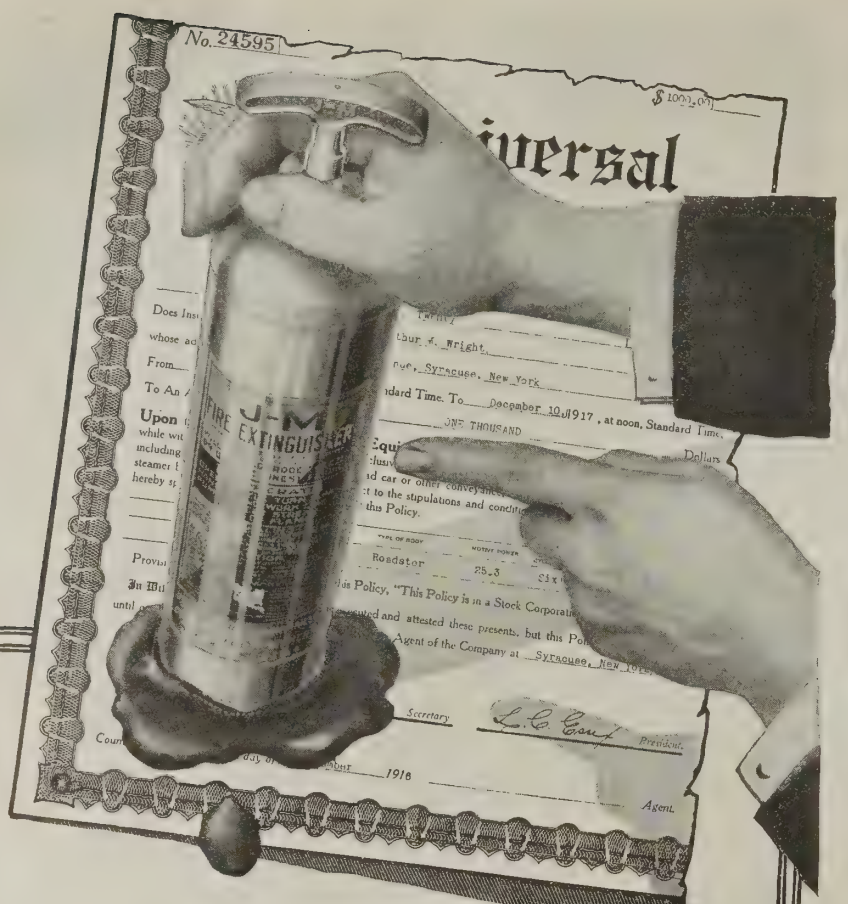

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cost of living high. The price of bread was, for the common rye bread, held to seventy-eight pfennigs—nineteen cents—a week from the middle of the winter of 1914–15 until October, 1916, when it was reduced to sixty-four—sixteen cents. These bread prices are lower than in this country. The cost of butter has fluctuated from fifty cents to a dollar a pound at different times and places, being now under control, though variable. The costs of meats have fluctuated from twenty-five cents to two dollars a pound for different kinds at different places. The maximum price of meats varied in October from twenty-five to eighty cents a pound for different kinds and cuts. Eggs have sold from six to nine cents apiece. Potatoes have sold at retail from one to four cents a pound; the set price for this winter is one and one-third cents a pound in hundred-pound lots; in small lots, one and a half cents a pound. The price of refined sugar has varied from seven to nine cents a pound; the set price for this winter is, wholesale, six cents a pound; the retail price will run about two cents higher.

Limitation in price has gone fairly hand in hand with limitation in ration. It is difficult to make a set calculation; but the writer, in Berlin in October, calculated that, for the amounts one could purchase, the cost was not over sixty per cent in excess of the cost of the normal ration just before the war. In England the prices were high, but one could secure any amount; in Germany the prices were relatively moderate, but the purchase was limited; in Holland, the prices were high, and the purchases were limited in fact if not by regulation.

Thanks to the efficiency of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and its remarkable chairman, Herbert C. Hoover, the people of that unhappy country are being fed, relatively and absolutely, at a far lower cost than is possible in England, Holland or Germany.

The consumption of food stands in inverse proportion to the cost of food. One must not from this infer rigidly that if the prices of foodstuffs are doubled the consumption falls to one-half, if incomes remain unchanged. But the general relationship stated holds, though modified by the fact that the scale of wages tends to rise when the cost of living rises. Wages are high in Germany. The increase in the average wage in October was not far below the increase in cost of foodstuffs. In the spring of 1916 the cost of foodstuffs was much higher than later under the elaborated regulations of control. At that time the average intake was reduced not only by scarcity but also by the exaction of prices absolutely beyond the reach of the working classes. The reduction in price of bread was a great gain; less of a gain than if the bread ration had been increased to the same extent, but still a great gain, because it set income free, to be devoted to the purchase of other articles of diet.

Estimate and Production

When one compares what has been achieved in production with what the commission of German scientists believed could be attained, the results are not creditable to the agricultural classes, even when the influences of unfavorable weather are fully allowed for. The Eltzbacher Commission estimated the peacetime use as:

Protein, 2,261,000 tons.
Calories, 88,694,000,000,000.
Of domestic origin:
Protein, 1,650,000 tons.
Calories, 71,282,000,000,000.
Physiological need:
Protein, 1,605,000 tons.
Calories, 56,750,000,000,000.
Attainable production under blockade:
Protein, 2,022,000 tons.
Calories, 81,250,000,000,000.
Actual production in 1914–15 was, in foodstuffs:
Protein, 1,510,000 tons.
Calories, 63,410,000,000,000.
Actual production in 1915–16 was, in foodstuffs:
Protein, 1,100,000 tons.
Calories, 57,000,000,000,000.

The production for 1916–17 cannot be stated, but is in all probability not larger than for 1915–16. It is clear that the production during the past two seasons was not over one-half the protein and two-thirds the calories that were estimated as possible by the scientists. All that has been accomplished has been in the direction of distribution and economy, not in production.

The care of the soil, the rotation of the crops and the use of fertilizer have been kept from sagging to the lowest wartime plane; in particular, the use of fertilizer has been restored.

The storage of the crops is under partial control and losses are less.

The use made of the crops is determined to a greater extent by the needs of the people as a whole and less by the wishes or financial interests of the growers.

The waste of grains in manufacture of alcoholic beverages has been curtailed. The Socialists had requested the abolition of manufacture of spirits, the reduction in manufacture of beer to one-half of the normal output, and the introduction of the beer card; but this has not been adopted.

The use of grains in feeding swine and milch cows has been regulated so as to lessen the inevitable loss that occurs when grain is converted into an animal product.

The number of domestic animals was at first reduced, and the competition between the people and the animals for the produce of the soil was thus diminished. But this state of affairs has not been maintained.

The feeding of livestock has been taken, in part, from the growers and placed under the control of authorities, who will use this function for the benefit of the whole people rather than of the producer class alone.

The bread card has effected a fairly equitable distribution of the grains, but the bread ration has been low.

The control of the channels of trade has been taken, in part, from the trading class. This has brought producer and consumer closer together.

The disproportionate elevation of sales price over production price has been reduced; in some instances almost eliminated.

The distribution of the different foodstuffs to the different classes has been made less unequal. The principle that the individual must be fed in accordance with his needs and the available supplies, and not in accordance with his power of paying, is the guiding rule of the organization.

The Food Blockade

The nutrition of the entire people was in October placed upon a lower level of cost and a somewhat higher plane of intake for the industrial workers.

Waste has been reduced in all classes of society.

The particular needs of the hard-working men and women of the industrial classes have found at least a partial relief.

The health of the people has been maintained to a surprising degree. In particular the death rate in the early years of life has been reduced to a plane never before attained in Germany.

"More for all the people and less inequality between classes." During the second year of the war the agricultural classes consumed half again as much food as was available to the industrial classes; the well-to-do probably twice as much. It is the belief of the authorities that the inequality is now not over twenty-five per cent in the necessities of life; probably less. This the social democrats deny.

It is the belief—or possibly only the hope—of the authorities that the feeding of bread grains to animals has been checked.

That a state socialism is possible, Germany has demonstrated. She has also illustrated how difficult it would be to maintain in time of peace! The history of the past two years has confirmed the age-old dictum of the Socialist that the producer class and the traders have no thought for the consumer—just as it was at the time of the French Revolution.

That the food blockade of the Allies could have positive advantages for Germany may sound like a novel statement. Nevertheless, advantages exist, and they have been of far-reaching influence and importance. Space is not available to discuss the subject at length, but the two sets of influences may be summarized. It is assumed as the basis of the argument, that the blockade could have been applied to unconditional and conditional contraband to all industrial productions even, but not to foodstuffs; in other words, the usual type of blockade for which England has in previous wars always contended in principle.

The disadvantages of the food blockade may be grouped under four headings:

1. Lack of food, *per se*. This could only occur in an isolated country like England except under mismanagement. No one can study the food production and food need

(Continued on Page 53)

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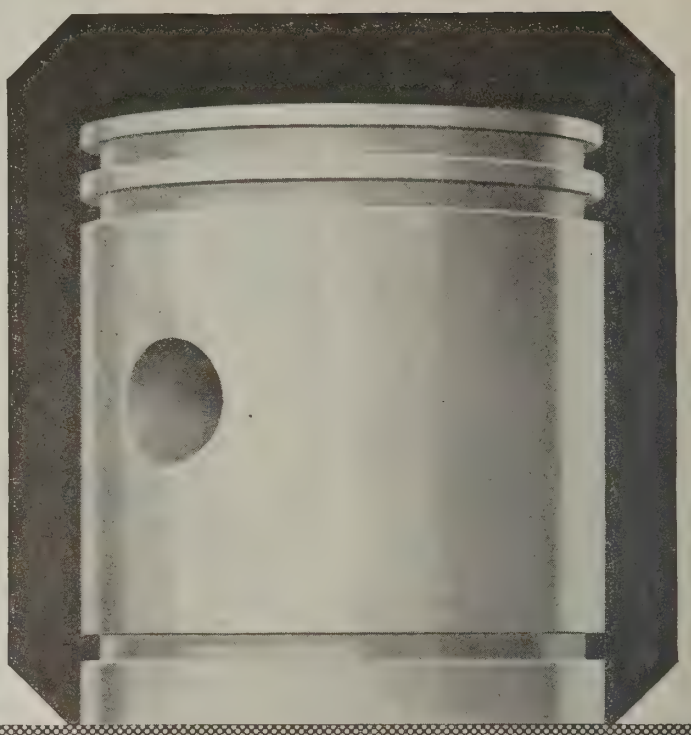

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THE ALUMINUM CASTINGS COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 50)

of Germany without realizing that lack of food, *per se*—barring extreme crop failure—could not have arisen except as the result of crass inefficiency. There has been no question of this in the minds of scientifically trained Germans; the difference of opinion has been as to the responsibility for the mismanagement that has occurred.

2. The rationing of a people. This disturbs the physiology of a people, because it abolishes the tastes, desires and habits of classes and of individuals. It wears upon the spirit of the daily life. Rationing, to the mass of ignorant people, implies doubt of sufficiency and inculcates an attitude of fear. A state of fear in a people is a basic factor in their morale. To eat every day what one does not select, prepared according to rote and not according to taste, is enough to ruin the disposition of every man and of most women.

3. The technical labor involved in regulating the production, distribution and rationing of the food supplies of a people is enormous, both in mass and in efficiency. And there is only just so much efficiency in a country.

4. Limitation of the freedom of action in distribution of human energy. The need of producing nearly all her foodstuffs compels Germany to maintain, or even augment, the agricultural class, to the detriment of the exaggerated industrial development made necessary by the war. The withdrawal of ten million men places upon every adult civilian an extra work impost of from fifteen to twenty per cent. If the labor in agriculture could be reduced the pressure in the industries would be less severe. The work on the land is done largely by women, and mostly with primitive equipment.

Better Farm Tools Needed

The writer had not traveled through Germany for eight years, and each week he marveled more that the agriculture of so progressive a nation was so poor in modern farm implements. With modern agricultural equipment the cultivation of the soil would have been accomplished with half the manual labor. England is able to place the highest pressure on industrial production, because she is not compelled to grow all her food supplies. A food blockade places the blockaded nation in a strait-jacket. In the opinion of the writer this injury by the food blockade has, up to the present, outweighed all the others, and made necessary the mobilization of the industrial army.

A blockaded country is compelled to devote special attention to replacements and substitutions. Cotton is excluded; the manufacture of wood cellulose must be perfected. Copper and nickel are excluded; these metals must be recovered from existing supplies, directly and indirectly, and new alloys devised and manufactured to take their places. Crude rubber is excluded; processes for the synthesis and regeneration of rubber must be developed. Saltpeter is excluded; nitric acid and ammonia must be manufactured by synthesis. Sulphur and phosphorus are excluded; the methods for the manufacture of sulphuric acids and phosphates must be modified to utilize available crude materials.

Industries are internationally interdependent. A blockade necessitates a more or less elaborate reconstruction of industries, involving time, talent and labor. The needs of the industries compete with the needs of the isolated agriculture, with the result of decreased efficiency in each. Because of the need for agricultural labor, Germany has not been able to make use of women in munitions and other manufacturing plants to the extent that has been possible in England. A blockade of materials adds to the labor needs of the blockaded country; a blockade of food supplies adds still further to the labor needs, even though the ultimate food supply be not in the least reduced. The partial crop failures of 1915 and 1916 were due in part to inefficient cultivation of the soil, using that term in its widest sense.

The great advantage to Germany of the food blockade has been the result of protection of the value of the mark conferred by blockade. The mark is secluded; it does not encounter the buffeting of the winds of trade. Let us suppose the blockade did not apply to foodstuffs. The average importation of foodstuffs, direct and indirect, in recent years was six hundred million dollars annually. This would have had to be paid for in cash, as exports would have been prohibited. How would this have affected the German mark? The result would have been, in all human certainty, that Germany would have restricted her imports. In other words, the necessity of protecting the mark would have compelled Germany to do what the blockade has done—shut herself in.

To have allowed the normal importation of foods and fodders would have drained the circulation of Germany empty of its blood of gold. The Germans would not have made the prohibition of imports absolute; certain things she would have felt it wise to import, despite loss of gold; but, by and large, the final result would have been much the same. For a few months she could have imported by exchange of foreign securities held in Germany; but these were not enough to have maintained long her normal rate of importation of foods and fodders. One may interpose that she could have issued bonds. But she could not have gotten the bonds out under conditions of blockade; one cannot sell bonds abroad without securities, except at depreciation of currency in terms of gold.

So, in the end, to import food she would have had to export gold; and that she could not have continued to do. When one contrasts the value of the mark as against that of the ruble, one realizes the degree of protection that has been afforded by the food blockade.

A second result has been that the food blockade has enforced food economy and reduced the cost and the plane of living.

Lastly, the food blockade has given Germany a rallying cry, and provided for the government a reason for everything that it feels compelled to do. Whatever restriction is urged, whatever regulation enforced, whatever exertion or sacrifice demanded, the ground is the same—Germany is under food blockade. *Der Englische Aushungerungsplan* explains everything, extenuates everything, and is justification for everything. When the English Parliament enacts regulation of sale and use of food supplies it must prove the need and advantage to every Englishman; the German authorities need not prove the need for anything, they simply point to the food blockade, and the people not only submit but coöperate.

It is very difficult for anyone—even a trained observer—to formulate a precise opinion on the health and nutrition of the German people, as observation alone cannot afford the requisite data. One may judge the nutrition of a people by the body weight, by the statistics of the health departments and by their accomplishments. Beginning with the last, the writer was not able to learn that any class or group was failing in its work; indeed, the people were carrying an abnormal load of work. The statistics of the health departments, so far as published, do not afford any indications of subnutrition in adults or of any increase in diseases whose incidence might possibly arise in the presence of subnutrition.

The Health of Infants

The birth rate of Germany has been far below the normal; in some sections down to nearly one-half the normal. This is contrary to what the American public had been led to expect.

In a nation at war a low birth rate is normal. Low nutrition and excessive work may be invoked to explain, in part, the low birth rate. But the larger motive springs from the instinct in women that the horrors of war do not constitute the life environment a mother desires for her child. Hand in hand with the low birth rate, as everywhere, goes the low death rate in infants. The death rate in infants during the present war has reached a low plane never equaled in peacetime. It is now clear that, with the present low birth rate and death rate, there will be as many six-year-old children in Germany in 1921 as there would have been with continuation of peace at the old birth rate and death rate.

This has been accomplished by social service; the babes and their mothers are given special care.

In the family of a friend of the writer were two lusty boys. One day, on returning home from school, the boys began the daily supplication for food.

"Mother, we must have something to eat."

"My sons," replied the mother, vainly trying to still the mother's instinct with scientific reflections, "you have had eighteen hundred calories already to-day, and will receive for supper eight hundred more."

(Concluded on Page 55)

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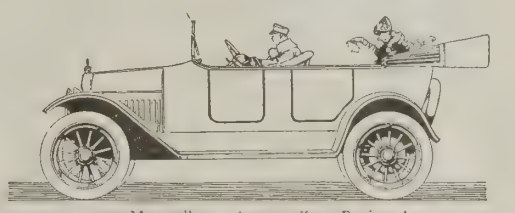

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Your dealer will show you RU-BER-OID in Slate Gray, Tile Red and Copper Green.

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Any books you check on this list will be sent you free. Write your name and address in the margin and state what kind of building you are planning.

- ☐ Roofing a Home
- ☐ Building a Poultry House
- ☐ Building a Bungalow
- ☐ Building a Barn
- ☐ Building Your Own Garage
- ☐ Covering Your Factory
- ☐ Artistic Roofs
- ☐ Waterproof Cellars and Stucco

THE STANDARD PAINT CO.
568 Woolworth Building, New York
BOSTON CHICAGO
Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete
The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY
RU-BER-OID
ROOFING
COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER
MADE BY THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY, NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO

Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" on every roll of genuine Ruberoid

Why the Liberty is Your Car

INSTEAD of making broad, general claims of Liberty excellence, we detail below definite and specific features in which the Liberty stands alone among cars.

To prove the truth of these statements rests absolutely with you.

You will buy a Liberty on facts—not phrases. You will buy—for your own protection—on the basis of your own judgment. Here are the facts:

You Drive With Ease

WE claim for the Liberty unprecedented driving ease.

Get into a Liberty and see if the car backs our claim. Make your own investigation—for your own protection. We want you to sell this car to yourself—on plain facts—in direct comparison with every other car made.

Push the clutch pedal down with one finger. You never could do that before. How much fatigue will that save you in a day's motoring—that clutch that almost yields to the weight of your foot as you sit?

Shift the Liberty gears—even from third to second at full speed—and get the new note of mechanical perfection. Pull the emergency—with one finger—and see what happens. Get the vital fact that in al the motions of driving a Liberty there are only eas and pleasure—without effort.

You Ride In Comfort

WE claim for the Liberty—unprecedented ridin comfort.

You have rattled in cars—you have been shake up by car tracks and cobbles, ruts and pits. Yo have had to pick the smooth places—for comfort

Drive straight ahead in the Liberty, no matte what the road. There are no rattles. In the wide deep, restful front or back seat you ride in perfec comfort. You swing along smoothly, absolutel at ease, supremely comfortable, at all speeds—ove all roads.

THOSE are two tremendous claims for the Libert —but they are very easy for you to prove.

Take this statement along as you ride and driv a Liberty. See if it's true. Make the car prove it

And buy the Liberty—as have thousands of sat isfied owners—only on the sure testimony of actua experience.

Five-Passenger Touring Car and Four-Passenger Close Coupled Car, $1195
Detachable Sedan, $1395 Sedan (Springfield) $1795 Shopping Brougham, $2450

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

LIBERTY SIX

(Concluded from Page 53)

"But, mother," replied the lads, "boys cannot live on calories alone!"

The body weights of the Germans have been materially reduced. The long familiar Teutonic obesity has disappeared.

Subnutrition is a relative term. When a man whose normal weight is seventy kilos reduces weight—let us say to sixty kilos—he has no longer the food needs of a seventy kilo man; instead, he may have less than the needs of a normal sixty-kilo man. The American people might, for illustration, reduce in weight to the level of the Italian people, and the food needs would fall in proportion; the Italian people might reduce to the level of the Japanese, and the food needs would fall in proportion. When an individual loses weight he has less need for food, because his food needs express both his mass of tissue and his body surface; and both are reduced when body weight is lost.

This will show both in needs for protein and for calories. A time will come when such a reduction in body weight becomes subnutrition. The point of distinction—the place that separates loss of weight to the physiological minimum from pathological subnutrition—is hard to fix. The histories of famines and of men separated from supplies of food indicate to what an amazing extent men can continue to work on low rations. The defenders of Ladysmith were for several months on fifteen hundred calories a day. In all countries at all times, but especially in winter, there are classes that are no better nourished than were the industrial classes of Germany during the past summer. In a panic year, or a season of low industrial activity, probably not less than several million persons in this country suffer subnutrition in the same sense and to the same or a greater degree.

The writer was not able, during the summer of 1916 in Germany, either by observation or through inquiry with trained observers, to find evidence that the Germans were suffering from subnutrition in the rigid sense of the word. There were no signs of loss of strength or lowering of resistance. There had been universal wasting of fat, and the intake, per capita, was low; but there was no evidence available that the intake had fallen below the plane of physiological need. There are a number of published experimental studies in low rations in which the intakes were considerably below the German intakes, especially in protein, with the preservation of health and strength.

The protein intake was felt by the Germans to be low, but not to an apprehensive extent. The low ration in fat was keenly felt, however. This reaction to the scarcity of fat is difficult of evaluation. Fat plays a prominent rôle in the externalities of a diet; it is essential in the normal and customary cooking of foods, and foods prepared without fats are flat, unnatural and unsatisfying. Nowhere in the literature of human physiology is there an adequate discussion of fat need, *per se*. It has been tacitly assumed that the body could always form fat from sugar; therefore, sugar in intake was equivalent to fat.

Hunger for Fats

In experiments with animals it is known that a normal diet must contain a certain amount of native fat, supposed to carry fat-soluble vitamines. The medical profession has long believed that diets low in fat tend to result in loss of health, especially in children. The fat intake in Germany to-day is not over twenty grams of fat, animal and vegetable, per capita per day. This is certainly more than enough to cover the needs in fat-soluble vitamines. It is twice the Japanese intake of fat. But the fact remains that the people are fat-hungry. This fat-hunger has impressed the trained workers of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

The writer has heard the same story of fat-hunger from workers in the Balkans and in the Russian prisoner-of-war camps. It is not definable—it may possibly be only the intense desire for return to the normal preparation of food; but it is a positive hunger. Over and over again Germans have told the writer that the low rations in protein were nothing, but the low ration in fat was a deprivation that was only more and more keenly felt with time. Several Germans have described it as like the sensation of a tobacco user or a tea drinker when off tobacco or tea.

The writer realizes how very hazardous it is to formulate an opinion in such a matter, without experiment and without controls, since so many factors are involved. But one cannot exclude the possibility that fat-hunger may express a fat-need which we do not understand.

One German, a trained observer, who discussed the situation, spoke as follows:

"My body does not need tobacco, coffee, alcohol or fat, I am convinced. But when the coffee is not fit to drink, the cigars not fit to smoke, the saccharinated beer not fit to drink, my food not cooked with fat and my bread dry, the sum total of deprivation is too much; and, even though each of them be unessential, the losses combine to form a fact of crucial importance."

In talking with Germans one almost gets the idea that subnutrition on a normal qualitative diet would be preferable to adequate nutrition on a fat-free diet.

The diet of the well-to-do classes has not been reduced to the plane of minimal requirements; though restricted, when regarded psychologically, it has been fully adequate physiologically, even in the lay sense of the term.

The diet of the agricultural classes has not been materially reduced below the plane of peacetime consumption.

Up to the Agrarians

The dietary of the industrial classes was, from March to September, 1916, reduced to the physiological minimum. This diet was low in animal protein, very low in fat, and low in calories, when contrasted with the work imposed upon the laborers. The diet was repugnant to the taste and did not satisfy the desire for food. A survey of the chief manufacturing cities of the empire carried out during the late months of the past summer indicated that the average intake for adults varied from 1.6 to 2 ounces of protein and from 1800 to 2500 calories per day. Since this was not sufficient to maintain the physical labor that was being done, this was accomplished by utilization of the body fat of the workers.

The psychology of the war atmosphere and of the rationing provokes a mental reflex that is abnormal. The consciousness of class distinction was a factor in deepening depression. Though loyal in the highest degree to the responsibilities imposed by the exigencies of the situation, the industrial classes have realized that, while the food blockade was a burden imposed by war and the crop failure a second burden imposed by Nature, the burden of mismanagement came from within. The industrial classes are fully aware that the agricultural classes fed to live stock during the first two years of the war not less than four million tons of bread grains, one million tons of sugar and fifteen million tons of potatoes that should have gone to the industrial workers. These amounts of foodstuffs would have contributed to each of the 58,000,000 civilians of the empire daily during the two years four-tenths of an ounce of protein and five ounces of carbohydrate, equaling six hundred calories, in terms of man ration eight hundred calories.

In October materially larger rations were allotted, and the elaborated system of control presaged better conditions still later in the winter. Recent official utterances from high German positions, however, have made it clear that it has not been possible to maintain the improved conditions in the dietary of the working classes of the industrial districts.

In the final analysis it is up to the agrarians. There is enough food in Germany to maintain the nutrition and the nervous system of the industrial classes if equitable division be attained, assuming that the harvest yields of the past summer were as large as unofficially and officially stated, and that the selfishness and rapacity of the agrarians are held in check.

When the situation in the food supplies of Germany is considered in association with the state of the manufacturing industries, and the efficiencies in the two domains evaluated, as an experiment in state socialism, it becomes clear: *a*—That mobilization of capital and industry has been successfully accomplished; *b*—that control of the channels of trade has been shown to be practicable, though difficult; *c*—that control and mobilization of agricultural production have turned out to be difficult, past all expectation; and, indeed, practically impossible so long as land continues in private ownership.

Whether experience in wartime indicates more or less than would be expected to occur in peacetime cannot be conjectured.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Doctor Taylor.

Can't you afford an Enamolin Room?

Madam—if you intend to refinish your home or even one room—you cannot afford *not to use* Enamolin.

Here are the reasons:

Enamolin itself costs no more than any other high-grade enamel and very little more than good paint.

Enamolin has tremendous "spreading" capacity—one gallon of it spreads *over 600 square feet* of surface—therefore less of it is needed.

And it costs no more for labor, whether the painter uses Enamolin or the poorest paint.

As for looks and wear—the Enamolin finished room is ***permanently beautiful.*** It is finished for a lifetime with a surface that is lovely to look at, one that can be kept in perfect condition by an occasional scrubbing with Sapolio and water.

When you have protected and beautified your woodwork with Enamolin, take care of your floors with Namlac Floor Finish. Give them a high lustrous surface, so elastic as to withstand the tramp of feet, the dragging of furniture and even spilling of hot liquids.

Enamolin and Namlac are on sale at the better paint and hardware stores. If you cannot secure them, write to us.

EMIL CALMAN & CO.
ESTABLISHED IN 1850
100 William St. New York

Ask for free copy of "The White Spot" booklet.
A sample can of either Enamolin or Namlac Floor Finish sent for 10c.
Address Consumers' Dept.

Enamolin

The Whitest Enamel in the world

AUTOMATIC IGNITION
CONNECTICUT

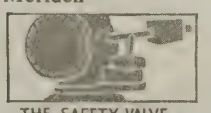
Dependability

Automatic protection is essential wherever carelessness or neglect can result in danger or loss. Boilers have safety valves. Factories, sprinkler systems. Railroads, block signals.

And on the more modern automobile the Automatic Switch protects the battery against drainage by cutting off the flow of current—automatically—when the motor stops, should the driver forget or neglect to do so. No automatic protective mechanism is any more dependable.

The device shown above marks this switch and identifies Connecticut Automatic Ignition. This is "The Device of Efficiency."

CONNECTICUT TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC COMPANY
Meriden Conn.


THE SAFETY VALVE

THE BLOCK SIGNAL

THE AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER

"COME IN!"

There's a Royal Tailor Dealer in your town with half a thousand woolen fabrics ready for you.

If you don't know who he is, write us for his name.

Copyright 1917, The Royal Tailors, Chicago—New York

The Automatic Telephone

is not merely a commodity, not simply a machine; it is a service of vital meaning to your business

Vital to your business, because through it lies the easy way to better work, the economical method of handling routine duties, the speeding up of production.

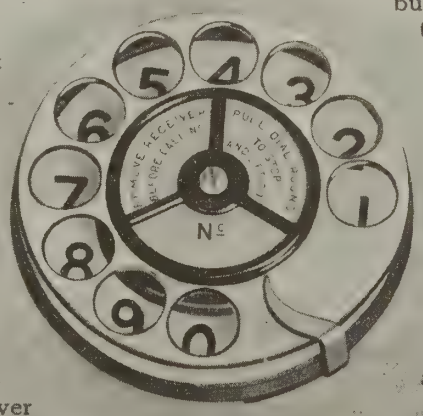
"A man and an AUTOMATIC telephone at every desk" is the slogan today in thousands of firms in America and abroad.

In these organizations telephoning between individuals and departments is easy, inviting, convenient. Employees find it to their own interest to talk rather than to walk. They turn instinctively to the AUTOMATIC telephone whenever their activities extend beyond their own desks.

Without exception, the use of the telephone for interior communication doubles and trebles with the installation of the AUTOMATIC system. In many large commercial institutions 45 calls per telephone per day is the average traffic carried by the AUTOMATIC system. Before the AUTOMATIC was installed in the office of a great railroad system, for example, scores of office boys were kept busy carrying notes between individuals and departments; the manual telephone was available, but did not invite use because its service was so slow and inconvenient. Today every AUTOMATIC telephone in that organization averages 40 calls per day, for interior communication only.

This result is not remarkable to those who know and use the AUTOMATIC. It is revolutionary in its effects, but the revolution is natural. Conditions formerly wasteful of time and money disappear because their source has been removed.

The AUTOMATIC system operates without an operator. Her work is performed by a machine, which must of necessity be more accurate than a human hand. Operated by electricity, the AUTOMATIC telephone shares its speed. Controlled absolutely by a simple dial on the base of the telephone, the mechanism has no other duty than to obey the commands sent to it.



Contrast the way you make calls about your office or factory today with the AUTOMATIC way, which is merely the lifting of the receiver and the turning of the dial two or three times. Four seconds after you start to call, five at the most, the bell at the station you want is ringing, or a signal tone tells you instantly that the line is engaged.

On the AUTOMATIC system nobody can listen to your conversation. Your conferences over it are as secret as though held behind locked doors.

The AUTOMATIC system always gives you the number you call. It cannot misunderstand or make a mistake.

The AUTOMATIC telephone is on duty day and night, holidays and Sundays. You never have to find a substitute while it takes a vacation.

The AUTOMATIC telephone is handling with equal efficiency the enormous traffic of great city systems, like those in Los Angeles, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Columbus, Dallas, and the requirements of business firms which need but a dozen or so stations.

Today such organizations as the Standard Oil Co., The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., The New York Central Railroad, The Republic Iron & Steel Co., The Hill Publishing Co., The United Fruit Co., and hundreds of others, have adopted the AUTOMATIC telephone system and are enjoying all its advantages.

The standards of efficiency and service of such concerns as these dominate the business world today; they set a pace which all, large and small alike, will have to follow. Their resources run into hundreds of millions, but they cannot afford the costliness of manual telephone service. They can command the time of the highest priced men in America, but they are not willing to waste the time of even their lowest-waged office boys through inefficient and insufficient interior telephone service. With them an enormous volume of business cannot justify wasteful handling of routine details.

Nor can *your* business, whether it needs six telephones or 600, afford the waste, inefficiency and costliness of manual telephone service. Your men, whether they draw salaries of $60 a month or $60 a day, should not be hampered by the delays, inaccuracies and inconveniences of that system.

We have solved the problem of interior telephone service for companies engaged in every conceivable line of business. A request from you will place all our resources at your disposal.

Automatic Electric Co.

Makers of More than 1,000,000 Automatic Telephones in Use the World Over.

Dept. 38—Morgan and Van Buren Streets, Chicago

New York, Toledo, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, London, Paris, Berlin, Sydney, Winnipeg

Copyright 1917 by the Automatic Electric Co., Chicago

NICK CARTER, REALIST

(Concluded from Page 15)

letter, and, after having scaffolded up all these improbabilities, to so time the traveling of the letter eastward that it was in one of the bags of mail which the bandits took off the Overland Limited at 11.20 of the clock on the night of May the twenty-second!

Nor did the Great Gods of Coincidence stop with that.

They caused Derf the Dane to cut open the pouch in the attic of the schoolhouse and put the bill into his pocket, and to leave behind him, in the pouch, United States Post-Office Department registered package Number 1768, with the envelope postmarked Kemmerer, Wyoming, and addressed to the National Park Bank, in New York.

And so, my critical gentlemen, in this dreadful dime novel that I am reading, Deadwood, of Dakota, wrought the ruin of Derf the Dane!

Andrew Lang, the English critic and historian, used to speak flippantly of the Professor of Poetry at Oxford as "Mat" Arnold. But when he mentioned the founder of our largest school of fiction he always respectfully named him as "Nicholas" Carter.

Doubtless a reason was this writer's charming notion of verisimilitude.

He labors in his stories, obviously and patently, to preserve the characters of his leading actors. There is usually some correspondence that exhibits these peculiarities; the slang of the underworld, and its serene unconcern for the structure of our written speech and its rules of punctuation. The presence of such correspondence is not a major requirement of the formula. It is rather a detail of it. That the District Court of the United States has not overlooked this detail must conspicuously impress us—force upon us—how accurately its story follows the rules.

Fact and Fiction Hand in Hand

Examine the letter called Exhibit 76, on page 99 of this amazing narrative. It was written by Bully Red to one of the associate bandits and is equal to anything on the ten-cent counter of the bookstalls:

"Friend J. C.

"I received your letter just now I was cupied at pasho I got a hundred and fifty com F Brother I have not got a dam cent ow But will sure do all that I can before hey come up for trial tell me all about it nd Let me know how bad it is the Bulls now it was them they said it was you they ad that picture of the bunch in the Review nd everybody would know it B must of ft if you see him tell him to write I wrote letter to D. W. Woods at K. C. if you ont think they got it write and have it orwarded to J. C. 608 Well J I hope it aint ad write soon

"Oley is getting along O K

"B"

Accurately, as with the nicest care, Transcript of Record, Number 3423, has followed every rule for the structure of the Nicholas Carter story.

We have found the characteristics we have grown accustomed to expect: the holdup; the profane, rough talk; the overdone dramatic disguises; the miraculous escape from death; the clews; the boy heroes; the schoolmarm; the long, carefully built-up, painstaking plan of Providence to trap the desperadoes at their own game—all the tricks in the bag.

And now can the court close its story according to the rules?

Every urchin knows how it ought to end. There the formula never varies. There must be a dramatic arrest, and a great final scene in which all the desperadoes are rounded up, defeated and abased, with a closing sentence, ominous and fearful, to remain in the memory like the pronouncement of Fate.

I hasten to assure the reader that the District Court of the United States, for the District of Nebraska, does not disappoint us in this behalf. Its story is what the editors call "sustained"; and it closes according to the rules.

There is an ancient belief, threaded into numerous tales, that in the end, after various wanderings, the criminal will return to his ancient haunts.

One of the central figures in this drama is mysterious Matthews, known to the underworld as Bully Red. He had been a stage driver in Idaho. Now on the eighteenth day of June, a month after the holdup, and after having vanished clean away out of human knowledge, we find him seated in Room Number 19, at the Buhl Hotel, in the state of his old associations.

He was doing precisely what Nicholas Carter would have wished.

Bully Red's Fatal Error

He was sitting in the middle of the room, with a suitcase open before him, and a .45 pistol lying on top of his clothing in it, ready to his hand. He was writing a letter, two or three sheets of which he had finished. He was a farsighted and careful desperado. But on this day, in the old country where as a stage driver he used to lord it like a king's governor, he felt the security of his ancient dominion; and he made his one incalculable blunder. He neglected to lock the door!

It was a fatal error.

Like shadows, noiselessly two sleuths slipped into the room. He looked up from his letter to find himself under the muzzles of their guns. He was outwitted and he knew it. He rose and put up his hands. They handcuffed him and ordered him to sit down. Then suddenly he realized the significance of the letter he had been writing. He fell forward over the suitcase, seized the letter, and put it into his mouth. In an instant the sleuths were on him. They jerked his hands down, forced his mouth open, and got out the damaged sheets. It is all precisely as one finds it on the last page of the yellow story.

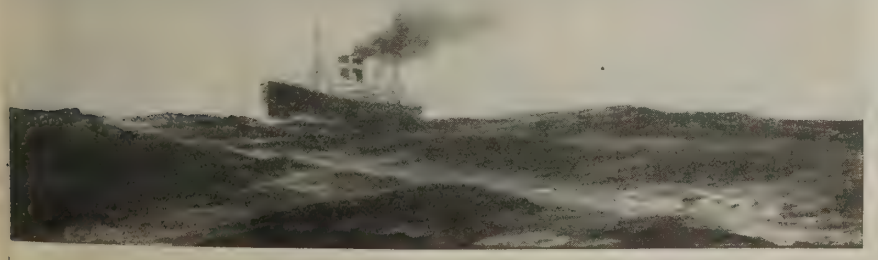
Then the dime novel closes.

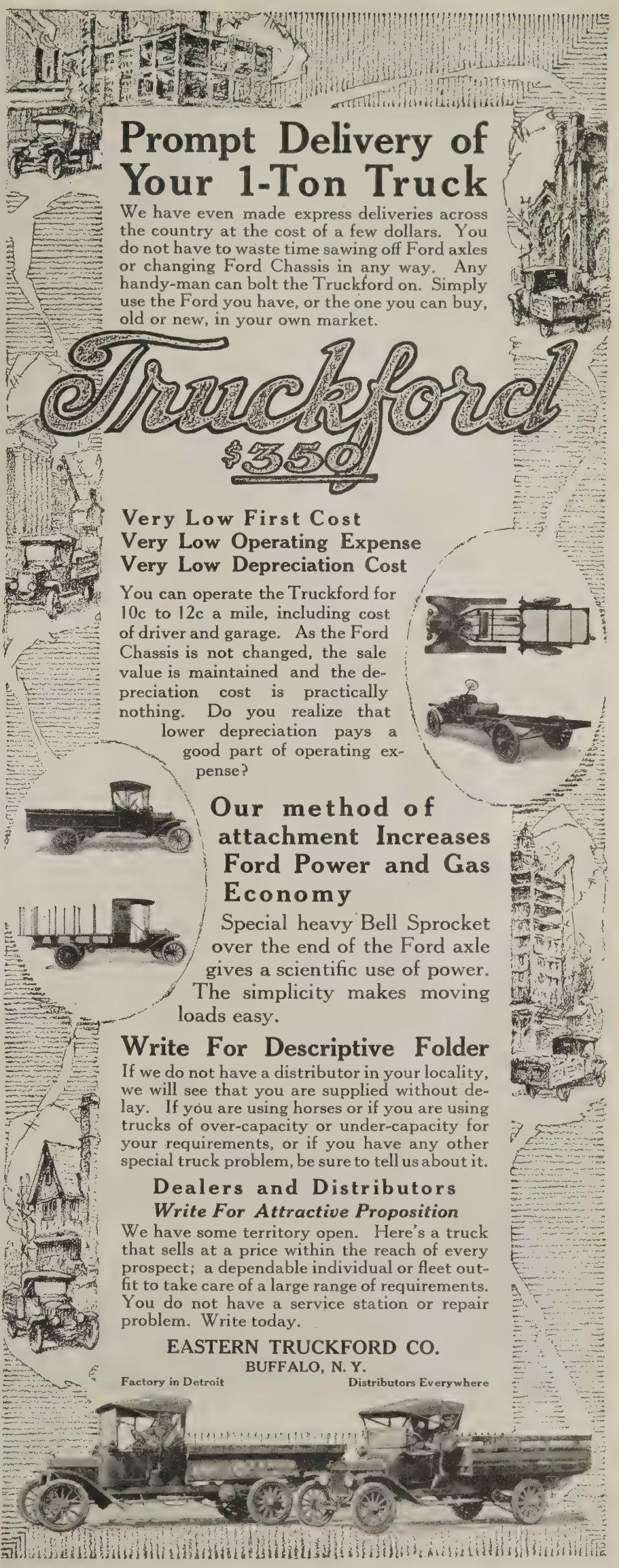
It closes with a scene of incomparable drama. The five bandits are standing before the bar of the United States District Court. The courtroom is crowded with people. There is a breathless silence. The judge sits forward in his black robe, a marble face above a figure in basalt—the simile is contributed.

And in words that seem to have dimensions and weight, words sinister and ominous, words heavy with the tragic fatalities of life, he pronounces the sentence of the court upon each of the captured desperadoes: Dan Downer, Derf the Dane, Bully Red, and their two unfortunate companions. He named each man, with his alias; and as he named him he added the awful words in the formal language of the law: "Imprisonment at hard labor . . . for the term of his natural life!"

How pregnant with dreary, unimaginable horror are the last words of that sentence: "For the term of his natural life!"

And now, my critical gentlemen of the "curate and tea-party novel," I suggest a dreadful doubt: Suppose—and I whisper it lest the idea escape into the world—Suppose it should ultimately happen that Nicholas Carter is a truer realist than you are?





Drawing by Ballentine after Corot. By permission of The International Studio

GOODYEAR

AKRON

THE MASTERPIECE

"It is in vain that we look for genius to reiterate its miracles in the old arts; it is its instinct to find beauty and holiness in new and necessary facts, in the field and roadside, in the shop and mill."
—Emerson, Essay on "Art."

THE Manufacturing Subordinate fingers the sheaf of shop records—cost sheets, materials estimates and so on—yet another time. Presently he speaks:

"Sir, there is no other way—we must cut the quality."

"You will keep the quality," sternly returns his Chief—"where it is. You will, if it is within the power you direct, improve it!"

"But—competition—"

"We are not here to meet competition."

* * *

The artist before his canvas, the writer above his phrase, the sculptor guiding his chisel—withdrawn, absorbed, sincere—marshaling brain and hand to the line, the thought, the form, that, for the moment alighted upon, has become the deputy of the world—toiling perhaps in ignorance of the existence of other pictures, other passages, other sculpture—intent upon that wondrous thing called the masterpiece—

They are not there to meet competition.

Pigment and canvas, pen and foolscap, mallet and block, rubber and cord—where is the difference?

Where—so long as the conceiving mind, the fashioning hand, the resulting accomplishment find common harmony in perfection.

—so long as the Masterpiece is born!

* * *

The composite character, skill and cumulative knowledge of the Goodyear institution have illustrious reproduction in the Goodyear Cord Tire.

In the lithe strength of its multiplied cords is wrought our conception of integrity.

In the quality of its substance is revealed our idea of sincerity.

It is the very capstone of our effort—the centerpoint of our aim.

There came a time when rising production costs, coupled with the action of competitors, forced a situation precisely like that indicated in the first paragraph of this advertisement.

That situation was met precisely as shown—without the slightest sacrifice to expediency.

The tire that had been born of lofty purpose and aspiring toil was continued in the same spirit.

Never intended to meet competition, but to transcend it—to stand out, conspicuous and compelling, in the eminence of its own superiority—it was held religiously to its original dimension.

It is the *best* tire we know how to build—irrespective of cost, method, makeup or any other condition.

It is the climactic expression of all that has been learned, evolved, dreamed of, in the productive history of the tire company foremost in the world in point of inventive achievement.

It is the tire carrying the pride and prestige of us all—designers, workmen, supervisors and executives.

Unmatched, imperial, unique in simple goodness—it is itself the summit of tire accomplishment.

It is the Masterpiece.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

CORD TIRES

LAVATORY

KITCHEN

LAUNDRY

BATHROOM

You'll know what Hot Water Service really is when you get a RUUD

With a Ruud connecting the gas and water pipes in your basement, you can shave and bathe in hot water to your heart's content, no matter what the hour of the day or night.

There is no waiting, no trouble of any kind. Just turn on the faucet—a tingling hot stream comes gushing forth like magic.

And every hot water faucet in the house responds just as quickly—just as hotly—when you own a Ruud. Hot water is waiting at the kitchen tap—for dishes, for cooking, for scrubbing. Down in the laundry, the faucets are ready to begin the day's work without a moment's delay.

RUUD AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

"Hot Water All Over the House"

With all its wonderful convenience, Ruud Hot Water Service is economical too. The Ruud Heater burns gas, except for a tiny amount in the pilot light, only when you are drawing hot water and then only enough to heat the exact quantity of water you use. It gives you continuous hot water service without the expense or trouble of keeping a fire going all the time.

The principle of the Ruud is simple. The flow of water when you open a faucet automatically turns on the gas in the heater. The gas ignites from a tiny pilot light and instantly heats the water as it passes through a copper heating coil.

A temperature regulator in the heater keeps the gas supply down to just what is needed, and so prevents any waste of fuel. Turning off the water shuts off the gas—until you want hot water again.

The initial expense of the Ruud Water Heater is moderate—extremely so when you consider that the one investment means instant hot water service added permanently to your household. The Ruud is of such durable construction that long life is assured. Many Ruud Heaters have been in service for 20 years.

The Ruud is made in sizes according to the number of faucets to be supplied. Any gas company, plumber, or gas appliance store can tell you what Ruud model will fit your house. Ask them for information. If you are near one of our branch offices, listed opposite, come in and see the Ruud for yourself.

Interesting Ruud Booklet Mailed Free

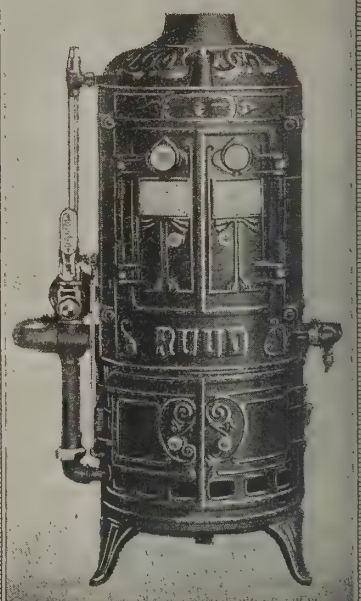
The Ruud booklet and descriptive matter, telling all about the Ruud Heater and Instant Hot Water Service, mailed free on request. Address either home office or branch nearest you.

Ruud Manufacturing Company

Department A Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Makers of Standardized Gas Water Heaters

Ruud Manufacturing Co. of Canada: 371 Adelaide St., W., Toronto



The Ruud Goes In the Basement; Answers the Turn of Every Hot Water Faucet In the House.

The Ruud Heater is a thoroughly tested and proved device. Over 100,000 are in use. Once you install a Ruud Heater, your hot water question is settled permanently. Consider this when you buy.

Get a RUUD

Not an Imitation

There are other water heating devices on the market which operate by the "turn the faucet" method. You may be offered one for a little less than the Ruud costs. But the sturdy construction of the Ruud and its exclusive gas-saving features make it far more economical and satisfactory. The Ruud in greater economy of gas alone soon makes up for the small difference in price. It is distinctly worth while to be sure that the water heater you get bears the name "Ruud."

See the Ruud at any one of these branch offices

ATLANTA
927 Grant Building
BALTIMORE
114 W. Lexington Street
BOSTON
10 Lincoln Street
BUFFALO
893 Main Street
CHICAGO
435 People's Gas Building
CINCINNATI
707 Elm Street
CLEVELAND
1854 Euclid Avenue
COLUMBUS
41 West Long Street
DALLAS
1501 Commerce Street
DETROIT
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MILWAUKEE
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NEW YORK
115 Broadway
NEW ORLEANS
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1938 Market Street
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144 East Sixth Street
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240 Erie Street
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THE QUEEN'S MISTAKE

By BOZEMAN BULGER

ILLUSTRATED BY T. RICHARDSON

J. WILBERT KNOPPS brushed into the office of the managing editor with what his æsthetic mind regarded as a just kick.

"Boss," he announced, "if I knew where I could get another job—mind you, I don't hold this against you—I'd walk right out of this office before I would do another one of those sycophantic praise notices for Old Man Siegfreund and his Hippolite. And that goes!"

The young dramatic critic plumped himself into a seat, lighted a cigarette, and threw the extinguished match across the room with a motion of thorough disgust.

"What's the idea, Knopps?" asked the directing head of the paper. "It doesn't hurt a dramatic critic to write an occasional boost, does it?"

"I don't know that it does," admitted Mr. Knopps; "but it's humiliating for a reviewer of standing to feel compelled to toady to a rube show like that. Occasionally, yes; but ——"

"The Hippolite does the biggest business in town," the M. E. reminded him. "A lot of people like that sort of thing."

"That has nothing to do with it," retorted the critic, though he might have thought differently had he caught the expression in the editor's eye as that dignitary toyed with a crested envelope, fresh from the morning mail.

"You know as well as I do, boss," Mr. Knopps went on with increasing indignation, "that the Hippolite production, with all its elaborate scenery and those nauseating vaudeville acts, interpolated for novelty, is patronized by out-of-towners almost exclusively. . . . Oh, I know, it's considered a magnificent spectacle, and all that; but it's a rube show just the same, and I'm sick of having to boost it. Now what is the idea?"

"You don't always get such definite orders from me."

"I know I don't; but, even if I do miss you, the hint comes from the office downstairs every time I start to a Hippolite opening."

"It might be advertising," suggested the editor, assuming an air of puzzled innocence.

The real answer he had in his hand, and knew it. He was well aware that Mr. Siegfreund and his Hippolite would never be boasted in the Morning Star.

"I guess that's right," agreed the critic, thinking of the advertising. "Old Siegfreund does give the paper a lot of business—more than it deserves, I suppose; but I was under the impression that you were running this end of the paper, independent of the office downstairs. You never stop me from blistering these other shows."

"No; and I won't. It is my policy to give you a free hand—except, possibly, the Hippolite; so you go right ahead and cut them to ribbons if you like. It's giving the town quite a laugh."

"Exactly," affirmed J. Wilbert. "That's what makes it humiliating for a man who has built up a following by satirical cynicism to have to write these commonplace, stupid boosts of an inartistic production built exclusively for rubes. If it's simply got to be done, send one of the ordinary reporters next time. It doesn't do me any good with my following, I tell you."

"All right; I'll think it over, Knopps," said the M. E. "You won't have to be bothered for a while anyway. The Hippodrome show, you know, always runs six months, good or bad. . . . Now will you wait outside for a few minutes? I must answer a couple of letters."

As the critic withdrew, nursing his wrath, the editor turned his attention to the letter that still lay in his hand, now somewhat crumpled, but with the well-known crest showing plainly on the envelope.

As the editor had suspected, it was a note filled with minute directions from the owner; also, a suggestion that ways and means be devised by which the Star could spread out and attract a new clientele.

This paper occupied a unique and very limited field in metropolitan journalism. It was born in the theatrical district and had learned to walk among stage people. Its appeal naturally was almost exclusively to people of a dramatic turn of mind. The Star had a reputation for being unduly smart and clever, but its circulation had never moved in leaps and bounds. Dividends were unknown in its business policy and financial backing was a constant problem.

Thus it had become the plaything of wealthy men with fads. No less than five millionaires had amused themselves by using the Star as a medium for ramming what they liked to call spiciness down the throats of a commonplace public.

The bit of spice that attracted attention under the present régime was the caustic, unbridled pen of J. Wilbert Knopps. To those who like to see the flesh of conscientious effort laid bare, and salt rubbed into the raw wound, young Mr. Knopps was par excellence.

As the editor thought of this in connection with his circulation problems it occurred to him that it really was a little unfair to make the critic boost those Hippolite shows; in fact, he knew no reason for it except that intimations of that nature had been made to him when he took the desk.

The editor himself was of the class that revels in iconoclastic writing. He dearly loved to carry clippings and repeat caustic lines with which his young star had singed the feathers of some stage favorite.

"I say, boss, are you through with those letters?" Mr. Knopps called out.

"It's all right; come on in," the editor answered.

"I've got the real notion this time," declared the critic with unusual enthusiasm. "I can not only get this sheet some more business but we can have a lot of fun."

"Now you are talking!" agreed the M. E. "What is it?"

"What's the matter with our spreading out and taking a pot shot at some of those little fellows occasionally?"

"I don't exactly understand."

"Take on vaudeville for one night a week," explained Knopps. "There's a world of material there for making funny cracks in my column. The Paladin, you know, is doing a big business over there with a bill of headliners. Their Monday-night opening is quite an event."

The Final Duel Almost Broke Up the Show

"I thought you didn't like vaudeville."

"I don't; and that is exactly the point. I've always had to boost those acts that get drafted to the Hippolite; but here is a chance to speak right out and say what I think of them. It would give us a new lot of readers. There are lots of people who go to vaudeville in this town—I confess I don't know why; but they do."

"And you propose to write a review of the Paladin bill every Monday night?"

"Sure! It would be a scream panning those little acts."

"But all of them might not be bad," suggested the editor.

"Certainly not; but we don't have to bother with the good ones. Leave that to the commonplace sheets. Our sport will come in potting the small fry. There's many a laugh there."

"Are you sure it would appeal to our class of readers? Is the Paladin patronized by the higher class of theatergoers?"

"Is it? Why, the press agent tells me that the daughters of Old Man Whipple, the millionaire, have not missed an opening in three months!"

"What do you know about Old Man Whipple?" asked the editor sharply, giving the critic a searching glance.

It had occurred to the boss that the young man might know more than he was pretending; but the critic's answer reassured him.

"Why, that old fellow is the biggest theatrical bug in New York!" he explained. "Thinks himself and his daughters kind of benevolent guardians of the whole show business. I've never seen them, but fellows round town tell me they are real stage angels. There is talk that Old Whipple has been putting up for a lot of that big scenery at the Hippolite."

"All right," the M. E. quickly decided. "Go to it, old fellow! Give us some real live stuff on vaudeville. We'll have this town talking."

J. Wilbert Knopps accepted his self-imposed assignment with genuine enthusiasm. He would be avenged on vaudeville—his pet aversion. He went out of the office mentally sharpening his already ruthless pen to a needle point.

He was a peculiar sort of genius—this Knopps. To him the dramatic stage was something at which to laugh; its people beings at which to sneer for the amusement of a certain class of restaurant companions—a coarser form of *dilettanti*—superficial critics of everything pertaining to art.

From early boyhood young Knopps had been familiar with the stage. Nothing was new to him. He had been a cynic from childhood. This knowledge came to him through the work of his father, who had been a playwright and a stage director of burlesque shows. The ideas out of which the elder Knopps had accumulated enough money to educate the son served merely as a playground for J. Wilbert's heartless wit. There could be no doubt of his ability to write; and but for a certain lack of poise, probably due to youth, he would have been a master. As Knopps left the office of the Morning Star that morning he had but one thought, and that was made very clear in his opening remark to a party of friends he found at luncheon.

"Fellows," Knopps announced gleefully, "if you've got any good lines slip them to me. I've got a chance to knock Broadway back on its haunches. I'm going to write a weekly review of those inane vaudeville acts at the Paladin!"

II

EARLY on a morning in October—which is to say, in theatrical circles, about eleven o'clock—D'Arcy & Devere, vaudeville song-and-dance team, proceeded, with great caution, to prepare breakfast at the expense of the landlady's gas. The register downstairs gave their names as Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Hare—their real names—and they had so registered with the understanding that no cooking was to be done in the rooms; this in view of the fact that Mrs. Trildea Buckingham, proprietress, served a morning meal for thirty-five cents.

It would be two weeks before their act opened at the Paladin, and D'Arcy & Devere deemed it wise to conserve their small change for more pressing needs, such as new props and Miss Devere's gowns. Besides, they had not used the gas the night before, which made everything even.

D'Arcy poked into a big traveling trunk and from the hatbox drew forth a miniature gas stove and a coffee pot. Ground coffee he kept in a rubber tobacco pouch, a very successful idea of his own invention, to keep it fresh. Dexterously he attached the stove to the gas jet by means of a rubber tube and set the pot on to boil. From her hand bag Miss Devere lifted a small paper bag containing two eggs and a couple of rolls. Going to the washstand she washed the eggs very carefully and then dropped them into the coffee pot. One of the rolls she stuck between the spout and the side of the pot and the other was wedged in alongside the handle.

This method of preparing a quick breakfast might shock the ordinary housekeeper, but there could be no question as to its efficiency. When the coffee came to the boiling point D'Arcy poured a small quantity of cold water into the pot to settle the grounds at the bottom and turned off the gas. Everything was ready. The eggs were medium-boiled and the rolls were hot.

In another corner of the trunk tray Miss Devere found two cups, two spoons, several lumps of sugar, and a five-cent can of evaporated milk. A grease-paint crock contained a small quantity of butter.

They had seated themselves at the little center table when the quick ears of Miss Devere detected a suspicious sound. In a jiffy D'Arcy had the stove disconnected and was about to dump the whole breakfast into the trunk tray when a warning finger from his wife stopped him. She had her ear to the door.

"Can't be Mrs. Buckingham," she half whispered. "It's somebody next door."

"Who's rooming in there?" asked D'Arcy, as both listened intently.

"Conners & Yvette, I think," she said. "They opened at the Paladin yesterday."

(Continued on Page 66)

$1460 F. o. b. Racine
7-Passenger — 48 Horsepower
127-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell SIXES

$1150 F. o. b. Racine
Mitchell Junior — a 40 h. p. Six
120-inch Wheelbase

Don't You Want Them?

These Extra Features—In the Car You'll Own?

The Mitchell differs from other cars in some hundreds of extra values. This year they include

31 extra features—
24 per cent added luxury—
100 per cent over-strength.

They are in the Mitchell because of John W. Bate. His ideals of a car require them. And his factory savings—due to efficiency—make them possible at Mitchell prices.

Let us briefly review them. Then judge for yourself if you want them in the car you buy to keep.

The Extra Strength

Above all stands the margin of safety in every vital part. That has been doubled in the past three years.

Mr. Bate demands 100 per cent over-strength. It is essential, he says, to a life-time car. It is ridiculed by some makers, just as they ridiculed his former standard of 50 per cent over-strength.

But the world's best automobile engineers are working toward this standard. It was so in Europe—in 1913—when Mr. Bate spent a full year among them. It is coming in America—very fast—among makers who don't stint cost.

In these days of high steel prices it means much added cost. It means some added weight. But to owners it means safety. It means low upkeep, small repairs. It means a car that keeps its newness, and that probably lasts a lifetime.

We give it in Mitchells for the future's sake. For a year or two a car might serve about as well without it. But in years to come men by tens of thousands will be advertising Mitchell endurance.

31 Distinct Extras

The Mitchell has 31 distinct features rarely found in cars, even at high prices. Go let the Mitchell dealer point them out to you.

A power tire pump, for instance. You know that you need it. Reversible headlights, which shower the engine, when needed, with a flood of light.

An easy control, a ball-bearing steering gear, a light in the tonneau, an engine primer at the driver's hand. An extra-cost carburetor, a locked compartment, never-broken springs.

Consider all of these 31 extras. They will cost us this year about $4,000,000. There isn't one you don't want on a car you buy to keep.

New Added Luxuries

Handsomer cars than the Mitchells of last year can hardly be hoped for, we think. But this year we have added 24 per cent to the cost of luxury. We have added what we save in our new body plant, where all Mitchell bodies are built.

Now our finish coats are fixed by heat in enormous ovens. This gives a deep, lasting luster. We have added 50 per cent to the cost of the upholstery. This means extra-grade leather and a new type of springs.

There are scores of new touches.

Every woman will delight in today's exquisite models. And every man will want them. Go and see.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

TWO SIZES

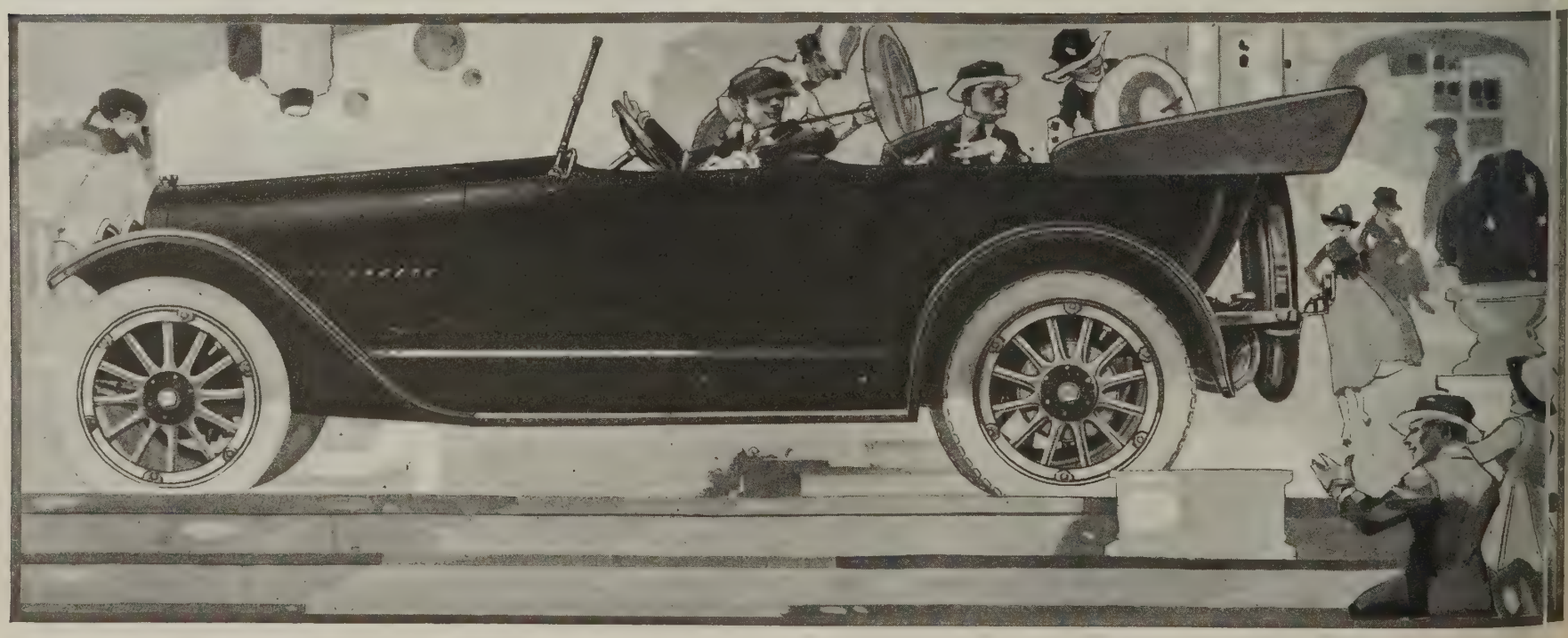
Mitchell —a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical, 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.



31 Extra Features
24% Added Luxury
100% Over-Strength

Mitchell SIXES

Two Sizes
$1150-$1460
F. o. b. Racine

Now at $1150, Too

For Those Who Prefer a 5-Passenger Car

We have made heretofore but one size in the Mitchell—our impressive 7-passenger model.

But some prefer a 5-passenger car. A 120-inch wheelbase makes such a car roomy. A 40-horsepower motor gives it power enough.

So this year we build Mitchell Junior. This is a Six without extra tonneau seats. It has more room and power than most cars of like type. But less than the larger Mitchell.

This is not a new model. Last year we put out 2500 to feel out the demand. It is simply our standard car now built in two sizes, to meet every buyer's idea.

New Body Styles

The Mitchell line, of course, includes all types of bodies. But the designs are exclusive—made for Mitchells only. And the bodies are built in our new body plant.

One attractive new design is the Mitchell Club Roadster—a roadster that seats five.

Another is our new-type Convertible Sedan. Cars of this type, for winter and summer, have attained a remarkable vogue. In summer they mean clean touring, and protection from sudden storms. In winter a luxurious closed car. See the Mitchell design—it's unique.

Mitchell Advantages Due to John W. Bate

The ways in which Mitchell excels every rival are all due to John W. Bate. For 14 years this great efficiency engineer has devoted all his time to the Mitchell.

This model factory, covering 45 acres, was built under his direction. Its thousands of machines are all adapted to build this one car economically. Our factory cost has been cut in two under these Bate methods.

No car like the Mitchell, equipped like the Mitchell, has ever been built elsewhere. Such a car at this price would be utterly impossible under ordinary factory conditions.

Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

Unique Standards

This saving makes possible the extreme Mitchell standards, on which Mr. Bate insists. Over 440 parts are built of toughened steel. Important parts are all built oversize. Parts which get a major strain are built of Chrome-Vanadium. Steel in Mitchells costs as high as 15 cents per pound.

Two Bate-built Mitchells that we know of have already exceeded 200,000 miles apiece—over 40 years of ordinary service.

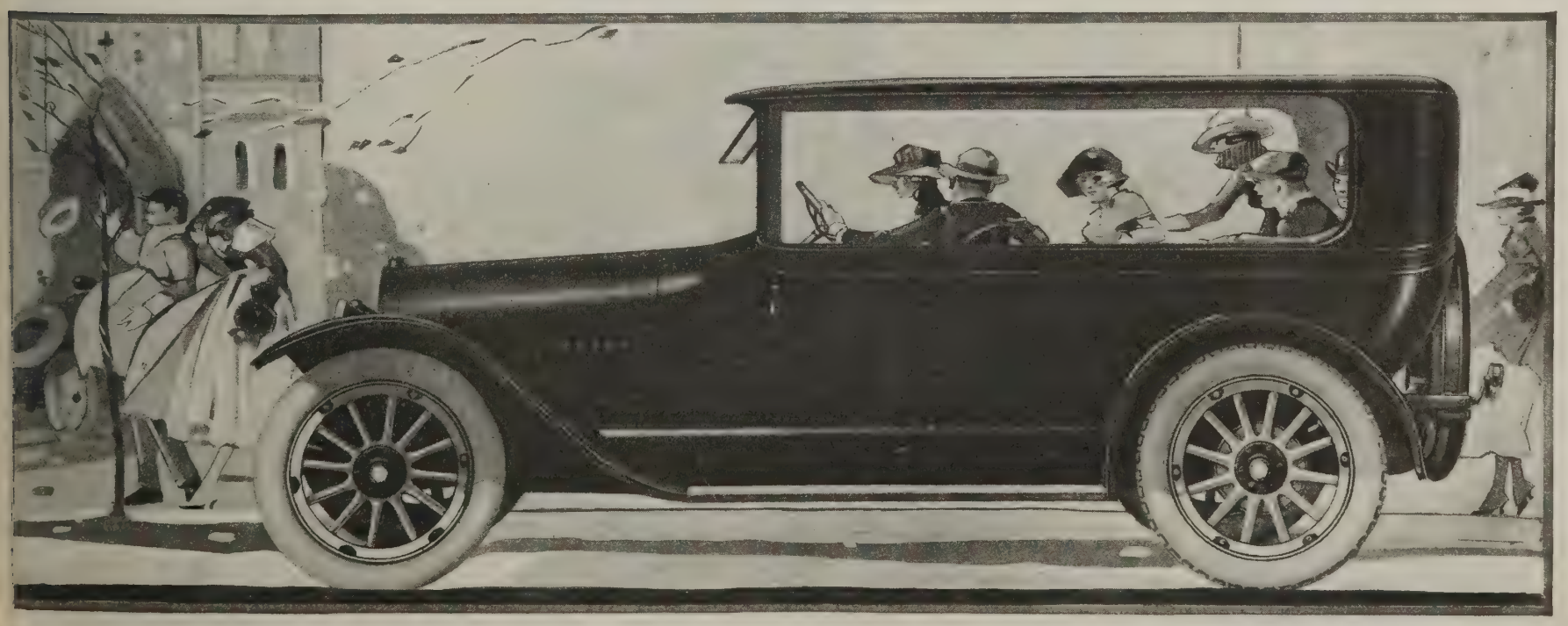
Let us cite one example—the Bate cantilever springs. You know how often springs break under shocks. But not one Bate cantilever spring ever yet has broken. They have been used for two years, on tens of thousands of cars, under every road condition. Never one leaf has broken.

In every hidden part of Mitchell's those same Bate standards exist.

These factors should outweigh all others in choosing a motor car. Other cars may seem equally attractive. Some makers, perhaps, attain equal endurance. But no other fine car gives so much for the money. And no other car embodies so many of the Mitchell extras.

This is to urge that you prove those facts. You can't afford to overlook them when you buy a car to keep.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



(Continued from Page 63)

"Oh, I guess it's all right," declared D'Arcy, returning to his coffee.

"I'm not so sure," Miss Devere was about to say, when there came a startling rap on the door.

"Oh, let her catch us," D'Arcy decided. "I'm not going to stop now."

Meantime the wife had resumed her listening at the door before turning the key.

"Why, it's somebody crying!" she said, and turned the knob.

As the visitor looked into the face of her friend she burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"Why, Bonnie Yvette, whatever is the matter?" cried the sympathetic little Mrs. O'Hare, putting her arm round the girl and drawing her inside.

Behind Yvette stood Buck Conners, her husband.

"I've been telling her not to worry about that crook of a critic, Trixie," the husband half whispered to Miss Devere. "But somehow I can't stop her from crying. . . . See if you can calm her down."

"This Knopps, Knocks, or whatever is his name," wailed the distressed Yvette, "has ruined our act. And—and," she almost screamed, "we had twenty weeks ahead of us at good money!"

"Just take a look at this paper," added Conners, handing a copy of the Morning Star to D'Arcy. "Ain't it awful?"

"Never mind, dearie; never mind," consoled Miss Devere, forcing the young woman to sit beside her on the bed. "The Booking Office don't pay no attention to that stuff. . . . Where's the kid?" she was suddenly reminded.

"The boy's out in the country," Conners informed her. "We've got him in school out at the place where we're aiming to live next summer."

"But we won't live there now," wept Yvette. "Hadn't you heard about our house?" she asked. . . . "Oh, I wish I was a man! I'd kill that Knopps. . . . Yes, I would; and don't you say I wouldn't," she said in response to her husband's deprecating look. "I'd kill him, I tell you! Our act was going good—everybody liked it. But him—that hyena! . . . I wonder if a man like that ever had a mother, a sister or a wife! I'll bet he never saw a baby in his life."

"Look at it! Look at it, and see for yourself," added Conners, indicating the review in the Morning Star. And he handed D'Arcy the paper.

"Yes, read it, Mr. D'Arcy. Read it aloud. You can't hurt my feelings any more. I want to show Trixie just what all of us show folks are up against."

D'Arcy rapidly glanced down the column, but did not read aloud until he came to this:

"A good movie house that runs four or five shows a day could take this act and make a lot of money. They could put Conners & Yvette on every hour and clean out the house in ten minutes, making it easy to start another performance with a brand-new audience. There are great possibilities here."

D'Arcy stopped. The four sat looking at one another, silent. It was too embarrassing for discussion.

"It's too bad!" finally remarked D'Arcy, unable to think of anything consoling. "That Knopps is a no-good guy—that's all!"

"But tell us about the house," Miss Devere inquired, in an endeavor to divert her friend's mind. "It must be lovely!"

"We've got it half paid for now," Yvette told her; "and this twenty weeks would have given us a home. It's a shame! And you know, Trixie, how hard we've tried."

"Well, we hadn't got so far as a house," said Miss Devere; "but Connie and I had our minds on a car—a flivver, you know. No regular car. Wouldn't it be great if we could drive out and visit you?"

"There's a lot of other vaudeville people going to have a hard summer," observed Buck Conners irrelevantly. "And, mind you, them agents have been stalling us with talk about getting by at the Paladin, so that future booking would be a cinch. Can you beat it?"

"This Knopps, I reckon, never boosts anything," remarked D'Arcy.

"The only thing that's got by for him in six months," Conners informed him, "was one of them little dramatic acts. He ain't got sense enough to know that a theater's got to have acts in one. Like the rest of them fool critics, he thinks there ain't nothing but the drammer." This launched a discussion of current attractions, and by degrees Yvette's eyes dried.

"Oh, say, Bonnie," Miss Devere was suddenly reminded, "I want to show you my new gowns for the opening."

That, for the moment, eliminated J. Wilbert Knopps. It also eliminated the two husbands. Conners and D'Arcy thought it a good idea to walk round to the Booking Offices.

III

DION D'ARCY, alias Cornelius O'Hare, returned to the boarding house of Mrs. Trildea Buckingham aglow with new ambition. A great big thought had hit him squarely between his Irish eyes.

"Trix," he announced, "you might as well roll up them short fancy dresses and put 'em in storage."

"What d'you mean, Connie?" she asked in alarm. "We ain't canceled?"

For several hours she had brooded over the fact that she and D'Arcy had the same kind of act as Conners & Yvette.

"No; 'tain't that," D'Arcy explained. "But to go ahead with our old knockabout act would amount to the same thing. We've got to pull something new, and I've got the big idea."

"But we are booked to do the old one," she reminded him. "We can't change it without notice, can we?"

"Sure we can! I just saw the agent, and he says we are booked as D'Arcy & Devere, and that's all. We can put on any kind of act we want to. If it don't go good they can cancel us then; but not before. Anyway, we can't lose anything by a shift. Look at what's happened to Conners & Yvette! They haven't got a thing after next week."

"I can see that my old boy's been doing some thinking. What is it, Connie?"

Devere was profoundly proud of her big giant of a husband and gloried in any opportunity to praise him.

"Trix," he asked importantly, "do you remember the time you recited Gunga Din at the benefit?" She nodded. "Well," he proceeded, "you know I told you right then and there that you had the old dramatic instinct and that you ought to have been a Maude Adams, didn't I?"

"Yes," she admitted with modesty; "but I thought you might be kidding, dear."

"Well, I wasn't. Now you know that I've got the build and the looks for a heavy, don't you?"

Again she nodded, looking at her husband with growing admiration.

"You could be anything, Connie!"

"There ain't a reason in the world," he went on, "why I couldn't do a heavy-hero stunt just as well as Bill Farnum. I've had fellows tell me I looked like him, at that." He squared off his shoulders so as to give his figure an appraisal in the mirror.

"But, honey, where are we going to get the material?" inquired Devere, at all times practical.

"I'm going to write it!" he declared, and paused for dramatic effect. "Just wait a minute," he added, in answer to her look of astonished wonderment. "You remember Modjeska, don't you?"

"You know I'm not old enough for that, Connie."

"Well, I do. Anyway, you've read about how she played Mary Queen of Scots?"

"Mary was the Queen that had so many lovers, wasn't she? The one that finally got her head cut off?"

"You got it, Trix; and you're just the gal who can play her. I got it all doped out. I was a kid sceneshifter in them old Modjeska days at the Lyceum, and I'm wise to every trick she ever had."

"Me play a Queen!" Mrs. Cornelius O'Hare blushed at the implied compliment.

"Well, you are a Queen, ain't you? You are to me, anyhow. I know you can get away with it. All of 'em was timid at the start. Julia Marlowe done it; and in looks you got her beat four ways from the ace."

"It's wonderful, Connie!" gurgled Miss Devere. "The bigness of it makes me tremble. I knew you had it in you to do something great. Hurry up and tell me the rest, dear!"

"To begin with, Trix," D'Arcy elucidated as he reached for pencil and paper, "mistaken identity is the backbone of all good farces, and the same thing goes for drammer. You know that, don't you?" She nodded. "Now listen," he went on: "This Mary Queen of Scots had all kinds of lovers—the biggest string in history, so far as I have read. I think she was also nearsighted."

"Are you sure about that, Connie?" the wife asked timorously.

"Not exactly; but I've got to have her nearsighted so as to plant the kick in this plot. Anyway, there ain't a boob in that Paladin audience who will know the difference."

"This J. Wilbert Knopps might know," she suggested.

"That's where I'll get him," he said with enthusiasm. "He'll think that maybe he's skipped a few facts in his reading and will give us credit for pulling something new.

"Anyway, the Queen has got to be nearsighted, and that's settled. Now follow this closely: I'm going to be one of the lovers. I'll come on when you, playing Mary, are busy with some embroidery or something. I'll pass out some salve about how good you are looking in your new crown, which is just the kind of stuff that Queen Mary always fell for. Now, Trixie, you know that I kn women, don't you?" he asked impressive and Devere nodded. "Well, I'll st about ten feet away from your throne; you, being nearsighted, will mistake me one of the other lovers with whom M has been getting a little too confiden about government matters. Get it?"

"Yes; but ——"

"No buts about it. You'll open up talk freely to me about what you said to other lover guy the night before. In t way Mary will expose the secrets of st . . . Don't it work out nifty? . . . Wh I've got the suspense established just ri I'll work closer, and she'll discover her rible mistake—a cinch for a big dram scene! Then she'll beg me not to tell. S get down on her knees and do the big e tional stuff—a fat part for you. Can imagine what a knockout scene it will with a Queen, wearing a crown on her h on her knees begging me to be mercifu let up?"

"Why, it's marvelous!" exclaimed trusting little woman. "And then?"

"I'll finally tell her that, deceived have been, I'm no blackmailer. . . . see, I've got to keep the sympathy of audience. . . . All I will ask is that keep a little love in her queenly heart me, and that my only reward shall be privilege of being put in charge of an which will go out and lick her enemies. also promise to catch that Queen Elizab or whatever her name is, and bring he alive. She was Mary's rival, you kn

"To save my life, honey, I can't see you remember all that history!"

"Oh, I know a lot of stuff," he explai with a weak attempt at modesty, "th never spout round these ham actors."

"That should be a beautiful act—a classic, Connie," agreed Trixie. "An can do it without the use of a single stage prop."

"I don't know yet," D'Arcy told "I may put in a duel at the finish. It m be good stuff for me to have one of t court spies come in and catch me ma love to the Queen. I could challenge to a duel and fight him right there o stage, with the Queen rooting for me to w

"Oh, glorious! . . . But what ki costumes do we wear?"

"That's a matter of detail. I want to go up to the library to-morrow and book on it. It's a cinch, though, that y have to wear some kind of a long p gown, and a neat little gold crown on head. I know where you can get those for me, I think I'll have to wear one of layouts with the tights and the big boots that get all wrinkled and fall d Also, a big wide hat and one of them jackets that button tight round chest and then flare out at the w But you look it up. You can be at ing to that while I'm doing the writ

Mrs. Cornelius O'Hare walked over and gave her husband a hug kiss. He had grown much in her es tion.

"If they like this act, Trix," D' reminded her, "we'll have that fl bought in six weeks. . . . They ways hollering for something new that Booking Office, and we are goi give it to them right hot off the grid

"Don't forget, dear," cautioned T "to see that your name gets on the gram as author. By the way, h what are we going to call it?"

"That's easy," he replied, s wisely. "The Queen's Mistake. K a cinch, eh?"

She thought it was.

Conners & Yvette dropped in over their troubles again, but D'A Devere said not a word about thei pendous project. Nobody should of this, D'Arcy had decreed, until Broadway out of a clear sky.

In the mind of the author there be no doubt of success. The n alone would carry it. No actor doubted his own ability to act D'Arcy & Devere were actors.

By noon the next day Author D'Arcy was well along with his hist one-act play. Miss Devere, lest she disturb the great mental concentr moved about the room on tiptoes.

"Say, Trix," said the author, lo up after an hour of steady writing, got a bird of a laugh that I could here."

"But don't forget, Connie, that drama—not comedy," she suggest

(Continued on Page 69)

"There Ain't a Reason in the World Why I Couldn't Do a Heavy-Hero Stunt Just as Well as Bill Farnum"

MAXWELL ONE-TON CHASSIS

$795

F. O. B. FACTORY

BRIEF DESCRIPTION Four-cylinder engine, cast in block, powerful and economical; three-speed transmission; gears made of heat-treated alloy steel. Worm drive, using Timken-David Brown worm and gear embodied in rear axle. Axles of heavy construction with Timken roller bearings throughout. Frame of pressed steel with heavy cross members. Extra long springs made of special spring steel. Sturdy wood wheels with steel rims. Two sets of brakes acting on rear wheels. Heat-treated alloy steels used in all vital parts, providing a margin of strength and durability adequate to insure good service and long life. Remarkable economy in fuel consumption, tire expense and maintenance cost is assured.

The regular chassis equipment (as illustrated above) includes seat; front fenders; solid tires, 32 x 3 inches front and 32 x 4 inches rear; electric headlights and tail light; electric horn; generator and storage battery of 80-ampere-hour capacity; full set of tools. 33 x 4½-inch pneumatic tires with demountable rims on all four wheels, $30.00 extra.

THE new Maxwell One-Ton Truck, here announced, is the first truck to be built in the great volume necessary to make a low price possible.

This truck has been in the processes of development for two years. During that time we experimented, tested, made changes and finally drove the finished product over 30,000 miles of city and country roads.

We know, therefore, that the Maxwell Truck is mature, efficient, exceedingly sturdy—and in every other way fit to bear the Maxwell name.

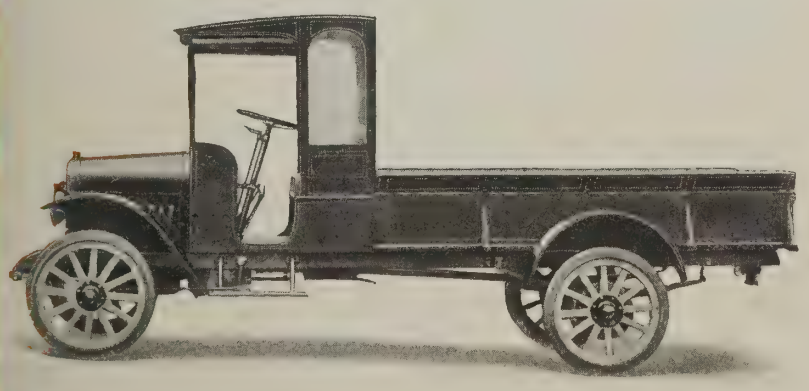
Timken-David Brown Worm and Gear is used for final drive. Worm drive has the advantages of smoothness and silence in operation. Moreover, this drive, through greatly reduced friction, transmits the motor power with maximum economy.

Through our nation-wide dealer organization covering 3,000 cities and towns, we are able to render a service to truck owners that is absolutely without parallel in the motor truck industry.

Alert dealers in towns where we are not represented should consider the tremendous market for this low-priced Maxwell Truck. Business concerns, large and small, and of every description, can operate these trucks with better results and at less expense than any other form of equipment.

For these reasons, and others too numerous to cite within this space, the Maxwell One-Ton Truck will fill a long existing and immense field.

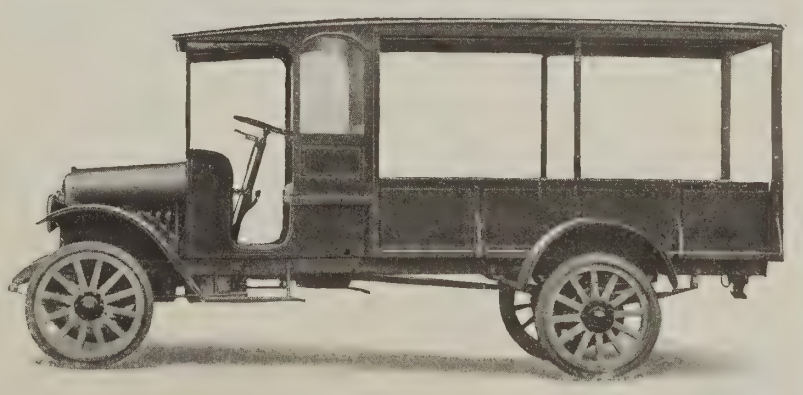
Consequently, it presents a literally golden opportunity in open territory for dealers of the right sort. To these we will be glad to send our proposition and printed matter on request.



Chassis and Box Body with Cab and Windshield

$850

F.O.B. FACTORY



Chassis and Express Body with Integral Cab, Side Curtains and Windshield

$890

F.O.B. FACTORY

Maxwell Motor Co. Inc. Detroit, Mich.

The Slip-Shod Driver

Help Us Focus the Condemning Light of Public Opinion o
THE SLIP-SHOD DRIVER—*The Greatest Enemy of Motorin*

The *slip*-shod driver is one who leaves tire chains in the locker when careful drivers put them on their wheels. Driving with chainless tires over wet-slippery-skiddy streets he gambles with the lives and property of everyone in his path.

Only two things can reach the *slip*-shod driver —fear of the law and the mightier power of public opinion. So, we ask you to help us arouse and concentrate a public opinion that will compel the *slip*-shod driver to use intelligence and judgment that will safeguard all of us against all preventable accidents.

Concentrate your light of condemnation on every driver who cuts corners; who does not signal when stopping or turning; who does not give a warning signal of his approach; who exceeds a safe speed limit; who does not inspect his brakes and steering gear; and who does not stop to put on tire chains at the first indication of wet-slippery-skiddy streets.

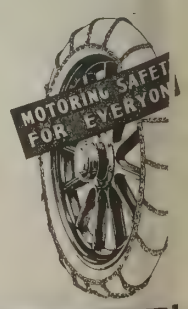
Help Us Insure Motoring Safety for Everyone.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Incorporated

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF WEED CHAINS

Bridgeport, A·C·C Connecticut

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario.



The above advertisement was suggested by a car owner who has the best interests of motoring at heart. Please show it to all slip-shod drivers you meet and ask them to spread its doctrines to others in their class. Help forge an endless chain campaign to insure motoring safety for everyone.

(Continued from Page 66)

"You're probably right, at that," he agreed, biting on his pencil and looking at the ceiling thoughtfully. "But wouldn't this be a scream? Listen: I've got the lover strolling in and saying: 'Well, how's the girl? What've you got to say for yourself? How's everything, anyway?' You know—that pleasant stuff. Well, after doing a little business with the embroidery the Queen'll look up and come back with: 'Oh, so-so!' Get it? 'Sew-sew!'"

This brought on a prolonged argument, Miss Devere insisting that the remark, even if it did bring a big laugh, was too undignified for a Queen. And her argument bore weight, because she was to be the Queen.

With great reluctance, Dion D'Arcy consented to leave it out—for the first performance, anyway. If things broke right he might slip it in later. The author was inordinately fond of that line.

IV

THE head property man at the Paladin scanned the prop list and scene plot with an ugly frown. He thought himself the victim of a practical joke.

"Say, Lawler," he called to the stage manager, "did you see this—this scene plot for D'Arcy & Devere?"

"It's in one, isn't it? Same old stuff?"

"That just shows you ought to take a look at your own business before slipping it to me. Get this!"

The prop man handed the two slips to the stage manager, who had passed them over without even slitting the envelope.

"They must be kidding," he decided, after a glance down the typewritten sheet.

Dion D'Arcy had called for "Full stage, old English setting; large royal chairs, heavy hangings, and colonnade back drop." Among the other props he called for "Metal suit of mail and armor, to stand in corner of room," noting in pencil that he had often seen one, backstage, at the Paladin. His idea for this was to give a better atmosphere.

"Send out front and get the billing," the stage manager suggested, "and see what these hicks are trying to pull. Must be some kind of a josh!"

But both prop man and stage manager were wrong. The copy for the outside billing read:

D'ARCY & DEVERE

SURPASSING ARTISTS IN NEW OFFERING

FIRST TIME ON BROADWAY

For the program the copy was a little more enlightening. It announced:

"Dion D'Arcy and Delhi Devere, dramatic artists, in The Queen's Mistake, a one-act play of historical interest, by Dion D'Arcy. Staged and directed by the Author."

The prop man and the stage manager looked at each other and—and laughed. Having the interest of the house at heart, and possessing a keen sense of humor, the S. M. betook himself to the office of the press agent for fear that dignitary had overlooked a bet. But he hadn't. Not only that, but he was on the point that very moment of mailing two seats to J. Wilbert Knopps, of the Morning Star.

"Give 'em the best setting you've got in the shop," the press agent urged the stage manager, "and let's see 'em work. This ought to be good."

Thus it happened that when the stage was all set for the matinée performance of The Queen's Mistake Miss Devere peeped through the drop curtain while a song-and-dance team was working "in one" and saw the hard, stony face of J. Wilbert Knopps for the first time. He was seated in the second row.

Performers coming backstage after their turns had reported no change in J. Wilbert's face since the curtain went up on a juggler's act, which opened the show. Not a semblance of interest or a smile had moved those hard, cynical features.

"Ole Sober Sue out there wouldn't smile," declared a star monologuist, over his shoulder, as he took two legitimate bows—and then "stole" another—"if the Statue of Liberty should hit William Penn over the head with a bladder."

Just the same, Mr. Knopps was awaiting The Queen's Mistake with unusual interest. The wording of D'Arcy & Devere's act on the program had roused his curiosity. In it there was a suggestion of something thoughtful, artistic.

Finally the boy hung out the card. The curtain rose slowly to the music of Hearts and Flowers, and even J. Wilbert Knopps could not repress an amused twinkle. Mary, Queen of Scots, was disclosed seated in a huge armchair, industriously plying an embroidery needle on what appeared to be the cover of a sofa pillow. On her head was perched a gilded crown, made of cardboard. Through the carelessness of haste, Miss Devere had permitted the black thread that held this coronet in the back to hang down across her white neck and shoulder. Knopps very carefully noted that fact in his memorandum book.

The ridiculousness of this picture, seriously intended as it was, had just started a smile on the critic's lips when the soulful music died down for the entrance of Dion D'Arcy, attired in the swashbuckling costume of a Scottish knight. At his side

"Say, Trix, I've Got a Bird of a Laugh That I Could Slip in Here"

clanked a sword that frequently got caught in the wrinkles of his big boots.

"Good morning, Mary!" was his first line. "How's the girl?"

"Oh, Gerald!" she replied, startled. "Why don't you come nearer? My poor myopic eyes!" D'Arcy had found in a dictionary that myopic was the highbrow word for "nearsighted," and insisted that it should go in. "My poor myopic eyes," she repeated for emphasis, "deny me the pleasure of seeing your handsome features."

"You should wear spectacles, milady," advised the knight.

"What? And ruin my looks for those who have learned to love me!"

Even though this had thoroughly "planted" the plot, it was too much for the stony features of Knopps, the critic. Knopps, at last, had found something at which to laugh. As the scene proceeded he actually guffawed.

Line by line D'Arcy's serious drama unfolded; and, as it did, the whole Paladin audience rocked with laughter. One young woman, in particular, got the giggles, the most disastrous calamity that can befall any act. As the performance continued, the rest of the audience, led by the giggling patroness, actually screamed. Men and women held their sides, while tears streaked down their cheeks.

The Queen's emotional plea and the final duel, which D'Arcy had insisted on putting in at the last moment, almost broke up the show. Spectators stood up and yelled. The giggling young woman was taken out, in hysterics.

There was no doubt that D'Arcy & Devere had knocked Broadway theatergoers out of their seats. But they did not appreciate their enormous hit. With sinking hearts, the ambitious couple had struggled through the historical drama, until at the finish the humiliated Miss Devere was on the point of swooning.

Without asking or awaiting a word of information as to the verdict of the house authorities on the success of their opening, the mortified Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Hare sneaked out of the stage entrance half an hour later and went wearily to their rooms at the boarding house of Mrs. Trildea Buckingham. The triumphal homecoming had not materialized.

They reached their room and, after locking the door, Miss Devere threw herself on the bed in a violent fit of weeping.

"Connie," she whimpered, as he tried to comfort her, "they were laughing at us—laughing at us, I tell you!"

The distressed husband sat there for several minutes looking at his wife, his brows knitted. His conceit, enormous as it was, had been dealt a heavy blow. But, he mused, it was not knocked out. He would yet find a way.

"Never mind, little girl," he soothed. "I've got 'em where I want 'em now. Your old Connie knows what he's doing."

The more sophisticated audience at the night performance found The Queen's Mistake even funnier than did the matinéegoers. At this performance D'Arcy put in his beloved "Sew-sew" line, and it was with difficulty that the patrons held their seats.

The house manager came round at the end of the performance and informed the two artists that they had knocked Broadway flat on its back.

"That's the funniest cheese drama I ever saw in my life," he admitted; and an admission like that from a house manager would be a fortune to some performers. "I tell you it's a knock-out!" He added: "I knew you had it in you to do something big, D'Arcy. The only thing I fear now is that they will be grabbing off this act for the Hippolite."

"Well," said D'Arcy noncommittally, "I done the best I could."

The next morning Mrs. Trildea Buckingham served breakfast to D'Arcy & Devere in their room. This was unusual, but circumstances appeared to warrant it.

"I want to give you a chance to read the papers without being disturbed," she explained to Miss Devere, who was red-eyed from weeping. "The whole house is talking about the way you put over that act, and I know you would be sick of being stared at."

After leaving a copy of the Morning Star, Trildea retired.

J. Wilbert Knopps had devoted exactly one column to The Queen's Mistake. No other act on the bill was mentioned. He wrote in that superb sarcastic style which conveyed to the unsophisticated that he had never suspected D'Arcy & Devere of being serious. The performance he declared, with a rapierlike thrust, to be the most artistic bit of tomfoolery and the funniest thing that had ever hit Broadway. It was a subtle, cruel cut at heartstrings. He described in detail the performance, the stage setting and the costumes, even to Miss Devere's cardboard coronet with the black thread hanging down her neck.

Again Miss Devere burst into tears.

"Now listen, Trixie," said D'Arcy, his courage and conceit returning: "This guy thinks he's getting away with something, but he ain't kidding me. You know I had a comedy notion in this thing all the time. I could sense them laughs. Don't you think I knew something when I put in that 'Sew-sew'? Why, I ——"

"Sh-h-h!" warned the wife. "You are talking too loud."

As his voice suddenly died down they heard a distinct titter and a coarse mocking guffaw in the adjoining room.

"There's troupers in there," said Devere; and, with all her mortification returned, she lay on the bed and wept pitifully.

"We ain't licked yet, honey," declared the author; but in his voice there was something that failed to carry the weight of conviction. "Just give us another day or two to break this thing in good, and ——"

He was interrupted by a rap on the door.

"Mr. D'Arcy," called Mrs. Buckingham's maid-of-all-work. "A Mr. Siegfreund wants you on the phone."

V

TO THOSE with highly cultivated appetites for subtle humor the Morning Star's review of The Queen's Mistake made a strong appeal. Even the managing editor enjoyed it, all the time congratulating himself on having spread the dramatic columns so as to take in vaudeville.

But there came an awakening. The editor gradually discovered that there still remained a class of people who appeared to

(Concluded on Page 72)

Hospitality

All that the olden days had to offer of genial, home-like comforts is yours with today's efficiency at "Chicago's Finest Hotel"—

Hotel La Salle

Here is combined the modern idea of service in its highest degree with the fine "old-school" ideals that made the Inn a place of welcome and restful ease. The convenient location gives you ready access to all Chicago offers.

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO
Ernest J. Stevens, *Vice-Pres. and Mgr.*

The Only Hotel in Chicago Maintaining Floor Clerks and Individual Service on Every Floor

HOTEL LA SALLE

The New Oliver Nine

How We Will Save American Business Millions of Dollars

The New Plans of The Oliver Typewriter Company

This is a proposal to sell new Oliver Typewriters for half what they used to cost. New machines of our latest model—Oliver Nine. That without altering the value one penny. All by ending a monstrous selling cost. If that interests you, we claim a few minutes' attention.

WE now propose to revolutionize the typewriter business.

This is the time when American industries must prepare for the end of the war. New economic adjustments are inevitable.

So we announce here what the Oliver Typewriter Company proposes to do.

Henceforth there will be no expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents. No high office rents in 50 cities. No idle stocks.

PRICES CUT IN TWO

By eliminating these terrific and mounting expenses, we will reduce the price of the Oliver Nine from the standard level of $100 to $49.

This means that you will save $51 per machine. This plan, were it to become universal, would save all who buy typewriters over $100,000,000 a year.

This is not philanthropy on our part. While our plan saves *you* much, it also saves for *us*.

There is nothing more wasteful in the whole realm of business than our old ways of selling typewriters. Who wants to continue them? Wouldn't you rather pocket 50 per cent for yourself?

THE SITUATION

On each Oliver typewriter for which the user paid $100, more than half has been spent for salaries, traveling expenses, and commissions to an army of salesmen and agents.

Thousands of dollars have been spent in maintaining expensive branch houses and show rooms in many cities.

Our new plan now saves all this useless waste and brings the typewriter business down to a rock bottom basis.

NEW CONDITIONS

Up to now it has cost manufacturers a great deal to educate people to universal typewriting. But that period is past. Large, expensive sales forces are no longer needed.

The time has come when everybody may use a typewriter—not merely experts.

The growth of the Oliver business and the greater use of typewriters give us the opportunity to revolt from old methods.

BUSINESS MUST HEED

You have read of after-war industrial conditions. You have probably read the warnings of such men as Judge Gary of the U. S. Steel Corporation and President Vanderlip of the National City Bank, that American business must reach new planes of efficiency.

The Oliver Typewriter Company is more prosperous today than ever before—the present Oliver Nine is the most popular model ever made. So we propose to make this change at the height of our success.

Our new plan, we know, will win. People are prepared for new economic adjustments. Thousands will welcome this announcement. It heralds a standard typewriter at a price never before possible.

WHO CAN RESIST?

Now note this fact carefully. We offer the very same Oliver Nine—the latest model—brand new—full standard equipment—for $49, the exact one which was $100 until this advertisement. Every Oliver Typewriter is fully guaranteed.

This is the first time in history that a new, standard $100 typewriter has been offered for $49. We do not offer a substitute machine—cheaper, different, or rebuilt. Only new Oliver Nines, direct from the factory to you.

You may have one of these Oliver Nines for inspection without paying a cent. You decide in the privacy of your office or your home. There will be no forceful salesman—working for a commission—to influence you.

Then you may take advantage of our monthly payment plan amounting to 10 cents a day.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

Now we ask you, is the old sales plan necessary? Must we turn over to salesmen more than half of what you pay? Must we continue, at your cost, all of the unnecessary expenses? Or would you rather have us save $51 and give the whole saving to you?

Read all of the details on the opposite page. Then order an Oliver Nine for free trial or send for our startling book, entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy." Mail the coupon.

Oliver Features—Many Exclusive

One-third lighter touch because type bars drop downward. Speed 50 per cent faster than human hands; every machine is tested at 800 strokes per minute. Permanent alignment insured by arch-shaped type bars. Built for hardest usage. Famed for dependability. Printype—if you prefer—the clear, readable type that writes like print. Interchangeable carriages—make several machines in one. The clearness, readability and number of Oliver carbons is beyond comparison. Double color ribbon. In-built tabulator. Ruler—horizontal and vertical. Simplified construction—2000 fewer parts. Bronze bearings. No hair springs nor flimsy wires. Built of fine tool steel.

Famous the World Over

Was $100—Now $49

A $2,000,000 Guarantee That This $49 Typewriter Was $100

The Sales Policy Alone Is Changed—Not the Machine

The Oliver Nine—the latest and best model—will be sent direct from the factory to you upon approval. Five days free trial. No money down—no C. O. D. No salesmen to influence you. Be your own salesman and save $51. Over a year to pay. Mail the coupon now.

THE Oliver Typewriter Company gives this guarantee; the Oliver Nine we now sell direct is the exact machine—our latest and best model—which until this advertisement was $100.

This announcement deals only with a change in sales policy.

The Oliver Typewriter Company is at the height of its success. With its huge financial resources it has determined to place the typewriter industry on a different basis. This, you admit, is in harmony with the economic trend of the times.

For $49, whether you buy *one* Oliver Nine or one *hundred*, you receive the exact machine which was $100, fully guaranteed.

THE LATEST MODEL

This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model that we have ever built.

More than that, it is the best typewriter, in fifty ways, that anybody ever turned out. If any typewriter in the world is worth $100, it is this Oliver Nine.

It is the same commercial machine purchased by the United States Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company, the National City Bank of New York, Montgomery Ward & Co., the National Biscuit Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad and other leading businesses. Over 600,000 are in daily use.

SIMPLIFIED SELLING

Our new plan is extremely simple. It is in accord with the tendency of the times.

It makes it possible for the consumer to deal direct with the producer.

You may order from this advertisement by using the coupon below.

We don't ask a penny down on deposit—no C. O. D.

When the typewriter arrives, put it to every test—use it as you would your own. If you decide to keep it, you have more than a year to pay for it. Our terms are $3.00 per month.

Or if you wish additional information, write us or send your address on this coupon for our proposition in detail. We immediately mail you our de luxe catalog and all information which you would otherwise obtain from a typewriter salesman.

10 CENTS A DAY

In making our terms of $3.00 a month—the equivalent of 10 cents a day—we make it possible for everyone to own a typewriter. To own it for 50 per cent less than it has cost heretofore.

Regardless of price, do not spend one cent upon any typewriter—whether new, second hand or rebuilt—do not even rent a machine until you have investigated thoroughly our proposition.

Remember, we offer here one of the most durable, one of the greatest, one of the most successful typewriters ever built. If anyone ever builds a better, it will be Oliver.

WHY PAY $100?

Why not pay only $49 and obtain a brand new Oliver Nine—a world favorite?

Why not accept—at least—our five days' free trial offer? Then decide.

You may do one of two things. Order direct from this advertisement.

Or send for our remarkable book entitled, "The High cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy." You will not be placed under the slightest obligation.

Send today for your Oliver Nine or for further facts—many of which can't be printed here. Check the coupon below and mail today.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1013 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine for free trial *or* further information. Check carefully which you wish.

To the Big User

This announcement is of particular value to you. Big users will save hundreds and thousands of dollars. An absolutely new Model 9 Oliver Typewriter, fully guaranteed, at a list price of $49, presents a typewriter opportunity unparalleled in the history of the industry. To save 50 per cent is certainly interesting to any business man, especially when the value remains unaltered. You know the Oliver. This present Model 9 is operated by any stenographer or typist, including touch operators.

We suggest to purchasing agents or buyers whose concerns use typewriters in quantity to get in touch with us immediately. Write today for further particulars relating to large users.

This Coupon Is Worth $51

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
1013 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is_____

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and The Remedy," your de luxe catalogs and further information.

*Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

MORE than a million women have bought a Hughes Ideal Hair Brush and you'll find more than a million who will use no other.

The Hughes Ideal Brush literally combs your hair without pulling it out.

Its long, penetrating bristles give the scalp the stimulating massage necessary to promote the growth of the hair.

Hughes "Ideal" REGISTERED Waterproof Hair Brush

Model No. 66 Everywhere $2.00 Canada $2.75

Made from wonderfully strong and elastic Boar Bristles—NOT WIRE—securely vulcanized into a cushion of finest Para rubber, and mounted in a beautiful, highly polished handle.

The Hughes Ideal Waterproof Hair Brush is made to withstand constant wear and frequent washings.

You can wash it as regularly as you shampoo your hair, without dimming the lustre of the handle or impairing the bristles or rubber cushion.

Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction

If your hair is luxuriant, preserve it by the use of a Hughes Ideal Brush. If it is falling, brittle or splitting at the ends, restore its vigor with a Hughes Ideal. Superior in every way to ordinary hair brushes yet its price, $2.00, is no more than you'll pay for the unwashable, unsanitary kind.

There's a Hughes "Ideal" for Every Woman's Need

The Hughes Ideal is made in many styles, with **single, double, triple** and **quadruple** bristles to suit your individual taste and needs. Prices range from **$1.00 to $5.00.**

SOLD EVERYWHERE
by Drug and Department Stores

If you cannot secure Model "66" from your regular merchant, we will send it to you postpaid upon receipt of price.

HENRY L. HUGHES
114 East 16th St. New York City
Canadian Distributors: MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Montreal

(Concluded from Page 69)

enjoy their humor as they found it, and not as an overtrained wit might judge it for them.

The first ray of light came in a letter from a Paladin patron who resented what he termed the Star's reflection on his intelligence. He had enjoyed the performance immensely, under the impression that its comedy was so intended.

"Why," he asked, "should a sarcastic critic spoil this illusion, with apparently no other purpose than to wound the performers?"

Others of a similar nature kept coming in until a stack of letters a foot high rested on the editorial desk. And among these one brought immediate action. Its orders were explicit.

The directing head of the Star sent for J. Wilbert Knopps.

"Knopps," he inquired kindly, "have you any idea where you could get another job?"

"What do you mean?" asked the surprised critic. "Any trouble?"

"Yes; to speak candidly, we are both in trouble. How are you fixed financially?"

"Financially? I suppose you've forgotten advancing me fifty dollars last week. What's the matter? Are you sore at that Paladin story?"

"No; I'm not sore. I think it a masterpiece; but"—he tapped the stack of letters suggestively—"what I think, it seems, does not count—not altogether."

"You are the boss of this office, aren't you?"

"I am; but let me tell you something, Knopps: It has just dawned on me that there are hundreds of theatergoers who like reviews of shows written as they might appeal to the audience, and not as they happen to strike the funny bone of a cynic."

"Well," declared Knopps testily, "if I've got to gauge my writings according to the brains of a lot of vaudeville lowbrows, then I am through."

"You are quite right, Knopps. That is what I was getting at. You are through."

"Down and out, and broke, eh?" Knopps remarked bitterly. "For having written a clever story! You'll admit it was clever?"

"I do; but there are even some who appear to have missed the subtle humor and thought your story one of sincere praise. Everybody, it seems, hasn't such a vivid imagination."

"I'd like to know the name of the numskull who thought that stuff was on the level."

"You haven't forgotten your old friend Siegfreund, of the Hippolite, have you?" The critic nodded, his expression indicating that the editor should proceed. "Well, you don't want to. He may be a real friend, because he's the only one you've boosted. He has just telephoned down, asking if we would use a short notice announcing that he had booked The Queen's Mistake for a season's run. He tells me that you are the best judge of vaudeville acts he has ever known. And, mind you, that old German meant it as a sincere compliment! To prove it, he wants you to come round and see him."

"The big dub!" exclaimed the critic, trying to hide his distress. "But, boss, that isn't the question. I think it is due me that you let me know how and why I was fired."

The editor reached for a square envelope, on which Knopps could see a crest.

"Do you recall," he asked Knopps, "a young woman who had to be removed from the Paladin Theater that afternoon on account of giggling—the one whose hysterical laughing almost broke up the show?"

"Yes; I mentioned it in the story, I believe."

"Well, that young woman has made an open apology to D'Arcy & Devere. She thought it the cleverest performance she ever witnessed. She so informed her friends in society, and they are packing the theater, in spite of the cutting story that appeared in the Morning Star. Furthermore, she has asked her father, a very rich man, to see that the author of what she regards a column of cruelty is discharged. And he has done that very thing.

"That young lady," he went on mercilessly, "is the daughter of Everett Whipple. And Everett Whipple is the owner of this paper! He is also the man who suggested that I engage you as critic when I was first placed in charge."

J. Wilbert Knopps took one glance at the envelope and tossed it back on the desk without looking at the contents. He had heard enough.

The dejected critic took a quick mental inventory of acquaintances that he might call friends. He discovered but one possibility: The only man he had ever befriended was Herr Siegfreund, of the Hippolite; and even that was against his will. He had friends among the *dilettanti*, it was true; but they could be of no help to him now. He betook himself to the Hippolite, crushed.

Herr Siegfreund greeted him warmly.

"Just the man I wanted most to see!" he said, grasping Knopps' hand and shaking it warmly; in his voice there was a slight Teutonic tinge, but when careful of his words he spoke perfect English. "My boy," he continued, "you have found my new attraction for me. It will be worth money to me and, maybe"—he looked at Knopps curiously—"maybe to you."

"Listen here, Mr. Siegfreund," said Knopps; "don't joke with me now. I'm in a fine mess—I'm fired!"

"Ah, I am delighted!" exclaimed the old German. "You are no longer in the employ of the Star? Excellent! And I believe you were paid seventy-five dollars the week?"

"Yes; but ——" Knopps caught himself as he saw a new meaning in the kindly face of the theatrical man; this reference to money reminded him that he was broke.

"No hesitation, please," said Herr Siegfreund. "You will come with me for one hundred? Don't shake your head. That brain of yours may be worth more, maybe, and I will be the winner. . . . Sign this!" He shoved toward the critic a contract blank.

"For doing what?" asked Knopps bluntly.

"I want a man who can write—one who knows; one who can find my attractions. And you, my boy, are that man. You agree? Is the sum not enough?"

J. Wilbert Knopps took off his overcoat and hung it on the hall rack. He then affixed his name to the contract.

"All right," he said resignedly. "Where'll I start?"

"Will you wait until I telephone? . . . I say, Miss Gordon," Siegfreund called to his stenographer, "did you get Mr. D'Arcy yet?"

"Yes, sir; he was on the phone a moment ago and I told him that Mr. Knopps was here."

"You should have let me speak to him," the old man mildly reprimanded. "But did he say he was coming? And when?"

"Yes, sir; he's coming round right away—in his new car, he said."

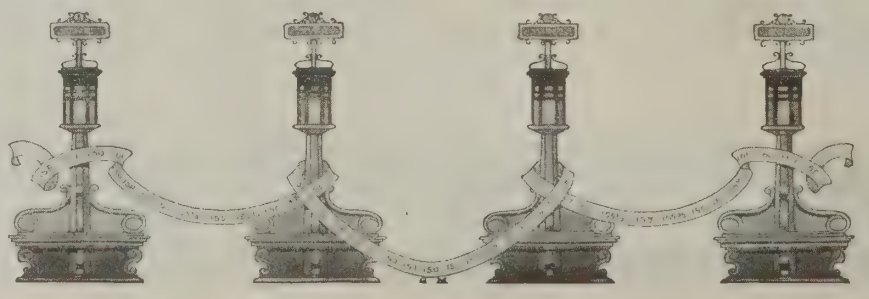
"Wait a minute. What's this?" Knopps demanded to know.

"Ah, it is a great opportunity, my boy, for you to make a name. Mr. D'Arcy, as you know, is not only a great actor but he has proved himself a playwright. I've engaged him to write me a burlesque on the big scene in Romeo and Juliet. And you"—he patted Knopps on the shoulder—"are to collaborate. Fine, eh!"

"But—er—er ——"

"Now don't be too modest, my boy. I know you can do it. It is your big chance to get recognition in the show business. Your name, linked with that of D'Arcy, will mean something. Now have I not partially paid you for the many kindnesses you have shown me?"

Mr. Knopps wilted inwardly. Something seemed to stifle him. But, among his few good traits, he was game. The lesson had hit home.



A New Idea—Shoe Service Is It Practical?

[Copy of Letter Sent to Retail Shoe Dealers]

Gentlemen:—

Shoe retailing is a more difficult proposition than formerly. Many of the shoes now sold are so delicate in color and material they very soon become too stained or marred for a well-dressed person to appear in. The result is much dissatisfaction with the dealer, many customers changing to other stores and a good many shoes being returned, a total loss. The shoe dealer is now beginning to understand that GOODS ARE NOT SOLD UNTIL THEY ARE CONSUMED; that a dealer's work is not completed at the end of a sale; not completed until he has provided a means through which the shoes will be consumed to the entire satisfaction of his customer.

The dealer is frequently asked "How can I clean the shoes? How can I keep them looking well?" He cannot dodge the responsibility of recommending a polish or dressing. Should he recommend the one which stains the shoe or which does not keep the shoe looking as well as the polish recommended by some other dealer he will lose the profit that has come from giving satisfaction to his trade. He will lose customers and money. It is, therefore, time that a shoe retailer should realize that HE MUST KNOW POLISHES. He must know what is the best in order that his customers will not prove him incompetent.

The time has gone by when dealers should keep and sell a polish because it had "the call," and the time has come when a dealer should keep a polish because it is the best. The shoe dealer should be an expert like a doctor. A doctor who gives his patients medicine because that particular medicine had "the call" would not stand well in his profession. It may be argued that a doctor knows his business better than his patient and that a shoe dealer does not know his business as well as his customers, but if this is true a change must come. In all lines of business the company which gives "service" is the one which is growing. The shoe dealer who gives intelligent service will be the one who will grow.

If you accept our argument you will accept our goods. We do not claim to lead the trade in one, two or three articles which we manufacture. We can truthfully boast that no matter what kind of a shoe it is we make a better polish for it than any competitor. If you will consider the articles on which we have led the trade, BAGOF, REPRUS, WHITERIGHT OFF and WHITEHEELEDGE, you will see grounds for our contending that we lead on some articles, but if you will test our entire line you will find that there is not a single shoe polish made on which we are not the leaders.

If you grant the argument that you must in the future give shoe service as well as sell shoes the PRICE at which you buy the polish is a SECONDARY CONSIDERATION compared to the condition in which you keep your customers' shoes. Positively you cannot afford to have your customers using an inferior polish or dressing when it is in your power to provide them a better.

We will be glad of an opportunity to demonstrate the truth of our "very broad claim."

If this letter interests you and you want more letters containing suggestions write and tell us so.

Very truly yours,

GHK/P GEO. J. KELLY CO.

To Consumers of Good Shoes

Does the high price for shoes mean that you will buy cheap shoes and put up with your feet not looking so well as formerly? It does not. You look better dressed every year and will continue to progress in the same direction, high prices or low prices. Will you forego colored shoes because they spoil so easily, and instead wear "solemn black"? You will not. You will be cheerful and look cheerful as long as you have the price.

And will the girls wear light colored shoes? Of course. Do you have the faintest notion that girls do not know how attractive their feet look in light colored shoes? The most beautiful thing in the world is life. The action of a pretty foot in walking is extremely attractive, and requires light colors on the foot to bring out the outlines with distinctness. The girls know it of course.

But, ladies and gentlemen, you do wear these fine, light colored shoes a while after they look rather shabby. You naturally hate to throw away things that represent so much good money. *Then why not make it your business to learn who makes the shoe preparations that keep the shoes in good condition the longest?* Buy one of Kelly's shoe preparations and find inside the paper box the pamphlet, "How to care for shoes." Or if you do not readily find a store selling Kelly's polishes, write us direct and we will send you a copy of the pamphlet, no charge. We will be glad to hear from you, anyway, and will answer any question you wish to ask.

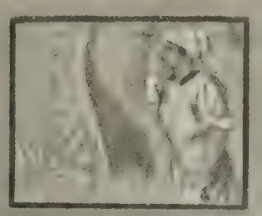
We are shoemakers as well as polish makers and when the subject is shoes we know whereof we speak.

GEO. J. KELLY CO.
535 Washington Street, Lynn, Mas

Moving Furniture

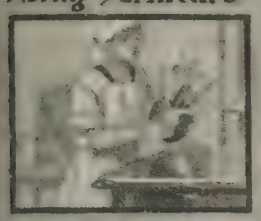
Laying the Dust

Working Hard


Beating Rugs

After the Dust

Setting to Rights


Putting Things Away

Played Out

Which Way Do You Clean?

ARE you still using the wearying, old-fashioned, unclean method?

Your men folks use, in their business, the appliances which do better work in less time.

Why don't you?

Torrington CLEANERS

make it easy to keep the home clean, sanitary, healthful, in an orderly and thorough way.

They don't stir up dust and dirt, they remove it. There's no odor of dust or dusting in a Torrington-cleaned room.

The Electric Torrington
shows in U. S. Government test 25% greater suction power than is actually required.

Used 15 minutes once a week upstairs, and 15 minutes twice a week downstairs, it keeps your house clean and sanitary and the cost of current will not be over 2 cents.

Price, $30.00
West, $35.00

Lady Torrington
not electric, is tested to clean 12,200 room-size rugs and still remain in excellent condition. Strong suction is developed by pushing easily back and forth over the rug, and the brush which picks up the surface litter is operated by the same motion.

Price, $8.50
West, $9.00

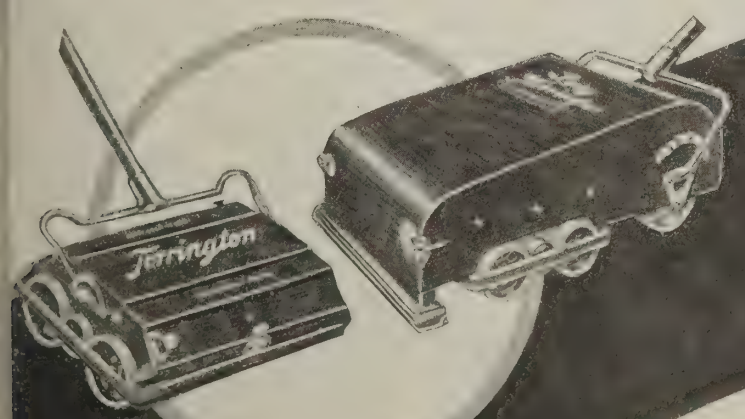
Torrington Sweeper
has no suction, but for brushing up crumbs around the dining table and litter in living or sewing room, it's a great time saver and housewife's comfort.

Prices
$3.50 to $5.50

National Sweeper Company 29 Laurel Street Torrington, Conn.

New York Office: Woolworth Building

Canadian Branch: 52 Bruce Avenue, Westmount, Montreal



To the Dealer You know that the Torrington Company is the world's leader in several lines of merchandise—that its size and progressive methods insure both the production of the newest and best models in household cleaners for every purpose, and an advertising procedure which makes your customers acquainted with the goods you may sell them.

Let us give you complete information

Clip Coupon and Mail Today

NATIONAL SWEEPER CO.
29 Laurel Street, Torrington, Conn.
Please send me detailed information of style checked.

Torrington

Electric____ Lady____ Sweeper

Name____

Address____

MAKING BUSINESS MEN

II

By Anne Shannon Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

AT THE hospital the head nurse met me with that cool deliberation of manner so maddening when one is in desperate haste. I told her I had come to see Mr. Bittner.

"What is the trouble with him?" I asked breathlessly.

She consulted a schedule. "Typhoid."

"May I see him at once?"

She would see; and in a few moments I was taken to his room.

"You beat it!" It was Bittner from his blankets addressing his very pretty, very demure little nurse.

"Don't stay long," she whispered to me as she passed out. "He'll be raving in ten minutes."

"That isn't raving," I whispered back, "that's just—Bittner." Then I went to his bedside and sat down, ready to take his instructions. Oh, how I did wish I had a healthy bunch of inquiries to report! I knew that would do more to quiet the fever in his veins than anything else. Of course he was terribly run down, but it was the last six weeks of strain that had worn out his powers of endurance.

"You gotta remember just one thing," he said, "and that is that I ain't sick. I'm out of the office and you can't get me for a while, but I ain't sick—not to no one!"

"I understand, Mr. Bittner."

"Stop the advertisin' with May. Tell the ad men we're not ready to talk further plans, that we're slowin' down, as usual, for summer. Then make the Fifty Principles into a book. We'll sell it by subscription most likely. You'll have to change the form some."

"Yes, Mr. Bittner."

For a long time he stared at his hands as they rested on the white coverlet. They looked so thin and wasted I wondered how I could have been blind to the man's condition, how I could have thought only of nerves.

"I'll be out o' here in a few days," he said at last; "but maybe I ought to 'a' gone into matters more with you. Our advertisin' and cut prices has mowed down my capital. We've just dropped over thirty thousand dollars. I ain't got much of a balance—not more'n enough for summer expenses. We gotta retrench. You and Miss Krog go over the force and weed out close as you can to keep open. Tell Miss Lutkins to hold off on the bills till I get back—not to pay anything but salaries."

"Yes, Mr. Bittner."

"And if I don't get back you'd better close out. What with rivals and one thing and another it'd be a hard business for a woman to handle alone. I ain't got any folks; it'd be all yours."

"Please, Mr. Bittner, don't talk that way," I implored.

"Why not?" he asked in a surprised tone. "Didn't you always know that you'd be quittin' sometime. That's one o' the rules o' the game. But, ding it all, I'd like to 'a' made the Fifty Principles go first. I gotta ——"

The Doctor in Doubt

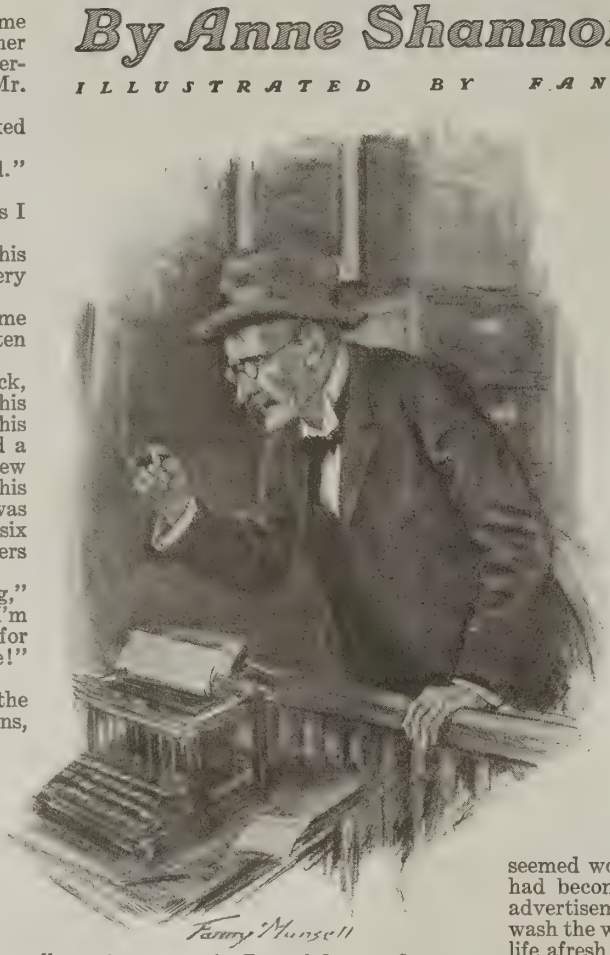
The color had been mounting in his face as he talked, and suddenly he tried to get up. His nurse came to the bed and told me to go.

I found a house physician and asked what he thought of Mr. Bittner's case. "I'm not a relative," I said, "I am his business partner; and I must know for business reasons." I spoke in a coldly brutal tone, for I didn't want any sentimental deception.

"We can't say just yet," he told me. "We must wait for further developments. He's run down—he's had what is known as walking typhoid for weeks—and the fever has got him. His nurse will telephone you each day if you will leave your address."

"I'll leave the address," I said; "but please don't telephone me. If there is a serious change write." Then I explained the necessity for secrecy as to Mr. Bittner's illness.

I went back to the office. Another mail had come in and the letters were on my desk. The stack was smaller than any we had had so far, though it had been decreasing for a month. We were approaching summer, when business always fell off appreciably,



"I Don't Want to be Turned Over to Some Cheap Woman Clerk"

but the slump was caused by our having eliminated the business-books advertising in favor of the Fifty Principles. Borrige & Kemp had used the same amount of advertising space that we had, and of course they were getting the business. But though I could account for it in a very natural way, still that small stack of letters was ominous. It signified to me the beginning of the end.

Miss Krog's Jealousy

I glanced into the operating room at Miss Krog. She would, I knew, resent not being told where Mr. Bittner was; she would resent news of him coming from me. Why couldn't he have left his orders directly with her? she would ask. Had she worked with him nearly a decade just to take orders from a newcomer in the firm? If only she could know that he was ill she would sympathize and be kind. Men don't know what allies they have in women when their sympathies are aroused. I half decided to tell Miss Krog; but the more I thought about it the more I felt that it was up to me to carry out Mr. Bittner's wishes. He had trusted me and I could not fail him.

I went over to her desk with a handful of orders for the business books.

"Just look," I said, giving them to her, "how business is falling off. It's beginning early, don't you think?"

Rather frostily she agreed that it was.

"Mr. Bittner has gone on a long trip," I went on, as casually as I could in spite of the lump that had risen in my throat. "When he gets back he will have new plans. In the meantime he left instructions to cut the force as much as possible. Let me do all the dictating while he is away. I'll have plenty of time."

"Where did he go?"

"He didn't seem sure," I answered, all at once very weary. "Doesn't he generally stop at all the branches? I think he is making a number of changes. How many do you think you can cut?"

We had some further talk and I went back to my desk, but I could not work. It was impossible to start on anything, least of all the Fifty Principles.

The next day I called at the hospital. Mr. Bittner did not know me. The nurse said that he had been very ill all night. He must have felt himself close to serious illness when he sent for me. Some way I could not imagine even illness attacking him without his having sensed it and got ready.

That afternoon I let Miss Douglass go. She was a good stenographer and would readily get another position. I did not really need Miss Carrel, but I told myself she could help on the revision of the Fifty Principles for book form, and on this excuse I kept her. Miss Krog reduced the operating force to thirty girls. Miss Lutkins sniffed the air more militantly than ever while this cutting was going on—and kept her assistant. I think Miss Krog was as much afraid of offending Miss Lutkins as I was of offending Miss Krog. Miss Lutkins never saw anything large but her own work.

To reduce my personal expenses I moved from my hotel suite into a small boarding house, where I had but one room. As the days passed Mr. Bittner's condition remained unchanged. The uncertainty of everything made me restless and unable to apply myself to any definite task. Nothing seemed worth while. The Fifty Principles had become abhorrent to me. The very advertisements were an insult. I wanted to wash the whole thing off the slate and begin life afresh somewhere else.

Saturday I determined to make a tremendous effort to get above the thing, out of and away from it. I needed to get myself assembled and in hand again. I had quite lost my sense of proportion; the Fifty Principles loomed mountainous. I got up abruptly from my desk, unable to stand the office any longer, jerked my hat off its hook and picked up my handbag, intending to try a matinée. Maybe that would take my mind off the unending problem. I felt that if I could get out of the business atmosphere altogether I might be able to make the Fifty Principles shrink back to their normal place in the scheme of living. On my way out I told Miss Krog where I was going. I don't know why I did it, except that I was keeping so much bottled up inside that something just had to escape. Her mouth narrowed to a thin line and her cold blue eyes glittered.

"Miss Krog," I said, "I've just got to get away from things for a while. Please don't think I mean to be unfair in leaving so much to you."

She smiled in a coldly amused manner and bent again to her letter signing.

I went to a vaudeville house and bought a ticket. Maybe something on the program would distract my attention from business problems. If only I could get the office out of my mind for a while I could get the reins of life in my own hands and do the driving once more.

How Vaudeville Helped

A silly dancer with a cracked voice turned the trick for me. I found myself laughing at her antics and applauding furiously. She came back and danced for us again and again, till the house was in an uproar and she was exhausted. For ten full minutes I forgot that there was such a thing in the world as the Fifty Principles. A great weight lifted, my mind rose from its depression, and I breathed rarefied air. When the applause at last died away and the curtain fell, the awful sick sense of failure began to creep back like some horrible pain that has been temporarily deadened by a drug. I exerted all the will power I had and succeeded in thrusting it from me.

All on springs I went out of the theater into the bright day. The Fifty Principles had shrunk. Never again could the thing loom large. Once more I was in command of myself. I went back to the office with quickened step. As I entered the typists were covering their machines and Miss Krog was signing her last letter, while William patiently waited, his arms full of mail to be posted. I came in eager, energetic, alive. Everyone else was weary and drooping. Again I caught that look of lofty disapproval on Miss Krog's face. I did wish I could tell her what the dancer had done for me, but I knew she would not understand. Miss Krog was a plodding, regular, even day-by-day worker. She was not of a temperament to recognize the relation of a vaudeville show to a large business enterprise. I was tempted to begin new plans for advertising the business books. This was impossible, however, as the janitor would soon be there. So I closed my desk and followed the others out.

I called at the hospital and was told that Mr. Bittner's condition had not changed. I suddenly wished I might get him out and take him to a show. I believed if I could get his sick mind off the Fifty Principles his sick body would have a chance to fight its germs.

Thanks to the dancer with the cracked voice, I had achieved a transient feeling toward our business—it was out of my veins. I decided that I would find some one else to work the Fifty Principles into a book should this task prove too much for Miss Carrel, and I would merely hold the business together. It would be a good thing for Miss Carrel to get the book in shape, as this would win favor with Mr. Bittner—she might in time succeed me. I believed she could do almost anything that required brains rather than physique and I decided to broach the matter to her Monday morning.

She came in particularly radiant—she always did on Monday—and I wondered if she was a very religious girl. Sunday seemed to do so much for her!

Miss Carrel's Secret

"Do you go to church, Miss Carrel?" I asked, when she came to me for instruction.

"No," she answered. "I'd love to go, but I have too good a time Sunday mornings. Then she explained that she took all the big Sunday papers and read them in bed. She clipped the store advertisements, studied their special appeal to women, and each noon of the succeeding week she visited one of these stores and observed the class of people and the size of the crowds, and then found out which advertisement made the strongest appeal. At last I had the explanation of her lateness and I was willing that she should be late in such a cause. What our business needed was thinking women.

"I have a great plan for you, Miss Carrel," I said. "I am going to fix things so that you will have a permanent as well as a responsible position in this house. I want you to start work on the Fifty Principles to-day and see how you get along making it into a book."

The blood rushed to her face and she looked hastily away. In a moment she faced me resolutely.

"Miss Gale," she said, "it isn't fair, and I've got to tell you the truth. I am just working here to learn all I can about the mail-order business. I hope to leave next month. My uncle has given me five hundred dollars to start a business of my own, and I can't afford to waste one cent of it or a single day. I must succeed quickly. I have a mother to support, and typing has about ruined my health."

"Have you your commodity?"

"Yes." Her face shone. "I've invented a home workslip for women. It's like a middy blouse, only long, covering the dress completely. I make them in duck in pretty colors, and mother embroiders the tabs where they turn open at the neck, and laces them up the front with cords and tassels. They make a woman look young, and so neat and trim! They're so much more attractive than the ugly wrappers and flapping kimonos that most women wear to do their work in, and they are lovely for students and artists. They will appeal especially to women who like dainty, handmade things."

"It sounds practical."

"You think I'll succeed?"

(Continued on Page 76)

Oakland Sensible Six

"Sturdy as the Oak"

Satisfaction

There's a lot of *solid* satisfaction waiting for you in the purchase of an *Oakland "Sensible Six."*

From the first time you ride in it, you'll find the *Oakland* really "sensible" in power, comfort, ease of handling, and operating cost.

Its valve-in-head motor delivers full 41 h. p. at 2500 r. p. m.—one h. p. for every 53 pounds of car weight.

Its big oversize tires, 32 x 4; long supple springs, 51 inches in rear; wide seats and ample leg room,—mean *comfort* over any roads.

Its *sensible* weight, 2150 pounds, assures fuel and tire economy.

Its excellent finish, real leather upholstery, beauty and high class equipment stamp it a quality car at a *sensible* price—$875.

Oakland Eight—$1585—is a big luxurious 73 h. p., 7-passenger touring car for those who demand the utmost in power, speed and luxury.

OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY, Pontiac, Michigan

(52)

(Continued from Page 74)

"Yes; at almost anything you attempt."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Gale. I know so little about business."

"Your alertness and your study of the stores are worth more than any other acquired knowledge of business. They make you a business woman, rather than a working girl. Many business colleges turn out merely working girls."

I said no more about the book. If she were not to be a permanent employee I could not take her into my confidence. I must find someone else. As I sat studying over the matter my eyes wandered to her, busy at her desk; and looking on her white face, her thin little body and her feverishly eager eyes, I once more realized how little our physical selves have to do with our success.

My talk with Miss Carrel had further buoyed me up. I could not believe but what Mr. Bittner would get well and start another business. Hope was in the young spring air; it was in my veins. The fresh new green of the parks and Michigan Avenue was inspiring. I called to William to open all the windows. The ventilators, which had been installed at my suggestion, were a success and the air generally fairly pure; but I couldn't get enough of the fresh young growth of things. The breeze from Lake Michigan played with my papers and delighted me. I spoke gayly to Miss Krog when she came in, but she did not respond to my mood or the mood of the day. Miss Krog had no enthusiasms. She was never up or down, just even—and it seemed to me sometimes as though she were going evenly down. On a reckless impulse I went over to her desk.

"Wouldn't you like to take a nice long vacation?" I asked. I felt that I must break the office tension somehow. "I can manage the girls if you will give me a schedule."

She looked up at me in scornful surprise. "We never take vacations till July and August," she recited in an informative tone.

"I know, but you seem so tired, Miss Krog. I think the time for a vacation is when one needs it, not according to the calendar."

She frowned down at her papers for a few moments.

"Go away for a month and get some good country air into your lungs with which to meet the summer," I insisted.

"On pay?" she asked.

"Certainly on pay."

"All right; I'll do it."

Her face lighted up at the prospect of release, and she began to make a schedule for me. I went back to my desk with a light heart. I realized that Bittner would not have approved, but in my judgment it was a wise course. If we were to go into bankruptcy, what difference could a month's salary make? And if Mr. Bittner should get well and manage to hold on to the business, or start a new one, he would need Miss Krog above all people, especially as I was not planning to continue with him and Miss Carrel was clear out of it. Aside from this selfish viewpoint, Miss Krog deserved especial consideration. I believed that it would make for her loyalty to recognize her needs and meet them. Mr. Bittner, like most business men, was inclined to take a woman's loyalty for granted. It had never occurred to him to reward it by pleasant small concessions. But this is usual in business. Men get off to go to a ball game, or take a pleasure trip occasionally, while women have only sick leave. They seldom have a holiday other than the official ones.

Enter Mr. Dumble

I could easily do Miss Krog's work, for the book business had dwindled with the cessation of the advertising; and in the present state of affairs I welcomed her absence. It would be play to give out letters, take them up and do the signing. I would be going back close to where I had begun with the firm. I would find someone else to work on the Fifty Principles—my resolution there didn't waver. The question was, whom should I get? I wondered whether in all the world there was another Miss Carrel, for Miss Carrel was leaving before long and I must have someone to do her work. Then I had a sudden inspiration. Women were really successful when they attained a man's outlook on business and his permanent interest in it. Why not just hire a man and be done with it? I inserted a blind advertisement and heard from thirty men the first day. What had all these men been doing, I wondered, to be out of jobs and seeking them in this fashion? A good man generally had a job. Then I remembered the misfits that the Fifty Principles course was designed to put right, and answered several of the most promising letters, asking the men to call.

Mr. Dumble, the one I selected, had written a book on English that had had but a small sale, and had taught English to foreigners in a night school. Before that he had taught in the country. He was a tall, heavily built man, fair and over thirty. My only fear was that the typists might make him a matinée idol. He was good looking in a big, soft, jellyfish style. I would have said that he lived on pastry. But he was the only eligible applicant who would start on twelve dollars a week.

"I'm Not a Relative," I Said, "I am His Business Partner; and I Must Know for Business Reasons"

A titter of excitement ran through the office as the big man followed me in. I knew the preening and perking would begin, the many small mirrors do double duty, and the luncheon hour become highly enlivened, all on account of the man. And some way I felt sure that the man himself was conscious and proud of his six feet, as he followed me, with straightened spine, down the aisle of furtive eyes. Perhaps that was why, past thirty, he was taking a twelve-dollar-a-week job. I gave him a desk near Miss Carrel's and close to the private office, and put the Fifty Principles course into his hands to read.

The May magazines came in the day Miss Krog left, and they made me glad once more that she had gone. It is easier to face a catastrophe when no one is looking on. I called William and gave him a whole stack of new uncut magazines. "File them," I said. I didn't want them round me to remind me of the Fifty Principles. Usually we kept the current magazines on the reading table.

Each morning I first opened the mail, which dwindled daily, then attended to Miss Krog's work. At twelve I hurried to the hospital, but the word I received there was always the same—"No change." Then I would snatch a sandwich and a cup of tea and be back at the office by one.

Publication representatives called almost daily, but I told them that we were not ready to talk summer plans. One afternoon a man tried to influence me to sign a contract for summer advertising. "Borrige & Kemp now," he informed me in a low tone, with his hand to his mouth and with a cautious glance round, "are considering full pages right through the summer. I'm just tipping it off to you, for Bittner's always mighty square with me."

I felt sure that the same representative would hurry over to Borrige & Kemp's in New York, and in a low tone, hand to mouth and a cautious glance round, whisper: "Bittner's considering full pages right through the summer," with the additional plea: "I'm just tipping it off to you fellows, for you've always been mighty square with me."

I had never known such tactics to produce any appreciable change in Bittner's plans. He watched his rivals, but he did not credit all he heard. So I paid little attention to these arguments for summer advertising. But repeated hammering does make an impression, and I began to wonder after a while whether there really had been a change of tactics; whether Mr. Bittner would do differently were he on the spot and able to raise the money. Often he had talked of the advisability of heavy summer advertising, and I had heard him say repeatedly that he believed trade could be worked up just as lively in July and August as any other time, if the business houses would only keep up steam. In view of the fact that we had let the old cat die, so far as the business books were concerned, I wondered whether it would not be Mr. Bittner's policy now to push the advertising heavily and regain our lost book trade. From his having asked me to make the Fifty Principles into a book, I gathered that his next move would be to raise capital from some source or other and center everything on the old business.

This problem now occupied my mind almost constantly. True, we had no money with which to advertise, and I did not know how to approach a bank on the subject of a loan; but just the same I went about the routine tasks, trying to figure the thing out. I realized that to drop the Fifty Principles from all the prints and reënter the business books would be a tacit admission of the failure of the former; yet, on the other hand, such a course might save the book business. Borrige & Kemp had swung way ahead since we no longer advertised our books in large spaces. But then again it was just possible that there was a limit to their capital too. The game was not yet up.

Bittner's absence became daily harder to explain. Hart, our New York representative, wrote repeatedly, complaining of the falling off of his commissions through the decreased advertising. He wanted to know where he came in on the Fifty Principles scheme. We had used only the home office address, so he was wholly in the dark as to its fate. Several of the publication people insisted on having Bittner's address. One man said he wanted to wire him of conditions concerning which he felt in honor bound to put him wise. I told him I was a partner in the concern, and anything he wished to say to Mr. Bittner he could say to me. I insisted that I was not sure at that moment just where Mr. Bittner was. I assumed an air of offense because he preferred to do business with Bittner.

The representative apologized, drew a contract from his pocket and put it before me. It left no room for further doubt. Borrige & Kemp had contracted to run full pages through the summer. I handed back the contract without a word. The representative said he would see me in the morning, as his paper's forms for June closed within a few days. He would get us in if he had to telegraph the copy. Then he left me alone with the problem.

I sat for a long time, thinking. Borrige & Kemp had worked unremittingly, unflaggingly, to get into our territory, and now they were working just as hard to cover it and crowd us out altogether. We must meet their summer advertising or close down. As business was now going we should not make office rent.

I got up at last and went to the hospital. Perhaps Mr. Bittner was better and might have a suggestion. I slipped past the nurses and into his room. There he lay, mumbling incoherently in delirium. I felt suddenly enraged. How wickedly unfair it all was! While the present Borrige & Kemp people were out in the sunshine, playing ball, Bittner had been shut up in a dingy hole of an office, figuring out his plan. While their business had been handed to them ready-made, with plenty of capital to keep it going, Bittner had created his through the hardest sort of work—it had been a blood-sweating task. And now while he lay there broken and helpless, they were cruelly and willfully pushing him to ruin. He had paid the price of his youth for his business, but the price had not been sufficient.

Gnats After Mosquitoes

Every drop of my fighting blood came to the fore. My uncles had died on Southern battlefields for a lost cause; could I do less than fight to the end of my resources for one? I went swiftly out of the hospital and hunted up a telegraph office. I sent a message to MacGregor, my Western real-estate agent, ordering him to sell my ranch immediately for the highest possible cash price. It should bring at least sixty thousand dollars, and this would carry us through a big summer campaign.

The next day I began signing contracts.

It is expensive to be popular, but it is pleasant. After signing the contracts even Miss Lutkins treated me with respect. I didn't tell her where I got the money, but the ability to raise a large sum in an emergency will command the respect of any bookkeeper. I had no more tiresome questions from solicitors concerning Mr. Bittner, and I was able to write a satisfactory letter to Hart. Very likely the solicitors feared Bittner's return—he might cancel my contracts! They congratulated me on my good judgment and spoke honeyed words supposed to please. Generally they do, no doubt, but in my case I had, on a momentary impulse of sympathy on the one hand and defiance on the other, staked everything I possessed in the world on this last throw, and I was not exactly in a mood to be affected by flattery. I went to work immediately to get up good strong copy for the business books. I cut prices, made bargain offers and otherwise struck deep into our possible profits; but anything was better than having all that dead stock on our hands, and we must get back our lost trade at any price.

I have noticed always that just as one begins to feel in a self-congratulatory mood over the disappearance of mosquitoes, small gnats arrive in swarms. The morning after I had signed the last of the contracts and had written to Hart, our one subscriber, Wagner, entered the office. He was a small, thin, dried-to-the-bone man of uncertain age, with wispy reddish hair and a stubby mustache. He wore large eyeglasses, and as he came in he turned his head this way and that. He gave me his name and asked for Mr. Bittner.

"He is out," I said.

"Then I'll wait." He looked about for a chair.

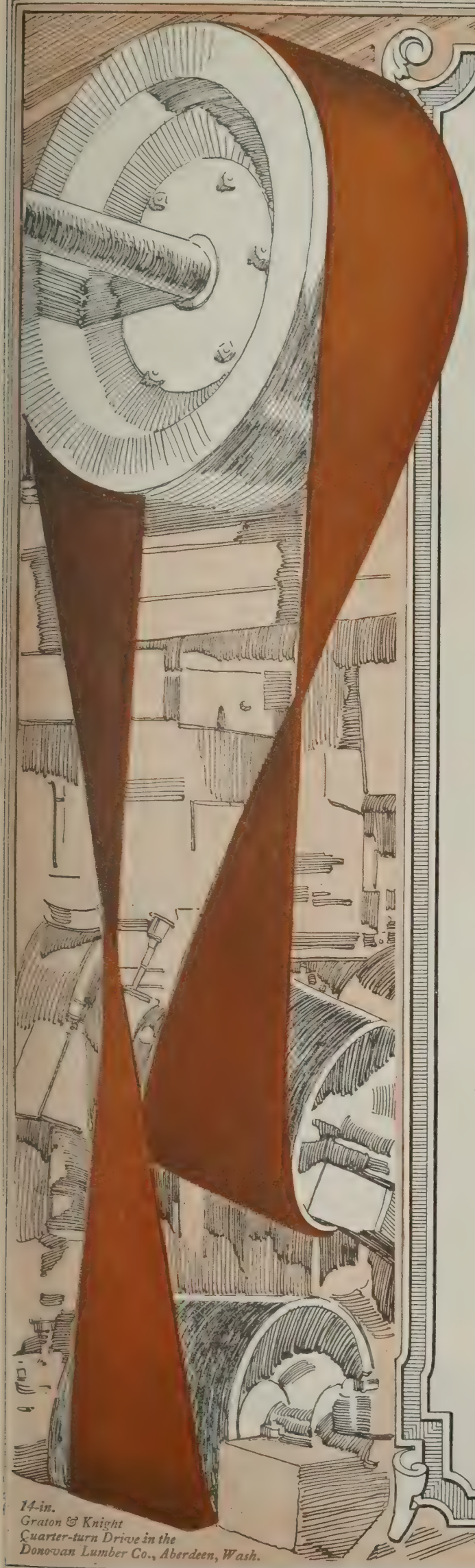
"He won't be in to-day," I told him. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I wanted a personal interview." He looked aggrieved.

"That is the trouble," I said, smiling and trying to speak lightly; "so many do. But you know this is a mail-order course of study."

He waited a few moments, still turning and twisting his head, his nostrils working.

(Concluded on Page 78)



14-in. Graton & Knight Quarter-turn Drive in the Donovan Lumber Co., Aberdeen, Wash.

GRATON & KNIGHT
Standardized Series
LEATHER BELTING

Tanned by us for belting use

Graton & Knight bigness insures Graton & Knight uniformity

Graton & Knight Leather Beltings are uniform—

Because Graton & Knight are the largest belt makers, because we purchase and tan 285,000 hides a year, because our brands are selected and graded to the highest degree of uniformity from this enormous supply of raw material.

Uniformity is the most important factor in belting quality. A belt, like a chain, is no better than its poorest piece

* * *

Only a big firm like Graton & Knight could establish and maintain an equal degree of uniformity in its belting.

And Graton & Knight are the largest leather belt makers in America.

This minute control of uniformity is possible only because of our large supply of leather tanned by us for belting use. A smaller supply would prove a constant temptation to put dissimilar pieces of leather into the same belt.

Graton & Knight hides are tanned in the Graton & Knight tannery, especially for belting purposes, by processes perfected in 53 years of belting tannage. It would be impossible for us to maintain equal uniformity if we used several different tannages.

Finally, Graton & Knight use bellies, shoulders and other parts of hides not suited for belting in their by-products—there is no temptation to include these in Graton & Knight Belting.

* * *

This is why Graton & Knight can make a complete and standardized series of leather belting; and maintain so high and so fixed a degree of uniformity in each brand.

It is why Graton & Knight First Quality *means* first quality—absolutely free from any mixture of seconds, shoulders, or worse.

This is no time to experiment

with untried belting. High-speed production and continuous operation demand the *known* quality, the *proved* strength and ruggedness which have been built into Graton & Knight Leather Beltings for three generations.

The Graton & Knight Book on Belting is authority on modern belting practice. Write for a copy today.

The Graton & Knight Mfg. Company
Worcester, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Branches and Distributors in all Principal Cities

GRATON & KNIGHT

(Concluded from Page 76)

"What I want to know," he said at last, "is this: Does he handle my work personally? I don't want to be turned over to some cheap woman clerk."

I hadn't been rigidly schooled in business tactics for five years just to lose my temper now. I made my face smile.

"Tell me, have you some definite kick to register," I asked, "or is it just a case of wanting to examine the mechanism? For I'll save your time by telling you frankly that Mr. Bittner does not do business in that way. None of his time is given to face-to-face tutoring. It is all by letter."

"I was told there was a woman in here that stood between him and the public," he returned with an ugly look. "I guess that is right all right."

I wanted to seize his small red neck between fingers that felt suddenly like steel, and squeeze hard; but outwardly I remained calm.

"Every really big man has a number of people between him and the public," I returned carelessly. "Don't you find that so? It is more difficult to meet some men than others. And now won't you please sit down and write your question? I am really very busy."

The man was a little confused. He hesitated a moment, then he sat down. I went back to my desk and pretended to read a daily paper that William had laid there during the conversation. I blessed William for doing it. That boy seemed at times to have the intuition of ten women. He always did a helpful thing just when it was most needed.

Presently the man rose with his question and I went over to take it from him.

"I hope to meet Mr. Bittner soon," he said, and picked up his hat.

"I hope you will," I answered cheerfully, and smiled as pleasantly as I could. He passed out and I went back to my desk.

"Miss Gale," said Mr. Dumble—he had brought his first revised chapter to my desk—"don't you want me to kick that man out the next time he comes bothering round?"

"Thank you, no," I said.

"Little shrimp! Let him face my six-feet-two and he'll have a different idea all of a sudden."

Wagner's Complaint

"It may be bulk that he respects," I answered lightly, "but we don't use it."

Mr. Dumble looked at me queerly, then went on to his own desk.

When I was quite sure Wagner had left the building I opened his note. This is what he had written:

"*Mr. Bittner:* I am paying fifty dollars for your personal criticism, but I have had my suspicions aroused. I have compared corrected problems with those of another of your subscribers, and they are not in the same handwriting. What I want to know is, which one of us is receiving your personal attention and which one that of cheap women clerks. I am afraid I am the victim.

"WAGNER."

I sat twirling the paper in my hand and smiling in real earnest now. The man had proved himself a liar—we had no other subscriber. But that was hardly a proof we could use. I thought quite a while about Wagner. He was evidently one of those chronic kickers who, if nothing presents itself to kick about, start something. How should I answer him? I decided to be conservative. I dictated a letter in Bittner's terse, half-slangy style, telling him that the hand that signed that letter had made every correction issued to every subscriber for the Fifty Principles. I tried to turn the matter off lightly and put the man in a good humor again, when he would be ashamed of his question and his lie. I signed Bittner's name, as was my custom.

The following day a letter came addressed to Mr. Bittner, with the word "Personal" heavily underscored in the corner of the envelope. I carried it to the hospital, but Mr. Bittner was in a high fever. I returned to my desk and opened the letter. It was from the chairman of the program committee of the International Convention of Commercial Colleges then in session in the city. He said that through a misunderstanding the speaker for Friday morning could not be present, and he had been asked to invite Mr. Bittner to fill his place and give a talk on the Fifty Principles. The writer reminded Mr. Bittner that the convention was composed of business college men from all over the United States, Canada and England, and that this would be a fine opportunity to advertise his new course of study. He was confident of the interest the convention would feel in so unique a subject. He requested a prompt acceptance, as the time was short—this was Wednesday.

A Bold Plan

I sat for some time thinking over the matter. If I should decline it would seem queer; if I should accept, and then send a note of regret at the last moment, it would disappoint the program committee and make Bittner unpopular. I had never talked in public in my life—could I do it? The idea grew, and finally I determined to attempt it. I could read from those talks in the Fifty Principles Course which I had found particularly inspiring, and I believed I could inspire these men. I wrote a note accepting the offer and boldly signed Bittner's name.

It was a little late when I arrived at the convention hall, frightfully scared and with hardly enough breath to speak Mr. Bittner's apologies. I explained to the chairman, who met me at the foot of the platform, that it had been impossible for Mr. Bittner to be present, but that he had sent his paper by me, and that either I or some one else would read it. Though the chairman showed keen disappointment, he very courteously insisted that I read the paper. He had evidently counted on Bittner as a unique feature of the program. I went to the platform, sat down and looked out upon several hundred faces. There was not a woman in the entire audience. My heart was beating so fast that it seemed to me every one must hear it. I hoped earnestly that my voice would not tremble. Far over in the right-hand corner I made out our one subscriber, Wagner. His presence did not reassure me. I wondered, too, what he would think when he should get the later talks and find that I had cribbed my material from them. Well, I had done the best I could.

The meeting had already come to order and the audience was waiting for Bittner. At the chairman's signal I rose and stepped to the front of the platform. I looked all about the hall, then over at Wagner, and I caught a "smarty" expression on his face. No other word describes it. It is an expression worn by boys when they have got the upper hand of some one in authority over them. That look on his face fired me to do my best. I began to read.

All the talks were at my tongue's end, for I had worked them over many times, and I read with very few glances at the paper. At first the men were bored—I think men usually are bored at the prospect of listening to a woman—but gradually they forgot me, woke up and began to take an interest. It was good stuff, stimulating and inspiring. It was Bittner at his very best, and I never knew him to fail to arouse interest. Only one face in the audience remained unresponsive—Wagner's. He sat with his hands thrust in his pockets, and his expression didn't change throughout the reading. When I finished there was an instantaneous roar of applause. The chairman stopped me as I started to leave.

"I want to say," he shouted above the din, "that I don't know what we may have missed in not hearing Mr. Bittner read his own paper, but Miss Gale has given us the greatest kind of a treat. I thank her in the name of the convention."

Instantly a dozen men were on their feet. They wanted to ask questions. The chairman asked me if I would answer them.

"I'll do my best," I said, turning back.

And then the questions began. The queries came so rapidly, one after another, that I had no time to think. It was well that my mind was so fully stored with the Fifty Principles and all the imaginary queries that we had propounded and answered in the months of preparation. As fast as a question was hurled, I hurled back an answer. "What were the Fifty Principles?" "What was Bittner's idea of making and placing business men?" "How did he propose to do it?" "Was the plan suited to business colleges?" "Would he consider putting it in the colleges as a regular course of study?" "Would it help students to find their correct vocations?" For an hour this kept up. I felt perfectly at ease and could have stood there the rest of the day, had they demanded it. It was a positive joy to see how interested these men were. I had always believed in the Fifty Principles. The convention was in the best of spirits. One man wanted to know how a business-college teacher could prepare to teach the Fifty Principles.

"Subscribe," I answered, and every one laughed.

I used Mr. Bittner's name with every answer. "Mr. Bittner's idea," I would say; or "Mr. Bittner's plan"; or "Mr. Bittner thinks thus and so." Nothing came from me; I was his mouthpiece.

The big wall clock registered twelve and the city whistles began to blow. A man got the floor and declared that they had no right to tire me further.

"Before we adjourn," he began with jolly good nature, "I move we confer on Mr. Bittner a new degree made to order for him—'Master of Business Principles.' Bittner, M. B. P.! And on Miss Gale ——"

Men sprang to their feet on the spur of the suggestion, and "Bittner, Bittner, M. B. P.!" they called. "Three cheers for Bittner, M. B. P.!"

Some Free Advertising

I left the platform, laughing and enjoying it, having had a very good time. The chairman secured order and adjourned the meeting properly. He hurried after me to shake my hand. Dozens of men crowded about me to speak, but I saw a reporter I happened to know—an Englishman lately come to Chicago—gathering up his papers from the small table near the platform, and I slipped quickly away and followed him.

"That was great, Miss Gale," he began, as I overtook him on the outside stairs. "I'll see that you get all that's coming to you."

"Wait a moment," I begged, for an idea had just come to me. This could be made Bittner's recognition, his label put on by some one in authority. It could be done, if the reporter would only handle it right. "Don't mention me in the paper," I said—"that is, not prominently. Give Bittner all the credit; play him up big."

"Come now, Miss Gale, that is going too far," he protested. "Take fame when you earn it. It was you that did it—firing back such quick, clever answers."

"Please, Mr. Bates," I insisted, "listen. Those answers were all Bittner's. And, besides, I don't care a rap for fame, as you call it, but I do care for success. Every cent I have is tied up in this company—it's my bread and butter for you to boost Bittner. His personality is what makes us. Now I've just given your office a big summer contract, and as a little favor I ask you to play up Bittner strong."

"But how can I when you did it?"

"You can make the headlines: 'Bittner, Master of Business Principles; Fifty Principles make big hit at the International Convention.' Take it seriously, please do. It was conferred humorously, that degree; but it was a tribute too. Americans are always most humorous when they are most serious. Please play up to those headlines."

He looked a little dubious, but he agreed; and as soon as I reached my office, to make doubly sure, I telephoned to his paper's advertisement man and explained the thing. The contract was yet fresh, and he agreed to "see" the headliner.

The next morning I hurried out before breakfast and bought the paper. The report was as satisfactory as if I had read proof on it. I telephoned to the newspaper office for one hundred copies to be delivered at our office, then ate breakfast and went downtown. Of course the thing had small value now, except as general advertising; but Bittner had once wanted something of the kind for his second bar.

William Grows Up

William was interested, and together we read the story and gloried in it. I took a good look at William. Something was happening to the boy. His hands were clean and he wore a white collar and a necktie. Also, more amazing still, his hair was brushed all round, instead of just above his forehead, as usual.

"William," I said sternly, "I do believe you are growing up."

He blushed—William!

"What will Mr. Bittner think when he gets back?" I asked banteringly.

"Is he better?" William gazed up into my face with quick, eager little eyes.

"William," I said severely, "Mr. Bittner is away; don't you know that?"

"Course I do," he answered stanchly.

"There—There isn't any change," I whispered. I had to say it. It was such a relief to find that William knew; that he had always known.

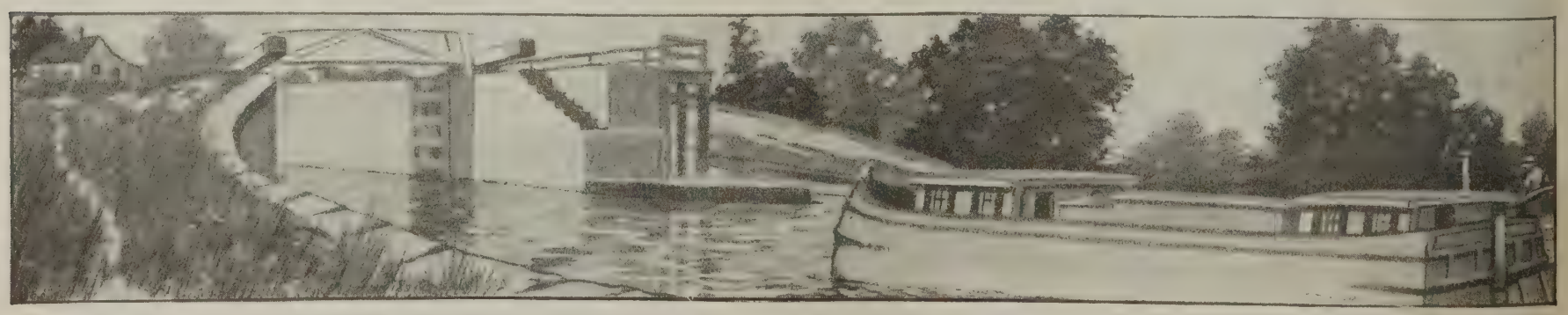
His face became very serious; but he didn't say another word.

I turned to my desk and wondered what I had best do next. Everything seemed so futile. The two bars were now up, but no one wanted to get over. After all the whole convention procedure had been rather a foolish waste of energy. I wondered why I had bothered. Just the spirit of adventure, I concluded; and that painful sense of possibilities ahead, which brought the lump to my throat and made me want to carry out Mr. Bittner's wishes, even though he was never to know about it. I decided that women were after all sentimentalists—even business women. Winning honors for a man at death's door, putting a fortune into a bankrupt business—yes, I was a sentimentalist. I was not emancipated, for all my five years in business.

It was Saturday and I was glad. I went home that night with my mind made up to rest all day Sunday, to get down early on Monday, and to keep before me the fact that business was business. I must plan advertising for our books. Whatever happened, I was in for that.

But Monday morning when I arrived at my office I found that a great change had taken place. I sank down dumbly into the chair before my desk and wished for Miss Krog.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Anne Shannon Monroe. The third will appear in an early issue.



Why the Allies' "Great Drive" Was Delayed

Last Summer the whole World was asking: "When will the Great Drive of the Allies get started?" Field Officers and public were equally impatient—equally uncertain. The troops were ready. Transportation systems, food and clothing, hospitals and ambulances—everything was there, *except* Guns and Shells.

Shells were needed by the million; orders were being placed everywhere, but production had hardly begun. Why? Because nothing can be made rapidly and accurately in large quantity without *Gages*. Inspection was too rigid, tolerances too small for old methods. Before manufacturers could start their lathes they must have Gages, which require time and skill to make.

The Men Who Made the Gages Knew Why the Drive Was Delayed

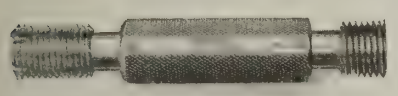


Fig. 1

The War has made momentous changes in manufacturing processes. The nations learned during the awful sacrifice of men that to make shells, Gages were an absolute necessity. Let American manufacturers apply that lesson.

For sixty years American manufacturers led the world in economical, big-volume production of machinery. But the way they fell down on the first war orders, showed that their standards of accuracy were too low. Soon they realized that

Limit Gages

were absolutely necessary for rapid and accurate work. Gages will measure profits in the severe competition certain to follow the war.

Limit Gages are made for a wide variety of work—internal and external screw threads, holes, round bars, and a multitude of special purposes.

For example, the illustrations above show a thread limit gage in use—gaging a bolt. If the bolt is too small, it will pass *both* sets of points, as shown at the left. A bolt too large will fail to pass *either* set of points (center). If just right, it will pass the *upper* set and hang on the *lower*, the "touch" being governed entirely by the weight of the bolt.

The two sets of points are set by skilled mechanics to a certain tolerance, or variation above and below the required diameter, and sealed. This variation depends on the type of machine being made; the parts of a road scraper are not nearly so close to standard as are those of an automobile (nor is there any reason why they should be), yet even the scraper must have some limits as to the size of its parts, in order that they may go together at all.

Whatever the product, whether it be a single piece, such as an "S" wrench, or a mechanism as complicated as an adding machine, Limit Gages are a prerequisite to accurate, economical production in quantity. *Absolute* accuracy is unattainable and unnecessary; a Limit Gage is made to check dimensions within the variation decided upon as permissible, and with it an inexperienced workman can gage thousands of parts in a day.

The parts that pass this inspection will be interchangeable, and will positively fit into the complete machine. Assembly is made easy and rapid. Moreover, since parts can be gaged so easily and cheaply, more frequent inspection is practicable, errors are quickly discovered and corrected, rejections are minimized. The result is a higher quality product at a lower cost.

Fig. 3

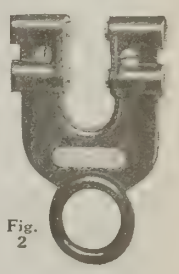


Fig. 2

The plug limit thread gage (Fig. 1) is used for gaging tapped holes. The thread is cut the right size if the "Go" end fits and the "Not Go" end is too big. In Fig. 2 is shown a cylindrical snap gage for outside measurements of smooth surfaces. Fig. 3 shows a rapid inspection limit gage, which does the same work as the gage in Fig. 2, but the solid extension jaw guides the work rapidly to the measuring points.

These are only four of a line of Gages made for all kinds of work, sold under the G. T. D. trademark. Then there is a full assortment of taps and dies, with a number of new and improved types, such as the Gun Tap (the tap that does not break until worn out), the Acorn Die and the Wells Self Opening Die.

For further information on any or all of these products, write for General Catalog 37, or the Bulletins on How to Measure Screw Threads and on Gun Taps.

Greenfield Tap and Die Corporation

Gages-Taps-Dies

Threading Machines, Reamers, etc.

Greenfield, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Quality slips the "unlimited" sign on P. A. smokes!

You know *that's right* on the hop-skip-jump! For, you can open up on Prince Albert tobacco like you hold five aces; and, smoke lick-a-tee-split without intermission! And, you close the session with your tongue *right side up;* with your taste-apparatus turned to new high-spot-delights, and, your Department of Satisfaction bubbling over with smokesunshine!

Prince Albert sure is the joyjenerator *because it has the quality* that can pass out such tobacco happiness! P. A. is made to do that; made to give men *more tobacco enjoyment* than they ever dreamed could be theirs; made to let *all* men smoke *all* they want without bite or parch or any kind of a comeback *because* bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

puts such a spanking-keen-edge on your smokeappetite that you are glad when the next fire up time comes, and, you have a lot of fun all-around-the-clock; and, you pal-it-up-with-P. A. like you were born and raised in the same little old house! For, your tobacco troubles take-to-the-tall-timbers when *you* adopt Prince Albert, which meets the favor of smokers of every civilized nation; men of all tastes and all walks of life! It is the universal tobacco—the quality-taste-satisfaction *standard!* Slip a new cog in your wheel-of-content! Let Prince Albert's friendly flavor and fragrance and coolness blow into your smoke-spirit; for, you'll find it so good, so true, so chummy, that each cheery puff will taste better than the last! And, you'll get a new notion of what *quality* means in jamming *joy in a jimmy pipe!*

Prince Albert is to be had everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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THE HOUSE OF CRAIGENSIDE

(Continued from Page 23)

"For my part, I swore that he should never get it. Why, since I was not myself a believer? I wanted to convict that old lady of an atrocious crime. Or so I suppose. I meant to subject that jade to an examination of my own. I wasn't as lenient with spinsters as I am now that she has turned her experience inside out to me. I meant to hound her and harry her with the full head of vengeance which had risen in me while I was sitting on that atoll.

"The first thing was to be rid of Mr. James Smith. But do you think for one moment that I could? No; he clung like the shadow of destiny itself. He made himself into a kind of ironical servitor. Let me go where I would, he was at my elbow, silent, solicitous, a valet with the heavy-lidded intelligence of a demon. We had to live, of course; and it was by his suggestion that we came to work out the Man or Mechanism Act. This was a bad day for me. Smith had mesmeric powers of the highest; and in the interests of the act I allowed myself times without number to come under that influence.

"Day by day it took stricter hold on my faculties, until a time came when he struck through my will like a knife through cheese, and a ray or two of light reflected from the hunting case of his watch was enough to throw me into a trance.

"Finally I thought I had shaken clear of him altogether. I left him in the middle of the night, took what money I could lay my hands on and came to Dockport. Years since I had been here. It was home in every intimate line; unchanged, immortal, in that sort of quaint decay which surrounds it.

"I stole through the little town and came in sight of that house among the dunes. Then when my hand was already closing over the mermaid's head which you have seen doing duty as a knocker on that door, some haunting presence, an elastic and invisible power, if you like, plucked me back. I trembled my whole length. I stood silent on the stone flags, and heard voices within, her voice among the others.

"Then I turned and staggered away like a drunken man, with a premonition at heart which in a little time became terrible conviction. The house loomed behind me white and ghostly; its tall and narrow windows glinted, and expressed a ghostlike and fixed melancholy.

"I fled, stumbling and falling back across the dunes, treading the tips of that subterranean forest like an abandoned sand demon which only a wind from Tartarus could summon.

"As you surmise, at the station in Dockport I found Mr. James Smith sitting on a baggage truck. A wave of helpless anger shook me through and through.

"'So now you know,' I cried fiercely. 'I have betrayed her into your hands!'

"'You have betrayed nothing,' he replied stolidly.

"Then, as I stared at him with fingers twitching, he said in his oiliest tones:

"'Come, come away. Our time is not yet ripe. You shall have the girl when you have helped me to the god.'

"'You mean destruction to us all, you fiend!' I whispered. 'You overtook me with the damnable hold you have over me—don't deny it. I read you like a book. You will be the death of me, I know it.'

"He had moved farther into shadow.

"'You are foolish,' he said. 'If I had wanted to be rid of you I might have done so long ago. You have seen how I got you drunk by suggesting that the water you held in your hand was whisky. You coughed, you choked, your face grew purple, your senses reeled—and all the while it was clear water you were drinking. Wait! This is a simple thing, but it may be extended. I might suggest to you that you climb to the top of an electric-light pole, seize the wires in your hands and fall dead. I might suggest that you fling yourself from some cliff into the sea. Would my hand be visible in this? You have gone to her house. Suppose I had decreed that you should go at midnight, enter her room, and cut the head from her shoulders. You would have a fine awakening, my friend!'

"'No, no!' I cried. I felt myself quivering as if the thing were done already. 'I am yours, heart and soul. I will obey you like a dog if you will give me some assurance. God pity me, pass it over this once, and I will do nothing more to thwart you.'

"'That is better,' said Mr. James Smith suavely. 'I knew, of course, where you had come—but the time is not ripe. In the meanwhile you are valuable to me. You have become my livelihood. Do you realize that we are making a handsome thing? We are booked for the summer season at two hundred dollars a week. We are what the people call a headliner. Our silly act will make us famous, if we go on as we have begun.'

"'How long must this mummery go on?' I moaned.

"'Until my plans are made,' said James Smith. 'I think slowly in this air. Here in this hemisphere my mind is as barren as those heaps of sand. I must take my time.'

"He took his time. He booked the act for six months. We went on circuit through the Eastern states and into Cuba. During this time Smith's hypnotic hold grew stronger with each performance. One night in Havana I received two inches of a stiletto blade in my leg, sunk home by one of that inquisitive Spanish tribe as I was going up the aisle. Yet I did not so much as blink; nor did I have even an inkling of the wound until Smith, back in the dressing room, waved his hand.

"We returned to New York. There, one early summer morning, the power of Smith over his wretched human puppet was manifested to the full. He made his customary pass—one movement of the hand was now enough—and I fell into my professional trance.

"When sight came into my eyes again I was alone with Smith as before, but now oddly dazed, as if I had lived a century in that black sleep. A strange weakness had invaded me. I tried to get out of my chair and sank to my knees. Smith smiled his bland smile.

"'You yellow devil!' I cried despairingly. 'You have put me to the rightabout at last!'

"Without a word then he turned to the wall and tore several sheets from the day calendar that hung there. He flung them lightly into the wastebasket.

"I crawled to the basket and, reaching in, counted the discarded sheets. Eight days had passed.

"'What have you done?' I whispered weakly.

"'I have arranged to show at Silver Glade,' he answered.

"It was, of course, during this period that he had practiced his avocation of ornithologist. I was thus informed that vengeance had not fallen yet; but how long would he delay it. With tears of rage in my eyes, I knew myself impotent to prevent it, let it take what form it would.

"It was a hot night, that night of Smith's return. The very bed under my fevered body was hot. I hooked my fingers about the brass rod at my head and prayed for sleep to dispatch me from my misery.

"I must have slept at last, to open my eyes again on a sight that was for the second the strangest of my life. James Smith had carried for some time, with the rest of his effects, an iron-bound trunk which, I had supposed, contained his chemicals. The lid to this was now thrown back, and, with a dim yellow light at his elbow, Smith was fiddling with the face and figure of a man, whom, as I stared, I saw to be in my own likeness to a hair.

"You are aware how all sane notions are gone in that moment between sleeping and waking, when you seem to grasp in vain at the shreds and shadowings of another world. My curious thought was that this vengeful priest had made away with me at last. The stealth, the silence, the great trunk yawning to receive the body; the intent, fat, moonlike face of the perpetrator of this crime, all alike bespoke it. I had the spiritualized illusion of floating in a disembodied sort of way, while Smith lowered my corpse secretly into the iron trunk. My astonishment was considerable; but at the same time I felt almost exhilarated, as if the bridge over that black gulf had been crossed without bringing to me the least alarming consequences.

"I was prepared to laugh in my sleeve; and still I stared while Smith arranged the body in a new position. The conclusion was irresistible, of course. The head of the thing rolled on its shoulders; it was as dead as dead, and the face was my own face. What possible alternative lay open?

"All this flashed in my brain in the course of half a second, when suddenly I saw that

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This tool costs $1.60 and it's worth the money. Many small repairs will be made, many fixtures will be put up that otherwise would drag along undone for months. The house that has Mr. Punch staying in it will be a better house to live in on account of the tremendous number of little things, each one small in itself, perhaps, but great in the total, that he will attend to.

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Smith was not putting the body in the trunk at all, he was pulling it out.

"I saw my partner rest the body on his knee, stare critically at it, and then, to my immense surprise, give the nose ever so slight a touch with his little finger. Was he trying to resuscitate me?

"Precisely then I dropped my own eyes, and became aware of a scarlet leg, my own, stretched out below me on the bed.

"You may believe my mind was in a whirl. I experienced an intolerable disappointment to find myself still at my mooring of the flesh. Recalled—and to what? That accursed Eastern genius had modeled the counterpart of my person in wax, and equipped it with the identical gaudy trappings in which I myself had a habit of appearing.

"I closed my eyes without a betraying movement, and at once the significance of what I had seen was plain to me. That ghastly puppet was meant to be substituted in my place.

"You smile; but wait, my friend. You do not know the intense isolation from his kind to which circumstances may condemn a man. What qualities, let me ask, did I display to the world at large which were lacking to this straw puppet? Absolutely none. For the sake of protecting the verisimilitude of the deception, I had long ago consented to being thrown into a trance and carried into the dressing rooms in the box itself. As for myself, with all that history of horror behind me, I was unknown to exist. I was forgotten, a shadow in men's eyes that had passed, unless in one heart an image ——

"Yes, it was plain enough that Smith's one problem would be the disposition of the body. I myself was no more than a stage property, but in that capacityI must be continued. Man or Mechanism? I actually wondered myself which of these things I had a better right to call myself. I lived the life of an automaton. I was an automaton.

"With this conviction came the thought that I was chained, body and soul, to this hideous night worker, the secret modeler in wax. I could not so much as run away again, for Smith had flooded me with neutralizing impulses. The action of my will was stayed, and I swayed like gossamer to the least suggestion of my captor.

"Yet I was still in intellect myself, quite able to reason out the whole of this design upon me, and brood upon the consequences.

"Plainly, at a certain time, perhaps while I slept or was entranced, Smith meant to hurl my soul over that mysterious borderland of red and yellow flame, recollections of which now came back to me, so hot and vivid from my throng of Eastern memories. Then the thought occurred to me that Smith imagined himself undetected. It was perhaps even now not too late. I might dispatch him out of hand.

"I waited until the puppet was replaced in its box and Smith with a vast sigh had blown the light and settled down beside me. Lying wide awake and alert, I knew the very moment when Smith went to sleep. The strong and regular breathing, entered upon all at once, suggesting somehow that the involuntary man within had seized upon the body, intimidated me for the moment. The organism seemed abandoned to its own devices; there was a touch of the grave, of the dark, of the supernatural in that hoarse, strong breathing. The incomprehensible voice of the foreign god seemed manifested in it.

"I was stayed; but then the possibilities of my own predicament were presented to me in the darkness. I rose to my elbow, and leaned over the man beside me with a penknife in my hand. My eyes were now accustomed to the dark, and I sought the fat throat. One of the thick hands stirred on the coverlet, the fleshy web between thumb and finger folding together. He was more hideous than ever when he slept.

"I raised my knife. It was impossible to kill.

"You must have heard of treasonable slaves stealing into the bedchamber of an emperor, only to be struck dumb and to flee from the menace of the will written on that sleeping brow. So it was with me in the presence of that yellow demon. It had become so automatic with me to obey Smith when he was awake that even when the man slept I was helpless still.

"I drew back, that is certain. An iron curtain round the bed of that yellow priest would not have served him better than his sleeping will. He very likely had suggested limits to the sort of action I might take while he was sleeping.

"Then followed the affair at Silver Glade. Why did consciousness suddenly return to me as I was going up that aisle? I would like to suppose that it was the intuitive bond between me and that girl, which tugged at the moment that her heart leaped on recognizing me. For it did leap! Of course the knife blade of Sturgis here may be thought by less prejudiced heads to have had a larger share in that return to consciousness. And yet—and yet—is it so sure? Remember the stiletto which the Spaniard had stuck into my leg in Cuba. I had not felt that.

"Argue it as you will, my trance failed, as you know, most inopportunely for my proprietor. I was aware of a sea of returning faces. Sight, my own sight, not that falsely substituted, came into my eye; and yet the habit of control was strong enough in me to keep my features rigid.

"It was she at last. She saw me there, a figure of fun, rigged out like a scarlet macaw, with the staring eyes of an imbecile or of a thing of wax. I reeled in my tracks. I should have sunk down at her feet, in another second I should have betrayed the act by some sort of demonstrably human action, when I heard Smith's hasty steps and felt those huge pulsating arms wrap round me.

"I was his property, the mechanism which, as he had a custom of telling audiences, he had put together in his idle moments. You remember where he stops to inquire in awe-inspiring tones: 'Has it a soul? Gentlemen, I do not know.' He did not know; and I had been willing to believe him. But that fateful second in the aisle had struck a last spark from the ashes, I believe. I revived as a man in the very moment when I failed ignominiously as a mechanism. The magic circle of my solitariness had been pierced by the eyes of that girl, whose mere presence, whose least movement of appreciation, gave a dramatic quality to my life.

"It was impossible now, don't you see, that I should disappear, and that without a ripple of suspicion. I had been recognized. One person existed who would be resolute to inquire and to scent out foul play.

"The method of procedure which Smith had determined on would seem to be plain enough. He meant to take me, still in a hypnotic state, and plunge me through the trap in the dressing-room floor with a weight tied to me.

"That this was what he had in mind I argued from the presence in his trunk of a heavy iron flywheel. He meant, of course, to choose a moment of hubbub in the other dressing rooms. One faint splash, and the unknown Garnett would be represented to the world by a staring waxwork, a thing which Smith would explain had failed in an important particular and must be returned at once to his laboratory.

"I believed that if I could wrest myself clear of Smith, even for a short time, the evil power of the man over me would be gone. New energy flowed through my veins with this hope. On being returned to the dressing room, even before the lid was removed from my box, I remembered the trap in the flooring. It must have been some question of the feasibility of this trap to effectuate his plan which had called Smith to that midnight prowling in which you had detected him. I at all events remembered it, and composed my features into a stony stare which caused the mesmerist to suppose that the trance had after all only intermitted, and had now reasserted itself.

"He turned to lock the door of the dressing room; and in that moment I read his mind like a flash. It was the slave's, the coward's instinct of divining and forestalling. This is the secret of the Egyptian diviners; the power of mind-reading had its rise in the oppressions of Rameses. The product of necessity, do you see? The dumb heart of the slave, with its cringing power to intercept invisible currents, to be beforehand in satisfying the wish of a tyrannous master, and so staying the hand of punishment.

"It was not otherwise with me. I had applied myself to the study of that man's moods, dark or bright, until I could intuitively take the content of his mind by a sort of aura about him.

"Yes, it is quite likely that I knew by looking at the man's back that what he had in mind was murder. What time more likely? My curious behavior in the theater actually played into the hand of my enemy as making more plausible his assertion that

(Continued on Page 85)

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(Continued from Page 82)

the act had broken down by reason of a serious mishap to the entrails of his mechanism. It would only be necessary that they should catch a glimpse of those waxen features. There would be nothing strange in his refusal to let them pry into it. A mere eyeshot on the part of some person in authority would allay all suspicion, if indeed it were possible suspicion should arise.

"The only persons who could by any chance recognize the features of the puppet were the three across the river. Mr. James Smith had very likely thought it improbable that any one of these three would be in a playgoing mood. To make assurance doubly certain, he had waited by the gate until the last possible moment. The girl had come only a moment or two after his departure for the stage.

"But for once Smith had miscalculated. He had forgotten the power of a woman to kindle fires anew on the cold altars of the human spirit, if you will. He did not see the girl in the theater pit, and so he did not know that I had looked for that vanishing instant into the compelling face of love, which breaks all molds and melts all chains in forging others of its own.

"For one second, during which Smith was turning back from the door to exhibit that deathlike face with the crimson knoll on the forehead aglow, I displayed a blazing force of retaliation. Smith was leisurely in all his movements. I heard him sigh with satisfaction and turn toward the iron trunk, with a view, it is reasonable to think, of lifting out the flywheel which was to serve as a weight.

"My brain moved with marvelous quickness. I seemed to see all possibilities in a flash—or all but one. If I could once fasten upon that fellow the suspicion of murder I would be free at last, the prison bars solidly between me and my hideous proprietor. The hue and cry would be raised. I had only to remain in hiding to keep Smith in jail, with a charge of murder to his name. And the girl's recognition of me, which Smith had not seen, assured me that the hue and cry would certainly be raised.

"Therefore, uttering a strangled wail, which easily penetrated those slimsy wooden partitions, I precipitated myself, box and all, through the trap, swam out from under the stage, and ran into the almost impenetrable waterside thickets which began just outside the confines of the park.

"What I did not foresee was the lightning flash which illuminated the situation to Smith and resulted in his flinging after the rebellious Man the Mechanism itself. This was a move vastly weaker, it is true, than the one he had contemplated; but still there was a chance that it would work; and, as the sequel proved, it did.

"His great danger was that the manikin should be opened by prying hands, and its impracticability as an operating mechanism made manifest. But he counted, and rightly, as it appears, on the surprise of the police to counterbalance this. It is no discredit to you gentlemen. Who could have foreseen such a concatenation of events? Then, when he found himself still followed, he made for the open sea and sank the evidence of his intended crime, as he hoped, beyond all chance of resurrection. But time pressed; he was hurried; in some way the head got parted from the shoulders, and by great good luck you stumbled upon it.

"His next move must have been to seek sanctuary in the tomb of his own father. You may have passed within a dozen feet of him at that time. As for me, after everything was again quiet I determined to swim the river. In the old days this would have been an easy matter; but I have spent so much of my time lately immured in that black box that my muscles have grown soft. A ship loomed in my path; it was not until I had fairly set foot on her deserted deck that I recognized her for the Asphodel.

"There was no time for hesitation. I drew a belaying pin out of the rail, and went below thinking to find clothes with which to replace my scarlet costume. There were none. Craigenside had taken his ashore, and Goddard, I suppose, boasts only those which cover his body at the moment. They are the separable accidents of the logicians.

"Seized by panic, owing to the conspicuousness of my position on that deserted ship, Flower of Hell, I stripped off my costume, slung it over my shoulders, and again reëntered the water, this time pushing the belaying pin ahead of me when I swam. In ten minutes I was crawling among the dunes, shivering in my wet garments, and still clutching the belaying pin. I didn't know which way to turn. Even supposing my proprietor safe behind steel bars, was I safe from some intangible and monstrous summons? You have heard Craigenside describe it as something which seemed to shoot up from his heels in a warm wave, a sort of indescribable and fatal abandon, as if the atoms which make up the body had lost their faculty of pulling together. The sort of thing which would root you to the spot, as much as if you were nothing but a cast-iron dog in front of a house.

"Then again a sort of restlessness came over me when I reflected that that girl was hardly a biscuit's toss away from me, and that I couldn't very well see her.

"And so I went forward like a headless man, creeping in the shadows, out of the moon, following the tangle of weed and vine into the ravines. The night wore on; your chase had long since died away, and my own resolution had melted, when there came a climax to this night of horrors. I stopped and knelt at the edge of a pool to drink. The moon was rising and a great sweep of purple shadow coming down to my very heels. I myself was in full moonlight, when, raising my head from the water, I saw the fat face of my proprietor mooning at me over the black ridge behind me.

"This fearful image I saw not directly but reflected in the water at my feet. I felt as if a mold of ice had all at once been clamped hard about my body. He was not, then, behind the bars! My ruse had failed, and he was at my very heels again, free, perhaps able at an instant's notice to reassert his old power.

"Without once turning round, I dashed through that calm pool and out upon the other side. I had a nightmarish sense of the futility of speed, and the conviction that I was lost was like a ton weight on me. Still I ran like a madman, thinking with each stride that my legs were going to fail under me, or that I should feel those iron fingers of Mr. James Smith hooked into my shoulder.

"But when at length I turned, my tormentor was not even in sight. He had then other fish to fry. I threw myself down in the sand, and shook like a hysterical woman. What madness!

"Had that ominous face, inflicted with such horrible vividness on the surface of the water, after all been only a hypnagogic vision? I couldn't have told if my life had hung on the answer.

"Then I saw that the white pediment of the house was visible from where I lay. I had been running in circles, dashing through one of those extinguished forests of scrub oak. Now a sweet scent was blown to me. I saw that this proceeded from the wild flowers which had sprung up in the neighborhood of the broken-down stone wall, and the raw breath of the river front was in my nostrils.

"I got up and walked unsteadily toward that wall. I laid my hand on one of the rough stones of the wall, still warm with the day's heat. I fixed my eyes on the shadowy exterior of the house. Its windows were open, but no light appeared.

"I was halted. In what guise, by what right, did I come here, a poor and hunted man, dressed in the livery of a fantastic vaudeville act? I had no longer even a will of my own.

"And yet—I leaped the wall, and began to creep along in the shadow of the second terrace. Midway between the wall and the path to the river a figure appeared in my path. You may guess who it was. I fell on my knees before her, and implored her to hide me.

"She thought me mad at first. Of course. Perhaps a vision too. But I drew her down into the shadows, and explained. Then, gentlemen, her face regained its old expression.

"'Wait here,' she said. 'I must first get you other clothes, and then I will take you to a hiding place.'

"She disappeared. I don't know how long she had been gone. I crouched there, torn by a dozen emotions, when suddenly I heard a crushing step on the gravel walk, followed by the tap of thick soles on the stone steps.

"In another second I saw Craigenside coming toward me, but with a strange motion, I assure you. His face was emptied of all expression. His eyes stared straight in front of him, and his legs swung out with the automatic movements of a puppet. For all the world, it was the Man or Mechanism thing over again, with this exception, that Craigenside breathed strongly and evenly with that hoarse, involuntary sound

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which, I admit, affects me powerfully—very likely because I see reflected there my own involuntary history. My professional trances had, of course, eliminated this useless noise, eliminated everything indeed but an imperceptible action of the lungs.

"Then, gentlemen, I saw that he held against his midriff in both hands ——"

"The jade!" cried Hawley and I.

"Exactly," said Garnett.

"Wait," said Hawley at this point, "here is the explanation of that mysterious lens flashing. Here is the solution of the ornithologist, in short. You remember the words of Ruel Craigenside, when you first met him on the bridge of his house? 'The bird catcher—he smears his lime.' He must have been conscious even then of the infernal preparations going forward."

"Yes, precisely," said Garnett, bringing his face close to Hawley's. "You speak of flashes. How was that?"

"He sat in a bag at the edge of the dunes, pretending to photograph birds, and casually turned the lens of his camera in the sun."

Garnett brought down the palm of his hand smartly on his knee.

"The very means!" he said.

"Having accustomed him to falling into a trance easily," continued Hawley, "catching him on the bridge or at the edge of the estate, wherever he could, in short, he must have gone into the house, made his way to those attic stairs which lead out upon the bridge, and there commanded him to bring the god to some designated spot—perhaps that part of the stone wall which was broken down. He must have felt that danger lurked in every second of his visit to that house. How he got by under Goddard's nose is more than I can tell as it is."

"Wait," interposed Garnett, "it is easier than that. As you suggest, it is unlikely that he should himself come to the house without being found out. Somebody was always prowling round the environs of the place. But we know that Craigenside had a habit of walking among the dunes. Isn't it easier to assume that this yellow demon suddenly rose up in his path, put him in a trance, after perhaps some sort of conversation which threw him off his guard, and then suggested to him that at a later time, a precise time, he should bring the god to a certain spot? Remember his threat to make me enter the chamber of that girl by night and cut the head from her shoulders. That was not an idle boast. The instigation to involuntary action does not have to be contemporaneous with the trance at all.

"That's the solution. Smith had found the house impregnable—at least against the attack of a single man without weapon of any sort. This was his one chance—and I thwarted him. I, his puppet, put a spoke in his infernal wheel at last. And when the thing was all but in his clutches too.

"Craigenside, then, came forward at that dangling, angular pace; and if I knew one thing better than another in this world, it was that somewhere out among those pallid dunes my proprietor awaited him. I became unreasonably angry, and filled with a strange confidence, which must have been born of my renewed evidence of that girl's loyalty. All at once I decided to snatch the fruits of victory from that fat demon, through sheer wantonness, as like as not. Wrath entirely dominated my fear of him. I saw him through all the successive stages of this burdensome phantasmagoria: sitting on the sands of that remote atoll, watching me at work while he considered how and when to make an end of me, and make certain the security of his god on the top of that volcano of his; hovering by my side through all the days of our vain pilgrimaging through the States; putting my rigid body time after time into that diabolical casket with its rose-colored lining, limp burial shoes on my feet; snatching the sheets from the day calendar which showed me that he could absent himself from me for an indefinite time and still leave me powerless to think or act against him; threatening to make me the active agent in compassing the destruction of what I held most dear; and finally turning from me in that stuffy dressing room with the look of murder written indelibly on his remorseless face. He had no animus against me. He was actuated solely by a determination to let nothing stand in the way of the restoration of that jade to its ancestral temple.

"All this was in my mind, and perhaps a sneaking notion that I might ingratiate myself with the house of Craigenside. Yes, ingratiate myself with a man by knocking him on the head with a wooden belaying pin. For I had clung to that through thick and thin.

"I laid those two men low, Goddard and his master. I snatched the god, stuffed it in my blouse, and appeared on the porch in time to intercept the girl, who came out with an armful of clothes.

"After that my story is that of the slave-room only," said Garnett. "The old lady in some infernal way got it into her head that I was there staring at her—pure delirium, and yet it was literally so. She made a hard end, in my opinion. Better for her if she had dropped the thing overboard herself, instead of obeying Amos' last injunction. But—she did obey. It must have been remorse that dictated her solicitousness for the well-being of that god. She felt herself not guiltless of complicity in that old fellow's death. I don't know whether she knew all that might be known about that venomous jade, but this much is certain—something had been whispered in her ear by that yellow devil. Perhaps he had deceived her as to the far-reaching effects of tampering with its uprightness."

"But, God bless me," said Hawley, "do you mean to say that you indorse the view of this god which was held by its own communicants?"

"Scarcely that," said Garnett. "There is a simpler explanation. This, you see, was not my first experience with a god of this character. Of course the possibility of proof is gone, since Smith has made off with the head; but the head of the god which I was privileged to examine—in the East—had a mechanism for delivering poisoned barbs through a tiny hole in its head. This mechanism was tripped by bringing the idol into a horizontal position. In practice you see this was very effective. The communicant kneeling before the god was struck dead, as if by a stray shot from that malignant eye. An instrument unexcelled, I should think, for its effect upon the other worshipers. And I have no doubt a death now and then would be useful—*pour encourager les autres!* A hidden spring at its base could be touched, causing it to totter and fall at the appropriate moment."

We drew breath all round; and Garnett rose gently to his feet. Our eyes were turned, as if by a common impulse, toward the spot among the dunes where the house of Craigenside had risen. It was there no longer. We saw no more than the black maw of the great fireplace rising at the top of the terraces—an extinguished hearth. But farther to the left the house of Mercy Cobb was visible as before, flattened like a gray moth on the tawny sands. And while we stared the fat gulls went wheeling in the sunshine over that ruin of a noble house.

"Let them wrangle," muttered Garnett. "They were doomed—doomed from within. It needs no trampled-on spinster to explain their fate. The virtues of a whole family had to be concentrated in one fair person, the last of her race, and"—his eye lighted—"unless I am vastly mistaken, she is about to exchange the family name—for another."

"One last word," interposed Hawley hastily, seeing that Garnett was on the point of withdrawing; "you do not explain the phenomenon of the bells—the bells which you heard on that island, which tormented Ruel Craigenside on the return voyage of the Asphodel. How do you explain those?"

"I do not explain them," said the sailor somberly. "I can get no farther than to say I heard them."

"Here is my residual mystery then," said Hawley, twinkling. "The bells solace me. They at least are not to be accounted for."

"No, there is no getting literally to the bottom of the thing," answered the sailor. "They sounded, that is certain. I heard them as I hear your voices now. But this much I will say: I have heard that grisly clock strike, and I affirm to you that the sound was identical with that. Remember, the Tartar had placed the god on a shelf behind the pendulum, and draw your own deductions. Did the Christian curse go in aid of the Celestial? Or perhaps it was a sort of telepathy, the echo of a sound transported to the ends of the earth from the shivering solitude of that old lady's brain. I don't know."

"You leave us as you found us," commented Hawley, "with a salutary touch of the mysterious, the inexplicable."

"Inexplicable, yes, to a Western," returned Garnett.

And he favored us with his most reserved, his most Oriental smile.

(THE END)

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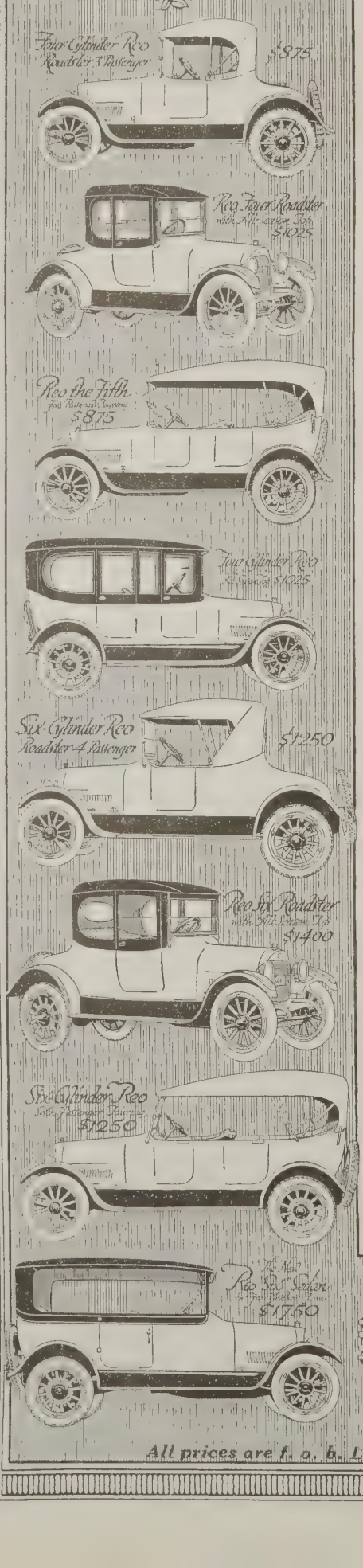

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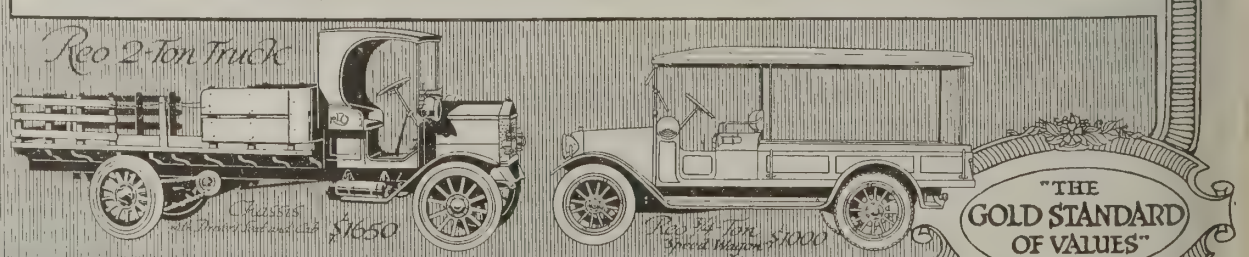

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BRINGING OUT BARBARA

(Continued from Page 5)

"You haven't told me yet who's coming," I said in the drawing-room. "How many are there?"

"Ten in all," mother answered: "Mrs. Apthorp-Brown; the Glynn Rollinses, who are motoring in from Westbury; Miss Bolles, a most charming woman; Mr. Emery Winship, an old friend of ours; another man who is staying with him, whose name I forget; and Allan Denning."

From her omission of data concerning them, no less than from a certain slight accentuation of tone upon their names, I inferred that the Alpha and Omega of the evening were Mrs. Apthorp-Brown and Allan Denning. Of Mr. Winship's privilege I was jealous; mother accepted his friend—why had she not accepted mine?

"Tell me about the nameless man," I demanded. "What's he like? Old or young?"

"I don't remember," she replied. "He does something, I believe."

"Stocks?" I suggested, out of sheer hostility.

"No; not stocks," she returned. "Writing or painting—something of that sort."

"Oh!" I cried, mollified. "I'm so glad it isn't stocks. I don't think I should like stockbrokers. What does Mr. Denning do?"

Mother drew back.

"Nothing!" she hastened to answer, as though she were denying a malicious allegation. "I've put you beside him, Barbara, and I do hope you won't ask impertinent questions or use slang. Let him do the talking. He's a man of the world and can talk to anybody. It's just luck that he happens to be in town. In the season he's almost impossible to get. I wonder where your father is?"

No sooner had she spoken than my father came in.

How faultlessly erect was his bearing, notwithstanding his height, and how aquiline his nose! Somehow I felt responsible for his entertainment; impelled to rise from my chair and engage him in conversation. He seemed so much more guest than host, so much less father than acquaintance.

"Mrs. Apthorp-Brown!" announced the butler at this point, and I saw him licking his lips as he withdrew.

The old woman who entered did not look the part assigned her. I wanted to cover up her poor neck with a little woolly shawl. There was nothing on it but jewels—not even flesh.

"How do you do?" she said, with no question in her voice, when mother presented me.

Perhaps she thought I ought not to be there. At any rate, she did not notice me further. The Glynn Rollinses came in next; and, mother having left them to me, I attempted conversation with diminished confidence, which they took no steps to restore. On the advent of Miss Bolles, a dried-up spinster with dyed hair and an enameled neck, whom they greeted effusively, they turned their backs upon me altogether; and I retreated, to stand propped against the paneling, examining my slippers and feeling very small.

"Mr. Winship!" I heard; and then: "Mr. R-m-m— —"

Oh, that butler! He had botched the name on purpose. The appellations of those who, according to his standards, were something, he rolled as sweet morsels under his tongue; but with that of him who merely did something he gave himself no concern.

Yet it was only the attitude of his employers that was reflected in the cloudy mirror of his mind.

Then and there I resolved that, as I had wished Miss Wier to be welcomed, so henceforth should every man, woman or child who set foot upon our threshold be welcomed here. Eager to act upon this determination, I noticed that the young man, having been briefly greeted by his hostess, was now standing by himself, perceptibly ill at ease. He was of medium height, lithe of body, alert of glance, and his awkwardness at the moment was due, I felt, not to any lack of poise but to a peculiar sensitiveness to the atmosphere of this gathering.

I crossed the room and went up to him.

"We were delighted that you could come," I said, holding out my hand.

He took it warmly and his every muscle relaxed.

"That's awfully good of you," he responded. "I was afraid my coming was rather an imposition. But it's all right if you say so."

Further standing about ensued. Presently mother rang a bell and I heard her say to the butler:

"We won't wait any longer for Mr. Denning, Parker. Telephone to his rooms and bring the cocktails at once."

Because this guest had not come, everybody save Mrs. Apthorp-Brown, who was duly escorted by father, had to walk in "informally." Mr. Denning had not forgotten, it appeared. He was merely half an hour late and came in entirely unruffled before we had finished our soup.

How graciously mother accepted the apologies of this drawing-room favorite! He was distinctly handsome, with crisp, backward-curling hair, white forehead and regular features, marred only by a slight puffiness under the eyes and an incipient heaviness just above the collar.

"Mr. Denning," said mother as the butler pulled out the vacant chair on my right, "this is my little daughter, just back from boarding school. She's come down to dinner for a great treat, because it's her first evening at home."

Such an introduction would have caused me inexpressible embarrassment an hour ago; but I had taken the initiative once since then and felt capable of doing so again.

"We came near not having anything to eat on your account," I told him.

"How's that?" he asked, smiling and sitting down.

"The Bible says," I explained: "'Give a portion to seven, and also to eight.' Mother is willing to give it to eight, but not to seven. Did you forget? Oh, never mind—don't answer."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because I was not to ask you impertinent questions," was my reply. "You were to introduce the subjects of conversation. You're a man of the world and can talk to anybody—even me."

"Ask me anything you like," he invited, bending his well-shaped head quite close, "and I'll give you a straight answer."

"How were the races on Saturday?" broke in Mrs. Glynn Rollins in her high, strained voice.

"Dull," he replied laconically, and turned again to me. "I've had one dinner already," he confided. "This one went clean out of my head. I had to lie out of it, didn't I? Of course you won't give me away."

Thus, at the outset of our acquaintance, by just being myself, as mother had warned me against doing, I had "hit it off" with this overrated but, I thought, essentially unpretentious young man. And, of course, it was amusing to note the icy regard of Mrs. Glynn Rollins at the shoulder he kept persistently turned in her direction.

"Who's that chap on your left?" he asked, *sotto voce*, with a full stare at Mr. Winship's protégé. "I don't remember having seen him anywhere before."

"Is that any reason for looking at him as though he were some strange species of animal?" I demanded. "What are dinners for, if not to meet new people? I should think just seeing the old ones over and over would be an awful bore."

He smiled, refusing to take up my challenge. His complacence rather nettled me.

"You haven't answered my question," he said.

"I don't know yet who he is," I replied. "All I know is that Mr. Winship brought him, and that he does something. When he's finished talking with Miss Bolles I'm going to ask him what. I don't think it'll be long; he doesn't seem to be getting on particularly well."

My neighbor was, in fact, playing with his bread between pauses of unconscionable length, crumbing it up shockingly with the most nervous, delicate hand I had ever seen.

"What do you do?" I finally came to his rescue by asking.

"Paint," he replied, turning upon me that alert glance. "What do you?"

"What do I look like a girl that could do?" I retorted.

"That's a wonderful sentence!" he laughed. "Let's translate it into English."

The play of expression on his face as he talked was astounding. In three minutes it had passed from seriousness to inquiry, and now it was all broken up into fun.

"What," I complied, "does a girl who looks as I do look as though she could do?"

He paused, and I felt myself flushing under a scrutiny that was yet in no sense a stare.

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A man is only as old or as young as his memory power, will power, sustained-thought power, personality power, concentration power and brain power. He is only as old or as young as his digestive power, his heart power, his lung power, his kidney power, his liver power. Age is measured by the age of our cells, tissues and organs, and not by the calendar!

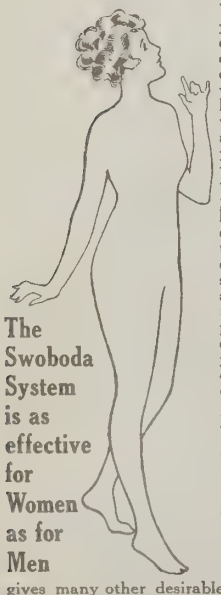
Cultivate the Cells

Everybody knows that the body and brain are made up of millions of tiny cells. We can be no younger than those cells are young. We can be no more efficient in any way than those cells are efficient. We can be no more energetic than the combined energy of those cells.

By conscious cultivation of these cells, it is as natural as the law of gravity that we become more efficient, more alive, more energetic, more ambitious, more enthusiastic, more youthful. By consciously developing the cells in our stomachs, we must improve our digestion. By consciously developing the cells in the heart, we must increase its strength in exact proportion. By consciously developing the brain cells, the result can only be multiplied brain power—and so with every organ in the body.

What we are and what we are capable of accomplishing depends entirely and absolutely on the degree of development of our cells. They are the sole controlling factors in us. *We* are only as young and as great and as powerful as *they* are.

There Is No Fraud Like Self-Deception

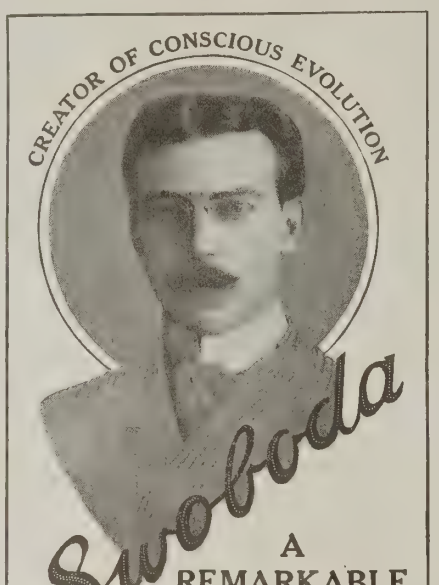


You may think you are young, strong, brainy, energetic, happy, yet when compared with other men or women, you are old, weak, dull, listless and unhappy. You do not know what you are capable of accomplishing because you have not begun to develop the real vital powers within you. The truth is you are only a dwarf in health and mind when you can easily become a giant through conscious development of every cell, tissue and organ in your body and brain. By accelerating the development of the powers within you, you can actually become younger, as you grow older—yes younger in every way that will contribute to your health, happiness and prosperity.

The Swoboda System is as effective for Women as for Men

Conscious Evolution —the Secret

Swoboda proves that Conscious Evolution gives energy and vitality to spare, digestive power to spare, self-reliance to spare, and gives many other desirable characteristics to spare. He proves that Conscious Evolution makes people disease-proof, fatigue-proof. He maintains that to possess sufficient vitality and energy and to keep the body in normal health under the most favorable conditions is no more health prosperity than to have only enough money from day to day to meet current expenses. Great *reserve* health, great *reserve* energy is what we must acquire if we are to successfully nullify the ravages of *time*, and to easily overcome every adverse condition and thus enjoy the benefit of our health power and the advantage of our energy.



A REMARKABLE PERSONALITY

Swoboda, himself, is perhaps the most perfect example of what Conscious Evolution can accomplish. As Swoboda gains in years, he is growing younger in enthusiasm, younger in vitality, younger in health; he is becoming stronger, more energetic, more confident, more dominant, more alive, by capitalizing his creative powers through Conscious Evolution. What Swoboda is accomplishing for himself, you can accomplish—every individual can accomplish, for every individual is governed by the same laws and principles, and every individual can make use of the same laws and principles. His mind and body are so alert and active that in his presence one feels completely overpowered. His personality dominates everything with which it comes in contact; yet Swoboda is real—there is absolutely nothing mysterious about him. He knows not what fatigue is—he is a tireless worker. He delights in making sick people well and weak people strong. He loves his work because he is of benefit to humanity—making a better, more vital, more potent race of men and women.

Beware of Health Poverty

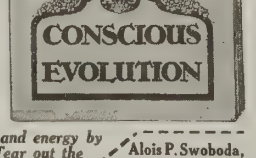
As Swoboda says, "there are individuals who seek work only when their last cent is gone. Likewise, individuals live from minute to minute and from day to day, seeking health and energy only as they need them badly."

Conscious Evolution is for them—for everyone. It is a simple scientific and practical system by means of which every part of the brain and body is energized, strengthened, awakened, so that we become possessed of a super health and mentality—the Swoboda kind of health and mentality. Conscious Evolution makes for good fortune by developing the resources and the ability and power of personality.

Strange as it may seem, this revolutionary method of consciously awakening and developing weakened and lifeless cells requires no drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. It does not require dieting, deep breathing, excessive exercising, cold baths, electricity or massage. It takes only a few minutes a day, yet so startling is the effect of Swoboda's system that you begin to feel younger, renewed, revitalized, re-energized after the first day.

AN AMAZING BOOK FOR YOU

Swoboda has published for distribution a remarkable book which explains his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for this book—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 200,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, including Chas. E. Hughes, Rockefeller, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Armours, the Cudahys, the Swifts—but write for the book because it means so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and resisting power. It is a big book filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of perfection in body and mind that you so much desire. It exposes the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development.



Regardless of how you may feel, of how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how happy, how contented you may pride yourself on being—regardless of how healthy, wealthy or successful you may be, you cannot afford, in justice to yourself, to miss the interesting and instructive secrets explained for the first time in this startling new book.

A mere reading of "Conscious Evolution" will so fill you with enthusiasm and ambition, that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy by cultivating and revitalizing intensely every cell, tissue and organ in your own system. Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or a postal card and mail it today. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say "I'll do it later", but to send NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, the book is absolutely free for you to keep—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW. Address

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 2018 AEOLIAN BLDG. NEW YORK CITY

Beware of individuals pretending to be my agents or representatives. All such are impostors and frauds.—SWOBODA.

Alois P. Swoboda,
2018 Aeolian Bldg.,
New York City

Please send me your free copyrighted book, *"Conscious Evolution"*.

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"Anything," he affirmed quietly. "Everything."

"I'd like to paint," I was moved to confess.

"Have you studied drawing?" he asked.

"We had it," I replied connotatively.

"That's a different matter," he smiled.

I smiled back. He looked altogether boyish when he smiled.

"I've finished now," I enlightened him.

"Finished what?" he cried. "Not drawing!"

"No," I returned. "School."

"What next?" he continued.

"Oh, next? The world, the flesh and the devil. But I'm not ready for those yet. It's going to take a year to break me in."

"By what means?" he demanded.

I hesitated. Following my eyes, he noticed their stare at the platter which was at that moment being brought in. Upon it was offered salmon, counterfeiting lobster—popeyes, feelers and all.

"See that wolf in sheep's clothing?" I said, nodding toward the triumph of culinary skill. "That's what they intend to do with me."

"What an outrage!" he said in a voice that was capable of as many gradations of expression as his face. It deepened by several tones as he added: "Don't let them! Please don't!"

"That's curious," I returned gravely. "Yours is the second warning I've had today. The first was from another friend of mine—my teacher, Miss Wier. 'I hope nothing will spoil you,' she said. I didn't understand what she meant, but I think I'm beginning to——"

As I spoke my gaze swept the table, and his followed mine as he said, very low:

"I'm glad you include me among your friends."

The night was stifling. In spite of the size of the room it smelt sickeningly of rich, heavy food. After a varied and exciting day I grew suddenly dizzy; and for several seconds the buzz of strident talk and shrill laughter sounded alternately far off and ear-splittingly near. The faintness passed, leaving me with a frown between my brows and a splitting headache. I felt that I could not endure another moment of this confusion of sound.

The hubbub amid which we ate at school had never bothered me. It was as spontaneous as the twittering of birds in an aviary. This was of a different quality—noise without gayety; laughter without mirth; mechanical, self-conscious and forced. When at last we got up, the only thing that kept me from making my escape to bed was the prospect of seeing my new friend for a few moments more at the end of the evening.

The men stayed out a long time. In their absence mother "took on" Mrs. Apthorp-Brown, who, I had observed, neither listened to what was said to her nor said anything herself. Miss Bolles and Mrs. Glynn Rollins went off together to sit on a sofa in a remote corner, where they conversed in tones inaudible to the rest.

The only book in the drawing-room was an unwieldy one with a parchment cover, marked Roma; so I settled myself in a fairly comfortable bergère with that, and was soon absorbed in the photographs of art treasures it contained. They roused my yearning to travel, to learn, to absorb.

"Yes," I heard mother saying as I turned over a page; "it came near being a bad accident. His horse refused, and he went off, striking the back of his head. Luckily he was only stunned."

I returned to my photographs, puzzled. Couldn't they—who had traveled and had countless other opportunities—find anything better to talk about than the spill of an acquaintance during a game of polo, the merest incident, a thing of no consequence to anybody? When I heard the men approaching to rejoin us my heart thumped agreeably.

To my disappointment it was Allan Denning who sought me out. He was very nice and said a good deal about seeing me at Newport, but I could not forgive him for not being somebody else. That somebody else was valiantly talking to mother; out of the corners of my eyes I could see how embarrassed he was.

Presently Mrs. Apthorp-Brown arose majestically; there was no clock in the room, but she apparently knew by instinct that it was half past ten.

At the door we found each other again—I and my new-made friend—and stood without speaking for several seconds, he looking down, I looking up; my hand in his.

"Won't you come to my studio," he asked eagerly then, "and see some of my work? I'm just moving—that's why Mr. Winship's taken me in."

"I'd love to!" I replied with enthusiasm.

"When will you come?" he went on.

"I'll come on Thursday," I specified, "at three. We're going away next week."

"Bully!" he cried, and gave the address.

"You've forgotten one thing," I reminded him.

"What's that?" he asked.

"To tell me your name," I smiled. "It might be convenient for me to know it."

He laughed.

"Randall," he said; "John Randall. Don't forget. Thursday, at three! Good night."

"Oh, mother!" I cried, when everybody had gone. "Isn't he wonderful!"

She regarded me curiously; and I detected an increase of consideration in her manner when she said:

"You got on with him surprisingly well."

"Anyone could get on with him," I replied.

"Most people do," she assented. "He knows everybody and goes everywhere. He's at every performance of the opera, every dance, every musicale. He's engaged months ahead for week-ends. Still, I hope to get him to spend a Sunday with us at Westbury in September."

During the foregoing my eyes had widened in dismay.

"Mother," I said solemnly when she paused, "I hate to tell you, but we're not talking about the same man."

Instantly she stiffened.

"To whom did you refer?" she asked coldly.

"To Mr. Randall," I replied, wondering. "I'm going to his studio on Thursday."

"Girls of seventeen don't go to artists' studios," she said in an icy tone. "You're a child and can't be expected to understand such things; but that he should ask it proves conclusively that he's not a gentleman. He was taking advantage of your inexperience—that's all. I shall never ask him inside this house again."

I felt myself turning still and white.

"He didn't know you'd feel that way about it," I said slowly, "any more than I did. Perhaps he isn't a gentleman—in your sense. But I don't care, because I'm not a lady. Good night!"

Half an hour later I was lying in my bed in the dark, limbs still rigid, eyes staring at nothingness. Little by little I relaxed—first my fists, then my legs and arms, then my eyelids; finally I was all a little limp heap, and then I began to sob as though my heart would break.

Nothing mattered if only your mother was real. What was the use of living if she wasn't? What joy would there be in loving if you couldn't confess your love with your face hidden on her breast?

From the day of my birth to this day I had had a succession of mothers, but no mother! The trained nurse had been the first to mother me; then, oh, happy years! had come my Irish Jane, with all the motherhood of all the ages reflected in the blue pools of her eyes. Then, because poor Jane had only the halting vehicle of her own brogue in which to give broken expression to the wealth of her soul, foreign governesses had succeeded; and finally, their variety of motherhood not being entirely adapted to the requirements of the situation—imagine Uncle Remus rendered with French or German accent!—had ensued the varied angularities of the patient, reserved, devoted mothers at school.

It was too much to expect of these unworldly women, spinster school-teachers from small towns, to turn me out a finished product, fitted to shine in metropolitan drawing-rooms! No one could have made a society woman of me but mother herself. Was it my fault that I had come back to her with ideals opposed to hers—that our standards were as wide apart as the poles?

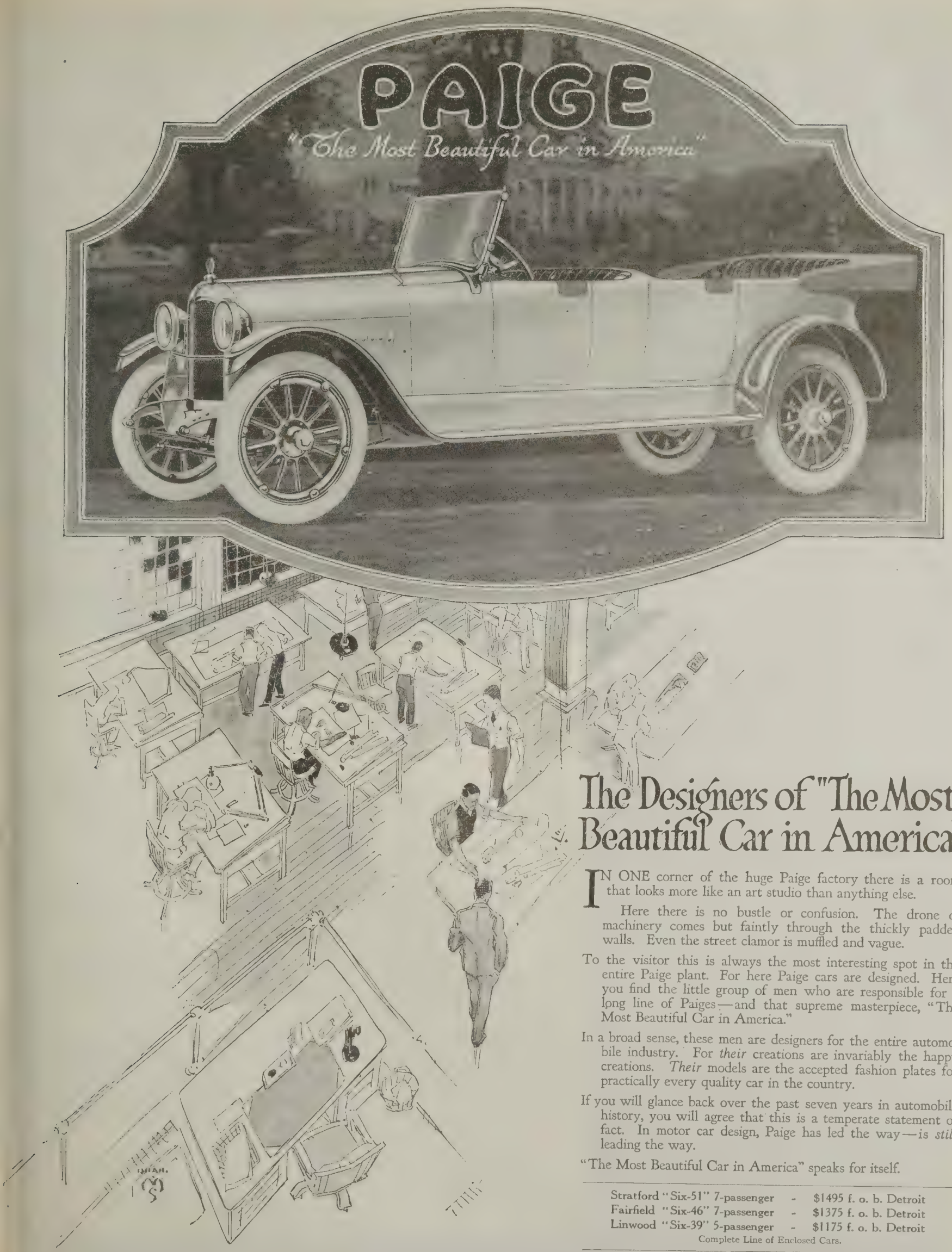
Only love could have wrought the miracle—bridged the chasm. Did my mother love me? It was a terrible question to arise in a young heart.

Oh, how I wanted her love! It was my natural right! I must have it, for I was bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh!

Far away, in a room as safe from intrusion as a fortress, she little guessed into what depths of anguished longing my resentment was breaking up. The starvation of the starved years was as nothing to the starvation of to-night.

My mother was in the same house with me—and yet I was alone!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Designers of "The Most Beautiful Car in America"

IN ONE corner of the huge Paige factory there is a room that looks more like an art studio than anything else.

Here there is no bustle or confusion. The drone of machinery comes but faintly through the thickly padded walls. Even the street clamor is muffled and vague.

To the visitor this is always the most interesting spot in the entire Paige plant. For here Paige cars are designed. Here you find the little group of men who are responsible for a long line of Paiges—and that supreme masterpiece, "The Most Beautiful Car in America."

In a broad sense, these men are designers for the entire automobile industry. For *their* creations are invariably the happy creations. *Their* models are the accepted fashion plates for practically every quality car in the country.

If you will glance back over the past seven years in automobile history, you will agree that this is a temperate statement of fact. In motor car design, Paige has led the way—is *still* leading the way.

"The Most Beautiful Car in America" speaks for itself.

Stratford "Six-51" 7-passenger	-	$1495 f. o. b. Detroit
Fairfield "Six-46" 7-passenger	-	$1375 f. o. b. Detroit
Linwood "Six-39" 5-passenger	-	$1175 f. o. b. Detroit

Complete Line of Enclosed Cars.

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan

FRIENDS, Mother Nature is a woman, so mere man might as well let her have the last word. Velvet is Nature's last word in tobacco. Let's put *that* in our pipes an' smoke it.

Velvet Joe

Nature Has Done Her Best in VELVET—

Only Nature Could Have Done So Well

IF your taste is anything like that of most pipe smokers we know, you won't *want* a better tobacco than Velvet.

To get a better—someone must invent a better variety of pipe tobacco than Kentucky Burley. That hasn't been done. Someone must beat Nature at Nature's own method—mellowing this tobacco by two years' patient ageing in wooden hogsheads. That's not likely to happen.

Put Velvet to any test *you* think will prove its quality. And make the test *today*.

10c Tins, 5c Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

JEEVES AND THE HARD-BOILED EGG

(Continued from Page 13)

his lordship's using the expression on the occasion—he was then a business gentleman and had not yet received his title—when a patent hair restorer which he chanced to be promoting failed to attract the public. He put it on the market under another name as a depilatory, and amassed a substantial fortune. I have generally found his lordship's aphorism based on sound foundations. No doubt we shall be able to discover some solution of Mr. Bickersteth's difficulty, sir."

"Well, have a stab at it, Jeeves!"

"I will spare no pains, sir."

I went and dressed sadly. It will show you pretty well how pipped I was when I tell you that I as near as a toucher put on a white tie with a dinner jacket. I sallied out for a bit of food more to pass the time than because I wanted it. It seemed brutal to be wading into the bill of fare with poor old Bicky headed for the bread line.

When I got back old Chiswick had gone to bed, but Bicky was there, hunched up in an armchair, brooding pretty tensely, with a cigarette hanging out of the corner of his mouth and a more or less glassy stare in his eyes. He had the aspect of one who had been soaked with what the newspaper chappies call "some blunt instrument."

"This is a bit thick, old thing—what!" I said.

He picked up his glass and drained it feverishly, overlooking the fact that it hadn't anything in it.

"I'm done, Bertie!" he said.

He had another go at the glass. It didn't seem to do him any good.

"If only this had happened a week later, Bertie! My next month's money was due to roll in on Saturday. I could have worked a wheeze I've been reading about in the magazine advertisements. It seems that you can make a dashed amount of money if you can only collect a few dollars and start a chicken farm. Jolly sound scheme, Bertie! Say you buy a hen—call it one hen for the sake of argument. It lays an egg every day of the week. You sell the eggs seven for a quarter. Keep of hen costs nothing. Profit practically twenty-five cents on every seven eggs. Or look at it in another way: Suppose you have a dozen hens. Each of the hens has a dozen chickens. The chickens grow up and have more chickens. Why, in no time you'd have the place covered knee-deep in hens, all laying eggs at twenty-five cents for every seven. You'd make a fortune. Jolly life, too, keeping hens!" He had begun to get quite worked up at the thought of it, but he slopped back in his chair at this juncture with a good deal of gloom. "But, of course, it's no good," he said, "because I haven't the cash."

"You've only to say the word, you know, Bicky, old top."

"Thanks awfully, Bertie, but I'm not going to sponge on you."

That's always the way in this world. The chappies you'd like to lend money to won't let you, whereas the chappies you don't want to lend it to will do everything except actually stand you on your head and lift the specie out of your pockets. As a lad who has always rolled tolerably freely in the right stuff, I've had lots of experience of the second class. Many's the time, back in London, I've hurried along Piccadilly and felt the hot breath of the toucher on the back of my neck and heard his sharp, excited yapping as he closed in on me. I've simply spent my life scattering largesse to blighters I didn't care a hang for; yet here was I now, dripping doubloons and pieces of eight and longing to hand them over, and Bicky, poor fish, absolutely on his uppers, not taking any at any price.

"Well, there's only one hope then."

"What's that?"

"Jeeves."

"Sir?"

There was Jeeves, standing behind me, full of zeal. In this matter of shimmering into rooms the chappie is rummy to a degree. You're sitting in the old armchair, thinking of this and that, and then suddenly you look up and there he is. He moves from point to point with as little uproar as a jellyfish. The thing startled poor old Bicky considerably. He rose from his seat like a rocketing pheasant. I'm used to Jeeves now, but often in the days when he first came to me I've bitten my tongue freely on finding him unexpectedly in my midst.

"Did you call, sir?"

"Oh, there you are, Jeeves!"

"Precisely, sir."

"Jeeves, Mr. Bickersteth is still up the pole. Any ideas?"

"Why, yes, sir. Since we had our recent conversation I fancy I have found what may prove a solution. I do not wish to appear to be taking a liberty, sir, but I think that we have overlooked his grace's potentialities as a source of revenue."

Bicky laughed what I have sometimes seen described as a hollow, mocking laugh, a sort of bitter cackle from the back of the throat, rather like a gargle.

"I do not allude, sir," explained Jeeves, "to the possibility of inducing his grace to part with money. I am taking the liberty of regarding his grace in the light of an at present—if I may say so—useless property, which is capable of being developed."

Bicky looked at me in a helpless kind of way. I'm bound to say I didn't get it myself.

"Couldn't you make it a bit easier, Jeeves?"

"In a nutshell, sir, what I mean is this: His grace is in a sense a prominent personage. The inhabitants of this country, as no doubt you are aware, sir, are peculiarly addicted to shaking hands with prominent personages. It occurred to me that Mr. Bickersteth or yourself might know of persons who would be willing to pay a small fee—let us say two dollars or three—for the privilege of an introduction, including handshake, to his grace."

Bicky didn't seem to think much of it.

"Do you mean to say that anyone would be mug enough to part with solid cash just to shake hands with my uncle?"

"I have an aunt, sir, who paid five shillings to a young fellow for bringing a moving-picture actor to tea at her house one Sunday. It gave her social standing among the neighbors."

Bicky wavered.

"If you think it could be done ——"

"I feel convinced of it, sir."

"What do you think, Bertie?"

"I'm for it, old boy, absolutely. A very brainy wheeze."

"Thank you, sir. Will there be anything further? Good night, sir."

And he floated out, leaving us to discuss details.

Until we started this business of floating old Chiswick as a money-making proposition I had never realized what a perfectly foul time those stock-exchange chappies must have when the public isn't biting freely. Nowadays I read that bit they put in the financial reports about "The market opened quietly" with a sympathetic eye, for, by Jove, it certainly opened quietly for us! You'd hardly believe how difficult it was to interest the public and make them take a flutter on the old boy. By the end of a week the only name we had on our list was a delicatessen-store keeper down in Bicky's part of the town, and as he wanted us to take it out in sliced ham instead of cash that didn't help much. There was a gleam of light when the brother of Bicky's pawnbroker offered ten dollars, money down, for an introduction to old Chiswick, but the deal fell through, owing to its turning out that the chap was an anarchist and intended to kick the old boy instead of shaking hands with him. At that, it took me the deuce of a time to persuade Bicky not to grab the cash and let things take their course. He seemed to regard the pawnbroker's brother rather as a sportsman and benefactor of his species than otherwise.

The whole thing, I'm inclined to think, would have been off if it hadn't been for Jeeves. There is no doubt that Jeeves is in a class of his own. In the matter of brain and resource I don't think I have ever met a chappie so supremely like mother made. He trickled into my room one morning with the good old cup of tea, and intimated that there was something doing.

"Might I speak to you with regard to that matter of his grace, sir?"

"It's all off. We've decided to chuck it."

"Sir?"

"My coal costs 40% less than yours, because I use a Spencer Heater"

"WHAT are you doing with all that small coal?" Perkins asked me as the coal wagon stopped at my house.

"That's the small coal I burn in my Spencer," I told him. "It costs about 40% less than your big coal costs you."

"How's that?" Perkins demanded, "I'm paying an awful price this year, but it's perfectly good coal. Is yours?"

"As perfectly good as yours and no more tons required," I explained. "But it's the small stuff that falls through the screen, and it costs a lot less because the Spencer is the only domestic heater that can burn it successfully.

A Self-feeding Heater

"You see," I went on, "the Spencer has a magazine-feed and sloping grates. The magazine is filled up in the morning with enough to last all day, even in cold weather, or 24 hours in mild weather. The coal just feeds down on the fire as it is needed. The sloping grates do the rest—they automatically distribute the coal at an even depth. That's why the coal is *all afire all the time.*

"The Spencer is made that way on purpose to burn this low-priced coal without loss of heat, and with only half the labor your boiler requires."

"You mean to say," said Perkins, "not only that your coal costs you 40% less than mine, but that your heater requires 50% less attentionthanmine?"

"Just about that," I answered. "You have to coal at least four times a day. Now, my Spencer needs just *half* that amount of attention, even in coldest weather."

Spencer Super-Standard Heaters
Steam Vapor Hot Water

Pays For Itself Quickly

"Well, if your Spencer is that much more efficient, it must cost more," remarked Perkins.

"As to that," I told him, "what I saved in coal cost the first year nearly paid the extra cost of the Spencer. Pretty quick it will pay the *entire* cost. After that I'll be having a dividend.

"Besides, I have the mighty comfort of perfectly even heat—never too hot—never too cold. That's another Spencer asset, because it feeds itself like clockwork."

The kinds of low-priced coal usable in a Spencer may be No. 1 Buckwheat or Pea in the East; Semi-Anthracite or Lignite in the West; Buckwheat and Pea-Coke anywhere. These coals cost from *one-third* to *two-thirds* less than the domestic sizes required for the ordinary heating-boiler.

Write for the interesting Spencer Super-Standard Booklet describing the construction and giving the pictures. Take it to your architect and heating contractor for consultation.

THE SPENCER HEATER CO., 200 People's Natl. Bank Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

New York, 101 Park Ave.; Chicago, Railway Exch.; Philadelphia, Otis Bldg.; Boston, 136 Federal St.; St. Louis, Chemical Bldg.; Detroit, Ford Bldg.; Buffalo, 1377 Main St.; Denver, 230 15th St.; Minneapolis, Plymouth Bldg.; Des Moines, Observatory Bldg. *Canadian Sales Representatives:* Winnipeg, The Waldon Co., Main & Portage Ave.; Toronto, The Waldon Co., 68 Adelaide St., E.

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
IMPORTED
RACHTO
TRADE MARK
BRISTLE
SHAVING
BRUSHES

Every bristle everlastingly gripped in hard rubber!

"The only NEW IDEA in shaving brushes since the discovery of the RUBBERSET process"

RACHTO BRISTLE
NATURALLY and PERMANENTLY
BLACK

with all the rich, everlasting lustre of the raven's wing or a bit of rare silk. It is the finest *genuine bristle* used in shaving brushes to retail at such moderate prices. As dressed by us especially for these brushes it is *supremely sanitary and unusually durable*, retaining all its original strength and elasticity, and is most pleasing to the face. Sold under the absolute RUBBERSET guarantee that the brush must make good—or WE WILL.

UNLESS THE FERRULE SAYS
RUBBERSET
TRADE OF MARK
IT ISN'T RACHTO BRISTLE
or OUR brush!
RUBBERSET COMPANY
(R. & C. H. T. Co. Props.)
NEWARK, N. J.

"It won't work. We can't get anybody to come."

"I fancy I can arrange that aspect of the matter, sir."

"Do you mean to say you've managed to get anybody?"

"Yes, sir. Eighty-seven gentlemen from Birdsburg, sir!"

I sat up in bed and spilt the tea.

"Birdsburg?"

"Birdsburg, Missouri, sir."

"How did you get them?"

"I happened last night, sir, as you had intimated that you would be absent from home, to attend a theatrical performance, and entered into conversation between the acts with the occupant of the adjoining seat. I had observed that he was wearing a somewhat ornate decoration in his buttonhole, sir—a large blue button with the words 'Boost for Birdsburg' upon it in red letters—scarcely a judicious addition to a gentleman's evening costume. To my surprise I noticed that the auditorium was full of persons similarly decorated. I ventured to inquire the explanation, and was informed that these gentlemen, forming a party of eighty-seven, are a convention from a town of the name of Birdsburg in the state of Missouri. Their visit, I gathered, was purely of a social and pleasurable nature, and my informant spoke at some length of the entertainments arranged for their stay in the city. It was when he related with a considerable amount of satisfaction and pride that a deputation of their number had been introduced to and had shaken hands with a well-known prize fighter that it occurred to me to broach the subject of his grace. To make a long story short, sir, I have arranged, subject to your approval, that the entire convention shall be presented to his grace to-morrow afternoon."

I was amazed. This chappie was a Napoleon.

"Eighty-seven, Jeeves! At how much a head?"

"I was obliged to agree to a reduction for quantity, sir. The terms finally arrived at were one hundred and fifty dollars for the party."

I thought a bit.

"Payable in advance?"

"No, sir. I endeavored to obtain payment in advance, but was not successful."

"Well, anyway, when we get it I'll make it up to five hundred. Bicky'll never know. Do you suppose Mr. Bickersteth would suspect anything, Jeeves, if I made it up to five hundred?"

"I fancy not, sir. Mr. Bickersteth is an agreeable gentleman, but not bright."

"All right then. After breakfast run down to the bank and get me some money."

"Yes, sir."

"You know, you're a bit of a marvel, Jeeves."

"Thank you, sir."

"Right-o!"

"Very good, sir."

When I took dear old Bicky aside in the course of the morning and told him what had happened he nearly broke down. He tottered into the sitting room and buttonholed old Chiswick, who was reading the comic section of the morning paper with a kind of grim resolution.

"Uncle," he said, "are you doing anything special to-morrow afternoon? I mean to say I've asked a few of my pals in to meet you, don't you know."

The old boy cocked a speculative eye at him.

"There will be no reporters among them?"

"Reporters? Rather not! Why?"

"I refuse to be badgered by reporters. There were a number of adhesive young men who endeavored to elicit from me my views on America while the boat was approaching the dock. I will not be subjected to this persecution again."

"That'll be absolutely all right, uncle. There won't be a newspaper man in the place."

"In that case I shall be glad to make the acquaintance of your friends."

"You'll shake hands with them, and so forth?"

"I shall naturally order my behavior according to the accepted rules of civilized intercourse."

Bicky thanked him heartily and came off to lunch with me at the club, where he babbled freely of hens, incubators and other rotten things.

After mature consideration we had decided to unleash the Birdsburg contingent on the old boy ten at a time. Jeeves brought his theater pal round to see us, and we arranged the whole thing with him. A very decent chappie, but rather inclined to collar the conversation and turn it in the direction of his home town's new water-supply system. We settled that, as an hour was about all he would be likely to stand, each gang should consider itself entitled to seven minutes of the duke's society by Jeeves' stop watch, and that when their time was up Jeeves should slide into the room and cough meaningly. Then we parted with what I believe are called mutual expressions of good will, the Birdsburg chappie extending a cordial invitation to us all to pop out some day and take a look at the new water-supply system, for which we thanked him.

Next day the deputation rolled in. The first shift consisted of the cove we had met and nine others almost exactly like him in every respect. They all looked deuced keen and businesslike, as if from youth up they had been working in the office and catching the boss' eye and what not. They shook hands with the old boy with a good deal of apparent satisfaction—all except one chappie who seemed to be brooding about something—and then they stood off and became chatty.

"What message have you for Birdsburg, duke?" asked our pal.

The old boy seemed a bit rattled.

"I have never been to Birdsburg."

The chappie seemed pained.

"You should pay it a visit," he said. "The most rapidly growing city in the country. Boost for Birdsburg!"

"Boost for Birdsburg!" said the other chappies reverently.

The chappie who had been brooding suddenly gave tongue.

"Say!"

He was a stout sort of well-fed cove with one of those determined chins and a cold eye.

The assemblage looked at him.

"As a matter of business," said the chappie—"mind you, I'm not questioning anybody's good faith, but, as a matter of strict business—I think this gentleman here ought to put himself on record before witnesses as stating that he really is a duke."

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the old boy, getting purple.

"No offense, simply business. I'm not saying anything, mind you, but there's one thing that seems kind of funny to me. This gentleman here says his name's Mr. Bickersteth, as I understand it. Well, if you're the Duke of Chiswick, why isn't he Lord Percy Something? I've read English novels, and I know all about it."

"This is monstrous!"

"Now don't get hot under the collar. I'm only asking. I've a right to know. You're going to take our money, so it's only fair that we should see that we get our money's worth."

The water-supply cove chipped in:

"You're quite right, Simms. I overlooked that when making the agreement. You see, gentlemen, as business men we've a right to reasonable guarantees of good faith. We are paying Mr. Bickersteth here a hundred and fifty dollars for this reception, and we naturally want to know ——"

Old Chiswick gave Bicky the keen double-o, then he turned to the water-supply chappie. He was frightfully calm.

"I can assure you that I know nothing of this," he said quite politely. "I should be grateful if you would explain."

"Well, we arranged with Mr. Bickersteth that eighty-seven citizens of Birdsburg should have the privilege of meeting and shaking hands with you for a financial consideration mutually arranged, and what my friend Simms here means—and I'm with him—is that we have only Mr. Bickersteth's word for it—and he is a stranger to us—that you are the Duke of Chiswick at all."

Old Chiswick gulped.

"Allow me to assure you, sir," he said in a rummy kind of voice, "that I am the Duke of Chiswick."

"Then that's all right," said the chappie heartily. "That was all we wanted to know. Let the thing go on."

"I am sorry to say," said old Chiswick, "that it cannot go on. I am feeling a little tired. I fear I must ask to be excused."

"But there are seventy-seven of the boys waiting round the corner at this moment, duke, to be introduced to you."

"I fear I must disappoint them."

"But in that case the deal would have to be off."

"That is a matter for you and my nephew to discuss."

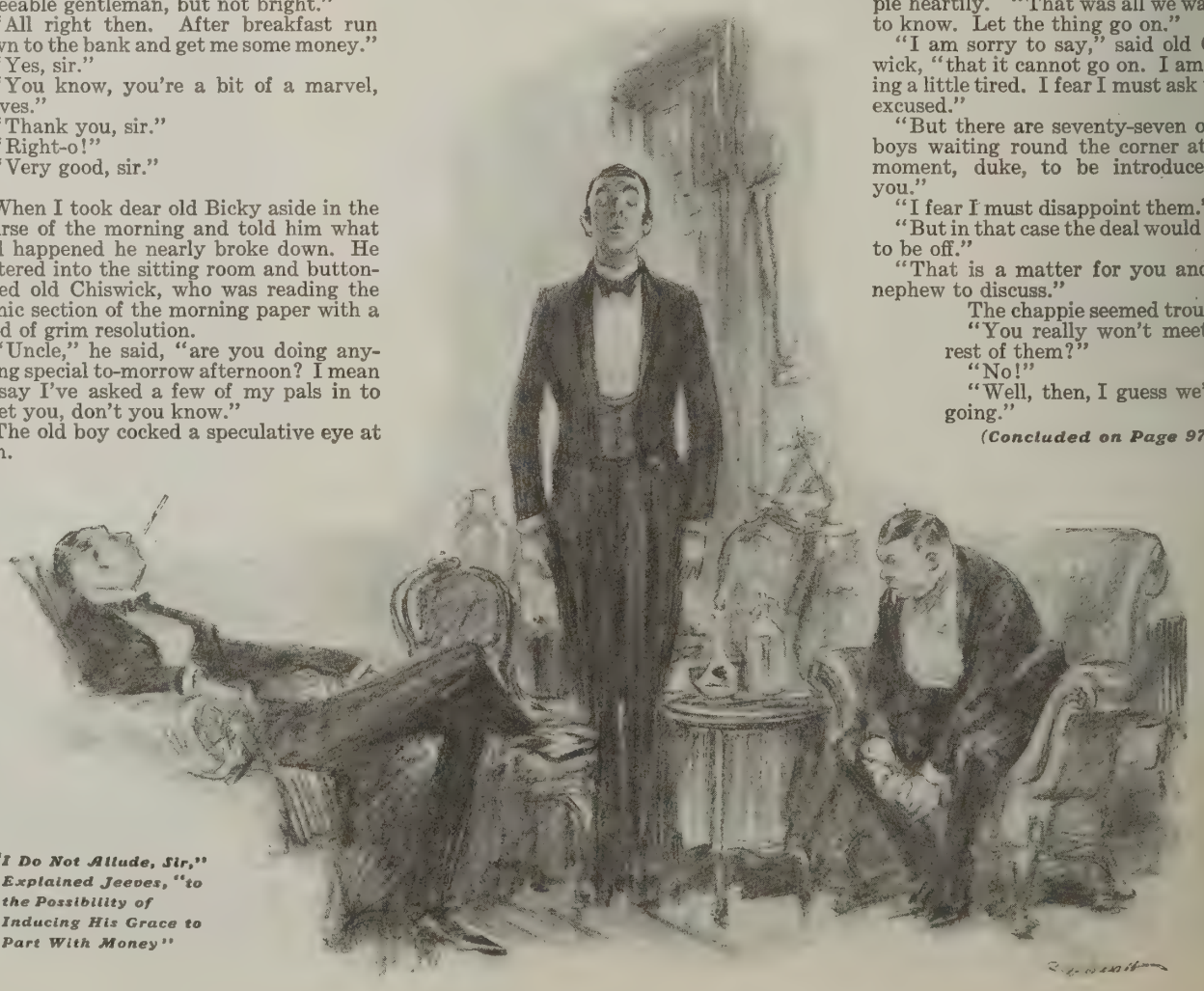
The chappie seemed troubled.

"You really won't meet the rest of them?"

"No!"

"Well, then, I guess we'll be going."

(Concluded on Page 97)



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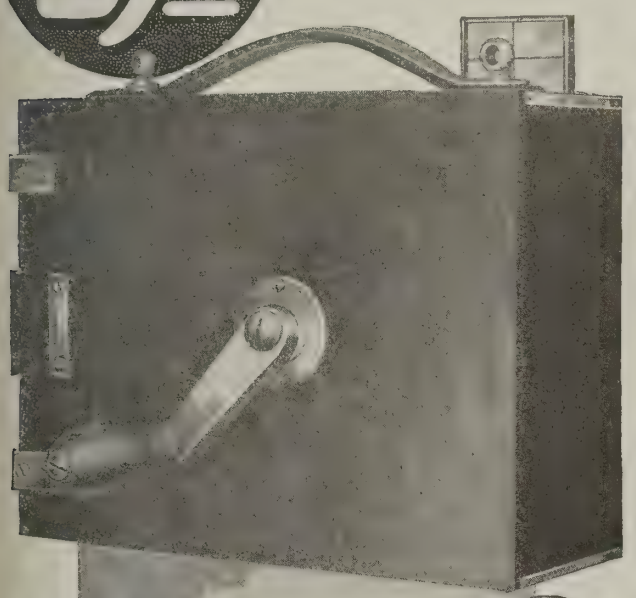

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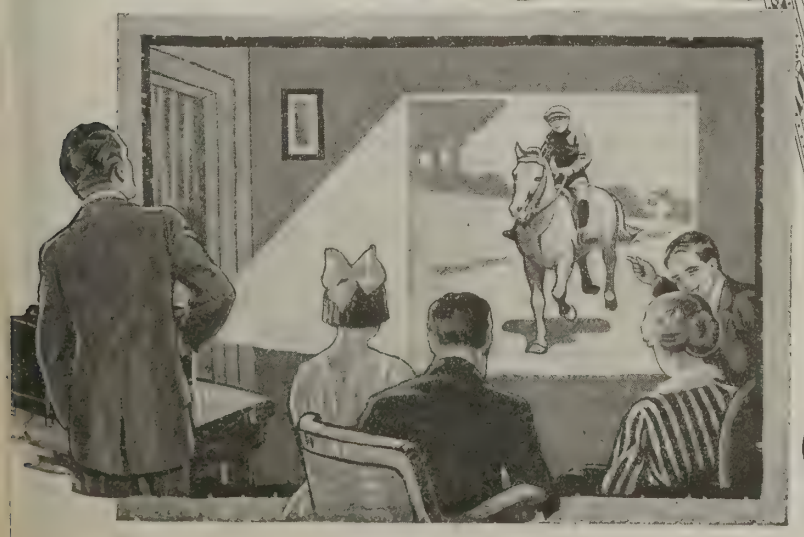

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THIS last month has brought to light facts so unusual yet so convincing that no man who is even thinking of buying a car can dare to overlook them.

You have always thought that a $1,000 car was merely "a $1,000 car." You have read or listened to the story of Studebaker's wonderful increase in sales and manufacturing volume and the economies they produce—and passed it by because so many others said the same things. You have casually dismissed from mind the tremendous advantages given Studebaker by the fact that it is the world's largest maker of fine cars. You have sought to measure Studebaker QUALITY by Studebaker PRICE.

And now the National Shows and the entire industry itself present a series of facts that must be as unexpected as they will be enlightening in your effort to get the most for the price you pay.

Including all new cars announced and exhibited at the shows in New York, Chicago and San Francisco such leading motor journals as "Motor," "Motor World" and "Automobile" have completed a thorough study of the 179 makes of cars on the 1917 market. Comparisons of the figures demonstrate Studebaker VALUE in a way that has never been equalled. They show for example that

—to match what Studebaker offers in its FOUR at $940

- **—in POWER,** you must pay on the average . . . **$2753**
- **—in CAPACITY,** you must pay on the average . **$1802**
- **—in WHEELBASE,** you must pay on the average **$1812**
- **—in REAR AXLE Design,** you must pay on the average **$1742**
- **—in TIRE SIZE,** you must pay on the average . . **$2872**
- **—in FINISH,** you must pay on the average . . . **$2009**

More than this, they show that only in 5 cars on the market, of the 4-cylinder type, can you get ALL of these characteristics of this Studebaker FOUR—and they are all expensive cars, averaging $3687 as against Studebaker's price of $940.

In the case of the Studebaker SIX, study of the comparisons shows that

—to match what Studebaker offers in its SIX at . . $1180

- **—in POWER,** you must pay on the average . . **$4078**
- **—in CAPACITY,** you must pay on the average . **$2254**
- **—in WHEELBASE,** you must pay on the average **$2536**
- **—in REAR AXLE Design,** you must pay on the average **$1908**
- **—in TIRE SIZE,** you must pay on the average . . **$2308**
- **—in FINISH,** you must pay on the average . . . **$2031**

And what is even more demonstrative of Studebaker VALUE is the fact that the industry's own figures show only nine Sixes on the 1917 market that give ALL of these characteristics of the Studebaker SIX, and they are such high-priced cars that the average price of the nine cars is $3769.

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Comparison of the chassis features shows that

—71.2% of the cars on the market endorse by use, the L-HEAD TYPE OF CYLINDER as Studebaker does;

—63.6% of the cars on the market endorse by USE the FORCE PUMP COOLING SYSTEM as Studebaker does;

—55.2% of the cars on the market endorse by use the FORCE PUMP and SPLASH SYSTEM OF OILING as Studebaker does;

—72.2% of the cars on the market endorse by use the BATTERY IGNITION as Studebaker does;

—62.9% of the cars on the market endorse by use the FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE as Studebaker does;

—28.1% (representing the most expensive cars on the market) endorse by use the ¾-ELLIPTIC REAR SPRINGS as Studebaker does;

—74.6% of the cars on the market endorse by use the VACUUM FUEL FEED as Studebaker does;

—85.9% of the cars on the market endorse by use the TWO-UNIT STARTING AND LIGHTING SYSTEM as Studebaker does.

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See your nearest Studebaker dealer and have him show you the car and the features that the whole industry *endorses but does not equal* in VALUE, dollar for dollar of the price.

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(Concluded from Page 94)

They went out, and there was a pretty solid silence. Then old Chiswick turned to Bicky:

"Well?"

Bicky didn't seem to have anything to say.

"Was it true what that man said?"

"Yes, uncle."

"What do you mean by playing this trick?"

Bicky seemed pretty well knocked out, so I put in a word:

"I think you'd better explain the whole thing, Bicky, old top."

Bicky's Adam's-apple jumped about a bit; then he started:

"You see, you had cut off my allowance, uncle, and I wanted a bit of money to start a chicken farm. I mean to say it's an absolute cert. if you once get a bit of capital. You buy a hen, and it lays an egg every day of the week, and you sell the eggs, say, seven for a quarter.

"Keep of hen costs nothing. Profit practically ——"

"What is all this nonsense about hens? You led me to suppose you were a substantial business man."

"Old Bicky rather exaggerated, sir," I said, helping the chappie out. "The fact is, the poor old lad is absolutely dependent on that remittance of yours, and when you cut it off, don't you know, he was pretty solidly in the soup and had to think of some way of closing in on a bit of the ready pretty quick. That's why we thought of this hand-shaking scheme."

Old Chiswick foamed at the mouth.

"So you have lied to me! You have deliberately deceived me as to your financial status!"

"Poor old Bicky didn't want to go to that ranch," I explained. "He doesn't like cows and horses, but he rather thinks he would be hot stuff among the hens. All he wants is a bit of capital. Don't you think it would be rather a wheeze if you were to ——"

"After what has happened? After this—this deceit and foolery? Not a penny!"

"But ——"

"Not a penny!"

There was a respectful cough in the background.

"If I might make a suggestion, sir?"

Jeeves was standing on the horizon, looking devilish brainy.

"Go ahead, Jeeves!" I said.

"I would merely suggest, sir, that if Mr. Bickersteth is in need of a little ready money, and is at a loss to obtain it elsewhere, he might secure the sum he requires by describing the occurrences of this afternoon for the Sunday issue of one of the more spirited and enterprising newspapers."

"By Jove!" I said.

"By George!" said Bicky.

"Great heavens!" said old Chiswick.

"Very good, sir," said Jeeves.

Bicky turned to old Chiswick with a gleaming eye.

"Jeeves is right! I'll do it. The Chronicle would jump at it. They eat that sort of stuff."

Old Chiswick gave a kind of moaning howl.

"I absolutely forbid you, Francis, to do this thing!"

"That's all very well," said Bicky, wonderfully braced, "but if I can't get the money any other way ——"

"Wait! Er—wait, my boy! You are so impetuous! We might arrange something."

"I won't go to that bally ranch."

"No, no! No, no, my boy! I would not suggest it. I would not for a moment insist it. I—I think ——" He seemed to have a bit of a struggle with himself. "I—I think that, on the whole, it would be best if you returned with me to England. I—I might—in fact, I think I see my way to doing—to—I might be able to utilize your services in some secretarial position."

"I shouldn't mind that."

"I should not be able to offer you a salary, but, as you know, in English political life the unpaid secretary is a recognized figure ——"

"The only figure I'll recognize," said Bicky firmly, "is five hundred quid a year, paid quarterly."

"My dear boy!"

"Absolutely!"

"But your recompense, my dear Francis, would consist in the unrivaled opportunities you would have, as my secretary, to gain experience, to accustom yourself to the intricacies of political life, to—in fact, you would be in an exceedingly advantageous position."

"Five hundred a year!" said Bicky, rolling it round his tongue. "Why, that would be nothing to what I could make if I started a chicken farm. It stands to reason. Suppose you have a dozen hens. Each of the hens has a dozen chickens. After a bit the chickens grow up and have a dozen chickens each themselves, and then they all start laying eggs! There's a fortune in it. You can get anything you like for eggs in America. Chappies keep them on ice for years and years, and don't sell them till they fetch about a dollar a whirl. You don't think I'm going to chuck a future like this for anything under five hundred o' goblins a year—what?"

A look of anguish passed over old Chiswick's face, then he seemed to be resigned to it. "Very well, my boy," he said.

"What ho!" said Bicky. "All right, then."

"Jeeves," I said. Bicky had taken the old boy off to dinner to celebrate, and we were alone. "Jeeves, this has been one of your best efforts."

"Thank you, sir."

"It beats me how you do it."

"Yes, sir."

"The only trouble is you haven't got much out of it—what!"

"I fancy Mr. Bickersteth intends—I judge from his remarks—to signify his appreciation of anything I have been fortunate enough to do to assist him, at some later date when he is in a more favorable position to do so."

"It isn't enough. Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

It was a wrench, but I felt it was the only possible thing to be done.

"Bring my shaving things."

A gleam of hope shone in the chappie's eye, mixed with doubt.

"You mean, sir?"

"And shave off my mustache."

There was a moment's silence. I could see the fellow was deeply moved.

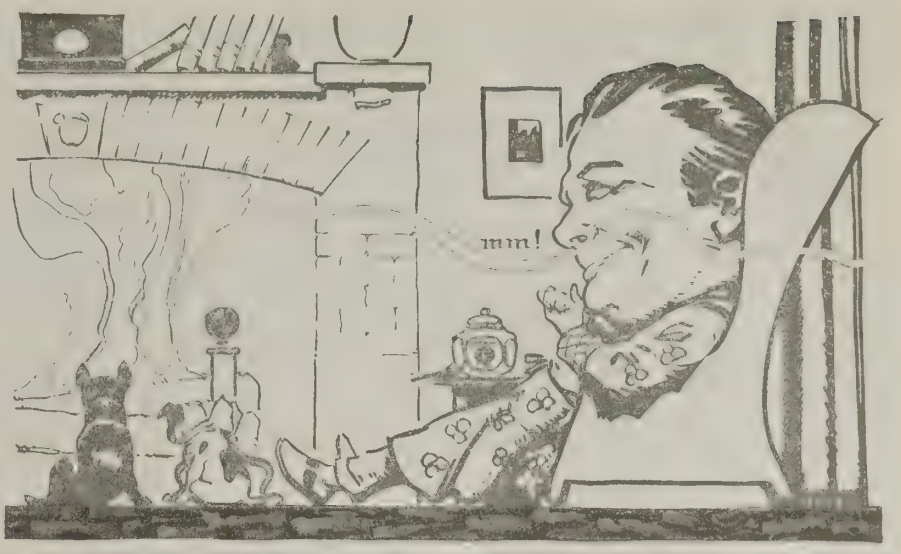
"Thank you very much indeed, sir," he said in a low voice, and popped off.

The Ghost

SOME day when willow buds are green
against a windy sky—
Some sweet-lipped April morning when the
clouds are white and high—
When the gray dew's rough as velvet where the
deepest shadows lie,
And the mocking birds would break your
heart a-grieving—
I'll find the little path that leads across the
years again,
Through uplands white with clematis and
lowlands sweet with rain,
And tap with fingers wistful-light against
Your windowpane,
As ghosts come back who had no heart for
leaving.

And I shall find them wondrous small, those
great remembered things,
Adown the little Path o' Dream that leads to
Other Springs—
The clover bloom less honey-sweet, less rare
the bird that sings,
Less magical the spells that used to bind me—
Until I come to stand again outside Your
open door,
A-looking in as ghosts must look where they
have dwelt before—
And knowing that the heart o' me and all the
world, and more,
Between Your two warm hands I'd left
behind me!

—*Dorothy Paul.*



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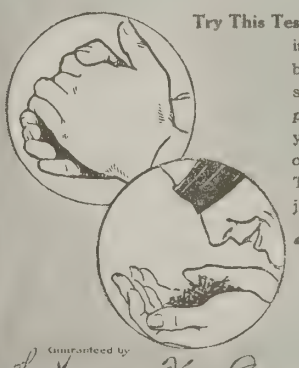

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And above all, it is the individual who must reorganize himself, because it is he who is the basis of the trouble. Let The Emerson Course teach you to conserve your brains, your time—for these are your capital—just as money and machinery are the capital of a factory. Learn to invest them right. There's more coming to you out of life—Get it. Get the money and rest and success you ought to have.

You won't work longer—you'll work less. You are full of unused energy. The rapidity of the city man's life bewilders the country man. A day in New York is a terror. But give him a year in the city and he will keep the pace as well as anyone. He will get ten times as much out of himself—and he won't be working any harder. That's what Efficiency will do for you who are already in the city. It will attune you to a new gait—a new zest and snap—and things will leap along where now they crawl.

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THE PHANTOM CIRCUIT

(Continued from Page 11)

You catch a glimpse of the vista she opened to me for an instant? Major Forsythe was going to die—before my camera. How? I dared not ask.

We duly landed on the shores of the little harbor of Bismarck Island. I had somewhat regained confidence. The officers on the transport steamer either had had no inkling of what was behind our expedition or were respectfully silent. They took the major at his own valuation, though he horrified me by continually hinting at his former services and his present close relations with high-up personages in the British Empire.

"He will ruin us all!" I warned Aileen. "You forget that I am still a representative of an American film company and intrusted openly with charge of a big feature. They don't know that you are my wife, it seems. They appear to be ignorant that your father is an impostor. We must step softly."

She heard me with indifference. From the moment she saw the flag flying above the smooth ramparts of the fortifications, saw the lines of soldiery drilling on the smooth sand and heard the music of the band, she was quite a different woman. She paid no attention to me.

So far as my work went, it was made easy. Officers and men put themselves out to make plain all the details of the engagement I was to reproduce, and the colonel in command said I might employ his men as I liked. He didn't even balk at my introduction of a feminine interest. My plan, as worked out by Aileen, was adopted. She was to represent an English girl held captive by the enemy, but managing to communicate valuable information to the attackers. She was to be caught in the act; condemned to die. The final assault was to be a desperate one, which would top the ramparts just in time to save her life.

The old colonel pursed his lips and remarked:

"My boy, I can't object. Real war is grim business. This will relieve the picture." He looked at me in a musing manner. "After all, a woman is at the bottom of all warfare."

The various episodes worked in well with the genuine stuff, which included having again the sudden arrival of the little flotilla from New Zealand, a sea fight ending in the retreat of the enemy under the protection of the fortress' guns, and at last the landing of the troops who were to make the final assault on the fortifications.

I found myself shortly in possession of a thousand feet of the best film ever made. My camera men—no novices—were enthusiastic. The colonel sat in the projecting room and grew husky with gratification at the way the picturing of his expedition was coming out. And I myself began to see that Aileen was the most wonderful actress I had ever handled. What picture values she had! Old as some of the stuff was that I had arranged, and indifferent as she had seemed when she acted it out, the film showed up with startling vividness; with a quality I had never seen before.

"The girl is a picture!" one of my camera men remarked. "Somehow she makes all this seem kind of big and important—as if it were true, and something big and important was to come."

The man was right. In every scene her splendid eyes looked out and beyond you, full of mystery. And in some subtle and obscure manner she gave color to every movement, as if her impetuous and regal spirit were indomitable by the limits of the camera. Her whole soul seemed burning toward a dénouement that was in the dark.

I must mention here that the colonel had strictly forbidden the use of any European enemy prisoners.

"Hardly fair," he growled. "Poor devils! You'll have to do the best you can with the natives."

So, when I came to stage the last episodes Aileen had been fully established as an admired and feared prisoner, and especially as holding a strange and uncanny influence over the natives who were her guards. Even the colonel observed that on the film our dark-skinned South Sea islanders were under her spell.

"Queer!" he muttered to me one evening as we sat before the screen while my men ran some of the stuff. "The picture gets something into it that a chap doesn't notice outside. Those black boys! I never noticed before how they watch Miss Forsythe. One would suppose, from looking at your film, that they—that she was a witch. Queer!"

Aileen listened to my instructions for the last scenes and offered no suggestions till I was through. Then she said:

"You forget that this picture is real! The film mustn't merely satisfy your picture sense. It must leave absolutely no doubt in the mind of the spectator that the thing happened. And father must be there—leading the final charge."

"I've already worked him into several scenes and a still," I urged her warmly. "I've done all I can. Offend these officers, and they'll simply take the film and destroy it. We may blind ourselves to some things, but to put your father at the head of the charge the colonel himself led and actually expects to lead this time will merely throw the fat into the fire."

"You promised," she said stoutly. "You promised me!"

"Listen," I said at last: "They know all about your father. They've been too polite to say a word. But they were informed by the Auckland people under what circumstances we came down here. Be wise!"

She prevailed on me to lay my camera lines and arrange my plans so that, in case anything occurred which would make it possible for the major to come into the picture, we should be ready. My last argument was spent. What she intended to do, I didn't know. But I received a curt intimation from the colonel on the evening before the taking of the assault that he himself would direct it. He quietly but firmly insisted that every disposition of the troops, the giving of the signals, and the timing of the scene must be in his hands.

I understood perfectly that the end was come. We had been permitted to pretend and play as long as was possible. The picture of the assault was to be out of our control. I realized that everything was spoiled when he remarked that we should have to do without a reproduction of the blowing up of a bastion, which I had arranged.

"But my wires are laid and the smoke bombs and pasteboard all set," I protested "It will be harmless and effective."

The colonel was obdurate.

"The affair will be a fizzle," I told Aileen later, standing outside that room of hers which I had never entered. "The picture will look like a drill! Better forget your notions about managing to put your father into it."

For the first time she grew violently agitated. She said nothing for a moment but when she began to speak I found myself listening to such a voice as—the voice of a woman praying. You understand? All her heart was wrapped up in this foolish, futile justification of that old impostor, her father. What was it to me what an old colonel ordered, when the setting off of a few smoke pots and a few feet of film of her old father running, with a sword, through the smoke, would make the girl happy?

I surrendered, consigning the colonel to perdition and myself—I knew—to a cell. I quietly took her out and indicated the switch, which I had buried in the sand, that would connect up my forbidden explosion; agreed to give her a signal in time to let her shove her father into the action at the close.

"Now run away!" I told her. "I've sealed my doom as a motion-picture man and an honorable gentleman. Whatever you do, don't break into this action till you get my signal. If I'm not mistaken, your father's appearance will close the performance."

She held two hands out to me in the starlit dusk.

"Kiss me!" she whispered.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a couple of officers watching us. I drew back. I lost the only kiss she ever offered me. She swept away, waving her white hand.

The next morning I impressed a single thing on the minds of my camera men; they were to keep on turning, no matter what orders were given by others. Everything was ready.

You see? I had already filmed the action taking place behind the gray ramparts—the trial of Aileen; the sentence to death; the sudden call to arms breaking in on the grim court-martial; the hurry and tumult of men rushing to defend their wall-

(Continued on Page 101)

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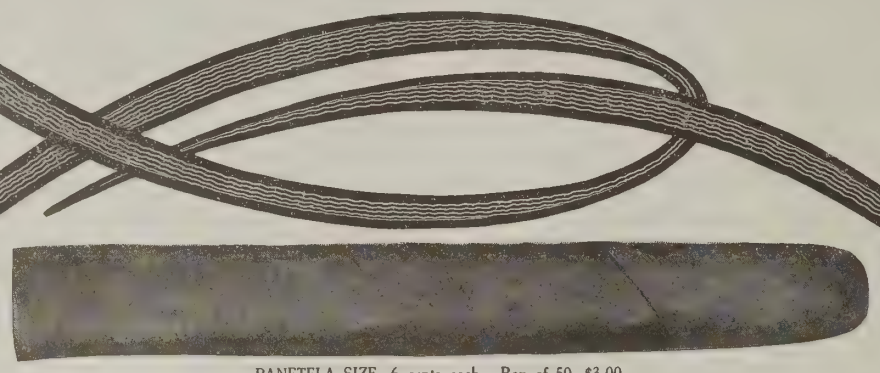

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You would see the cigars so produced take passage from their native soil direct to the docks of our warehouse. No ripening or seasoning on the voyage as tropical green fruits are ripened. *The cigars are perfect when shipped.*

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*Address*_____ *Place*_____

(Continued from Page 98)

Aileen had been left, under guard of a couple of natives, staring down at her manacled wrists. That was the scene I was going to cut into the assault picture. See? It was already taken; and now Aileen was waiting on one side of the bastion to make her appearance at the last minute, seize a machine gun, and turn it on her captors.

The British flag had been run down and an enemy flag hoisted in preparation for the picture. The colonel overlooked the last details and shot me a warning glance. Then he gave the signal. The cameras clicked.

At first I was most concerned in watching Aileen. Then gradually the grip of the scene seized me. Something in the dull and continuous boom of the big guns and the smart crackle of the small arms set my blood to throbbing. Moment by moment the action became more lifelike, more vivid, more real. Scarlet uniforms wove themselves in and out of the gray battle fumes; raucous cries pierced my ears; there poured back from the mimic field the slow, sluggish odor of human sweat. Foot by foot the film ran over the reels, taking the scene inch by inch. I forgot that this was all a show. I was oblivious to the fact that the up-pouring smoke was dimming the light from the sky. I forgot everything but that a battle was raging before me. I crept over to the switch hidden in the sand. No thought of orders now! I had but a single thought—to see the surging troops reach the blazing rampart and sweep over its wild defenders in one resistless flood.

Even the feel of that switch key, which would set off the paper mine, against the colonel's orders, did not recall Aileen to my mind distinctly. I saw the colonel advancing at the head of his men. They were twenty yards from the wall. A hundred dark and yelling natives held it, pointing their harmless weapons downward and blazing away like madmen.

Suddenly I saw the assault falter. The colonel halted and stared about him. He shouted an order. The fool was spoiling the picture! I bellowed a curse at him. His men looked suddenly disconcerted and mildly bewildered. I lost my head. I leaped up and waved my cap. How was I to remember that had been my agreed signal to Aileen? The picture was being ruined. Hell! I kicked the switch to.

Ha! I jumped up and down. I had done the trick. From below the wall my puny mine exploded the paper counterfeit and belched up a huge billow of yellowish smoke. I saw the colonel lift himself up and yell, waving his sword. His men, who had caught themselves in their rush, leaned far forward, trying to get started again. Here and there a man tossed his arms into the air and fell. Good acting, I thought. Then I heard a bitter, screaming cry that bored right down into my vitals:

"Treason! Treason!"

I rose to my toes to bellow out: "That's only my mine, you idiots!" But something had happened beyond my reckoning. The British officers were driving their men back, hustling them into formation. The men were horribly disturbed; they plucked at their cartridge clips and raised a shrill, sullen hum.

"The devil!" panted an officer, running up behind me. "Say, you damned traitor, do you know what happened? Didn't you know the enemy had a big mine under that wall that never got let off? And now it's fired! It will blow this whole place to hell! And those natives in the fort have shot-cartridges and are using them. Treason!"

He ran off in a long, swift arc, was hit, and tumbled asprawl.

I saw clearly what I had unwittingly done. No wonder the colonel had balked at my having that fake explosion, when the real thing was hidden somewhere under the trampled soil! But would it catch—that other mine? My throat tightened as if a steel cord had slipped about it. Where was Aileen? Behind that wall that would be blown into fragments in another second? I started forward.

I hadn't taken ten steps before I saw her—my wife!—rise suddenly, with a leap, upon the wall, her skirts blowing among the bobbing heads of the amazed natives who were representing the defenders of the fortress. Their shouts rang out; but above them I heard Aileen's clear cry:

"Father! Father!"

As a man sees things in an indistinct dream I saw the old impostor run out from his hiding place. He was in a blazing uniform and he waved a sword. . . . The smoke cleared away before a gust of breeze, and the major stood out there, waving his sword. The mine didn't explode. The fiasco was over. The picture was done! I heard the colonel harshly order the arrest of the old impostor, who still flourished his sword; and a squad of men marched out from the ranks briskly. But ——

Just before they reached the old man a native rose to the top of the wall, beside Aileen, uttered a shrill yell, and discharged his piece directly at Aileen's father. He crumpled up abjectly. The fellow, crazed with excitement, yelled once more and turned on Aileen. I caught the ferocious glare in his eyes and my heart burst with terror for my wife.

I bellowed something and leaped forward. The native heard my cry, spun about, and let me have it. I felt a tremendous cold sting right in my palate—it was exactly as though somebody had stopped the camera. The native had turned, dropped his rifle and snatched up a knife, which he held above Aileen's head for an interminable moment. I could neither move nor utter a sound. . . . The flashing weapon in that wild maniac's hand began to descend swiftly, and a huge darkness enveloped me . . . darkness!

Two weeks later I struggled into wakefulness in an Auckland hospital. Nobody said a word to my muttered queries, though they gave me to understand by curt headshakings that I was—that I was alone. A week later they shoved me out on the street, without a word. I made my way to the American Consulate, where they stared at me oddly.

"A steamer sails for the States this afternoon," the consul told me.

"I should like to ask ——" I began.

"Nothing!" he said decisively. "The affair is hushed up. You will find your stuff with the purser. You may thank the courtesy of the government. . . . Lucky man!"

Lucky? I was stung with the memory of what I had lost—of my wife, Aileen! As a man will, among the ruins of his life, I laughed long and loud, while the consul stared at me with a shocked face.

When I embarked on this ship I found my luggage in the room and a note from the purser, stating that he had in his safe a package of films, which he was authorized to deliver to me on my arrival in America—not before. I am waiting till I get ashore—to burn them!

VI

TURNER'S voice ceased. Presently I heard myself saying:

"Of course you will destroy them. But, first, you will look at them. You will have to know—what happened."

"I'm trying to see my way clear to it," he answered in a strangled voice. "I owe ten thousand dollars. I promised her I would justify her father by that picture. I'm ruined! I might make a little money out of what I could cut and splice. But"—he turned his agonized face to me—"Aileen was my wife!"

"Didn't you make sure she—she—that the native finished that—that stroke?" I asked.

There was no answer at all.

The next morning, in the customs sheds, Turner approached me diffidently.

"I got the films," he said thickly. "Someone developed the negatives and made a print—one of the camera men, likely. Good souls! You are right. I must see them—make what I can out of the stuff." Suddenly he cried out: "I must know! Would you go with me?"

That afternoon I found myself, with Turner, in an empty theater that Turner had got the use of for an hour. An unknown operator was fussing over the reels. It seemed that something was unusual about the way they were fixed.

The screen flashed into view at last; and, with the suddenness of a shot, a woman's face occupied the white sheet in front of us. It could be none other than Aileen Forsythe, I knew. For a moment she looked out at me, a splendid and living face, with luminous eyes, the mysterious self-possession of beauty, and the imperious pride of purpose. The operator murmured a homely sibilant of admiration. Turner groaned.

During the next half hour I saw Bismarckshafen before my eyes, with the people he had talked of. There was the bright beach and the compact mass of the fortress guarding it, with its two guns. I saw the competent and thoughtful colonel; young officers smiling at Aileen; grinning natives; the moveless bulk of a shattered cruiser

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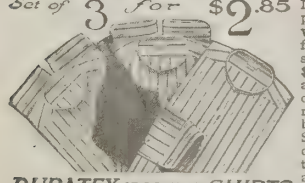

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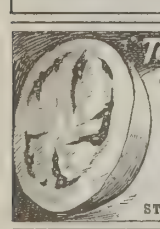

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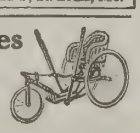

tilted in the waters of the bay. Flags flew and pennants fluttered. A lively and adventurous sight!

And always the girl—lovely, dominant and inscrutable.

Two long, incoherent reels it ran, shifting back and forth as it told the story of a beleaguered town; of brave assaults; of woman's wiles and the grim reality of a drumhead court-martial. The last foot flashed out into a close-up—the girl, seated bound amid her native jailers, looking out under shadowed brows at death . . . still and mysterious!

"Still another reel here," said the operator.

This time the trampled sand before the fortress appeared. Troops rushed to the assault of the wall thronged with savage defenders.

The scene grew tumultuous; officers rushed to and fro, and it seemed as though strange gallantries took place in every corner of the field.

Then the action stopped. Something false and flimsy exploded, sending up clouds of thin smoke. We caught sight of the faces of men turned toward us, backward from the field, peering at something invisible and ominous. Then, dimly on the parapet, a woman reared herself and called from out the smoke . . . vainly. Into the foreground stumbled an elderly man—the major—waving a small sword. A soldier stepped forward toward him. Then darkness!

"You see?" Turner muttered. "A fiasco! And I shall never know!"

In a cracked voice the operator spoke out of the dusk:

"More film yet, sir—spliced on."

And at the word the screen again boiled with hot smoke, which poured upward in ever denser clouds, only to be wiped away and leave the picture distinct, clear and marvelously detailed.

I think the only thing I first saw was the girl on the parapet, poised above the swaying heads of the dark defenders. She held maimed hands, manacled at the wrist, to the ominous sky, opening her lips, calling full-throated, demanding something of God!

"Aileen!" cried Turner in irrepressible anguish.

As if in response to that cry, while the great hands of brutes clutched at her to seize her and drag her down, she cried again.

Out of the still throng of the attackers I saw a dozen men rush forth; but a crumpled figure on the sand first stirred, rose—and the major leaped again to his feet, sword in hand. Then a native reared himself above Aileen, a flashing knife in his uplifted hand. The two men—the father to the rescue and the savage bent on his prey—for an instant shot defiance across the wide stretch. Then the knife descended; and in its fall I saw the old soldier top the crest and receive its edge.

As he fell, a swarm of brightly clad men leaped upward and cleared the parapet with clubbed rifles. In the mêlée I lost sight of the girl.

The film stopped.

"A bad splice here," mumbled the operator, and busied himself with his apparatus for a moment.

Then the reel started off once more, and I found myself staring down at Turner himself, lying face upward on the field, his sightless eyes fixed on the sky. He was quite alone. . . . Alone? What shadowy form was that dimly shining above him?

"Aileen!" Turner whispered from beside me in the darkness.

Bismarckshafen faded. The battlefield was gone. The machine behind us stopped. On the screen I saw only the great, gleaming, misty figure of Aileen Turner, her splendid and passionate face looking into the unseen; her hands outstretched for the unknown; still magnificent! In the silence she seemed to pierce the distance of a world across; to look into the eyes of the man beside me—her husband—as much as to say:

"We have won!"

Did those fair and lovely lips move? Did they softly call? The man beside me stirred.

"Half a mo'," whispered the operator, and resumed his cranking.

And, as if the curtain had rolled up, I saw a cortège, with military bands, marching slowly along an unfamiliar street, streamers flying, a huge British flag floating from about the casket, which soldiers guarded as it passed between silent-thronged pavements; and just behind the rumbling car a woman walked, alone.

The cortège passed; the screen dimmed into darkness. A last flash! Turner rose. I stared at the figure that faced us from the great doors of a building over which floated a flag—the Stars and Stripes—and saw the face of the woman whom Turner loved.

I leaned forward, rubbing my eyes.

"Wouldn't that beat you?" demanded the operator in my ear. "Your side partner didn't wait for the end of the film. Now where do you suppose he's gone to?"

"He? Turner? Gone to meet his wife," I said brusquely.

"By the way, do you know what that last location was?"

"San Francisco Post Office," the operator answered briefly. "Where did you say your partner had gone to?"

"To the post office," I told him.

A WOMAN IN THE HOUSE

(Concluded from Page 8)

"Hey, yous!" the policeman bawled. "What do you think you are? A pair of statues?"

"Is Hester with you?"

"She's not, lad. She's at home, waiting for you."

"Cut it out, kid!" the driver called. "Get into the van. For the love of Mike, get into the van!"

"Boy, I only wanted to marry her for your sake—to have a woman in the house. That was all."

"Do you want to get pinched?" The policeman came over to them. "Come through with the idea! Where do you get this statue stuff?"

"I'll have to get on the van, father, and deliver the furniture. I'll call down to-night and talk."

"No, you won't!" Sir Patrick said. "I'll get on the van and deliver the furniture too."

They had talked long into the night, and three o'clock was ringing as Sir Patrick left his son in his room at the hotel.

"So that's settled," the baronet said. "You go home to-morrow and get married as soon as she'll let you."

"But why won't you come along, father?" the boy asked.

"Now listen to me, my lad," Sir Patrick said with mock solemnity. "I've been taking care of you for twenty-three years, and I'm through with it. You've got somebody else to look after you now. I'm going to take three or four years to look round this country. I like it. Good night."

"Good night, father." He watched Sir Patrick move toward the door. "Listen, sir," he said. "Tell me honestly: Was that the only reason you had for wanting to marry Hester—for my sake—to have a woman in the house?"

"The only reason."

"On the one unbreakable oath?"

"On the honor of an Irish gentleman!" The baronet bowed.

"Oh, then that's all right!" his son said.

The elder man walked down the corridor and, pausing for a minute at a window, he looked out on the sleeping city. Very cold and lonely it appeared to him, for all its electric bulbs and humming traffic and lighted windows—a place he could never be at home in; a place that cared nothing for him or his people or his old traditions.

And in contrast to it, in his mind's eye there arose the yellow hills of Oriel, with the sun glinting on the gorse, and the sparkle of the frosty roads. He could see the hunt in the morning, the fine horses and the gallant riders, and the cunning dog fox streaking redly away.

"Never again!" he murmured heartbrokenly. "Never again!"

And then, following on that splendid picture, the face of Hester O'Donnell flashed before him—the sparkling gray eyes; the dusky hair; the knotted brows.

"Little Heart of Corn!" he whispered hoarsely. "Oh, little Heart of Corn!"

He straightened himself up suddenly and went down the corridor, his head high and his shoulders square, as a great man should march off into exile for a lost cause.

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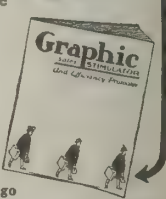

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(Continued from Page 38)

battleship wrap himself round the inflated remnants o' that hog, aim straight for the center o' the opposition and go through it like a whole armament works, and the battle o' Gettysburg won't be in it with the racket made by ten thousand onlookers as they take the grand stand to pieces to throw in the air in approval!"

Jerry got up at that and commenced to pace the ground. Suddenly he faced me, his face trying as hard as it could to register fight and resolution.

"Yes, but how?" he cried. "How am I to educate myself? How am I to recover my lost nerve and this fear of physical and moral battle? How am I to acquire pluck and courage? Come down to something concrete. Give me some practical help!" He turned up the table and back again. "Man, I need it!" he groaned. "I need it and want it, but I don't know how to go about it!"

"It's my contention," said I, "that bullets and spine and pep is a habit that can be acquired same as chewin' tobacco or standin' for a wife with a harelip because she's got oceans o' coin. What you need is a good smashin' battle with your fists where you win. That'll prove to you that you're as good as any man. One or two o' these will begin to put some self-confidence into you, and then you won't be afraid to tackle larger propositions. As you go on from one success to another aggressiveness and mastery will become a habit. You're probably wantin' to have somethin' happen that'll give you back your gimp all at once. But that's where your regeneration would smack o' a miracle. What you want to do is assert yourself in little things first, sort o' grow up with your backbone."

"Dammit, man!" he cried. "Be concrete!"

"Well," said I, "there's the little episode o' the grub top. Suppose to-morrow you come underneath for your noon feed and find another man in a seat you want. Go up to him, get him by the slack o' the trousers, and haul him into the North American atmosphere. Havin' got him there, drop him—bein' sure there's a fairly sharp-pointed rock underneath him. If he objects haul off and baste him. I'll interfere and save you if he carries you too close to death. But make it known in that cook tent that you want to be known as Jerry Out-o'-My-Way instead o' 'Out o' My Way, Jerry!' Then when you've established a prestige as a small unexploded explosion, try it outside the cook tent. For instance, there's Big Sheehan. The next time he begins to cuss and boot you, order him to stop. If he shouldn't, walk up to him and stand him on his neck. If you survive the battle—well, you'll be quite fit for anything, even to goin' over to the capital o' that rotten state and rescuin' Joe."

"Do you stop to realize that this would mean for me an entire making over of myself—that I'd be doing something I've longed to do ever since I was a boy in school? I've taken orders for so long that it's second nature to agree with my adversary quickly, and I've got to create within me a new mentality."

"Rats!" said I. "All you lack is self-confidence, and if something could happen to show you that you're as good as other men your self-assertion would return all in a lump. And you'd make a discovery, man, same as all assertive folks have: Ninety-nine out o' every hundred men will concede you the argument the moment they see you on the warpath, and grab wildly for the nearest telephone pole to raise themselves out o' your way. There's the hundredth man, and maybe he'd stand his ground. But the courage you'd generated from seein' ninety-nine flee would carry you through the scrimmage with the other. Just stand your ground and let folks know that if they mean to have a war it'll begin just where your feet at the moment may be trackin'."

He smiled grimly. In fact, he sort o' laughed desperately.

"I couldn't be much worse off than I am," said he. "Morally I'm a failure, anyhow. I'll think it over. If there should be a mix-up under the cook top to-morrow you'll know I've at least screwed up my courage to try your advice—somewhat as an experiment. But if I pick a fight at all it will be with one of the strongest characters in the show, not with women."

"Go to it!" said I. "I'm yours till Niagara falls."

The next noon we were eating dinner forty-three miles away. I was studying aëronautics touching on and appertaining to a wing of fried chicken, when out of the corner of my eye I saw Jerry coming. In the ninth hour of his side-tracked life he'd set his jaw like a paving block, and with a face as white as pottery was about to try out my rudiments of success on the show in foodfest assembled.

"Good for him!" said I to myself. "For once in my life I've been o' use to my fellerman. I wouldn't miss this for a month's salary." And I swallowed a hunk of the fowl. That morsel of hen hadn't gone down four inches before the Hand of Destiny screwed in my neck and the Wrath of Judgment took a strangle hold on my trousers. The table flew away from me; the world turned upside down—in fact, the surface of this planet and myself rolled over and over in misunderstanding for a considerable spell, and that mouthful of chicken was stopped from coming up by three mouthfuls of sand that met it on their way down.

It took me just two seconds to realize what had happened and four more to use my feet for the purposes for which Nature made them.

Plainly and distinctly I saw Jerry's two legs climbing over my bench one after the other and depositing themselves under my portion of table.

"You concentrated essence of undiluted gall!" I roared at his ingratitude. "I'll make so many holes in your personality it won't even hold your principles!"

When he turned round his face to view me coming at him, it was chalky. His lips were working wordlessly and running blood where he was biting them to rally his quaking nerves.

"Out of my way!" he replied, his voice breaking as he said it in absolute terror, but trying to make his bluff and prestige good with the gang. "I've—I've been made the goat of this show long enough. I'm tired of always getting out of someone else's way. Now someone can get out of mine!"

As I persisted in approaching him he gave one last clutch at his stampeding feelings and managed to slip me the wink. I realized in that instant that he'd chosen me because I might not kill him so thoroughly dead as others round that table. I'd have forgiven him if he hadn't overdone it. Because when he saw I was still intent on making him and me an assorted package of humanity, he climbed on the seat, grabbed my plate of victuals and hove it at me.

"Look here, you!" I cried. "When I spilled you that advice last night I didn't intend to play the goat for you! I didn't suppose you'd be such a practical joker as to try it on your best friend."

I reached up for his shoulders to pull him down and shake some sense into him; but somehow things failed to connect. Maybe it was accidental, him being considerably excited; maybe it was the intent of desperation. Anyhow, I ran into the granite corner of his knee and heard some of the castings snap in my interior. I don't recollect much more of that encounter. They laid me on a cot a few minutes later and sent for a doctor that dabbled in masonry on the side. He boxed me in Portland cement and left me to my religion. That misplaced college professor had kicked in two of my personal ribs!

That afternoon, when the scaffolding had been removed from my upper stories, Big Sheehan came in to view the remains.

"Gun," said he, "you know that quiet, superior sort o' bum that's been taggin' along for his grub and keep. Well, I want to know what's come over him."

"Why?" said I.

"Because since he laid you out in the come-and-get-it booth, the boys have been speakin' easy when he approaches and the sudden attention seems gone to his nut. Oh, he don't say any more than he has said for some time past, but he acts sort of funny, with an air to him that I don't like. What I want to know is, is he some particular friend o' yourn, or have I your permission to shunt him into our side show as a horrible example o' human mutilation if he should give me any of his superior sass and compel me to chastise him before firin'?"

"I'm sayin' nothin'," said I. "Only men that have been walked on all their lives sometimes turn out terrible exhibits o' a battle in full action when they discover how much scrap and destruction is really permitted by law before the state takes hold. If you see him ask him to come here."

"If he tries any of the funny work on me that he tried on you this noon he'll come here on a door," announced the big canvasman.

It was two hours before my protégé came. He'd had an ear horribly chewed and there was an ugly bruise over one eye. Even in my carefully preserved condition it did me good to see him.

"How come you all desecrated like that?" said I.

He was still very quiet in his speech and behavior. Excepting the extension of the war from Europe onto his face, the only change I saw in him was a half-baleful glint in his off eye and a trifle more compression to his lips.

"Do you know, I'm really beginning to like this," said he very academically. "I want to extend you my apology, however—I really didn't mean to stave in your ribs. I wanted to test out your theory of psychology as to how the rest of the men in this outfit would conduct themselves toward me if I should thrash one who held such a dynamic reputation as yourself. I thought you'd catch on to why I singled you out instead of some one who might have waded into me and knocked all my incipient determination in eight directions. The kicking you was an accident for which my excitement was responsible. As for the psychology of it—you were more than correct. They've scattered before me since noon as if I were a plague."

"Answer my question!" said I.

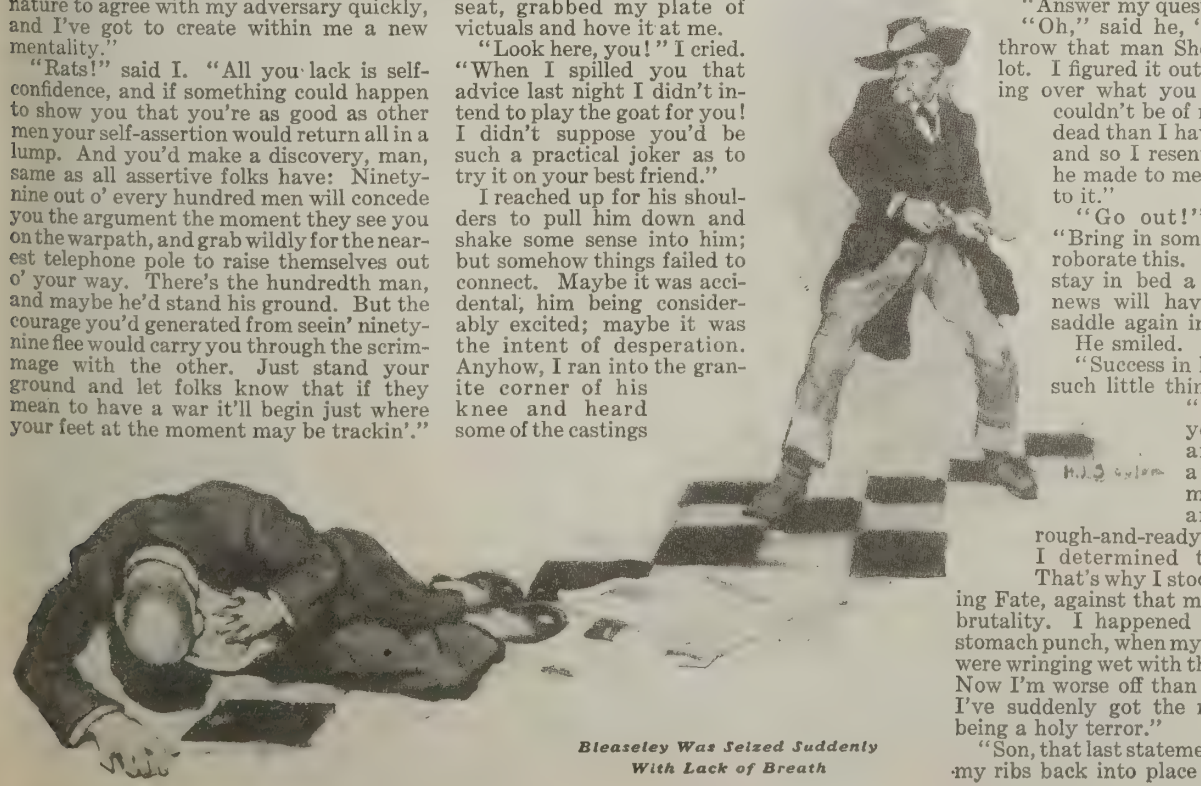
"Oh," said he, "I've had to throw that man Sheehan off the lot. I figured it out, after thinking over what you said, that I couldn't be of much less use dead than I have been alive, and so I resented a remark he made to me and we went to it."

"Go out!" I ordered. "Bring in some one to corroborate this. I was goin' to stay in bed a week. Such news will have me in the saddle again in two days."

He smiled.

"Success in life hinges on such little things," said he. "My breaking your ribs was an accident, and it gave me a prestige among these rough-and-ready cowmen that I determined to cultivate. That's why I stood up, tempting Fate, against that man Sheehan's brutality. I happened to hit him a stomach punch, when my underclothes were wringing wet with the fright of it. Now I'm worse off than ever because I've suddenly got the reputation of being a holy terror."

"Son, that last statement sent one of my ribs back into place with a bang.



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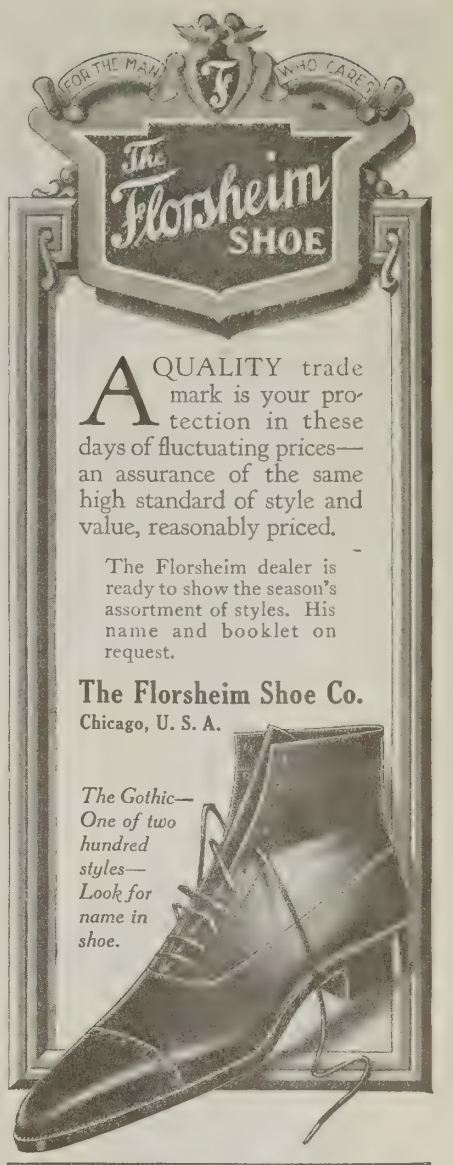

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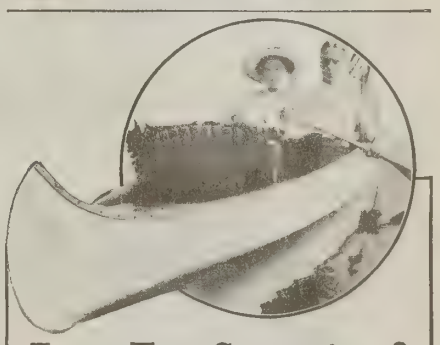

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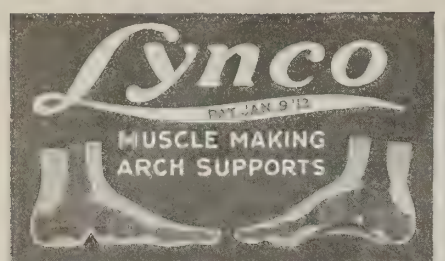

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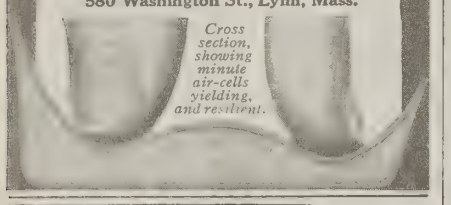

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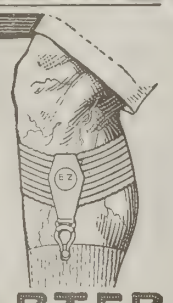

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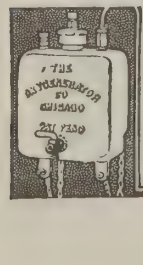

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"Jerry Out-o'-My-Way" he became from that night forward. He wasn't a troublesome cuss, and he never went out of his way to pick a fight; but day after day while my ribs were mending I noted that the deference the boys showed him for his self-assertion was having its work. He sure was a peculiar chap. I never could quite make him out. I'd have given much to know his history. Anyhow, he took to slicking himself up, holding his head higher and being readier and more peppery in retaliation when any of the outfit crossed him. He came to me one night. As though it was some sort of disappointment, he said to me:

"Look here, Gun, this is the best joke ever. No one even makes a pretense of standing up to me. I haven't had a really good scrap since that bout with Sheehan. What's the reason?"

"Your reputation is the reason, Jerry. After a man has established a reputation, whether it's as a leader of men or a cracker o' safes, all that's necessary is to patch it up once in a while, like a political fence. Ninety-nine per cent of the world is actin' anyhow, Jerry. That's the thing meant by livin' up to one's reputation. It means livin' up to the thing the world supposes you to be. If half the men in the United States had their hands called to-night, Jerry, there'd be some mighty queer surprises sprung and a readjustin' o' individual values, believe me!"

"Man," said he, "this life with this Wild-West show is just what I've been longing for all my days without knowing it. It's an eye opener, my friend. I never supposed before that so many people that are supposed to represent so much, either in physical force or social position, could be downed so easily when it came to a real test."

"You're right, Jerry," said I, "and you're learnin' fast. If thousands o' men in this country to-night that think they're failures only knew what a little needle would puncture their supposedly impregnable opposition, the common people would be mighty scarce because there'd be mighty few folks left to act in that capacity. Keep it up, man! You got more brains than we show fellers. If you can overcome this fear o' combat that's held you down, you're slated for somethin' better than your new job o' bossin' the canvas gang, take it from me."

"Speaking of other worlds to conquer, Gun, what's the story about this man Dermott, that's one of this firm?"

"More's the pity, Jerry," said I, "that we don't know. As near as we-all can make out, Joe went up to this Bleaseley's house and had a fight with him over the show licenses. There's a bunch o' reformers down in the south end o' the state that have been tryin' to get somethin' on the political gang, and they've tried every way they knew how to get an affidavit out o' Joe to use to expose the methods o' Bleaseley's crowd. Because o' that and the fear that Joe's freedom would bring on an investigation, the bunch has kept a closer watch over him than they would over a rattler. They're exterminatin' Joe, from what meager information we-all have got, simply so the real story of Bleaseley's murder will stop with Joe's breath. There's revenge mixed up with it, which is bad; but the fear o' Joe shootin' off his mouth has frightened 'em more. You can see that if they gave him a regular trial, with the public admitted and all, there's bound to come out facts the machine don't want brought out. We ain't got on to the fine points o' it yet; but we know that from a lawyer's standpoint we're helpless to save him."

"But the governor," says Jerry. "What about him?"

"They tell me," I said, "that you can't nail him any more than you can tack jelly to the wall. Some say he don't know the ins and outs o' Joe's side o' the story, and is content to take what them crooks tell him; others tell us that he just simply lacks the pep to act in this matter accordin' to a white man's conscience. I'm inclined to the last view. Some o' the Bleaseley crowd told him to get out o' the state until the croakin' was over—and he obeyed. But he's a rotten prop in our present predicament, and some o' the boys is debatin' goin' up to the capital and creatin' conditions where martial law is advisable. We can't find a lawyer in the state who'll fight Joe's case against the machine—even the reformers' crowd can't generate a man with brains and weight enough to make an impression. And an out o' the state lawyer won't do because the laws o' different states is different, and, besides, what good would it do anyway, when the machine could put in a loaded jury? I tell you, man, it's the damndest condition o' affairs I ever heard of in all my born days. And Joe's attitude don't help any. We ain't been allowed to see him but once, because they make Joe out a desperate Western criminal that needs a constant double guard. And Joe wrote us, like the dogged old roughneck he is, that he's glad he shot the cuss after the language he used to him, and he won't back down, not even to save his neck. Oh, the whole business is a tangled mess, and so long as the courts are in the control o' Bleaseley's men, and they've got the idea that Joe's dangerous to 'em alive, the man's headed straight for the rope."

Jerry was silent for a long time. Finally he said:

"Gun, I'm going to tell you something."

He didn't tell it to me for a long time, though. He seemed to sit there thinking and weighing his words.

"Gun," he finally declared, "you got me right that night several weeks ago when you lectured me in the commissary department of this show—I have seen better days. I'm going to tell you something about myself—I've been a lawyer."

"It's no news," said I. "Where?"

"In the state in which you said just now that you can't find an attorney fearless enough to jump into the center of this fight and stir things up," he replied.

"No!"

"Yes! Before I descended to tagging round with an open-air show, my nerve gone, my clothes seedy, my face needing a shave, I was a lawyer, and I flatter myself that I was among the best of them. But it was my lack of backbone that did for me, Gun. I let myself go crooked, and you know where that course inevitably leads. Either it's the penitentiary, or it's the condition in which I was when I joined this show."

"Did you ever have experience with this Bleaseley gang?"

"I never opposed them," he acknowledged. "I just didn't dare. It—well, I wouldn't have had the physical courage. I can't talk much about myself or my career, Gun; and I'm not proud of my record. But it occurs to me that maybe I'd have the chance to make up for my record if I could do something to save this man. It's true that he's been made out a man-killing desperado—but since this raw deal has been handed him some different stories of his character have come out. He couldn't have been such a terribly bad man if the boys thought as much of him as you fellows in this outfit do."

Well, I launched forth right there with fifteen minutes of personal reminiscence about Joe Dermott, one of the best old-timers that ever wore spurred leather. And all the time Jerry sat cross-legged on the sod and poked holes in the earth with a stick.

I ended by saying:

"Do you remember enough o' your law, Jerry, to get under the skin o' these crooks with your needle o' vitriol?"

"It isn't my lack of law that stops me," said he; "it's the wonder whether my grit will desert me when I find myself face to face with some of the men I once knew. If my record was lily-white it would be different. But it might be a case of the pot calling the kettle black."

"Jerry," said I solemnly, "a man's life hangs in the balance here, and if ever there was a time when a chap ought to take risks, now's it!"

"There's some things, Gun, that you don't know about this deal, or they wouldn't keep Dermott as closely guarded as they do," Jerry replied. "I know just enough about this gang to appreciate there's some mighty deep reason why they want to get this thing hushed up, Joe out of the way, and the whole rotten circumstances of Bleaseley's death forgotten. I realize that it means more than merely the saving of Joe Dermott. It means that if a man gets into this scrap strong enough to create an influence to save Dermott's life, he's got to dig till he unearths the whole political rottenness of Bleaseley's machine. That's the real reason why no lawyer in the state will take up the case for the reformers and save Dermott. It means a shakedown that the rest of the country may mistake for an earthquake."

"Jerry," I said, "could a man devote his life and his abilities to a better pandemonium?"

I saw the chap's lips were tight and his forehead was wet.

"Do you know what it may mean for me? It may mean jail too!"

"Possibly!"

"But it isn't the thought of bars I'm afraid of mostly; it's losing my nerve at the size of the opposition after I'm started. I haven't had much practice at self-assertion and self-mastery—all I've done is lick a few burly showmen. This is another kind of fight, and it'll be terrific."

"Jerry," said I, "do you recollect how the boys respected you for doin' nothin' more than swipin' at Big Sheehan and kickin' me in the slats? Don't it prove what I said, that it isn't the size o' things against you that counts, but the spirit you assail 'em with? And you did those two stunts almost on bluff—mostly accidental. Who knows but what those fat crooks may cut and run from no more demonstration than you've given here! They look big as a mountain to fight simply because everybody's thought them unlickable. Suppose you call their bluff—see whether they're really that, or just a crowd o' chicken-hearted four-flushers, lookin' fierce and terrible!"

He threw the stick from him into the night and covered his face with his hands. I groaned.

"Oh, Jerry, why didn't you tell me all this earlier," said I. "Poor Joe's got only two more days alive. It's a mighty short time to save him; at the best it'll be a close shave."

"It isn't the saving of him!" cried Jerry. "It's the consequences."

He got up after a while. As he was going off to where the stock was being loaded for the night run down to Springfield, he said:

"The only redeeming feature, if I should succeed, would be that even if it took me to jail I'd feel that I'd played the man."

He went away into the shadows. Next morning he was missing.

It was on Saturday night we had the above talk. Joe's sentence had been reported to us as going into execution sometime during the week commencing the following Sunday night at sunset. We knew that in this case there wouldn't be any time wasted—Joe would probably swing round six o'clock of Monday morning.

I never want to spend another such Sunday. We were staying in a little burg about seventy miles from the capital, and just over the state line because we'd never got the license to play in the state since the murder. The artistic temperament of the outfit was more strung up than usual with the suspense, and we had six more fights between the boys than was usual for the Sabbath.

Joe didn't have any folks excepting showfolks, so Bill was going up to the capital the following day to claim the body. We sat up all Sunday night awaiting the sickening items of the morning papers. In trying to cheer up old Bill I told him about Jerry. Old Bill laughed at me, and I didn't blame him. It was a piece of nonsense to expect that a man that rolled from a box car in the condition Jerry had, that followed circuses for his grub, should be able to stay the wheels of injustice within two days of a man's day, and save him.

I hoped against hope that some word would come from Jerry up to the last thing Sunday night; but nothing came. We telephoned to one of the newspapers up to the capital during the night, and they said that so far as they knew Joe was to hang round dawn.

Well, the dawn came at last. It was cold and clammy, and got you like a dead man's hand. The bunch of us were sitting in the office tent with old Bill. We could imagine the scene that Joe was going through at the moment. Joe had sent us word that he didn't want to go through the hell of bidding us good-by; that he would die with his boots on and no confounded palavering. So none of us went up for any till-we-meet-beyond-the-river stuff, even if they'd let us pull it. Joe was going to the noose like a man, and persisting to the last he was glad he shot Bleaseley and he'd do the same thing again. We sat there till the sun came up.

(Continued on Page 109)

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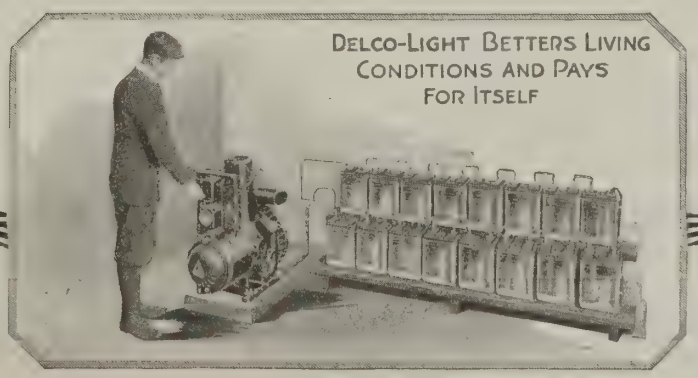

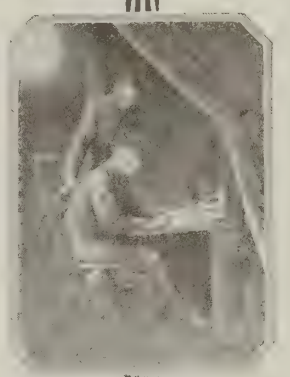

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HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 106)

"Waal," said Bill, "I don't know as we can do any good sittin' here any longer. It's all over by now. Let's walk up to town, get the mornin' papers, and see how he took his medicine."

We went uptown. And talk of dragging out the agony! There wasn't one line in them about Joe's hanging!

"Then he ain't been hung!" said Bill.

"Either that or the papers left the capital before the hangin' was concluded," said I. "Then there's two other explanations: The biggest one is that the editors got instructions not to notice the official murder any more than they had the trial. Then way down in the corner of my reasonin', hid in small type and parentheses, is the suggestion that maybe grim, silent, college-professor Jerry Out-o'-My-Way may have had somethin' to do with stayin' the execution."

"Well," said old Bill, "I'm goin' to know for sure." And he tackled a telephone booth and got the newspaper office on the long-distance wire. He came out looking queer.

"It ain't much satisfaction I got," said he, "but the newspaper chap said that near as they could make out a stay o' execution had been ordered. The chap said that pressure had come from somewhere, and probably through the efforts o' Joe's counsel the governor had been brought back in a hurry from his accommodatin' vacation. Must be Lovett's got busy at the eleventh hour!"

"Lovett nothin'!" said I. "Lovett's a machine man or I'll eat my cow rope. The chap that's done it is our ex-canvasman Jerry Out-o'-My-Way. Hoorah for the bantam! He's all wool and a yard wide!"

"Hang on to your celebration," said old Bill. "We'll go back to the lot, change our clothes, and catch the first train for the capital."

Bill had arranged the routing some weeks previous so that on Monday and Tuesday we wouldn't play. It cost him cash to let the show lay idle, but out of respect to his unfortunate partner he did it. Four hours later our train pulled in to the capital.

"Where do you think we'll find him?" said Gridley.

"We'll go to the capitol," said I. "That's where the big show is comin' off, if anywhere. If he ain't there he must be stoppin' at some hotel, and we'll search every register in the place until we find the name Jerry Smith."

We got a taxi and was spun out to the big state tops on the hill, and the very first person we bumped into as we put human feet onto the walk was none other than Jerry. He was just turning to go up the thousand steps of the building, same as us. I hailed him and he looked round.

Jerry in the habiliments of civilization was considerably changed. He'd soaked in a little culture of a barber shop and gents' furnishing department, and powdered the tint of his nose, and he looked more than ever like a college professor. His face was so cold and hard that it looked almost expressionless; and he wore a pair of those heavy bone spectacles that make a human being resemble an owl. I noticed he didn't greet us very cordially. Then I saw that his lips were white and bloodless.

"Man," I cried, "what's the matter?"

But I knew what was the matter. He was scared purple. He started to tell us that nothing was the matter, when gruff old Bill broke in:

"Is this straight stuff about Joe gettin' a stay o' execution?"

"Yes," said Jerry.

"Was you responsible for it?"

"Yes."

It was funny to see them two stare at each other that a week before had been boss and bossed. Bill got sort of blubbery round the eyes like a kid, and he flopped Jerry's strengthless hand up and down and tried to say something. Jerry got his hand loose.

"Don't," said he; "the man isn't saved yet. The governor meets his council in this building on the dot of noon. I've got the chance to appear before them and"—here Jerry smiled a ghastly smile—"impress on them that I'm now Jerry Out-o'-My-Way and that they've got to stand aside. But I wish, Gun, that I'd had three years training thrashing roughnecks in your show instead of what I have. It'd come in handy now."

Bill reached in his hip.

"Have a drink, son," he said.

Jerry pushed the flask away with an effort.

"That stuff don't supply what I need for this scrap," he said. "It only takes away the remaining nerve that I have got."

"Can't we help you any, Jerry?" said I.

"No, thanks," said he.

"If the council should turn down this pardon, which they probably will, bein' machine men, what's next?" I asked, hoping against hope he had more behind him than his quaking determination to shove the ship of state by pushing against the stern.

"That remains to be seen," said he. "I must hurry. It's three minutes to twelve now."

"Can't we go with you, Jerry?"

"No, it's impossible. You wait here till I come out. We'll know Joe's fate by then—and perhaps a great deal more."

I think he swayed as he mounted the steps. We watched him in the distance till he climbed to the top and disappeared between the great pillars.

"Son," said Bill, "they can arrest me and shove me in alongside Joe, but if it's humanly possible I'm goin' up into that there edifice, find the governor's council room, and shove my ear against the door to hear what's said."

We agreed that it was worth a try and we went up. The executive chambers were on the northeast corner of the second floor. They lay at the end of a far corridor, and being noon the capitol was somewhat deserted. At least no one seemed to mind us as we found our way up and saw Jerry standing in the marble-floored distance with his hand on a doorknob. I knew he was summoning all the pep that was in him before going in to be torn to pieces by the bunch that had gathered round the governor.

"Come on, Gun," said old Bill. "If that door ain't too darned thick, let's you and me see if we can't attend on the festive butchery."

The door was thick and the latch was snapped; but there wasn't much fear to old Bill. Silently as a thief and so slowly that no one would notice unless they came out and discovered us, his steady old hand undid that knob and shoved the door open a half-inch crack.

Apparently Jerry hadn't got into action. We knew that because the only sounds we heard were the scraping of chairs, coughing, and the rattling of papers. My heart went into my mouth as someone said suddenly:

"Shut that door! It's been left open!"

Bill and me flattened ourselves against the wall. A party on the other side walked up and snapped the lock closed again. Bill was a gritty old cuss. He waited till he thought they might have forgotten to watch such a thing as the door, and he had it open again. This time Jerry was speaking. It was a hard, unemotional voice he was using.

I knew from the tone of it exactly how his face looked at the moment.

". . . the time was when I was one of Bleaseley's tools like the rest of you," he was saying. "I had brains, but I lacked backbone. Bleaseley got me to do some of his dirty work. Then he used my fall from honesty to bind me tighter to him. Without any astounding amount of brains himself, but with a chunk of aggressiveness that filled the whole inside of him, he used the brains of other men—including yours and mine—to lift himself to his place of power that he held when shot by this showman. Lower and lower I sank, more and more I submitted to Bleaseley's control, until finally it came to the point where for my own good I had to leave. Like a hunted man I went from one place to another. I hated myself for my subservience. If I'd had the grit of the ordinary man I'd have committed suicide. The day came when I found myself as a common canvas bum with a Wild-West show."

"Gridley & Dermott's?" someone demanded.

"Yes!" declared Jerry.

Bill and I could sense the commotion this declaration caused. There were a couple of cuss words; then followed an ominous silence. But evidently Jerry was warmed up. He didn't seem to mind.

"For once in my life I found myself among men who live on the square, ride hard and shoot straight. I was in an atmosphere where nothing counts excepting whether or not a man is a man. I had my eyes opened. I found the spirit of those Western boys slowly filtering into me. I found that there's two kinds of justice—the justice Joe Dermott meted out to Mike Bleaseley and the kind of justice that this state has meted out to Joe Dermott. To make a long tale brief, I passed through experiences that showed me how foolish it was to be afraid of a thing because of its size—for instance, the Bleaseley political machine!"

A big voice boomed out:

"Oh, you did? Well ——"

"You keep your mouth closed, Tracey!" came the sudden sharp order from Jerry's tongue. "I've got this floor and I'm not through talking."

There was more commotion at this, but evidently the chap Tracey was suppressed until Jerry had shot his bolt. He proceeded to do it, and from his tone, momentarily growing deadlier as Jerry gathered courage to proceed, all indications had it a thunderbolt.

"I've been years trying to rally my courage to hold up my head, act as my conscience dictated, and be a man," said he. "It only needed a few experiences of physical combat, combined with a knowledge of the rough deal this state was handing Dermott, to bring me to my senses and make me ask if I had such an awful lot to fear from this crowd of crooks, after all. That's why I'm before you this noon. I'm here to make some statements, and you can like them or not according to your preference.

"First, understand that I don't give a tinker's dam for any of you. Individually and collectively you're the rottenest bunch of grafters out of jail. Your courage is the courage of sneaks; your power is the variety that must be wielded in the dark; your strength is the hidden weapon and the crime that requires protection. You think you're big and strong and all-powerful, because of the numbers of men you've balled up in your political filth. Your enemies think you're a hopeless proposition, because your deeds are shrouded in mystery, and the public conception of you has arisen from a diseased fright of your vague, indefinite, far-reaching proportions.

"Now then, here's the way I've sized this thing up: Political machines, like all other earthly organizations of either men or materials, are man-made. Frequently the worst of them are one-man affairs. What men have done equally competent men can undo. Bleaseley built his machine, not by brains, but by nerve. All that is required to demolish his work is nerve equal to its creator's. Since the last time I had anything to do with the Bleaseley machine I've been out and acquired that nerve. Now I'm going to undo that machine piece by piece, exactly as Bleaseley built it.

"I am here primarily to get a pardon for this man Dermott, and I am going to have that pardon. But to save this man's life means more than your consent to his going free—for that is not absolutely necessary if the governor sees fit to sign it over your advice. It means going against the dictates of the Bleaseley machine, or what now remains of it since its creator passed away. And that means the disintegration of the whole machine. It means that this corrupt organization in control of the affairs of this state must cease to exist, since its existence stands in the way of the better order of things which the pardoning of Dermott stands for."

"Well, and how are you going to exterminate it?" snapped a venomous voice.

"Gentlemen, I have compiled a list of the crooked acts of Bleaseley's agents covering a period of ten years. I have made an affidavit asserting that these practices took place, whom they concerned, and have given names of principals and agents, time, places and figures. To this I have put my signature. Forty copies of this affidavit—any one of which will send both principals and agents to the penitentiary—have been struck off. They constitute the greatest literary and political bombshell that will ever have exploded in these United States of America since the first shot was fired on Lexington Common. There is a certain room in a certain hotel where a young lady this moment sits watching the clock. The moment the hands reach one o'clock this young lady will rise, take up forty envelopes containing these forty affidavits duly sealed and addressed to forty of the leading daily papers of the United States, and proceeding to the railroad station she will journey to a certain town and drop them into the United States mails.

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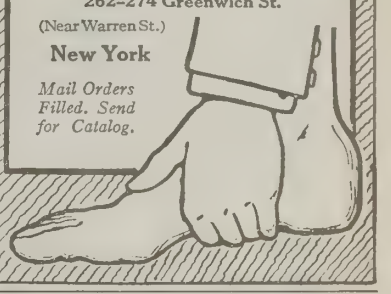

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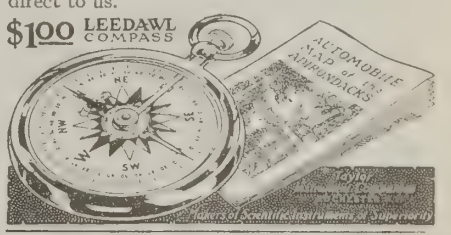

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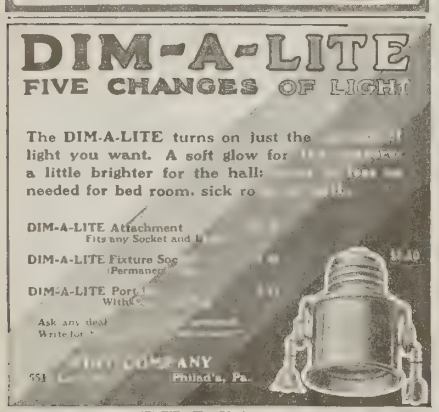

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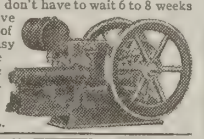

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journals over which you have no control and which, like myself, do not give a tinker's hoot for any of you. In the affidavit I have mentioned that the reason the copies have been forwarded to out of the state papers is because the state journals are afraid to antagonize the capitol gang, naming specific publications. I have told what I have discovered of the truth concerning Joseph Dermott's crime, what he heard in Bleaseley's home, how it came about that the governor was sent away so no appeal could be made to his conscience, how Dermott is being railroaded.

"I have given the names of his lawyers, the judge who favored you, have even gone so far as to record the verbatim conversation between the governor and one of your men when he gave the former his orders to get out of the state until the thing blew over. I have made affidavit of your part, Tracey, in the state roads steal, the Rogers Dock Bill and the Willowby milk inspection. Of you, Sullimann, I have told what I have learned in the matter of the charter for Springfield & Western Gas, the Three Rivers town coalition and the automobile-license graft. To you, Redding, I have charged up the gambling graft at Meadowrun, the rake-off from show licenses, and the building of the Brightside Insane Asylum. Then there are various other things in which the public will be interested. There's the Boughton & Boughton Railroad stock issue; there's the matter of the addition to the west wing of the capitol; there's the conduct of the Thomaston State Prison, and the death of Jim McPhale a few days prior to his intended appearance in the Mathers slander suit. Oh, it'll make one warm page for the newspapers. And the public will not be any too pleased to learn these things through out-of-the-state newspapers."

Jerry stopped. The silence in the room was terrific. I could picture those grafters seated round that table like waxworks. When he continued his voice had lost all its nervousness. His tone was the bark of a fighter:

"I'm no fly-by-night reformer. I've no ax to grind beyond saving the life of this man Dermott. I've bearded this 'honorable' board here this noon to call its hand in this matter of state control and dare you to a showdown. Never mind how I found out all these things. I'm daring you now to come out and fight me. We'll get out in front of the people in the light of day and battle to a finish.

"Ah, I see that some of you gentlemen look scared. In fact, I may say that judging from your faces three of you are either debating suicide or planning how to get out of this state before those affidavits reach the newspapers. And this is the high and mighty civic inquisition that has kept honest men in terror, bluffed earnest reformers into believing the Bleaseley organization invulnerable, influenced legislation, and ruled this state with a high and mighty hand! You're a powerful looking crowd, the lot of you!"

"You damned squealer!" one man contrived to whisper.

Jerry paid him no attention.

"Time is passing, gentlemen. It will soon be one o'clock. It lies in my power to stop that young lady from taking the train. Whether those affidavits ever see publication rests entirely with you. If you will assent to this pardon, come to my terms, on one condition I'll see they never reach a post office."

"What is the condition?" a hoarse voice demanded.

"The Bleaseley machine, represented mostly in this room, right here and now must cease to be. Mike Bleaseley is dead. In trying to railroad Dermott you are making a bad matter worse. The thing for you to do is to resign from your various places of influence and quietly leave this state. Let enough time elapse between your separate resignations so that the public will never suspect, and let honest men be honestly elected to your places. Let the Bleaseley machine simply disintegrate. And to prove that I have no ax to grind personally, and that I want none of the reformer's glory which would make me a traitor to men that in the distant past I was connected with, I will agree to do the same. We will all clear out. No one will ever be the wiser for what has gone on within our state's affairs.

"Gentlemen, it will take me half an hour to reach that hotel and stop this young lady. But"—and here his voice was deadly with venom—"don't flatter yourselves that if you assent to Dermott's pardon those affidavits will go out of existence. If you consent to my terms I simply agree to stop those letters from reaching the mails. Instead, the young woman will travel to a certain bank in this state and put them in the hands of a trustworthy official. He will lock them in his bank vault. If I should ever come to my death by violence, and there is the least reason to suspect that the wrath of the Bleaseley crowd for my action of this day was responsible, that bank official is to open that safe-deposit box and hand over that bunch of mail to Uncle Sam. Do I make myself clear?"

"You're givin' us no alternative!" cried another voice.

"I am not! All your dirty lives you've been giving no alternatives to other folks, and for once you can all swallow your own medicine. I don't give a rap what you do after you get out of this state. You're simply to get out and stay out, and some day when a historian writes the record of this state he will have been saved the trouble of including for future preservation an account of the disease that once ate at the vitals of her government and contributed such a dark and shameful page to her story."

"Have a care!" roared a voice.

"Have a care?" repeated Jerry. "For what? There isn't a man in this room I'm afraid of—I've licked men that would eat any one of you at a bite. If any man present doubts it, I'm ready to accommodate him right here behind these closed doors."

"Kill him!" cried a voice.

But nobody seemed particularly anxious to do the killing. Jerry stood there in a silence you could cut like cheese.

In sixteen minutes he joined us at the foot of the capitol steps. There was no greeting as he came up to us. He merely said:

"I've learned something, boys. I wish every man on earth who was the failure I was could know it too. There's many a wall of opposition in front of him that looks impregnable; but it's only manufactured by a lot of human folks just like you and me. In the case of a great influence for evil, those folks who built it were only good people like us gone wrong. There's many a chap in this world who would be astounded how easily he could drive his personality through the thickness of the obstruction in his path to success if he'd only get over being afraid of a thing on account of its size and look at its quality."

He passed a heavy scroll of paper to Bill. Both of us knew it was Joe's pardon.

"Without a whimper!" commented Jerry, jerking his head at the building rearing above us. "Without a whimper!"

"But you had the goods on 'em," said Bill.

"No," said Jerry, "I had their consciences on them. I simply collected all the data I could learn about questionable deals in this state, which the reform crowd was eager to give me. I took the chance that the reform crowd was right. I charged them all up to the grafters—there wasn't detail enough to those charges to hang a cat. But what can't you do with a man who knows he's done wrong? All that was required was the nerve to make the charges. I made them. Thank God that I'm a man again!"

"A four-flush!" gasped Gridley.

Jerry smiled grimly. Then he dismissed the whole thing with a wave of his hand.

"Perhaps after the first of the new year I can join you boys with your show again. I like the atmosphere. I'm doubly glad that I can associate with you without making up like a rummy or disguising my identity; but I really had to investigate this man Dermott's case personally before signing away his life as that bunch of crooks insisted."

The thing hit me with a smash! Nothing had happened up to that moment to disclose what I have since been proud of. I am probably the only showman in the business who has enjoyed the unique experience of having two of his slats kicked in by a governor of what is now one of the most law-abiding of the United States.

Raynster

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RAYNSTER is the newest name in the clothing world. It covers a line of weatherproof garments that is as broad as human needs, and as varied as the whims of Dame Fashion. There is a Raynster for everybody, for any kind of wear or weather.

Briefly, the line includes rubber surfaced service coats for policemen, firemen, watchmen, teamsters, in black rubber, red rubber, tan rubber, single and double texture; it includes the popular single and double texture models for men, women, boys and girls, in a great array of styles.

It includes fine, thin, dressy, rubberized fabrics for smartly dressed women; it includes an almost endless choice in cravenette fabrics that range in patterns from quiet tones to the most charming heather mixtures.

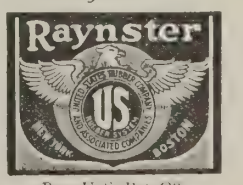
No single page of space permits the telling of the many, many styles and fabrics and patterns and colors.

There are three big things for everyone to remember. First, is the name, Raynster. The next, that these garments are made by the foremost organization in the world employed in making things in rubber—the United States Rubber Company. Third, that the Raynster in your kind, style and fit can be had from a dealer in your neighborhood.

Take no other at any price, for the Raynster is priced exactly right to give the utmost of quality and service in every kind and style.

You can instantly identify the Raynster. This name appears in the coat label; it is the Honor Mark of a great company. Look for the stores where the Raynster signs are displayed. If your dealer hasn't the Raynster, write to us direct at the address below, and we will see that you are supplied.

Look for this label on your coat



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

United States Rubber Company

Clothing Division **New York**

Tarvia

Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust—

Monona Avenue, leading to the Capitol, Madison, Wis. Treated with "Tarvia-A" in 1908 and recoated with "Tarvia-A" 1914.

Grand Boulevard and Concourse, New York City. Constructed with "Tarvia-A" in 1911, and treated with "Tarvia-B" in 1913 and 1915.

Maple Street, Winnetka, Ill. Surfaced with "Tarvia-A" in 1916.

A Good Road is as Personal as a Good Automobile—

An automobile is as personal as a prized and petted horse.

When you labor through a tough road—ragged, or stony, or bumpy, or sandy—you feel the evil "personality" of *that* road. *It is your enemy.*

But when your car sweeps over a smooth, resilient, dustless, perfect road, you feel that *that road is your friend.* That perfect road becomes as personal as your car. *Every Tarvia Road has that friendly "personality."*

Smooth and resilient always; dustless in dry weather, mudless in wet weather; a welcome stretch as often as your wheels hit it. If the name TARVIA were painted on it you would say, "Here we are again, old friend!"

You are probably no stranger to Tarvia roads. They are now to be found in nearly every section; in cities and towns, parkways and highways—thousands of miles of them.

But do you know how they are made? Do you know what makes them smooth, dustless and mudless? Do you know why they are so durable and economical?

If not, here is some detailed information that will interest you.

About Tarvia

Tarvia is a coal-tar preparation, shipped in barrels or in tank-cars. It is made in three grades, to be used according to road conditions, *viz.*: "Tarvia-X," "Tarvia-A," "Tarvia-B."

The chief use of Tarvia is for constructing and treating macadam roads, to make them durable, smooth, resilient, dustless, mudless, waterproof.

It is also used on concrete roads, on brick pavements, and even on good gravel roads, to smooth out irregularities, to arrest disintegration, and for repairs.

"Tarvia-X"

"Tarvia-X" is always to be used when you are building a new macadam road, both as a binder and a surface-coating. The old way in building macadam was to use water as a binder.

But a water-bound macadam wears out quickly under modern traffic that loosens the surface, grinds it into clouds of dust, makes heavy mud and leaves the road full of holes.

Results and Cost of "Tarvia-X"

With "Tarvia-X" in place of water, you have a road smooth enough to dance on, resilient enough for rubber tires to grip on without skidding, or for horses to trot on without slipping; without dust in dry weather, without slime in wet weather.

The first cost of making a tarvia-macadam is but little more than the old-fashioned macadam, but the saving in maintenance more than pays this difference. So Tarvia costs you practically nothing.

"Tarvia-A"

"Tarvia-A" is practically a thin "Tarvia-X" used for recoating the surface of a macadam road already built. It is applied hot and adds greatly to the life of the road. It keeps the road dustless, smooth and inviting to traffic, but its use is confined to certain kinds of traffic to be economical.

"Tarvia-B"

"Tarvia-B" is a much more widely used preservative. It is applied cold. It is thin enough to sink quickly into the road, yet strong enough to bind the surface particles together into a dustless, durable surface. "Tarvia-B" offers the lowest cost of road maintenance yet invented.

Tarvia roads invariably reduce taxes for road building and maintenance. They give a maximum of road efficiency for a minimum of cost.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

Illustrated booklet describing the various Tarvia treatments free on request.

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville

The Barrett Company

Boston St. Louis
Detroit Birmingham
Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

TRADE B MARK

THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

With Every Fish

Serve Lemons. For Attractiveness— for Flavor—for Digestion

A WELL cooked dish that looks inviting is already half digested. If also *flavored* well the charm is made complete.

Lemons as a garnish and a dash of lemon juice for flavor make scores of dishes *epicurean* that would be plain without them. That little care in achieving this *perfection* is doubly paid back in the benefits derived.

There's more than merely *art* in garnishing. Why let fish, meat and game lack the *healthfulness* that lemons add?

SUNKIST Lemons come from California. They are mechanically washed until each is absolutely clean. Then wrapped in fresh, crisp tissue and packed in brand new boxes. Sunkist are practically seedless, bright-colored, waxy lemons. Because of fewer seeds they are more easily sliced and quartered. Such lemons are best for garnishing.

Delivered to you by your dealer *in the original wrappers*—if you insist—*all ready for your table.* In order to keep lemons most satisfactorily leave the wrappers on the fruit. This prevents the air from shrinking the skin.

Boston Cooking School Recipes—An illustrated book containing 200 Orange and Lemon recipes by authors of the famous Boston Cook Book sent *without charge* to housewives who answer this advertisement. Send for copy now, giving your dealer's name and address. Also please state your greatest single use of lemons.

California's

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

"Lemons for Usefulness"

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Dept. M59, Los Angeles, Cal.
A Co-operative, Non-Profit Organization of 8000 Growers

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE

The Heraldic Pattern

In this new pattern is offered a revival of the antique hand-hammered effect with a decorative crest to relieve severity. It is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate backed by an unqualified guarantee made possible through an actual test of seventy years of service in American homes.

The Heraldic Pattern can be matched in hollow ware, such as coffee and tea sets, bowls, trays, etc.—permitting a full silver service in one harmonious design.

Sold by leading dealers *Send for illustrated catalogue "C-90"*

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1847 — 70 Year Plate — 1917

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mrs Chas E Graves
1107 Colfax Ave
Urbana Ill 39-8

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MARCH 10, 1917 5c. THE COPY

In This Number

Will Irwin—Mary Brecht Pulver—James H. Collins—William J. Neidig—Ethel Train
Forrest Crissey—Nalbro Bartley—George Kibbe Turner—Holworthy Hall

The New Hupmobile

The Gauge of Beauty for a Year to Come

FOR years people have bought the Hupmobile for quality, for performance.

Now they are buying it for beauty as well. The world's finest Four has become the year-ahead beauty-car.

We have always built for goodness and performance. We always will.

A Leader in Beauty as in Performance

Those properties distinguish the Hupmobile. They stamp it a car of special values. They give it a special reputation.

To them is now joined the new distinction of style and extraordinary beauty.

In designing for greater beauty, we have looked a year ahead. In this field the Hupmobile is to stand as high as it does in performance.

Supremacy Won in Every Field

Here its supremacy is established. It has won not only over other fours, but over sixes, eights and twelves.

Owners glory in the way this Perfected Four outdoes cars with more cylinders, on the hills, in sand and mud.

Dealers welcome the chance to demonstrate its superior pulling power in any test that brings out the best a car has.

Such a car was deserving of all the beauty we could give it.

Quality Coupled to Good Looks

We began to prepare a year ago. New factories were built. New equipment was installed. Our plant investment was increased by nearly a million dollars.

This was to provide for a larger production. To effect greater factory efficiency. To cut factory costs. To enable us to add more beauty without encroaching on quality.

For that is the last step we could consider. We value Hupmobile reputation too highly. Satisfaction of owners is worth far more to us than any profit we might make by building to a lower standard.

We could build our motor for less. Another car maker has called it "fit for a $3,000 car."

We could save on our clutch; on our transmission; our rear axle. But we have not permitted ourselves to be tempted.

Keeps Faith With Hupmobile Ideals

Hupmobile policy says, in so many words: "To protect ourselves in our constant endeavor to make the Hupmobile even better than it is, we reserve the right to change specifications and prices without notice, or to use equipment other than that specified."

So the new Hupmobile keeps faith with Hupmobile ideals. It remains the same wondrous performer. It will continue to out-perform the multi-cylinders.

See The New Car; See What It Does

It wears a new dress. It comes to you with new beauty, new style, new luxury—which no other car will attain for a year to come.

See the new Hupmobile. Note its betterments. Check its performance against other cars—cars that have more cylinders or cost more money.

That is your one sure way of proving Hupmobile value.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Some of the 25 New Style Features

- Bright finish, long grain, French seam upholstery
- Improved cushions and lace type back springs in seats
- Leather-covered molding finish along edge of upholstery
- Neverleek top, black outside, tan inside—waterproof
- Tonneau gipsy quarter curtains, integral with top
- Front and rear edges of top finished with leather-covered molding with aluminum ferrule tips
- Bow spreaders to carry top when folded
- Hupmobile-Bishop door-curtain carriers, folding with curtains—exclusive feature
- Bright leather hand grip-pads on doors
- Large door pockets with special weighted flaps
- Bodies a new color—Hupmobile blue
- New variable dimming device graduates brilliance of head lights
- Tail lamp operates independently of other lamps
- New soft operating clutch

Six Models

Five-passenger Touring Car; Seven-passenger Touring Car; Year-'Round Touring Car; Roadster; Sedan; Year-'Round Coupé

The Mark of Superior — *Motor Car Service*

By The House of KUPPENHEIMER

YOU can see half-a-dozen of the season's smartest top-coats at your Kuppenheimer dealer's. This one is a bit unusual: a most practical coat, serviceable in all weathers. Wear the belt outside as illustrated, or inside with the coat buttoned over it. Has slashed pockets of the new saddle-bag type. An all-round utility coat—yet see how it sets up a man's figure. Write for our new book, "Styles for Men."

HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
Chicago

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THE WAY TO BETTER LIGHT

"Oh! I can see a LOT better now!"

Of course you can! When old-fashioned lamps come out of the house, and National MAZDA lamps take their place, you can see the difference at once. Your vision's clearer. Close work is less tiring. And a great source of eyestrain is gone.

For, the first requirement of good lighting is enough light, and National MAZDAS give three times the light without using any more current. Never was electric lighting service lower in price than today.

These Spring weeks are known as House Wiring Time all over the country—*now* is your time to "do it electrically." Wire up for Better Light. Or, if your home is already electrically lighted, see that the lamps are all National MAZDAS.

Buy National MAZDAS where you see them displayed. Buy five at a time in the handy Blue Carton. Let the lamp man advise about sizes—he'll help you get the most light for your money.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
30 Nela Park Cleveland, Ohio

Any of the labels below is a guaranty of National Quality

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THE MAN-KILLER

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THERE are innumerable ways of beginning a story and only four are absolutely unpardonable. This, of course, is one of the four. ut there was once in Templeton a wishful oman, whose hobby it was to follow the styles, hether in art or in music, in batiste or in terature; and presently she, too, discovered ipling and disregarded the flight of time until he had finished the set.

Now by the grace of God and a heritage om her ancestors she was possessed of large nd beautiful violet eyes; fortuitously she was cquainted with a few celebrities and a swarm f hopeful prospects; and—at least in Templeon—she was called clever. She discerned an pportunity and she trapped it. Not even the nomaly of an undramatic husband and a ong-legged offspring could prevent her from tudying the technique of her subcutaneous ister, Mrs. Hauksbee, and shaping her words nd deeds accordingly. Marvelous to say, she roved a fairly distinguished credit to the foster elationship, and at length it was universally cknowledged that she had married beneath er own intellectual status.

For a decade and a half she amused herself y serving as branch manager in Templeton for he Indian Psychological Survey, and took her ayment in the consciousness that she exercised sturdy influence over anyone who would isten to her. Like her famous prototype, she specially loved to mold the destinies of young nd attractive men; and on one occasion she ucceeded in establishing by a single sentence he ambition of a juvenile satellite.

The man was Robinson Whittier, who had lso read The Education of Otis Yeere, and new exactly how Otis felt. And suddenly she aid to him—because in his attempt to interest er he was stammering flagrantly—she said weetly to him with a glance to correspond:

"Bobby, I don't know where you got your experience; but you're an artist with women!"

Whittier flushed, and went on manhandling his vocabulary in a desperate effort to deserve the hyperbole. He drifted home among the tars that night, and his exultant thoughts were acred to the memory of a rank plagiarist.

The boy Whittier was eager, impressionable, earning, and hardly twenty; and the natural onsequence of that outrageous flattery natually occurred. Everyone takes more or less nnocent pleasure in his own personality; and Whittier, for all his height and weight, was undamentally as playful and affectionate as he cub of a mountain lion.

Previously he had approached women with pprehension and incoherence; but, because he elied implicitly upon the matron who had emboldened him, and witnessed that many older men were in her confidence, he based his future campaign on the theory that she had given voice to a hitherto unsuspected fact. He endeavored, as most of us do, to live up to the blarney. He began to examine, to observe, to file away his notes of actions and reactions, to judge and classify. Four years later he was moderately proud of his achievements; but meantime he had forgotten, as students will, who was responsible for sending him to school. Indeed, she had long since quitted Templeton to live in Pittsburgh, and Whittier had almost forgotten that she ever existed.

And from this point forward she has nothing whatsoever to do with the story.

Miss Standish, Fashionably Tardy, Was Coming Down

To Bobby Whittier, descending from the afternoon local express at Orient Lake, where all good and solvent Templetonians sojourn from May to September, the vision of Mrs. Brewster standing on the platform astonished no less than gratified him. In all his research he hadn't yet sacrificed his sense of proportion; he was ingenuously delighted that Mrs. Brewster had come in person to welcome him, and his formula of homage brought to her eyes a responsive brightness which was somewhat better than mere hospitality.

"Bobby," she said, squeezing his hand, "I knew you wouldn't fail me! Give your checks to Patrick. We're going to drive round by the lake road while I tell you how you're going to save my life. Why didn't you come sooner?"

Whittier delivered the credentials to the chauffeur and anticipated him in opening the door of the tonneau for Mrs. Brewster.

"Surely," he said, "with five men up at the house, they haven't all passed back to the dealer, have they? If they have I loathe 'em for cowardice and bless 'em for the privilege. Say on!"

She nodded affirmatively.

"They've mutinied!" declared Mrs. Brewster, assuming a terrific frown, which was agreeably tempered by the indulgence of her mouth. "They've gone and spoiled my party!"

Whittier, at this moment, was regarding her with manifest admiration. To figure strictly by the calendar she wasn't a young woman; neither, in this age of dancing and fluffy clothes, was she condemned to obscurity by her age; she was possibly forty-two, but she had kept her moods and her complexion youthful, and summer fabrics were amazingly becoming to her.

Whittier was charmed anew, and rejoiced that Patrick, under instructions, was heading for the longest route homeward. But she had said something ——

"Spoiled your party!" he echoed, incredulous.

Anyone else, to produce the same effect, would have emphasized it "Spoiled *your* party!" The inference was complimentary to the extreme.

"Yes—they have!" she reiterated. "And I've been longing and fretting and counting the hours until you got here. It's a girl."

Whittier laughed outright, and builded on his certainty that Mrs. Brewster liked badinage.

"It's been ten years since girls spoiled house parties for me," he stated. "What's the matter with her—can she swim already?"

Mrs. Brewster's lips curved; but she shook her head.

"Bobby, you know I trust you, don't you?"

"If I doubted it," said Whittier, "I should take to opiates and die in a nice muddy gutter."

"You needn't laugh. It's a very critical situation!"

"She must be pretty," guessed Whittier.

"Well, she is. She's too pretty."

"A paradox I refuse to grant," he denied.

"Just the same, she is. She's positively a man-killer!"

"And so your guests have mutinied and you're calling for volunteers? Where is she?"

"Bobby! You sit there and rest your mind, and let me do the talking! You see—I didn't want to confine this whole week to Templeton people; so I asked two men and two girls from outside. She's one of the girls. I hadn't seen her for a season or two, but she was always a dear; so I asked her. And, Bobby, she's all there is to the party!"

"Oh!" said Whittier. "That's superlative!"

"The men are simply crazy about her," related his companion. "Why, if somebody turns on the phonograph you'd think she was a fire and the men were a lot of battalion chiefs! They don't saunter up politely to ask her to dance; they make one wild dash, and the losers sulk and sigh, and then finally remember their manners—or me—and pick out somebody else! They've been impossible! But that isn't the worst of it, Bobby——"

"On the contrary," opined Whittier thoughtfully.

"Exactly! The worst of it is that nobody's having a good time—not even Cecily!"

"That's curious," said Whittier. "Doesn't she care for popularity?"

"I don't know. But I've got a whole houseful of constraint, and I need you. All the other girls are feeling hurt and snubbed and wallflowerish; and Cecily's bored. Imagine it!"

Whittier smiled his allegiance.

"And my pleasant duty?" he queried.

"Monopolize her," said Mrs. Brewster grimly. "I've known you ever since you wouldn't play Post Office, Bobby. I want you to put an end to the nonsense; and you can do it without even working the old conservatory! You're such a genius you won't have the least trouble in the world. You monopolize her!"

"Now, Mrs. Brewster! You ——"

"And as soon as you can get your monopoly under way you'll do three things—you'll make it possible for the other girls to have a wee bit of fun indoors without seeming like second choices; you'll be a perfectly adequate little playmate for Cecily outdoors; and you'll make me a very happy hostess."

"By nightfall," said Whittier resolutely, "my hostess shall be trebly happy—that is, unless my educated feet lose their cunning and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth."

Her smile was an inclusive reward.

"I knew you wouldn't fail me, Bobby!"

"Provided always, of course, that the lady is willin'."

"She will be," promised Mrs. Brewster. "Now to warn you—she's unutterably captivating, and she hasn't any heart."

"Things equal to the same thing," said Whittier—"that's logic."

"She'd flirt with the newel-post, if nothing better offered."

"My rival fills me with contempt," said Whittier.

"She's overwhelmed every man in the house."

"To-night, as a courtesy to you," said Whittier, "I shall give her the opportunity of maintaining the average."

"And you'll save me from nervous prostration."

"I'll do my best," vowed Whittier, "to cheat the doctors."

"She's an expert, Bobby. When she looks at you you'll writhe!"

"I rarely fidget," said Whittier, "and I've been reading a book on will power."

"Temporarily you'll make an enemy of five men, and you may have to arbitrate later with five girls."

"Your friendship is worth fifty," said Whittier. "I renounce 'em in advance."

She leaned toward him and became impressively serious.

"Bobby, I'm really not joking. You will help me out, won't you? It's been perfectly hectic! Nobody's at ease—nobody's vivacious—nobody but Cecily and the man she's with; and I know she isn't altogether joyous. If you'll just institute an old-fashioned rush ——"

"I shall do an unqualified hurl," Bobby asserted. "You've got me all stirred up, and I'm glad I bought a new silk waistcoat. Ask Patrick to drive faster, will you?"

"But—don't forget—she knows your horrid past from A to Izzard."

"My past?" he puzzled.

"Don't you remember your first affinity? And how Cecily used to loiter round so unobtrusively? She's profited by her examples, Bobby. She's infinitely more resourceful than her mother was."

"Mother!" exploded Whittier. "You're not talking about little Cecily *Standish* who used to live in Templeton! That spidery-legged ——"

"Sh-h-h!" said Mrs. Brewster. "She's nineteen, and the water's so cold that we haven't been to the beach yet; so you can't say a word authoritatively. But it's Cecily Standish. . . . And she's a terror!"

The car swung into a wooded driveway; and between the trees Whittier could catch glimpses of a great white house, fronting the placid lake. He stared at Mrs. Brewster in extraordinary bewilderment; long-discarded images were flickering before him; he recalled a certain evening when he had made a confessor of Cecily's mother, and in the midst of his peroration Cecily had been detected in hiding behind the portières.

Whittier's pulses quickened; but after that one spasm of perturbation his magnificent assurance remained intact. The problem was slightly more complicated than usual—that was all. It was a chance for strategy.

"Well," said Whittier complacently, "that ought not to sour my disposition, ought it?"

Nevertheless, there was a subsequent moment when, with a clean dress collar in his hand, he stood contemplatively striving to visualize Miss Standish, and to complete, from the shadowy vignettes of his memory, some analysis that would serve as a criterion for his present conduct. She had been a highly ubiquitous child, with a penchant for sarcastic remarks and shrill laughter; and toward the end of her residence in Templeton she had won more than transient notoriety by giving public imitations of her mother's reception of a courtly visitor.

She hadn't succumbed to Whittier's blandishments—at least, she habitually flung barbed gibes at him when he came up the walk; and in winter she frequently managed to have a snowball or two to fling along with them. And once she had been caught listening behind the portières! Whittier reddened, in spite of himself, and began to fasten the collar.

He balked over his tie—not because he was one of those temperamental and profane bunglers who really ought to wear made-up cravats, but because his mental processes weren't in synchronism with his fingers. Mrs. Brewster's report had originally filled him with enthusiasm; the girl guest, until her name had been mentioned, had suggested novelty and refreshment. He had been strongly predisposed to like her and to find entertainment in her unique character. He had been inspired by the knowledge that, in supporting Mrs. Brewster, he would necessarily have to go out in competition with the field and earn his monopoly by sheer merit of plan and discourse; and this was the warfare he most enjoyed.

But to learn that the triumphant creature of ineffable beauty and unapproachable repartee was Cecily Standish,

He Was Irritated to Discover That She Had Gone Quite Limp

who four years ago had scandalized the town by mimicry which was too professionally accurate to be more than half humorous! . . . Whittier's pupils dilated, and he noticed with signal amazement that the palms of his hands were moist. He inspected himself in the mirror and grinned sardonically.

"Well!" he said to himself. "Are you sixteen years old, dressing for dancing class—or are you just plain buffaloed?"

He buttoned his new silk waistcoat and slipped into his dinner jacket. Of the numbered hairs of his head a few had encroached upon the aisle; he coerced them relentlessly with a military brush. Immaculate, splendidly tailored, he scanned with approval the blond young giant smiling at him from the pier glass, and was about to move away satisfied when automatically he was reminded of a brief but essential rite, and paused to fix his eyebrows in engaging symmetry.

At the conclusion of the ceremony he remained in profound meditation; then again the color burned into his cheeks, and under his breath he quoted a phrase that wasn't morally adapted to the drawing-room. It had flashed across him that the person who had first hinted that a well-groomed man also cares for his brows was Cecily's mother. Women, she had told him, were propitiated by these niceties; and he had bought a tiny implement of velvet bristle forthwith.

"I hope she chokes!" said Whittier piously, and went out to the stairway.

Scattered about the lower floor were several people he recognized, and three strangers—two men and a girl. He was duly presented; he accepted with exactly the right degree of humility the conventional declaration that they had heard much of him; he scrupulously refrained from the crass banality which is the conventional response.

Miss Standish, he was informed, was mad to meet him; as a rejoinder he alleged that in his insane rage to meet Miss Standish he was all but violent. The anteprandial hush ensued; tumblers were heard to clink in the distance; there was a rustling on the stairway—and Miss Standish, fashionably tardy, was coming down.

Whittier, with the rest, had turned to watch her entrance. He was prepared to behold a vivid, smashing beauty, enveloped in one of the modish ruddier shades of burgundy or dregs-of-wine; what he saw was sufficiently astounding to force his lips apart in stupefied vacuity.

Cecily Standish, advertised as the man-killer, was a slim, exquisitely tinted girl of more than ordinary poise; her gown was a dainty specimen of those daintily flowered substances that show to such advantage in melodramas of the Civil War; it had dim roses on it, and bastions of flounces; it fairly exhaled an atmosphere of modesty and sweetness.

And Miss Standish herself! . . . Whittier's heart delayed its functions as he verified the data . . . she was brown-eyed! Before he could properly give thanks that she had escaped the lighter pigments, before he had comprehended the extreme simplicity of her coiffure and the unerring craftsmanship of it, before he had fully appreciated the marvelous blending of her features, Miss Standish, dimpling, had raced down to the lower level.

Then silence—dead, civil silence. The gentle voice of Mrs. Brewster intoned a pair of surnames; Whittier bowed blindly. There was a smooth current of people flowing west and Whittier was carried incontinently along with it. He assisted someone to a seat at the table. He dropped his napkin on the floor. In groping to retrieve it he disarranged ringingly his series of silver accouterments.

A hum of conversation arose and cheered him, and he breathed more freely. He ventured to look at his right-hand neighbor, and found her smiling at him. Her eyes—which, if they had been the hereditary violet, couldn't have been clearer or larger—stifled his budding arrogance. An enchanting warmth crept over him and he was beatified.

"It's quite four years, isn't it?" she said slowly. "Tell me—am I to be afraid of you?"

"Afraid of me!" echoed Whittier. "Why?"

"Why, because," she said, allowing her eyes to display illimitable depths, "you've had so many years to improve and mature—and you were always an artist . . . with women." The last words were barely audible.

"True art," said Whittier, fascinated, though somewhat staggered, "is in the opinion of the critic. I am indebted to you."

And tasted his soup tentatively.

To the continuous gratification of Mrs. Brewster, they were mutually absorbed in each other throughout that dinner and immediately afterward, when Whittier stole Miss Standish from a group of raiders and segregated her for coffee in the living room. In due course the big concert phonograph was commandeered for use; and Whittier, encouraged by Mrs. Brewster's tacit gratitude, and slightly piqued and spurred by the restraints Miss Standish imposed, regardless of their ancient standards, involved her for the preliminary half hour. By that time he was thoroughly awake to his good fortune.

To be sure, she was mainly on the initiative; and she was direct—startlingly direct; but she was so enticing in her sallies and ripostes that Whittier was transported; and when she proposed an interlude on the bricked loggia commanding the lake he acceded with zeal that was almost too prompt to be artistic. He brought two chairs

a one cushion, and concentrated heartily upon his
ndam tormentor.

How quiet you are!" said Miss Standish suddenly.

It's a wholesome compliment to you," explained
Vittier, thinking in adjectives.

That—or ennui?"

That—and uncertainty," said Whittier. "I was won-
ding who invented formality, and why."

he laughed, and clasped her hands behind her head.
T platinous moonlight was kind to her; it lent her
a certain ethereal unreality without detracting from
h alluringly human attributes.

Someone invented electricity,
t," she said; "but there are still
g companies, aren't there? What
w it, specifically?"

Whittier edged an imperceptible
in toward her.

To tell the truth—your name."

Don't you tell the truth habit-
ally, Mr. Whittier?"

Is there any way of answering
tl t question without incriminating
self?"

I think you might answer it
frankly—couldn't you?"

Whittier shrugged his shoulders.
'To save losing energy, like the
d·ky who ran half a mile to get im-
p us enough to jump a two-foot
f ce," he said, "suppose we begin
t double on our tracks. I hardly
e r tell the truth unless it's unex-
p ted."

'Then you're at liberty to be as
fr nk as you please," she informed
h . "And I'm waiting to hear
w at's wrong with my name."

'Was that what I implied?"

'Oh, no; it was purely intuitive."

'A synonym for guesswork," said
V ittier lightly.

Miss Standish permitted a wrinkle
t appear upon her forehead.

'Then you don't believe in fem-
in e intuitions?"

'Why should I? They're not
in inct—they're extinct."

'Oh, but, Mr. Whittier—they're
n ! They're proverbial."

'When you show me the remains
o the cat that was killed by curi-
o y, and the walls that have phys-
ic ears," said Whittier, "I'll try to
c mpromise with you. Until then,
I ag'in' proverbs."

'They're very helpful to some of
u" she insisted.

'Name one," said Whittier, "and
I slay it for you."

"A thing of beauty is a joy for-
e r,'" she proffered.

'Except," said Whittier, "when
it skin-deep. Let's have another."

'"Out of sight, out of mind'?"

'Still, old friends are best," said
Vittier.

'I—well, there's one you can't
d pute."

'It must be an infant among
p verbs," he deprecated.

She had inclined toward him and he was mystified by the challenge in her eyes. She fascinated him and yet he was inwardly advised to hold his emotions aloof.

The impending peril wasn't so much in her forwardness as in her obvious repression.

"'Faint heart,'" she said softly, "'never won fair lady.'"

'And yet," he responded steadily, "there's an old-time maxim to the purport that 'All things come to him who waits.'"

He had also bent nearer to her, and his pose was tense and vigilant.

'I like wit in men," she said. "I like quick thinking—and quick doing. Will you be offended if I say sincerely that you have matured?"

'Sincerity never offends the intelligent," said Whittier, bringing himself sharply to earth and drawing his chair an inch farther away. He was exercising his utmost resistance in order to preserve an impersonal demeanor; for now and then a casual stress in modulation, a passing trick of accenting a clause by an infinitesimal motion of the hands, brought back a clear-cut image of Cecily's mother—and her mother's daughter was a distinct improvement.

'Have I changed so much?" she asked abruptly.

'In some respects so much that you're very foreign—so little in others that when I was thinking of formality I wondered why we weren't using our Christian names."

'Did I ever use yours, Mr. Whittier?"

"No; but there were reasons. Possibly I awed you."

"And now I've changed?"

"I gave you a divided answer—you pays your money and takes your choice."

Miss Standish smiled with her eyes.

"You must mean, then, that you want to call me Cecily?"

Whittier glanced behind him.

"I was thinking consecutively."

"Because there's no reason why you shouldn't. . . . The horizon hasn't altered that much. . . . Who is your confidante now?"

"If I Weren't Persuaded That You're the Apotheosis of Ingénues, I'd Begin to Think You're Flirting With Me"

"I'm democratic," said Whittier; "and—secretive."

"Haven't you any more *impasses?*"

"I don't know that I ever had," he protested.

"One of the three unfulfilled dreams I have," she said musingly, "is to be a confidante. It sounds so—adult. It must be like having the legal and moral authority to open somebody else's mail. Ever since I was a little girl I've had fantasies of men coming to me with their funny troubles . . . and it's never happened. Don't you suppose that for old friendship's sake you could scare up a confidence or two for me? I'd be ever so sympathetic."

"Unfortunately," said Whittier, folding his arms, "my path has been strewn with roses."

He was gradually becoming restive. Miss Standish wasn't considering his prerogatives; she was setting the pace herself, and Whittier shone primarily as a leader.

"In four years! No love affairs?"

"Nary a one!" said Whittier firmly. This was a reconnaissance.

"Oh! . . . Have I misjudged you? Or are you so courteous to me only as a particular favor?"

"If I weren't persuaded that you're the apotheosis of ingénues," he said, "I'd begin to think you're flirting with me."

This was the gage of battle. There were not more than three ways of treating it. Miss Standish was suffused with merriment, which she didn't conceal.

"Which one of us is the ingénue, Mr. Whittier?"

"There's only one way to decide that."

"And—if you'll be so kind?"

"You're too old," he said brutally; he was running along prehistoric lines.

"Too old!"

"By four years—that is, I'm sentimentally enjoined from the laboratory test. I was once a pupil of your mother. But, so far as I'm concerned, I'll refer you to Sydney Porter, the great philosophical teacher, in that illuminating paragraph on the heaving of bricks."

"It's too bad," she hesitated; "but I read so little metaphysics ——"

"The great pedagogue asks us," said Whittier, "whether we've ever seen a man sneak out in the back yard and pick up a rock to throw at a tomcat that was looking at him. He pretends that he hasn't a thing in his hand, and that he doesn't see the cat, and that the cat doesn't see him. And ——" He stopped short and induced a superficial fit of coughing.

"Yes?" urged Miss Standish.

"The context eludes me." This was scientific engineering.

"I seem to have a hazy recollection of the place," said Miss Standish wickedly. "There was something about the value of the tomcat method as opposed to the hot horseshoe, or the blunt joy of a small boy finding a baseball in the grass. But I miss the analogy. You're not planning to hold *my* hand, are you?"

"I was quoting," said Whittier comfortably, "one of the qualitative tests."

He was disillusioned and regretful; the enemy was without skirmishers—she had only heavy artillery.

"And the other one—for which I'm too decrepit?"

"I didn't say that! I said you were too old."

"But when one's too old to be a modern ingénue isn't one pitiably decrepit?"

"Not without exception. . . . They've unearthed a waltz finally. Shall we demonstrate?"

"Why—certainly, if you'd rather," said Miss Standish, rising. She smoothed her skirts and looked directly up into his face. "You frighten me!" she said, turning her head away.

Whittier gasped.

"I—frighten you? That's most extraordinary! What have I done?"

"Nothing."

He would have taken oath that her tone was wistful. He smiled to himself in curbed cynicism.

"Let me give you my solemn affirmation that I'm tame and harmless, Miss Standish."

She glanced at him sidewise with her head lowered.

"Not Cecily?"

"If you look like that at me," said Whittier, unable to oppose an impulse that was two-thirds sheer disinclination, "you'll force me to ascertain which one of us is the ingénue."

"Not by throwing bricks, I hope?"

"No—by the surer system."

"Is it so faithfully precise?"

"Absolutely!"

"I think," she said with a quaver in her voice, "that you and I misunderstand each other, Mr. Whittier." And she looked at him sidewise with her head lowered.

As he surged toward her he was subtly perceptive of error in his judgment. Her sudden straightening indicated a remote possibility that she hadn't realized the significance of her repetition of the coquetry. And Whittier, who couldn't for the soul of him have dissected his motives as he surged toward her, halted, paralyzed by the prohibitive barrier of her eyes.

"Well!" she said, surveying him with calm dignity. "So that's it! That's what you were going to do! I said we misunderstood each other. Matured! And I'd hoped—I'd hoped we were going to be friends! Why you're nothing but a—a conceited lady-killer!"

She darted past him to sanctuary, and Whittier, woefully shaken, tramped on behind her to extenuate and make amends. But in the living room Mrs. Brewster cornered him as he entered.

(Continued on Page 41)

THE PATH OF GLORY

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

IT WAS so poor a place—a bitten-off morsel "at the beyond end of nowhere"—that when a February gale came driving down out of a steel sky and shut up the little lane road and covered the house with snow a passer-by might have mistaken it all, peeping through its icy fleece, for just a huddle of the brown bowlders so common to the country thereabouts.

And even when there was no snow it was as bad—worse, almost, Luke thought. When everything else went brave and young with new greenery; when the alders were laced with the yellow haze of leaf bud, and the brooks got out of prison again, and arbutus and violet and buttercup went through their rotation of bloom up in the rock pastures and maple bush—the farm buildings seemed only the bleaker and barer.

That forlorn unpainted little house, with its sagging blinds! It squatted there through the year like a one-eyed beggar without a friend—lost in its venerable white-beard winters, or contemplating an untidy welter of rusty farm machinery through the summers.

When Luke brought his one scraggy little cow up the lane he always turned away his head. The place made him think of the old man who let the birds build nests in his whiskers. He preferred, instead, to look at the glories of Bald Mountain or one of the other hills. There was nothing wrong with the back drops in the home stage-set; it was only home itself that hurt one's feelings.

There was no cheer inside, either. The sagging old floors, though scrubbed and spotless, were uncarpeted; the furniture meager. A pine table, a few old chairs, a shabby scratched settle covered by a thin horse blanket as innocent of nap as a Mexican hairless—these for essentials; and for embellishment a shadeless glass lamp on the table, about six-candle power, where you might make shift to read the Biweekly—times when there was enough money to have a Biweekly—if you were so minded; and window shelves full of corn and tomato cans, still wearing their horticultural labels, where scrawny one-legged geraniums and yellowing coleus and begonia contrived an existence of sorts.

And then, of course, the mantelpiece with the black-edged funeral notice and shiny coffin plate, relics of Grampaw Peel's taking-off; and the pink mug with the purple pansy and "Woodstock, N. Y.," on it; the photograph of a forgotten cousin in Iowa, with long antennæ-shaped mustaches; the Bible with the little china knobs on the corners; and the pile of medicine testimonials and seed catalogues—all these contributed something.

If it was not a beautiful place within, it was, also, not even a pleasant place spiritually. What with the open door into his father's room, whence you could hear the thin frettings made by the man who had lain these ten years with chronic rheumatism, and the untuneful whistlings of whittling Tom, the big brother, the shapely supple giant whose mind had never grown since the fall from the barn roof when he was eight years old, and the acrid complaints of the tall gaunt mother, stepping about getting their inadequate supper, in her gray wrapper, with the ugly little blue shawl pinned round her shoulders, it was as bad a place as you might find in a year's journeying for anyone to keep bright and "chirk up" in.

Not that anyone in particular expected "them poor Hayneses" to keep bright or "chirk up." As far back as he could remember, Luke had realized that the hand of God was laid on his family. Dragging his bad leg up the hill pastures after the cow, day in and day out, he had evolved a sort of patient philosophy about it. It was just inevitable, like a lot of things known in that rock-ribbed and fatalistic region—as immutably decreed by heaven as foreordination and the damnation of unbaptized babes. The Hayneses had just "got it hard."

Yet there were times, now he was come to a gangling fourteen, when Luke's philosophy threatened to fail him. It wasn't fair—so it wasn't! They weren't bad folks; they'd done nothing wicked. His mother worked like a dog—"no fair for her," any way you looked at it. There were times when the boy drank in bitterly every detail of the miserable place he called home and knew the depths of an utter despair.

If there was only some way to better it all! But there was no chance. His father had been a failure at everything he touched in early life, and now he was a hopeless invalid. Tom was an idiot—or almost—and himself a cripple.

As Far Back as He Could Remember, Luke Had Realized That the Hand of God Was Laid on His Family

And Nat! Well, Nat "wa'n't willin'"—not that one should blame him. Times like these a lump like a roc's egg would rise in the boy's throat. He had to spit—and spit hard—to conquer it.

"If we hain't the gosh-awfulest lot!" he would gulp.

To-day, as he came up the lane, June was in the land. She'd done her best to be kind to the farm. All the old heterogeneous rosebushes in the woodyard and front "lawn" were pied with fragrant bloom. Usually Luke would have lingered to sniff it all, but he saw only one thing now with a sudden skipping at his heart—an automobile standing beside the front porch.

It was not the type of car to cause cardiac disturbance in a connoisseur. It was, in fact, of an early vintage, high-set, chunky, brassily æsthetic, and given to asthmatic chokings on occasion; but Luke did not kn this. He knew only that it spelled luxury b yond all dreams. It belonged, in short, to Uncle Clem Cheesman, the rich butcher who liv in the village twelve miles away; and its preser here signaled the fact that Uncle Clem and Au Mollie had come to pay one of their detestable qu terly visits to their poor relations. They had co while he was out, and Maw was in there now, beari it all alone.

Luke limped into the house hastily. He was mistaken. There was a company air in the roo a stiff hostile-polite taint in the atmosphere. Th visitors sat in the kitchen, and a large hamper, contents partly disgorged, stood on the table. Lu knew that it contained gifts—the hateful, mercif nauseating charity of the better-off.

Aunt Mollie was speaking as he entered—a lar high-colored, pouter-pigeon-chested woman, wit great many rings with bright stones, and a noddi pink plume in her hat. She was holding up a bif cated crimson garment, and greeted Luke absent

"'Three pair o' them underdrawers, Delia—' not a break in one of 'em! I sez, as soon as I see Cl layin' 'em aside this spring, 'Them things'll be j right fur Delia's Jere, layin' there with the rheun tiz.' They may come a little loose; but, of cou you can't be choicey. I've b'en at Clem fur five ye to buy him union suits; but he's always b'en so sti on red flannen. But now he's got two aut'mobil countin' the new delivery, I guess he's gotta more tony; so he made out to spare 'em. And n that hat, Delia—it ain't a mite wore out, an' fur you'll need one it's plenty good enough. I only h it two years and I guess folks won't remember; what if they do—they all know you get my thir Same way with that collarette. It's a little mo eaten, but it won't matter fur you. . . . The g suit you can easy cut down fur Luke, there ——'

She droned on, the other woman making automatic sounds of assent. She looked coc Maw—Luke thought; but she wasn't. Not b darn sight! There was a spot of pink in each ch and she stared hard every little bit at Gramp Peel's funeral plate on the mantel. Luke knew w she was thinking of—poor Maw! She was burn in a fire of her own lighting. She had brough all on herself—on the whole lot of them.

Years ago she had been just like Aunt Mo The daughters of a prosperous village carpen they had shared beads, beaus and bangles u Maw, in a moment's madness, had chucked it away to marry poor Paw. Now she had made bed, she must lie in it. Must sit and say "Th you!" for Aunt Mollie's leavings, precious scr she dared not refuse—Maw, who had a pride as fie and keen as any! It was devilish! Oh, it was k of Aunt Mollie to give; it was the taking that ca so bitter hard. And then they weren't genteel ab their giving. There was always that air of sup ority, that conscious patronage, as now, wh Uncle Clem, breaking off his conversation with invalid in the next room about the price of mut on the hoof and the chances of the Democrats' g ting in again, stopped fiddling with his thick pla watch chain and grinned across at big Tom to fl his undeviating flower of wit:

"Runnin' all to beef, hain't ye, Tom, boy? Co on down to the market an' we'll git some A 1 sirlo outen ye, anyway. Do your folks that much goo

It was things like this that made Luke want burn, poison or shoot Uncle Clem. He was not a l man, Uncle Clem—a thick sandy chunk of a fell given to bright neckties and a jocosity that t no account of feelings. Shaped a little like a log, was—back of his head and back of his neck—al a width. Little lively green eyes and bristling mustaches. A complexion a society bud might have envi Why was it a butcher got so pink and white and sle Pork, that's what Uncle Clem resembled, Luke though a nice, smooth, pale-fleshed pig, ready to be skinned.

His turn next! When crops and politics failed and joke at poor Tom—Tom always giggled inordinately at too—had come off, there was sure to be the one about hi self and the lame duck next. To divert himself of bo expectation, Luke turned to stare at his cousin, S'norta

S'norta, sitting quietly in a chair across the room, seldom known to be emotional. Indeed, there were tim when Luke wondered whether she had not died in chair. One had that feeling about S'norta, so motionl was she, so uncompromising of glance. She was v prosperous looking, as became the heiress to the Cheesm

reat business—a fat little girl of twelve, dressed with a profusion of ruffles, glass pearls, gilt buckles, and thick tawny curls that might have come straight from the sausage hook in her papa's shop.

S'norta had been consecrated early in life to the unusual. Even her name was not ordinary. Her romantic mother, immersed in the prenatal period in the hair-lifting adventures of one Señorita Carmena, could think of no melier appellation when her darling came than the first portion of that sloe-eyed and restless lady's title, which she conceived to be baptismal; and in due course she had conferred it, together with her own pronunciation, on her child.

A bold man stopping in at Uncle Clem's market, as Luke knew, had once tried to pronounce and expound the cognomen in a very different fashion; but he had been hustled unceremoniously from the place, and S'norta remained in undisturbed possession of her honors.

Now Luke was recalled from his contemplation by his uncle's voice again. A lull had fallen and out of it broke the question Luke always dreaded.

"Nat, now!" said Uncle Clem, leaning forward, his thick fingers clutching his fat knees. "You ain't had any news from him since quite a while ago, have you?" The wit that was so preponderable a feature of Uncle Clem's nature bubbled to the surface. "Dunno but he's landed in jail for a spell back and can't git out again!" The lively little eyes twinkled appreciatively.

Nobody answered. It set Maw's mouth in a thin, hard line. You wouldn't get a rise out of old Maw with such tactics—Maw, who believed in Nat, soul and body. Into Luke's mind flashed suddenly a formless half prayer: "Don't let 'em nag her now—make 'em talk other things!"

The Lord, in the guise of Aunt Mollie, answered him. For once, Nat and Nat's character and failings did not hold her. She drew a deep breath and voiced something that claimed her interest:

"Well, Delia, I see you wasn't out at the Bisbee's funeral. Though I don't s'pose anyone really expected you, knowin' how things goes with you. Time was, when you was a girl, you counted in as big as any and traveled with the best; but now"—she paused delicately, and coughed politely with an appreciative glance round the poor room—"they don't anyone hereabouts but's talkin' about it. My land, it was swell! I couldn't ask no better for my own. Four-horse cabs, and the hearse sent over from Rockville—all pale gray, with mottled gray horses. It was what I call tasty. Matty wasn't what you'd call well-off—not as lucky as some I could mention; but she certainly went off grand! The whole Methodist choir

"Well, 's I was sayin', it was a grand funeral. None better! They even had engraved invites, over a hundred printed—and they had folks from all over the state. They give Clem, here, the contract fur the supper meat ——"

"The best of everything!" Uncle Clem broke in. "None o' your cheap graft. Gimme a free hand. Jim Bisbee tole me himself. 'I want the best ye got,' he sez; an' I give it. Spring lamb and prime ribs, fancy hotel style ——"

"An' Em Carson baked the cakes fur 'em, sixteen of 'em; an' Dickison the undertaker's tellin' all over they got the best quality shroud he carries. Well, you'll find it all in the Biweekly, under Death's Busy Sickle. Jim Bisbee shore set a store by Matty oncet she was dead. It was a grand affair, Delia. Not but what we've had some good ones in our time too."

It was Aunt Mollie's turn to stare pridefully at the Peel plate on the chimney shelf.

"A thing like that sets a family up, sorta."

Uncle Clem had taken out a fat black cigar with a red-white-and-blue band. He bit off the end and alternately thrust it between his lips or felt of its thickness with a fondling thumb and finger. Luke, watching, felt a sudden compassion for the cigar. It looked so harried.

"I always say," Aunt Mollie droned on, "a person shows up what he really is at the last—what him and his family stands fur. It's what kind of a funeral you've got that counts—who comes out an' all. An' that was true with Matty. There wa'n't a soul worth namin' that wasn't out to hers."

How Aunt Mollie could gouge—even amicably! And funerals! What a subject, even in a countryside where a funeral is a social event and the manner of its furniture marks a definite social status! Would they never go? But it seemed at last they would. Incredibly, somehow, they were taking their leave, Aunt Mollie kissing Maw good-by, with the usual remark about "hopin' the things would help some," and about being "glad to spare somethin' from her great plenty."

She and Señorita were presently packed into the car and Tom had gone out to goggle at Uncle Clem cranking up, the cold cigar still between his lips. Now they were off—choking and snorting their way out of the woodyard and down the lane. Aunt Mollie's pink feather streamed into the breeze like a pennon of triumph.

Maw was standing by the stove, a queer look in her eyes; so queer that Luke didn't speak at once. He limped over to finger the spilled treasures on the table.

"Gee! Lookit, Maw! More o' them prunes we liked so; an' a bag o' early peaches; an' fresh soup meat fur a week ——"

A queer trembling had seized his mother. She was so white he was frightened.

"Did you sense what it meant, Luke—what Aunt Molly told us about Matty Bisbee? We was left out deliberate—that's what it meant. Her an' me that was raised together an' went to school and picnics all our girlhood together! Never could see one 'thout the other when we was growin' up—Jim Bisbee knew that too! But"—her voice wavered miserably—"I didn't get no invite to her funeral. I don't count no more, Lukey. None of us, anywheres. . . . We're jest them poor Gawd-forsaken Hayneses."

She slipped down suddenly into a chair and covered her face, her thin shoulders shaking. Luke went and touched her awkwardly. Times he would have liked to put his arms round Maw—now more than ever; but he didn't dare.

"Don't take on, Maw! Don't!"

"Who's takin' on?" She lifted a fierce, sallow, tear-wet face. "Hain't no use makin' a fuss. All's left's to work—to work, an' die after a while."

"I hate 'em! Uncle Clem an' her, I mean."

"They mean kindness—their way." But her tears started afresh.

"I hate 'em!" Luke's voice grew shriller. "I'd like—I'd like —— Oh, damn 'em!"

"Don't swear, boy!"

It was Tom who broke in on them. "It's a letter from Rural Free Delivery. He jest dropped it."

He came up, grinning, with the missive. The mother's fingers closed on it nervously.

"From Nat, mebbe—he ain't wrote in months."

But it wasn't from Nat. It was a bill for a last payment on the "new harrow," bought three years before.

II

ONE of the earliest memories Luke could recall was the big blurred impression of Nat's face bending over his crib of an evening. At first flat, indefinite, remote as the moon, it grew with time to more human, intimate proportions. It became the face of "brother," the black-haired, blue-eyed big boy who rollicked on the floor with him or danced him on his knee to—

This is the way the lady rides!
Tritty-trot-trot; tritty-trot-trot!

Or who, returning from school and meeting his faltering feet in the lane, would toss him up on his shoulder and canter him home with mad, merry scamperings.

Not that school and Nat ever had much in common. Even as a little shaver Luke had realized that. Nat was the family wilding, the migratory bird that yearned for other climes. There were the times when he sulked long days by the fire, and the springs and autumns when he played an unending round of hooky. There were the days when he was sent home from school in disgrace; when protesting notes, and sometimes even teacher, arrived.

"It's not that Nat's a bad boy, Mrs. Haynes," he remembered one teacher saying; "but he's so active, so full of restless animal spirits. How are we ever going to tame him?"

Maw didn't know the answer—that was sure. She loved Nat best—Luke had guessed it long ago, by the tone of her voice when she spoke to him, by the touch of her hand on his head, or the size of his apple turnover, so much bigger than the others'. Maw must have built heavily on her hopes of Nat those days—her one perfect child. She was so proud of him! In the face of all ominous prediction she would fling her head high.

"My Nat's a Peel!" she would say. "Can't never tell how he'll turn out."

The farmers thereabouts thought they could tell her. Nat was into one scrape after another—nothing especially wicked; but a

as out, with three numers in broken time; and er cousin's brother-in-law om out West—some kind f bishop—to preach. Honst, it was one of the grandst sermons I ever heard! Vasn't it, Clem?"

Uncle Clem cleared his roat thoughtfully.

"Humiliatin'!—that's hat I'd call it. A strong aur'l sermon all round. man couldn't hear it thout bein' humiliated ore ways'n one." He was ack at the watchchain gain.

"It's a pity you couldn't f gone, Delia—you an' Matty always was so intignate too. You certainly nissed a grand treat, I an tell you; though, if ou hadn't the right lothes ——"

"Well, I haven't," Maw poke dryly. "I don't go owheres, as you know—ot even church."

"I s'pose not. Time was was different, though, Delia. Ain't nobody but alks how bad off you are. nn Chester said she seen ou in town a while back nd wouldn't of knowed was you if it hadn't of 'en you was wearin' my old rown cape, an' she reconized it. Her an' me got 'em oth alike to the same store Rockville. You was so hanged, she said she ouldn't hardly believe it as you at all."

"Sometimes I wonder myself if it is," said Maw rimly.

The Worst of it All Was About Maw's Not Crying—Just Sitting There Staring at the Fire

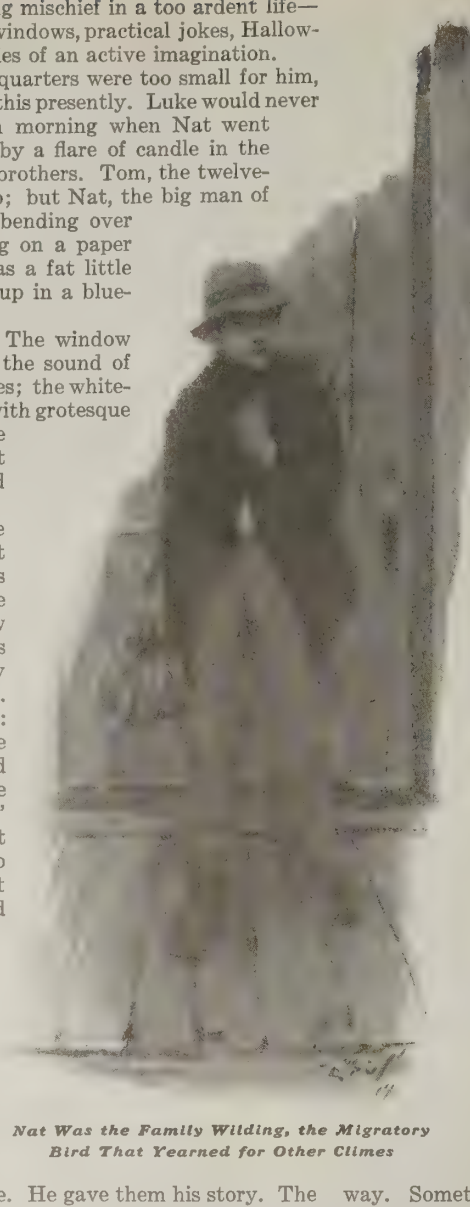
compound of the bubbling mischief in a too ardent life—robbed orchards, broken windows, practical jokes, Hallowe'en jinks, vagrant whimsies of an active imagination.

It was just that Nat's quarters were too small for him, chiefly. Even he realized this presently. Luke would never forget the sloppy March morning when Nat went away. He was wakened by a flare of candle in the room he shared with his brothers. Tom, the twelve-year-old, lay sound asleep; but Nat, the big man of fifteen, was up, dressed, bending over something he was writing on a paper at the bureau. There was a fat little bundle beside him, done up in a blue-and-white bandanna.

Day was still far off. The window showed black; there was the sound of a thaw running off the eaves; the white-washed wall was painted with grotesque leaping shadows by the candle flame. At the first murmur Nat had come and put his arms about him.

"Don't ye holler, little un; don't ye do it! 'Tain't nothin'—on'y Natty's goin' away a spell; quite a spell, little un. Now kiss Natty. . . . That's right! . . . An' you lay still there an' don't holler. An' listen here, too: Natty's goin' to bring ye somethin'—a grand red ball, mebbe—if you're good. You wait an' see!"

But Natty hadn't brought the ball. Two years had passed without a scrap of news of him; and then—he was back. Slipped into the village on a freighter at dusk one evening. A forlorn scarecrow Nat was; so tattered of garment, so smeared of coaldust, you scarcely knew him. So full of strange sophistications, too, and new trails of thought—



Nat Was the Family Wilding, the Migratory Bird That Yearned for Other Climes

so oddly rich of experience. He gave them his story. The tale of an exigent life in a great city; a piecework life made of such flotsam labors as he could pick up, of spells of loafing, of odd incredible associates, of months tagging a circus, picking up a task here and there, of long journeyings through the country, "riding the bumpers"—even of alms asked at back doors!

"Oh, not a tramp, Nat!"

The hurt had quivered all through Maw.

But Nat only laughed.

"Jiminy Christmas, it was great!"

He had thrown back his head, laughing. That was Nat all through—sipping of life generously, no matter in what form.

He had stayed just three weeks. He had spent them chiefly defeating Maw's plans to keep him. Wanderlust kept him longer the next time. That was eight years ago. Since then he had been back home three times. Never so poor and shabby as at first—indeed, Nat's wanderings had prospered more or less—but still remote, somewhat mysterious, touched by new habits of life, new ways of speech.

The countryside, remembering the manner of his first return, shook its head darkly. A tramp—a burglar, even. God knew what! When, on his third visit home, he brought an air of extreme opulence, plenty of money, and a sartorial perfection undreamed of locally, the heads wagged even harder. A gambler probably; a ne'er-do-well certainly; and one to break his mother's heart in the end.

But none of this was true, as Luke knew. It was just that Nat hated farming; that he liked to rove and take a floater's fortune. He had a taste for the mechanical and followed incomprehensible quests. San Francisco had known him; the big races at Cincinnati; the hangars of Mineola. He was restless—Nat; but he was respectable. No one could look into his merry blue eyes and not know it. If his labors were uncertain and sporadic, and his address that of a nomad, it all sufficed, at least for himself.

If at times Luke felt a stirring doubt that Nat was not acquitting himself of his family duty, he quenched it fiercely. Nat was different. He was born free; you could tell it in his talk, in his way of thinking. He was like an eagle and hated to be bound by earthly ties. He cared for them all in his own way. Times when he was back he helped Maw all he could. If he brought money he gave of it freely; if he had none, just the look of his eye or the ready jest on his lip helped.

Upstairs in a drawer of the old pine bureau lay some of Nat's discarded clothing—incredible garments to Luke. The lame boy, going to them sometimes, fingered them, pondering, reconstructing for himself the fabric of Nat's adventures, his life. The ice-cream pants of a bygone day; the pointed, shriveled yellow Oxfords; the silk-front shirt; the odd cuff link or stud—they were like a genie-in-a-bottle, these poor clothes! You rubbed them and a whole Arabian night's dream unfurled itself.

And Nat lived it all! But people—dull stodgy people like Uncle Clem and Aunt Mollie, and old Beckonridge down at the store, and a dozen others—these criticized him for not "workin' reg'lar" and giving a full account of himself.

Luke, thinking of all this, would flush with impotent anger.

"Oh, let 'em talk, though! He'll show 'em some day! They dunno Nat. He'll do somethin' big fur us all some day."

III

MIDSUMMER came to trim the old farm with her wreaths. It was the time Luke loved best of all—the long, sweet, loam-scented evenings with Maw and Tom on the old porch; and sometimes—when there was no fog—Paw's cot, wheeled out in the stillness. But Maw was not herself this summer. Something had fretted and eaten into her heart like an acid ever since Aunt Mollie's visit and the news of Matty Bisbee's funeral.

When, one by one, the early summer festivities of the neighborhood had slipped by, with no inclusion of the Hayneses, she had fallen to brooding deeply; to feeling more bitterly than ever the ignominy and wretchedness of their position.

Luke tried to comfort her; to point out that this summer was like any other; that they "never had mattered much to folks." But Maw continued to brood; to allude vaguely and insistently to "the straw that broke the camel's back." It was bitter hard to have Maw like that—home was bad enough, anyway. Sometimes on clear, soft nights, when the moon came out all splendid and the "peepers" sang so plaintively in the Hollow, the boy's heart would fill and grow enormous in his chest with the intolerable sadness he felt.

Then Maw's mood lifted—pierced by a ray of heavenly sunlight—for Nat came home!

Luke saw him first—heard him, rather; for Nat came up the lane—oh, miraculous!—driving a motor car. It was not a car like Uncle Clem's—not even a stepbrother to it. It was low and almost noiseless, and shaped like one of those queer torpedoes they were fighting with across the water. It was colored a soft dust-gray and trimmed with nickel; and, huge and powerful though it was, it swung to a mere touch of Nat's hand.

Nat stood before them, clad in black leather Norfolk and visored cap and leggings.

"Look like a fancy brand of chauffeur, don't I?" he laughed, with the easy resumption of a long-broken relation that was so characteristically Nat.

But Nat was not a chauffeur. Something much bigger and grander. The news he brought them on top of it all took their breaths away. Nat was a special demonstrator, out on a brand-new high-class job for a house handling a special line of high-priced goods. And he was to go to Europe in another week—did they get it straight? Europe! Jiminy! He and another fellow were taking cars over to France and England.

No; they didn't quite get it. They could not grasp its significance, but clung humbly, instead, to the mere glorious fact of his presence.

He stayed two days and a night; and summer was never lovelier. Maw was like a girl, and there was such a killing of pullets and extravagance with new-laid eggs as they had never known before. At the last he gave them all presents.

"Tell the truth," he laughed, "I'm stony broke. 'Tisn't mine, all this stuff you see. I got some kale in advance—not much, but enough to swing me; but, of course, the outfit's the company's. But I'll tell you one thing: I'm going to bring some long green home with me, you can bet! And when I do"—Nat had given Maw a prodigious nudge in the ribs—"when I do—I ain't goin' to stay an old bachelor forever! Do you get that?"

Maw's smile had faded for a moment. But the presents were fine—a new knife for Tom, a book for Luke, and twenty whole round dollars for Maw, enough to pay that old grocery bill dov at Beckonridge's and Paw's new invoice of patent medicir

They all stood on the porch and watched him as f as they could see; and Maw's black mood didn't retu for a whole week.

Evenings now they had something different to ta about—journeys in seagoing craft; foreign countries a the progress of the "Ee-ropean" war, and Nat's like hood—he had laughed at this—of touching even its fring They worked it all up from the boiler-plate war news the Biweekly and Luke's school geography. Yes; for little space the blackness was lifted.

Then came the August morning when Paw died. Tl was an unexpected and unsettling contingency. O doesn't look for a "chronic's" doing anything so unsche uled and foreign to routine; but Paw spoiled all pre dent. They found him that morning with his heart qu still, and Luke knew they stood in the presence of imn nent tragedy.

It's all very well to peck along, hand-to-mouth fashio You can manage a living of sorts; and farm produ even scanty, unskillfully contrived, and the charity relatives, and the patience of tradesmen, will see y through. But a funeral—that's different! Undertaker that means money. Was it possible that the sordid e of their lives must be capped by the crowning insult, t Poormaster and the Pauper's Field? If only poor Pa could have waited a little before he claimed the sp light—until prices fell a little or Nat got back with th "long green"!

Maw swallowed her bitter pill.

She went to see Uncle Clem and ask! And Uncle Cle was kind.

"He'll buy a casket—he's willin' fur that—an' send wreath and pay fur notices, an' even half on a bury lot; but he said he couldn't do no more. The high c has hit him too. . . . An' where are we to git the re He said—at the last—it might be better all round fur to take what Ellick Flick would gimme outen the Pc Fund ——" Maw hadn't been able to go on for a spe

A pauper's burial for Paw! Surely Maw would mana better than that! She tried to find a better way that ve night.

"This farm's mortgaged to the neck; but I calcul Ben Travis won't care if I'm a mind to put Paw in t south field. It hain't no mortal good fur anything el anyhow; an' he can lay there if we want. It's a r pleasant place. An' I can git the preacher myself—I give him the rest o' the broilers; an' they's season hickory plankin' in the lean-to. Tom, you come alo with me."

All night Luke had lain and listened to the sound of Tom's saw and hammer. Tom was real handy if you t him how—and Maw would be showing him just how shape it all out. Each hammer blow struck deep on t boy's heart.

Maw lined the homemade box herself with soft quilts, and washed and dressed her dead herself in faded outlawed wedding clothes. And on a morning s and sweet, with a hint of rain in the air, they rode do in the farm wagon to the south field together—Paw a Maw and Luke—with big Tom walking beside the ag knobby horse's head.

Abel Gazzam, a neighbor, had seen to the grave; and due course the little cavalcade reached the appointed sp inside the snake fence—a quiet place in a corner, unde graybeard elm. As Maw had said, it was "a pleasant pla for Paw to lay in."

There were some old neighbors out in their own rigs, a Uncle Clem had brought his family up in his car, with proper wreath; and Reverend Kearns came up and—declining all lien on

(Continued on Page 45)

Each Hammer Blow Struck Deep on the Boy's Heart

Tales From a Safe-Deposit Box

The Danger of Safety—By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

I NEVER slide out my own small safe-deposit box from the steel wall but my mind goes back to t at day in the second week after my her died; and I see us all four sit- g there in that little inside room at t bank—and John Snaith at the plain table in the middle, with t long brown box of my father's derneath his stubby fingers.

When I came in—called back from t scientific school in Boston—the her members of the family were eady there.

"They are waiting for you," said lerk I knew—"inside."

I went on through the bank, back the steel gate of the safe-deposit tion. The guard opened it and ssed me in. And the barred gate cked after me. It was the first ne in my life I had ever been be- d one.

"This way," said a cadaverous l man inside, who went on ahead me.

We went through in silence—past gh steel safes, steel-barred windows d steel doors. And I came, for the st time, into the close, empty still- ss of a safe-deposit room, with its ws of boxes in the walls.

My eye ranged round the place, king in the absolute security of it; culating on how any human power uld break in there. Guarded, red, locked, armored—it seemed me as safe and sure as the inside a steel ingot at the bottom of the .

"This is the way," the cadaverous rk stated, going on in, deeper still. Right here."

I pushed back the door from the m, narrow corridor into the ightly lighted room, looked in, d saw across from me the white es of the three women along the all.

A raw white light soaked the place d everything that was in it. My other's face looked white and awn and old. My sister Edith's e white skin was like delicate hite enamel under it. Even Bar- ra Harris' red-and-brown com- exion looked white—all white, cept for two odd red spots upon r cheeks, bright as if they had been painted there.

And in the center, straight underneath the light, sat, ck to me, the thick old figure of John Snaith, the executor, ith the long, thin safe-deposit box of my father before him the empty table.

When I saw the thing, just for a second, I thought again out that stock I had been reading of on the train coming t of Boston—that old conservative stock that had gone wn so since it passed its dividends.

"Do you suppose," the thought flashed over me, for me reason, when I first saw that box, "there could be any that in there?" And it went away again immediately.

I saw my mother getting up to meet me, and Barbara iling at me. I forgot it then, of course, and smiled back; d walked across to them.

I kissed my mother and my sister—and shook hands th Barbara.

"Mr. Snaith," my mother said, "this is my boy."

I turned round and met him. I didn't like the man. He od up from behind the table—a thick old sedentary dy, in a pepper-and-salt sack suit; a rigid noncommittal e, with small, sharp, wrinkled eyes; a straight old outh, drawn on the upper boundary of a square old- shioned mat of grizzled whiskers on his chin.

"How-do-do, young man?" he said.

His voice was dry and brusque. He reached out a dry, uare-fingered hand and we shook hands across the table.

I had known the man by sight, of course, all my life. erybody in the city had seen him, day after day, for two nerations, sitting there, with his unlighted cigar, in the ate-glass window of his old gray-faced bank—the bank that he built and owned and was. But I had never met John Snaith myself or heard him speak before.

"I Thought You Never Were Coming!" Said Barbara. "Get in Here"

I didn't like him, now I met him—either his voice or looks. He was a very different thing from what I had become accustomed to at college.

"A hard face!" I said to myself. "That's the way men get, I suppose, when they deal all their lives in money."

"You can sit there if you want to," said John Snaith, and pointed out a chair beside him at the table.

I went round there and sat down.

I was still less pleased with him. He was crude and blunt and unmannerly.

"That's no way to act to me," I thought—"even if I am a little late."

"And now that we are all here," he went on, looking at my mother, "suppose we start."

My mother nodded then, we all sat up, and John Snaith reached out his hand and started opening my father's safe-deposit box.

"The first thing we've got to do, I suppose," he said, "is to find out just what's here."

From where I sat I saw Barbara reach out and take my mother's hand in hers.

"That's queer!" I thought. "I wonder what she does that for?"

And then it seemed to me, watching them, I had never seen my mother's face so white and drawn and thin.

"Do you suppose," I asked myself, "that she knows something that we don't?"

We never had expected any great inheritance, of course—simply the moderate income we had always had; a comfortable estate invested as an old-time conservative man like my father would invest it.

My pulse jumped up a beat or two as that second idea struck me—and fell right back again.

"Nonsense!" I said. "Women are always anxious."

And I turned quickly round to the quick voice at my elbow.

"You take these," said John Snaith, handing me a pad and pencil. "I'll call them off to you."

And he began taking off the bands from the first package in the box.

The box, I saw, was not a very large one—and not well filled at that. There were three packages there apparently—two large ones and a small one, in an envelope—still lying just exactly as my father left them; and a few scattering, miscellaneous things.

"We'll open this one first," said John Snaith, working at it.

It was quite an old one, evidently. The tape was soiled and dingy.

"It's some time since that one has been opened up," I told myself.

And, just as I was thinking that, John Snaith, tugging, snapped the old rusty pinkish tape, and the dingy package broke out suddenly into a surprising shower of gold-leafed papers, as fresh and bright as new coins from the mint.

I stooped and picked up two that fell upon the floor.

"Hm-m!" said John Snaith, unfolding them one by one and glancing through them with his sharp, quick eyes—his noncommittal face and body never moving.

He handed them to my mother.

"These are just some early things we first put our money in—when we were first married," my mother said to him hastily when she had examined them. "My husband had no great hopes of them in recent years."

"I see he kept them all together," said Mr. Snaith.

His voice, I noticed, was not so hard and brusque when he spoke to her; and his eyes were just a little wrinkled at the corners. "We'll put them down here, anyhow," he said. "We might get a dollar or so, maybe, out of some of them."

And he read them off to me, as my mother looked at them and passed them back. I wrote down after him the names of those gold-plated papers. Queer stuff it looked like to me—gold mines and oil wells, clear back in the seventies—half a dozen probably, more or less. I can remember still the names of several of them: the Argo, the Rectangle, the Nineteenth Chance, and the Comstock Junior.

Worthless, every one of them—even I could see—on the face of it. Holes in the ground, long ago healed up. And there we sat, behind bolts and bars, like treasure seekers in a cave digging out those gold-plated promises about them, bright as when they were made—out from my still, conservative father's safe-deposit box.

It seemed certainly a strange thing—ridiculous! But yet not exactly humorous then—for us.

I could see Edith, sitting up straight and still and high-headed while he read them.

"Heavens!" I said to myself. "I don't understand it. Father—buying stuff like that!"

I was scared a little, at first, while I put it down on my pad. It seemed, upon the face of it, a big pile of money to be put into those shares.

"It looks like quite a lot," my mother said then, almost as if she was answering what I thought. "But it wasn't really. Not very much went into that."

And she passed the last of the things over. She seemed anxious to explain. It seemed almost as if she were trying to defend my father to us.

I looked up quickly then. I thought I heard a sudden chuckle.

"Good Lord!" I said, surprised. "The man is laughing!"

"I'll bet it seemed enough to you those days," he said, and looked over at my mother; a wintry smile still touched the corner of his dry old mouth.

"It did—yes," my mother answered, and laughed nervously.

"We all must do it," said John Snaith, with a twinkle kindling in his small gray eyes. "Sometime! It's a poor kind of man who doesn't have a busted gold mine in his safe-deposit box. It's like the spring fever, or the measles, or calf love. You've got to get it out of your blood. The average man has got to pass through a period of calf investment, just exactly as he has a period of calf love."

"Joking, too!" I thought, still watching him, surprised. "I didn't think he had it in him. But only about money, of course," I thought afterward.

"It's fortunate," he said, "that it comes and passes generally when he hasn't much of anything to lose."

"But my father!" I thought, and smiled; his laughter and what he said naturally relieved me. "My father—of all men!"

I smiled, thinking about him, and how conservative he had always seemed. And now all these gilt-edged bubbles lying all these years in that brown box of his, behind those gates and bars! I stopped short and wondered what was really in the box.

"We'll put that by, the way he did," John Snaith was saying. "That's the discard. It's a strange safe-deposit box that doesn't have one. I'd hate to tell you what they get from some of them."

He smiled at my mother—a rather decent smile, I thought; and she smiled back—or tried to.

I looked round then, underneath my eyelids, to get another glimpse of him—to size him up again. The smile was gone—shut off like a gas jet. I saw again only the same old rigid noncommittal face beyond my elbow.

"Got that down?" that dictatorial old voice asked me.

"Yes, sir," I answered back—as sharply; and waited for what came next.

"So much for that, then," John Snaith said, tying up those stocks—and reached again into the brown box.

There were now two packages left and those few miscellaneous things upon the bottom.

"Here—what's this?" he said with some surprise, examining the little object he had taken from a corner of the box.

"Here's something that belongs to you, Mrs. Hurlbut," he said quickly, passing on the thing to me to give to her.

I saw it when I took it. It was a small child's ring. A little light gold ring, with odd old-fashioned scrolls upon it—and the name Mark was cut upon the back. The ring of their first child, named for my father, who died before he was seven.

I saw Barbara's hand tighten on my mother's as my mother reached out her other hand to take it.

"Go on, please," my mother said. She saw, of course, that we were anxious to do so.

"Now here!" John Snaith spoke up at once. "What's this note?"

And he passed a folded paper to my mother. Her hand was shaking now a little.

"Is that any good?" he asked her bluntly.

"I'm afraid not," my mother answered.

"Why not?" asked Edith sharply, reading the old yellowed thing across my mother's shoulder. "Why don't they pay it?"

"Poor man!" my mother said. "He's dead. His people haven't anything to-day. You remember him," she said to Mr. Snaith. "You must. He was Mark's one particular friend."

"I remember him," said John Snaith briefly, and gave the paper over to me to set down.

"Is it all like this?" asked Edith sharply, sitting back uneasily against the wall.

"All that note was for, in the first place, was seven hundred dollars," said John Snaith, looking at her underneath his eyebrows.

You could see he didn't very much approve of her—or she of him.

"What does that amount to?" asked Barbara of Edith briskly.

"Three Dollars and Fifty-Seven Cents, Cash Assets!" I Said, and Smiled

But I felt that way a little now, as Edith evidently did—pretty anxious. There were now but two packages left in the box. John Snaith took out the small one and opened the envelope.

"Hm-m!" he said again, down in his throat, and sat there staring at the paper.

"This is the certificate," he said at last, looking over at my mother.

She nodded, leaning forward, with her lips apart, breathing hard.

"I'll lay this aside now, for the minute," he said. "We'll take it up later."

He put it down by the side of the box toward me. I saw it as he closed it up. It was shares—I could not see how much—in that railroad stock which had fallen so—that old conservative Boston & Colonial Railroad, which went through our own city, and of which everybody had so much everywhere round New England.

I sat up as my mother had when I saw it, and stared at my father's executor as he drew out the last package from the safe-deposit box.

It was quite a bulky package—there was probably something worth while there, I thought. I couldn't see it, though. I could only watch John Snaith's immovable old face as he looked over it.

"Insurance papers," he said finally, and laid them down.

My mother was trembling.

"Life insurance?" she asked.

"Two thousand dollars—that is all," said John Snaith, and turned to me. His voice seemed harsher than it had at all. "Put that down!"

I scrawled it down and turned and stared at him. I felt a little sick myself.

"That's all," he said.

"All!" said Edith, staring—a look of terror in her handsome face. "What do you mean?"

"This is what you have," John Snaith said, looking past her to my mother, and took up again the lone stock certificate. "This is what it comes down to."

"How much is there of it?" my mother asked him in a strained voice.

"Four hundred shares."

"I was afraid so," my mother said, and leaned back a little against Barbara.

"Shares!" said Edith. "Of what?"

Her face was white as china now, beneath that light.

"Boston & Colonial," my father's executor answered quickly. "You were right," he told my mother. "That is what you have."

"Four hundred shares," my mother said, sitting up again. "How much is it selling for to-day?"

"Forty-one."

"Forty-one!" she said in a high, strained, painful voice. "It was over two hundred when he bought it!"

Then we sat still, listening to her—and Barbara trying to calm her and control her, without success.

"I don't understand it!" my mother cried, while we all sat still. "I don't. I can't! He got it, in the first place, because he said it was so sure and safe. It was the only thing he knew, he always said, that you could buy and put away, and go off and forget about."

"I know," said John Snaith; "there were hundreds who thought that same thing."

"Hundreds, yes," my mother said. "Everywhere! You saw it in the papers! And nobody knows to-day just how it happened—this dreadful thing. Do they, Mr. Snaith?"

"No," he told her grimly; "they do not."

"Your poor father!" my mother started on, talking higher and higher, and more rapidly. "Everything he had! That was it," she said; and her eyes looked strange and wild. "That was it. I knew it. I knew it! Ever since that day it first passed its dividend, he never was the same. All night!" she cried. "All night! Walking—up and down—up and down!"

"Dear," said Barbara, petting her, "don't do that! That's no use!" she said, and put her arm round her.

But Edith sat there figuring; I could see her lips move.

"Four hundred shares! Sixteen thousand dollars?" she said.

Mr. Snaith nodded his square grizzled head at her.

"Sixteen thousand dollars!" she said. It seeme louder in that still, inside room. "Sixteen thousand dc lars! And no dividends?"

"No."

"How could he do it!" exclaimed Edith sharply.

"Edith!" I called to her.

I saw Barbara's black eyes snap.

"How could he do it?" said my mother. "You ungrat ful child! How could he do it! When everybody else h done almost the same thing!"

"That's no excuse," said Edith. "I don't forgive him not a bit!"

Her voice and face were hard as marble.

"Excuse!" cried Barbara. "Your own father?"

"How could he do it!" my mother exclaimed agai talking faster and more hysterically still. "How could do it? You sit here at your ease and ask that? When killed him! When it killed your father!"

Her voice was very high and sharp. But it fell dead once, I noticed, in a queer way in that little inside roo behind the steel walls.

"The question is," said Edith very deliberately: "Wh are we going to do?"

John Snaith stood facing her.

"What you are going to do now," he said, "is take yo mother home."

And Edith's eyes dropped, beaten down for once befo his harder ones.

"Mrs. Hurlbut," said John Snaith; and it seemed to r then that its very roughness and dryness made his voi more comforting—more strengthening and reliable, in way, than a softer one—"you go home now," he said, "a don't bother your head about this thing any long You've had your turn of it. Now we'll take the burden it off you—your boy and I."

"Yes, dear," said Barbara, urging her. "That's t only sensible thing to do."

Even Edith saw that she should go now. She knew, did all the rest of us, how frail my mother was; how fr and short-breathed she had been since my father di But not one of us could quite persuade her.

"I'll take you out," said John Snaith, deciding it. "I going out. I've one or two things to attend to out the anyhow."

And he offered her his arm, with a kind of awkwa courtesy. She took it in an old-fashioned sort of way, a they all went out.

"You stay here," said John Snaith to me, "and wat these things."

I sat there in that little inside room, with my fathe box and those folded papers on the table. I didn't ha manners enough even to get up. I sat there for seve minutes, trying hard to realize what had happened.

Then suddenly I sat up and took my pencil and my p again. I pushed the metal box aside, and that package fool's gold—the gilded mining stock; and I drew in fr of me the only thing of value there—the net resu financially, of my father's lifetime.

"Four hundred shares," I put down, "at two hundr and twenty-five, perhaps. Ninety thousand dollars! Tha what he paid."

I stopped and considered it for a second regretfully in anger, almost. That was what he paid out for it—th thing! That paper on the table was ninety thousa dollars then—real, actual money; gold or silver you co take into your hands. And now! "Four hundred share I put down, at forty-one. A little over sixteen thousa dollars! Just sixteen thousand four hundred dollars, to exact. That's what it was to-day!

"And no dividends!" I said, remembering.

I stopped—feeling stunned and helpless. The more y looked at it, the worse it grew.

"Now suppose we sold it?—as we'll have to, evidently I said, calculating, for the first time in my life, a busin problem of my own. "Say, sixteen thousand at five p cent—eight hundred dollars. And two thousand doll from the insurance—one hundred dollars more." I put down. "Nine hundred dollars a year!"

It was the hardest arithmetic I ever did. That was t only answer. Nine hundred dollars a year!

"Well, that's the end of me," I thought—"one way, ar how. That's sure! I'm no electrical engineer. My car is done, so far as any more education is concerned."

The whole world had changed round—what I was, wh I thought I was, and what I was going to be—since ju about an hour before I walked for the first time back in this safe place—behind the steel-bar gates, to this lit inside anteroom of the safe-deposit vault, to find out wh my father had put away there during his lifetime f safe-keeping. Well, there it was in front of me, on that ba table, all of it—shrunken to a fifth of its size in that o piece of paper!

"But I'm not the question at all," I had the sense think. "My part is simple. I've got to go to work. T question is, with me working, What can we each do? C we even get on then?"

For what could I earn then? What should I possibly worth? Where could I start in?

"You've Had Your Turn of It. Now We'll Take the Burden of it Off You—Your Boy and I"

I got up then and started walking; and when I did I put
ir hand down in my pocket and stopped in my tracks.
I topped and fished out what my hand fell on there—the
ıdy cash I had. I stepped over and slapped it down
ı on the table and counted it.

"Three dollars and fifty-seven cents, cash assets!" I
id, and smiled—a rather melancholy smile before it died
ctirely and left me standing there with a serious face.

It wasn't so very funny when you thought it over.

I put my money back right off and went and sat down
ain, staring at my loosely scrawled figures on the pad.
at there, still studying, when John Snaith returned.

"Got it all figured out?" he asked me.

"No," I answered curtly; "I have not."

He stood up then, and very deliberately took a thin
gar from his vest pocket and put it into the corner of his
outh. He did not offer me one. Twenty was too young,
yhow, for that, according to his ideas probably. But he
dn't want smoking, anyway, I had been told, in his bank.
e only indulged himself in a "dry smoke" in there with
ı unlighted cigar.

"Well?" he said, sitting down, his cigar tilted up a
tle, waiting for me.

"I want to ask you something," I said to him: "It
on't pay dividends, will it—this?"

"No," he said; "I don't expect so."

"Not for years, anyway?"

"No."

"But it's certain to go up—some!" I said, catching at
straws, repeating something I had heard somewhere.

"It may—some," said John Snaith, without a flicker of
anged expression in his face—all perfectly motionless
d still—except a little jerk with his cigar at the upper
ght-hand corner of his gray whiskers.

My first dislike of the man came back again. The cur-
in had come down again over his noncommittal face,
lfore whatever lay behind there. You saw only the two
sarp eyes still peering through it.

"What can we do, then?" I said, excited. "What must
e do?"

"If I were you I wouldn't do anything for a while," he
id. "I'd hold off. When they're all selling is a good time
ıt to sell yours."

"How can we wait?" I said. "Without dividends?"

"I'll see to that," he said. "I'll loan you what you've
ıt to have to live on."

"Loan it!" I said, stammering with surprise. "You
ean you would be willing to let us have your money?"

"Not my money; no—the bank's," said John Snaith
irtly. "On that," he said, and touched the stock certifi-
ce, "as collateral."

"Oh!" I said, understanding and drawing back. "But then? What then?"

"And then you young folks can go to work."

"Of course," I said. "Or I will anyhow. That's settled if I can find a job."

"Maybe," said John Snaith, his eyes on me, "that could be arranged somehow. We've got something planned for now, already—your sister and I—for her."

"What!" I said, dumfounded.

"There's a smart, bright girl," said John Snaith, "and a good one!"

"Edith?" I said.

"No, no! The other one," he answered quickly. "Barbara."

"Barbara!" I said. "She's not my sister."

"Oh, no," said John Snaith back again; "of course not."

And I thought afterward that his small eyes twinkled as he said it. I thought that afterward, but not then.

"Barbara!" I cried. "Work! She has enough money of her own."

And then I stood up on my feet and stared at him. The thing soaked into me at last.

"Did he ——" I said, and stopped and choked. "Did my father ——"

I knew of course my father had charge of what money Barbara's father left her—that interest in the patent he had with my father—when he died and left Barbara to live with us.

"Did he—my father—put all her money in that too?"

"Every cent!" John Snaith answered me.

That was the last straw—too much for me! First, all we had was gone—all our own money practically; my own career; my life, I thought then—all lost! And now Barbara! Marry her? Ask her to marry me now! I thought bitterly that I never, after this, could even look her in the face—after what we—my father had done to her. No! Barbara was gone with all the rest.

I almost lost control of myself entirely then—especially when I turned my eyes down and saw that infernal stock certificate lying there upon the table. I never felt so bitter in my life toward anyone as I did, just for that one minute, toward my own dead father.

"You wouldn't believe it," I thought bitterly, "if anybody told it to you! That fool certificate in that fool box—brought here behind these fool gates and doors, and locked up by a ——"

I could not quite say that about my father. Instead, when I thought it, I struck down my knuckles on the table angrily, and hit the corner of the safe-deposit box and cut myself. Just a scratch it was, but enough to draw the blood and bring me to my senses.

"Calm down," said John Snaith, watching me—and twisted his cigar in the corner of his mouth. "Hold your horses!"

"That's easy enough for you to say," I thought. "You've got about as much soul in your old body, anyhow, as a chilled-steel safe!"

And then I looked at him and sat down.

"Don't take it quite so hard, my friend," said John Snaith—"unless you feel you must. You're not the only one, remember—by a long shot."

"I know," I said, a little shamed. "My mother is worse off, of course. I know. But Barbara ——"

"You aren't the only family," said John Snaith, "that's in this thing, or the worst. Nor very bad, comparatively. Sit down. Sit down.

"Take your pencil now," he told me, after I had taken a seat. "I'll show you something that'll ease you. There's nothing like it when you're down—like thinking how bad the other fellow has been hit. It tends to get your mind off yourself and refresh you. Now here," he said, "just put this down and put your mind to it."

His cigar went traveling slowly from one corner of his mouth to the other—under its own motive power apparently, in his motionless face—while I waited.

"There was a hundred million dollars of this Colonial stock, wasn't there?"

"A hundred, yes," I said mechanically.

I didn't know; I didn't care; I was just faintly curious to find out what he was after.

"A hundred million dollars. Got that down?"

"Yes," I said, and thought for a second how large a sum it looked on paper.

"And say it fell from where your father bought it—say that it fell from two hundred and twenty-five dollars a share to fifty. How much would that be?"

"One hundred and seventy-five."

"No. Altogether, I mean. The lump sum—lost?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "One hundred and seventy-five million dollars." I stopped for a minute, trying to imagine it.

"Now," he said, and put his thick thumb in his vest armhole and sat there—motionless as before—"that's what was lost by somebody—somewhere round New England. That's what all this hullabaloo's about in the papers now."

I nodded.

"You can't pick up a paper nowadays but what you read it—all this hue and cry trying to find out who is responsible—who has got away with all that money.

"You can't blame them, either. It's quite a sum of money when you think of it," he went on. "Quite a little pile! You could wipe out two or three good-sized cities by a

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THE GUNMAN

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWI

The taking of a maiden by force from her home while she cries out and weeps, after her kinsmen have been wounded or slain and their homes broken open, is called the Râkshasa rite [of legal marriage].—The Ordinances of Manu, iii: 33.

Therefore they commanded the children of Benjamin, saying, Go and lie in wait in the vineyards; And see, and, behold, if the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in dances, then come ye out of the vineyards, and catch you every man his wife of the daughters of Shiloh, and go to the land of Benjamin. . . . And the children of Benjamin did so, and took them wives, according to their number, of them that danced, whom they caught.—Judges xxi: 20, 21, 23.

SIMPLICISSIMUS was asked if he could distinguish between shadow and thing shadowed. He replied that he could. Although the shadow is perceived first and the thing shadowed last, the thing shadowed is the substance. It is reality. The shadow, having form only, is mere appearance. The thing shadowed precedes. The shadow follows. Everyone knows the difference.

Simplicissimus was wrong. Everyone does not know. Simplicissimus does not know. He proceeded to prove it by speaking of his own wedding as accompanied by survivals of the childhood of the race. The best man was one of these survivals, he said. The best man represents the strong-armed friend who helped the groom carry off his bride, in the days of marriage by capture. The bridal veil he called a survival of the attempts of the bride at concealment, the wedding ring of the fetters with which she was bound, the old shoes thrown after the departing couple of the angry missiles hurled by the pursuers, the honeymoon of the space of time during which the captor had to hide his prize until her kinsmen were reconciled. He spoke of the bride as still lifted across the threshold as she was when that was the only way to get her across.

Simplicissimus shall be told. That which has survived is not the best man and the wedding ring, but the thing of which these are shadows. Even to-day men who are not fire-eaters have the impulse to carry off the women they love in their arms when they cannot on them, and women who are not servile would not be wholly displeased to be thus carried off. Such instincts are deep-seated and living. It is not necessary to explain them. Certainly they are not related to the weakness of women; neither are they to the brute strength of the cave man, whose wife was a cave woman and as hard as nails. They perhaps lie in the realm of idealization, like our dreams of poetic justice. "If I could, what deeds I would do to compel my beloved to love me!" Or, "Oh, to be loved by a man strong enough to overcome even such and such!"

Gimbel, who was on the inside, said that Paul Lombard knew more about screw machines than his foreman. Paul was the best man in the shop. He was fast in setting up; he was accurate; his judgment of cutting speeds was excellent; he was a man of good habits and dependable. Keiser could hardly have lasted without him. He had only one fault, and that was he was too good-natured. He allowed himself to be imposed upon. Gimbel added that but for this fault Paul would have been made foreman and not Keiser.

A good foreman does not have to quarrel all the time, nor even often, but he must be quick to quarrel.

"Some of the men think he's a coward. But I don't know."

It was not that he was a pacifist—pacifists are frequently the most quarrelsome of men, and commonly self-assertive. He was merely indifferent, neglectful of his rights, lacking in egotism.

He was too meek. He lacked temper.

An incident may be cited illustrative of the disrespect in which Paul was held. He had set up an automatic to cut five thousand shoulderpins, using No. 12 Bessemer rod for stock, which is fifteen ten-thousandths larger than three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. These pins were to be forced into three-sixteenths-inch reamed holes so as to make a tight or drive fit. As he was laying out the stock Keiser called him away to set up another job, taking charge of the machine himself.

Keiser should have gauged every rod that was used. Instead he put his micrometer on the first piece and took it for granted that the rest were the same size. Usually they would have been, but this once they were mixed, most of the lot consisting of No. 13 rods, which are four one-thousandths of an inch smaller, and therefore slightly under three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter instead of slightly over.

The fault was clearly Keiser's. Keiser, however, blamed Paul for the spoiled work, giving him an ugly scolding. And Paul took it. Any other man in the room would have knocked Keiser down and quit. But then Keiser would not have treated any other man in that manner.

"Tame as a picked porcupine!"

"Our little Polled Angus!"

"What can the lady have eaten? Candy, maybe. Not red meat and cabbage."

This incident was followed by another, when Paul one Thursday looked up the foreman and asked for two days off. Keiser gave his consent; but later in the day when he remembered Paul's steadiness and his possible grievances he called him to the desk. He didn't mean to lose him.

"What's the trouble, Paul?"

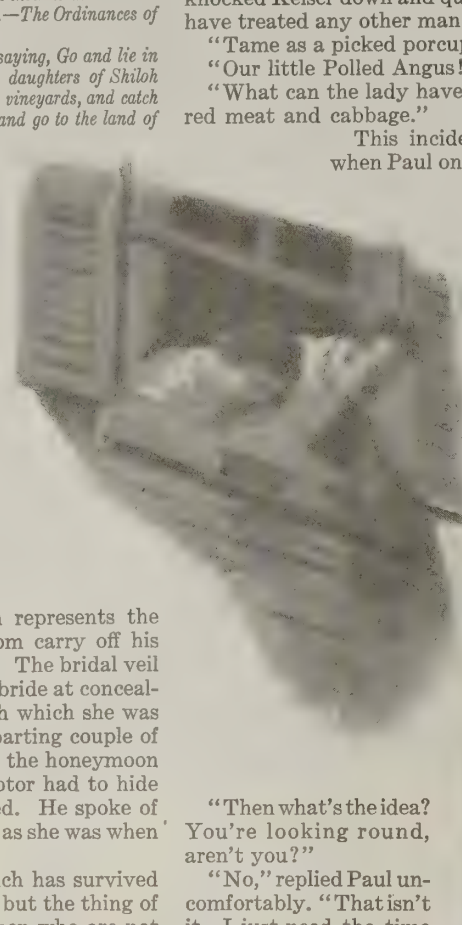
"No trouble," was the placid reply.

"You know I don't mean half what I say."

"It isn't that."

"Is it you want better wages?"

"I wasn't thinking of the wages."



"Then what's the idea? You're looking round, aren't you?"

"No," replied Paul uncomfortably. "That isn't it. I just need the time myself."

"Work of your own?"

"Not machine work."

And that is all he would say. Keiser, who didn't believe him, tried to get him to specify. He merely repeated that there was no trouble and that he needed the time for himself. He did not so much as suspect that Keiser was practically offering him a raise in wages. As the men said, he had clothesline for a backbone.

"He's a worm," concluded Gimbel. "He ought to wear a shoulder truss."

Why the idea of marriage should have come to a man as spineless as Paul is not a mystery. Even a worm will marry. Paul was not a bad match, as invertebrates go. He did not waste his time in idleness, but sold it for money. Some worms waste their time. He did not spend his money in saloons, but saved it. Some worms drink their money. He earned good wages at his trade. Some worms have no trade. For eight years he had lived cheaply and worked steadily. Some worms could have done neither. He had more than twenty-two hundred dollars in the bank that no one knew anything about. Some worms haven't twenty-two hundred cents. He needed a wife.

Any worm with twenty-two hundred dollars in the bank would need a wife, and badly.

Paul thought he needed Vita Monaca. Vita was eighteen and pretty. She could cook, sew and dance. She laughed divinely. She had good sense, too, and was no spendthrift. These, however, were not his reasons for thinking he needed her. His reasons were less sensible. The worm was in love with her.

The Sound of His Knuckles Upon the Thin Panels of the Door Seemed to Fill the Street With Echoes

Unfortunately there were difficulties. Vita's father w one. Although he was a good American and own property in Milton Avenue, he still maintained his Sicili prejudices and social distinctions. Vita proved to another. When old Monaca found that Paul was serious his intentions he ordered him out of the house. And V backed him up.

Paul was only a workman and the son of a workm Vita was the daughter of a landowner.

"What difference does my father make?" asked Pa "What if I am a workman? I have money in the bank.

Monaca went to some pains to explain.

"In Sicily it is all different. A seafaring man would let his son marry my daughter, because he is above n But a landowner like me is above a man who owns land. In Sicily you are a *bracciante*—a man who works the day. Your father was a *bracciante*. A *bracci* cannot be received into the family even of an owner mules, nor can his son. So you can see it is not possi you can marry Vita."

Paul readily acquiesced, as was his spineless custom. Vita regretted his readiness she gave no sign. The mat was hopeless. Paul did not try to see her again. He indeed spend a few evenings in the Newberry Libr reading books of travel and encyclopedia articles ab Sicily, and spent a few further evenings in the Ital saloons along Division Street, where he picked up one two disreputable acquaintances. He remained what was, however, and Vita what she was. Eventually would forget him and he her.

It looked as if Vita would be the first to forget. So after Paul's disappearance she found herself receiv attentions from a man of her own class, whom her fat favored. This man, though not a landowner, was the s of a landowner, and was tall and handsome. He had yet settled down, and was therefore usually short of fun although at times he spent money freely. He was alw on the point of making his fortune by a turn in real est but somehow he never did. When he had earned a lit more Vita expected to marry him. His bank account m have been lean, but at least he was a man good family and possessed a spine.

II

PAUL, the invertebrate, closed the shop d behind him and looked at his watch. Twen five minutes before six. He turned eastwa walking rapidly like one who has no time waste and yet who has time enough. This Thursday evening. Keiser had given him Fri and Saturday off, and Sunday was a holid It would seem as if he ought to have time enou for almost anything. At Clark Street he bou an evening paper. A little farther and he ente his usual restaurant.

It occurred to him as he pressed the latch t probably this was his last visit to that restaura or perhaps to any other. Nevertheless, he not make it an occasion. Finding a seat at counter instead of at one of the tables where would be expected to remember the waitr he glanced down the bill of fare and lected one of the cheaper dishes—pot ro with noodles. This with fried potat bread, butter and coffee cost him twen five cents. He ordered no dessert, par because he did not like baker's pie, par for reasons of economy. He had other u for his money.

The reading of the paper consumed o the time required for the serving of order. He did not hurry through his m but neither did he tarry over it. When was through he paid his check and left restaurant. Paul's first errand was t basement tailor shop, where he was gi a freshly pressed suit of clothes. The s was one he had bought when calling u Vita. His next errand was to his own roo Here he hung the suit over the back o chair. He also felt each of three pockets the suit he was wear to make sure that cert funds remained av able—two hundred a fifty dollars, plus fif plus fifty, together w some change. He th scrubbed off his ha with a nailbrush, was his face, combed his h

b shed his hat, exchanged his shoes for a new pair. He d not change his shirt or collar, although these were soiled fr n the day's work. Returning to the street, he stopped a he corner for a shine. Dress begins at the feet.

He now started out northerly and westerly, walking as b ore without haste and without waste. His objective, r ched after as little zigzagging as possible, proved to be a uilding only recently completed upon a side street a oining a church. This he entered boldly and yet t idly, as if not quite sure of himself. When he came to t third floor he found a key in his pocket and unlocked t door of the right-hand flat. He made no attempt to m ve quietly nor did he take any of the precautions of an i ruder. No one except himself was in the flat, and he k w it.

He closed the door, struck a match, and lighted the gas in the vestibule hallway. He then walked out into the l -hand room, from it to the bathroom, then into a c tral room that also opened from the vestibule, and f lly into a room i the rear, lighting t gas in each.

The latter room p ved to be a small l chen. It was not d ferent from other l chens except pos- ly in one respect. E ery article in it, f m linoleum to tin r per, was new. T e blue-flame oil s ve had never been l hted. The pol- ished steel skillet s ll bore its cabal- istic price mark in p ase crayon. The d hes in the pantry w re still coated with o ginal dust. And t e supplies were n w. Various sacks a d parcels, cartons a d boxes stood o out tied in their o iginal strings. It s s as if kitchens h d been invented o ly that afternoon.

Paul glanced over t e various articles i the room as lov- ingly as a young h usewife might h ve done. He knew t e contents of every p ckage, had c ecked off every re- q irement as he saw h had made sure t at nothing was l cking. There it all w y complete. He l oked over the p ckages, fingered t o or three of them, rearranged them upon the shelf of t e pantry or upon the kitchen table. Then he crossed the r om to the ice box, swung open the door, closed it, and l ted the trap from the ice reservoir, noting that the supply h d shrunk rather less than he expected. He next went to t e rear door, which opened upon a covered porch. Here h found a quart jar of milk and a pint jar of cream, left w thin the hour. This he had ordered by guess as to quan- ty, but it would serve. He took the bottles into the house a d placed them in the ice box against the ice.

When he had completed his errand in the kitchen he turned to the adjoining room. This likewise was newly f rnished. The furniture was of fumed oak, and though n t expensive neither was it the cheapest to be had. There w as even a sideboard with glass doors, the shelves of which w ere bright with silverware—knives, forks, spoons, salt c llars, ladles, and the other contents of a small chest of s od plate. He had debated leaving them in the chest, b t decided that the display looked too intentional. The s deboard also contained a number of pieces of glassware, e ch most lovingly chosen. Table linen there was as well. N thing had been overlooked.

The third room was the bedroom. Paul had spent more m ney on this than on both of the other rooms combined, a d to-night as he looked over its appointments he felt well r warded. Not the smallest article was missing—not so m ch as a toothbrush. He had bought even a box of talcum a d a powder puff. These, however, he had added in a s irit of frolic; he hoped that Vita would laugh when she s w them. If he could but make her laugh—he hardly k ew how to complete the thought except in terms of m ney.

He would readily give five hundred dollars if he could make her laugh after her arrival in that room.

He was now approaching the heart of his display. About the furnishings of the kitchen he was fairly sure; also about those of the dining room and the bedroom. But the furnishings of the clothes closet opening off from the bedroom—these had worried him. If he could have done so he would have begged off from buying them. Gowns, skirts, waists, coats—the closet was almost too small for the display. The more intimate articles he had placed in the drawers of the dresser.

Guesswork? Not wholly. He knew Vita's weight and height, her complexion, the color of her eyes. He had a friend who said he knew what a girl like Vita would like and need. Probably he did know. He was a floorwalker in a cloak store. Anyhow, there they were—unimaginably fluffy and dainty. Paul was counting rather strongly upon the effect of this trousseau. He had spent as much on these gowns and whatnots as on the entire furnishings of the three-room flat, less perhaps a hundred dollars. He hoped that Vita would like them.

Vita Saw the Big Janitor Creep Into View, Saw Paul Strike Down the Pistol and Grapple With Him

He now looked at his watch. Fifteen minutes after seven. His appointment at Roti's was for half-past. Sam Foresta was to meet him there and they were to complete certain arrangements that had been under discussion during the preceding week. He turned out the gas in the bedroom, and then in the bathroom, kitchen, dining room and vestibule. A moment later he had locked the door of his flat and was feeling his way down the dark unfamiliar stairway.

Roti's, on Division Street, was usually crowded in the evening, but not as early as this. Paul found Sam waiting for him at a table removed from the bar. No better setting for a friendly conspiracy could have been asked. Sam had already ordered wine and cigars. The preliminary delicacies had been attended to during previous conferences, so that they could talk with complete frankness.

Paul little suspected the thinness of the ice over which he was walking. To his mind Sam was a romantic semibandit who could be hired to do mild deeds of violence for money. Such and such service was worth such and such a price. No formula could be simpler. But Sam was not a romantic semibandit; he was merely a predatory male who had to make a living by his wits. To him Paul was merely a source of income. He needed his money. He was a Sicilian and knew no reason why he should not assist in a marriage by capture. But after payment was made, if there was more money on the other side he was still for sale.

"What success?" asked Paul.

Sam began to hedge.

"I can get a good car and a driver I know pretty well. The driver can help us in the house, so as to make three hands without bothering to find another. He's a good nervy man. That's what you need. You never know what's going to come up in a job like this."

"Then that's settled."

"Not yet. The trouble is, this man I'm telling you about wants more money than I counted on. The car costs more too. I told them I'd let them know to-night."

"You offered to do the job for three hundred."

"Provided. But now they're wanting more money. You can see yourself how it is. The work is risky. You can't blame them. We may have shooting. You can't tell."

"No, no! No shooting!"

"We have to be ready, don't we? Ready with guns?"

"No shooting!" repeated Paul.

"Then there's the danger of arrest. You know what that means—ten years apiece."

"We considered that."

Sam looked at his companion thoughtfully. He was trying to make up his mind how much Paul would give.

"I know, but I have to be careful. If it wasn't that I needed money I wouldn't touch the job with a rake."

"Expect to be arrested?"

"How can I tell? Suppose it's a girl over on the Lake Shore Drive, and her father worth five millions—what chance would I have? He'd set a hundred men after us. He'd offer rewards that would make three hundred look like hairpin money."

Paul smiled patiently. It did not occur to him that Sam might like nothing better than to help abduct a girl whose father was worth five millions and could offer rewards.

"This girl is the daughter of a grocer and lives on Milton Avenue."

Had he been alert he would have noticed the interest with which his information was received.

"This Milton Avenue right east of here?"

"I'll tell you," said Paul, ignoring the question. "I'll give you three hundred and fifty. That's more than it's worth, but I'll stand the fifty to get the thing over with. What do you say?"

Sam was suddenly curious to know more about the possible complications. Who was the grocer?

"I'd have to know who it was."

"Do you mean it's all off?" asked Paul.

Sam leaped for the tiller and brought his boat into the wind.

"No," he replied hastily, "I didn't mean that. I meant that I'd have to know what to count on. I'll do it for that price."

The next moment he perceived that Paul was as tractable as ever and that he had not intended the remark as a threat.

"Money when you pull off the job?"

"Money down! I wouldn't stir my little finger for my best friend until I saw his money. Not on a job like this. It's too risky."

"A hundred down?"

Sam, reflecting that he was probably able to enforce the payment of a debt of this nature, made a concession.

"Two hundred down, and the rest when we reach your rooms."

To this Paul good-naturedly agreed.

"To-morrow morning at five, sharp. Where shall we meet?"

"On the street somewhere. How about the west side of Clark, between Oak and Walton Place, at nine minutes before five? You pick me up; then we'll drive on slowly and work back to Milton."

"And after that, so I can tell the driver?"

Paul ingenuously gave him the number of the house, again failing to notice Sam's peculiar interest in the information, and the fact that he began skillfully trying to add to it.

"I see. Odd number, east side of the street. I think I know the house. It's Caminetti's place."

"Monaca's," corrected Paul.

"And after we come out, where? I have to tell the driver. We'll be too busy in the morning to think about streets."

Paul unsuspiciously told him the location of the three-room flat.

"In the morning, on Clark!"

With that they arose and walked down the room. Paul left at once, but Sam tarried. He had other appointments to keep before he was ready for the morrow. Paul might have slept even less well than he did had he known the nature of them.

III

HUMAN conduct is sometimes curiously inconsistent. At exactly nine minutes before five o'clock a big black limousine passed the corner of Oak Street, headed south on Clark. Fifty feet farther it overtook an invertebrate but carefully groomed pedestrian, stopped, the invertebrate entered, the door closed, and the machine continued leisurely on down the street. Except for a false license plate the limousine was as honest as a pecan orchard. Those riding in it looked to be honest also. Inside were Sam and Paul; and in the driver's box Sam's selected chauffeur. All were fastidiously dressed, as if for a wedding.

The car, after devious wanderings in Kinzie, Wells, Huron and Oak streets, at last turned into Milton and drew up before a slate-colored house with green trimmings. Paul had intended having Sam go to the door; but Sam had pointed out that improved results were to be expected if he went himself, and like a worm he had acquiesced. He, therefore, descended and climbed the steps.

Now that the worm was face to face with Monaca's inhospitable door he was sorry he had not been firmer with his bandit. This was really Sam's work. He had been a good-natured idiot. However, he knew what he had to do. Although his knees were trembling he kept his wits about him, and did not forget to stand close to the house so that a person looking down from the window upstairs would not recognize him as Paul Lombard. Otherwise Monaca's instant suspicion would have been aroused.

Then he knocked. Although he did not knock loudly the sound of his knuckles upon the thin panels of the door seemed to fill the street with echoes. Every door should have a bell; he might just as well have blown a police whistle, he told himself. Even so there was no response. He looked at the cracked green paint of the door panels, listened, waited, and when he made sure that no one had been awakened by his summons, knocked again somewhat more sharply.

Again he listened and waited. This time his alert ear heard someone walking across the floor upstairs. Monaca was awake and was crossing to the window to look out. Paul knew what he would do. He would see the car and see a man at the door. His grocer's mind would then become curious to know the occasion of the early call. Timidity, however, would intervene. He would ask his wife to take an observation through the curtains, she would rise and cross to the window, she also would become curious, and eventually the master of the house would thrust his legs into trousers and his feet into slippers and clump downstairs to the door.

This was in fact what happened. Monaca looked, called his wife, she crossed to the window, there was an interval devoted to hasty dressing, another interval devoted to the descent of the stairs in the twilight of morning, and the master of the house opened the door.

"What is wanted?" asked Monaca.

Paul's first thought curiously was of his foreman. If Keiser and the men in the shop knew what he was up to—— But he forced himself to speak the words he had prepared, and a moment later forgot about Keiser.

"See if this message is for you," he replied, feeling in his pockets as if for an envelope.

At the same time he stepped inside. The next instant Monaca found himself looking along the black barrel of an automatic pistol.

"Make no sound and throw up your hands!"

"I have no money in the house."

"Don't talk! Turn slowly with your hands up and walk through that door into the parlor."

Monaca had no choice but to obey. Meanwhile Paul's confederates had joined him. The opening of the door and the disappearance of Paul into the house constituted the prearranged signal for their entrance.

"Now stand with your face against the wall."

Although without his glasses, Monaca had been quick to recognize his daughter's discarded suitor in his captor. His recognition of his errand naturally followed, since he had been born in Sicily and was not a fool. His statement as to having no money was intended to mislead. Yet there was nothing he could do. He took his position against the wall, as ordered, resting his hands upon the flat surface above his head.

"Guard this prisoner," said Paul.

Had Paul been looking at the right man he would have seen a queer thing at this point. He would have seen Sam wink his right eye at Monaca. The thing was absurdly purposeless, not to say impossible, and must have been due to an accidental twitching of a muscle.

By this time Mrs. Monaca's heavy step was heard on the stairs. Again Paul had permitted himself to be given the ugly work by Sam. At the time the matter seemed unimportant; now he would have given money to escape explaining the situation to Vita's mother.

"Mrs. Monaca," he began as she appeared in the doorway, "don't be frightened. You will not be harmed."

She was not so quick as her husband to understand.

"What has happened?"

"Please step into the parlor."

He stood aside and she entered the room. When she saw her husband, and the two men standing guard over him with drawn pistols, her hand went to her heart.

"What—what is it?" And then: "Is it—Vita?"

Paul had already crossed to a rocking chair. This he dragged to the farthest corner of the parlor, placing it with its back toward Monaca and the men guarding him.

"Sit down and remain perfectly still. We may be burglars. Whatever we are, we are desperate men and well armed."

Mrs. Monaca, who had begun weeping softly, seated herself as directed. Paul, as much agitated as she, forced himself to think of his ultimate object. This was Sam's work, not his. He repeated it—he was an idiot. He should have stood in the background, or perhaps not have appeared at all. Too late now to change it! What was begun must be completed.

His ultimate object was Vita herself, and she came next. She was probably still asleep in her room. The thing he was about to undertake was going to be the hardest of all. He was tempted even now to call Sam aside and trade tasks with him. But he did not. He still had the soul of a worm. He did not begrudge an additional fifty dollars; he was fearful of confusion and failure. He therefore crossed to the door, passed into the hall and ascended the stairs to the second floor.

"There's the Danger of Arrest. You Know What That Means—Ten Years Apiece"

Paul knew that the parents occupied the front room. Nevertheless, he made a hurried inspection of it. The next room also; although, as he at once saw, it served as little more than a storeroom.

Vita's room was in the rear, but Paul was taking no chances.

He now found himself standing before the door at the end of his road, the door of the girl he intended to marry. He did well to hesitate before entering that room. Marriage by capture in books of travel is one thing; it is quite another in one's own family life. What would she say? What would she do? How was he to make her marry him after he had her? What can a man do to compel a girl to do what he wishes her to do when she stubbornly refuses to do it—a girl like Vita?

However, either this way or not at all. The worst th could happen was better than that nothing should happ It is frequently so in life. He knocked lightly on t door, and without waiting for an answer turned the kn The next moment he was standing inside her little roo hat in hand, his pistol in his coat pocket out of sight.

Meanwhile, the two professionals were standing gua over Monaca and his wife in the parlor. Sam's object remaining behind now became clearer. Nothing was sa while Paul crept upstairs; but when he was out of heari Sam began speaking softly in the dialect of Palermo.

"He is nothing to me. I am a Sicilian. I lead him the nose."

"What do you mean?" asked Monaca.

"How much would it be worth to have the girl back And he added, indicating the driver: "This man wor with me. Other men also. All the men I need."

"I'll give a hundred dollars!" was the prompt reply.

"Make it five hundred."

"A hundred and fifty. I have no more. I'm poor."

"Five hundred," repeated Sam.

Monaca shook his head. The amount was too large. hadn't it and couldn't raise it. He would give a hundr and fifty. That was all the money he could possibly g hold of.

"Think it over," said Sam.

"I have no more."

"I didn't say talk it over. We've talked too mu already. No more talking."

Paul looked into Vita's questioning eyes. She was r yet fully awake, and did not grasp the significance of presence. Of herself she never would have grasped it.

"Who is it?" she asked. "What is it?"

It is not easy for a sensitive man to talk like a tra wrecker to the girl he loves. He much prefers to think c a pretty speech in advance, one that will lead him gradua to his point.

"Don't you remember? Your father is a landown while my father is what you call a *bracciante*. In Sicily t son of a *bracciante* does not marry the daughter of a lar owner. But this is America."

He lost the thread of his speech, stopped, became co fused; then the train wrecker's thoughts in his heart bu forth passionately.

"Vita," he cried, "I love you! I want you! I've co to take you with me to be married!"

Vita by this time was wide awake.

"You have no right in my room!"

"I think you don't understand," observed Paul soft

"Leave my room!"

"Your father and mother are downstairs under gua I have two friends with me, both armed. I also am armed

He took his pistol from his pocket, showed it to her, a replaced it, though without pointing it at her.

"I am in control of this hou No harm will come to them or you provided you do as I say. have come for you. I intend take you with me a marry you. I sh not use force unles have to, but if nec sary I shall take y with me by for You must understa that I am a desperate man, cou ing my life as not worth a can unless I have you. I love you. I cannot marry you I don't want live."

"I will not marry you. I will die first."

"You will not die. I will not let you. And y will go with me. I will make you."

"No!"

"Will you come quietly with me or not?"

"No!" panted Vita. "No!"

"Then—I must carry you off in my arms."

"Don't touch me! Don't dare to touch me! I bite! I'll scratch!"

The rest is not pretty to tell. Paul, loathing hi self, gritted his teeth and seized the girl in his arm bedclothes and all. She struggled, tried to bite, tried scratch. Her captor, the good-natured spineless machini the man whom even Sicilian Sam had twisted about his lit finger, held her until she had exhausted her strength by h struggles. Then he tied her wrists together with a han kerchief, and tied another handkerchief over her mout and tied her ankles together, and wrapped her in a blank as if she had been a mere milliner's dummy. He knew th she would never cease to hate him. Her smoldering ey told him that. But he knew that, if he did not steel h heart and carry the thing through, still less would s cease to hate him.

He wrapped her in the blanket, lifted her in his arm and carried her down the stairs and out the door of h

(Continued on Page 109)

Cabbages and Other Luxuries

By FORREST CRISSEY

A CERTAIN rather cynical housewife lately remarked that, so long as the advance in food prices was confined to the common necessities of the table, she would remain serene, because her family used so few of them; but when the big lift struck the list of luxuries she would begin to worry. Probably this satirical observation might have been aptly made by the chief of the commissary department in several million luxury-loving American homes, where the problem of family expense is initialed C. of H. L. instead of H. C. of L. The cost of high living is by no means an idle phrase in these days of magnificent incomes and princely expenditures.

The delicate implication that nothing so common as a necessity, nothing less exclusive than a luxury, could be admitted with impunity to the table of the elect is both suggestive and illuminating when one approaches the task of taking the food problem of to-day apart and attempting to make a profile map of it.

"Luxuries!" exclaimed the manager of one of America's most fashionable restaurants when I repeated to him the remark of the woman who implied that her family seemed inclined to scorn anything that did not come in the disguise of an imported delicacy. "Before you go far along that line of inquiry it will be well to establish a base line in the shape of a new definition of what it takes to enable an article of food to qualify as a table luxury. If you admit that this is merely a matter of price then you might as well make up your mind to revise almost the entire list of food articles familiar to you under the heading of Luxuries.

"There is hardly a day that does not bring me a jolt or two right along this line. For example, the American mind is not trained to consider corned-beef-and-cabbage as a table delicacy of sufficiently exclusive character to entitle it to an intimate association with truffles, pâté de foie gras or real Russian caviar. But right here is where you are awarded another guess on the rank and station of this good old American dish, which has descended to us from the days of our Puritan forefathers. This very morning I paid six and a half dollars for about seventeen ordinary cabbages; and bought them at wholesale at that! Before the war they would have cost me seventy cents.

"To my notion, this fixes the station and rank of this celebrated washday dinner team on the American table and gives it a new rating right at the front in the luxury column. You might argue that, as corned beef has not kept pace with the ambitious advance of cabbage from the lowly and obscure seventy-cent class into the six-and-a-half-dollar circle, this conclusion is ill-considered; but do not for a moment forget that it would be as easy to please the American public with a performance of Shakspere's great sentimental masterpiece with Romeo appealing to an empty balcony as to offer corned beef without cabbage to the people of this country and have them accept it."

The Juliet of the Boiled-Dinner Team

CABBAGE is certainly the Juliet of the team; and as a social climber it has made a record in the season of 1916 that a Becky Sharp might envy. In this connection it is interesting to note how exclusiveness and expense sharpen the appetite. More of our patrons call for corned-beef-and-cabbage than ever before. Just tell a man who has a reasonable amount of money to spend at the table that the cost of a very common article of food has multiplied itself anywhere from five to nine times, and his mouth will water for that dish until he orders it. That's human nature—and it has a whole lot to do with the restaurant business, I can tell you!"

The elevation of the common garden variety of cabbage into the luxury class has caused no end of confusion and embarrassment in food circles. It has even disturbed the financial serenity of great wholesale houses. For example, you have only to mention the word sauerkraut in the head office of one of the greatest wholesale grocery jobbing houses in America to get a very quick and spirited come-back. The reason is this: In February, 1916, this concern made a contract with one of the largest sauerkraut packers in the country for a very large quantity of this desiccated delicacy from the cabbage patch. The contract price was five dollars and twenty cents, delivered in New York. The cartage added about forty-five cents, making the total cost five dollars and sixty-five cents.

The Traveling Salesman Who is a Master of His Calling is About the Most Competent Witness Concerning the Pressing Food Problem of To-Day

Of course the cabbage seed was not even sprouted at the time when this purchase was made; but the jobbing house immediately set a price to its customers on this product of six dollars a barrel, and continued to sell it at that price until the season was well advanced and rumors of a short cabbage crop caused it to be put up to seven dollars and twenty-five cents. Then the blow fell—and the cabbage growers of the country woke up to find that a sudden and untimely freeze had almost completely wiped out the cabbage crop in a night.

But let the president of this big wholesale grocery house tell, in his own words, just how the humble barrel of sauerkraut broke through all official barriers and obtruded itself into the head office:

"There is a provision in this house," he explained, "whereby trouble out in the field comes to my desk whenever the incoming kicks become sufficiently numerous and spirited to merit a special consideration from the chief officer of the company. Suddenly a whole flock of complaints from customers who had not received the sauerkraut they had bought alighted on my desk. Of course I immediately sent for the department head who would naturally dictate the shipments from the factory to us, as well as O. K. the outgoing shipments of sauerkraut.

"The situation finally disclosed by my investigation was that the packer from whom we had bought our supply of kraut was unable to deliver a very considerable proportion of the amount for which we had contracted, and which we had resold at a price ranging from six dollars to seven dollars and twenty-five cents. He couldn't deliver simply because our contract had specified that the kraut should be cut from cabbage heads of a certain size, and only a small part of the crop in the localities of the factories operated by this packer attained the required size before the freeze came.

"For seventy years this house has delivered one hundred per cent of its futures; and, of course, I was not going to have it fall down on a batch of sauerkraut, no matter if it did involve a loss of several thousand dollars in order to maintain the record it had enjoyed for almost three-quarters of a century on the score of delivering all the goods that it sold to its customers. Consequently the proper department head was instructed to go out into the open market and buy enough sauerkraut to fill all our futures.

"I hardly care to say how many hundred barrels that took; but I am willing to tell the price we were obliged to pay: It was twenty dollars a barrel. There is nothing very exhilarating to the wholesale merchant in paying twenty dollars a barrel for sauerkraut and delivering it to his customers at from six dollars to seven and a quarter; but there is no little satisfaction in the feeling that the house is able to keep up its end of bargains made with its customers, no matter how much loss we may suffer in doing so."

The Rose-Strewn Path

ANOTHER New York wholesaler took a more ingenious method of making good on his sauerkraut sales. When the kraut packer laid the cards upon the table and said that delivery was impossible, but that he stood ready to do anything that seemed fair, this grocery jobber cleverly suggested that he believed his customers would accept a payment of five dollars a barrel in lieu of the profit they would make in the actual handling of the goods. This settlement was arranged, each retailer who had ordered kraut receiving a check, issued by the packer, based upon that rate. It was not a money-making transaction for the wholesaler, but it saved him quite a heavy loss.

"Right here," remarks one of the largest and ablest grocery jobbers in America, "is a point that apparently almost every political food investigator is inclined to overlook—the fact that the established wholesale grocer is not a food speculator in the common and uncomplimentary sense of the term; though he must buy a very large part of his goods before they are grown or produced in marketable form. The regular merchant must always consider the permanent interests of his customers—if he doesn't do this he might as well go out of business, for he will not last long with the trade. He must protect his customers just as carefully as he protects himself—and perhaps a little more so! If he so far loses all perspective on his business as to take a temporary advantage of the retailers who give him their trade year after year, and makes a big speculative haul out of them, he may rest assured that they will resent this by a withdrawal of custom that will cut deep into the reputation of his concern with the trade at large.

"On the other hand, the speculator who buys up a whole lot of foodstuff of any sort, holds it until prices are high and then begins to dump it on the heads of the trade is fundamentally a market demoralizer who hasn't a friend at court and who is cordially hated as a disturbing element, alike by wholesaler and retailer.

"When investigators once really grasp the principle that the interests of the established food merchant and the speculator in foods are diametrically opposed to each other, he will have learned something that he has not apparently understood up to the present time. Big market fluctuations are not good for the wholesale grocer; he gets his best profit when prices are steady, when trade operations move according to standard, and when he is able to see the end of a deal from its beginning.

"The same observation applies to the retail merchant too. When he can be reasonably sure of making a certain small percentage on his turnover, without worrying about whether he ought to buy heavily on account of a probable advance in prices or whether he ought to buy below his normal needs because of a likelihood of a declining market, he is in the best possible position to conduct his business upon a sound and economical basis, to give his customers good goods and good service, and to build up a satisfied trade."

When the interviewer made the mild observation that he had been led by newspapers and political investigators to believe that in these days the wholesale food merchant—not to speak of the retailer—was treading a path strewn with the roses of unprecedented profits, this big jobber tossed the ball back with this exclamation:

"Oh, certainly, it's nothing but roses from morning till night! Let me give you one little experience, an illustration that is typical of scores of others which we are up against every day in this period of high wages and

war orders. Incidentally it involves one of the most popular of all modern table luxuries—the olive.

"Not long ago the head of our olive-packing department came to me with a long face and said that it was only a question of two or three days before he would have to shut up shop and throw his girls, several hundred of them, out of work. The trouble was that he hadn't a pound of glass in which to put the olives—and all green olives are packed either in bottles or glass jars, as everybody knows. His supply of these containers had been ordered last July and he had bills of lading showing that the goods had been shipped long ago. At once I got the president of the railroad, over which the goods had been shipped, on the wire and explained to him something about the size of our freight business and how badly we wanted that glass. He came back with the statement that he couldn't move a wheel carrying that kind of freight, and if I didn't understand the situation my own traffic man would explain it to me, as it was too long a story to be told over the wire.

"In a word, it looked as if we had lost out in getting our glass delivered. But I knew that if we closed the olive-packing department our customers would soon be clamoring for olives—and besides, the loss in allowing about five hundred careful girls to drift into other lines of work was an altogether too expensive waste to be tolerated. Consequently I determined to solve the transportation problem I was up against, at any cost.

"After our traffic man located the big glass shipment I called in the head of our trucking department and told him to make up a train of five-ton trucks and take them down to a little station back of Trenton, New Jersey, where he would find our cars standing on a siding. The expedition was to be in charge of a competent man. The head man on each truck carried a good big wad of spending money with him and general instructions were given to break into the cars and take the glass—and the consequences, too, if there were any. All the men knew just what to do in case of trouble. Well, they came back with the glass, all right; but the breakage was big, and so was the expense. I'd hate to tell anybody what the transportation on that glass cost us, but you may take my word for the fact that we shall not make any money on the olives going out in the glass to which we gave an automobile ride from down below Trenton to our olive-packing establishment.

"This is not an isolated case, either. Much the same sort of thing is happening all the time. If I hadn't kept our olive factory going our skilled girls would have gone to munitions plants, candy factories and other manufacturing concerns, and we should have been obliged to train other girls in their places—a very costly process."

Rising Prices

NO MAN who is not in a position of high authority in a big food business can fully appreciate what a daily terror the transportation problem has become. Embargoes are run on the off-again-on-again program and it takes an expert to keep track of them; goods shipped from the West months ago are standing on sidetracks at way stations while trainloads of munitions are whizzing past day after day and week after week. Occasionally a local freight will manage to sneak a few cars of common merchandise from one way station to another. That's a fair picture of freight forwarding as it is done to-day, according to the whole fraternity of food jobbers. The wholesale grocer puts in his time making frantic appeals to the transportation officials to get his goods off the sidings and rolling steadily toward his place, while the food investigators are equally busy trying to get a good hold on his heels.

Every process of moving or handling goods costs the merchant a whole lot more than it did before food prices started to soar. This immense increase in the cost of doing business has touched almost everything that goes into his operations. Containers of every sort, kind and class, from the roughest packing box to the finest tin can printed in colors, have increased in price enormously. The advance in the kind of paper most used by the wholesale merchant has been about forty-five per cent, and it is still going up. Nails, twine, string and wire have also kept pace with boxwood and paper.

One Atlantic Seaboard wholesaler says that the drivers to whom he paid from fifteen to seventeen dollars before the war are now getting nineteen, and that all his wage workers have been advanced at about the same rate. This increase in labor cost is, in his opinion, typical of the rise that almost every wholesale grocer has been obliged to grant to hold his men. Even men on salaries have been given some concessions, which count up to a big total on the pay roll of every large establishment.

"The net of the whole matter," says the head of a great food house doing a heavy exporting business, "is how much the wholesale grocer makes, how much he does, and whether his service entitles him to the margin that he is able to get. Personally I'm willing to confess that this house has never been able to make three per cent on its turnover in any year since I've been in position to know anything of its affairs—and I've been brought up here. How many other lines of business can you find of which this can be said?

"This is not because we're not up to standard in our line, either. I believe that the trade in general will cheerfully grant that we're considered leaders and highly successful. In a word, if we are not making three per cent on our turnover you are going to have some trouble in finding any wholesale grocer who does better than that. We are typical of the trade in general in that we depend upon big volume and quick turnover for profits. When volume is comparatively small and turnover is relatively slow, then we get off on the wrong side of the ledger.

"Then there is still another element to which we must look in order to make anything worth while and operate upon the slender margins that obtain in this trade—the most careful, thorough and economical methods in both the operating and the financial branches of the business. If we didn't hold our business down to the soundest lines of administration our margins would do the disappearance act and show up in red ink, in company with a minus sign. This observation, I believe, applies to the trade in general. The possible average margin in this business is too narrow to allow room for any fancy steps, any experimenting, any loose-jointed ambling, any careless or untested methods of procedure.

"I can name a dozen lines of business where the elbow-room is several hundred per cent greater than in this. It takes a trained tightrope walker to keep to a margin of less than two per cent and pay dividends. The very strenuousness of the task has developed a high order of administrative and executive talent in this line of trade. You will look far and wide to find a higher average in any other branch of commerce. Close figuring is the key to success in the wholesale grocery business, and the man who attempts to operate without this key is going to find himself out on the sidewalk, staring at a sheriff's-sale notice on the door of his house.

"Where the average profit on turnover is less than three per cent, the consumer certainly has no just cause of complaint. I believe the public will agree with this statement. Of course there is a small margin of kickers—as narrow as the food jobber's margin of profit—who could not be convinced that any business man is giving them a square deal—especially any merchant handling foods. But they run about two ounces lighter than a cork on the average, and are not worth considering."

This merchant makes open confession of the fact that if he closes this business year with a handsome total profit he will have his export trade to thank for it, at least in a large measure. It is not denied that there is a good margin of profit in selling food supplies to the armies of the Old World, and those jobbers that have taken contracts of this sort are taking good care to get prices not obtainable in domestic trade from their regular customers.

Naturally opportunities of this kind are not open to all wholesale grocers, but are generally confined to the leaders of the trade, who are in positions of strategic advantage both financially and geographically. The smaller inland grocery jobber has not, in other words, much of a chance to get a war order that will yield him a fat profit.

"It Doesn't Occur to the Average Provider to See Whether Good Substitutes May Not be Found"

The Wholesale Grocer's Ambassadors

PROBABLY the country contains no class of men more fully informed on food values and food prices than the traveling salesmen who carry what is called a general line and sell to the retail trade. These men—at least those that represent strong houses and are assigned to territories of importance—are not mere order takers by any means! They do not travel from store to store with their eyes shut; but they are trained observers of trade conditions, who occupy a position that gives them a bird's-eye view of the entire stream of trade, from the grower or manufacturer to the consumer. The retailer relies upon the traveling salesman who enjoys his confidence, and in whose judgment and character he places the greatest dependence, for the information and advice upon which his buying is done.

The wholesaler has a keen realization that his traveling salesmen must make good in the capacity of special counselers of the retailer, or else forfeit the standing of their house. Therefore, these ambassadors to the counter of the retailer are systematically fed with the latest information upon the supply and availability of every article of food. The price book carried by a general-line salesman representing a large wholesale grocery house in a country territory is about as thick as an unabridged dictionary, and is a loose-leaf affair that is kept right down to date by the daily insertion of new leaves systematically sent out from headquarters.

While these sheets contain the latest quotations on from ten to fifteen thousand articles, the price book of the traveling salesman would be much thinner if its contents were confined exclusively to prices. Instead, it bristles with the facts that are taken into consideration in accounting for the prices and that have a bearing upon future prices and values. It is, in fact, a very terse compendium of crop forecasts; a crisp analysis of the quality of crops or supplies already harvested or in hand; a condensed commentary on transportation and consumptive conditions, and on the latest improvements in the preparation of foods, in packages and containers and on new methods calculated to improve the eating qualities of foodstuffs.

Naturally the alert and progressive retailer looks to this careful, equipped ambassador from the wholesale house not only for the information upon which to base his prices but also for the ammunition of fact and argument to be used in selling the goods to his customers, and explaining to patrons the reason why certain articles are cheap or dear, or an improvement over the previous output in the same line.

Inevitably this sort of relationship brings to the traveling salesman who stands well with his trade a rather intimate view of the retailer's trade and troubles. Selling goods is only about half of the traveling salesman's job, the other half being to get the money for them, build up his customers into better merchandisers, and thereby increase their buying capacities. It is inevitable, then, that the traveling salesman must know the business of his customers as well as or better than that of his own house.

All this makes the traveling salesman who is a master of his calling about the most competent witness who could be called into court to testify concerning the pressing food problem of to-day, where the responsibility lies for prevailing high prices, and who is getting the big end of the profits, where profits exist.

"The position of the average retail grocer of to-day," declares one of the ablest traveling salesmen of my acquaintance, who has a big house behind him and enjoys to a peculiar degree the confidence of his trade, "is about as uncomfortable and unbusinesslike as could well be imagined

(Continued on Page 101)

BRIGGLES "GOES WEST"

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

HAVING secretly bought young Truesdale's house, though he remained Truesdale's valet, Briggles saw no harm in occasionally leaving his personal effects about Truesdale's rooms! Bursting into rage as he discovered the moth-eaten collar box and a flock of his former ties, now limp strings, Truesdale would resort to harsh words. Upon each occasion Briggles was tempted to say:

"Young man, have a care! You're sloping on your rent."

But he refrained. The final triumph must be more dramatic. So he meekly removed the box and went about polishing Truesdale's bankrupt boots. Meantime Truesdale entertained royally up to the last sou. Gay supper parties drank unpaid-for wine and nibbled truffles in the Pompeian dining room, with Truesdale gracefully toasting every white-shouldered, French-gowned guest.

Rising from his prayers Briggles often speculated what would happen should he tiptoe down the backway and throw open the pantry door dramatically, saying "Out upon you!" He would shake his head and remark how sorry he was the ladies would have to walk to town, since the automobiles had been seized by a lurking creditor! They would stalk like wretched beggars through the snow. He would stand triumphant in the doorway, his rotund, pink-pyjamaed person with its sandy-topped head and shrewd, twinkling blue eyes imprinted forever on their consciousness.

No! He would wait for one of Truesdale's supreme dinners with artistic lies woofing away at a great pace. Then he would turn out every blooming Yankee swank, and ring for claret and an apple dumpling with hard sauce. He would sit in Truesdale's place—and eat with his knife if the mood seized him. It was no sillier than wearing lizards on your shoulder and asking them:

"Shall muzzy catch wuzzy a fly for his brekker?"

Unexpectedly Truesdale took him into his confidence, saying in his light, irritating fashion:

"Briggles, do you know you're working for a pauper? I'm on the downright! Every tack and rag in this shack, and the shack, too, are sold to some old freezer who's lying low!"

Here was chance to burst into ownership, upbraiding him for his lost estate, his fallen manhood, his impossible ardor for this Sheila Morgan, a red-haired, gray-eyed goddess who had been heard to murmur "Carrots" as Briggles passed!

He should have said:

"I own the shack! Cook can pack you a lunch, and then you go tell that worming little tyke!"

But he never did. Each day brought a greater expectation of the *dénouement*. It obsessed him somewhat. He would wait for Truesdale's rags-and-tatters ball, then he would stride into the conservatory and signal the Hawaiian orchestra to stop. He would adopt a Napoleonesque attitude as he said:

"I've no objection to your dancing until midnight—but it's nigh onto two. In my 'ouse such a thing is not permitted!" And as they would rush toward him with straitjackets he would flourish the title deeds.

Presently this seemed tawdry and overdone. He would wait until Truesdale and a few friends were sipping their *demi-tasses*. That would be more subtle. He would step gracefully and say:

"Young gentlemen, may I ask you to move to the servants' sitting room? I'm going to nap a bit on the *chaise longue!*"

This, too, was discarded. In all the drama he had seen the interest was most tense when the two leading characters held the crisis of the plot in their exclusive lines.

He would tell Truesdale alone:

"Master Martin, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, and I thank God your mother 'asn't lived to see it! I own the rug you're standing on, even if I laced the boots that 'ide your feet. I'll lace 'em no more. . . . I own this 'ouse! I made my pile in steel—overnight—why couldn't you?"

But as yet the opportunity seemed not ripe. Perhaps Mr. Stoker proved an excellent obstacle. Briggles had decided on buying him from Truesdale no matter what outrageous sum was asked. Mr. Stoker was a small, square black dog with flourishing grizzled whiskers, centered by two soulless, shoe-button eyes. He was a working terrier, used to lead out the pack, and his uncle was in the royal kennels. Sired by Champion Matchbox and dammed by Maid of Perth, Mr. Stoker retained his dignity of name even in Briggles' most exasperated moments.

"Mr. Stoker, there's a bone shower awaiting you in the pantry" was his way of announcing Mr. Stoker's dinner.

"Will you please step out, Mr. Stoker?" he would ask, swinging back the gates. "Will you tell me if you were nibbling the gloves I left in this chair?"

Mr. Stoker, always noncommittal but omnipresent, even at the moment of Truesdale's proposing to Sheila, accepted Briggles as a man and brother. They understood each other remarkably well.

Briggles often confided to him how the thing had come about, painting dark portraits of Truesdale's future, punctuating them with weedy little tears which he attributed to colds. He would be waiting for Truesdale's return from some noisy party, when he would retell Mr. Stoker the story of his life, with the ultimate pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Mr. Stoker never wearied of the story; he was a flattering canine. He would sit, emotionless but tense, his shoe-button eyes centered on Briggles' round red face with its low knobby forehead topped by sandy-white hair.

"Ah, Mr. Stoker," Briggles would begin, "there's no telling 'ow far a man may rise or fall! I'm an hoptomist. I believe in everybody being 'appy—and good. The two be twins! Everybody can be 'appy—every one of God's creatures." Here he would give a wheezy little laugh like drawing the long-neglected cork from a vicious bottle. "Even the lobster 'as rosy moments!" At which Mr. Stoker's stub of a tail would wag appreciatively.

"'Ere's Blister Briggles owning an estate on the 'Udson," he would continue. "They called me Blister, Mr. Stoker, because as I lay in me mother's arms, 'twas all I reminded 'er of—she was literal—very literal! I've come on, 'aven't I?"

Briggles hoarded his salary and tips in a red-silk stocking. When the stocking took on dangerous avoirdupois a loan association helped it bant. When the loan association began to pay shares Briggles took a flier in steel. Inside of two months he had more money than Truesdale's debts! And he bought Truesdale's house and furnishings from a reticent selling agent, binding him to secrecy and chuckling at his own deepness. What he would do with the house he did not know. A combination of forces inspired the sale—a retaliation of class fostered by America's independence, an uprising against Truesdale's pleasant teasings and, although flatly denied to himself, a loyalty, a hatred of seeing a stranger flaunt into the property. Truesdale's mother had been an English girl; Briggles was houseman in their family, retiring to start a tavern. After the English girl married an American she wrote for Briggles to set them right. American servants annoyed and bewildered her.

"She's a Sea Serpent," He Told Mr. Stoker Sadly. "'E's Gone, Mr. Stoker; We May as Well Pack!"

So Briggles came. Five years later, returning home after his mother's funeral, little Truesdale, crying but not clear yet as to the reason, rushed out to Briggles—not to his father—to be comforted. It was then that Briggles really assumed the charge of Truesdale's career as well as the care of his tiny, stiff black suits. And now Briggles had bought the house unbeknownst to him!

Briggles had watched young Truesdale grow into a handsome, brilliant man, with extraordinary ability as a chemist, and every promise of making a name for himself in science. Briggles had seen women, fat and short, lean and tall, young and old, suffragists and classic dancers, gurgling débutantes and beaming dowagers, make violent, shameless love to Truesdale. Truesdale's blue-black head merely shook in humorous dismay at their attentions. Briggles never had to worry on the score of marriage. Whenever he saw a tiny danger signal flying, such as the new soubrette at the Follies, he would sound Truesdale cleverly, as he had done in previous years regarding stolen bonbons or slidings down forbidden banisters in one's best pantaloons!

"Oh, the little girl with the curls?" Truesdale would say nonchalantly, but to Briggles' happiness of soul. "Why, the only thing she has to look forward to is starring in Her Double Chin." At which Briggles would beam and slip away.

When Truesdale was thirty and had gambled away half his estate with lackluster interest, Sheila Morgan was given him as a dinner partner. It was a foregone conclusion they would love each other.

The introduction and necessary preliminaries to the affair were about as senseless as if one had said, "Mr. Montague, may I present Juliet Capulet—awfully nice girl, home every Sunday evening," and expected a six months' prelude of discussing the weather.

Briggles, watching from the offing, knew the worst the first moment he saw them together. Sheila and her family were taking dinner with Truesdale.

"She's a sea serpent," he told Mr. Stoker sadly. "'E's gone, Mr. Stoker; we may as well pack!"

Sheila wore a chameleon on her orchid tulle frock. She really hated the little thing, but it was the vogue, and she took an odd delight in doing bizarre, unbecoming things and being liked in spite of them. My Lady Handicap, Truesdale came to call her.

Truesdale hated the chameleon. He called it the green icicle, although it basked on his cuff and he ordered Briggles to let it have an airing on his tropical palm. The green icicle and Mr. Stoker and Briggles were put in the same also-ran class. Nothing mattered but Sheila, and life assumed a new, charming pattern. Truesdale stopped gambling and went into the deserted laboratory at the top of the house. Briggles, beaming with pride, waited for him to astonish the world. After two weeks Truesdale announced joyously that he had found the right perfume for her—two weeks working on a perfume for a red-haired, gray-eyed sea serpent, who merely said:

"You're the most worthless handsome man I ever liked. I loathe perfume. Pour it on Briggles!"

Briggles heard her say "Pour it on Briggles!" His stout British soul began to rebel then.

For a year Truesdale lived in an expectant state, grubbing about to find a suitable post, trying to regain his money. He walked and rode with Sheila, was her dinner partner and her dancing partner, called four times a week, entertained the family with wonderful dinners, and showered her with every gift she would permit. Also Briggles caught him in the very act of trying to find something which rimed with her name.

Briggles endured a great deal that year. He resented Truesdale's loving her, but he resented far more Sheila's

not worshiping Truesdale! He used to muse to Mr. Stoker of winter evenings over her stupidity and selfishness.

"She's selfish—sea serpents always is! She'll get bony, if I don't miss my play—neck full o' accordion plaits at forty. Eyes'll turn green! Then she'll wish she 'ad one single smile from 'im—but then it'll be too late! It'll be too late!"

Briggles waxed enthusiastic over the tragedy, stirring his pint of warm rum punch and wriggling his stubby toes in glee. Mr. Stoker was a lukewarm confidant, since he persisted in paying Sheila homage, even walking with her unattended by Truesdale or Briggles.

"There's bad blood in you!" Briggles would say savagely upon his return. "So you've been a 'love'—'ave you? And 'didn't chase a single kitty'—oh, you blighter! Your sire was kicked out o' the pack. I'd take oath on it! Get in 'ere! Who says that man and beast could be like brothers' lies!"

Later in the evening, when Mr. Stoker laid his square, whiskery jaw on Briggles' knee, the shoe-button eyes twinkling up at him, the dog was forgiven to the extent of a ham bone.

Then something happened between Truesdale and Sheila—no one knew what. Perhaps her father disapproved of Truesdale's shaky finances; or the Austrian count, ogling her all season, made Truesdale seem a prosaic American bent on skidding. Whatever it was, it caused Sheila to plunge into mad gayeties, flirting outrageously, wearing extreme clothes, saying and doing extreme things, physically overdoing until lilac shadows crept under the starlike eyes. It caused Truesdale to go on skidding. He stopped trying to save or retrench, and he gambled and rambled along as if he did not care a hang.

Everyone had fancied them engaged. Truesdale mentally had been engaged ever since he had first met her. But one day Sheila said to him:

"I can't go on, Martin. I can't love any one I don't respect, and I do not respect you—there's no reason for your throwing away money."

"Oh, it's the money, is it?" Truesdale snapped. He knew it wasn't and he had no idea of saying so. The words just tumbled out of his lover's disorderly, discouraged brain that needed a sound housecleaning!

Sheila, hurt to the heart—for she had intended only a warning—sent him away. He came back to plead with her, but she would not listen.

"If you'd say you'd marry me, then I could show you," he urged.

"Any man who asks a woman to be a crutch for him on his way to the altar will be a cripple all the rest of his life," she answered. "Martin, I'd like to find an excuse for you—I've even—hunted—for—them."

"All out because of the war?" he asked flippantly.

She shook her head.

"You lack something—I don't know what. Something that you've yet to discover within yourself, or something you've discarded in your folly. Why have you lived along at such a pace?"

Anyone but an angry, turbulent lover would have seen that the girl who was speaking adored him.

"I don't know—natural worthlessness perhaps. I only dabbled in chemistry. I had a lot of money, and I never learned how to say no! Maybe that's the thing. An irregular love of pleasure clutched me—I often think of working in earnest, I've an idea or so I'd like to see go. But it has always seemed as if there were plenty of time and plenty of money, and such a lot of fun going that I must get in on! That's the truth," he laughed nervously. "I know I'm building a stone fortress round your heart by telling you this; and making such a swashy, no-account excuse. If I should confess to some daring crime or to some morbid tragedy which had left its warp, you'd coo and gurgle and forgive me—well, I can't lie. There hasn't been anything. I rather think you're well out of it, Sheila, because you can say no!"

After a moment she burst out impetuously: "But I can't, Martin; there's the trouble. You and I are alike, only you're too stupid to see it. We ought to marry opposites. Have you never thought of it? It's as plain—as plain as it is that you'll be walking the streets for work and I'll be a silly spinster simpering behind my fan! I ought to marry a man who would beat me—just a little—make me stop my nonsense. The thing that makes me wear extraordinary clothes and be a vivid butterfly that will fade in a few more seasons needs to be beaten! You need some plain and gentle woman who will make you feel ashamed of yourself. That's it! I've wanted to find the right word for a long time. You need to be shamed. Love or scoldings or threats haven't done any good. But if someone were to make every bit of your six-foot self burn with self-contempt, you would run away and hide until you had fought it all out; then you'd make your mark. I'm right, Martin; we're too much alike to do each other any good."

"You think I'm satisfied with that explanation?" Truesdale answered. "As if I couldn't beat you"—his lips curved into a half savage, half tender expression—"as if you couldn't shame me!"

"You'd pet me before the sting of the blow had vanished and I'd forgive you before you were thoroughly inoculated with self-contempt." She shook her reddish-gold head sadly. "You need to marry a woman with a different idea of a good time—not me, whose idea of pleasure is to wear a dancing frock requiring but one hook and eye!"

When Truesdale went away the best he took with him was a promise that if she could ever shock him into a realization of what an idler he was she would do so—and he had declared that if he ever saw an opportunity to administer corporal punishment he would turn bantam weight! Both had laughed—and cried within themselves.

Briggles had borne with Truesdale nobly. Britta, Sheila's French maid, could have told similar tales of suffering had she been able to speak the English language. Everyone said that Truesdale was the handsomest and gayest dinner guest to be had and that Sheila had played with him, dashing about in her startling frocks, with half a dozen suitors tagging after.

II

THE *dénouement* came during the late fall. It was unexpected and most disappointing. Truesdale, finding fault with his cravat, upbraided Briggles, who bore the reproach without comment, for talking back to Truesdale only resulted in a stormy scene of mutual reproach. And after the combat Truesdale always gave him a five, and Briggles always poured out a saucer of pure cream for Mr. Stoker!

Waiting for Truesdale's return from a round of useless calls, Briggles sulked in his room. Mr. Stoker napped on the hearth mat. Comforted by a rum punch pungent with orange peel, Briggles read a short-story weekly, his heart glowing over the simple stories. He had just drained the last of his glass, remarking to Mr. Stoker on the serious

"Briggles, You Packed His Boxes When He Went to School, Didn't You?" "I Did," Admitted Briggles Grimly, "and When He Went to Jail!"

drawbacks of being a dog, when Truesdale rushed in, as pale as if he were convalescing from a long fever.

"Is it true?" he shouted, dragging Briggles to the middle of the floor, Mr. Stoker all tangled up in their feet and his welcome unappreciated. "Have you sneaked and spied and fawned on me all these years, saving your wages and your tips and nosing about stocks until you could buy my house and actually put me out—is it?" He shook him so violently that Briggles' yellow-white hair streamed in hysterical little pennants over the knobby forehead.

"Answer—have you bought this place—have you? You're a lying scoundrel, a sneaking hypocrite—a low sort of cheap knave if you have!"

Briggles' triumph tumbled into ruins. For some strange reason he branded himself the most infamous criminal in the United Kingdom.

"'Ow did you know, sir?" he gasped.

"Then it's true! You've bought the place—well, tha good!" Truesdale laughed unpleasantly.

"That's a fine way for me to reward my father for l fortune—my mother for—for her collection of laces," added incoherently. "You'll appreciate those laces, wo you, Briggles?"

"Sir, when your mother was presented I 'ad the pleasu of folding the lace scarf round 'er. She said I did it bet than the court mantua maker." Briggles grew a sha paler. "I loved your mother, sir, or I shouldn't 'ave co to a strange country to watch over 'er—and over you af she was taken."

"I beg your pardon," Truesdale answered quietly. "I angry with myself. That's it. I—I can't talk as I feel. say wrong words because there are no words to say w I feel. Then it's true—you've owned this place for mon and kept still. Were you never going to cry out?"

"I was, any number of times; then I thought I'd le run on a bit, no 'arm was coming to it. I'd tell you, may round the first of December."

"Believe in doing your Christmas shocking early, eh Truesdale walked to the alcove and pushed back the vel curtains. "You can keep the curtains all drawn lik grave, now that you own them. Pardon me this once I let in a little of the sunset." He jerked them rough Briggles' practiced eye saw his hand tremble.

"May I ask 'ow it came to your notice?"

"Miss Morgan. She's downstairs now. She knew I w running into the ground—I think she rather liked the w I disregarded her advice—it's what she'd do if she wer man. And to—to shame me, she wanted to buy the hou some idea of holding it up as a prize. Woman you l owns your house! Must buy it back from her before sh marry you—jump higher, higher, Fido, the lump of su is way, way in the air! That sort of thing. Well, when ferreted it out that you owned it she told me and I said lied. Yes, I said 'You lie!' and she picked up her ca and answered 'We'll go to your house, or whoever's ho it is, and find out.' Here we are. If you'll excuse I'll go down and beg her pardon—tell her my valet bought it." He left the room.

Briggles eyed Mr. Stoker and Mr. Stoker ey Briggles.

"I'll watch 'im that 'e don't act desperate," Brig promised Mr. Stoker. "She's a sea serpent—I alw said it. What did she want with the 'ouse? is what asking."

Mr. Stoker's shoe-button eyes asked as plainly shouting: "What did you want with it, Briggles?"

Briggles scratched his disordered hair ref tively.

"It's roused 'im. That's good. Mr. Stol when 'e comes back 'e'll be all in—lovers' qu rels, you know. And when one is a sea serpent the other a lazy little prince ——" Briggles pou some more punch to compose himself.

Truesdale, facing Sheila, was saying gravely

"I beg your pardon. Briggles bought the pl He saved his wages, played the stocks and w They usually buy a shop and live in the rear, on the front door, lots of tatting doilies. Briggles didn't—he played for high stakes got them. I don't know or care what he's going do with it. I'm glad you didn't get it, for I th Briggles is a gentleman, Sheila; that he bough with a cold-blooded eye to an investment. I do think that you, with the spending mo of an empress, had any other intent cept your exotic way of teasing me, o telling me that you didn't care. A poo more simple woman would never h dreamed of such a thing."

"You think that?" she asked steadi gathering her fur cape about her.

"Yes, I do," he retorted, with the t der passionate eyes of stabbed youth.

"I did it to shame you, Martin, cause I—I cared. I hate you now The last rang untrue but she said forcibly. "Because I thought that you were in my debt, if I could in a way make you see things as you ought —— I didn't w some stranger to buy and take away even your mothe laces. But someone did it far more effectively than I—y valet."

In the throes of his shame and not yet admitting t fact, Truesdale took her arm roughly.

The girl shrank away from him.

"You said that you needed to be beaten and I to shamed. I think I'm taking double measure—from valet and from the woman I love. But it would have be a cheap trick, Sheila, not worthy of you," he persisted w blind egotism.

"Women don't bother buying country places when th own two or three in their own right."

Truesdale flushed.

"You need to be beaten—just the same," he answe with unintelligent, unjust, cave-man logic.

"Why?" Her eyes narrowed. "Because you're wrong d a good friend tries to save you, you want that friend aten? It's yourself you should lash."

He saw her to her car.

"I'll be going, naturally, so I'll say good-by. Thank you r the try!"

Sheila bowed gravely. The car whirled off. Out of ght, she turned to look back wistfully. "There are fferent meanings to the word 'beaten,' boy," she murured, "and I lose!"

Truesdale, scuffling through the woods half the next day, atless, with an old cap tossed on his head, felt beaten o. Reflected pain perhaps! To his mind it was as ridicous for Briggles to buy the place as for Mr. Stoker. iggles—and Sheila knew it; Sheila trying to buy the ace and hold it as a ransom . . . Had he come to be ch an utter plaything? But did she mean it—was it to one of her daring pastimes, her teasing triumphs? What as the use of asking? Briggles had bought it! Truesdale entally slipped back to being a tiny tearful d in new shiny black, clinging hard to Briges' warm hand as they passed a certain closed or, and he heard Briggles say: "Little mas-r, let's you and I play ninepins!"

Returning at dusk, fired with resolve, Truesle met Mr. Stoker and Briggles pacing anxusly up and down.

"I'll not need anything," he said, ignoring r. Stoker. "I'll start to pack to-morrow."

Briggles looked in dismay at Mr. Stoker. Mr. oker, gorged to the teeth with chicken pat-s, had no wish to be dragged into any dreary ndlord-and-tenant dispute!

"Master Martin," Briggles' voice quavered, would you consider staying on a bit? I'm ot keen to do anything immedjit!" He aved his hands like a woman.

"I'm going west." Truesdale walked to his room.

Briggles and Mr. Stoker pattered after.

"West, sir?" said Briggles, his blue es like glass beads. "Oh, sir; not—not r west?" Truesdale nodded.

In England there is a phrase, "going est," which defines a surreptitious jolly rty with popping bottles. Lately Tommy tkins has borrowed the phrase to express outard indifference when the regiment receives arching orders. "Going west" means trenches, lly bread, thin soup, mud, barbed wire, shrapl, shreds of men left here and there. Fritzies aiting behind every tree twig! Truesdale and riggles had adopted the phrase. They never oke of going to the war but always as "he's ne west," or "the west looks bad."

"Our west—to polish off old Fritzie?" Even r. Stoker pricked up his ears and stopped angling Briggles' last copy of the short-story magazine.

"Our west, Briggles, to polish off myself! Oh, not in ny insane melodramatic way—that's what's wrong with e! Trying to live like a comic-opera hero instead of an merican. I'm going with Cary and Fraser in the Paris boratories as an experimenting chemist. They'd asked he before—remembered some asinine stunt I did experienting about taking lactic acid from fatigued muscles. sent a cable from the station. It's no firing line and niform and sobby diary to be reprinted; it's just trying o do something besides discover synthetic perfumes or ——" Truesdale's lips fluttered.

"Do something besides discover cynic perfumes for sea rpents," Briggles finished heatedly. "She is—she is—e is!"

The joy of saying so was glorious.

"You mean Miss Morgan?" asked Truesdale sharply. Be still!" Then he laughed. "Who am I to talk so to ou, living in your house, sleeping in your bed? Oh, toker, old top, we're a funny pair!"

"You'll make good over there," said Briggles. "Master lartin, I'm proud to pack your boxes. Going west—to speriment—things—in—things," he finished raggedly, lowing his nose. "That's good! Licking good! Going polish off old Fritzie! I'm glad the blooming 'ouse is line. You'd 'ave stuck like a leaf in the gutter as long as our mortgages 'eld!"

"So she said! That I needed to be shamed—I was angry ien. I said she needed to be beaten—I am shamed. But e shan't be beaten, Briggles; she must win!" He looked Mr. Stoker as at a respectable, emotionless measuring ick by which to steady himself.

"Did she say that?" asked Briggles, astonished that a a serpent wearing a green icicle could speak so wisely.

Truesdale nodded.

"But she won't know for a long time. Maybe it'll be o late. . . . Briggles, are the trunks all ready for tion?"

"All but mine—it squeaks."

"What the devil do I care about yours?"

"What am I to put my 'jammies in?" Briggles asked bitterly.

"Your house," Truesdale laughed.

"Can't float a 'ouse on the pond, can't crowd 'em with yours."

"What are you driving at?"

Briggles looked in injured dismay.

"Sir, I'm going west!"

"You, a bloated landholder ——"

"You think this roast beef is going to let Yankee bacon beat 'im to the pan?"

Briggles lapsed into American slang. "Sir, I'll be useful, laying out everybody's clothes—laying out men if they need me! I've an idea or so that might come 'andy.

"Miss Morgan: Will You Kindly Watch Mr. S. for This P. M.? He is Extra Wild and I am Busy Packing"

Ahem—'ow's this—listen sharp! Clouds is water, water will freeze. The Zepplins—nasty bouncers—sails in clouds; make up something rippling that'll freeze the wings of hangels, shoot it through cannon into the sky—freeze the clouds with the Zeps in 'em, let 'em say their prayers in a snowbank for a year or two. I'll think up a knapsack of 'em while we're going acrost! I'm an able-bodied man, sixty last Boxing Day, never 'ad rheumatics or been married. You think you're going to ship me, now that you promise to be a credit? That's gratitude—I'm willing to ask the hangels! The years I've stuck by and watched you make an ass of yourself, took care of your mother's lace, fed and unfleaed Mr. Stoker—just because I won a little kail and bought your 'ouse, so you could always buy it back when you stopped being a lunatic, just because the sea serpent turns out to be a lovin' mermaid trying to save you, you think you'll go west alone and blow yourself up in a laboratory trying to make sneeze powders to tickle Fritzie and make him miss aiming straight? No. Briggles goes west!"

"Don't!" said Truesdale, in a muffled voice. "It isn't fair; it's ——"

"You want to make me a 'ermit, do you? Leave me in this 'Udson wilderness at the mercy of this beast." Mr. Stoker blinked innocently. "Cheat me of the pleasure of coming back with a 'ero? Well, you won't!"

Truesdale stumbled over to him in the same boyish way he had done years ago when something went wrong that needed Briggles' diplomatic adjustment. He put his hand on the dumpling of a shoulder in the tender, rare fashion of man comrades.

"All right, we'll go west," he said.

"And we'll come 'ome—to Mr. Stoker," Briggles added cheerfully.

Truesdale refused to see the "lovin' mermaid," much as Briggles urged it.

"Not till I'm home! I don't want any grandstand play of going to the war, when I'm merely going into a nice laboratory full of interesting smells. Just fussing round trying to oil up my brain again. I'll write her after I'm there!"

That evening, reducing luggage to its slimmest possibilities, Briggles looked at Mr. Stoker reflectively.

"It's a bloody shame you're denied the power of speech," he said; "what a grand little tattletale you'd be! You could walk right in and say, 'Oh, Miss Sheila, 'e is dead gone on you, and 'e 'as come to 'is senses, but 'e stays stubborn! You thought 'e was going to be a poor bar fly—you'll find 'im in the roaring lion pen! But 'e won't come to you—'e won't let poor Briggles tell—so slip over and kiss 'im good-by. And kiss Briggles, too, while you're about it.'"

Mr. Stoker hung his head in admission of inefficiency.

"You can't, you poor beast. What's to become of you in a boarding kennel, any'ow?" Briggles' eyes took on the tints of small glass beads. He bent over and lifted Mr. Stoker in his arms.

"Could you be trusted—you little ratter—you wouldn't turn at the door to chase a Maria, would you? Would you go in? Oh, if I thought ——" He paused, his forehead perspiring profusely. Then he ended solemnly: "If I dream of boiled bloaters and green tea—you'll be sent!"

III

AS NERVOUS as a bridegroom, Briggles rang the bell at the Morgan château and stepped back among the trees as he watched Mr. Stoker disappear inside, skinning deftly between the calves of the Morgan doorman. He flattered himself he had timed it well. Truesdale was in town for the afternoon, and he had phoned the Morgan household to ask if Miss Sheila was in, saying that he, Briggles, was sending her an important message.

Sheila, greeting Mr. Stoker on the stairs, stooped for the note attached to his collar. In Briggles' labored, cramped writing, she read:

"*Miss Morgan:*—Will you kindly watch Mr. S. for this P. M.? He is extra wild and I am busy packing Mr. T.'s things as he sails for the war—trenches—next week. Mr. T. is very particular about Mr. S. and I am afraid something might happen at the last moment. I hope you will not say anything about this, but Mr. S. has already eaten a pair of brushes and I am very nervus. Will call for him at six. B. BRIGGLES."

Briggles, giggling like a schoolboy as he laid out the things to be mended, listened to the doorbell with a guilty air.

Suppose she was merely returning Mr. Stoker by a servant, scorning the flimsy, rather silly—yes, it was certainly both flimsy and silly now that he paused to reflect—method of telling her the news. Suppose she wrote Truesdale a haughty, never-to-be-forgotten letter accusing him of having servants act as peacemakers! He, Briggles, might better man a Zeppelin and prepare to be frozen in the clouds! The one remaining maid asked superciliously: "What'll I say, Mr. Briggles? It's Miss Morgan to see you."

"Show her up!" he said stoutly. So she had come! It wasn't turning out the way he planned. Briggles' romantic brain fancied that she would keep Mr. Stoker and telephone Truesdale to come and get him—that would be the proper caper. But he might as well make a jolly mess of it now he had started.

"Up here, Mr. Briggles?" repeated the maid.

"'Ere!" Briggles dusted off housecoats nonchalantly. "So you balled it up, you anæmic rodent!" he greeted Mr. Stoker in an undertone. "Did you attack the fur rugs and get her mommer poppin'?"

Sheila followed Mr. Stoker into the room, half ashamed, half eager.

"Briggles," she asked hastily, "did you do this on purpose—did you? And did he know?"

"Miss Sheila I'd be flayed with the flat of 'is sword if 'e dreamed it! I thought it was my duty, you 'aving come so close to buying my 'ouse!" Sheila smiled at him.

"I'll always thank you, Briggles. But you don't think he would have come to say good-by?"

Briggles shook his head.

"No more chance of it, Miss Sheila, than there is for 'em to make rubber oyster pockets for dinner coats! 'E was done proper. Ashamed—and for good cause. Doesn't want you to see 'im until 'e 'as something deserving of kind words. But I thought it was my duty ——"

"It was—it is your duty." Sheila picked up a necktie. "Briggles, if you'll never, never tell, may I help pack? Are these going in there?"

"Yes—a little neater, please, 'e's frightful to suit—and it's supposed to be done by Briggles." Here came another rusty, cork-pulling laugh in which Sheila joined faintly.

"Yes, of course. When is he going—where—what is he really going to do? Remember, he's not to know I ever asked a syllable." Briggles told her.

"I accompany 'im," he finished gravely.

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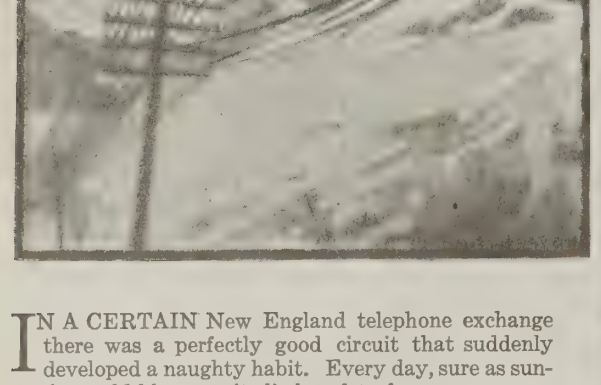
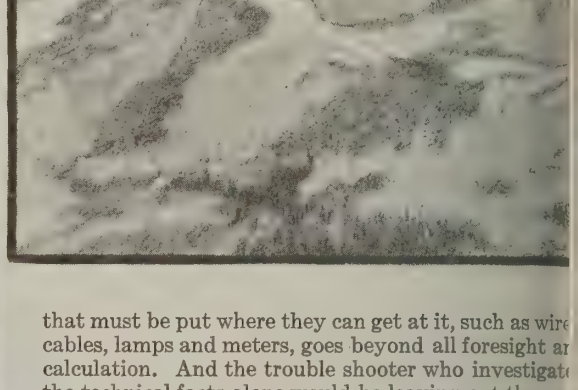
BUG HUNTERS OF INDUSTRY

Sherlock Holmes, Trouble Shooter—By James H. Collins



DECORATIONS BY J. GORDON SMYTH



IN A CERTAIN New England telephone exchange there was a perfectly good circuit that suddenly developed a naughty habit. Every day, sure as sunset, it would blow out its little safety fuse.

Telephone current is exceedingly mild stuff—about the mildest form of electricity used for any ordinary purpose. Its amperage, or volume, is so slight that the common way of gauging it, in the absence of instruments, is to touch the tips of the wires to one's tongue. Then it gives a weak saltish taste, and that stands for the energy which carries conversation. It almost gives one a suspicion that Nature doesn't think mere talk worth much electricity! The voltage, or pressure, is so feeble that it cannot ring your telephone bell. For this you generate a little stronger current by turning the hand crank of a magneto, or in cities the ringing is done by machines at the telephone exchange.

Because telephone juice is so mild, any stray current of higher energy can injure telephone equipment. So, at the central office, each circuit has a safety fuse, which burns out instantly and breaks the electric path when an electric-light current or lightning discharge wanders into the plant.

Well, every day in this New England exchange a wandering surge of high potential would dart into the place, from goodness only knows where, and burn out the fuse on that particular circuit. No other circuit was ever bothered, and as soon as the wire chief had put in a new fuse, even this circuit was well behaved and normal by all tests. Until next day! Then, without rime or reason, "Spit—flash—pop!" it would burn out again.

The wire chief put his best trouble men on to that problem, and they went out over the circuit, telephone by telephone, and pole by pole, to see where high potential might be leaking in. Everything was tested and put in such good order that in a little while this circuit was a model in maintenance. And still the mysterious high-potential visitor gained an entrance every day, and none of the trouble men could find out where it came from.

The Solution of the Riddle

FINALLY the wire chief went out himself. One telephone on that circuit was a slot instrument, located in a trolley waiting room near a park. This waiting room was closed in winter. The wire chief had got hold of one clue—the mysterious high potential called regularly each evening, about seven o'clock. He went to the waiting room and watched at that hour. Presently the trolley company's park watchman came along, glanced into the waiting room, turned up its electric lights for a minute and satisfied himself that everything was right. When he turned on the lights they burned dim for a few seconds and then flashed bright.

The wire chief got into the waiting room and made an examination. He found that the electric lights were grounded on a water pipe. So was the telephone protector. In winter this water pipe was moved toward the main to prevent freezing. That gave a poor ground for the electric lights. They burned dim until their current had forced a path over the telephone circuit and blown out the wire chief's fuse. As soon as they burned up bright the watchman had been satisfied with his inspection and turned them off, going on his rounds, serene. The wire chief, putting in a new fuse, had found his circuit normal. And then they had done it all over again the next night, and the next!

When commodities are made in a factory, under our American system with its quantity output, and standardization, and automatic machinery, and close figuring for minimum costs, there are many chances for defective stuff to slip through and get out into the world and make trouble. This is safeguarded as far as possible by rigid factory inspection and tests.

The chances for trouble are even greater with things like telephone equipment, electrical apparatus, gas meters, adding machines, typewriters, trolley cars, railroad locomotives, farm machinery, and so on; for these pass out of the supervision of the factory inspector. Time and the elements may play upon them, the public and the inquisitive employee can experiment with them, and there will be interference by animals, birds, insects—even plants!

The problems that crop up are different, diversified, perplexing and often amusing. To deal with them there is the trouble shooter, an emergency man who takes the field on short notice prepared to cope with novel troubles at any time. He must know pretty much all the technical shortcomings that arise in his line. He must also be a sort of Sherlock Holmes, able to make deductions that will locate trouble for which people are responsible. And when the trouble is found he must be resourceful in schemes for ending it quickly.

They had a heavy sleet storm in Ohio, and it weighted the branches of trees along a thirty-three-thousand-volt electrical transmission line so that they touched it at hundreds of places, putting the circuit out of action. An emergency man cleared this trouble by real trouble shooting. He took a shotgun, walked along the line and shot the ice out of the branches, or shot them off, and with three hundred twelve-gauge shells brought twenty-six miles of transmission line back into good order.

In another case a trolley company had trouble with loose insulator pins on its poles. These pins were of wood, and shrank with weather, and the trolley wire would come down; and, no matter how frequently the line was inspected by a man walking the track with his eyes open for loose equipment, it was hard to forestall trouble. An emergency man hit on the idea of inspection with high-power field glasses; and this worked so well that one trip over the road revealed a hundred and sixty defects that could not have been seen with the eye alone—loose pins, broken insulators and broken wires—which, when repaired, made the line proof against breakdowns for several months.

Trouble shooting must always take in the human equation; for what people will do to apparatus of the types that must be put where they can get at it, such as wire cables, lamps and meters, goes beyond all foresight ar calculation. And the trouble shooter who investigate the technical facts alone would be leaving out the mo important factor in his problems.

All the trolley cars on Manhattan Island take the current, not from an overhead wire but from a charge rail in an underground conduit. The opening to th conduit is a slot only seven-eighths of an inch wide, ar it would seem as though hardly anything could fall in such a narrow opening. But in the everyday routi almost everything imaginable does fall in; and troub men who clear the short circuits that stop New York su face cars have long ceased to be capable of astonishmen

The speeding taxicab drops its tire chains in the slot. truckload of steel rods jangles up the street and a few te foot lengths of metal fall off and get into the slot. Ste hoops from baby carriages and barrels are found causi short circuits—the small boy loses them down the sl Wire, bolts, horseshoes, and like junk, are removed quantities amounting almost to tonnage. Not long ago ca were stopped in the rush hour by twenty-eight feet of wi cable that tangled itself round the contact shoe of a c This cable was only one-eighth of an inch narrower than t slot, but it got in. The emergency crew removed it phi sophically.

A Penitent Colored Brother

IN A SOUTHERN telephone exchange the switchboa suddenly blazed out in a mass of lighted signal lam giving the idea that every subscriber wanted to talk at t same moment. When operators plugged in to respond th found the lines dead. Investigation showed that somebo had sawed out ten feet of a six-hundred-pair cable a m away, and later a negro thief was caught when he tried sell that piece of cable. Before he went to jail a troub man explained the damage he had done; and the color brother was really sorry—thought he had simply be stealing a piece of lead pipe to get some breakfast mone

"Boss, if I'd 'lowed you-all talked frew dat thing I never done it," he said. "Lawsy me! I thought dat w mighty funny-laid pipe!"

Birds of the air cause trouble, and beasts of the fie Quite a comprehensive museum of natural history might formed of creatures that have been taken out of telephor telegraph, electric and trolley equipment. Rats, mi squirrels, owls, hawks, cranes, woodpeckers, and the lik will gnaw insulation, climb poles, perch on cross arms a get entangled in wires. If they interfere with high-tensi lines they usually pay the penalty, which is instant electr cution; and the manager of the central-station compa has a natural-history specimen to exhibit, placard "This is why the lights went out last night."

In subtropical localities weird air plants have form the habit of growing on aërial lines. Wasps and be select homes in electrical equipment; and it is n believed that certain beetles attack the lead sheathing telephone cables, though everybody laughed at t notion when it was first advanced.

Weather and accident as sources of trouble are a sto in themselves—snow, sleet, winds, floods, fire, explosio and the like, will wreck equipment, perhaps over h a state, turning the trouble man out, like a fireman soldier, for days and nights of constant work.

But just because trouble comes in so many forms, a takes in so many factors, it appeals to the real troub shooter. He is one of the most resourceful fellows the organization, always ready for a new problem, a has a rough-and-ready technical knowledge that cann be got from books.

Some telephone engineers lunched daily at a dow town restaurant. One day the proprietor told them th

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BRINGING OUT BARBARA

The Experiences of a New York Débutante

II

By ETHEL TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

UPON the following morning I awoke with a quivering sigh and that lassitude which follows keen emotion. Not only did I feel that mother and should never understand each other, but I didn't care much whether I ever saw John Randall again or not.

When the maid tapped at the door with a summons to go at once to mother's room, I knew what that summons portended. The subject of our disagreement of the evening before was to be reopened and the pros and cons of the discussion rehashed. I found mother, half dressed, in the setting appropriate to such midmorning attire—her boudoir. But, under the shimmering folds of her negligée, her whole figure was taut with determination.

"Barbara," she began, "have you notified that young man who was here last night that he's not to expect you at his studio on Thursday?"

"No," I said; "I haven't. Why should you call him 'that young man,' mother—as though you didn't know him?"

"Because I don't intend to know him," she returned, "except in the most general way. He's forfeited his right to anything more by presuming to invite you, a mere child, to come to his studio—a thing that's unheard of! The effrontery of it! No sooner had he got himself asked to my house than he seized his opportunity, through an introduction to you, to try and break into society."

"Now mother!" I smiled. "As though *I* could help anyone socially! Why, you yourself say I don't know how to stand, or walk, or behave, or wear my clothes!"

"Nevertheless," she replied, "you are my daughter."

So might the Czar of Russia have spoken in referring to the czarevitch. It was difficult for me to get her point of view as I watched her sitting there, so attractive, her glossy hair full of high lights, her rounded arm, delicately tapering at the wrist, lying along the arm of the chair. She would have died rather than say "I am a pretty woman"; yet she had not the smallest hesitation in declaring "I am not!" Hers was an arrogance not of person but of place.

"Have you thought," I suggested, "that maybe he doesn't want to get in? Perhaps he wouldn't care about it. He's pretty busy painting, you know."

"That's utterly absurd," she retorted. "Of course he wants it! Everybody does who hasn't got it, in every country of the world. What do you suppose the *nouveaux riches* in America give lavish entertainments for, if not for that? If they're impossible themselves they try to buy social position for their sons and daughters, to whom they've been able to give the advantages they have missed."

"You don't have to do a thing," I commented. "I should think you'd be glad."

"That's where you're wrong. I have a great deal to do. I've got to keep going. People are so easily lost sight of in this country, where everything is in a continual state of flux. Take the Blaisdens, for example. You remember the Blaisdens?"

"I've heard of them. Didn't they give a series of musicales about two years ago?"

"They gave wonderful musicales!" she replied. "Caruso sang at the last one."

She paused, and I remarked:

"It seems to me I haven't heard the Blaisdens mentioned lately."

"They're never mentioned," she replied. "They've dropped out. They went abroad at the end of the season and haven't been heard of since. The Glynn Rollinses took their house. They considered themselves lucky to get it, as it's an ideal house for entertaining. Everybody goes there, just the same."

"Poor Blaisdens!" I sighed. "Perhaps they had to pay Caruso out of the rent! Doesn't anyone care enough about them to ask?"

"People haven't time. There are always things to go to. It doesn't take a generation to be forgotten; it's a matter of months."

"If it's as impersonal as that, why bother?" I questioned. "Any unforeseen circumstance, such as the death of an aunt or an illness, would break up the whole scheme. I'd much rather have a few friends whom I could count on to come and see me if I were ill, or call me up on the telephone whether I happened to be in mourning or not. Then there'd never be any break to bridge over—no worry about trying to get back. One would have a freer mind for other things."

"What things?" she asked impatiently.

"Oh, I don't know," I evaded, flushing in sudden reserve; then, deciding that this was unfair to her, I brought myself to add: "Reading, studying, thinking things out. In my case painting, perhaps."

"Painting!" She took me up. "There you are! I don't believe you ever thought of such a thing as painting until you met that man last night."

"Yes; I did," I assured her eagerly. "Oh, I love it so, mother! I've been painting—a little—for years. Oils and water color, both. And I did lots of caricatures at school; cut them out of black paper. The girls thought they were killing. I've got one of a fat lady, upstairs. Shall I get it?"

"Another time," she put me off, dismissing my poor little achievements as unworthy of notice and thus wounding me to the quick.

"You won't have much time for reading and studying, and such things, after this," she went on in a manner distinctly disparaging to all intellectual pursuits. "You'll have enough to do to get ready to 'come out.' I begin to realize that I ought not to have kept you away so long; but, now it's done, we must make the best of it."

"Is it so serious as all that?" I asked, intimidated. "Can't I just go to parties, when the time comes, for the fun of it?"

"Don't refer to cosmopolitan entertainments as parties," she corrected. "You'd find the dances extremely formidable if you hadn't laid a foundation with the dancing men."

I wondered whether the dancing men had any other avocation, or whether the whole of their activities was comprehended in that term, as one speaks of "performing bears."

"Is Allan Denning a dancing man?" I asked.

"Yes," she returned with an increase of cordiality in her tone; "and you made an excellent beginning with him last night. That was one reason I was so determined not to have you get mixed up in any way with this painter and his friends, whoever they are. The most exclusive women of my acquaintance are only too glad to get Allan Denning to come to their houses. Do you imagine for one moment that he's going to stoop to enter into competition with a nobody for the favor of a mere schoolgirl? Don't deceive yourself! If he sees you going about with outsiders he'll let you drop; and your stock will fall—not only with him but with all the other young men of his sort."

As she spoke I recalled Allan Denning's cool stare at John Randall last evening, his whispered "Who is that? I don't remember having seen him before," which had dispelled my first pleasant impression of him.

"Mother," I said with intense earnestness, "suppose I don't want the sort of success you've planned for me? Suppose the very thought of it is repugnant to me? Suppose I don't care for men of Allan Denning's type and do care for those of Mr. Randall's? Since it's a matter of choice, oughtn't it to be left to me to choose? I'm not fitted by temperament for the sort of life you lead. No matter how hard I try, I know I shall not succeed in being a credit to you. Why not drop the whole perplexing business and let me go to college? If I went back to school next year I could pass the Bryn Mawr exams in June. Let me, mother! It would make me absolutely happy. . . . After all, it's my life that's in question, isn't it?"

"Yours!" she cried in high indignation. "You think only of yourself. What about my life? Hasn't my every thought been centered on your coming out—for years? Didn't I build a house that was bigger than I needed just to be able to do the thing properly? And now you say you don't want it! It's perfectly ridiculous! How can a girl of seventeen, who's had no experience, know what she wants?

Do you imagine I'm going to allow you, in your childish ignorance and conceit, to knock down at one blow what I've been building up ever since you were born? To rob my social career of its climax?"

I saw that my case was hopeless. Mother needed me in her business. There was nothing for it but to give in. How could I continue to oppose her and live under the same roof? If I did existence would be hell! I was the under dog, and I knew it. On the side of the oppressor there was power.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked with heavy heart. "Write Mr. Randall a note?"

"Yes, dear," she replied with an entire change of tone and manner. "Sit down at that desk. I'll word it for you."

"Dear Mr. Randall," she wrote through my agency: "I am sorry not to be able to come to your studio on Thursday, as we are moving to the country to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" I repeated, incredulous. "I thought we weren't going until next week."

"I've changed my mind."

"On my account?" I asked with a slow flush. "Do you think I'd go to the studio on the sly, mother? Is that the sort of girl you think I am?"

"It's not that," she replied hastily. "I'm doing it in order to supply you with an excuse."

I chewed my pen and waited for her to go on with the dictation.

"With appreciation of your kindness in asking me," she concluded. "Sincerely yours, Barbara West."

When I had sealed the envelope she pressed the bell for her maid.

"Yvonne," she directed, "see that this is sent at once by messenger. No answer."

Thus definitely the episode was closed. All that day I expected signs of dismantling, but did not see any.

"How can we move on Thursday?" I asked at dinner. "Why, this house is going full tilt! Not a single thing's covered up or put away. And how is the other house to be got ready five days before the time?"

"My dear child," mother explained with a slight smile, "it's perfectly simple. The Long Island house is never really closed. It's easily put in shape with an extra staff of cleaners. I telephoned the superintendent this morning

"Do You Think I'd Go to the Studio on the Sly, Mother? Is That the Sort of Girl You Think I Am?"

to attend to it. As for the town house, I never have anything touched until I'm out of it. We take our final meal with the silver on the table. It's the only way to live nicely."

At this calm statement my mind went back to a house I knew in the Southern city near my school. I had been privileged to enjoy its hospitality on several occasions through a classmate, whose home it was. How did its mistress live, if not nicely? Many a rare bit of old china had arrested even my inexperienced eye, when passed to me in her own hand at teatime. The furniture in her cool parlor, the lace at her wrist, were as fragile and exquisite as herself. Yet that house was "put away" regularly at the first sign of warm weather every spring. The entire staff at this gentle lady's command consisted of two old fat mammies.

For the first time it flashed upon me that she must be in straitened circumstances. I had never suspected it amid the several daintinesses with which she was surrounded—all cherished heirlooms. She would have considered it lacking in taste to display her poverty. What would she have thought of our display of riches? Even our lavishness of housecleaning suddenly seemed to me indecently ostentatious. And why suppress every sign of the business of living? It would have been inspiriting to hear the whir of the machinery, instead of silencing the parts with a surfeit of oil. "Father," I asked, "do all the people you and mother know live in big houses?"

"Oh, no," he answered; and I felt immensely relieved until he added, smoothing his little black mustache: "Many of them prefer apartments now. The Abercrombies have a whole floor of that new apartment house on Fifth Avenue. It has twenty-six rooms and eight baths. I met Abercrombie at the Racket Club yesterday, and he said they found it very comfortable."

During the whole of the next morning I was aware, in my room, of the faint rustle of tissue paper in the hall. When I emerged the maid's arms were buried in it up to the elbows, while her nose pointed toward the cavernous depths of one of a double row of trunks. This was the sole indication of our impending departure.

We lunched as usual at half past one. An hour later, according to schedule, we got into the automobile, crossed the Queensboro Bridge and, at the discreet pace that was all the tiny car was capable of, approached our destination by an uninspiring and filthy route. It did not even remotely suggest the country, this flat and sordid stretch; all that could be said for it was that it was not the city. On an average of once every two minutes a big touring car would shoot by us and we should be obliged to eat its dust, which puffed in at our one open window.

We had barely composed ourselves after an interval of gasping, gagging and swallowing before another would come hurtling along.

Mother submitted to this discomfort entirely undisturbed. It was customary not only to live on Long Island until July but to arrive there by this means of transportation. Heat, dirt and ugliness, since they were part of the scheme, were all to be endured with equanimity.

After the lapse of an hour the scenery—if scenery it could be called, punctuated every few miles, as it was, with mean little villages, road houses and saloons—improved somewhat, and the air grew less dense. Presently we began to pass inclosures marked off by tall iron railings, and through wrought-iron gateways we glimpsed blue macadam driveways, edged by trees and greenery, leading to those considerable mansions which, like those who had built them, were so fortunately situated as to be able to turn their backs upon all that was unlovely in their surroundings.

Ours was one of the largest of these. When we reached its boundaries I watched its somber palings ominously approaching, one by one, and, without pause, flitting by, with a feeling as little cheerful as though I had been a corpse at my own funeral. Once we had turned in at the gate and the ironwork had been left behind, the resemblance to a cemetery was diminished, though the clipped shrubbery and the swept driveway kept it from being wholly dissipated. However the pebbles might fly and crunch under our tires, I knew that within the next five minutes all traces of our arrival would be raked away.

What was the object of moving from one house to another if such moving was to afford no variety, no change of scene? We had descended stone steps in New York; we were ascending stone steps in Westbury. The servants who stood immovably waiting were duplicates of those who had served us at luncheon—the same patent-leather pumps; the same white stockings, shapely calves, knee breeches, braid, faces of acquired vacuity. How dull it was to be rich if you were also unimaginative! Duller even than being poor!

Instead of going upstairs, I wandered into the drawing-room and stepped out through the window onto the upper terrace. The garden occupied the lower one. My eye swept it unemotionally. Think of a garden that fails to thrill the being in June! It is unworthy the name of garden, being merely a space allotted to horticulture. The garden at school—ah, that was a garden, indeed, with a very riot of flowers, growing in Southern profusion—anywhere—anyhow! In this garden they were set out, row by row, with mathematical precision, the varieties differentiated by means of wooden labels, upon which their botanical names were written in ink.

"What a Pretty Dress! This Hat Does Look Funny With It"

To call a rose by its nickname would have been undue familiarity.

After an interval I caught sight of mother on the lower level, moving about among the beds. I had seen her last in dark blue and now she was daintily dressed in mauve. A gardener had sprung up from somewhere. Him she appeared to be directing in some way, vaguely pointing with a folded mauve parasol.

"How did you get out without my seeing you?" I cried, running down to her. "And how did you happen to change? Have the trunks come already?"

"I came out through the billiard room," she answered. "Of course the trunks have come! They arrived by motor truck three-quarters of an hour ago. Yvonne has unpacked half of them by now, with two housemaids to help her. Hurry and change your gown. I'm expecting several people for tea."

As I obeyed I wondered whether Yvonne had arrived by motor truck, too, sitting beside the driver. At any rate, she had been transferred by some speedier method of locomotion than ours. While I was dressing, motors began to arrive, and when I came down the great hall was already swarming with guests, mostly dowagers in resplendent embroidery, lace veils and pearls.

I was introduced to a great many of them, who talked rather about me than to me, making such comments as:

"Came home only day before yesterday! How glad you must be to have her!"

"Not very tall for seventeen, is she?"

"She must meet my girls. Could she dine with them next Monday? Oh, no—no one will be there who is 'out.' Just the younger set."

They stayed until nearly seven. When the last group had gone mother announced hurriedly:

"I must fly! We'll be late at the Rudford Joneses as it is. They're at Oyster Bay, and it takes half an hour to get there."

"I didn't know you were dining out," I replied, rather disconsolately.

"We always dine out when we don't have people in," she said. "I've ordered your dinner served in my sitting room, Barbara."

"Let me have milk toast on a tray instead," I begged. "Then I won't have to have a man watching every mouthful I eat. Besides," I added cannily, "it'll be much better for my digestion. I've been stuffing myself for two hours with all kinds of little cakes."

"You're as greedy as you can be!" returned mother, shocked. "Well, do as you like."

"It wasn't greed," I explained as she started upstairs. "It was just something to do. I couldn't stand there unoccupied while all those women looked me over to see whether I would do for their children to associate with."

I awoke next morning, in accordance with long established habit, promptly at half past six—too early to get up. It was, in fact, too early to wake up, for our household habitually remained wrapped in slumber until nine. Yet I was ravenously hungry.

"What would they do," I wondered, "if I should come down at half past seven and demand breakfast? I think I'll try it. They'll be sweeping or something," I conjectured as I went downstairs.

But "they" were not sweeping. There was no one about. "They" were imitating the matutinal habits of their employers.

"The butler's probably having his breakfast served in bed," I thought scornfully. I had no use for that butler. "Wonder what'll happen if I ring this bell!"

I pressed it, and for a long time nothing happened. Finally a footman in shirt sleeves, peering round the screen that hid the pantry door, withdrew his head with a jerk. The next moment he reappeared with his coat on, arms at his sides militarily, and I made my wishes known. He vanished and, after at least twenty minutes, came back with very bad coffee, which I was sure had been designed for consumption below stairs, an overfried egg, and some cold damp toast left over from the day before. No trace of the chef's hand here!

When I went back to my room it was just as I had left it—my things scattered here, there and everywhere, bedclothes rumpled on the bed. No doubt the housemaid was still dreaming.

This, too, I supposed, was a part of what mother called living nicely.

I pottered about for an hour or two; and then all at once the house burst into activity. People walked, creaked and thumped overhead and under; carpet sweepers groaned; brooms swished; trays clattered.

At eleven mother came to my room, hatted and veiled, with a little bag in her hand.

"Get ready, Barbara," she instructed me. "The motor will be here in ten minutes."

"Are we going for a drive?" I asked eagerly. "How nice! I'm crazy to get some wild flowers."

"We're going to town," she returned. "I've got some shopping to do. We'll stop at Yvette's and pick up your blue crêpe de Chine gown with the jacket. That ought to be ready to-day. And I think I can find you a hat at Rothenstein's."

"Can't I wear my old clothes," I questioned, "just to go shopping? We shan't see a soul."

"We'll see everybody," she returned, "at luncheon."

"What a pretty dress!" I said an hour later, with gratified glance at myself in the long mirror at Yvette's. "This hat does look funny with it."

"It certainly does," agreed mother. "We'll go right to Rothenstein's now."

At the millinery shop the shades were drawn to keep out the heat, and numbers of gray-garbed girls lounged about, yawning. Most of them had yellow hair and very red cheeks.

Mother selected a dainty hat of silver lace, trimmed with tiny flowers and a narrow silk bow. It looked like a boudoir cap and the price was forty dollars. I knew better now than to utter any protest aloud, and even my inner objections were lost in admiration of the skillfully wrought flowerets. The hat certainly did offset the shape of my head. Made it look trim and compact, I decided, turning it left and right as I held up a hand glass for its better inspection.

oming out we met Miss Wier face to face; and I realizl, to my dismay, that I was strutting like a peacock.

Mother," I said, my face burning under my coquettish h, "this is Miss Wier. I've been dying to have you mt her."

How do you do, Miss Wier?" said mother graciously. "ve heard so much of you from Barbara. I wish you cld come down to the country and spend a night with us-sometime."

Thank you so much, Mrs. West," was the reply; "but I' leaving the city to-day. I'm delighted to have this glmpse of you, Barbara. I should hardly have known y, you look so—smart."

here was renunciation in her eyes. Before I knew it sl was gone.

hated my new finery now. I wanted to tear it all off and tlow it into the street, since it had come between me and r friend. I longed to convince her that it had wrought n change in me—that it never would. But presently a dbt arose in my breast. Hadn't it begun to affect me—jt a little bit?

ighing and perplexed I sat very still in my corner and wched the summer pedestrians moving along slowly uler the gayly striped awnings of the shops, until we tned into Forty-fourth Street, which purred with mots, each pausing for a moment to drop its quota of women igala attire at the restaurant door and then passing on. Ayed in cutaway, "dickey" and top hat, with a cane in o hand and a pair of castor gloves in the other, an occasnal male was to be glimpsed amid this female galaxy.

Such get-ups—or should I say gets-up?—I had heretofe supposed had no existence outside the imagination of woever wrote What the Man Will Wear in the theater pgrams.

One ape, with face merely vapid, bowed to mother; aother, with something in his expression that made me sink, lifted his hat as we passed; tn an old one, who was not ented to the privilege, since he did n greet her, looked me up and dwn with an odious leer that nde me crawl.

But once inside the portals I bgan to enjoy myself, as I always eoyed music, bustle, heat, hurry al noise when I was allowed to ban observer instead of having t take part in the show.

'Isn't this a spree?" I whisped. "I'm so afraid you won't hable to get a table, mother."

'The table was reserved yest day," she said, "by telephone. Tere's the head waiter now."

The person designated, after hving greeted her with the smilin cordiality that was evidently apropriate in a head waiter but vich would have caused a house svant to be discharged, ushered uto a tiny table for two just inse an open window, and darted o to other preoccupations.

'What will you have, Barbra?" asked mother, studying t menu.

"Nothing much," I answered. 't's so hot, isn't it? You order i There's Mrs. Aspinwall over tere with the stiff woman in yllow, and that horrid-looking gl—if she is a girl! Is she a girl, nther?"

Mother followed my eyes.

'Look how she's made up, nther," I went on, horrified—"ke a chorus girl! Her lips look a though they were bleeding! Ie never seen anything so disgting!"

At this moment the object of o inspection opened her little si bag, selected therefrom a minte mirror, deliberately exained her features therein, gave a w critical touches to her hair, pt the mirror back, closed the bg, picked up a fork, and began todrod the food about indifferelly on her plate.

That's Ruth Alvord," mother eplained. "You mustn't form shdash judgments, Barbara. Rth is a very intelligent girl. He mother is Mrs. Barton Winslo, a friend of mine. You'll get in trouble if you're not more ceful of what you say."

"What would you do," I asked curiously, "if I should begin to powder and rouge? to say nothing of behaving like that in a public restaurant!"

"You couldn't," was the reply. "You're not 'out.' She is. It would be very bad form in a girl who wasn't out. Ruth has been out two years. Of course she does make herself rather conspicuous; but she's all right at heart."

By which she meant not what she said, but that Miss Alvord was the daughter of Mrs. Barton Winslow and must be accepted, without question, as such.

At this moment the waiter who had taken our order came hurrying up.

"What are those little black things?" I asked suspiciously, watching mother, who, having laid a square of dry toast upon her plate, was now spreading it sparsely with something extracted from a dish surrounded with ice and garnished with small slivers of lemon. "Do I have to take any?"

"Sh!" she reprimanded, looking at me as one might look at some uninitiated relative from the country. "It's caviar—fresh caviar. Don't be childish, Barbara! Certainly, take some."

"It's rather good," I admitted; then, the waiter having once more left us, I asked half banteringly, half affectionately: "Are you ashamed of my ignorance, mother?"

"Not of your ignorance," she replied, "but of your complete unconsciousness that you are ignorant."

Glancing across the vista of tables just then I caught the eye of the Alvord girl. Seeing herself observed, even by another girl, she instantly drooped her shoulders, thrust her chin out in an attitude of studied boredom, flicked a speck from her gown with one long white finger, and let her mouth fall into disdainful curves. "She's not unconscious of anything she does," I reflected. "I wonder if that's the manner mother'd like me to acquire?"

"By George! You Can Paint! Why Didn't You Tell Me?"

Our luncheon over, mother barely glanced at the slip that was offered her, folded. Opening her gold purse she took out a bill and laid it beside the bit of paper on the salver. As it was swept away in the waiter's hand I saw the double X in the corner. I expected mountains of change, but when it came there were only three quarters and a two-dollar bill. Mother picked up the quarters and waved away the bill.

The waiter who pocketed it had a haggard face, seamed with illness or former want. My meeting with Miss Wier had started me thinking, and now this face suddenly loomed terrible to my eyes, typifying all the miseries of the poor. I dared not look at the man as I followed mother out. Somehow I felt that we had insulted him with our money—made him an accessory in our crime.

As mother threaded her way among the crowded tables, walking erect and bowing graciously here and there, I hung my head, unhappy and ashamed.

"Must we do more shopping?" I asked wearily while we were waiting for the car to come up. "Couldn't we go and hear some music somewhere?"

My spirit had trailed along the earth for so many hours that I felt an urgent need of something to lift it up; but mother negatived the suggestion. She had a "fitting" at three and an appointment to look at some Chinese rugs at four.

"I wish I could get into the woods," I said, when at last we were on our way home, "and sleep in my clothes, and have nothing to eat but what I cooked myself."

"The woods," replied mother, "would be extremely uncomfortable at this time of year, with the mosquitoes. You're much better off where you are."

"But I'm not there," I objected. "It's not living in the country to spend the day in town."

"It's what everybody does," said mother. "If you stayed on Long Island in the daytime you'd stay there alone—except on racing days, of course, and during polo week. But that's over."

"Let me stay alone sometimes," I begged. "I shouldn't mind it a bit. I can always find plenty to do."

"No," returned mother with decision. "I'm going to take you about with me. The season is half over. People will be leaving for Newport and Bar Harbor in another three weeks. You mustn't lose a single chance of being seen."

We went to town every day that week and the next. We lunched sometimes at one hotel, sometimes at another, and once we visited an Italian restaurant in an obscure street, which people were beginning to go to. At night we had dinners, formal and informal. At the former I appeared, dressed in my best, stood about until all the guests had assembled, and made my escape while cocktails were being served. At the latter I remained throughout the evening. Twice I dined out with other girls and boys. The first lot were of my own age and younger—comrades in the transition stage, whose awkwardness gave no indication of the stupendous changes, physical and mental, that were going on inside.

The dinner was a pompous affair, but the dancing that followed was good fun. The boys trod on my toes until I volunteered to teach them the steps, and then the evening was mine. How queer we should have looked to adults, had any adults been there to see! There were none, as all adults were at entertainments of their own. Some of us had shot out like telescopes; others had their heads growing between their shoulders. Some were fat, some lean; for even your Long Island cannot escape its awkward age.

The second assemblage to which I was introduced consisted of the butterflies of next year—the grubs of last. They foreshadowed that which was to be and gave no sign whatever of what had so recently been. The girls had acquired a knowledge of what was to constitute their stock in trade—from

(Continued on Page 94)

SPY STORIES

By Melville Davisson Post

SKETCHES BY W. D. I. ARNOL

LADY X, at the head of a department of volunteer relief work, was in Paris. It was her intention to go later into Holland. She would not be permitted to enter Belgium. But from Amsterdam she could obtain reports, at first hand, on conditions in Belgium. In Paris she put up at one of the great hotels on the Rue de Rivoli.

It was springtime. The horse-chestnuts in the Garden of the Louvre were beginning to come out. The promise of an awakened life was over France. And with it an awakened hope for the success of the great advance that everyone expected the Allies to make. The secret of this drive the War Department was taking every precaution to preserve and Germany striving by every device to discover.

In her passage through the hotel Lady X was accustomed to see an aged Frenchwoman, of the peasant class, engaged in scrubbing the floor. The peasant seemed to be a miserable, perpetually saddened creature. She had a habit of looking wistfully after the elegant Englishwoman. But Paris was full of saddened and miserable persons; an individual among them would not greatly impress the visitor. Lady X thought nothing about the matter.

On the morning before she set out from Paris on her journey to Amsterdam this old peasant woman came timidly into her room. She said that her son was a prisoner of the Germans in a detention camp in Belgium. She wished to send him a little money. She gave Lady X the address of a person in Amsterdam who would see that the money got through the lines to her son in the detention camp. Then she produced three five-franc pieces and begged Lady X to turn them over to the person in Amsterdam.

The woman was old and wretchedly poor; in that state of unmoved despair which seems common to the peasants who have lost everything. One event in the interview profoundly impressed Lady X: The old woman kissed the three five-franc pieces.

"They will carry also," she murmured, "a mother's love to the son in the German prison."

Lady X was moved by the sacrifice that the three five-franc pieces evidently meant to the aged scrubwoman, whose pay could have been only a few sous, and who must have denied herself everything in order to assemble this trifling sum of money. The Englishwoman promised to deliver the money, and the old peasant went out.

The Message of the Coins

WHEN Lady X arrived at Amsterdam she took the money to the address the peasant woman had given her—a tiny shop in a poor quarter of the city. And the incident was closed, except as material for a pathetic page in Lady X's memoirs when, later, she should write out her recollections of the Great German Invasion.

We may depend upon it that Lady X will not minimize, in the narrative of her memoirs, her important services to the Allied armies. But it is certain that she will never realize how tremendous a part she actually played. She, in fact, carried to the enemy's headquarters in Belgium precisely the information that the whole Secret Service of France was taking every possible human precaution to conceal!

The three five-franc pieces contained the most ingenious secret cipher that was ever devised by anybody.

One of these coins bore the name of the sector toward which the great Allied advance of June the second would be directed; the second coin contained the number of divisions that would be assembled for this drive; and the third carried the date upon which the Allies had determined.

Figure III

Figure IV

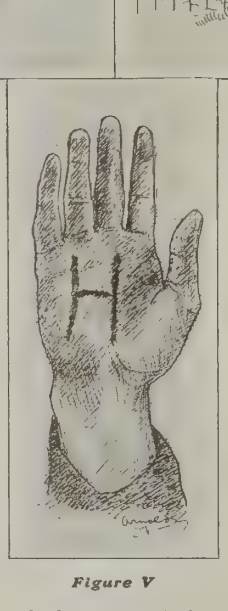


Figure V

Figure I ex- plains the composition of this cipher. It consists in dividing the reverse side of the five-franc piece into twenty-six equal divisions, radiating like spokes of a wheel, from the center to the circumference. Each of these divisions stands for a letter of the alphabet, beginning with A at the top and encircling the numerals like the face. In order to spell out a word on a coin thus laid off it is necessary only to make a slight scratch or indentation within the division covered by the letter one desires to use. The position of the letter in the word is indicated by its relative distance from the center of the coin.

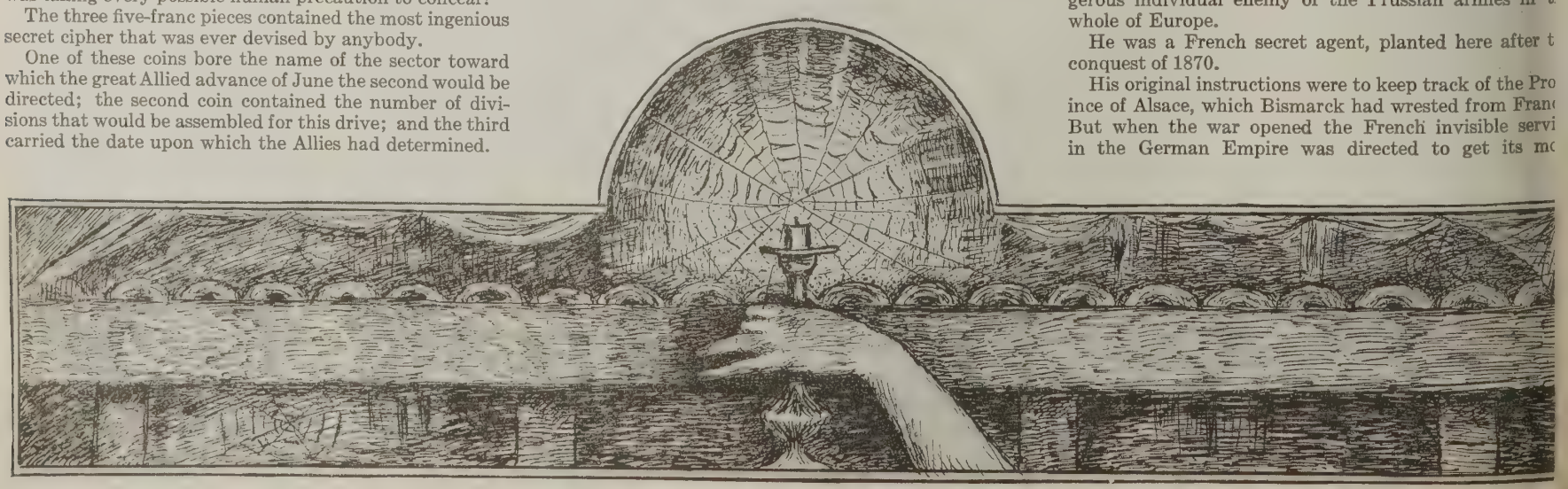
Thus, a letter beginning the word to be used is nearer than any other to the center of the coin. The succeeding letter will be a little farther out from the center in its division—and so on; the final letter being the farthest out toward the circumference of the coin.

It will be seen at once that a safer or more difficult cipher could hardly be devised.

No one would imagine that the scratches or indentations on a silver coin which had been in circulation could constitute a definite cipher. They appear to have no order. Unless one had the key to the cipher, one would hardly consider them for an instant. And yet when the coin is laid off in equal divisions, each representing a letter—A at the top, in the position of 12 on the clock face—the cipher becomes at once so simple that anybody could use it.

Figure II shows the five-franc piece which bore the word "Somme"—that is to say, the sector toward which the drive was to be directed.

This extraordinary device discloses the extreme cleverness of the German spies in France.



The French authorities were, this time, taking every precauti against leaks.

No one, unless a person of unque tioned standing and integrity, cou leave France in any direction wit out being subjected to the minute scrutiny. It is said that clothi and baggage were taken away fro persons wishing to go out of t country at that time, and duplicat furnished by the authorities, in ord to prevent anything being carri out concealed among person effects.

But even with this rigid surve lance it was the custom of t authorities to return to everyo so searched his money and jewelr Consequently, it will be notice this device circumvented the mo rigid precaution of the French polic Besides, it was extraordinarily sa Nobody could be shot for a s because he carried in his pock French coins scratched or indented in no apparent order, by the wear of commercial usage.

But ingenuity is not alone with the German authoriti on the Wilhelmstrasse.

The French secret agents, especially in the provinc adjoining Alsace, have been of inestimable advantage the Allied armies. In spite of the closest German milita supervision, they have easily been able to send importa military secrets through Switzerland into France.

One of the mediums used is extremely curious.

The Old Nationalist's Secret

BEE culture is an important industry in certain parts Switzerland. Chamonix honey is famous all over E rope. A great deal of attention is given to the bee in th part of the world. Little magazines or pamphlets devot to this industry are published at various places. They co out at certain periods and have a wide circulation, like t reports issued by various industries, or those sometim sent out by our Government.

For a very long time, at a village in the province of Bad adjoining the Swiss border and near Alsace, one of the little pamphlets has been issued. The publisher is an c man, apparently devoting his life to the study of bee cu ture. Every now and then he gets out a little bulleti which goes everywhere over Switzerland and the neig boring provinces.

This bulletin has always the same conventional cove a straw hive from which a number of bees are wingi upward into the open. The picture is old and formal. has been used a great number of years, and it nev changes.

The great war seemed distant from this isolated villa in Baden.

Life there continued as before. The old naturali issued his bulletin from time to time, as he had been accu tomed to do for thirty years. The military authoriti considered the thing harmless and paid no attention it. What injury could an old, apparently half-senile b student do to the great German Empire with his drea pamphlet? In fact, the man was perhaps the most da gerous individual enemy of the Prussian armies in t whole of Europe.

He was a French secret agent, planted here after t conquest of 1870.

His original instructions were to keep track of the Pro ince of Alsace, which Bismarck had wrested from Franc But when the war opened the French invisible servi in the German Empire was directed to get its mo

nportant information to this man. he Secret Service did not know by hat means its advices would be nt into France.

No one knew the secret of the eehive except the aged naturalist nd a certain division of the French Var Office, in Paris.

It was this man who informed the rench authorities that the great erman drive, after the failure at the Marne, would be directed against erdun. The information was conveyed on the cover of his bee pamphlet under the very eyes of the erman Intelligence Authorities in aden.

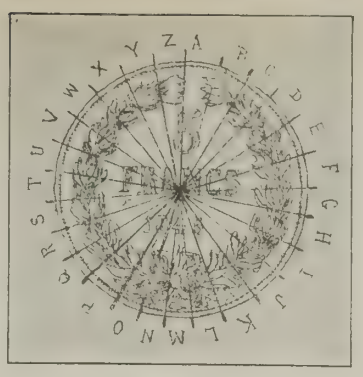


Figure I

The conventional picture of the hive and the winging ees on the cover of the pamphlet was a formal cipher.

In order to read it one has only to consider a few simple hings: Divide the cover into twenty-six equal parts by arallel vertical lines running from the top to the bottom f the page. The spaces within these vertical lines each represent a letter of the alphabet, beginning on the left with A. he second thing to remember is that the little bees coming p from the hive are not all perfectly formed. One is to ake into consideration only the bees that have four wings ppearing in the picture. All the others are to be ignored. ach of the bees having four definitely formed wings represents a letter.

After laying off the cover in the manner explained above, ne moves a ruler from the top of the page downward, oting that the bee having four wings which first appears epresents the first letter of the word in the message. And y continuing the ruler downward, keeping it always parllel with the top of the page, the second bee, representing he second letter, will appear—and so on until finally the nessage is spelled out.

Figure III shows this conventional cover as it was accusomed to appear on the pamphlet. Figure IV shows it as a ipher spelling out the word "Verdun."

This cover had been used for so great a time that everyody was familiar with it and no longer gave it any attenion. A slight rearrangement in the position of the bees, nd the tiny detail of the four perfect wings of the bee to ave significance in the cipher, were not sufficient to indiate—to persons familiar with the cover—that any change ad taken place in it. But they were sufficient to advise he French armies that the German Crown Prince would make his supreme assault in the sector of Verdun.

The Feats of Two American Dare-Devils

THIS is a very old cipher idea. The writer's attention has been called to this cipher used with a water sketch of the sea, in which the forms of flying gulls were indicative. This form was translated precisely like the bee cipher. But this latter device lacks the confusion that comes into the cipher with the unformed bees. One might understand the cipher which the gulls would indicate and at the same time find it impossible to read the bee cipher unless he should discover that only a certain type of bee was indicative.

In the active prosecution of the war one hears of the most extraordinary and daring adventures—adventures surpassing those imagined by the novelist and that move us with a thrill of which mere fiction is wholly incapable. Perhaps no spy story of the war equals the experience of a young girl from one of the fashionable colonies in New England.

Miss Z was under twenty. She was a perfect type of the athletic American young girl of the period. She had the daring love of adventure and the physical prowess that go to make the young girl of these colonies an equal of the boy. The death of the father left her and her brother a large fortune. They had gone everywhere about the world, but for the most part their lives had been spent in a French château, in one of the districts now in possession of the German invaders.

Figure II

When the war came on the brother entered the aviation service in France, and the sister presently joined him. With wealth, influence and the charm of youth one can accomplish almost anything. The young woman was able to establish herself in a primary hospital near the Front.

But this position did not satisfy her love of adventure.

What she would have liked was a position in the Aviation Corps—a thing entirely out of the question. However, fatality, that world force which seems to take a sinister pleasure in setting every human calculation at naught, provided her with an adventure beyond anything she could have imagined.

One evening her brother came to her to say that an advancing German column had occupied the château which they owned in the invaded sector, and was storing it with war munitions for some planned advance. She said:

"Let's burn it."

It did not occur to him how this determination could be carried out. Whereupon the girl boldly proposed that he should take her across the border in his aëroplane, alight in the meadow behind the château, and put her down. Disguised as a scullery maid she would get into the château and set it on fire. Then, an hour before daylight, he could take her up at the same point in the meadow, about a mile southwest of the château toward the French lines.

The country was perfectly familiar to the pair of foolhardy youngsters, and they were able definitely to locate the point of descent.

They saw only two difficulties: They must have a night of low fog and a permit from the French authorities for the American to go up with an observer. The young man, who stood high with the authorities, got the permit.

On the first night of low fog they undertook the thing.

The American had taken a friend into his confidence. This friend, who was to be the observer, gave his place in the machine at the last moment to the girl, who, dressed for the part, in the fog was not identified by the French inspector. Of course the French authorities would not have permitted any such mad adventure if they had been aware of it. But they were deceived about it and the thing was undertaken.

The two youngsters made the landing safely inside the German lines.

The girl removed the disguise by which she had gotten past the French inspector and concealed it under a hedge. She had now the appearance of a French scullery maid, and as such she actually got into the château and succeeded in setting it on fire.

The Germans quartered in the château put the fire out and set about to discover how it originated. They learned that the scullery maid had gone down into the wine cellar in order to get some bottles of champagne for the officers on duty. The fire had caught from the candle.

It is a rule of German investigation that no accidents shall happen.

They brought the girl into the drawing-room of the château before what we should call a drumhead court-martial, composed of the officers who happened to be in the château at the time. They asked the girl how the fire happened. She said that she had gone into the wine cellar with a candle; that the champagne called for was of an old vintage and in a remote, little-used portion of the cellar; that the beams of the cellar at this point were low and strung with cobwebs; and that when she stood up on tiptoe to reach the bins the flame of the candle had ignited the tinderlike cobwebs.

The officers hearing the story were uncertain. If she was telling the truth she ought to be transported and held. If her story was a lie, and she had intentionally set fire to the château, she ought to be shot.

The command at this point was under the young Prince von B., a Hungarian officer brought up with the Austrian reserves. He came into the room where the summary court-martial sat. He stood for some time behind the officers, looking on. Then he went out.

Presently he came back with a cobweb in his hand.

"This story is a lie," he said; "a cobweb is not inflammable."

And he held the cobweb in the flame of one of the candles. It merely shriveled, like an asbestos thread. Then he broke up the sitting of the drumhead court-martial.

"I will take charge of this thing," he said.

The officers understood him perfectly. German prestige had suffered from reports of the death penalty inflicted in such cases. The prince had determined to take charge of this matter himself, and to see that the fewest persons possible should have any knowledge of the disposition of the prisoner.

This conviction was established when he dismissed the officers and ordered them to put at his disposal three men from his personal guard, with rifles and trench tools. These men were soldiers of the regiment, coming directly from the family of the prince; in fact, servants of his household.

When the drawing-room was empty and the doors closed, he spoke to the girl.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I have saved you from detention. Explain to me now how you expected to return into the French lines, and I will see you on the way."

A Ghastly Situation

HE SPOKE earnestly, looking at the girl across the table. Nobody but a woman would have believed him. But the girl did believe him, and asked him to return her to the meadow southwest of the château toward the French lines.

The prince went to the door of the drawing-room, opened it and gave some orders. Immediately three Austrian soldiers, under arms, entered the room. The officer put on his cap and greatcoat, and the five persons left the château. The girl walked between two of the soldiers; the third followed; and the Prince von B. led the way.

They went southwest along the road, for perhaps a mile, until they reached the meadow the girl had indicated. She was now profoundly disturbed. Not only had she delivered herself to death at the hands of this firing squad but she had also delivered up her brother to them. She would be shot, and afterward they would wait here to shoot him down when he endeavored to alight according to their arrangement.

It was now long past midnight. The fog was growing thinner.

The Austrian soldiers entered the meadow. The officer ordered the soldiers to stop; then he advanced a few paces farther with the girl. She was now certain that he intended to direct her execution. But, instead of giving any order to his firing squad, he spoke in a low voice to her.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you are not French. You are an American. I have seen you with your brother at

(Concluded on Page 106)

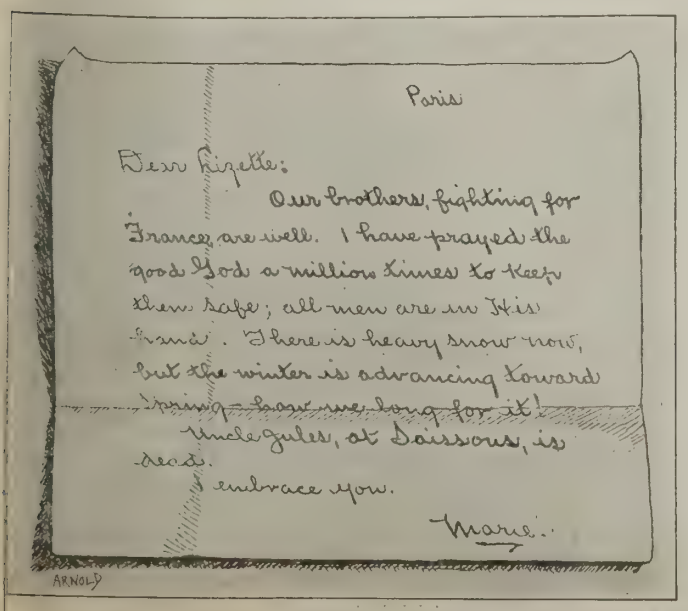


Figure VI

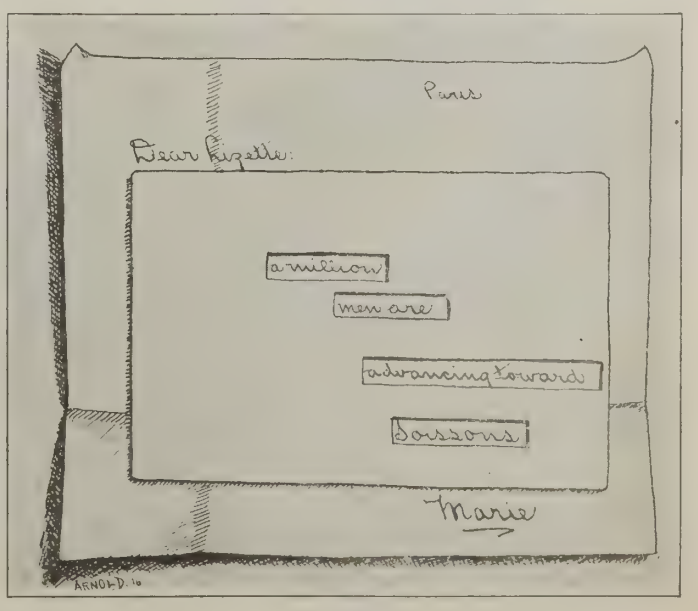
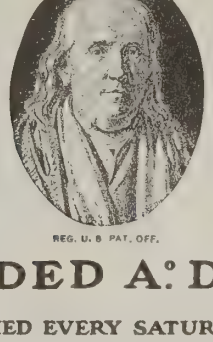


Figure VII

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 10, 1917

Submarines and Peace

THE greatest warriors of a hundred years ago were only a little better equipped than Alexander and Cæsar. Napoleon could throw a cannon ball a few hundred yards, and lost Waterloo because he was ignorant of the movements of big bodies of troops a few miles away. Nelson spent weary months chasing the French fleet without being able to locate it, and once passed it in the night at little more than modern gun range. The new weapons are so many conclusive reasons for limiting warfare by concerted action of the nations.

When privateering reached such a stage that any nation, by employing it, could demoralize the world's commerce, the nations got together and suppressed it by agreement because it was intolerable that any nation should, at will, turn such a pest loose upon the ocean. Unrestricted submarine warfare is privateering raised to new power. In the hands of any nation it can make the sea dangerous for all nations. With such further development as seems probable, it may, in a few years, be capable of virtually closing the sea to world trade.

It is intolerable that any nation should possess such an instrument and the unrestricted power to use it at will; for that would imply that any nation might pretty nearly foreclose sea trade.

The submarine cannot be merely suppressed, as the privateer was, for it has too great possibilities of usefulness. There must be a still more powerful international compact to restrict it.

Within a few years, no doubt, air craft will follow the Deutschland across the Atlantic, and any nation may possess an air fleet capable of raining destruction upon its neighbors. Exploits of the Zeppelins show that a nation at war, and answerable to nothing except its own will, may be expected to alter the rules as it pleases, and to use any weapon as it sees fit.

There must be a surer restraint than a nation's own will—a power above the will of any nation which is capable of enforcing the combined will of all nations. The new means of destruction and the certainty that science will produce still others are so many conclusive reasons for a league of nations to restrict war.

The Case of Belgium

TO THOSE victims of the war who had the highest claim upon our sympathy we have given a fraction of one per cent of what we have made out of the war. In calling the splendid organization that has fed millions of Belgians "American" we have been taking credit under false pretenses, for practically all the credit is due to a few individual Americans, and practically none at all to the country.

That the "American Commission" has had to depend almost wholly on foreign money is now becoming very well understood abroad, and the credit that was once given us is turning into reproach.

Certainly this is not because the situation of Belgium is not well understood in this country. It is not because the American people are less generous than any other people. It is because they simply have not reacted to the Belgian case. It has not got through to their emotions.

Probably the explanation lies in our insular habit of mind. It is difficult for Americans to feel any intimate interest in a situation on the other side of the Atlantic. A disaster in San Francisco or Baltimore readily strikes into their imaginations; but one in Brussels stirs only the surface.

Those whose emotions are warmly engaged with Belgium can find circumstantial evidence of this in their own far cooler feelings about helpless war victims in Poland. Mostly they do not react to the tragedy there.

War Taxes

IN THE fiscal year 1862 the net ordinary revenue of the Government amounted to fifty-two million dollars. Four years later Civil War taxes had raised it to five hundred and twenty million dollars—a tenfold increase.

Before the Civil War the United States Government was a notably inexpensive affair, almost its whole cost being met by moderate import duties. Civil War brought the internal revenue taxes, a stiff income tax and a sweeping increase in import duties. Only the income tax was abolished; and ten years after the army was disbanded expenses of the Government were nearly six times what they had been before the war.

To meet the cost of the Spanish-American War additional internal revenue taxes were levied, yielding over a hundred million dollars' increase in revenue. This raised the Government's receipts above five hundred million dollars; and they never again dropped below that mark. Indeed, a few years after peace was restored they crossed six hundred millions, and but a few years after that reached seven hundred millions.

In fine, war brings a great increase in government expenses, a large part of which is permanent. Broadly speaking, government expenses move only in one direction—upward. In little over a year we have had two "emergency" increases in taxation, doubled income tax, inheritance tax, excess-profits tax, and so on. The emergency will pass, but probably the taxes will not.

Yet, this winter, a proposal that would probably have saved thirty million dollars in the cost of operating the executive departments—by simply introducing adequate bookkeeping and cutting out duplications—was defeated in the Senate. Congress' callous indifference to economy in the present situation is especially irritating.

Censorship

UNFORTUNATELY newspapers cannot be completely trusted in the matter of printing news. Though infallible in respect to the conduct of all other human enterprises, they are liable to error in conducting their own business. In a situation where bad judgment or bad faith on their part might cause extraordinary public harm, it is necessary for the government to hold a hand over them.

Some sort of press censorship is as inevitable a feature of modern warfare as the aëroplane is. What sort of censorship it was, if this country were at war, would depend a good deal upon the newspapers themselves.

They responded to the shock of the rupture with Germany in admirable fashion—affording a very encouraging contrast to nineteen years ago, when all that some of them could see in a war with Spain was a fine chance to sell sensational extras. But actual war would be a severer test. Newspapers whose staple occupation is inflaming public opinion could hardly be expected to resist the temptation when opinion rose to a highly inflammable temperature.

Actual war would, no doubt, bring some sort of public control over the dissemination of news. That control ought to be just sufficiently rigorous to accomplish the ends in view. If a nod would do it, only a nod should be used. If it required a club, a club should be used; for in a country at war there can be no freedom for the press, or for anything else that interferes with the paramount object of prosecuting the war most efficiently.

As the chief danger is that news will react injuriously on the military situation, it has been the rule to put military men in charge of the censorship; but, as military men tend to look at everything from a strictly professional point of view, they make poor censors. If the United States should come to a censorship, a capable newspaper man ought to be put in charge of it, with military advisers.

Preparation

THE position of the United States after the break with Germany required immediate consideration of plans for raising an army. That position, in spite of every permissible effort to avoid it, was at the edge of the world war. We should by that time have clearly comprehended one fact about that war—namely, that all prophesying about it was vain. From the moment it began we had been hearing that this or that operation or cause would quickly bring it to an end; peace was always a few months off. Yet, in fact, the war had steadily increased in extent and violence.

The familiar prophecies were sounding even more loudly than ever at the beginning of February. England would be starved into submission in three months; or Germany was at the end of her resources and must collapse by midsummer.

It would have been as fatuous to rely upon these predictions then as it had been to rely upon similar predictions in the past.

The prophets might be right this time; but they had not been right before.

The intelligent course would be to say that the war might go on indefinitely; that its scope might be still wider, its violence still greater; and to make preparation accordingly.

That, for the United States, would involve raising a considerable army as quickly as possible after war was declared.

The machinery to that end was lacking. The Government should set about devising it—perfecting plans whereby the young men who were best able to serve in that capacity, and the most serviceable, would be picked out and put to training.

After looking at that war for thirty months we ought to have a clear and sober realization of what it might require of any nation which got into it.

Popular Loans

WHEN Jay Cooke was selling United States bonds direct to the people, during the Civil War, a great point was made of getting the obligations of the Government as widely distributed as possible, and into the hands of small investors. Cooke placed over a billion dollars of government bonds; but in a comparatively few years after the war almost all the outstanding bonds were in the hands of banks and large investors.

To finance the Spanish-American War the Government offered for public subscription two hundred million dollars of three per cent bonds, giving preference to small subscribers. There were two hundred and thirty thousand subscriptions for five hundred dollars or less, and the total subscriptions amounted to a billion four hundred million dollars. This was considered a great success, but, as the bonds immediately went to a premium over what the preferred small subscribers had paid, a great majority of the latter promptly sold out in order to get the quick profit, and within a few months nearly all the bonds were in the hands of the banks and a comparatively few large investors.

It was calculated at the time that if the Government had thrown the bonds open to unrestricted competitive bidding, without giving a preference to small subscribers, it would have realized five million dollars more for the issue; and probably many of the small subscribers were merely agents acting for bond houses, and the like.

No doubt a great many small investors would buy a four per cent government bond, with the intention of holding it; but it is doubtful if a bond bearing a lower rate would find permanent lodgment to any considerable extent in the hands of individuals of modest means.

A Few Sound Spots Left

THE speaker said sadly that the United States had become so softened by downy living, so addicted to extravagance, so infatuated with luxury, that the old fiber was nearly all eaten out of it, and there was hardly any fighting spirit left.

The audience evidently agreed with this view. As the women slipped costly furs over their shoulders and filed out to waiting limousines, and the men incidentally considered where a few hardy American citizens could get a bite of supper at twenty dollars a plate, they talked about the degeneracy of their country, and how far it had sunk in sensual sloth. Their minds were oppressed by the thought of millions of farmers, draymen, machinists and brakemen, on the other side of the Hudson, who were presumably at that moment drinking vintage wine and uproariously applauding cabaret shows; and of countless women who rose at four A. M. in order to get the family washing started before breakfast, and put on their diamonds and went to bridge parties as soon as they had washed the supper dishes and attended to the milk.

For two years hardly a champagne cork has popped east of the Alleghanies but it has been attended by a sigh over the appalling effeminacy of the Teamsters' Union and the Amalgamated Association of Freight Handlers. Luxury has engulfed the country; but above the flood, like Noah on Ararat, we see bands of stern and impervious patriots who never think of mere creature comforts—having carefully provided themselves with a butler, a housekeeper, a valet, a lady's maid, two footmen, four parlor maids, six chambermaids, a cook, two second cooks and three chauffeurs to think of those base subjects for them.

The only sure way to escape being enervated by luxury in the United States, it seems, is to spend a hundred thousand dollars a year.

OUR ARMY OVERSEAS

What the Americans Now Fighting With the Allies Could Teach Us of Modern Warfare—By Will Irwin

A BRITISH staff officer, home on leave, was discussing with me, last autumn, the training of the New Army. To prove a certain point, he pulled down from the shelf of his library a treatise on tactics, which was a textbook at Sandringham before the war. When he had read the reference he slid it back on the shelves and smiled a restrained British smile.

"I've a number of seventeenth-century books on military affairs," he said. "I'm a collector, you know. I'm going to put this with them—it's a museum piece. Nearly everything published on the subject before 1915 is in that class!"

At about the same time a Canadian officer, who came over with the First Expeditionary Force, remarked:

"When we got to France we thought we were more or less finished. As a matter of fact, we had to unlearn almost everything we learned in our home preparation. We've brought our system of training up to date now; and it is basically different from what it was in the autumn of 1914."

The art and science of warfare have changed since the beginning of this war. Devices hitherto unknown have been introduced; devices believed obsolete for two centuries have been revived, improved and set to new uses. Surprise, the best card in the pack of such old-time generals as Napoleon, Von Moltke or Garibaldi, has almost been counted out of the game. No two successive great wars of the past have been so different in method as the Boer War of 1899 and the General European War of 1914–17.

Of this new warfare the officers of our army know comparatively little in theory and nothing whatever in practice. Not one of them, from the highest bureau chief to the latest graduate of West Point, has ever fired a gun at an aëroplane; has ever used a trench mortar; has ever done his part in that gigantic coördination of artillery known as curtain fire. Probably not one ever directed, even in practice, a grenade attack. Except for our military observers in Europe, who get, like the war correspondents, occasional glimpses of action, none has ever witnessed these tactics of the new warfare. And such instances comprise only some of the broad lines.

Men Who Can Teach Modern Methods

THERE are a thousand finer points worked out since the war began; every time you talk over military affairs with a British, French or Italian officer you get from him a bewilderment of details, all new, all hitherto unpracticed by any army under the Stars and Stripes.

As I write this, we seem to be on the verge of war; that question may be settled before these lines reach print in

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Screen Above is Part of the Scenery to Conceal the Gun From Aviators

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Almost our first act will be the creation and training of a real army. To that task we bring singularly small experience; it is like establishing an engineering school with professors and instructors who know only theoretical mathematics. Doubtless we should "muddle through," Anglo-Saxon fashion, with the help of our American common sense and inventiveness. But it would take time.

However, perhaps we do not need to muddle through. We have the professors, trained or in training, to teach the new warfare, if only we have the common sense to perceive the fact, and the diplomacy and breadth of mind to seize opportunity. The men who can teach us—a whole army corps of them—are now in training on the European battlefields.

Lord Northcliffe, who knows as much about this war as almost any man, has just registered his guess that about fifty thousand American citizens, all natives, are serving now under the flags of the Allies. When Northcliffe, last summer, estimated that there were thirty thousand Americans in the New British Army alone, I was inclined to doubt him. I saw more of the New Army afterward and came to believe his figures accurate. Absolute proof is impossible, because many of these men are officially concealing their nationality, though they admit it privately. Sixteen thousand—I have this figure from a reliable source—are fighting with the Canadians. The rest are scattered through the various "Imperial" forces. I found some of them even among the Australians and in the navy.

The French Army is said to have used from ten thousand to fifteen thousand American citizens in the war. This estimate includes not only our men in the Foreign Legion and our aviators in the American flying squadrilla, but our star ambulance corps and our volunteer physicians, who have made themselves expert military surgeons. As I shall show later, the ambulance men have their direct military uses for us; and the need for trained military surgeons, as distinguished from civil surgeons, is obvious.

The Taking of Gorizia

GOING farther eastward, we reach a curious and puzzling situation. Most people will be surprised to know that the American influence in this war is strongest at the Italian Front. Officers in charge of Italian mobilization told me last year that the Italian Army contains at least two hundred thousand men who have worked in America. After two or three weeks with the Italian Army I fully believed him; never, not even among the High Alps, did I hail a company but I was answered in English, and must needs talk with from one to twenty soldiers about what one little Italian, from Chicago, called "his other home."

The Italian military engineering will be a marvel of warfare when the whole story can be told; and the actual work has been largely done by men who learned expert digging in our mines, our railroad-construction camps, our great reclamation works. The network of Alpine roads by which, even in the dead of winter, one mounts to pinnacles inaccessible before the war, save to daring Alpinists, were blasted out by men who learned their blasting in Pennsylvania coal fields. The famous tunnel-and-gallery, by means of which the Italians took Gorizia, was driven mostly by miners from our West.

Also, some at least of the direction is American. An engineer who had to do with planning this work, and who is responsible for the almost equally famous operation of

PHOTOS. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

One of the Mobile Anti-Air-Craft Guns That are Playing Havoc With German Aviators

A Section of the American Ambulance at Luncheon at the Verdun Front

A Nieuport—One of the Little Machines Which Do the Fighting

Curtain Fire—Big Guns at the Rear Doing Their Part

PHOTOS. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

"Camouflage"—A Screen to Conceal a Road

blowing the top off the Col de Lana, is a graduate of Cornell and has his office in San Francisco.

Now perhaps I do not let the eagle scream too loudly when I say that Americans tend to be good masters of men. Moreover, the boys who have gone over to fight for the Allies are generally of high intellectual and moral quality. Some of them, it is true, are merely adventurers, the kind of men who must get into a fight wherever it offers. Most of them, however, are boys of education and ideals, who fight for the Allies because they believe in human liberty, because they have felt the call of their blood, or because they wish to repay the loan of Lafayette. As a consequence, many of them have gone up into the corps of officers.

Promotion, it happens, is freest for Americans in the British Army. It is almost impossible to distinguish the Americans in khaki, by manner and speech, from their Canadian comrades. I had the experience of seeing a British officer regularly for a week before learning that he was a citizen of the United States. For they get their commissions usually on the fiction that they are Canadians by birth, and they hesitate to admit that they have told an excusable lie and enlisted under transparently false pretenses. Both parties to the transaction understand this.

From Old Kentucky, Canada

I have a friend who went to England, early in the war, seeking a commission. He had a fairly good military education, and men of this kind were in demand just after the battle of Ypres, when Britain was trying to plug the military gap in any way she could. His case was investigated to make sure that he meant business. When the government satisfied itself he appeared before a functionary of the War Office to get his papers.

"British subject?" he was asked.

"Yes," lied the American.

"In what part of the empire were you born?" asked the Briton.

"Canada," replied the American, as he had been told to do.

"What province?"

Now this was unfair and unexpected. The American, though strong on gunnery and tactics, was weak on geography. He had never even heard that Canada was divided into provinces. He was born, as a matter of fact, in the Blue Grass country; and so, more by instinct than by reason, he faltered:

"Kentucky!"

"Ah, yes—Kentucky!" replied the Briton.

And so it stands to this day on the enlistment papers of a certain highly efficient officer in the Royal Artillery.

So, because the game is played under cover, it is impossible for any man to get a complete list of the American officers in the British Army. I can, however, set down a few instances in my personal acquaintance as an example of what these men might teach our new army. To prevent embarrassment to them, I shall mention no names.

A young actor of the purest American stock enlisted as a private in an English regiment. His efficiency and soldierly qualities attracted the attention of Lord Kitchener. Since he had a good general education, he was given a commission at once. This regiment was sent to the trying Ypres salient. Here his abilities raised him within a few months to the rank of captain. He won decoration and further promotion by one of those heroic deeds that would have been themes for ballads in old wars, but which scarcely draw a newspaper paragraph in this war—they have grown so common. He found his company cut off in an advanced position. His orders, given before shellfire cut the telephone, were to hold on. By nightfall the company was out of water and almost out of ammunition. He sent volunteers into No Man's Land by night to bring in the canteens and bandoleers of cartridges from the dead—and held out for thirty-two hours longer, until a new attack by the British relieved him.

All this time he fooled the Germans as to the size of his force by putting helmets on the parapet and propping up the dead. At the end he had only a dozen unwounded men. So he became a major. He was wounded at the Somme last November; and, had this happened some six hours later, he would have gone back to the hospital a lieutenant colonel, for his superior in command was killed in the same action. He has recovered and is back at the Front. In the normal course of events this American, before the war is six months older, may be colonel of a celebrated British county regiment, comprising ten or fifteen battalions of twelve hundred men each. Indeed, the rank of brigadier general is not beyond his reach.

The Saving of Verdun

This man, like most other officers trained in the great war, is not only an all-round soldier but a specialist. He is an expert on the use of grenades in attack. Few officers in our army have even seen a modern grenade. The grenade and the machine gun have almost supplanted rifle fire in trench fighting, and this most important weapon has a technic all its own. No one now on American soil could be such an instructor for a new army as this American major in the Blankshire Regiment of His Majesty's Expeditionary Force.

I know of two other American majors still surviving in the British Army. Doubtless they, too, have specialties; and, even if they are only all-round practitioners of modern warfare, they can teach us things of which we never dreamed. There is also a lieutenant colonel, in charge of motor transport. What happens behind an army is often as vitally important as what happens at the Front. The motor car arrived since the last general war; its uses to the commissary and supply department are all new. It was motor transport, superbly handled, that saved Verdun. I have heard that the French used eighteen thousand motor-trucks when that action was at its hottest; and, having seen the hinterland of that battle, having watched the trucks flash by, hour after hour, twenty seconds apart, I can well believe this. If accounts be true we had difficulty in handling less than a hundred trucks in our invasion of Northern Mexico.

A certain American, whose business reaches both sides of the water, has a highly intelligent and promising son, who got most

(Continued on Page 113)

PHOTOS. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

A Group of American Aviators at the French Front

These Men are Measuring Air Currents Preparatory to Firing a Thirteen-Inch Gun

Sustaining nourishment—

The invigorating meat juices of selected beef combined with the nutritious properties of choice vegetables and hardy cereals—that is what you get in this appetizing Vegetable Soup.

Here you have a nourishing, tempting, perfectly balanced food. It comes to you a finished product, completely cooked and seasoned; prepared as daintily and carefully as it could be done in your own kitchen.

And it is all ready for your table in three minutes—

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

You could not produce a better soup at home. You would find it more than difficult to produce its equal—and a good deal more expensive.

We include the best Maine-grown white potatoes, the best Jersey "sweets," tender Chantenay carrots, fine large rutabagas from Canada, "baby" lima beans, early peas, choice okra, celery, cabbage and tomatoes, and the favorite "Country Gentleman" corn—juicy and sweet.

We blend these in a rich beef stock, together with rice, barley and "alphabet" macaroni. And we flavor the combination temptingly with fresh herbs, delicate little leek—grown on our own farms, and a snappy touch of sweet red peppers.

No other food is so consistently effective in body-building and nerve-building as good soup eaten every day. This is the verdict of the foremost dietetic authorities. And all experience proves it.

Nourishing food is the foundation not only of firm flesh and muscle, but of the active energy and nerve-force which mean efficiency in everything you do; the efficiency which your men folks need in their business; which your boys and girls need at their studies and their play; which *you* need in order to be at your best. This is one of the vital problems of your home.

Your grocer will supply you with these wholesome Campbell "kinds" by the dozen or the case, if you wish. And this is the economical way to buy.

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THIS WAY OUT—By Frank Condon

IN ONE of his numerous statements to the reporters Old Schopenhauer, the German sunbeam, makes the following remarks about one of our best-known sexes:

"A man reaches the maturity of his reasoning powers and mental faculties hardly before the age of twenty-eight; a woman, at eighteen. And then, too, in some women it is only reason of a sort—very niggard in its dimensions. That is why women remain children their whole life long; never seeing anything but what is quite close to them, cleaving to the present moment, taking appearances for reality and preferring trifles to matters of first importance."

There you are, with the referee counting ten on the ladies and the crowd going home! Maybe this official opinion settles the question and maybe it doesn't. Personally I agree with the gentleman. Whether you do or not depends largely upon whether or not you are living at home in the bosom of your family, in which case you go out into the kitchen and talk to the gas meter whenever Schopenhauer is discussed. I'm a bachelor, and I can go round agreeing with such sentiments and not lose any epidermis.

True, the sage never got to be what you could call wildly popular with women, and the modern advanced female who reads him is likely to have nosebleed toward page ninety, where he steps on the pedal and tells exactly what he thinks about the sex.

But you can bet this year's coal that Old Man Schope spoke a lot of words that never went through his hat; and every time I think of Irma Canfield and her mother I feel anew that the philosopher was wholly there and carried a large line of the goods.

I don't want to spread abroad the impression that I'm always for Schope, because I have my friends among the wrong sex, and I value them. They're all right, no matter what they do; and that's no narrow statement, because they're always doing something extraordinary that would get them examined by a specialist, if they were men.

This brings me down to the time when the Canfields breezed back from Europe, before the big trouble began across the sea. Irma and her mother returned, dragging Jim Canfield behind them, just as they had lugged him over.

When they started they had to pry him off the Canfield Ranch by main force and with words and music, because Jim certainly hated to go abroad and learn something polite and cultured; and they had to drag him back because his vitality was gone.

This was all before Jake Davis and I worked for the Porter Outfit and I was Jim Canfield's right-hand man. Jake was his left-hand man, being naturally left-handed about everything in life. And when Jim went away, with a tear in his eye, he left the property in our care. It was the old Canfield Ranch, just north of Phœnix, Arizona, and for a time thereafter Jake and I led a care-free existence.

During the long absence of the Canfields, one of the citizens who distinctly did not receive post cards from Europe saying "This is our room: wish you were here" was Aleck Colby, a friend of mine and Jake's, and more than a friend to Irma—that is, Aleck and Irma were sort of aiming at each other, and had been for years.

The Canfield Ranch ends just this side of the main irrigation ditch, north of Phœnix, and Aleck Colby's property begins on the other side, both being valuable lands and covered with alfalfa, cucumbers, dates and other prosperous vegetables. Aleck and Irma used to ride in to school together before Central Avenue was paved, and Aleck stood mighty well with Jim Canfield, as he did with all the boys. Aleck was and is a regular guy, and nobody knew it better than Irma.

Then along came one of these lovers' quarrels, and the long-standing affair blew up with a loud bang. Aleck no longer drove up the road in his red automobile. Irma dismissed him, and for a while he pretended to like it and took up with some sweet-faced girls from town; but later on he turned silent, and I knew that he was about as happy as a man who has just had the doctor tell him to fix up his will.

From the day of that quarrel Irma was a changed girl; and her mother was a changed girl, too, though probably not on Aleck's account. Anyhow, the two of them began reaching out for higher things; and when two female members of your family begin that, it is just as well if you start walking across the desert, without food or water. Jim Canfield worried—and why wouldn't he?

Mrs. Canfield subscribed to art publications and Eastern magazines showing you pictures of society ladies at Newport watching the tennis matches, with their feet crossed so that you couldn't be under any misapprehension about the kind of hosiery they were wearing in the "bong-tong" circles. Irma began to study French and expression—whatever that is—and her mother started reducing exercises up under the eaves, which made no change whatever in either the eaves or mother. The final crash was the trip to Europe, into which calamity Jim Canfield was dragged headlong, giving off loud squeals of protest.

So they packed up and left us; and after that nothing much happened until one day Aleck stopped me on the road in front of the Power Station.

"They're back!" he said.

"The folks?" I asked in surprise.

"The same," Aleck went on. "They got into New York to-day on the Pretoria."

"You call that getting back? There's a lot of long loose miles between New York and Central Avenue."

"They'll be here soon," he continued, looking more cheerful than I'd seen him in weeks; "and you'd better begin making this ranch shine. I've heard some news, and I think you'll find things are going to be run on a different plan in future. Her father writes me that Irma has changed a whole lot since she went away."

"She could change a whole lot and still be a fine girl," I agreed. "What are the changes to be?"

"Couldn't say," he remarked—"except that you can't go to Europe and come back the same as when you went away. Europe leaves a mark on you."

"Not on me, it don't. I've got some marks; but Europe never made any of them. I'll be glad to see the folks."

"I'll be, too," Aleck said, smiling sort of ruefully; and I hoped then and there that Irma hadn't contracted any foolish notions over on the other side. I've heard of such things.

In a week Jake and I began to observe signs and portents, and Jake was seriously disturbed. First, there came a wild-eyed man from Phœnix, who rambled through our peaceful ranch, taking measurements with a yellow ruler and looking into closets, which seemed none of his business. He informed us he was going to redecorate the place; and he did, ruthlessly and without regard for the human emotions.

It was a comfortable, homy ranch before this deluded gent started in; but when he finished it looked like the Ohio Building at the World's Fair. All it lacked inside was a blue-uniformed person to take your tickets and a place to check children.

Next, there appeared a landscape gardener; and he scaped energetically round the place until it all looked unfamiliar and repulsive to the normal eye. He was followed by a maniac who owned an art-and-burnt-leather store, and who had received telegraph orders to leap in and smear up the house with modern art wherever he saw raw spots; which he did, with that hearty enthusiasm which marks the mentally unbalanced.

Jake and I stood by helplessly and surveyed these ancestral changes with disapproval; and we knew in our hearts that if Jim Canfield had been there he would have agreed with us. Women were at work again; and, as Schopenhauer says, you can't hold them responsible under the law, Nature having fitted up the outside of their heads most admirably, but the inside not so well. In the midst of our woes Aleck Colby suddenly went away, leaving us flat.

"He's going to Chicago," Jake informed me with a pleased grin; "and he ain't going just for the fun of riding on a train. Who knows but what he'll patch things up with Irma?"

"Once she had a lot of sense," I agreed; "and if she ever regains her normal mind I'd like to see Aleck and her start housekeeping. But you can't tell what Europe has done to her. She might want to marry one of those titles."

"Aleck had a title once," Jake said reflectively. "He was the lightweight champion of his college."

II

THE next alarming thing that happened was a telegram from Jim Canfield. I'd had telegrams from him before and some of them were surprising; but this one knocked us cold:

"I am forwarding one French chef. Meet him at the station. J. K. CANFIELD."

That was the wire in plain English, and yet I knew that Jim Canfield wasn't sending us one French chef. Any chef, French or otherwise, bound for the Canfield Ranch, was starting his journey over Jim's unconscious form; and I knew it. Once more I observed the gentle activities of the two ladies in their pursuit of higher things, because we didn't need a French chef round that ranch any more than a mackerel needs sideburns.

"Whatever do we want one for, and what is it?" Jake asked me querulously, reading the telegram over my shoulder. "Looks like the boss has gone clean off his bean. What do you do with it when it comes?"

"Well, you can't play it on the phonograph," I told the ignorant booby. "A chef is a cook with a college education, who wears a paper hat and can disguise food by pouring things on it. The boss had as much to do with this chef thing as he did with the last Chinese rebellion."

"Seems queer Jim'd send such a thing," Jake murmured.

"Since the female section of the Canfield family began aiming at the higher life, there's no telling where they'll stop. Most likely the next thing will be an incense burner with gargoyles on it, or a sacred fountain full of Psyches."

"Keeping all this new stuff in mind," said Jake, "it don't look to me like Aleck's patched anything up with Irma."

I thought the same way; and from then on Jake and I lingered round, waiting for the French chef in vain, not knowing precisely what we would do with him when he arrived. Meantime Aleck Colby returned from Chicago; and when I saw him I knew he hadn't smoothed things out with Irma. He was bluer than a bluefish. All he would say was that the family was in Chicago and well, and would be home soon.

"Did you by any chance run across a French chef?" I asked.

"Chef?" he said.

"They're sending us one by fast freight, and we're to take care of him till they get here."

"That's funny!" said Aleck. "A French chef!"

"It may not be so funny as you think. There are people on this ranch who may un-chef that French chef as soon as he lands."

Aleck apparently hadn't heard; but he appeared interested in the new culinary arrangement, and from then on our doleful neighbor spent most of his time on our ranch, feeling most likely that he'd have to go away for good when Irma got home.

Jake and I infested the railroad station in Tempe until the authorities regarded us with suspicion; but finally we were rewarded, if you care to put it that way. It was a beautiful warm, sunny morning, exactly suited to meeting French chefs; and long before the Eastern express stopped we knew there was some kind of unusual activity on board, because we could hear it.

Ordinarily the ten o'clock train from the East comes in as peaceful as a nun, gives the engine some water and goes onward into the West. But not this morning. From where we stood it sounded as though somebody was taking Paris. Vigorous yells oozed out through the open windows and shattered the clear calm; and the minute the train stopped a brakeman leaped off, hanging on to something at which he pulled, dragged and clawed.

Following him was another brakeman, and he was hanging on to the other end, which he was pushing, shoving and ejecting; so, between them, they were getting something off the train, and the something was our new French chef, as per Jim's wire.

I knew that the little man between the annoyed brakemen was our long-awaited chef, because he was speaking fluently in a foreign language. He was howling like a wolf. He was also kicking, scratching, gouging, smiting, bruising, pelting, prodding and walloping the infuriated brakemen; and at the same time he was addressing them in a series of shrill, piercing yowls. The brakemen held him off like you would hold a wild cat that has just gone insane on your hands.

"There's our new chef!" I said to Jake looking on with admiration. "Whatever do you suppose he's been doing?"

"I dunno," Jake answered; "but it looks as if he'd exasperated a large, capitalized corporation."

The battle raged on. We approached the captors and their quarry, and announced that we were from the Canfield Ranch, and that they were probably holding our new chef.

"He's yours, is he?" snorted one of the officials; and there was a distinct lack of courtesy in his tones. "Thank heaven, he's somebody's!"

"He ain't ours by choice," I said defensively; "but the boss shipped him and I suppose we've got to take him. What's he been doing to your railroad train?"

"Can't you see?" denounced the other brakeman, keeping our chef from his purpose of removing the official's eye with his thumb. "And right now he's comparatively peaceful. This ain't anything, compared to what we've been through."

"You must have had a good trip," Jake interposed. "What ails the little man?"

"He's just about ruined the railroading business round here for months to come," replied the conductor, who had come up with reënforcements. "Go on and take him, if he belongs to you; and the farther you take him the more all right it'll be with me. This trip pretty near cost me my job."

Jake and I accepted him gingerly, the same as you would take hold of an extra-hot comet; and then we learned some of the disgraceful details, the brakemen being relieved and willing to talk.

It seems the little Frenchman was an amorous party who imagined you got on board an American railroad train and immediately flirted with lady passengers. He had followed this theory with painful results, the ladies objecting unanimously. A couple of traveling husbands had offered to throw him quietly off the back end of the train, where he could hit on the flying rocks and be killed without annoying anybody and the Pullman conductor had wired for permission to do something drastic.

Seven irate women, young and old, had informed the railroad company that they would bring suit, and that it was an outrage and a disgrace; and, as nobody on the train could talk enough French to get the chef to quit waylaying females in the vestibules, the trip was one constant uproar, with somebody always contemplating on committing bodily assault upon our new hashslinger.

"I'm telling no lie when I say we've had all we want of him," said the conductor, waving his hand to the engineer. "If he's yours, you keep him; and don't let him go riding on trains, because his next trip is liable to be his last."

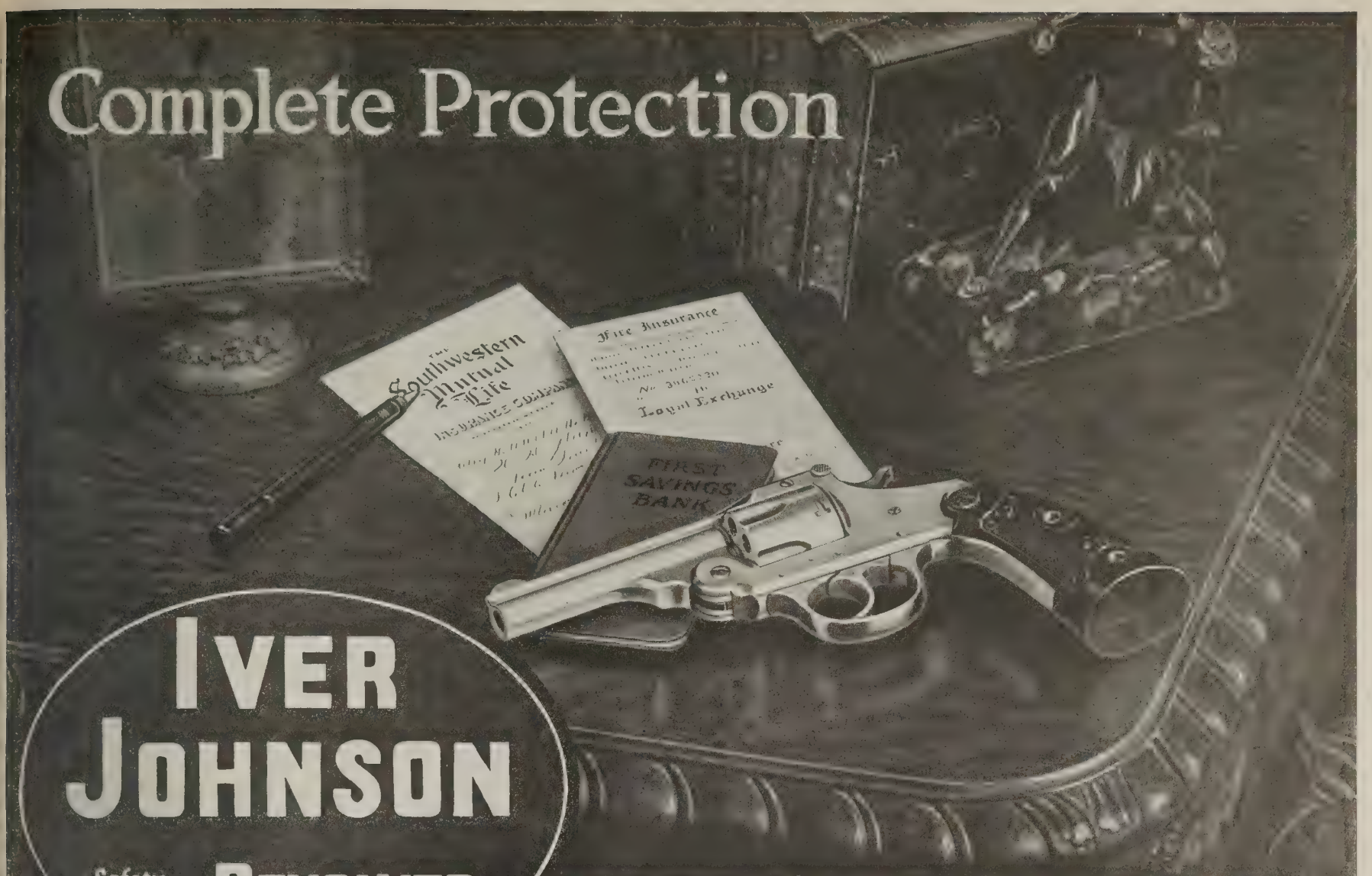
That's the way our acquaintance began; and when the express pulled out the passengers leaned from the windows and grinned at us as though we were on the wrong end of some joke we hadn't yet found out about.

The first thing that happened was a fight. Before Jake knew what was occurring, the Frenchman climbed up one side of him and down the other; and I will admit at this point that Frenchmen are quick and nervous in their movements. Jake was surprised and lost quite some skin before he could defend himself. After that he hit the chef twice, and we carried the body over and laid it in the bottom of the ranch automobile.

He was small, as I said, and he wore a blue suit and yellow spats and patent-leather shoes. He had no hat on, owing to his manner of leaving trains; but on his head was a wisp of yellow French hair, and he looked the least little bit like a sand chuck-walla. He was thin and scrawny and wrinkled; and why he should think he'd be strong with the ladies is another one of the enigmas we find in life.

(Continued on Page 33)

Complete Protection



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There isn't a streak of yellow in me. I've never been called a coward in all my life. I just didn't give it a thought. I've been so busy with—

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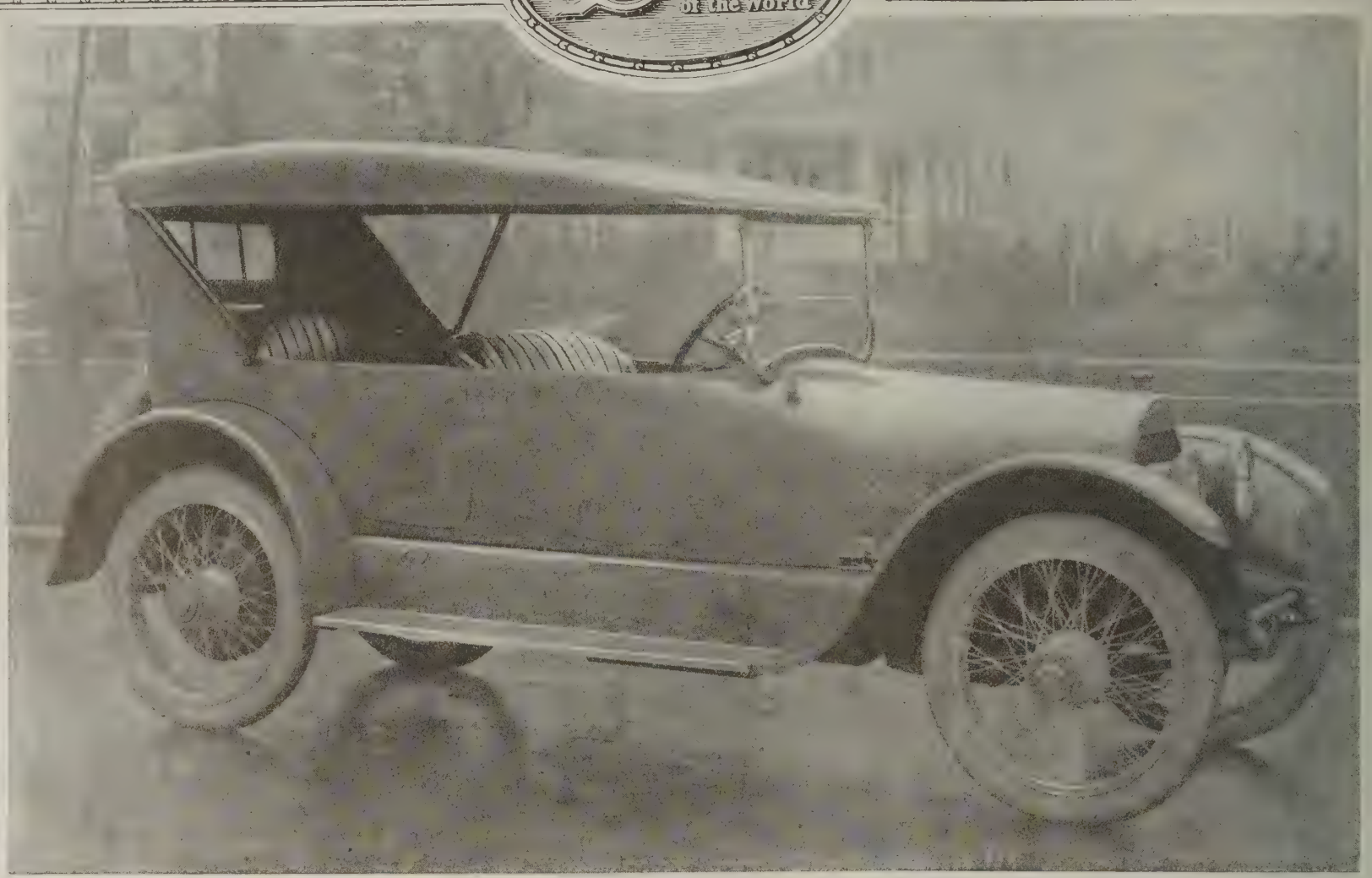

The Cadillac's Newest Creation

MANY motorists have evinced a preference for the style of car which has come to be designated as the "Sport" type. But they have not been disposed to content themselves with a mechanism deficient in those qualities which make for real snap and zest in motoring.

In the new Cadillac four-passenger Phaeton there is combined, a car of low sides, inclined windshield, speedy lines and a chassis of surpassing mechanical excellence.

In striking contrast with the usual car of comparable body type, it affords the acme of luxurious riding qualities, lending itself admirably to the requirements of the small family.

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If there isn't a Wilson-Ashland dealer near you—send $10.00 and we will ship the instrument subject to examination by Express—balance C. O. D. Or send $35.00 with order. We will include two high-class standard records and needles for all makes of disc records FREE with each order for machine. *Mail coupon NOW!*

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S. E. P.

(Continued from Page 30)

"For a chef," Jake said, breathing hard and trying to stick some loose skin back in place, "this sucker starts off good, don't he? Maybe you have to tame these things before they chef right."

"I don't know much about them," I admitted—"especially foreign ones who can't talk our language. I'd know exactly what to do with a Mexican or a Chink, but not a Frenchman."

"I'll know what to do with him if he comes my way again," Jake added resentfully; "and right after I get through doing it the Old Man won't have no chef. What do you suppose made the boss start anything like this?"

"His wife and daughter. Do you believe Jim Canfield, a sane and sober ranchman, is going round collecting chefs? Not a chance! He did what his womenfolks wanted, same as with the decorations. Jim'll probably show up wearing a red vest and a high hat."

Well, we drove the French fireless cooker out home, stopping several times on the way to settle some odd problems that arose. The chef came out of his state of coma toward the first ditch, climbed over the side when we weren't looking and started across the surface of the wide brown world on the run.

Jake chased him half a mile and brought him back full of yells and French exclamations. I should say that you can curse freely in French if everything the little man said was cursing; and it all sounded so. He wept like a girl who has lost her first engagement ring. He shrieked and clamored, and tore at his own hair and then at Jake's. He raised his hands to heaven and invoked things on me and Jake that would have ruined us had they come true. Then he ended up unexpectedly by kicking Jake, and Jake had to tend to him again.

In his altercations with the railroad system, Poison, which was his name with us from the start, had lost part of his wearing apparel, and before we reached the Canfield Ranch he had lost some more; so it wasn't much of a home-coming for the new chef.

"Now," said Jake, "where'll we put him?"

"They usually keep a cook in a private boudoir over the kitchen," I said, which Jake already knew.

"Yeah; but this is no regular cook," he retorted. "And, furthermore, we've got to watch him; otherwise he'll escape. He ain't exactly pleased with his surroundings."

"If he wants to escape we can't stop him."

"We can, and we will!" said Jake with determination. "The boss told us to keep him, and we're going to do it if it kills him."

"Which most likely it'll do," I said ruefully, looking over to the hitching post, where we had tied up Poison during deliberations about his future.

We finally decided that the only secure place for a wild-eyed and incoherent chef was the bunkhouse, where we could lace him up at night and sort of keep an eye on him; and accordingly we rammed him into Joe King's old bunk and threatened to shoot him if he moved out without permission. To make this plain we had to show him what we meant by shooting, since he couldn't understand regular words. I showed him; and this part of his Western experience scared the gizzard out of him, though he was never in any real danger.

"We'll probably have him thoroughly broke by the time the family gets home," I said to Jake. "I can see he ain't used to the wild free life of the desert, and we can save the boss a lot of trouble."

So we did that. We'd let Poison escape, and then run him down on ponies, lassoing him without regard for wounds and contusions. We'd shoot the air round him full of noisy bullets, and every so often Jake and I would turn in and lam the daylights out of him.

It was bully exercise for us at that, but sort of wearing on Poison, who began to take on a haunted look after the first few days. He fought back good and plenty; and don't think taming him was a one-sided job. It wasn't. The way he fought and ramped round the place, and yowled, was simply amazing; and when he suddenly decided to do something to you, you didn't know a thing about it till somebody asked you was the bone broken.

"Why don't you settle down and be peaceful, you little spotted toad?" Jake demanded of him often; and then Poison would open his mouth wide and pour words on us.

I've often thought it would be interesting to know what he was talking about, because he always illustrated his remarks with motions, leaps, hops, waving of arms, sudden bounces and jabs; always finally ending up with a violent assault upon either Jake or me, whichever was nearest.

As I said, we kept in good physical trim, just working out daily with the chef; and he began to wear a battered look long before he gave in and said "uncle."

Eventually we tamed him. He lost his fire, and it became safe to walk near him. We put him to cooking and made him clean the bunkhouse, sweep out, chop firewood, haul water and do all the loose chores round the place; so that he was tolerably busy. Meantime the Canfields lingered on in Chicago; and Aleck Colby spent his time on our ranch, watching Poison and making suggestions for his education.

The chef afforded Aleck genuine amusement; and that's what Aleck needed, because he was a sad fish those days, left to himself. He used to come and sit on our fence and watch Jake teaching Poison his lessons; and every little while Aleck would laugh heartily.

III

THEN came more news from Chicago. The family was starting for home very soon; and Irma wrote me, as foreman of the property, to prepare for events. Here's the very note:

"We shall be along in a few days, and I trust everything on the ranch is in good order. Some of my friends may precede us; and I wish you to treat them with cordiality, in case any of them arrive before we do. The Count de la Tour is among those I expect. He is a stranger and must be treated with extra courtesy. He is coming with letters of introduction to the family from the Prince Borizzi, whom we met in Paris. As I said, be very nice to the count, because none of us has yet met him and he will judge us by our hospitality. Give him the best the ranch affords and make him comfortable until we get there."

"Get that?" I said to Jake. "She's been meeting princes and such; and, when you think of it, why would a count come over with letters to the family? Maybe he's heard Jim Canfield ain't a pauper—hey?"

"Looks like this family made a specialty of Frenchmen," Jake answered.

"All this means no good news for poor old Aleck," I remarked. "You can see what has happened to Aleck. Irma comes back with her head full of foreign nonsense. Hence, this tidal wave of foreigners."

"And," said Jake firmly, "I'm getting so I've sort of lost my taste for Frenchmen."

Answering the stern call of duty, we once more began spending our time down at the railroad station, always taking care to lock up the madhouse chef before leaving the ranch.

The count arrived at last, and we recognized symptoms of his coming slightly ahead of his actual arrival. He was occupying the last coach on the train; and he was not occupying it in any casual or offhand manner, either. Again the distant roar of battle surged across the quiet desert, and the sand turtles looked up in surprise.

The train stopped and gave off a relieved sigh; and at the same moment a suitcase came through a rear window, bringing part of the frame with it and sprinkling glass on the right of way. After that we heard more sounds of scuffling, the impact of fists; and it all began to look like the regular conventional arrival of another Frenchman in Tempe. Jake opened his mouth and stared at the back platform, where a tangled group was emerging, one emerge after another.

"Do them suckers always arrive fighting?" Jake inquired admiringly.

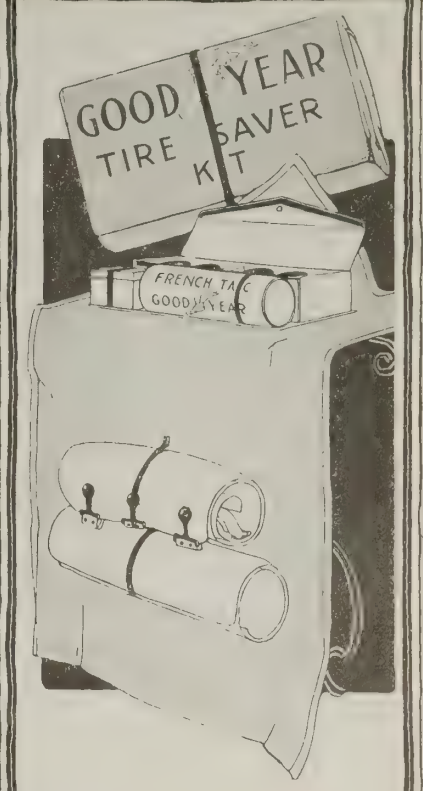
"Seems nothing less than that," I admitted; and just then the hard-working train hands succeeded in ejecting the Count de la Tour.

He came off en masse, as it were, with railroad officials clinging to him like bees to a hive. I counted five angry porters, brakemen and others, all engaged in hurling a large, fat, hairy individual off their transportation system.

When they all stood up and wiped off the cinders of battle, I saw that the count was a husky person, largely concealed behind whiskers, and that he had a reddish complexion and a white hat with a feather in it. He carried a cane and was trying to commit murder with it, but the crowd was too large.

"He looks worse to me than Poison," Jake announced.

"Another lady-killer," I remarked, looking at the whiskered Gaul; and that's



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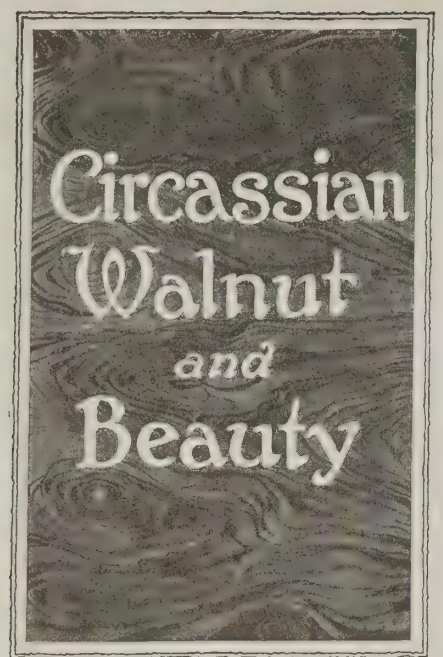

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where that name "gall" comes from, too, meaning a mistaken gent who imagines the opposite sex is all excited about him.

Four bitterly annoyed railroaders let go of the count's right leg and surrounded him, while he combed clinkers out of his whiskers and cursed the American nation.

"Well," Jake said critically, "I'll say one thing for these Frenchmen: They hate a quiet morning. You suppose they all act that way, once they get onto a train?"

"I don't know," I answered; "but if we've got to go and gun this here count into submission, then the time has arrived when I quit my job. Jim Canfield hired me for a ranch hand and not a lion tamer."

The railroad company halted the proceedings long enough to ask us indignantly were we expecting the hairy one; and we replied that we were guilty.

"And don't you call him names," I cautioned. "He's a count."

"Didn't we bring you one Frenchman the other day?" demanded a bruised brakeman. "And wasn't we having the same trouble with him?"

"You did and you was," Jake agreed; "but we ain't responsible. We can't help ourselves."

"Just when my wounds were healing up from that other nut, along comes this one!" remarked another official; and then Jake and I assumed full charge of the count.

We learned that he had suffered during the trip from the same delusions as the chef, and that the lady passengers had been bothered considerably.

We calmed him by telling him we were from the Canfield Ranch and were qualified to take him in tow and overwhelm him with that hospitality for which the West is justly famed. Jake explained this by using words from the English language, shouting them into the count's right ear and, when he failed to understand, repeating the process in louder tones. It is Jake's fixed idea that anybody will savvy English if you holler it loud enough at him.

The minute we removed the count from the railroad and the smell of raw locomotives he calmed down at once; and I concluded that there must be something hostile between Frenchmen and rolling stock. He was as nice and quiet a guy as you'd want to meet, and the opposite of the fighting fool we kept chained to a leg of the bunkhouse bed. Of course he couldn't speak English, and that was against him; but we were doing fairly well with the sign language by this time.

The count was pleased with everything, just as the chef had been annoyed with all things; which shows you the difference between high and low blood. We drove up to the ranch and unloaded the new guest, treating him as respectfully as we knew how, and asking him what would he have to drink.

We escorted him with pomp up to Jim Canfield's new private bedroom, which had been done over in the Cleopatra style by the demon decorator, and was now all riotous with art and things, so that I knew Jim would never dare take off his clothes with the light on. We staked the count to Jim's new and unsullied bed, hung in modest scarlet drapery, and told him he would find the bath towels in the lower drawer; after which we bowed ourselves out. The count seemed mildly astonished by the lavishness of the decorations and the profuseness of our hospitality; in fact, he seemed a trifle stunned, though we put this down to his being a stranger.

When he began to understand that Jake and I were there solely to contribute to his personal comfort, he exuded words all over the place, using his hands and feet to express his gratitude.

We brought him some cigarettes and cigars and a fresh bottle of the boss' private stock gin, and told him to ask for whatever he wanted. Then we left him with a deck of cards and the phonograph, and went out to think up new amusements and recreations for a foreign count who is awaiting friends.

From the very beginning Whiskers got along with me and Jake, and gave us no trouble whatever. True, he tried to kiss Jake by way of thanking him for the oil heater we brought in, and he talked incessantly; but, so far as fighting or trouble was concerned, the count was a babe in arms—a suckling lambkin compared with the fire-eating Poison, who was still on the end of a chain after sundown.

We went into the bunkhouse, where the chef was cooking lunch, and ordered him to brew up a mess of waffles for Whiskers.

"And cook them right," Jake ordered, "because they're for a fellow citizen of yours."

Poison responded in his fluent manner, but apparently he didn't know about the arrival of Whiskers; and, as he was only the ranch cook, why should he know?

So there we were, with a couple of Frenchmen on our hands—one of them kept constantly at work so he wouldn't leap into trouble, and the other in Jim Canfield's best room, eating quantities of expensive food and keeping mildly stewed on gin fizzes. From the start the count showed an aptitude for gin fizzes; and we knew how to tend to that part of the hospitality, all right.

Day by day Aleck Colby came over to see how everything was getting along. Meantime the Canfield family dallied in Chicago.

IV

YOU would think that I'd had enough trouble by this time, but there was more heading my way; and prominent among the fresh news items was the fact that Marie Canfield suddenly returned from Yuma. Marie was a sort of left-handed relation and was generally regarded on the ranch as one of life's trials. She came, in the beginning, from a distant branch of Jim's family, and Jim had taken her in, despite his wife's annoyed protest. Marie was as wild as a Maine crow, and she had run away from two previous homes and once from Jim's, joining such things as movie companies and circuses.

We had all long decided that Marie ought to settle down before some ill luck reached out and got her; but she was twenty-one, very nice-looking and full of sudden impulses. So the chances of her settling were remote.

Marie helped out with the daily chores, and was a cross between a servant and a member of the family; and we were all hoping she would find some decent young fellow and marry him. During the first of our stormy days with the French inundation Marie was in Yuma; but she came back home.

I stopped my pony with a shock of surprise one afternoon, and looked upon two objects in the distance. Poison and Marie Canfield were out taking the air; and I learned, upon inquiry, that Marie hadn't been ten minutes upon the home reservation before Poison saw her and made for her with a glad cry.

There was a fine combination for you—a wild young girl who needed seven grown citizens to watch her, and our maniac chef; both of them having the combined common sense of a wild ostrich. I discussed this serious situation with Jake, because there was a permanent order on the ranch that no employee was to bestow attentions upon Marie. Our new chef was now breaking Jim's rule with éclat and abandon; and it would be hard to make him know what that rule was or to force obedience, in view of his conduct on board trains.

"I'll go and get him by the scruff of the neck," I said to Jake; "and after that he'll let Marie alone."

"Why so?" Jake demanded.

"Why so!" I sneered. "Do you think it's all right to leave those two hairpins to their own devices? They'll start something that nobody can finish; and then Jim Canfield will have the trouble of burying you and me."

"I don't think that way at all," Jake went on, pretending to reflect. "Haven't we all said that Marie ought to get married and settle down?"

"Sure we have; but you don't expect her to marry Poison, do you? That's the same kind of settling down as when you throw something into a geyser."

"What's the matter with Poison?"

"Not a thing in the world! Only he's a butterfly, flitting brightly from flower to flower. You might as well talk about marrying off a lightning bug."

"All right," Jake said obstinately; "but I'm thinking about it, and the more I think the better it sounds to me. As for his flitting, he flits the way we point."

That being settled in Jake's half-portion mind, he went right ahead with the details; because, once Jake sees a way out of anything, he goes ahead blind. Personally I was undecided. We waited for some time and observed the attitude of the prospective victims toward each other; and it seemed suitable for matrimony.

That didn't mean much, so far as Poison was concerned, because he had only one attitude toward those of the opposing sex.

(Continued on Page 37)

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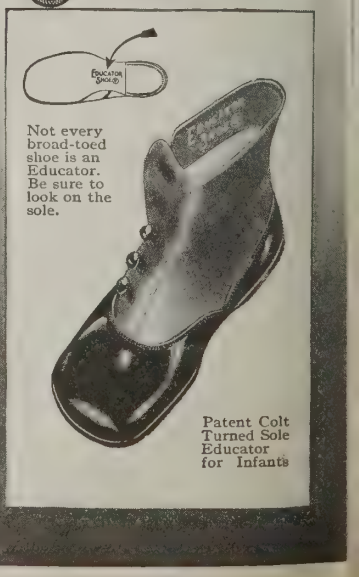

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ALEXANDER FOR FIFTY YEARS

(Continued from Page 34)

But Marie was plainly fond of the little man and his yellow hair, probably because she had never met anyone before who couldn't talk English and who went to work with spats on.

"The question is," Jake said to her by way of subtle introduction, "What are you going to do about our chef? We've got to be careful of him."

"We can handle our own affairs, smarty!" Marie told him. "You and Andy think you know everything; but you don't. I know something that would surprise you both."

"She'll marry him," Jake said to me later on. "Now let's go and have a long, earnest conversation with Poison."

We drove him into a corner behind the range and told him to hold still while we endowed him with words about his future. Did he desire to enter a state of wedlock? Would he consider marriage from a personal standpoint? Was he prepared to take on a wife and go ahead earning an honest living for her? In brief, would he marry Marie Canfield?

It took us thirty minutes to get this into his head; but when he understood that we were asking him to marry Marie Canfield he agreed, with both hands and feet.

"And," said Jake, "you can live right here on the ranch, with a steady job before you."

Aleck Colby showed up that morning and we told him the news.

"Fine!" Aleck said, grinning. "They're going to be married, eh? I don't suppose anyone would object if I started them off with a little stake. I've always liked Marie, and I'm glad she's getting married."

Aleck slipped me his idea of a little stake, which would open your eyes if I told you. When I talked with Marie and showed her the edge of the roll she gave in without a dissenting vote, and put the dough away in her hand bag.

"It's funny you take such an interest in his," she remarked; "and it's going to be funnier later on."

Meantime Whiskers spent his entire life in bed, deluging himself with luxuries and getting crumbs on Jim's new and artistic decorations. He had come to the conclusion that life in our wild free West means a state of constant repose in blue pyjamas, where you do nothing but eat somebody's food and remain moderately full of gin fizzes. If no more counts drink gin fizzes down the ages they will all have a fair average on what Whiskers did to Jim's visible supply.

We had set Saturday morning for the imposing ceremonials, and Jake went over to Phœnix on a minister hunt. He ran down a Reverend Joshua Ewing, who promised to show up on Saturday morning, bringing along his book and uniting materials. We invited a few select guests, consisting of all the ranch hands and some boys from the neighbors', and all was ready. On Friday night I got a wire from the boss saying that the family would be home Saturday.

"Maybe they'll blow in on time and witness this here wedding," Jake said with the pride of one who has finished a monumental work.

"No," I said; "Poison and bride will have to get that eleven o'clock Western train, so the folks won't be here for the last sad rites."

Early Saturday morning Jake and I drove over to Mesa on a hurry-up telephone call about one of our men who had busted into jail, expecting to return in time for the wedding; but on the journey home our machinery exploded and we stuck there on the hot desert for two hours, with Jake cursing me, while I swore at a man in Michigan. We knew we should miss the wedding we had cooked up with such pains, and it made us both boil, like our radiator.

When I finally unscrewed the right piece of machinery and threw it away, we started back and reached the ranch half an hour after the happy pair had departed to catch the honeymoon train in Tempe.

"Well," Jake said gloomily, getting out, "we might as well rush over to Tempe and see them off. You wait here a minute and we'll go, if you can start that perfect piece of mechanism."

He went on up to the house; and when he came back he was running and flushed, and you could hang a pair of horseshoes on his eyeballs.

"Say," he yowled as he came up, "do you know what we went and done? We made a mistake!"

"Who made a mistake?" I asked in surprise.

"You did, and so did I!" Jake panted. "We married off the wrong guy! This ain't no chef at all. He's the Count de la Tour!"

"Go on!" I said with forced calm.

"He's the Count de la Tour, stupid! The minister just told me. He got the name during the ceremony. When you come to think of it, that's the first time anybody bothered to ask Poison what his name really was. This'll about kill Irma!"

"You act a little as if it was killing you," I protested. "Get in the automobile and we'll go over to Tempe. Accidents will happen."

Jake climbed dazedly into our little tin lizard and we started for Tempe Station. Halfway over he grabbed my arm, filled

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with a sudden thought. "Then Whiskers is the chef!" he exploded. "Suffering saltpeter! And we've been feeding him waffles and gin without restraint! When Jim hears that a chef has been living in that new-art bed —— Murder! And Irma asked us to take good care of the count—and look what you've been doing to him! You all but killed that little guy."

"I did?" I retorted. "That's good—that is! I suppose you never laid a finger on him, you big brute! You keep on talking and I'll tell Irma what you did to him."

"I think," said Jake, "I'll get out here and go back and chase Whiskers off the ranch."

"You leave Whiskers alone!" I corrected. "Jim Canfield may want a little exercise."

When we reached the railroad station a jabbering crowd surrounded the newly married ones, and I gazed with fresh interest upon the Count de la Tour, formerly Poison. He had on a neat blue suit and fresh spats, and he showed no signs of wear. He grinned at me affably, clasping his bride's arm and pressing it, I noticed, near the end which held on to the hand bag containing Aleck's roll.

"Can't you see through all this?" I asked Jake. "This Count de la Tour came to Arizona to marry money. Somebody must have told him to go and bust into the Canfield family, and he did his best—only he's slipped his clutch into the wrong gear. This little turtle expected to marry Jim's daughter, and of course it may be a big disappointment to Irma, but I think not. That's why he married Marie without a quiver. He's got the Canfield girl and he thinks he's fixed for life."

"And he is too," Jake chuckled; "but not the way he figures!"

Meantime Marie pranced round her new husband and informed the bystanders that she was a countess, which she was, without any doubt in the world. The count grinned from ear to ear and kept consistently in the neighborhood of the dough.

Two trains came in, one of them bringing the Canfield family, the other being the one on which the Count and Countess de la Tour would begin their honeymoon. Jim Canfield came overboard first, with a whoop, and shook hands with his faithful henchmen; and then I saw Irma and Mrs. Canfield. The old lady was carrying a lorgnette, through which she stared at the populace. Marie rushed over and shook Jim by the hand.

"What is all this?" Jim asked, gazing at the crowd.

"I'm married!" Marie said proudly, dragging Poison to the front.

Jim looked at me with a question in his eye.

"Yeah; they're married, all right," I said lamely. "Marie's got herself hitched and settled at last. I thought you'd be sort of glad."

"Who is the little man?" Irma asked.

"That," said Jake, swallowing hard, "is the Count de la Tour."

"My husband!" added Marie with pride.

"Oh!" said Irma.

Her eyes opened a little wider, and then she began to laugh. Mrs. Canfield turned the trick lorgnette upon Poison and gave him both barrels. Jim Canfield grinned; and I knew it was no fake grin either.

"I thought," the boss said to Irma, "the count came out here with letters of introduction!"

"Maybe he did," Jake said; "but never saw no letters—did we, Andy? A how, it looks as though he came to Ariz to marry somebody named Canfield; that's what he done, though there ain't financial twist to it he thinks there is.'

"All right," Jim went on; "but wh become of that chef mother sent out?

"Chef!" Jake said blankly; and I denly thought of Whiskers, still curled in Jim's blankets, using Jim's gold sa razor and smelling of gin fizzes.

"Listen!" I said to the boss in a voice; and then I slipped him the new his hairy chef.

"What!" Jim shouted. "Mrs. C field," he went on, turning to his wife, terrible thing has happened to our ranc will go and tend to it."

We all started over to where the auto biles were waiting, with the boss ahead looking satisfied.

"This," he said to me in a low tone, the excuse I've needed. You stick by while I go and kill that guy! I never wan a chef anyhow."

Well, we piled into the machines and parted for the ranch; and at the same t the count and countess, still smiling, be their honeymoon.

When we reached home Jim went up stairs three at a time, and a minute l there was a large uproar in his private su I could hear him saying "You will, you?" and the howls of a whiskered pa whose life of ease had come to a sudden e

Five minutes later the chef came d ahead of Jim, wearing a pained expres and in a hurry to go somewhere. We tur him over to the Chinaman, with order put him on a railroad train bound for a where east of the Big Muddy.

Somehow or other, on that ride bac the ranch Aleck and Irma sat beside e other; and when I looked they were talk and laughing over the ludicrous affair, Irma said something about Poison t made Aleck roar.

A few nights later Jake and I were behind the barn, and the moon was shin so that we could see two figures not far Aleck and Irma were studying how world looks under moonshine, and t were as close together as you can get study Nature.

"That wasn't such a bad mistake a all!" Jake snickered, poor mutt that h "Do you suppose Aleck knew the little was the count all the time?"

"Did he?" I laughed; and for the f time I showed Jake a roll of green and low things, which Aleck had handed me good conduct and proper acts. "He what's coming to you," I went on; "tho you don't deserve it, seeing I did the w When you come right down to it, a mist is something that ain't intended; so business certainly wasn't a mistake. C on away and leave them two with t moon!"

Then I dragged Jake up to the house we counted our wealth—the sum of hor endeavor.

"What with those two females fool with chefs and counts, this ranch c near having trouble," I remarked. "Sc penhauer was certainly right when he that women have only about one-fourth much intelligence as men."

"Did he say that?" said Jake, looking from his new funds. "There's a guy like to meet!"

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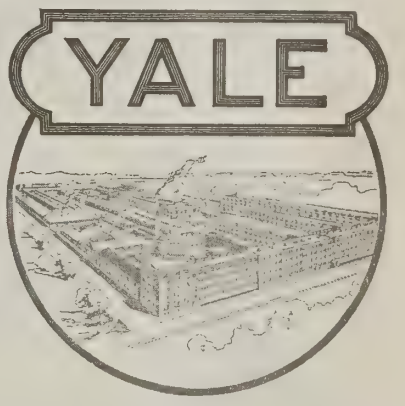

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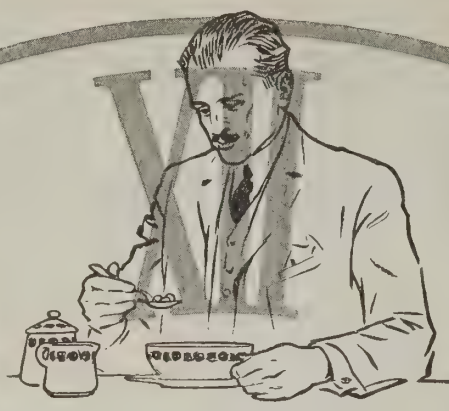


It's at Noon

Says the man. This whole-grain dainty doesn't tax the stomach. It doesn't interrupt one's brain work. Yet every atom feeds.

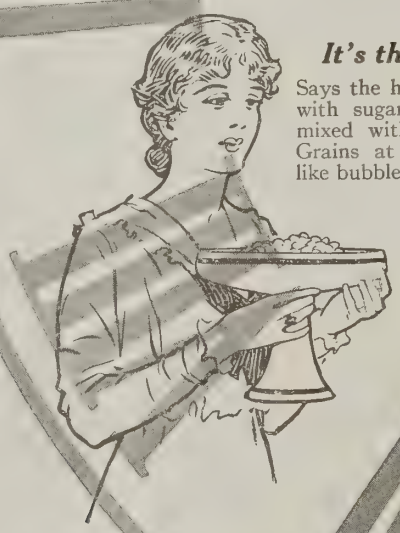
It's at Playtime

Says the boy. He carries Puffed Grains with him. For these thin, flimsy bubbles are delicious food confections.

It's at Candy Time

Says the girl. I use Puffed Rice in all my candy making. These tidbits taste like nut-meats, and they make the candy lighter.

The Puffed Wheat Hour

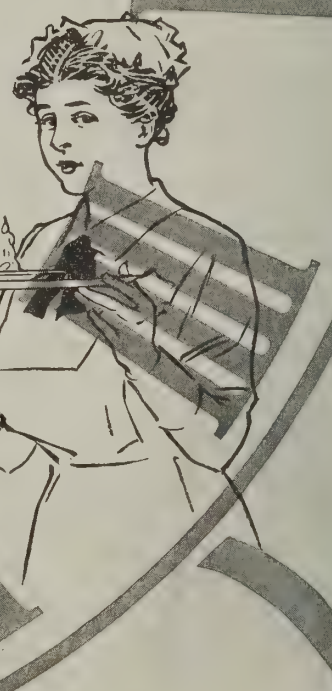


It's the Morning

Says the housewife. Serve with sugar and cream or mixed with fruit. Puffed Grains at breakfast taste like bubbled nuts.

It's at Bedtime

Says the child. Puffed Grains are airy, flaky, toasted, crisp. Nothing else is half so good, floated in bowls of milk.



It's at Dinner

Says the cook. I use Puffed Grains as a nut-like garnish for ice cream. And I serve these toasted, whole-grain wafers with my soups.

When Is It?

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, when first invented, were classed exclusively as breakfast foods. The morning dish, with cream and sugar, ended the Puffed Grain day.

Then people tried mixing the grains with fruit, and they found the blend delightful. Now a fruit dish without them seems incomplete—like a short-cake without crust.

But these are whole grains made wholly digestible. And people want whole-grain foods.

So they floated these bubbles in bowls of milk, and served them for luncheons and suppers as well as for breakfast. That brought a new delight. These crisp, airy grains—eight times normal size—made a perfect dairy dish.

Now thousands of busy men lunch on Puffed Grains. And with countless children this is the good-night dish.

The taste is like toasted nut-meats. So folks began using Puffed Grains like nuts. They used them in candy making, in frosted cake, as garnish for ice cream.

Now Puffed Grains are all-hour foods. They are unique in their food value. Their bubble-like form is enticing. And no sweetmeats or bonbons are any more inviting. Now whole-grain foods are being served, at every chance, in place of things less healthful. And millions of children now get their quota of whole wheat.

There are no other foods like Puffed Grains. No other way has ever been found to so fit a whole grain for digestion.

Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's process. The whole grains are sealed in guns. The guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

When the guns are shot, a steam explosion occurs inside every food cell. Every granule is blasted so digestion can act. And the grain is puffed to a thin-walled bubble, about as flimsy as a snowflake.

Thus every element in the whole grain is fitted for nutrition. And the grains are made so dainty that one never gets enough.

For variety's sake, keep three kinds on hand. And serve them whenever you can.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

THE MAN-KILLER

(Continued from Page 5)

"Splendid!" she said. "It's been the most peaceful hour yet! But —— Why, Bobby! What's the matter with you? Don't you like her?"

"Great!" said Whittier lugubriously. "We're getting along fine. But one of us ought to go back to kindergarten."

"You or she?"

"That's the deuce of it," said Whittier, biting his lip. "I can't find out."

For the remainder of the evening she was invisible, and on the following morning she had already breakfasted when Whittier appeared. He had no means of detaching her from the central coterie which later formed on the loggia, and he could deduce no plausible pretext for apologizing to her before an audience. Furthermore, he wasn't persuaded that she really required an apology. He didn't know whether he had vitally affronted her or whether the procedure was entirely in accordance with her intentions.

In other words, she had put him so swiftly on the defensive that he couldn't estimate her, even approximately. But, because an apology never operates as an insult, he lingered near her, externally diffident, secretly distraught; and eventually, at noonday, he earned five minutes by the boathouse, and spoke rapidly and without circumlocution.

"Yes," said Miss Standish at the end; "I will on one condition."

"Name it," said Whittier.

"If you'll tell me," she said, "what made you think I'd let you?"

Whittier's vanity took to cringing, and cringed abnormally. He remembered that Cecily's mother had utilized the smallest technical lapses from stern propriety, the tiniest familiarities on the part of her guests, to leash them forevermore. And could anything in the world so rivet a man to the wishes of a girl as to have created the necessity of being forgiven? When his only alibi must be the irresistibility of the girl? Whittier preferred finesse and he hated strictures.

"Suppose we agree," he hazarded, "that bygones are bygones. I'm groveling in the dust . . . that isn't flippant; it's a fact. . . . I want to make a fresh start on even terms. Can you do that?"

She put out her hand impulsively, and Whittier took it as though it contained dynamite.

"I do want to be friends with you," she said. "There's every reason why we should be congenial. We'll start over."

"Thank you!" said Whittier gravely with a mental reservation.

He was both amazed and alarmed at the revelation that next burst upon him. Miss Standish had forgiven him thoroughly; so thoroughly that he was embarrassed. Not content with conveying the absolution to him, she actually capitalized her position; she appropriated him solely to herself at every legitimate contingency, no matter how many candidates begged for the escort. And Whittier, who loathed to take his conquests by default, was resentful and displeased because she so patently intended to throw herself at his head.

In the abstract he liked her. He liked girls of spirit. He knew that she was beautiful and he had always held beauty as a virtue. But in her demeanor there was a quality that baffled him; he felt oppressed and fugitive. She was, as Mrs. Brewster had indicated, too pretty, too alert, too seductive. And yet at times Whittier was sensitive to an indefinite sort of girlishness in her: a girlishness apart from her diction and her behavior.

He couldn't reconcile these opposites of hers; and he distrusted them. She was the only woman who had recently nonplused him, and he was savage about it. Either she was perplexing him deliberately and shamelessly or she was courting him obliquely; and in either case he couldn't endure the terms. So that on Tuesday he was disquieted, and on Wednesday he was annoyed, and on Thursday he would gladly have resorted to bribery in order to dodge what the other men called his luck. She was adorable—but she was predatory; and Whittier was unutterably tired of furnishing himself as quarry.

On Thursday there was a woods picnic across the lake; Whittier, by constructive duress, ferried Miss Standish to the rendezvous in an erratic canoe, and talked about moose hunting in Maine. He was well aware of her desire for silence during the passage, but he was too wily to permit the resultant atmospheric pressure. He knew she was looking at him in appraisal, and he didn't want that to endure, either.

Once, when she transferred her weight without notice, he smiled in retrospect. He was a famous swimmer, and he had rescued no less than seven languishing maidens from accidental capsizings. The shore was hardly a furlong distant; he thought whimsically that an admirable course, in case of upset, would be to disappoint a designing flirt by adopting the style of legendary stalwarts—to stun the victim by a hook to the jaw and then tow her by the hair to land.

At this juncture, as though she had appraised him to finality, Miss Standish again transferred her weight without notice; and the canoe rolled majestically on its side and emptied its occupants into a lake that was unhealthily, penetratingly cold.

Blowing porpoiselike, Whittier splashed forward to where Miss Standish was frantically struggling to buoy herself by the bow of the unstable vessel. There was anger and scorn in his heart; he was incalculably disgusted with her; the obsolescent subterfuge appalled him.

"No danger," said Whittier coolly. "Paddle round a second while I right her."

"B-but—I can't swim!" she gurgled.

Whittier dived under the arms that would have strangled him. He was positive she wasn't telling the truth; he grudgingly praised her histrionics. She was playing her part so naturally that a less expert diagnostician might readily believe she couldn't swim. And this was Mrs. Brewster's protégée!

"All right!" he said, behind her. "Keep your arms down or I'll have to —— Keep your arms down!"

He got an effective hold and maintained it while he stowed away his watch in the security of a side pocket. Then, with the least romanticism imaginable, he kicked out for the nearest beach. His light tennis flannels and shoes impeded him but little; Miss Standish, white but self-possessed, was an easy burden.

Whittier was glad that he had outstripped the main party and that none of the other voyagers were in sight; he was anxious to salvage the canoe and have the affair over before there were spectators to add to his discomfiture. He sounded, and felt sand under his toes. He stood up and attempted to place Miss Standish on her feet—and was actively irritated to discover that she had gone quite limp.

"Here we are!" said Whittier in her ear.

There was no response. Miss Standish was displaying all the symptoms of a dead faint.

Whittier told himself that if this was a sham it had the verisimilitude of a scene rehearsed by Belasco. But if it was a sham, what was he to do about it? There was perhaps one chance in a hundred that she was really overcome by cold and shock; would it be humane for him to ignore the possibility?

"Shucks!" snapped Whittier.

He gathered her up and carried her briskly through the shallows to the beach. She was heavier than he had fancied, so that he traversed the last few yards at a pace which betrayed his aspiration to get rid of her without delay. He deposited her in a warm hollow of sand and stared down at her in embarrassment.

And then, before he had made the first move to revive her, her eyes were wide open; and there was panic in them, and some other emotion. Whittier was slow to comprehend. She murmured plaintively.

"What is it?" he asked, stooping to catch the answer.

"I must . . . be . . . such a . . . frump!" said Miss Standish with difficulty. That was indisputable evidence!

"You are, indeed!" coincided the artist, taking heed of her stringing hair and her clinging garments. "So am I. What's the difference? Feel better?"

She nodded and closed her eyes.

"It was so . . . silly of me!" she mourned.

"I'll tell you," said Whittier: "We'll walk round a bit. Come on—I'll help you."

He assisted her to rise, and had to continue his aid after she had risen.

"What will—people say?" she queried, forcing a queer little smile.

"They'll say somebody rocked the boat," said Whittier. Far beyond the canoe, which

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was obligingly coming ashore, he saw a tiny flotilla rocking on the surface of the lake. "Let's speed it up—shall we?"

Miss Standish, swaying a little, clung to him. He was fully as draggled as she, but somehow he retained a modicum of that transcendent dignity which had sat upon him for at least two days. The arm which guaranteed her balance was as passionless as an iron bar; his service was to her sex and not to her. Miss Standish sniffed.

"I'm sorry," she said; "but my—my knees are all wabbly. Please don't let's walk."

"That's all right." Whittier was peering over the water at the approaching fleet.

"And I'm ashamed."

"Are you?" he inquired.

"And disappointed," she added.

"That's too bad!" said Whittier. "So am I."

"You're not a very heroic hero," she commented, trying to laugh.

"I'm essentially businesslike, don't you think?"

"Extremely! . . . You weren't moaning or praying, or—or anything!"

"I was hunting for a barrel," he explained.

Miss Standish stumbled and caught at his shoulder. The boats were within hailing distance now and someone was shouting at them.

"You probably think I'm very childish," she faltered; "but I was . . . rather wishing . . . we'd turn turtle . . . out there."

"Oh, you were!" said Whittier, enlightened. "Well, you got your wish, didn't you?"

"I certainly did! I'm all right now, thank you."

"What was back of it?"

"Why, nothing . . . except I wondered how you'd act in emergencies. One does, you know."

"Are you fully informed now?"

"Oh, yes! But—I didn't tip us over on purpose."

"There wouldn't have been much danger if you had," said Whittier.

"Still—I wouldn't have been likely to try, would I?"

"I hope not," conceded Whittier, wringing out his cuffs.

"They're almost here!" said Miss Standish. She looked up at him, and Whittier winced; he could have approximated her next statement to a syllable. "This is an awfully queer way to say 'Thank you'—but I do say it."

"It's a perfectly sufficient way," he acknowledged.

"I don't think you've been very gracious about it," she flashed with unexpected vehemence. "You act almost as though I'd intentionally inconvenienced you. But I do thank you; and I want you to know, if it'll make you feel any differently—that I can swim."

"Ah!" said Whittier.

"Like a duck!" she admitted. "And I thought I'd ——"

The party had landed, and the onrush of excited girls and men destroyed the remainder of the sentence.

Generally speaking, it was a successful picnic; but Whittier and Mrs. Brewster's butler, who had been brought along as factotum, enjoyed a minimum of it. Whittier was uncomfortable, he was wrathful, and he was incorrigibly taciturn. He sat stolidly on a jagged stump, taking some pleasure in the inconvenience of the location, and watched Miss Standish, who found a place for herself and rested there immovable.

The gayety of the others stirred him not at all; he felt abased and mortified to have participated in an abortive trial by ordeal; and as he inspected Miss Standish critically he wasn't especially relieved to recall what manner of instruction she might have had from her mother. In any event he was through! He took pains to be assigned to another bark for the homeward journey, and when he reached the house he encamped in solitude until the dinner hour, and dined uncommunicative.

Thereafter, by dint of watchfulness and skill, he contrived to escape Miss Standish until ten o' clock. There were in the house only six men, six girls and Mrs. Brewster; and Mrs. Brewster was a hostess who believed in the percolating system as opposed to the sedentary. Whittier had to flee from one cluster to another at a second's omen; he had to efface himself at one point and display great vivacity at another; he had to summon the ultimate atom of diplomacy to secure his freedom; and then, followin this so arduous maneuvering, he heard Mr Brewster summoned to the telephone jus as the friendly phonograph was swung int battery, and there was no refuge for hir left.

Five couples were on the floor; Mis Standish stood alone, across the room, an Whittier was unpartnered. He wanted t slink out to the loggia and smoke unmo lested, but his accountability to Mrs. Brew ster forbade the luxury; so he wandere leisurely to the corner where Miss Standis was waiting, and bowed superficially.

"May I have the rest of this?" he asked

Miss Standish, unsmiling, shook her head

"Wouldn't you rather go out on th lawn?"

Whittier recoiled.

"Surely—if you say so."

She wavered, then walked slowly ou through the great French windows, an Whittier, scowling, trailed her. They wen down the brick steps to the ground and ou upon the expanse of tree-dotted turf. Twic they promenaded solemnly to the boathouse on the third lap Miss Standish addresse Whittier point-blank.

"Why don't you like me?" she aske suddenly.

He was startled, but not repulsed. He tone was so intimate and yet without guile her manner so ingenuous that he had n immediate reply.

"You did at first," she said sorrowfully "I saw it in your face. That first night yo were here, I mean."

"Yes; I did," granted Whittier. "Im mensely!"

"Then what's happened? What have said? What have I done? Why—if there' any justice in things I ought to be the on to dislike you! But I don't!"

Whittier cleared his throat.

"Miss Standish ——"

"There's another thing: You asked i you couldn't call me Cecily. And I wante you to!"

"If you're in a temper to hear truths I'n in a temper to tell them. Are you?"

"Of course I am."

They wheeled and began the march t the boathouse.

"I've never talked like this to any girl i my life. You're sure you want me to?"

"Yes."

"You think I've changed since that firs night?"

"Why, you've said so yourself."

"And you don't know the reason?"

"No; I don't."

"It's this," said Whittier: "If you tal to everybody as you did to me that firs time you'll find that some men like it an others—I, for instance—don't."

She made no reply until they had wheele at the landing.

"I don't understand you."

"The *argumentum ad hominem* is abou played out," said Whittier. "It's lost it potency. Some men don't want to b rushed."

"Rushed!" she said. "*Rushed!*"

"Rushed is the word! Now I suppose it' only once in a hundred years that any ma dares to talk to a woman this way; but yo started it and I'm going to finish. After ward you'll hope I hang for it; but it wa your invitation. We'll take me, for example When I came here I liked you as soon as saw you. Then you tried to put me in cage. And I couldn't stand it. I wanted t be normal and natural with you, and yo wouldn't do anything but swap innuendoes How could I feel normal and friendly unde those conditions?

"And after that session on the loggi there were a dozen other instances—an finally that little escapade to-day. . . A man wants to hunt; he doesn't want t be hunted. This kills any friendship be tween us—that goes without saying; but did hope you'd change as time went on, be cause I was so ready to—to be very fond o you. And, instead, you ——"

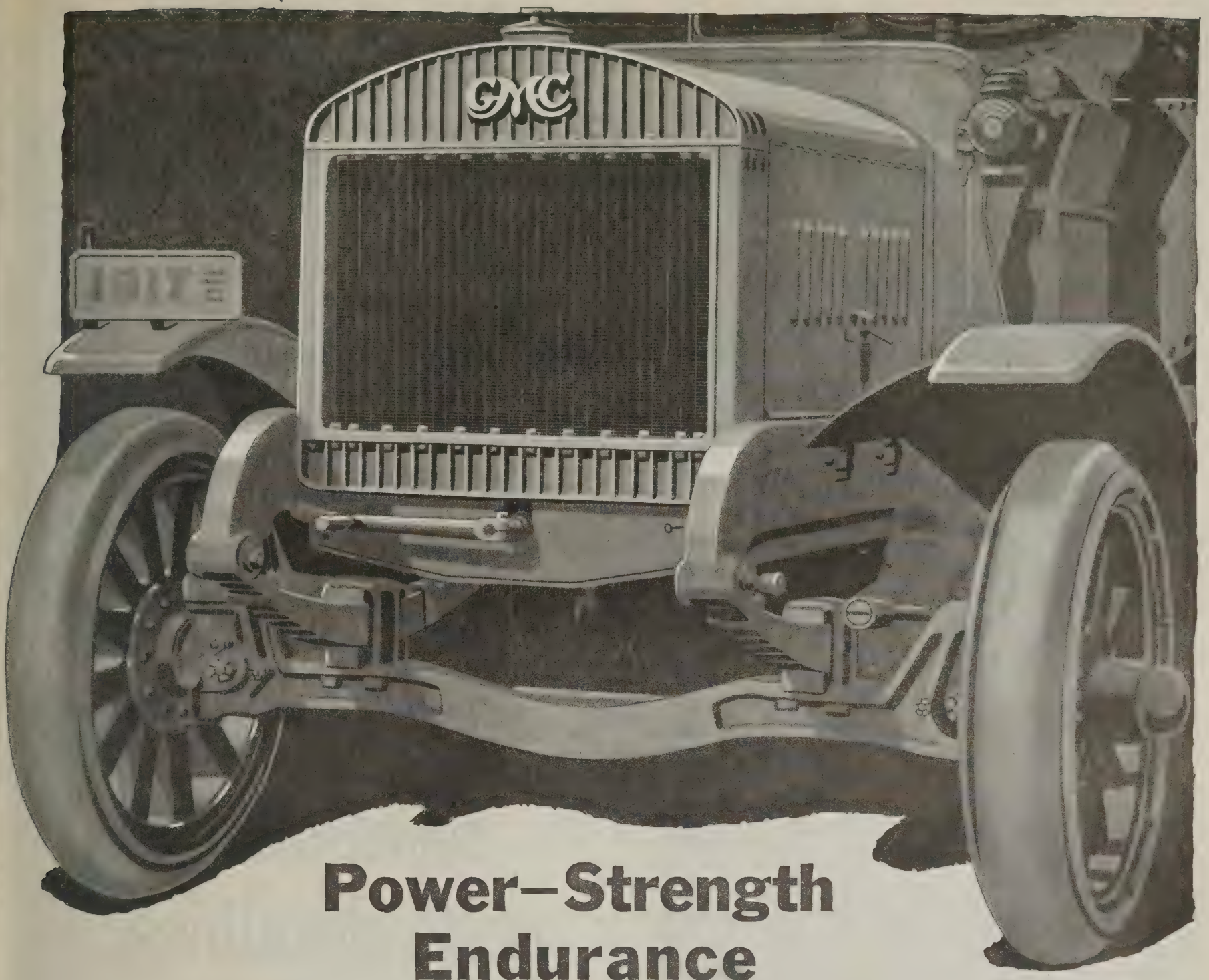
Miss Standish had come to a standstil and was leaning against the trunk of a lila tree. Her eyes were strikingly wide an her breathing fitful. Something about he caused Whittier to grow uncertain of hi authority to deliver lectures; something about her made him suspend his arraign ment.

"And you . . . you thought . . . I was doing . . . that!"

"Why, what else should I think?" he demanded with a tonal stoutness that was wholly artificial.

Miss Standish shivered.

(Concluded on Page 45)



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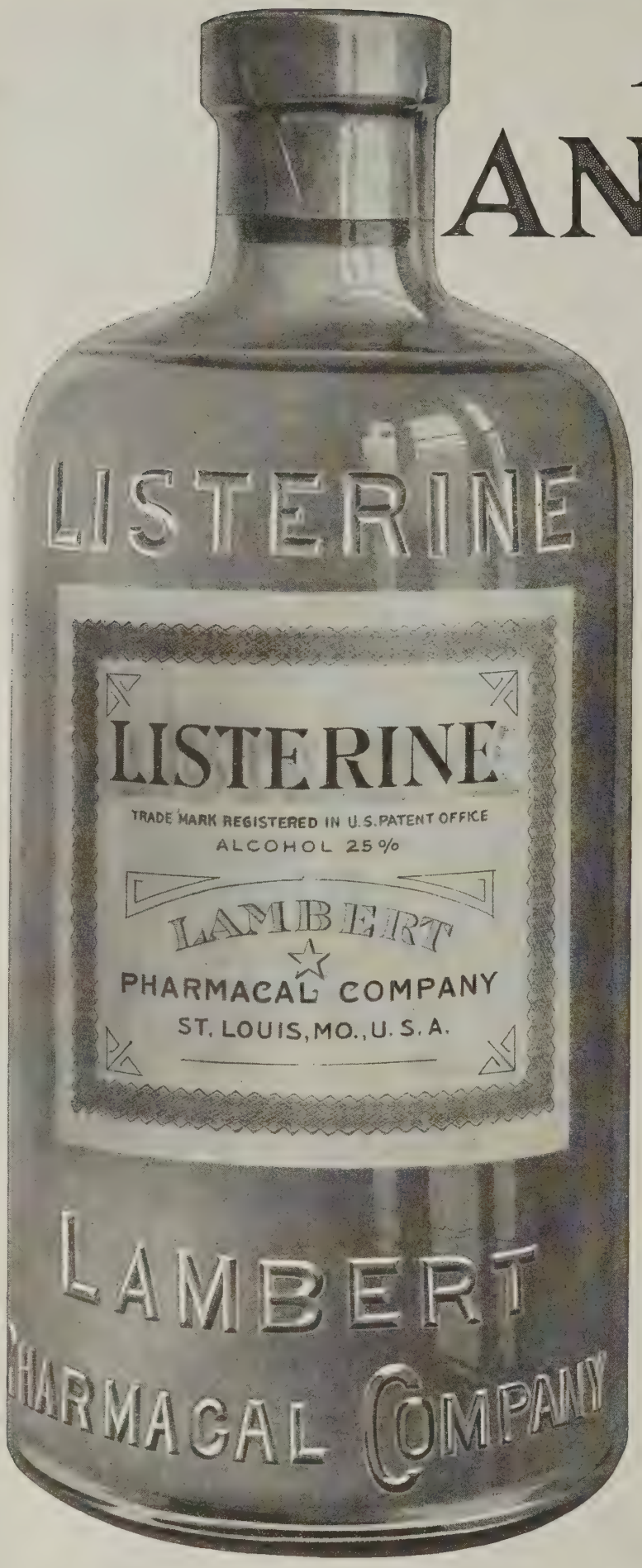

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—to keep teeth sound, and for mouth cleanliness

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LISTERINE

(Concluded from Page 42)

"Why, that's terrible!" she said. "That's terrible!"

"Now look here," said Whittier; "if you ——"

"Wait!" Miss Standish motioned commandingly. "You thought I was—I was egging you on?"

"Naturally. Yes."

"And—would other men have thought so?"

"Everyone in the house does think so! They thought so before I came."

She wet her lips and turned to him. There were tears in her eyes and in her voice was a trace of huskiness.

"Are you sure of that?"

"I know it!"

Miss Standish dropped to the foot of the tree and sat there gazing out over the blue-black surface of the lake.

Whittier, deeply concerned, attempted twice to speak; but she arrested him minutely.

At length, with a tremulous exhalation, she raised her face to his and gestured.

"Please sit by me," she said, subdued. "I've got to tell you. . . . You make me! . . . You see, in Pittsburgh it isn't as it was in Templeton. . . . I've been away at boarding school for three years. We haven't many friends. I've hardly any at all of my own age. Mother doesn't want young people round, somehow, any more. . . . This is the only real house party I've ever been to. And I love people—I want everybody to love me. When I got here I was scared pink . . . the girls were so lovely, and the men were so big and handsome . . . and I felt out of place. And I didn't know what to say, or—or anything! And then I remembered how mother used to be in Templeton—and I could always imitate her!"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Whittier.

"And for a day or two everyone was wonderful to me, and I was so happy! And then—the girls stopped being so nice to me; and then you came—and I thought we'd be friends, anyway. And ——"

"Then why," he inquired, "did you treat me the way you did?"

"Treat you the way I did!" Her voice rose slightly. "How did I treat you? I didn't care if you knew I liked you! I thought men wouldn't notice one if one didn't pretend one hadn't any sense! The others wouldn't—they didn't until —— And then I forgave you—after you'd shocked me more than you'll ever realize—because I wanted one friend here who'd understand! . . . I thought you did! . . . And every time I tried to be myself something about you kept pushing me ahead to be mother some more—you'd laugh, or you'd look at me ——"

"Why," said Whittier thickly, "did you upset that canoe? So I'd take you ashore, wasn't it? So I'd ——"

"No! I ——"

"You said you couldn't swim; and then, after ——"

"But I can swim—I can swim just as well as you can! Only when that silly old canoe turned over my foot was caught under a thwart. And when I jerked it out I hit it on the side and hurt it— so I couldn't even paddle with it for a minute. It wasn't sprained or anything, but I couldn't use it for a minute; and then when it didn't hurt so much I was chilled—things got black—and the next I knew you were looking at me so unkindly ——"

Whittier was breathing hard, and his voice was husky.

"Haven't you been—deviling me?"

"No!"

"Then why did you make it seem so? I wanted you to be yourself."

"I've told you," she sobbed. "I didn't know there was any other way to interest—m-men!"

Whittier was getting a new interpretation of some of the sensations that had lately swept him.

"Cecily!" he said. "Please don't cry!"

"I w-wanted you to like me ——"

"Cecily, I do!"

"No; you don't! You couldn't!"

"But I do! And, more than that ——"

"And I w-was afraid of you, t-too! They told m-me you were . . . like that! And I remembered what m-mother said to you once ——"

"Cecily! I'm not like that!"

"B-but they told me ——"

"You mustn't believe them! You've made me fearfully unhappy, Cecily."

"H-how?"

"Because I didn't want to think you talked to every man as you did to me."

"I n-never did before—I don't want to! But I wanted you to ——"

Whittier put his arm round her so gently that she was undisturbed.

"Cecily! Cecily! What are you like?"

Her tear-stained face was so close to his that he could already fancy the warmth and softness of it against his own.

"Why—I'm just a—a girl!" whispered Miss Standish, trembling.

"Are you?" said Whittier. His arm tightened round her. "I'm just—a man! And do you want me to like you? . . . I do! Do you want me to—to love you? . . . I do! And I'm the most despicable man in the whole world; but ——"

"No!" whispered Miss Standish.

"I am! I've thought awful things about you! I've thought mean and cowardly things about you. But now ——"

"Now you are a friend of mine?" she breathed.

"Lover!" said Whittier unsteadily. "And I didn't know it—until just now!"

Slowly they inclined together—the man-killer and the artist among women. Tenderly, delicately, awkwardly their lips met. It was the most inept of kisses, the most timorous, the most blundering. It was ecstatic, but amateurish; for, as a matter of fact, their twin reputations were founded side by side on treacherous sand, and they were both in the class of ingénues.

THE PATH OF GLORY

(Continued from Page 8)

the broilers—read the burial service, and spoke a little about poor Paw. But it wasn't a funeral, nohow. No supper; no condolences; no viewing "the remains"—not even a handshake! Maw didn't even look at her old friends, riding back home between Tom and Luke, with her head fiercely high in the air.

A dull depression settled on Luke's heart. It was all up with the Hayneses now. They had saved Paw from charity with their homemade burial; but what had it availed? They might as well have gone the whole figure. Everybody knew! There wasn't any comeback for a thing like this. They were just nobodies—the social pariahs of the district.

IV

SOMEHOW, after the fashion of other years, they got their meager crops in—turnips, potatoes and Hubbard squashes put up in the vegetable cellar; oats cradled; corn husked; the buckwheat ready for the mill; even Tom's crooked furrows for the spring sowings made. Somehow, Maw helping like a man and Tom obeying like a docile child, they took toll of their summer. And suddenly September was at their heels—and then the equinox.

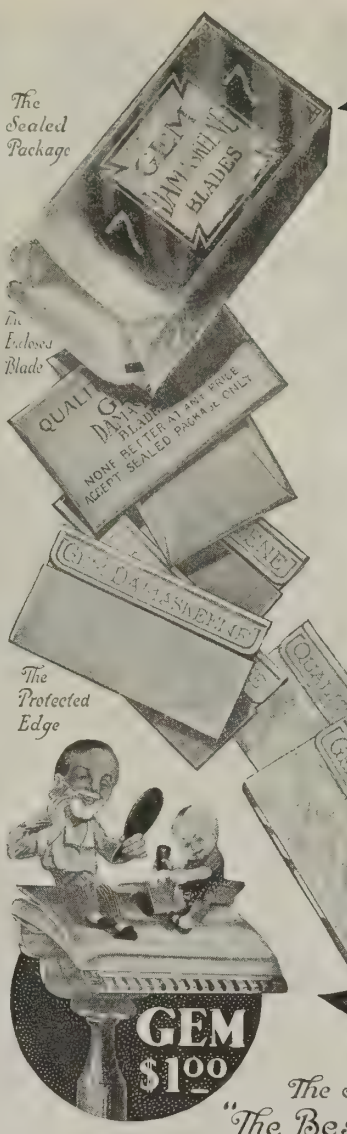
It seemed to Luke that it had never rained so much before. Brown vapor rose eternally from the valley flats; the hilltops lay lost entirely in clotted murk. By periods hard rains, like showers of steel darts, beat on the soaking earth. Gypsy gales of wind went ricocheting among the farm buildings, setting the shingles to snapping and singing; the windows moaned and rattled. The sourest weather the boy could remember!

And on the worst day of all they got the news. Out of the mail box in the lane Luke got it—going down under an old rubber cape in a steady blinding pour. It got all damp—the letter, foreign postmark, stamp and all—by the time he put it into Maw's hand.

It was a double letter—or so one judged, first opening it. There was another inside, complete, sealed, and addressed in Nat's hand; but one must read the paper inclosed with it first—that was obvious. It was just a strip, queer, official looking, with a few lines typed upon it and a black heading that sprang out at one strangely. They read it together—or tried to. At first they got no sense from it. Paris—from clear off in France—and then the words below—and Maw's name at the top, just like the address on the newspaper:

MRS. JERE HAYNES,
Stony Brook, New York.

(Continued on Page 47)



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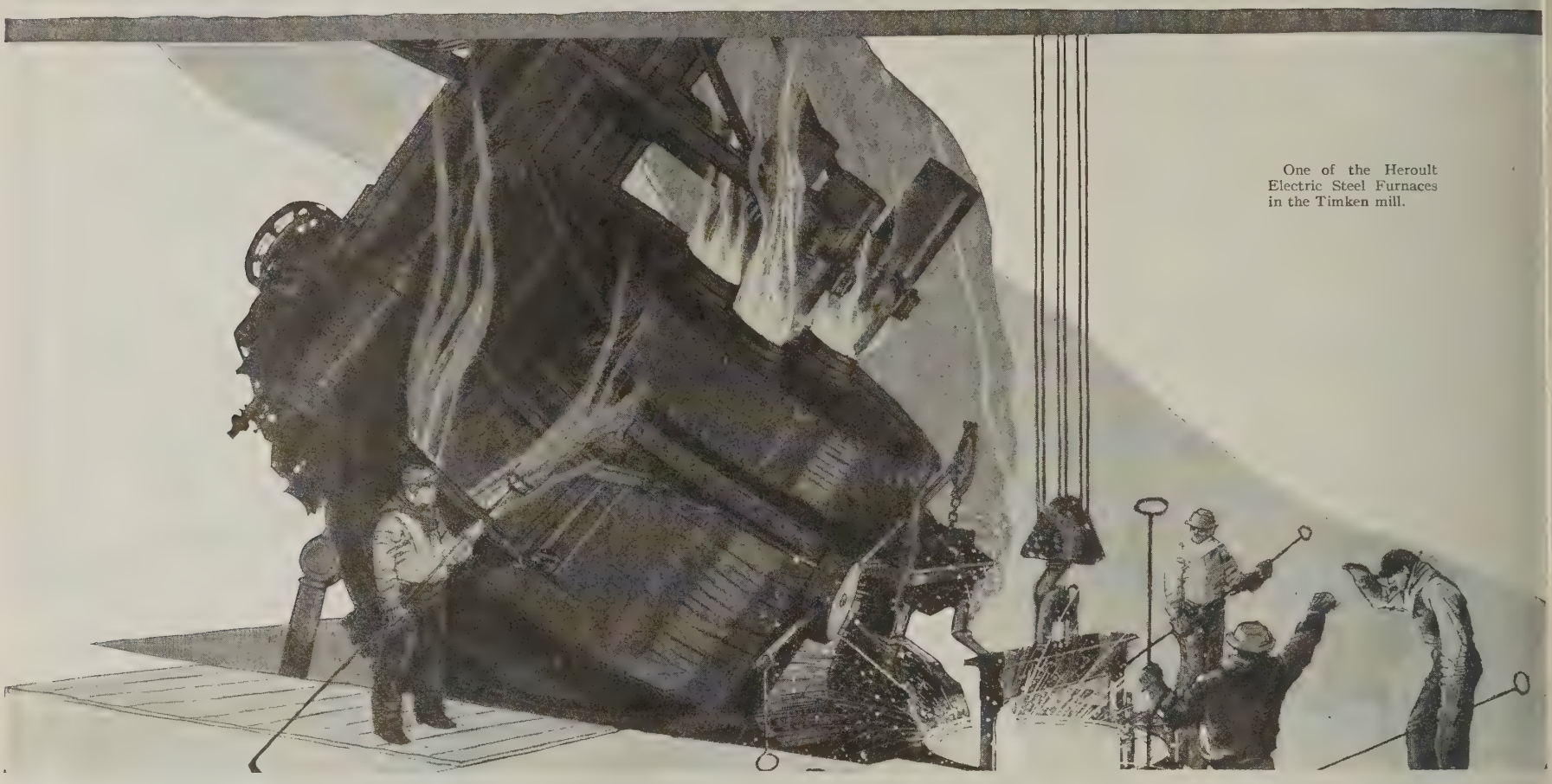


One of the Heroult Electric Steel Furnaces in the Timken mill.

Metal and Mettle

The mettle of Timken Bearings has been tried and found true through years of usage at points of severest service in the majority of high-grade motor-cars.

The metal from which Timken Bearings are made has always been subjected to the most rigid tests to insure Timken quality.

The different processes of manufacture have also been supervised with the most thorough inspection—the world has been searched for the most accurate automatic machinery—machines designed by our own engineers have been used to make Timken Bearings still more perfect—and the steel tube from which the cups and cones are turned has been drawn in the Timken Tube Mill.

All of this has made possible a control over quality that has resulted in the production of the finest bearings that money can buy for your motor-car.

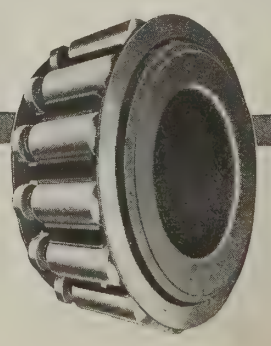
But even this did not completely satisfy Timken standards.

In order to make this control of quality include the actual production of raw material the Timken Steel Mill has been built, and equipped with Heroult Electric Furnaces—the most modern and efficient method of making Timken quality steel—a steel of extraordinary refinement.

Timken Bearings have always been known for their finer mettle—and now the use of a finer metal has added a still greater perfection.

In view of the long life and mileage expected of motor-cars today this standard of quality, even though it does cost more, must be considered as the one dependable assurance of efficient motor-car service.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio



(Continued from Page 45)

It was for Maw all right. Then quite uddenly the words came clear through the dur:

IRS. JERE HAYNES,
Stony Brook, New York.

Dear Madam: We regret to inform you hat the official *communiqué* for September ixth contains the tidings that the writer of he inclosed letter, Nathanial Haynes, of tony Brook, New York, U. S. A., was illed while on duty as an ambulance driver n the Sector of Verdun, and has been buried n that region. Further details will follow.

The American Ambulance, Paris.

Even when she realized, Maw never ried out. She sat wetting her lips oddly, ooking at the words that had come like vil birds across the wide spaces of earth. t was Luke who remembered the other etter:

"*My dear kind folks—Father Mother and Brothers:* I guess I dare call you that when get far enough away from you. Perhaps ou won't mind when I tell you my news.

"Well we came over from England last Thursday and struck into our contract ere. Things was going pretty good; but ou might guess yours truly couldn't stand he dead end of things. I bet Maw's uessed already. Well sir it's that roving treak in me I guess. Never could stick to othing steady. It got me bad when I got ere anyhow.

"To cut it short I throwed up my job with he firm yesterday and have volunteered as n Ambulance driver. Nothing but glory; ut I'm going to like it fine! They're short-anded anyhow and a fellow likes to help hat he can. Wish I could send a little oney; but it took all I had to outfit me. Had o cough up eight bucks for a suit of under-lothes. What do you know about that?

"You can write me in care of the Ambu-ance Paris.

"Now Maw don't worry! I'm not going o fight. I did try to get into the Foreign egion but had no chance. I'm all right. Think of me as a nice little Red Cross boy nd the Wise Willie on the gas wagon. And on't I have the hot stuff to make old uke's eyes pop out! Hope Paw's legs are etter. And Maw have a kiss on me. Iebby you folks think I don't apreciate ou. If I was any good at writing I'd tell ou different.

"Your Son and Brother
"NAT HAYNES."

The worst of it all was about Maw's not rying—just sitting there staring at the re, or where the fire had been when the ood had died out of neglect. It's not in eason that a woman shouldn't cry, Luke elt. He tried some words of comfort:

"He's safe, anyhow, Maw—'member hat! That's a whole lot too. Didn't always now that, times he was rollin' round so ver here. You worried a whole lot about im, you know."

But Maw didn't answer. She seldom poke at all—moved about as little as possi-le. When she had put out food for him nd Tom she always went back to her cor-er and stared into the fire. Luke had to ring a plate to her and coax her to eat. ven the day Uncle Clem and Aunt Mollie ame up she did not notice them. Only nce she spoke of Nat to Luke.

"You loved him the most, didn't ye, Maw?" he asked timidly one dreary eve-ing.

She answered in a sort of dull surprise.

"Why, lad, he was my first!" she said; nd after a bit, as though to herself: "His ead was that round and shiny when he as a little fellow it was like to a little ound apple. I mind, before he ever come, bought me a cap fur him over to Rock-lle, with a blue bow onto it. He looked wful smart an' pretty in it."

Sometimes in the night Luke, sleeping and thinking long, lay and listened for ossible sounds from Maw's room. Perhaps he cried in the nights. If she only would—would help break the tension for them l. But he never heard anything but the in—steadily, miserably beating on the dden shingles overhead.

It was only Luke who watched the mail ox now. One morning his journey to it ore fruit. No sting any longer; no fear in e thick foreign letter he carried.

"It'll tell ye all's to it, I bet!" he said gerly.

Maw seemed scarcely interested. It was Luke who broke the seal and read it aloud.

It was written from the Ambulance Headquarters, in Paris—written by a man of rare insight, of fine and delicate perception. All that Nat's family might have wished to learn he sought to tell them. He had himself investigated Nat's story and he gave of it all fully and freely. He spoke in praise of Nat; of his friendly associations with the Ambulance men; of his good nature and cheerful spirits; his popularity and ready willingness to serve. People, one felt, had loved Nat over there.

He wrote of the preliminary duties in Paris, the preparations—of Nat's final going to join one of the three sections working round Verdun. It wasn't easy work that waited for Nat there. It was a stiff contract guiding the little ambulance over the shell-rutted roads, with deftness and precision, to those distant dressing stations where the hurt soldiers waited for him. It was a picture that thrilled Luke and made his pulses tingle—the blackness of the nights; the rumble of moving artillery and troops; the flash of starlights; the distant crackling of rifle fire; the steady thunder of heavy guns.

And the shells! It was mighty close they swept to a fellow, whistling, shrieking, low overhead; falling to tear out great gouges in the earth. It was enough to wreck one's nerve utterly; but the fellows that drove were all nerve. Just part of the day's work to them! And that was Nat too. Nat hadn't known what fear was—he'd eaten it alive. The adventurer in him had gone out to meet it joyously.

Nat was only on his third trip when tragedy had come to him. He and a companion were seeking a dressing station in the cellar of a little ruined house in an obscure French village, when a shell had burst right at their feet, so to speak. That was all. Simple as that. Nat was dead instantly and his companion—oh, Nat was really the lucky one. . . .

Luke had to stop for a little. One couldn't go on at once before a thing like that. . . . When he did, it was to leave behind the darkness, the shell-torn houses, the bruised earth, the racked and mutilated humans. . . . Reading on, it was like emerging from Hades into a great Peace.

"I wish it were possible to convey to you, my dear Mrs. Haynes, some impression of the moving and beautiful ceremony with which your son was laid to rest on the morning of September ninth, in the little village of Aucourt. Imagine a warm, sunny, late-summer day, and a village street sloping up a hillside, filled with soldiers in faded, dusty blue, and American Ambulance drivers in khaki.

"In the open door of one of the houses, the front of which was covered with the tricolor of France, the coffin was placed, wrapped in a great French flag, and covered with flowers and wreaths sent by the various American sections. At the head a small American flag was placed, on which was pinned the *Croix de Guerre*—a gold star on a red-and-green ribbon—a tribute from the army general to the boy who gave his life for France.

"A priest, with six soldier attendants, led the procession from the courtyard. Six more soldiers bore the coffin, the Americans and representatives of the army branches following, bearing wreaths. After these came the General of the Army Corps, with a group of officers, and a detachment of soldiers with arms reversed. At the foot of the hill a second detachment fell in and joined them. . . .

"The scene was unforgetable, beautiful and impressive. In the little church a choir of soldiers sang and a soldier-priest played the organ, while the Chaplain of the Army Division held the burial service. The chaplain's sermon I have asked to have reproduced and sent to you, together with other effects of your son's. . . .

"The chaplain spoke most beautifully and at length, telling very tenderly what it meant to the French people that an American should give his life while trying to help them in the hour of their extremity. The name of this chaplain is Henri Deligny, *Aumônier Militaire,* Ambulance 16-27, Sector 112; and he was assisted by the permanent curé of the little church, Abbé Blondelle, who wishes me to assure you that he will guard most reverently your son's grave, and be there to receive you when the day may come that you shall wish to visit it.

"After leaving the church the procession marched to the military cemetery, where your son's body was laid beside the hundreds of others who have died for France. Both the lieutenant and general here paid tributes of appreciation, which I will have sent to you. The general, various officers of the army and ambulance assisted in the last rites. . . .

"I have brought back and will send you the *Croix de Guerre.* . . ."

Oh, but you couldn't read any farther—for the great lump of pride in your throat, the thick mist of tears in your eyes. A sob escaped the boy. He looked over at Maw and saw the miraculous. Maw was awake at last and crying—a new-fledged pulsating Maw emerged from the brown chrysalis of her sorrows.

"Oh, Maw! . . . Our Nat! . . . All that—that—funeral! . . . Some funeral, Maw!" The boy choked.

"My Nat!" Maw was saying. "Buried like a king! . . . Like a King o' France!" She clasped her hands tightly.

It was like some beautiful fantasy. A Haynes—the despised and rejected of earth—borne to his last home with such pomp and ceremony!

"They never was nothin' like it heard of round here, Maw. . . . If folks could only know ——"

She lifted her head as at a challenge.

"Why, they're goin' to know, Luke—for I'm goin' to tell 'em. Folks that have talked behind Nat's back—folks that have pitied us—when they see this—like a King o' France!" she repeated softly. "I'm goin' down to town to-day, Luke."

v

IT WAS dusk when Maw came back: dusk of a clear day, with a rosy sunset off behind the hills. Luke opened the door for her and he saw that she had brought some of the sun along in with her—its colors in her worn face; its peace in her eyes. She was the same, yet someone new. Even the tilt of her crazy old bonnet could not detract from a strange new dignity that clothed her.

She did not speak at once, going over to warm her gloveless hands at the stove, and staring up at the Grampaw Peel plate; then:

"When it comes—my Nat's medal—it's goin' to set right up here, 'stead o' this old thing—an' the letters and sermons in my shell box I got on my weddin' trip. . . . Lawyer Ritchie told me to-day what it means, the name o' that medal—Cross o' War! It's a decoration fur soldiers and earned by bravery."

She paused; then broke out suddenly:

"I b'en a fool, settin' here grievin'. My Nat was a hero, an' I never knew it! . . . A hero's folks hadn't ought to cry. It's a thing too big for that. Come here, you little Luke! Maw hain't b'en real good to you an' Tommy lately. You're gittin' all white an' peaked. Too much frettin' 'bout Nat. You an' me's got to stop it, I tell you. Folks round here ain't goin' to let us fret——"

"Folks! Maw!" The words burst from the boy's heart. "Did they find out? . . . You showed it to 'em? Uncle Clem ——"

Maw sniffed.

"Clem! Oh, he was real took aback; but he don't count in on this—not big enough." Then triumph hastened her story: "It's the big ones that's mixin' into this, Lukey. Seems like they'd heard somethin' a spell back in one o' the county papers, an' we didn't know. . . . Anyhow, when I first got into town I met Judge Geer. He had me right into his office in Masonic Hall, 'fore I could git my breath almost—had me settin' in his private room, an' sent his stenugifer out fur a cup o' cawfee fur me. He had me give him the letter to read, an' asked dare he make some copies. The stenugifer took 'em like lightnin', right there.

"The judge had a hard time of it, coughin' an' blowin' over that letter. He's goin' to send some copies to the New York papers right off. He took me acrost the hall and interduced me to Lawyer Ritchie. Lawyer Ritchie, he read the letter too. 'A hero!' they called Nat; an' me 'A hero's mother!'

"'We ain't goin' to forgit this, Mis' Haynes,' Lawyer Ritchie said. 'This here whole town's proud o' your Nat.' . . . My land! I couldn't sense it all! . . . Me, Delia Haynes, gettin' her hand wrung, 'count o' anything Nat'd b'en doin', by the big bugs round town! Judge Geer, he fetched 'em all out o' their offices—Slade, the supervisor, and Fuller Brothers, and

(Concluded on Page 49)

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That is the important signpost pointing the way.

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The five types

'Nobby' 'Chain'
'Royal Cord'
'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use

(Concluded from Page 47)

old Sumner Pratt—an' all! An' Ben Watson asked could he have a copy to put in the Biweekly. It's goin' to take the whole front page, with an editor'al inside. He said the Rockville Center News'd most likely copy it too.

"I was like in a dream! . . . All I'd aimed to do was to let some o' them folks know that those people acrost the ocean had thought well of our Nat, an' here they was breakin' their necks to git in on it too! . . . Goin' down the street they was more of it. Lu Shiffer run right out o' the hardware store an' left the nails he was weighin' to shake hands with me; and Jem Brand came; and Lan'lord Peters come out o' the Valley House an' spoke to me. . . . I felt awful public. An' Jim Beckonridge come out of the Emporium to shake too.

"'I ain't seen you down in town fur quite a spell,' he sez. 'How are you all up there to the farm? . . . Want to say I'm real proud o' Nat—a boy from round here!' he sez. . . . Old Beckonridge, that was always wantin' to arrest Nat fur takin' his chestnuts or foolin' down in the store!

"I just let 'em drift—seein' they had it all fixed fur me. All along the street they come an' spoke to me. Mame Parmlee, that ain't b'en able to see me fur three years, left off sweepin' her porch an' come down an' shook my hand, an' cried about it; an' that stylish Mis' Willowby, that's president o' the Civil Club, followed me all over the Square and asked dare she read a copy o' the letter an' tell about Nat to the schoolhouse next Wednesday.

"It seems Judge Geer had gone out an' spread it broadcast that I was in town, for they followed me everywhere. Next thing I run into Reverend Kearns and Reverend Higby, huntin' me hard. They both had one idee.

"'We wanted to have a memor'al service to the churches 'bout Nat,' they sez; 'then it come over us that it was the town's affair really. So, Mis' Haynes,' they sez, 'we want you should share this thing with us. You mustn't be selfish. You gotta give us a little part in it too. Are you willin'?'

"It knocked me dumb—me givin' anybody anything! Well, to finish, they's to be a big public service in the Town Hall on Friday. They'll have it all flags—French ones, an' our'n too. An' the ministers'll preach; an' Judge Geer'll tell Nat's story an' speak about him; an' the Ladies' Guild'll serve a big hot supper, because they'll probably be hunderds out; an' they'll read the letters an' have prayers for our Nat!" She faltered a moment. "An' we'll be there too—you an' me an' Tom—settin' in the seat o' honor, right up front! . . . It'll be the greatest funeral service this town's ever seen, Luke."

Maw's face was crimson with emotion.

"An' Uncle Clem an' Aunt Mollie ——"

"Oh—them!" Maw came back to earth and smiled tolerantly. "They was real sharp to be in it too. Mollie took me into the parlor an' fetched a glass o' wine to stren'then me up." Maw mused a moment; then spoke with a touch of patronage: "I'm goin' to knit Clem some new socks this winter. He says he can't git none like the oldtime wool ones; an' the market floors are cold. Clem's done what he could, an' I'll be real glad to help him out. . . . Oh, I asked 'em to come an' set with us at the service—S'norta too. I allowed we could manage to spare 'em the room."

She dreamed again, launched on a sea of glory; then roused to her final triumph:

"But that's only part, Luke. The best's comin'. Jim Beckonridge wants you to go down an' see him. 'That lame boy o' yours,' he sez, 'was in here a spell ago with some notion about raisin' bees an' buckwheat together, an' gittin' a city market fur buckwheat honey. Slipped my mind,' he sez, 'till I heard what Nat'd done; an' then it all come back. City party this summer had the same notion an' was lookin' out for a likely place to invest some cash in. You send that boy down an' we'll talk it over. Shouldn't wonder if he'd get some backin'. I calculate I might help him, myself,' he sez; 'I b'en thinkin' of it too.' . . . Don't seem like it could hardly be true."

"Oh, Maw!" Luke's pulses were leaping wildly. Buckwheat honey was the dear dream of many a long hour's wistful meditation. "If we could—I could study up about it an' send away fur printed books. We could make some money ——"

But Maw had not yet finished.

"An' they's some about Tom, too, Luke! That young Doctor Wells down there—he's on'y b'en there a year—he come right up an' spoke to me, in the midst of several. 'I want to talk about your boy,' he sez. 'I've wanted to fur some time, but didn't like to make bold; but now seem's as good a time as any.' 'They're all talkin' of him,' I sez. 'Well,' he sez, 'I don't mean the dead, but the livin' boy—the one folks calls Big Tom. I've heard his story, an' I got a good look over him down here in the store a while ago. Woman'—he sez it jest like that—'if that big boy o' your'n had a little operation he'd be as good as any.'

"I answered him patient, an' told him what ailed Tom an' why he couldn't be no different—jest what old Doc Andrews told us—that they was a little piece o' bone druv deep into his skull that time he fell. He spoke real vi'lent then. 'But—my Lord!—woman,' he sez, 'that's what I'm talkin' about. If we jack up that bone'—trepannin', he called it too—'his brains'd git to be like anybody else's.' Told me he wants fur us to let him look after it. Won't cost anything unless we want. They's a hospital to Rockville would tend to it, an' glad to—when we git ready. . . . My poor Tommy! . . . Don't seem's if it could be true."

Her face softened, and she broke up suddenly.

"I got good boys all round," she wept. "I always said it; an' now folks know."

Luke lay on the old settle, thinking. In the air-tight stove the hickory fagots crackled, with jeweled color-play. On the other side Tom sat whittling silently—Tom, who would presently whittle no more, but rise to be a man.

It was incredible! Incredible that the old place might some day shake off its shackles of poverty and be organized for a decent struggle with life! Incredible that Maw—stepping briskly about getting the supper—should be singing!

Already the room seemed filled and warmed with the odors of prosperity and self-respect. Maw had put a red geranium on the table; there was the crispy fragrance of frying salt pork and soda biscuit in the air.

These the Hayneses! These people, with hope and self-esteem once more in their hearts! These people, with a new, a unique place in the community's respect! It was all like a beautiful miracle; and, thinking of its maker, Luke choked suddenly and gulped.

There was a moist spot on the old Mexican hairless right under his eyes; but it had been made by tears of pride, not sorrow. Maw was right! A hero's folks hadn't ought to cry. And he wouldn't. Nat was better off than ever—safe and honored. He had trod the path of glory. A line out of the boy's old Reader sprang to his mind: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Oh, but it wasn't true! Nat's path led to life—to hope; to help for all of them, for Nat's own. In his death, if not in his life, he had rehabilitated them. And Nat—who loved them—would look down and call it good.

In spite of himself the boy sobbed, visioning his brother's face.

"Oh, Nat!" he whispered. "I knew you'd do it! I always said you'd do somethin' big fur us all."

BUG HUNTERS OF INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 20)

his telephone was out of order; and the engineers examined it, but were unable to find out what was wrong. While they were investigating, in walked a regular repair man from their own organization; and he had the instrument working in two minutes.

"Now I wonder why those gentlemen couldn't do that," speculated the restaurant keeper. "They're engineers, you know."

"Aw, they're t'eorists—t'eorists!" was the repair man's dry comment.

The trouble shooter's work brings him in contact with the human equation so often that he learns to study it for a key to his technical difficulties. While he is apparently investigating the apparatus his attention may be on the customer.

A certain signal drop in a telephone exchange got into the way of falling without visible cause, for when the operator answered she would find nobody at the other end of the line. A trouble man was sent to

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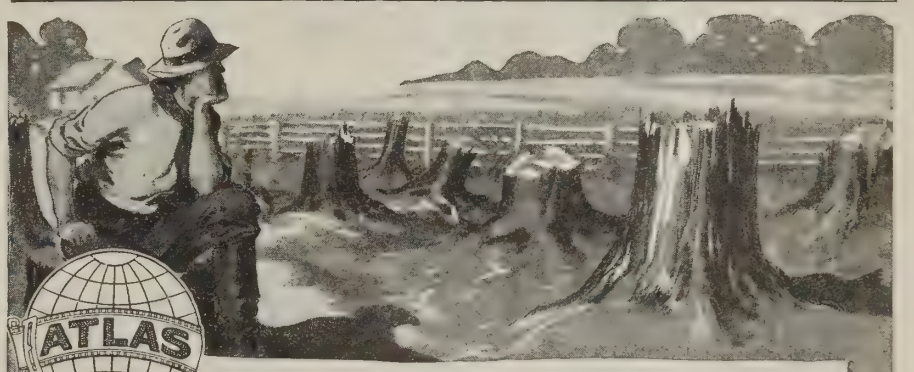
American Safety Razor Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

TRADE MARK FACE



ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

You Can Blast Them; We'll Tell You How

Perhaps you have put off removing those stumps because you don't know how easy and simple it is to blast them out. Don't wait any longer. Write today for our book which tells how you can do the work without experience or skill by using

Atlas Farm Powder
THE SAFEST EXPLOSIVE
The Original Farm Powder

Just punch a hole, load it, light a fuse and the work is *done!* The stumps are broken into pieces ready for easy handling or burning. The returns from the first crop will more than pay the cost of clearing. Dig ditches, make tree beds, shatter boulders, and blast the subsoil with Atlas Farm Powder—made especially for farm work. Be sure to get the *Original* Farm Powder. Ask the Atlas dealer for prices.

Get "Better Farming" Book—FREE

It shows how to prepare the charges, how to load them under the stumps and how to fire them. It will tell you how to do all your blasting. Mark and mail the coupon today.

ATLAS POWDER COMPANY
General Offices, Wilmington, Del.
Sales Offices: Birmingham, Boston, Houghton, Joplin, Knoxville, Kansas City, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis

FREE BOOK COUPON

ATLAS POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del.

Send me your 74-page book "Better Farming." I am interested in the use of explosives for the purpose before which I mark X. SEP 5

☐ Stump Blasting ☐ Ditch Digging
☐ Boulder Blasting ☐ Quarrying
☐ Subsoil Blasting ☐ Mining
☐ Tree Planting ☐ Road Building

Name
Address

BUY FOR SERVICE

HIGH prices are teaching people the meaning of value. A few years ago it wasn't so serious a matter if you did buy household rubber goods that soon gave out.

Today it is decidedly worth while to choose rubber goods that will give the longest possible service—

Miller Standard
RUBBER GOODS

A hot water bottle is a necessity in every home. The Miller Hot Water Bottle is seamless, one solid piece of rubber, with the exclusive patented C-Kure-Nek in which the metal thimble is imbedded in the solid rubber before vulcanizing. Most hot water bottles eventually leak at the neck—a Miller bottle cannot leak.

Keep your hands free from the roughness and stains of housework—wear Miller Household Gloves—the kind that really last.

If there is a baby in your home you need Miller Sanitate Diapers both for baby's comfort and for mother's convenience.

Miller Nursing Nipples are non-collapsible. The flow of milk is never too much nor too little. Miller Nipples prevent colic and other feeding troubles.

All Miller Standard Rubber Goods are sold by Miller authorized agencies which display the Miller Agency Sign. Look for the sign and ask for Miller goods by name.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.
Also makers of the famous Geared-to-the-Road Tires

THE EASY WAY TO
GET RID OF CORNS

A Few Drops of FREEZONE Loosen Corns or Calluses So They Lift Off.

HERE is a mighty simple and easy way to get rid of your corns and calluses. Apply a few drops of Freezone directly upon a tender aching corn or a callus. It dries immediately. The corn-pain is relieved. The corn or callus then begins to dry up and shortly it can be peeled off with fingers.

FREEZONE

doesn't irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or flesh. You feel no pain or soreness while applying Freezone or afterwards. You'll like it immensely. Women who wear high-heeled footwear will appreciate Freezone. Keep a tiny bottle on your dresser and never let your corns ache twice.

GENUINE Freezone is only sold in these small bottles with glass rod applier. Each bottle is packed in a round wood case bearing the name

Price 35 cents per bottle
AT DRUG STORES IN U. S. AND CANADA

The Edward Wesley Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

the subscriber's house to find out what was wrong. The subscriber seemed a thrifty sort of man, and a little quiet investigation disclosed that he had hit on the scheme of connecting his doorbell to the telephone batteries to use free current. Every time the doorbell was rung the signal drop fell at Central!

For a good many years the trouble shooter was regarded as a bright mechanic, to be sent out when anything in the shape of apparatus broke down or acted up—a fellow who could be depended upon to get things going again. But now, happily, the public-service corporations have come to see that he has a much wider field of usefulness, both in the mass and individually.

In the mass they are organizing him for quick mobilization to meet general emergencies.

When a city burns down, like Baltimore or San Francisco, or a sleet storm snaps off half the poles between New York and Philadelphia, the way men must be massed for reconstruction calls for fine organization. Nobody knows what will happen next in this line, or how many men must be brought together, or where they will be sent, or how long they will stay.

Three days after the Baltimore fire a trouble chief in one Eastern city was told to go down and see what he could do to help the boys rebuild the plant. He took a clean shirt and a couple of collars in a package, expecting to stay a couple of nights—and stayed a year!

Preparation for Emergencies

Not long ago a large electric-light company had an emergency assembly test of its trouble forces, comprising more than a hundred construction men, chauffeurs, foremen and officials. An alarm was sent out at midnight, without warning—"Serious trouble at the main plant!"

When the men arrived they found a lunch waiting, instead of broken-down equipment. But close records were kept of the distance each man traveled, the time he took, the difficulties of reaching him at unearthly hours, his facilities for getting from his home to the trouble.

Numerous little faults of organization were disclosed by this study. One of the most important men had no telephone in his house, and a telephone was installed by the company. A dozen employees had moved lately, and the company did not have their new addresses. It was found that many of the men could be picked up by company automobiles, but that time was lost in finding street numbers; so each man on the crew was told to install a porch light at his house, and switch it on when called for an emergency, so that company chauffeurs could spot him easily in a dark street and bring him out with the horn. It was also found that emergency men could be grouped according to the localities where they lived, each group being under a foreman who would help get them together.

In organizing the emergency man individually, corporations now seek to develop his possibilities as a creator of good will. Originally he was regarded as a mechanical fixer, a fellow who could maintain service; but to-day they realize that he can be an explainer and a maker of favorable public opinion.

One of the customers of a public-service company had difficulty with a certain piece of apparatus that had been installed for him. Emergency men were sent to make repairs several times, but somehow never cleared up the trouble satisfactorily. A hurry call came from this customer one morning when every man in the repair department was away. The only chap who could be sent was Dick, an apprentice.

"You hurry down there, Dick," said the manager, "and look wise; and keep that customer satisfied until Jim can get back from Allenville. Unscrew some of the oil cups or strip down the bearings—appear to be doing something, you know. Just keep him happy until we can get a man on the job."

Dick did more than he was told. He took the machine down completely, and went over it bit by bit with the fresh, curious eye of the learner. And he found not only one thing that was wrong, but half a dozen. No one in itself amounted to much; but all together they threw the machine out. Dick smoothed one piece down with a file and adjusted another with a screwdriver. Then he put everything together; and the thing ran, and kept on running.

Now for several weeks the company's salesmen had been after that customer for a big contract. Competitors were after it too; and this unhappy experience with the apparatus already installed had raised serious obstacles. Dick's success in clearing the trouble pleased the customer so much that he promised to place his new contract with the company if Dick could profit in some way; and on that basis the order was landed.

If the company looks upon the trouble man simply as a mechanic, to set technical matters right when they go wrong, he will regard himself in that light, too, make his repairs, depart with his tool kit and leave behind him all sorts of potentialities for more trouble. When he is raised to the rank of an investigator and explainer, however, he can become very useful in forestalling trouble and building confidence.

What looks like a trivial repair job may, when studied intelligently, with due regard for the human factors, show up serious errors in the company's methods.

A large motor was sold for use in a factory power plant. Several days after it had gone into service it burned out. The repair man sent to get it going again found that it was wired wrong. After he had got the confidence of the engineer at the factory, the latter opened up and told him a significant story.

When the motor came, he said, he had asked the company for a blueprint showing how it was wired. This had been refused. The company said that was "confidential information." So he had experimented with the wiring and damaged the motor. Such blueprints were not confidential information at all. Somebody in the company with an overdeveloped bump of caution in the matter of business secrets had succeeded in locking up that sort of information with things that were really confidential.

The Big End of His Job

The trouble man's investigation and report led to blueprints' being furnished with every piece of machinery sold, and thus most of the chances for trouble were eliminated and customers were given greater satisfaction all round.

Another persistent and elusive kind of trouble is that caused by carelessness and ignorance on the part of employees of concerns for which equipment is installed.

Present-day elevators, in office buildings, hotels, and so on, have most of their equipment overhead. Elevator men get into the careless habit of trusting to the automatic safety stop to check the car at the top floor, instead of using the controller in the car. If this stop fails the car bangs into the overhead motors and damage is done.

The trouble man called out for that kind of repair work has a thoroughly human job on his hands, involving better organization of the elevator force, better instruction of operators, better supervision of equipment, and so on. He can repair the actual damage and, if need be, catch the careless elevator man; but only a general improvement through technical instruction gives a real remedy.

Year by year the world adds to the complexity of equipment placed where it must run with little direct supervision, and where it is likely to be monkeyed with and misunderstood.

The trouble shooter keeps this equipment in service. He started as a mechanical fixer when things went wrong. This led him to take the human equation into his reckoning and become a great deductive sleuth. And now he is growing into an explainer and teacher; for prevention, not cure, is the really big end of his job.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Collins.

The statements in this advertisement referring to performances of Hudson Super-Sixes in certified trials and in competition are approved as to facts.
Richard Kennerdell
Chairman Contest Board American Automobile Association.

The Long-Life Record
HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Will Hold First Place Forever We Believe

One year of the Super-Six seems to mark it the permanent leading type. Many other sensations had their day and departed. But the Super-Six gains prestige every month. And it comes too close to a perfect motor to ever be far excelled.

For your own sake, don't get a wrong conception of the Hudson Super-Six.

It is a Six, but not like other Sixes. This basic invention, controlled by our patents, added 80 per cent to our six-type efficiency.

It does, in a better, simpler way, what we attempted in our Eights and Twelves. For we built those types for testing, as did others, when the seeming trend was that way.

This Problem Solved

The Super-Six gets its wondrous power, speed and endurance by minimizing friction.

That's what every type attempted. That's why men once thought that V-types would supersede the Six. Vibration causes friction, and friction causes wear. And the type which brings vibration lowest will hold first place forever, just as now.

The Super-Six is that type. Every block test proves it. And a hundred road records confirm it. It now holds every worth-while record of endurance and speed for a stock car.

Another Possible Error

Some men still tell Hudson dealers that our records show qualities not wanted. They cannot use such speed, such power. "And other cars are good-enough hill-climbers."

But you must presume we know that.

We have not increased our motor size. We are using a small, light Six—exactly the size we used before this invention. And a size now very common.

The Super-Six principle gets from that size all of this extra efficiency. It does it by saving friction. Would you have less speed, less power in a motor, because of more friction and wear?

To Double Endurance

The Super-Six was invented to double endurance. That it makes the car a record-breaker is simply incidental.

The records we value most are long distance records. Under sanction of the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association the Super-Six broke the 24-hour stock chassis record by 328 miles. And in the famous non-stock Pike's Peak Hill Climb, sanctioned by the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, a Super-Six Special made the best time through endurance.

A Super-Six Touring Car twice broke the Transcontinental record in one continuous 7,000-mile round trip. All Super-Six speed records have been made because of endurance.

It Offers You This

It offers you a car which, by a hundred records, is the most capable car in the world.

It offers you endurance, far beyond any previous attainment.

It offers you pride of ownership—the feeling that you rule the road. The knowledge that yours is the greatest car in performance that's built.

It offers you beauty and luxury which make the car look its supremacy.

It offers you, in our latest models, a wonderful gasoline saver.

Will you want a car which offers less when you buy a car to keep?

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Phaeton, 7-passenger . .	$1650			Town Car Landaulet . .	$3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger .	1950	Town Car	$2925	Limousine	2925
Touring Sedan	2175	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet . .	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Senreco "invaluable for bleeding gums"— A dentist (name on request) writes: —

"I have found your paste, Senreco to be an invaluable agent in the treatment of bleeding gums."

One tube of Senreco tightens the teeth and improves the color of the gums—a patient's experience (name on request).

"My teeth were in a very bad condition when I started to use Senreco. Now, I notice that they have tightened and the gums are almost their natural color again, and I have only used one tube."

Look first at your gums—not your teeth

The most important dental discovery in a century

MORE teeth are lost through loosening of the tissues that hold the teeth in place, than through decay.

This dental discovery is important *to you.*

Dentists say, the reason for this condition is that most people look for decay of their teeth and never notice the condition of their gums.

Your gums should be firm and hard. They should be a healthy pink. If they are red or dark and discolored, if they are soft, if they form loose, ragged pockets for the teeth, *show them to your dentist.* If your gums bleed when you brush them, if they are sensitive, *these are danger signals.*

Why dentists prescribe Senreco

Dentists will tell you that after they have treated your gums, you yourself must continue to treat them at home. That is why Senreco Tooth Paste was formulated.

Senreco is a dentist's formula. It is more than a cleanser. It is a tooth paste that dentists prescribe for toning up the condition of the gums. It contains precisely the remedial and preventive agents that dentists themselves use at the chair, for soft, spongy, bleeding gums.

Twice a day, at the same time that you cleanse your teeth, you will, in using Senreco, be applying medicinal agents to your gums. *Within a few days*, you will notice the improvement in your gums.

Senreco gives a wholesome, cleanly feeling

Senreco is a wonderful cleanser. Once the tartar has been removed from your teeth, Senreco will keep your teeth free from tartar. This is because Senreco directly attacks the film that causes tartar. You will enjoy the cleanly feeling Senreco gives to the mouth.

Senreco costs only 25c the large tube, although it is probably the most expensive tooth paste prepared. Get a tube at your druggist's or toilet counter today. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c direct to "Senreco," Cincinnati, Ohio. Enjoy the healthy, cleanly feeling Senreco gives to the teeth and gums. Notice how brilliantly white Senreco makes your teeth.

Send 6c for a liberal sample

For six cents we will send you a sample tube of Senreco; enough to provide you with treatments twice daily for one week. Simply fill in your name and address on the card below, and mail it to us with six cents in stamps or coin. Address Senreco, 1402 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Experimental Laboratory, Covington, Ky.

Senreco
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE TOOTHPASTE THAT REALLY CLEANS

"Use Senreco twice daily; see your dentist twice yearly"

"Senreco"
1402 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me liberal sample tube of Senreco to provide me with treatments twice daily for one week. I enclose six cents for it.

Name_____

Address_____

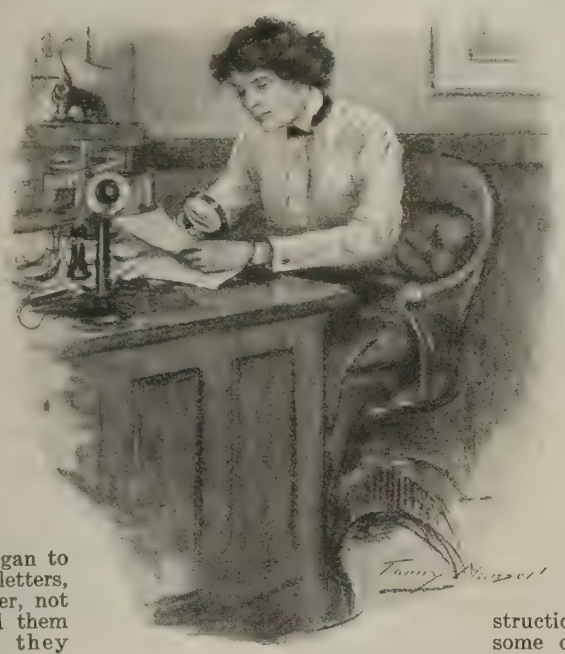
Making Business Men

By ANNE SHANNON MONROE

III

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

I FOUND my desk on Monday morning literally covered with letters of inquiry for the Fifty Principles. I never loved a little key number as I did the one we had used on these advertisements. I sank into my chair and stared, afraid to believe, afraid I was under some horrible delusion. Then suddenly I could not stand the suspense and began to tear open the letters, one after another, not waiting to read them through. Yes, they were requests for the Fifty Principles catalogue; and they were on good commercial stationery, and bore the signatures of managers, secretaries, vice-presidents and presidents. They were on the letterheads of merchants and important business men.



I Was Convinced That He Was Right

I could have screamed for joy. Tears of relief began to roll down my face, and between letters I mopped them off with the back of my hand. I could scarcely see to read, but I could tell that the letters came from the men we wanted—ambitious, responsible, serious-minded business men. I cried and I laughed till William came, wondering.

"Close the doors, William; close them quick and come help me. They'll think I'm crazy out there, and it's just good news."

William closed the doors and took up the task.

We worked on, my fingers trembling from excitement, William as steady as a coal heaver. When we had opened the last letter I counted the envelopes—there were three hundred and ninety-seven. I wrapped them in a sheet torn from the morning paper.

"Keep an eye on the office, William," I said. "I'll be back in an hour, I think; and if any advertising men come, tell them to wait."

I went out, hailed a taxicab, and ordered the driver to put on all speed. At St. Mark's the nurse, who was accustomed to my daily visits, nodded as I asked whether I might go at once to Mr. Bittner's room.

"He was rational this morning," she said.

I prayed that he might still be so. I wasn't in the least sure that doctors and nurses would approve of what I was about to do, but I believed I was right and I meant to go ahead.

Good News for Bittner

"You're a long time showin' up," was his peevish greeting. It was the first time he had known me since the day he had summoned me to him and given his orders.

"It's the Fifty Principles," I said breathlessly, for I couldn't know how long he would be rational. "Inquiries are coming in so fast that I can't get a moment. See here, this is just one mail! And I must run right back, for it takes us all every minute." I opened the package and let the envelopes fall about him on the bed. He tried to sit up.

"Please, Mr. Bittner, don't move," I cried, pushing him back. "You must get well quick! I can manage for a while, but I need you the worst way. And please do whatever the nurse says, and keep very still. I'll bring you news every day."

On the way out I whispered to the nurse: "Let him have the envelopes about him; it'll do him more good than anything else—it's the thing that's on his mind."

She nodded assent and I left.

Every additional mail brought more inquiries. The peculiar thing had happened that does happen once in a great while with a new commodity: the thing we were offering was queer. It wasn't what Bittner & Binks had stood for. Also men were not accustomed to being instructed in business principles in the first place, and our method of instruction by mail lacked some of the qualities necessary to appeal to conservative men. It had required three full doses to inoculate them. With the appearance of the May magazines still carrying the serious advertisement of a curious commodity, they had been convinced that it was worth looking into and had written. The newspaper story of the convention, which of course was widely copied, may have prompted the immediate avalanches.

Money Begins to Come In

Had we advertised to teach some one particular business with a *bona-fide* promise of a position at the end, every easy-going man wanting a snap who read the advertisement would have written us at once. If you advertise a job or a prize—something that appears to be a guaranty of definite results—you are almost sure of a crop of lazy-minded inquirers who are opposed to exerting themselves overmuch; and a great proportion of such inquirers never go further—they merely waste a firm's stamps and literature. We offered no guaranty; we appealed solely to the judgment of the thinking man who was willing to bear part of the responsibility of his own making, and we got that type. It is a type, I am happy to say, that follows an inquiry with an order if the firm's literature is as convincing as its printed announcement.

I was now in red-hot haste to get the Fifty Principles advertisements into the June magazines. I was afraid many of them had closed, but I began at once to wire the Eastern publications. As it turned out nearly all of them were able to make the change and they acted generously in the matter; but I had to wire the copy and instructions. It was costly work, but I felt we must have the advertising at any price. One thing in our favor was that the advertisements were already written.

Our form letters were ready and I put two of the best typists to work that afternoon getting them out. William addressed catalogues. The next day there was an increase in the number of inquiries received and there were also several subscriptions. The fifty-dollar checks certainly looked good to me. That afternoon I carried the accumulated envelopes to Mr. Bittner, but he was in a heavy stupor. The nurse told me that his greatest danger now was from weakness. He might slip out of life at any moment. I spoke to her again about the envelopes, and she consented to leave them near his bed where he could see them whenever he opened his eyes. I believed they would hold him to life if anything could.

And now my duties piled so high that I took Mr. Dumble off the revision work and set him to correcting problems and sending out new work to the subscribers. It required a day for him to adjust himself to the change of occupation. I soon saw that he would not be able to manage the work

"Your 'Bicycles,' Sir"

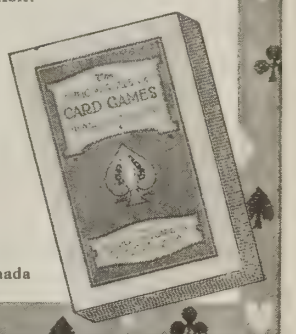
At the club, on the train, in the home, wherever men seek recreation from business cares in a friendly game of cards, Bicycle Cards have the call. For a man to think of cards is for him to think of "Bicycles." When he asks for a deck of cards, he expects

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

All the qualities of a playing card that help make card-playing a pleasure are Bicycle qualities. Bicycle Cards have the feel, the finish and, above all, the all-round excellence of manufacture that makes them as good on the last deal of an evening's play as on the first. For general, every day, any day use, more satisfactory cards cannot be made or bought, yet the regular price of Bicycles is very reasonable. Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish. Club Indexes. Sold everywhere.

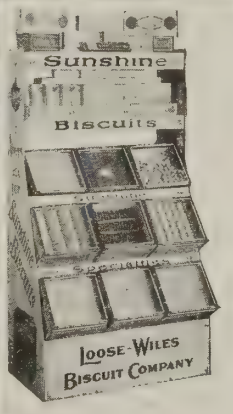
Congress Cards—The de luxe brand for social play. Art backs of famous paintings in full color. Gold Edges. Air-Cushion Finish.

Paine's Card Trays—For all duplicate games. Ingeniously designed. Beautifully finished. Every purchaser is entitled to a free correspondence course in Whist. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for illustrated, descriptive circular.



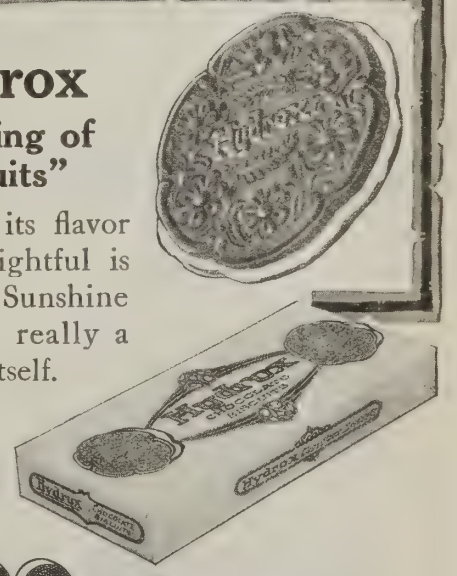
You Need This Book—New revised edition of "The Official Rules of Card Games." Over 300 games. 250 pages. Substantially bound. Mailed postpaid for 15 cents in stamps.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.
Department B-6 Cincinnati, U. S. A. Toronto, Canada



Hydrox
"The King of Biscuits"

So rich is its flavor and so delightful is its taste that Sunshine Hydrox is really a dessert in itself.



Like all our many other varieties of delicious

Sunshine Biscuits

Hydrox Biscuits are attractively and conveniently displayed in the Sunshine Rack in dealers' stores everywhere.

Examine *your* dealer's assortment of Sunshine Biscuits. You'll find an almost endless variety—a kind for every occasion.

Buy Sunshine Biscuits by the pound or in sealed packages.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
824 Thomson Ave. L. I. C., New York

BETHLEHEM
Five-Point
SPARK PLUG

THE Bethlehem Five Point Plug is technically and practically a wonderful sparking device.

Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you, write here, mentioning his name, make and model of your car.

The Silvex Company
BETHLEHEM PRODUCTS
South Bethlehem, Pa.
E. H. SCHWAB, President

PRICE
$1
In Canada, $1.25

GUARANTEED for the LIFE of YOUR CAR

AVIATION TRAINING

THE CURTISS School of Aviation will give training this winter, in Florida, to those civilians who may be accepted by the Aviation Section, U.S.A., upon their having made application for enlistment in the Aviation Reserve Corps. Applicants must be between twenty-one and twenty-seven years of age, possess good health, character and college education or equivalent. Tuition will be paid by the Government.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE
THE CURTISS TRAINING SCHOOLS
CHURCHILL STREET, BUFFALO, N.Y.

Curtiss Curtiss

Your Boys' and Girls' Shoes Will Wear Much Longer

if reinforced with the **Tel-Til-Tip.** And your children will take more pride in their footwear. Tip looks like rest of shoe; actually outwears the soles. Water-proof and wear-proof.

TEL-TIL-TIP

"The Leather Toe That Wears Like a Pig's Nose."

Trade mark on sole is your guarantee that the Tel-Til-Tip is built into shoe. If dealer will not supply you write us.

TEL-TIL-TIP REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. PATENTED AUG. 6, 1912
Trade Mark

Interesting Booklet on "Children's Indoor and Outdoor Games," including description of tip, Free for your dealer's name.

TEL-TIL-TIP CO., 372 W. 16th Street, Holland, Mich.

ENTERTAINMENTS For home, school and church; monologs, recitations, vaudeville jokes and sketches, and Plays for Amateurs. Send for free catalog.
DRAMATIC PUB. CO., 542 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

Make money in your spare time

A. S. Quint, a Boston florist, made $18.65 the first week he sold Fuller Brushes, $21.40 the second and $25.15 the third. Soon he gave practically all his time to Fuller Brushes. Now he is averaging $35 a week—has an independent, growing business, his own hours—and is his own boss.

Fuller Sanitary Brushes

are sold exclusively through our special salesmen. We help you sell them—first by an introductory free brush offer which gains a ready reception in every home; second by our advertising. Fuller Brushes are splendid sellers. They look better, clean better and last longer than ordinary brushes. There is one for every cleaning purpose. Every household needs several. There is a good profit in every sale.

We want you now

to take care of our business in your vicinity. Your initial investment is $5 for samples. We'll pay it back if you don't succeed. Try it in your spare time. You'll soon devote all your time to it, like hundreds of others are doing. Write us **at once** for full particulars.

Fuller Brush Co.
Sales Department, Hartford, Conn.

A shower for everybody

A brush and shower combined for $3.25. Fits any faucet—a shower for every bath tub. Sells fast—good profits. This is only one of several big profit-earners.

This trade mark on the handle of every Fuller Brush is our money-back guarantee of satisfaction. It helps you sell brushes. We pay you should you have to return anybody's money.

Fuller HARTFORD

alone, as he had little mental agility. His English was excellent and he did the lesson work thoroughly and accurately, but he was inherently lazy and he was not resourceful. He seemed totally incapable of sorting the lessons swiftly as they came in, getting out the most urgent ones first and otherwise managing the department so that everything ran smoothly. All he knew was to begin at the beginning and plod right through. I worked with him every moment I could spare, but on Saturday there was still a stack of lessons to go out, and some of the uncorrected problems had been in the office several days. I must have more help.

About this time my attention was attracted to Blanche Booth's unhappy face. She seemed to live in a state of fear. Miss Lutkins' hard, flat "What?" and blunt orders came down on the inexperienced young girl like a lash. Blanche was surely as good as the average. Miss Lutkins was making the young girl's life in our office almost unendurable.

I suddenly made up my mind. Blanche wrote legibly and she was a high-school graduate. I needed personal assistance. I would take her into my department. She received but six dollars a week; if she did well I would raise her. At least I would give the girl a chance.

"Miss Lutkins," I said Monday morning before Blanche arrived, "will you go into the reception room and choose an assistant? I advertised for girls. I'm taking Blanche into my office."

Miss Lutkins blurted out a "What?"

"You don't find Blanche especially necessary to you, do you?"

"Can't see she's necessary anywhere."

"That is for me to say," I replied quickly. "Please send Blanche to me when she comes."

Miss Lutkins returned a few minutes later towing in a plain, little red-headed girl with a turned-up nose. I smiled to myself over her choice, for I believed that she could hold her own with two Miss Lutkinses.

Blanche was charmed with the change. Her fair face flushed with pleasure.

"To be in the private office!" she said. "How lovely!"

I saw Mr. Dumble watching her from eyes that peered up over his work. He had a way of lifting his eyes without troubling to lift his head—he certainly was a lazy man. I suddenly wondered whether I had been a fool—I looked regretfully back toward the cage. Miss Lutkins, militant to her swelling nostrils, was eying the two. So that was it!

Here was another problem. I couldn't dismiss Mr. Dumble; I couldn't dismiss Blanche; and there was no other place to put her, as she did not type. Well, Miss Lutkins would have to mother her own romance. But why, oh why had I ever introduced a man to upset our perfectly good bookkeeper? And such a man! Miss Lutkins was worth ten of him.

A Step Up for Blanche

"Blanche," I said, "I want you to be my personal assistant and help on the lesson work whenever there is a rush." Then I showed her about sorting the mail, separating lessons from orders, inquiries and complaints, turning over the orders to Miss Lutkins, the lessons to Mr. Dumble, the inquiries and complaints to me.

"I'll teach you to handle the complaints too," I said. "If you do well I may give you the complaint department. You must learn to dictate letters."

Blanche was enchanted.

I thought I had taken care of the help problem; but not only did the inquiries increase with every mail, but there were new subscribers to be enrolled daily. This necessitated in each case making a record of the work sent out, the letters written and other details concerning the subscriber, so that any time a complication should arise we could lay our hands on all our correspondence with him. All this required a great deal of care and consumed much time, and I needed more assistance at once.

It was an undertaking to get suitable people for the Fifty Principles department—very different from securing a good stenographer. A stenographer was educated for her work, and if she were competent she could be useful from the moment she entered the office. She knew her business. But we had to teach the Fifty Principles instructors the work they were to do; they would not be of real value under a week.

I next engaged two women, both over thirty, who had been in business of one kind or another almost all their lives. I thought their varied experience might make them suitable material, for they were accustomed to varied duties. Neither would prove a dangerous rival to Miss Lutkins. Miss Waters was a dressy, much-touched-up person. Her hair was burnished, her cheek tinted, and she affected golden browns. She made me think of a fading autumn leaf—age and weather graying recently brilliant colors. Miss Tappin was small and dark and quick, with a caustic tongue, much given to white powder and dead-black pendants. The latter hung from her ears, about her neck, and in a long chain with which her thin nervous fingers constantly played. It might seem strange that I would engage two such women, but they were a product of a life spent in business and I hoped for versatility.

I gave them desks in the corner of the operating room, now becoming known as the Fifty Principles department, and asked Mr. Dumble to explain the work. They had forms to use, and as there was not a wide range of possible mistakes—nearly all the subscribers made the same ones—the corrections could readily be written in the margin, a new problem inclosed and the whole entered on the subscriber's record sheet. Thus I had only to glance at the work and dictate a short personal letter to be inclosed. It seems simple enough, but you will observe that there were a good many processes requiring several pairs of hands. The new women learned quickly and I felt fairly well satisfied, but I wished they were more genteel in appearance.

A Chance for College Women

About this time I began to notice that Blanche had a way of flitting about the office and in and out of the operating room unnecessarily. Instead of sorting a large mail and distributing once in the forenoon she would sort a dozen or so letters, jump up and carry them to their destination. She didn't seem to hover about Mr. Dumble's desk, however, and I believed she would get her work better in hand with time. She had been hectored over so constantly when with Miss Lutkins that I wanted her to feel a free rein for a while. I began to show her about handling complaints, and had her dictate some letters. Of course at first she found it very hard. She couldn't think—no one can without practice—and express herself with that conciseness desirable in a business letter. But I knew she would learn with time, and I continued to help her make herself into a correspondent. She was a bright girl and I liked to have her about me. I hoped she would soon be another Miss Carrel.

The mail continued to pile up. I was constantly interrupted by salesmen and solicitors of one kind or another, which made it impossible for me to do much of the lesson work. Miss Waters and Miss Tappin were soon outdoing Mr. Dumble in speed, and I decided not to hire any more men. Dumble was a sticker, but he was too slow, and the man element in an office full of women and girls was not desirable. On the other hand, he worked overtime with less fussing than the two women—they invariably had a theater engagement on the very night that the mail had been extra heavy—and he was less obtrusively present. Also he was goodnaturedly falling into Miss Lutkins' plan for him—the two went out to luncheon together almost daily—and the other girls had just about given him up. But things might be different with another man. I would stick to women, I decided, at least till Mr. Bittner got back.

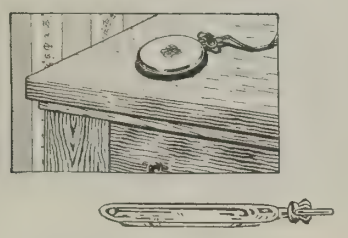
But where was I to get just the right kind of women? I couldn't contemplate with any degree of pleasure the prospect of filling up the office with the Waters-Tappin type. I finally decided to try college women. They would have been through the mental drill that makes for a logical mind, and their brains would be stimulated by study. Also they would have ideals and ambition. After working till ten o'clock Saturday night trying to get the mail all out, I telephoned an advertisement to a Sunday paper and went home feeling hopeful.

Sunday I called up the hospital and found that Mr. Bittner was a little better. I was too tired to go to see him.

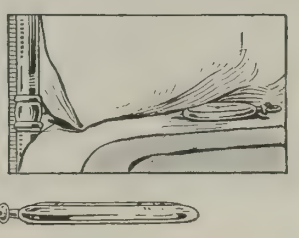
Monday I got down to the office early. Miss Krog was back, thank goodness, and a number of women were in the reception room. I took one glance at my desk—it was heaped high with letters—and asked Miss Krog to meet the applicants and select

(Continued on Page 57)

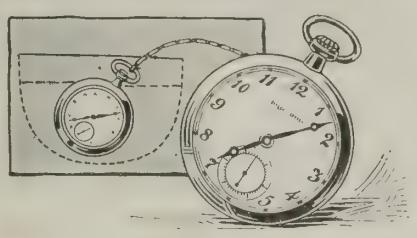
For the first time in the history of watches a high-grade 19-jewel watch at $27.50 that is accurately adjusted to four positions:



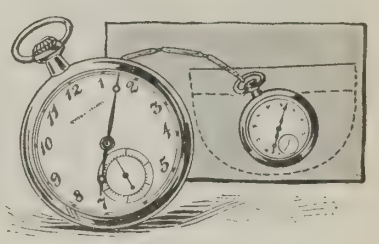
1—As it lies flat, with dial DOWN, as for example on your dresser at night.



2—As it lies flat, dial UP, as for example under your pillow.



3—As it hangs pendant, to the right, as when carried in your LEFT-hand pocket.



4—As it hangs pendant, to the left, as when carried in RIGHT-hand pocket.

NEVER before in the history of watches has there been a more notable achievement. At $27.50 a watch—a FINE watch—adjusted to temperature and FOUR POSITIONS—and fitted with NINETEEN jewels. To any man who knows watches, this bare statement of fact is astonishing. For watches possessing these requirements for great accuracy have always sold for many dollars more than $27.50.

* * *

STUDY the diagram at the top of this advertisement showing the four positions to which this watch is adjusted. These are the positions your watch assumes in actual service.

To every one of these positions these new 19-jewel South Bend Watches are accurately adjusted by experts. They must keep time accurately in every position before they can pass our rigid inspection system. In addition to these adjustments, these watches undergo a very rigid *final rating* after being cased.

This expert adjustment to many positions is one of the features that makes the difference in cost and performance between the highest priced watches of great accuracy and watches that are not so dependable.

* * *

WATCHES that sell at $50.00 and upward are usually adjusted to temperature and five positions. And this new watch at $27.50 is adjusted to temperature and four positions—the four positions that experience has shown meet all requirements for the average man.

Another feature of this new watch is its NINETEEN jewels—all carefully selected, polished and set in raised settings.
Jewels are used to reduce the friction of the mechanism just as bearings are used in a motor car. Properly selected, polished and set as they are in this model, they become a great factor in its accuracy. All jewels used as bearings in this watch are high-grade Rubies or Sapphires.
Some of the finest watches in America have but 21 jewels, yet this watch at $27.50 has nineteen.

* * *

NEITHER has any other feature necessary to accurate timekeeping been sacrificed.

This new watch has:—

The most modern type of micrometric regulator, one-tenth turn of which causes a variation of one second in 24 hours.

Imported Jurgensen mainspring. Jewelers will tell you that this is absolutely the best power plant that can be put into a watch. It is exactly the same spring that goes into our $125 watches.

High-grade steel escape wheel.

Very high grade compensating balance and highest grade Breguet hairspring.

Bridge model construction—the product of most modern designing. Pendant setting device.

IN OTHER words, this watch has built into it every feature of the highest priced watch that has been proven indispensable to greatest accuracy.

We do not believe it possible to make a greater service watch for average conditions—no matter what the price.

Never before were all these features combined in a watch to sell at anywhere near the price.

* * *

HOW can it be done, you say? Popularity is the answer. Popularity that has built up demand to a point where we have been able to specialize on this model, standardize our factory operations and cut costs to the minimum.

In the little more than a year that this watch has been on the market, users and jewelers alike have been equally enthusiastic over it.

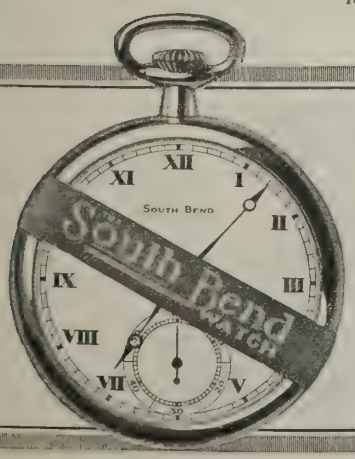
Many thousands have been sold and these have given such remarkable service we now feel justified in extensively increasing our manufacturing facilities to enable us to produce this new model on a large scale.

* * *

AND this is your opportunity to own a fine watch at a remarkably low price. See it at your jeweler's—the watch that gives $100 accuracy for $27.50.

Send for free booklet, "The Making of a Marvelous Mechanism."

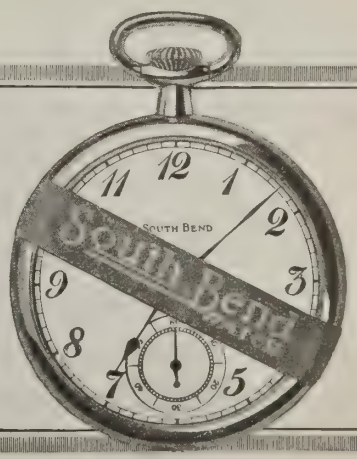
Made in two models—the 12 size, Extra-Thin watch which is illustrated here; and the 16 size, which has the same construction features but is a slightly larger and sturdier watch. Cased at the factory in high-grade gold filled cases guaranteed to wear for 20 years. Both models are open face, bridge models, with 19 jewels and adjusted to temperature and four positions; with imported Jurgensen mainspring, high-grade balance and hairspring, latest type of micrometric regulator and every other desirable feature of a high-grade and high-priced watch.

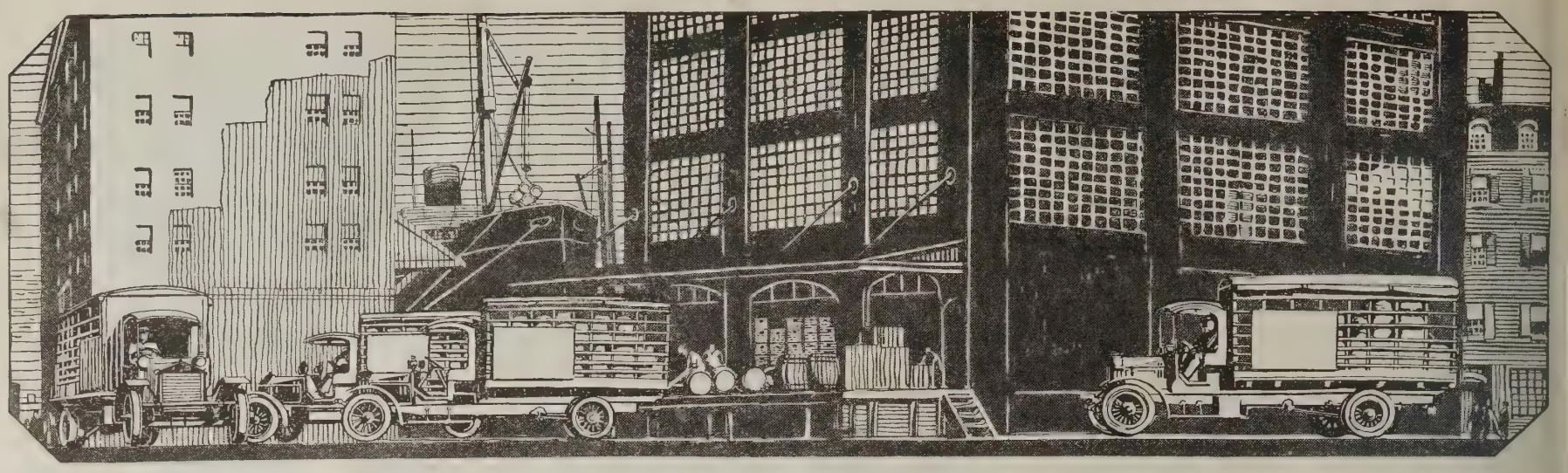


South Bend Watches

Known by their Purple Ribbons

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
13 STUDEBAKER STREET SOUTH BEND, INDIANA





The Truck That Began Right

NO Pierce-Arrow truck has ever worn out. No Pierce-Arrow truck has become obsolete. Mileages as high as 150,000 are reported. Trucks that have seen six years' service are still in satisfactory operation. There is a good reason for this record. Five years of test and experiment preceded the sale of the first

PIERCE-ARROW

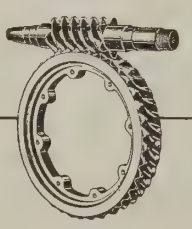
Motor Trucks

During that time many experimental models were built and scrapped. Chain-driven models were tried and found wanting. Worm-gear models were developed and improved. Flexible frame and many other structural betterments were patiently worked out.

The result was that the first Pierce-Arrow truck went to its purchaser a perfect mechanism. No radical change in design or construction has been necessary in the thousands of Pierce-Arrow trucks built since.

The indisputable logic of mechanical superiority has compelled other manufacturers to adopt the worm-gear drive they so bitterly attacked when the first Pierce-Arrow truck appeared. More and more nearly the trend of modern motor truck construction has approached the lines of the first Pierce-Arrow. Set the pioneer 1911 Pierce-Arrow beside a 1917 Pierce-Arrow truck, and the difference is barely discernible. In those same six years other motor trucks have changed fundamentally in design and construction.

It is because the first Pierce-Arrow trucks were built on fact, not theory, that they are all in satisfactory operation today.

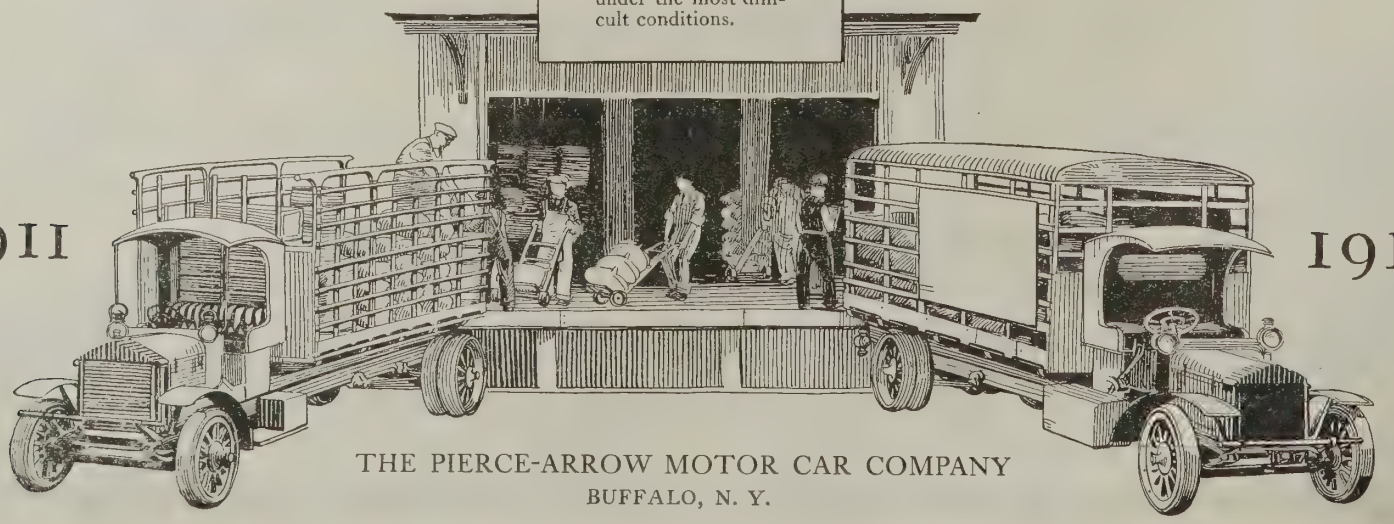


The Worm-Gear

All Pierce-Arrow Trucks are equipped with the worm-gear drive, which is a positive guarantee of effective service under the most difficult conditions.

Specific data are available covering the cost of operation of Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks in many different lines of business, such as Transport, Grocery, Contracting, Coal, Brewery, Textile, Oil, Dry Goods, Chemicals, etc.

1911



1917

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
BUFFALO, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 54)

some one whose penmanship was similar to my own and who seemed alert and capable. I thought perhaps after all Miss Krog was a better judge of good material than I. Also I was glad of an opportunity to show her that she was needed and I was in no way usurping her prerogatives. I could now turn the inquiries and the book business over to her, and this would give me more time for the actual work of the Fifty Principles department. I had had to leave that altogether too much to others to feel entirely comfortable about it.

Miss Abbot, the young woman Miss Krog selected, was trim, slender and good-looking; she stood well and had a fine carriage. I recognized the college gymnasium and the swimming pool in her every movement. This was her first position and she seemed eager to learn, though rather disappointed to start in such an ugly office. I could see that she had hoped—and dressed—for mahogany and leather-upholstered chairs. My plan was to make her my personal assistant, as I had Miss Carrel and later Blanche. I found Blanche a little too young for some of the responsible duties that my assistant would be required to do. She must, in short, be my understudy, be equal to anything I might be too busy to attend to. I was searching for a young woman who had qualities that fitted her for a responsible and a well-paid position. I hoped I had found her. I allowed Blanche to occupy one side of Mr. Bittner's desk and I put Miss Abbot on the other. Blanche was handling the complaint department and helping on lesson work. This gave me a chance to look after the proofreading and the subscribers' record sheets.

These were tasks I had kept strictly within my own hands, but the necessity of getting up new copy and additional folders made it imperative that some one else should have these posts.

Blanche Puts on Airs

Miss Krog had come back from her vacation in a very good humor, her sense of justice having been satisfied. It was a relief to see her going about among the girls again, keeping them up to their work. Miss Krog was certainly a presence; but I began to wonder whether much of this was not due to a certain wooden indifference to the girls and to excellent dressing. Her clothes formed a barrier between her and all the rest. Almost every one respects clothes, I find. Whatever did it, I was thankful for Miss Krog and turned my attention to Miss Abbot. I had her first read the entire Fifty Principles course. The plan I had back in my head was to have every member of the Fifty Principles department thoroughly familiar with the course of study, so that at any time the mail banked up on us all hands could pitch in and clear it out. And then I wanted them to have the Bittner viewpoint on business. It would make them work far more intelligently than if they merely knew one little cog of the office machinery.

I liked everything about Miss Abbot at first, and made up my mind eventually to have an office force composed entirely of college women.

"It is all so interesting, Miss Gale," she said that first day; "and just to think of being treated as a man is! I don't want any concessions in business because I am a woman."

That was certainly the right spirit.

When I showed her where she would work, opposite Blanche at the president's desk, she sat down and looked about her curiously.

"What is your college, Miss Gale?" she asked pleasantly.

"None."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

It was as though she had inadvertently stumbled on a family skeleton. I smiled. She would get over that. I gave her instructions and went on to my mail opening. Blanche was to help me, and Mr. Dumble was to answer any questions Miss Abbot might wish to ask.

I had been so occupied of late that I had paid very little attention to Blanche. But now that Miss Krog was back I had more time for observation. A few days after Miss Abbot's arrival I looked up from my work in time to catch several turned-up noses as Blanche tripped to her desk from the operating room. I thought the typists were jealous of her. She might appear to be a sort of pet, as she worked with me so constantly. I blamed the girls. But that noon, coming back from luncheon unexpectedly early, I discovered her in the act of ordering a group of the typists out of the private office. There had been a collision on the Elevated just outside our windows and the girls had rushed in to see it.

"We don't want you girls in the private office," I heard Blanche say with decided bossiness. The little lady was giving herself airs. I meant to have a talk with her.

But before I got round to it her airs reached their limit. My stenographer failed to show up one morning and I had a stack of letters that must be answered at once.

"Blanche," I called, "send me your stenographer right away, please."

She didn't answer. I looked up quickly, thinking she had not heard me, and found her face clouded.

"I don't know that I can spare her," she said loftily.

Bittner Looked as Though the Heavens Had Fallen

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed hotly. "Tell Miss Farnsworth to come here at once."

Her face reddened. She slowly got up and with the air of an injured princess went to the operating room. Miss Farnsworth came, almost running. All the stenographers looked forward to doing my special work. There seemed to be a charm about the private office, and then of course the workers there were better paid than the mass of typists. Blanche did not return till an hour later, when I had finished the dictation. She came from the cloakroom.

"A bad time to loaf, Blanche," I said.

"I couldn't dictate without my stenographer."

Oh, the pride of a young business woman when she can speak of "my stenographer"!

"You could have sorted that mail," I said, pointing to a huge stack that I had placed on her desk. "And you could have read and signed all those letters that are to go out at noon. Besides, Mr. Dumble always needs help."

She pouted like some willful child, and began to pick at the edges of the letters, not daring to refuse and not willing to submit.

I turned back to my own work. I had let her have her way too long. Responsibility had gone to her head. I must find time to have a plain talk with her.

But a day or so later—I still had not found time for the plain talk—a letter that she had dictated came to my attention. It was returned by the recipient asking for an explanation. Blanche had told him that it was too much trouble to forward his work to different addresses—he was a traveling salesman—and that he must have some one at his home do it for him. The man complained that we had agreed to do this. I called Blanche to my desk.

"Don't you know that we always take that trouble for traveling salesmen?" I asked.

"It's no way to do. It makes a lot of bother and he might as well let his folks do it."

"Blanche, many men take this course who do not want their families or their business houses to know about it. They have their own reasons—that is their business; we agreed to do the forwarding—that is ours."

"A bad agreement's better broken!"

I sat still, dumfounded. I had refrained from speaking on each of the other occasions when she had needed it, and she had apparently interpreted my silence as admission of her indispensability. I wished all at once for Bittner and his cold brutality of manner. I did need Blanche. She was a capable girl with a good brain and she was growing more useful every day. Some day, if she didn't marry, she would be a fine business woman. At present her petty personal vanity got between her and success.

I continued to gaze at her and at last she glanced up hurriedly in Mr. Dumble's direction. The little minx had evidently played a high hand with him. As my assistant she considered herself over him, and now her pride would not permit her to acknowledge her mistake in his hearing. I needed Blanche, but I could not have insubordination.

"Blanche," I said quietly, "you had better take a long vacation from this office. Get your pay Saturday and use my name for reference in finding another position. When you are older and have been buffeted about a little, you will have more sense."

It was her turn to be dumfounded. It hadn't occurred to her that I could get along without her. I had frequently told her that I couldn't, in that semi-serious tone in which we speak to people who are helpful to us in an intimate, personal way; and she had taken me literally. The truth is that there never lived a person who could not be dispensed with in business or anywhere else. We are basically too much alike, we humans, to be indispensable.

I began to break in Miss Abbot on Blanche's duties, and decided to try to get along for a while without hiring anyone else. I was growing dissatisfied with Miss Waters and Miss Tappin as people to have round, and I had not yet proved my college girl. I would wait and watch before employing anyone else.

I was a little anxious about the signing of the letters to subscribers. The force of this work, as of everything connected with the company, was Mr. Bittner's personality. The letters must carry his signature. I took a bunch of the dictated letters to the hospital and asked Mr. Bittner's nurse if she thought it would injure him to talk business. She assured me that it would not, unless there was something to be discussed that would worry him. I told her the matter I had in mind could not possibly upset him. Then I went on to his room. He was awake.

"Mr. Bittner," I said, "let me read these letters to you. I want to be sure this is just what you would say."

Wagner the Spy

His eyes lighted up and his thin white hands groped for the letters. I put them on the bed before him, and picking them up one by one read them aloud. He made a few minor suggestions, but seemed to consider them in the main all right.

He wanted to know how things were going generally. He seemed to have no idea of the passage of time and was surprised at the date on the letters and that we had got so far ahead with the course of study.

"Two talks a week," he said. "Don't send them faster."

"Few go faster," I said.

"Do any?"

"Yes, one man—Wagner, you remember him—our first subscriber? He's a persistent sort of chap, who hardly receives a problem before he is back with his answer and wanting another, or asking a million questions about everything."

I was merely talking to entertain him, but instantly a fierce light shot into his eyes.

"That's Borrige & Kemp!" he exclaimed. "Slow up on that fellow!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Bittner?"

"He's their tool; they're gettin' next. He's rushin' the course to get the whole thing as soon as possible so's they can copy it. Don't you remember the man that wanted to buy outright?" he demanded, half rising in bed, his eyes flashing.

"Yes."

"You look up his correspondence and compare it with this fellow's under a magnifyin' glass, and see if it ain't the same or if one ain't twisted unnaturally."

"Mr. Bittner, I never thought of that! But what shall I do—discontinue his work?"

"No, we ain't got any proofs, and anyway we gotta cater to him same's anybody else. You can't refuse to sell to a man, even to your worst enemy. No, we gotta get him on other lines."

His fingers twiched and his face worked nervously.

"Please, Mr. Bittner, don't think about it," I begged, alarmed at the change in him. "Don't make me afraid to come to you."

"Don't you worry," he said, attempting to sit up. "You bring me everything that looks suspicious. I'm layin' low now, but just you wait till I'm out of this—just give me time—and I'll have their offices!"

It sounded wild. Thoroughly frightened at what I had done, I turned to the nurse, who came in at that moment. But she passed me abruptly with a low "Now see

(Continued on Page 60)

Is this your family, having the time of their lives in one of those beautiful Overlands—something to look forward to every day of the year?

This is the life—

There are two ways to live nowadays.

One way is the life that is daily chock full of healthy activity, wholesome fun and lots of fresh air.

This way is shown above.

This manner of living gives your family every modern opportunity to better health, better sport, a broader mentality and a more highly developed point of view.

To enjoy life on this basis—to get all there is to be had and all that you should have; to look forward to each day with a keener interest and anticipation; to miss nothing—get an Overland.

For there is a quality car in the Overland line for every class of buyer.

And each car is bigger value because it has shared proportionately in the greater economies of our larger production.

The tremendous factories and facilities of the great Overland industry permit us to offer cars of unusual efficiency, style, comfort and power at remarkably reasonable prices.

There is an Overland for you and yours. Pick it out today—and tomorrow introduce your family to the new order of things—the bigger life made possible by the economical Overland.

Light Four			Big Four	
Touring	$665	*All prices*	Touring	$850
Roadster	$650	*f. o. b.*	Roadster	$835
Country Club	$750	*Toledo*	Coupé	$1250
			Sedan	$1450

The Willys-O

Manufacturers of a

Or is this your family, limited to long rides in stuffy, hot trolley cars and listless conversation? How about getting an Overland?

—this is not

Here is the other side of the story—the other way some live—the wrong way.

This pictures the more narrow and cramped life, with trolley car outings for the big event of the week.

It's wrong. It's not fair to your children—your wife—or yourself.

Get a car—an Overland—and over night all this is changed. It will add years to your life and rejuvenate your family.

The Overland is everyone's car today. Some one of the beautiful models you can easily afford. It's not an expense. It's a downright economy.

One executive organization—*one* factory management—*one* purchasing unit—*one* sales management—*one* dealer organization produce and sell the entire line. Each model shares the enormous economies thus effected.

The new Overland models are beauties.

Easy to handle—anyone in your family can learn to drive in no time. They have abundant power; beautiful lines; lots of room, comfort and style and are backed by the greatest motor car institution in America.

See the nearest Overland dealer and take a look today.

Stop living the wrong way.

oledo, Ohio
Motor Cars

Light Six	
Touring	$985
Roadster	$970
Coupé	$1385
Sedan	$1585

All prices f. o. b. Toledo

Willys-Knight	
Four Touring	$1285
Four Coupé	$1650
Four Sedan	$1950
Four Limousine	$1950
Eight Touring	$1950

4¢
INTRODUCES YOU TO
CICO★
PASTE

YOU'LL find CICO the most likable paste proposition you ever shook hands with. Always ready for instant use and stays ready. Has an adjustable brush holder which keeps the fingers clean. Fine for home, office, playroom and library.

Carter Inx

Quality Products

When using CICO Paste remember it *sticks best when spread thin.* It's all paste without a bit of waste. No mussy water well, no lumps or sticky fingers. Stationers sell CICO in convenient 45c and 25c refill desk jars (as shown). Also in spreader tubes and bottles.

Send those two two-cent stamps today for our introductory size bottle.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

Boston New York
Chicago Montreal

Also Manufacturers of Carter's Typewriter Ribbons and Carbons

★ Pronounced "Sy-ko"

(Continued from Page 57)

what you've done!" and went on to his side. I gathered up the letters and hurried out. I did not consult Mr. Bittner again about the letters, but continued to sign his name, for it was all his original idea; and what mattered it whether or not he had read and approved the exact wording.

I used the magnifying glass on the two signatures and was convinced that he was right. There was a certain similarity. Also there was the same tone of insistence in both sets of correspondence; and both had sent money-orders instead of bank checks. Then I recalled the invitation to speak before the convention and Wagner's smirking face as he sat in the audience. He had undoubtedly inspired the invitation, meaning either to smoke Bittner out and compel his presence in a situation where he would make a poor impression—Bittner could not do himself justice before an audience—or to gain additional evidence that he did not personally handle the Fifty Principles work.

While I was thinking this out Wagner appeared. He came at once into the private office and would have seen the two sets of correspondence on my desk had I not seen him first and gone across the room to meet him. He asked for Mr. Bittner, as on the former occasion, and again I suggested that he leave his question in writing. He went away without doing so.

The call gave me an idea, and finding over the phone that Mr. Bittner, strange to say, was better since our talk of the day before, I went again to the hospital. I now believed that his brain needed some such stimulus as I had given him wholly unintentionally. He needed to be roused, and I made up my mind to consult him daily if possible on minor matters. I believed that if he could be kept from too much excitement news of the progress of business would really help him. So I told him about the necessity for greater privacy, now that our business was of a more personal nature, and suggested changing the partitions so as to create a public reception room. It had always bothered me, having callers come right into our private office, but now I had a good business reason for insisting upon a change. Mr. Bittner instantly saw the wisdom of shutting out visitors. It would be better business to make it impossible for them to examine the linings of the coat.

"And while the carpenters are changing the partitions, Mr. Bittner, why not make a rest and lunch room for the girls? It won't cost over one hundred dollars and it will be worth a thousand times that."

"It'll encourage loafing."

"It will encourage neatness," I came back. I couldn't argue with a sick man, but I might be able to give him another impression that would supplant his own. "If the girls had a room where they could eat their lunches—not many bring lunches, you know, so it won't need to be large—the operating room would be neater and mice would be discouraged. William found a package of letters gnawed into to-day in spite of his new traps. Besides, if the girls could wash their hands without losing the time required to go clear out to the public washroom it would be an actual saving."

"Go ahead," he said peevishly, "but keep the expense as low as possible."

An Irritating Habit

I knew he was worried about money, but still I could not bring myself to tell him that I had sold my ranch and invested the proceeds in advertising. It was a difficult thing, some way, to tell.

The girls were delighted with their rest room, where there was a couch and paraphernalia for making tea and coffee, and a reading table with current magazines. My only requirement was that they keep the place neat.

All the confusion from rebuilding was over in a few days, for the carpenters got extra men and rushed the work through. The comfort secured more than paid for the temporary upheaval.

In the mean time Hart had utterly slipped my mind. He wrote in, thoroughly angry over the failure of my promise for the June advertisements—I had told him that the business books would have full pages throughout the summer and had forgotten to explain the change of plan. I wrote, promising him an early visit from Mr. Bittner, when everything would be made right.

All this time I had been studying Miss Abbot, and had discovered that she had one very irritating habit—that of making people repeat their remarks. The reason for this, I concluded, was inattention. The American business man not only g thing the first time it is said to him generally catches it halfway. Pe this is the reason he is the cleverest ness man in the world today. I had known Mr. Bittner to fail to catc full import on a first utterance, or Krog, or William. If there was one Mr. Bittner would not tolerate it wa of alertness. His people must be ready. I believe the thing that first his favor, so far as I was concerned my eagerness to hear every word. I re that I didn't know a thing about bu and I wasn't willing to say anything would expose my dense ignorance. Be it had always annoyed me to have w interrupt my narrative with a cont peppering of "Yes?" "Yes?" "Yes?" other similar ejaculations that are posed to show an interest. Men as a have not this annoying habit. They l without interrupting. I had early c this habit which I admired in men, a believe this was one of the reasons Bi had found me valuable to him. His were never checked or lost through i ruption. His talking to me was a so thinking aloud while I took it all d Women everywhere chatter too much listen altogether too little. Even they appear to listen, half the time it pose—they are just thinking up somet to say when their chance comes. Soc they have been responsible for the cor sation, and when they go into business are apt to carry this habit along. become a source of confusion to emplo who would otherwise find their value develop them from working girls business women.

Bittner's Snappy Letters

After Blanche left I had Miss Al work more directly with me so that could get an all-round idea of the busi I felt sure that there was value in the and I made up my mind to bring it One day I handed her a number of car copies of letters that I expected to ad our ready-made letter books. I asked to revise them, making them as ters possible without losing their spirit. had had occasion to read our letters knew the Bittner style.

When she handed me her work tow closing time I found that she had tra lated our business language into c stilted, dignified English, eliminating ev ordinary expression, every meaty phr I went over the letters with her, explain her mistake.

"But Miss Gale, how disrespectful! 'J salt that down,' for instance. How m better to say: 'Kindly put that awa some safe place where it will not forgotten.'"

"The former is more graphic and m Bittnerish," I said. "This company built up on Mr. Bittner's personality."

"Beg pardon?"

I repeated.

She sat thinking for some moments:

"Then he is what is known as a self-m man?"

The idea seemed to trouble her; but quickly brightened. "He will be an int esting study. I never knew one—that intimately." I could not help smiling the thought of her and Bittner know each other intimately.

Still I held to my original belief t the girl had ability if only she could acqu a business viewpoint, and as she seemed want very much to make good I decid to try her on some other kind of work. T next morning I called her to my desk.

"Miss Abbot," I began.

"Beg pardon?"

"I was about to suggest," I went deadening my irritation, "that you ma some business calls. I know you are rea ambitious to become a good busin woman."

"Indeed I am."

"I want you to call on several boo sellers to see if they can't move our bu ness books. We are overstocked and I mu turn them into money."

I handed her a list of addresses. "The three firms have handled our books in t past, but see if they won't push them o low cut price."

Miss Abbot blushed and I was sorry f her. This sort of thing had been so ha for me at first.

"I'll try, Miss Gale, but it seems to perfectly impossible."

She returned a couple of hours later. "It wasn't at all bad," she said in a surprised tone. "The men were all lovely."

"Make any deals?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Did you accomplish anything—get any business?"

"Well, not exactly. You see they didn't seem much interested, but they were all just as nice as they could be."

"You mean they were polite and pleasant to you personally? That isn't business, Miss Abbot."

"What could I do?"

"You should have remembered every second that you were there as a representative of a commodity. Unless you made that commodity more vital to those men than your own personality as an attractive young woman, you utterly failed in your mission. The small concessions made on account of your charm will never mount up large enough to make you a successful business woman. I give business to the men who convince me by cold facts that they have what I want. And you must get business in the same way. You will always be treated politely, because you are a well-bred, charming person; but you will never be a business woman till you make the thing you represent loom larger than yourself. You must sink yourself in business, die personally for your business' sake. It's just like setting up an advertisement with an attractive border and beautiful illustrations that fairly bury the commodity. The space may attract attention, but not to the right thing."

"I suppose I wasted the forenoon," she said, crestfallen.

"No, for you have learned a thing or two."

The next morning I remembered that I had not sent my copy to a big daily.

"Miss Abbot," I said, "will you please hustle this copy over to the Evening Mail and see if they can give us the top of the column next to reading matter today, and if not, to-morrow?"

"Beg pardon?"

It seemed almost too much to have to say all that over again. Impatiently I repeated my commission.

She seemed very much surprised. "Where is William?" she asked.

"Covell's."

"Beg pardon?"

"He has gone to Covell's."

Her eyes turned to Mr. Dumble.

"He is editing letters," I said.

"Beg pardon?"

"Mr. Dumble is editing letters," I screamed. "Miss Abbot, is it possible that you are a little deaf?"

"Deaf! How absurd!" She got that. "Why can't I edit letters?"

"Because you don't know business English; you only know college English. They are your letters that he is editing. Hurry, please. This advertisement must go in to-night if possible."

She got up, stiffly reluctant.

"How do I find the advertising manager?"

"Inquire."

"Beg pardon?"

"Inquire at the newspaper office," I repeated.

An hour later she returned and put the copy on my desk.

"He wasn't there," she said shortly, and started to her own desk.

A Hopeless Case

"Wasn't there? Why didn't you find out where he was and go to him, or find some one else that would do?"

"I beg your pardon?"

I repeated, feeling tired and cross.

"Miss Gale," she said sweetly, "really I can't see why I should do an office boy's work. I sent in my card and asked to see the advertising manager. When he didn't come I returned to the office. I think I have done all that could be expected under the circumstances."

"Miss Abbot," I said firmly, "you have never done all that is expected until you have done the thing you set out to do. There is no financial value in attempts. Achievement alone goes down on the ledger."

"I don't quite understand your asking me to do a humiliating thing," she said in a beautifully intoned voice. I thought of lame little Miss Carrel and how she would have jumped at the chance.

"The one vital thing in this office this morning was to get that copy in an afternoon paper," I answered. "It wasn't of the least importance what you thought or felt about it. You should have landed that copy—that is, if you are sincere in wanting to be a business woman—had you been obliged to climb a dozen stairways and interview as many smudged printers. To a business woman nothing should have mattered except getting that copy in. Now I shall go myself."

When I returned Miss Abbot seemed to have thought it all out, and she had her theory ready. She was dreamily thoughtful and wholly complacent.

"Miss Gale," she said with sweet, forgiving patience, "don't you think our viewpoints are decided by our family, position and all that sort of thing? Now you see you've been a working girl. What would be second nature to you would be a menial act to me."

"Yes," I answered, "while you have been learning how, I've been doing it."

"Beg pardon?"

"I mean," I began as calmly as I could, "while you have been studying at college how to meet life I have been meeting it. This makes us unequally equipped."

"Exactly!" she agreed with satisfaction.

I turned to my letters. Presently I looked up to see what Miss Abbot was doing. Her fine brow was drawn. She seemed to have got something more out of our talk that was unpleasant to her. She was not a dull young person, but her college training was terribly in her way. When she should coördinate theory with practice and lose herself in her work she would do first-rate.

A Pair of Parasites

But all this would take time, and I needed immediately more pliable help. Did it exist? Yes, always there had been Miss Carrel; but such material as she would not remain an under-employee long. I had meant to advertise for more college girls, but I gave it up. They brought no background of business knowledge to their work and they had troublesome theories. The most ordinary man, the most commonplace office girl brought more of immediate value. But then again these people had no ambition and they were unpleasant to have about.

All the girls had gone to lunch and I sat wondering what type of woman I had best try next. College women, judged by Miss Abbot, were a doubtful quantity; business women, judged by Miss Waters and Miss Tappin, were the best after all. Little as I liked these women, they had proved themselves resourceful. They had that blessed quality handed down from generations of women who rocked the baby's cradle with their toes while they knitted their husbands' socks and kept an eye on the bread in the oven.

They did a great deal, it seemed to me, in minus time, where poor Mr. Dumble made an event of each act on the program. I had about decided that I would be compelled to get some more of the Waters-Tappin type, when the two came into the operating room together.. They had become great chums. I heard the rattling of a newspaper.

"Grandest thing I ever heard of," Miss Waters exclaimed, reading from the paper. "A stenographer marries her millionaire employer of eighty; she's only nineteen—her first job too. No such pick-ups in this office."

"There's Mr. Dumble," facetiously put in Miss Tappin.

"Him! Rats! He'll never make the price of a maid. Besides, look whose claws are in him."

"Guess Bittner's lined with gold all right, all right, and he's a bachelor."

"Umph! It's plain enough who's got him landed. Bet she took him away from Krog too. There isn't any love lost there. I'm for pulling out of here." I slipped quickly out by the private-office door. No, these were not business women; they were business parasites, looking for men to marry and support them. I could not stand any more of their class. In some way I must find real women.

I lingered a long time over lunch, thinking out the entire help problem. At last I squarely faced the fact that our business had been undergoing a metamorphosis since the beginning of the Fifty Principles success, and I had been too much engrossed in the details of my own work to view the thing as a whole. The better class of trade that we were now getting did not call for so

(Continued on Page 65)

This Tube Keeps Pressure Up

Too many motorists consider the inner tube in the light of negative virtues.

If a tube doesn't actually "go flat" on the road, or put them to the pump at inconvenient times, they think it adequate, and are satisfied.

Their point of view costs them money.

For a tube, to serve at full utility, must do more than merely contain air temporarily—it must *hold* that air, day in and day out, against shock or blow, or whatever the road has to offer.

It must have the positive virtue of enforcing the last mile of service of which the casing is capable, and it lacks this virtue if it permits underinflation at any time.

We advise all motorists to buy *Goodyear* Tubes if they are at all concerned with the economical upkeep of their tires.

We build Goodyear Tubes to *hold* air—make them up from many paper-thin sheets of fine rubber, laid one upon another and vulcanized together into a perfect air-retaining unit.

We vulcanize even the valve-patch *in*—not stick it *on*—and here eliminate one of the commonest causes of tube trouble.

We make them *thicker*—that they may last longer.

For sustained and severe service we recommend the Heavy Tourist type. It is especially thick, rugged and vigorous, slightly higher-priced than other tubes—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Weitzel Lock—Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

GOODYEAR

AKRON

ITS QUALITIES ARE IN HARMONY

Obviously, the bitterest foe to the tire's long life is the battering of the road.

And the ordinary tire's commonest failure has been in its inability to escape this punishment.

Built up of numerous plies of stout canvas, its activity was strangled in the grip of tight cross-weave, and it depended for survival upon resistance.

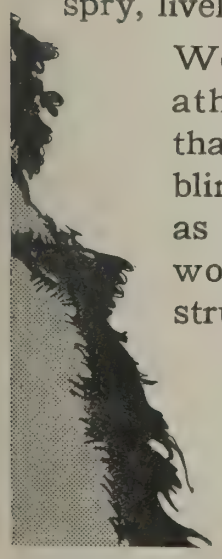
It suffered every shock of travel in unaverted collision, took issue with every impact, passed on, or gave to ruin.

Its strength was an invaluable adjunct to generous tire service; its stiffness a grave handicap.

Its qualities were in conflict.

Back in 1904, we realized the limitations of the then popular type of tire construction, and strove to evolve the remedy.

We sought to perfect a tire combining activity and strength in extreme measure —one at once stalwart and spry, lively and enduring.



We wanted a tire so athletic and vigorous, that instead of thudding blindly into obstruction as did the old type, it would meet such obstruction adroitly, absorbing the shock into its own resilience.

We wanted a tire that sprang, rather than bumped; that exercised, rather than toiled; that served, rather than suffered.

We found it easy to develop a resilient tire at the sacrifice of strength, and easy to develop a strong tire at the sacrifice of resilience.

Our difficulty lay in combining the two at the sacrifice of neither—in retaining the strength of hardy fabric, freed of the binding action of cross-weave.

Season after season we experimented, tested, improved and tested again, until we arrived at that perfected construction which is today's Goodyear Cord Tire.

Its qualities are in harmony.

Its peculiar construction has for a basis thousands of light, pliant cords, tightly-twisted and densely strong, established side by side in the tire-structure layer upon layer, *without interweave.*

Each cord and each layer is insulated and upholstered with a springy cushion of pure rubber—each cord and each layer is free to exercise, flex and recover, independently of the rest, without contact, without friction.

Thus to the multiplied stoutness of the thousands of cords is joined the unhampered elasticity of quick rubber—making a tire-body almost invulnerably strong, yet spry, active and fast as a tempered spring.

Over so sound and efficient a structure finally is treaded a fine-grained, wear-resisting, amazingly vigorous stock—generously laid on, in both the big-blocked All-Weather and easy-steering Ribbed tread designs.

The result is a completed Goodyear Cord Tire—easy-gaited as a coyote, possessing the stamina of a bulldog—costing more, in materials and make-up, to build and to buy, and worth it.

A tire that will quicken your car, encourage its motor, deliver you more miles from every gallon of gasoline, protect your satisfaction, and engage your good-will.

A tire competent in all ways to carry you farther, last you longer, serve you truer.

A tire whose quality makes it higher-priced—and *better.*

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

An old-time advertisement of WALTHAM WATCHES

Reproduction of a remarkable old engraving printed more than fifty years ago as an advertisement by the Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass. This was the beginning of national watch advertising in this country.

This quaint advertisement was entitled: "THE QUIPS AND JESTS OF TIME." Below the illustration appeared the line: "Time is the stuff that life is made of and our little life is guided by a watch."

As this whimsical old engraving indicates, your watch is with you by day and by night. How important, then, that the watch should be a good watch! In a quite intimate association it presides silently and unobtrusively over your goings and comings. If it be a faithful and enduring time-piece, it travels with you all the length of the way and tells the Truth throughout the journey.

It is this companionship and this loyal service which have made the Waltham Watch a prized possession for three quarters of a century. In every part of the globe it has done its duty unswervingly and won universal good report, until now at Waltham stands the largest watch factory in all the world, proud in tradition and unrivaled in scientific and artistic resources.

It is no cause for wonder that practically every improvement in the watch-making industry during the past half century has originated at Waltham. The lead taken in the days of the old advertisement has been steadily maintained. Today the Waltham Watch Company produces the only complete variety of jeweled watches and the leading watch in each grade.

Measured by the tests of History, Art, Science, and actual Use by millions of people, the Waltham is the premier watch of the world—*the* watch for your pocket!

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
WALTHAM, MASS.

"Borrige & Kemp Will Follow Me Up Till One of Us is Ditched"

(Continued from Page 61)

many follow-up letters. Most of our business came from the number-one and number-two letters, where formerly it had come from numbers four and five. The type of men who had become interested in the Fifty Principles knew at once whether or not they wanted a thing, and if they had been sufficiently interested to send in an inquiry they generally subscribed. They didn't have to be begged, and cajoled, and made club offers, and given premiums, and so on. This was the beauty of appealing to high-grade men in a high-grade manner. Consequently we needed fewer follow-up girls of the cheaper class and more good stenographers and instructors of an intelligent class. The tail of the business, in other words, was shortening while the head was expanding. From an ordinary mail-order house with its never-ending follow-ups and reminders, we were becoming a highly specialized concern. This change was bringing the employees more directly under my management and lessening Miss Krog's responsibility and authority.

Places for Two

I foresaw trouble ahead. Miss Krog would not readily yield her reins. And yet, though she was the ideal forewoman to drive a lot of unintelligent, half-baked workers through an enormous amount of routine work, she was not equipped for handling women of a higher order, whose interest must be enlisted. The typists under her care were a careless, indifferent, giggling, gum-chewing set of young animals, full of youthful nonsense and without ambition. Miss Krog got them at bargain rates, and like all bargains they had serious flaws. They were poor spellers, knew little of punctuation and did nothing to improve themselves. Miss Krog had had no business experience except what she had got with the firm of Bittner & Binks, and she had early been trained by Binks in close economy. She could not see that an inefficient girl was expensive at any price.

On their reading table I had been careful to place a number of business magazines along with the popular ones, but these gathered dust from day to day. Since Miss Carrel's departure not one had been opened. The girls' talk, whenever I chanced to overhear it at noon, was of their "friends," their dresses, a dance or some other purely personal matter. Frequently they speculated on the probability of a raise and discussed other firms that paid better. And all the time I was watching for girls that I could make into efficient business women, girls who were worth a raise.

I took a pencil and paper and figured the thing out by actual mathematics. An ordinary six-dollar-a-week girl could do twenty pages of plain copying or forty letters from dictation in one day. I must dictate slowly, frequently redictate later in the day when the whole thing had gone from my mind, and confine my language to the typist's understanding. A twelve-dollar-a-week girl did forty pages of copying a day, or sixty letters from dictation, required less than half as much of my time and very seldom any assistance with her notes. My time, which ranked as the most valuable in the office, was being wasted to save a few paltry dollars.

I saw a most disagreeable task ahead of me. I must make Miss Krog see this question of cheap help as I saw it. She prided herself on running the place economically. She would obey an order from Mr. Bittner without question, but I wondered how she would treat one from me? Was this to be my Waterloo, this revolution I had in mind on the help problem?

Well, it had to be done at any cost. I could run the office without Miss Krog, if I must—I had proved that during her vacation; and the business could not suffer to save the feelings of even the oldest employee. But the immediate problem was that of better help for the Fifty Principles department. Where could I find serious-minded, ambitious, womanly women who would respect their work and my orders and become permanent with us? All at once I remembered my own serious attitude toward business when I began with Bittner & Binks at four dollars a week. I had clung to my job because it had meant my actual bread and butter; I had shivered at every symptom of disfavor. I decided then and there to get rid of Miss Waters and Miss Tappin and employ others to whom a job meant life or death; women situated as men usually are, with some one depending on them, women who felt the seriousness of living, women who must earn. I got up at once, went back to my office and wrote an advertisement something like this:

"I have a place for two women of education and common sense who write legibly; but they must have others dependent on them for support. Preference given to desperate women."

It was a blind advertisement.

Saturday I let Miss Waters and Miss Tappin go, and sent my advertisement to a Sunday paper. Late Sunday afternoon I called at the newspaper office, for I knew that desperate women would answer at once. I received forty-nine answers. It made my heart sick. How well I remembered the old, long, terrible trail of the educated but untrained woman looking for work! I believed that a great deal of excellent material went to waste because of the unwillingness of employers to take on inexperienced help. The inexperienced woman often brings other things to business that equal if they do not exceed in value the experience so generally demanded.

If only I had forty-nine places to fill! I carried the letters home and carefully read and sorted them. Two especially appealed to me as good material. These women wrote legibly and concisely, whereas most of them wrote long, rambling stories of their woes. They stated their case, but with dignified reserve, almost a flinching from the revealment. There was no apparent effort to appeal to my sympathies. One said that her husband had acquired the cocaine habit from severe illness and that she now had to support him and their baby girl of three years. She wasn't sure that there was anything that she could do in business, but if trying had any value she could recommend herself. The letter was terse, crisp and spirited. The woman signed herself Mary Coontz.

The other was a widow with a son whom she was trying to keep in school. The boy had lost a leg in a street-car accident while selling papers, and now as he would never be able to do active work she was trying to give him a chance to develop a talent he seemed to have for modeling. She believed the child had genius. She had been sewing in the dressmaking department of a large suit house, but could not make enough to pay expenses. She had tramped the streets looking for work, but her lack of experience was against her—she could not get a hearing anywhere. She confessed that there was really nothing she could think of that she could do in a business way. She had been educated in a convent, and on leaving school had married. Her husband had been dead two years. She signed herself Mrs. Winifred Gray with the "Mrs." in brackets.

To each of these two women I sent a special-delivery letter asking them to report at our office at eight o'clock on Monday morning. Then I put the forty-seven other letters away for future use.

Both women were there when I got down—I knew they would be—and I was favorably impressed. Mrs. Coontz was a thin, pale woman with very bright black eyes and a nervous manner. She was as quick as a steel trap. On second glance I decided that her plainness arose from lack of time to dress carefully, and she had lost two front teeth which made an ugly gap in her mouth. Her hands were pitifully hardened and lined and cracked. They suggested lifting, washing, scrubbing, cooking, mending.

Desperate Women at Work

Mrs. Gray was a totally different type. She was even-featured and womanly, and had not lost her natural daintiness in the struggle. Her shabby black dress—a semblance of mourning—had evidently been dyed and many times turned and her neat lace collar, spotlessly white, was much darned. She had a wistful pretty mouth and soft appealing hazel eyes in which rested the shadow of much suffering.

I employed them both, and as they entered the operating room after me a suppressed snicker arose from the young typists. I looked up quickly and the noise died away. It is strange that young women can be so thoughtless as to be unkind to shabby members of their own sex, but they are as a rule, even as men are. They don't see the pity of it—not till they see inside and know the personal history. Bittner would lay it to lack of imagination. I doubt if any male employer in the city would have seen value that Monday morning in those two sadly depressed women with haunted eyes. The general run would have seen only the poor clothes, the work-hardened hands, and a job of scrubbing would have rounded out their idea for them.

I talked over my idea in hiring these women with Miss Krog and solicited her coöperation. I did not want them to suffer from the forewoman's prejudice as well as from their own inexperience.

William moved two tables into the private office, so that I could oversee the work of my new assistants. Also this removed them from the prying eyes of the perky young typists. Then I carefully explained their tasks and put the Fifty Principles course into their hands to read. I counted on their trouble-matured brains grasping the whole plan and seeing its significance. These women had married men who had struggled and gone down.

They knew failure in all its starkness and barrenness. It had eaten into their souls. I believed the Fifty Principles would grip them, and I wanted them gripped. I wanted them to respect the work and put themselves wholly into it.

At closing time Mrs. Gray looked up from her reading with shining eyes. "May I take these talks home to read to Harold?" she asked eagerly.

"I am sorry," I said, "but we can't let anything pertaining to the Fifty Principles go out of the office. Maybe after awhile I can arrange for him to take the course."

That was the first point of gain. She regarded the work seriously; there was nothing flippant in her attitude. It meant something—something big—to make business men. And to be able to do the work I had outlined would mean an end to the long, weary, heartrending search for a position. Mrs. Coontz showed equal interest in her own way.

Knowing nothing of business, having no previous ideas on the subject and realizing their own lacks, they respected every order, they took no liberties.

By the end of the week I was so well satisfied with my two assistants that I believed no further problems remained in my immediate department. I went to see Mr. Bittner and found him sitting up. He said he would be at the office in a few days. I was glad, but not nearly so glad as I should have been some weeks earlier. Thrown on my own resources, I had carried the thing through, and now I did not feel especially burdened.

The day Bittner returned to the office Miss Krog uttered one "Oh," then looked at me reproachfully. He was a shadow of his former self. She suddenly understood but she said nothing. He went about the office, noted the changes, then came back and sat down by my desk. He gazed disapprovingly at the two desks of my assistants. Mrs. Coontz was busy but Mrs. Gray's chair was vacant. I saw that this close proximity of others bothered him.

"They can move into the operating room now that you are back," I said, assuming the initiative through recent habit. "It does crowd us too much."

"Everything goin' all right?" he asked.

"Splendidly! There is not one thing to worry about now, Mr. Bittner. It's just clear sailing on smooth seas."

He smiled a slow, amused smile.

"You can just as well take that Great Lakes trip as not." The doctor had advised this and I knew he ought to follow the advice. "All the bad places are passed. Please go!"

Quiet little Mrs. Gray came to us, bearing a cup of tea. She had evidently gone to the rest room to make it. "It will do you good," she said in a low sweet voice. "It helped my husband through the business day after he'd been ill."

Bittner looked as though the heavens had fallen, but thank goodness he accepted the cup. Mrs. Gray went back to her work and he stared after her. Then he turned to me: "I thought you kept things dark."

"I did, Mr. Bittner. It's you who give it away—you look ill. You won't be any

(Continued on Page 68)

"A Stenographer Marries Her Millionaire Employer. No Such Pick-Ups in This Office"

This is REAL

How Fisk Service Will Benefit YOU

THOUSANDS of car owners have acquired the habit of going to a Fisk Branch on a certain day in the week, almost on the identical hour, month after month throughout the year, to have tires tested for air pressure.

They know from experience that regular and frequent inspection by Fisk Service Men is actually giving them from 1500 to 2000 additional tire mileage.

They have learned how important is the need for uniform air pressure. They understand that to let tires vary a few pounds in pressure from day to day is to invite trouble and unnecessary expense.

They know that their tires are more uniformly efficient, and that the upkeep costs are lower when they are given the right kind of attention. And so they have learned to depend upon Fisk Free Tire Service because it is thoroughly reliable and ***makes those added miles possible at no added expense.***

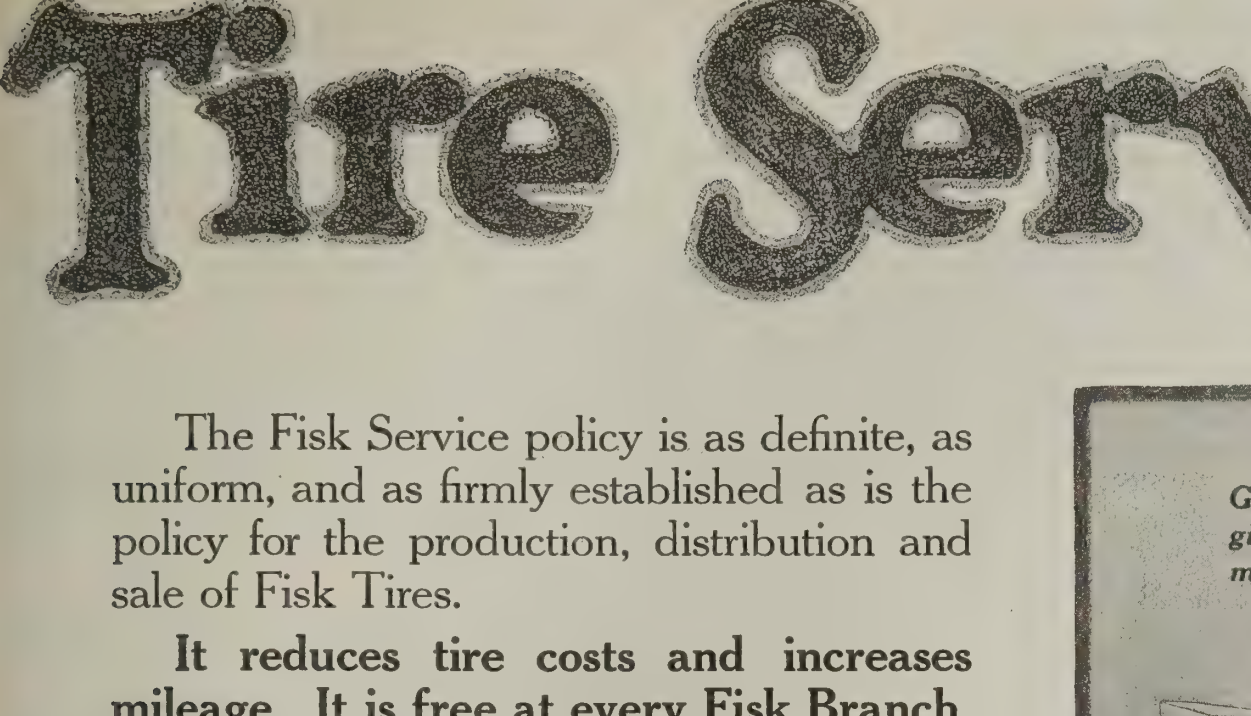
Air testing is only a part of Fisk Free Service—only one of the reasons why these thousands of car owners have the "Fisk Habit"—only one of the many kinds of help and advice found in Fisk Free Service that makes possible the utmost enjoyment and satisfaction in the use of tires, without the expenditure of a single penny. ***This is real tire service.***

Tire Service

The Fisk Service policy is as definite, as uniform, and as firmly established as is the policy for the production, distribution and sale of Fisk Tires.

It reduces tire costs and increases mileage. It is free at every Fisk Branch, to everyone who drives a car.

Anyone, regardless of the tires used, may enjoy this Free Service at any Fisk Branch, without charge and with no sense of obligation—**this is the Fisk policy and it is unique in the industry.** Take advantage of it.



Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

Glimpses of Fisk Tire Service given FREE at any of the more than 125 Fisk Branches

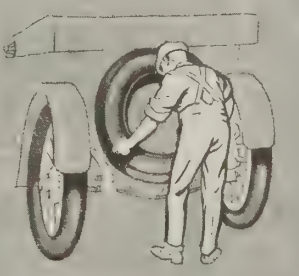
Inspecting

Dismounting

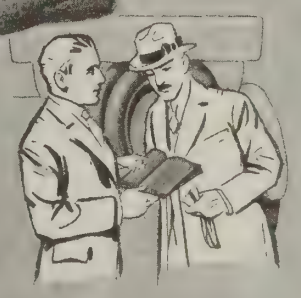
Assembling

Air Testing

Testing Wheels for Alignment



Extras Mounted



Advice and Instruction

No Charge

Fisk Free Service Branches

Aberdeen, S. D.	Cleveland, Ohio	Greenville, S. C.	Nashville, Tenn.		
Albany, N. Y.	Columbia, S. C.	Harrisburg, Pa.	Newark, N. J.		
Allentown, Pa.	Columbus, Ohio	Hartford, Conn.	New Orleans, La.	Riverside, Cal.	St. Paul, Minn.
Atlanta, Ga.	Council Bluffs, Iowa	Hastings, Neb.	New York City	Roanoke, Va.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Atlantic, Iowa	Davenport, Iowa	Hollywood, Cal.	Oakland, Cal.	Rochester, N. Y.	Tacoma, Wash.
Baltimore, Md.	Dayton, Ohio	Indianapolis, Ind.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Sacramento, Cal.	Terre Haute, Ind.
Billings, Mont.	Denver, Colo.	Kansas City, Kan.	Omaha, Neb.	Saginaw, Mich.	Toledo, Ohio
Binghamton, N. Y.	Des Moines, Iowa	Kansas City, Mo.	Oshkosh, Wis.	Salt Lake City, Utah	Utica, N. Y.
Birmingham, Ala.	Detroit, Mich.	La Crosse, Wis.	Pasadena, Cal.	San Diego, Cal.	Washington, D. C.
Bismarck, N. D.	Duluth, Minn.	Lima, Ohio	Peoria, Ill.	San Francisco, Cal.	Waterbury, Conn.
Boston, Mass.	Eau Claire, Wis.	Lincoln, Neb.	Philadelphia, Pa.	San José, Cal.	Waterloo, Iowa
Bridgeport, Conn	Elmira, N. Y.	Los Angeles, Cal.	Phoenix, Ariz.	Scranton, Pa.	Watertown, S. D.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	El Paso, Texas	Louisville, Ky.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Seattle, Wash.	Wichita, Kans.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Erie, Pa.	Lowell, Mass.	Portland, Ore.	Sioux City, Iowa	Worcester, Mass.
Butte, Mont.	Evansville, Ind.	Lynn, Mass.	Providence, R. I.	Sioux Falls, S. D.	Yonkers, N. Y.
Cedar Rapids, Ia.	Fargo, N. D.	Marinette, Wis.	Quincy, Ill.	South Bend, Ind.	Youngstown, Ohio
Charlotte, N. C.	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Mason City, Iowa	Raleigh, N. C.	Spokane, Wash.	
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Fresno, Cal.	Memphis, Tenn.	Rapid City, S. D.	Springfield, Mass.	**Fisk Co. of Texas**
Chicago, Ill. (5)	Galesburg, Ill.	Milwaukee, Wis.	Reading, Pa.	Springfield, Ill.	Dallas, Texas
Chicopee Falls, Mass.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Reno, Nev.	St. Joseph, Mo.	San Antonio, Texas
Cincinnati, Ohio	Great Falls, Mont.	Minot, N. D.	Richmond, Va.	St. Louis, Mo. (4)	Houston, Texas

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Manufacturers of Fisk Tires and Tubes

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

YOU can best afford the dependable, satisfying service of The Florsheim Shoe. The true measure of value is not the price paid but the number of days' wear.

The Florsheim dealer is ready to show the season's assortment of styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Streamline — One of two hundred styles — Look for name in shoe.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U. S. & FOREIGN

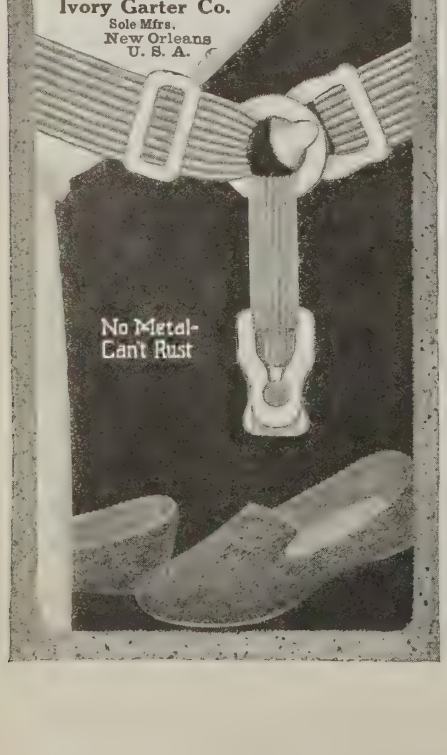
For Comfort

It doesn't bind—has no hot, sweaty pad—is very light—contains no metal to rust and tear socks or cause blood-poisoning. The Ivory Garter has beautiful fittings. It is the pride of the well-dressed man. Although materials are advancing in price its well-known quality will not vary.

Prices:
Silk 50 cts. Silk Finish 25 cts.

Men's Side Garter
For those men who do not like a garter around the leg. Price 50c and 25c.
Dealers: Order from your jobber or direct. Write for catalog which includes garters for women.

Ivory Garter Co.
Sole Mfrs.
New Orleans
U. S. A.



(Continued from Page 65)

advantage to the office looking like that; better take the lake trip and get toned up a bit."

"Where'd you find that woman?"

I smiled. The ministering mother-woman in an office certainly was an anomaly, and in the Bittner & Binks office at that! Poor innocent soul, she hadn't known any better than to be humanly kind to the president of the company!

"Advertised—the way we find all good things," I answered lightly. He turned and looked at her, but her head was bent in close attention to her work. Then he drank the tea. I happened to know that he loathed tea.

"I'll take that lake trip," he said, screwing up his face and pulling out his knife; my heart leaped—it was the old Bittner, "because it's such a smooth sea here. As smooth," he went on, "as any other black, snaky sea just before a storm. I'll take the trip just to be good and ready. There's goin' to be a fight—a fight to the finish this time. There ain't goin' to be any dividin' this field!"

He began to hack at his pencil. The perspiration broke out all over his face and his hands trembled. He laid down the pencil and knife.

"Just keep on holdin' things level," he said, rising. "I'll be back in ten days."

He had spoken no word of praise or commendation, but I knew the way of the man and I did not need it. He would probably never say that the changes I had made in the office were of value, but on the other hand he expected the people he associated with himself to use their brains, and if they failed to do so they didn't travel far in his boat, that was all. Possibly few of those who were dropped from time to time knew just why.

Back From a Holiday

The course of study was booming along evenly and regularly, with new subscribers coming in every day, and the department was now running as on oiled wheels. As I thought over Bittner's words I made myself believe that he was imagining trouble ahead; that his fight was an impression left over from his long illness.

Already we were getting tremendous appreciation. A merchant in Iowa wrote that one talk alone that had especially covered his case was worth the price of the whole set. A man in Georgia said he wished he had had them ten years earlier, but he believed they were gingery enough to knock off ten years. A traveling salesman said they occupied the time he had generally given to poker between towns, and the amazing thing about them was that they were just as interesting.

I opened a new file for notes of appreciation. In each case I wrote the subscriber asking whether he would object to our quoting him. As a rule the permission was granted. In a few cases, where subscribers were in important positions, they felt that they could not afford to have their names so used. I never urged the matter or filed a letter for use without the owner's permission.

Bittner returned, tanned, filled out and in pretty fair health. My two assistants had moved into the general operating room. He sat down by my desk, and immediately by some magic we were back on the old footing. I began at the beginning and gave him a detailed history of everything of importance that had occurred since his incarceration in the hospital.

"And now," he began, without comment on my recital, "the thing is the fall advertisin'. Borrige & Kemp have got nearly our whole set of talks, problems and letters; they've just about got it all in their office and their own course ready to spring. They've taken space beginning with September in all the magazines we cover and a lot besides, and ——"

"But, Mr. Bittner, you don't mean to tell me that they are actually stealing the Fifty Principles outright like that?"

He looked at me pityingly.

"They've been stealin' since the day our first Fifty Principles advertisement appeared. Been gettin' ready; they maybe didn't do nothin' expensive till those June advertisements, but ——"

"Why then?"

"Couldn't a blind man see that they were thought of late and in a hurry with all that telegraphin' to change the copy? And wouldn't an idiot know that nothin' could have inspired a sudden change of tactics but an inrush of inquiries, which meant that the thing had caught on? Of course they got next. Too many talkers in the business to keep a thing like that bottled."

"Oh, Mr. Bittner, then I did wrong to go in the June issues!"

"No, you didn't. It just brought the thing to a head faster, that's all; and it might as well come to a head first as last. If you'd stayed out they'd have dropped it for the time bein', thinkin' the scheme had failed; but you'd have lost the value of continuous advertising—lost the good, healthy start that can be got only by plowin' straight ahead. The loss of confidence engendered by stayin' out would have been worse for us than havin' Borrige & Kemp on our backs. For we gotta have 'em till we get 'em under our feet, till we're settin' in their offices!"

Then he had not been delirious that other time. I began to wonder more and more about these determined rivals.

"It looks to me personal," I said at last. "Why should they follow you up so closely! Why not some other firm? It looks personal."

He gazed at me steadily for a long time, his eyes narrowed to a squint.

"If you keep on thinkin'," he said at last, "you're goin' to be real wide awake yet."

I felt humiliated. "If I have made any mistakes by taking the initiative the past ten weeks," I said stiffly, "I am prepared to pay the costs." Then I told him about selling my ranch for sixty thousand dollars and using it to pay the advertising bills, thus getting the benefit of the discount for cash. It had saved a good deal of money—as well as the immediate situation.

He stared at me in amazement, then turned his narrowed eyes to Mrs. Gray, where they rested a moment on her bent head; then back to me.

"Well, I'll be durned!" he said. "Women are unexpected sort o' critters!"

"They are worth knowing, Mr. Bittner," I said hotly. "Few men have gone that far in their study of human nature. It limits them dreadfully."

He smiled a peculiarly maddening, superior sort of a smile. It angered me.

"You think of them just as detailists, you men," I said, "just in business to do your bidding, and carry out your ideas, and do the work you plan—and hate to do. But if you only knew it they bring a lot besides to business. They bring heart and sympathy and loyalty. When they see a business in danger they stick all the closer, and they care and they try to help carry it. What does a man do? He sees the business tottering, and he lights out and finds a job with a solid house. The very mother-nature in women makes them stick and work and try all the harder at the first sign of weakness. And besides heart and sympathy and loyalty, they've got a kind of judgment that you men lack. They get hold of the work and they go steadily ahead with it; they get interested."

The Fighting Spirit

"Look at Mrs. Gray over there. She doesn't know she is working—she's having a good time. She enjoys every one of those problems. It's just like helping her little boy at night over his slate. Watch her face. It lights up with each envelope she opens, and she smiles or frowns or looks troubled or pleased as she finds the answers satisfactory or otherwise. She's human about it all. She's flesh and blood. She doesn't make as good time as Mrs. Coontz does, but she is just as valuable, for she enters into the subscriber's needs and is so very earnest, so very sympathetic. This office is now running like a good home, Mr. Bittner, just because we've got some good home women in it—and some mothers of men! And you and other men would toss it all off with a phrase—'good detailists.'"

I stopped, breathless. I had not meant to say so much, but once in a while Mr. Bittner succeeded in arousing my indignation past the point of control.

His eyes were still narrowed down to a slant and he seemed looking away toward a far horizon.

"I don't know much about homes," he said slowly at last, "but from all I hear, I gather that the house machinery runs smooth when the enemies on the outside are taken care of right. It's enemies everywhere: With nations it's other nations; with business it's rivals; it's fight all through and in every quarter. Women ain't naturally got the fightin' spirit."

"Haven't they?" I challenged, looking him evenly in the eyes.

"They'll maybe fight for a man, or with a man or because of a man or their children or somethin' like that, but they won't just plain fight for the sake o' fightin'."

"Of course not; it's not nice!"

"That's just the point. They think it's not nice! They don't put a high value on a good fightin' spirit."

"And you men don't put a high value on a good peaceful spirit," I retorted. "You take it for granted when it's really a great achievement. Women have always made it their business to work for social harmony, and they've achieved a high degree of efficiency as socializers. But you just call it—oh, well, we'll say a woman's way. But I want to tell you it means just as much in the business scheme as to be good fighters. Men don't understand the value in women. They think women are trying to usurp their place and take their job away, when they are not and never will. When women are really valuable it's when they bring to business qualities left out of men; when they supplement men."

Advertising Plans

Bittner smiled broadly and looked toward Dumble: "A fine lecture to give a fellow with an office full of women and just one man in his employ."

"That's just it. You've felt your way blindly to a truth, but you haven't recognized it. It's the recognition that I want."

He picked up a large red apple that William had placed on my desk. William and I were great friends. Then he took out his knife, and with infinite care laid it across the perfect apple and cut through the core. The two halves fell apart.

"It's like that, is it?" he asked. "Just two halves?"

"You've got it," I returned, laughing at his extreme care to halve the apple evenly.

"Then we'll get back to Borrige & Kemp," he said mildly. "They've no doubt got their plan ready, as I said, and they'll spring it in September. We gotta have September advertisements that'll knock the punch out of anything they may say or claim. It's gotta be evident at the first glance at the two advertisements that they're copyin' us. First off you put that history of the business on record at the historical society, and get their receipt. We'll have a half-tone made of it to reproduce."

"Oh, Mr. Bittner," I exclaimed, suddenly remembering, "there's the convention that I forgot all about. You've got your M. B. P. degree—your tag." I pulled open a drawer, found a copy of the paper with the write-up and spread it before him.

He took in the headlines, glanced through the body, then looked up and eyed me queerly.

"You're sure some woman!" he said. This was the first verbal praise I had had from him.

"It will take up a lot of space to use both," I replied, quickly getting down to business.

"We gotta use two pages and ——"

"Then it's true that Borrige & Kemp have ordered two pages?" Several representatives had reported to this effect some days earlier.

"It may and it may not be true; but we gotta come in full and strong and get photographed on the public eye as the originators of the idea of making business men. In the same publications Borrige & Kemp will come out with handsome copy, but it'll be their first issue on their new scheme. We gotta make it plain that we've been in the business some time—it'll be all o' six months, thanks to their tool, Wagner—and we've already got a list o' subscribers that'll stand as proof of our soundness. We gotta advertise from September on as if we were an old-established firm in the business o' making business men. We can't say so in so many words, but make the talks sound like history. Stir it thick with references to successful men who have subscribed, with stories of achievement, with suggestions of accomplishment—what has already been done. Make the advertisement sound like those of a strongly established, assured institution alongside one of these little mushroom copycat affairs. Give it age, solidity, strength, conservatism. Don't get any smack of newness in it. Make it a vivid contrast to every new, untried claim. Take our first advertisements with the suggestion all through of what we will be able to do for the business man, and offset 'em

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Symbols of Security

When the motoring world wants freedom from every form of tire trouble it looks with confidence to the Firestone Non-Skid Tire, the Colossus of Roads.

There is confidence in its safe, sure hold on any road, in any season. There is confidence in the resilient strength and mileage values in every Firestone Tire.

Above all, there is confidence in the quality on which the organization was built and in the Firestone name behind it, a symbol of security the world over.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio — Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Firestone

IT WEARS

Why not pay a few cents more for brake lining and get — Raybestos?

RAYBESTOS *wears*. It *wears* all the way through to the last strand. This *wear* offers you security which adds to the pleasure of motoring. There are imitations of Raybestos. Avoid them. Identify Raybestos by the Silver Edge. Look for it when buying brake lining. 12,000 reliable dealers sell Raybestos, the brake lining that wears. No change in price list.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.

LOOK FOR THIS SILVER EDGE

(Concluded from Page 68)

with what we have done; only don't make any misstatements. Give the impression but watch your words."

"Mr. Bittner, if you don't mind telling me, how are you so sure that Borrige & Kemp are planning all this as you say?"

"It's in line with their work."

"Is that all you're going on?"

He eyed me queerly. "What more would you want to go on? If there was a thief round, and you left your diamond tiara out handy, what result would you expect?"

"But suppose in this one case you are all wrong. Suppose Borrige & Kemp should not have noticed our advertisements. Then won't our fall advertising be all out of key? In that case wouldn't it be better to have it harmonize with our original advertising?"

"There won't be no such case."

"How do you know?"

"Borrige & Kemp will follow me up till one of us is ditched."

"But why?"

"Why? Do you mean to tell me that it ain't never occurred to you —— Oh, you woman, I guess I gotta use language!"

He came nearer and whispered two words.

"Mr. Bittner!" I exclaimed, too astonished to say another thing.

"Fightin' maybe ain't nice, as you was a sayin' a while back," he went on mildly, "but I guess you see now it's to the last ditch all right."

Binks Comes to Life

After the first shock of the news that Binks, Bittner's old-time partner whom he had frozen out of the Bittner & Binks business after discovering Binks' plan to freeze him out, was the motive power back of the Borrige & Kemp Company, I asked myself why this had never occurred to me before.

With the passing of Binks out of our office on that stormy afternoon four years earlier he had, to my mind, passed off the planet. His exit had seemed a final one. His reappearance in the thick of our lives was shockingly incongruous. It was as if in a play a villain who had been killed in the first act should come on in the third to upset the whole tenor of the piece. Not that I regarded Binks altogether as a villain, even though on a plain statement of the facts he might be proved one. I had been too close to the fight and had understood too perfectly the fierce antagonism that existed between the men to have all my sympathies on one side. They were of such different timber that each was totally incapable of doing the other justice.

Binks had been the office drudge, attending personally to such duties as were now mine. Bittner, then as now, had been the man on the outside, generally absent from the office, picking up ideas and working out schemes the value of which Binks was unable to estimate correctly. From Binks' point of view, Bittner shared in the profits of a business to which he contributed virtually no labor. From Bittner's point of view, Binks was a slow-witted, obstinate, unimaginative plodder who held the business back. Their separation was inevitable, as each was tenacious of his own ideas.

The fact that Binks had precipitated the disruption by a conspiracy to close Bittner out, and that the latter, by his swiftness of action, had turned the tables on him, would naturally intensify the hatred with which Binks regarded his former partner. He had been seized in Bittner's quick, sure grasp, thrown out and the door closed upon him; and then he had been forgotten. But he had not forgotten. He had assembled a mightier force than ours and returned to crush us. It wasn't then merely the case of two rivals, each seeking the lion's share of the public's money, but of two men influenced by natural antagonism and personal animosity, each fighting to win at the price of the other's ruin.

Poor Mr. Binks! He had not been able to save even his name from the catastrophe—Bittner got that too. I could see how it must gall him every time he saw it in print, and that was pretty often, as it was in every publication of importance.

As I thought over the situation I realized clearly our peril. Binks had in an unusual degree the ability to absorb and give out another's ideas. Supply him with a text, and he could write pages on it, never getting away from the original thought. He was uneducated, illiterate, but he had the gift of language. Words would flow and sentences round out, and he could hold forth on a suggestion he had just caught from another with a warmth and fervor that made the thing appear to be his own. He had so completely absorbed Bittner's ideas when the two men were in business together that he had actually come to consider himself their originator.

Bittner gave me the details of Binks' business experience since leaving us. It seemed that he had been able to interest capital and had become the working partner in an old, well-established publishing house that had lost ground of late years. The men who had built up the business had died, and the principal inheritor, David Kemp, suffered from rheumatism and spent most of his time at European health resorts. Binks had made good on the new departure, the publishing of business books, and the management was now left wholly to him. The fact that the firm was located in New York was an advantage, as so many people look to New York as the natural book center. Binks had been wise in associating with himself eminent college professors with many letters after their names, who had written books to which he had given high-sounding titles. Combined with this he brought to the New York concern the practical experience of the practical business man—and Binks was a good business man of his kind, there was no question about that. He had used the personal human quality in his correspondence, had made his office, in fact, a copy of the old-time Bittner & Binks office, and he had won out.

I went to work at once from the vantage ground of my new knowledge. I collected Borrige & Kemp advertisements for a year back and studied their appeal. Then I settled down to our fall advertising in a spirit of dogged determination. We must win. I must have ideas and language and pith and point. I prayed for ideas—gingery selling ideas.

Bittner never had been so critical of his advertising as he was that summer. I would work on an advertisement until I was dizzy, getting in the points, the levers that must pry loose any foothold a Borrige & Kemp advertisement might have secured. It was not just copy to advertise the Fifty Principles that I was writing, it was copy to undermine our rivals, and the public must not realize the attack. We imagined every argument Binks might put forth and we met the arguments in advance. Then all this mass of points, proofs and facts had to be condensed into hammer blows, got into strong, terse language that would drive in, and boiled down to fill only two pages when it needed a dozen! We had the September copy set up to be sure that the pages would not appear crowded, made a few elisions, tried it again, and at last sent it off. Then we took a long breath and went to work on October copy.

Bittner came in with new ideas daily. His eyes were intense and his whole being seemed focused on one point. The big fight of his life was on. He was still young—thirty-four—but he had been fighting always—fighting conditions—and he had reached his fighting prime.

How Mrs. Gray Got On

The Fifty Principles work went ahead without important difficulties. The two women continued interested and efficient. They came early and worked late and never asked for a raise or a holiday. Mrs. Coontz had had her teeth put in, and both women were now dressing better. They were getting twelve dollars a week, not a large salary, but then they were untrained women, and so had no ranking, nothing on which to base a claim for higher pay. I hoped we could raise them substantially by September, but I realized that we must keep expenses down to the lowest notch. Mrs. Gray had discovered Mr. Bittner's preference for coffee, and now each day she made him a fresh cup and brought it to his desk when he arrived at the office in the middle of the afternoon. I hadn't the heart to remind her that this cut fifteen minutes or so out of her day; besides, I saw that Mr. Bittner had begun to watch for his coffee. Mrs. Gray was a gentlewoman through and through, but also she was making good. She was doing capital work, and this is a much more creditable achievement than just to be a gentlewoman. Still there was something pathetically brave about it all. It rested me just to look up from my work and see her sitting there; quiet, poised, dignified. It was a happy contrast with the slangy, gum-chewing, indifferent typists who were forever talking of their dances and giggling about their gentlemen friends. Youth must have its dash at life, even cramped youth in a big dingy office, but the sweet gentle presence of this refined woman in business was like a bowl of violets on one's desk.

Mrs. Coontz was growing into a typical business woman; and she was just the material for it. Active, eager, exact, methodical, she worked hard and looked forward to a raise. She had learned to dictate letters with a crisp, quick sort of fluency that was in keeping with the Bittner style. Miss Krog preferred her to Mrs. Gray. When I looked upon these two, I wondered that employers the world over had failed to see business value in older, life-experienced women. I wondered how they could go on year after year hiring raw, green girls in the grip of youth and fancy, when this mature, serious-minded material was in the world. But business men are the most conservative people on earth. When they break away from the beaten path they are not business men, they are business geniuses.

Bittner Becomes Gracious

I seemed destined always to rub Miss Krog the wrong way, though there was no one with whom I tried harder to be tactful. One evening after the stenographers had gone Mr. Bittner discovered a letter on his desk that should be answered immediately. He looked helplessly about for a stenographer.

"Will you get this letter out for me, Miss Krog?" he asked, ambling over toward her desk, where she sat pinning on her hat most carefully before a small mirror.

"Me?" she questioned. It might have come from royalty.

"Let me do it," I exclaimed. "Dictate to me on the machine." I ran out to the operating room and opened one of the machines. He ambled over and dictated his letter. Miss Krog looked on in amazement; then pinning on her handsome hat she went majestically out of the office. Poor Miss Krog! She kept constant guard on her dignity. She had been a six-dollar-a-week typist once; but now she was the forewoman, and far be it from her to recognize so publicly her lowly origin.

One day Mr. Bittner stopped by my desk and said, nodding toward the two assistants: "Got any way of gettin' more like them?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "there must be more."

"Better see about gettin' 'em. We'll need more in September."

Then I broached the matter of a raise.

"Both of 'em?" he asked, frowning.

"Certainly. They came in together and are equally efficient."

"Mrs. Gray now, she oughta get more; but I don't know about Mrs. Coontz."

"Why, Mr. Bittner, Mrs. Coontz is excellent! I was going to suggest that you make her the head of the Fifty Principles department. She works like chained lightning and she is so orderly. She will look after the record-sheets—and, by the way, that work needs a girl of its own, it is getting so cumbersome. I would suggest that you make Mrs. Coontz the head. Miss Krog likes her and they work well together."

"What about Mrs. Gray?"

I looked up surprised, and then a light dawned. I started to smile, checked myself, and drew my face into stolid composure.

"Yes, what about Mrs. Gray?" I repeated presently. We both turned and looked toward her. The sunlight streamed through the window and across her desk as she sat writing, lighting her hair to a ruddy gold. Bittner ambled over to her desk.

"If I was a poet," he said, "I'd make poetry about the woman with gold in her hair."

Mrs. Gray looked up, not quite comprehending. There was a surprised, questioning expression in her soft hazel eyes.

"Don't you want that blind lowered?" he asked, and went over to the window to lower it. She thanked him sweetly and bent again to her work.

I dropped back into my chair and stared hard at the inkwell. For the first time in all the years I had known him I had heard Bittner say a gracious thing, had seen him do a gracious act. All the rest of us had taken Mr. Bittner as we found him and tuned our manners to his key. We had returned curtness for curtness. Mrs. Gray had remained the kind, well-bred, courteous lady, and he had lowered her blind. He had seen gold in her hair and told her about it!

Editor's Note—This is the third article in a series of four by Anne Shannon Monroe. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

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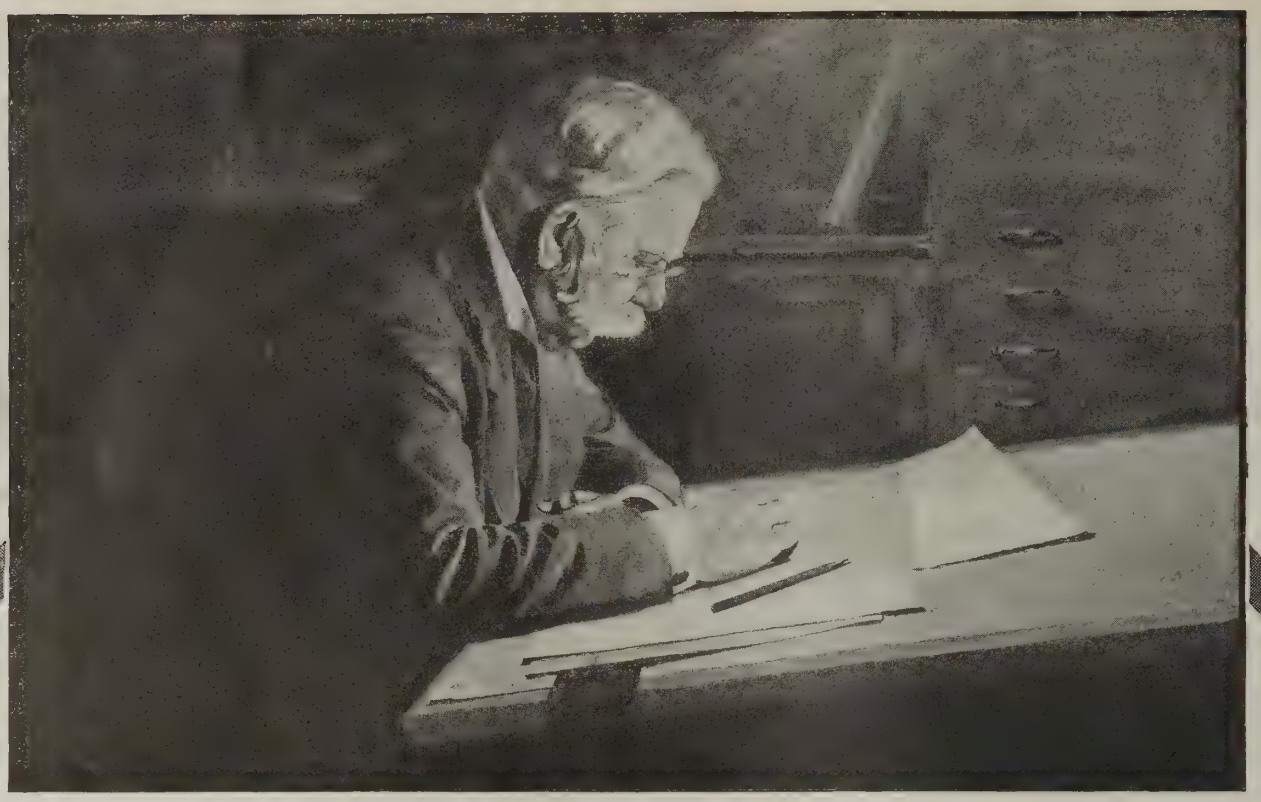

George Westinghouse—the Man

Most Americans know that George Westinghouse invented the air-brake, the most important railway safety device ever known.

Few, however, realize how great were his other contributions to our present civilization.

He stands a dominant figure at the parting of the ways between the age of steam and the greater age of electricity.

He, more than any other man, viewed the coming era as a whole and not merely in part. Therefore his life-work, more than that of any other one man, helped to solve the three great problems in the electrification of a world.

First, the economical generation of electric energy.

Second, its far transmission and wide distribution.

Third, its efficient and economical application to use.

He considered its every aspect in relation to power plants, central stations, railway and steamship lines, manufacturing industry and household convenience.

Thus, it was he also who first harnessed the power of Niagara.

It was he who effected safe and economic distribution of natural gas.

It was he who developed and made practical the Parsons steam turbine for electric generation and who also perfected reduction gears by which its terrific velocity can be safely yoked to the propeller shafts of vessels.

He developed the transformer patents by which the alternating current came into general use to effect wider and more economical distribution of electric energy.

He encouraged and aided Nikola Tesla in perfecting the induction motor which today does such a large share of the world's work.

He greatly advanced the electrification of steam railways, increased the safety and improved the operation of street and interurban lines, perfected the remarkable automatic coupling system on the New York Subway and designed complete electric switch and signal systems.

Whoever you are and wherever you live, you experience every day some civilizing influence that flows from his labors.

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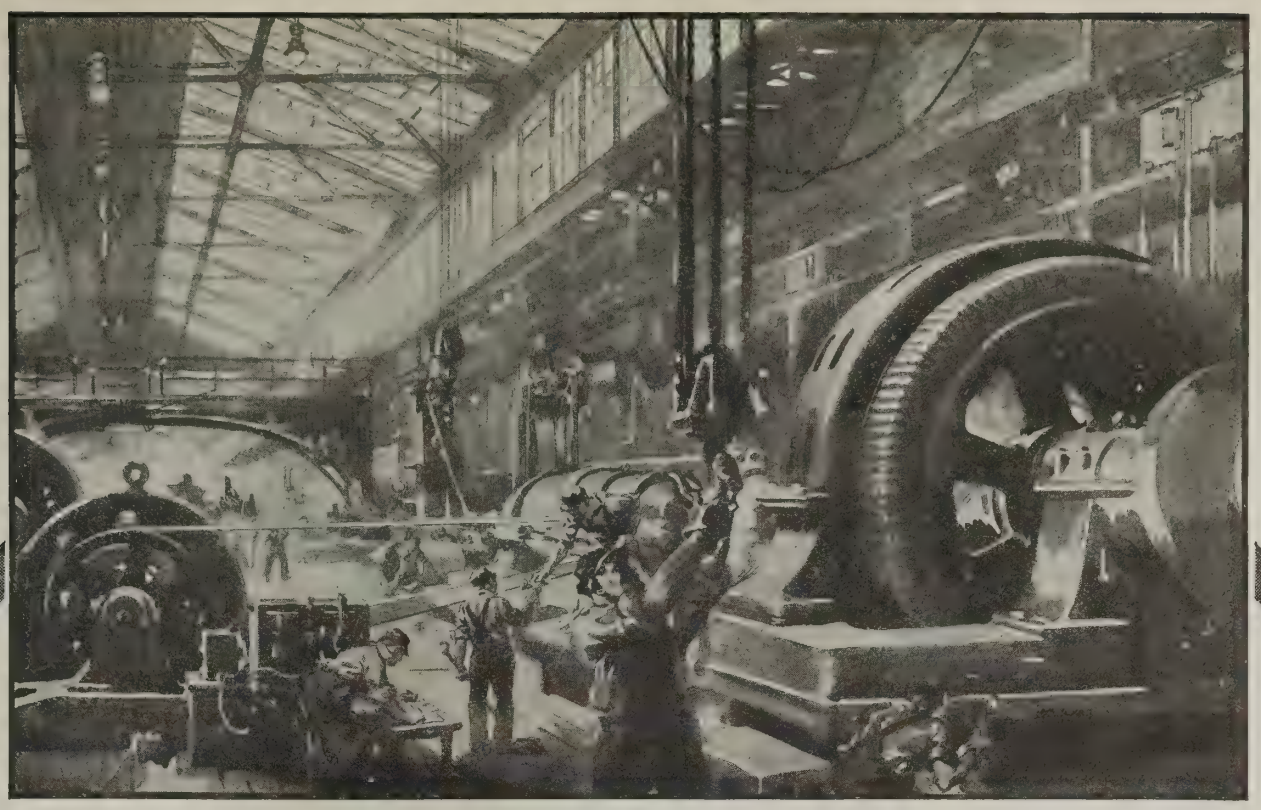

Westinghouse—the Institution

Of all the achievements of George Westinghouse there was none in which he took greater pride than in this institution which bears his name.

He started without any capital save his ability; he lived to be the head of an organization employing $200,000,000 of capital and 50,000 men and women.

He defended and maintained this institution against the most bitter, determined and persistent attempts to crush it. And to the lasting benefit of his countrymen he was successful.

The work he began continues. The organization he founded is firmly and permanently established as an international institution.

Westinghouse engineering ability, Westinghouse invention and research, Westinghouse thorough workmanship are even greater factors in the electrical world than when he lived.

Westinghouse products are, of course, subject to the limitations of all devices constructed by men out of material elements. They are subject to continuous development, improvement and variation.

But they have built into them, something of the ideals and principles of the institution, and those are—

To keep always in advance of electrical development.

To devise and build any and every kind of apparatus that will reduce the cost of generating and distributing current for the people's use.

To build other types of electrical apparatus that make efficient and economic use of current in every possible application to human activity.

To surround these products with every manufacturing safeguard of good quality and durability, to follow them in use with expert service.

These principles have built up a world-wide business which designs, manufactures and distributes over 300,000 separate items, including everything from electric locomotives, gigantic generators and motors to the electric ware that makes home life less laborious and the myriad small supplies and parts used by the practical electrician.

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THE IDEAL OF HIS DREAMS

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

ALL his life George Williamson had dreamed of her—the fair girl whom sometime he would love and wed. Even before he was twelve years old while sulkily, hoe in small, tanned, tough hand, he pecked day-long at potato hills, he visioned her. And the vision grew and waxed stronger when, older, he guided the old white horse and the plow up and down his father's corn rows.

And often the hoe handle slipped idly from his lax fingers, and often the plow cut wabbly furrows instead of straight as his large, earnest brown eyes went dreamily over potato field, over long, tender green corn spears, past the stretch of scrub oak adjoining his father's farm, beyond the distant tawny strip of dunes guarding Lake Michigan, ten miles west of the farm—away beyond, into the distant hope-gilded, hope-guarded future.

She filled his future—this dream girl. How his heart yearned to her and for her! All desirable she continually appeared to his earnest young eyes. His fancy invested her with a thousand glowing charms.

Sometimes he pictured her with eyes the lovely eager blue of early violets. Sometimes her irises were dusky, like ebon clouds. Sometimes her pretty hair was pale gold; sometimes as brilliant as dawn; sometimes her tresses were somberly beautiful and dark, like a winter moonless midnight. Sometimes he saw her a slim young thing; sometimes, petitely plump; sometimes, stately and Junoesque. Sometimes he did not definitely visualize her, but saw her vaguely—just a girl or woman with an aura of ——

Blonde, brunette or fifty-fifty, as the hour's greater or less fertility of his imagination dictated, there was one item never lacking from the vision of her whom he made the ideal of his dreams; there was one feature that he never failed to visualize. And that feature was the lovely flutter of the leaves of a check book, either in her small white hand—or large hand, as the case might be—or somewhere very near her. And the aura he always created about the girl or woman whom sometime he would love and wed was—the aura of greenbacks.

For George Williamson was a logical and thoughtful youth as well as dreamy. He early learned to like the looks of money. Cash is so lovely a calcimine for the crude walls of existence. But he did not at all incline lovingly to the toil and difficulties of earning a lot of money. In a way, he was a modest young man. In his heart he doubted his ability ever to corner much of the world's treasure-trove. It seemed to him that it would be far easier to marry a lot of it than to make a lot of it. He knew that plenty of men were doing it—every day. Would it not be as easy to love the daughter of a rich man as the daughter of a poor man? George logically and reasonably held that it would be far easier for him.

And so perhaps it is more exact to state that the actual ideal of George Williamson's dreams was a coupon-cutting, bond-burdened, check-book-cluttered father-in-law. For it is a fact that his young heart at times swelled almost to bursting in its yearning to meet that oft-dreamed-of future relative, while his large brown eyes searched the years to come so earnestly and so wistfully for the elderly gentleman that by the time George was nineteen they protruded slightly; though this was hardly noticeable because of the countering effect of a large, broad forehead, prominent cheek bones and a heavy chin.

When George was nineteen years old he left home.

Even when a mere child he had never cared greatly about hoeing potatoes. The older he grew, the more he disliked that work. Also, he heartily disliked to weed, plow, prune, milk, harrow and haul hay. Finally his soul absolutely revolted and he sullenly told his father that he'd be d——d if he'd work like a nigger on the farm any longer.

James Williamson, a weary old fellow whose shoulders were rounded like a bowlder and whose face was furrowed like one of his own tilled-out fields, mildly said that was all right; he could suit himself. But, he added, in that case George needn't hang round home any longer; for George had a baker's dozen of brothers and sisters, and

He Added, in That Case George Needn't Hang Round Home Any Longer

the farm, though one hundred and sixty acres large, was a tired, sandy old place, harrowed almost out of fertility and hard-pressed to feed even those who helped coax crops from it. It was not fair to expect it to feed one who would not help in the coaxing.

George listened stolidly to his father's mild statement of the facts; then silently donned his Sunday suit and packed in a valise his three white collars, four pairs of balbriggan socks, five neckties, some shirts and underwear, a paper-backed copy of St. Elmo, and a cat-stitched chambray laundry bag given him by his sisters, Rose and Amelia, the preceding Christmas.

Twenty minutes later he set the valise down in a rear upstairs bedroom of Mrs. Melissa Hanna's city boarding house, the leading and only hostelry of Middleburg, a town of seven hundred and twenty people, one corner of which adjoined one corner of his father's farm.

The next morning, at seven-thirty, he was standing behind a counter of A. B. Searcer's Emporium, the leading and only dry-goods store of Middleburg; a position that, unbeknownst to his parents, he had asked for and obtained a week before when he took a wagonload of garden truck into town.

George was not the kind of young man to leave home recklessly, with no place the next night to lay his large, sleek brown head. He was instinctively a believer in preparedness; one of those who do not burn any bridge until a neat, provisioned raft is built and tied under the willows at the bank. Had George participated in that well-known Boston Tea Party, no tea would have been poured until he had in his hip pocket a written statement from the British Government absolving him from complicity.

He worked at the Emporium nearly ten months. Abe Searcer paid him eight dollars a week. For room and board he paid Mrs. Hanna four dollars a week. That left for clothes, doctor's bills and recreation, four dollars—minus ten cents weekly, which he tipped Frieda, waitress at the city house. Do not get any impression, however, that George Williamson willingly and cheerily swelled the great American evil. He gave the tip grouchily. But it was, in a way, enforced. It was almost blackmail. If he didn't tip her Frieda had an ugly habit of giving him ice-cold soggy potatoes instead of warm soggy ones; also the fattest slab of side meat she could find in the pan. The food furnished at the city house was none too tempting at its best; which may have been a reason why George punctiliously kept the promise made to his mother, at leaving, to come out home every Sunday for dinner.

His mother's meat pies had the flakiness that is a melting kiss to the palate. Mrs. Hanna's pies were flaky in mineral style; they chunked down the throat like pieces of granite.

Walking out home and back again to town, those dusty or rainy Sundays, or when it was snowing, George renewed his vow sometime to have a home of his own that would be indeed a home.

Out of his weekly eight dollars, during the ten months at Searcer's, George paid his board and a rather large dentist's bill, bought two thirty-dollar suits, with shoes, ties, derby and linen to accompany, went to all the entertainments and dances of the surrounding county, and, besides, saved about three and a half dollars each week.

With the modesty that ever was characteristic of him, he never boasted of what he saved. However, Abe Searcer finally guessed.

"But I don't dare accuse him," he fumed to his wife. "I ain't got a grain of proof. He's been too slick. And he'd sue me for damages like a shot."

But that Saturday night he grimly told George that he need not be on hand for work the coming Monday morning. Abe's gray eyes, under heavy gray brows, raged their knowledge; but George, unperturbed and imperturbable, unconcernedly got his hat and pleasantly called good night to Hattie Doebling, the bookkeeper, a tall lank girl with whitish yellow hair, long bony arms, and sallow bulging cheek bones.

Hattie, who was four years older than George, turned her pale-blue eyes toward Abe Searcer reproachfully.

Then for a while George worked at the Middleburg basket factory, a small concern; then at the depot lunch room; then in the office of the coal yards; then at a canning factory in an adjoining village. Meeting Hattie Doebling at a country schoolhouse dance, he was told by her that the larger of Middleburg's two grocery stores, owned by her brother-in-law and his father, needed a man; so he drifted back to the home burg and, by repressing some of his innate propensity to save, managed to hand out groceries for two years, at ten dollars a week.

During these two years he found a new way to augment his legitimate income. Back of Jud Pilson's drug and ice-cream store was a small dingy room in which nightly gathered the most restless element of Middleburg. Poker was the chief attraction—this in spite of the continual protest of the Ladies' Aid Society and the tearful pleas of the Wednesday Uplift-Our-City Club. Awkward at first, in time George Williamson's long, strong fingers, whiter than when they left the farm, acquired such uncanny skill in shuffling ace or deuce or queen to such part of the deck as was most advantageous for George's pile of chips that various citizens of Middleburg and various commercial travelers making the town came to regard George churlishly.

Unperturbed and imperturbable, he merely grinned, twiddled his thumbs, abandoned the grocery store for the lighter work of chalking at the pool room, began to pay forty-five dollars for his suits instead of thirty, and began to take short pleasure trips to Grand Rapids, Detroit and Milwaukee.

Meantime his dreams stayed with him. But he began to doubt that he would ever find his dream girl—or woman—round Middleburg.

In the whole county—except old Widow Swanson, who had forty thousand dollars out at interest, but was seventy-six years old and bedridden with rheumatism half the time, and a few farmers' daughters whose beefy cheeks did not appeal to George—there were only five women who possessed, or ever would possess, over fifteen hundred dollars.

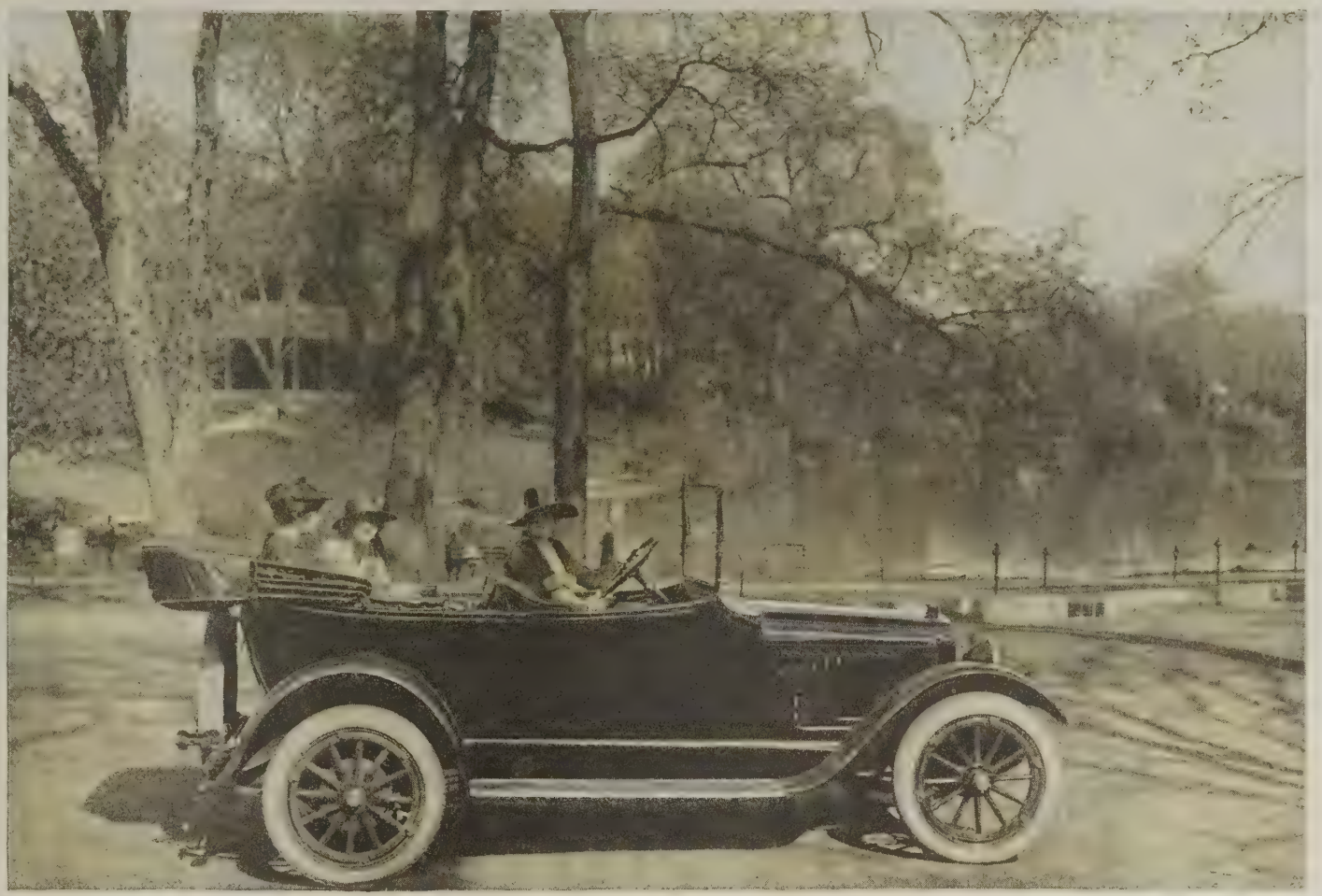
Sarah Gould, thirty-six years old, principal of the town schools, had ten thousand dollars in bank—a legacy. But Sarah was graying-haired and had two old, ailing, ill-tempered parents. George could not fit her into any dream of his. Besides, Sarah once had said loud on Main Street that if she had her way she'd ride out of town on a rail every man who patronized that back room of Jud Pilson's.

Elsie Corder, twenty-six years old, would sometime inherit the Middleburg State Bank from her father. Elsie was nearly handsome, but four years at college had given her a very good opinion of herself and a rather slighting opinion of Middleburgites. She was reported to be engaged to an Eastern lawyer. She was seldom in Middleburg.

Leila Herbert, a serious girl of twenty-two, only niece of Josiah Anderson, who had accumulated about one hundred thousand dollars' worth of first mortgages on property in and adjoining Middleburg—including the Williamson farm—was engaged to the Baptist preacher, a widower with six children whom Leila honestly desired to mother.

The two Halber sisters, whose widowed mother was reputed to be extraordinarily well fixed, were heavy-shouldered, heavy-voiced, inclined toward socialism, devoted

(Continued on Page 77)



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Five-passenger	Touring	$1250	Seven-passenger	Sedan	$1850
Seven "	Touring	1350	Seven "	Limousine	2550
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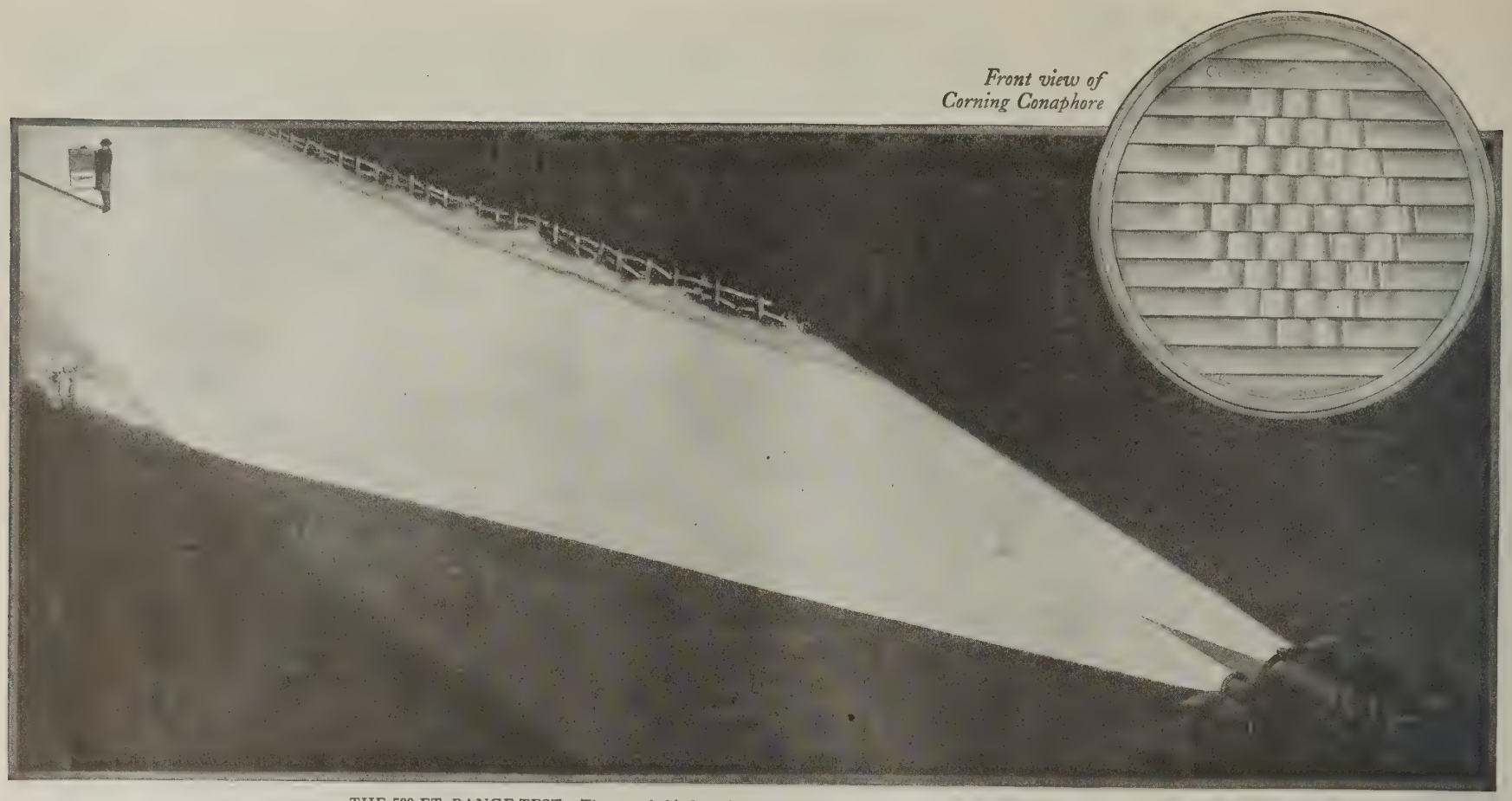
(All prices f.o.b. Detroit)



THE 500-FT. RANGE TEST. The man behind a pair of Corning Conaphores can read a sign 500 ft. from his car, if it is held in the beam of light. Notice ample side-light. 500 ft. range means safety no matter how fast you drive.

RANGE 500 FEET
Without Glare

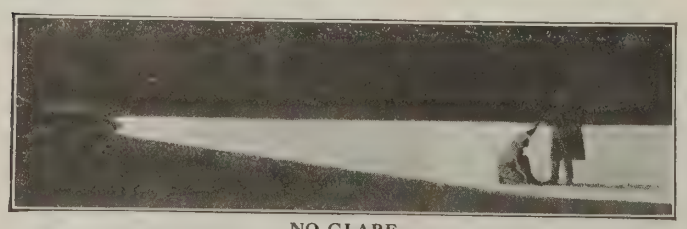
Every automobile owner wants a headlight glass that gives long range.

Long range means safe night driving. If your headlights shoot a beam 500 feet down the road, there isn't much chance you'll crash into an unlighted wagon, run off the road at a sharp turn, or hit a pedestrian. You can see ahead—and so you can stop or turn out in time to avoid accidents.

But while you want long range, you do not want glare. Glaring headlights blind other motorists and pedestrians. Accidents result.

The Glass that Gives Range Without Glare

The trouble with most devices for cutting out glare is that they reduce the range and so are absolutely unsatisfactory.



NO GLARE
Light from Corning Conaphores is never more than 42 inches above road.

Dimmers, caps, tilting the headlights downward, smearing soap or paint on the glass—all these schemes have been tried and have failed because they do not give the range motorists want.

Tilting headlights down may decrease glare, but it also decreases range. Tilting wastes your light.

The photograph shown here proves that the Corning Conaphore gives your headlights a range of at least 500 feet. *All the light is utilized.*

The Corning Conaphore is the headlight glass that gives long range, and yet has no glare.

Scientific Design

The Corning Conaphore is made by the Corning Glass Works, largest manufacturers of technical glass in the world. This company makes most of the signal glass used on American railroads.

In design the Conaphore is scientific, yet simple. The patented horizontal corrugations and cylinders bend down the light rays, spread them out, and shoot them along the road. The Noviol Glass, of which the Conaphores are made, causes the light to pierce fog and dust. No other headlight glass can use this patented, golden-tint glass.

Made in Two Kinds of Glass

Corning Conaphores are made of clear glass as well as Noviol Glass. Clear glass Conaphores are equally efficient in giving long range and eliminating glare, but lack the added advantages possessed by the Noviol Glass of eliminating back-glare and penetrating fog or dust. We strongly recommend the Noviol.

Easy to Install

You will find the Corning Conaphore easy to install. Simply take out the glass now in your headlight and put the Conaphore in its place. Sizes are made to fit all cars. In ordering give name, model and year of your car, and diameter of your present headlight glass. All progressive dealers now sell Corning Conaphores. Put a pair on your car today.

Price List

Noviol Glass	Per Pair	Clear Glass	Per Pair
3 to 4⅞ inches inclusive	$1.30	3 to 4⅞ inches inclusive	$0.80
5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	2.40	5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	1.60
7 to 8½ inches inclusive	3.50	7 to 8½ inches inclusive	2.50
8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	4.50	8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	3.00
10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	6.00	10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	4.00

Prices 25 cents more per pair west of Rocky Mts.
Sizes vary by steps of ⅛ inch.

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CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc., Managers
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CORNING CONAPHORE

(Continued from Page 74)

to suffragism and interested in eugenics. Once they had taken it upon themselves to remonstrate unpleasantly with George Williamson because their young brother spent too much time playing pool. George was of the opinion, ever since, that any man who married them for their money would earn all he got. And he knew very well that if he should propose marriage to either, she would call the sheriff and have him locked up as a drunk and disorderly. Not only prophets are without honor in their own home town.

As time went on, George, however unwisely, acquired a little too much skill in shuffling a deck of cards. Finally Jud Pilson uglily told him that the other fellows would be just as well satisfied if he stayed out of the game—or played differently. For a while George was stubborn and hung on. But many of the men began to refuse to play with him, and some were not so taciturn as Abe Searcer had been.

At last everybody interested seconded the motion that George be barred from future card games in Middleburg. George grinned. He could afford to; several of his boon companions growled.

But after that summary action time began to drag for him. Middleburg palled. The days in the pool room were dull. The nights monotonous. He decided that it was high time he was getting up and out of the town into a bigger place, where there was some chance of making dreams come true.

At this time George Williamson was twenty-nine years old. He looked slightly older, though he was, in a heavy, stolid way, rather good-looking. "Awfully good-looking," said Hattie Doebling. His brown eyes had a steady, straight stare—perhaps from much dreaming—that smacked of innate honesty. He was muscularly built. He wore about the best clothes seen in Middleburg. Not everyone has to go clear to a college to get an education. In his various lines of toil George had picked up a diversified heap of knowledge that more important men might have envied him. He had plowed long enough to get a hard, healthy physique. He had played pool enough to get a surprising dexterity of movement. In Jud Pilson's back room he had learned manual celerity and perfect facial control. Such learning had well taken the place of other and better physical and mental gymnastics.

So he bought a ticket—not round-trip—to Chicago, one hundred and sixty miles away.

When he left his native place he took one large well-filled twenty-eight-dollar wardrobe trunk—which proves that accomplishment is not wholly a matter of environment; one steely determination to realize a dream; a smiling but resentful contempt for his fellow townsmen and gamesters, and a viciously hearty resolve to ride in front of them some day in his own seven-thousand-dollar limousine; an excellent knack at finding a royal flush where most canny dealers could find only three aces; a well-thumbed copy of the New York Telegraph—left at the depot lunch room by a cross-continent commercial traveler; and a pale-blue cretonne shoe bag, presented to him at leaving by Hattie Doebling.

Hattie's own fingers had embroidered the shoe bag in light-green floss with the kindly words: Good Luck! and Good Soles! When presenting it Hattie half-averted her lank, light-yellow head, as though expecting warm embarrassing thanks.

Accepting it, George half-averted his head. He was no Joseph, and once or twice in the past his lips had known Hattie's in lieu of choicer; but, now that he was permanently shaking the dust of Middleburg from his broad tan oxfords, he saw no reason for giving unprepossessing Hattie the boresome kiss of thanks she seemed to expect. Hattie's lips, he knew by experience, were usually a trifle unpleasantly moist from the lemon drops she had in her mouth much of the time.

Arrived in Chicago, he roamed round the Loop until he located Tod Slate, once manager of the Middleburg pool room, now scurrying for news items for a Chicago daily. Tod was mindful of home-town ties. He steered George to a small, fairly clean room on Dearborn Avenue, that Mecca of flat and tight purses, gave him a pass to a failing musical show, and later pointed out to him many sights and celebrities of the Windy City: A Pink Room, a Gold Room, a Blue Room, a senator, the mayor, the Art Institute, the stockyards, an indicted chief of police, a famous dancer, an infamous dancer, a notorious bookmaker, an unknown bookmaker whom it was safe to patronize, a noted newsboy aged sixty-two, a pickpocketess with a pull, a city editor without a pull, a respected reformer, a disrespected reformer, some millionaires after whom warrants had been named, some theatrical folks after whom perfumes had been named; and, at a *thé dansant* Adelaide—nicknamed Laidy—Heidemann, only child of the late Stephen—better known as Old Steve—Heidemann, of the Steel Works.

II

LAIDY HEIDEMANN! Three minutes after his steady brown eyes saw her, George Williamson knew that she fitted into his dreams like a yolk into an egg.

She was twenty and a half years old and five feet high. She had a pair of cool blue eyes—the same blue as certain lovely old bowls beloved of our great-grandmothers—George's mother cherished a cracked one from her mother's mother.

Laidy Heidemann had a frivolous mop of kinky gold hair, which, disheveled at the moment from fast foxtrotting, perked impudently from under her close-fitting ermine toque. She had a small, red, weak, handsome mouth, which had a trick of turning up in a smile and up in a pout all in the same minute.

When Tod Slate pointed her out the tea room's band was plucking its banjos furiously; and in the arms of a tall, lean, solemn, critical-appearing young man, whom Tod named Stanley Gibbard, one of Chicago's rich young wheat gamblers, she was whirling about the amber-electroliered room so swiftly that her sable-bordered, petunia-hued chiffon skirts, cut very full and so daringly short as to show the tops of her fifteen-inch-high white doeskin boots, fluttered like a racing butterfly's wings. Her eyes were star-bright; her young cheeks were a hot velvet red, like the heart of an American Beauty; and her lips were parted in breathlessness.

"She was born with a dented pewter spoon in her mouth," said Tod Slate dryly; "but her dad gold-plated it and studded it with pearls while she was growing up. Then he died suddenly, two years ago, without making a will or naming a guardian or trustees for her. And—jiminy! but she's making his five millions fly!"

"Five millions!" ejaculated George Williamson in awe. "Good Lord!" He gazed hungrily after the whirling young form.

"Five! Think of it!" sighed Tod, excusing himself to get back to his office. George stayed at the tea room.

Thereafter he saw Laidy often. You could see that young lady, did you desire, nearly every afternoon at some *thé dansant* or other. And he heard much about her. Habitués and employees of *thés dansants* discussed Laidy a great deal. Dancers, waiters, managers, maids of the check and retiring rooms, bus boys and orchestras were very, very familiar with Laidy's small kinky gold head, big gold vanity bag, and tiny, swift, graceful, silken ankles. Bus boys knew that the dark-blue wheels of her sleek gray limousine chugged: "We-cost-twelve-thousand-dollars!" Waiters—silent, deferential—knew that a certain diamond-and-platinum dinner ring on her small white finger cost four thousand dollars. Orchestras, thrumming fast, silvery notes, exchanged whispered comments on the probable cost of the triple string of white-pink pearls that she carelessly wore about her pretty pink-white neck. (Continued on Page 80)

As He Drew a Fourth Yellow Bill He Laid a Heavy Wager With Himself That Sometime Lovely, Careless Laidy Should Pay Him Well for This Extravagance

GRINNELLS put out the fires of war!

IN THE little village of St. Dié, in France, stands the large cotton-mill of Jules Marchal & Co. Everywhere about it are burned and gutted ruins, the prey of the invaders. But the Marchal Mill still stands intact, saved from the fires of war, a triumph to the science of peace!

Thrice the trained incendiary squads of the invading army tried to burn it, and thrice they failed.

At one attempt 125 bales of cotton were opened, soaked with kerosene, and the torch applied. But the mill did not burn. It stood as though some magic wand protected it from fire. It was the magic of science—of Grinnells.

The Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System worked as it always works. Quickly and surely the fusible heads melted, snapped open and sprayed torrents of water upon the onrushing flames. The fire hissed, died and went out!

German war efficiency thus failed before the mechanical efficiency that an American, Frederick Grinnell, applied to fire-fighting—failed before the kind of protection that American business men use to safeguard industrial enterprises worth thousands of millions of dollars.

Other buildings nearby, owned by the same French firm, did not have Grinnells. They were burned to the ground.

Of their Grinnell-protected factory, the owners say:

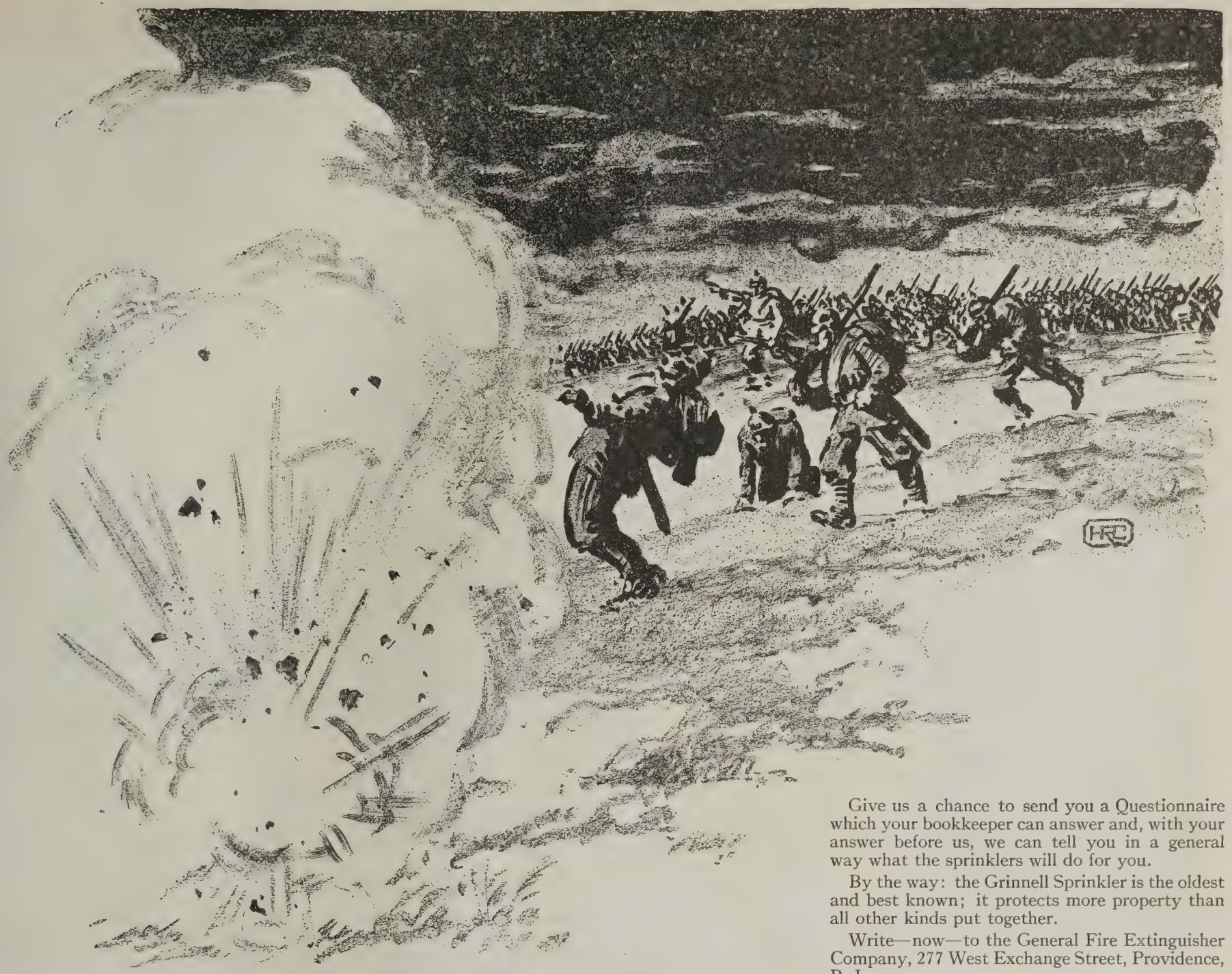
"Our works have been preserved, thanks to the extinguishers which functioned perfectly. It is certain that without your equipment our works would have been completely destroyed."

MAY 3, 1915, in Capetown and Johannesburg, South Africa, English rioters were firing building after building owned by Germans. The police were powerless; the fire brigades were helpless, their hose was cut; scores of fires were blazing; incendiarism ran riot.

The hardware store of Koch & Dixie on Burg Street, Capetown, was fired at seven different points. In a twinkling twenty-one Grinnell Sprinklers opened and seven fires were out.

At Port Elizabeth six fires were kindled in a sawmill. Fifteen Grinnells opened and six fires were out.

In Johannesburg, in Frenkel & Company's building, the rioters built up five stacks of inflammable material, poured kerosene over them and simultaneously applied the torch. Five fires started to



burn fiercely. But five Grinnells, one to each fire, opened, and Frenkel & Company were saved.

And so in far-off South Africa, as well as in France, stand monuments of preparedness amidst the ruins of unpreparedness.

Out of a great cataclysm emerges a principle—this fundamental principle: *Fire will put itself out automatically.*

From the technical standpoint there is nothing remarkable in any of these facts. Grinnell Sprinklers have balked incendiaries many times right here in the United States, confining the damage to an insignificant amount, and at the same time giving notice of the danger by ringing the alarm-bell.

How to Measure Your Fire-Danger

A fire-bug is to be feared much less than a hundred and one innocent-looking fire-starters to be found in any building. He is less dangerous, for instance, than an electric wire or a suit of greasy working clothes in a closet.

Experts who catalog fire-dangers find they literally number in the hundreds. A business man cannot size up his fire-danger for himself, but in his insurance *rate* he has a perfect measurement of how great the danger is.

There is only one way known at present to go after fire-danger on a wholesale basis, and bring down the insurance rate immediately in a wholesale way. Over the whole ruin-breeding lot put a system of Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers, the untiring mechanical watchmen.

Your rate will drop from 40% to 90% as soon as Grinnells are installed. The premium saving will, of course, go far toward paying for the equipment. Frequently the protection pays for itself in a few years.

Protection Plus Cheap Insurance

Are you looking only for cheap insurance, or are you seeking above everything else to avoid interruption to your thriving business?

If unprotected by automatic sprinklers you chance a big fire. You may think your losses will be covered by insurance. But will they? With the insurance money you collect you will be able to have the ruins cleared away, buy building materials, buy new machines, buy new raw materials with which to reëstablish your business; but you will have no insurance money to repay the very serious losses caused by the *interruption* of your business, losses such as orders unfilled, important customers gone elsewhere, idle time of a sales force, to say nothing of the nerves and worry and troubles involved.

When your turn comes to have a big fire, are you likely to pay dividends that year?

The function of Grinnell Sprinklers is to "Keep Your Going Business Going." Fires can start under sprinklers, but they can't spread. In the course of ten years your fire-alarm will ring just as often. If your industry is metal-working, for example, the average loss per fire will be $334 instead of $34,000, which is the average for unsprinklered metal-workers.

Give us a chance to send you a Questionnaire which your bookkeeper can answer and, with your answer before us, we can tell you in a general way what the sprinklers will do for you.

By the way: the Grinnell Sprinkler is the oldest and best known; it protects more property than all other kinds put together.

Write—now—to the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

The wonderful story of the war fires briefly sketched above, together with illustrations, is told in "The Sprinkler Bulletin," published in London. We have a limited number of copies and will furnish them gratis to business men applying on their business letterheads only.

The above-mentioned bulletin does not contain the letter from Jules Marchal & Co., from which we obtained the information about the fires in their cotton-mill. We are therefore reproducing it just as it came to us.

Lettre de Messieurs Jules Marchal & Cie,
Filatures de St-Dié (Vosges)

Lors de l'invasion, le 29 août 1914, les allemands ont mis le feu à notre filature de la Bolle à plusieurs reprises, et chaque fois les Grinnells ont très bien fonctionné et l'incendie a été arrêté dès le début.

La première fois, les allemands avaient arrosé avec de l'essence les mélanges de coton et mis le feu, il y a eu de suite un brasier intense, tous les appareils du local ont fonctionné et le feu a immédiatement été étouffé (il y avait environ 125 balles de coton ouvertes); nous avons remis de nouvelles têtes aux Grinnells qui ont refonctionné à une deuxième tentative, et il en a été de même chaque fois.

En résumé, nos magasins, qui n'étaient pas munis d'extincteurs GRINNELL, ont été brûlés par les allemands; nos usines ont été préservées grâce aux extincteurs qui ont fonctionné d'une façon parfaite. Il est certain que, sans vos appareils, nos usines auraient été complètement détruites.

Agréez, Messieurs, nos sincères salutations.

Signé: JULES MARCHAL & CIE.

St-Dié (Vosges), le 10 Février, 1916.

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Model Dairy Farms Contribute the Richest Cream

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THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES

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Rider Agents Wanted

Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your town.

30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our *great new trial offer* and low Factory-Direct-to-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. No one else can offer such values and such terms. SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog. It's free.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. R-55 Chicago

(Continued from Page 77)

Managers, twirling their swallowtails obsequiously whenever they found themselves in her vicinity, surreptitiously appraised her chic svelte boots, guessing that the price of each would have paid some families' rent for a month. Maids hung fawningly about her in dressing rooms, not so much on account of the tips she flung about with the speed of one who has had the best opportunity to master the technic of spendthriftism, but because they knew that the Prima Donna perfume, which emanated from her kinky gold hair like the scent of a far-off Mayflower field, cost twenty-seven dollars an ounce. Such knowledge induced more deference than a mere tip, though as heavy as the clothes hamper known merrily to the Wives of Windsor could ever call for.

George collected all these items, and more. Not through, at first, any definite hope or plan, but simply from uncontrollable interest.

He was as much surprised as elated when, ten days after he first saw her, he procured an introduction to her—through a fellow introduced to him by a chap introduced by a man introduced by Tod.

But George's star was in the ascendant. It is easier now to procure an introduction to many folks than it used to be. Between the fumes of the *thé* and the trot of the *dansant* many conventional props of our social life have weakly disappeared.

And besides, there was small conventionality about pretty Laidy Heidemann. She was carelessly willing to be introduced to almost anybody!

For this too careless willingness there was a reason, of course.

Poor Old Steve Heidemann! He had been a brainy man; brainy enough to rise from overalls and three dollars a day in the Steel Works to part ownership and the head of the directors' table. But he hadn't been brainy enough to insure content for his only girl, though he spent all his life for that purpose and died fatuously sure that it was accomplished. He must have turned over in anguish in his silver-handled coffin if he knew how all his plans for his loved kinky-gold-haired baby were miscarrying.

When Laidy was born the Heidemanns lived in a small frame shack. When she was seventeen years old her father shamefully neglected his business for several months, while she was away at boarding school, to oversee the erection of a grand home for her when she came back.

When this home was finished he was mightily proud of it. It was a gorgeous and composite structure. Its front reminded you of an English castle; a florist had a hurry-up call for ivy to cover the tall gray tower. On the east side it looked like an Italian villa; Steve hugely admired the chic little pergola the architect stuck on at a corner. On the west it was Colonial in effect, and at the rear it was frankly American, with an up-to-date kitchen and system of pantries white-enameled from ceiling to floor.

It was situated on the Lake Shore Drive, and Steve looked with satisfaction at the neighboring homes. This was the place for Laidy to live! Here she would mingle with the best! He saw no breakers ahead. He saw only her pretty kinky head brightening the crest of the highest wave of the big town's society. She had the qualifications for any position—beauty and money. He knew that he had enough connections with moneyed men to insure her being petted by those men's wives. Wouldn't she have a good time until she married—his pretty baby! He held her on his knee while he bragged to her of her future. Such a rosy future! And after a while—not too soon, he hoped, but sometime—she would marry a clean, clever, altogether desirable young man with money, family and integrity. Well, perhaps Steve Heidemann had excuse for being optimistic. Starting with nothing, he had so far got about all he wanted. Naturally he was bound to believe that he would go right on getting what he wanted.

Foolish, brainy old Steve! He never thought of dying. But he died—almost while Laidy was sitting on his knee, listening to his bragging and showing off to him the graces she had learned at the fashionable boarding school.

Happy are the dead, perhaps, in that they cannot return. Had Steve Heidemann lived, doubtless he would have accomplished all that he planned and hoped for Laidy. When he died the moneyed men with whom he had business connections forgot him almost as soon as they got through sending flowers and condolences to his family. And they never thought of mentioning Laidy to their busy wives. If Steve had not neglected to make a will and name trustees and guardians who in looking after the estate would incidentally have looked after his girl ——

As it was, Laidy and her mother, a stout, dowdy, old-fashioned woman, drove home from the funeral to find themselves standing

"George, One of Ma's Uncles Left Me Nine Hundred Dollars! Ain't That Grand?"

in Society's front yard; but the front door of Society's house was grimly closed, and they were seeing gravely a sign that read: No Trespassing on This Lawn!

Laidy's mother did not mind. She did not really know. She could not read English very well anyway. And she was preoccupied in getting more blossoms to take out to that fresh-made mound. She and Steve had loved each other well when they were young. Of late years she had meekly mourned in secret that business and brains had separated him from her; she disliked his board meetings, clubs, telegrams, bank and directors' conferences. Carrying out flowers and crying over his grave daily, she seemed in closer touch with him than when he was alive.

Besides, the servants and the ultramodern kitchen, with its big, satisfying enameled walls, took up a great deal of her attention. Also the parlor curtains. Having known what it was scarcely to afford dollar-and-sixty-nine-cents-a-pair lace curtains, it was absorbing to realize that now she could pay, did she choose, a thousand and sixty-nine dollars a pair.

And for a while Laidy did not pay much attention to the sign either. She was busy grieving for her loved old father.

But presently time softened her grief, and she looked round and discovered that she was a very lonesome young woman. She was not interested in a kitchen, no matter how ultramodern and beautifully white-enameled its systems of pans and pantries. And she did not care much for parlor curtains. Curtains can't talk to you.

She sat down and wrote to several girls with whom she had chummed at the boarding school. They promptly accepted her invitation to come and visit her.

But after they had been at her gorgeous home a week or so their round eyes wanted to know why no one else came there! No callers; no dinner guests; no reception flocks; no musicale crowds! Laidy, stupid for a while, finally guessed what their round eyes asked and she blushed with mortification. Then they went home; and she hurriedly tore up invitations written to one or two others.

Then Laidy sat solitarily on her English-castle front veranda a while and dolefully watched two tall, critical-appearing girls who lived across the street in a straight, high, stone exclusive place. Sometimes she drove her sleek gray limousine right alongside their sleek emerald-toned one as they motored downtown mornings. But they never seemed to see her. Their name was Gibbard. She read their name in the Society Columns.

Then—then Laidy followed a precedent set a long time ago. With a hurt look in her blue eyes and a haughty resentful curl to her small pretty nose, she went out into the highways and the byways, known in modern swagger parlance as *thé dansants*, and she gathered up plenty of friends and guests. Any kind of friends! Any guests!

Presently she had a horde of friends—men and women. They flocked to the big house; they ate dinner there; they rode in Laidy's cars; they paid her compliments; they made engagements with her and for her. And some weren't altogether undesirable; but some were. Laidy accepted them all at their face value. They liked her and they were willing to accept her hospitality. These were their credentials. Presently she was a friend-surrounded girl.

Her mother did not really like many of the flock of Laidy's friends who overran the house, fluttering into it like homing pigeons, not disguising that they liked its architecture, its cuisine, its sideboard and its open door. Nor did she really approve of Laidy's scandalously late hours or cigarettes.

But she knew, of course, that these fast, undesirable people and ways were the undesirable, fast ways and people of the Society into which Steve had planned that his little Laidy should go. Didn't you read all about Society's ways in the Sunday Supplement? The poor woman tried to be as broad-minded as Steve would have been had he lived, and she prided herself on stoutly realizing that in Rome one must do as the Romans do.

She wondered once or twice why the two tall girls in the big stone house across the way never joined the fluttering horde of guests. She knew they were the Gibbard girls, often mentioned in the newspapers.

"Your pa used to admire a young Gibbard real well," she remembered. "Do you know him?"

"I've danced with him two or three times," said Laidy shortly. "I—I don't care for his sisters—or him."

Her mother was counting the best spoons—Laidy had had a big and late party the night before—and she did not notice that the pretty face had hardened and the pretty lips had curled.

But she did note how very deferential to Laidy were milliners, corsetières, manicurists, hairdressers, waiters and crossing policemen. These last had a habit of giving the kinky gold head and big, sleek gray car right of way against all traffic regulations. Laidy had a habit of smiling at crossing policemen exactly as she used to smile at Old Steve.

A trifle more formal was the little smile with which she said that she was engaged—so sorry!—when, after being introduced to her, George Williamson at once asked for a dance. But it was a nice, courteous little smile.

George Williamson was patient and persistent. Following a plow you learn to be both. A few days later he asked again. And again.

The fifth time he asked, the patient appeal in his large, serious, direct brown eyes affected Laidy's good nature. So she put off another man—an ex-chorus man who posed as a broker—and danced four minutes with George. Laidy would dance with almost anyone once. Future dances depended upon how you managed your feet the first time.

(Continued on Page 82)

Valspar Makes Another Record!

It withstands 36 hours of live steam

HUMAN ingenuity never devised a more severe and conclusive varnish test, but it all happened accidentally in the office of one of the largest public service corporations in New York City.

A cold snap came one Saturday. At noon orders were given to turn on the steam heat. This was complied with, but one little detail was overlooked—*to close an open valve on a radiator.*

So all through Saturday night, all day Sunday, and until business time on Monday morning, *live steam filled the room.*

When Monday morning arrived the doors had swelled so much that only with difficulty was an entrance forced.

A Scene of Wreckage

When the steam was finally turned off and the clerks entered the room, a scene of wreckage met their eyes.

The varnish on the doors and woodwork was literally boiled away. The wall-paper was hanging off in sheets. In fact, everything at first sight seemed utterly ruined.

One startling fact soon became evident—namely, that *the furniture was absolutely unharmed.*

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

An investigation developed that the reason for this phenomenon was, the desks and furniture had all been varnished with Valspar.

The Inspector's Letter

The Inspector of Equipment for this corporation wrote us an enthusiastic letter, from which we quote.

"The steam destroyed the paper on the walls, the varnish on the woodwork, and swelled the doors so that it was impossible to close them after they had been forced open. But the furniture, which was finished with Valspar, came through the 36 hours steaming without a spot, nor did it warp or swell in the slightest degree.

"I am having all of our special furniture, such as counters, tables, etc., finished with Valspar, as I believe that this is absolutely the best varnish made."

This test demonstrates again that Valspar is absolutely waterproof. It won't turn white in water, and it is adapted for every varnish purpose in homes, offices and industrial buildings of all kinds.

Valspar, for instance, is best—

For your front door or piazza—rain and snow don't spot it.

For your front hall—wet feet and dripping umbrellas won't harm it at all.

For your kitchen and pantry—so you can wash it freely and sterilize the places where your food is prepared.

For all your furniture—because Valspar is spotproof as well as waterproof and resists hot dishes and spilled liquids of all kinds.

For your bathroom—making a finish as waterproof as tile and far less costly.

For all your floors—because you can freely wash them and you'll never need to wax or polish them.

Special Offer

Test Valspar in your home, in your own way, under the severest conditions you can devise. To make it easy, we will supply a sample can for 20c. in stamps, enough to make a real test. Fill in this coupon. Send today.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 Fourth Ave., N.Y.
Please send me 4-ounce can of Valspar, for which I enclose 20c in stamps.

Name _____

Address _____

Most paint dealers carry Valspar. If you cannot get it write direct to us.

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—Health without drug-taking. If you need a natural, gentle laxative, just eat, each day, a delicious bran muffin made from

Pillsbury's Health Bran

The larger, cleaner, coarser bran flakes supply the right amount of roughage to accomplish the desired laxative effect. Then too—the Pillsbury recipe, printed on the Pillsbury package, produces a muffin that is really delicious! Don't doubt it—try it—forget medicine—use PILLSBURY'S HEALTH BRAN and bid good-bye to constipation.

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Big Package 15c

(Except in Far West)

If your grocer cannot supply you, send 25c for a full-sized package (the 10c additional is for wrapping and postage).

Department "S"

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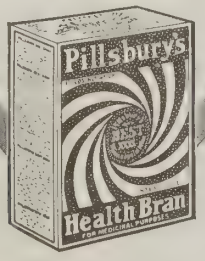
Minneapolis, Minn.



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Every red-blooded American should read this book!

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Read *how* you can do it and *why*.

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WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 411, CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from Page 80)

Like many heavy men, George was light on his feet and a fairly good dancer. He had been considered about the best round Middleburg. But, to forestall her possible criticism, and also—oh, shrewd George!—to differentiate himself from the flock of city men round her constantly, he told her, as soon as they whirled off, that he was just a rube. Nothing in common with Vernon Castle. She must be merciful. He had spent most of his life plowing.

Laidy looked up at this broad-shouldered, serious-appearing young man with a trifling increase of interest. Twice, when a little girl with her parents, she had visited an aunt in a small town. At the times she had enjoyed the visits where there were calves, kittens, gophers and other objects of interest to youth. Now she recollected only the hot little frame house, the fly-buzzing lean-to kitchen, wheezy wood pump and tin washbasin. She was altruistically glad that this young man had got away from such and come to the abode of plumbers, taxis, white-marble-foyered hotels and *thés dansants*.

A few days later she gave him another dance. And a few days later another.

III

NOTHING in this world is quite equal to persistence. George Williamson had great capacity for persistence, even when the stakes were small. Now that the stakes were extraordinarily large he was extraordinarily persistent.

It would not be true to say that from the first he planned and expected to marry Laidy Heidemann. With all his ambition, he had hardly that much presumption—at the first. But he dreamed of doing so; dreamed longingly and heartily—and steadily. And, driven by his dreams, he so persistently connected himself with her flock of followers that presently that careless, sociable young woman unconsciously began to believe that she knew this friendly young man far better and longer than was at all the case.

Whenever he danced with her or talked to her he contrived to throw a great but unobtrusive friendliness and liking for her into his serious, honest-appearing brown eyes.

This was not hard for George. He could throw most any sort of expression into his eyes. Often, back in Middleburg, he had been wont suddenly to throw a blue funk into them, thereby causing various commercial travelers making the town to telegraph their firms, first thing the next morning, for more expense money.

Unconsciously Laidy yielded to that persistently kindly expression, and in return gave a measure of careless but cordial friendliness.

He called on her at her home—and felt at home, and wondered how it would feel to call it home. He met her mother. He even ate a few dinners in the big dining room. Above the sideboard was a life-sized oil portrait of Stephen Heidemann. George looked up at it with unaffected affection. What an ideal father-in-law! Affection almost impelled him to take a wreath out to the old gentleman's grave in Graceland; he was so grateful to Stephen for being conveniently out in Graceland.

But he restrained himself from yielding to this affectionate, grateful impulse.

You can't get much of a wreath, you know, for less than three dollars; and his dollars brought from Middleburg were dwindling in spite of his care—and no man could be more careful with them—far faster than he liked to see. He cursed silently to himself often at certain *thé-dansant* waiters who snapped at quarters and half dollars like turtles at fish bait, and then stuck out greedy eyes and impudent hands for more.

It irritated him, at times, to reflect that his entire capital would scarcely purchase one of the many Airedales which stretched their lazy lengths in the broad Heidemann halls.

Presently he began to realize that, after getting so far in Laidy's regard, he seemed to be getting no farther. To her he did not seem to stand out exceptionally in the mob of men who, also, were mightily friendly to her. She gave him dances. She invited him to dinner once in a while. But she did not save him dances. And there were usually twenty or more others at the dinners.

Moreover, Clara Fraser, a tall, handsome divorcée, who classed herself as one of Laidy's dearest friends, began to look at him with amused, mocking, understanding eyes.

"You think she's about the sweetest thing on earth, don't you?" she drawled.

George admirably kept his pose.

"I sure do!" he said seriously. "And she's been mighty good to a nobody from a small town like me."

Clara laughed softly.

It was the next day that George dropped in to see Laidy's mother—this, though he knew Laidy was at a matinée. Mrs. Heidemann, in a gingham house dress, was going over the month's bills. She could not, though she tried heroically, join in Laidy's royal disregard for dollar details, and mail a check to everyone requesting one.

George stayed all afternoon and helped her add and subtract. While he helped her he talked lightly about himself. He was perfectly truthful and candid. He told her that, after spending his young life behind a monotonous plow, he had come to the city in search of greater opportunity. Gayly he confided that he intended to track opportunity to its lair and despoil the lair.

It was quite accidental that, as he said this last, his eyes dropped enviously to the high heap of accounts—grocer, butcher, modiste, florist, wine dealer and caterer. Mrs. Heidemann smiled friendlily and encouragingly over her spectacles. She liked to hear a young man talk in that strain. It reminded her of the way Steve used to talk—the young, ambitious Steve of long ago. And some tears came into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks, and she had to wipe them away. Then she insisted that George stay for dinner. There was to be no one there but herself and Laidy. Later she told Laidy:

"He seems such a nice young man. Sort of different from a lot of 'em that keep coming here. For your money, I can't help suspecting, dearie, sometimes."

"He's nice," agreed Laidy carelessly, listlessly.

"Ain't you running round too much, dearie?" begged her mother. "Your voice sounds tired, and you look ——"

"I'm cross over my dress," said Laidy. "She used cloth-of-silver instead of silver tulle ——"

"I thought it was lovely," objected her mother. "I seen one like it going into the house across the way this afternoon." She glanced through the window as she spoke and across the way to a high, straight stone house, from whose doors an awning passage ran to the curb. "I guess them Gibbard girls had a reception."

"Did they?" yawned Laidy.

"Ain't you ever met them any place yet?" asked her mother. "It seems sort of funny ——"

"No," said Laidy curtly.

"Didn't I once hear you mention that you know their brother?" asked her mother meditatively. "It seems funny ——"

"I've danced with him—twice," said Laidy.

"There was a young Gibbard your pa used to admire," said her mother reminiscently.

"I'm tired, mother," said Laidy, yawning suddenly. "I'm going to bed."

There were times when Laidy's blue eyes were not the soft blue of certain old bowls beloved of our grandmothers, but a hard agate blue.

"She's dancing too much, I believe," worried her mother to herself. "She's fagged out, I know."

Frequently after that George Williamson dropped in to see Laidy's mother. And presently he noted, with satisfaction, that in Laidy's regard he was fast getting to a point of intimacy. Merely fraternal, friendly intimacy; but that was good. Given a choice, George always took three queens in preference to fragments of a flush.

He came to know the Airedales by name; also, the food fads of Bizzy, Laidy's tiny terrier. He helped Mrs. Heidemann so often with her monthly bills that he knew almost to a cent what the Heidemann régime cost a month.

This knowledge irritated him and elated him; elated—because it was glorious to dream that some day he might be in a position to pay such outrageous bills; irritated—because, though Laidy paid ninety dollars in two weeks for shoes, and the Heidemann servants had their fill of peaches out of season, he himself was compelled to haunt twenty-cent table-d'hôte restaurants and counter lunch rooms in order to make his few hundred dollars last as long as possible.

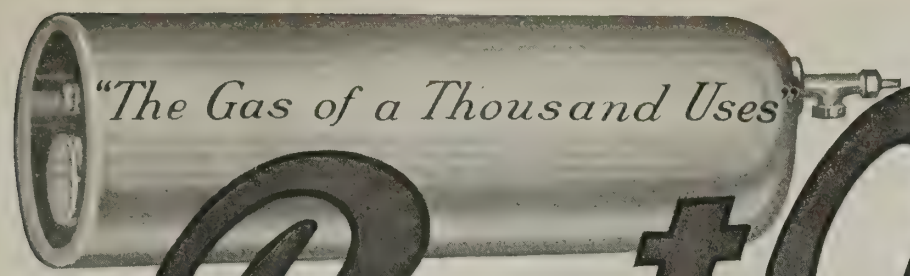
Sometimes he really disliked Laidy for her careless use of money. She never seemed to reflect that it was precious. She tossed it about as a baby tosses toys. She played with it; she threw it away.

There was one night when she ordered wine—George had lost, some time back, the small-town stuff of calling it by its Christian name, champagne, and had fallen into the use of Chicago's classier appellation—with a freedom that made him furious. It was at the amber-electroliered tea room where he had first seen her. He had danced with her several times—more than any other man that evening. So the other men seemed to think that it was his privilege to pay for the bottle after bottle she ordered, sipped at, then carelessly allowed a waiter to carry away and bring another.

Always secretly George had raged at the *thé-dansant* waiter's brisk, frisky way of carting off a half-quaffed glass to make way for another. As he drew a fourth yellow bill—and by this time his yellow bills were getting few—he laid a heavy wager with himself that sometime lovely, careless Laidy should pay him well for this exhibition of carelessness and extravagance at his expense. But, catching Clara Fraser's mocking, understanding glance, he hastily changed his facial expression. He gently admonished Laidy:

"You shouldn't drink this stuff. I've wanted to tell you for a long time ——"

(Continued on Page 85)

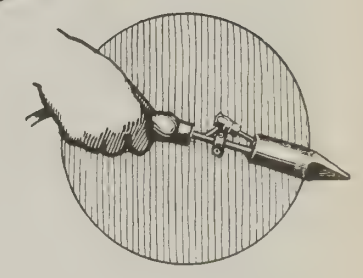


"The Gas of a Thousand Uses"

Prest-O-Lite

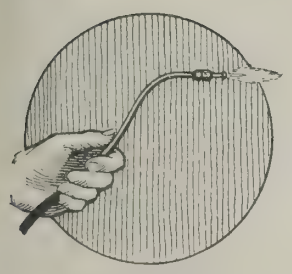
Dissolved Acetylene

(Ready-Made Carbide Gas)



Prest-O-Soldering Iron
Price $4.00 (Canada $5.00)

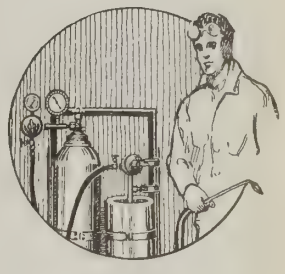
Your Prest-O-Lite has more uses, more value, than you realize



Prest-O-Torch, Style "A"
Price 75c (Canada 85c)

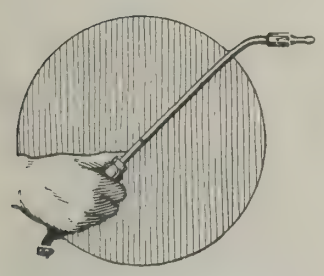
There are over two million Prest-O-Lites in service, a surprising number being used for commercial purposes — yet many people think of Prest-O-Lite only as an "automobile light."

Hundreds of thousands of factories, railroad shops, shipyards, mines, telegraph, telephone, gas, oil and construction companies, blacksmiths, garages, repair shops, dentists, jewelers, electricians and others are using Prest-O-Lite for welding, soldering, brazing, lead-burning or other purposes.

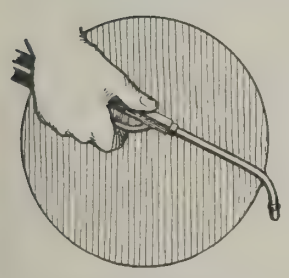


Oxy-Acetylene Welding Apparatus

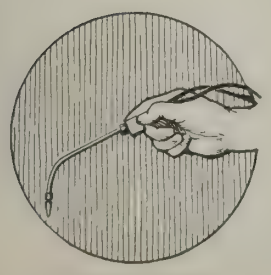
If you have a Prest-O-Lite (gas tank), the appliances shown here point out a few of many ways to use it profitably.



Prest-O-Torch, Style "C"
Price $2.25 (Canada $2.75)



Prest-O-Torch, Style "D"
Price $3.25 (Canada $4.45)



Lead Burning Outfit
Type "L"

Acetylene Blow-Torches

Quicker, cheaper and better than gasoline for soldering, brazing and heating

For all classes of soldering, brazing and heating, usually handled by the ordinary gasoline blow-torch, there is a Prest-O-Lite acetylene blow-torch which instantly provides an intense heat in a concentrated flame that does the work easily, quickly and surely. Easily turned on and off as needed.

Prest-O-Torch, Style "A"

Will braze up to 3/8-in. steel rods, 75 cents (Canada, 85 cents).

Prest-O-Torch, Style "C"

Will braze up to 2-in. solid steel bars, $2.25 (Canada, $2.75).

Prest-O-Torch, Style "D"

For dentists and jewelers

Using acetylene with or without compressed air, produces two distinct kinds of flame—a non-carbonizing *brush* flame suitable for a wide range of soldering, brazing and heating operations, or a *needle* flame suitable for infusions and casting gold, etc. The user supplies air from foot bellows, small drum or compressor. Price $3.25 (Canada, $4.45). Special Style "D" Prest-O-Torch with air trigger for quick changes from brush to needle flame, price $4.25 (Canada, $5.75).

Lead-Burning Outfit, Type "L"

Oxy-acetylene lead burning is more efficient and more economical than any other process. Operates on two gases universally obtainable—Prest-O-Lite gas and compressed oxygen. Provides a gentle needle flame ideal for lead burning; automatic pressure regulators for acetylene and oxygen cylinders, two 6-ft. lengths of hose and necessary sundries. Price, $21.00 (Canada, $30.00).

Prest-O-Soldering Iron

An easily lighted acetylene heating flame inside a copper head, saves all the trouble and inconvenience of the troublesome gasoline blow-torch and charcoal brazier for soldering on light and medium "repeat" work or the occasional small job. Simply connect to a Prest-O-Lite, turn on the gas and light. Nothing to generate, nothing to overturn, portable and economical. Price, $4.00 (Canada, $5.00).

Oxy-Acetylene Welding Apparatus

This high-grade portable welding equipment provides necessary apparatus for handling the widest range of light or heavy welding in manufacturing construction and repair work. Uses Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene and Compressed Oxygen, in convenient cylinders, ready to use.

Welding apparatus consists of an equal pressure blow-pipe, automatic regulators and gauges for acetylene and oxygen cylinders and the necessary sundries. Price, $75.00 (Canada, $100.00). Truck for carrying acetylene and oxygen cylinders and special apparatus for metal cutting furnished at extra cost. Our Instruction Book enables any workman who understands metals to learn welding quickly.

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene, the purest form of carbide gas for welding, is furnished in large special cylinders on acetylene service agreement.

Acetylene Bunsen Burner

The high flame temperature of acetylene gas makes it speedy in action, and by no means an expensive fuel for Bunsen burner use in laboratories. Nothing to clean out or get out of order. Price, $1.75 (Canada, $2.25); with vessel holder, $2.00 (Canada, $2.50).

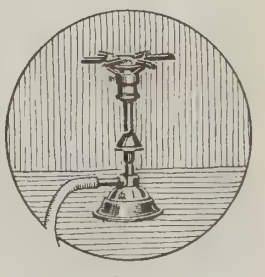
Prest-O-Lite Stem and Burner

A handy light for hundreds of purposes

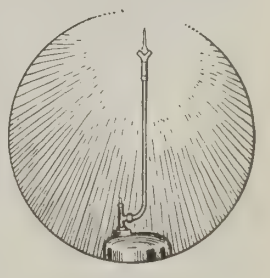
Attach to any Prest-O-Lite cylinder. Turn on the gas and light it. Instantly you have a handy portable light which may be used for hundreds of indoor or outdoor lighting purposes. Specify whether motorcycle or automobile size Prest-O-Lite is to be used. Price, ready to connect to cylinder, 65 cents (Canada, 75 cents).

Portable Flare Lamp

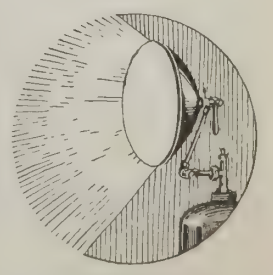
An economical light of high candlepower. May be used with a carrier for "MC" Prest-O-Lite and swung over the arm. Outfit stands 18 inches high, weighs 18 lbs. Price complete, with gas cylinder, $25.00 (Canada, $30.00). Ten-inch aluminum reflector and burner only, as shown, with arm for attaching to automobile style Prest-O-Lites. Price, $12.00 (Canada, $16.50).



Acetylene Bunsen Burner
Price $2.00 (Canada $2.50)



Stem and Burner
Price 65c (Canada 75c)



Portable Flare Lamp

Each of the pieces of apparatus shown has hundreds of profitable uses, described in full in special literature. Ask us for complete details on any use you may have in mind.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc., U. S. Main Office and Factory, 860 Speedway, Indianapolis, Ind.
Canadian Main Office and Factory, Dept. I, Merritton, Ontario

55 branches and charging plants in principal industrial centers

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

Stewart Products

Checks Car Costs

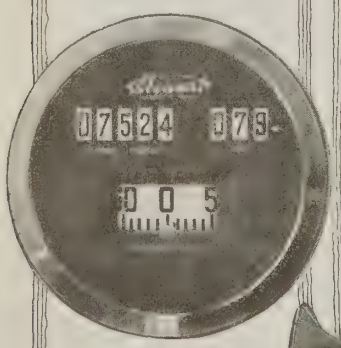
The only way to cut down the cost of running your car is to know exactly what those costs are.

With the Stewart Speedometer you can accurately gauge your gasoline and oil consumption.

It helps you keep a record of your tire mileage—enables you to get equitable tire adjustments.

The Stewart Speedometer is doing this highly important service on over 2,000,000 cars. It is on 95% of all equipped cars built.

Look for it on the car you buy. If it isn't there ask why. Insist.



Stewart Speedometer $25

A Big Loud Note

The pokiest pedestrian doesn't linger long in front of a Stewart Warning Signal.

That big, loud, penetrating note guarantees the right of way.

It lets them know you're coming—helps get out of the way.

It means safety for you and safety for them. And it means that the car ahead or the car at the crossroads knows you are getting close.

Stewart Warning Signals make mighty good accident insurance.

No signals could be better built or more perfect in design, and no others are so generally used.

The Stewart dealer has them in stock. Now is the time to get yours.

Stewart Warning Signals $3.50 to $6

In Any Position It Delivers—

an even, positive flow of gas under all conditions.

Run your car on any grade or angle and the Stewart Vacuum System keeps your gas supply continually above the carburetor.

Over 70% of all car makers have already adopted it as standard equipment.

In nearly every instance it has replaced gravity and pressure feed systems.

Any car to be up to date must have the Stewart Vacuum System.

Less than 30% still use these old-fashioned troublesome systems.

The sweeping success of the Stewart Vacuum System will doubtless attract swarms of imitators as all Stewart Products always have and always will. Imitations always follow any great success.

But they will only be experiments—unrecognized and unused.

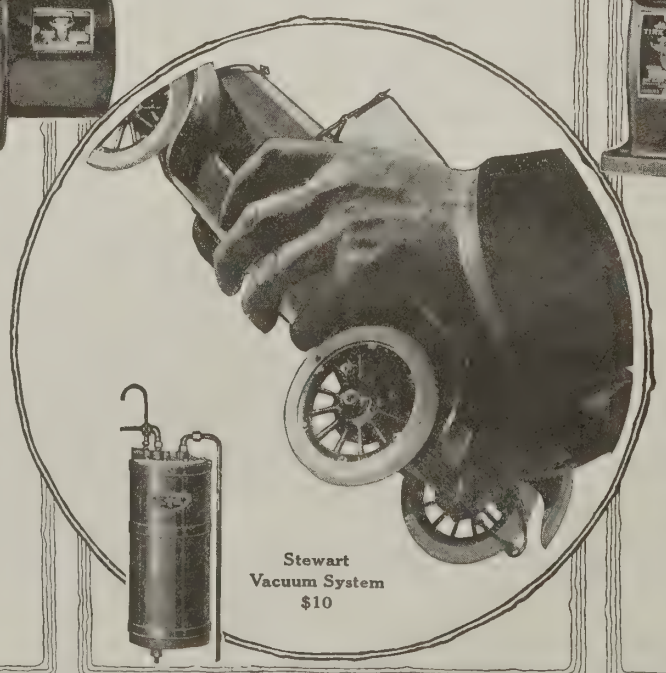
Insist upon having the Stewart Vacuum System on your new car.

Or, bring your old car up-to-date by installing it.

We have every reason to believe that within a very short time the Stewart Vacuum System will be on every make of car. Put it on yours now.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation

Chicago, U. S. A.



Stewart Vacuum System $10

You Need a Pump

You hate to pump tires.

It exhausts your patience, your vocabulary and your back.

So why not get a Stewart Tire Pump?

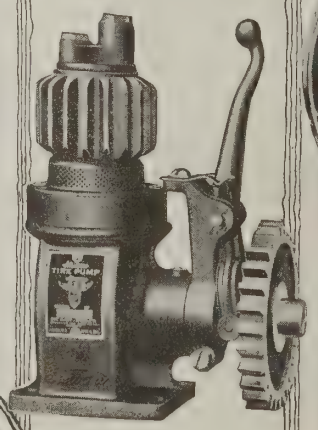
Then all you have to do is to sit around and smoke your cigar while your motor does the work.

We sell hundreds of Stewart Tire Pumps every day to motorists who prefer using horse power to hand power.

The Stewart Tire Pump only costs $12. And it quickly saves that in the extra mileage it gives your tires.

To say nothing of the way it saves your back and your temper!

Order your Stewart Tire Pump today.



Stewart Tire Pump $12

To Ford Owners

Every Ford should be equipped with a Stewart Speedometer.

It insures protection.

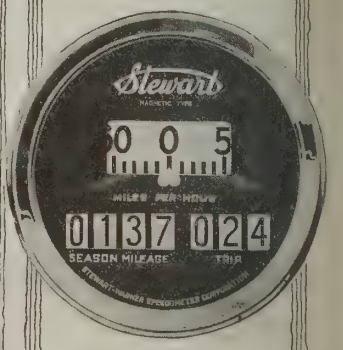
It warns you the instant you go too fast.

It saves you from the annoyance, the humiliation, the loss of time and money caused by arrest.

It enables you to check up on gas and oil consumption.

You can get the Stewart Speedometer for Fords for $10—or mounted in a handsome enameled instrument board, for $11.25.

There's a Stewart dealer in your town. Better get in touch with him today.



Stewart Speedometer for Fords $10

Be sure to look for Stewart Products on the car you buy. They are the best index of its quality.

Stewart Products are backed by a nation-wide chain of service stations perfectly equipped.

Remember—no car is better than its accessories. Insist upon having Stewart Products on yours.

Stewart Products are for sale by leading garages, accessory dealers and jobbers—everywhere.

(Continued from Page 82)

Laidy's eyes snapped like offended stars. hey were darker than usual.

"I like it!"—perversely; and she drank full glass.

As she drank she looked across the room. eorge followed her glance. A tall, lean, ritical-appearing young man and two girls, ho resembled him so much that one guessed ey were his sisters, were standing there, lly watching the dancers. George half-emembered that once Tod had named the oung man to him.

Afterward he decided that he need not rudge those yellow bills, even though they ere nearly his last; for Laidy presently ound that she couldn't quite keep her foot-g on the polished floor. She giggled ather foolishly, and then asked George to all her car and take her home.

A hundred feet of the crisp night air put er right again, and she was ashamed of erself and laughed nervously. But George as silent as they rode. He was thinking: few more glasses and, if a fellow whom ie liked happened to have the marriage cense right in his pocket, before she could hange her reckless mind ——

And there was only one reason why he id not immediately carry out this little lan. When he got back to his room on Dearborn Avenue and counted his money e found that it was lower than he had elieved. He wanted to swear aloud. But was too late, and the other roomers were sleep; so he swore under his breath, long nd fluently. He was nearly out of money!

He wrote to his sister Amelia, who aught a country school and usually had xty or seventy dollars saved. And then, hile he was waiting for her reply, he im-ulsively told Laidy, one afternoon in her g, sleek gray car, that he loved her. No ie would ever love her half so well, though e knew it was not likely that she could are for him ——

"Though—could you?" he asked.

Laidy did not answer for a moment. here was a congestion of traffic at that orner, and her car was held up alongside a ng, sleek emerald-hued motor. The tall, an man with the two girls in it bowed care-ssly to her. The girls did not.

George Williamson's eyes apparently did ot take in this other car and its occupants; ut, in Middleburg, Abe Searcer and Jud ilson and several others would have said oldly that you never could tell what eorge Williamson knew and was planning. e repeated, eyes wistfully fixed on Laidy's mall, pretty face:

"I love you, Laidy! No one else in the orld would love you so well ——"

Laidy nodded coldly at the tall, lean oung man in the other car. Then her yes, blue as an old delft bowl, turned to eorge's face.

"Do you?" she asked plaintively. "I—I believe you do. And—and ——"

"I couldn't tell you how much!" swore George yearningly.

"Do you, really?" questioned Laidy gravely—almost gratefully.

But she was not looking at him then. She was looking after the emerald-hued motor, which had taken advantage of an opening in the congestion to dart ahead.

"Really I do!" said George earnestly, his heart beginning to beat with hope. Since she was not refusing him outright ——

"I—I believe you do," repeated Laidy gravely. "I—I believe you do!" Not a strong emphasis on the pronoun; but a faint, eloquent, wistful emphasis. And she was watching the emerald motor, now a block ahead.

"And—you?" queried George, afraid to say a word too much.

"I like you," she admitted soberly.

"Well enough ——"

"Yes, I—I guess so; as long as—as you love me"—plaintively.

George Williamson's brown eyes for a fleeting second turned from Laidy's grave, wistful, lovely little face. They gazed ahead. Were they looking at the emerald car, now half hidden by a line of motors?

"Dear little Laidy!" he murmured. "I'll spend my life making you happy."

"Will you?"—gently.

"And —— Will you marry me soon?"

"Yes," sighed Laidy.

"I—I never dreamed that I'd come to this town and find—you!" he told her huskily.

"Am I worth finding?" queried Laidy. "I'm—I'm glad someone thinks so."

"Are you?"

George Williamson drew a long, hard breath. Laidy slipped her hand into his.

That night, in his room on Dearborn Avenue, George Williamson pinched himself hard—on arms and legs. Then he got a large pin and stuck it far into a bare calf. No, he was not dreaming.

Before he went to bed he wrote again to Amelia, begging her to send him all the money she possibly could. He promised repayment, a hundredfold, within six months. He added a postscript to Rose. They were the only ones of the family to whom it was worth his while to appeal.

Next day he hunted up Tod Slate, whom he had not troubled to hunt for several weeks past, and told him. Tod was skeptical.

"Joke?" he yawned. "Say, you can't pull small-town stuff here!" Daily contact with a city editor had made Tod distrustful.

"Come along this afternoon and I'll introduce you to my future mother-in-law," said George, nettled.

Tod went. His eyes popped. Then he rapidly set down his second cup of tea,

DRAWN BY N. C. WYETH

Another Advantage

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Saves Eggs

Use a small additional quantity of ROYAL in place of each egg omitted

The following recipes illustrate the rule, but the modification may be applied to nearly all baked foods, and will produce healthful and satisfactory home-made cakes at a considerable saving in cost.

Sponge Cake

1 cup sugar
½ cup water
3 eggs
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ cup cold water
1 teaspoon flavoring

The old method called for 6 eggs and no baking powder

DIRECTIONS:—Boil sugar and water until it spins a thread and add to the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating until the mixture is cold. Sift together three times, the flour, salt and baking powder, and add alternately to the white mixture with the yolks of eggs beaten stiff. Add ⅛ cup cold water and flavoring. Mix lightly and bake in moderate oven about one hour.

Corn Bread

1¾ cups corn meal
¼ cup flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar (if desired)
2 tablespoons melted shortening
1½ cups sweet milk

The old method called for two eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Sift the dry ingredients into bowl; add milk and melted shortening, beat well, and pour into well greased pan or muffin tins and bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

Booklet of practical recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free on request. Address ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 104 Fulton St., New York.

Royal Baking Powder

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from Grapes, which has no substitute for making a baking powder of the highest quality

No Alum No Phosphate

Johns-Manville Speedometer for FORD cars $11.25

Complete with Instrument board

THIS board and speedometer combination is easily attached with a wrench and screw driver to any open Ford body. Get it from your dealer—all complete ready to apply.

The Speedometer—A special J-M Model. Centrifugal principle. Rugged and accurate always. Finished in black and nickel.

You can mount other accessories on the Board easily and readily—because it is wood—selected wood, finished in ebony black.

TO THE TRADE

You will appreciate the selling power of this instrument board and speedometer combination; it is easy to handle because it comes to you ready to install and your customer can attach it himself.

It will be sold strictly on a jobber-dealer basis. So that every recognized dealer will have the fairest possible chance at the big Ford Market now opening up—your jobber will supply you.

Patent Applied For

The Adjustable Bracket—a distinctive feature

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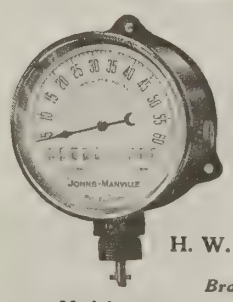

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dropping a piece of lemon on the Oriental-rugged floor, and rushed down to his editor with the news. George, watching him go, smiled happily. And Laidy, looking at George, smiled gently and not unhappily. And Laidy's mother, looking at Laidy, sighed with relief—as though she had been worried in the past—and asked George what he'd like for dinner.

Two days later George sighed with relief. Amelia's money order for ninety-two dollars arrived; also Rose's, for twenty-four. Now he had room rent, at least for a while. Good girls! He resolved to let them visit him and Laidy a week or two every year.

In the same mail came a letter from Hattie Doebling, inclosing her picture—a small one, watch size. George grinned over the stilted epistle, which hoped that he was doing well and would not forget his Middleburg friends. But he chuckled over the picture—though it was not unprepossessing.

Like many colorless people, Hattie photographed excellently. Her whitish-yellow hair—which suggested unsalted butter—came merely a soft blond on cardboard. Her bulging cheek bones did not show at pictured front view. But George saw Hattie only as she actually was—lank, melancholy-eyed Hattie, with her long bony arms—and in comparison with kinky-gold-haired Laidy, with her lovely blue eyes and her millions! Why, it was laughable! And George laughed.

During the weeks that followed it is no exaggeration to say that George Williamson literally walked on clouds. There were times when he felt dizzy at his good fortune. Mrs. Heidemann treated him like a long-looked-for and welcome son. Laidy was not demonstrative, but frequently her small hand slipped into his as though seeking protection and affection. Laidy's chauffeur touched a servile cap to him. Tod Slate gaped at him—simply gaped, as though he were a five-legged calf. Certain *thé-dansant* waiters hung about him fulsomely.

Laidy agreed to marry him soon. Winter was dragging along, and the lake was a cold place to live beside. Her mother had always had a desire to see the Grand Cañon, beyond which lies Pasadena. There was nothing unpleasant in all his world—except a temporary lack of funds. Ninety-two dollars added to twenty-four had to be handled dexterously to encompass several weeks' room rent, necessary food—he could not eat all three meals at the Heidemann home—minor expenses and—the minister's fee.

So, one night at the amber-electroliered tea room, where he had first beheld her, he asked Laidy to make that soon sooner. Why wait? He couldn't wait, he added tenderly.

"Why—very well," agreed Laidy indifferently. "I suppose there isn't much use in waiting."

Pleased? He certainly was pleased! It was because of the anomaly of human nature that, at the same time, he was irritated. He had an idea that it would have been more becoming in Laidy if she had shown more emotion when agreeing, instead of assenting in that maddeningly indifferent fashion. Soon or sooner? Why, she didn't seem to care! It touched his vanity—a vanity that had lately swollen somewhat.

Impulsively he wondered whether she would care if —— He yielded to the impulse. It would require only a minute or so between dances. And presently, while she was indifferently sipping a claret cocktail, he took the small picture of Hattie Doebling from the pocket of his coat, into which he had idly slipped it days before, and showed it to Laidy.

"The girl I used to have back home!"

"What!"

Laidy set her glass down hastily, and George smiled to himself. He guessed she did care, for her lovely blue eyes had darkened troubledly. And she took the picture quickly and stared down at the thin, melancholy face as though the sight troubled her.

"She—she has a sweet face."

"Um-m!" assented George in a careful voice.

He was amused. Certainly she cared! For the first time he saw dismay on Laidy's pretty face.

"And—and did you care for her until you met me?" asked Laidy.

"Yes," he said, suppressing a smile.

"Oh!" said Laidy, as though something hurt her. "Oh! I'm sorry! I didn't know! I never dreamed ——"

"I don't care for her now," comforted George. "Not at all!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" repeated Laidy disconsolately. Suddenly tears welled up in her blue eyes. "If I'd known ——"

"It's all past," urged George, half-wishing that he had kept still. "I don't ——"

"I—I can't marry you now," said Laidy dully. "I couldn't—I ——"

"What?" demanded George. "Why, Laidy, don't be foolish!"

"But I can't," she repeated; and now there was a small whimper in her voice, as well as tears in her eyes. She looked down at the picture. "No; I never could, George! I'm a wicked girl sometimes, and I do lots of things I shouldn't. I waste money that I ought to give to the poor, and often I'm impatient with my mother. And I've got a bad temper; and—and—sometimes I swear! But I couldn't take a man away from another woman who loved him!"

"Laidy!" cried George frantically. "I tell you ——"

"I can see by her sad eyes that she loves you," tremulously went on Laidy. "And—and I'd be unhappy all my life—I'd never forget her face. Oh, I wish you hadn't shown it to me!"

"My God! So do I!"

"I was so sure that everything was going to be nice and happy!" And by this time Laidy was wadding a small wet handkerchief into two drenched eyes. "I felt so comfortable, knowing that you liked me; you've been with me so much all these weeks! And you're so kind always—and I felt that I could always depend on you. And now it's all spoiled!"

"It's not spoiled! It's just the same! Let me tell you ——"

"No." Laidy looked down tearfully at the face of Hattie Doebling. "No, George." Though her voice was a mere whimper, and her pretty eyes, blue like certain old bowls cherished by our grandmothers, were wet and woeful, and her breath came like a small unhappy sob, her small, weak, red, handsome mouth was set in a tremulous but very straight and—honorable line. "I couldn't do anything like that, George. I—I'd always be thinking of her—of how I had robbed her. I—I couldn't forget her eyes! They'd haunt me; I can see in them ——"

What she saw in them George Williamson did not give her a chance to tell. And he was too excited to stop to reflect that perhaps Laidy couldn't see so much in another woman's wistful eyes if her own eyes had not been sharpened by something. He begged; he pleaded; he tried to explain; he swore by all that was sacred ——

"No; I know what dad would say if he was alive," said Laidy gently. "Dad told me once that he'd never done anything really to be ashamed of. He said it didn't pay."

And just then it happened that Laidy looked across the amber-electroliered room to where a tall, lean, critical-appearing young man was standing, idly watching. He did not come often to tea rooms—this man. In the past he had danced twice with Laidy Heidemann; but her kinky gold head had seemed to him a very frivolous head indeed, and her blue eyes had seemed a trifle shallow—like old low bowls.

Now their expression startled him, even across the room. Why, they were not shallow; they were deep—immeasurably deep, and of the most wonderful blue! As though jerked by an invisible cord, he crossed the room and asked her to dance with him.

And George had not given up hope of patching the matter up even an hour later when, sulkily trailing after Laidy, who was gentle and very kind and depressed, he heard Stanley Gibbard say earnestly: "I'll bring my sisters over."

Laidy's eyes were opalescent—and in all the earth there was nothing quite so blue, unless it was the big bowl of sky from which summer storm clouds have scurried.

Later Tod Slate hunted up George and reproached him: "What—and why did you spring that yarn? Say, you can't pull small-town stuff here!"

George did not explain. His money had given quite out; he was tired of clerking in the basement of a department store, and he was going home to visit the folks for a spell.

At the Middleburg depot Hattie Doebling met him. She was wearing her best dress—dark blue batiste, trimmed with white. Almost immediately she told him:

"George, one of ma's uncles died and left me nine hundred dollars! Ain't that grand?"

"Grand!" said George interestedly.

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DO you remember how you used to watch mother when she was preparing the favorite dish for the family? How *careful* she was! How *clean* everything had to be! How *good* everything must be before she would use it! How exact and precise she was—how watchful! No wonder people wove into their everyday talk the phrase "Like mother used to make."

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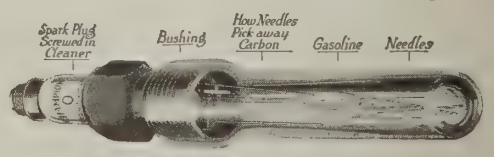

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BRIGGLES "GOES WEST"

(Continued from Page 19)

"Really? I thought you'd stay in—in our new house!"

"I'm not saying that if the 'ouse was in rance, I'd not open a horspital." Briggles aved his hands generously. "But seeing 's On-the-'Udson, I've no wish for it."

"Blister!" said Sheila suddenly.

"Miss, do you feel that tender toward e?" asked Briggles.

"Yes—because you are so splendid—oh, ou won't let him get shot, will you—romise me?" She took hold of his dumpy houlders and gave him a jolly shake.

He felt strangely exhilarated, after the shion of having demolished rum punch.

"Not if I dress 'im as a babe in arms," he romised.

"Somehow I know you're both coming ack—to Mr. Stoker," she said. "I can't hink of it's ending any other way. I know ou'll bring him back and he'll start gain—and you'll sell the house to him nd—and have a glorious time of adventure r yourself!"

"I 'ope Mr. Stoker will remember 'im," emarked Briggles pensively, folding in ath slippers.

"Briggles, you packed his boxes when he ent to school, didn't you?"

"I did," admitted Briggles grimly, "and hen he went to jail!"

"Briggles!"

"I don't believe in a man's deceiving any angel. I shan't let it 'appen in me own ouse! Miss Sheila, I did pack a box of ecent wearing apparel for 'im. 'E went to Bohemian ball masquerade and drank apanese champagne, so 'e tried telling me fterward, and went tootling down the reet at four A.M., clad in the garbage of a onk! I thought I should faint when they ang me up for bail. If 'is father 'ad seen m, Miss Sheila, 'e'd 'ave sent 'im west for ire!"

Sheila was tucking in a blue pincushion. he recognized it as one she gave Truesdale r a valentine joke. She did not answer.

"It mustn't prejudice you too much," rged Briggles; "it's more to put you on our guard, so to speak—always be ready ith a little spare change—'e's apt to need !"

Still she did not answer. Briggles dropped ie case of brushes. She was crying!

"What 'ave I done?" he asked dramatically of Mr. Stoker. "I've set a hangel eeping!"

Mr. Stoker went after another on the ank, in mundane unconcern. Briggles put is hands on Sheila's shoulders to return he little shake.

"Miss Sheila, I'll bring him back to you—lad in the garbage of a gentleman." There as a quaver in his funny voice that rang rue. "Listen!" He bent over until the umpy, carroty-topped head and the red-old braids almost touched each other. I ain't going to charge no interest—for uying back the place. I don't want the ouse—now I come to think of it! What hould I do? Sit in the parlor and talk to he walls—marry some tidy cook and 'ave r stray to the kitchen from force of 'abit! No, I want adventure, Miss Sheila. I ant to wander about—to go west, as they ay. What's more rousing than polishing ff old Fritzie—and Mr. Truesdale's boots! Don't you 'elp a lot if you 'ave a gentle-an's findings all laid out in style, so's he in't homesick and can work a jolly deal tiffer? That's my idea. If 'e can't buy his place—why, damme, 'e can stay on as aretaker until I pop off. I've made a will as includes 'im most liberal! The 'ouse on't run away, and 'e won't be shot, and ou won't run away, nor Mr. Stoker." Here Briggles invented a neat, cheering giggle.

Sheila sobbed in response.

"All at once it came to me that I did are," she said, "cared so much that noth-ng else mattered. I'm willing to be a rutch for him, I'm willing to marry a ripple."

"A cripple?" Briggles' eyes grew dark, angerous looking. "Miss Sheila, if I may ake so bold, Master Martin is nothing hort of Adonis in the morning tub."

Sheila began to laugh and cry all in one.

"Yes, of course, I didn't mean just that—nly, I know he's going to hate me when he ees the war nurses, women who care only or service; he'll see the difference and hate e. I know it—I know it—I know it!" she nded with a defiant little hysteria.

"Oh!" Briggles scratched his head per-lexedly. "Seven year I kept the Intrepid Fox Tavern, Mr. Stoker, and never such trouble as this."

"Promise you'll never tell"—Sheila looked straight at him—"just promise me that, Briggles. I could never bear it if I thought you even hinted ——"

"Strike me pink if I ever make a peep!"

Sheila kissed him.

The alcove curtains parted abruptly. Truesdale was standing there.

"I'm immensely interested," he remarked.

Briggles darted into an adjoining clothes room. But Mr. Stoker and Sheila held to their guns.

Truesdale put his arms round her with an air of ownership.

"You do care, don't you?" he asked. "And you know I do. I shan't think anything about war nurses; very likely I shan't see any. I shall do the best work I'm capable of, because I must have a worthy though brief record to offer my wife. I won't get shot, although I shall refuse to adopt an infant's frock, as Briggles suggested. I won't drink Japanese champagne or go tootling about, as he so kindly told you."

Here Truesdale raised his voice in the direction of the clothes room. "I'll work, Sheila, and buy my house again—and love you. May I?"

"What—what were you doing there?" She was startled out of sentiment. "Did you hear everything?"

"Even Briggles' kiss. I never would have got the truth from you or you from me, if Briggles hadn't tried his blessed, nervy, wonderful interfering. I came home unexpectedly, because of Mr. Stoker. I'd been looking all over Long Island to find a boarding kennel for him. I can't take him along; I'll be gone a year or longer, maybe. Just now I know I'll have hard work to stay a year, but I must. It takes a year for a shame inoculation to work off, Lady Handicap. And suddenly, because I couldn't think of the little beady-eyed whisker howling for me and getting like a shadow, I made up my mind to finish him. I thought while Briggles was packing I could get it by without his knowing. I'd just explain it to the old dog and let him go to sleep; then I'd know he was out of it! You and Mr. Stoker were hustling up the drive, I was behind you. I slipped in the back way, then you asked for Briggles. I ran up the backstairs and heard you talking. So I went down again and climbed the lattice, like a friendly burglar. I pushed the window open and came in here. I used to row with Briggles about the way he kept the curtains drawn—he ought to be made a Knight of the Carpet for it! I listened and heard you cry for me! Sheila, if you've done caressing Briggles, do you think you could be induced to ——"

She drew his dark head down to hers.

"Go west," she whispered, "but come back home!"

Briggles' wild tenor was ringing out so as to allow them all the leeway in the world, the one song in which he had trained himself not to behead the two *h*'s:

"The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.
For me the angels sing-a-ling-a-ling,
They've got the goods for me.
Oh, death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
Oh, grave, thy victoree-ee?
The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me!"

Briggles waited in the motor, slightly flushed and excited, while Truesdale said good-by. There had been nine consecutive and constantly lengthening good-bys that Briggles knew of. This must, by force of the steamer's sailing, be the last. Briggles was not deceived by the previous nine, because Truesdale had not relinquished his ownership of Mr. Stoker. As long as the small square dog heeled him about, the finale was not yet over. For Sheila was to take charge of Mr. Stoker.

"I believe it's keeping 'er up remarkable," Briggles told Truesdale; "she's walked with a little 'op ever since we said Mr. Stoker would stop with 'er."

Truesdale, with a happy sadness—if such emotions may be blended—patted Mr. Stoker with envy. But just now Truesdale had led Mr. Stoker inside—Sheila said she could not go to the boat. The house which they jointly owned was boarded up and deserted—but only for a little, Truesdale had promised Sheila.

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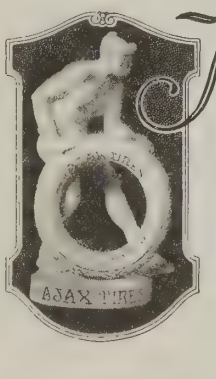

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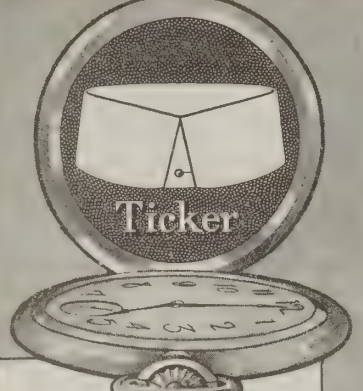

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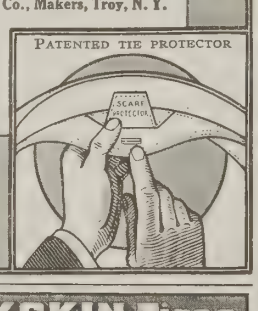

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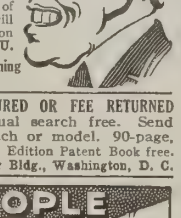

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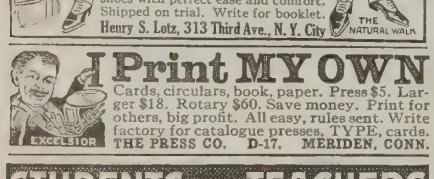

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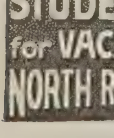

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Briggles drew out a handkerchief and touched off each eye as Mr. Stoker disappeared. He felt it was expected of him. Besides, there never could be but one Mr. Stoker—it was no irreverence to say it—any more than there could ever be but one Truesdale or one Sheila Morgan. Besides, Mr. Stoker's uncle was in the royal kennels.

As Briggles sat there gazing at the dull autumn haze Truesdale came out, a little white and unnaturally jolly, but with a clear-visioned look in his eyes.

"I say, Brig, go on in; she wants to tell you good-by. No, I'll not go back—a bit thick, you know."

Reluctant but brave, Briggles dragged himself up the walk and into the drawing room. Must he confront Mr. Stoker again, pat him with mere friendly interest? Truly, it was a bit thick!

Sheila's family were wandering pensively about. Sheila, in a dull-silver gown, was holding Mr. Stoker in her lap. She held out her hand cordially. But she was not crying. There was the same clear-visioned look in her eyes that he had seen in Truesdale's. It braced Briggles wonderfully. Mr. Stoker, with wilting whiskers, gazed in silent pleading. Oh, for one of their old evenings ——

"Briggles, I want to thank you," she said; "you've done everything for us. And you'll bring him back"—just a tiny catch in her voice—"you know you promised ——"

"I'll bring him back," repeated Briggles as if he were taking vows.

"I wanted to see you again and tell you how I do thank you. It's going to be wonderful for him, isn't it—and—and he'll come back," she ended lamely. The repetition was starting a chain of romantic sentiment in Briggles' brain.

"Good-by, Miss Sheila." He reached over Mr. Stoker's square grizzled head and took her hand. Mr. Stoker was very quiet.

"Briggles, you'll write and tell me ju how he is, won't you?"

"By every steamer."

"And you'll be really frank, won't you

"As frank as can be!" Briggles stru a military pose.

"Thank you! Isn't there anything I c do for you, Briggles?" she asked. "I keeping the little dog for him—it helps do things. Isn't there something you'd li tended to while you are—west? Anythi Briggles!"

Briggles looked at Mr. Stoker with indulgent eye.

No pastime was too lavish to make up f the parting.

"There is," he said, coughing apologe cally, "if you'd like to keep the little da 'appy—I've an idea. It would oblige m too. Some dreary day, just take the gre icicle off your century plant and put ' down in the middle of the 'all—and lea the rest to Mr. Stoker!"

TALES FROM A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX

(Continued from Page 11)

war for that and still have money left. And naturally it has made quite a lot of fuss and fireworks in the papers—these people and politicians trying to find out who got away with it. But that doesn't interest me."

"Why not?" I asked, leaning over, waiting.

"Because it doesn't. In the first place, they won't find out, anyhow. They never do. But it doesn't interest me, anyway. What interests me is where they got it from."

"Where did they?" I asked, and thought again of the hugeness of it, and of the other folks besides us who had lost it.

"In there!" John Snaith answered, motioning with his thumb.

"In there!" I said after him.

"Let's look at it for a minute," he said to me. "Where would it come from? It wasn't lost in speculation—that's one sure thing. Nor by the kind of folks that speculate. It wasn't hardly sold upon the Stock Exchange."

"No."

"Money can't be lost there, anyhow, can it? On the Stock Exchange? All that it does is change owners."

"I suppose so."

"And it isn't likely that they'll find they've stolen the actual cars or tracks or engines—and carried them off home. Not up to a hundred and seventy-five million dollars, anyhow."

"Not much!" I said.

"No," said John Snaith reflectively. "There's just one place. There's where it comes from. There's where they got it from—out there!" And he pointed back again. "Those still, safe places—like that out there. There's where the great bulk of that hundred and seventy-five million dollars came from—from the little safe-deposit boxes of New England. All—the biggest share of it—from common, average folks, who would suffer most in losing it."

"The dirty robbers!" I said hotly, thinking of the men they said had done it. "Hanging would be too good for them."

"No; not that, either," said John Snaith slowly. "You can't blame them, exactly."

"Can't blame them!" I came back.

"Blame them—no," said he. "How can you? 'God made dogs to steal their living,' my grandmother used to say. You can't blame them. The trouble is with the folks who leave it round for them to steal!

"You can't blame them—these men who handle it. No. There's the place, and there're the people," he said again, jerking his head back toward the door, "who're to blame for losing it—for leaving it round where it could be taken."

"Leaving it round?" said I, and looked behind me.

There we sat, locked in—steel walls and bars and guards all round us. And through the doorway—the door was an inch or two ajar—I caught sight of a slice of the wall of the silent steel-lined safe-deposit room.

"Leaving it round—yes," John Snaith replied. "Out there! There's the easiest place in the world to lose money from.

"I mean it," he stated when I looked at him. "Certainly!" And I saw that he really did. "Figures prove it!" he said.

"Easiest place—out there!" I said to myself, watching him. "Leaving it round out there—to be stolen! What does he mean by that? What kind of a figure of speech is he using?"

For he still sat there, hard-faced and sober as ever. You could see with half an eye that he meant it seriously—whatever he intended to say—exactly.

"It's a queer thing to see," said John Snaith finally. "I wouldn't believe it myself—I wouldn't believe it could be done if I hadn't watched it for thirty years and seen how perfectly simple and natural it is—the way it happens. And always just about the same!

"First, one of them will come in here—very cautious and conservative, like your father was—and hire one of these steel pocketbooks of ours, out there in the wall. They aren't taking any chances about what they've got or where they put it. They'll hire a safe-deposit box and put in it just old conservative securities that everybody speaks well of—like this, for example," said John Snaith, drawing over that stock certificate which my father had. "Take this thing: Here was the original pattern—the stuff folks started lining safe-deposit boxes with round this part of the country when they first began to have them. Fine stuff! The old-reliable family safe-deposit-box stock in this section—handed down from one generation to another, like the family furniture. Something you could lay away and forget about. So they did—just that.

"What happens?" inquired John Snaith, fingering the certificate. "What did happen with this? For fifteen years—and more, to my knowledge—the whole world's been talking about this thing; first stage-whispering, then talking openly, and then yelling up and down the street. Everywhere—here, all round them in their own place! Every newspaper, every annual report—if they'd only stopped to read it! Every rusty engine wheezing up the grade in back of town yelled: 'Trouble! Trouble! Trouble!' Waked them up nights yelling it. Did they hear it? Did they read it?" asked the old man, pointing back of him again—"those fellows in back there? Could you get them to read it? Not a word! There's something sleepy in the air back there that won't let them, apparently.

"No. There it was, back in there—all safe and sound and protected—in those armored pocketbooks of theirs, where nobody could touch it. Where you could lay it aside and forget about it, and know that it was there safe—forever!

"Yes, there it was; and there it stays! The whole world's been crying it down and ringing the fire alarm over it for a dozen years, anyhow. And now, in the end, when all is said and done, who's got the stuff? Where is it? Right out there where it always was—in the hands of the safe, sound, conservative investor; in the same old family safe-deposit box!

"No," said John Snaith, "you can't make them hear. I don't believe it. I wonder sometimes what I ought to do about it to wake them up.

"I wish somebody'd come along and tell me. I've thought sometimes I'd go back in that room out there and put up an electric sign—the biggest I can get in there: 'Danger in here! Thieves! Robbers! Watch your pocketbook!'

"But that wouldn't do the slightest good—not the slightest! They'd read it and smile once, maybe; and then go off and forget it. And the same old thing would go right on in there."

I smiled to myself—my mind off my ov trouble for the minute—thinking about sign like that in that safe-deposit room; se ing how different the man was from what took him for at first; watching his cigar, as moved—the only thing about him, appa ently, except his eyes—with his emotio "He gestures with it, almost!" The thoug came over me and I almost grinned open

"And yet," he said, his face as still a serious as ever, "it's all absolute God facts—what I tell you; and anybody c find it out for themselves. There's mo real money lost out of there than any oth place I know."

He stopped a minute, staring at t stock certificate.

"A strange thing," he went on, "a stranger still when you think about t people that lose it! Good, sensible, i dustrious people, most of them—mental 'way above the average. They wouldn come in here with their money if th weren't. They'd be spending it or specula ing with it—or losing it somehow.

"Safe, steady, sensible people, most them—past their first crazy boyhood, an how. Salaried men or professional men working for somebody else, as nine out ten of us do nowadays in the city. They found out that most of us have got to sa something to start our children with, a pass out of life self-respecting. They passed by their little speculations and bu ing gold bricks. They've learned not back notes for first cousins and sons-in-law he said; and he flicked my father's old no from his friend with his stiff forefinge "They've made a little money and save it. They invest it, and then bring it a lay it away in here—half of them—to lo it or have it taken away from them.

"I've watched it now for twice yo lifetime," said John Snaith—"this inves ing by the average man. And I sometim think it's about like it was in that old Pi grim's Progress they made us read when were boys—the farther on you go, the wor the devils get round you. Just when yo think you're safe, then down you go.

"It's just that way, sometimes, I thin with those people," he said with anoth jerk of his head—"out there!"

"What happens to them? What ge into them?" I asked.

I had turned toward him, listening. looked out past him at the slice of the wa of the still safe-deposit room.

"There's nothing mysterious about it, said John Snaith, his cigar twitching. "It the same in all business and money ma ters—and always was. You'll see it whe ever you go. The safer you think you ar the more danger you're in—always! Th time when any man gets to thinking tha he's absolutely safe in money business just about the time he's lost.

"No," said the banker, sitting up a littl "I'm sorry for these people, always. You' think they'd have more sense. But in th long run they fail and lose what they' got for just the same reason that everybod else does: because they've never ye learned the very first principle of investin money—in anything."

"What's that?" I asked quickly.

"I'll tell you," he said, directing hi cigar and his eyes toward me. "I'll te you, gratis. But you'll not remember it an more than your father did—or any of th

(Concluded on Page 93)

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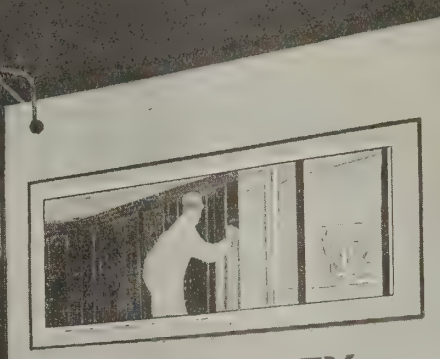

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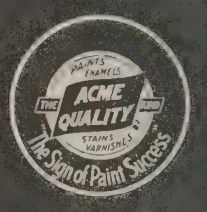

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rest of them. Yet it's certainly simple enough."

"What is it?" I asked again.

"There's no such thing as a safe investment on earth," said John Snaith—"that's the first idea to go by in handling money, whatever it is you buy." He started putting back the papers into my father's box. "Whatever it is you buy," he said—"whether it's this," he said, handling the exploded mining stock, "or this." And he put away the safe old standard railroad stock—that was.

"Not one!" said I.

"Not one that you can go off and leave for a year or ten years—in there, and come back and find just exactly where you left it. How could you expect it?

"Look here," said John Snaith: "Suppose ten years ago you'd taken gold dollars and locked them up in one of these safes—and left them there. What would you have now when you opened it up?"

"The same gold dollars that were put in there, I suppose," I answered, wondering what he was after now.

"No, you wouldn't—not by any means! Not half—not much more than half what you put in there," stated John Snaith. "Not if you count what they'd be really worth now and then—what they'd buy for you. Not much more than half if you took account of value—what you'd get for them. And I suppose that's what money is for."

"I suppose so."

"That's a well-known fact—to anybody who looks under the surface. And it's about the same reason why your interest is so low now from your savings banks. Only, instead of buying gold dollars, they bought these low-interest-bearing bonds ten years ago—that's all.

"No. There's nothing sure and stationary about money, anyhow—that's certain! Why should you expect it?" asked John Snaith, regarding me. "Do you know of anything else you'd think you could run off and leave, for one year or ten years, and forget all about, and come back and find it exactly where it was—in the same condition?"

"No," I had to answer.

"No. There's just one thing on earth, as I figure it, that you can count on always—change! Change, change, change—always something new and different! And yet these folks in there go on always, year after year, as if money and investments were the only exceptions.

"Exceptions! The only difference I know of," said he, looking at me from under his eyebrows, "is that money is the slipperiest thing on earth, and the deadliest to you—when you've had it once and it gets away from you." He stopped and looked down, thinking.

"If you could only get that idea into their heads once," he roused himself to say—"if you could get the average man to see it in the first place—the rest would be simple enough. How much time do you suppose it would take the average man to know something about what he's got his money in—or can put it in? Not much more at the end of the year than he spends in brushing his teeth or his clothes.

"But you can't. That's out of the question," he said, and stopped again. "They won't do it."

He stopped a while, looking down; then drew my father's safe-deposit box toward him. He didn't speak for some little time; sat there studying it, motionless—his eyes on the box, his cigar still in the corner of his mouth.

"I hate to open them," he said abruptly. I looked up at him, surprised at the new tone in his voice. "I hate to open them. I always did. I hate to see what's in them. What they've done with what they've had—like your father. It isn't the money only I mean now. They pay so dear for it in every way.

"They pay so dear for it," he went on again after a few seconds. "They go away and leave it; leave it and forget it—except to think all the time they've got something back in here that's going to support them in their old age and start their children going. And then some day—when something happens; when it's too late—they wake up and come back in here, to this safe, still place, and open up their steel pocketbooks here and look in. And about all they've got there is a paper entitling them to go away and worry themselves to death, and leave their womenfolks to starve or keep a boarding house. They've paid the natural penalty for what they've been doing."

"It's a hard penalty," I said.

"I don't care so much about the young ones," John Snaith said harshly.

"Why not?"

"They ought to be able to take care of themselves. If they can't they aren't much good. It's the old ones that worry me—like your mother and your father."

"My father!" I said, thinking suddenly of what my mother said when she was so excited. "You don't believe that killed him, as my mother thought?"

"It didn't hold him back much, I expect, from dying—these last few months," said John Snaith, looking up at me, and looking down again at the brown metal box beneath his fingers.

I stopped, watching the thing myself, remembering, repentant, unable for the minute to say more—thinking of my father.

"You favor him a little, I think," said John Snaith, clearing his throat—"the way he looked when he was younger."

"You and my father knew each other quite well once, didn't you?" I asked him—glad to say something.

"I shouldn't be here now, young man," he said, looking up again, "if we hadn't. Yes, I did," he said; "I knew your father pretty well when we were younger. We went out in the first three-month regiments—in the same company together.

"Yes; I hate to open them," said John Snaith then—snapping down the cover of my father's safe-deposit box—"especially when I knew the men who owned them."

He stopped. He looked older in some way—his whole sturdy figure. His clothes sagged; his shoulders hunched down a little.

"But that's the way it is, anyhow," said John Snaith—"almost always. You go to open up a man's pocketbook and you find his life inside it."

His cigar tilted up again; he moved his feet.

"Let's go," he said abruptly, and got up and walked out with my father's box to the hole where it belonged, in the wall of the safe-deposit room.

We went on out, without talking, past the bars and the steel doors, and the high steel safe outside. The guard at the steel gate let us out and the gate clacked after us.

"Brace up, boy!" said John Snaith. "Keep a stiff upper lip. Don't let a little thing like this worry you. You young fellows aren't hurt so easy. You young folks jump up pretty quick when you've had a tumble. It's we old ones that can't get patched up again when we get smashed up once. But it's good for you—if you've got any stuff inside you."

He laid his dry square-fingered hand upon my shoulder. His cigar was back into the horizontal once more—straight out before him.

"You come round again and let me see you—say, three days from now. I may know of something somewhere by that time maybe you might like to do for your living," he said.

He turned and left me while I was thanking him.

I went out of his old bank—sore, repentant, worried; but older, more courageous in a way—a different thing from what I was when I went in, two hours before. I went out, trying to place myself, to sort out my emotions. I was confident, in a way. I even felt a little buoyant. I found that I could still smile, anyway.

As I passed out the door I put my hand in my pocket and touched again my three dollars and fifty-seven cents in cash.

"It'll be some time," I thought, and grinned—for the minute—"before I'm making mistakes in my own investing. But I've got my lesson, anyhow—that's something."

But then, when I stepped into the darkening street—out of there—my spirits did start falling. I started thinking of everything I had lost that day, and never should get back again probably—my education—everything!

"Heavens!" said Barbara Harris from our old family carriage at the curbstone. "I thought you never were coming! Get in here."

"I didn't think ——" I started to say, not daring to meet her eye—remembering how changed it all was between us.

"Get in here!" said Barbara.

I suppose I should never have proposed to her—not for years after that, anyway—if we hadn't both been so excited about the thing—the change in everything that day! Nor would she have accepted me. She always says so, anyway.

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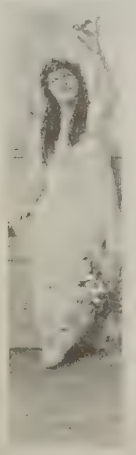

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BRINGING OUT BARBARA

(Continued from Page 23)

froufrou hair, brought down over their ears, to sharply pointed, shiny finger nails; from coy glances to fixed smiles, displaying regular teeth or dimples or pretty lips, whichever they happened to be endowed with—extremely disconcerting to me, since I had not acquired it. Their talk was of the races, the polo—that I had missed—and current "shows."

One boy had been to the Broadway Follies seventeen times, as he took pains to tell me twice, being a simple soul in spite of his coattails, hair plastered back from his forehead, and the gardenia in his buttonhole. When I went home I saw him driving himself off in a huge red automobile, with a nice-looking man in a gray ulster—probably a tutor—at his side. What could a tutor teach a boy brought up like that?

The hot, dusty days in town; the hurry of dressing; the heavy food, which I bolted out of sheer nervousness; the strain of meeting new people—disturbed my nights and made me toss about for hours. I invariably woke with a dull feeling in my temples, and was only too glad to have my breakfast brought to me in bed. Provided the hour at which I rang for it was late enough, I could thus be reasonably sure of a good cup of coffee. I got to depend upon this more and more, and took it blacker and blacker. Exercise was not included in the plan of campaign and I felt the lack of it sharply.

One day we came out from town early, as mother was going to Mrs. Barton Winslow's for tea.

"I think I'll take you with me," she said as we turned in at the driveway.

"In this gown?" I protested, having on only my second best. "Do you think I look well enough?"

Mother smiled approval.

"You wouldn't have thought of that a week ago," she commended. "You're learning. It won't matter here. Mrs. Winslow has a gift of making everyone feel at home."

This time she spoke the truth.

Mrs. Winslow was a very charming woman, graceful in appearance and in speech. I lost my heart to her on the spot.

"Come and meet my daughter," she invited; and, holding me by the hand, she led me over to the tea table.

With a man seated on each side and two standing against the wall behind, Ruth Alvord was pouring the tea. She had a certain sort of good looks, but not a trace of her mother's breeding. How had she missed it? I wondered. It was my first encounter with the effect produced by the total detachment of interests among people of our sort.

In humbler circumstances a daughter begins to drink in her mother's ideas with her mother's milk. We, poor things, miss even this, being generally bottle-fed; and by the time we are eighteen separation is complete, especially if some relative—a father, perhaps, as in this case—before making his exit from the stage, is considerate enough to insure us independence of every good influence by providing us with a fortune in our own right.

The interruption of my advent caused Miss Alvord obvious annoyance; and, upon her mother's introduction, she gave me an impertinent stare. Mrs. Winslow had not time to observe this. Almost before the seated swains had sprung to their feet she had turned to receive other guests.

"Woo, how do you do?" the daughter drawled in a high, thin voice, artificially pitched. "Tea? No? Oh! Sit down again, Monty. You too, Jim."

As I hastily withdrew I saw her smile at Monty in a fashion I found later to be much in vogue among young women down here; it is done by drawing the upper lip back over the teeth.

Looking about for mother I espied two very slim girls, with cups in their hands, standing in the embrasure of a French window. They were talking with a man whose back was toward the room. I knew that back. It was John Randall's.

As I recognized it the blood receded from my heart and then came pumping back again. Presently that overtaxed organ began pounding joyously. Who would ever have thought of coming upon John Randall in a Long Island drawing-room?

It was my lucky star that had caused this untoward phenomenon; thrust him under my eyes; willed me to find him again in the only way I should have been willing to find him—out in the open, in plain sight of anybody who was interested enough to look.

I could hardly walk properly as I hastened toward him; my steps wanted to break into the most idiotic little skips, just as my face had already broken into radiant smiles.

"Hello!" I cried breathlessly.

The girls looked up in surprise; he turned—and did not smile at me. He merely bowed with a slight flush. The repulse of that look was like a blow in the face. It staggered me.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss West," he said stiffly. "I'm down here just for a few days to start—er—a—to start a portrait of Mrs. Winslow. I made the preliminary sketch this morning."

"Oh!" I said, more stiffly than he. "How very nice! I wish you success."

With that I wheeled abruptly and walked away. Behind me I could hear the girls resume their giggling; could picture the silly things undulating up to him again, their cups shaking to the shaking of their shoulders.

Why didn't he shove them aside and come running after me to tell me it wasn't true, as I thought, that he had taken offense at my letter? That he had merely been so surprised at seeing me his mind hadn't worked? I should have accepted any excuse, no matter how lame.

But he didn't come. He didn't come because it was true. He had let that letter spoil it all. He was a sapless creature—a poor thing without imagination enough to read mother between the lines. Why, I had never for one moment thought of his attributing that letter to me! Any fool could see that it was her letter; she jumped right out at you from the paper.

I had thought him so peculiarly endowed with fine and delicate perceptions; and now I found him literal to the last degree. It was infuriating of him to step down from the pedestal upon which I had placed him and mingle with the throng, sharing its qualities of littleness—suspicion, egotism, false pride. Tears of vexation rose to my eyes, so that the whole room became a blur and I could not see where I was going.

Of course I promptly collided with somebody, winked away the tears in short order, looked up to ascertain who it was to whom I was murmuring an apology—and found myself face to face with Allan Denning. I expected some bantering retort; but, to my surprise, his eyes were looking straight into mine with an expression of anxious solicitude.

Curious that I had not noticed before how supremely blue they were—as blue as the shadows on snow when the sun is shining! His ruddy cheeks glowed with a suggestion of the open country; they made me forget the dense atmosphere of this tea party and think of frosty mornings; of sleigh bells; of crackling camp fires. I could imagine him walking through the autumn woods, gun in hand, or casting his flies over the still pools of trout streams. Why didn't he realize that that—not this—was his natural element?

"Something's the matter!" he said, leaning quite close.

"No!" I protested. "Nothing's the matter—nothing at all. I'm just hot, that's all—hot and bored."

He smiled irrelevantly and took out his handkerchief.

"Look!" he said, indicating the lace on my dress.

I looked; and there, amid its folds, hung a telltale tear.

"Caught!" I admitted, as he brushed it away with the irresistible tenderness of a very big thing for a very little one.

"Now come out of this," he ordered, "and tell me all about it!"

It was pleasant to obey. As I passed mother I saw her looking at me, paused just long enough to read in that look acquiescence—commendation even—and went on. I was so tired and it was so easy to follow the line of least resistance. To be approved of by mother was a new sensation. And now to be taken care of, to be soothed—that was new too.

"Out with it!" Allan Denning commanded when we were seated on the terrace in two light-green iron chairs, with a cool

(Continued on Page 97)

Why This Roof Has National Preference

All over this country—on the fashionable boulevards and on the cross-road corners—you'll now find homes roofed with Neponset Twin Shingles. They became nationally popular—for they are a tried and proven success.

If you are planning to build or repair, you should know more about Neponset Twin Shingles; *why* they are the nation's preference, and *why* they have earned the title of "The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century." Read carefully the condensed paragraphs below.

Looks The colors, form, size and slate surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make as handsome a roof as it is possible to find. They have the look of slate, laid in substantial looking large slabs. Their soft green and red colors harmonize with any surroundings or architectural plan. You can be sure of eye-satisfaction.

Fire-resistance On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmless. Most conflagrations spread from roof to roof. These shingles are a very great protection. They are approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

(Patent applied for)

Wear Tough felt, saturated with the best waterproofing material known (everlasting asphalt), then coated and recoated with crushed rock and asphalt, pressed and jammed into one solid, thick sheet. Similar materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new.

Cost Notwithstanding their great beauty and durability, Neponset Twin Shingles belong in the class of economical roofings. Their uniform shape and double width halve cost of laying, because two shingles are really laid at a time; and also lessen cracks and nail holes.

Five layers, six processes build up Neponset Twin Shingles into one thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, sun, frost—undecaying and not affected by sparks or embers. Always remember "five layers, six processes."

There are three types of Neponset Shingles, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

For factories, warehouses, barns, etc., similar material is furnished in rolls. It is Neponset PAROID Roofing—a roofing that for service has been unchallenged for 18 years. There are three types of Neponset Roofing, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

See the Neponset Dealer in your town. He can supply you with just the product you need—made and guaranteed by us.

Send for FREE Booklet, "Repairing and Building"

It tells about Neponset Twin Shingles and the other Neponset Building Products—

NEPONSET Built-up Roof for Industrial plants.

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NEPONSET Wall Board for cottages, attics and ceilings in place of laths and plaster.

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BIRD & SON, 264 Neponset Street, East Walpole, Mass.

Established 1795

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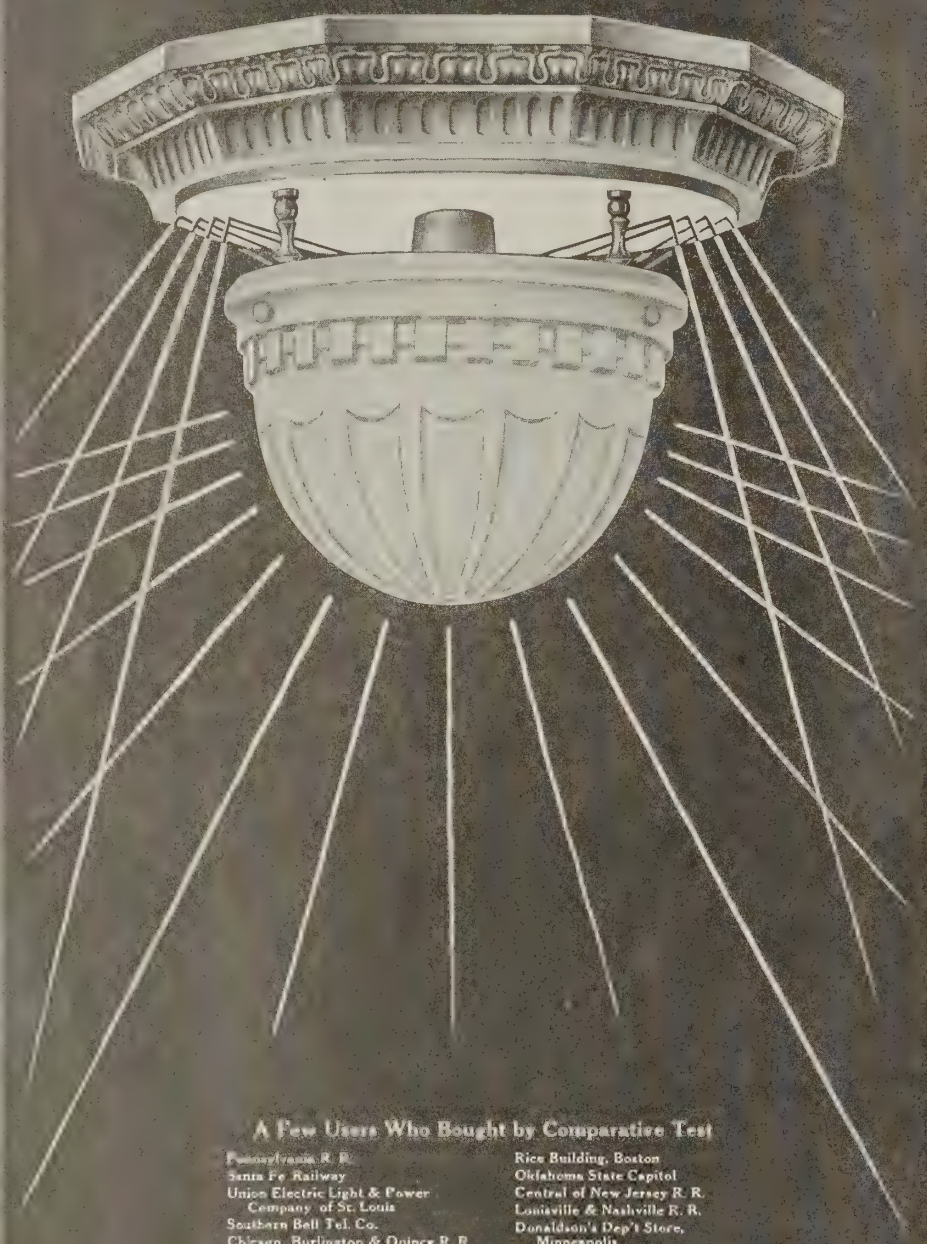
Adopted wherever a comparative test is made



IT is significant of Brascolite efficiency that among the largest users of Brascolites are those concerns that maintain big engineering departments in connection with their own business and those others whose fixture investments were so big and whose lighting demands were so exacting that they bought only after comparative tests. Not content with claims, they simply turned the whole matter of illumination over to their engineers, saying: "Here are Brascolite claims. Can this fixture live up to its promises?"

Better illumination — lower current expense — a pure, white light, best suited to the eye — no glare — lower cost of maintenance — lamps last longer — bulbs blacken less readily.

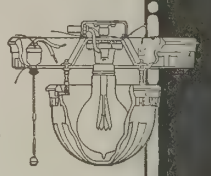
These engineers—engineers, mind you, not people who buy sight unseen or merely by appearances and promises, but men who think in figures and efficiency and judge by results based on scientific test—these engineers put the Brascolite through its scientific paces—measured its efficiency. They made it compete with all other known fixtures and systems.

When this is done, Brascolites go in

When any user buys his fixtures by the efficiency test and for the purpose of getting maximum results at a minimum cost, Brascolites are bound to win. The other test comes in use.

We give herewith a few of the Brascolite users who bought after test and who have found since installation that the system lives up to all promises and bears out all tests. From the nature of these big businesses you can judge what competent and exacting engineers Brascolite had to satisfy in the first test and what service needs it has had to satisfy since installation. No wonder over 305,000 Brascolites are now in use.

Look at the cross-section and you'll see why it is always satisfactory. Note the simple, substantial construction. So designed that there is small opportunity for collection of dust. And here note the hooks, making cleaning the work of but a moment. Designed further to give proper ventilation, which prevents the lamp from overheating. It is this overheating that burns out lamps so quickly. Also, in the very beginning of the lamp's life, overheating blackens the bulb. A blackened bulb means a big drop in efficiency.



Ask any fixture dealer—write us for portfolio, containing photographic reproductions of many kinds of installations, explaining the Brascolite principle and illustrating the infinite variety of designs.

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BRASCOLITE

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

(Continued from Page 94)

vista of green lawn in front, and the movement and color of the "tea" delightfully distant, behind the long, open windows.

"That Alvord girl," I said, "was snippy to me; and then—a friend of mine disappointed me. That's all that happened. Honest, it is!"

"It's enough!" he returned quickly, and his eyes flashed. "That you," he added in a low tone, "should be subjected to the rudeness of a girl like that!"

His scorn of Miss Alvord was the subtlest flattery to myself. I sat silent, drinking it in.

"What about the friend?" he resumed presently.

I shrank back.

"Don't ask me about that," I answered, my face suffused. "I'd rather not talk about that."

"I beg your pardon," he said at once. "You spoke of it first, you know. What have you been doing with yourself all these days?"

At his making it so easy for me to keep my own counsel my gratitude went out to him afresh.

"Thousands of things!" I replied. "Horrid things! Things I hate—shopping, lunching, going to teas, dining out, having people in. When I used to read about it in the Social Notes it sounded so gay. But now that I'm living it, it doesn't seem gay a bit."

"It isn't gay," he replied. "Putting certain people in juxtaposition doesn't constitute gayety. The only people who are gay down here are the ones that go about together because they want to, not because they have anything to gain by it."

"Where are those?" I asked hopefully. "Why haven't I met them?"

"Because they're busy with one another," he affirmed. "You won't meet them, except by accident."

"I shouldn't think it would be necessary to live in big houses on Long Island to have that sort of fun," I commented.

"It isn't," he answered. "The same sort is obtainable in Lowell, Massachusetts. All you need is a gang of kindred spirits."

"Who are the kindred spirits here?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "there are the Spencers, and the Glendennings, and the Winty Athertons, and the Boltons, and ——"

"I don't see any of their entertainments mentioned in the papers," I interrupted.

"They don't give any," he enlightened me. "People give functions only when they have something to get by doing it. What's the use of being bothered if the world is your oyster to begin with?"

"It's a relief," I said thoughtfully, "to learn that there's anybody here, however narrow and selfish, who doesn't plot and scheme."

"The plotting and scheming," he returned, "is all done by those who are not in the inner circle, but who wish to appear to be in it."

"Thank you," I said with lurking mischief in my eyes. "You've placed my family for me in Who's Who on Long Island."

"Turn over the page and you'll find my name," he replied with an answering gleam. "I'm a plotter and schemer too. I tap the inner circle at some points; but I'm not satisfied with that."

At that moment mother, appearing in the window, beckoned, smiled and waved a blithe parasol.

"May I come and see you to-morrow?" asked Allan Denning as we got up, holding my hand a moment longer than was necessary.

"Do!" I cried. "Where are you staying?"

A shade of embarrassment flickered across the self-satisfaction of his demeanor.

"I'm staying here," he replied.

"Staying here?" I repeated. "And yet you spoke so contemptuously of the Alvord girl! You were not sincere in what you said to me. You like her. You wouldn't be here if you didn't."

He paused before he answered.

"I despise her," he then said deliberately. "I stay here because—because," he ended bitterly, "that's the kind of thing we plotters and schemers do. If I'd come in contact—years ago—with a few girls like you I'd have been out of that class long ago. Won't you help me to get out of it now?"

Once more his flattery went to my head. I was confident that I could even now revolutionize his standards, having been so charmingly invited to place my finger in the pie. Returning the pressure of his fingers I whispered eagerly "I'll try."

He came the next day, and the next. On the fourth day he moved over from Mrs. Winslow's house to ours, bag and baggage—motor, valet, golf clubs, tennis rackets and such countless other necessaries as form the equipment of the professional week-ender.

He went back to town on Monday, and upon the Friday following, mother and father having accepted an invitation to Hyde Park for over Sunday, I was left, for the first time since my arrival, free to breathe.

I was going to spend my Saturday in sketching in oils or in picking field flowers; I hadn't decided which. My intention was to motor as far from civilization as I could, be dropped somewhere, and left until called for. The weather was discouraging to my enterprise, being densely foggy; but I set out, nevertheless.

At noon I found a heavenly turn in a road, with a high, crumbly wall made of brick; and, having sent the car away, I scaled the wall and began to sketch from the top of it a deserted farmhouse, surrounded by three trees.

A faint yellow thing like an orange was coming through the fog. Every instant it grew brighter, until it began to blaze gloriously and became the sun. Segments of mist, transfigured, floated about, filaments of unbelievable delicacy. Finally they melted and the whole world was crystal clear.

The colors were so much more beautiful than any I could mix that I sat, paintbrush in hand, on my perch, ears attuned to the stillness. Suddenly it was broken by a too familiar sound—the roar of a motor driven at top speed.

Closer and closer came the car, swerving perilously as it rounded the corner, its wheel in the nonchalant hold of a gray-coated young man.

Bang! A terrific report. A front tire had blown out. The machine gave a drunken lurch, jumped the road and landed in a ditch, just grazing the wall directly under me.

The young man, somewhat dazed by the jar, was amusingly unaware of my presence.

"Whew!" I said. "What a disturbance! No harm done, I guess. What are you doing in this unpopulated place, Mr. Denning?"

Speechless with surprise, he looked up. My appearance evidently did not lessen his amazement. Left to myself, I had assembled my costume to suit my own fancy. I had on a linen hat, purchased from a caddy, and a dress of lustrous dark-blue crêpe de Chine, trimmed with lace. It was open at the throat—and upon the part exposed the fierce rays of the sun had burnt an angry purple V. I had exaltation in my eye, and in my hand a paintbrush. Denning vaulted from his machine.

"Why, Miss West!" he cried, face upturned. "What are you doing on top of that wall? You—ow!"

"What's the matter?" I queried.

"You're dripping paint on me," he grumbled, rubbing his eye. "Green paint!" he amplified aggrievedly.

"I'm sorry!" I apologized absently. "I'm afraid I'll have to call a halt on this picture. I can't seem to get anywhere with it. Yet you'd think anyone could make a picture of a nice old farmhouse, surrounded by three trees."

"There's not enough action in it to keep your attention," he laughed. "Now why don't you paint me? Young man at the wheel, hair blowing, and all that sort of thing—eh, what?"

To his evident amusement he felt my downward glance at him freeze into a fixed stare. So might a wild cat stare out of a tree at the prey that it had stalked.

"I will," I said solemnly. "You shall pose for me. What luck that I've got another canvas stretched!"

I clapped my hands. I had to drop the brush, of course, to do it. He picked up my property, cleaned it with leaves, and gave it back politely by the handle.

"I've got to get back to luncheon at the Glendennings'," he demurred. "I must get to work and put on a tire. Besides, you can't paint really, can you?"

I tossed my head.

"I'll show you whether I can or not," I muttered. "You're too late now to lunch with the inner circle. You have no choice. There's some chocolate in my bag. We'll eat that later. As for the car, I'll help you get it out." I gave a pull at my skirt with my free hand, preparatory to jumping down.

"This is an afternoon dress," I explained. "I wore it to Mrs. Winslow's tea that day. But I thought, as mother was away,

Three miles of Concrete on the Lincoln Highway, in Elkhart, Indiana. Built by the Northern Construction Company, of Elkhart, Indiana, under the supervision of Albert Reith, County Supervisor.

Durable Roads Are Obtainable—the Motorist Should Act

Motor clubs and associations everywhere are joining the movement for good roads. The motorist knows better than anyone else how serious is the road problem of today. Next to the farmer, he is the most vitally concerned. It is motor car traffic which is tearing our highways to pieces, making them unfit for travel and piling up maintenance costs which no community can afford. *These are very likely to be recovered by the community in higher taxes.* The only remedy is the quick and systematic building of permanent highways.

> The three million motor car owners in this country are a power if they all pull together and urge, each in his own community, a sufficient mileage of permanent roads. They are property owners and tax payers, entitled to be heard.

The point is to be definite about it, to settle upon a system of permanent roads in county or state, and then raise enough money by a bond issue to build the most enduring type.

For the following reasons, this should be concrete:

1. Concrete makes a hard, even road surface, unaffected by weather.

2. It is easy to build in any locality; the materials are nearly always to be found in the immediate neighborhood.

3. The concrete surface is just right for motor car traction. It is even without being slippery. The gritty surface gives tires the grip needed.

4. Concrete is safe and comfortable to drive on. Every motorist knows how it feels to swing upon a clean, even stretch of it, after jolting over ruts, holes and mud.

5. Its universal use in great engineering works is evidence of its solidity and strength.

6. The upkeep is negligible.

7. It costs less to build than any other permanent road.

WHY BUILD ROADS NOT DESIGNED FOR MOTOR CAR TRAVEL JUST BECAUSE THEY COST LESS TO CONSTRUCT? This is a question for the motorist to answer by organized, definite action.

It takes a lifetime to build a system of permanent roads by laying scattered stretches with current road funds. You want your roads good while you are still alive to enjoy them.

> Road officials are glad to build permanent roads of concrete, if the tax payers want them. Bring the matter to their attention in your community, after acquainting yourself with the facts. Write for Bulletin No. 136.

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Tramp, tramp, tramp

Up and down stone stairways; tramp, tramp, tramp across cobbled streets and cement walks; tramp, tramp, tramp along brick and granolithic sidewalks.

Even *stone* wears away under the feet of marching millions—shoe-leather *cannot* stand it. Leather is not solid enough, not tough enough, not flexible enough.

Leather is an animal product—dependent upon the tanning process for its resistance to decay.

When you have worn through the outer, tanned layer, you expose the soft, spongy interior to the direct friction of brick and stone.

Rinex Soles

are not leather, not rubber; but a *new* composition, specially made for shoe-soles. They are *not* built in layers, but are uniformly tough all the way through. They wear down evenly and slowly. They are more flexible than leather, yet tougher.

Ask for Rinex Soles by name the next pair of shoes you buy. Look for the name on the soles. Have your old shoes resoled with Rinex, too. In black, white and tan, for everybody—everywhere.

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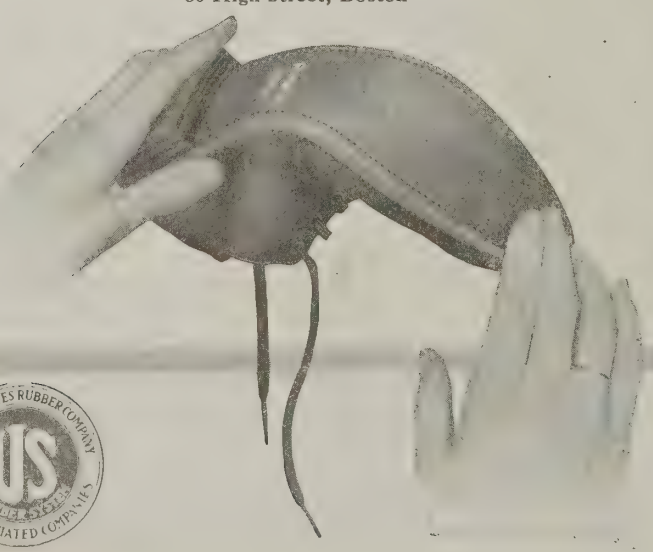

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES US

I might as well use it to paint in. Bloomers would be better," I ended, giving the skirt a kick.

"Oh, it would be delicious to wear bloomers! Here goes!"

I jumped.

Down in the ditch, knees braced, foreheads throbbing, our four arms shoved with all their ferocious strength. The ditch was not deep and at the sixth attempt the car consented to move.

"Whew!" I exclaimed when it was squarely on the road again, looking for a handkerchief, not finding it, and using a corner of my skirt to mop my face. "Now get in and let me have a look at you."

Head on one side, I made a careful scrutiny.

"Don't sit up so straight," I ordered. "Slump as though you had no backbone. There, that's better. You can't have backbone and ease both. How heavenly that your coat is gray! It brings out the wonderful blue of your eyes. Gray car too! Gray figure, gray machine—one a part of the other. Of course I can only give your general effect on this small canvas if I want to get the car in. But it's an effect that's worth giving."

I spoke dreamily with caressing inflections. From his quizzical expression I knew I had been saying foolish, extravagant things. When the painting impulse was on me I never could curb my speech. It was a very intoxication.

"Push your hair farther back from your forehead," I commanded. "I want to get all the strength of it; all the dignity."

"White," I continued my soliloquy, for that was what it was. So far as he personally was concerned, he might just as well not have been there at all. "With blue veinings," I went on. "What a pity I've got to leave those delicate veinings out and just catch an impression of you with a dab of paint."

"Am I slumped enough?" he asked, to divert me.

But I was not to be diverted.

"Never mind that just now," I admonished. "I'm not thinking of anything at this moment but your head. I want to get the outline—that broken line of your hair. It's radiant, with the sun on it, all tossed up into little gold-brown waves. Some curly hair's effeminate, but yours is too crisp for that; too decided. It's heavenly hair to paint."

Five hours later I was laying on the finishing strokes. The sun was low in the west, yet my model had not relinquished his pose. There had been intervals, of course, intervals of stalk chewing and chocolate munching; but these had been, on the whole, of brief duration.

"It's finished!" I cried suddenly. "Don't look yet."

"Now may I?" he asked after an interval.

"No," I prohibited sharply. "Yes—no—wait! Oh, I'm afraid to have you look!"

He looked, of course.

"By George!" he said quickly. "You can paint! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I don't tell anybody," I said. "I care—so awfully. You don't honestly think it's a good sketch?"

My bravado had deserted me and I hung on his scrutiny.

"It's corking!" he cried. "Just look at the action in it! Why, that's a regular fellow; and he's on the move too! You must get some painter to give you an opinion on this. How about asking that Randall chap?"

"Oh, no," I protested hastily. "Not Mr. Randall. I wouldn't have him see it for the world! I don't think I have talent. I only do it to express something that's bottled up inside. Aren't you going to put on your tire?"

"Yes," he said. "And then may I take you home?"

"I'd love that!" I cried gratefully. "Our second chauffeur is coming for me in the car; he's on his way now. We'll have to wait until he gets here; then we'll send him back. Meantime I'll help you with the tire; I've put them on lots of times. It's the least I can do after spoiling your whole afternoon."

"You haven't spoiled it," he answered in a significant tone.

While we were working over the tire, backs bent like the backs of friendly cats, he tried again to stir me to the personal note. But I was far too excited over my achievement.

When the car had arrived, and we were preceding it into the sunset, he said, eyes front:

"I mustn't forget to express my gratitude for the—um-m—extremely complimentary things you've been saying to me this afternoon."

"I haven't!" I contradicted in indignation, adding anxiously: "What things do you mean?"

"About my veined, strong forehead," he replied tersely; "my wonderful, blue eyes; my crisp ——"

My laughter stopped him.

"I always rattle on like that when I'm painting," I explained. "I've done it since I was a small child. It's idiotic, isn't it? But it doesn't mean anything at all. It's a sort of hypnotic state I get into. When I come to I don't even remember what I've said."

"The question is," he demanded, "who gets the sketch?"

"May I keep it?" I asked.

"If you want it," he said as we turned in at our gate.

"Will you come in?" I asked.

"Not to-day," he answered. "But if you'll let me I'll come to-morrow afternoon."

He came on Sunday, and on Monday he sent a token—rather, a token multiplied by twelve. The roses arrived in a striped box of tremendous proportions; but, even so, it had been necessary to cut away one end to allow the powerful, thorny stalks to protrude. Seen through glazed paper, the bright color was tempered to an exquisite delicacy of hue. Pillowed upon this loveliness lay a small white envelope, neatly addressed. No one had ever sent me flowers before.

I drew away the paper and peered into the box fearfully, as though gazing at an infant that slept. Then I read the card and arranged the roses in a vase. I had not thought I was interested in him. How we had frivoled—only yesterday! But now I was in another mood.

For long moments I remained hovering over the table where the bold beauties stood, drinking in their fragrance with nostrils, lips and eyes.

Suddenly I was in a mysterious garden, dew-besparkled, laden with myriad sweet odors, filled with vivid flowers on swaying stalks, the opalescent wings of insects and the seductive song of birds. In the midst of this garden I walked with one other. I panted with the bliss of it. I was swaying with the stalks.

Something hard pricked my palm. In a trice the garden had vanished. I lifted my hand and found that I had been crushing in it the envelope which held the card. There were some red marks on the flesh.

"I believe I'm falling in love!" I said with a weak little laugh. "How convenient! I'm falling in love with someone inside the walls!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The AMPICO Reproducing Piano

AS ENDURING
as the
MARBLE *of the* SCULPTOR

THE tragedy of the interpretive artist has always been the ephemeral nature of his art. Jenny Lind, Paganini, Ole Bull, Rubinstein, Liszt—as interpretive artists these are mere names to us now. Only the legend of their triumphs survives.

But for the pianist at least, a new era has dawned. The Ampico Reproducing Piano enables the premier pianists of this generation to play not merely for the audiences of their day but for the music lovers of all time. The master-roll which the artist makes for the Ampico is as enduring a record of his art as the marble of the sculptor.

These artists themselves have been the first to recognize the significance of this invention and are eager to record their best interpretations for the Ampico. Even more impressive is the willingness of premier artists such as Godowsky, Ornstein, Brockway and Volavy, to appear in the joint "comparison concerts" which are being staged in every important musical center in the country. At these demonstrations the Ampico encores the artist's interpretations, reproducing touch, tone color, phrasing—exactly as if the artist himself were seated at the piano.

The Ampico may be had in the world's oldest and best pianos: the Knabe (1837), Haines Bros. (1853), Marshall and Wendell (1836) and the renowned Chickering (1823). Let us send you our catalogue and tell you more about the Ampico.

AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY, *437 FIFTH AVENUE*
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Another Wagner Achievement!

The Wagner Company has added still another contribution to the development of applied electricity.

The Directed Draft Motor

The motor that cools and cleans itself

With but one means of entrance and one of escape, a strong draft of air is forced, by suction fans, through *directed* channels. This perfectly cools the motor, and, at the same time blows out the dust and dirt.

Not only is the cooling system far in advance of all others, but, because of it, the motor is able to take care of itself in dust or dirt laden air.

This Directed Draft Motor has been in successful use for several years, but announcement of it has been deferred until the improvement could be incorporated in all types of Wagner Motors.

Deliveries of these Directed Draft Motors are now being made as rapidly as the unusual demand will permit.

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The Directed Draft Motor in use in a wood working plant. Note the proximity of sawdust to the motors.

CABBAGES AND OTHER LUXURIES

(Continued from Page 16)

He is trying to play the rôle of shock absorber and relieve the consumer's nerves of the jolt incident to the greatest combination of crop shortages ever known in this country or the world, and export demand unprecedented in the history of this country, and a home consumption of foodstuffs never before equaled.

"That is a man's job, and no mistake! It approaches dangerously near philanthropy instead of business. Holding the bag for a combination of this sort is what I would call heroic sport—only it isn't inspired by heroism, but by fear instead. There are cases—and this is one—where the most courageous thing a man can do is to pass the buck—and pass it quick. In these days you can spot a good retail merchant every time on one test: If he has passed the raise of price on to the consumer he's a merchant; if he is selling a lot of goods at retail for less than he can buy them at wholesale, then he is simply a storekeeper. You will find a dozen who are doing the latter to one who has had the grit to hand the irresistible advance right straight across the counter.

"Of course the theory upon which these storekeepers are proceeding is that, in some mysterious way, keeping back a piece of bad news for a little while is going to soften the jolt when it does come. These storekeepers seem to have hypnotized themselves into believing that the longer they keep their bad news from their customers, the more it is going to shrink; and that perhaps it will finally shrivel and disappear into thin air.

"Instead of shriveling, it is going to swell. In short, the storekeeper cannot shove off the evil day by any such childish and short-sighted tactics. The longer he delays handing the swollen price list on to his customers, the harder the jolt will be to them when it comes. And come it surely will; for there is a big list of food articles in popular demand that the retail grocer must buy at current market prices in order to carry over to the next crop, for which he must pay prices decidedly in advance of those at which he is now passing these articles into the hands of his customers—simply because he was fortunate enough to place quite a heavy order at the old low price before the scarcity of the supply developed.

"Of course some of these retailers think that by so doing they are making a masterly appeal to the gratitude and appreciation of the consumer. This would be all right if human nature were ideal instead of just what it is. The man who bases his bogy on the ideal instead of on a score that is practically obtainable under average conditions is bound to have a rough awakening. This is precisely what is coming to the retail grocers who are banking heavily on the gratitude of consumers for having spared them a normal price advance due to natural and irresistible causes, from which there is no escape."

Profits Sharply Cut

"The cold truth is that the personal gratitude isn't going to enter into the mind of the consumer—to any appreciable extent at least. The essence of the whole thing is that it is much easier on the consumer to receive a gradual advance than to get a jump of a hundred or two hundred per cent, for example, all at one shot.

"There are many food items in the luxury list, as well as among the necessities, that are immensely higher now than when these storekeepers placed their future orders; and that, by the same token, are going to keep right on jumping until a new crop comes in or the European war stops. The longer the retailer delays in passing the price increase on these goods to his customers, the more shattering will be the shock to them and to him when it comes.

"There is a day of reckoning ahead for every retailer who does not have the grit to maintain a normal and reasonable margin of profit and hand the price advance to his customers.

"As I see it, a very large share of the retail grocers are doing business to-day on a margin of net profit not far from one-half of what they get in a normal year. This sacrifice of legitimate profit on the order of commercial timidity is one of the greatest business blunders that could possibly be made. At the same time it is almost inadvertent. There are precious few retail grocers in this country whose profit margins have not been depressed at least to the extent of twenty per cent. Probably the average consumer will be inclined to take this statement with a grain of salt; but the fact is that it needs no discount whatever. No one understands better than the traveling salesman that the average retail grocer does not make a large profit, even under the most favorable circumstances. With few exceptions, his profits are not only smaller than his customers suppose but smaller than he himself believes them to be.

"The consumer who holds the idea that this is the richest harvest-time that his retail grocer has ever seen is entitled to another guess. Instead, it is a time of peculiar anxiety and strain for very many of them. This is a period so far out of ordinary human experience that we have few precedents which will serve as dependable guideposts. For this reason a whole lot of business mistakes are being made; and one of the most common and conspicuous is failure of the retail grocer to pass price advances on to the consumer promptly and courageously.

"If the present high prices were the result of manipulation, rather than of natural causes that must be as apparent to anyone who will look into them as darkness or daylight, then the determination of the retail grocers to serve as shock absorbers might have been of some use; but under the actual conditions that prevail to-day this effort of the retailer to hold the bag is a piece of pitiful folly."

Not Greedy, but Competitive

This may be rather strong meat for some retailers to swallow, for very few men enjoy being told that their business methods are decidedly poor; and, of course, it must be remembered that this expression is from the viewpoint of one whose interest is in the prosperity of the retail grocer rather than in the economies of the consumer. However, it must be admitted that the views of this traveling salesman are sustained and corroborated by both wholesalers and retailers; in fact, not one retail grocer with whom I have talked has made any denial of the fact that he is operating on a much narrower average margin of profit on turnover than ever before.

As a general rule, these retail grocers have been unable to speak with any great degree of certainty as to the percentage their profit margin has been cut; but the lowest guess has been fifteen per cent and the highest fifty. In one instance a successful retailer in a small country town started out with the statement that his margins were fifteen per cent under normal; then, as he took up one item after another and compared his present profit on them with that which they yielded in 1913–14, his estimate of profit shrinkage continued to increase until it finally stood at sixty per cent. He concluded with the statement that if all the members of his family were not working in the store he would come mighty near doing business for fun instead of profit.

A very able and observant grocery jobber in the East, whose trade is confined to a rather small territory—a circumstance calculated to give him an uncommonly intimate acquaintance with his customers—declares that about forty years of continuous experience in the trade has convinced him the average retail grocer "is not a greedy individual at all; but he is acutely competitive." This expert also expresses the opinion, under the protection of a promise that his name should not be disclosed, that the average retail grocer is considerably short of being a good business man, of understanding the fundamental principles of good business practice, and of having the courage and firmness to put into practice, in a sustained and systematic way, those principles which he does understand.

In the opinion of this seasoned observer the statement that a very large proportion of retail grocers are "competition crazy" is by no means putting the situation too harshly. As he sees it, the average retail grocer's idea of merchandising is price cutting; and that the ability to take a fall out of a competitor and prevent him from realizing a profit is almost, if not entirely, as sweet and satisfying to him as making a profit himself.

This jobber places emphasis on the fact that this "competitive attitude" of the retailer with regard to competition goes a long way in accounting for his failure, in the

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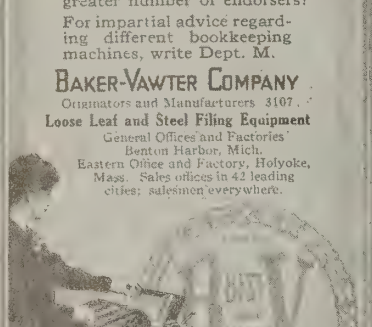

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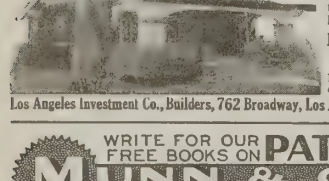

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present situation, to maintain consistently a reasonable margin of profit and pass the advance in prices promptly across the counter to his customers.

"It works out in this way," explains the wholesaler: "We sold Maine corn to our customers for one dollar and twelve and a half cents a dozen. The corn packers with whom we contracted delivered about forty-five per cent to us; but, as we sold very conservatively, we were able to deliver one hundred per cent to those who had bought from us. Meantime the wholesale price had risen to one dollar and sixty and a half cents a dozen.

"A personal business matter took me into a little town near New York where I had an old customer who had bought from us for years. Of course I stopped to glance at this man's show window, and I was not greatly surprised to see that he was making a drive on Maine corn at fifteen cents a can. Now when you can find a retailer who can do business for less than sixteen per cent you have found an uncommonly intelligent, careful and businesslike merchant; and this observation applies to normal times, not to periods like the present, when almost every item of expense, with the possible exception of interest, is greatly expanded.

"This storekeeper had been able to secure from me only a very limited quantity of this corn, and I have good reason to believe he bought his whole supply from us. When I saw that he was parting with it at a price of about fifteen cents a can I stepped inside and asked him, in a casual sort of way, whether he didn't think he was heading for trouble a little later on, so far as canned corn was concerned. His reply was that he thought his competitor across the street, who hadn't a can of corn bought at the old price left on his shelves, was the one who was having the trouble.

"'I am going to show him,' was his comment, 'that he's got real competition.' This merchant actually thought he was doing a very bright and businesslike thing. His own stock of corn will last him only a little while, and then he will have to pay somewhere from a dollar and sixty cents to two dollars a dozen; for the price is moving up right straight along while we sleep. No retail grocer can get along without a little canned corn and keep his trade satisfied. That means that this storekeeper will have to buy at the current market price, which will be something above thirteen cents, and probably a good way above. To the market price he must add freight, cartage and all his store expenses.

"What is he going to do when conditions force him to go out and get more canned corn? The chances are that he will sell the stuff at a direct loss. Possibly, however, he will pass it along even-handed, without a profit. Certainly he is going to be up against a stiff proposition if he attempts to make his customers take the stuff at a price that will give him a profit over the new cost."

Buying by Habit

"This is a very moderate example of what is happening in thousands of retail grocery stores throughout the country. I know that great quantities of tomatoes have been delivered to families at ten and eleven cents a can when the wholesale price for that quality was a dollar and forty cents a dozen. This isn't good merchandising; it is decidedly bad business—but it is being done in connection with a wide range of articles in almost every community, on the mistaken notion that somehow it is good competitive tactics.

"This consideration and the timidity that the average retailer naturally feels toward his trade—especially at a time when everybody is complaining about high food prices—are to my notion the main reasons why the storekeeper has attempted to absorb the increase in price on many of the items he handles, instead of handing it along to the consumer. Of course there are still many articles in his stock on which he makes a normal profit. Most of these, however, are luxuries.

"To my notion, it would be a poor piece of business for the consumer if the retail grocer was not permitted to make something approaching a living profit. No community can afford to have any class of its business done for nothing. Only straight-out philanthropy should be conducted on that basis."

But to return to the problem of luxuries: A traveling salesman who represented one of the biggest wholesale grocers in America for more than fifteen years makes this shrewd observation:

"We are all creatures of habit when it comes to buying for our tables. Because we have been accustomed to think that certain articles of food are absolute necessities, and must make the main part of our diet, when we strike a time like the present, with those familiar fundamentals at unbelievable prices, the situation looks decidedly dark; and we are inclined to feel that there is no way of escape open by which the family food budget may be kept anywhere within reason. In this predicament it doesn't occur to the average family provider to scan the list of luxuries, or semi-luxuries, to see whether good substitutes may not be found for the necessities that have reached almost prohibitive prices.

"You have already, in a previous article, alluded to rice as a cheap and satisfactory substitute for potatoes. You made no mistake there. Rolled oats, which can be bought in bulk from almost any retail grocer in the country, are entitled to rank right along with rice. There has been very little increase in the price of this article since the beginning of the European war, and the retail price is now about five cents a pound here in the Middle West. The food value of this article is high."

Cheap, Delicious Fruits

"Another item in the luxury list that is being altogether too generally overlooked by the consumer who is trying to cut down the cost of his food without inflicting a hardship on his family is dried fruit. Take dried peaches, for example. California had a splendid peach crop, and fancy peeled dried peaches that will make your mouth water on sight are now selling for eighteen cents at retail. I have never known them to sell for less than twenty cents. Apricots, equally delicious, are now selling at eighteen and a half cents a pound, which is perhaps just a shade under the average for the last five years.

"Now consider the prune. The crop now being consumed is exceptionally large and fine, and there is hardly an item of food in the whole list that is more wholesome or delicious than prunes. In the days when the prune made its boarding-house reputation it was not the scrupulously prepared delicacy that it is to-day. Then it was long on grit and short on friends. But the prune packers have learned a lot of things since then, and one of them is that proper handling has lifted their product into the class of real table luxuries.

"The consequence is that prunes now come to us in fine shape and make one of the richest and most delicious dishes a careful hostess can set before a guest. When you can go into a retail store and buy really fancy prunes at a cost of anywhere from ten to twenty cents a pound, depending upon their size, and do not do so, you are neglecting one of the best and most reasonable articles of food obtainable, and one that is as cheap now as before the war—or at least practically as cheap. Their present price is just about an average price.

"Commercially speaking, the dried apple is not a favorite; but the fact remains that one might do worse than buy an occasional pound or two of evaporated apples, prepared in the strictly sanitary modern way. But I wish to place the emphasis of my argument on the whole family of dried fruits—prunes, peaches, apricots, apples and raisins. Compared with most other food items that we are accustomed to consider table necessities, they are high in food value and low in price.

"When Nature gave us an abundant crop of prunes, peaches and apricots in 1916, she certainly did the consumer a friendly turn. These semi-luxuries are entirely capable of doing splendid substitute service for meat and vegetables that have moved up to the head of the class, so far as prices are concerned.

"It is also interesting to note that these dried fruits do altogether better teamwork with rice as the main vegetable than with potatoes.

"There is still another family of substitutes for the old-line necessities that have now been promoted to the luxury class through shortage of supply, unprecedented export demands and increased home consumption, by reason of the wageworkers' expanded pay envelope. I refer to fruit butters and jams. If the real food merits of this little group of luxuries were fully appreciated by the general public the sale of these goods would be immensely increased. They are rich, delicious and wholesome; and, because of abundant crops of the fruits from which they are made, their prices are on the old level."

Not the least in the list of valuable foods that have suddenly leaped to positions of social and financial eminence must be mentioned cheese—plain cheese, of the old-fashioned Cheddar type, which once languished in its wire-screened prison upon the counter of the retailer, waiting for laborers and school children to take it at about ten cents a pound. To-day the rating of this product of the cheese press is from thirty to thirty-eight cents a pound, according to the locality and the store in which it is bought. Evidently somebody has made a most effective raid upon Uncle Sam's cheese cupboard to send its price up more than three hundred per cent!

There is no difficulty in locating the marauder. One of the keenest observers of the American cheese market made this remark to me in the closing days of 1916:

"Since May first our cheese exports to Europe have been at least one hundred and fifty thousand boxes, of an average weight of fifty pounds. That means seven million five hundred thousand pounds. In the last two years we have sent to the fighting nations across the water more than half a million of these boxes. The fact is, the boys in the trenches want cheese, and lots of it. They like it, and it is a very rich and nourishing food.

"In addition to this it is a very convenient food to serve in the trenches. If the war continues the prices of American cheese are bound to go still higher, for the simple reason that we are burning our cheese candle at both ends. Our receipts this year are lighter than last, and the amount in warehouses is also a great deal less than at this time last year.

"For many years past the demand for milk in the big centers of population has been exerting a steady and increasing pressure against cheese production—pushing it back from zone to zone, until its manufacture is now mainly confined to territories too remote from large cities to be profitably tapped for whole milk, and to certain localities peculiarly adapted to the production of the finest grades of American cheese. Of course milk for family consumption always has first call from available territory and commands the top price."

Good Cheese Everywhere

"The tremendous increase in the consumption of ice cream has made an amazing levy upon the milk supply. It is said that the American public consumes more milk in ice cream than in butter and cheese together. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement, but it seems very plausible. Again, the export demand for condensed, evaporated and powdered milk for army use is immense and practically insatiable.

"What is the result of all this? Some milk canners out in the Middle West are paying two dollars and sixty-five cents a hundred pounds for milk, and cannot get the quantity they desire, even at that price. I know of a farmer near Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, who receives two dollars and ten cents a hundred pounds for milk the year round; and he does not have to haul it either.

"There is still another important element to be considered. This is the increased domestic consumption of cheese. To-day it is impossible to sell the miserable stuff that was once put out under the name of cheese.

"The cheese factories, the dealers, the wholesale grocers and the retail grocers were compelled to realize this, and the result was an immense and almost universal improvement in the quality of the product.

"Every agricultural college in the dairying states has for years been turning out scientifically trained cheese makers. Consequently it is unheard-of to go into an average grocery store to-day and buy a piece of American cheese that is not delicious and wholesome to anyone who likes cheese at all. This has greatly stimulated the consumption of American cheese.

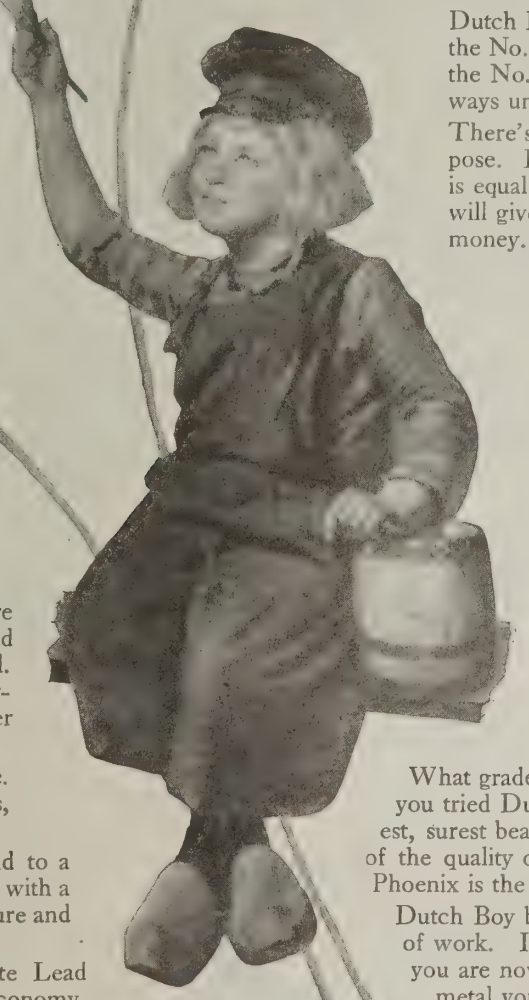
"Then, too, the big increase in the wageworker's budget since the war began has made it possible for him to indulge his taste for good things to eat to a degree not before possible.

"In view of all these elements, the wonder is that American cheese is not now much higher in price."

Among the luxuries that now look down from lofty altitudes upon the consumer's dollar are imported cheeses of every sort

(Concluded on Page 105)

Dutch Boy Products



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Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery

(Concluded from Page 102)

and kind. Roquefort—that aristocrat of the whole cheese race, with a family line that runs back to Bible times—is now from seventy-five to ninety cents a pound, at retail, for the real imported article. This racy luxury was available for the American table at about forty-five cents before the era of war prices. This is not because the caves of Roquefort have been made to shelter soldiers instead of cheese—they are still undisturbed and the flocks of sheep are milked in peace on the slopes of the famous French mountain—but because of the high cost of steamer space, the consistent effort of the French Government to discourage luxuries, and the acute European demand for everything in the form of food.

The same causes account for the extreme price of every kind of imported cheese. If the American insists upon having these delicacies he must pay a price for them in these warring days that will yield a heavy toll to the country from which they are imported.

The fighting nation that spares a cheesemaker or a shepherd from the trenches or the munitions shop must make the sacrifice bring in a generous toll.

This is the principle that governs the production of every luxury we import from any country engaged in the great conflict; and it applies in a measure to all other European countries and the luxuries they send us when the fighters are knocking so insistently upon their shop doors.

We are taking Roquefort at eighty-five cents; Stilton, from the English dairies, at one dollar; Italian Gorgonzola at eighty cents; and Swiss at eighty-five cents.

"A year ago," said the manager of a large and fashionable retail grocery in Chicago, "I became convinced that imported luxuries were going up fast; so I went to the New York importers and bought liberally. In the purchase were many things demanded only by the fancy trade, like truffles, pâté de foie gras, cockscombs, and the finest sardines. I was very fortunate in getting hold of a lot of this line of goods that had just been unloaded from an incoming steamer.

"These articles came right along through to Chicago in good time; but when they arrived the market price on them had advanced almost twenty-five per cent. I know, because I checked up the advance carefully. Some of the items in that shipment are now almost unobtainable. Take the imported peeled and boneless sardines, for example. War conditions did not permit them to be packed in 1916, and as soon as the small stocks are exhausted they will be extinct, so far as the American table is concerned."

No Time to Hunt Truffles

"You can hardly place too much stress on the fact that the warring countries have determined, from stern economic necessity, to drive out the production of luxuries. They have too much imperative work to be done there now, and too many unproductive mouths to feed, to expend productive energy on anything save necessities. Consequently they tax the luxury coming and going, over there. They assess the making, the exporting and the buying of luxuries to an extent that would make anybody but an American throw up his hands and quit.

"If the present pace keeps up there will be quite a distinguished little list of extra-fancy imported luxuries that will be missing from our midst; and the tables of the rich will mourn their absence."

The tasty truffle is likely to be conspicuous by its absence, for example. This strange growth, which does not disclose its presence by branch or leaf, is located underground by trained hogs and dogs. Truffle hunting and canning take time and work; and the French peasant of the district that yields this odd delicacy is too busy burrowing in trenches at the Front to chase this aromatic trifle for American epicures.

The peeled and boned sardine has already sung its swan song, and it seems highly probable that the fluted cockscomb from France is about to crow its last on the American table—at least until the bloody business of war is over and France can again resume her normal occupation of tickling the palates of the world's gourmets. These epicurean specialties will, no doubt, have plenty of company on the list of the missing.

Among the costly table luxuries already passed into memory must be mentioned the corncob decorated with pearl-like kernels and bottled in Germany in its infancy, and relished by Americans whose tastes are apparently inspired by import labels. Many fancy imported pickles, which have always been distinguished in price if not in flavor, will join the select circle of foodstuffs that will not play the American circuit in 1917.

Every now and then the firm hand of military necessity shuts off the supply of some titbit and makes us remember that even an unlimited purse cannot always get us what we demand. A good example of this is the olive-oil situation. Italy and France have, so the wholesale grocers say, levied upon one-half of the olive oil made in those countries. Rumor says it has been discovered that the heavier grades of this oil make ideal lubricant for flying machines and for arms.

However, all we know or need to know is that military necessity has levied upon one-half of the available oil in those countries, thus making the salad-eating American look with increased respect upon his bottle of imported olive oil and regard it as a genuine luxury. The cost of glass has greatly increased everywhere; and labor is, of course, unprecedentedly scarce in the olive-pressing countries.

The Rifts in the Clouds

In addition to the levy, the Italian and French Governments have placed a high export duty on olive oil. All these influences make it fairly certain that olive oil from across the water will be higher than at present. An expert in this line declares that prices for this popular delicacy will probably soar to rather sensational heights—at least so far as the finest French and Italian oils are concerned.

Green olives, which come largely from Spain, are a little more luxurious than usual; but not much more so. They must, of course, carry the extreme cost of ocean travel under submarine conditions, otherwise their price would probably be normal. California contributes our supply of ripe olives, and the advance in this luxury, which is rapidly growing in popularity, is about enough to cover the increase in the cost of glass, labels and labor.

Of course all kinds of spices have advanced, at least enough to keep in fashion. But if the advance were a hundred per cent it would hardly be felt by the average American family, for the reason that the quantity consumed is so small.

There are several distinct rifts in the clouds, which should not pass unnoted by the troubled eye of the perplexed family provider. One of the most important items on the family budget has been untouched by the great groundswell of prices. Though it is a luxury in the sense that it can be cut from the family menu without subtracting anything from the net of household nourishment, at the same time it is so prized in millions of homes that it is regarded as being quite as much a necessary as meat or potatoes—of course I refer to coffee, which is possibly even a trifle cheaper than normal.

Berlin, the great central coffee market of the world, is closed to commerce, and the great coffee-growing country of the world is, in consequence of this condition, shipping its coffee to the United States. Coffee is one of those apparently perverse and contrary articles of commerce, so far as this country is concerned, which is cheap now when nearly everything else is dear, but which may bound to the top of the list as soon as peace is declared. What a call for coffee will come from Berlin and the whole coffee-loving German nation the instant war ends!

Tea is another cherished luxury that is little if any higher than in ordinary years. To a large extent tea is now sold in small packages, suitable for family consumption. This is better than bulk handling for both the merchant and the consumer, as it saves much waste and helps the tea to retain its strength and aroma for the cup.

There is some consolation in the reflection that, when it comes to real foods necessary to the nourishment of man, the United States could get along very nicely without any contribution from Europe.

Because Uncle Sam has so many greedy customers from out-of-town his prices are admittedly a little high, at the moment, to his own folks. But if they would learn to throw over a few artificial and highly cultivated tastes for fancy European knickknacks which are poor eating when compared with things that are plentiful at home, they would go a long way toward beating that persistent bugaboo—the H. C. of L.

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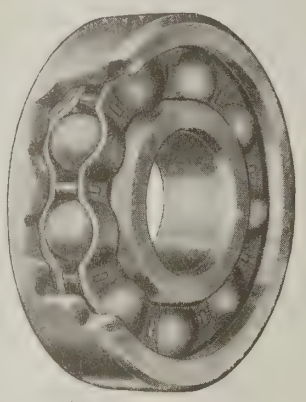
New Departure Ball Bearings



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Cooper, Wells & Co., 212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

SPY STORIES

(Concluded from Page 25)

Carlsbad, and once, during the festival, at Nice. You do not have the excuse of a Frenchwoman for what you have undertaken to do, and you ought to receive no consideration from us. But I am not a Prussian."

He moved a little nearer to her in the thin fog:

"I shall trust you to say nothing of this night's adventure and to go at once to America."

Then he turned abruptly and marched away in the fog with his men.

For a long time in the darkness she could hear the shoes of the soldiers striking the metal of the road in the military goose step. An hour later her brother took her up and carried her back into the French lines. But she persistently refused to tell him anything, returned to Paris, and took the next transatlantic liner to New York.

One wishes to believe every detail of this story; to believe that the iron wings of the war furies have not beaten into pieces everything fine and noble.

When the German invasion began to flow toward Paris, France summoned everything to her defense. Even the Foreign Legion was brought up from Africa.

A great deal of imaginary romance has been written about this legion. At any rate, it is the only division of the French Army into which unknown adventurers may enter. It does unquestionably contain a number of extraordinary persons: broken men, drifted in from the four corners of the earth. They are of all nationalities.

It happened, at a certain period of the war, that a portion of this legion occupied an advance trench in an active sector. At this point the advance trenches of the two armies were only a short distance apart. It was at one of the periods when the French Army was taking the initiative. The officers observed that, though they were able to surprise the enemy in their raids along other parts of the line, at this point every advance seemed to be adequately anticipated.

They were convinced that some signal was given from their advance trenches.

They set about a searching surveillance. Finally they discovered that one of the private soldiers of the Foreign Legion, when he was alone on guard at a certain point along the trench, would put his hand up, with the palm toward the German lines.

They watched and finally seized him in the act.

Whereupon they discovered that he was signaling to the enemy by the simple device of making a letter, with the charcoal of a burnt stick, on the palm of his hand. He would extend his hand above the trench so that the letter could be read with a field glass from the German lines. See Figure V.

It was easy to spell out a message by this simple method.

The Meaning of Marie's Letter

The French authorities interested themselves to investigate this device. They presently discovered that it had been known a long time in the French Army. Marie Henri Beyle knew it in the time of Napoleon, and made use of it in the Chartreuse of Parma.

The soldier using it to signal the German lines was not a person of any conspicuous intelligence. The authorities were never able to determine whether he had hit upon the device by accident or had heard of it somewhere. It may be presumed that not a great deal of time was taken to inquire of him about it.

The censorship system of Europe too often proves a cumbersome device. It catches only the harmless indiscretions of the people. It fails utterly to prevent the secret communications of foreign agents.

Secret ciphers have developed. The ancient methods have been wholly abandoned. No foreign spy endeavoring to send information out of a belligerent country would think of using any of the old-fashioned codes.

The first requisite of the modern secret cipher is that it shall have no appearance of being a cipher.

On its face it must be a harmless communication. It must resemble the thousands of letters, telegrams, and the like, that are constantly passing out of the country in the course of human affairs. If there is anything in the secret communication to distinguish it from the common run of communications of the same character, it is an unsuccessful cipher and cannot be used.

A recent cipher message that the German spies in Paris sent out of France into Switzerland is a good illustration. It was a letter from a little modiste to her sister, a governess in the family of a notary in Lausanne:

Dear Lizette: Our brothers, fighting for France, are well. I have prayed the good God a million times to keep them safe; all men are in His hand. There is heavy snow now, but the winter is advancing toward spring—how we long for it! Uncle Jules, at Soissons, is dead.

I embrace you. MARIE.

Here is a letter precisely like a thousand letters written every day in France. There is nothing to distinguish it in the flood of similar personal communications everywhere going through the post office. There is nothing in it for the censor to blot out, and no reason why he should give it a moment's consideration.

Nevertheless, it carried a message of appalling import into Switzerland, to the German authorities.

The message is read by means of a stencil. This stencil is a metal plate having openings cut at certain places. When the metal plate is put down over the letter certain words only of the letter are to be seen, the other portions being covered by the plate. Figure VI shows the letter as sent. Figure VII shows the same letter covered by the stencil. Whereupon the following message appears:

A million men are advancing toward Soissons.

Safe and Easy Ciphers

The spies using this cipher have each a duplicate stencil. They agree that the letter shall be written on a sheet of paper of a determined size. It is not even necessary to have a metal stencil. It may be made of paper, or anything. It is more likely that the German spies in Paris have no actual stencil at all. It is much safer to merely memorize the dimensions of the stencil, so that one may cut it out of a piece of paper when one happens to need it.

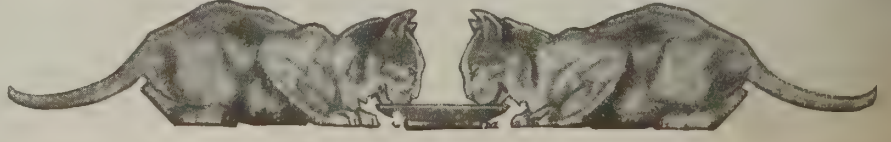
The authorities are on the lookout for metal stencils. It is certain that only the memorized dimensions are relied upon by the German agents.

The authorities used to believe that they could discover a stencil cipher because the important words would be crowded or the composition of the letter would have a strained and arbitrary construction. But such clews are wholly useless for the purpose of detecting a modern stencil cipher. Almost anybody could write the cipher message into a commonplace letter without disturbing the ease or naturalness of the composition. And after the letter has once been written to fit the stencil it is a simple matter to rewrite it so there is no difference in the appearance of the words.

It is certain that the ingenuity of the secret agents in the present war exceeds anything that has ever been hitherto imagined.

Every device used in the great struggle has been developed and amazingly perfected. We cannot, of course, verify any spy story that comes to us. No Secret Service gives out any authentic case. We must take what drifts over, for the values of ingenuity and adventure it intrinsically contains, as we take a structure in creative fiction.

But we may depend upon it that if this flotsam seems wonderful the recorded cases must be amazing beyond belief.



UNION PACIFIC

ONCE there was no Union Pacific. Beyond the Mississippi was a trackless waste—known only to buffaloes and Indians.

Then came the shifting overland trail.

Pioneers followed it toward the sunset, a long and tedious journey by prairie schooner—often dangerous.

Cumbersome freighters took a snail's pace. The Government spent $1,000,000 a year to transport supplies to a few Coast military posts.

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The Union Pacific is truly a national institution—a worthy monument to early Americans.

Today, over a boulevard of steel, speed splendid passenger trains. And an almost endless procession of freight trains.

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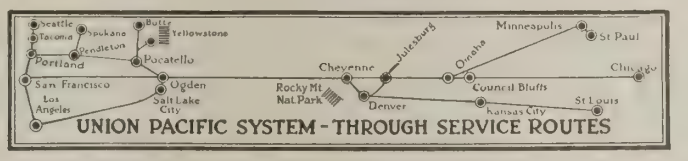

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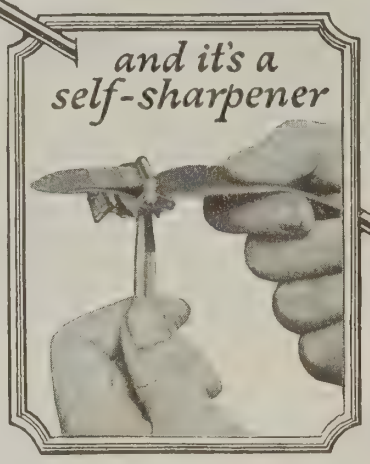
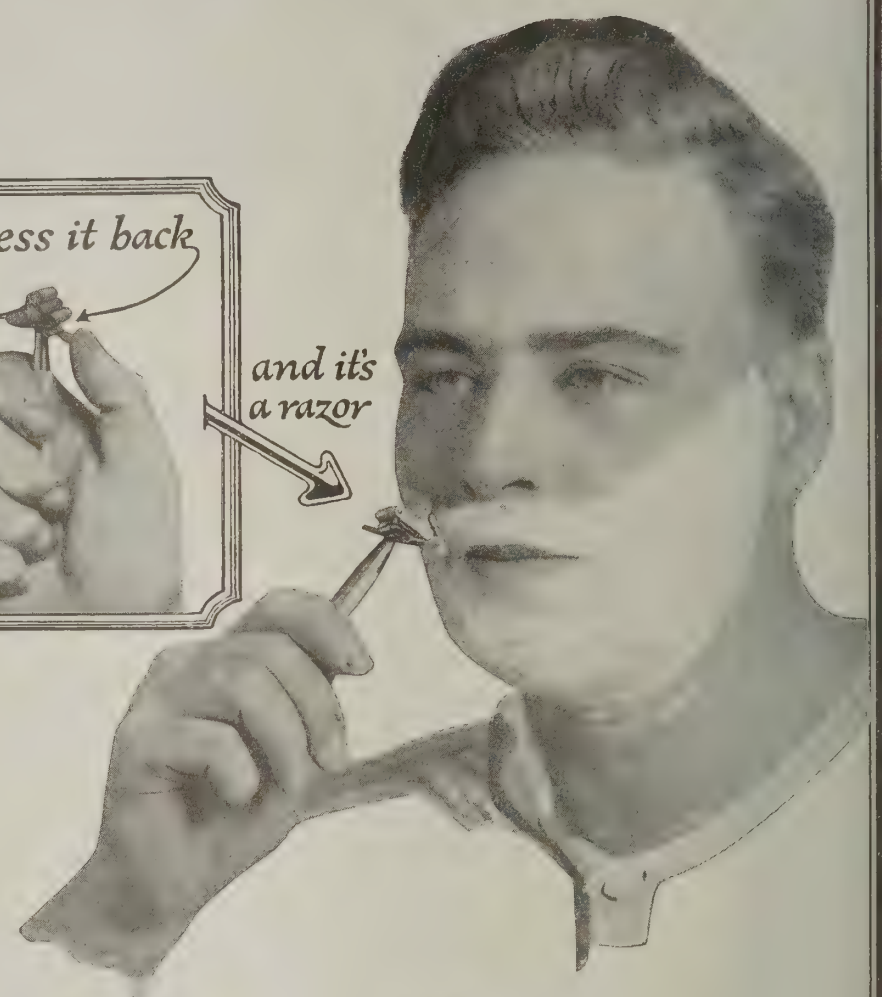
Just before the UNION PACIFIC

This is all you have to do





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Instead of a blade that grows duller with every shave, the AutoStrop Razor blade grows sharper. Instead of continuous blade buying, the AutoStrop Razor effects a wonderful blade saving.

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Yet it is as safe, as simple and as durable as any razor made.

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If your dealer cannot accommodate you, write direct to us.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Avenue, New York

This offer is also good in Canada. 83 Duke Street, *Toronto*

THE GUNMAN

(Continued from Page 14)

father's house to the limousine. The driver followed, started the engine and took his place at the wheel. A careful scrutiny of the street showed nothing that would interfere with their plans. The signal was given, the door opened again; then Sicilian Sam leisurely walked down the steps and entered the car. Thirty seconds later and the lawless three had turned the nearest corner. Paul was in a fair way to be married.

Or was he?

IV

AS HAS been stated, Sam had quickly seen that Paul was a spineless opportunist who could be led by the nose. He had given him all the uglier and more dangerous part of the program. He had offered to sell him out to Monaca. He had all but openly sneered at him.

He had gone much farther than that: he had definitely arranged for an abduction of his own. His idea was that if he had possession of the girl he could play off Monaca against Paul for a substantial ransom. Paul need never suspect his hand in the matter; he himself would not appear. To Monaca he would enact the rôle of rescuer. If Monaca offered more money than Paul back Vita would go to her father; if Paul offered more, back she would go to him. Perhaps he could even collect from both, through the use of carefully chosen agents. In that case Monaca would get her. He was a Sicilian and the more to be feared. The first thing to be done, however, was to collect the remainder of his original fee.

Paul led the way into the bedroom, where he propped Vita, still wrapped in blankets, against the pillows on the bed. She watched him with eyes which showed anger rather than distress. Or so he felt. Sam remained near the door.

"There she is," said Sam. "How about my money?"

"Small thanks to you!"

"Didn't I do all I agreed to do?"

"You stood round and looked on, if that's what you mean. However ——"

Paul had already made the money into a roll. This he now drew without further protest from his pocket, counting it over bill by bill upon the bed.

"I paid you two hundred last night. This hundred and fifty makes up the money coming to you. You didn't earn it, but that was my fault."

"Sure it was your fault."

Sam gathered up the bills and thrust them into his pocket. Had Paul learned his lesson even now he might have noticed that his late assistant's eyes were restlessly roaming over the geography of the rooms even while accepting his fee. He might have noticed also that he seemed in haste to leave, and that he slipped back the catch upon the outside door as he passed through.

Paul now turned to Vita.

"Let me make you more comfortable."

He loosened the handkerchief from over her mouth.

"This is your new home. As soon as you become reasonable we will go to a judge and be married. Until then I shall stand guard over you."

"Unloosen my hands," said Vita.

"Not yet."

"And my ankles. The bindings hurt me."

"If you'll promise not to take advantage of me I'll remove all the bindings."

"Are you afraid?"

He was more afraid than she dreamed, but not of what she thought.

"I'll untie them, and then if you're not good I'll put them back on again. Perhaps even worse. Nansen says that when the Eskimos capture their wives they sometimes keep them at home by scratching the soles of their feet until they are so sore they can't walk on them."

He removed the bonds as he spoke. A firmer man would not have done so. Vita rubbed her wrists without saying more.

"Do you think you can be good?" he asked.

"I hate you!"

"Naturally. But you'll have to get used to me."

He stood looking down at her, a great tenderness in his eyes.

"I'm sorry I had to treat you so, Vita. But what could I do? Now that I have you here I want you to listen to me. I love you. I am going to marry you. This is your home. Everything in this flat is yours. It's all new and all paid for. If there's anything you don't like you can change it. If there's anything else you want you can buy it."

Vita made no reply. He walked round the bed to the clothes closet and threw open the door.

"I bought some clothes for you also. See! This dress, and this dress, and this one, and these others. If you don't like them you can take them back and exchange them. You'll find more clothes in the dresser. They'll all fit you, but anything you don't like you can return. These other things, too, I bought. I hope you'll like them. I bought them for you because I love you and want to make you happy."

He allowed the door to stand partly open.

"If you'd like to dress, you may. I will leave you alone if you'll promise to be good and not try to raise an alarm or smash things. You'll find soap and towels in the bathroom, and running water. If you'll not promise I'll have to remain near you."

She did not reply, and Paul returned to the front of the bed. As far as he could see her eyes were no softer than they had been. What he had done seemed not to interest her.

"Suit yourself, Vita."

As he stood looking down at her, wondering what to do or say next, he suddenly became aware of a change in her expression. She seemed to be looking out past him at something—not into space now, but at something material. He wondered idly what had caught her fancy, and was about to turn his head and see when the explanation arrived.

"Now smile!" said a voice behind him.

Sam's man Friday had not wasted any time in carrying out his master's instructions. He had entered from behind through the dining room, and now stood in the doorway with Sam's pistol in his hand. His name was Finley; during his odd moments he was a prize fighter and wrestler. He also acted as janitor in the Larrabee Hotel. Although no weakling, Paul was no match for him physically.

"Quick! Stick 'em up!"

Paul put up his hands as ordered.

"Stand that way while I fish for your gun."

The big janitor advanced until his weapon pressed against Paul's body. Reaching into his pocket he removed Paul's pistol, which he then placed in his own pocket for safe keeping.

"You're only an amateur gunman. Thanks." He glanced at the girl propped up on the bed. "I've come to rescue you," he explained. "Feet free? I see the softy's untied the wrist handkerchief. Throw something round you and get into the car downstairs while I take care of this girl-grabber."

His mind for the moment was upon Vita, and he missed the flush that came into Paul's face. Even had he seen it he would not have understood it. The flush was a flush of shame—his easy trustfulness again! For Paul had remembered an important fact. If this man came from Monaca, how did he know that there were any handkerchiefs to be taken off? Monaca, standing round the corner in his parlor with his face to the wall, couldn't possibly have seen him leave with Vita. Besides, Vita was wrapped in blankets. The only one besides himself to know of the bindings was Sam.

An amateur gunman? He had been a simpleton, an idiot, spineless, easy, blind, a trusting, weak-minded fool.

Janitor Finley felt that he had an interested audience in Vita and began following up his advantage.

"Did you think you was a guide-book brigand in Sicily, like you read about? Didn't you know this is Chicago? Didn't anybody tell you?"

In one of Paul's early conversations with Sam he had spoken of having read about Sicilian abductions. Sam's man unquestionably!

"Before you go, Vita," observed Paul evenly, "better make sure you are warmly wrapped."

The thing happened with unbelievable swiftness. Only an idiot would have attempted it; only a man who despised his opponent as a worm would have permitted it. One moment Paul was standing with hands high, disarmed and covered by the

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on the contrary, are used over and over again. The quick, easy replacement of a new "Drop Out" Renewal Link, costing only a trifle, instantly renews to its original efficiency any Economy Fuse that has done its duty in guarding lives and apparatus against the fire and accident hazards of overloads, short circuits and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits.

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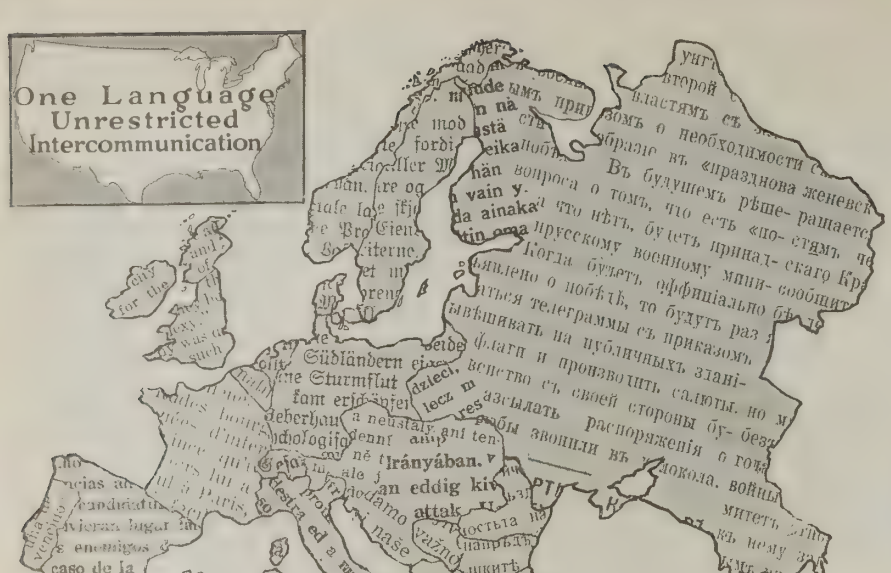

Europe's many tongues and consequent misunderstandings

The Fruits of Understanding

Throughout the vast area of this country prevails a common tongue. The whole of Europe hardly exceeds our territory, yet Europe has more than a score of nationalities and many different languages.

In the United States the telephone, as exemplified by Bell System, renders a matchless service in its mastery of distance and in encouraging the use of a universal language. This accomplishment is in spite of the great influx of population from every country in the world.

In Europe the independent countries, separated by barriers of language, and lacking efficient telephone service, suffer from inadequate facilities for intercommunication.

We now talk from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific, and eliminate more than three thousand miles. In Europe, contending with a babel of voices and unrelated telephone systems, a bare quarter of that distance has been bridged with difficulty.

The ideal of the Bell System has been day by day to extend its service in the interest of all telephone users. Its efforts have resulted in providing the facilities to unite cities and rural districts in true American democracy.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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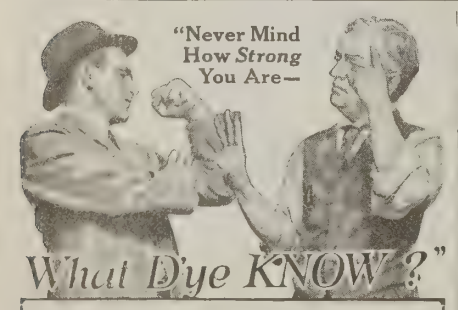
One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



What D'ye KNOW?"

To-day it's a battle of wits—and *brains win.* Muscle and brawn don't count so much as they used to. The great question now is "What do you know?" It draws the line between failure and success, between a poor job and a good one.

What do *you* know? Have you special ability? Could you "make good" in a *big* job right now?

For 25 years the International Correspondence Schools have been training men for better work and bigger salaries. They can train YOU, no matter where you live, what hours you work, or how little your education. **Mark and mail the coupon and *find out*—it won't obligate you in the least.**

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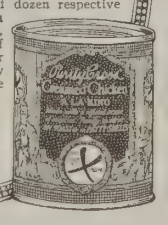

janitor's pistol. The next the pistol had gone flying across the floor and the two men were at grapples.

The loss of the pistol did not much matter. The contest was never in doubt. The janitor soon had Paul helpless on the floor, the captured pistol in his coat pocket aiding in the argument by force. As for the object of the struggle, the abducted girl, during the first ten seconds of the fight she had leaped to her feet, thrown her blanket about her and fled.

If this were the story of a cave man—that mythical creature who with his superior strength, as Georgina Spindleshanks believes, carried off his woman and married her—nothing would have happened as it did.

Vita, propped against her pillows, saw the big janitor creep into view, saw him disarm her captor, saw Paul strike down the pistol and grapple with him. Her first impulse was to slip out through the door. She believed that the newcomer had been sent by her father; she could escape from the flat, run downstairs to the waiting car, and be back in her room at home in time to dress for breakfast, as far as she knew. Her father would probably have Paul arrested. Eventually she would marry the real-estate man, the son of a landowner.

But somehow the real-estate man had become distasteful to her. Paul must have loved her a great deal to run such risks for her. And he was eager to please her. The dresses in the clothes closet—she had never owned anything anywhere near so pretty. And the flat—she could see that it was modern and very nicely furnished. All for her, he had told her! He must have been saving his money for years.

Vita, who had already been doing her thinking, draped her blanket over her shoulders and fled into the vestibule. Here she noisily opened the outer door and as noisily closed it again. But she did not pass through it.

Instead she stole softly into the dining room and thence into the kitchen, where she cowered against the near wall behind the end of the table. Here she was hidden from the door. A little later she understood from his words that the janitor was victorious. Later still she heard him order Paul to precede him down the stairs—apparently to guard against a last-minute attack from behind. She gathered from what was said that both men had heard her open and close the outer door, and that neither doubted she had seized the opportunity to flee.

Upon hearing them go out she gave them time to reach the street; then she crept back to the door. The latchkey was missing; she remembered seeing Paul thrust it into his pocket. But she softly slipped the spring latch, after which she returned to the bedroom, locking its door with its key. The door leading into the dining room she also locked. Then she proceeded to investigate further.

As Paul had said, the bathroom was supplied with soap, towels and running water. She took her time about bathing. She had noticed a pretty crêpe kimono in the clothes closet. This she now found and donned. Then she began looking through the drawers of the dresser to see what Paul had considered that she would need. She quickly decided that he had had help—nothing had been overlooked. He had even undertaken to select shoes for her, three pairs, and each of a different size, so that she would be that much more likely to be fitted. The wrong sizes could be exchanged. Selecting the articles she wished to wear she laid them out, returning the remainder to their place in the dresser. She also looked over the gowns and dresses in the clothes closet for something she could wear in the kitchen. Seemingly there were no such humble garments.

Strange she had not noticed it before! Among all his purchases he had not included any working clothes. He had not thought of his wife as wearing them. What a man! She smiled at the oversight, but there were tears in her eyes to mingle with the smiles. However, she would not have worn working clothes this morning even if she had had them. Selecting a shirt-waist suit, she proceeded to dress.

As he had predicted, the clothing fitted her. Not a garment was wrong. And nothing was missing. When she came to do up her hair she found an ivory comb and brush ready to her hand, and hairpins. When she came to care for her teeth a tube of paste and toothbrush awaited her. A dainty manicure set helped her with her pretty fingers. After all these thoughtful provisions for her comfort, the powder-puff did not seem at all a thing to laugh at. Quite the contrary. She used it almost reverently, as she had used the other articles.

She now went to the kitchen, lighted the blue-flame stove and put on the teakettle. She then took down the few dishes she would need, and when the water was hot enough washed them. After that she set the table in the dining room. She also fried some ham and eggs, which she placed upon a platter and thrust into the oven to keep warm. When she had carried her preparations as far as she could she returned to the bedroom, where she stood in the front window watching the street for the return of Paul.

She had a long wait—it was nearly eight o'clock before he came into sight up the street. He was not walking briskly, but looked tired and discouraged. She at once ran back to the kitchen. Here she quickly made the coffee, carried the platter of ham and eggs to the table, and then the hot toast. The cereal was already served. Ordinarily she would have waited before serving the meat course, but she wished Paul to see the table completely set.

He found her in the kitchen, where she was trying to look nonchalant and matter-of-fact.

"I don't understand ——"

"Breakfast is ready," said Vita.

But she could not carry it off. Almost before she had spoken the words she broke down. The tears in her eyes, nearer the surface than she thought, quickly became tears on her cheeks. The next she knew the amateur gunman had somehow found her and she was pressed in his arms with her face buried in his coat.

They were married immediately after breakfast, so as to forestall a possible counterstroke on the part of old Monaca. A little later Vita got herself forgiven. Later still—that is to say, on Sunday—Monaca and his wife called to see the new flat. And on Monday Paul went back to work. He accepted his wage envelope for the preceding week without protest, although a deduction of two days' pay had been made with no allowance for the usual half-holiday on Saturday. He went about his business as before—good-natured, slow to take offense, imposed upon continually by Keiser. He did not mention his marriage. No one in the shop, Keiser least of all, would have suspected that he had ever held a loaded pistol in his hand. As for his abducting a girl at the point of such a pistol from her home in the heart of Chicago—marriage by capture—the action was quite unthinkable. He did not have the backbone.

Which is additional proof that Simplicissimus was wrong and that everyone cannot distinguish between substance and shadow.

Vita's opinion of the matter was different.

"I like him because he's so strong," she would have said. "And so stubborn. And so brave. And because he knows what he wants." And she would have added: "But I love him because he came and took me."

The question remains, however: Why did she love him, really?

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PEET'S CRYSTAL WHITE is made of pure vegetable oils, and has the most wonderful cleaning properties.

It is best for clothes—best for hands—best for economy—because a cake of Crystal White costs no more than ordinary soap, and lasts very much longer; prove it for yourself.

Ask your dealer for it; if he can't supply you, send us five cents for a full sized cake of this wonderful White Laundry Soap.

More than three million families have adopted Crystal White as the household soap. They never go back to the old kind.

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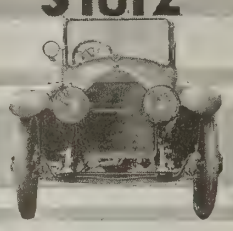
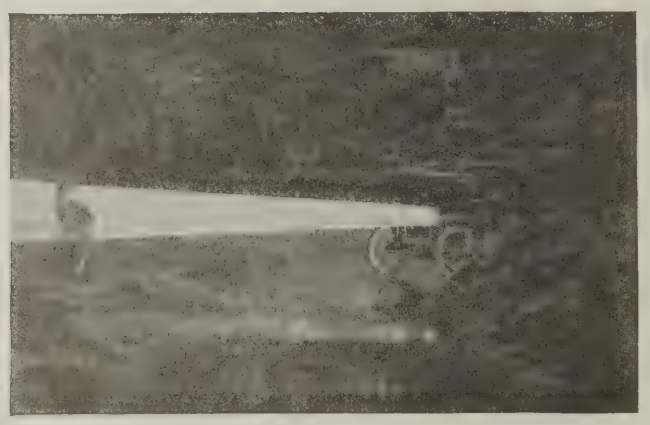
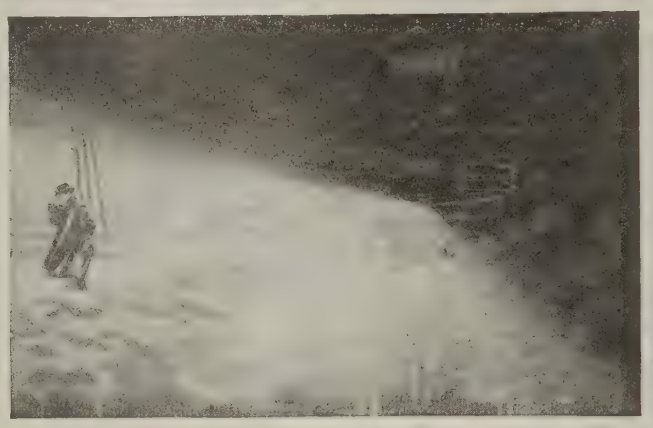




Without Warner-Lenz on a Dark, Sleeting Night



With Warner-Lenz You See The Way

Turn Night Into Day— Make Driving Safe and Pleasant

Now that over 350,000 drivers know and appreciate Warner-Lenz—now that fourteen discerning automobile manufacturers have adopted them as standard equipment—now that lawmakers and police officials everywhere approve Warner-Lenz—what further proof—what greater evidence—we ask you—is necessary?

You know the danger of night driving with the old-time glare. You know how hopeless dimmers are. You know the laws that are against those makeshift lights.

Why resist Warner-Lenz longer? Why put off that satisfaction that is sure to come?

Blinding Glares Ended

Most night driving troubles come from improper lighting.

Warner-Lenz—now that they are becoming universal—end all blinding glares forever. For this new scientific light breaks up the beams. It diffuses the light. You can look straight into a Warner-Lenz and not blink. Yet your light is not reduced. Warner-Lenz do not dim.

As you drive behind Warner-Lenz, each lamp throws out a penetrating spray of nearly 180 degrees. The visual angle of the eyes is similar to the luminous angle of Warner-Lenz. The greatest intensity is in front, of course.

But here is the great feature—Warner-Lenz light the sides as well, beyond the curb or roadside, just as your eyes give a circular vision, even when looking straight ahead. So sidewise dangers are disclosed.

Turns are lighted up plainly—and *while* you turn.

Not A Dimmer

Once you equip your car with Warner-Lenz, you discard dimmers, and other contraptions. Your lamps cannot blind nor confuse others.

Warner-Lenz removes dangers both to yourself and the other fellow.

Treacherous country roads, railway crossings, fallen trees and other menaces are unfolded as by daylight—before you reach them.

Night driving everywhere becomes a real pleasure. Strain is relieved. Protection is certain.

After once driving behind Warner-Lenz you'll never return to the glaring shaft or weak dimmer.

Why Resist?

Experts unite in saying that Warner-Lenz are the final solution.

Then why not equip your car with Warner-Lenz? If they were not as advertised, do you think 350,000 drivers would keep them? Or would our list of manufacturers keep growing? Would they spend this extra money if Warner-Lenz were not superior?

This great invention carries the personal guarantee of A. P. Warner, inventor of the Warner Speedometer. All motorists know his contributions to the automobile world.

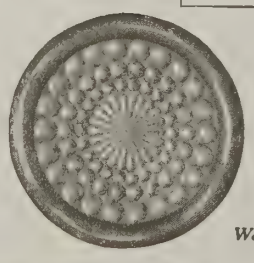
Your nearest accessory dealer can put a pair of Warner-Lenz on your car in a minute. Whatever your car, there's a size to fit. Remember, these are lenses, not lamps.

Or if you cannot find Warner-Lenz nearby, we will see that you are supplied.

PRICE OF WARNER-LENZ—Per Pair

Diameter in inches	Diameter in inches	Diameter in inches
5 to 9, inclusive, $3.50	9¼ to 10, inclusive, $4.00	10¼ to 12, inclusive, $5.00

West of Rockies, 25c per pair extra



THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY

918 So. Michigan Av., Chicago

WARNER-LENZ

Warner-Lenz are now standard equipment on fourteen cars of class as pictured on this page.

OUR ARMY OVERSEAS

(Continued from Page 28)

of his education in England. Though an American by nationality and sentiment, the boy felt it his duty to fight for England. At the age of nineteen he enlisted as a private and was assigned to a motor-machine-gun company. Within six months he had a commission. At last accounts he was a captain, and he had been invalided home for an illness that a few months away from the trenches will cure. He has become an expert in motor machine guns. We probably have no officer who ever fought a motor machine gun in action; few of our officers have ever studied the theory of the thing.

All modern warfare includes trench fighting at some stage of the game; there is where technical knowledge of grenades comes in handy. But all modern warfare begins with open fighting; and there the machine gun mounted on an automobile is most deadly. The superiority of the Germans in use and number of these weapons had much to do with their swift advance toward Paris in the first rush of the war. This young man could instruct us in an important matter on which we are probably quite ignorant.

A young American got a commission early in the war and entered the Royal Artillery. His eyes were injured by shell shock. The sight was unimpared, but, in the opinion of a Medical Board, the steady concussions of the Front might have blinded him. He was assigned, therefore, to the charge of an anti-aircraft battery at a point where the Germans have made constant raids. He, too, has become an expert in his specialty.

Probably no one in our army has ever fired a gun at a moving aëroplane. We may have had a little practice against kites; but the difference between shooting a cannon at kites and at aëroplanes is the difference between shooting a rifle at a fixed target and at a flying bird. Moreover, there is a complex system for getting the range against an aëroplane. Of that system our army scholars may know something in theory; they certainly do not know it in practice.

At least dozens of Americans, and perhaps scores, hold commissions in the British Royal Artillery. English officers have often remarked in my presence on the cleverness of Americans with artillery; it suits the mechanical genius of our people. So long ago as the second battle of Ypres they told me that some of the sharpest and most reliable young artillery officers they had were citizens of the United States. The number has increased since that time.

I know personally four or five of these men. One of them, a captain, has been assigned to the work of picking off isolated bodies of the enemy. This requires the most accurate handling of artillery. One of my acquaintances is commanding heavy guns with the Saloniki Expedition; the rest were in the Somme attack.

Difficulties of Curtain Fire

Napoleon has been described as a "Corsican adventurer who discovered that a cannon would kill a man"; he made artillery the ruling arm in warfare. Germany might be described as a Teutonic adventurer who learned that a shell would kill more men than a bullet. The great massing of heavy artillery, with which the enemy advanced on France, has brought about the unparalleled situation by which whole nations, the women with the men, have been mobilized to make ammunition for the ever-increasing number of guns.

Artillery technic has improved and changed. Indirect fire, invented by the French, who are the most expert artillerymen in the world, was studied and adopted by the American Army before the war; but now it has been brought to a perfection of which no one then dreamed. Curtain fire is all new; and it seems vital to a modern battle, whether fought in the open or against locked trenches. The British used it in the Somme advance, and the Germans in pushing back the Rumanians.

It consists, as most of my readers probably know, in employing all or most of your guns in drawing a line of exploding shells so thick and heavy that no one can cross it alive, before the enemy who is charging you, or between the enemy whom you are charging and possible reënforcements. As many as a thousand guns may be used in one burst of curtain fire. They are of all calibers and emplaced at varying distances from the objective; yet, when they go off, and continue to go off as fast as men can work them, each must be ranged accurately on its part of the objective line.

Moreover, curtain fire is often an emergency call. The commanding officer has no time to make preparations. The rocket signal goes up: "Stand by for curtain fire!" And almost immediately there follows the signal: "Fire!" All this requires the most expert teamwork; the most exact knowledge concerning the fine points.

As an officer of the regular army has remarked: "We haven't enough guns to make even a bead portière." But when, after the first muddle, we begin to turn out the guns we shall need to learn how to use them. Probably the staff and artillery officers of the army have studied curtain fire theoretically; nevertheless, there is hardly an artillery officer in the army who could not go to school, with advantage, to our subalterns in the British Artillery.

Again, aëroplane direction of artillery fire was unknown before the war. Now it is universal and vitally necessary. Our young artillery officers have been training a little with our new flying corps, I believe—learning to judge from the air the distance between exploding bombs and given objectives. Still, this is a very different thing from making the observation in actual battle, with the enemy exploding shrapnel about you and the shells falling on complicated military works.

Men of the Foreign Legion

Young French artillery observation officers, trained with the aviators at the flying schools, have told me that their education was only begun when they went to the Front. Here, again, our American officers with the British forces could give the best of our West Pointers cards and spades.

We have heard a great deal of the American flying squadrilla at the French Front, largely because it exists as a body, has the American name attached to it, and is supported from America. The American aviators with the British Army are scattered all through the flying corps, and have, therefore, lost their identity as Americans. Yet we have probably more airmen with the British than with the French.

The Scotch are as nothing for canniness to the French. Those admirable people love the stranger who has volunteered for France; but they take good care that the direction of things shall remain in French hands. So the Foreign Legion is mainly officered by native Frenchmen; and the legionary, whether Spaniard, Czech, South American, North American, or what not, must show exceptional valor and ability to get a commission.

Up to the time of my last information only two American legionaries had achieved bars on their coat sleeves. The one of these whom I know has been a lieutenant in our cavalry. When the war broke out he enlisted as a private in the Foreign Legion. His valor won him not only the regular military decorations but also the Legion of Honor, a ribbon usually given for civilian services to the state, but quite unusual as a military decoration.

However, the Foreign Legion includes scores of young Americans, privates or noncommissioned officers, who would have risen from the ranks under a more open system of promotion. Alan Seeger, that young poet who died for France last year, was exactly the kind of man who would have made a good American officer. These men are all far advanced in modern military education as compared with any but the most expert officers of our regular army.

While I am on this subject I must mention, also, the three or four hundred young Americans who have been running ambulances at the French Front. For intelligence and education they are a superb set of men—the very best kind of officer material. Being Americans, they are driven by our national intellectual curiosity to inquire into everything. Unconsciously they have been studying modern military technic, and studying it with that admirable army to whose conception of discipline we shall have to come if we are to make our army a success.

Up to last autumn, when I left France, thirty-eight men had received their brevets

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(Signed) Newton Ellis,
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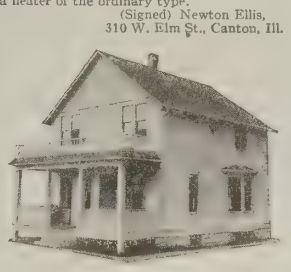

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"My house is a nine-room house and this was the hardest season we ever experienced in this part of the country. With the UNDERFEED I saved just about one half as to seasons previous. I used the cheapest fuel I could buy, Pocahontas Slack coal."

(Signed) Wm. Hogan, Gilbert, Minn.

Saves $47

"I take great pleasure in being able to advise that with the UNDERFEED our coal bill amounted to $48.00 for last winter; this covers twelve tons at $4.00 per ton, and we have nearly two tons left. The coal bills for the two winters before amounted to $95.00 and $87.00 and I think that this saving is enough to recommend the UNDERFEED alone.

"There is another point very much in favor of the UNDERFEED and that is the rapid starting and the short time needed to warm up the house. It is very surprising after our old furnace that five minutes after starting the house is warm."

(Signed) R. B. Zeller,
2140 Lunt Ave., Chicago, Ill.

EVERYWHERE from Maine to California UNDERFEED furnaces and boilers are being installed as rapidly as our factories can turn them out. The number grows daily. And back of every one is a guarantee of coal bills reduced ½ to ⅔. Just figure the millions of dollars saved to users the UNDERFEED way—*guaranteed, mind you!*

Back of that guarantee stands a million dollar concern. No matter where you live, or what dealer sells you an UNDERFEED, this guarantee is always good, provided the apparatus is properly installed and operated.

Read the letters shown to the left—picked at random from thousands just like them—letters telling of more and better heat, and of coal bills cut ½ to ⅔—guaranteed with the UNDERFEED!

In Buildings Large and Small

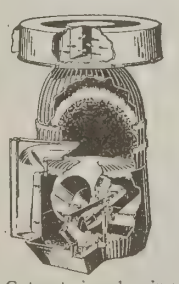
For Warm Air, Hot Water, Steam or Vapor

Forget how large or how small your building may be. Remember the UNDERFEED guarantee. The UNDERFEED saves, first, by burning the cheaper grades of coal as effectively as others burn the costlier grades. That's a first great saving you're always sure of!

Then, again, the UNDERFEED burns coal on the "candle" principle. Fuel is always below the hot, clean, effective fire, which is never smothered or chilled by new coal being dumped on. The fire never has to fight its way up against fresh coal. Smoke, soot or gas—valuable heat elements—are transformed into clean, effective heat as they *pass up through* the fire!

WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED Furnaces Boilers

Cut Coal Bills ½ to ⅔ Guaranteed



Cut-out view showing how the UNDERFEED burns coal on the "candle" principle. Coal fed from below. Hot, clean fire always on top.

And the same great guaranteed saving can be yours, whether you heat with warm air, hot water, steam, or vapor. It's all the same to the UNDERFEED. No stooping. No grubbing. No partly burned coals. Everything burned to a clean white ash!

Big Money-Saving Book Free

"From Overfed to UNDERFEED" pictures and fully describes the unique, scientific UNDERFEED principle. Shows how easily operated by a boy of twelve. You will find this free book mighty interesting. What is more you will find it really, downright money-saving—guaranteed with the UNDERFEED. The coupon brings it without cost or obligation. Send the coupon NOW.

The Williamson Heater Co.
321 Fifth Avenue **Cincinnati, Ohio**

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO., 321 Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅔ with a Williamson UNDERFEED.

Warm Air_____ Steam or Hot Water_____
(Mark X after System interested in)

Name _____

Address _____

My Heating Contractor's Name is _____

HEATING CONTRACTORS: Let us tell you about the Williamson UNDERFEED and our proposition. Both are winners.

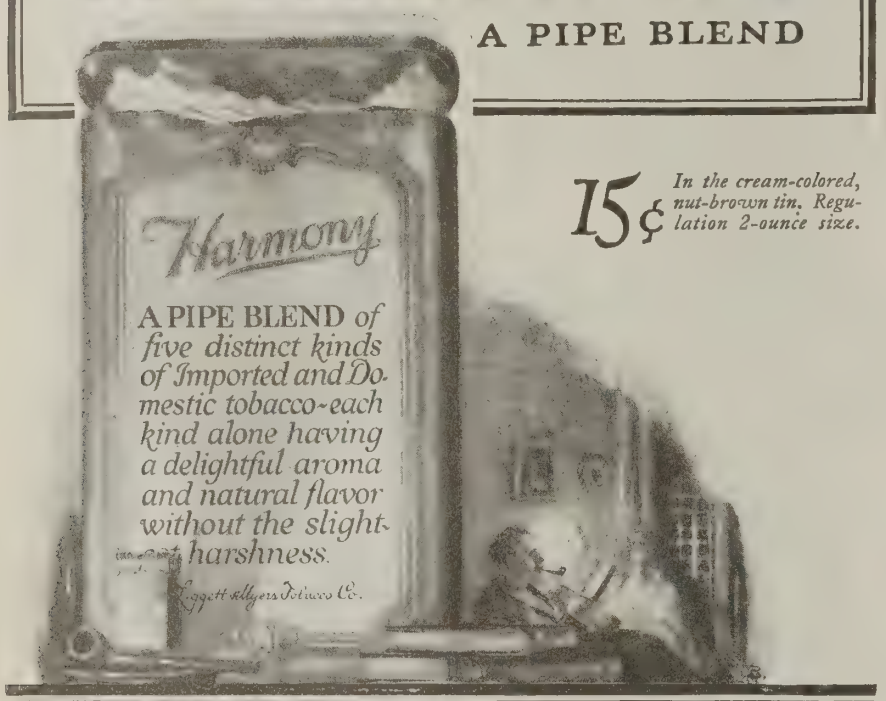
Not One Tobacco—but a Blend of Several Tobaccos

Of course a pipe-smoke made of *several* choice tobaccos, skilfully blended, tastes better than a pipe-smoke made of any *one* choice tobacco alone. But you'll never fully realize how MUCH more richness and "character" and mildness a *blend* can give you until you have actually smoked the Harmony blend in your own pipe.

If your dealer cannot supply you, enclose 15 cents in stamps, for the full-sized 2-ounce tin, postage prepaid. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HARMONY

A PIPE BLEND



15¢ *In the cream-colored, nut-brown tin. Regulation 2-ounce size.*

Use Golden Star Auto Body Polish On Your Car

Cleans thoroughly—polishes perfectly—with one application. One quart lasts a year. Your dealer can tell you all about it. Manufactured by
R. W. MORRIS MFG. CO., Kansas City, Mo.

Paint Your Own Car

Easy to do and very satisfactory by using AUTONAMEL. Complete outfits, everything needed, $5 to $10. Write for free booklet and color card.
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If your money is earning less than 4% interest it will pay you to write for a copy of our free Booklet "M" which explains the advantages of our plan of Banking by Mail.

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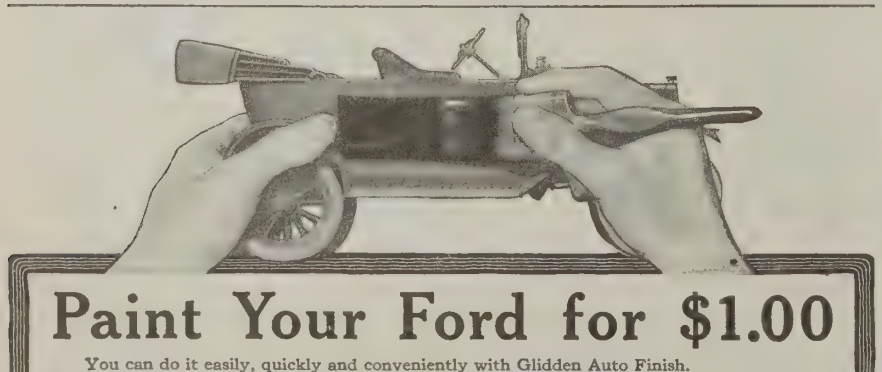


Paint Your Ford for $1.00

You can do it easily, quickly and conveniently with Glidden Auto Finish.
—easily, because Glidden Auto Finish makes your car like new with only one coat.
—quickly, because it goes on in short order and dries in less than 48 hours.
—conveniently, because you don't have to lay up your car for a week or two.
Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you send $1.00 ($1.25 in Canada) for one quart of Auto Finish Black to THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., 1502 Berea Rd., Cleveland, O.
Note to Dealers—Send at once for our Marketing Book of Glidden Auto Finishes.

GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES

as flyers in the American Aviation Corps with the French Army. A few more were scattered among the strictly French units. Of the thirty-eight, three had been killed, two or three had gone home disabled, a few had served out a short-term enlistment, and the rest were still at work.

The uses of the aëroplane in battle grow month by month. At first, they merely marked for batteries or dropped projectiles in a rather unscientific fashion, and as units. Then the enemy began sending fighting machines to bring down the observers with machine guns. So, before the war was a year old, the machines, and the men who flew them, became specialized.

Roughly there are three types of machines, with skilled pilots to correspond. Heaviest and most formidable are the armored aëroplanes, the artillery of the air, equipped often with small cannon as well as machine guns, which guard places like towns, where they need not fly very far or fast. Then come the two-man observation machines, the infantry of the air, which do the work of marking for batteries and scouting. Last come the little, very fast, one-man machines, whose business is solely to fight in the air—to bring down other aircraft. This last type calls for great skill as well as courage in the aviator, and it is a compliment to our American aviators with the French that they run, for the most part, this type of machine.

Now we are teaching men to fly in our aviation school; but we are not teaching them, as yet, to fight in the air. Indeed, practice in this work is difficult to get, except under battle conditions. A target that will represent the motion of an aëroplane in flight has not yet been devised. And shooting a machine gun from an aëroplane doing a hundred miles an hour at another aëroplane making a like speed differs radically from shooting at a fixed target. Moreover, the use of the aëroplane in war has been extended to a point of which we scarcely dream on this side of the water.

Recently they have taken to swooping down and turning their machine guns on exposed troops. Further, during the Somme advance they often directed not only the artillery but the infantry advance. Soaring dangerously near the ground above the heads of the attacking force, they signaled the position and numbers of the enemy, and advised the infantry officers whether to go on or to dig in and hold. All these tricks and many others our aviators with the French Army know; our regular-army officers know them not, because they are brand-new developments of the last year.

A New Military Art

As an illustration of the innovations in land warfare, of its specialization, let me mention what the French call *camouflage*, which means the art of concealing things from the enemy. The French say: "A gun discovered is a gun destroyed." The armies hide their artillery from aëroplane observers as carefully as they hide their snipers. During the height of a great battle on the Western Front I skirted a sunken field of some forty or fifty acres. It had been planted in wheat before the battle; the wheat stood now, rank and overripe. From this field came the constant bang-bang-bang-bang! of field guns. Yet the only thing visible to the eye was a light mist of artillery smoke hanging over the wheat.

There may have been a hundred guns in that field; but, though I looked long and carefully, I saw not one. How it was done I do not know; and I asked no questions. That was a secret of the *camoufleurs*. Now I take it for granted that we know little of this art. Yet among these scene painters and landscape gardeners of war at the Allied Front there is more than one American.

Concerning the Americans on the Italian Front I must speak from poorer information. Of the two hundred thousand or more Italian soldiers who have lived in America, many if not most belong to the class of migratory laborers. These men generally sailed in the steerage for New York early in the spring and returned to Italy late in the autumn. The rest, however, had settled in America for good, but felt their duty to the land of their blood when Italy went to war. Many of them had been naturalized.

Again, a few native Americans of Italian parentage have volunteered. In Rome I encountered a sergeant, a naturalized American, married to an American woman; before the war an engineer in California. He was a Socialist by opinion.

"But Socialists are usually opposed to war and nationalism," said I. "What are you doing here?"

"I am here to fight not for king or for country, but for the spirit of the Latin race!" he replied.

On the Isonzo Front I heard of a naturalized American who has achieved a commission by his valor and intelligence. In the hinterland of the Adamello Alps I was hailed in sharp American by a captain of cavalry. He is a broker in Philadelphia, married to an American woman; and he was almost pathetically eager to hear some "home talk" in Broadway slang.

At least seven-eighths of the war on the Italian Front is mountain fighting. The Isonzo sector resembles, in its higher reaches, the Catskills; the Julian Alps are like the Appalachians, though in places they rise much higher; the rest of the way is a steeper version of the Rockies. The Italians are expert mountain fighters, with a technic of their own, much of which has been developed during this war.

We have range after range of mountains in this country, one or more of which might have to be defended in case of invasion. Moreover, war in this country might call for military engineering on a gigantic scale; and military engineering is the thing the Italians do supremely well.

By this time the drift of my remarks may be apparent. Making a conservative deduction from Lord Northcliffe's figures, let us say that we have in the armies of the Entente Allies forty thousand American citizens—a whole army corps. Assembled, they would make the most formidable body of its size that ever wore our uniform. Scattered intelligently through a new volunteer army, their value would be beyond calculation. As England has learned, the great difficulty in forming a brand-new army from a peace population is not in training the men but finding and educating the officers.

Our Obvious Course

Hundreds of these Americans are finished officers of the new warfare. They could take high command in our new regiments, or they could become instructors. Thousands of others, still in the ranks of the allied armies, would be better material for subaltern officers than almost any man now in civilian clothes. The rest, as non-commissioned officers, or even as privates, would make admirable stiffening among raw troops.

We may, before long, find ourselves in an alliance, avowed or tacit, with the Entente Powers. And the obvious thing to do would be to ask diplomatically for the return of these men to our flag.

If we keep out of this war, and if at its close we still intend to create an adequate modern army, the proper course is no less plain, though a little more difficult. We should be keeping track of these men, in order that when they are discharged we may persuade as many of them as possible to adopt a regular military career in our own army. In that case we at once encounter two obstacles:

First, the Department of State has ruled—somewhat hazily—that an American who has forsworn his allegiance to enter a foreign army in this war is no longer an American citizen.

The other is more serious: We have no provision for taking officers into our regular force above the grade of second lieutenant. One of these American officers with foreign armies who wished to enter our army would have to begin at the bottom.

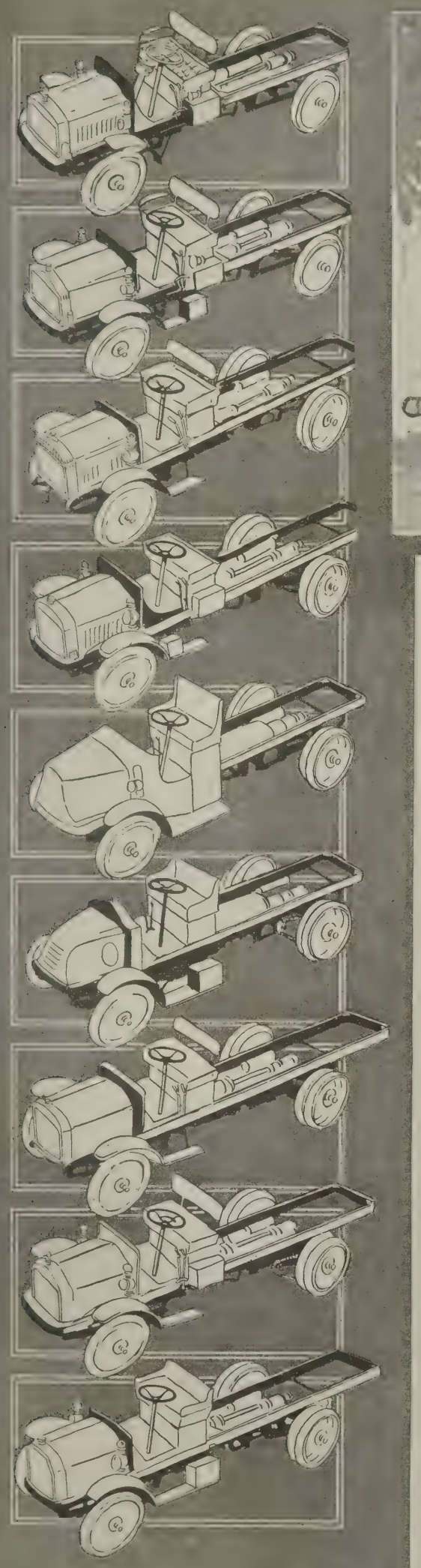
Now a veteran who has been a colonel or a major in this most real of all real wars, who knows more about some specialty than any man in the American Army, would be more than human if he consented to enter a peace army at its very lowest rank. And these men, with their knowledge and their proved ability, are the ones we may need most of all.

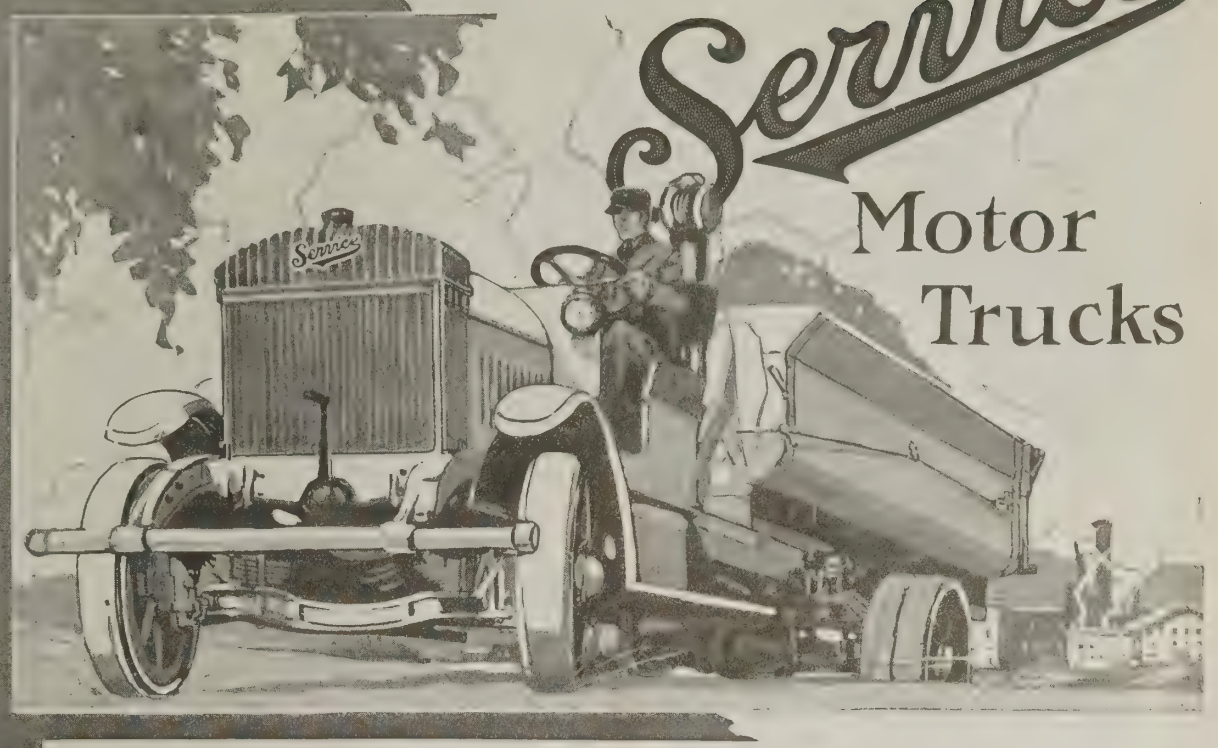
But our army, like most others, is jealous of its promotion system, and we may expect opposition to a change in the present course of procedure; in fact, a chief of a bureau in Washington, with whom I discussed this matter, said:

"Do you expect men who have stood by to give place to outsiders?"

This may not be the spirit of the army as a whole, but it is the spirit of some of its members.

It will require some intelligent understanding on the part of Congress and some self-sacrifice on the part of the Army. Yet we shall be foolish wasters if we do not grasp this opportunity.





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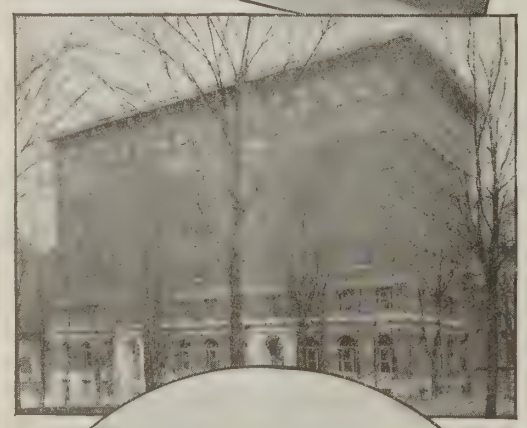

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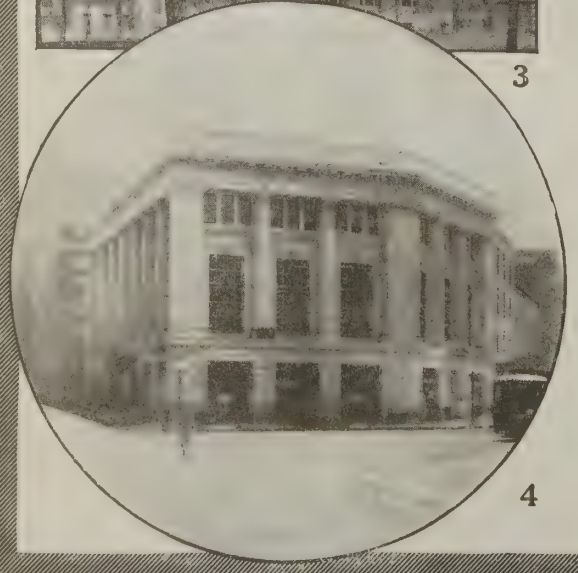

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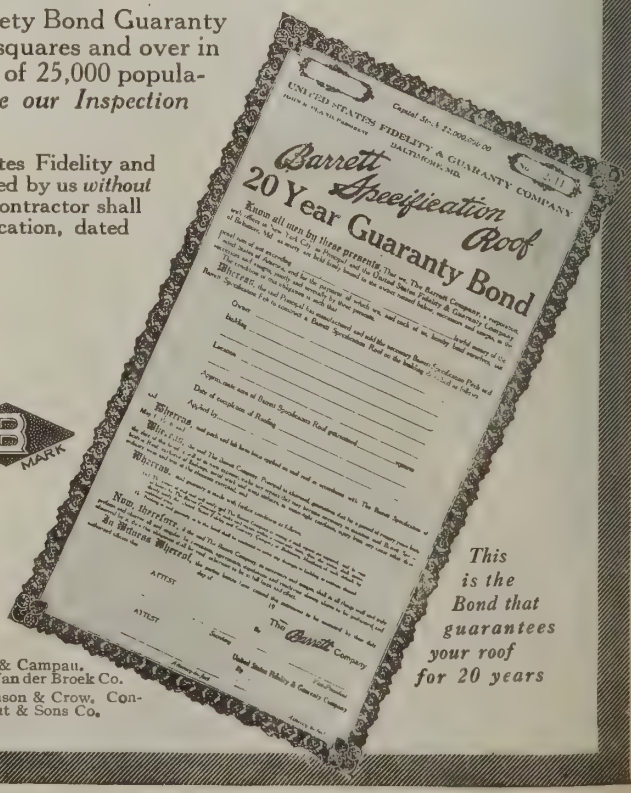

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1107 Color Ave
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PAINTED BY NEYSA McMEIN

THE THRILL SHOOTER—By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

FREE
Handsome Rug Chart

We have a handsome Rug Chart printed in colors. It gives you some idea of the beauty of Congoleum Rugs. Just send us your name and address and we'll mail you one free. It will help solve that floor covering problem.

CONGOLEUM RUGS

Be Sure "Congoleum" is on the Back

Whenever you buy Rugs, Rug Borders or By-The-Yard goods, be sure to look for the name "Congoleum" on the back. It insures you against imitations, and gives you the protection of our guarantee.

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THE modern home is turning more and more to rugs because rugs are more convenient, more artistic and more economical than carpets. Congoleum Rugs, while their patterns give the appearance of woven rugs, have a beautiful, firm, sanitary surface with many superior advantages.

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Congoleum Rugs require no fastening of any kind. They never curl up at the edges; they stay where you put them; they "hug the floor."

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Sizes and Prices

Congoleum Art-Rugs have unusually beautiful patterns, the work of famous rug designers. Their deep, harmonizing colors give them great distinction and permit of their use with any color scheme. You couldn't make a better rug investment. Made in two sizes only:

9 feet x 10½ feet, $10.00 — 9 feet x 12 feet, $11.00

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Congoleum Utility-Rugs are our original line. They have a wider range of sizes than the Art-Rugs and are even lower in price.

3 feet x 4½ feet $0.98 each	6 feet x 6 feet $2.60 each
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For sale by good dealers everywhere; if, however, your dealer cannot supply you, write us and we will.

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Here is the best covering for a whole floor ever offered at anything like the low price. It is better than printed linoleum and guaranteed to wear longer under equal conditions. Comes 72 inches wide. Price 50c. per square yard.

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Congoleum Rugs are manufactured in accordance with United States and foreign patents, with numerous other patents pending both in the United States and foreign countries.

"See, dear, you simply lay it down without any fastening whatever."

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The 9 x 10½ ft. size sells for $10.00.

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A *Westclox* Alarm

For the Rising Generation

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Big Ben's little men bubble health and cheer, and they feel as big as Daddy with a clock all their own. They trust *Big Ben* to make their dreams of "When I'm big" come true—Big Ben smiles a promise to them all.

He gives 'em extra playtime, after porridge and milk,—a chance to peep at lessons that the Sandman made so hard. He gets 'em to school long before the last gong and this habit lingers when the children grow up.

You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's seven inches tall, spunky, neighborly—downright good all through. He rings two ways—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your jeweler's, $2.50 in the United States, $3.50 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your jeweler doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

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THE THRILL SHOOTER

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"ROUND an' round the little ball goes; where she stops nobody knows!" chanted the dealer. "Make your bets, gentlemen, make your bets!"

A battered roulette wheel stood in the center of a small room, and over it leaned or sprawled a motley array of ill-favored humanity—slouchy ruffians with sinister and savage faces, who scowled as they placed their ivory disks upon the numbers or colors. The dealer called them gentlemen, but they had the look of thugs who would have committed murder for a white chip, and thrown in a dash of arson for good measure.

"Here y'are, boys!" croaked a fat, swarthy individual who sat at a table near the window. He was sliding cards out of a metal box, under the keen eyes of a dozen bandits as hard of face as were the roulette players. "Here's the ole tiger, boys! The ten loses an' the seven wins! Bet 'em up! The blue sky's the limit!"

Several dice games were also in operation, each one liberally patronized by tough customers. On the gamesters' looks alone a pirate captain might have recruited a crew without leaving the room, and sailed with the choicest collection of cutthroats that ever disgraced blue water.

The air was thick with stale tobacco smoke, and vocal with uncensored remarks; paper money passed swiftly from hand to hand; small fortunes were won and lost on every whirl of the wheel, roll of the dice or turn of a card. Gradually the gambling fever reached a crescendo; the crowd hung breathless over the roulette wheel; the faro players leaned forward in their chairs; the crap shooters yelled loudly for their numbers—there was, if anything, a shade too much of the dramatic in the air.

Just at the climax of activity the shrill trill of a whistle pierced the hum of conversation and the rattling undertone of shuffled chips. Instantly every movement was arrested; all eyes were turned toward the door, which was locked and heavily barred. For an instant the tableau held, and then, in the frozen silence, there came the thumping crash of axes and the whine of splintering wood.

"The bulls! Cheese, the bulls!"

Immediately there was a stampede for the lone window. The faro layout blocked the way; the crowd overturned it, and with the table went the fat, swarthy dealer. He curled up on the floor like a hedgehog, his head wrapped in his arms; those who were fortunate enough to reach the window used his body as a stepping-stone to safety. Fists began to fly. A chair crashed through the window. The air was filled with a sound as of many carpets being beaten, and the deep grunts of those who gave blows mingled with the deeper grunts of those who received them. There was also the thin tinkle of breaking glass.

The barred door yielded at last and a score of blue-clad policemen leaped into the mêlée, swinging their clubs right and left. The trapped thugs rallied and fought as cornered rats fight, disregarding all rules of the late lamented Marquess of Queensberry. A dozen desperate hand-to-hand encounters raged in the small room. Clothing was torn; blood was shed; the floor was knee-deep with underdogs.

Again the whistle trilled, and a sudden and astounding peace descended upon that scene of violence. Policemen, their clubs raised to strike, dropped their arms at their sides; the hard-faced men struggled to their feet, grunting with relief. The winners assisted the losers to rise; an amazing spirit of good will prevailed. In the midst of this miracle the fat faro dealer picked himself up, groaning dismally as he took stock of his bruises. With one accord the late combatants turned to a low platform in the foreground; there was about them the nervous, expectant air of vaudeville poodles when they look at the black-mustached gentleman with the whip.

On that platform stood a plump little man, tastefully attired in a green walking suit. His hands were thrust wrist-deep in his trousers' pockets, and a green cloth hat rested jauntily on the back of his head. He was not old nor was he young, but he had reached the age when a man ceases to regard himself as a child wonder. After an extra-special shave he might have passed for thirty-five; his friends knew that he would never see forty again; his enemies said forty-five. At his elbow stood a camera man, his hand still on the crank.

"Well, Gabby?" said he of the green suit with an interrogatory lift of his eyebrows.

"Rotten!" said the camera man calmly. "Too tame."

"Yes," said the other. "A Sunday-school picnic."

He turned to face his panting, perspiring audience, and it was characteristic of the man that he did not raise his voice to emphasize his displeasure. He spoke quietly, with a dry sarcasm which caused his listeners to writhe and look at the floor to escape the accusation in his eyes.

"Perhaps I neglected to explain the business of this scene," he began, choosing his words with almost painful precision. "If so, I owe you an apology. I was under the impression that I had made it plain enough, but it seems I was mistaken. Some of you evidently thought that we were putting on a pillow fight in a boarding school for young ladies."

He paused, and the hard-faced men quailed before him; even the big policemen hung their heads in shame and confusion.

"Now then," he continued, dropping his precise speech, "I may be wasting my time—I'm certainly wasting the company's—but I'll tell you again what this is all about: It—is—supposed—to—be—a—raid—on—a—gambling—house! The cops do not break down the door to take tea with you. They come to arrest you—and that means six months on the rock pile. You boys who have done time on a rock pile ought to show some real eagerness to get out of that window. Maybe I told you to step through it like a lot of old maids climbing a fence—maybe I did, but I don't recall it just now."

He paused to allow this insult to sink in, and the hard-faced men looked at each other and shook their heads hopelessly.

"Ain't Davy a bear?" murmured the fat, swarthy man. "I ask you, ain't he? He pans the life out of you, an' he don't never raise his voice once, nor call you nothin' you couldn't repeat to the old folks at home! Ain't he a marvel?"

The marvel resumed the thread of his complaint.

"We'll have to shoot it over again," said he with a sigh. "That means a new window and a new door and a big waste of time—and all because some of you Salvinis

misunderstood me when I said I wanted a real fight. . . . You boys at the faro table there! Haven't you any decent respect for your art? When you hear those axes, a couple of you take a running dive head first through that window. Never mind the glass; it won't cut you—much. Ivory is practically indestructible, and if your heads do get chipped or cracked we've got a hospital right here on the premises. . . . And when those policemen break in, think of your past lives and make believe they're after you. Fight 'em! Lay 'em out cold if you can—it'll be all right with me. Why, some of you dear boys were hugging and kissing 'em in that sham battle a minute ago! And remember, if any of you get cut up or hit on the nose, don't wipe off the blood—save it for the stills. Blood looks good in a lobby display. Blood is realism."

Here the fat faro dealer groaned, and the plump little man singled him out with an accusing finger.

"Sam," said he, "it hurts me to chide a sterling actor, but you dogged it. I was watching you. You quit like a sheep in the snow."

"Yeh," muttered the swarthy man, half resentful, half apologetic, "I dogged it, an' why not? I'm gettin' a little too fat for these rough-neck dramas. This underworld stuff is too fast for me. Las' time I work in a fight scene for you, one of your cast-iron cops knocks out a couple o' my teeth. That's realism, ain't it?" He opened his mouth to show his gums. "This time I'm lucky; my manly beauty is all right, but they cave in about six of my slats. I was down on the floor, an' every time I tried to get up some two-hundred-pound, hobnailed extry man used my belly for a leapin' tick. Yeh, I dogged it! Have it your own way!"

"I Can Laugh, Young Lady, But I'd Advise You Not to—That is, if You Expect to Finish This Picture"

The plump little man smiled—a rare, twinkling smile with all the radiance and warmth of a beam of sunlight. "I'm sorry, Sam," said he. "I owe you something for those teeth. I'll interpolate a little scene to show you being relieved by another dealer—that'll let you out of the fight. Now then, where are those carpenters? Get this broken stuff replaced—lively, boys, lively!"

The director strolled away, hands wrist-deep in his pockets, hat on the back of his head, and his hired men looked after him with admiration too keen for words.

"What did I tell you?" demanded the swarthy man. "I said he was a bear, didn't I? An' if he ain't a bear, where do you get your grizzlies? When you stage a rough-neck drama for Davy MacWade, you might as well stage a real one. These bunk fights—swingin' at a man an' missin' him a mile; startin' a punch an' then pullin' it—won't get you a thing with this ole-time trouper. He's wise. He'll have a real fight out o' you guys if it takes him all summer!"

"Yah!" sneered one of the policemen. "A real fight? Look at this eye, will you?"

"Save it for the stills!" exclaimed Sam. "Show it to Davy, an' he might slip you a dollar extry for it. Oh, he's a square shooter, this baby is! Look how he writes me clean out o' the next jam—interp'lates a scene specially for me, so's to establish another dealer in my place—just because I shed a couple o' teeth for him once! That's gratitude, that is! He's the best guy on this big lot—Davy MacWade—an' you can win a bet on it!"

II

THE Mammoth Film Corporation was all that the name implies, and more. One of the pioneer motion-picture plants of the West, its growth had matched, stride for stride, the astounding growth of the new amusement enterprise.

It began life with one producing director, who was also the camera man, and half a dozen actors, recruited heaven only knows how and where.

That pioneer director was not seriously annoyed with elaborate scenarios or scripts. He composed his stories as he went along, and what they lacked in coherence they made up in violent action on the part of the performers. In those raw days—not so far distant, if you remember—the moving picture was a new thing loose upon the world, and the more it moved the better people liked it.

The chase was invented. Somebody did something—and that was tragedy; or failed to do something—and that was comedy; but in either case the somebody was chased for it. Uphill, downhill, over obstacles or through them, first the panting victim, then the other members of the cast, winding up with the inevitable fat man who rolled down all the hills and fell into all the streams. It was the minimum of art and the maximum of motion—the heart and soul of the early film drama.

The Mammoth's first studio was a pitiful little affair which had once been a Chinese laundry. It expanded into a vacant lot, overlapped that in three directions, and at last took to the open country, with nothing but the brown California hills to set its boundaries. The lone director of the early days was multiplied by ten, then by twenty and finally by thirty. The six actors of the original stock company grew into a small army of men and women, recruited from the shops, the homes, the ranges and the stage—an army speaking a new language, playing a new and fascinating game, and leaning hard on a new industry for the necessities of life, such as canary-colored runabouts and palatial bungalows in the suburbs of Los Angeles.

Other film concerns, waxing fat on rich profits, adventured in Art with the largest kind of an A. They spent money lavishly on twelve-reel productions, each attempting to utter the last word in film drama; and some of these noiseless extravaganzas made money and some did not. The Mammoth's owners looked and listened, but steadfastly refused to be diverted from their original aim—namely, the economical manufacture of great quantities of film and the marketing of the same at a profit. Alien directors spoke slightingly of the Mammoth plant as "the film cannery," but the business men at the head of its affairs examined the semiannual balance sheet and were content to leave artistic experiments to their highbrow competitors.

Mammoth directors often spoke of Art—oh, my, yes! But at the same time they realized that their jobs depended upon the speed with which they ground out one, two and five reelers for the trade. In the eyes of the stockholders the most valuable director on the lot was not the one who burbled of Art, but the one who turned out the greatest quantity of salable goods in the shortest space of time; and thus we return, cross lots, to our plump little man in the natty green suit.

David MacWade was the star thrill shooter of the Mammoth staff. Anything out of the ordinary? Anything dangerous or difficult? Give it to Davy. Did the scenario call for a railroad wreck? Were there lions and tigers and leopards in the script? Must the ship drive on the rocks, the flood sweep down the valley, the aëroplane fall from the clouds, the automobile dash over the cliff? MacWade would manage to shoot the stuff somehow. Thrills were his specialty, his stock in trade; he had built a great film reputation upon them.

Nobody had ever heard MacWade denounce himself under the too elastic term of artist, and genius was a word not in his vocabulary. This was passing strange, for the plump little thrill merchant had been an actor in his time, appearing in everything from Shakspere to tank drama, and in every town hall west of Troy. His friends would never have believed it, but the one press clipping which he prized above all others was a yellowish slip from a Washington paper, commending his performance as Grumio in The Taming of the Shrew.

MacWade was proud of his histrionic achievements, and when he spoke of them—which was not often—he referred to himself as "a trouper." There were times when he applied the term to others, though sparingly and with a certain amount of reserve. When he wished to bestow the very highest praise upon a motion-picture actor he would say:

"If you stick with me I'll make a trouper of you yet!"

MacWade wasted very little shooting light in portraying the more delicate shades of human emotion; pastorals and pastels were out of his line, and fifty-foot close-ups of a leading man's dimple were never encountered in David's works of art. He painted his pictures with vigorous strokes—broad splashes of vivid color, laid on thick. Any man who could show his teeth and take a whipping without going to the hospital might play a MacWade heavy; any girl who dared to risk her neck often enough might be a MacWade star. One real thrill was worth a dozen glycerine tears upon the damask cheek of innocence; and while virtue was always rewarded in the last thousand feet of film, it had to earn that reward by winning a rattling good fight.

When MacWade turned his back on his gambling house he found himself in a cross-section of British East India, where the extra men wore turbans or pith helmets, and the punkahs stirred the branches of the imitation palms. The big open-air stage of the Mammoth plant made queer neighbors, and David did not waste more than a fleeting glance on the India stuff. It was no new thing to him, but he preferred the India of elephants and tigers and express rifles.

A few more steps carried him into the heart of Mexico, with its lazy peons and lovely señoritas, but still he did not pause. He had worn Mexico threadbare—shot it from the Rio Grande to the sea and left no thrill in all its borders. Then came a London slum, a New York pawnshop and a Wyoming dance hall, each reviewed at a leisurely footpace.

"Old stuff! Old stuff!" said David to himself.

Last of all he came upon a gilded café of the sort seen only in motion pictures, and here he halted to admire the richness of the "set," and to watch Travers Towne at his favorite occupation of staring the camera out of countenance. Towne was a temperamental young star who was permitted to direct the feature productions in which he appeared, and he was full of ideas about Art. His specialty was dress-coat drama. He had once asked to be billed as the John Drew of the films, and he changed leading women almost as often as he changed his clothes.

Towne was discovered seated at a table in the foreground, close—oh, very close—to the camera. He was elbow-deep in the wreckage of a rich repast, and save for one waiter yawning at a discreet distance he was alone on

the scene. Beyond the side lines or behind the camera the extra people were grouped—spindly young men in skimpy dress suits, and lovely young women in evening gowns, most of which bore the label of the Mammoth's wardrobe department. Towne bowed stiffly to David, for whom he felt no great amount of affection, and David returned the salute with a careless wave of the hand.

"All right!" said Towne. "Camera!"

The slave of the crank began to grind, and the John Drew of the films lifted his handsome head from his hands. Above the empty wine bottles he registered the skull-splitting remorse of the morning after—just barely registered it and that was all.

"Hold on!" he yelled, leaping to his feet. "Where's that music? Confound it! Have I got to tell you fellows everything? Play me something soft and—and sad."

He resumed his place at the table, and three shaggy musicians, located in a corner beyond camera range, began a melancholy air. The violin wailed, the cello groaned, the flute sighed windily; and under this rather dubious inspiration Mr. Towne offered his handsome features to the lens.

MacWade turned away to hide an amused grin, and it was then that he saw the girl. She was standing so close to him that he might have touched her; their eyes met, and she returned his smile with the frankness which comes of sharing the same subtle humor.

"I can laugh, young lady," said David, "but I'd advise you not to—that is, if you expect to finish this picture. Towne is rather sensitive."

"I was just wondering," said the girl, "what would happen if the violinist broke a string. Are all directors like this?"

"Well, no," answered David, "not all of them. Then you don't believe that music is an inspiration?"

"Oh, but I do," said the girl gravely. "This piece especially. I play it on the piano. It always inspires Stuffy."

"And who is Stuffy?" asked David.

"Stuffy is my fox terrier. He sits up and howls. If it has that effect on a dog ——" She paused and regarded David hopefully.

"It certainly should help an actor to put over a film headache," finished MacWade, and both laughed.

"You haven't done much picture work, have you?" asked David.

"None at all," said the girl, glancing down at her spangled gown. "I thought I would like to try it, and Mr. Towne was kind enough to say he might be able to use me for—for atmosphere." Again her eyes sparkled. "It sounds very important, but so far the experience has been disappointing. I've had nothing to do."

David chuckled. He was beginning to like this young person, so refreshingly different from the ordinary run of film-struck females. He paused to note that she was not more than twenty years of age, and of the athletic, out-of-door type not uncommon in Southern California. His professional eye told him that she would screen well, as the saying goes, and he thought her rather pretty, especially when she smiled. The time was coming when he would recall this first meeting and believe that he had seen much more in her.

"Atmosphere," he explained soberly, "is a term used by extra people. If you are working extra, and too proud to admit it, you say that you are 'doing atmosphere with So-and-so.' 'With' a director, you understand—not for him. It sounds like fifty a week at least, but all you get is three dollars a day."

The girl nodded.

"I had an uncle once," said she, "who was always hunting for a job; but when he found one he said that he had accepted a situation."

"Precisely the same thing," said David, and paused. He had seen Towne watching him from the other side of the stage, and though the John Drew of the films had shifted his gaze immediately there had been time to note a steely glint in his matinée-idol eyes. David, schooled to interpret human expression, picked a message out of the air, plain as print: "No Trespassing." He was fairly familiar with Towne's method of handling ambitious young women; it was really none of his business, but still ——

"I looked the extra people over this morning," said David, "but I don't remember seeing you."

"No," said the girl. "Mr. Towne asked me to report to him. I met him at a dinner party last week."

"Oh! And are you tied up for this whole picture?"

"Just for the café scenes," answered the girl.

"In that case," said David, "I think you'd better let me have your name and address. Oh, it's perfectly all right, I assure you. I forgot to say that I'm a sort of director myself. My name is MacWade, and one of these days I might have a part for you. The only thing I can really promise is that I won't call it 'atmosphere.'"

Later, as David was returning to his gambling house he encountered "Gabby" Trozier, who was also enjoying a brief respite from toil. Gabby was MacWade's camera man, team-mate and faithful friend. He would go anywhere or dare anything to shoot a picture with a thrill in it, and he knew his complicated "box" as a mother should know an only child. Many a director cast longing eyes at this husky and reckless youth, for a star camera man is as rare as a black pearl, and, like the pearl, worth anything one can afford to pay.

"I saw you!" began Gabby sternly. "Yes, I saw you, a-mashing of a strange dame!"

"No such thing!" growled MacWade.

"Well, you took down her name and address—right under Towne's nose too. What are you trying to do—steal the queen of the harem?"

"Nonsense!"

"All I hope," said Gabby, "is that you'll make a leading woman out of her. This Eileen Arlington person gets on my nerves, Davy. She does, for a fact. Look how she kicked on every stunt in the last picture—all easy ones too. She won't go through with this automobile stuff next week, you mark my words. Someone has been telling her that she can act. She thinks she's another Pickford, when all she's got is the curling iron. Now this new girl, Davy, she looks as if she might have a little sense. And it's a two-ace bet that she can swim like a fish."

"What makes you think that?"

"The line of tan on her shoulders. Sherlock Holmes, me! And say, if she can drive a car, you might use her to double Arlington in the auto stunts. One blonde looks pretty much like another."

"Arlington won't need a double."

"You think not? Just wait and see! Did you ask this new dame if she could drive a car?"

"No."

"Then it wasn't business at all, eh? Davy, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Wait a minute!" cried MacWade, between embarrassment and anger. "It's true that I didn't have any definite

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"Las' Time I Work in a Fight Scene for You, One of Your Cast-Iron Cops Knocks Out a Couple o' My Teeth. That's Realism, Ain't It?"

A TALK WITH PRESIDENT LI

By Samuel G. Blythe

IF THE United States of America is interested in keeping open the Open Door in China, as the United States loudly proclaims to be the case, it would be the part of wisdom for the United States to encourage its bankers and business men to pile some investment money against that door, thus making it more difficult for any other nation to shut the door because of the financial obstruction.

Or, to put it in different form, one way, and probably the better way, to preserve such integrity of China as is remaining and to keep China as free a field as possible for American enterprise—China, the last remaining industrial El Dorado—is for Americans to take a big hand in developing China.

To be quite frank about it, what China needs most is money invested in China to make real the vast wealth that is now potential; and if the United States does not furnish the money, Japan will. If Japan supplies the bulk of that money which, combined with the Japanese exactions already made and in the making, slams shut the Open Door, no American need apply.

It may be interesting to recall the first and only other time when I saw the present president of China. He was vice president of China at that time, living luxuriously, though somewhat restrictedly, in a palace on an island in a lake that forms a part of the scenery of that portion of the former imperial city that has been utilized for the presidential yamen since the republic came in. This palace was used by some prince or other—there is a story about one princely Manchu who was uxoriously done to death therein in the days of the Dowager Empress, the Old Buddha—and it clusters most picturesquely with its red roofs and corridors and summer houses on the island.

Isolated and Insulated

LI YUAN-HUNG, in his capacity as vice president to the ambitious Yuan Shi Kai, had been informed that it would be far better for him if he came to Peking and occupied this vice-presidential mansion. Yuan Shi Kai, as it appeared, was very fond of the vice president, and desired him near the presidential yamen, in order that he might consult with him from time to time. Also, Yuan was very fond of his own job; and he had wide knowledge of the Chinese character. Though Yuan in no way had a suspicion that Li Yuan-hung would connive in any manner for the elimination of his superior, still, Yuan had an idea that others might connive with Li; and to that end he put Li where the presidential eye might always be upon him—on an island, you understand, in a lake that fronted on the yamen where Yuan lived and which was constantly surrounded by Yuan's soldiers—an island in a lake, and a lake surrounded by a wall. Any person desiring to see Li must climb a wall and swim to the island. Wherefore no persons saw Li of whom Yuan was not advised.

To be sure, Li was at full liberty to go and come, but he did neither. He himself had a lively appreciation of President Yuan's great concern for the comfort of the two—Yuan and Li; and Li was moved, on occasion, to expatiate thereupon.

"The president," said Li, "is a most kindly and solicitous man. He is most regardful of my comfort and welfare. Why, he even provides all my servants and attendants. His men are all about me, attentive to my every want. They walk with me constantly, and they guard me both night and day; and, lest I shall see persons who might not be of my exalted rank, each visitor is scrutinized by Yuan's secretaries, and none but those who have his sanction is allowed to come. This kindness and concern overwhelms me. Who am I, thus to be held in such keen concern by the mighty Yuan Shi Kai, the president of China?"

They allowed me to go out and see Li one day, not quite two years ago; and I found him a fat and jolly person, taking his position philosophically, which proved him to be a philosopher indeed—imagine the quality of democracy that keeps a vice president in close custody for a space of years—and having entirely conventional views on all subjects. We talked of China and the United States—a fertile topic—and passed the compliments of the time and season. He was in no position to say anything of importance; and, though he was undoubtedly extremely bored by his lot, he did not show his ennui, and we had a lively hour together.

Then came the monarchial aspirations of Yuan Shi Kai, a most remarkable phase of all the remarkable phases of the republicanization of China, of which I shall tell the story one day. And presently Yuan Shi Kai got clumsily on the throne, which he was to occupy for but eighty-three days. Even in progressive China there is no such thing as a vice emperor, and Li Yuan-hung was without a job. So Emperor Yuan the First conferred on Vice President Li the title of Prince Wu Yi, and gave him a palace elsewhere, leaving the house on the island untenanted.

Li Yuan-hung, The President of China

Prince Wu Yi, still philosophical, moved to this other palace and settled down to being a prince, having, as they say, no ambition to become president of a restored republic, or emperor of a revived monarchy. He was sick and tired of the whole business, and he liked the ease and lack of espionage that came with being a prince, without the succession, as compared to the seclusion he had observed as vice president, who was a constitutional successor.

The monarchy lasted but eighty-three days, and Yuan became president again. That automatically made Li Yuan-hung vice president again. Soon afterward Yuan died, at nine o'clock in the morning of a June day last year. At eleven o'clock that morning, there being nothing else to do, Li Yuan-hung was sworn in as president. A short time afterward he moved to the presidential yamen; and there is where I had my talk with him.

A portion of the former Forbidden City, wherein the Manchu rulers dwelt, in Peking, has been reserved for the pensioned remnants of the imperial family. The remainder of it, composed largely of the various official palaces, is used for the presidential yamen. One goes through the Gate of the Republic, over which the new five-barred flag of China floats, and finds himself at the shore of the lake in which is the island on which Li Yuan-hung passed his years of seclusion. It is a pretty lake in the summertime; but now it looks like a flat and level expanse of dirt, for the ice is covered with snow, and the snow is incredibly soiled from the dust deposited by the duststorms that make Peking so jolly in the wintertime.

Skating is all the rage in Peking this winter, and the first thought of the visitor to the presidential yamen is that the president of China might have a whale of a skating place if he so desired. Apparently he is not so inclined, for the only ice that is cleared is a path about ten feet wide running straight across to the Inner Gate. The visitor has two choices of progress: He may get into a boxlike sled, which is inclosed like a Peking cart, and be pushed across by coolies; or he may go round the edge of the lake in a ricksha. The sleds were at the other side of the lake when we went to keep our appointment, and we rode to the Inner Gate in rickshas.

Mr. Quo Tai-chi caught up with Anderson and myself—Anderson, that brilliant American who talks Chinese and thinks in Chinese, and knows the Chinese, and is known of them so intimately and appreciatively—and the three of us plugged along to the Inner Gate, where a file of the presidential bodyguard presented arms and stood rigid until we had passed inside. Quo Tai-chi is the presidential secretary—the Joseph Patrick Tumulty of China—who was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and who is so youthful in appearance that he seems a boy. However, Quo Tai-chi is no boy. He is a Phi Beta Kappa man, was a star orator in Philadelphia, and has an American way of speaking and talking, and a good deal of an American viewpoint on things.

Two years ago, when I interviewed Yuan Shi Kai at the time the Japanese were pressing their twenty-one demands, we went first into a small room, in one of the outer buildings, that had served in the imperial days as one of the reception rooms of the Empress Dowager. This, on occasion, has been used as a reception room for the president, also, and the plan was to receive me there; but that was changed. There were shoals of black-silk-garmented Chinese messengers and others about. The head one, the chief usher, I take it, who wore a dark green uniform that looked as if it were of German design, asked for the third helping of cards. One must have plenty of cards when one goes out in China.

His Excellency at Close Range

OLD China hands have their names in Chinese, as well as in English, on their cards, and it was necessary for Anderson to write my Chinese name on mine. That formality over, we waited a few minutes and then started for the place where the president was to receive us. We walked past the lagoons where, when I was there before, the goldfish swam, and where now the dusty snow was piled, past soldiers standing on guard at every turning, until we came to the Foreign House. Sometime during the reign of the later Manchus, the Empress Dowager, or some emperor, was persuaded to build a foreign house, and some architect stuck up in the midst of that gorgeous cluster of fine, colorful, artistic Chinese buildings a perfectly typical and perfectly ugly replica of a French house, made of gray stone, and approached by a bridge along which stand, in a formidable row, twelve bronze gargoyles, six on a side, of the most hideous design I ever saw. It looked to me as if the French architect had taken his sculptural decorative designs from the top of Notre Dame. The Manchus wanted a foreign house, and they got one. It is perfectly and pretentiously and preposterously foreign in those surroundings, gray and square and unsightly.

As we went into the Foreign House we turned sharply to the right and entered a corridor, at the end of which stood a life-size crayon of the president, surrounded by a heavy frame—the president, in foreign clothes, as befitted a foreign house. The foreign clothes fitted the president about as well as the foreign house fitted its surroundings. He wore a frock coat, striped trousers, and held a silk hat gingerly in his left hand. He looked very stiff and uncomfortable in the picture; but apparently it is considered a work of art, for it has a place of honor.

We went into a big rectangular room, plastered in white, and with a red carpet. A long table, surrounded by straight backed chairs, constituted the only furniture. There was a red cloth on the table and the curtains were red. It was a bare and meager room. As I entered one door the president came out of another at the far end of the room. He walked forward to meet me, unattended. There were three in our party—Anderson, Quo Tai-chi and myself.

The last time I saw the president—when he was vice president—he was fat and smiling, and altogether comfortable in appearance. This time I noted that he had lost much of his flesh, that his face was grave, that there were lines on his forehead, and that he looked as if he wasn't so pleased over being president that he was chortling any about it. He wore the undress uniform of a field marshal in the Chinese Army, a simple khaki blouse and trousers, with no decorations or insignia of any kind save his gold shoulder straps.

Quo Tai-chi made the presentation and the president sat down in the chair at the end of the table, placing me on his right hand, his secretary next to me, and Anderson on his left. I had a good look at him.

His Excellency Li Yuan-hung is fifty-two years old, a squat, broad-shouldered, heavy man, of about five feet seven or eight. He used to be quite paunchy; but much of that paunch is gone, as was testified by the looseness of his blouse. It had fitted him when he was heavier. His hair is the intense black of the Chinese; his eyes are brown and heavy-lidded; his mustache black and sparse, but apparently conserved with solicitous care. His teeth are large and white and even, and he has a most engaging smile.

He sat stiffly erect, spoke without gesture, rapidly and in a low, soft voice.

The chief fact about His Excellency Li Yuan-hung is that he doesn't give a hoot about being president, and never has; which undoubtedly will make him a very good president. He didn't want to be vice president, either. In fact, most of the positions that have come to Li Yuan-hung have come to him against his will. They coerced him into the command of the revolutionary forces in the revolution of Wu-chang, and they forced him to take the vice presidency. Two or three times since he has been president he has had an inclination to quit, but each time has been held in place by his political advisers.

Li Yuan-hung is a good-natured, easy-going citizen; and this turmoil in which he lives in Peking, with its fanatical politics and its vast intrigue and all the unpleasant concomitants of Chinese politics, doesn't appeal to him. He likes his ease. Still he has successfully withstood various crises—one crisis bewilderingly succeeds another in Chinese politics—and probably will withstand many more. However, that isn't prophecy. It is merely speculation.

His main strength is a sort of cheerful and courageous democracy. His predecessor, and practically his jailer, Yuan Shi Kai, was in mortal terror of his life, possibly because he had killed so many men himself and knew how easily the trick of snuffing out a life in China is done. Yuan, in all the time he was president, never left the presidential yamen officially but once; and then he went to the Temple of Heaven through cleared and heavily guarded streets. During the remainder of his presidential life, and for the few days he was emperor, he stayed within doors, and had soldiers guarding every avenue of access to him.

Li has been out several times, going about in a most democratic manner. He went once to a review of the troops, taking his automobile, riding, with but a small guard, through the teeming streets of Peking; and when he reached the parade ground he took a black Mongolian pony and rode about the place quite as if he were an ordinary captain instead of the commander-in-chief and president in a country where the sublimation of politics is to gain a point by removing the human obstruction. Another time he went off by train to the graduating exercises of a military school. He has his nerve, whatever else they may say about him.

An Invitation

WE INDULGED in the usual compliments; and then, as is the formula in an interview with a Chinese high official, began to talk about relations between China and the United States—only the president talked much more to the point than the ordinary high Chinese official, whose idea is to say a few flowery nothings and drink a cup of tea with one.

"China looks to the United States," he said, "as a country coming fresh into the untrod paths of democracy must look to the greatest exemplar of democracy in the world. We consider the United States as our friend, our guide; and want the United States to be our supporting aid in our experiment in popular government. We confidently approach the United States, because the United States has proved to us that she is a real friend, not a friend seeking to convert China to her own uses. We know that the United States desires no part of China; has no covetous eye on any of our territory; does not seek to aggrandize herself at our expense. The United States has often enough proved her disinterested friendship for China; and we are grateful to the United States, appreciative, and believe in the absolute and honest and noncovetous concern your country has for mine.

"There have been many events to prove this; not the least of which, and the one we recall with profound gratitude, was the return of the Boxer indemnity, which has enabled China to send so many of her young men to your country to be educated and bring back to this country your modern ideas, which are so essential to our own progress as a democracy. Every young Chinese educated in the United States adds to our obligation to you.

The Chinese President and His General Staff

"It was the United States that enunciated the doctrine of the Open Door, by which China hopes to take, in the consensus of nations, the place her wealth of resource and her potential productivity entitle her to assume. The position of China is unique among the nations of the earth, and her peaceful needs are more pressing. We lack, in a large degree, that forward impulse which has made the United States so great a nation, because our manner of life and customs and education and thought have been along other lines for many centuries. Now that we realize our deficiencies, we also realize our necessities. What China must have, to make China what China has the potential power to be, is development of her innate productivity and development of her methods of transportation. In a word, coördinated and capitalized production and scientific and economical distribution. We need capital, not for the conduct of our governmental affairs, as is usually thought to be the case, not for administrative purposes, but for industrial development. The resources of China have not been touched as yet. The wealth of this country lies hidden in the ground. Our resources are practically untapped. Our productivity is unmeasured. Our energies are not loosed. We are tied to the past; and the only way the bonds can be cut is by the ax of capital.

The President Goes About in a Most Democratic Manner

"So, we look to the United States and say to the United States: 'Come to China, with your capital, and your men, and your energy and enterprise, and help us to take advantage of what we have. The benefit for you will be as great as the benefit for us.' We want the capital of the United States to come to China to develop our railroads, our mines, our water power, our iron and steel possibilities, our cotton, our manufactures.

"We have in China a territory as large, roughly, as the whole of the United States and Mexico; and in that country there live four hundred millions of people. And, as yet, we have less than six thousand miles of railroads. It is true that concessions for fifteen thousand additional miles have been held up by the war in Europe—French and English and Belgian and Russian and Japanese concessions—and it also is true that some enterprising Americans are about to begin the construction of some twenty-five hundred miles more; but, even so, the remaining opportunity is so vast and the possibilities of good return so great that it may well engage the attention of your financiers.

"We need iron and steel manufactures. We have the raw materials in abundance—the ore, the coal, the lime, and all the other necessities—in places where cheap transportation is available and production can be accomplished at economical cost. It has so turned out that the Hanyehping Plant is not controlled by China now; but, even if it were, there are deposits of iron ore in Kiang-su and in Anhua that rival those in richness and extent; and the development of these is awaiting the wise investment of the world. We have not the capital or the capabilities as yet. The outside world must help us develop these industries.

"A hundred million dollars put into the iron business in any of the three favorable places that exist in the provinces I have mentioned would make a China Steel Company possible that would be a formidable rival to the United States Steel Company; for production here would be cheaper than in your country.

"China has copper in abundance, and other great mineral deposits. China has other vast mineral resources. China can grow all the cotton needed to supply her cotton-clad population, and spin it, too, if the mills were here. China has agricultural possibilities that are as immense as her territory. We need capital. We ask the United States to supply that need."

The President of China at a Military Review

Capital the Best Door-Stop

THE president paused, took up his cup of tea, and drank slowly. Then he turned and faced me. He was grave and earnest.

"It must occur to any person who gives the matter thought," he said, "that the most potent guaranty of a future Open Door in China will come from the liberal investment of American capital in China. If American capital will come to China and develop China there will be no need for either the search for or the forced acceptance of other capital, and none of the obligations will be entailed on China that will go hand in hand with other capital.

"No nation in the world is so well equipped as the United States to do this work, and in no other nation is the good will, the unselfish good will, so greatly in our favor. No other nation in the world is so rich as the United States. No other nation in the world will do this work in the way we feel the United States will do it, if the United States can be brought to undertake it with no ultimate design on the sovereignty of China, and no aggrandizement in mind."

This laid the groundwork for the crux of the president's message to the United States, and gave me the basis for the interpretation that begins this article.

"If," said the president, speaking with great deliberation, "the United States desires to preserve the Open Door in China, the sure and safe and practical and profitable way to keep the door open is for the United States to invest its money in the development of China—for the United States to do that, and not for any other nation to do it."

(Concluded on Page 71)

A Story With a Happy Ending

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

MR. LEONARD PRICE was a colonel of business. Offices have grades as definite as the army—generals, who own things; colonels, who manage them; smart young lieutenants, who will be senior officers some day; and the ranks of the nameless. Price believed that all these differences were entirely due to innate ability. He liked to talk about "natural-born executives"; and he secretly—though modestly—believed that such was his caste.

But he did not rub it in. He was pleasant to work for. He was a good-looking, ruddy professional bachelor, with a gray mustache. He was the general manager of the Motor Accessories Department of the Magnus Machining and Electric Company, of New York; and under him the department had grown from a machine shop located in a tin shed and manufacturing a few shock absorbers, to the most important part of the Magnus concern. Price admitted that most of this growth had been due to the boom in automobiles; but he did congratulate himself that much of it was the result of his ability as chief.

He had been his own sales manager at first—yes, and salesman and accountant. He had taken the first shock absorbers out on the road and sold two hundred of them to a man in overalls who was building "horseless carriages" that looked like startled pullets and ran like perambulators. Nowadays he was a colonel, and had a crack regiment.

Just when the regiment was maneuvering at its best he had to stop and fill water bottles and polish buttons for a cub subaltern, who was not only ignorant of drill but was also—a woman!

II

MAGNUS came to him—rabbity, capable Old Magnus, the president—and implored:

"Mr. Price, I have a great favor to ask."

Magnus tapped on the tablet of Price's desk and looked humble, so that Price knew he was about to make an unusually unfair demand.

"My wife's second cousin," said Magnus, "has just lost her husband. She is a bright little woman, bright as a dollar, and the wife wants us to give her a job."

"She had any business training?" asked Price.

"Well, no—uh—but she's very capable."

"Um! You see, Mr. Magnus, way I feel is, office is no place for women. Trouble with them is, they can't create. Just imitative. And they're natural-born intriguers and flirts. Instead of taking a job and carrying it, like a man, they try to shift it onto some goat of a man. Office is no place for any woman above the grade of stenographer; and, honestly, even the female stenogs. are bad enough—shystering and making the same mistake over and over ——"

"Yes, yes," purred Magnus; "of course, as a crusty old bachelor—hee! hee!—you have to knock women. But—uh—well, Mrs. Magnus has wished this lady onto us—Mrs. Arroford, her name is, wife's second cousin—and I'm afraid we'll have to take care of her till—hee! hee!—some other man marries her. She's a pretty, plump little widdy, by jinks, and young; and ——"

"Couldn't you try her out in your own department?"

"Mrs. Magnus thought that castings and drills would be kind of heavy wares for the little woman to handle; and Mrs. Magnus said she was sure you would be kind to her ——"

"Oh; all right! And you say she's young and pretty? If she were only an old hex!"

Before Mrs. Arroford presented herself at his office Price worked himself up to a beautiful frenzy about her. He received sympathy from his sales manager at lunch, and both of them snortled about bosses' wives' second cousins and "pull." They rather disregarded the fact that about forty per cent of people get their jobs through pull, though afterward most of them hold the jobs only by real work; in fact, they weren't philosophical at all, but glared into their mixed grills and consigned women to different places—none of these places in offices.

In a few days Mrs. Arroford's card was sent in to Price—an engraved card, in delicate script.

She was a gray squirrel of a young woman, with black interested eyes, with furs, and a charming roundness. Her hat and boots and gloves were expensively smart; her cheeks were flushed; she bounced slightly in the dull office chair—and she didn't know a single solitary thing of any value to the Motor Accessories Department. "I have never been trained in business," she said; "but I was quite successful in managing a church fair in Mt. Vernon."

Price groaned.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Do you want a real job or do you want a way to pass the time?"

"I have to support myself—or I shall have to when the insurance money is gone."

She was quiet and simple about it. She didn't shed tears or act as though she went the rounds being "brave about her troubles."

"Will you do what I tell you to?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Um! Well, I suppose for a while I can keep you halfway busy correcting our list of supplies. You compare the proofs with the annotated typewritten schedules. But, you know, I'll scalp you if you let a single error slip through!"

He smiled.

He tried to make it a chill November smile, but he couldn't feel very bleak, with her so soft and eager. And she replied, with the earnestness of a good child:

"Oh, yes; please do."

"Meantime I want you to study stenography and typewriting as though you were an ambitious cash girl. I want you to learn it, and learn it right—study all evening and every Sunday—either take classes or get private instruction, or buy your books and grind by yourself. There isn't—of course you understand I'm just speaking generally—there isn't much place for women in business, even with all this suffrage and Lord knows what folderols; and it is up to a woman who wants a career to learn to serve in every possible way."

"Oh, yes; I know. I can see that if I'm ever going to be an executive I must first ——"

"A what? Well, I'm afraid we'll have to wait a while to see about that. Executives are—well, born."

"Say, it Always Strikes Me as Funny, the Way You Women That Think You're Business Women are Afraid to Go to Dinner and a Show, Like I Asked You To"

"Yes," she said, so obediently that it sounded like "Oh, yes, sir."

"Huh!" considered Price when she had gone. "Not a bad little woman at all! Seems willing and well bred. But women in an office! Stuff and nonsense! Here I'll give her the benefits of a lifetime's experience, and she'll say 'Yes!' And then she'll get married again just as she begins to be useful. Well, we'll watch the good ship Flivver, with its lady pilot, wreck itself on the rocks of good intentions; in fact, I think I'll take Billy out and make him buy me a drink."

III

MRS. ARROFORD, of Mt. Vernon, undoubtedly had good intentions; but they did not seem to be rocks in her way. She must have studied stenography during all of her spare time, for after two months, when Price's secretary became ill, she offered to take his dictation—and took it. She spelled accessories with an adequate number of c's and s's, and she didn't fidget when he was pawing the air for words; and she found the addresses of motor manufacturers in the files without bothering him about them. So she became his secretary permanently.

He discovered that she had moved into a furnished room in town, and that she was taking evening courses in applied electricity, metal forging, accountancy and cost-finding. And every Saturday afternoon she spent in the Magnus shops, till she knew almost as much about the actual manufacture of Magnus accessories as did Price himself. She became paler and less round of cheek, and her voice was more nervous; but when Price told her that she was doing excellent work and ought to take more time to play, she said that, in moving into town, she had deliberately got out of touch with all the neighborhood friends of her Mt. Vernon days. For relaxation, she said, she went to the Y. W. C. A. for a swim.

Ten years ago, this was; and even to-day women are accidents in business, except for certain classes—stenographers, store buyers, nurses, teachers. Mrs. Arroford had no standard, as has the young male, who can in half a city block find a dozen business men after whom he can, wisely or foolishly, model himself. She was enormously alone. And before she could work at all she had to learn what work itself was, for she had been brought up to regard work as the elegant supervision of a Lithuanian maid.

Picture her walking home after two hours of work at a forge, in the evening, less wearied by the toil than by shrinking from the noisy young men who had been working beside her and dutifully seeking to discover whether she would let them make love to her; walking home tired in arms and brain, yet plowing sturdily along, keeping her eyes away from shop windows, so that she might not be interrupted in her reflection upon the modifications that might some day be necessary in the Magnus carburetor for the use of distillate.

At a time when Price had never thought of distillate as a substitute for gasoline she had read about it in some dusty chemical journal or other, and had talked about its possible use to him—and he pooh-poohed her; told her:

"You mustn't pay any attention to these freak enthusiasms."

She was walking home while Mr. Price was playing a last game of bezique at the club and fondly looking forward to bed.

She neither went out to lunch, nor did she eat her apple and sandwich with the gossiping, man-discussing stenographers. She lunched alone, with a newspaper propped up behind the bag that held her lunch, on the tablet of her desk; then she walked for a quarter of an hour and got acquainted with motor salesmen in a sexless, enthusiastic, friendly way that made them respect her.

There was a danger in this severe, clean application of hers, but it was exactly the opposite danger of what Price had feared; she was not disrupting the office by kittenish flirtations, but, rather, she was in peril of losing all her soft, adorable kitten quality; of becoming hard and driving and priggish; of hating too much the grace and affection to which she had been reared.

Two little incidents marked her climb to a control of the situation.

There was a certain Mac, a slender, impudent young man with a tilted Alpine hat and a cocked cigar, who used to come in to see Price. He would lean against railings and make love to the

office girls. He said to Mrs. Arroford, after repeated attempts to impress his Apollolike charm on her:

"Say, little girl, it always strikes me as funny, the way you women that think you're business women are afraid to go to dinner and a show, like I asked you to. You think that's being strong-minded. Why, you're simply afraid! Can't trust yourselves! Now a business man knows that if he can keep on the job only by showing he's so weak that he's scared ——"

Mrs. Arroford replied in a high, clear voice that reached the telephone girl: "Why, Mr. MacLafferty, I quite agree with you. That isn't why I refuse your invitations. I'd be delighted to play with anybody I liked. But I don't like you. You bore me. Now go make love to somebody else till Mr. Price can see you."

Mac heard a good deal of that incident.

The other indication of Mrs. Arroford's progress was her illegal and inexcusable taking charge of the entire department for a week.

Price had a kind of an assistant general manager, a nice, strong young man who was about as original as a train announcer; and with this lamb and the sales manager he was motoring on the Boston Post Road, trying a new-model spark plug—and some new-model gin drinks—when a joy rider smashed into them; and all the visible heads of the Motor Accessories Department were taken home to their several beds. None of them was seriously injured, but they were away for a week, and just at this time the assistant sales manager came to Mrs. Arroford for an O. K. on a sale of ten thousand of the new spark plugs.

She refused. Nor would she call up Price; he had sent in word that he was not to be bothered. She had understood Price to say that he wanted to hold up these plugs—not let them out on the market for two months. The assistant sales manager snarled at her that he would make the sale, anyway; he had had no such orders. Mrs. Arroford went to Magnus and demanded—she did not ask, but, with her eyes vehement, like a cornered squirrel, she absolutely demanded—that Magnus order the sale held up.

"But who's running the department, Cousin Nancy?" inquired Magnus.

"I am! I know more about it than anybody else!"

"Well! . . . Well, I guess you are, then."

When Price came back he praised her decision and raised her salary.

After this triumph Mrs. Arroford settled back into obscurity—apparently. Really, she had become an unofficial assistant manager of the department. There are many such unofficial officials in the bureaus of our business government: men who have risen from office boy or packer, and still retain a shabby shyness, but know so much more about the business than most of the decorative heads that they run the concern. But they get neither kudos nor cash. They are not executives; they merely execute.

So was it with Mrs. Arroford. To the eye she was a pretty woman, tired and subdued. But she was left to handle important visitors, and she did not falter: "I don't know—I'll have to ask Mr. Price." She did know!

Unconsciously, still believing that she was only a feeble feminine makeshift for an aide, Price had come to depend on her as his eyes and ears and memory.

He had been kind to her. He had not nagged; he had taken her version of events; he had not slighted her in the presence of big outside visitors; he had guided her in her study of mechanics and office procedure. And he had never tried to hold her hand! He was still rather paternal and quizzical when she was excited over a new idea; but he was courteous always.

In return, she worshiped him—no, she did more than that; she really liked to take his dictation! She wasn't crotchety when he wanted her to stay after hours, and she personally mailed his late letters. When he slacked she covered up his errors and put them down in her mind to the strain of his position. Even when she had to keep after him to get him to dictate a letter that should have been sent out two days before, it never occurred to her that she was anything other than the colonel's striker.

So she followed him zealously into the battles of the second great period of the motor war: the time when people ceased to regard the motor car as a luxury or an experiment, and saw it as a daily necessity.

IV

WHEN the discerning historian of 3000 A. D. writes of this century he will give less space to the Great European War than to the development of gas motors. Already, incredibly, the motor vehicle has changed the face of the earth. It sends the most stodgy city dweller into places where he can find wisdom and fresh air; it has solved that ancient problem of the desolation of the farm. It has transformed the ways of pleasure—it has even changed the life-old ways of love-making! Though poets still call our attention to roses, a poetry more magnificent is being sung about us by popping—or sliding—valves.

A Yacht Was Fleeing Up the Hudson, its Searchlight Shifting Over the Snowy Heights

Something of this romantic miracle was realized in the humdrum offices of the Magnus Machining Company. Till now people had—most of them—taken motor cars as they came. You bought a car, and it was hung all over with accessories; and you never thought of changing it. You didn't know how. But now ordinary motorists began to be discriminating about spark plugs, radiators, shock absorbers, speedometers, oil gauges; and to add them or change them to suit themselves. Magnus and Price, between them—possibly with some slight assistance from certain workmen and people like Mrs. Arroford—made good accessories, and got them out on time. So their business boomed enormously.

Price rose from colonel to brigadier general of business; his salary rose from nine thousand to fifteen thousand—almost painlessly—and promised to go higher. He was constantly in conference with the sales manager; jobbers and special dealers in accessories had come into existence, and their accounts were as important as those of the smaller manufacturers. Price was growing.

But it seems probable to the historian that he wasn't growing in the right direction. He was too contemptuous of detail.

You hear of executives who are geniuses at delegating details; who keep themselves for the big decisions. But every decision is a synthesis of many details, and there is yet to be found even an executive who can walk up a long, a very long flight of stairs without touching some of the steps.

Price was, for example, bored by the question of whether the new Macklin & Macklin Company should be allowed to open an account. He was rather tart with the accountant who consulted him on the question at a time when he was planning a campaign to get the Viviere people to adopt the Magnus carburetor as a stock feature. Only—the Macklin account was opened, and it netted Magnus a dead loss of seven thousand dollars before it was caught; while the Viviere negotiations gave one revolution, sputtered, and went dead. . . . An executive isn't one who neglects details. He is a man who knows which details are significant. And usually Price did know; but ——

Perhaps he was getting a little tired of year on year of grind. While Mrs. Arroford every day was more exultant in her power to steer the job.

This growing tiredness on the part of Price was indicated by his increasing love of expansive ease; of all the things that go with a well-to-do middle-aged bachelorhood—long lunches, with long cigars; hotel bars, with leather chairs and carved-oak grills; club card rooms; taxis; recognition by head waiters. But he really did know motor accessories. And perhaps his very habit of being about with costly, large-waistcoated, throaty-voiced gentlemen helped him; for at a dinner he met and unconsciously made an impression upon Vorhees, the gun manufacturer, and so came to be chosen for the Big Job.

Vorhees offered him the general managership of the new Pistoflash Company, with the entire Vorhees Rifle Corporation behind it; offered him a free rein in the business, a salary of twenty thousand a year on a two-year contract, and a ten per cent share of stock after the two years if he made good.

The Pistoflash was a combination of revolver and flashlight. It was, Vorhees asserted, the one perfect weapon for the touring motorist—Price's special quarry—as well as for policemen and alarmed householders.

"I think," said Vorhees, "you ought to be able to sell one to practically every motorist in the country; and we use a special long-life battery, and get follow-up business on that."

"You're on!" said Price.

To work for his own share in the company; to work for himself—not just for rabbity old Magnus! He said good-by to the Magnus offices somewhat grandiloquently; much like a popular preacher "called to a wider field of usefulness."

He was buoyant with his friend, Billy Turner, the sales manager, who was to be his successor as general manager. He was polite but not too regretful with Magnus. He was noble-minded with the stenographers, the foremen. Then, in his office, with his personal letters cleared out of his desk, and his private fountain pen recovered from behind the files, where it had been marooned and practically useless these three months, and with his deerstalker hat and bachelor's tan overcoat and new yellow chamois gloves ready to put on, he started to be advisory and kindly with Mrs. Arroford.

Now that he was no longer to have her deft care, he realized how dear to him was the daily office companionship of this woman. She stood before him, eyes downcast, hands nervously straightening a wire basket on his desk. Her foreshortened face was pale but clear; her lips were the fresh lips of a girl. He was saying:

"Well, I'll be leaving you in good hands, Mrs. Arroford. Billy Turner will make a good chief. No reason why you shouldn't rise above this secretaryship. I don't believe that offices are just the place for women; but there must

be some exceptions, of course, and I don't see why you shouldn't become a sort of assistant manager some day. Got lots of faith in you, child. The one thing you want to watch out for is getting too wildly enthusiastic over novelties—new customers and patents, and so on. Thing's got to have a good, sound, practical basis, first of all. Well——"

"I'm sorry you're going," she said dully.

She was leaning against the desk. Her hand was trembling a little; the wire basket she was fingering clattered faintly on the oak top.

Then it was that he saw her not just as a tool, a rather intelligent notebook or pencil, but as a woman, with dear eyes and a smile that had made of the office a place of contented work. He visualized her woman ways; knew that he would miss her trick of sitting, waiting with brooding eyes and with cheek resting on inward-arched fingers, when they were interrupted during dictation.

He leaped up.

"You look tired. Sit down—please do! I'm a brute to let you go on standing there. Didn't mean to be rude. Got so used to depending on you as an aide that I suppose I forgot you're a mighty fine girl too."

"No; I'm not tired," she sighed. "Good-by!"

She turned resolutely away and opened the door of his office. He might not see her again; not ever see that sturdy retreating back, at which he had looked a thousand times as she had gone off with his dictation, and which had, therefore, meant to him a thankfulness that some beastly pile of work was done and now in her competent hands.

"Don't—don't go yet!" he begged.

She looked back; he was startled by the glow in her eyes, then equally startled by the suddenness with which a mask of office impersonality covered the glow, so that she seemed merely to be awaiting orders.

"Will you miss me?" he said.

He was essentially a lonely man, who had happened never to fall very much in love—just as he had happened to become an executive. He was reminded now that there was such a thing as love, and he was challenging the evanescent glow which had flashed at him from her face. Not that glow but the office mask answered him:

"Yes, I am sure we'll all miss you. Mr. Giddings and I were saying, just now, that there could never be such esprit de corps as ——"

"Oh, hang the corps! Will you miss me?"

"Why"—as if in surprise at this breach of office etiquette—"I shall, of course. I've got so used to your dictation."

"I suppose this serves me right for making you a machine. Look! Come out to tea with me. Now!"

He felt a stirring in him, an eagerness to know what that glow meant, a discovery that he had insensibly grown very fond of her; and he was disappointed when she said unenthusiastically:

"Very well; if you wish."

They didn't talk much on the street; but he planned, once they should be snugly seated, to throw aside all the slight severity of being her boss and make her exult with him in his discovery that they were friends. But when they were in the smart hotel tea room he was unable to find anything to say to her. The best he could do in the way of affectionate intimacy was to stammer: "Well—uh—well, we've had a good deal of fun working together."

"Yes," she said more prosily than ever.

There was between them, not glow and discovery but the peculiarly solid phantom of a peculiarly solid oak desk, and three years of such amorous murmurs as:

"Say, Mis' Arroford, could you get out a letter P. D. Q.?"

They talked—now when he wanted to make a touching farewell—they talked of the appearance of the brass name plate on the new carburetor! He saw her anew as a woman, an attractive woman. He tried to drop notes of tenderness into the conversation. But she went on discussing brass stamping.

She looked at her watch, which had been a timepiece to him before, but was now a slender bracelet on a sentimentally white round wrist, and exclaimed:

"Heavens! It's five o'clock. And I have two hours' more work. Must have your records ready for the new chief."

"Wouldn't you like to consider coming with me to the Pistoflash Company? I need you for my secretary there."

"No—you have been good to me, but I've identified myself with auto accessories so completely now that I can't turn to anything else. I've—I'm married to them. . . . I must hurry now."

He had no excuse for returning to the office with her. He had done complete justice to a Washingtonian last farewell to his troops. So he put her on a bus, and felt that he had lost the chance to acquire something fine and good. He walked slowly to his club.

He called up the Magnus office and suggested to his successor, the former sales manager, that he come down to the club for a last drink and talk.

The purpose of this talk—and drink—wasn't to give his friend the benefit of his wisdom. It was to insert casually the hint that though, of course, they both knew that women were out of place in business, yet Mrs. Arroford was the best man in the shop, and it would be for the good of the concern to advance her beyond a secretaryship.

"Let's see," Price craftily mused: "you're raising your old assistant to sales manager and you haven't chosen his successor. This is butting in—just a suggestion; but why don't you just try out Mrs. Arroford as assistant sales manager? Send her out on the road for a while, and then try her? I've watched her for three years, and I'll bet a hat she knows more about the stock and the quirks of a lot of the trade than either you or me, Billy. She can handle the crankiest customer ——"

"By golly, that's a good idea!" said Price's successor. "I'll try her out. Though, of course, a woman ——"

"Oh, of course you couldn't expect any woman ordinarily to stand the hard knocks like you and me, Billy; but still ——"

V

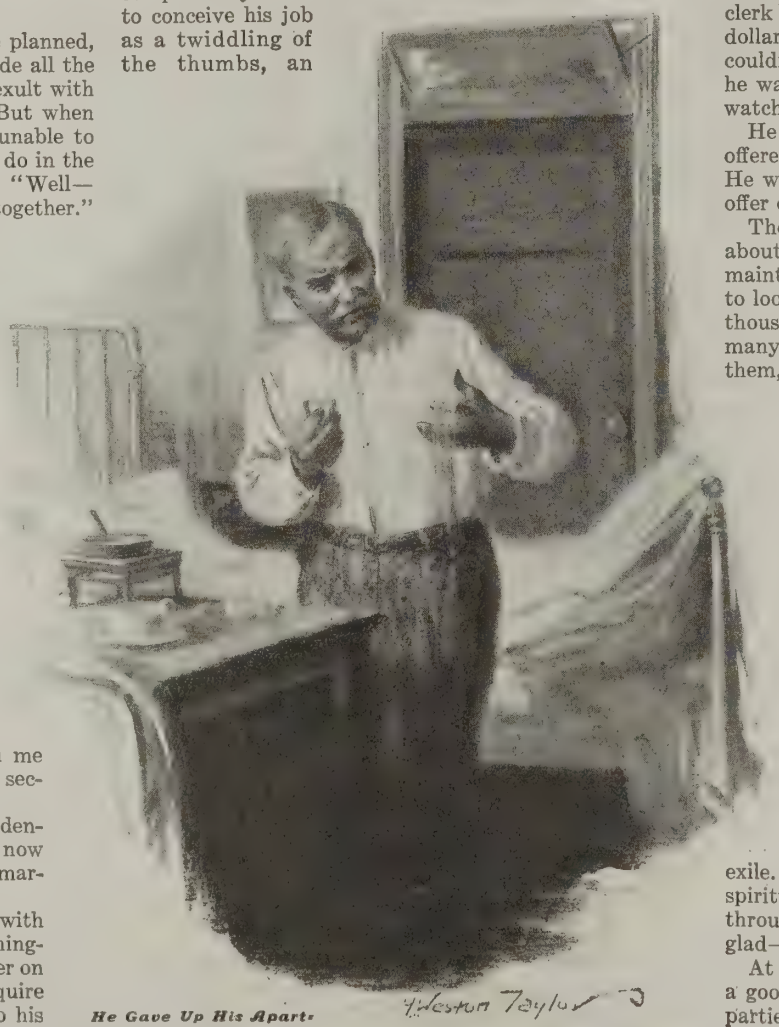
IF PRICE could have gone to the Pistoflash Company as a subordinate, could have worked slowly into the gun business, he might have learned something about it; but he arrived with a fanfare of trumpets, as the big executive who already knew all about executing—executing almost anything.

They had provided an obliging young man to insulate him from anybody who wanted to annoy him with details. He didn't need to see a single employee except his secretary, the factory superintendent, the purchasing agent and the advertising man; and as for the powers above him, he was responsible to no one but the board of directors. Officially Vorhees, the majority stockholder, was president of the company; but he interfered as little with the actual workings as though he was only chairman of the board.

With such a royal position ready made, Price could not help sliding into a notion that he was rather above the average run of business men. He was the executive; whatever he did, that must be right. His decisions were papal bulls.

They all encouraged him in that belief. He had come to them as the expert, the man who was to make Pistoflash sell. It wasn't his fault entirely—he really was a pleasant chap and popular at the club—if he felt that it wasn't necessary for him to study things minutely. He kept himself for the big decisions.

As he didn't know much about the business, those big decisions didn't consume any too much of his time. He complacently came to conceive his job as a twiddling of the thumbs, an agreeable siesta in his enormous chair, and frequent absences from the office during work hours, while the anxious young men of the company wrote the advertisements or tried to persuade the jobbers to take large consignments of Pistoflashes.



He Gave Up His Apartment, Took a Two-Room Suite, and Cooked His Own Breakfasts

It was easy; and Vorhees said nothing—except that at the end of the first year he murmured:

"Price, after your experience with auto accessories, I'd thought you'd make a more direct appeal to individual motorists—good way to get the Pistoflash introduced. Seems to me you let the jobbers do too much of your pushing. Fish for the direct consumers. You ought to know them, if anybody does. The people who buy cars and speedometers and cameras and phonographs, they're the ones that can afford to buy Pistoflashes. Spend whatever is necessary in national advertising."

Price was rather jarred by the criticism and tried to profit by it. He turned his publicity department upside down that second year and made a real advertising campaign—well, fairly real, but not quite alive and breathing. He did not follow it up by getting at the small local dealers, and by this time the oversolicited jobbers were bored by Pistoflash.

His first year had resulted in a loss to the company; the second year increased that loss.

He began to realize that he was up against it for the first time since he had been a cub salesman; up against the reality of struggle. But he was unable to shake off the hypnotic spell of sloth into which he had drifted. There was no one to stir him. He remembered how Mrs. Arroford, as his secretary, had always roused him to activity. Even when he had not been ashamed to be indolent before himself, he had been ashamed to be so before her trusting eyes.

He wanted to see her—have her inspiration. He asked his successor at Magnus' about her and found that she had made good as assistant sales manager; that she was in line for sales manager, and was none the less valuable because, as a woman, she was a novelty. He asked for her home phone number; rang her up once at home and once at the Magnus office, planning to call. She was away both times.

He gave her up—gave himself up to the despair of mental beach combing.

His peril was increased by the expensiveness of his establishment and habits. He had a large apartment, a Jap, dinner parties, two cars, occasional vintage champagne. He had saved out of his considerable salary only seven thousand dollars at the end of that second year, when Vorhees and the board of directors called him in and fired him as uninterestedly as though he were an impudent office boy.

VI

HE HAD, for the first time in twenty years, to hunt a new position like a young clerk, not like an executive for whose services firms contested; in fact, the job-hunting clerk had the better of it, for Price was a twenty-thousand-dollar man now and he couldn't take a position at less; he couldn't even visibly economize without admitting that he was a failure, on the downslope. So many eyes were watching him ——

He told himself that he wouldn't take the first thing that offered; he would wait and choose. He waited, all right! He waited four months; and he did not receive a single offer of any kind from any firm.

They were bitter months. At first, he enjoyed sitting about the club all day. Vorhees had permitted him to maintain the fiction that he had "resigned from Pistoflash to look after interests of his own." Inasmuch as twenty-thousand-dollar men are never fired, but always "resign," many fellows at the club were a little cynical; most of them, however, in view of his unreduced expenditures and his ruddy blandness, believed the jolly tale and envied him his armchair leisure. But behind his well-trained face muscles he wasn't comfortable. He worried. He kept making estimates as to how long he could hold out at this rate of living.

He became bored by idleness. What had been a refuge from business was infernally dull as a regular abiding place. To drift all day from library to grill to card room, and then to go out for a poky walk through undiversified streets, or even to sneak into a movie—that existence was more arduous than the stress of anxiety during the most critical days of Magnus Accessories.

Price began to meditate about himself. He remembered his business career as a series of half-done tasks, half-seized opportunities, half-understood purposes, half-lying self-satisfaction. He felt that he had been a plain shyster at the Pistoflash Company. He longed for another chance to make good; less and less he saw himself as a Napoleon in exile. But unfortunately no one else could see this real spiritual change, and a bad reputation of him had crept through the circle of automobile men who might have been glad—once—to give him the chance.

At the end of four months, during which he had used up a good deal of his seven thousand dollars in small smart parties and a general attempt to appear more prosperous

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Glenmere White Monarch and the Gas-House Pup

By R. G. Kirk

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

More Than a Thousand Men Sat, Whispering, Waiting in the Shadow Back of the Low Fence

MC DONALD'S Grip and Mr. Slugs O'Boyle had just rounded the northeast corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street when the White Monarch's limousine drew up to the curb; and, simultaneously with the opening of the door of the car, the leash in Mr. O'Boyle's huge fist snapped rigid. And the White Monarch of Glenmere, stepping lazily down from his car, suddenly turned solid in his tracks.

Miss Audrey deHavin screamed and caught her skirts up about her so hastily and high that approximately ten dollars' worth of golden silk hosiery flashed into the view of an appreciative metropolis.

Mr. Forsythe Wentworth deHavin, who was handing her out of the Monarch's car, called out a command in a voice of mezzo-tenor sternness.

"I say, fellow," he said loftily, "hold more tightly to your leash there! You'll have your beastly cur upon the Monarch in a moment."

Mr. A. Beckwith deHavin, III, however, dashed out of the auto, past his expostulating brother and sister, and did something. He snatched up the White Monarch of Glenmere just as Mr. O'Boyle, with a sneer on his thin lips, allowed the Gas-House Pup to jerk the leather out of his hand. But, instead of meeting in the snowy coat of the Monarch, the teeth of the leaping dog clicked in the air. A quick twist of the lithe waist of the third Beckwith deHavin had swung his burden back of him, and the hurtling brindle-and-white flash carried past, right into the Monarch's car through the open door, which was slammed quickly shut, leaving the Grip alone, confounded, and perhaps a little frightened in strange quarters, somewhat more luxurious than his box of straw in the Interborough Gas Company's stables.

"'Beastly cur,' huh?" Mr. Slugs O'Boyle was snarling into the faces of Miss Audrey and Mr. Forsythe deHavin, as Mr. A. Beckwith replaced the squirming Monarch on the sidewalk. "Fat chance for your white snob to get a champeenship in there to-day if I had only turned the 'beastly cur' loose to pasture on him a second sooner. His champeenship!" And his mouth went wry with scorn. "Of what? Of a thousand stalls of milk-fed pussy-hounds. Where a pit bull, such as is all dog, ain't even allowed to bench!

"B'Chees, I believe the bunch of you stuffed shirts is afraid to let your candy pups go up agin a honest pit terry, even in the show ring, let alone the pit, for fear the judge would get his eye full wanst of a honest-to-God dog!

"'Beastly cur,' huh?" he repeated, and his lips pulled away from some broken teeth. "Wot's his name? Champeen Pure White Percy'd be my guess. There's just wan place where champeens is made—the pit! And him! In the pit!"

And Mr. Slugs O'Boyle, in his contempt, puckered up his mouth and thrust out his chin toward the spot where the White Monarch of Glenmere was sniffing very doggily at the lower crack of his car door, and looking back questioningly over his shoulder at A. Beckwith deHavin, with that certain uptilt of chin and backroll of eyes which have been patented for bulldoggy use the wide world over.

An ugly stain splashed out on the Monarch's perfectly groomed coat. Upon which Miss Audrey deHavin screamed again, horrified; and it was she, this time, who caught up the heavy animal, careless of the moist smear of my Lady Nicotine against the yellow silk of her sport coat.

Mr. Forsythe Wentworth deHavin, true to form, also did something useless.

"I owe your ugly brute an apology, my dear but filthy mucker," said this narrow-chested gentleman. "I should have called the animal on the other end of your dog's leash a beastly cur."

And he raised his light walking stick backhanded over his shoulder.

Mr. Slugs O'Boyle grinned crooked amusement. He laid the back of his left hand along his right cheek, hunched his broad back, lowered his chin on his chest, and drew back his right arm a trifle. The switching cane would have found only the button of his tight-pulled cap uncovered; and the "counter" trembling in that right arm would have laid Mr. Forsythe Wentworth deHavin on the social shelf for as many weeks as it would have taken his dentist to make up the necessary bridges.

But A. B. deHavin, III, tapped his knuckles briskly on his brother's soft biceps, and the cane fell to the sidewalk.

"You were about to say, when you accidentally spat on my dog ——" inquired the third A. Beckwith of Mr. O'Boyle.

"I was sayin,' when I spit on your dog ——" began Mr. O'Boyle, emphasizing the omission.

"I'm sure you'll pardon my interruption," said Mr. deHavin with utmost suavity; "but you were saying, when you accidentally spat on my dog ——" And he reached back into the tail of his coat with a very careless but deliberate gesture.

Mr. O'Boyle had looked often enough into the eyes of gentlemen in the other corner of the squared circle to be a fair judge of what he saw there. But he looked now into the eyes of the best poker player at the Glenmere Hunt Club—which, as you may be aware, is not an inconsiderable distinction—and he could learn absolutely nothing in their pale gray depths about the deliberate hand menacing under those immaculate coattails. It was daylight in the very heart of New York; so, surely —— But the eyes were hard—very hard.

"When I 'accidentally' spit on your dog," repeated Mr. Slugs O'Boyle, putting a contemptuous accent on the word, but using it, nevertheless, "I was sayin' that any champeenship he ever got would last him about three minutes in the pit with the best dog that ever got inside of that gas buggy there."

Mr. A. Beckwith deHavin, III, brought from back of him the threatening handkerchief and flicked various imaginary dog hairs from his coat. Mr. O'Boyle went raw at the thought of what a hand had bluffed him down; and rawer still when, without another word, or so much as another glance, all three aristocratic backs were turned aggravatingly upon him as Mr. deHavin, III, piloted his brother and sister toward one of the Twenty-sixth Street entrances to the Garden.

Going up the steps, Miss Audrey repeated a charming golden display. A door swung wide. Out into the noisy city came a chorus that jerked forward the delicate rose ears of the White Monarch of Glenmere and made him lose all interest in his limousine and what his limousine contained. But the sweet resounding din from a thousand show benches warmed no cockles in the heart of Mr. Slugs O'Boyle. He merely made his final insults more contemptible by calling them to the bulldog instead of to his escort.

"And to get your lickin' wouldn't be so bad, you big white mut!" he said. "The best of dogs and men that ever fights gets licked. But you wouldn't have the guts to lose right."

In another moment the door would close on those three intolerable backs. Mr. O'Boyle raised his voice to a shout:

"There never was blue bloods yet, if you put the gaff into 'em, that wouldn't show a damn sight more yellow up their backs than up their legs."

Mr. A. Beckwith deHavin, III, whirled instantly on his heel, his face as purple as his sister's. He stepped swiftly down to the pavement and flashed a card out of his vest pocket, extending it between two fingers.

"Communicate with me, please," he said very quietly, "whenever it suits you to have your dog try to prove that what you please to term a blue blood can't lose right." And then he added just as evenly, with never a rise in his tone: "And count on this, please: that if your dog has any convincing arguments I shall be satisfied to let the matter stand as demonstrated; but if not, you will either offer decent apology for your indecent insults or I shall feel obliged to further disprove your theory by personally batting the few teeth the other fellow left for me right down your filthy throat!"

Andrews, the chauffeur, unlatched the door of the deHavin car, and McDonald's Grip, still bewildered by his sudden and luxurious imprisonment, nosed Mr. O'Boyle's leg, broke that gentleman's astounded stare toward a closed entrance of the Garden, and proceeded with him out Twenty-sixth Street as far as Lexington Avenue before his trainer realized that the fiercest pit terrier in America was traveling New York's streets with a trailing leash.

Glenmere White Monarch proceeded to his bench, pawed his way clumsily onto it, received a touch of soapy cloth, towel and talcum on a stained spot over his shoulder, shook an ingratiating paw stiff-leggedly with as many visitors as knew how different was his disposition from his style of beauty, and finally proceeded to the winners' ring, where, scoring over the old campaigner, Champion Forrest Hills Kennels Penfold Cavalier, in sourness of expression only, he took, nevertheless, the blue, and the five points he needed to give him the coveted prefix, Ch.

Mr. Patrick O'Boyle was, both naturally and by consistent effort, as different from his brother Terrance, better known to fame as Slugs, as he could possibly be.

Mr. Terrance O'Boyle's forehead was low. His hair was bristly black. His eyes were close. His lips were thin. His body was bovine, his nose broken, and his ears cauliflower.

Mr. Patrick O'Boyle had a fair, broad brow, crowned thickly with a curly dark-red thatch. His eyes were set out on the edges of his face. His mouth smiled steadily such a Celtic breadth that it threatened the location of his ears. And these ears had been, up to this time, too cleverly protected to allow any five-ounce glove, full of knuckles, to break their gristle. His nose, too, had shared this same impenetrable defense, for it still uptilted in undamaged impertinence above the long upper lip. And as for muscular action, the movements of Brother Pat partook of none of the bull-like strength of Brother Terrance. Let it rather be said in description that a young tiger, by minding his step, could no doubt have moved his body every bit as easily and as wickedly swift as could KO Pat O'Boyle.

Also, Patrick's body was scrupulously clean from heel to head outside, and from skin to skin inside—muscle, tendon, blood, nerve, bone and marrow—and, therefore, matched his immortal soul. The soul of the other Brother O'Boyle was also a fit tenant for its house; which need not

necessarily be construed as a compliment, for Brother Terrance had no special enthusiasm for Saturday evening, on which day he followed the time-honored custom of performing certain rites deemed necessary only in connection with donning Sunday attire. And as for internal cleanliness, he had ceased even his ill-spirited training after the old third-rater trial-horse heavy, Jim Flint, had bounced a haymaker off the point of his jaw.

As to the point of material prosperity, Mr. Terrance was not what might be termed an object of envy, for his present position in the world of affairs was that of trainer of Shamus McDonald's stable of fighting dogs; while at the moment of our introduction to Brother KO Pat we find him surrounded by a circle of reporters, backers, trainers, managers, gamblers, true sportsmen followers of the Game, and friends; among whom could be numbered, as belonging to the last two classes, a tall, dapper, well-knit young fellow, caned and monocled to extinction, pale yellow of hair and tintless of skin, but with light eyes whose gray sparkle belied the general pallor of his coloring; which same young swell answered in this company to the seemingly appropriate name of Becky.

"Now throw in the high, the bunch of you," grinned Pat O'Boyle after a quarter hour of the usual after-training chatter; "for I'll not be answerin' foolish question number 31569 to-day, and I'll be makin' no statements as to how I'm going to lay Stinger Wilson away before the sixth. You reportin' lads can easy enough write out a column or two of that con without any help from me." And he unceremoniously shooed out of his training quarters all but his very closest friend, who proved to be the pale-haired Becky mentioned above.

"Do I know anything about McDonald's Grip?" repeated Mr. O'Boyle. "Do I know the Gas-House Pup? You don't happen to know the maiden name of Mrs. Patrick O'Boyle, I guess. Well, I'll be tellin' it to you when I say that Old Shamus McDonald is the whitest, squarest old sport of a daddy-in-law that any lad ever crowed about. And McDonald's Grip is as white and square as his master, and can go twice as far in a ruction; which is such high praise as could only be said of the best pit terrier in the world—which he is. And more than that, for that doggie has brought out the only love that ever showed through the black heart of his trainer, which same is my own blackguard brother, Terry. Why do you ask?"

Mr. O'Boyle Looked Into the Eyes of the Best Poker Player at the Glenmere Hunt Club and He Could Learn Nothing in Their Pale Gray Depths

"Only because a short, broad, red-faced, white-haired gentleman, who, no doubt, is this same daddy-in-law, came shouldering into our drawing-room last evening, a-bouncing our protesting Jephcott backward off his chest at every step, and presented me with one of my own cards, and wanted to know, first, if I was the son of my dad; and, second, if he might be allowed the courtesy of looking over the White Monarch; and, third, when it would suit me to match the dogs."

"Match what dogs?" growled Mr. O'Boyle skeptically.

"Grip and the Monarch."

Patrick O'Boyle let out a whoop that would have graced the liveliest ruction at an ancient Donegal Fair.

"For the worship of my good name saint!" he yelled, and ducked back under the shower as though to revive his fainting spirits.

He gave the faucet handle a fling wide over to the cold-water side of the valve. A moment later, standing wide-legged in dripping and superb unconscious nakedness before Mr. Becky deHavin, he addressed that gentleman vehemently, emphasizing his remarks by waving a wetter and wetter towel under the aristocratic nose.

"You don't mean to stand there in front of me, without your guard up, and tell me you're gonna put the Monarch into the pit with the Gas-House Pup!" he shouted.

Becky deHavin nodded affirmation.

"But—hell's bells!—Becky, me boy, if he could come out of it with no more than a slit ear he'd be done on the bench forever. And him with a Garden best-of-the-breed win tacked onto him at the beginning of his career!"

"But I had to do it, Pat. A beast who had Grip on the lead said that the Monarch couldn't lose right. And that there never was a blue blood that could. And then the skunk passed an insulting remark that brought my sister rudely into our street brawl. There are times, friend Pat, when a man and his dog have simply got to fight."

"True for you," sanctioned Mr. O'Boyle; "and specially if it's my hard brother's ugly sneer that goes with the words; and I seem to see his fine Irish hand at work in this. But do you know what it means when the gang at the pit says a dog's 'lost right'? Here's what it means: that when it comes his turn to scratch, no matter how he's torn and weak, or how many of his legs is broke, or how many hours he has stood up under the teeth of a better dog, just the same he carries the fight across into the other corner of the pit, without a stop or a pause, if he has to crawl every inch of the way to his beatin' flat on his belly. A dog or man, or any other fightin' animal, loses when he quits; and a pit dog that loses right quits when he's dead."

KO O'Boyle's eyes were full of accusation.

"Sure, you don't want the old friend dog to come to an end like that!" he said.

"I think the old Jerrypup might prefer just that kind of an end," replied Becky. "I believe he'd rather round the Horn, if he had his choice, in the strength of his youth and the joy of death grips than to have me end the suffering of old and worn-out days by holding the cone down tight over his feebly protesting nose."

DeHavin's eyes went hot at the thought of the hour that comes to all who have had a dog for a friend. Then he applied his handkerchief to his nose—a little high perhaps—and said:

"And, on the other hand, why assume that he's going to lose?"

"Undershot!" explained O'Boyle, dismissing the possibility of a win with that one word. "I'm tellin' you 'tis a damn shame to be putting a white wonder like the Monarch onto the tanbark with Grip. If it was only the spoiling of all them thousands of dollars' worth of dog, I'd not be kicking to you; for a good scrap's worth whatever you can afford to pay for it. But this won't be good. There won't be no fight. It ain't treatin' the Monarch fair; for he won't have the chance of that old cotton cat."

"Why not?"

"His jaw! He ain't made for the game. He's lived too easy—him and his ancestors. The fighting days of his breed is hundreds of years in the past. Why, I'll bet you my winnings with Stinger that you won't even be able to make old Monarch train."

Mr. Becky deHavin smiled superior knowledge. He switched his light cane to and fro complacently.

"Train?" he said. "Why, the old Monarch is fit to go to the mat this minute with any dog, wild cat or elephant in the country. There's not an ounce of fat on him. While getting him in shape for the Hunt Club's outdoor show, where he made his last killing, I walked him five miles up hill and down dale every day for a month."

Patrick Aloysius O'Boyle gazed into his friend's monocle in despair. "Five miles a day!" he roared.

"Duck your nut!" A. Beckwith ducked it. A soggy towel, bundled into a heavy wad, flew over his head and banged against the wall.

"All of that?" KO Patrick exploded derisively. "And you're the man that's going to put your good dog into the pit with McDonald's Grip? Considerin' his fondness for bones, you ought to let the Monarch nibble on your head a while. Five miles! Well, I'll be damned!"

Mr. O'Boyle paused for breath and surveyed his pale-haired friend witheringly before he went at him again.

"Listen to common sense!" he said. "I'm trainin' for ten rounds, or as much less as it'll take me to drop Stinger Wilson into the garbage can—thirty minutes' actual work, with ten minutes' rest divided among the thirty. But I go out that damn sand road that far and back again every morning to earn my breakfast—a little starter for the day's work. If you got brains, now use them: In his last fight it took the Gas-House Pup three hours and twenty-seven minutes to kill Gallivan's Slasher Bill."

Becky deHavin's delicate pale face showed the dawning of grave comprehension.

"All right, Pat," he said. "I guess I've been miscalculating the size of the Monarch's job."

"I thought I could show you it was the right thing to call it off," said Pat.

"Call what off?" snapped Becky deHavin. "Both I and the Monarch have been living too easy. We're going to work. He's got a theory to disprove; and I've contracted with you to help me train to trim a man twice my weight, who probably is your brother. When do we start the grind?"

Patrick O'Boyle saw in the pale eyes the kind of fire that he knew meant trouble when he saw it gleaming in the opposite corner of the ring.

"To-day," said KO Pat. "And because I'm foolish fond of the two of you I'm gonna work you till you holler for mercy."

Late on a sunny afternoon a month after the meeting of Mr. Slugs O'Boyle with the scions of the House of deHavin a lacquered palace, built on pneumatic foundations—a sort of castle on air, as it were—floated to a stop in front of the training quarters of KO Pat O'Boyle, challenger for the world's lightweight title; and two elderly gentlemen disembarked. The stout pale gentleman, with the shell-rimmed glasses and the grouch, was none other than Mr. A. Beckwith deHavin, II, president and general manager of the Interborough Gas Company, himself; and the stout florid gentleman, without any glasses at all, and a smile, was none other than Mr. Shamus McDonald, P. and G. M. of the Interborough Gas Company's stables, himself.

The grouch and the smile linked arms and sallied up the steps to the entrance of the long and high-fenced yard that reached from the motor drive down to the Hudson.

"What newspaper?" asked a young man who affected the habiliments of his calling—heelless ring shoes; wide-cuffed peg trousers; and a high-necked, long-sleeved jersey, tucked down shirt-fashion inside a belt which was rendered superfluous by the flaunting suspenders that topped his sweater. A cap of generous size completed the towel-swinger's uniform; and this was cocked sidewise and yanked down tight from the back of the neck to where the pouch of the long peak was stretched down to his eyebrows; and it added just the bellicose touch necessary to elicit a pugnacious reply from Mr. deHavin, II.

"Newspaper—hell!" responded that gentleman. "Do these two fronts look as though they belonged to a couple of half-starved cubs?"

"Big belly or small," shot back the suspenders, "they don't come busting in on Mr. O'Boyle's afternoon nap unless they show me first."

"Which means," grinned Shamus McDonald at his boss appreciatively, "that you send in your card and cool your heels in the lobby for a while, gettin' a taste of your own medicine thereby."

"You'd think he was a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year man," blustered Mr. deHavin.

"He will be that, and more, the minute he hangs a KO on Stinger Wilson's jaw," said Shamus McDonald proudly. Then: "Here, son"—to the lilac-suspendered Cerberus—"lean that tin ornament over to me." And he whispered a few words in his ear.

Upon which a wide gleam of teeth opened up under the long-peaked cap, and with all affability he ushered the two stout gentlemen into the sacred sleeping presence of KO Pat.

"What's the open-sesame, Shamus?" asked Mr. deHavin.

"What's the what?" said Shamus.

It happened that, at the time the visitors entered, Mr. O'Boyle was not, as was his usual custom at this time of day, enjoying a well-earned siesta under the little canvas that was spread down by the springing board at the wharf, but was hanging over a low fence that inclosed one corner of the training camp. On one side of him the second A. Beckwith deHavin recognized the supple shoulders and pale-yellow hair of the third of that same name. On the other side of Mr. O'Boyle there leaned a purple bathrobe, out of the top of which poked a rubber bathing cap of tan, and under the skirt of which appeared a pleasant prospect of neatest bathing slippers and light-brown, bare, slender ankles.

Age had not dimmed the eye of the second A. B. deHavin; and immediately a suspicion came into his mind that boxing lessons, the training of Glenmere White Monarch, and a true friendship for Pat O'Boyle, the man, were not the three only attractions that brought the pale blond Beckwith out to the fighter's quarters daily.

Inside the fence on which the trio leaned their elbows stood a center upright post of four-by-four timber, some eight feet high, guyed at the top through a bearing and seated at the bottom in a socket. Extending from a point near the bottom of the four-by-four, two horizontal two-by-fours, braced to the upright, extended radially ten or twelve feet, until they were a considerable distance apart at the ends. A beaten tanbark path marked a circle about the upright as a center, with the horizontal timbers as radii.

And, lying flat on his stomach, tethered back and front between the ends of the radial two-by-fours, with forelegs stretched out in front and back legs stretched out full length flat behind him, frog-fashion, lay the panting form of the White Monarch of Glenmere. His tongue hung out for yards and yards and dripped a clear and healthy saliva as he perspired there. And his sweet brown eyes, with never a move of his recumbent head, rolled toward the three who stood there trying to wheedle him into further revolutions in his training machine.

"This is my good friend Pat O'Boyle, governor," said the young DeHavin as his father and the smiling McDonald came up to the fence. "And this is my daddy, Nora—father, Miss McDonald."

Nora McDonald held her purple bathrobe close about her with one hand and put the other one out to the senior DeHavin. It didn't look exactly like the hand of a stable boss' daughter; in fact, it was a better-looking hand than the daughter of the stable boss' boss could have shown. Not any softer, to be sure, but just as soft—and firmer in the grasp; and a beautiful live brown instead of dead white; and a little rounder and a bit more shapely. All of which A. B. deHavin, II, noticed as he held it. A. B. deHavin, III, had inherited all his noticing abilities—which were acute.

"I'm mighty glad to meet a daughter of Shamus McDonald," said the president of the Interborough Gas Company, "but I'm very sure, Shamus, that I've met your girl somewhere before. Her face is mighty familiar. Do you remember our ever meeting, Miss McDonald? I'm both ashamed of and astounded at myself for not recalling where."

And he took a fine big look at her, ostensibly to assist his recollection; maybe for other reasons best known to himself. At any rate, the pale eyes of A. B. the third took on a twinkle; and, apropos of nothing whatever, he said:

"Dad, you'll have to buy a ticket for that."

Nora McDonald's eyes sparkled, also.

"Perhaps you will recall me when you see more of me," she said.

At this a grin broke out that was shared by all present but the senior A. B.

Not being in on the laugh brought Father deHavin's ever-ready grouch blooming into view.

"Well," he asked his son, "do you think that dog is going to get into shape for the Gas-House Pup by lying there on his stomach? How many minutes did he do to-day?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen, huh!" retorted father and grouch in unison. "The only part of the training that you seem to be able to make that dog do thoroughly is to take his alcohol rub and eat his five pounds of beef rump daily. You made the match that's going to ruin him for the bench if he doesn't get killed; and I'm putting it up to you to have him right. I want at least one member of the family that I needn't be ashamed to put up against a scrap. Get this accomplished at least—I haven't asked you to do anything else, so far, have I?"

The pale eyes of the third A. Beckwith deHavin shot the same fire that came out of them when he put on the ten-ounce gloves with an erstwhile and future friend named Pat O'Boyle. When they flew at each other in their training bouts, if any friendship lived on then, it was invisible to the naked eye. Had not the presence of the girl restricted the flow of language that rose to his lips, he might have relieved the pressure that made his colorless skin glow red. As it was, he mastered his tongue in gentlemanly fashion and blushed out his embarrassment with only a few low-spoken words.

"This Girl Has Seen Enough Brutality To-Night"

"Why *don't* you ask me to?" he said.

But Shamus McDonald broke in with a word:

"Let's not go to war about this," said he. "As I've insisted many times since the match was made, let's call the ruction off. Never would I have been a party to it, anyhow, if I had looked at the bulldog's fangs when I first went out to see him. No matter what's his condition and courage, the fight's not goin' to be a fair one unless your dog can punish; and that he can't. We'll call it quits."

But the hard look was still in the eyes of Becky deHavin.

"He'll do his other ten minutes in the trainer," said that young man. "He's done his schedule every day, so far; though it does take a bit of persuasion." He scowled squarely at his father, with a look that returned the grouch with interest; then turned and glared at Shamus McDonald. "And there'll be no more talk about calling quits. I don't like the word."

Then he spoke to McDonald's daughter; and the scowl vanished, and the gray glint melted to an altogether different color in his eyes:

"Will you help me with him, Miss McDonald?"

Now the training of a pit dog is almost a cruel thing. For a month before his fight he walks and runs interminably. He worries a coonskin, tied to the end of a heavy flexible sapling that springs with his weight and the pull of a rope in his trainer's hand, till at times he is flipped back somersaulting off his feet. He works with this endlessly, till his eye grows accurate and his jaws become perfect to strike the snapping skin; and he learns to hold his grip, and to switch his body back and forth with bone-breaking force by the play of his powerful neck thews.

But the grind that tries the heart and patience of the most courageous dogs is the daily monotony of the training machine. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five—the daily drag increases until the poor dog thinks he shall never cease his endless circling round the sawdust path. Cajoled, bullied, scolded, bribed, punished by all methods but those that would tend to break his spirit, he does his allotted daily bit; and the discipline of it gets to be part of him. As he learns that he must stand up under long and punishing work, the heart to endure the bitter hours through which he may have to stand his beating in the pit grows sturdy within him; and, along with the fiery joy of perfect health and strength and dazzling speed, comes the power to endure under monotonous suffering—and endure—and endure—and endure; which is the true measure of all kinds of strength.

And the good-natured, lazy, lovable White Monarch of Glenmere was puzzled and annoyed at the necessity for leaving off his days of splendid indolence at the Glenmere Hunt Club Kennels for the rigors of the training camp of Pat O'Boyle. But by rapid degrees he came to enjoy that part of his work which had the zest of sport in it. He fairly reveled in his daily boxing bout with KO Pat. Again and again and again he would charge into the blows of the boxer's padded fists. Knocked head over heels, end over end, into the sawdust, he would scramble savagely to his feet again and, with a lion's growl rumbling in his throat, fly into the whizzing gloves with a speed and craft which increased so rapidly day by day that the time soon came when he could bull his way occasionally through the accurate blows into the padded sweater. Then a twist of his thick neck muscles would lash the fifty pounds of his body back and forth till the fabric yielded and the sweater was ripped from top to bottom. So fierce and swift became this romp that it soon began to help the eye and speed of Pat O'Boyle; and the stopping of those snarling charges had no ill effect on the boxer's courage, albeit the short tail wagged and wagged throughout the game.

If some mysterious reason had not arisen for Miss Nora McDonald to pay very frequent visits to her sister, and so to spend much time practicing her twenty-five beautiful dives off the wharf of her brother-in-law's training camp, it is doubtful if the White Monarch could ever have been compelled to forgo his hatred for the training machine. But the Irish girl was the one who discovered his almost hysterical fondness for the water. And now, at young Mr. deHavin's request, she used again the bribe she had found would work on the Monarch.

"Jerry go swim?" she asked.

Ears up.

"Go swim?" she wheedled again.

The panting dog was on his feet, eyes bright, head tilted to one side, tail so close to being gay that, had he ever elevated it to such a height in the judging ring, he might never have affixed the Ch. to his name.

"All right! Go swim," she said again, and started toward the wharf and the springing board that stood at the river end of the camp.

And good old Jerrydog, knowing from previous lessons that he should get no water romp unless he completed his task in the machine, started briskly to complete the deadly grind; and so plodded his unhappy way about and about, dragging the cursed lumber back of him, pushing ahead of him the devilish scantling that he could never overtake, until at last the voice he loved best in the world said to him, "That's a *good* dog!" Thus the gentle big bulldog learned that at the end of every long and honest fatigue there was a reward; and a white streak heads for the river.

On the wharf a purple bathrobe drops away, and a brown one-piece—one very small piece—diving suit shows how daringly near a match can be made between tan silk and tanned skin—and many other altogether charming things. An undulating stride or two and a slim brown figure hits the end of the springing board and rises almost perpendicularly into the air, hands up, back arched; and then, without any motion below the waist, bends double till finger

(Continued on Page 57)

The White Head and the Tan One Come to the Surface Together, and There Starts That Romping Hour of the Day for Which Both of Them Live

KENTUCKY TURNS

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

"We Didn't Know What the West Looked Like, But We Just Set Out Same as You Would Start Out Into the Dark"

For everybody life is a warfare; a constant give and take. But here and there is an individual for whom it is only take. A poor, pathetic creature, born without the instinct that bids him fight back, he cowers through life.

Always the under dog, he yet makes no whimper when he is mauled. He asks only to live.

Not always is it cowardice. It is a strange ignorance of the world in which he finds himself; a lack of that combativeness with which Nature strives to endow us all. Now, this bit of philosophy must be forgiven, because it bears strongly upon our story; for Kentucky was an under dog.

HE CAME into the Copper Sky Mining Camp one evening just at sunset, driving a miserable skeleton of a horse attached to a crazy spring wagon. Beside him, on the front seat, was a woman, frail and worn, but wearing upon her face, under its protection of slatted sunbonnet, traces of a vanished beauty. Kentucky stopped in front of the Palace Hotel to inquire for a camping place. Two tousled heads peeped from beneath the stained and patched wagon cover. Somewhere inside, a babe wailed. Beneath the wagon a yellow mongrel panted wearily and watched through the rickety wheels.

"Howdy?" said Kentucky.

Like his sallow, discouraged face, with its pale, discouraged mustache drooping over his discouraged mouth, his voice was dull and emotionless. He sat hunched listlessly forward and regarded the loungers upon the sand-littered porch with pale, deprecating eyes, chewing slowly.

"I reckin I'd like to camp somewheres close round here," he went on. "My hawss kain't go no furder to-day. Seemed to start failin' before we got halfway over the Tehachapi; and he's been gettin' wuss and wuss every minute, ever since we got down on the desert. He needs rest. My wife and children needs it too—powerful bad."

The Lizard dike was suggested. The Lizard was a long black ridge of rocks that shot out into the desert at the foot of Soledad Butte. In a way it resembled a great black lizard, its head lying upon the rising slope and its body extending out into the sand, appearing at intervals above the surface, like the vertebræ of some mammoth beast half buried in the earth.

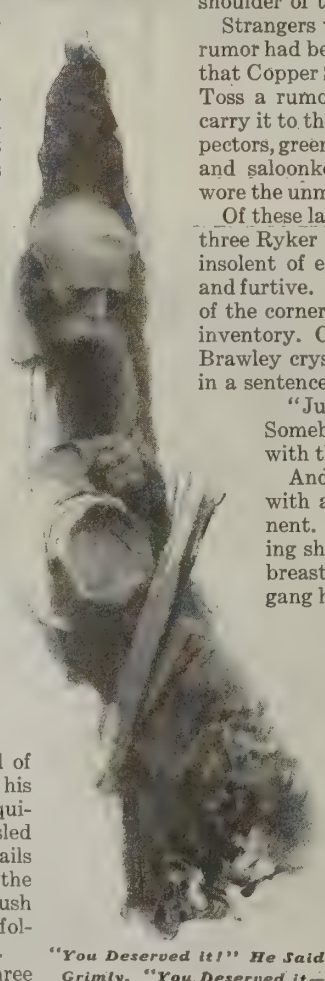
It was Old Dad Tolliver who suggested the Lizard as a possible camp for the strangers.

"And you might locate it while you're in the business," said Old Dad. "Nobody thinks there is any pay on it; but you go ahead and locate it anyway. If the camp makes a big strike"—he smiled—"you can sell the Lizard out in town lots."

Kentucky thanked him in a flat voice, quite devoid of inflection, and slapped the reins upon the bony back of his horse. The animal responded tremblingly and the equipage creaked down toward the Lizard dike, the two tousled heads peering back from beneath the canvas and the wails of the babe rising louder. The laboring wheels rolled the sand high as they lurched crookedly over the short brush that grew sparsely here and there. The yellow dog followed under the wagon, like a faithful spirit of poverty.

The Kentuckians camped at the foot of the mesa, three or four hundred yards below the Lizard's head. That night death came mercifully to the old horse, and next day Kentucky buried him. Then the man dismantled the worn-out wagon, and out of the wreckage constructed a rude shelter, using the battered canvas for a roof. In the evening he tacked up a location notice on the Lizard's head and began to dig. The Copper Sky Camp promptly forgot him; for he was far down from the main field of activity, which was high up on the rocky slope of the Butte.

A year passed. Kentucky managed to get a few odd jobs and so kept his family from absolute starvation. Provisions were high and water cost a dollar a barrel. But most of the time he was down in the shaft on the Lizard's head, with his wife standing by the rude windlass, winding up bucket after bucket of the yellow waste and adding it painfully to the slowly growing dump pile. But nobody noticed; for a small strike had been made on the Queen Esther and valuable float had been found farther up the slope, where the gray dump spilled over the shoulder of the Happy Chance ledge.



"You Deserved It!" He Said Grimly. "You Deserved It—and You Got It!"

Strangers were coming into camp, and a rumor had been tossed into the air—a rumor that Copper Sky was going to be a big thing. Toss a rumor into the air and the winds carry it to the uttermost corners. Old prospectors, green prospectors, wildcat promoters and saloonkeepers came—and a few who wore the unmistakable signs of birds of prey.

Of these latter, the most notable were the three Ryker brothers. They were bold and insolent of eye, insolent of speech, vulpine and furtive. Copper Sky observed them out of the corner of its eye and made a mental inventory. Old one-eyed Cœur d'Alene Tom Brawley crystallized the camp's suspicions in a sentence.

"Jumpers," he said, "and gunmen. Somebody will have to shoot it out with them some day."

And again the months went on, with a great strike seemingly imminent. Men labored like fiends, driving shafts and tunnels into the hard breast of old Soledad. But the Ryker gang hovered hungrily upon the edge of things, watching. And nobody thought of Kentucky, away down on the Lizard's head, or noted that both man and wife were worn almost to skeletons, though they toiled day by day, feeding the yellow dump pile.

II

COPPER SKY itself was a thing of scattered shacks, dotting the rocky slope here and there, close up against the great body of the Butte. From the window of old Judge Navlett's office one could look far across the desert, over the intervening shacks that straggled down the slope, and see how the heat mystery wriggled and danced, weaving strange mirages away out toward the east, where the Panamint Range lay like a crouching beast against the sky line. Judge Navlett was justice of the peace, district recorder—and an honest man.

The door opened and three men came in. Judge Navlett looked up and a strange glint came into the steady eyes lying beneath their ambush of bushy gray brows. The three men were the Ryker brothers. One of them advanced and laid a paper upon the table before the judge.

"Like to have you record that, Judge," he said. "And here's the recording fee." He placed a silver dollar beside the paper and waited.

Judge Navlett gazed at the paper as though it were a rattlesnake.

"Why," he exclaimed, "this is the Lizard Claim—Kentucky's claim!"

The three grinned insolently.

"Sure!" chuckled the spokesman. "But it's ours now—see? Faulty location—see? We just happened to find out that the poor fish had struck rich ore. We had a hunch that he wouldn't have sense enough to make a proper location; and, sure enough, he hadn't! So we relocated it—see?"

He had a trick of twisting down the corner of his mouth when he said "See?"—a trick that Judge Navlett found singularly repulsive; just why, he could not have told.

There were no more words. The Ryker gang went out; and after a long time the judge began entering the filing in the district's book of records.

Hardly had he finished when once more the door opened and Kentucky came in. The man was pale, and the pallor accentuated most shockingly the pitiful emaciation of his face.

"Jedge," he said before he was hardly seated, "I've come to ask your opinion—and I ain't got nary dollar to pay you for it."

"It makes no difference, Kentucky," said Judge Navlett. "A dollar never ought to stand between neighbors."

"Thank ye, Jedge." Kentucky rubbed his forehead with a thin, bony hand, which was cracked and calloused with hard work, the knuckles scarred and bruised where the unfamiliar singlejack had glanced from the drillhead upon them. "I been jumped, Jedge," he said.

"I know," said Judge Navlett; he tapped the open page before him, where the ink was hardly dry.

"They said my location was wrong," continued Kentucky. "They give me until six o'clock to-morrow to get off the claim. Told me they'd shoot me if they found me there trespassin' after that hour." He took a paper from his pocket and handed it to the judge. "It's a copy of my location notice," he said. "Read it, Jedge, and tell me what's wrong with it."

Judge Navlett read carefully and sighed.

"Is it wrong, then?" asked Kentucky.

Judge Navlett nodded.

"There's no doubt that your corner monuments are set right," he said; "but the description of your boundaries reads this way: 'Beginning at a stone monument marked North Center; running thence in an easterly direction to

a monument marked Northeast Corner; thence south to a monument marked Southeast Corner; thence east to a monument marked'—— Don't you see?" broke off Judge Navlett in hopeless exasperation. "According to this description you ran east instead of west; consequently your description shows your boundary line to be nothing but a zigzag line beginning at your North Center monument and wandering off into the desert to God knows where!"

He took up a blank and wrote rapidly for some minutes.

"There," he said, "is the correct description, written in the form of an amended location."

He handed the paper to Kentucky and sat gazing moodily through the window, and down beyond the town to where a torn, stained canvas flapped in the wind among the scattered greasewood below the yellow dump.

Kentucky gazed also with dull eyes. "I done a heap o' work there, Jedge—me and my little woman."

Judge Navlett nodded.

"And we done it in good faith. I *know* my monuments read right. But this paper ——" Here the first spark of passion seemed to strike from the man's negative personality. "Is it my fault that I ain't got the schoolin' to show me the tricks and turns of language writin'? Is it my fault I didn't have the money to hire somebody like you to draw up this here notice all legal and bindin'? I set my monuments high and at the right places. I done everything in good faith. Why should me and my family have to suffer just because the readin' was wrong?"

Judge Navlett was silent. Why is there no answer to the impotent cry of protest from the one whom Nature and Circumstance robbed before ever he was born?

Kentucky rose and picked up his hat with a trembling hand.

"And there ain't no hope at all, Jedge?" he asked miserably, his hand on the doorknob.

"No hope, Kentucky," said Judge Navlett. "Some camps hang claim jumpers; and here and there a man—shoots 'em. No; I'm sorry to say there is no help for it. As a judge I am bound to say that in taking your property these men are acting within their rights. As a man I might say that they are infernal skunks of hell! And—and——" Judge Navlett choked.

Kentucky opened the door.

"Thank ye, Jedge," he said. "I—I understand. Much obleeged." And he went out. A moment later he put his head back into the room.

"Just one more question, Jedge," he said: "Couldn't my amended location make it all right—noways at all?"

"No," the judge assured him. "This relocation of the Rykers would take precedence in any case. You see, your boundaries, as described in your notice, do not in any way inclose your claim. The Ryker notice does."

Kentucky thought for a full minute, his shrunken head bowed in the barely open doorway. "But if it wasn't for that relocation of the Rykers?" he asked finally.

"Your amended location would be perfectly good."

"Much obleeged." Still Kentucky stayed. "My wife's sick," he said irrelevantly—"powerful sick."

Then he closed the door softly and went away.

III

ON THE afternoon of the next day Judge Navlett found his gaze constantly seeking the window and straying down to the Lizard's head. As the hour of six approached, Kentucky came in and sat down where he, too, could see through the window and down to the Lizard's head.

"How is your wife to-day?" asked Judge Navlett.

But, even as he asked the question, his eyes were on the Lizard's head. Three men appeared by the yellow dump and advanced to the mouth of the shaft.

"Porely, Jedge; porely."

But Kentucky, too, was watching the three men creep under the rude windlass, upon which showed a patch of white which gleamed in the dying sunlight. It was the Ryker notice, tacked upon the windlass frame. The men disappeared down the shaft.

"She had a bad night, Jedge—a mighty bad night. . . . I'll tell you later."

He was watching through the window and his voice trailed off into a whisper.

Both men fell silent; both were looking down toward the Lizard. Inside the room there was a silence so profound that the great old-fashioned watch in Judge Navlett's pocket sounded like a wall clock. A gentle wind rustled the landscape of scattered greasewood among the widely separated shacks. A dingy black raven sailed by with a guttural "Awrrkk!"—swept low to the ground by the Lizard windlass, circled once, and then floated steadily down into the far sky line and was gone. The sky was a dull blue, turning to a darker hue along the east, where the night was creeping up from the Panamints. The sun's last rays, shooting from under the shoulder of old Soledad, fell feebly upon the windlass below and the white paper posted upon its frame.

Suddenly the Lizard's head seemed to rise into the air, as though lifted by some monstrous thing struggling upward in convulsive agony from the core of the earth; and from the mouth of the shaft a hell of black smoke and shattered rock roared into the sky, and the accompanying detonation seemed to flatten out the world. The awful echo of it crashed back from the face of the impending Butte like a second explosion. Then the sinister blackness spread and floated heavily away. There was a hideous silence.

For a second Judge Navlett's horrified eyes met Kentucky's. Then, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, the old man ran from the room and down the rough ways toward the scene of the explosion. Everywhere appeared men running. The tremendous thunder of the cataclasm had advertised its tragedy, and high up on the slopes of Soledad red-shirted figures were leaping along the ledges and hurrying downward over precarious trails.

And as he ran, somewhere in the back of his mind Judge Navlett kept remembering Kentucky's eyes as he had met them in that paralyzed second following the explosion. The man had not seemed surprised!

These two were the first to arrive at the Lizard's head. No shaft was there. Instead there was a wide, sunken hole filled with blackened rubble; and up from among the jagged masses a sluggish black smoke oozed in scattered ribbons. The air was full of biting vapor and one could taste death in it.

Men began to arrive. In an incredibly short time an excited crowd surged about the crater. Old one-eyed Cœur d'Alene Tom Brawley came running by, carrying a shovel. He recognized Kentucky and stopped.

"How did you get away, old-timer?" he asked, panting.

Kentucky shook his head.

"I wasn't here," he said.

Brawley's hoarse voice rose above the uproar.

"Here's Kentucky, boys!" he roared. "He ain't killed none, after all!"

The crowd stilled and listened, watching Kentucky.

"Who was it, old-timer?" asked Brawley. "Wasn't somebody in the shaft?"

Kentucky nodded.

"Three of 'em," he replied. "The three Rykers."

"Rykers? What were they doing in your hole, Kentucky?"

Kentucky cast a faded eye down into the smoking ruin.

"They calculated to jump me," he said simply.

Brawley flung down his shovel and, turning, spat into the pit.

"A fine job!" he bawled. "They can stay there until hell ships ice cream to Greenland before I'll help dig 'em out! Unless *you* want help, Kentucky. In that case, of course ——"

Kentucky shook his head.

"I ain't aimin' to dig none in it again," he said. "Much obleeged."

"Then it's up to the coroner!" grinned old Cœur d'Alene; "and he'll have to love a jumper a heap more than I do before he'll spend two or three weeks muckin' down through that mess on the chance of finding maybe a suspender button or a bent corkscrew when he gets to the bottom. So far as I'm concerned, the Ryker gang is dead and buried; and I'm going right uptown to buy myself a drink because I'm so sorry. All who sympathize with my poor busted feelin's thataway will come along and have one too."

The unanimous laugh which followed was the only requiem that sounded above the grave of the Ryker brothers. As the crowd moved away, still talking excitedly and following the old pagan to his celebration, Kentucky touched Judge Navlett upon the arm.

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"If I Seem to Say Too Much, Jedge, or if You Feel Yourse'f Gettin' Weary, Just Try to Remember That I'm Talkin' for My Life"

THE DUB

By DANA BURNET

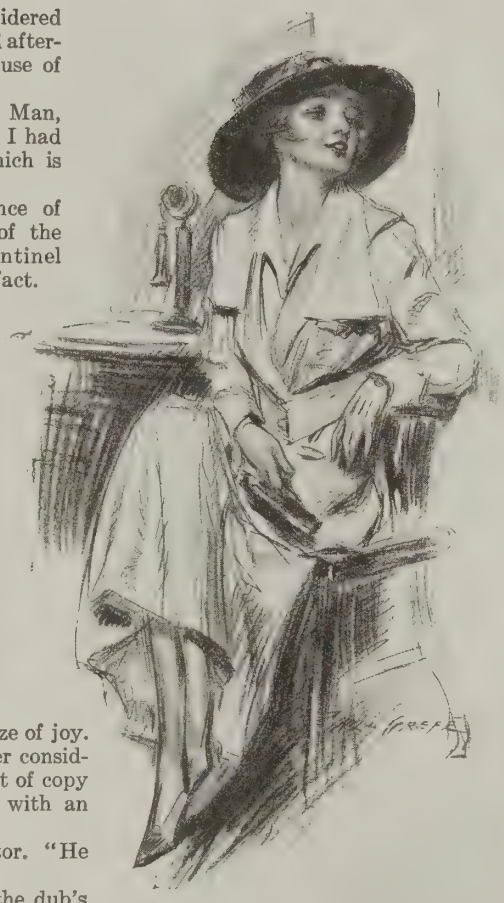
ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE managing editor, who was considered an excellent judge of men, confessed afterward that he had hired him because of his ears.

"They fascinated me," said the Old Man, "and before I could get my mind off 'em I had offered him fifteen dollars a week, which is ridiculous."

As ridiculous as it was, the presence of Sandringham Wilson upon the staff of the Kingstown, West Virginia, Daily Sentinel nevertheless became an accomplished fact.

He appeared one June morning with a hopeful countenance, a high standing collar, and a pair of trick ears that would have been his everlasting fortune in vaudeville. For upward of a fortnight he sat in the corner devoted exclusively to the cubs and the water-cooler, unnoticed by anyone except the auburn-haired young woman who kept the files. At the end of that time the city editor sent for him, and in the voice of one who confers a great happiness upon his fellow man told him to go out and write a description of Main Street. Every Sentinel reporter for the past fifty years has begun his journalistic career by writing a description of Main Street. It is a tradition in the office.



It Was Whispered That a New Era Had Begun, Not Only for Kingstown and the Sentinel, But for the World as Well

Sandringham Wilson departed in a daze of joy. Half an hour later he returned and, after considerable labor, brought forth a single sheet of copy paper which he delivered to the desk with an exalted smile.

"The poor dub!" said the city editor. "He thinks it's literature."

Then the city editor began to read the dub's description of Main Street. He had no more than glanced at it, however, when he was seized with a sort of vertigo. He arose and walked with uncertain step into his superior's office. "Do you see what I see?" he asked feebly.

The director of the Sentinel's fortunes took the sheet of paper held out to him, and surveyed it with phlegmatic calm. It was covered with sprawling hieroglyphics, as follows:

MAIN STREET

A beautiful snake asleep in the sun—
An old snake that has made a philosophy of sleep—
An old brown snake that knows it is better to have dreams than ambitions.
Young snakes run in every direction from its lazy sides, and dart their tongues into the yellow waters of the River, and fatten upon the plump Hills . . .
But the old snake sleeps in the dust of the years, and is beautiful ——

The managing editor, having read thus far, lifted his eyes from the page and looked at his assistant.

"Print it!" said he.

"Where?" asked the city editor.

"On the front page, with a box round it."

"A box! Oh, I see. You want to fence in the snakes!"

"I want to call the attention of Kingstown to the only original description of Main Street ever printed," said the managing editor, and added: "I knew that there was something unusual about this boy Buckingham ——"

"Sandringham," said the city editor.

"Sandringham—besides his ears. Why, damn my spectacles, he may be a genius!"

"Take it from me," said the city editor, "he's a dub."

The opinion of the world at large varied between these two extremes. The following morning Sandringham Wilson awoke—not to fame, perhaps—but at least to fame's first sidelong glances. Let a man be utterly condemned or utterly approved and he will perish with pain or pleasure as the case may be. But let him be caught squarely between two judgments and he will be squeezed up from obscurity as inevitably as rocks are squeezed out of the ground by the opposing actions of heat and cold.

Thus it was with Sandringham Wilson, whose description of Main Street had cleft Kingstown in twain. Approximately one half of the Sentinel's readers immediately took pen in hand to express their hurt surprise at the desecration of a thoroughfare which had once sustained the martial tread of General Grant. The other half no less promptly hailed Sandringham's bit of *vers libre* as a symbol of culture and a pledge of progress. This latter view, fortunately for those concerned, was entertained by Colonel Perse Allison, the hereditary proprietor of the Sentinel, whose daughter, Miss Charlotte Allison, recently had been graduated from an Eastern college. In the course of her senior year, Miss Allison had taken a course in Tagore and the New Poetry. Consequently she waxed enthusiastic over Sandringham Wilson.

"You must encourage him, papa," she said. "Real artists are so scarce—especially here in America. And I'm sure that he is a real artist. I have a good mind to give him a tea."

"Wait till he justifies our expectations," said the colonel shrewdly, "and I'll give him twenty-five dollars a week."

Miss Allison shook her head.

Her dark eyes—reputed to be the most beautiful in Kingstown—grew even darker with that melancholy which afflicts idealistic youth.

"No," she said. "What an artist needs is human sympathy, not—not material reward."

Miss Allison, thanks to her sojourn in the East, had analyzed the artistic nature with great exactitude. Sandringham Wilson cared nothing for the munificent stipend which he received every Thursday noon. He invariably got rid of it before the following Monday, so that he was in continual difficulties with his landlord. On the other hand, he cared considerably for the auburn-haired young woman who had distinguished him from the water-cooler.

Miss Lucy, as she was known to the staff, occupied a unique place in the Sentinel office. She was down on the books as Librarian, and in justification of that title maintained a shelf of dusty volumes consisting of the Encyclopedia Britannica, Who's Who, The Home Book of Verse, and a very dilapidated Bible. But her real employment was to cheer the footsteps of beginning journalists; to cherish them in sickness as in health, and to save for them, as far as possible, the shattered remnants of their early illusions. The beginning journalists, in return, fell mildly in love with her, year after year, until such time as their hearts were broken and their educations completed.

Miss Lucy was not a beautiful woman, but decidedly she was not plain. She possessed a trim, neat figure, a good complexion, and a pair of very kind blue eyes. Her hair was of a dark-reddish shade, and possessed a certain undulating quality which all feminine critics agree is of inestimable value. Her years were twenty-seven.

She had smiled upon Sandringham Wilson in his obscurity. Consequently he regarded her with a vast and behemothian tenderness, as the mastiff regards the child who has patted his ponderous head. He formed the habit of walking home with her evenings, much to the gratification of the boarding house in which Miss Lucy resided. Indeed, the young man's devotion was freely remarked upon, and though it was conceded quite generally that his ears were too large it was admitted as widely that ears do not make the man.

Mrs. Tuthill, the landlady, was so intrigued by hope as to sweep and dust a large double room upon the second floor, which chamber she contrived to hint to Mr. Wilson might be had for the absurdly reasonable sum of eight dollars per week.

Mr. Wilson looked at her with his trustful and somewhat absent-minded smile.

"I'll take it," said he. It was what he always said when people asked him to buy or rent things.

Mrs. Tuthill fairly thrust the keys into his hand, insisting meanwhile that she felt like a mother toward him; collected a week's rent in advance, and departed to provide the boarding house with a premise for future deductions.

The boarding house, with one exception, was delighted at this turn of events. The one exception was Miss Lucy, who hastily sought out the simple Sandringham.

"Oh!" she said with a blush that was quite lost upon that blundering innocent. "You shouldn't have taken a room here!"

"Why not?" he asked. "It's a first-rate room."

"But—but you can't afford it!"

"Oh, yes, I can. I've figured it out, and I can afford it very nicely. You see, I get fifteen dollars a week, and the room is only eight dollars, so that I have seven left."

Miss Lucy laughed helplessly, and Sandringham Wilson ascended the stairs to his new chambers with the pleasant sense of a man who lives not only well, but efficiently. It may be added that the subsequent whisperings of boarding-house gossip never penetrated the armor of his innocence. If it had occurred to him to fall in love with Miss Lucy, he would have done so. But it did not occur to him.

Nothing occurred to him, in fact, except the strange and grotesque flowering of his own imagination. He was like a child who, having been provided with paper and pencil, finds himself marvelously full of pictures. He looked upon the world as one might look at a procession of clouds in the sky, seeing therein the drift and change of curious shapes which have no meaning in heaven or earth, but which, conceived as a spectacle, are of fascinating interest to the beholder.

"The worst of it is that he can't see anything but animals," said the city editor resentfully to his chief. "If I have to handle his copy much longer I'll get the d. t.'s. Listen to this!"

And the city editor read aloud the following contribution to American letters:

THE WHITE RABBIT

There is a White Rabbit who lives under a lilac bush in an old back street—
Every morning I see him hopping about the flower-tangled yard—
He has timid eyes and a crop of pink whiskers
And sometimes he ventures as far as the hedge
And looks at the world as though to say:
"You think that I am an old gentleman with a respectable past and a decent crumb of a future—
But I am not what I seem;
I am a White Rabbit with a gift for gardens ——"

The city editor's voice came to a lugubrious pause. The managing editor rubbed his chin and thoughtfully damned his spectacles.

"People enjoy menageries," he said. "I believe I'll give this boy Cunningham ——"

"Sandringham," said the city editor wearily.

"Sandringham—a column of his own."

"Call it The Ark," advised the city editor, and went about his business with the glowing sense of having said a good thing.

So it fell about that Sandringham Wilson was accorded space upon the editorial page, and became the ringmaster of a small but satisfactory circus which he conducted with childish enthusiasm and a considerable cracking of the whip. The circulation of the Sentinel rose steadily.

Colonel Perse Allison, once more placing himself squarely upon the side of progress, took occasion to commend the managing editor.

"My daughter, suh," observed the colonel, tilting back in the chair that was reserved for his ceremonial visits to the office, "my daughter says that this young fellow Dillingham ——"

"Birmingham," interposed the managing editor.

"Birmingham—is a real genius. If he is, I don't want him hidin' his light under a bushel, suh. Pussonally, his writin' reminds me of old Jed Harper's cohn whisky That whisky, suh, was as full of wild animals as a fust-rate zoo. It was mighty good whisky," added the colonel reminiscently, "up to the point where it killed yu outright."

"The boy's a queer duffer," said the managing editor "Frankly I don't know whether his stuff will ever be popular. But it's something new—and this is the United States of America ——"

The colonel nodded, pulled his white mustaches, and looked out of the window.

"Did it ever strike yu, suh," said he, "that Kingstown was wallowin' knee-deep in sin and corruption?"

The managing editor gazed suspiciously at his employer

"I reckon it's no worse than most towns of its size," he answered warily.

The colonel brought his right fist into sharp contact with his left palm.

"It's a modern Gomorrah, suh! It needs upliftin' the worst way. My daughter, suh ——"

The managing editor half rose from his chair.

"I resign," said he.

"Nonsense, suh! Yu are indispensable to the paper, suh. Your salary is increased by half, suh."

The managing editor sighed and sank down again.

"I suppose," he said, glancing sharply at the colonel, "I suppose that I am to find a place for Miss Charlotte on the staff!"

"Exactly, suh!"

The following Monday morning, at ten o'clock, Miss Charlotte Allison, looking especially beautiful, walked into

the city room of the Daily Sentinel and sat down with an air of charming humility. Coincidentally it was whispered throughout the office that a new era had begun, not only for Kingstown and the Sentinel, but for the world as well.

Every city that is large enough to be respectable must maintain, necessarily, some element of evil upon which to lay the burden of its sins. Kingstown maintained a gambling element, which was headed by a picturesque gentleman named Triggs. Whenever Kingstown was to be reformed John Triggs was run out of town. In his earlier and more impulsive days Mr. Triggs had struggled against these periodic banishments, both with legal argument and an old-fashioned revolver, so that the party of purification had generally to hire a lawyer and occasionally an undertaker. Of late years, however, Mr. Triggs had gone lightly enough, well knowing that he was indispensable to Kingstown's moral outbursts, and quite certain that he would be suffered to return within the month. Kingstown had only to lift an admonishing finger, or to glance significantly in his direction, and John Triggs betook himself into exile, leaving behind him that sense of civic sweetness which comes only with the purging of the communistic soul. At least Mr. Triggs theoretically betook himself into exile. As a matter of hard fact he merely closed the front door of his popular, if horrendous, Casino, and retired into a rear room neatly outfitted to accommodate the business of the closed season. All this was thoroughly understood and appreciated by the authorities.

Thus when the Daily Sentinel announced, in a stentorian editorial, that it was high time for Kingstown to redeem its soul from sin, John Triggs merely stroked his decorative goatee, glanced somewhat wistfully at the historic weapon above the bar, and retired into his quarters in the rear. His attitude was that of a man who plays a rather childish, but at the same time expedient, game. He calculated that the tide of righteousness would turn in about two weeks. But Mr. Triggs had not counted upon the activities of Miss Allison.

Scarcely had that lovely young modern established herself in the office of the Sentinel when the whole atmosphere of the gentle, lazy old paper became surcharged with currents of belligerent progress. Miss Allison herself launched out almost immediately into a series of inspirational essays: essays written in a fine collegiate style, and published twice weekly in the column adjoining Sandringham Wilson's literary circus. But by far the most important result of her journalistic enterprise was the effect that she produced upon her fellow members of the staff.

The young men of the Sentinel became imbued with a passion for revolt, for reform, for high spiritual adventure. Some wrote plays. Some wrote poetry of the better sort. Some turned to socialism and the thought of universal brotherhood—possibly because Miss Allison had promised to be a sister to them all. The contagion spread even to the editorial department, which consisted of a certain Mr. Lance Podderfoot and a somnambulistic negro boy who was popularly supposed to look after Mr. Podderfoot's proofs. Mr. Podderfoot was a tall, tapering individual with eyeglasses and an extraordinary golden mustache. He had been in love with Miss Allison, in an abstract sort of way, for the past ten years. Now, inspired by her presence, he took the Sentinel's campaign for civic purity with unwonted seriousness and hurled broadside after broadside of double-leaded editorials at the bewildered and increasingly resentful Mr. Triggs.

Nevertheless, Miss Allison felt her triumph to be incomplete. For the one person whom she had hoped especially to inspire continued to sit sprawled in his corner, chuckling rudely to himself and writing grotesque lampoons upon mankind in general. All Miss Allison's subtleties of approach had fallen short of the mark.

Sandringham Wilson, busy painting the human race in terms of flora and fauna, was impervious to subtlety of any sort. Thus it happened upon a summer's morn that Miss Allison crossed the city room with a resolute smile upon her lips and extended the hand of good fellowship to Sandringham Wilson.

"You are doing perfectly splendid work!" she announced, in the assured tone of one who not only recognizes genius, but does so regardless of the consequences.

Sandringham Wilson, who had been scribbling contentedly in his corner—like a dog worrying a bone—got awkwardly to his feet, and perceiving the dainty hand of Miss Allison hovering in mid-air seized it with obvious bewilderment.

"How do," said he, insensibly moving his remarkable ears.

The city editor, who had observed this pantomime from afar, groaned aloud and reached for the cut plug that was the one solace of his sorrowing spirit.

"The dub," he muttered, "the poor—damned—dub!"

So Miss Allison's public greeting to genius was not the success that she had planned. But at least it had served to break the ice. Thereafter she gave herself determinedly to the task of winning this strange creature's friendship, devoting quite as much time to that project as she did to her inspirational essays. She even took Miss Lucy into her confidence—Miss Lucy being the only other woman within earshot.

"Of course I'm not interested in him personally," said Miss Allison. "It's his art!"

"Of course!" echoed Miss Lucy, and smiled to hide the pain in her breast.

"He's really very fond of you, isn't he?" continued Miss Allison with an air of youth addressing age.

"Oh, no," said Miss Lucy hastily; "I'm just a habit with him."

"You do monopolize him dreadfully. Everyone is talking about it."

"Talking!"

"Yes. But I shouldn't mind that if I were you. People always talk—especially in small provincial towns like this—don't you think?"

Miss Lucy did not reply; but that night she looked tragically at her reflection in the mirror.

"Twenty-seven—last—April!" she said slowly, accusingly. And then crushed by the burden of her years she wept, and was compelled to bathe her eyes with cold water before going down to tea.

Later she sat with Sandringham Wilson upon the steps of Mrs. Tuthill's boarding house and adjusted her existence to the iron laws of spinsterhood.

"You mustn't walk home with me any more," she said, going at once to the heart of the matter.

"Why not?" he asked in honest bewilderment.

"I have my reasons."

"But I like to walk home with you. I enjoy it."

"That is one of the reasons," said Miss Lucy.

There was a moment's silence, during which Mr. Wilson puffed solemnly at a cigarette which he had forgotten to light. Finally he said:

"Perhaps you don't enjoy having me?"

Miss Lucy laid her hand lightly upon his sleeve.

"Oh, yes, I do. But I've concluded that it isn't right for you to lavish all your attentions upon one old maid. You're getting to be quite a famous person now, you know, and I'm sure that there are others who ——" She paused, drew breath, and concluded firmly: "Others who would enjoy having you walk home with them."

"I had never thought of that," said the simple Sandringham.

Miss Lucy smiled a rather twisted smile. And then she began to talk to him, in a very serious voice, about the beauty of giving pleasure to others. And he missed the excellent satire of it completely.

The upshot of the matter was that upon the following afternoon Sandringham Wilson walked home with the radiant and obviously triumphant Miss Allison—walked home with her gravely, firmly, and at a pace marked more by determination of purpose than by any inherent gallantry. They had proceeded but a few blocks, indeed, when he stopped and looked intently down at her.

"Are you really enjoying it?" he asked.

"The walk? Oh, yes. I adore walking—though perhaps if we didn't go quite so fast ——"

"Ha!" said Mr. Wilson, and strode on again, but at a somewhat milder rate of speed.

Miss Allison, who up to this point had been forced to economize on breath, now found herself free to say those things which must necessarily be said if the world is ever to come to any good.

"Mr. Wilson," she began with sweet seriousness, "I have been wanting to talk to you about the broader aspects of your work. Sometimes I have wondered whether you realized its full significance. Artists are so apt to be a trifle self-centered—don't you think?"

She glanced up at her companion with that frank smile which so became her lovely countenance; but immediately the smile waned and disappeared.

Mr. Wilson was not paying the slightest heed to her remarks. He was staring with fascinated interest at a chance passerby: a middle-aged stout woman in a flowered-silk dress, whose supposedly civilized bonnet was adorned with monstrous waving feathers.

"By George!" said Mr. Wilson. "The human parrot! I've never seen such a fine specimen before."

"But she has a soul," interposed Miss Allison gently.

"If she has," said Sandringham, "it's sawdust."

And forthwith he began to improvise a poem on the Human Parrot. At first his labors of composition were purely mental, but soon the lines burst from his lips. Quite unconsciously he chanted his poem aloud, to the amusement of various pedestrians and the embarrassment of Miss Allison.

"I met a Parrot walking along Main Street"—thus ran his inspiration—

"You are an Artist—a Real Artist—and Yet You Alone, of All the Members of the Staff, are Not Working for Revolt"

"A gorgeous green and gold Parrot with a red topknot—
She had the fine successful look of one who has reduced life to a single phrase.
So I asked her for her formula
And she replied:
'Polly wants a cracker!'
And I marveled at her wisdom.
But when she dies she will not go to heaven—
She will go to some celestial taxidermist
To be stuffed."

By this time a small crowd had collected at the poet's heels, much to Miss Allison's dismay. The poet himself seemed distinctly pleased at the acquisition of an audience, and went forward with the air of a public character, repeating and polishing his narrative in a fine sonorous voice.

It was with undisguised relief, therefore, that Miss Allison turned in at her own gate and, after closing it firmly in the face of the crowd, led her genius to the sheltered cloister of the colonel's garden. There Sandringham was invited to seat himself beneath a rustic pergola, which he did with no enthusiasm.

"They seemed to like my stuff about the parrot," he said. "I—I wouldn't mind walking a little farther—if you're not tired?"

"I'm exhausted," said Miss Allison firmly.

"Ah!" sighed the poet.

Miss Allison cast about for a means of diversion.

"Would you like a julep?" she asked.

Sandringham Wilson looked at her with new interest and promptly forgot his immortal lines.

"Without much sugar, if you please," said he.

So the poet had his julep, with a minimum of sugar, and Miss Allison had tea. And the shadows drew a misty curtain about their sylvan retreat.

"Art," said Miss Allison suddenly, "is cruel. It must be cruel. I quite understand ——"

"This is the best julep that I have ever tasted," murmured Sandringham Wilson, upon whose spirit had descended a great peace.

Miss Allison was conscious of a slight shock, but she was resolved to continue the conversation upon an exalted plane. It is not often that one encounters genius in a pergola.

"The true artist," she persisted, "should be without pity. If he felt pity he would be tempted to cloud the mirror that he holds up to the eyes of the race. Tell me," she whispered, turning to him, "are you ever sorry for the world?"

"No," said Sandringham Wilson.

Again Miss Allison experienced that sensation of slight shock.

"Why, then," she demanded somewhat coldly, "why, then, are you trying to help the world? Why are you seeking to better it? Why are you so busy picturing its soul?"

"You mean the stuff I do for the Sentinel?"

"Your work; yes!"

The poet was moved to confession.

"It isn't work," said he; "it's fun. I have never been able to understand," he added simply, "why they pay me for it."

"Mr. Wilson! Surely you are joking!"

The young man shook his head.

"They'll find out about me one of these days, and then I'll have to go back to reporting," he concluded, and took a long drink of his julep, as though to drown the melancholy thought.

Miss Allison sprang to her feet. Her eyes were bright with indignation. Her cheeks were prettily flushed. The idea of genius not comprehending its own divinity was more than she could bear.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "You must see, you must understand! It's all very well for you to be individualistic—in a sense—but your work belongs to others."

"Yes," said Sandringham, "it belongs to the paper."

"Exactly! And the paper belongs to Kingstown, and Kingstown belongs to America, and America belongs to the world. So you see that you are universal, after all!"

He seemed rather bewildered at her logic.

"I am not accustomed to taking a julep at this hour of the afternoon," he stated apologetically. "May I ask what you are getting at?"

"I am getting at your responsibility," cried Miss Allison, "your moral responsibility. You are an artist—a real artist—and yet you alone, of all the members of the staff, are not working for revolt. Every person in the Sentinel office, except yourself, is working for revolt. The spirit is splendid, simply splendid! Mr. Podderfoot especially ——"

"Why should he want to run John Triggs out of town?" asked Sandringham Wilson, suddenly aroused. "Why should anyone want to run John Triggs out of town? That man Triggs is one of the most interesting creatures in Kingstown. He is the nearest approach to the human goat that I have ever seen."

Miss Allison looked at him as an angel—a very modern angel—might have looked at some particularly exasperating backslider. There was so much despair in her glance, indeed, that Sandringham Wilson rose from his seat feeling instinctively that hospitality was at an end. Miss Allison accompanied him in dignified silence to the gate.

She had decided upon a cool parting, a very cool parting indeed. But the soft haze of the evening, the scent of roses, the habitual peace of the elm-shaded street and, above all, the noble desire to uplift mankind—which was ever present in her nature—conspired to defeat her purpose. She placed her hand in the poet's, and looking up at him said with a sweet sadness:

"You are much more splendid than you realize. Some day you will grow tired of just—making pictures. Some day you will want to serve—and then you will understand what I have been trying to tell you ——"

Her voice died in a lovely trailing whisper. Her hand gently pressed his. He stood holding that hand a pleasant prisoner, and wondering whether the julep had gone to his head. He was aware that she had said something, but what it was he could not get clear. He only knew that her face was upturned to him in a beautiful, flowerlike way, and that, flowerlike, it seemed to await some culminating benison of nature. It seemed—expectant.

Sandringham Wilson leaned down and kissed the pleasant lips of Miss Allison. And at that moment two persons walking along the sidewalk stopped by common impulse in front of the colonel's gate and said:

"Oh!"

They were Miss Lucy and Mr. Lance Podderfoot.

It was an excellent dramatic situation, but as usual no dramatist was present to take advantage of it. And the actors themselves were not coached in their parts, so that they muffed them quite badly. Mr. Podderfoot turned red, stared fiercely at Mr. Wilson, and gnawed his extraordinary mustache. Miss Lucy looked white and startled. Miss Allison, after recoiling involuntarily from the salute, made a tremendous attempt to appear at ease and came dangerously near being absurd.

Of them all, the poet seemed the most genuinely astonished at his own behavior. His ears were agitated. His voice fell vaguely upon the twilight air:

"Amazing, by George! Quite unintentional—and temporary. I should never have taken that julep!"

Some two hours later, after a purely perfunctory dinner and a tasteless cigar, Sandringham Wilson climbed the boarding-house stairs to Miss Lucy's chamber. He was unaccountably depressed in spirit, painfully troubled in mind. Somehow his world had gone askew.

He knocked and was immediately appalled at his own temerity. There was a dreadful moment of waiting. Then he found himself face to face with Miss Lucy. She was pale and disturbingly unfamiliar.

"I came up to see if you were—all right," he stammered. "I—Mrs. Tuthill thought you might have a headache."

"I'm perfectly well, thank you."

The "thank you" smote him uncommonly hard.

"I wanted to explain about that business—this afternoon," he went on rather desperately. "It worries me. I should like to define it ——"

"Why should you define it to me?" she asked with unexpected vigor.

He looked at her determinedly.

"I define it," said he, "as the logical accident of illogical circumstances. It is essential to me that you should understand ——"

Miss Lucy became the spinster incarnate. She assumed an overwhelming age; she put on years.

"My dear boy," she said, "I understand that you have kissed the prettiest girl in Kingstown. More than that I do not care to know. And your secret is quite safe, so far as I am concerned."

The door closed. Sandringham Wilson turned and went slowly down the stairs to his own room. His definition had not served to clear the atmosphere. Apparently it had only complicated matters. The awful thought of having a secret caused the cold sweat to break out upon his forehead. And such a secret! He spent a miserable night.

The Sentinel's campaign for civic purity thundered rapidly to its climax. Mr. Lance Podderfoot's editorials became exceedingly bitter in tone. He attacked the astounded Mr. Triggs with unprecedented violence. He pointed out that the gambling element was still in full control of its evil faculties; that the Casino was closed only in theory; that life in general was a sham and a delusion and that Kingstown was no place for the entertainment of ideals. There was something almost personal in Mr. Podderfoot's despondency. As a matter of fact he had never recovered from that scene at Miss Allison's gate. He had been deeply wounded. He had been darkly and passionately jealous. He had taken that kiss as a theme. He had enlarged and embroidered it into a philosophy of despair. He had hurled it like a thunderbolt at the sacrificial person of John Triggs.

The effect upon Mr. Triggs was interesting and ominous. Day by day he grew more morose, more gloomily indignant. He drank prodigious amounts of his own

"Shoot Me," Said Sandringham Wilson. "I'm the Editor!"

(Continued on Page 90)

DEEP MINING FOR BRAINS

By Edward Mott Woolley

DECORATIONS BY J. GORDON SMYTH

JIMMY LITTLEPAY, of the silks and velvets, went into the superintendent's office one day and asked for more money. How could any fellow live decently and pay the installments for an engagement ring on fifteen dollars a week?

Jimmy's plaint came at a time when the store was getting ready to adopt different methods of handling employees; so he was turned over to a new executive known as the development manager. This executive sent for the sales records of the silks and velvets, and after he had asked Jimmy a lot of questions he suddenly said to him:

"Can you start for Europe to-morrow morning?"

"W-what?" inquired Jimmy.

"I am going to make you buyer of the silks. You will sail at ten o'clock; but meantime you'll have time to talk with the merchandise manager and the president. You want more money, and here is a big-man job. It's worth five thousand dollars a year at the start, Mr. Littlepay; but, of course, if you don't make good ——"

"W-wait a minute! W-wait ——"

"It's all up to you, I say. You have a good opinion of yourself, and you've had four years in the silks and velvets. In four years a fellow can learn quite a lot."

Jimmy got up, somewhat pale.

"Excuse me," he said. "I appreciate your joke; but cut it out! I am not qualified for a silk buyer; but that is no reason why you should play horse with me. All I ask is decent pay for the job I've got right now."

"Please sit down," suggested the development manager. "Really, Mr. Littlepay, it was not more absurd to offer you the buyership than for you to demand more money because you wish to get married."

Clever Methods of Stimulating Clerks

THEN for ten minutes he held a clinic. At fifteen dollars a week Littlepay had been costing the store, according to the records, eight and four-tenths per cent of his sales. In four years he had shown no gains; nor had he exhibited anything worth noting in the way of ambition, initiative, observation, or special knowledge of silks and velvets and ways of selling them. As a producer he was worth less than fifteen dollars a week to the store. Why hadn't he figured it out for himself?

Then he gave Littlepay a touch of consolation:

"You are not altogether to blame, because the store hasn't helped you much. In the future we mean to look at each man and woman in the organization something as a miner regards his undeveloped claim. We are going to develop our human properties with intensive mining; and you may go to Europe yet."

Jimmy hasn't achieved this aim; but he almost doubled his sales the following year, and his pay is now round twenty-five dollars a week.

There are large profits to be made from the deep mining of men and women for brains; and every now and then a rich vein is struck. Nevertheless, there are hard problems in this kind of mining.

Take the case of Teddy A., who applied for a job at the age of twenty. On the application blank was the question: "What is your ambition in life?" And Teddy wrote: "Drive delivery wagon."

In a store without intensive management they might have taken the boy at his word, and perhaps he would have stayed out on the wagon all his life, an economic loss to the store and to the world, and a personal failure.

Instead, they put Teddy in the rugs, as a junior, at seven dollars a week; and then they began experimental drillings to find out what they could make of him. There is a system in this store requiring floor managers to make periodic reports on all employees, going into detail and answering many specific questions; and the first report on Teddy A. was a dreadful roast. For one thing, he had no sense of personal appearance. His clothes were soiled and ragged; his tie was hopeless; his shoes were unacquainted with the brush.

Here was a problem of some interest. Perhaps Teddy was a worthless claim; and if so, the sooner they found it out and abandoned him the better. But beneath those shabby clothes might lie a pay streak!

It is one of the fundamental theories of the development department that unless the faculty of observation can be cultivated it is practically impossible to develop a person. It is also a theory that in teaching observation the academic discussion should be secondary to actual contact. So they gave Teddy half a day off and told him to spend it in the store, making notes about the six best-dressed men he encountered.

Right here comes in another important factor in this method of mining human nature. Periodic absences from routine duty are compulsory, for definite purposes in which observation plays a large part. This idea is quite the reverse of the old-fashioned don't-miss-an-hour scheme of things.

Perhaps you know the grocery clerk who hasn't lost a day in seventeen years. "Good, hard-working, faithful chap!" says his boss, who has taken maybe six days off himself.

Neither of them ever had a chance to observe that some grocery stores and some clerks are different, and neither has climbed very high in the scale of success. Yet if they had taken a hundred days off they might not have observed anything worth copying, unless they did their observing under the direction of minds more keenly analytical than their own. You can set it down as an axiom that the average human nature will not mine itself.

Teddy A., however, responded satisfactorily to the test; for when he turned in his report next day he wore a new necktie and had polished his shoes. After that his progress in dress was rapid. It required only a lecture or two and a few more observation trips to turn him into a well-dressed young man.

Meantime they set out to develop his ambition. In one of the classrooms they had a big chart of the store organization, and all over it were red stickpins; and they made him understand that each one stood for a man. The ordinary chart is just a piece of the furnishings; but this one was a stage, with live men walking over it. They talked about men, and told him over and over that he could walk on that stage in almost any rôle he chose. It depended on himself. They told him the stories of some of the boys who had gone into stores just as he had done, and how they had gone up and up. To this boy, who had lived twenty years in an ant hill, it was a revelation—a sort of afflatus.

Then they gave him a lesson to do:

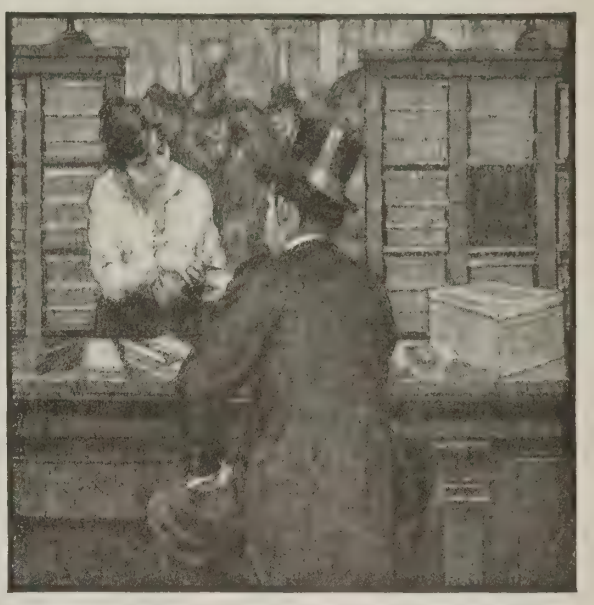
"Write some little stories about successful men. Dig them up out of biographies in the store library; out of the newspapers; from everyday life about you."

There is nothing that grips a man so much as the stories of men who have done things; and they cultivated Teddy's observation of opportunity so that in a little time he laughed at his erstwhile ambition to be a delivery driver. They developed other qualities in him, too; and now he is assistant manager of a department.

For variety, take Ned B. as an illustration. Here was another youth without much of an outlook on life; for he applied for work as an elevator boy. He had never thought in higher terms.

It is curious, by the way, to observe the number of boys and men who look out on a befogged horizon. Out of twenty applications for work at this store, by youths under twenty-one, only one aspired to be a buyer or higher executive. Glance at the others:

Four named the delivery wagon as their desideratum; two wanted to be elevator men; one had an ambition to be a flunky on the sidewalk and open automobile doors for customers; three thought they would like to be store detectives; two gave their ambition as floorwalker; seven viewed the position of salesman as their ultimate goal.



Ned was put at work in a stockroom; but first reports on him were unfavorable. In grading his qualities the executive who watched him gave him H for initiative, which signified hopeless.

In other words, the boy's faculty for original thinking was quite undeveloped. In this respect he was not much worse off than the average store employee, factory hand or office man who has had no specialized training in the great underlying faculty of observation. Perhaps Ned had never heard the word "initiative"; or, at least, it was an abstract term to him and he was unable to apply it to the practical things about him. He had a grammar-school education, which seems to be lacking in the application of the abstract to the concrete.

The Testing of Tillie

IN HIS work he had many sorts of packages to handle and to pass in and out; and when left to himself he did this in the most roundabout ways, frequently rehandling goods many times, when by the exercise of ingenuity he could have reduced the time and labor from ten to ninety per cent.

Some traps were set for him, as a test—such as mixing different kinds of bundles to see whether any systematic betterments would suggest themselves; but he fell into every trap ignominiously.

Then he was turned over to the development department, which gave him some preliminary talks on the importance of using his head. He had never been taught to think for himself, which is more or less of an extrinsic habit; though, of course, some people are endowed. Then he was sent on a trip through the store, with instructions to report ten things that could be done better. He turned in some grotesque recommendations, but among the lot was one that caught the attention of the executives. He criticized the drafty spaces adjacent to the entranceways; and the management had shields put up.

On being instructed in this line of thinking, Ned B. developed unusual initiative, and within a few months after his advent into the store he was making important suggestions—such as the sale of certain toys adjacent to the men's furnishings. A year or so later he won first prize in a suggestion contest, turning in the largest number of available ideas. He is now manager of a basement department.

There was a hard-working girl in the infants' wear—Tillie C.—whose record previous to the establishment of the development department showed an almost unbroken chain of days in harness, stretching back in weary monotony for a decade. I compared her sales for the first week in November, over a period of years, and they averaged round a hundred and ninety dollars. But in the two years following the development work her sales had jumped to an average of more than three hundred dollars. Tillie's story is an odd one. About the first thing the development manager said to her was this:

"Take Thursday off and spend it in the store studying the salespersons. Pick three clerks who you think deserve promotion. Don't bother about names, but make a report telling in detail your reasons for picking them."

Tillie's report showed that, even after all her years back of the counter, she was hazy as to many of the requirements of good salesmanship. The reasons she advanced were mostly superficial. In one instance she picked an elderly saleswoman because it seemed to her that this clerk deserved

recognition for long service; and in another case she gave her reason as "a pleasing personality." She chose a clerk in the toys because she seemed to like children.

Of course Tillie was working at a disadvantage because she had no access to sales records, and at best her opportunity to judge was limited. Yet she showed herself incapable of discerning such points as knowledge of goods, sincerity, tact, ability to express oneself clearly, knowledge of different types of customers, offensive mannerisms, and so on; in fact, Tillie had never heard salesmanship analyzed in this fashion. After all those years of labor she was still a mental infant in the selling field! But, late as it was, she began to look out on the sales world with the new vision of a nearsighted person wearing her first pair of glasses.

Anna D. worked in a department that sold bathing suits, sweaters, shawls, various dainty wraps, and fancy articles of many kinds. She had averaged round two hundred and fifteen dollars a week in sales and was considered a good saleswoman. The term "good" is about as unstandardized as the word "cigar."

In the course of his survey of the store the development man discovered her, and gave her unusual consideration because she showed certain glaring faults. In his peculiar mental viewpoint it was hard to understand how she had remained in the store two years. She was the kind of salesgirl who says to customers:

"What do you want to pay?"

"What color?"

"You take a big size, don't you?"

"We haven't any demand for that any more!"

"Would you care to see something more expensive?"

"This is the cheapest we have."

As a preliminary test in observation he sent her on some shopping trips to two classes of stores—the first representing the advanced and refined type of salesmanship, and the other the primitive sort. Not a word was said to her about her own faults, but she was asked merely to commend or criticize anything that impressed her.

Her report was quite inane and missed the point altogether. And no wonder; for she was mentally blind in these matters. Was she any worse in this respect than her employers had been? They could scarcely expect intelligent observation on her part, since they themselves had never observed that she was of a type of salesperson especially distasteful to customers.

Questions for Self-Analysis

ANNA D., however, was no fool; and when she began to comprehend real salesmanship she applied it to her own work and increased her sales sixty per cent in a year. You can only guess what her inward struggles were; but her efforts and those of the development department were fairly indicative of what may commonly be accomplished.

These things may sound like truisms to the keenly philosophical business man; yet the world is running over with employers and salespeople who are still in such a mist of crudity that even this elementary psychology is an utter stranger to them. Moreover, there is a new batch perpetually coming along, so that nothing but continuous development work will keep a business up to date.

It should not be inferred that this development progress is measured wholly by the detached individual sales records. Jessie E., before the development work began, sold six hundred and sixty dollars' worth of laces in November. In the following November—after having her observation, initiative and general salesmanship cultivated—she sold ten hundred and forty-nine dollars' worth. Though this gain shows up as her personal achievement, she is not really entitled to all the praise. Bertha F. may be responsible for some of it.

Bertha is in the knit underwear. In the old days of hit-or-miss salesmanship she sold, in November, eight hundred and ninety dollars' worth of goods. Afterward she sold, in November, twelve hundred and sixty dollars' worth. In addition, her improved influence in the store has been acting indirectly on the sales of Jessie E., and vice versa.

Though it is difficult to gauge this intangible influence, the store makes an attempt to estimate it by rating its salespeople fifty per cent for net sales and fifty per cent for the aggregate of the following qualities:

Health, appearance, manner, initiative, industry, accuracy, loyalty, coöperation, responsibility and knowledge.

An analysis of these qualities subdivides them something like this:

Health: Regular in attendance, healthful appearance, erect of posture, vigorous in daily work, alert in mind.

Appearance: Businesslike, dress according to requirements, hands and teeth well cared for, hair neatly arranged, clothing well brushed and neat.

Manner: Smiling, courteous, interested, tactful and persuasive, voice pleasant and speech correct.

Initiative: Introducing merchandise not asked for, making extra efforts to please customers, originality, finding things to be done, suggesting ways of improving service.

Industry: Serves customers promptly, good at stock-keeping, in department as much as possible, always on time in department.

Accuracy: States facts correctly, systematic worker, observes rules of the house, fills orders promptly, minimum of errors.

Loyalty: Speaks well of the house, does nothing to reflect discredit, offers constructive criticism, does everything possible to help the business, willing to stay late when necessary.

Coöperation: Saves expense when possible, willing to straighten out mistakes, willing to assist in other departments, assists fellow workers in own department, willing to assist with other work along with regular duties.

Responsibility: Willing to assume it, careful in making and keeping promises, avoids mistakes, does work satisfactorily, good stockkeeper.

Knowledge: Thorough knowledge of stock and of store system, familiar with location of departments, knowledge of store advertisements, knows steady customers.

You can see that this is a rather keen analysis. Each salesperson is rated monthly by the floor manager, buyer, and an assistant superintendent, as excellent, good, fair, poor or bad.

There are ratings, too, for rank in department sales, percentage of salary cost, returned goods, times late, times absent without just cause, and so on. One executive characterized some of these things as frills, but said that the moral effect, nevertheless, was excellent.

In investigating this subject in various stores I was surprised to find how much deep thinking had been given to this matter of development work; and for any person who wishes to increase his or her earning capacity I recommend a perusal of the following condensed self-analysis report, many of the questions in the original being omitted altogether, because of its length. Every salesperson is asked to fill this out, but only after careful meditation:

"What are your favorite studies? What studies do you like least? Are you doing any definite reading or studying? What? What studies have you taken that will help you in your position? What studies have you planned to help you in your present position? What studies that will prepare you for advancement? What papers or periodicals do you read regularly? What lines of merchandise do you understand? What lines do you like best? Would a knowledge of any foreign language help you? And, if so, have you made any plans in that direction?

"What do you do with your leisure time? Have you control over your temper and emotions? Do you use liquor? And, if so, do you consider it a safe habit? Can you concentrate your mind? Are you inclined to be lazy? Do you appreciate the price you must pay for success?

"Do you like or dislike to mingle with people, and do you realize that the proper contact with the world is essential to success? What are you doing to cultivate this quality? Are you studying self-expression or the forceful use of language? Can you trust yourself? Are you absolutely honest?

"What weak spots in your character are you building up? What is your greatest strength? What is your greatest weakness?

"What special training do you need? Do you work well under supervision? Without it? Are you willing to learn new and better ways of doing your work? Can you save money regularly? Are you in debt? Do you realize that your earning capacity depends on what you produce for your employers, not on length of service or favoritism? Do you understand that there are definite ways through which you can become more productive, and that by faithfully studying the development work of this store you can largely increase your income?

"Do you have to be told more than once to do a thing? What occupations have you followed, and for how long? Did you give them up for good reasons or for lack of courage and persistence?

"What is your greatest ambition? Could you reasonably set a higher goal, considering your natural endowments and the results others have accomplished under similar conditions?"

Then follow spaces in which the employee is to enter an estimate in the form of percentage of his or her personal qualities, some of which I have named in the foregoing. Others are adaptability, alertness, determination, discretion, economy, enthusiasm, frankness, imagination, optimism, patience, resourcefulness, thoughtfulness and thoroughness. And finally:

"Are you satisfied with yourself as shown in this analysis?"

The employees are invited to confer with the development department for advice in any effort toward improvement. Of course there are numerous classes going on all the time, which I shall not attempt to enumerate or describe.

A Better System of Promotions

I HAVE before me a copy of a different kind of analysis, made by a floor manager, the subject being a salesgirl in the candies and favors. The blank form contained many questions, and the substance of his report was this:

"M. W., aged twenty-two: Influence in department, good; discipline, good; inclined to relax in her work when not under direct supervision; is willing to learn and needs coaching in store systems; should be drilled in the analysis of salesmanship; has improved materially in last six months; believe she can increase her sales forty per cent. As a means of increasing her value to the store I should suggest Classes F and G."

In connection with these various analyses the fact was disclosed that the majority of salespersons had remained for years in the departments where they began, if they stayed in the store that long. There had never been any tangible policy of promotion and, hence, the opportunities were limited by those of the departments. Yet there were departments that returned the store very much larger profits than others. So the development department asked: "Why not give the salesforce the incentive of stepping from a poor department to one that can pay more?"

This was done, and definite lines of promotion established between departments closely related. For instance, experience in silks could be put to a higher utilization in the selling of silk waists and dresses. When a saleswoman reached maximum earnings in silks she was transferred as soon as possible to this other department.

In like manner the wash-goods people were advanced to the cheaper dress goods selling at prices inside a dollar a yard; then into plain blacks; next into fancy dress goods; and then into coats and suits, as being made up of the fabrics they had been handling.

A study of the salesmen and saleswomen in a number of departments showed that, under the old method, or lack of it, ambition was practically dormant, so far as getting into higher work was concerned. Gertie S. had been doing precisely the same thing for nine years, a topnotcher in the ribbons, yet at the limit of her aspirations because there was no door through which she could escape. Now she has been passed on into the millinery.

"Once in the basement, always there!" was a saying in the store, but not now.

Some clever development work may be seen in the methods of eliminating errors. A preliminary study of errors was made, requiring many months; and the common mistakes made by employees were found to aggregate about fifteen thousand a month. There were four hundred and thirty kinds of errors, including such things as overmeasuring goods, wrong change, names and

(Concluded on Page 101)

BRINGING OUT BARBARA

The Experiences of a New York Débutante

III

By ETHEL TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE roses faded, and for several weeks I saw their sender no more. I had my sketch; but even that was only an impression of him upon whom my thoughts dwelt. Emotion feeds upon an absence of details—especially that vague form of it which agitates a young girl's breast. It was not love that was at the bottom of the emotion, but the emotion that was at the bottom of what, with beating heart, I thought I recognized as love. Whatever it was, it had taken hold of me and soothed my turbulence. I became surprisingly acquiescent in everything that mother demanded of me, and found myself the gainer by this docility. I went wherever I was told to go and endeavored to behave according to instructions.

By the time we were ready to exchange Long Island for Newport I had a large though sketchy acquaintance among those who were to share in our migration. It comprised nearly everybody except the Spencers, the Glendennings, the Winty Athertons, the Boltons, and a few others of their ilk, who remained consistently withdrawn. I did see the Bolton girl one day getting some polo practice in a field. She handled her mallet with the utmost skill, swinging it with long, sweeping, pendulum strokes of a brown arm, bare to the elbow. Her hair was all blown, her cheeks scarlet; she sat her scampering pony like a jockey. She looked like a real girl, and I wanted most awfully to meet her. I found out upon inquiry that she was fifteen; and that she never went out in the evening, but had her supper with her two little brothers at half past six.

There was no lack of girls of that age who did go out to our subdébutante festivities. The Hill twins, for example, wouldn't be sixteen until September. They were the two shoulder shakers who had been talking with John Randall at Mrs. Winslow's tea. Their mother had been deposed from office several months before upon grounds that had not failed to reach even our juvenile ears. Rumor had it that negotiations were pending for a successor; but meantime there was nobody to look after the twins, who floated about as they pleased.

Nobody looked after any of us, really. So long as we frequented only certain houses we were considered safe. We should have bored older people and they had no intention of being bored; so they would give us the run of the house for the evening, and take themselves off to more congenial companionship. After dinner there was always something to divert us from any attempt at acquiring the art of conversation: if not dancing, then an oily trick man, or a mind reader, or a singer of not very nice topical songs.

We moved to Newport toward the middle of July. Our house here was not so large as the Westbury house, but it was rather more ponderous.

It seemed too heavy for the contracted grounds upon which it stood. There was no space for a garden, so our flowers were forwarded to us from Long Island several times a week by express.

Whenever I thrust my nose out of doors I was in full view of the strollers along the shore walk. Everything we did here was done under the public eye. The resort outdid the suburb in gregariousness. Neither mother nor her associates ever seemed to feel the need of being alone.

Anybody to whom money is no consideration can own three houses, but nobody on earth can have three homes. Having no home of course we had no home life. We lived in other people's houses, and they in ours. None of us had any household gods, since such commodities do not come in triplicate.

She Looked Like a Real Girl and I Wanted Most Awfully to Meet Her

The luxury in the midst of which I now found myself seemed to me harmful chiefly because of its falsification of values. The house, for example, instead of being a means to an end, became an end in itself.

Existence was complicated by the needless elaboration of what intrinsically was simple enough. It was not that we overdressed—any girl who appeared in lace and muslin on golf links or tennis courts would have been well laughed at; correct sport attire for the young consisted of the plainest of white shirt waists and skirts, but when it came to crispness and starchiness you might go to any lengths uncriticized.

Mother insisted that I should change oftener than the most fastidious standard of personal cleanliness could possibly have demanded. Every time I turned around there stood Yvonne holding out a fresh white skirt for me to put on. Serviceableness, for which such garments were designed, thus gave place to style, a term having meaning in one small stratum of society, but without signification to the rest of the world.

I should think it would have enraged the laundresses, of whom there were three in our laundry, to be obliged to go through the whole process of "doing up" a dress when all it needed was a little pressing to take out the creases. The idea was, I suppose, that, since they were paid to work, it made no difference what work they did.

Of our three abiding places Newport was the least familiar to me, for the nine weeks of my family's sojourn here I had for years spent in a girls' camp in Maine. It was a far cry from that to this. The transition had taken my breath away. I was given no pause to regain it. No allowance was made for any bewilderment on my part. A routine was mapped out for me and I was expected to follow it without ado. I got up late; for, once started on the day, it was one long, dizzying whirl. Its only quiet moments were those relegated to the changing of clothes. I now had too much exercise in conjunction with everything else. Sleepy from tennis and bathing, I had to sit up and make conversation in hot, crowded rooms at lunch; black coffee stimulated me to more exercise in the afternoon; tea restored my verve after that; then came dinner, with renewed chatter, food and coffee; and then, to finish off the evening, dancing! More exhausted than any factory girl, I tumbled into bed.

I began almost at once to form a variety of acquaintances among the opposite sex. Some blew in on yachts for a night; others came as visitors and stayed indefinitely. Few were under twenty, for the boys of our age liked girls older or younger than we were, when they liked them at all. Our swains ranged in age from eighty to twenty. There were retired rear-admirals who still danced, preferably with girls in their teens. There were men married, unmarried and remarried; there were paupers, pet cats and sudden millionaires; there was everybody who was anybody, and anybody who had become somebody by the magic of money, through foreign alliance, by hook or by crook. We had steel kings and crockery kings, cotton kings and carpet kings; the only monarch who hadn't broken in yet was the copper king, and from latest advices we were informed that he was on the way, and was due to arrive presently.

Between the girls who were not "out" and those who were there was drawn a strict line of demarcation. We were never invited to their entertainments, nor they to ours. But when it came to men, not one was considered too old or too experienced for us to associate with on equal terms. Once they had obtained the entrée they were asked "to everything." I wondered, when I first saw them standing about in the doorways at our very young dances, what we, who knew so little of the world, could possibly have to offer them.

One night I found out.

It was at a little dance at the Hills. The party was frankly "sticky," and everybody was having a dull time of it. The ballroom was hideously decorated in blue and silver, with designs reminiscent of the calliopes in circus parades. There was no angle at which these did not hit one in the eye. Wherever one looked were quirks and querls

innumerable, Cupids with overdeveloped stomachs, and bowknots that did not tie anything.

After one unsuccessful effort to pilot him round the room I had sat out two interminable dances with my Long Island acquaintance, the Midnight Follies boy, whose name was Cyril Chub, and had come perilously near yawning right in his pink and placid face. Never to my dying day should I forget that soulless eye, that plastered hair and that perennial gardenia. From this extremity I was rescued by an oldish man, whom I had met on another occasion, and invited to seek coolness somewhere outside. I was flattered at his having remembered me, and gratefully accepted, though I knew nothing of him but his name, which was Watson. We went out on the veranda, but that was too damp, he thought; so we adjourned to the conservatory, a green and bowery spot most grateful to me after the glare of the lights inside.

I expressed my satisfaction and drew his attention to the beauty of a great palm with drooping fronds. We got to talking about flowers and I told him how I loved them. Then he began comparing girls to flowers; and I thought that sounded rather silly, but put it down to an older point of view. When I was fifty or sixty, no doubt I, too, should be sentimentalizing over the freshness and innocence of that youth which I was so matter of fact about just now. Still, it was tiresome of him to continue harping on this subject, with lowered voice and bated breath.

I had no idea there was anything personal about it, however, until his flowery language suddenly ceased and I distinctly felt something touch my bare arm. I could not believe that my senses had not played me false; and, drawing every muscle taut, I waited, absolutely still. Then I heard in an insinuating whisper:

"Don't be frightened, Little One. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm only helping you to wake up! You've got to wake up sometime, you know!"

In one bound I was out of that wicker chair. Luckily there was light enough to see the open door.

If there hadn't been I believe I should have crashed right through the glass.

In all my life nothing had ever so outraged and surprised me as this episode. As a result, I suddenly hated and distrusted all men—Allan Denning not excepted. John Randall alone escaped. I did not think of him at all. The bubble of my youthful self-sufficiency had burst. There was no gas left in my balloon. I wanted somebody to take care of me.

Mrs. Barton Winslow sat among the patronesses; *soignée;* exquisite; the woman of fashion from the tip of her small, white-crowned head to the toe of her slipper, but more, far more than that when you looked at her eyes—dark eyes, mirroring life—human eyes! . . . Oh, if I could have confided in her. . . . Instead, I went up to her, extended the tips of my fingers, murmured something about being tired, and left.

A thin line of light underneath mother's door showed me that she was within. Sadly I passed it; for mother had failed me. She had sent me forth unprepared and unwarned.

In my own room I sobbed for hours, flung athwart my bed. At last I slept, very heavily. In the morning I woke, stiff and weary, last night's melting succeeded by an exaggerated and deplorable cynicism. Since there was no one to take care of me, it behooved me in future to take care of myself. This I thenceforth did—a little too well. I thought I saw a devil lurking in ambush behind every masculine face; for there is no disillusion comparable in poignancy and passion to the disillusion of extreme youth.

The hours, with their overlapping engagements, hurried confusedly along, and I hurried with them. In Allan's absence I continued to include him in my sweeping distrust of men. I did not know when he was coming, or whether he was ever coming. Meantime I rushed from one activity to another. If anybody asked me to play golf or tennis, I played; wherever I was bidden to lunch, tea or dinner, I went. Mother arranged my engagements, Yvonne dressed me for them, and the chauffeur conveyed me to the designated spot. The more keyed up I got from overdoing, the more I overdid. Society had harnessed me to its chariot, a poor little three-year-old colt, without full strength of wind or limb.

Then, one day, Allan turned up. No sooner had I laid my hand in his and looked into his eyes than I found myself, by sheer force of reaction, more than ever under the spell. "All men are liars," I had thought. Now I said: "All men are liars—except one."

During this period John Randall did not exist for me. Ever since I had turned my back on him, and run straight into the arms of Allan Denning, the bolder image of the latter had usurped his place upon my mental retina. The young painter had been the unattainable moon; Allan Denning was the coin which, held close to my eye, served to exclude that moon from my field of vision.

One night, however, the coin was struck aside and the moon shone once more in the midnight sky. It was at a vaudeville performance at one of the houses. Allan was sitting beside me. He did not honor many of our sub-débutante dinners with his adult presence, but he often dropped in afterward to applaud good-naturedly whatever entertainment was on for the latter portion of the evening.

On this occasion it was acrobats. Upon an improvised platform a delicately muscular fellow, in tights, was awaiting, lithe and watchful as a panther, the moment for his leap onto the shoulders of a colleague. There was something in the set of his lips, the concentration of his eye, that vividly suggested the young painter and curiously clutched at my heart. The leap was made; more than the usual polite applause followed—even this assemblage had not escaped a thrill.

He who had evoked it deserved no less; spurred on by merciful necessity to sweat and strive, he had evaded softness, a quality warranted to make of whatever it touched that had once been young and glorious a thing all gone to rot—decadent and mean. From the boy's thin, streaming face my eyes turned to Allan. He was clapping, heavy-handed; complacently calling out "Bravo!" With a shock I wondered whether it were possible that he would one day be fat!

I dreamed feverishly of John Randall, clad in cheap pink tights.

As luck would have it, the very next day Mrs. Winslow invited me to lunch, to see her portrait, which had been all this time getting framed, and had just arrived from Long Island.

I was taken to the drawing-room to wait. With my foot on the threshold, I was arrested by the direct gaze of a pair of gentle yet burning eyes. The portrait hung over the mantel, directly opposite the door. The canvas was not very large. It showed Mrs. Winslow sitting at ease upon a sofa with plenty of give to it, and took in the knees. She was in a simple tea gown that fell in loose folds about her; her delicate neck, the poise of her exquisite head with its piled-up white hair—ah, with what appreciation had they been reproduced! With high courage, Randall had dared to put in every line he saw in that face of a woman approaching sixty; not one had been omitted. The result was that he had portrayed the dignity, the nobility that only years can give; and proved that truth is beauty—beauty, truth.

So compelling, so intense was the quiet of that seated figure that it made all the little things with which my brain had been so busy fall away at once, leaving my spirit rever end and hushed. So absorbed was I in my contemplation that I did not hear Mrs. Winslow come in. I started when I felt her hand on my shoulder, and turned with a smile But I could not speak for a minute, because—just as they did when I was listening to music—my eyes had filled with tears.

"There's not much doubt as to what you think of it," said my hostess, adding quietly: "I learned to know John Randall well during the sittings, and to value him highly as a friend."

Upon this opening might have ensued confidences that would have changed the whole course of this narrative, but for the fact that at this inopportune moment Ruth Alvord came dawdling in.

The following afternoon Mrs. Winslow exhibited the portrait by means of a tea. From four o'clock on her house was jammed. The portrait took Newport by storm. For the rest of the season, at least, the young artist's name would be on every tongue. Why wasn't he present? a hundred voices demanded. I made spurious criticisms of him to myself. He ought to have come, I argued, even if only out of curiosity. It must be an affectation—this seeming indifference as to whether thumbs turned up or down. Nobody could really be as cool as that.

Deep down inside I knew well enough that the reason its creator refused to embrace his big opportunity was nothing more important than myself. He wished still to avoid me. Out of pique or out of embarrassment—what matter, since he had not come?

Memory stands a poor chance in competition with the actual presence of a delightful, assiduous and constant companion, such as Denning. We were "Allan" and "Barbara" now; we swam together every morning, played golf every afternoon. A girl does want some man after having been with spinsters all her life, and here was a very charming one who was ever within call. Yet, even in his company I was subject to moods of taciturnity and abstraction.

"You look so unsatisfied sometimes!" he commented one day, leaning on his club, throat bare, sun glinting on his hair. "I believe you still worry like the devil about being made to come out."

"I do—often," I admitted gravely.

For a while he regarded me in silence.

"If you became a highbrow," he then said whimsically, "what I want to know is Where should I come in?"

My heart thumped agreeably.

"I didn't know you wanted to come in!" I stammered.

His smile went out.

"You bet I do!" he said in his deep vibrant voice. "Why, I've told you a dozen times I'd never met anyone like you We don't grow 'em round here. And now you talk about deserting us! Don't you think that's rather hard?"

My eye sought the horizon at the end of the wide sweep of green. He must have noticed its wistfulness, for he said consolingly:

"*I* understand exactly how you feel But, unfortunately, I'm not your mother The plain fact is, you're up against it You don't know women with social ambitions as well as I do. You might talk yourself blue in the face—she wouldn't give in She knows what she wants, and she wants what she wants, when she wants it There's the whole thing in a nutshell Why not succumb with a good grace? No rows—smooth sailing—lots of laughs on the side—somebody to laugh with—me Is that such a ghastly prospect? Don't take it so seriously! Why, you're almost as serious as she is! Come on! Be a sport Play the game!"

At seventeen you don't refuse to be a sport, any more than you refuse to take a dare. And the accusation of seriousness is a serious accusation, carrying with it the opprobrious implication of lack of a sense of humor. Besides, an exceedingly attractive young man, who intimates that he is in love with you, is an influential factor in any situation.

"Oh, very well!" I said gayly, though my spirit was troubled. "I don't care. I'll see it through."

The first of these statements was a lie. I did care terribly. The second was a pledge. The importance that I was to attach to that pledge was evidence that I was incurably serious after all. In Allan Denning mother had gained a powerful ally.

I Thought That Sounded Rather Silly, But Put it Down to an Older Point of View

Two days later Mrs. Winslow was one of the guests at a luncheon of women at our house.

I was "down"; and as soon as opportunity offered she whispered in my ear:

"He's coming after all. I persuaded him. He's sailing himself up from New York in his own boat. He ought to be here to-day."

I paled and all my pulses thumped.

Mrs. Winslow introduced John Randall to Newport at an evening reception. I was there by her special request.

He shrank at sight of me; but I went straight up to him, where he stood under the portrait, and held out my hand.

"I can't tell you," I said slowly with look upturned to it, "how picayune, how idiotic, in the light of this, I seem to myself for having resented your resentment with me—about the letter ——"

A warm glow suffused his face.

"It was only because I couldn't bear to think of it that I was so cross," he said, boyishly eager. "Of their beginning the—metamorphosis stuff, you know. But now I see I was wrong. They haven't touched you! You're the very same girl I met that night."

I started away from him, wide-eyed.

"I don't think I am," I said uneasily. "You only get that impression because I'm still able to recognize inspiration in a picture when I see it."

He smiled.

"Anyone would be a fool," he averred, "not to draw inspiration from such a subject."

Somebody came up to him just then, after which Mrs. Winslow brought others, and presently he was surrounded—obliterated from my view—closed in. For the next two hours he was at the mercy of the throng. They would hardly permit him to breathe.

When the crowd had begun to thin out he found me again.

"Thank the Lord that's over!" he said with a deep, heartfelt sigh.

I laughed.

"How brown you are!" I commented. "I never knew a painter could be so brown. What fun it must have been, sailing up! I'd love so to sail."

"Come sailing with me to-morrow!" he flashed.

I shook my head, wondering what to tell him. He should never know of the friction that had occurred between myself and mother on his account. I was glad now that he had not divined her attitude toward him. With these thoughts in mind I was completely taken aback by his next words.

"Your mother's been awfully kind to-night," he said appreciatively. "Said how much she liked the portrait; asked me to dine week after next, and to tea on Tuesday."

This change of front on mother's part took my breath away. It hadn't mattered that I had vouched for this man out of the depths of my being, with everything in me that intuitively recognized what he was; she had forbidden our association just the same. What had altered her decision? Mrs. Winslow. Whom Mrs. Winslow accepted, it was meet that Mrs. West should accept. There was nothing for it but to get in line with the other sheep. Of my thoughts I showed nothing, but said eagerly:

"I hope you're coming!"

"Of course I am!" was his prompt reply. "Meantime, what about that sail? Come on! I'll get you back in a couple of hours. I swear I will!"

I beamed. There was nothing now to stand in the way of my accepting.

"It'll be wonderful!" I cried.

We looked at each other, radiant. Then suddenly the sun went out. I had remembered an engagement. How came it that it had slipped my mind?

"I forgot," I said. "I can't. I've got to play golf at half past three."

"Too bad!" Randall replied. "Oh, well; never mind."

His disappointment was evident, from his eyes all the way down to the sensitive tip of his chin. I found myself unaccountably contrasting that chin with Denning's. That Denning had allowed his to forfeit something of its natural contours outraged my artistic sense. Adonis he was, beyond question; but Adonis "to date," a little blunted as to edges—a few pounds overweight.

The Party Came Perilously Near Being a Frost

"Have you been doing any painting?" he asked with an effort, after a pause. "You have! I can read guilt in your eyes. Confess!"

I blushed furiously. If he should discover that my golf partner and the subject of my sketch were one and the same, it would spoil our fresh start.

"Only one sketch," I deprecated. "Nothing at all. I finished it in a day."

Glancing toward the door at this juncture I saw two or three late arrivals who had just come on from somewhere else. Allan was one of them. He joined us at once, turned to Randall, offered congratulations and shook hands. How charmingly cordial was his manner! No reminiscence in it of that cool stare with which he had looked him over at their first meeting. Was this change due to the recognition of genius, or could it be that he, too, was one of the sheep? Instantly dismissing this suspicion, I yet wished he had been endowed with foresight rather than hindsight. He ought to have recognized at a glance the quality of that face. . . . I had!

"I only dropped in for a minute," Allan said. "Good night, Barbara. Don't forget our match to-morrow, will you? Three-thirty. And do show Mr. Randall that sketch you did of me. She did a cracking sketch of me, Mr. Randall. Get her to show it to you. Make her!"

He was off, and Randall and I were left uncomfortably together. I knew what that line in his forehead meant, that almost imperceptible quiver of the chin. He was drawing deductions at the rate of a million a minute.

"Please," I besought him, in acute distress, "stop thinking—what you are thinking! I might just as well have sketched anybody. He happened along just when I wanted to sketch. When I want to sketch I sketch anything that comes along. I ——"

From these verbal involutions I was rescued by mother, who, approaching, wished Mr. Randall good night with the utmost cordiality and said it was time to take me home.

When I laid my hand in his something in his expression reminded me of the way Miss Wier had looked when she had come upon me in my dinky little hat.

Tuesday came without my having caught sight of him again. That afternoon my game was unspeakable, I was so afraid of not getting through before five. Luckily Allan was due somewhere else at teatime; so we only played nine holes. In his absence I was sure of an opportunity for a frank talk with Randall that would clear things up.

Arrived at home, I waited confidently; and he didn't come. After everybody had been sitting around for hours, the doorbell rang. I heard soft sounds, as of things being laid down on a table.

"It is he, after all!" I thought, exuberant.

It wasn't he. It was Allan!

One moment of blank disappointment; and then a lightning chemical transformation of all the ingredients of that disappointment—the chief, hurt pride—into overwhelming gratitude toward a friend who never failed.

"I thought you weren't coming to-day," I whispered. "I thought you were going to have tea with the Glynn-Rollinses."

Before answering, he bent so close that in one moment I seemed to feel the pressure of his lips upon mine.

"I've had tea with the Glynn-Rollinses," he said, implying that the Glynn-Rollinses were powerless to hold him long away from me. "And now I'm going to have more tea," he added comfortably, "with you."

He chatted for a while with mother, who handed it to him, and with the other guests; and then we went and sat on a remote sofa. He was not only in high spirits but he was most awfully good-looking in golf clothes. Some day I would sketch him like that—one leg thrown over the other; hair all crisped and kinked with fog; teacup in hand. I would sketch him forty ways and show all the sketches to John Randall, just to see him wince—for so reckless was my mood that I delighted in the thought of hurting.

He began gossiping about people; I responded. It was a form of diversion I despised; but my ideas were all out of kilter this afternoon—and it required so little effort. He laughed at some rumor I retailed. I followed it up with another choice bit; he laughed again, and the more he laughed, the hotter my cheeks flamed—the more excitedly and incoherently I talked.

"Do you know," he commented, suddenly slapping his knee, "I've never known you to let yourself go like this before! By George! You're waking up!"

At this expression, I stared at him. Could it be true? "I'm only helping you to wake up," had hissed the serpent. "You've got to wake up sometime, you know!" Ah, how soon I had begun to wake up!

That night a formidable dinner occurred at our house, and I entered the drawing-room amid a loud hubbub of indignant talk ensuing from a medley of dowagers, diamonds and fans, all in motion. No strikers gathered on a street corner could have given more unmistakable evidence of indignant agitation.

The men who were there did not say anything; they let the women talk.

A single name was on everybody's tongue—the name of the new lion. It appeared that this lion, instead of submitting to being decorated with garlands by soft hands, had shown his teeth. In plain English, devoid of metaphor, John Randall had actually dared, without a word of explanation to anybody, to give Newport the slip. Taking advantage of the lasting qualities of the breeze, which my weather eye had foretold, he had slipped his moorings at Mrs. Winslow's dock that very afternoon and sailed away into the sunset in his little catboat.

Enter cocktails—exit girl. That was my program. That night I thought the cocktails would never come! Snatches of talk reached my ears:

(Continued on Page 93)

ALIEN ENEMIES

By Melville Davisson Post

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Scotland Yard Men Always Bring Their Captives to Jail in an Enclosed Yard, So That They Will Not be Known Generally

FOR the present situation in the United States our Government has little precedent in its own history. On any day it may be called upon to deal with the problem of alien enemies. In the solution of this problem it will doubtless follow what seems expedient to American conditions; but the experience of Great Britain, under conditions in some respect parallel, may be cited as a guiding factor.

The policy of England has been a careless liberality in dealing with all resident aliens. Deposed princes and the conspirators who had deposed them came with equal freedom to the English Islands. London was the headquarters of all revolutionist propaganda in Europe. Every form of fanaticism was released there. The whole island was practically free to any alien upon the same terms as to the English resident. This national policy was in contradistinction to that of any continental country. France and Germany required the registration of all foreign visitors.

Consequently when war was declared the continental countries had an accurate record of every alien, on that date, within their borders. Great Britain was practically in the position of the United States at this time. It was not precisely in the position of the United States, for, as early as 1905, the government realized that the great system of German espionage which had been laid down carefully over the whole of France had also been extended to the English Islands. At the suggestion of the Admiralty and War Office a Special Intelligence Department was organized to operate with the Home Office, Metropolitan Police, and the principal police force.

This was a tardy initiative.

Men like Lord Roberts, the Earl of Portsmouth, the Earl of Crawford, Lord Leith of Fyvie, Viscount St. Aldwyn, Lord St. Davids, the Earl of Selborne, Viscount Galway, Lord Curzon, and others, had warned the country in vain against a system of German espionage by resident aliens. But the force of these warnings was so slight that, even after the Special Intelligence Department had been set up, it was found that the existing laws were so confused and defective that it was necessary to pass the Official Secrets Act. This Act, passed in 1911, undertook to put the subject on a clear basis, and to extend the law to cover any information that might be conveyed to an enemy and be useful to it in time of war.

Suspects Under Martial Law

THIS precautionary measure proved to be of great service to the English Government. Under it they discovered the central headquarters which resident aliens had set up in Caledonian Road, London—an Intelligence Department conducted by a naturalized German who had been a resident of Great Britain for sixteen years. The authorities watched and shadowed the movements of resident aliens from this headquarters, but without taking any hostile action or allowing them to know they were being watched. Only when the resident alien, under the direction of this central office, undertook to send documents of importance out of the country was he arrested.

It was not the object of the Special Intelligence Department to institute prosecutions. Public opinion regarded German espionage in England as a nightmare of the fancy, the idle alarms of timid and excited persons. For this reason the Special Intelligence Department kept its discoveries secret, and contented itself with endeavoring to locate the resident aliens connected with the German headquarters.

It happened, therefore, that on August fourth, before the declaration of war, upon the direction of the Home Secretary, the secret service of Great Britain was able to put under arrest at once twenty of the principal resident aliens acting as spies in the country; and they were able, immediately upon the declaration of war, to intern a great number of persons who had been under special observation.

The British Home Office believed that these precautionary measures, begun in 1905 and carried forward by the Special Intelligence Department, broke the backbone of the German spy organization, which had been established by resident aliens before the war.

But this belief was not entirely justified.

Unquestionably a precaution, even to this extent, had been of incalculable advantage. But, as the Home Office admitted, it was still necessary to take the most rigorous steps to prevent the establishment of any fresh organization, and to deal with individual alien enemies who might previously have been working in the country outside of the organization, or who might be sent to it in the guise of neutrals after the declaration of war.

In addition to these advanced measures the English Government acted with more expedition than one would imagine. The Aliens Restriction Act was passed on the fifth of August, and immediately the Home Office and the police, by an Order-in-Council, were given stringent powers to deal with aliens, and especially alien enemies.

The Home Office and the police took over very large powers under this Act.

They were now able to prevent any alien from coming into or going out of the country; they were able to divide the country into districts and remove from these districts undesirable resident aliens. It was thought unadvisable to permit resident aliens, whether naturalized or not, to reside in the vicinity of naval bases, dockyards, munitions plants, or other strategic points. These sections of the country were laid off in prohibited areas. The following report of a military order is illustrative:

"Notices to quit coastal towns adjoining the Tyneside district were yesterday served by the police, on behalf of the military authorities, upon persons regarded as undesirable residents. The people affected include enemy aliens and naturalized aliens of both sexes; also, British-born descendants of aliens, including even the second generation. Exceptions have been made in cases of advanced age and extreme youthfulness. New addresses must be approved by the military. Notices were also served on German residents in Sunderland to leave the town and district and move into an area approved by the military authorities. The order applies to men, women and children, whether naturalized or not, and must be obeyed within eight days. The approved area will be about thirty miles from the coast."

Leading authorities in England advocated the transportation of all aliens to a distance inland of at least thirty miles from the coast.

But these precautions were not considered sufficient. The Defense of the Realm Act was passed on August eighth, and Orders-in-Council under this Act were immediately issued. These orders covered, in the widest terms, any attempt on the part of either aliens or British subjects to communicate any information that "is calculated to be or might be directly or indirectly useful to the enemy."

The objects of these orders were to make espionage a military offense instead of a civil one, and to permit summary punishment. Under this Act the offender could be tried by a court-martial and sentenced to penal servitude for life. The police and military authorities were empowered to make arrests without a warrant. Under the Defense of the Realm Act the police could take into custody, without any preliminary paper, any person whose behavior was such as to give rise to suspicion; and the one so arrested could be summarily turned over to the military authorities for trial by court-martial.

This took the whole matter out of the hands of the civil authorities and put it into the hands of the military authorities.

Stamping Out Internal Espionage

WITH one stroke this Act did away with all the delays and safeguards the civil law might throw round either a British subject or an alien enemy charged with espionage. It enabled the military authorities to deal, in any case, with expedition.

The Act provided that only in the event of the military authorities being of the opinion that there was no prima-facie case, on the charge of espionage or any other offense triable by military law, could the prisoner be turned over to the civil authorities.

All internal espionage in Great Britain now became a war crime.

The only distinction was that if one were tried under the Defense of the Realm Act the maximum punishment was penal servitude for life. If he were dealt with outside of the Act he was punishable with death. Practically the whole country, by this Act, was put into the same position as territory occupied by arms. The same methods of summary arrest and court-martial trial were in effect all over England; and the only distinction was that the accused was imprisoned for life instead of being executed.

It will be seen that civil jurisdiction was entirely set aside. This meant that the country would be protected against alien enemies by swift military measures; but that if any mistakes were made they could be afterward remedied. An accused person imprisoned for an offense was not beyond a reconsideration at some later date.

While the authorities found it necessary to apply military measures to the whole country against the danger of espionage by alien enemies, the civil authorities also acted.

The government thought it expedient to keep track of every alien in England. It, therefore, required every foreigner, not naturalized, to register his address, give up any

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Scene on Embankment. The Police Were Picking Up Suspected Aliens All Over London

weapons, and not to leave his residence, for a distance of more than five miles, without obtaining special permission from the authorities. In addition to this, as has been said, all alien residents were transported from districts of military or naval importance.

This registration was by no means so difficult as one would suppose. The post-office authorities were able to handle it everywhere, and in a very short time the country had a complete registration of all aliens, with a fairly complete knowledge of their movements.

The authorities estimated that they had about twenty-seven thousand alien residents in England in 1915. At the opening of hostilities foreign residents were permitted to go out of England and were given a certain time in which to leave the country. This privilege was condemned by some of the military authorities, who held that it was merely permitting German and Austrian reservists to join their regiments.

And when, on January fourteenth, the United States Embassy, acting for Germany and Austria, announced that German men over fifty-five and Austrians over fifty, together with all those physically unfit for military service, were to be assisted to leave Great Britain, this permission, granted by the Home Office, was thought unwise by more than one English authority.

Quick Results From Special Measures

THEY pointed out, with great force, that men unfit for military service were not, under any rule that they could imagine, thereby unfitted for military espionage, and that it was merely a method by which information from all over England could be carried to the German and Austrian authorities.

At the very opening of the war the Home Office gave the closest attention to the possibility of conspiracies to commit outrage. Naturally such conspiracies would be undertaken with the greatest secrecy; so that the only practical thing was to guard the railroad lines, munitions plants, and all means of communication, industries, public works, naval bases, and so on.

From the beginning the Home Office assured the English people that any alien enemy residents whom the police believed likely to be dangerous had been arrested and were being held as prisoners of war. It also announced that as soon as the military authorities desired it general action would be taken to arrest and hand over to military custody all Germans of military age, subject to exceptions which the Home Office thought necessary on grounds of public policy. Under these orders some ten thousand German and Austrian residents in England were rounded up in detention camps.

The English authorities were of the opinion that these precautions pretty thoroughly broke down the system of espionage by resident aliens in England. They based their conclusion upon a significant fact: The English Invisible Service on the continent turned over to the War Office a German Army order. This army order disclosed that on August twenty-first the German military commanders were still ignorant of the dispatch and movements of the British Expeditionary Forces. This seemed extraordinary, because for many days prior to August twenty-first large numbers of people in England knew all about the British Expeditionary Forces.

Nevertheless, the Home Office warned the people that there should be no relaxation in the efforts of the Special Intelligence Department and the police to prevent a spy system from being set up again in England by resident aliens; and it requested everybody to give the authorities any information with respect to suspected persons. They were to make their report to the local police, who were, in turn, to communicate with the Special Intelligence Department. The people were advised to communicate with their local police secretly; not to make any public utterance or any communications to the newspapers.

Sir James Henry Dalziel had advised the government to turn the whole matter over to an Aliens Board. The Board should have entire charge of this feature of the national defense. He thought that such a method would be more direct, and would prevent any conflict among the three departments which were undertaking to work together—that is to say, the Home Office, the Police and Post Office Departments. The English Government rejected this suggestion. But it is worth while to remember it and to consider its advantages.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Several Aliens Were Caught in This Street, and in One House Rifles Were Found Between the Floors and Buried in the Cellar

Another thing of striking significance is the fact that Great Britain found it necessary in the midst of the war to revise its naturalization laws, and to exclude everybody whose good character could not be conclusively established and who was without an adequate knowledge of the English language.

The Act contained, also, a clause of marked interest to the American Government. This clause gave the Secretary of State power to revoke any naturalization certificate obtained by false representation or fraud. The language of the clause is as follows:

"Where it appears to the Secretary of State that a certificate of naturalization granted by him has been obtained by false representations or fraud, the Secretary of State may, by order, revoke the certificate; and the order of revocation shall have effect from such date as the Secretary of State may direct."

It will be observed that this provision of the Act gave the government power to revoke immediately any certificate of naturalization and at once to deprive any naturalized foreigner of his right of citizenship. This meant that the government could act quickly and with the summary authority of military tribunals against any naturalized foreigner, without being compelled to deal with him in the civil courts as a citizen.

It is proper to remember that when war with a foreign country is imminent there is always a rush on the part of subjects of the foreign state to take out naturalization papers in the country in which they are domiciled. For example, it is reported that in the first four days after the American Government had severed diplomatic relations with Germany five thousand subjects of the German and Austrian Governments presented themselves for naturalization in New York City.

Leading newspapers, strangely, commented upon this as illustrative of a great patriotic impulse on the part of these aliens, and a conclusive decision in favor of the American Government as against the governments of their birth. But has such a conclusion any justification in fact?

The rush to naturalization means merely that the foreigner in America wishes to avoid the discrimination which might be shown against him in the event of hostilities. He has in mind the English detention camps and the rigid methods of sequestration adopted against resident aliens in France and Germany on the opening of the war.

The English authorities assure us that enemy aliens who intend to remain in the service of their own government always take out naturalization papers. They report distinguishing cases in which such persons have resorted to all sorts of devious devices in order to obtain these much-prized documents. One English authority maintains that the naturalized alien spy is to-day one of the most dangerous enemies to the British Government.

We, therefore, hesitate to conclude that the rush to naturalization is necessarily evidence of any great moving desire of loyalty to the American Government.

"Naturalization," says an English author, "is one of the spy's favorite devices, and surely one of his best methods of disarming any possible suspicion."

The experiences of the English Government seem to justify this conclusion. Adolph Ahlers, a naturalized foreigner, who undertook to send German reservists out of England, said, at his trial for high treason, that, though naturalized, he was at heart attached to his own country. Such experiences moved the English Government to provide a summary method for the revocation of a naturalization certificate.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Attacking the Store of an Alien Who Was Also Held as a Spy

Sequestration and Registration

THE French Government has also considered this protective step. Early in the war a law was proposed giving the French Government authority to withdraw naturalization from persons who preserved their original nationality, or who, by reason of their attitude to the enemies of France, are judged unworthy of French nationality. The American Government will do well to consider the advisability of this protective step.

On any day the American Government may find it necessary to consider how it shall act toward resident aliens. Its quota of this element of population is perhaps larger than that of any other government. The naturalized foreigner, having the right of citizenship, would be entitled to common protection under that right. And it must be constantly remembered that we have assembled a great patriotic citizenry under this class—a citizenry that has already come forward with declared loyal intent.

But, against the dangers of misuse, authority could be given to revoke naturalization, after the manner of the provision in the English Aliens Act. We could deal with unnaturalized aliens by two methods only:

Sequestration—that is to say, by rounding up undesirables into detention camps. This method is decidedly the most advisable with respect to all aliens under suspicion and such as the authorities have any reason to believe might develop into active enemies. The Government Secret Service, after an experience of almost three years, ought to be able to indicate at once such dangerous aliens as it would be advisable to sequester in detention camps.

The second step, in the light of the experience of the English Government, would be to remove all resident aliens from the vicinity of naval and army bases, munitions plants, submarine bases, coaling stations, and all places connected with the national defense.

Foreign experience shows that this provision for national defense ought to be taken at once upon the determination of hostilities.

After these provisions have been accomplished the Post Office Department ought to be empowered to effect a registration of all resident aliens from countries hostile to the government. This could be easily accomplished. Such a step would at once place before the authorities the residences and names of all hostile aliens in the United States. Later, then, if it should be deemed necessary, these

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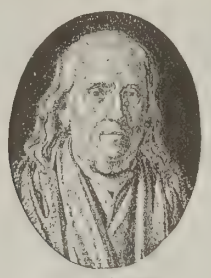
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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National Solvency

IF GERMANY pushed the United States into alignment with the Allies, coöperation with them would doubtless involve a more liberal extension of credit, and the question of their solvency would take on new importance. Having borrowed eighteen billion dollars in thirty-one months, England is unquestionably as solvent as she was three years ago and no limit to her financial resources is in sight.

Macaulay pointed out that the public debt—unprecedented at that time—created by the wars with Louis XIV was regarded by many intelligent men as a menace to national solvency; yet "trade flourished, wealth increased, the nation grew richer and richer." The far greater debt created a century later by the wars with France gave rise to gloomy predictions of bankruptcy. If a banker had been told at the beginning of the French Revolution that thirty years later the British Government would be punctually meeting the interest on a public debt of four billion dollars he would hardly have believed it. Yet again trade flourished and the nation grew richer and richer.

It is often said the belligerents are mortgaging the future. But they are not spending the future; because that is impossible. The only thing that can possibly be spent is a dollar in hand at the present moment. So whatever England spends is money that Englishmen have in hand now. The nation is poorer because the money might have been invested in productive enterprises instead of being dissipated in war; but the power to produce is as great as it was before. It simply hasn't been increased as it should have been.

In the Same Boat

THE railroad freight congestion and embargo in February are reminders that Germany could not succeed in its designs upon England without inflicting an enormous loss upon the United States. We shipped to Europe last year three and three-quarter billion dollars' worth of goods, while exports to Canada and in some other directions were a reflection of war demand. All trade and industry in the United States at present is more or less directly linked with this enormous export business. The price of nearly every commodity is affected by it. The German plan implied a virtual embargo upon shipments to Europe. That this would react disastrously upon business of all sorts throughout the country goes without saying. It would affect the prices of farm products as much as those of the steel mill. It would throw much labor out of employment.

Submarines so far have usually kept well out of reach of war vessels, so while German submersibles were keeping merchant ships from reaching the Allies, English cruisers would keep them from reaching Germany. If the German "prohibited area" could be made effective, trade between the United States and Europe would be virtually suspended. The consequences to this country would, of course, be less disastrous than to the Allies, yet sufficiently disastrous to warrant our resisting them.

England's command of the sea has been harshly exercised in this war, yet in practical effect it has seriously crippled nobody except her enemies. As to its practical effect upon ourselves, there is the record of three and three-quarter billion dollars of American goods shipped to Europe in a year. To acquiesce in Germany's assumption of control over any sea area she chose to prohibit would mean virtually to give up the sea altogether. It would be impossible for Germany to ruin England in that way without inflicting immense damage upon us.

Conscription of Capital

RADICALS in the British Parliament and elsewhere have been saying that conscription of men and labor should be accompanied by conscription of capital. In fact, that is about what has taken place.

Up to the beginning of February the British Government had borrowed fifteen billion dollars for war purposes. This was four times as much capital as the London market had ever supplied, for all purposes, in a like length of time. We should naturally expect that when the demand for anything was multiplied fourfold the price of the thing would advance sharply. Under free play of competition the price of capital undoubtedly would have advanced sharply. But the government had a virtual monopoly of the investment market and for this last war loan it paid four per cent net, after deducting income tax. At that price it secured over three billion dollars of fresh money.

Commodity prices have risen two-thirds since the war began. In other words, a four per cent income, measured in purchasing power, is little better than a two per cent income in July, 1914. In a free market and without a powerful sentimental compulsion capital would no doubt have made better terms for itself.

In announcing this last loan the Chancellor of the Exchequer said bluntly the terms were the best the government proposed to offer, and he intimated that if all the money it needed was not forthcoming voluntarily on those terms, it would resort to other measures—presumably meaning a forced loan. But, in fact, while preserving volunteer forms, conscription of capital has virtually taken place. The government gets capital on its own terms. Some bankers here who talk of a high interest rate on government bonds in case the United States should have to borrow very extensively may keep that in mind.

Business Combination

THE Sherman Law has been on the statute book more than a quarter of a century; but the basic question with which it was supposed to deal—namely, May competitive business concerns combine?—is still an open one. Briefs recently filed by the Government in the Steel and Harvester cases ask a conclusive answer to this question.

The broad facts in these cases are identical. Both concerns were formed by combining, through a holding company, plants that had been independent and competitive. All the results of the combinations were brought out in voluminous testimony before the trial courts. It was not shown that either combination had used its dominant position in the trade oppressively; that it had unduly advanced prices, or lowered wages, or pursued competitors unconscionably. No harm to the public was proved.

The trial courts decided one case in favor of the Government and the other against the Government. That is, on substantially the same set of facts and with all the court decisions for twenty years before them, they took practically opposite views of the meaning of the law.

The Government's contention is that such combinations, although no actual harm can be traced to them, must be dissolved because they are presumed to possess the power to do harm; that artificial restrictions must not be placed upon the competitive system through combinations of competing business. The defendants hold substantially that such combinations are permissible unless some actual wrong and harm can be attributed to them. The Government wants the cases decided according to a theory and the defendants want a decision according to the facts.

The Supreme Court's answer will have an important bearing upon the whole question of business organization.

Niggardly

WE SPEND on public schools about one and a half per cent of the national income, or, say, one-fifth as much as we spend on alcoholic drink and tobacco. Our pretension of a deep interest in popular education is a good deal of a sham. If we felt such an interest as we profess we should be spending three times the present amount, taking the country over. The backward states would be spending five or six times the present sum.

For adequate instruction there should be double the present teaching force and public school-teachers as a class should be better paid. Many prosperous sections of the United States cling to a pioneer equipment for the education of children because they are too indifferent and too stingy to improve it. Much the worst disadvantage of farm life in various regions lies in the rural schools.

It is by no means wholly from snobbishness that many people who can afford it send their children to private schools. It is because of an idea—founded on fact in too many cases—that instruction in private schools, with fewer pupils to the teacher and greater attention to the individual pupil, is superior to that in public schools.

If democracy is to justify the best democratic hopes, then every other political question that comes up is inferior to the question of the public schools, for that involves the fundamental thing of giving every child the best practicable start and opportunities as nearly as possible equal to his competitors. There are very difficult questions of technic—what should be taught and how; but they do not affect the general proposition that at least double the money should be spent on public education.

Immigration

AS AGAINST the theory that immigration would be of negligible proportions for many years after the war, even if we put no restrictions upon it, the fact that our net gain in alien population in 1916 was greater than in 1914 may have some significance. As compared with 1915 the number of immigrants increased by a hundred thousand in spite of all the obstacles raised by a second year of war, while the number of aliens departing from the country was smaller than in the year before by over a hundred thousand. Departures, in fact, were but little over one-fourth the average for 1912, 1913 and 1914. If any inference can be drawn from decidedly increased arrivals and decreased departures in the second year of war it is not that immigration after the war will be negligible.

But if we assume that immigration will be negligible for many years, to say that we will admit only those who on the whole are most likely to make desirable additions to the population is still sound principle. It overthrows the theory that we are morally bound to hold an open door for whoever seeks residence here—a theory which, in fact, we have never practiced, for we have always put restrictions upon immigration.

American Ships

FOR many months before July 1, 1916, the upbuilding of the American merchant marine had been engaging the attention of President, Congress and public. Since that date, according to a recent report in the Journal of Commerce, one hundred and nine American ships of about one hundred and thirty-six thousand tons have been sold to foreign flags—half of them to Norwegians and the remainder to various nationalities.

At the date of the report about two million tons were building in American shipyards—exclusive, of course, of war vessels. Three hundred thousand tons were for the Government, in the form of coast-guard boats, lighthouse tenders, and so on; four hundred and twenty-five thousand tons were for foreign owners; five hundred and twenty-five thousand tons were tankers or small craft; the remainder included lake boats, so the net prospective addition to ocean-going merchant marine available for general trade was about five hundred thousand tons.

A proclamation by the President under the new Shipping Act put restrictions upon the sale of American bottoms to foreign flags, and the Shipping Board has moved for an amendment under which sale to foreign owners of vessels under construction may be prevented.

It is an encouraging sign that the board gives no indication of an intention to embark upon Government purchase or construction of ships at present; but the whole question of American merchant marine is still to be solved.

Poor Team Work

WHEN President Wilson handed Count von Bernstorff his passport the situation was this: The United States had said flatly that merchant vessels plying between this country and England should not be sunk without warning, and Germany had said flatly they would be sunk without warning. At that moment an American liner lay at the dock in New York ready to sail. The obvious move was to take the women and children off the boat and send it out at once.

The international drama had reached a climax. Germany and the United States confronted each other. One said "It shall!" the other said "It shall not!" A student of public psychology would have known that one declaration or the other should then be validated by an act. But apparently there was no coöperation. The liner, it seems, waited for the Government to tell it what to do and a direct, open command from the Government to sail would have had the appearance of inviting Germany to knock the chip off its shoulder. Nothing happened, and when any drama comes up to a climax and nothing happens an important psychological value is lost. Any situation that works up to a breaking point and simply hangs there tends to grow stale. The incident suggests the lack of intimacy between Government and business. Having clearly stated the lowest terms upon which it would maintain friendly relations, there was nothing for the United States to do but go about its business, leaving Germany to decide whether it would accept the terms or not.

FINANCING WAR

By WILL PAYNE

TO FINANCE a war the United States Government could, no doubt, quite readily raise ten billion dollars yearly during three years at about four per cent interest.

Two and a half years ago that statement would have been considered absurd; but meantime financiers have learned things about the borrowing powers of a modern nation that they had not dreamed of.

For several years before August, 1914, there was a growing menace of war in Europe. The Kaiser had shocked his good friend the Czar by appearing before him "in shining armor," as a reminder that he had better let Austria's Balkan plans alone. The Morocco affair happened. Germany levied an extraordinary tax on capital to strengthen imperial armaments. France raised the term of active military service from two years to three. Russia undertook a vast plan of military expansion. England laid down more and bigger battleships.

Amid these disturbing signs bankers, economists and the business community generally held fast to the reassuring idea that a great European war was almost out of the question, because the money to carry it on could not be found. Experts wrote a whole library on this subject, demonstrating to their own satisfaction that a war involving four or five big nations, under modern conditions, would be so enormously expensive that even the richest states could not long endure the strain.

There were many expert estimates as to what such a war would cost. Only a year before the war actually happened a very distinguished French economist made an elaborate calculation as to the cost of a war involving Germany, Austria, England, France, Russia, Italy and Rumania. He figured that it would come to fifty-four million dollars a day.

All Guesses Prove Wrong

THIS calculation was pretty generally regarded as quite extravagant—also, as supererogatory, because it was held that a decidedly smaller daily expense would soon bring the belligerents to their senses through financial exhaustion.

The daily cost of the war, in fact, is almost exactly double what this French economist calculated it would be. War has been going on for two and a half years, and as yet there is not the slightest sign of financial exhaustion. Apparently, so far as finances are concerned, it can go on for two and a half years more.

In estimating how much a government could borrow for war the economists took the situation as they found it. Of course, if a government borrows a dollar for war, or any other purpose, somebody must have a dollar to lend; and they simply calculated, on the evidence at hand, how many dollars there were to lend. Some years before the war happened a capable statistician had figured up that the total amount of capital in the civilized world which was available for investment in government bonds, or anything else, came to only two and a half billion dollars a year.

Presumably his calculation was made with care and intelligence; yet here is the indubitable fact that in two and a half years a fraction of the civilized world has dug up nearly sixty billion dollars for investment in government war securities. The calculators simply did not understand the resources of a rich modern nation. They did not begin to see how much investable capital such a nation can produce when everybody not under arms is working and saving to the limit, and the whole national energy is bent to the one object.

For example, in a banner year before the war the London market had absorbed about one and a third billion dollars of new securities, that being the total of all the stocks, bonds, and so on, which were floated in the twelvemonth; and that was considered about the limit of England's capacity in the investment line. But in a year after war broke out the same market readily absorbed four and a half billion dollars of government war loans. Banks, insurance companies, and like concerns, invested more heavily in war loans than they would have invested in other securities. Prices were high and many lines of business that fed the war were producing large profits, which went into war loans. Labor that was not in the training camps was fully employed at rising wages.

At this writing the British Government is floating its third great war loan; and subscriptions, representing the savings of all sorts of business and all classes of people, are pouring in. The insurance companies alone have subscribed more than three hundred million dollars. On all accounts England has been borrowing at the rate of six billion dollars a year and Germany considerably over four billions. On the basis of comparative national wealth and income, then, the United States could borrow at least ten.

As to our investments on a peace basis, stocks and bonds issued for new capital—excluding those issued to replace old obligations, and so on—and listed on the New York Stock Exchange in 1916, amounted to two billion dollars. Of course, taking the country over, many stocks and bonds representing investment of new capital were issued and not listed on the New York Stock Exchange—among them some four hundred million dollars of municipal bonds. About a billion dollars was invested in new buildings in cities and a large amount in real-estate loans for purposes other than city building. Judging by the experience of England, Germany and France we could invest in war bonds at least two or three times the amount of our visible investments on a peace basis.

In the European countries now at war, investment—except in war loans—has almost stopped. Municipal and industrial extensions and improvements that would ordinarily take up much capital are mostly deferred. Government borrowing monopolizes the market. We have just seen that England in a year subscribed four times as much for war loans as she had ever before subscribed for listed securities. The same thing would happen here under a like national necessity. One may almost say that the Government could borrow as much money as it could spend at home.

Another universally held ante-bellum opinion was that if war continued more than a few months, and the belligerents were not bankrupt, they would have to bid higher and higher for capital, so that interest rates would rise to a height unknown in Europe for a century. Experience has upset that calculation as completely as the one about speedy financial exhaustion.

England's first war loan bore three and a half per cent and was sold at a small discount. The second loan bore four and a half per cent, and was also sold at a small discount. The third loan, exclusive of loans floated in America and of temporary financing at home, bears five per cent and is sold at ninety-five cents on the dollar. Nominally that is quite a rise in interest rates. But England's war loans are subject to income tax and the income tax has been moved up to twenty-five per cent on incomes over ten thousand dollars a year, at which rate the government withholds the tax. So the net yield to the investor, which means the net cost to the government, is only four per cent. Indeed, part of the new loan is in the form of a tax-free four per cent bond; so, if a subscriber thinks the income tax may be boosted still higher he can insure himself against that by taking the tax-exempt bond.

Germany's War Loans

GERMANY, with a rather longer look ahead, began at five per cent and has floated five loans, aggregating nearly twelve billion dollars at that rate. The first loan, in fact, was offered at ninety-seven and a half cents on the dollar, and the last at ninety-eight cents; so the interest rate has actually fallen a trifle in spite of the government's enormous borrowings.

The two cases show that in such a situation as that of England and Germany it is not necessary for the government to bid high in order to attract capital. When the government, being virtually the only borrower, has a monopoly of the investment market it can fix the interest rate; and if that rate is at all reasonable whatever investable capital there is in the country will come forward. In peacetime the government has not so free a hand, because it then comes into the money market in competition with many other bidders for capital—railroads, public utilities, and so on; and the patriotic fervor of a war is lacking.

Very good judges of the investment market in the United States think that our Government could borrow half a billion dollars now at about three per cent, and probably another half billion round three and a half. But if the Government were faced with the probability of a big borrowing campaign it might as well start with an interest rate that it could presumably maintain to the end, say about four per cent.

Investors would be somewhat shy of a three per cent loan if they thought it was going to be followed in a few months by a four per cent loan. Fair treatment would imply that investors in the first loan should be given the right to convert their bonds into any future issue which bore a higher interest rate. England followed that policy, the first three and a half per cent bonds being convertible into the second four and

The Gas Attack

a half per cents, and the latter into the new fives. Germany achieved the same equitable end more simply by fixing the rate at five per cent in the beginning and sticking to it. Give our Government a monopoly of the investment market and that emotional state which a big war begets, and it could no doubt borrow ten billion dollars a year at four per cent.

At the date of the November, 1916, report to the Comptroller of the Currency, the resources of the national banks of the United States were considerably greater than the aggregate resources of the central banks of all the belligerent countries, including Japan; while the resources of our state banks were only a little less than those of the national banks. At the end of last June all the banks held six billion dollars of stock and bond investments, exclusive of government bonds held by national banks to secure circulation. In two years these bank investments had increased over a billion and a quarter. Life-insurance companies now hold over five billion dollars of invested assets, and a ten-year comparison shows an average increase near ten per cent a year. Mutual savings banks have over five billion dollars, mostly invested in mortgages, bonds and stocks. These figures suggest the larger reservoirs that can be tapped for government loans.

But if the Government had to borrow on anything like the scale indicated it should immediately resort to a radical increase in taxation. Next to issuing fiat money, failure to augment government revenue by sweeping increases in taxation has been the great fault in war financing. A heavy increase in taxation not only supports the credit of the state, often enabling it to borrow to better advantage, but enforces thrift. Many Englishmen advocated it on the latter ground alone. Yet, alone among the big belligerents, England faced this situation squarely, raising the government's revenue, roughly, a hundred and fifty per cent—or from a normal of less than one billion dollars to two and a half billions—by ruthless taxation, which bore especially upon those able to stand it.

Thus, the chancellor was in a position to say recently that, notwithstanding the enormous borrowing and the huge rise in interest charge, if the country should return to a peace footing, with government charges, other than interest, the same as before the war, present revenue, after paying bond interest and pensions would leave a surplus of about half a billion dollars a year, to be applied to the extinction of the debt.

National Sinking Funds

It may be mentioned here that this latest British loan contains a sinking-fund provision, though for many years a sinking fund for a government in England's position has been regarded as an obsolete absurdity. In financing the Napoleonic wars Pitt fell in with an arithmetical crank who persuaded him that by setting aside yearly for the sinking fund a given percentage of each loan, and investing the sinking fund at compound interest, it would in due time produce a sum that would cancel the debt. The theory is practicable enough for a borrower who borrows once and then stops; but for one who is continually borrowing it means that he is taking out of each new loan the sums necessary to keep up the sinking fund for prior loans—in other words, that he is borrowing money to get himself out of debt. The new British sinking fund, however, has another object. By it the government proposes to create a reserve with which it can support the market for government bonds—in other words, go into the market and buy bonds when the price falls.

The revenue of the British Government before the war was not very much greater than the ordinary revenue of our Government. It was raised to two and a half billion dollars without crippling industry, handicapping production or materially lessening the accumulation of investable capital. Our government revenue could be multiplied in the same or a greater ratio.

For example, the income of the British people is about one-third that of the American people; but the British income tax is now yielding from seven to eight times as much as our Federal income tax—meaning the tax both on individuals and corporations. Its yield is some thirteen times that of our individual income tax.

We adopted an income tax during the Civil War, when the population of the country, North and South, was about a third what it now is, its wealth about one-twelfth the present figure, and its income not over one-eighth that of 1916. The Civil War income tax, finally, was five per cent on incomes over six hundred dollars but under five thousand, and ten per cent on those over five thousand dollars. In its best year it yielded seventy-three million dollars—or five millions more than our individual income tax yielded in 1916.

With little over one-third of the present population, the Civil War income tax was paid by four hundred and sixty thousand persons, or about a hundred thousand more than are paying income tax now.

On that showing it is certain that a Federal income tax could be made to yield three-quarters of a billion dollars. The exemption, it will be seen, was only six hundred dollars. That made it almost everybody's tax, and almost everybody paid it. Without any elaborate machinery for collecting income at the source, evasions were probably negligible when the tax was at its best. Our present income tax provides elaborate precautions for catching income at the source; but it was designed to be a "rich man's" tax, and a study of revenue returns raises a presumption that there are many evasions among those whose incomes are not far from the exemption line. Being a rich man's tax, perhaps a good many citizens do not choose to regard themselves as rich men for taxation purposes.

The Excess-Profits Tax

In 1867 the income-tax exemption was raised to two thousand dollars. At once the number of taxpayers dropped to about half what it had been. Within two years the yield of the tax had fallen off by half. Doubtless war fervor would put an end to a good deal of tax evasion. By rigorous application of the law the Government could put an end to much of it. Probably it could raise ten times as much by an income tax as it raised in 1866.

The so-called "excess-profits" tax in the new revenue law is expected to produce two hundred and twenty-four million dollars of revenue. The tax is eight per cent on net profits of corporations and partnerships in excess of eight per cent on the capital invested. This calculation would imply that the profits of corporation and partnerships in excess of eight per cent on the capital invested amount to two billion eight hundred million dollars a year. England's excess-profits tax, or "war-profits tax," takes fifty per cent of net profits above those earned before the war. Of course our levy of eight per cent could be decidedly increased in a pinch.

The new Federal inheritance tax could be decidedly increased, with lower exemptions and higher rates for estates under a quarter of a million dollars. Stamp taxes could be reimposed, liquor and tobacco taxes increased, more revenue-producing import duties levied. In comparison with England it must be borne in mind that American taxpayers have a big bill to shoulder for state and local government—amounting to at least one and a half times the cost of the Federal Government. All the same, the Federal Government, if put to its trumps, could no doubt boost its revenue to three billion dollars a year.

Whatever it has lost, the world has found out how to finance a war. This incredibly costly war in Europe, in fact, has been financed with less friction, less confusion, less bungling and breakdown of financial machinery than any other really great war. It shows a great development of the art of finance.

It is true the first effect of war was panic—mostly a big bankers' panic, as usual. But under the circumstances bankers might well be forgiven. The growth of international trade had developed an enormous web of international debits and credits, which war threw into an apparently hopeless tangle. London banks held about two billion dollars of bills of exchange mostly based on foreign trade, which were uncollectible at the moment. London held several billion dollars of American securities, which it might dump on the New York market. There was no telling where anybody stood. So finance simply shut up shop for a time. But, once the machinery was gotten into gear again, it has operated with remarkable smoothness.

Money has been readily obtainable, not only for war but for everyday business purposes. At this writing, the interest rate on call loans at London is three and a half per cent, and at Berlin four and five-eighths per cent. That a great amount of business aside from the war is going forward is evident from the steady growth of British exports, which amounted to two and a half billion dollars in 1916 against one billion nine hundred million in 1915; and to two hundred and thirty million dollars in January, 1917, against one hundred and forty millions in the corresponding month two years before. It is true that foreign exchange has been in an altogether abnormal position, requiring great gold shipments as to England and France, and going to a great discount as to Germany. Nevertheless, there has been money enough to go round among all the big belligerents, with no breakdown of the financial apparatus.

As I said before, business is getting very little capital for extensions and permanent improvements. The investment market is almost completely monopolized by the government. For example, new securities floated on the London market in 1916 footed up six and a half billion dollars against only one and a quarter billions in 1913; but all except about fifty million dollars of this was for government account, whereas in 1913 nearly a billion dollars was for cities, railroads, manufacturing, shipping, and so on—that is, for ordinary industrial and commercial purposes. This means, of course, that pretty much all ordinary building, extending and improving is being deferred until after the war; yet the ordinary business plant is kept going, and, though the British Government at the beginning of February had borrowed fifteen billion dollars, money for business purposes was comparatively cheap. It may be noted incidentally that the capital subscribed in 1916 was more than five times the total for 1913, which was a fair ordinary year—showing how the supply of capital can be multiplied when a rich nation is put to the test.

Except as to the foreign exchanges, the financial machinery appears to be working smoothly and efficiently in Germany and elsewhere. In a word, the world has found out how to finance a war. The remarkable success of the Bank of France in financing the Franco-Prussian war and the payment of a billion-dollar cash indemnity to Germany might perhaps be cited as a parallel achievement, and England had financed twenty years of Napoleonic warfare with remarkable success; but this country's experience in war finance gives little of which to boast.

The Revolutionary War, of course, mainly financed itself. On that side it was such a welter of poor makeshifts which promptly broke down under the first strain, that even now students of the period have some difficulty in untangling the record. The Continental Congress had little aptitude and little authority. Mainly it got money when and how it could, and the several Colonies did much the same on their own account. From all available data it has been calculated that the total income of the Continental Treasury, from 1775 to 1783, measured in specie value, amounted to a little less than sixty-six million dollars, over half of which was obtained by the issue of paper money.

Printing-Press Currency

Like Revolutionary France, the Southern Confederacy, and other hard-pressed belligerents, the Continental Congress simply printed paper promises to pay, called them "money," and handed them out to its creditors. It attempted to provide for the redemption of this currency by apportioning to each state the amount it should be obliged to pay off. But, as neither the Central Government nor the several states had visible means of paying the notes, their value soon began to decline; and as their value declined it took more and more of them to meet the needs of the government. Up to 1790 the Central Government had issued two hundred and forty million dollars of this currency, and the several states had issued over two hundred millions more. At the beginning of 1779 it took eight dollars in notes to equal one dollar in specie, and by the end of the year the ratio was nearly forty to one. By the beginning of January, 1781, the ratio was one hundred to one.

About then they ceased to be regarded as currency and were frankly regarded as jokes, being hawked about at one thousand dollars in notes for one real dollar. A Revolutionary writer says barber shops were papered with them; sailors, being paid off in bundles of practically worthless currency, pinned the bills over their clothes and paraded the streets literally covered with "money." The great losses from this depreciated currency no doubt fell heaviest upon those least able to bear them.

When the War of 1812 came along the United States had a real Government, and that Government had the sound traditions bequeathed by Hamilton. It steered clear of fiat money; but its credit was weak, and it suffered throughout the war because of the stubborn refusal of New England, then probably the richest section of the country, to give the Government financial support. The war was highly unpopular there, where the shipping and commercial interests had been hard hit by Jefferson's embargo. Of forty-one million dollars borrowed by the Government to the end of 1814, exclusive of temporary loans, the New England States contributed less than three million dollars. The Government's six per cent bonds and temporary loans were placed at a progressive discount. A committee of Congress in 1830 estimated that, for loans amounting to over eighty million dollars, face value, the Treasury actually received only thirty-four million dollars, specie value.

Civil War financing began rather promisingly; though Lincoln found the Treasury practically empty and the credit of the Government so low—due largely to war prospects—that in the winter before his inauguration it had been obliged to pay twelve per cent interest on temporary loans. Secretary Chase recommended increase in taxation and an issue of short-term bonds bearing seven and three-tenths per cent interest—a rate high enough, in his opinion, to insure their successful flotation. Congress went but a short way in meeting his recommendation for more taxes, but did authorize the loan.

Civil War Finances

The secretary then negotiated with a syndicate of Boston, New York and Philadelphia banks, which agreed to subscribe to a hundred and fifty million dollars of the new bonds at par, taking them in three installments. As the combined capital of the banks was only a hundred and twenty million dollars, and their total specie holdings half that, this was quite an undertaking. Unfortunately, however, the banks and the secretary presently fell out—partly because the secretary, like so many other distinguished American politicians, was suspicious of the big banking fraternity.

The mistake of failing to order a radical increase in taxation no doubt hurt the Government's credit. Military and international affairs developed unprosperously. At the end of the year New York banks suspended specie payments, and that example was promptly followed by banks elsewhere and by the Government.

In that situation Congress resorted to practically irredeemable paper money, authorizing—in February, 1862—an issue of one hundred and fifty million dollars of legal-tender notes. That was the beginning of the greenbacks. Bankers and others protested vigorously, drawing upon experience for examples of the dangers of such currency. But selfish motives were attributed to the bankers.

To Congress, meeting the Government's needs by simply printing notes seemed the easiest way; and no doubt the country generally took that view. In congressional debates bankers were referred to as "usurers"; and it was held to be utterly incompatible with the dignity of the United States Government to go "shinning round Wall Street" trying to borrow money when it possessed the power to issue money. Congress adhered to the dignified course.

Probably no event in modern financial history has been more discussed than this Civil War resort to legal-tender notes. During the war the Government issued four hundred and thirty-one million dollars of them. Their value, as measured in specie, pretty steadily declined. At the beginning of 1862 a hundred dollars of notes were worth ninety-eight dollars in specie. In July, 1864, when the note issues ceased, a hundred dollars in notes were worth thirty-nine dollars in specie.

This involved, of course, a great rise in the currency price of commodities, which made the war just that much more expensive to the Government. The net effect of this paper money in increasing the cost of

(Concluded on Page 88)

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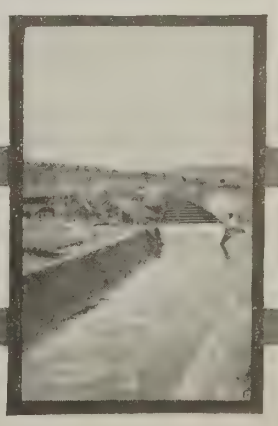

SEA POWER

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

F. EDWIN HINDERWICK interrupted three months' debate by the directors of the All-Seas Shipping Trust by stepping forward and saying in a modulated, thin voice:

"You gentlemen miss the point of this sudden success of the Southern Mail Packet Line. You speak of nothing but the fact that the company that lost its brains when Henry Barstow died is keeping its old business and getting ours. I believe I can assure you ——"

Nobody ever asked F. Edwin Hinderwick what he meant when he went so far as to say "I believe I can assure you." This time his fellow directors drew back, silent and shamefaced. One only, a tall, gray-bearded, pallid-cheeked magnate from Vladivostok, spoke hesitatingly:

"Don't make any mistakes, Mr. Hinderwick. Miss Barstow, who inherited the majority of the Southern Mail's shares, evidently has the entire loyalty of her subordinates. And her line is somewhat of a national pet too. Its ships fly the American flag. We are not too popular as it is."

Hinderwick opened his cold gray eyes.

"Mistakes?" he said in a muffled voice. "The gist of the matter is that this small rival company has seized a flour contract that belongs to us. If Miss Barstow is actually in control—a girl of twenty-eight can't be for long—she must be taught to respect agreements and the rights of others."

"I don't know anything about that," the other speaker went on with an expression of distaste. "But somebody has shown a vast deal of energy and wisdom in taking an old fleet, a directorate of three old men, a score of old captains, and making of them into a modern, dashing, machine finished business concern that is fast getting control of the cream of the Pacific trade. Whoever it may be is no person to go at—er—clumsily."

Hinderwick did not change his sneer.

"Ah!" he remarked. His fellow directors shrank back still farther into their seats; but they said nothing, and acquiesced without demur in leaving the problem to a man of whom they didn't at all approve.

Mr. Hinderwick belonged to the small, enviable class of those whose secret movements and thoughts are of immense interest to a large group. Powerful and unscrupulous, he was hated and shunned. He was at once wicked and indispensable. By pure mass of wealth and undiluted energy he dictated policies no man would own to, executed plans every man secretly fought against, and, with it all, led an openly successful and commended existence.

Within two months after he had made his cool boast a door clicked to in the bustling offices of the Southern Mail in San Francisco and a rakishly capped messenger boy put a yellow envelope before Ezekiel Ames, deputy chairman and general manager. The old man read the message, tucked it into his waistcoat pocket, and proceeded out of his own room into another with "Domestic Business" painted beneath the name "James Matthews."

"Captain Matthews," Ames said, "I guess we made a little mistake after all in accepting that cargo from Luey Shun. Our Sybarite has been taken into Kirkwall by a British cruiser. I have a cable here from Hudson saying that the Admiralty has affidavits that that Luey Shun freight is for Germany. Luey Shun told us on his word as a Chinese banker that it wasn't; but someone has set the authorities against us. Third ship of ours to be taken in and us made to stand the loss."

Matthews brushed his thin chin whisker with a sinewy hand.

"You and I have known Luey Shun for sixteen long years," he said curtly. "Crooked? No, the crook is at the other end. Somebody is swearing our life away."

Four Able-Bodied Men in New Uniforms Were Bearing F. Edwin Hinderwick to the Stairs

"The Sybarite may as well be marked off our books for six months anyway," Ames said with a sigh. "And there's forty thousand tons waiting for her and our other ships right at Bush Terminal. It—— I don't like the imputation on our good faith, captain."

"Hey?" Matthews said dryly. "You make a fuss over foreign business! That's a risk during a war. But I've got my hands full right here on the coast. I told Angela not to fly too high. She persuaded you and me and Conrad to put two more steamers on the China run out of the Columbia River on that Export flour contract. It looked like half a million profit. But that business never had been ours, and we made enemies. Now the Export people are pointing to a clause in their contract allowing them to substitute tonnage where we can't load a consignment *in toto*."

"Well?" Ames demanded. "There's only five thousand tons on the wharf at Portland and our Sulu is there this morning with hatches off to load it."

"Load it!" Matthews croaked. "The Export people have suddenly wished another two thousand tons on us. The Sulu can't carry a ton over five thousand. And there's a big Japanese freighter right alongside this minute ready to load eight thousand. The Export folks give us five days to supply a ship with seven thousand tons capacity or they'll charter the Jap. See?"

Captain Ames' old eyes glittered.

"You and I have lived forty years in this business, more or less," he remarked. "I guess we know what's doing when a crook gets started. Somebody—and it's the All-Seas Trust—is after us. Secret information to the Admiralty! False oaths on information and belief! Secret dealings with weak men here and there. I tell you what, Matthews, they know that this line is owned by a woman. They know that Angela Barstow isn't fit to deal with them."

"Fit to deal with them?" snapped Matthews, reaching for his old derby. "They don't know Angela, cap'n. And they don't know us either."

The general manager shook his head.

"We ought to have a real, upstanding, two-fisted man at the head of this line," he mourned.

"'Man'?" repeated the other irascibly. "We'll show 'em!"

But when he was seated in Angela's pretty sitting room, with a cup of tea awkwardly balanced in his great palm, Captain Matthews lost some of his assurance. Very carefully and laboriously he explained the situation and predicted that matters would grow worse.

"Ames and Conrad and I know just how far a crook can go when he begins to fight underhanded," he concluded.

Angela contemplated her neat silk-shod feet.

"Just one man?" she suggested.

Matthews waved his hand impatiently.

"When you get down to facts it's mostly one man who has an idea," he said. "And in a case like this it isn't likely that many men would agree to dirty work. They might shut their eyes and let a man try it, though."

Angela sipped her tea thoughtfully.

"Ralph Somerset was here a while ago," she remarked presently. "Funny! He was awfully embarrassed! He warned me against trying to do too much."

"Too much!" Matthews responded with scorn. "He'll never die of that trouble."

"Still," Angela protested mildly, "he gives me ideas sometimes." Her eyes shone. "And I have an idea right now. You say it's usually one man who is back of deals like this? You suppose this—ah—gentleman thinks that I am only a woman and helpless?"

Matthews grunted an assent.

"In that case," she went on, "I believe I will work out the idea Ralph gave me."

Matthews rose.

"With Somerset?" he demanded gruffly. "You had best not confide the company's business to too many people."

"I shan't," she replied. "It's Ralph's idea—which he didn't know was an idea, poor boy—that I'm going to use."

"What was it?"

"Oh, just an idea about a man! Don't worry, godfather."

"I have to," he answered curtly. "I haven't a ship to send to the Columbia for that flour. The contract's worth half a million."

"Now just sit down again and give me the names of all the men who really have to do with this contract," she coaxed. "I don't mean the names of clerks. I want the big names—the men who can either let us have our rights or keep us from getting them."

Matthews carefully recited names and official titles.

"You can't do anything with them," he ended. "They would deny it. They aren't letting anyone even suspect what they are up to, or why."

"I must think," Angela responded.

Captain James Matthews hesitated.

"You know we aren't worrying about things for our own sakes," he croaked. "We don't aim to be rich and I guess we shouldn't go broke too badly. But you oughtn't to risk all your property, Angela. In fact, if things keep on the way they've been going the last two months I reckon the Southern Mail will haul down its flag in about six months. That is what we look at. Captain Henry left us in charge. We don't aim to bring his daughter to poverty."

"Pooh!" she said happily. "I'll never be poor as long as I have you boys with me. And a woman has her ways!"

II

AT NOON the next day Ezekiel Ames rose to receive his visitor and chief.

"We've been talking things over," he said. "Here come Conrad and Matthews now. We think we'd better make a concession."

(Continued on Page 33)

THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY AND THE TRANSMISSION OF POWER

Belts Determine Dividends

In the quest for efficiency it is the obvious that is most often overlooked.

This is as conspicuous in the efficient transmission of power with belts, as a great railroad genius made it evident in the efficient transportation of freight.

In the haste and hurry of our national development railroad executives long overlooked the obvious truth that there were such things as unnecessary curves and reducible grades—both dividend-devouring wasters of power.

But the genius came and saw the obvious—demanded action—had curves straightened and grades leveled—and the stocks of his railroad rose hundreds of points.

Had he been a manufacturer, he would have attacked power-wasting belts.

For ordinary transmission belts are profit-squandering wasters of power—long unperceived because too obvious.

For engine and machine—power-producer and power-user—depend for their final efficiency on the BELT.

The Belt is the connecting link in the production chain. It determines the efficiency of that chain.

That is only another way of saying that belts determine dividends.

Because executives are now beginning to recognize this obvious connection between power-transmission and profits, the use of Blue Streak Belts is increasing enormously in every industry.

They are built to conserve power in transmission—cost records kept in scores of plants in every industry show that they do conserve it.

The method of construction and the materials used *compel* efficiency.

The specially-woven duck having a tested tensile strength 25% greater than that commonly used, makes for strength without power-squandering weight.

To insure maximum pulley contact Blue Streak Belts are made extraordinarily pliable by impregnation with highest grade friction at enormous pressure.

To make efficient use of the pulley contact thus obtained the belt is provided with a friction surface—flexible, tough and gripping.

What the tread is to a tire the friction surface is to Blue Streak Belts.

And no matter what the price of labor or materials the quality of Blue Streak Belts remains the same.

They are the best transmission belts The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company can make.

The demands of safety for employes as well as the need for conserving power everywhere recommend the use of Goodyearite. The durability and heat-resisting qualities of this asbestos sheet packing prevent the dangerous and costly blow-outs chargeable to gaskets of inferior material.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

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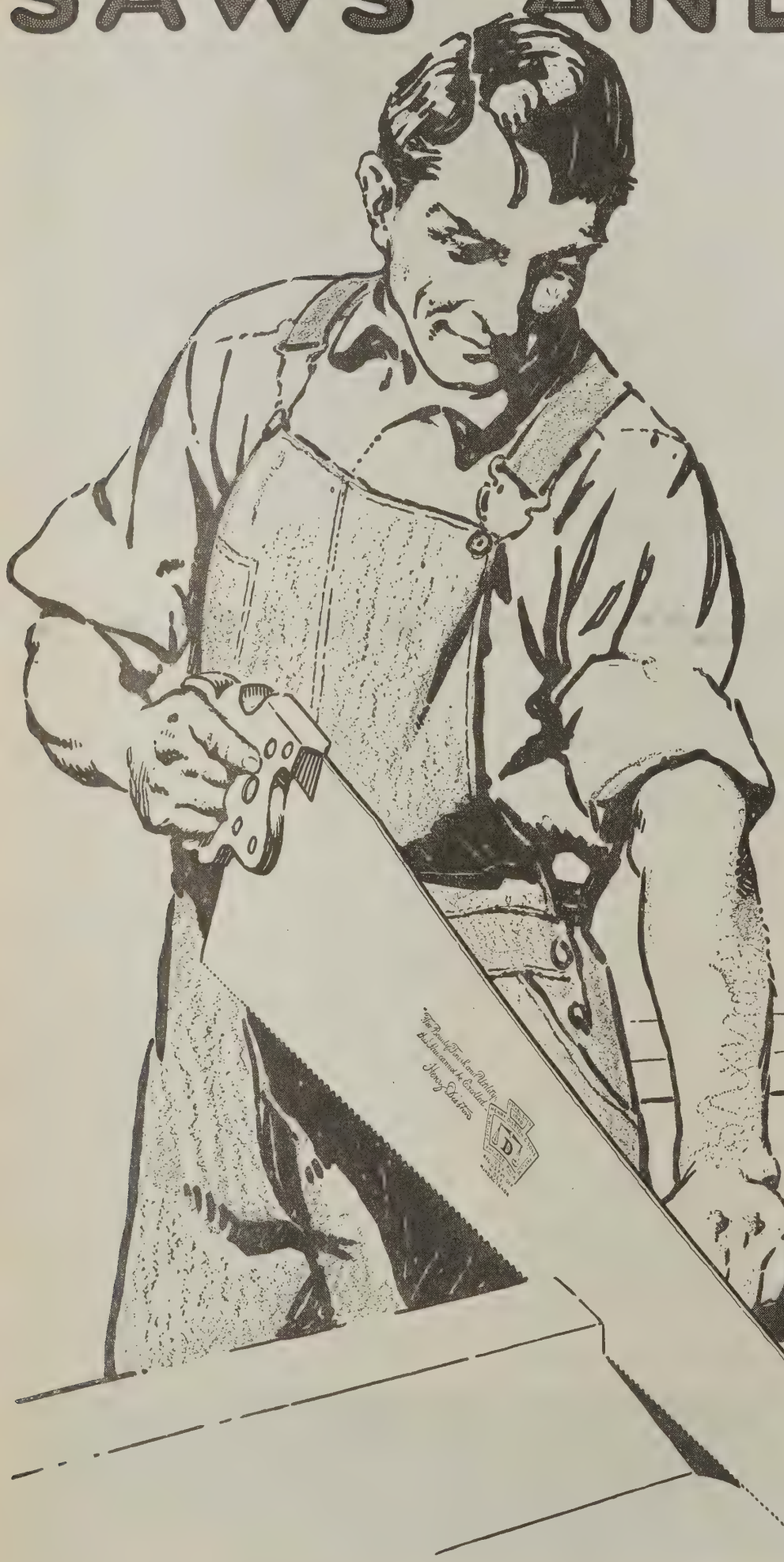
DISSTON
SAWS AND TOOLS



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He knows saws. Pride in work well-done, and success in his trade, demand that his tools do their part.

Ask the gray-haired carpenter whose Disston saws have built hundreds of homes. Ask the young workman whose Disston saws will build the homes of the future.

The carpenter knows the joy of feeling a perfect saw drive its way cleanly through a piece of lumber. He knows that perfect temper and hang, teeth perfectly adapted to their work—all the qualities a saw should possess—are summed up in the word "Disston." He knows the economy of buying quality.

Our "Hand-Saw Booklet" tells you how to select, use and care for saws and the other Disston tools. Sent free.

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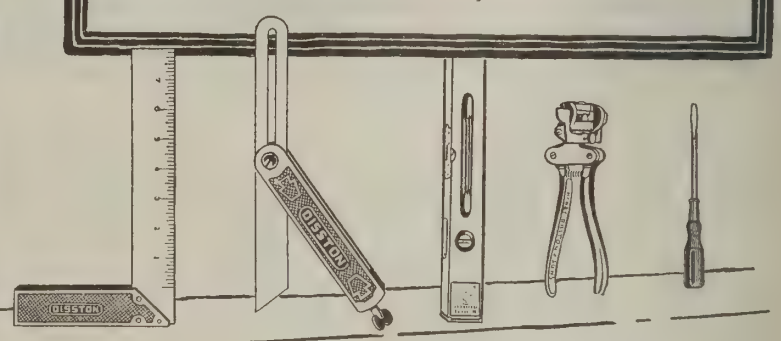


DISSTON
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 30)

Angela fixed her calm eyes on the three old men, giving each his own confidential glance.

"Yes," Ames went on, "it's been suggested, merely hinted, that if the Southern Mail will hand over that flour contract we won't have any more trouble."

"'Suggested'?" Angela repeated quietly. "By whom?"

Matthews shook his head. Martin Conrad answered:

"Just a suggestion. They're often made when a dispute arises. And in this case I believe the man meant well."

"The same man who schemed with the Export people to take advantage of a clause in the contract to throw business to a Jap?" she demanded. "The same person who got someone to make false affidavits in England?"

Hasty disclaimers came from the three, but Angela was not satisfied.

"I wouldn't trust him," she said. "You admit that there is crooked work going on to wreck our company. I know! How about the bribe offered Captain Simms if he would let that barley cargo catch on fire?"

"Simms is not safe," Ames returned. "The reason such an offer was made him—if it was made—was that Simms has a bad reputation."

"Why did you engage him as master of the Emperor?" she asked.

"Needed him," Matthews put in. "Simms' reputation isn't bad as a shipmaster and navigator. It's bad as a man-handler of crews. He was skipper of a whaler for a while—nearly hanged a couple of times. But nothing was ever said about his being crooked."

"I'm not saying it now," Ames hastily put in. "I'm merely explaining why people wanting a dirty job done would approach Simms. Anyway, he's a kind of embarrassing man to have on the pay roll."

"He took the Emperor smack into port without a ton spoiled," Matthews remarked acrimoniously. "And that was something."

Angela tapped the chair arm impatiently.

"That question is over with," she remarked. "Now I want to be sure of certain facts. As I understand your hints and innuendoes, you think some man in a rival line has gone to his partners and said 'Let me have a free hand in putting the Southern Mail out of business.' And the directors looked at him and turned their honorable backs while he went out. They'll never ask any questions and he'll tell them no more than they wish to know. Is that the way business is done?"

"Not by this line," Ames said sternly. Angela smiled.

"You are a dear! But suppose I tell you that I want a free hand, will you agree to turn your backs and never ask any questions? And be proud and upright and moral, and despise people that come and wag their heads and say you knew?"

There was a mortal silence in the big office. The three old men blinked and covertly glanced at each other. Finally Matthews, having wordlessly gathered the consensus, spoke mildly: "Angela, you just keep out of this. It's no business for a woman. Go and—and play with Ralph Somerset."

With a single oblique glance she silenced her godfather. Then with the crispness of authority she spoke:

"You remind me often enough that this is my line. Go ahead and make all the protests you are able to with the Export folks in Portland. Keep right after them week in and week out. Next month have two vessels in the Columbia River ready to load any amount. I'm going to fight. Captain Henry Barstow's flag isn't going to be hauled off a single trade route. And you'll let me have one hundred thousand dollars to-day to do as I please with, and introduce me to Captain Simms."

"But, Angela!" they cried in unison.

"Pooh!" she breathed affectionately.

Then: "Put a hundred thousand dollars to my credit in my bank this afternoon, and send for Captain Simms."

Promptly Israel Simms responded to the summons and was duly introduced to his superior. Angela looked coolly at the bronzed, elastic stepping, sullen-eyed man. Apparently satisfied, she nodded to the three oldsters, picked up her skirts and departed, Simms following her with a defiant expression of readiness to receive his discharge from the service.

Outside on the cobblestoned street Miss Barstow stopped and ordered him to call a taxi. Installed within it, she curtly said "The Park!" and made room for Simms.

"Now how was the bribe offered you when you were master of the Emperor and taking that barley to Hakodate?" she demanded.

Captain Simms laid his derby on his broad knee and frowned.

"Like they always do," he growled; "sent a man so crooked that nobody would ever believe him on earth. Ames laughed at me when I told him—said everybody knew the man for a crook, and I was a fool to think anybody would trust him on such a business. Which was exactly what the men who tried to wreck your ship expected people to say. And which is why they always pick a man so low to do dirty work that nobody will take him seriously. I knew he could come through with his promises. But what was the use of making a fuss? I kicked him out of my cabin and kept my mouth shut. I told Captain Ames and he laughed at me."

Angela beamed.

"Of course he would!" she responded. "He wouldn't admit that people did such things as bribe captains and burn ships. But I—I believe I'm a little of a pirate myself. How much of a one are you?"

Simms laughed.

"I've been master of ships since I was twenty-one. I've traded on the China Coast with cargo paid for in *chits* handed me by a coolie. I sealed in Bering when the smell of fur was enough to hang you. I've been up against all kinds of deals I never would have dreamt of. There isn't a crookeder game in the world than running ships when crookedness is the play. And I lost out because I bucked the crooks. I hate 'em! But when it comes to out-and-out scrapping, with nothing on the horizon except a feather of smoke, I like it. I was born a pirate. And I'm nothing but a kicked-about skipper of a freighter, with the general manager sniffing when I come round to see whether I ain't tainted with graft."

Angela nodded.

"I'm not going to ask you to do anything I don't do with you," she said quietly. "Captain Matthews and the rest are too honest. But I looked a man in the eyes three days ago"—she suddenly grew bitter-lipped—"and I knew I belonged with the pirates. He met me socially. He's quite the gentleman. He flattered me. He's in the shipping business. And I saw into his eyes. Ugh!"

Captain Simms nodded gravely.

"I get you," he said briefly. "I've been there." He burst out in a low voice: "And they tried to say I was a common murderer!"

Angela smiled faintly.

"They may say hard things about us this time. But now; will you do what I say?"

"I will," Captain Simms said soberly. "What does this—er—gentleman call himself?"

"By his right name," she replied pleasantly, "F. Edwin Hinderwick. He's a director in the Ultra-Asian and the Purple Stack lines, and he's smooth and he's wicked and he's conceited. That's where he fell into my net!" Miss Barstow's eyes gleamed. "I forgot his name and where he came from. And I looked my very best all the time. I couldn't remember he was in the shipping business, and the man actually crawled to make me understand who he was. 'I believe I can assure you that our interests are connected,'" she quoted. "The only true thing he said!"

"An honest man has a hundred weak points; a crook has just one," Simms remarked sagaciously.

"Quite right!" Angela assented. "Mr. Hinderwick's is wanting to be thought a dreadfully dangerous man. Maybe he is. We shall see."

"We shall," Simms said fervently. "I'm not overlooking that bribe. Hinderwick! Now where ——"

"He stops aboard the yacht of a friend of mine," Angela answered—"a very good friend and a very good yacht. Both have their uses."

"I think I see," Simms responded, "partly. Shanghai is our next port."

"How stupid you are!" she responded impatiently. "Mr. Hinderwick is a very big man. I must make him a very small man. I must play his own game. We have very little time, captain. There's a contract up in Portland the Southern Mail is going to keep. Mr. Hinderwick has made it his business to interfere with my flag all over the world. Only this morning the Jacqueline was refused clearance from Mororan on the ground that she had more coal than was needed for her voyage. And Kirkwall is full of our ships held up till the authorities can verify reports made to them from secret sources. All Hinderwick! And, therefore, we shall proceed to protest to Mr. Hinderwick."

Angela extracted two small newspaper clippings from her handbag and offered them to her companion. He read them with a puzzled face.

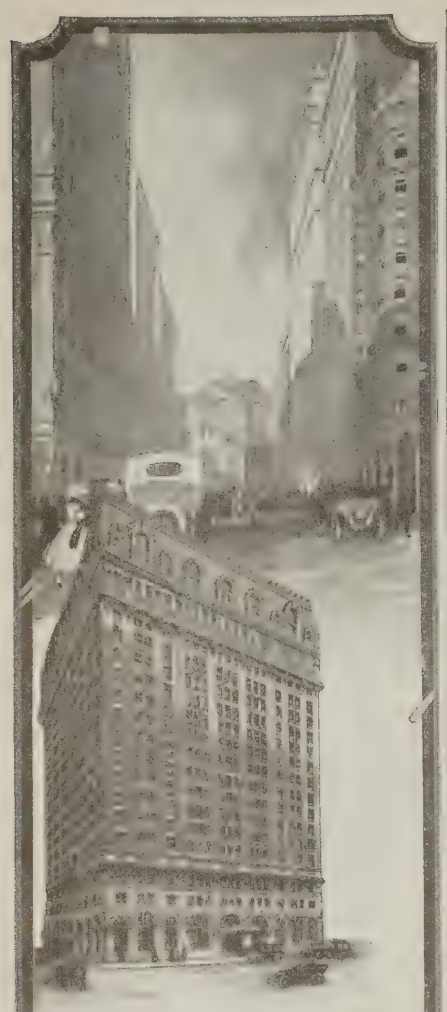
"I see by the first that F. Edwin Hinderwick will be in Portland three weeks from now to complete the organization of the new Astoria-Port Arthur Steamship Line," he remarked. "I see that. But this?" He held up the second clipping. "What in the world do you expect to have to do with the sale of the condemned old cruiser Alaska, Miss Barstow?"

"To private parties," she added. "That will be your affair. My affair is that Mr. F. Edwin Hinderwick expects to reach Portland on the date set for the signing up of the Astoria-Port Arthur Company on my good friend's yacht the Curlew. I am invited to go along with them. I expect to go. Now you will ——"

For two long hours the taxi circled through the windy dunes of Golden Gate Park, while Angela explained in detail to the impassive-faced Israel Simms what he had to accomplish in the following days. At the conclusion she drew out her check book.

"Here is five thousand to start with. When you reach Seattle you'll find fifty thousand more in the Seaboard Bank and fifty

A Boyish, Stern Face Upturned Brightened at Sight of Her



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Double room	$5 to $8
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thousand coin at Wells Fargo Express. Can you do it?"

Simms took the little check and folded it up with steady fingers.

"It's never been done," he remarked capably. "I hope to heaven it will never be done again. I'll do it."

Angela slowly spread a silk scarf on her lap.

"You see this bird of paradise embroidered on this corner?" she inquired. "I believe that will make an excellent flag for you." She tossed the silk into his hands. "Take it."

Captain Simms folded it and put it with the check.

"I have the dates down," he responded. "Now if you'll just get me to the ferry I'll start for Seattle and Bremerton navy yard."

III

THE following afternoon the careless and casual Ralph Somerset stopped his roadster outside the Barstow mansion and entered to ask for a cup of tea from its mistress. She received him with her usual good nature, gave him the tea, and balked a dozen attempts of the handsome youth to descend to sentimentalities.

"I am thinking seriously of going with you when you sail for Astoria with that nice Mr. Hinderwick," she said. "I almost telephoned your aunt I would go. But maybe you and Mr. Hinderwick will have a lot of business to talk over. I really believe you are thinking of going into his new big company."

"You are the one who has been urging me to do something worth while," he said.

"That's the very reason I don't want to interfere," she protested, "just when you are taking a serious interest in life."

"Hinderwick is really on the inside," Somerset explained. "He's the big man in a dozen combines. He doesn't say much, you understand. Too shrewd. But I'm being let in on a good thing. As Hinderwick suggested, I'd be in a position to—to kind of work in with the Southern Mail, offer friendly services, and all that!"

Angela smiled.

"Exactly! I didn't dare hint it to you, Ralph; but Mr. Hinderwick knows so much. It would be so nice to have a friend in another big line. That's why I don't want to intrude! I might spoil things."

"Not a bit of it!" he returned joyously. "It's all settled—on the Q. T., of course. Hinderwick says one must learn not to talk. But there's nothing to hinder your going with us. Aunt Elizabeth will be overjoyed. She's so lonely. And she can't entertain a man like Hinderwick, anyway."

"You will have to put off sailing till the very last minute," she said musingly. "I have engagements I simply can't break till the twenty-third."

"Pretty late," he responded. "That gives us only two days to get to Portland. But the Curlew can step, and I'd wait till the last minute on a chance of getting you as my guest."

"Count on me," she said cordially. "But you must positively stay away till then and not interrupt me. Entertain Mr. Hinderwick and get all your business settled first. I'll want you both to entertain me on the trip."

The following week Angela stayed away from the Southern Mail office and responded to Captain Matthews' daily telephones with pleasantries. But in the secrecy of her own room she spent serious hours over the steadily flowing streams of brief telegrams that arrived from Seattle and were signed "Paradise." They read as follows:

Auction price forty-five thousand stripped except machinery. Tug to-morrow to haul vessel to West Seattle.

Survey made. Fifteen thousand fits for voyage to West Coast Mexico. Coaling now. Crew gathering.

Reported in morning papers former cruiser bought for collier by Mexican capitalists. Three funnels or four?

Four funnels goes. Electric wiring badly messed. Coal all in bunkers. Papers hint at purchase by Central American republic. Crew assembling slowly. Picked men.

Townsend to-morrow afternoon for stores. Charter to Guaymas to load spiles outside port. Paint four thousand dollars.

Spiles load day after to-morrow. Crew on board. Steam up. Sail from straits four days.

Back from getting cargo. Clear Guaymas this afternoon. Wireless inspected and O. K.

S. S. PROTEST, at Sea 17 September. Thirty-three miles south Flattery. Steaming six knots. Light northwest breeze, smooth sea. Fog.

S. S. PROTEST, at Sea 18 September. Fog. Smooth sea. Steaming eight knots. Code PTS. All well.

There were others, but these marked the various steps in the accomplishment of her plan, and Angela waited for the final word. It came late one evening:

S. S. PROTEST.
Forty miles northwest Columbia. Very thick weather, southwest wind, heavy swell. Send orders. PARADISE.

With a swift brush of two hands she swept the accumulated messages into a drawer, locked it and went to the telephone.

"If you are so dreadfully anxious, Ralph," she said clearly to the person who answered, "I might be ready early in the morning."

Grateful monosyllables floated back.

"At six o'clock? You say your captain thinks bad weather is due? Aunt Jacqueline will suffer, won't she?"

Once the Curlew was at sea and sweeping gracefully up the California coast over a smooth sea, Angela Barstow assumed an unusual and flattering attitude of dependence on her host. At moments her abdication of her old independence and authority was almost embarrassing. He had somewhat boasted to Hinderwick of Angela's capacity for affairs, and now she openly confessed that business worried her, that she was incapable of understanding it.

"Mr. Hinderwick and you, Ralph, have convinced me that a woman ought to take advice of experienced men. Godfather Matthews means so well; but he's old and timid. Things bother him. Nothing seems to bother either of you. I know what a big thing you are both going into! Oh, I hear things!"

Again she prettily took it upon herself to inform Ralph on the high qualifications of his guest.

"It's like Mr. Hinderwick not to tell," she said. "But everybody in the shipping business knows he's the head and front of the All-Seas Trust and a dozen companies besides. I know he'll make your new line wonderfully successful." She glanced to the cold-eyed Hinderwick and went on: "They told me at the office we simply would have to share our business with the new line."

Ralph flushed.

"That's all right," he said modestly. "Hinderwick and I agreed on that. Of course with your old-fashioned directors you'll stand at a disadvantage, but don't let that worry you, Angela. I'm going to be there!"

"Coöperation is the life of modern business," Hinderwick remarked casually. "I know I—our lines always work for the common good—friendly offices, and all that, confidence, and so on. Then one has friends when it's a tight pinch."

Angela nodded gravely.

"I have always felt rather lonely," she murmured. "I simply can't understand all they try to tell me."

Hinderwick laid aside his frosty manner for good and exerted himself to promote the understanding suggested. Far into the night he skillfully interrogated and gave advice. He was glad to be of assistance. He referred to Mr. Somerset as "my able coadjutor," and spoke of combinations of extraordinary extent and power, dropped hints of a future "unforeseen by the general public," and finally clinched his smooth arguments with a smiling "We'd better let Miss Barstow into our new line, eh, Somerset?"

Angela glowed gratefully. As she passed to her room Ralph halted her:

"I told you I'd get into something worth while, old girl. The two of us might do wonders? Well, good night."

In her cabin Angela undressed slowly and thoughtfully. Once or twice she seemed to wince at some recollection, but compressed her lips determinedly.

The next morning Hinderwick followed up his advantage and made himself amazingly interesting and helpful. Angela poured out to him story after story of her difficulties. He solved them masterfully. He gave her to believe that he already had a

(Continued on Page 37)

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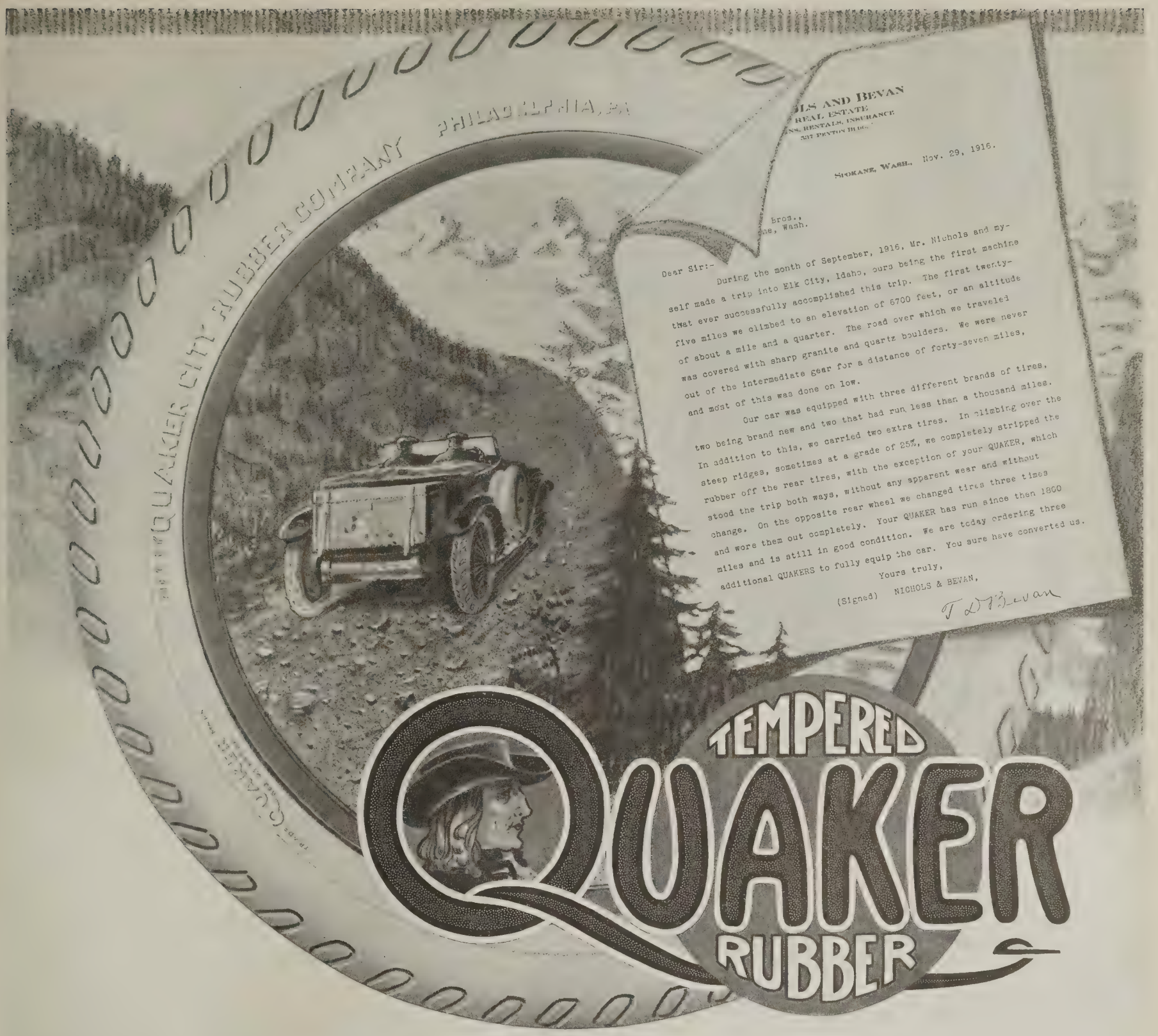

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Time and again we have told you about Quaker Tires—the way they are built, the materials used, and the wonderful added resiliency, flexibility, elasticity and endurance secured by tempering the rubber. Now, users tell you what Quaker Tires do.

"I have a Quaker Tire purchased in July 1914, and run continuously until April 1, 1916, 9977 miles. Have had but one small blowout in it and the tread is not worn off yet."

(Signed) F. A. Turner, M. D., Rockport, Ill.

"I have and am still using Quaker casings on my car and have gotten the best of satisfaction out of them. I live in one of the roughest Counties in the State of Texas. Have got as much as 6000 to 7000 miles use of them. I average about 1000 miles per month and have used a Quaker Tire for nine months without a blowout or serious puncture."

(Signed) W. G. Abernathy,
Sheriff, Palo Pinto County, Texas.

"I will start this letter by saying that you have the best tire made. You shipped me a tire over two years ago and that same tire is running today. I am sorry that I haven't the mileage."

(Signed) W. E. Shackleford, Miami, Florida.

"In the month of June 1915, I purchased from your Company one pair of 3½ x 32 Non-Skid Quaker Tires, which I placed on my car and kept in constant service until the latter part of July 1916. During all this time they were free from blowouts and never had the original air taken out of them."

(Signed) John S. Kenney, Johnstown, Pa.

"I have used two Quaker Tires on a car which was bought second hand. One Quaker was practically new when the car was bought and was on the rear. I changed the new Quaker to a front wheel and have run it without necessary change for nearly 8,000 miles and expect to run it some more thousand before it is worn out."

(Signed) Andrew B. Winsor, Johnston, R. I.

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If there is no dealer near you, send direct to the Sales Dept. Your order will be filled at regular prices and charges prepaid within certain territory. Anyhow, write for a copy of "5000 Plus"—a snappy little booklet that tells things you ought to know about tires.

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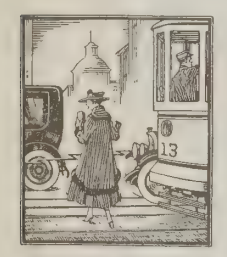
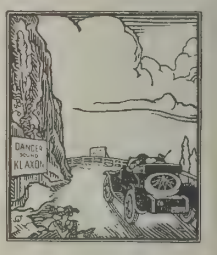
A youngster on roller skates. He doesn't think. He skates. And suddenly before he knows it—before *you* know it—he's in front of your car!

An absent-minded man with his nose in a newspaper. You know him—he's the kind who crosses streets without looking up. He too must be told that you're coming.



A woman on a shopping errand. She's thinking of clothes and shoes and groceries and the baby at home. She also crosses streets. And your car is bearing down upon her unnoticed. She too must be *warned*.

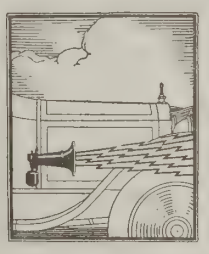
Half an hour later—you're in the country. There's a car ahead. A car moving SLOWLY. Or it may be a moving van—the driver half asleep. Or a farm wagon or a load of hay. You want to pass. There's not room. In some way you must let them know you are coming and ask them to turn out.



A mile further is a sharp turn. What's ahead? Possibly another car or a team. You don't know; you can't see. You're about to round that turn. It's dangerous.

So AGAIN you sound your Klaxon!

A million Klaxon sound waves shoot forward—a mile ahead! The driver of the car around the bend instantly knows that you are coming. He edges over. Your share of the road is ready. You round that corner in SAFETY.



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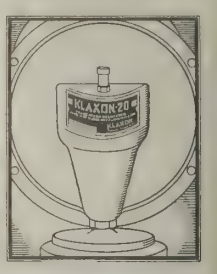

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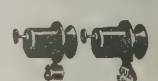

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If you're thinking of buying a car—
look on the horn for this important word:

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(Continued from Page 34)

pretty fair insight into the affairs of the Southern Mail.

"And the last straw was when poor Captain Matthews came to me and told me we had lost a flour charter up in Portland to a Jap," she complained finally. "He couldn't understand it at all!"

Hinderwick smiled.

"I suppose not. As a matter of fact, we have got to allow foreign countries a little of the business—feed them along, so to speak, till we can combine and crush them. No need of making enemies when we have to do business with them."

"Oh," Angela murmured, "do you have trouble with the Japanese too?"

"We try not to," Hinderwick answered. "Coöperation—the strongest combination wins. And the prize is a big one."

Angela changed the conversation and did not revert to the subject again. But that evening, as they sat under the great space of the starry sky and talked to the steady beat of the yacht's engines, she said abruptly:

"You said this morning that the prize you were contending for on the Pacific was a big one, Mr. Hinderwick. You excite my curiosity. What is it?"

Hinderwick blew the smoke of his cigar thoughtfully from his thin lips.

"Half an empire," he said curtly. "They can say what they like, but trade follows the flag. Trade and empire are inseparable."

"That sounds like a hard saying," she responded.

The nattily dressed wireless operator stepped up and handed her a message. She unfolded it, read it, and glanced westward out over the gleaming sea. Then she looked up at her host.

"Such a funny message, Ralph!"

She gave him the paper and he peered at the writing.

"'Bird of paradise in full feather,'" he read. "What does it mean?"

Angela swept a blue scarf from her shoulders and spread it on her knee.

"It's a device I always have embroidered on my things," she explained. "See? And I always like captains of our steamers to get me a real one if they can."

F. Edwin Hinderwick laughed appreciatively.

"I tell you, Miss Barstow has the right idea of a woman's ownership of a steamship line! She leaves the business end to the directors while she collects fine feathers!"

Angela turned her eyes on the speaker and Somerset detected in them something which made him hasten to change the subject.

"I say, can you see that steamer out there?" he asked.

Miss Barstow glanced at the dark, low-lying vessel that was running along the horizon, and murmured:

"It looks like a passenger ship."

Hinderwick sat straight up in his chair and sniffed.

"It's a cruiser," he said stiffly; "and an odd type. Somerset, have your sailing master here and let's have his opinion on that ship."

There was an uneasy ring in the man's tones, and Somerset summoned his skipper, who nodded his head and stated that it was indeed a cruiser, and decidedly affirmed that he neither knew nor cared for its nationality.

"Four funnels!" Hinderwick remarked, fixing his pale eyes on the apparition. "Now ——"

The skipper's keen eyes saw something else. He stepped over and whispered to his owner.

Somerset laughed.

"Nonsense," he said, "we're a yacht! They aren't even watching us."

As he spoke a long pencil of extremely brilliant light shot from the foreward part of the cruiser and swung round till it rested on the yacht. In that intense and dazzling glow Angela sat motionless and serene. Her eyes did not remove themselves from Mr. Hinderwick's face. The light rested on the yacht a moment, and was then switched off. In the consequent darkness a yellowish-red spot flamed in the direction of the cruiser, and almost immediately a whirr, followed by a sharp zip-zip, told of a shot fired across the yacht's bows.

"Get inside the three-mile limit!" yelled Hinderwick. "It's a roving cruiser!"

The sailing master stepped to the rail and jerked a handle.

Suddenly a gong clanged below and the engines came to a stop. He stood there staring out into the darkness. Presently he remarked:

"She's running down to us, Mr. Somerset. Wants to board us, I reckon. I suppose we shall have to let her."

In the ensuing tumult Angela slipped down into the cabin and quickly locked the door of the room she knew to be Mr. Hinderwick's.

Then she returned to the deck unnoticed and watched proceedings.

The cruiser emerged from the shadows and showed herself a high-riding vessel of considerable tonnage. Angela could see the long, slightly tilted muzzles of four great guns projecting from the two turrets on her deck.

Smoke issued in vast clouds from her four funnels. Very few lights shone along her steel sides.

"Launch is away," the sailing master of the Curlew said presently. "We'll soon know what all this is about."

In a very brief time Angela heard the puffing of a steam launch alongside and saw Hinderwick peering at it over the rail. What he saw seemed to decide him. He slipped back and away down to the saloon. Through the skylight she saw him try to open his room door; then turn angrily to a bewildered servant.

In two swift strides she was at the yacht's rail. A boyish, stern face upturned brightened at sight of her.

The youth touched his gold-laced cap, swung himself up, and whispered to her as he stopped:

"Name of Mills. Cap'n Simms said to bring Hinderwick off."

"Down in the saloon trying to get into his room—valuable papers," she returned in a hasty whisper.

The young officer whirled, called to four men who leaped on deck, and curtly ordered them below to watch that no papers or luggage were disturbed. Then he politely addressed the captain of the Curlew and demanded to see his documents and his crew mustered.

The captain stood on his rights.

"Who are you, sir?"

"Lieutenant Mills, of Her Majesty's cruiser Protest," came the response. "Please lose no time."

The sailing master cast a single glance at the dark bulk cradling in the long swells to port, and yielded.

"I don't know what majesty nor who 'her' is," he muttered to his mate; "but that cruiser means business. Hello, what's this mean?"

Four able-bodied men in new uniforms were bearing F. Edwin Hinderwick to the stairs leading on deck. They were treating their prisoner with anything but respect, and the outraged magnate was protesting furiously. With a rush the group went by,

WING FOOT

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Goodyear goodness is in every foot of Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose. Goodness in such measure that it is guaranteed against bursting for two whole lawn hose seasons.

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Makes It Easy For You

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cleans the bowl thoroughly—even the hidden trap so difficult to reach. You don't need to rub, scrub or dip.

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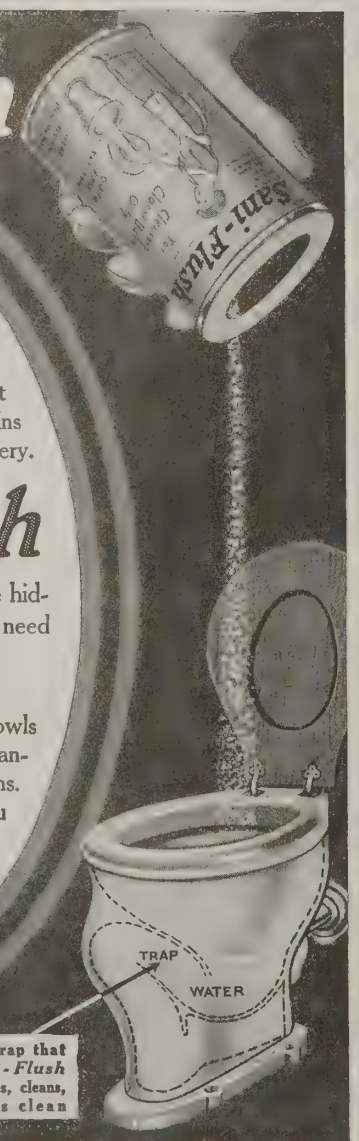

The trap that *Sani-Flush* reaches, cleans, keeps clean

and Lieutenant Mills touched the captain on the sleeve.

"The man we're after," he said simply. "Wanted badly. His luggage and papers?"

The sailing master breathed with relief.

"You're welcome to him, sir," he said cordially. "His room is here."

"Locked," snapped the youth, and kicked the door in.

For ten minutes the boarders were silently busy. In that time they had huddled Hinderwick into the launch and crushed him into resentful silence; his luggage, traveling desk and papers were carefully stored under guard; a detail had wrecked the Curlew's wireless room; another had engaged in doing obscure things to the engines, to a choked chorus of anathema from the engineers; and Lieutenant Mills had held brief but satisfactory converse with the sailing master.

"Her Majesty's orders," he said in conclusion. "Don't attempt to tell me about the three-mile limit. You will proceed at daybreak to your destination and make what report you like."

The launch puffed away, and Somerset stared after it with unbelieving ejaculations. At last he turned and called:

"Angela, they've gone!"

"So has the young lady," said the mate gruffly. "She's with them in the launch out there."

Somerset raved incoherently for five minutes. Convinced at last that he was helpless, that the wireless was useless and the engines disabled beyond the engineers' ability to repair in less than ten hours, he subsided and began to ask questions as to the identity of the cruiser.

"I know nothing about her," his skipper sullenly answered. "That young lieutenant carried a parti-colored bird in embroidery in his cap, sir. I never heard of Her Majesty!"

Later he confided to his mate over a glass of mild grog:

"I says to myself when they grabbed that Hinderwick, says I: 'Less said the better by all!' I stand by that."

The mate smiled sardonically.

"A British cruiser in disguise, of course! Avoidin' international complications. I bet that Hinderwick wishes he was ashore!"

"We had one passenger that knew all about it," the skipper pursued. "I worked for her dad. Here's to her health!"

IV

DO WHAT he could, Captain Simms had been unable wholly to restore a warlike air to the stripped wardroom of the old cruiser Alaska. True, he had hastily mounted a couple of light quick-firers where the old quarter guns had been, the old arms rack was filled with modern rifles and the temporary light effects did their work. Yet he felt uncomfortable when the sounds of a whistle, the low calls of officers and a vast creaking of gear and thumping of blocks announced that the launch was back from its errand. But when his improvised lieutenant entered with a composed face and indicated a prisoner in the hands of the four impassive sailors behind him, Simms recovered his poise.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Angela walk quietly in and slip into a shadowy nook.

"Are you Mr. F. Edwin Hinderwick?" Captain Simms asked politely.

"That's my name," snarled the prisoner. "I'm an American citizen and I demand to know what vessel this is."

"Tut-tut," said Captain Simms mildly. "Your papers?"

Hinderwick started to deny he had any, when a sailor calmly brought the desk, bags and files in and arranged them before his commander.

"All right," Simms said briefly. "Take the man away and lock him up."

"You'll get your superiors into the worst difficulty ever they had," Hinderwick foamed. "I am powerful. I can wreck careers and I can go right to headquarters."

"Your headquarters will be a room for'a'd," Simms said, and waved him away.

The door closed at last. Captain Simms mopped his forehead and smiled feebly at Miss Barstow.

"Now for the rest of it," he said. "Here are the man's papers—*if* they talk!"

They did, and through the long hours, broken occasionally by the entrance of an officer to report the yacht still helpless inshore, Angela Barstow studied the plans of F. Edwin Hinderwick. Now and then she would turn to her companion a face filled

(Concluded on Page 41)

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All kinds of power and industrial machinery

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Makers of Collegian Clothes

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Largest producers of electrical controlling devices

Eagle Lye Works,
Largest exclusive lye manufacturers in U. S.

Evinrude Motor Company,
Detachable rowboat and canoe motors—80,000 sold

The Federal Rubber Co.,
Federal tires and mechanical rubber goods

Gemco Manufacturing Co.,
America's largest producers of automobile bumpers

Holeproof Hosiery Co.,
Famous Holeproof Hosiery—worn by millions

O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co.,
Quality gloves—known the world over

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Makers of fibre and corrugated shipping cases

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The Richardson-Phenix Co.,
Lubrication engineers and manufacturers

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Sterling Motor Truck Co.,
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Peerless Eight

(Concluded from Page 38)

with disgust. Each time Simms would shake his head and mutter:

"Dig on! We gotta have that man right. He mustn't have a leg to stand on before we get through with him."

At last they were done. Simms yawned.

"Just as you say. I say that he'll be good. Here you've got the evidence that he's dealing with both sides. He's no fool; he'll cry quits. Now if I were you I'd cut out the mutual recriminations and the bad words that he ought to hear and merely make him sign over to you control of this new company, the Astoria-Port Arthur! You'll just keep these documents, of course."

"It seems as if ——" she began.

Captain Simms shook his head.

"What do you care that he told people you were a silly fool? Just remember that we're out here where ships are likely to toddle along any time. A yacht helpless in the trough of the swell and a four-funneled cruiser in battle paint and with guns mounted *à la* Quaker might excite curiosity. We've got to hurry. Shall I ask Mr. Hinderwick in?"

"Do!" she said.

"Mr. Mills," the captain said gravely, when his subordinate appeared, "you will present my compliments to your guest in the locker and ask him to come this way. Also please spill the beans. It's daylight. Show the fellow our flag, will you?"

So F. Edwin Hinderwick, rubbing his smarting eyes, saw first by the gray light of the dawn a huge ensign floating above the rolling cruiser. He peered, stopped and gaped. A large, rudely worked but lifelike bird of paradise spread its plumage against the sky. A prod from behind hurried him on and into the alleyway leading to the captain's quarters. In that spacious apartment and in the presence of his captor Mr. Hinderwick lost his final courage. He glanced at Angela and then at the papers neatly docketed and spread on the desk. His face assumed a sickly, bilious hue.

"You see!" remarked Simms gravely.

"Piracy," mumbled Hinderwick. For an instant a savage glitter flared in his eyes. "Hanging matter!"

"It is," Simms agreed amiably, "for you. Right outside of us fifty miles is a British cruiser. They would enjoy these papers and your society. Right inshore is Uncle Sam, calm, patient, but kind of touchy about his honor. Uncle Sam would really enjoy your little manuscripts." He bowed to Angela. "I think Miss Barstow has a few things she wants to say to you."

Firmly, clearly and without a trace of feeling she laid her terms before Mr. Hinderwick. To his spasmodic attempts to play on her woman's fears and show her the risk she ran, she returned calm replies.

"You understand," she said simply, "that you must never bother me or my company again? You see that? You comprehend that I want control of your new company? You thoroughly understand that?"

Hinderwick gathered his courage.

"Well," he demanded with an endeavor to swagger, "you've talked quite a lot. What if I tell you to go to the devil?"

Simms lifted his hand.

"I'll tell you," he said evenly. "Miss Barstow foresaw that question of yours and asked me to answer it. And my answer is—sign that paper!"

Hinderwick glanced about him. Then sat down in the seat indicated and read the papers offered for his signature. At first his lip curled scornfully, but gradually fear showed in his face. He looked up, all his bravado vanished.

"These papers were prepared by a lawyer—this is a conspiracy! You are only tools!" he cried.

The captain sighed.

"You'll probably see the point. The less you ever have to say, the better for you."

F. Edwin Hinderwick signed. When he had finished he made a last attempt to recover his papers. Simms smiled cynically and dismissed him.

"Now, Miss Barstow," he said quickly, "you must hurry back to the yacht. I must be away from here in an hour. I know you can handle Hinderwick from now on."

"You are going to send him back to the yacht with me?" she asked.

"I am not," Simms said quietly. "I'll attend to him. You just go on up to Portland with Mr. Somerset and attend to the organization of the Astoria-Port Arthur line. You have the proxies, the papers to show, and all the instructions you need. Strike quickly."

Angela rose.

"I'll have a hard time explaining to Mr. Somerset," she murmured.

"Somerset? Tell him nothing. Tell him to wait a week. He'll see what you do in Portland, and when he sees the papers in a day or so he'll decide not to ask any more questions. He's innocent. But when he comes to think over the papers of his in Hinderwick's hands he'll lay low."

"And the papers?" she inquired.

Simms laughed.

"I'll have them safe for you. Now I must send you away. Hang it all, I enjoyed this game! I'm much obliged!"

They shook hands. The launch duly restored Miss Barstow to the deck of the Curlew, and hurried back while she stemmed the torrent of questions shot at her by her host and his aunt. She smiled and frowned. She drew Somerset away.

"It was important business for Mr. Hinderwick," she said. "He particularly hoped you would understand. He urged you to go on to Portland. He said you would know what to do there."

The young man nodded.

"I understand!" he returned in a whisper. "What a man! Angela, it makes one feel mighty good to be right in the heart of this international intrigue. To be trusted! We have seen a big thing! A cruiser out of nowhere—and the destinies of nations changed!"

"I know very little about the destinies of nations," she answered tartly. "That commander kept me awake on a sofa all night while he and Mr. Hinderwick talked business. My hair is a sight!"

V

EZEKIEL AMES closed the door of James Matthews' room and demanded to know where Martin Conrad was.

"He was just looking for you," Captain Matthews replied testily. "You two are full of news. What's up?"

Conrad entered, stared round him and nodded. Together he and Ames laid before their associate the morning papers and two telegrams.

The news that leaped to James Matthews' eyes was this:

"PORTLAND, Sept. 27. To-day the organization of the Astoria-Port Arthur Steamship Company was completed by the election of Miss Angela Barstow to the presidency, Ralph Somerset to the vice presidency and the choice of Miss Barstow's company manager, Ezekiel Ames, as secretary and treasurer."

"SAN DIEGO, Sept. 27. The steam schooner Mahala, arriving at noon to-day from the North, confirms the reported loss at sea of the old cruiser Alaska which was sold to private parties by the Government some time ago and outfitted for the Mexican trade. The Mahala reported that the Alaska sprung a leak off Point Reyes and was abandoned by Captain Simms and his crew on the night of the twenty-fifth. The wrecked crew landed in Drakes Bay safely. No trace has been seen lately of the vessel and wreckage washed ashore points to her total destruction."

Captain Matthews looked up.

"Angela always did see something in that Ralph Somerset, and he's made good. Bless the girl!"

"Simms seems to have been in hard luck," Ames murmured.

"Simms?" rasped Matthews, brushing his chin whisker with his sinewy hand. "Simms? The man's a fool. Got what he deserved. Lucky Angela dropped him."

"Dropped him?" repeated Conrad, shoving a yellow telegram under his associates' noses. "Look at that—to me, the superintendent of the Southern Mail!"

Matthews and Ames bent over the message:

"ASHLAND, OREGON, Sept. 28.

"Martin Conrad,
"Sup't Southern Mail S. P. Co.
"Pier 162, S. F.

"Raise Simms' salary to three hundred a month and give him the Equator. Treat Captain Simms right.

"ANGELA BARSTOW."

"The Equator!" Ames murmured. "Our best ship! Now what in the deuce has Simms, the old cruiser Alaska and this new company got to do with Angela?"

"Angela?" repeated Matthews. "You get things wrong. I'm learning fast. I don't ask what have things got to do with Angela Barstow. I just wait round and see what Angela Barstow will do with men and ships and things!"

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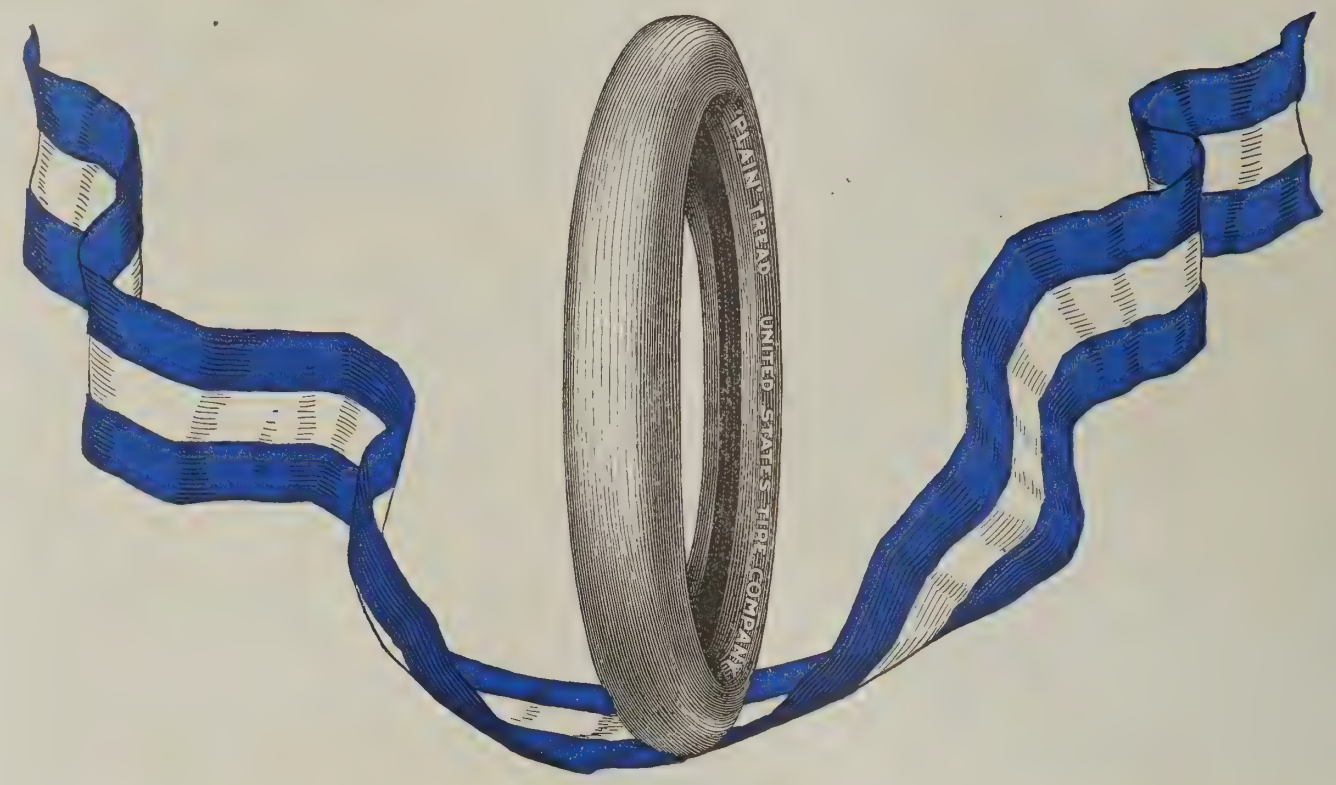
214 State Street, Boston, Mass.
436 Market Street, San Francisco
211 Morrison Street, Portland, Oregon
E. Drolet, Montreal
A. R. Williams Mchy. Co., Toronto
A. A. Sears, Victoria, B. C.

Over 80,000 sold—Used by 25 Governments

Join in the Nation's Most Popular Sport—Boating



Plain Tread Tires, like Cinderella,

get scant attention these days when everybody is talking about the relative merits of anti-skid tires.

Whereas the plain tread is the real basis of tire value—of wear—of mileage.

* * *

Get at the heart of the matter.

Compare the plain treads of different makes.

Then you can take up the consideration of anti-skids.

For the anti-skid is really a plain tread, plus anti-skid qualities.

* * *

Compare the *United States "Plain" Tread* with any other plain tread.

United States "Plain" Tread Tires are the product of

—microscopic and ruthless scrutiny of raw material,

—parental patience with even the veriest details of manufacture,

—an aggregation of workers who are aristocrats of skill,

—a manufacturing ideal to make a tire that shall wear, and keep on wearing, longer than any other tire.

* * *

The proof lies in these two conclusive facts:

—first, the continued amazing sales increases of United States Tires;

—second, the fact that these sales increases last year were proportionately far larger than the tremendous increase in the number of automobiles during the same time.

They are facts strong enough, big enough, masterful enough, to command conviction.

* * *

Then—if you want anti-skids, bear in mind that the *United States "Nobby," "Chain," "Usco" and "Royal Cord"* are so far in a class apart that even a casual examination of the design and structure of their treads is conclusive evidence.

So that in United States Tires—plain or anti-skid treads—you have the supreme of anti-skid efficiency and low-mileage-cost.

The five types

'Nobby' 'Chain'
'Royal Cord'
'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use

Making Business Men

By ANNE SHANNON MONROE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

"You Failin' Me Too?"

IV

I WANTED to tell someone about the change in Bittner, and looked toward Miss Krog. But I knew she would not understand. She would not see in his attitude toward Mrs. Gray birth of reverence, the bending of the crude to the cultured, as a rude plant to sunlight. She would see only the beginning of what she would call a "case," and so I had to keep my observations to myself. It is dangerous to start such a suggestion in an office full of women.

Mr. Bittner came sauntering back as innocent as a lamb, and again paused by my desk. I looked up, waiting. But he seemed perplexed.

"Mrs. Gray would find it hard to attend to the entering of names on cards, giving out work, requiring results of the other workers, and so on," I said.

He sat down.

"Her big value," I continued, "is her sympathy, her kindliness and understanding. She has the knack of soothing. Her touch is like velvet. Why not advance her to the later, more difficult work on the Fifty Principles? Let her be chief instructor. She would like that better, I am sure, and I want to get rid of instruction work altogether. I have enough to do with the advertising."

"That's a good idea," he said, relieved. "Tell the bookkeeper to enter 'em both at eighteen a week from the first of the month."

"One other thing, Mr. Bittner," I said. "Miss Krog's work is dwindling terribly. I think it worries her. We have never used our number-four letters, and but very few of the number threes, as you know. Why not make her head of the entire book business as well as forewoman?"

"Book business won't last long."

"Neither will Miss Krog, unless we make her more important."

Miss Abbot's Decision

"I think we had better keep the book business alive as a come-back for the Fifty Principles people," I went on.

"That's not a bad idea. Tell Miss Krog about it."

"No, you tell her. It's better that you should."

He went over to her desk, and I went to the cage to speak to Miss Lutkins about raising the two women.

One other thing bothered me. Mr. Bittner had said nothing about Miss Abbot, and she was now doing very good work. While I was thinking about the best place for her in the business, she came up to me.

"Miss Gale," she said with sweet deliberation, "I am leaving Saturday."

"I am sorry, Miss Abbot. You are becoming valuable to us."

She dropped her eyes and seemed distressed.

"It isn't you," she said at last, "but some way I can't bear to work for an illiterate man like Mr. Bittner. He should be working for me, it is so absurd."

I smiled. I had once thought that same thing.

"Miss Abbot," I said, "the market proves one's value."

"Beg pardon?"

"The very fact that Mr. Bittner, still a young man, has got all our brains working to carry out his ideas proves that his brain is the keenest, regardless of appearances."

"It is just chance, opportunity," she said.

"It is will power and initiative," I contradicted.

She sighed and looked out of the window. "I think a woman loses so much when she remains in such surroundings as these," she said at last.

"It takes a big woman not to," I agreed.

"Look at Miss Lutkins."

"Have you never met gruff, ill-mannered women out of business?" I asked.

Dollar Democracy

She sighed. "Well, I've made up my mind to go. I am planning to take a course in library work."

"Can you manage there always to give out books only to educated people?" I asked. "It seems to me you will be a servant to a large illiterate public, where here you are servant to one."

She looked up startled. She did not like that word servant.

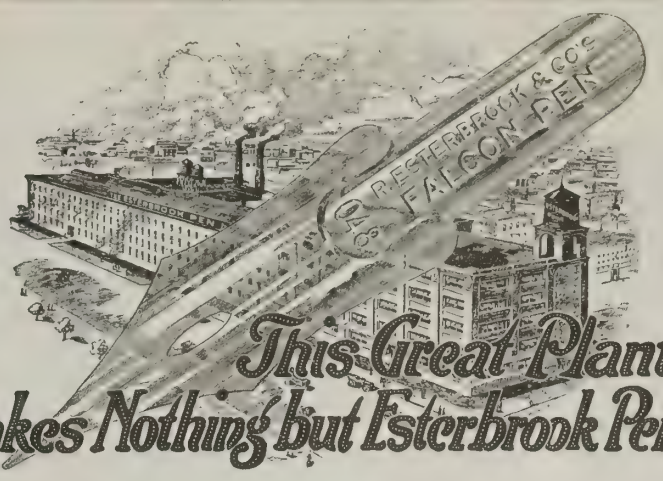
"All business, Miss Abbot, caters to all kinds of people. If you are a merchant you must sell to maids as well as ladies. Even in the professions there is no aristocracy of clientèle; clergymen preach to tramps, physicians attend washwomen, and lawyers divorce bootblacks. Money-changing levels all rank. In catering for pay we must cater to all alike. I am sorry you are going, but I wish you well."

She seemed perplexed about it all, but just then Mr. Bittner came in.

"Just the same, I'm going," she said. "And I think you are perfectly wonderful to stand it." She stooped suddenly and kissed me.

I was sorry to lose Miss Abbot. I had grown fond of her. But when I thought of her everlasting "Beg pardon" I felt cheered, and called up a woman who had applied for

(Continued on Page 45)



This Great Plant Makes Nothing but Esterbrook Pens

Esterbrook makes and *sells two hundred million pens every year*. And this quantity is constantly increasing—because the standards of worth and quality on which this business was founded have been faithfully maintained for more than 56 years.

Every ounce of steel used in Esterbrook Pens is laboratory-tested. Esterbrook Pens resist corrosion from modern acidulous inks. Esterbrook Pens have large ink capacity—save lots of dips and lots of time.

Send 10 cents for useful metal box containing one dozen assorted pens, including the famous 048 Falcon.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co., 72–100 Delaware Ave., Camden, N. J.

R. Esterbrook & Co.

PENS

—see these chairs at your dealer's today

$8.00 Saved! And Such A Comfort!

No. 1 Special. A big, comfortable easy chair, luxuriously overstuffed, artistic—covered in genuine Spanish Leather, mahogany finish. Push Button, Leg Rest, Brass Feet, Brass Casters. Regular $37.50 value. Introductory price, after deducting $1 Coupon, $29.50. [$3 extra Denver and West.]

That's what thousands of weary business men and business women, housewives and others are saying as they stretch out and luxuriate in these wonderful Special chairs, offered at a big price-saving to further introduce the famous

Royal Easy Chairs

TRADE MARK "PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

You, too, *must* own one of these "World's easiest easy chairs." You, too, must enjoy this comfort. Just drop into one. "Push the button"—presto! the back reclines to any angle, locking there until released by another finger pressure—your limbs are upon the leg rest (concealed when not in use)—your whole body is supported, relaxed, consciously comfortable as nowhere else *except in bed*. Highly artistic, stylish, durably made and upholstered, and with a push button device that is silent, hidden and trouble-proof. Such a chair soon becomes priceless!

But as a Special Introductory Offer we advertise two Royals of exceptionally fine quality at a price reduction of $7.00. And another dollar will be deducted from the cash price by your local dealer if you *take to him the dollar coupon in this ad*. That makes a clear saving of $8.00 on a chair you'll enjoy for years!

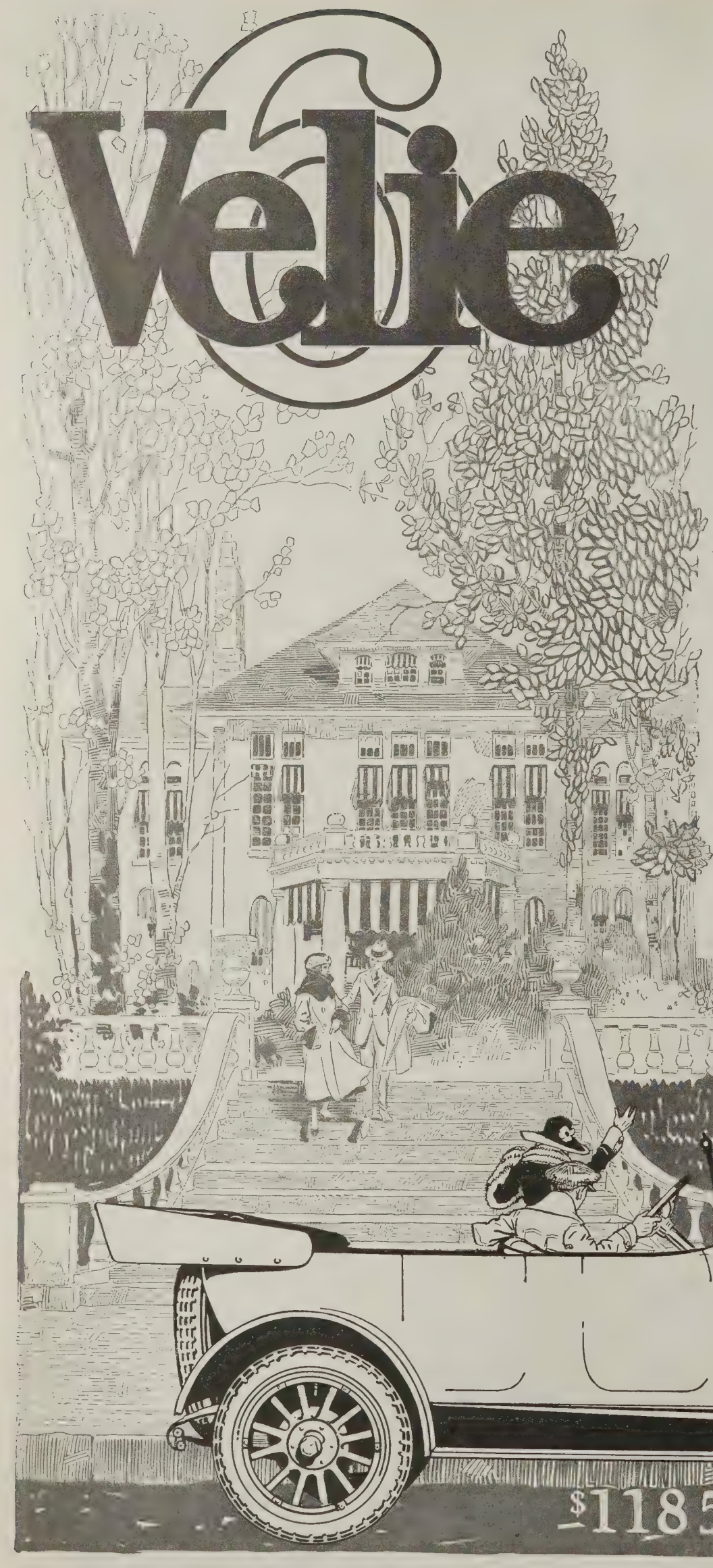
Send for Free Booklet giving valuable data on "Conscious Rest," and showing many popular Royal models. Also brings you name of your Royal dealer. Write *today*.

ROYAL CHAIR CO.
1101 Chicago Street
STURGIS, MICH.

No. 2 Special
A low, deep den chair—in Fumed Oak. Spanish Leatherette cover only. Fitted with Push Button, Leg Rest and Brass Casters. Regular value, $27.75. Introductory price, after deducting $1 Coupon, $19.75. [$3 extra Denver and West.]

All Royals guaranteed. None genuine without the word Royal stamped on Push Button.

This $1 Coupon Good for $1 at Your Dealer's
This $1 coupon and $29.50 purchases Special No. 1 or with $19.75 purchases Special No. 2 (east of Denver). Sign below and dealer will accept as above.
Name _____ Date _____
Address _____
Royal Chair Co. 1101 Chicago St. Sturgis Mich.



Forewarned is Forearmed

THE thrill of *more* power and *finer* style goes hand in hand with the thrill of spring days that call you into the open. Here is car quality, beauty and energy that *satisfy*. Velie Biltwel Six, with its silent, supple, special Continental motor, is more than equal to *any* spring road, or *any* hill that has just emerged from snows and rains.

And Velie Biltwel Six has *lots* of room. Its deep-tufted, genuine leather upholstery and long, under-slung springs give you restful comfort—the real luxury of riding. One seems to soar through the air, far above any mechanical bonds of control.

On country road or city boulevard, Velie Six commands the admiration of authority in car fashion and construction values.

The demand is enormous. Even now it is taxing the capacity of a mile of Velie factory to the utmost. Don't be disappointed when the greater rush is on. Insure a prompt delivery by placing your order now. Forewarned is forearmed.

If you have not obtained your Velie, see your nearest dealer at once. Eight body styles—open or convertible, including snappy Four Passenger Roadster, Touring Sedan and Coupé.

Ask for booklet—"How Velie Cars Are Made."

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
125 Velie Place Moline, Illinois

(Continued from Page 43)

work and left her address in case there should be a vacancy. She was so happy to come, she said, and would be at the office without fail the following morning.

But the morning came and she did not appear. I waited till noon, waited through the afternoon. At closing time I got her on the wire.

"Oh, Miss Gale," she gushed, "I decided that I just couldn't work over in that wholesale district. And I was too busy all day to call you up and tell you. I'm so sorry."

Being sorry didn't get out mail. It was just like so many women to imagine an excuse covered their responsibility. If women only wouldn't lie—if, for instance, they would have some other reason for being late than a car accident—it would be such a help. If the car accidents reported at our office as a reason for tardiness were duplicated in every other office in the city, I could see nothing but a vast flat waste of broken cables, damaged trolleys and telescoped elevated trains—a devastation comparable only to war. I rang off and again inserted an advertisement for desperate women.

When the September magazines came out, there, occupying two full pages, was the Borrige & Kemp advertisement. It was as Bittner had predicted, they had followed us up. They offered to American business men who had so far shown absolute confidence in the Borrige & Kemp business books, a complete course of instruction by mail in the Philosophy of Business, planned and written by the greatest masters of finance of the day. That the course was practical was guaranteed by the fact that a practical business man was the critic and instructor. The advertisement was written in Binks' most florid style. His picture was used, and under it were the words: "This is the man who will guide your work. It won't be done by cheap office girls." The price, forty-five dollars, was in bold type, and it cut just enough under ours to catch men economically minded. The advertisement was more striking than ours; and it had a hurry-up, get-on-the-band-wagon, don't-lose-a-minute impetus that would carry the reader through.

Although I had been prepared by Mr. Bittner for just this, the thing came to me with a shock. I sat a long time; not thinking or planning or wondering, just stunned. I had heard of such things, but I had not before experienced a direct steal in business.

Shrewd Stealing

Bittner came in, grinning; but his grin did not tell me much. He ambled over, sat down, and picking up the magazine gazed at the advertisement.

"He's got us on price," he said. "We've got him on every other count."

"Five dollars is quite a difference," I agreed mechanically.

"Too much. We gotta knock it."

"Cut?" I asked, surprised. That didn't seem to me dignified.

"Sometimes," he said, eying me narrowly, "you're that quick you beat me to it, and then again you're that slow I wonder how you get on at all."

"Remember the halves of the apple," I said, determined to keep my temper. "Where you're quick I don't need to be."

"That's so," he came back more genially. Then he got down to business. "We gotta liven up our October copy and meet his price by givin' more for the fifty dollars. We'll do it by givin' with the course of study the set o' desk books that we sell for ten dollars. We'll use 'em as an incentive to start at once. We'll say we'll give these books till the edition is exhausted. The offer's just good while they last."

"I wish we might use your picture," I said. "It adds to the personal pull. But of course we can't now. Binks is ahead of us."

"We'll make that face missed after a month or two," he came back, jabbing viciously at his pencil.

But his tone was not so confident as his words.

The fight was on.

Mr. Bittner sent off an inquiry at once, under an assumed name, that he might see just how Binks was handling his inquiries. He would also subscribe later, that we might be able to examine the steal closely.

It was a most difficult task for me to attend to Wagner's work which from the beginning I had handled personally. To correct his problems, send him our letters, talks and everything pertaining to the Fifty Principles, when I now knew positively that it was all being hustled away to Binks as fast as possible to be read by him, absorbed, and then retold in a florid, vivid style, was a maddening procedure. Binks had worked with Bittner so closely, he had had so much experience in taking the latter's ideas and running them through heavily padded copy, that he could do this with great facility. He knew the man so well that one phrase gave him a whole sentence. And with the many letters and the extra questions that Wagner had constantly propounded, Binks must now have the entire spirit of our plan. Wagner was on his last month's work. After a few months the fact that Bittner started in March and Binks in September would be lost on the reading public. They would merely represent two firms in the same business, and interested inquirers would investigate both. A subscriber to the two courses of study would recognize the current of similarity, but he would be as apt to think that we stole the idea from Binks as that he stole it from us.

Fifty Jumbled Principles

I had just started our October copy on its way East when Mr. Bittner came in and without a pause hurried over to my desk. I saw that something was wrong.

"Binks is using three pages in the principal October magazines," he said with a sharp indrawing of his breath. "I've telegraphed for three. What have you got that I can run in strong at once?"

I pulled down a file and drew out the various letters of commendation that I had been saving and placed them before him.

"That's the stuff! Select the most biting lines and head it: 'What men who have subscribed think of the Fifty Principles.' Get it copied right away."

In a couple of hours the extra page was following up the first two to New York. Almost breathlessly I waited for the October issues. What would Binks put in his three pages? In the meantime I studied the first lessons of Binks' course of study as supplied through our "tool" subscriber. The main difference was one of phraseology. Where we called our papers "talks" he used the more academic word "lectures." Where we said "problems" he said "lessons." Where we used short crisp sentences he amplified. Where we suggested he developed the theme. Where we had been thorough he satisfied himself with a mere mention. But the most maddening part of the whole steal was his taking our later talks and putting the ideas in them early in his course. He had so jumbled the thing that should two friends subscribe for the two courses and work together, the Binks man would have all the pith and point of our later talks long before the Bittner man would have reached them. This would cheapen the Fifty Principles immeasurably. Always the impression is made on the first hearing; anything of the same nature after that seems weak.

There was one notable change from the old-time Binks: there were no errors of construction in his lectures. He evidently had an excellent critic.

The October magazines came in and I opened the first one, tense and anxious. I found that Binks' advertisement had the better position. He had secured his three pages earlier than we and was therefore given the preference; but our copy showed up better than his—at least I thought so. Every line was insistent with proof of value. Every line in that of Binks was a promise. But this would not last. He would take his keynote from us. Bittner at once sent off another dummy inquiry to see whether Binks had followed up our offer of the desk books.

We pitched into new literature, getting out special little folders to be used as inclosures in our follow-up letters. Bittner heard from Binks in due time. He was offering an inkstand as an inducement to subscribe immediately. He played up this offer in the opening paragraph of his number-one letter.

It was his first false move, and it brought a gleam into Bittner's eyes that made me sorry for Binks in spite of myself. To offer an inkstand to a substantial business man as an inducement to subscribe—well, you might as well offer a cigar or a box of candy. Our books were in line with the idea of study. They were a practical accessory to the Fifty Principles course, and we mentioned them in the last paragraph of our letter. We had taken it for granted that

Beautiful Enough for your Drawing Room—
Durable Enough for your Front Door—

economical enough for use wherever a fine, lasting finish is required. Such is Enamolin, *the whitest Enamel in the world.*

The leading painters and decorators have long known it as the "quality" Enamel. They have used it not only on their finest, most delicate work, but wherever conditions demanded good looks and hard service.

You, too, should know it. No matter how small or how large a job you have to do, Enamolin is *the* Enamel to use.

And what Enamolin is to woodwork, Namlac Floor Finish is to floors—the great floor beautifier—the strong floor protector—water-proof, scratch-proof, mar-proof.

Enamolin and Namlac Floor Finish are on sale at the better paint and hardware stores. If you cannot secure them, write us.

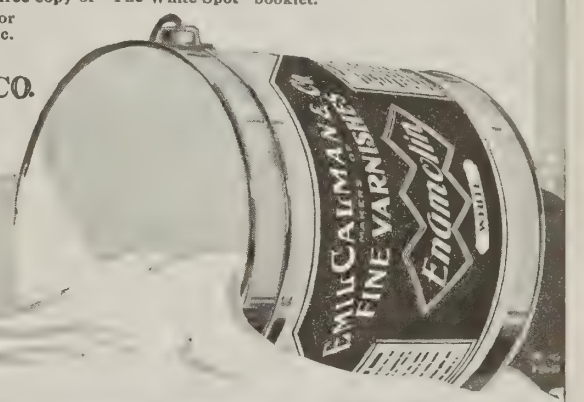
Ask for free copy of "The White Spot" booklet.

A sample can of either Enamolin or of Namlac Floor Finish sent for 10c.
Address Consumers' Dept.

EMIL CALMAN & CO.
ESTABLISHED IN 1850
100 William St. New York

Enamolin

The Whitest Enamel in the world



A Range That Startled The World

Burns Natural or Artificial Gas and Coal or Wood

UNIVERSAL STOVES AND FURNACES

Yet has no parts to change! Think of it! When you want gas for the oven, turn the key. Click! Your oven's ready for *gas*. A reverse click—again it's ready for coal or wood. Oven heated with coal and gas together or separately—your bake day troubles banished with the Universal Combination Range.

Has all the incomparable cooking qualities of a fine, high-grade *coal* range—and the added convenience of *gas* when wanted. Keeps your kitchen

Cool in Summer Warm in Winter

Saves dollars and drudgery the year around.

The Universal has 4 coal lids and 4 gas burners all on top, a full-size 18" oven equipped with a self balancing door and oven thermometer, and other labor saving refinements.

Durable, trouble-proof, *absolutely SAFE!* Sanitary blue, or black porcelain enamel finish if desired. Easy to clean. No blackening. Handsomely trimmed in rust-proof silver nickel, yet reasonably priced. A big fuel saver.

Write for Free Book

describing, illustrating this range. It brings name of your local dealer who'll give free demonstration. Write now. Universals sold by all leading dealers—cash or payments.

Cribben & Sexton Co.
1000–1200 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago
Denver Minneapolis
Portland San Francisco

UNIVERSAL COMBINATION RANGES

Repairless Roofs

Asphalt Shingles are going on thousands of roofs whose owners are tired of repair costs.

They are buying *Asphalt Shingles* to stop those expenses. They want a roofing that does not crack or leak. One that will last long after *other* roofings would have worn out.

They find these advantages in *Asphalt Shingles.* And with them they find a *triple-thick* roof—three substantial proofs that it cannot leak under any circumstances.

Asphalt Shingles

"The Roof that Stays Young"

No other roofing at a moderate price looks so beautiful. Rich, permanent colors that *last.* Evenly cut shingles that lay smoothly on the roof. Fire protection, too. Sparks will not ignite them. These are reasons why so many thousands of home owners are demanding *Asphalt Shingles.*

Reliable quality *Asphalt Shingles* are made with a strong felt, saturated or coated with Asphalt, with crushed rock products tightly embedded on the surface.

CALL on your Contractor, Lumber Dealer or Builder's Supply Man and insist on getting reliable quality ***Asphalt Shingles.*** This will insure you a roof that *stays young.*

ASPHALT SHINGLE PUBLICITY BUREAU, 957 Marquette Building, CHICAGO

Fast Shells and Fast Dogs Get the Most Game

The speed of a shot-shell depends largely on the strength of its primer and the width of its flash passage.

Test the primer of a Black Shell. Empty the shell of shot, wads and powder. How high will the primer alone shoot a quarter into the air? How high will another shell's primer shoot it?

Make this test yourself and select your shells by the result.

US THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

Ask your dealer for The Black Shells. If he hasn't them, mail $1.25 to our nearest selling agent to pay for a box of twenty-five and he will ship prepaid. Be sure to specify gauge and details of load. This is a trial offer and holds good only in towns where The Black Shells are not now sold.

General Selling Agents: National Lead Company, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia, Baltimore; National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh; United Lead Co., New York; Selby Smelting & Lead Co., San Francisco.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 2691 TRINITY BUILDING, NEW YORK

subscribers would want them, would feel their need, would purchase them, and we had given them an opportunity to get them included with the Fifty Principles. Poor Binks, always close in small matters, always greedy about getting something for nothing, something free, had grabbed at the idea and had offered an inkstand! The value he put on free things himself made him overrate their value to the average business man.

"It's just as I told you," Bittner said, coming over to my desk with the open letter in his hand. "A man's gotta be right himself. He's gotta have the right perspective on business. Binks is right only in spots. He can't go far alone."

"He seems to have some pretty good people associated with him," I said. "His English is perfect."

"English is valuable only to get ideas over with," he came back quickly. "When they ain't no idea in it it's as harmless as a gun unloaded. Bein' pretty don't help."

"I wonder if that is altogether true," I said. "I wonder if lots of people are not carried along by the mere sound of words. They're hypnotic sometimes, words."

Bittner sat thinking.

"If I were he," I went on, "my next move would be to play up the college men strong. He's got a good list on the backs of his books, and he's helped to make them authoritative with the public. If I were he I would have half-tones made of their pictures and use them in my advertising. I would go in strong for the academic pull. He has started that way and he ought to pull hard for that audience, the audience that likes authority. He's got a mighty good start, if he would quit imitating you and cut out his inkstands."

Signed Testimonials

Bittner sat silent for a long time. Finally he got up and went away. The next morning he came to my desk before I had opened it.

"I been thinkin' about that thing of authority," he said. "I guess we'll have some—the kind American business men recognize. You're right, there ain't any other way for Binks, and he'll likely see it. He ain't any fool, just spotted. He'll play up his college men—if he's got any sense—in November, and if he don't it's our move anyway. You write out some good, strong, short opinions of the Fifty Principles such as should come from the biggest business men in the game—big merchants, bankers, railroad men, editors, the kind of men whose names get in print. Write out some opinions on the Fifty Principles; also some paragraphs commending the idea of reducing sound business to a science and teaching it so's a man can know the whole game and find his right place in it. Get 'em ready for me by noon, will you? Each one on a separate sheet."

"Mr. Bittner, do you think men like that—big men—will agree to be used in an advertisement?"

"A lot of 'em got big through publicity and a lot of 'em like it," he declared. "I want the ones that get in the prints, so the general run o' men will know who they are. The very fact that they get in print shows they like it. Men can stay out if they are big enough to want to."

I do not know exactly how he managed it, but I think it was through men he met at his club—he belonged to one of the most exclusive clubs in town—and also through some of the publication representatives who were always glad when possible to do him a favor. At any rate in a few days he had a fine collection of hearty testimonials. Very often a busy man's objection to doing a favor of this kind is the time required. But Mr. Bittner went to each one with his commendation written out, and all they had to do was to sign their names. And they signed.

We devoted a page in November to establishing our authority. We used in addition to the testimonials the convention episode treated seriously. It was a handsome page and it would carry weight.

Mr. Bittner was in constant communication with Hart, our New York representative, and through him we learned that Binks had been swamped with inquiries since his first advertisement. He had benefited by our six months' start. We had prepared the business man for this sort of thing, and he no longer hesitated. Advertising representatives who called from day to day also reported things booming with our rivals. Well, they were booming with us too.

(Continued on Page 49)

Press the concealed safety-sealed button—"now dip, release"—time 2 seconds.

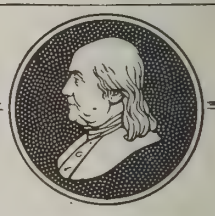
Not a single drop of ink can get out. It's SAFETY-SEALED—escape is completely cut off because there are **no holes in the wall**—it cannot leak when carried flat, upside down—any position.

In case of accident to self-filling mechanism it automatically changes to a SAFETY-SEALED non-self-filler.

All sizes at nearest Parker dealer—$2.50, $3, $4 and $5.

PARKER PEN COMPANY
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
N. Y. RETAIL STORE—Woolworth Building

Means—No holes cut in wall of barrel—no openings, levers or rings where ink can get out to ruin clothes or linen.



To Increase Your Earnings

Is easy through the Curtis Plan. All about you are subscribers for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* We'll pay you liberally in commission and salary for forwarding these renewals and looking after new orders in your leisure hours. Let us send you details.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
263 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Purity-Spirit in San-Tox

There may be greater discoveries than that of toilet purity for the skin, but there are few more pleasant ones.

What a pleasure it is to discover the San-Tox nurse-face smiling from a San-Tox toilet purity for the first time! How grateful the skin feels for the smoothness and the restfulness you give it.

Is there a masculine face that knows San-Tox Shaving Cream that does not thank it for the shave-easing, skin-soothing quality of its lather? Or one that does not wish a second visit from the San-Tox After-Shave Talc—cool as it is and healthful in every way?

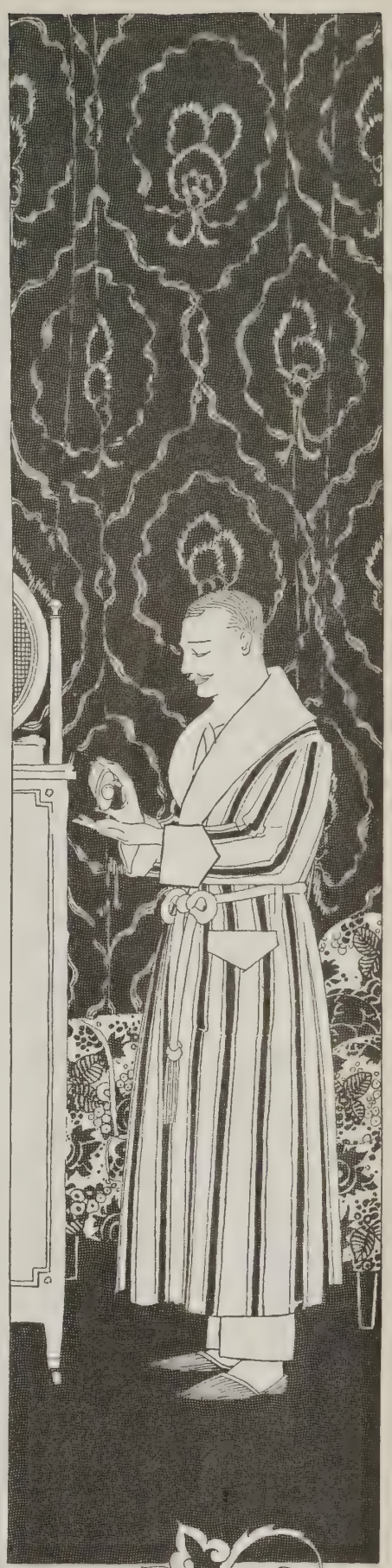
Is there a feminine face that is not glad of the youth-bringing bloom and skin healthfulness of San-Tox Cold Cream? Or of the softening, feminine skin-charm San-Tox Enchantment Complexion Powder leaves in its wake?

Well does the San-Tox druggist know that San-Tox purity. Well does he support it by his offer to return your money on any San-Tox purchase which is not the keenest satisfaction to you. But then, each San-Tox druggist is a druggist carefully appointed. There is one, only one, in each locality.

The San-Tox preparational purities number 125

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY
De Pree Chicago

San-Tox



Let the Spirit of Patriotism to-day Honor our Heroes of Yesterday

and let that patriotism have perpetual depiction in the material that Nature has designed for it.

The earth yields no other substance so appropriate for these permanent reminders—whether for the hero or the humblest person; whether to mark spots made sacred in history, or to preserve individual memories—as Barre Granite. It is the time-resisting stone; the sturdy, imperishable, beautiful gift of 'the ages for mankind's purposes in the erection of memorials.

BARRE GRANITE

The Rock Beautiful—and Everlasting

remains unspotted throughout the years. It resists the action of weather, and because of its low absorptive power does not discolor or become soiled. It is *perfect* in texture—the ideal rock for mausoleum, monument or the smallest memorial.

The Rockefeller, Fleischman, Heinz, Schley, Armour, Tarkington, Potter Palmer, Anheuser, Leland Stanford, and thousands of other memorials have been cut from Barre Granite.

Make the erection of a family or individual monument your own task rather than leaving it to others. See Barre Granite in your local cemeteries. Ask your monument dealer about it. Specify that every part of your monument be made of genuine Barre Granite.

Write for illustrated booklet, *"Memorial Masterpieces,"* showing some specimens of Barre Granite in finished form.

Barre Quarriers and Manufacturers Association
Dept. D, Barre, Vermont
The Granite Center of the World

(Continued from Page 46)

I wonder how many people realize that though a business may be booming it may be booming its way to destruction. It was the old trouble over again only worse, as second attacks are likely to be. We were doing an immense business and it was increasing daily; but our advertising, forced out of all proportion by our rivals, more than consumed our profits. Both Mr. Bittner and I began drawing smaller salaries each week than we paid Miss Lutkins or Miss Krog, and I moved to a cheap boarding house on the South Side where I had a tiny hall bedroom. This was the hardest part of economizing, for I had grown accustomed to more spacious surroundings. I could sit on the edge of my sanitary couch and reach out in one direction for my hairbrush or nailfile and in the other for my book or sewing. Literally everything I had was in reach. It may be a convenient life, but it is mightily cramped. Inwardly I rebelled daily. However, Miss Lutkins' figures showed a losing game, and there was no possibility of a change until Binks should give up the fight.

I was anything but easy in my mind. Once more I envied the carefree life of employees. They have only to do their set tasks satisfactorily, while the employer has to be responsible for the setting of the tasks and do a lot of the routine work besides.

With November it was neck and neck, four pages apiece in a number of the leading magazines, and our business-men authorities balanced by Binks' handsome row of college presidents. Mr. Bittner sent an immediate inquiry. Binks had dropped his inkstand offer. Someone in the Borrige & Kemp Company was wiser than he. I was worried.

Our original operating force of one hundred was reduced to thirty, but we had in the Fifty Principles department besides Mr. Dumble six women, all ranging between thirty and forty years of age. These women with few exceptions worked magnificently. They all had dependent families and were constantly bent on improving themselves and increasing their value. I think they learned a great deal just going over and over the Fifty Principles work. They took it seriously and it sank in. Mr. Dumble remained steady and reliable, both in business and in love, for Miss Lutkins seemed to have entirely appropriated him. Our plan in every detail was working out excellently and things looked well for greater expansion. A request came in for specific instruction in stenography to follow the Fifty Principles course. It was from a young man in a small Western town who said that he could not leave home to attend business college. I had already heard it suggested that Borrige & Kemp would very soon install courses of instruction in specific businesses. This one request suggested to me that there would be others. If we could not fill the demand inquirers would naturally turn to Borrige & Kemp. But when I broached the subject to Mr. Bittner he regarded it lightly.

Getting After Binks

"It's a tool letter Binks sent so's he could see what we mean to do in that line," he said. "I sent him one the other day through another man, and he hasn't answered it. He's waitin' for my answer first."

"But what will you do?"

He dropped into a chair.

"We're goin' behind financially," he said, "but if we can just hold on Binks'll make enough mistakes to queer him. That inkstand was the first. He ain't got the best kind of a record himself for advisin' sound business methods. After he's done for we'll see about specific courses."

"Mr. Bittner, you wouldn't use his record against him, would you?" I asked, suddenly alarmed.

"He'll bring it on himself."

"How?"

"A man in any sort of public life has gotta pay big for a blunder that strikes at the core of his claims. Binks' record of conspiracy while he was in this firm is a blot on his name that he can't wipe out. I've never told it, but I've got the papers to prove it. It's one little detail of his business career that he don't dare touch on. He can't stand as much limelight as he's bringing on himself. Now that Kemp's dead—did I tell you he died in England last week?—everybody knows that Binks is the head of the firm. He used his picture and his name as instructor. People are goin' to begin to ask: 'Who is Binks?' As he gets in deeper and deeper, the story of the dissolution of the partnership of Bittner & Binks will leak out and filter through here and there."

"Mr. Bittner, you surely won't tell it!"

Anxious as I was about business, I didn't consider it fair to expose Mr. Binks. He had been in a tight place.

"I don't need to tell it. Binks has gone in strong on personality. Very well, when you do that you invite the searchlight. He's gettin' it; he'll get it some more; and he'll have to give an account of himself that'll satisfy. He'll have to account for everything he's done and show up strong and straight. There'll come a time when he's told all about himself but that last dissolution act. He'll have to meet that. He'll be pushed to it."

"Mr. Bittner," I said, facing him, "I wish you wouldn't do this thing. I wish you would fight it out in the open."

"Has he fought in the open?" Bittner demanded fiercely. "Did he steal in the open? Is there any law to protect me from his thefts? Why in thunder should I protect him from the consequences of his own misdeeds? You talk like a woman!"

Big Rogues and Little

"All I ask is that you fight this thing out squarely on the merits of the Fifty Principles without using the incident of his leaving the firm of Bittner & Binks," I persisted.

"All you ask is that I hang him but don't hurt him," he threw back.

I said nothing.

"I'll promise you one thing—I'll let him hang himself. Maybe that won't hurt so much."

I didn't feel particularly relieved.

"The very fact that he could form a cold-blooded conspiracy for stealing the Bittner & Binks business from me is the first proof that the man ain't right," he went on. "The fact that he hasn't seen his own crookedness, but still takes a sentimental view of it, as shown by his infernal desire to get even, proves that the lesson didn't do no good. He was vaccinated but it didn't take. And his out and out steal of the Fifty Principles is further proof."

"Do you know," I said, "I believe that Binks' trouble is a lack of understanding of the ethics of sound business. I don't believe the man realizes that he is stealing. He thinks all he can get under the law is his rightful quarry. He doesn't see himself as a dishonest man, but as a man outwitted by others who are quicker and cleverer. He doesn't see himself as you put him."

"It's the same with all the rogues, big and little," Bittner retorted sharply. "With Binks' record it's a positive duty for me to put him out of business. He will always purvey stolen wares. Because he uses nice words ain't no reason for lettin' him keep on in the stealin' business."

"He didn't have much chance," I persisted. I was thinking of his meager boyhood. Binks had come up from the slums.

"Every man has a chance at honesty," Bittner retorted, and left me.

The morning after this conversation we were surprised by a visit from Mr. Hart. Bittner had just sat down at my desk and begun to outline a plan he had evolved overnight, which he said would "get 'im" sooner or later—there was no other "him" these days than Binks—and I was subconsciously wondering if our finances would permit of our carrying out any plan that required time, when we both looked up and beheld Hart in the doorway. For some reason I knew him at once. As he stood there, fair, good-looking, well-dressed, in immaculate linen, white vest, gray suit and well-polished shoes, with the general air of a metropolitan man of affairs, I instantly became aware of our shabby office and equally shabby personal attire. I felt a sudden inclination to grab this article and that, dust things in passing and draw down a blind, as a surprised housekeeper will sometimes flutter about when an unexpected guest surprises her in the midst of disorder.

Bittner merely said: "Well, Hart," and went over to greet him. He brought him back to meet me, and I saw that he was not as young as he looked at first sight—he must have been as old as Bittner. We shook hands and I wished I hadn't grown so careless about everything. I could read poorly hidden disgust in our representative's face. He had never before visited the home office.

But Bittner appeared oblivious of any bad impression we might be making.

ELCAR

For Beauty and Quality The Elcar at $845

THERE are few cars equally beautiful at any price, and few, if any, equally good at as low a price. We put into the ELCAR the style, class and high-grade workmanship that went into our former models selling up to and above $3,000. Our organization has had long training in the production of quality cars, and both beauty and quality are inherent in the

A Few Elcar Specifications

Wheel Base—As long as some cars selling up to $3,000 and more—115 in.
Motor—4 cylinder; long stroke; high speed; 34.7 h. p. at 1,800 r. p. m.
Fuel Supply—Stewart vacuum system.
Ignition—Delco automatic spark advance with manual control.
Starting and Lighting—Dyneto two-unit; double-bulb headlights; Willard storage battery.
Clutch—Dry multiple disk—seven plates, steel on Raybestos.
Rear Axle—Full-floating with roller bearings at each end of wheel hubs.
Differential—Spiral bevel driving gears, with roller main bearings and ball thrust bearings.
Brakes—Internal and external, two inches wide on 12-inch drums.

Three New Models at $845

Five Passenger Touring Car
Four Passenger Touring-Roadster
Two Passenger Roadster

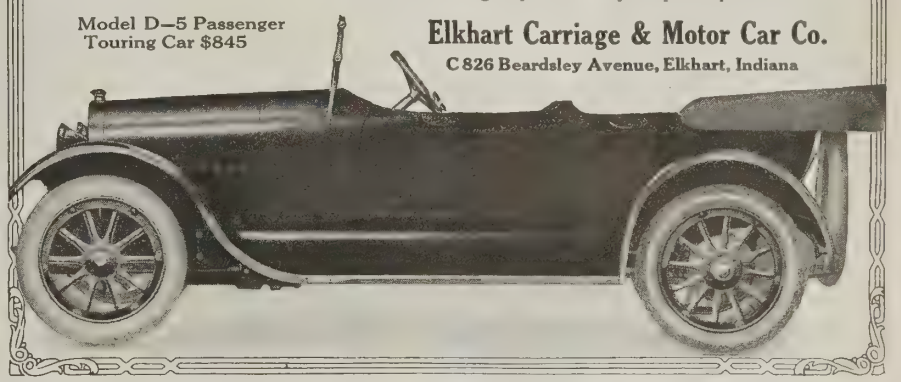
Each model is large and roomy—some would say room to spare, but you want a car that will seat its full load comfortably. Fine in appearance, fine driving and remarkably easy riding qualities, power in excess, economical in upkeep and fuel consumption, a car to give you satisfactory service for years to come—a car that we believe to be as high in quality and as nearly mechanically perfect as any car ever offered at an approachingly low price.

Our Illustrated Catalog

will show you views of all the ELCAR models and the more important mechanical parts, and is descriptive even to the minute details of construction. We will gladly mail it to you upon request.

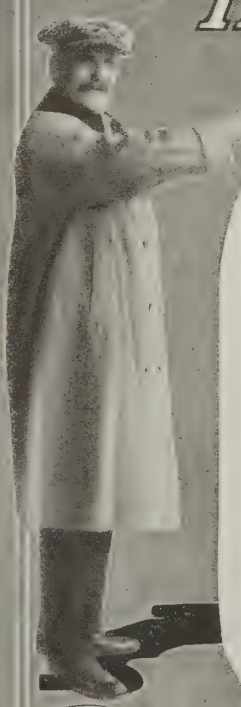
Model D—5 Passenger Touring Car $845

Elkhart Carriage & Motor Car Co.
C 826 Beardsley Avenue, Elkhart, Indiana

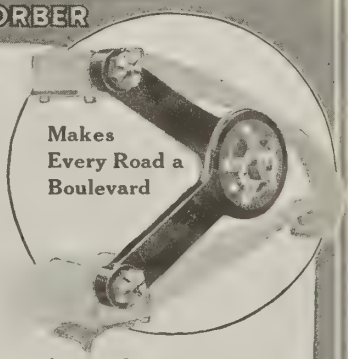


Said Mr. Ryder — *I Like the* Hartford SHOCK ABSORBER

ACTUAL EXPERIENCE No. 1



because I'm the fellow who pays the bills. Since I equipped I get more mileage out of my tires; the car hasn't been in the repair shop once; a gallon of gasoline carries it farther, and—what counts most with me,—my family is getting a world of comfort out of it and we've ridden everywhere within a radius of a thousand or more miles over all kinds of roads."



The difference between comfort and discomfort, is a set of Hartford Shock Absorbers. More than 400,000 users will subscribe to this fact. As much a necessity as rough roads are actualities.

Used as factory equipment on many cars famed for their superior riding qualities.

"Between You and Jolt, Jar and Vibration" is a booklet of intense interest to every car owner. Sent on request.

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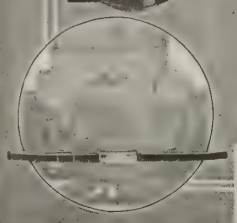
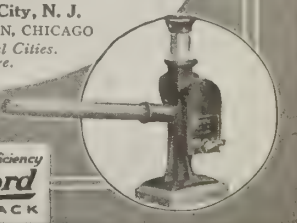




For Safety's Sake Hartford BUMP ABSORBER

For Ease and Efficiency Hartford AUTO JACK

"Upkeep Reduced Fifty Per Cent by Motz Tires"

Goodyear Motz Cushion Tires rapidly are revising all conceptions as to what a non-pneumatic tire can do.

For instance, the Vancouver Taxi and Auto Livery Company, of Vancouver, Washington, states in a letter, "We never have had a delay due to tire trouble since putting on Motz Tires and our *cost per mile has been reduced one-half.*"

Other statements in the same letter are equally enlightening:

"To date our records show on this car (Motz-equipped) a mileage of 23,754."

"Our upkeep on the four cars equipped with Motz Tires has been 50% less than on our Ford taxicabs, which are equipped with pneumatics."

You will find that Motz Tires will save a great deal of the cost of *your* fast delivery or light truck service.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

I am the Judge-on-the-Bench

I see the world through the 'eye of my needle'—yet my vision is broad, and my experience the fruit of long seeking. I am The-Judge-on-the-Bench, and though my bench is lowly, it fashions the fortunes of men.

I am the Master Tailor of the Greatest Tailoring House in all the World—a house, which, in times of peace, as in times of war—in times of ease, and in times of stress—puts QUALITY OF PRODUCT above all else.

KAHN Made-to-Measure clothes are built, sold and worn by men who appreciate QUALITY.

There's a dealer near you. If in doubt, write us.

The Kind of Clothes KAHN MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

KAHN TAILORING CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS

"Sit down," he said, pointing to a chair by his own desk.

Hart lifted his brows in surprise, but instantly checked an answer and took the seat. Bittner returned to his chair by my desk and resumed the thread of his conversation where it had been broken off by Hart's entrance. He had been talking to me about a biography of himself that he wanted worked up at once, but I couldn't put my mind on it.

"Please, Mr. Bittner," I protested at last, "see Mr. Hart first. It isn't as if he had come in from Madison Street, you know. Tell me the plan later."

"Well, I'll be ——"

He frowned, paused, then got up and slowly ambled over to Hart. "What's the row?" he asked, sitting down at his desk.

Hart drew his chair up more closely. The men talked in low tones for several minutes, then they left the office together.

I heard just enough to bear out my suspicions. Hart intended going over to Binks. He had repeatedly complained of the falling off of the book business inquiries through the cutting down of advertising, and of our not using the New York address on the Fifty Principles advertisements. Bittner had put him off from time to time, explaining that he wasn't yet ready to have the Fifty Principles inquiries taken care of outside the home office, and now Binks had made him a better offer and he had come on to ask for a release from us. Hart was a good man for the New York office; we couldn't have a better. Besides, if he should go over to Binks it might stir up discontent among our other branch-office representatives. Business had fallen off with all these men and we had not been able to explain the state of affairs. Bittner had induced them to have patience and wait, but this could not last indefinitely.

Depression settled down upon me. I tried to work on copy, but I could put no enthusiasm into it. No matter how successful we were, the cost of running the business overbalanced the possible income. Everything seemed going to pieces. Capital is a fact that you can't get around. Binks evidently had it; we hadn't. We would be frozen out in the end, so why prolong the suspense?

I went out to lunch, and returned in a still worse mood. I had eaten a cheap lunch and I was sick of cheap lunches. I sat down at my desk and looked about at the common pine tables, the bare ugly walls, the dirt and litter here and there. Then I took stock of myself. I was wearing a dull brown ready-made business suit. Even my waist was dowdy—of silk to save laundry bills. I was certainly in a far from happy mood, and so it was only natural that I should choose this time to recall an incident that had occurred at the boarding house the evening before.

No Time for Ibsen

"What are you reading?" I had asked a languid young person in trailing draperies who sat by a reading lamp in the public parlor. She gazed up from soulful eyes and responded:

"Nothing that could interest you—it isn't workaday in the very least. Ibsen."

At the time I had laughed at her remark, but as I thought back on it it didn't seem quite so funny. The young girl was right—I had indeed become a very workaday person. What, I asked myself, had I given up in my intense desire to become a successful business woman? And what had I gained? What was I likely to gain?

I was aware that Bittner came in, but I did not look round. He sat down by my desk.

"That biography," he began, "has gotta ——"

He stopped. His narrowed eyes rested on me. He waited. At last I turned my head and looked at him.

"What's the use, Mr. Bittner?" I said wearily.

His face, already tense, whitened.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed harshly, with a swift indrawing of his breath. "You failin' me too?" He thrust his hand out and rested it on mine. It was as cold as ice.

It came over me in a blinding flash how he was depending on me—depending on me to keep the business headed steadily with never a move out of its course while he skirmished. If a single advertisement showed weakness, or lack of nerve, or—what was worse still—confusion and fright, it would be all up with us. Well, after all, it was just a game. When we went down there would be other games.

"I'm just tired," I said, trying to speak lightly but someway wanting to cry. "I'll go to a show this afternoon and start the biography to-morrow."

"Let me telephone for a ticket," he said anxiously. "Or wait: we'll both go. Get on your things."

It seemed awfully queer to be going out with him on a pleasure jaunt. It is difficult to change all at once to an unaccustomed footing with a man. We went down the elevator and out into the brisk nipping air like two runaway employees. He laughed as we rounded the corner and hurried toward Randolph Street, for we had both glanced back to the windows to see if we were watched. I hoped Miss Krog had not observed us.

"Whatcha want?" he asked. "Music?"

"Something awfully foolish," I replied.

"There's a children's matinée over on Randolph. They're openin' the new theater," he said. "Try that?"

"It sounds good," I answered.

"Where'll you sit?" he asked as we reached the box-office.

"Let's go to the gallery and have some peanuts," I answered, feeling suddenly a desire to abandon myself to complete shabbiness.

"Gallery goes," he said and got the seats. We went outside again and climbed the stairs at the side entrance—three long flights.

"This is what it's like to be poor," I said, panting, and with the tactlessness that one sometimes achieves at a critical moment.

"There's worse things," he came back. Then he added almost to himself: "It ain't bein' poor, it's bein' beat that kills."

We See a Show

We found our seats. They were on the aisle in the first row. Children filled the house and they were having a fine time. The first act had ended. We craned our necks, looking over the solid phalanx back to the roof. A page came down the aisle with candies. Bittner stopped him, and buying his stock emptied it into my lap.

"Help yourself," he said to me; and to the boy: "Get some more." He began tossing boxes to the children near. Eager, happy little faces popped up above erect little spines, and expectant hands strained toward us. The candy was soon exhausted.

"Wish I had some glasses," Bittner said, feeling in his pockets. "Boy," he called as an usher came in sight, "get me some opery glasses."

"Not supplied to the gallery," the boy answered disdainfully.

"Well, you supply 'em to the gallery," Bittner commanded, and handed the boy a silver dollar. The boy went off grinning. Presently he returned with the glasses, and Bittner at once focused them on the boxes. I smiled to myself—he had not offered them to me. I wondered if he had ever taken a young woman to the theater before. He certainly was a unique escort, but I was really enjoying it. Presently he turned the glasses on the rows of faces back of us. At last he handed them to me.

"Looks like that little Gray boy over there toward the center," he said. "The one with the crutch."

I looked. I had seen Harold once when he came to the office to bring his mother's lunch.

"Yes," I answered, "I think that is Harold."

"He's got that same gold in his hair," Bittner remarked. It was entertaining to hear his ordinary comments on everyday matters, and it was a new experience to me. I wondered if he were really interested, or just trying to make conversation for my benefit to take my mind off business. And then all at once I remembered the time he drew the blind for Mrs. Gray and spoke to her about the gold in her hair.

"Mr. Bittner," I said, "why don't you marry? You need a wife to look after you."

The music began and the children listened in delight.

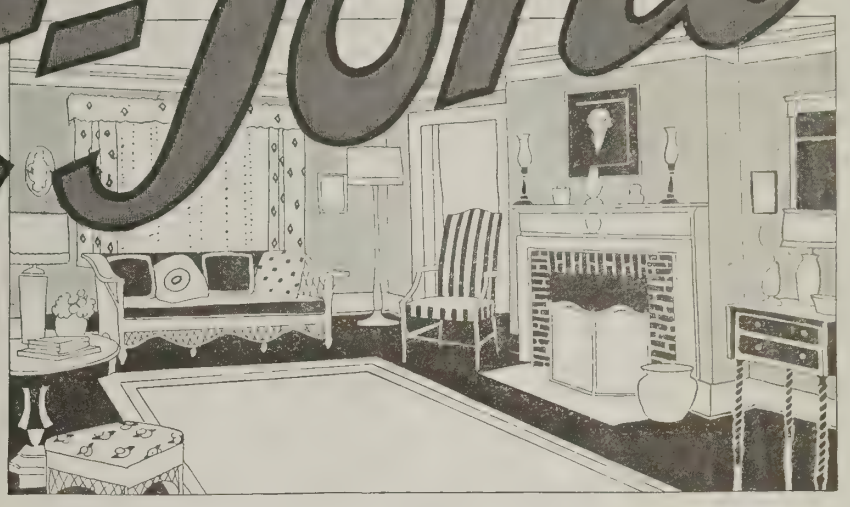
"I ain't never had time," he answered simply. "Wonder if I could get one o' these boxes up to him?" He was peering again toward the Gray boy. Directly he stood up and whistled softly. All the little heads lifted, alert, including Harold's. "Catch," called Bittner, nodding to him.

The boy's face lighted with pleasure and he stood up quickly, using his crutch.

(Continued on Page 53)

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

Flat-Tone



There is nothing so desirable as painted walls

Decorative Suggestions Free

We maintain a decorative department that is unequalled by any paint and varnish company in the country.

This department is at your service without cost. Suggestions are furnished in colors, with complete specifications for carrying out the effects shown. Write us fully as to the help you require.

The soft, rich, restful effects that Flat-Tone produces cannot be secured with any kind of wall covering. A heavy, durable oil paint that can be cleaned when soiled, is not easily marred and does not crack or loosen, has much in addition to its artistic appearance to recommend it.

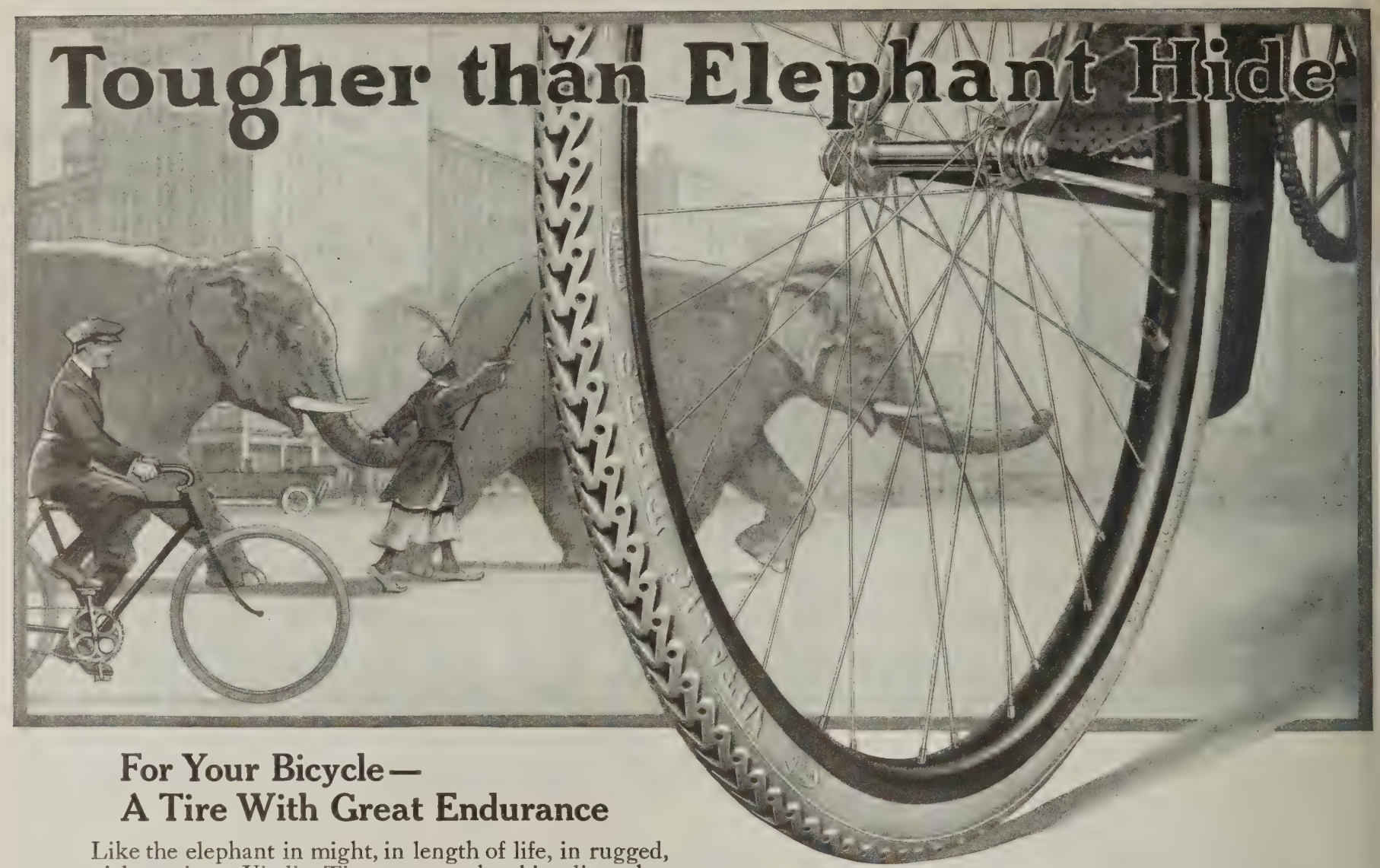
Although when measured by years of service given, and by general standards of economy, Flat-Tone has always led, it is now under existing conditions almost invariably lower in initial cost than ordinary wall covering. Investigate Flat-Tone before you decorate. The Sherwin-Williams dealer near you has the goods and the color cards. Ask us his name.

BRIGHTEN UP, AMERICA! WITH SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to the Sherwin-Williams Co., 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio

Showrooms—New York, 116 West 32d Street; Chicago, People's Gas Building; San Francisco, 523 Market Street
Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere

Tougher than Elephant Hide



For Your Bicycle— A Tire With Great Endurance

Like the elephant in might, in length of life, in rugged, genial service. Vitalic Tires are to the bicyclist what elephant hide is to the elephant as he roves the jungle, immune from splintered trees and hostile claws. Vitalic Tires mean safeguarded going over bad roads—a dependable armor against stones, ruts, time and wear. Vigor and value from tread to tube. Resilience blends with resistance in the stern, double-thick, motorcycle tire fabric. Send for testing section—note the triply-twisted thread. Examine each layer of rubber and fabric—thicker than elephant hide.

VITALIC Bicycle Tires

Three great tires bear the great name VITALIC. Each wholly worthy the name. Each sturdy, long-lived—good for thousands of miles. Each easy to recognize. The *Vitalic De Luxe*, with heavy V-shaped suction non-skid all-white tread, brings you enormous friction-resisting tire-vitality—$4.00 each.

The *Vitalic Brigadier* is a stalwart tire with white, heavy, studded tread and gray walls, built for hard knocks for those who prefer a more moderate price combined with staunch service—$2.50 each.

The *Vitalic Cord Racer* is an all-white tire with smooth tread; it's light enough for speed, yet strong enough for endurance—$4.00 each. The Vitalic line, tire for tire, saves repairs, saves accidents, saves jars and jolts, saves time and trouble. By ordering Vitalics, you buy safer and ride longer.

VITALIC Brigadier $2.50 each

Real Foot Ease on Vitalic Pedal Rubbers

Vitalic Pedal Rubbers put new ease—new energy—into pedalling. Best for a quick getaway. Restful on long jaunts.

Vitalic Grips Save Slips and Cramp

Once you ride with Vitalic Grips, you'll never change. Big enough and with just enough yield.

There's Life and Last to Vitalic Inner Tubes

They're without flaw or weakness. Layer upon layer of lively, long-lived rubber. Full of vim and vitality.

VITALIC De Luxe $4.00 each

Send today for free Vitalic testing section and booklet "Tougher Than Elephant Hide," giving the name and address of your bicycle tire dealer.

Continental Rubber Works, 1904 Liberty St., Erie, Pa.

Vitalic Automobile Tires, Too

(Continued from Page 50)

Bittner tossed the box and he caught it. He was a serious, old-fashioned little chap, but the child nature was there deep underneath.

The curtain rose and the third act began. The play was a fantasy of lights and colors, pretty dancing and tuneful singing. The children were enchanted and so was I; but I pursued the thread I had started.

"It wouldn't take long," I whispered.

"What wouldn't?"

"To be married." I was thinking of Mrs. Gray and her genius for ministering, and of lame little Harold and his genius for modeling; and I thought too of Bittner's evident love for children and of his lonely man's life.

"You thinkin' of it?" he asked, looking at me queerly.

"For you, yes."

There was a scream from the stage and a sudden burst of smoke through the wings, followed instantly by an uproar. Smoke filled the stage, rolled out into the pit, and the red of flames showed through.

Bittner sprang to his feet and pulled me to mine.

"There's an exit to the fire-escape," he exclaimed, turning me about facing it—it was but a few steps away and already the usher had the door open. "I'll go for the Gray boy. He won't have a show with his crutches." Then he disappeared. The smoke was already pouring up into the gallery, and I could hear above the uproar the crackling hiss of flames licking varnished wood.

I was near enough the exit to have got out very easily, but even as Mr. Bittner was deterred by the thought of Harold, so was I by the thought of the children all about me. They were crying, stumbling, choking, pushing and pulling one another in a mad fight to reach the open door. They belonged to the poor, these little gallery children, and were accustomed to looking out for themselves. I tried to prevent the larger ones from trampling on the smaller, but eventually, as the smoke became suffocating, I was pushed with the mob toward the exit and out into fresh air. The fire-escape was packed with those already descending.

I got down at last and a policeman ordered me to move along.

Perhaps Mr. Bittner and Harold had come down when I was not looking and had gone on to the office; they might now be worrying about me. I would go too.

The pavement came up to meet me at every step. The elevator man looked at me enviously. "See the fire?" he asked. I pushed open our door and went in. It seemed such a long distance to the private office—I thought I would never reach it. The girls were closing their machines with funny wavering movements. Miss Krog was carefully powdering her nose with a hand that wavered like a cheap mirror; Mrs. Gray looked up, smiling, from her last problem; William was collecting waste-baskets; they all wavered over their tasks grotesquely.

"Where is Mr. Bittner?" I asked, and my voice seemed to come from miles away.

A Happy Reunion

"Mr. Bittner?" Miss Krog repeated wonderingly, her powder puff arrested. Everyone else looked blank. And then the room swam and the chairs swayed and I knew nothing more.

Miss Krog, Mrs. Gray and I found the two an hour later, coolly playing checkers in the small Gray apartment. Poor Mrs. Gray, happy all the afternoon in the thought that her little boy was having a good time—she had purchased his ticket and left him at the theater after lunch—had gone deadly pale when I came out of the faint and told of the fire. With wild, tearless eyes she had ushed out of the office, Miss Krog and I following, and hurried home on the hope that Harold might have escaped and reached there safely. Seeing that all was well she promptly fainted. Bittner sprang to his feet, upsetting the checker board and scattering the checkers all in one breath, while little Harold laughed in great glee over the figure he cut.

When we were all ourselves again we heard the details: It seems that Mr. Bittner had reached the boy, tossed him over his shoulder, and made his way out by the exit opposite the one I had used. He had pushed through the crowd to a drugstore, got into a rear room and applied restoratives to the nearly suffocated child. A physician had been called in and Harold had come through all right. He had lost his crutch, however, so Bittner had taken him home, thinking Mrs. Gray would be there. He had supposed that I would go directly to my boarding house from the theater. Not knowing much about women, it had not occurred to him to telephone to the office in case word of the fire had reached there.

The most beautiful thing imaginable was Mrs. Gray's gratitude. Miss Krog decided to spend the night with her, as she was still nervous and upset.

The next morning I was at my desk as usual and Mrs. Gray was at hers; but I do not think either of us felt much like work. However, Bittner's appearance a few minutes later started the wheels going as usual. He came directly to my desk, and sitting down began to whittle a new ruler I had recently acquired. The tragedy was pushed to the background, and we, like thousands of others in the mourning city, were off on our own unending game.

"That biography," he began, "has gotta be the rope that'll hang 'im."

"Give me your plan," I said. I knew I was in for it. Whatever it was, the sooner I got at it and got it over, the better. I was now eager only for the end—it mattered not what end. I think I would have rejoiced had he told me that we were to be closed out that day. The suspense had lasted too long.

On the Trail of Mr. Binks

He began to explain, and I began to wonder if he was suffering from the malady he most abhorred, egotism. He wanted me to write his business biography. It was to be the most microscopic thing you could imagine. He told it year by year, devoting a chapter to each year. He began with his life as a messenger boy, and explained exactly what he had done, where he had been, with what firm connected up to the founding of the Bittner & Binks Company. He traced with painstaking minuteness the growth and development of this concern, going into the reason for every act, every change, up to the very moment of Binks' withdrawal. Of that he merely said:

"Mr. Binks left unexpectedly on the afternoon of September the eighth, at five o'clock."

His silence as to the reason for the dissolution of the partnership, his failure to explain this as he had every other change that he had mentioned, surrounded the incident with a sense of mystery. In the next paragraph he again took up the thread, and went steadily on with the history of the concern under the new régime. The very monotony of the details made the one obscure point stand out with startling distinctness.

Day after day we worked on the biography to produce just the desired sense of ascent to the point of Binks' leaving, the feeling of pause, of drop, with his departure, and the steady growth afterward. There was not to be one word in it against Binks, but the interest was to be so centered that the first question a reader would ask on finishing the biography would be "Why did Binks leave?"

On the cover page were two small halftones, one of Bittner, the other of Binks. The picture of Binks was an almost perfect copy of the one he had used in the magazine advertisements. Below the picture, in readable but ornamental type, was the following:

"This is the business biography of Bittner, founder of the first exclusive Business Book Company, author of various business books and of the Fifty Business Principles, the first work of the kind in existence. It is your right to know the detailed history of the business life of any man who sets out to instruct you. It is your privilege and duty to ask for it. If any point in this biography is obscure to you, it is your privilege and duty, as a business man, to ask that it be explained."

As the advertisements of the two concerns were appearing conspicuously in the same publications, any one interested in the subject would answer both. We knew that readers did so, for frequently our inquirers wrote us that after examining the literature of the two concerns they had decided to subscribe with us because of this feature or that; and almost as frequently they wrote asking us to stop our follow-up letters, as they had subscribed with Borrige & Kemp. When the Bittner biography should accompany our catalogue they would have a

(Concluded on Page 55)

Send for the Ru-ber-oid man

Don't be annoyed by leaky roofs.

Don't continue spending money for repairs.

The RU-BER-OID dealer in your town will show you the way to escape roofing troubles.

RU-BER-OID is leakproof.

It is also rustproof, rotproof and sparkproof.

Many RU-BER-OID roofs have given more than 20 years of continuous service without costing one penny for repairs.

Ask your dealer to show you RU-BER-OID in Slate Gray, Tile Red and Copper Green.

Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" on every roll of the genuine RU-BER-OID.

BUILDING SUGGESTIONS
Any books you check on this list will be sent you free. Write your name and address in the margin and state what kind of building you are planning.

- ☐ Roofing a Home
- ☐ Building a Poultry House
- ☐ Building a Bungalow
- ☐ Building a Barn
- ☐ Building Your Own Garage
- ☐ Covering Your Factory
- ☐ Artistic Roofs
- ☐ Waterproof Cellars and Stucco

THE STANDARD PAINT CO.
568 Woolworth Building, New York
BOSTON CHICAGO
Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete
The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco, (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY
RU-BER-OID ROOFING
COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER
MADE BY THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY, NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO

Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" on every roll of genuine Ruberoid

The
Manualo
The Instrument You Were Born to Play

JUST as Levitzki thinks of the Baldwin Piano as *his* instrument, so you will think of the Manualo as *your* instrument soon after you begin to play this totally different player-piano. The Manualo is responsive to the natural musical feeling that is born in all of us. Just the instinctive expression of this feeling through the pedals enables you to play the Manualo with the same satisfaction as one who brings to hand-playing especially talented fingers and years of practice.

Built into four standard pianos at four prices:

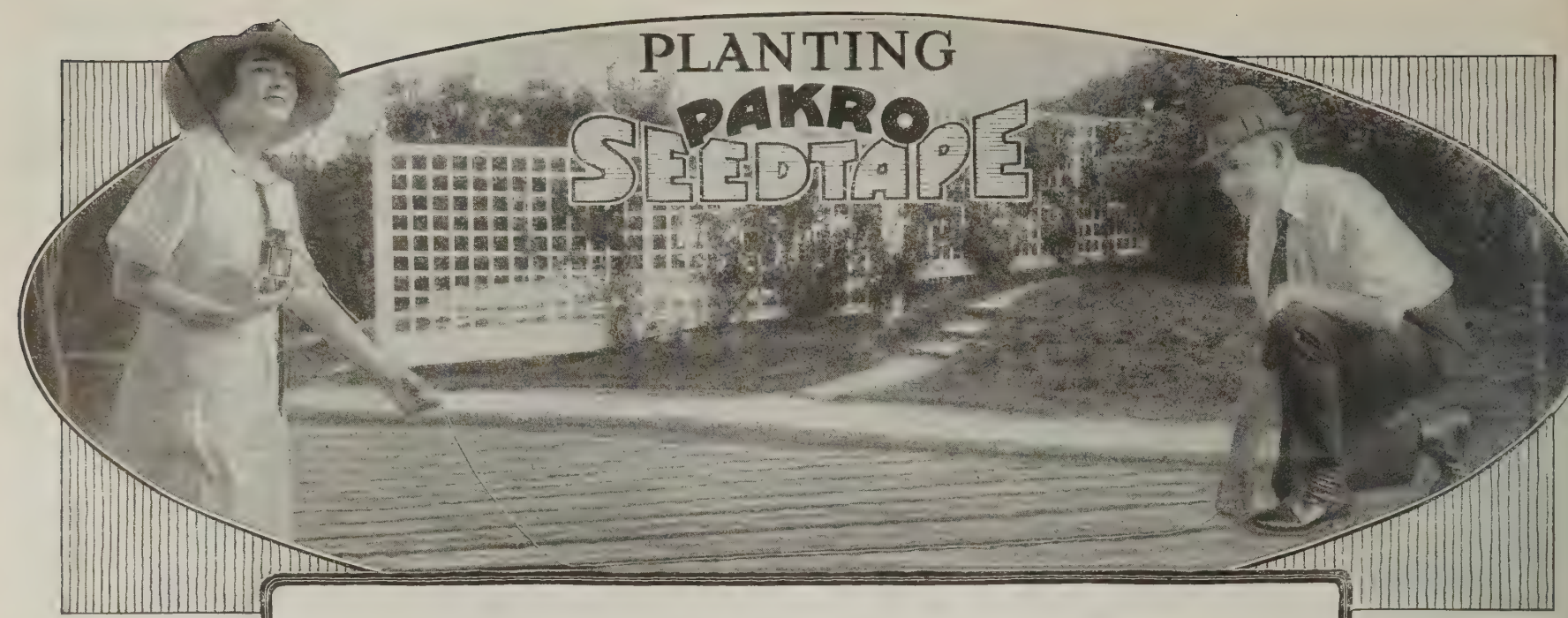
The Baldwin Manualo — The Ellington Manualo
The Hamilton Manualo — The Howard Manualo

Manualo dealers throughout the country have a very interesting proposition to make to anybody who is thinking of buying a player-piano. Send to nearest address for complete information.

The Baldwin Piano Company

HOME OF BALDWIN PIANOS

Cincinnati ..... 142 W. Fourth St.
Chicago ..... 323 S. Wabash Ave.
St. Louis ..... 1111 Olive St.
New York ..... 665 Fifth Ave.
Denver ..... 1636 California St.
San Francisco ..... 310 Sutter St.
Indianapolis ..... 18 N. Penn'a St.
Louisville ..... 521 S. Fourth Ave.
Dallas ..... 1911 Elm St.



Seedtape affords earlier germination, stronger plant life and better results than seeds planted in the old way.

D. FINLAYSON, F. L. S.
Director The Seed Testing Laboratory, London, England

TO be assured of a better garden this year, plant with Pakro Seedtape—not because of what we *claim* it to be, but because of what others have *proved* it to be.

E. J. Kyle, Dean of the Agricultural College of Texas, tells of results obtained from Pakro Seedtape at the college—"All the Seedtape planted did exceptionally well. The plants made a splendid appearance and the stand was especially good."

George Foster, Springdale, Ohio, tried Pakro Seedtape in his garden. "It came up better than any other seeds I planted," he remarks. Similar expressions of opinion have been received from experts and amateurs all over the country.

Judge for yourself how remarkably sensible and simple the idea is.

Pakro Seedtape consists of seeds selected with the utmost care by experts from the very best of prize-winning strains; they are put in a thin paper tape, spaced exactly the correct distance apart. No thinning out is necessary. Stunted, slow-growing plants, due to overcrowding in planting the seeds, are avoided. The paper absorbs and holds the moisture, and thus produces a quicker and higher percentage of germination. It is more economical to use because only a sufficient number of seeds are planted—with loose seeds there is a great deal of waste. Since you can plant a whole row at once, there is a great saving of time and labor.

Of course this appeals to you as the most outstanding improvement in planting discovered in many years—and facts prove that this is absolutely true.

Use Pakro Seedtape in your garden this year, and you have the assurance of thousands who have tried it that you will have a more successful garden than ever before. And here are the experiences of some of these thousands:

"I never had a better garden with an experience of 35 years." L. C. Arensberg, M. D., East Millsboro, Pa.

"I find that Seedtape grows quicker than any other seed with far less trouble to plant." Miss Ethel Bowman, Troy, Ohio.

"The same amount of seed goes twice as far as other kinds." Mrs. William Behringer, Ann Arbor, Mich.

"Results from Pakro Seedtape came up to my most sanguine expectations." R. J. Chapman, Houston, Texas.

"Without exception, my garden this year—planted with Pakro Seedtape—was the best I ever had. Germination and final results were all that could be desired." H. Holbrooke, Hood River, Oregon.

"Have had remarkable experience in planting Pakro Seedtape. They germinated in an exceptionally quick way and the plants appeared above the ground in absolutely regular order, not one missing in the several rows. I am a Horticulturist and Rancher of some little experience." F. A. Koenig, South Paris, Maine.

"We obtained a remarkable crop from our planting of Pakro Seedtape." Jos. Keenan, Cazenovia, N. Y.

Pakro Seedtape comes in 30 varieties of Vegetables, and 18 varieties of Flowers, and by carefully following the directions printed on each box, your garden will prove a delight and a surprise. Get some from your dealer today.

To Dealers:—Your jobber can supply you promptly.

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Free Catalog

AMERICAN SEEDTAPE CO., INC.

Dept. 102,-71 West 23rd Street, New York

Canadian Distributors: WM. RENNIE CO., LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Free Catalog

Note This Offer—$1.30 Worth for 50 Cents

In Canada 60c.

Mr. E. L. D. Seymour has just written an extremely interesting book for Home Gardeners.

It tells in simple terms how to plan your garden, just when to plant the different Vegetables and Flowers, and just how to plant them. It gives authoritative and exact information that is easy to follow and that should be in the hands of everyone desiring to have a successful Home Garden.

Mr. Seymour is associate editor of the "Garden Magazine" and "Country Life in America." The book is beautifully bound in boards, splendidly and abundantly illustrated in colors, and its regular price is $1.00.

We will be glad to furnish those interested in the better Pakro Seedtape way of planting with a copy of Mr. Seymour's book and 3 packages of Seedtape totaling in value $1.30 for 50c. Simply send us 50c. in form of post office money order, or stamps, today for the book and Pakro Seedtape.

VEGETABLES

10c. per package

(In Canada, 12½c. per pkg.)

Beet, Crimson Globe
Beet, Egyptian
Cabbage, All Seasons
Cabbage, Jersey Wakefield
Cabbage, Premium Flat Dutch
Carrot, Danvers
Carrot, Oxheart
Celery, White Plume
Endive, Green Curled
Kohl Rabi, Early White Vienna
Leek, Large Flag
Lettuce, Big Boston
Lettuce, Black Seeded Simpson
Lettuce, Trianon Cos
Onion, White Portugal
Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers
Parsley, Doubled Curled
Parsnip, Hollow Crown
Pepper, Large Bell
Radish, French Breakfast
Radish, Icicle
Radish, Long Scarlet
Radish, Scarlet Turnip, White Tip
Spinach, Long Standing
Swiss Chard
Tomato, Beauty
Tomato, Ponderosa
Tomato, Stone
Turnip, Purple Top, Strap Leaf
Turnip, Purple Top, White Globe

FLOWERS 10c. per pkg.

(In Canada, 12½c per pkg.)

Alyssum, Sweet
Aster, Queen of the Market
Aster, Giant Mixed
Bachelor Buttons (or Corn Flower)
Balsam, Double Mixed
Candytuft, Mixed
Forget-Me-Not, Blue
Hollyhock, Chartiers Double Mixed
Mignonette, Grandiflora
Morning Glory, Selected Imperial Mixed
Pansies, Good Mixed
Phlox Drummondi, Mixed
Pinks, Chinensis Double Mixed
Poppy, California
Poppy, Shirley Mixed
Salvia, Splendens
Stocks, Ten Weeks Mixed
Sweet Peas, California Giant Mixed

(Concluded from Page 53)

picture of Binks before them twice—in our pamphlet and in the Binks advertisement. Thus they would have brought home to them without our saying so the fact that the Mr. Binks who was instructor for Borrige & Kemp was the same Binks who had been associated with Bittner, and who left so unceremoniously on the afternoon of September the eighth at five o'clock.

The pamphlet was of a size that could be slipped in easily with the catalogue. We rushed the printer as rapidly as possible and soon it began going out to inquirers. Almost immediately we heard from it. A number asked, when writing a second time to make further inquiries: "By the way, why did Binks pull out?" This was the question Mr. Bittner wanted. We replied, in a carefully prepared letter, that we could answer only such questions as pertained strictly to Mr. Bittner's record. For a rating on any other man we recommended the regular rating agencies.

When a sufficient time had elapsed to obviate suspicion, Bittner wrote under another name asking Binks why he had left the Bittner & Binks Company. We waited tensely for the answer. If Binks should state the matter incorrectly there would be but one course open to Bittner—to make a clear statement of the case, with a reproduction of documents that would prove its truth. This was the trap Bittner had set.

Binks Pussyfoots

But Binks moved cautiously. He answered our tool inquiry with a very wordy letter full of metaphor, saying that it would consume too much of the inquirer's valuable time to go into all the petty details of a minor transaction back before his real life-work began, the revitalizing of the old, safe, substantial firm of Borrige & Kemp. He casually mentioned the fact that a string of enterprises, dating back to the time when as a boy he owned a peanut cart, still bore his name and profited by the connection. "Always," he said, "I have been ready to step out of smaller businesses into larger ones, but I haven't always been able to carry my name away with me. However," he added with good-natured jocularity, "I don't complain. In fact, I still feel a fondness for the businesses—even the peanut stand—that I built up and left to others." He glided over the whole matter smoothly, then went on to his present success which he called "the ripening of a lifetime's devotion to building up and recreating businesses."

It was clever and it was maddening. And in the meantime our advertising was pushed to six pages. It certainly was haymaking time for the publication representatives, who hovered about our office and slapped Bittner gaily on the back and insisted on taking him out to lunch. I could imagine them doing the same with Binks, and I could also imagine the latter's supreme satisfaction over being fed free. But we were not making expenses and the earning season was at its height. Soon the receipts would begin to be on the down grade, while the advertising must go on just the same. Not until Binks slowed down would we dare do so. Binks was running a veritable sweat shop in New York, so Bittner said, grinding the help to the last ounce of strength, working overtime and Sundays. But he had handsome offices which he had inherited with the business, and his easy, talkative manner would further give the impression of prosperity. His establishment must have been a brilliant contrast to our dingy quarters. I did not wonder at Hart's temptation to leave us.

Bittner had effected some sort of compromise with him that retained him in our employ for the time being, but I knew this would not last unless there was a decided change soon. Under the influence of Bittner's dominant personality he had agreed to remain with us, but back in New York the influence would be all the other way.

On top of everything else a letter came in from our bankers, from which I gathered that we were going to find it difficult if not impossible to borrow money. I handed Bittner the letter without comment. He read it, then left the office and did not return for several days. When he did come back his jaw was set and his eyes drawn far back behind their narrow slits. He sat down at my desk, and without other greeting went at once into his plan.

"There ain't no other way," he said. "We gotta hammer hard and steady on that one weak spot till something breaks." Then he proceeded to explain to me the diabolical thing he had thought out.

He had started a chain of questions that would eventually belt the globe if necessary. Our many branch offices made this possible. In every case the question was to come from a bona-fide inquirer on business stationery, and was to be signed by an actual business man. But the question itself was always to be the same: "Why did you quit Bittner, Mr. Binks?"

The thing was to be so managed that every morning this inquiry would appear in Binks' mail. All this would be in addition to the questions that reached him naturally through curious inquirers.

Steadily, systematically, tapping, tapping, tapping, the unanswerable question was to break the man down. It seemed to me the very height of cruelty. I could have shot him more easily. But on the other hand Binks had robbed us and we had no recourse.

I now wished only for the end.

"That March copy," Bittner said, sitting down by my desk with his knife and stick, "has gotta be all punch."

"Have you an idea?" I had none.

"Yes. Talk to the man about himself. Start off something like this: 'Anything you can see in imagination you can work out in fact.' Make it strong on what he can do. We've hammered on ourselves till the public's got it. We don't want to be a bore. Binks never knew when to tack. He'll keep right on booming Binks. Our stuff'll be fresh. Then put the necessary data toward the end in smaller type."

I was soon deep in the new copy, packing it with "punch," reading it aloud to detect any sound of hurry or bombast, reading it to Mr. Bittner, correcting, changing, as no doubt Binks was doing with his copy at that very time in New York. Steadiness was the main thing in our advertising. Mr. Bittner could detect the slightest sign of haste, of nervousness or excitement. "That ain't just the word," he would point out, and I'd have to try others till I found the right one. He rarely knew what word he wanted or what was the matter, and it was up to me to experiment till he was satisfied. He had an acute ear for the sound of soundness.

In the meantime the well-planned belt was lengthening. I could see Binks, thin, nervous, uncertain of himself, rushing to his office each day, jerking open his desk, grabbing his letters, always dropping more than he held, always slipping back and forth in his chair, jabbing at them with his opener, fearing each time the reappearance of that maddening question: "Why did you quit Bittner, Mr. Binks?" Poor Binks! He had been a frightfully nervous man five years earlier—sensitive and subject to suggestion. His very aptitude for absorbing another's ideas, words, personality, bespoke the negative plate on which impressions would be instantly registered.

And opposed to him was Bittner, cold and steady as blue steel, positive, every cell of him. No two armies lined up to kill ever fought each other more mercilessly. None ever used a more murderous weapon than that of Bittner.

Harold Gets a Job

I seized the first March magazine that came in and turned to the advertising pages. There we were, six pages apiece. Bittner sat at his desk, his eyes glued to a duplicate of the magazine I held. Feverishly I read our copy. It sounded as even, positive, steady and strong as the hammer strokes of a mighty machine. Then I turned to that of Borrige & Kemp. Nervousness ran all through it. There were boastful claims, erratic starts at one point with a conclusion at another, and flights of rhetoric that got nowhere. Binks' picture was omitted.

I let the magazine fall from my hands onto the desk and relaxed in my chair, thinking. After months of continuous warfare here was the first sign that the enemy was breaking down. Perhaps no one else would see it. Others would say if they said anything: "Not very good advertising." But I was trained to look for the disease back of every symptom, the man behind the words. Binks was giving way.

Bittner came over to my desk and sat down. He said nothing for several moments, but his face had lost its hard, cold, unrelenting expression—it was human.

"A nice day," he remarked at last; and suddenly there came to me an acute memory of that dark September afternoon five years ago just preceding the departure of Binks when with everything at top tension Bittner had predicted rain. I looked at the man. He was leaning back in his chair, his elbows on its arms, his finger tips together, his eyes dreamily contemplating the neighboring clock. He had very nice eyes when one could see them.

"Keep April along the same line," he went on mildly. "You might start off with somethin' like this: 'We don't keep men in jail for what they've done so much as for what they might do. It ain't the mistake a business man makes that ruins him, but what that mistake tells us of the man.' Then follow along with the usual facts."

"Six pages, Mr. Bittner?"

He smiled a slow smile. "I think five will do us," he said.

I went to work.

He sauntered over to Mrs. Gray's desk. He hadn't talked with her since the fire.

"Boy all right?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Bittner!" Her eyes shone as if she were looking into the face of an angel.

"Wanta work during vacation?"

"He'd dearly love to."

"I'm thinkin' of puttin' in an office-boy to receive people," he said. "He'd have to sit out there in the reception room and take cards and be polite."

"Harold would love it."

"Then tell him he's engaged. I'll pay him five a week. Some day maybe when he ain't busy we'll finish that game o' checkers."

"Mr. Bittner, how can I thank you? How can he?"

"By makin' good," he said, and went on out.

Steadily we went on with the advertisements for May, reduced to four pages. Steadily the unending question made its way Eastward. Steadily we went into debt and steadily the business grew. The summer days came on. The advertisements of Borrige & Kemp became constantly more erratic, more jumbled, and they dwindled in size issue by issue.

Cock of the Walk

In September the Borrige & Kemp advertising did not appear. We took single pages again. Mr. Bittner now divided his time between the advertising matter for the Fifty Principles and the subscribers' work. He made plans for increasing our field. He got in touch with high schools and business colleges, and offered instructors special inducements to push our course of study.

And the subscriptions poured in and poured in. Miss Krog's hands were full indeed, for the business-book trade began to pick up again with renewed advertising. We caught up with our bills and began to get ahead of them. We raised many of our employees and took on new ones. I began to plan my removal to a hotel suite and actually took a whole day off to go shopping.

"Well, we've covered the field," Bittner said one day, as he sat by my desk and looked with quiet, innocent, open eyes off to the distance.

"No, we haven't," I answered. "There are still the women."

"They're the same as men," he said.

"No, they're not. Try dealing with them as I have and see."

He continued to stare questioningly.

"They need a sort of preparatory course to bridge over the distance between where they are now and where men are."

He seemed revolving it in his mind.

"Women," I said, "are more like your friend Binks—they don't know when they are unethical, the majority of them. Most men know and go ahead anyway."

"Binks," he repeated musingly as he tilted back his chair and put his finger tips together, his eyes on the neighboring clock. "Where have I heard that name before?"

"He may be merely sleeping," I suggested, smiling. "Don't be cocksure."

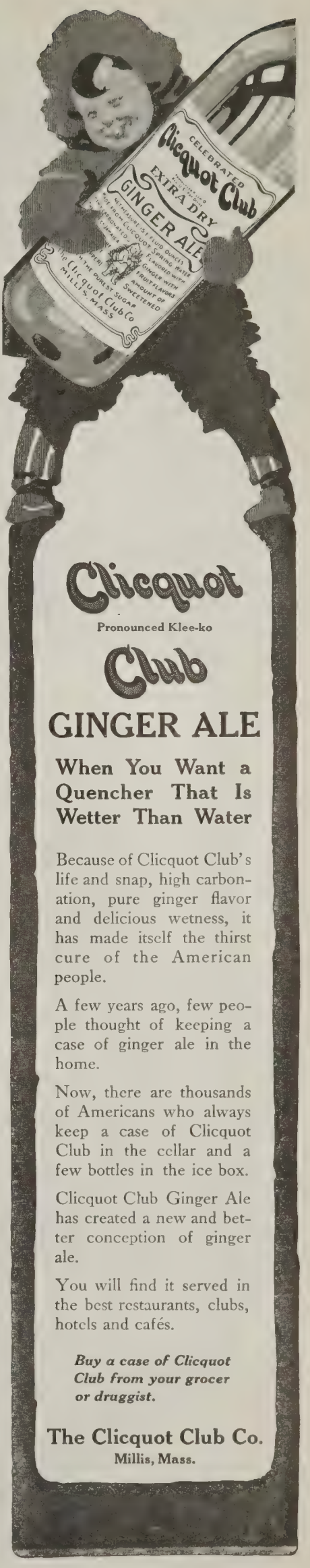
"How'd you like to live in New York?" he asked, his eyes still on the clock.

It was my turn to stare.

"The old Borrige & Kemp firm closed its doors to-day," he went on in a mild, casual sort of tone. "Hart's takin' over their offices. Queer, ain't it, how some men just can't seem to get along."

Then he got up and ambled slowly over to Mrs. Gray's desk. The sun was lighting the gold in her hair, and the look in his face was even more than human. No, she would never know the man that I knew.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Anne Shannon Monroe.



Top o' the Morning

A blustery wind outside; a snap to the air; and a big hot breakfast steaming on the table—that's the way the Aladdin day starts.

An island of oatmeal, maybe, in a bowl of cream. Then a big pile of flapjacks, with the syrup pitcher handy. As many golden corn-cakes as you can eat. And a big percolator full of aromatic coffee, to top it all off.

And all tasting better because it was a pleasure to cook them—the Aladdin way.

You can see for yourself how well the Aladdin utensils *look*—the Percolator and the Corn Cake Pan; the Sheet Tea Kettle with the Inset that makes a double boiler of it. They're even better than that to *use*.

That's because they're built for *work*. Each of them is made of the hardest, finest aluminum there is. Hard knocks and hot fires don't make the least impression on an Aladdin utensil. And they're all as graceful and as bright as can be.

Best of all they're designed from *your* point of view. Capacities are actually government-tested. Covers fit tight; handles really rest snug in the hand. Rivets are sunk where they can't catch dirt or tear dish cloths. Bails have the notched ear that keeps them away from the hot metal; lips really *pour*—they're shaped right; that's why.

You won't know just how handy cooking utensils can be until you've looked at the silver-shining Aladdin line. Ask at any of the best hardware and department stores. Write to us for catalogue and the name of the nearest dealer.

Aladdin Aluminum

"COSTS NO MORE"

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

7620 PLATT AVENUE — IVANHOE WORKS

ALADDIN ALUMINUM

GLENMERE WHITE MONARCH AND THE GAS-HOUSE PUP

(Continued from Page 13)

tips touch instep. At the very top of the rise the slim legs snap up, stiff-kneed, feet pointed, and the low, flat curves drop plumb into the water two feet from the end of the board in a perfect jackknife, splashless, like a hot knife sinking into butter. And up on the wharf and out over the springing board in a flying leap the joyous bulldog streaks, and disappears with a splash. Then the white head and the tan one come to the surface together, and there starts that romping hour of the day for which both of them live.

The moment the brown jackknife opened its delicious blade a chuckle broke its way through the senior DeHavin's grouch.

"When I see more of her!" he snorted appreciatively. "So one of the Hawaiian Diving Twins is Miss Nora McDonald! And who, I wonder, will the other of the Kolanankau Sisters prove to be?"

"Who else but Mrs. Kate O'Boyle?" asked KO Pat with an entirely pardonable pride. "Who will not be showin' in vodvil with her sister this winter on account of a more important season's contract she has on her hands."

And Messrs. McDonald and O'Boyle beamed on each other pompously, as though some new thing had come to pass under the sun.

Miss Audrey deHavin protested.

"But, papa," she said, accenting the proper syllable of the paternal title—"a diving girl!"

"Not at all; not at all, Audrey," reassured papa as he folded his napkin and took a cigar from the tray that Jephcott was stiff-arming out to him. "*The* diving girl!" And he looked mildly round his family circle. "At fifteen hundred a week!"—as though he would by no means omit a fact of so great importance.

"Mrs. A. Beckwith deHavin, son and daughter," he continued, "if Beckwith wants to marry Nora McDonald he's got a lot better sense than I ever suspected. And if he can win her he's a lot better son than I had any notion was in our family; and Papa deHavin isn't going to disown him if he does it. If you insist, I might threaten disinheritance—just to help matters along; but I'd like to see if he has sense enough to pick out a woman instead of a doll to marry, without the urge of parental opposition. I should like, more than I can say, to see one of my offspring do something. And if my batting eye is still as good as I think it is the winning of Nora McDonald is that."

"But, Beckwith, dear"—Mother deHavin employed that tone of finality which had closed innumerable family debates in her favor—"she is the daughter of your stable foreman!"

"And a mighty fine foreman, at that!" said Papa deHavin; and Jephcott turned what would have been an inexcusable gasp into a cough, and dropped the cigar tray. "And she has a prize-fighting brother-in-law she'll be proud to introduce to the family."

The family's gasp far, far outshone the butler's very best accomplishment.

"At one hundred thousand a year," added papa, again as though he attached much importance to such information.

It is not improbable that to Papa deHavin such round, mouth-filling figures suggested accomplishment; and accomplishment was not the middle name of any of those who sat at table with Papa deHavin that evening.

As Papa deHavin continued to talk, an unknown speaker appeared suddenly before his family; and the family dropped its several jaws and listened to him.

"Shamus McDonald, my fine stable boss," began this stranger, "looked at our bulldog the other day and said this to me: 'Your dog is going to lose right, boss. I guess it's in a straight breed to lose right when the big call comes. Ain't it a terrible pity he can't win! But he can't; he's too white—the fighting brindle's all bred out of him.'

"Now look at all of us." Papa deHavin arraigned his startled audience under his famous grouch. "We're getting paler-colored every day. I want a son to run the Interborough, and haven't got one brindle enough. I believe, with Shamus, that even Forsythe there, who is perhaps the most worthless of us all, would lose right. He'd take his beating like a man if the big call came. But that's not getting me the natural winning fighter I've got to have to make the Interborough a winning gas company. My offspring are all too white. For the sake of type, the brindle's all been bred out. *I'm* slipping. I'm showing the downward trend. Here I am, looking for a son to turn over my business to at fifty-seven. Great-grandad deHavin was still breaking harness straps at eighty-five. I've some hopes for Becky; but if he's good he'll be our last good one, unless we breed in some of the fighting brindle. And I'm not going to stop anyone who tries to shoot into the DeHavin veins some new, red yeoman blood. Does everybody get me?"

Everybody got him.

Bull deHavin, so known among his friends and enemies downtown—who believed, as many others of his kind believe, in being Papa deHavin after half-past four, even at many sacrifices of ideals and desires—had appeared once, famous grouch in hand, in the bosom of his family, at a crisis; had bellowed a few times, tossed his horns once or twice, and then disappeared forever, metaphorically pawing up the plush rugs of home with a certain secret satisfaction as he stamped back into the fens and fastnesses of the Interborough Gas Company.

Jephcott at last recovered his equilibrium sufficiently to recover the cigar tray; then, with his usual *savoir-faire*, hurried out into the hall for what he thought was necessary to relieve the situation. And when his back was turned to the family a smile of approbation, marvelous to behold, split wide the mask of inhuman imperturbability that ordinarily answered for his face.

True to form, young Mr. Forsythe Wentworth, trying to lessen the tension, put his foot in it up to his waist.

"Since Beckwith cannot go with us tonight, papa," he said very mildly, subtly changing the conversation's drift, "suppose you help to fill our box. Caruso sings Pagliacci to-night."

Jephcott handed Papa deHavin his hat and stick.

"Palyach the wart on your grandmother's nose, Forsythe!" Papa fired a parting shot from the doorway.

"Becky and I will be together to-night—in attendance at a man's entertainment. We're going to a dog fight."

The pit was a very silent, ominous, bright-yellow square, surrounded on all sides by whispering darkness; small—less than three paces on a side; and the low-hung lamps glaring upon it made its surroundings dim and indistinct. Sloping up back of the glare of the lights, there rose a bank of glowing sparks, where the burning tobacco of men ran high into the smoke-laden gloom. Long wisps of the reek undulated gracefully under the lighted hoods. A hush that was not altogether precaution against police interference hung heavily, as though to usher in some deed of awe. More than a thousand men sat, whispering, waiting in the shadow back of the low pit fence; for in the old days of the dog-fighting game the name of Grip, the Gas-House Pup, would fill whatever inclosure staged the fight.

And this night Grip was matched against the menacing unknown—against a dog with, back of him, the legendry of that inexhaustible supply of courage to which could be traced the valor of all the fighting breeds, but which had not known the fighting game since the long years past, when his ancestors had been matched against the savagest bulls of Britain. Had the indomitable bravery lasted through? Would it come out? Or was the tradition of the unbreakable heart of the pure bulldog nothing but a myth—or built upon absolute fact? Had the ancient bull-baiters, when they bred his nose back so that he might breathe while his whole face was buried in the dewlap of the bull, overdone their work, and ruined him for self-protection against attacks of his own kind? These were questions the visible answering of which would have filled Madison Square Garden, had the authorities allowed, with a crowd which would have made the attendance at the annual

(Continued on Page 59)

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

"What! Going out in that wrinkled up suit? Man! Man! When you've traveled as long as I have, you'll carry a Belber Wardrobe Trunk and then you'll always have a fresh, pressed suit ready"

BEING able to take your clothes from the hangers of a Belber Wardrobe Trunk at the end of a journey as neat and presentable as when you packed them is only one of the many advantages of a Belber Wardrobe Trunk.

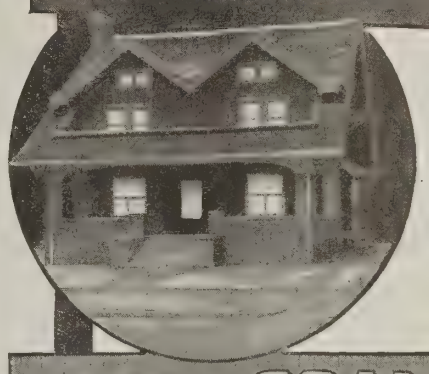
Good dealers everywhere will show you a wide variety of styles of Belber Wardrobe Trunks, from $20 to $125. Every one comes within the free baggage limit. Look for the Belber Trade Mark on all traveling goods—trunks, bags and suit cases.

BELBER TRADE MARK TRAVELING GOODS "Outwear Travel"

Send for beautiful book "Outwearing Travel," illustrating and describing Belber Traveling Goods of every style for every purpose—it is free.

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG CO. Philadelphia, Pa.

Here is the Furnace that Makes a Success of Warm Air Heating.

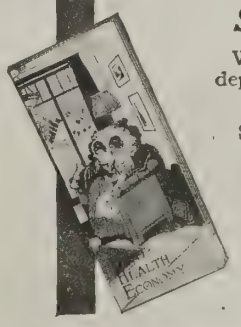


A JEWEL COAL-SAVER FURNACE as the basis of your warm-air heating, ventilating and humidifying system means highest efficiency and economy.

The Jewel Triple Economizing Features save enough fuel over other heat generators of like capacity to pay back the cost of the furnace in a few years. Actual tests have invariably demonstrated this, and we absolutely guarantee your satisfaction.

JEWEL COAL SAVER FURNACE
PAYS 11% ANNUAL DIVIDENDS IN FUEL SAVING

Our book, "Health, Heat and Economy," will tell you why you should have warm-air heat in your home, and why you should have a Jewel Coal-Saver Furnace as the heart of your heating system.



Send for this Enlightening Book, Free

Write for the book at once. A post card will do. Our service department will afterward help to plan your system if desired.

Over 62,000 homes in the United States are today heated by Jewel Furnaces. We manufacture furnaces of all sizes and types, including the pipeless or one-register furnace.

DETROIT STOVE WORKS
Largest Stove Plant in the World
Detroit Chicago (19)
Address Detroit for the Heating Book

DEALERS:
Where Jewel Coal-Saver Furnaces are not represented, a splendid business proposition can be secured by reliable and competent furnace dealers. Write for it

What are Dominant Methods of Advertising?

Dominance implies bigness and broadness.

The firm which would reach and maintain a position of leadership in its industry must employ methods which are in keeping.

Its ideals must be high, its policies sound, its dealings broad-gauged.

Its sales force must be able and alert. In every activity it must be represented in a manner that speaks of dominance.

Most important of all, the side which it presents to the public—its publicity—must convey the impression unmistakably.

In each field of promotive effort which it enters, it must employ the medium which is itself dominant in that field.

It must employ that medium with a force and a consistency commensurate with its opportunity and its ability.

Its ambition for dominance, or its assertion of dominance, puts upon it this obligation:

To dominate in the medium which itself is dominant.

In the field of national promotion the dominant medium is The Saturday Evening Post.

Its position is due to these facts:

The Post reaches a major portion of the entire potential market. It reaches most of the trade factors.

It reaches particularly those dominant consumers and merchants in each city and town who influence the demand and the supply for all the rest of the community.

It influences, therefore, practically the entire market for most commodities.

The peculiar strength of the Post, due to its character, its broad distribution, and its intensive methods of searching out the dominant public in each community, has made it, for manufacturers in many branches of industry, the means of attaining dominance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The medium of dominance

The methods which have made The Saturday Evening Post the dominant medium will be discussed in our next advertisement, which will appear in an early issue.

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bench classic in that same edifice look small and apathetic.

And that other question, eternal and momentous among men: Was there one created living thing that had no quitting point? And was that thing the bulldog? To the cock fighters assembled there the dog men whispered their ancient answers: that the dog was a thinking animal, and that the gamecock would fight to the death only with his own kind; while there had not yet been discovered on the earth any created thing that the bulldog—bless his gentle heart!—could not be prevailed upon to tackle. Battle to the death did not answer that question, anyhow. Hardly a man gathered there but had seen more than one pit dog lose his battle "right"; but the question still remained unsolved: Did he quit the struggle just before he died—or afterward? Could he have lasted longer, would he finally have reached the point where he could have forced his noble heart to endure no more?

This mystery, however unsolvable, from the very nature of it, in this world, was strong in collecting these hard men into the gloom round that sinister yellow square. How could any bulldog, however nobly bred and grandly made, discover that awful secret? And yet, for the first time in pit history a man had been found rich enough in purse and sporting blood to put a bulldog, with an invaluably long and spotless pedigree, to the test. Many things might be learned before that fight was over. And the whisperings died to bated silence as young Becky deHavin, immaculate in evening attire, came striding across the yellow square.

His face was somewhat drawn, as it might have looked had a dear friend's life been hanging in the balance. He extended his hand out of the light to where his father and Shamus McDonald and Pat O'Boyle were seated together, at the shadow's edge.

"Mr. McDonald," he said in a low voice that reached every strained pair of ears in the whole house, "I want to try to thank you, and Miss McDonald through you, for your help in training Jerry, and for your advice as regards handling him here. I've never met with higher sportsmanship."

Shamus McDonald took hearty hold of the hand.

"What credit for the Grip to stop a dog that's not trained for the gaff or that hasn't a handler for him to fall back on in the pit here? Get hustling back to your pup before somebody slips a hypodermic into him.

"'Tis a dirty game," said Shamus McDonald to the elder DeHavin and O'Boyle as the young man hurried away, "and I'm goin' to quit it."

Pit men seated close about the dean of the dog-fighting game overheard him, and the whisper of it soon reached the farthest corners of the audience. Most men smiled incredibly; but those who were his friends, and therefore white men, shook their heads as though they understood, and spoke gloomily about the future of the savage sport.

"It's no fit game for you and me to play," continued McDonald. "For look—here's you and me, who'd rather lose a leg than play it dirty—and our two dogs being tasted this very minute."

"Tasted?" asked the senior DeHavin.

"In days gone by 'twas the right word; for then your opponent's man rubbed moist fingers through your dog's coat and actually licked them for traces of dope that might fix his own dog. Nowadays both dogs are washed under the other party's watch—the washing to get rid of any poison on their coats; the watching to see that the washer doesn't slip the dog a pill, or pour a few birdshot in his ear, or shoot him with the needle under the washwater in the tub. A hundred visitors at your kennels, a hundred visitors at mine, and a score of trainers, handlers and seconds, all have their dirty money placed so many ways that you can trust no one in the pit; and this thing is getting worse from year to year. Too many see only the money and none of the glory in a dog fight; and I'm gonna quit the game."

And he did. That night's fight was the last one in which Shamus McDonald ever fought a dog. There never lived a greater lover of dogs. He never fought one that did not love the game better than his master. His heart broke when he lost his pets in the pit; but he thought that, given their choice, they would have asked him to be allowed to come to their end in the rapture of deadly combat. Shamus McDonald's dogs were that kind of dogs. But Shamus McDonald, and other white men after him, dropped the pit game; and it died, as all games die, in time, that cannot be kept clean. And so the brutal, savage, bloody entertainments stopped.

And now the quiet deepened about the yellow square, for handlers, trainers, attendants and officials came straddling over the pit fence, out of the shadow into the glare; and carefully wrapped and blanketed bundles, carried in the arms of two of the men, drew all eyes to the two corners, where these wriggling packages were set on the ground.

Dapper Becky deHavin, coached in the dirty trickeries of the game by his opponent, walked beside the man who carried his dog, holding his hands over the black nose that poked out of the squirming blanket, keeping the ears down tight; never taking his hands away from the broad muzzle till the Monarch was on the floor and the blanket off, and all chance of underhand work reduced to a minimum.

A gasp of surprise and delight came out of the smoke. Perhaps there was even a little of awe in the involuntary tribute. Hardly a man there who did not know the superb Grip, peer of all fighting dogs—hardly a man to whom the brindled body and blazed face, and the snowy full-dress collar and shirt bosom, and the four white feet, were not a familiar and magnificent sight. And the splendid, living muscles of him never slipped beneath that scarred brindle hide more tigerishly lithe than on that night. But the indrawn breath of a thousand hard men was not a tribute to the Gas-House Dog; for in the opposite corner to him a blanket whisked away and discovered such a bulldog as neither show ring nor pit had ever seen before.

Dazzling white was the whole of him in the lamps' bright glare. Remained on his mighty body not a trace of the ancient mastiff brindle that had come to be a color dreaded by the bare-calved legions of Rome in the days when his wild forbears had fought at the side of the wilder British tribesmen. Pear-shaped was he—the heavy end of the fruit the tremendous brisket, which dipped so low inside the wide-spread forelegs that it appeared as though swung between and not supported on them. And those sturdy front limbs went straight to the ground, with never the sign of a bow, like little marble columns. The small end of the pear, the hind quarters, narrowed marvelously at the loins, the top arched up distinctly higher than the shoulders in a beautiful roach; the belly tucked up tight beneath; the back of him so narrow that he seemed to be supported at three points instead of four. Never was there such a model of uncompromising and immovable stability as this low, squat, canine battleship. And the sinews of him bulged gloriously, with never a muscle-bound lump or knot, but in huge, smooth, swelling mounds beneath the loose and roomy skin.

But, in spite of the fascination of every dreadnought line of the wide low mass of his body, his headpiece was such a thing as to make men nearly forget that there was any more dog behind it. A study of absolute perfection in massive ferociousness it was, to cause the most inured pit follower to catch his breath. In size enormous, so that none but mastodonic neck thews could hold it up. The skull was ponderous; wide and long and flat, with something snakelike in the contour of it; and the inky nose was set up tight against the almost negligible brow. And, sweeping up from the dewlapped throat to meet black upper lips that went out almost horizontally an inch or so beyond the nose, the prodigious under jaw curved in a wide, loose-jowled line of power and savagery and stubborn wickedness. When his delicately folded ears jerked up on top of his head, alertness and truculent readiness radiated from his face; but when they were laid back, close against the thick bull neck, there was added to his belligerent aspect a look of such indescribable meanness that the backers of the Grip shifted uneasily in their seats. And the wide-set eyes spat wicked fires out of their beautiful clear brown. Who could imagine that in that very incarnation of ruthless battle strength there lived a heart as gentle as a little child's?

Back of the shield of his handlers, so that the Grip could get no chance to size up his enemy, Becky deHavin walked his beloved bulldog up and down, and—impossible as it seemed—the moment he moved, all the impression of the animal's power and vigor

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"Um-m-m Meat-Treats!"

You'll have to go some to prepare a better Hamburger Steak than the "Meat-Treat Kind," made from selected beef, wonderfully tender and with a brown gravy that seems to force one to say "Um-m-m Meat-Treats!"

Meat-Treats are sold, some in tins and others by the pound. Write to us if your dealer does not sell them. Or, send us his name with 25c for a full four-steak tin of the Hamburger, ready to heat and serve.

FREE: Write for our recipe booklet, "Suggestions," and for full list of Meat-Treats, including such delicacies as Breaded Pork Chops, Ham and Tongue Meat-Treats (potted) and Concentrated Chicken Broth (with rice).

L. FRANK & SON COMPANY
Dept. A-12 Milwaukee, Wis.

DEALERS: Your jobber can supply you. Write for "Frank-Ness," the magazine chock full of profit-making helps for your Delicatessen Department.

BROKERS: Write.

Frank's Meat-Treats
The National Delicatessen

A better cigar today than ever before

Rob't Burns 10¢

Have you tried one lately?

Little Bobbie 5¢ straight

Copyright, 1917, by Hart Schaffner & Marx

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Varsity Fifty Five styles for young men;
sport styles; business styles.
All wool fabrics; guaranteed.

See that our label is in the clothes you buy; sewed in.

A small thing to look for, a big thing to find

Schaffner & Marx

JOHN E. SHERIDAN

New Light Suppers for *Your* Party

LIGHT SUPPER No. 1

Clam Bouillon — Olives

Deviled Ham Mousse

Nut and Celery Sandwiches — Ice Cream

Coffee

Deviled Ham Mousse: One cup cream, beaten stiff. Two large cans *Underwood Deviled Ham.* One tablespoon gelatine dissolved in ½ cup hot water. Mix thoroughly, turn into cold mold and chill.

LIGHT SUPPER No. 2

Underwood Deviled Eggs

Lettuce Sandwiches — Salted Nuts

Layer Cake — Coffee

Underwood Deviled Eggs: Cut hard-cooked eggs in half. Remove the yolks and mash them with about equal bulk *Underwood Deviled Ham* and enough salad dressing to moisten. Fill the egg centers and serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

LIGHT SUPPER No. 3

Deviled Ham-and-Chicken Sandwiches

Creamed Shrimps — Salted Nuts

Harlequin Ice Cream — Coffee

Deviled Ham-and-Chicken Sandwiches: Spread thin slices of white bread with *Underwood Deviled Ham*—not too thick. Put together over very thin slices of chicken.

SUPPERS the guests will all remember. Suppers they'll borrow your menus for. And suppers that you yourself will eat with all the relish of your guests. Read how to make them.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK:
"GOOD TASTES FOR GOOD TIMES"

It tells about tempting, new salads, rarebits, croquettes, sandwiches, timbales, omelets, soufflés, etc.—the famous Little Red Devil Recipes. Or send 20c for economical can of Underwood Deviled Ham to try. Always mention your grocer's name when you write, and if possible, say whether he sells Underwood. Most grocers do—ask *yours* now.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY
52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

Makers of Underwood Deviled Chicken, Tongue, Turkey and

UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham

"Branded with the Devil but Fit for the Gods"

The Truth About Corns

You have read much fiction about corns. Were that not so there would be no corns. All people would use Blue-jay.

Here is the truth, as stated by a chemist who spent 25 years on this corn problem. And as proved already on almost a billion corns.

"This invention—Blue-jay—makes corn troubles needless. It stops the pain instantly, and stops it forever. In 48 hours the whole corn disappears, save in rare cases which take a little longer."

That is the truth, and millions of people know it. Every month it is being proved on nearly two million corns.

So long as you doubt it you'll suffer. The day that you prove it will see your last corn-ache.

It costs so little—is so easy and quick and painless—that you owe yourself this proof. Try Blue-jay tonight.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns

15c and 25c at Druggists

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

(Continued from Page 59)

and intrepidity was immediately doubled; for he trotted back and forth with that stiff-legged swashbuckling roll and captivating swagger which makes his breed win into human hearts at a glance. And as he went his muscles leaped and played. A back view of him showed his two hind legs trotting along close together; but the front stilts, with a jaunty flip of paws, moved clear to the sight far out on each side beyond his flanks. And from this interesting prospect could be discovered, at last, the only place where the good nature of the lovable beast broke through its warlike investure; for the small, low-set tail wigwagged continuous messages of camaraderie up to his boss.

"Make ready!"

The square cleared, except for the two handlers and the referee. Becky deHavin went across the pit and took the Grip between his legs. Midway he met Mr. Slugs O'Boyle, crossing in the opposite direction to observe his part of the pit precaution that makes opponents loose each other's dogs at the beginning of the fight. And a look passed between the burly pugilist and the dapper swell that made the audience gloat. It was to be, also, a battle of handlers in type as different from each other as were their dogs.

A grim silence, such as should precede a battle to the death, fell like a dreadful canopy over the pit.

Becky deHavin's spiketail coat hung over the low fence. Habitual evening formality was not his only reason for his incongruous attire. As he crouched behind the Monarch's deadly enemy the white square of his shirt made a very beacon for his dog across the square.

"Let go!"

Becky deHavin could no more help caressing the wonderful brindle beast that stepped out in front of him than he could have forgone to touch his glove against Pat O'Boyle's at the start of each of their wicked bouts.

Out from between the knees of Slugs O'Boyle, across the pit, stepped sixty pounds of perfect bulldog flesh.

"Come on and get 'im, Jerrypup!" coaxed the low voice that he loved.

And he wagged the only amiable part of him and took another doubtful step toward the middle of the pit, cocking his tremendous head in puzzled inquiry as to just where he should come and whom he should get. Then he spied the white shirtfront.

But for a thing that had never happened before, the fangs of the Gas-House Dog had been locked in his flesh long before now. For the first time in his career the Grip hesitated before he dashed into battle. What kind of dog was this great beast across from him? Where was the other pit terrier? In all his stormy existence he had never faced anything like this dazzling snowy dog that made no offer to attack him. Grip lifted an inquiring eye to Slugs O'Boyle and asked him what about this strange new kind of opponent?

"That's him," explained his handler.

To any who might have entertained the thought that, at last, too great a call had been made upon the inexhaustible supply of the Grip's pluck, there came a sudden change of heart. True to his traits, Glenmere White Monarch, advancing toward the gleaming front of Becky deHavin's shirt, at sight of the other dog turned to a little Parian statue where he stood; and, standing thus, his slow brain working out the situation, a brindled thunderbolt, hardly more than half his size, fell on him. It was the first fight of the Monarch's life; and it was for this reason only that he committed the one offense of that titanic battle. Taken by surprise by the attack launched on him so suddenly, the whole trend of affairs not yet clear in his mind, he turned a shoulder to the charging Grip.

"That turn," said Shamus McDonald, out of his perfect knowledge of what was going on before him, "is going to lose the scrap for you."

But A. Beckwith deHavin, II, staring tensely out of the shadow, had his eyes fixed not on the bulldog at that moment, but at the trim, white-shirt-sleeved, pale young man moving coolly and efficiently about the whirling brutes.

The Grip was now clamped fast to the side of the Monarch's throat. Well for the bulldog that he had in generous portion the dewlap of his breed, else the Grip had struck him vitally at the first onset. But the long jaws of the terrier filled with folds on folds of the loose skin and his fangs sought in vain for the life that flowed in the throat beneath. He tried at once the first trick of his trade; and, bracing his legs wide, he gave a toss of his head that would have turned another dog all four legs up beneath him, so that he could have tried for a death-hold with a loosening of his jaws and a new snap of his fangs before his opponent could turn over and get out from under him. Now the surge of his neck muscles only flipped his own hind quarters in the air. He had met with a new thing. The huge body of the Monarch was set upon colossal forelegs twice as wide apart as those of any other dog the Grip had ever closed with; so, jerk and fling as the maddened brindle might, the stout white stilts only dragged stiffly about and would not be uptilted.

"Some wheel base, Becky!" roared the joyful bull voice of Papa deHavin; and a warning "S-sh!" went up from the entire audience. No police interference should stop so great a combat if strained silence could keep the authorities unaware of it.

"Easy! Easy, boy!" coached a low voice as Becky deHavin stepped about the struggling animals, keeping in a position where his dog could see him all the while. "You're not being hurt, boy; you've got the weight," he explained, as though the Monarch would understand. "If you tear yourself loose you'll bleed like a pig. Let him pull, Jerrypup; let him wear his heart out pulling at you, boy. He'll let go without tearing you by and by."

And something in the calm tones reassured the great dog. Something in the handpat that was risked down to him from time to time made him understand after a while that it was part of the game merely to brace his legs and wait; and his snarling efforts to break loose ceased and he began very calmly to endure. It was an hour before Slugs O'Boyle could get his dog to understand that Becky deHavin and the White Monarch of Glenmere were teamworking at the game like veterans. But at last it filtered through the Grip's battle-crazed head that he could never throw his enemy or hurt him with the hold he had; and he let go and struck for a better one.

But by now the Monarch had found out why he had been born. Not for the ease of his kennel at the Glenmere Hunt Club; not for the pleasant adulation of the bench or the proud honor of the judging ring; not for romping afternoons with a slim brown girl who had rewards of sweet hilarious waters to offer him after torturing labor; not even for the noble companionship of men like the tall fair one who stood by him now in his great hour—not for any or all of these had his fierce-featured, soft-eyed mother whelped him into the world. But for this night in the stifling, tobacco-laden air, here on this square of yellow tanbark, he had been bred true to his type down through the long centuries since his fathers had pulled down the great Kentish bulls. For here was battle, vicious, snarling and pitiless, and an antagonist that would clash teeth against his in it to the death. And his mighty heart rejoiced as he came into his own.

So when the Grip finally loosed his first hold he found a different dog from the one on which that hold had fastened.

So now, before that gathering of savage men, there raged a furious grim struggle such as the pit had never seen before. For five long hours there came never a pick-up, or scratch, or turn, except that first turn which the inexperienced Monarch had made. Shoulder to shoulder, breast to breast, brisket to brisket, as they reared up on their back legs, fangs to fangs, those two beautiful brutes fought out there under the yellow light their love and joy of death-battle in a contest of infinite courage against infinite courage, and of speed and punishing jaw against overwhelming weight. All other things were equal: condition to endure; strength of limb and wind; valor—all balanced in the scale. Only the one combatant possessed superior speed and a well-nigh decisive power of true punishing jaw; while the other held the vast advantage of being nearly twice his opponent's weight. And, had these unbalanced forces been added to the level beam that weighed their other attributes, the measuring needle would have scarcely stirred.

Weeks of training on the coonskin had in the end forced the idea through the Monarch's heavy skull that he could never hold a grip unless his jaws were filled clean to the back teeth. And so he plodded through the minutes and the hours with never a thought of clamping his untrue fangs on anything, but of trying stubbornly and endlessly through pain and torture to fasten

his back teeth upon an enemy possessed of such baffling speed that, at the end of hours of hopeless endeavor, a sickening discouragement came over him. Yet he kept steadily on; and at length a reward came—though he never knew it. Once his ponderous underjaw snapped up on one of the Grip's forelegs. Only the fangs closed over it, and he did not try to hold his grip; but the tremendous muscles of his neck gave his body such a wrenching twist that the bones between those inefficient fangs snapped off before the hold was loosened. And after that the Gas-House Pup gave an exhibition of such undying grit that his name survives the game which died, and lives to this day in the legends of the pit. And this is what is said of him: that, with the broken foreleg, the speed of the Grip diminished not a whit, but that he worked on the end of the broken bone as though the leg were a perfect member.

Pity in all that square of men about the pit, there was none. And, in truth, the battle bred no pity—only wonder. The hard followers of that ancient game gathered round those eight-foot squares for another fascination than the acknowledged ones of carnage and utter savagery. They came primarily to see that thing which is perhaps the noblest attribute in dogs and men—unbreakable courage—courage in pain, and exhaustion, and heart-sickening failure after heart-sickening failure; that rose and rose and rose to heights unbelievable within the cruel sides of those old dog-pit squares; and that changed the men looking at it from a combat-thirsty horde of brutes, quiet from police fear and from a sort of shame at what they joyed in, to an awe-stricken audience, whose silence was almost that of worship.

"Three o'clock," announced the referee.

Men snatched a squint at their watches unbelievingly. Five hours had gone by like one.

But now a haze had begun to form in front of the Monarch's eyes, which only would be dispelled at the sound of the low voice he had listened to for encouragement and advice through the rapturous hours. And always that encouragement and advice had been at hand. Not the least fascinating thing presented in the pit that night was the dog-handling of Becky deHavin. Graceful and cool, fearless and kind, fairest and least excited when his dog's case appeared the worst, magnanimous almost to a fault, this dapper and stiff-shirted man won his way into the heart of the meanest thug who had his money staked on the Grip. And his great dog, in his direst straits, always looked up at him asking what should be done next about the situation; and at a quieting pat, that somehow could reach him even through the fiercest turmoil, he would stay quiet and rest himself under a painful but not dangerous grip, or at a fiery word would rage like a lion till he tore himself free from a hold that threatened to develop perilously.

But the flitting brindled pest was becoming harder and still harder to attack. The mist persisted strangely before his eyes despite the clearing voice. The tanbark turned from yellow to red with a flood from his veins that seemed to be inexhaustible; and never a pick-up came to give his handler a chance to try to stanch his wounds. He did not know that the Grip also now swayed and tottered on his legs, and slashed and snapped his heartbreak that he could not find the great dog's vitals, standing, nor could throw him off his feet to seek them out. The charging rushes of this monstrous white enemy had been in the early hours like those battering-ram onsets that used to break through the impregnable guard of KO Pat O'Boyle; and when they had struck the terrier had nearly always broken his hold and rolled him, bruised and battered, over and over till he fetched up with a crash against the pit fence. Well for him that the Monarch had not been fast enough to follow these wild rushes through in time to catch the brindle on his back. As it was, every one had shaken him to the heart; and they, together with his hours of tugging at nearly double weight, had worn him down so that his head swayed weakly and his legs bent under him.

But still he managed to evade the weary bulldog's grip.

But for his education to endure the joyless monotony of the training machine, perhaps even the great-hearted Monarch might have wearied of this ghost-fighting and laid his belly on the sawdust, back legs stretched out behind him, frog-fashion, and rolled up his clear brown eyes good-naturedly, begging to be excused from all the worry of it. But he held to the task with a will to see the brindled body lifeless under him, and to hear the voice of his friend and master call out those four sounds that made all labors worth while: "That's a *good* dog!"

At last came a time when the weary animals, whirling into grips, both missed their holds, and each staggered weakly past the other. And then, all in a moment the tide of battle turned heavily against the White Monarch of Glenmere, for here was the opportunity for which O'Boyle had waited patiently through long hours. He stooped like a flash and snatched up the feebly-protesting Grip just as the dogs were lurching together again. Three or four attendants leaned over the pit wall at the Gas-House Pup's corner and, with broad fans, commenced to stir the air to coolness over the panting dog. Water poured down his throat. Slugs O'Boyle, after five hours of steady fighting, had won a scratch. The action had been so furious and fast that neither handler in all these hours had been able to discover a turn of long enough duration to make a pick-up out of it.

In a cruelly short half minute no attention had been given the Monarch other than those that aimed to stanch his wounds, for mere physical strength was what he should need for the great test.

"Time!"

Appeared now the wisdom of Shamus McDonald's prophecy, spoken at the very beginning of the fight. At one corner of the square swayed a brindled dog whose eyes still flashed desire for battle, but in whose legs there lived not half the strength that still propped up the tottering body of the White Monarch of Glenmere. And yet, because of that inexperienced turn so early in the fight, it was now the bulldog's task to deliver the gage at the white lime mark so many miles across the diagonal of that little square.

"Let go!"

Terrance O'Boyle showed the head and shoulders of his dog between his knees. And no man in that silent mass but knew that, except for the supporting hands under his chest, the Grip would have toppled over where he stood.

But all support was now taken away from the White Monarch of Glenmere except the support of a dim beloved voice that spoke to him some unintelligible words about losing right. And at a kindly pat of a hand, whose touch he knew as well as he knew the tones of the voice, he started bravely on the long journey across the pit toward a hazy sort of tiger-coated dog which would not come half that weary way to meet him.

A great rage filled the Monarch's breast.

So now this wraith of a dog, which was so hard to come to grips with when he was close at hand, would add to all the other vexations of fighting him unwillingness to shorten the long way between them; yet he would stand there at that impossible distance and snarl and snarl as though the combat was still sweet to him! The cruel injustice of it strengthened the Monarch's heart. So be it! If that dim brindled enemy would not come out to meet him, he, Glenmere White Monarch, who had ancestral traditions to uphold and to uphold him, would go the long road himself; for the lust to stand beside the motionless form of the tawny foe was still mighty within his weary heart.

Absolute silence—not even the sound of breathing, for all breaths were held.

Two feet; three—four. The white body tottered and the hind quarters went down.

Terrance O'Boyle picked up the Gas-House Pup.

"Put that dog down!" The voice of the referee cracked like a whip.

For the clublike stilts in the Monarch's front still held the deep chest off the ground and shoved the great savage headpiece forward slowly, dragging the hind quarters along. Whispers of mighty sympathy went up. The air above the bloody pit and the savage men gathered round it filled with a breath that was very much akin to prayer. All wagers were forgotten. All thoughts of greed or gain or trickery or unfairness vanished away before the glory of the thing that was going on before them. And a thousand rough hearts hammered a reverence that was not far from the divine as that broad trail slowly drew its red wet line across the yellow square. None there but knew that if the mighty bulldog reached

(Concluded on Page 67)

Shakes, Thoroughly Sweeps, Raises Nap, Restores Colors BESIDES—Suction Cleaning

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And the *belt attached to the electric motor?*

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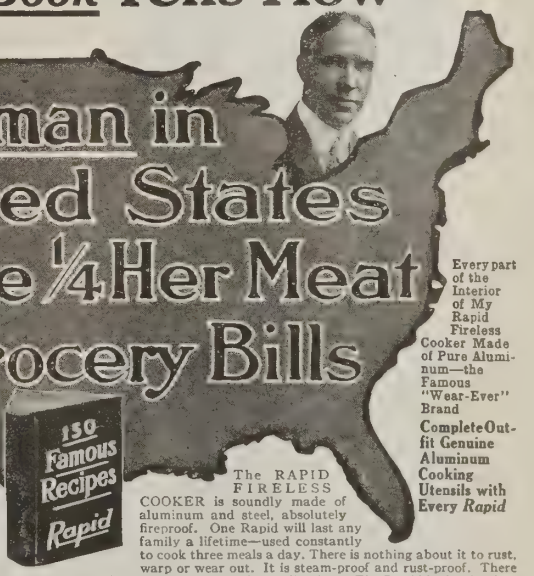

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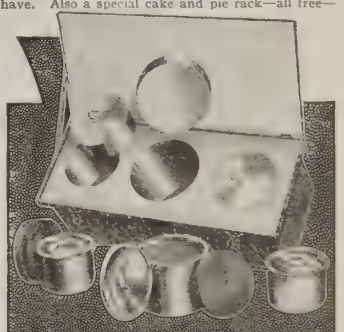

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Brooklyn Bridge, flung forward span on span across the sky—great towers thrust upward to the clouds—huge ships hurled onward over seas—what is the secret of their majesty?

Not flash of forge or skill of hand, but power of mind—a principle old as engineering; old, almost, as man's inventive urge—the principle of distributed stresses, of many small units to carry a single great burden.

An old principle, yet ever reappearing in new guise, put to new uses, serving in new forms; now the basis for a temple, now a bridge, a skyscraper, a ship—now an automobile tire.

Yes, even an automobile tire, forgotten carrier of modern man's pleasure and errand, preserver of his comfort and celerity awheel—the Goodyear Cord Tire.

For the structure of this tire draws strength from the soundness of this old principle of distributed stresses—endurance from its vitality, broad usefulness from its immense efficiency.

The structure of this tire *embodies* this principle, from beginning to end.

Goodyear Cord Tires are built up of thousands of light, pliant cords, densely strong, cradled side by side in pure rubber, without interweave.

Each cord is stressed precisely to the same tension, that the burden of supporting the load and sustaining shock shall be evenly borne.

But the performance of this service does not depend upon just one layer of these cords.

Nor upon two, or three. It is distributed and redistributed, throughout the entire tire, over *many* layers, established one upon the other.

These many layers are laid diagonally around the tire, expertly brought taut to share their rightful portion of the load, and made fast.

No one of the layers, nor one of the cords, touches another.

For as the cords themselves are insulated and upholstered with rubber, so are the layers—rubber is cushioned around, about, between, actually impressed *into* them.

Contact is wholly prevented; there is never an opportunity for the slightest side-saw or friction.

The cords and layers play freely in their cushioned anchorage; under impact they yield, flex and recover, exercising swiftly to the lift and dip of the road, delivering engine power at its full energy.

Comfort, speed, power-saving and fuel-thrift ride with the car shod with Goodyear Cord Tires.

These are the offspring of resilience, and resilience in the extreme has been accomplished in these tires.

But it has been accomplished in company with the thorough strength that finally determines economy.

Strong as this tire is in its structure, strong with the multiplied stoutness of the thousands of cords—no omission has been made in seeking to carry this strength through to the last detail.

Even the treads upon Goodyear Cord Tires reflect this effort—they are of fine-grained, wear-resisting, amazingly vigorous stock—the big-blocked All-Weather is extra-thick, the easy-steering Ribbed is thicker than the rule.

The tire as it stands costs us more to build than other types—but the extra cost is *in the tire,* in extra material and labor, in value that pays back real return on your investment.

Its quality makes it higher-priced—and *better.*

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Unmatchable Cabinet Work

Brunswick master-craftsmen have been long skilled in the wood-working art—in making fine phonograph cabinets.

But they have outdone themselves in the conception and execution of their own-named phonograph—The Brunswick.

The richness of 75 years of experience gives these artisans fresh inspirations—new attainments.

New standards are now set in the wood-working art. Others must follow.

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In choosing choice woods, in building cabinets, in carving, in finishing—Brunswick men have never been equaled.

You, with others, will not be slow to applaud their handicraft.

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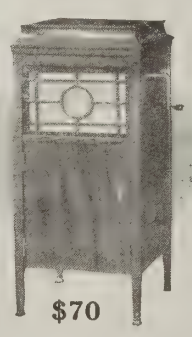
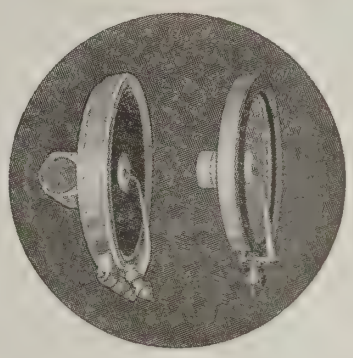
You will be convinced that The Brunswick is in a class of its own.



$70



Lost Tones Discovered

The any-record Brunswick opens a broader field of music—all limitations are removed.

Buy any record you wish—whatever make—whatever artist. Play it on The Brunswick to gain a new appreciation of tonal values.

For The Brunswick is equipped with *two* sound boxes. Use any needle you like—jewel point, steel, sapphire ball, etc.

A sound box is provided for the world-famous Pathé records—hitherto barred from many American homes. All without extra cost.

Faultless Renditions

Another distinct advancement gives The Brunswick first place in reproduction.

This is the acoustically-perfect tone chamber, built like a violin.

In this one feature we gain for you all the previously lost overtones, mellow low notes, the clear, vibrant "high C," and delicate shadings.

Hear this marvel-instrument play your favorite record now. Note the difference.

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That great lyric tenor—Lucien Muratore, of the Chicago Grand Opera—sings exclusively for Pathé.

His famous part, "Rise Fairest Sun" ("Ah! Leve-toi, soleil!") from "Romeo et Juliette"—a new Pathé record, when played on The Brunswick, is wonderful beyond description. A gala performance is brought to you.

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This is merely one of the many new Pathé treats now being offered. Hear it today at the nearest Brunswick store.

Hear also other great foreign artists who have never sung here before. Famous orchestras and bands. Foreign musical novelties. Dance records—instrumental numbers—popular hits—old favorites.

Experts acclaim The Brunswick and Pathé records as the ideal combination.

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(Concluded from Page 63)

the scratch the fight was a draw, for neither dog would be able to stand up another moment after that. And there was none but prayed in his own hard way that neither of those noble beasts should have defeat charged to him after those dreadful hours.

Five feet; six. The scratch line, and the swaying enemy only a foot away. The Monarch's sturdy forelegs slipped and slid out in front. The brisket touched the tanbark. The brindled dog that he could slay, could he but reach him, only a foot away!

The mighty neck stretched forth. The back legs, rested a trifle during the dragging of them, bunched up and moved, and the thick white body crawled along another inch. A weak and eager whimper, with a stalwart heart's primal longing in it, was the only sound. Then, ten inches from the white scratch line, the mighty, mangled head sank down between the outstretched paws, and the breathing and the whimper ceased; the great white form grew very still.

Not a stir of cloth came out of the dark. Terrance O'Boyle, sure now of the win, made no haste this time in lifting up the Grip to claim the battle for him. Had he but thought of what deeds must have been done through the centuries to turn the designation of that quiet white beast's breed into a descriptive so heroic that strong men rejoice to hear it coupled to their names, he doubtless would have hurried. But he found it beyond him to resist the vanity of nonchalance.

And so he never got the Gas-House Dog's paws off the floor; for, as the very last quiver died in the white body, two voices spoke in the quiet. The first was very soft and musically dissonant with the scene. Some altogether different kind of love than that of courage must have brought the owner of it into such a barbarous gathering of men. But the second voice was harsh and rasping and entirely congruous.

"Go swim?" said the musical voice; but the sprightliness of it did not altogether hide the sob.

From some seat high in the surrounding tiers it went down across the reeking air to the yellow rectangle under the hooded lights; and its coaxing invitation won through the mists that were gathering impenetrably about the ferocious, quiet head; for the delicate frayed ears twitched and then came up on top of the massive skull. And the brown eyes, which a thousand men would have sworn had closed forever, opened. At which the second voice, in awed tones that had only reverence, no profanity, in them, expressed what was in the heart of every man watching there.

"That bulldog don't quit when he's dead!" said this grating whisper.

A romping brown-legged pal and the splash of inclosing waters dimly visioned in the White Monarch's parched and weary soul. For a completed task there was always a sweet reward.

A quiver played over the inert muscles. Fronted by stubbornness immeasurable, even disintegration paused—and then retreated; for suddenly, at a mighty summons, there came a great gathering of his passing strength; and the bulldog rose on all four legs at once. He stood—wide-braced, unwavering. That tawny haze of color right before him—was it the brindle of this enemy who would not come to meet him? Or was it the merry, tantalizing flash of beautiful tanned flesh, coaxing completion of his work? Or both? Without a single faltering step, with never a sign of the weakness that the uplifting of a single paw would have betrayed, the sturdy Monarch made one blind lunge at it. And as the big dog crashed down a sibilant exclamation that expressed emotions not to be set down in writing came involuntarily out of every throat. He lay with his forelegs bent stiffly and grotesquely backward along his flanks, and his back legs stretched out flat behind him, frog-fashion. The referee bent over the still, broad body. The noble brute's head had failed to reach the scratch. The sooty nose had fallen short.

But, clear in everybody's sight, just over the white scratch line, upsweeping determinedly out ahead of skull and nose, there rested that very thing which experts had agreed would lose his fight—the prognathous tip of the mighty bulldog jaw.

In deathlike silence the referee stood erect; but when he made his decision no one heard it. Eight or ten blue-coated men, however, nosing round the wrong huge vacant barn, a mile or so off the scent, heard something. An explosive roar of pent-up human voices brought a male chorus to them across the early morning air that sent them scurrying upon a warmer trail.

But long before they reached the right huge vacant barn the best veterinary surgeon in America had ended his instructions to the second and third best of his profession, and had risen up and started to pick the particles of tanbark from his knees. This accomplished, he looked up, and found himself gazing into a very drawn, white, anxious face.

"They both will live," he said, "though I can't tell why. And, by the way, you won't get a bill from me. I've had my money's worth." Which was almost panegyrical, as all will agree who ever came into violent contact with one of his fees.

At once, then, young A. B. deHavin seized the huge shoulder of Mr. Slugs O'Boyle and swung him face about from the little circle that still bent over the two other veterinaries. The ex-light-heavy looked down into steady, pale eyes. Pale eyes looked back steadily; but, as the silence lengthened, they began to gather flame, till at length strong slim fingers closed and supple muscles began to gather inside the right sleeve of a bloody evening shirt. But a graceful boy, whose eyes were still wet with weeping over two dogs, left hovering over them and flung himself so violently upon the bosom of the gory shirt that a cap flew off, and a bushel of blue-black hair tumbled down over the red-splashed cuffs of that same full-dress garment.

Old Bull deHavin snorted his chagrin.

"My luck!" he growled. "That's the first time in history that anybody in trousers ever prevented a fight. And me living all these years for the day when I could see one of my sons with a black eye!"

"Fight, fight, fight!" spoke up Nora McDonald out of the shelter of the gory sleeves. "You men! Do you never get enough of fighting? And do we always get what strength is left for loving after your fights have taken the best of you?"

Her daddy's eyes glinted wisely.

"No and yes to you, Nora machree," he answered, "much to the benefit of the world you're livin' in."

And A. Beckwith deHavin, III, by way of proof that Daddy McDonald's answer was correct, had never stopped the glare he was shooting into the eyes of Slugs O'Boyle.

"This girl has seen enough of male brutality to-night," he said; "but she's going to see some more if it takes you much longer to say it."

And to show that there actually was one thing in the world he would rather do with his arms than that which then kept them occupied, he loosened one of them from about the prettiest shoulders on the big-time circuit.

Terrance O'Boyle looked into the pale hard eyes again. He studied appraisingly the slim, well-knit body, which the will back of those hard eyes was about to drive against his overwhelming bulk; and the curl straightened out of the line of his thin lips. No fear showed in his eyes; only conviction. Gradually a different kind of curl came over his mouth—one that caused that disengaged, tense arm to relax and to go back where it belonged; for the curl became a sure-enough smile that made even the brute face of Slugs O'Boyle pleasant to look at, principally because it brought out the hidden resemblance to Brother Pat, who was standing, an interested spectator, close at hand.

"And if he falls down at the trimmin' of you, Terry," remarked Brother Patrick, "I'll finish the job for him."

But Terrance, with the fine big smile still suffusing his face, stuck out a flipper of a hand to the third Beckwith deHavin. That young man once more disengaged a very busy arm.

"My dope's all wrong," admitted Slugs O'Boyle. "Beg yer pardon! I believe you stiff shirts kin lose right."

A. Beckwith deHavin, II, looked toward his son, and his heart hammered a tune. "Old Bull deHavin," it said in his ear, "what you're gazing at now is a fighter. And look at his arm—not the one shaking hands, but the other; it's wrapped round his woman!" The president and general manager of the Interborough Gas Company stabbed his elbow democratically into the fat ribs of the I. G. Co.'s stable boss.

"I guess the brindle isn't all bred out there yet!" he chuckled.

Shamus McDonald returned the stab.

"Better to play a thing like that safe, A. B.," he said. "But I've the idea in my head that Nora Kolananikau won't be after doin' her divin' stunt alone this winter. It'd be no surprise at all to her Polynesian father if she'd decide to team up with her sister again in a different act entirely."

And he winked at his boss a Brobdingnagian sort of wink, as one who would impart that, by the use of a marvelous worldly wisdom, he has arrived at certain astute conclusions.

Fairy Shoes

THE wee cobbler under the thorn-bush
Tapped at a fairy shoe;
'Twas never a shoe for Katy
To traipse on the bog in the dew;
'Twas a satin shoe, like a lady's,
With a buckle of silvery blue.

Out from the flickering blossoms,
With his tall hat set askew;
With a pipe 'twixt his lips, and a squinting
Of his eyes like the hivin's blue,
You could see for yourself that rascal,
That young rogue, Brian Magrue.

And he heard the tap-tap-tapping
Of the little ould Leprechaun.
"What are ye making, cobbler,
So early past the dawn?"
"Fairy shoes for a lady;
'Tis a shoe for Molly Bawn."

"And what is your price now, cobbler?"
"A kiss from her lips, asthore."
"Faith, 'tis enough," said Brian;
"Faith, 'tis enough!" he swore.
"Bargain I'll make wid ye, cobbler,
Out of my plintiful store!"

The Leprechaun laughed till the thorn-bush
Trembled. "The bargain's thrue!
Go sit by the stile till the moon's out
And the black cat treads in the dew;
When one crosses the stile in the shadow,
I'm laving the rest to you!"

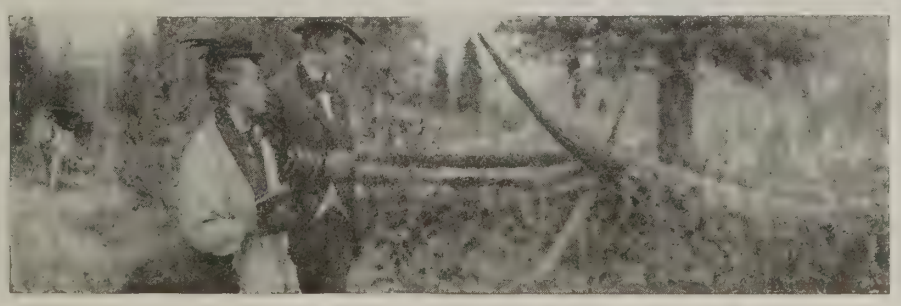
He sat by the stile till the shadow
Came over and touched his own,
And a hand reached out, and he took it,
Where the buds on the whin bush shone;
And he kissed—ould Biddy O'Leary,
That ancient and withered crone!

"Shame, shame on ye, lad, to philander
Wid one whose days are so few!
There's many a young lip waters
For the red, red lip of you.
'Tis my Mistress Molly has sent me
To fetch her her fairy shoe."

"Then back to your Mistress Molly,"
Bould Brian said, "wid the news:
That I'll match her trick wid another,
Where I'm not so likely to lose.
She shall give me a stitch for each stitching
That's set in her fairy shoes!"

Face to face in the market
Came Molly and Brian Magrue;
"There's dark o' the dawn and midnight,"
He said, "in the eyes of you!"
"I'm grieving," sighed Mistress Molly,
"That I wear so small a shoe!"

—Mary Lanier Magruder.



SEE that Mother has Wingfoots for those thousand-and-one steps 'round home. They'll make her heart glad.

Wingfooting will let her smile beam through the evening because Wingfoots lighten household tasks.

* *

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heels. A new pair free if yours do not.

Wingfoots in black, white and tan, for big folks and little folks—50 cents—put on by shoe dealers and repair men.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

WING FOOT HEELS

GOOD YEAR AKRON

$1150 F. o. b. Racine
Mitchell Junior—a 40 h. p. Six
120-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 F. o. b. Racine
7-Passenger — 48 Horsepower
127-inch Wheelbase

Exclusive Features

Nowhere Found, Save in Mitchell Models

The Mitchell extras are not patented. Nor are they features others disapprove.

Some are things which owners buy, at extra prices, to complete their cars. All are things which every owner wants.

But they are costly. We spend $4,000,000 this year to include them on our output. We could not give them—nor can anyone—without factory efficiency. That is what pays their cost.

This model plant, which John W. Bate has spent millions in perfecting, is the reason for Mitchell extras. It has cut our factory cost in two.

The Extra Strength

Our greatest extra is the Mitchell over-strength. But other extras are more conspicuous, of course.

The Mitchell margin of safety used to be 50 per cent. We have never claimed more until this year. But three years ago, after one year in Europe, John W. Bate began to double this margin.

Now our standard is 100 per cent over-strength. Now our vital parts are twice as strong as need be.

Over 440 parts are made of toughened steel. All safety parts are vastly oversize. All parts which get a major strain are built of Chrome-Vanadium. Gears are tested for 50,000 pounds per tooth. The springs we use—Bate cantilevers—have never yet been broken. Not a single one.

We don't mean to say that over-strength is exclusive to the Mitchells. But the Mitchell margins are extreme. And they are costly in these days of costly steel.

For 200,000 Miles

Mr. Bate's object in this over-strength is to give you a lifetime car. Numerous Mitchells that we know of have already run over 200,000 miles. That's about 40 years of ordinary service.

And this over-strength means safety. It means low upkeep, small repairs. It means a smaller cost per year of service than lesser cars can give. Yet it costs you nothing, because we save it through Bate factory methods.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell —a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly-developed 48-horsepower motor.

Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore.

Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also six styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also new Club Roadster.

Fifty Distinctions Which You See

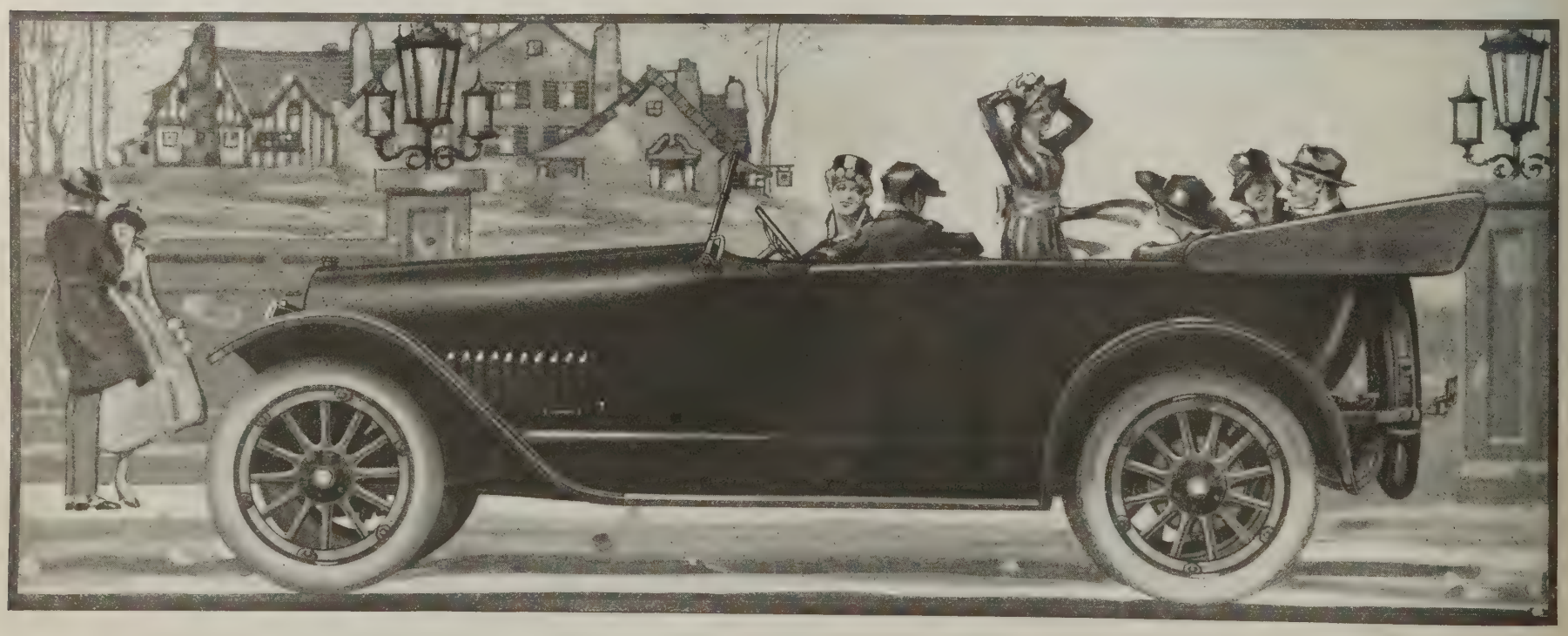
The Mitchell has 31 distinct features which nearly all cars omit. Perhaps no car has more than three or four.

These are things like a power tire pump, a dashboard engine primer, reversible headlights, ball-bearing steering gear, new-type control. Or like a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment, handles for entering, a tool box under hood. There are 31 such extras.

Other extras that you see are luxuries and beauties. This year we occupy our new body plant, which means great additional savings. Our bodies, like our chassis, are now built under Bate efficiency methods. We pay no profits to outsiders.

From this new saving we add 24 per cent to the cost of finish, upholstery and trimming. This makes the Mitchell the handsomest car in its class. The finish coats are fixed by heat, so the lustre lasts. Rare-grade leather is employed, plaited upholstery, deep, wide cushions, and countless dainty touches.

These will seem the chief attractions in Mitchell cars, perhaps. But in years to come the over-strength will mean far more than these do.



31 Extra Features
24% Added Luxury
100% Over-Strength

Mitchell SIXES

Two Sizes
$1150-$1460
F. o. b. Racine

The New $1150 Model

Roomy, Powerful, Impressive—An Amazing Value

This year we bring out Mitchell Junior—a somewhat smaller Mitchell, for those who prefer a 5-passenger car.

But the wheelbase is 120 inches. The motor has 40 horsepower. It is every inch a Mitchell, and nearly every Mitchell extra is included.

Such a car at such a price will give you a new conception of Mitchell efficiency. It seems impossible. Yet the big, 7-passenger Mitchell really gives you equal value.

The Size You Need

Now you can get in Mitchells any size you need. And any style of body. If you want seats for seven, and power for seven, the larger size is needed. Don't stint your room and power.

But Mitchell Junior is just as ample for five. Few cars are as roomy and powerful. So now you pay for only the room and power you need.

John W. Bate's Cars

We owe these two Mitchells to John W. Bate, our famous efficiency expert. He designed and equipped this whole factory to make them—this 45-acre plant.

Every machine, every method is designed to build this one type economically.

His years of effort have cut our factory cost in two. They save us millions of dollars each year. They enable us, we believe, to build cars like the Mitchell for less than anyone else could build them.

All the Mitchell extras are due to those savings. They would be impossible without them, save at greatly advanced prices. Compare the values and you'll see what these Bate methods mean.

700 Improvements

In the cars themselves Mr. Bate has worked out more than 700 improvements. He keeps one department working night and day on new experiments and tests. He has worn out fifty cars in proving needed strength. He spent one year in Europe to study progress there. He drives his own cars over plains and mountains to learn every owner's needs.

He established the standard of 100 per cent over-strength, and brought every part to meet it. He gives his motors 10,000-mile tests, then takes them apart and inspects them. Every part and bearing must remain like new.

He has his own speedway for testing Mitchell cars. His own manufactured hill.

The Mitchell you see now is the final result of 14 years of such efforts.

Our Own Designs

We have our own body plant, our own artists, designers and craftsmen. So Mitchell bodies are distinctive. They are built to Mitchell standards. They embody all the new attractions which we find in any car.

Practically every Mitchell part is built in our own plant. It is built from steel which is made to our formulas. It is built to our strength requirements. Yet, because of our methods, we often build them for half what we could buy them for from parts makers.

Go study the results. See the extras, see the oversizes, see the added luxuries. See the standards which have won to the Mitchell a host of far-famed engineers.

If you are buying a fine car—a car to keep—you will find this the car you want.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

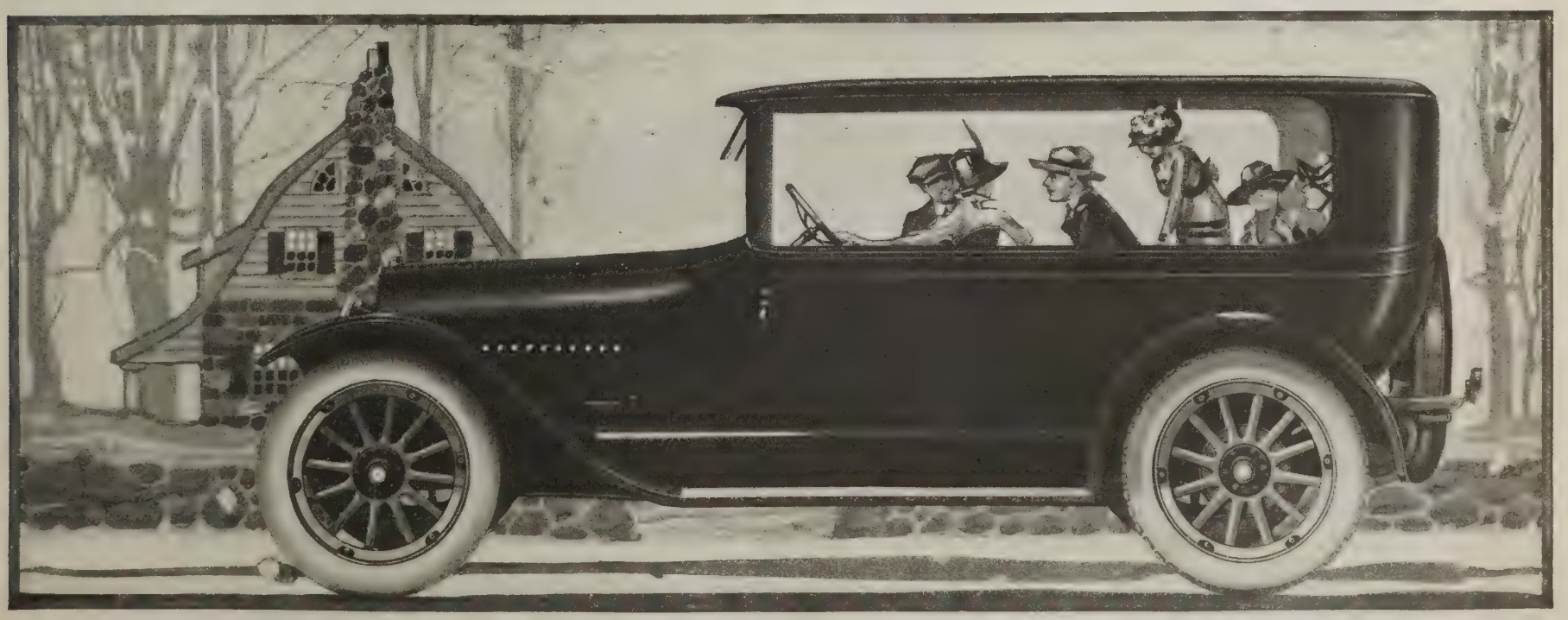
Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.



They'll Get You Yet

Hundreds are arrested every day for driving too fast. 12,085 speeders were caught in New York last year. Almost as many were arrested in Chicago for the same offense.

Why take such a chance?

You can't possibly guess your speed. And what you think you were driving doesn't go in police court. It's what you know that counts.

Guesswork doesn't save you from that burning humiliation, the annoyance, the loss of time or the fine caused by arrest.

And remember—the more speed laws are broken the more stringent they become. The more you break the law the harder you make it, not only for yourself—but everyone.

How do you expect to get by without a Stewart Speedometer? Protect your own interests. Put one on your Ford today. See that each of your friends has one too.

You can get it for $10—or, mounted in a handsome enameled special instrument board for $11.25.

There's a Stewart dealer in your town. Better get in touch with him today.

Your Ford also needs a thoroughly dependable warning signal. Most accidents are due to lack of proper warning. Don't rely on a weak little "buzzer" to clear the way for you. Get a Stewart Warning Signal—either hand-operated, or motor-driven. They are the best designed, best built and most used signals in the world.

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plugs have four sparking points. With them in your Ford motor you get four times the service from your plugs—and what's even more important, you are always sure of a big hot spark under all possible conditions.

Don't overlook these great Ford car accessories. Any Stewart dealer has them in stock—all ready to attach.

If you are looking for an automobile accessory of any kind first see if Stewart makes it.

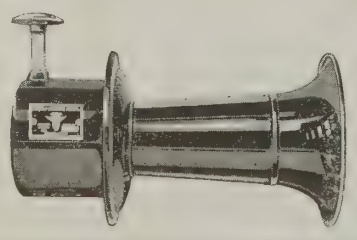
Stewart

Products For

Ford Cars

Stewart-Warner Speedometer and Instrument Board for Fords.

The Stewart Instrument Board is beautifully finished in black enamel with the Stewart Speedometer mounted in the center. It adds a finish and a touch of distinction to the Ford dash. Price complete **$11.25.** Speedometer only, **$10.00.**



Stewart hand operated Warning Signal for Ford cars. It gives a clear, loud, warning note.

Price $3.50.

Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug
Price **$1.00.**

Stewart Products are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A.

ALIEN ENEMIES

(Concluded from Page 25)

aliens could be sequestered in their districts. Their residences could be examined for arms, explosives, and the like, after the method used by the English Home Office.

The English Government took this step immediately upon the declaration of war.

A rigorous search was at once made by the police in the houses of resident aliens, in their clubs, and in all places where they would be likely to resort, in order to remove at once any destructive devices that might be used against the government.

Effective steps would have to be taken by the American Government to protect all its internal methods of transportation and the productive industries upon which its armed forces would depend for supplies and equipment. The destruction of railroad and telegraph lines, bridges, tunnels, and the like, might effect a great national disaster by preventing a mobilization of national troops or causing the failure of supplies to the army or navy.

It would be well for us to carry in mind the warning which English authorities gave to the Home Office when that department, early in the war, announced that it had discovered no conspiracy on the part of alien enemies to commit outrages of this character. It was very pertinently pointed out that alien enemies would not undertake destructive work of this character until the time should come when such outrages would be most effective. The time to destroy bridges, tunnels, and the like, would be on the day when the government was endeavoring to hurry its troops into mobilization.

We do know how effectively active aliens and foreign-sympathizing citizens in this country have been in the destruction of munitions plants, in obstructing commerce-carrying vessels and avenues of our foreign trade. To such an extent have these depredations been carried that the Attorney General has asked the Congress to pass special legislation to cope with these conditions.

There is another feature of this matter, which the French and English authorities urge us to consider: They maintain that the German foreign policy laid down in their countries by resident alien enemies contemplated the embarrassment of their governments, in the event of war, by the organization of industrial strikes.

Resident aliens, at German direction, are to endeavor by industrial dissatisfaction to cripple the country of their domicile in the hour of a national crisis. The prime essentials for putting a nation on a war basis are efficient transportation and an adequate supply of coal; and after that comes the mobilization of her national resources.

The German Empire took care to see that it could not be embarrassed in these directions. Her railroads were organized with a view to military mobilization. They are controlled by a colonel in the German Army. This officer is at the head of a military division able to operate the whole line. The government has fifty-four military companies of railroad engineers, with trained assistants; so that, no matter what the civil population should undertake to do, the army could at once, and for any length of time, operate all the railroads in the empire.

Having taken this precaution for herself it is her policy, we are warned, to cripple her enemies in this vital quarter.

French authorities say that German agitators undertook to organize the railroad employees in France, with the object of insuring a strike at a time when the railroads might be needed for national mobilization. In support of this contention they cite the Mesnard pamphlet, an anonymous publication scattered all over France. This pamphlet appeared within a short time after the German Government had voted a credit of a very large sum of money "to defray the expenses of foreign publications useful to the policy of the empire."

And English authorities point out that the Agadir incident, which might have precipitated a general European war in the summer of 1911, was precisely coincident with one of the worst and greatest industrial strikes in all the history of the English Empire.

It is suggested that this is a field in which resident alien enemies are conspicuously active. No one is to be permitted to presume that our citizens engaged in our productive industries or in our systems of transportation, or the like, are any more apt to be influenced by foreign enemy agitators, or are in any less degree patriotic, than other portions of the people; in fact, it is from these classes that the effective fighting forces of the nation are recruited, and it is from them that the Government, in peril, always receives its steady, unwavering support.

But it must also be remembered that our productive industries are more easily open to the activities of the resident alien enemy than perhaps any other of our lines of endeavor.

In the face of the present situation the American Government, looking to the national defense, must have the intelligent coöperation of the whole people. And the whole people must realize how matters stand, so that they may be able to make efficient such protective measures as the Government may deem advisable.

A TALK WITH PRESIDENT LI

(Concluded from Page 7)

Well, that was plain enough, to be sure, and entirely diplomatic. There was, as you will observe, no mention of any other nation, by name or by implication. The president said nothing about Japan or Russia, or called the name of any country except the United States. But any man who knows the conditions in China, any man who is honest in his view, will interpret that statement in only one way, and that way is this: If China is to be saved from becoming a suzerainty of Japan the United States must save China; and the sure way to do it is to develop China by American capital, of which the country has so great a supply, and thus prevent the large investment of Japanese money and all the obligations on China that Japanese investment will entail, concerning which I shall write at a later date.

"But, Mr. President," I said, "the investment of capital cannot be made without guaranty of the security of government and the guaranty of its protection. We constantly are told that this government is insecure, and that the Republic of China is merely a shell of a republic, and not long to endure."

"I know that," the president replied; "but I call your attention to the fact that the Republic of China has withstood three revolutions and one attempt to return to a monarchial form of government; and that to-day the Republic is steadily and safely progressing. We are making a constitution. We are reforming our system of government in the provinces. We are extending our suffrage. We have ample security for all our loans. Not a foreign loss was entailed in any of these revolutions that has not been amply and promptly compensated. Our salt income this year has netted sixty-nine million dollars. Our maritime customs are increasing. Our other revenues are being systematized. Intrinsically China is solvent and will continue so; and the Chinese Government has the power to protect and will protect any investment made within our borders. There need be no fear on that score."

I asked him about the domestic political situation—which is mixed, to be conservative about it.

"We have a party system," he said, "and naturally we have party strife. There are many conflicting elements and much partisan bitterness. We are afflicted, like your country, I understand, with a certain press that foments such discord as there is. We have our share of political mendacity. We fight for political advantage; but the government is not threatened. Elements in the government, or outside of it, may fight one another; but, varying as our political beliefs are, and strenuous as is the championship of them, and tortuous as is the intrigue, the republic itself is stable, and will continue so to be. If American capital will come American capital will be protected."

Then we talked of other things—of the army, of the parliament, of the new constitution, of the weather, of the beauties and the wonders of Peking, of Americans the president had met, of American institutions—and had another cup of tea.

KIMBALL BALL BEARING AUTO JACK

Showing Kimball Jack extended ready for use. Can be folded and packed in small space. Note that handle turns—does not pump up and down. No ratchets. No pawls.

Notice that the motorist is at a safe distance from grease and dirt. It's all done from the end of the handle. Turn to the right to raise. Turn back to lower.

A few easy turns on the long handle

Raises and lowers your car without effort—no hard pumping up and down—no dirty work—no trouble in lowering the car

This new invention, the Kimball Auto Jack, is unlike any jack you have ever seen before.

You don't have to pump it up and down. Its long handle *turns*. It raises and lowers the heaviest car with ease.

Avoid inconvenience of old style jacks

You don't have to crawl under your car to operate a Kimball Auto Jack. The long handle saves all that inconvenience. All raising and lowering is done by turning the end of the handle. You never get near dirt or grease.

When you use the Kimball, you avoid bumping your head, injuring your hands, and ruining your clothes.

It is much easier to raise a car with a Kimball; you do only about one-fifth the work you have to do with an old style jack.

And it's no trouble at all to lower your car. You don't have to get under the car and struggle, as you do with the old style jack. You give the Kimball a few easy reverse turns, and down sinks the car without a single strain or jerk.

With a Kimball, a ten-year-old boy can raise or lower the heaviest car.

Exclusive Kimball features

Diamond point hardened steel top with *bull-dog grip*. Holds anywhere, won't slip. Ball bearings carry the lift and thrust, reduce friction and make jack work easily. No pawls; no ratchets. No kick-backs or handle blows. Ball socket holds handle rigid while sliding jack under car. Long handle permits lifting any car without getting under it. Nothing to get out of order. Folds up; comes in small bag; takes up little space in tool box. Raises heaviest car with ease. Simple, positive, dependable.

Now standard equipment on all Pathfinder and Franklin cars. Will be used by other high grade cars as standard equipment in 1918.

Special Truck Jack

We also manufacture a special Kimball Truck Jack that easily raises any size truck. It has an extra long handle and extra wide handle grips, which make it very easy to operate.

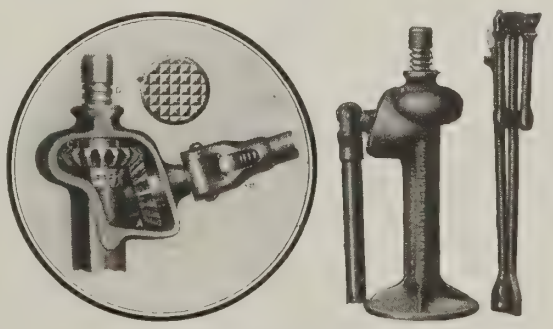
Get a demonstration.

Prices

Size	Minimum Height	Extended Height	Price
No. 1	9″	15″	$4.50
No. 3	11″	18″	5.00
No. 4	12″	20″	5.50
No. 5	Truck Jack		15.00

The diamond point hardened steel top. Grips hard and never slips.

Showing bevel gears, ball bearings and worm.



Folded ready for tool box. A strong bag is supplied with each jack.

Sales Department

EDWARD A. CASSIDY COMPANY, Inc.

280 Madison Avenue, New York

Manufacturers F. W. Mann Co., Milford, Mass.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Don't Starve a Good Battery

We men at the Willard Service Stations often have occasion to make that statement.

For nine times out of ten when a car-owner comes to us with battery trouble it's due to the simple fact that the battery has been allowed to go hungry or thirsty—or both.

I take one look at the hydrometer reading and it shows the specific gravity is 'way down. That tells the story!

The battery hasn't been kept fully charged and filled with distilled water.

If this simple rule is followed, it means battery health and long life.

Neglected, it means repairs by a battery expert.

If your battery is a Willard, you have good value to start with, for over 150 car-builders (the vast majority of all whose cars are electrically equipped) include Willard Batteries in their regular equipment.

Anything with such an endorsement back of it is worth taking care of.

Drop in to see me. I'll tell you how to *prevent* battery troubles—and if you need repairs, I'm the man to make them, for I got my battery education from factory-trained experts.

By the way, I have a rental battery for you, if yours needs repairs.

The Willard Service Station Man

Ask your car dealer for addresses of the 850 Willard Service Stations, or write to the Willard Storage Battery Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Coöperate With these Car Builders

The builders of the cars listed below give you the advantages of Willard quality to start with.

Coöperate with them by letting Willard Service help you keep the battery in good condition.

Abbott-Detroit
Am. La France
American Six
Anderson
Anger
Apperson
Armleder
Austin

Bell
Brockway
Bull Moose
Burford

Case
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Columbia "Six"
Commerce
Crawford
Crow
Cunningham
Cutting

Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day-Elder
Denby
Detroiter
Dixie
Dodge
Dort
Drexel
Drummond

Eagle-Rotary
Elcar
Empire
Excelsior

Federal
F. I. A. T.
Fostoria
F. W. D.

General
Gersix
Glide
Gramm-Bernstein
Grant

Halladay
Harroun
Haynes
Herff-Brooks
Hollier "Eight"
Houghton
Hupmobile

Inter-State

Jones
Jordan

Kent
King
Kissel-Kar
Kline
Knox

L. C. E.
Lane
Lexington
Liberty
Lippard-Stewart
Locomobile
Lozier
Luverne

McFarlan
McLaughlin
Madison
Marion-Handley
Martin
Meteor
Metz
M. H. C.
Moline Knight
Monarch

Monitor
Monroe
Moon

National
National Motor Truck (Canada)

Old Hickory
Overland
Owen Magnetic

Packard
Paige
Pathfinder
Patterson
Peerless
Pennsy
Phianna
Pierce-Arrow
Pratt
Premier

Reo
Republic
Richmond
Riddle
Roamer
Rush

Sayers-Scoville
Simplex
South Bend
Spaulding
Standard
Stanley
Stearns
Stephens
Studebaker
Sun

Thomas

Velie

Westcott
Willys-Knight
Winton

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Willard Batteries are sold by car dealers, garages and all Willard Service Stations and Factory Branches.

"I Always Come Back to Pears"

"I AM through experimenting now. Occasionally I have been persuaded to try other toilet soaps when I read of their wonderful claims, but, disappointed, *I always came back to Pears'*. Pears' is standard in our house now. Whenever the supply happens to run low I immediately get another dozen."

That is the oft-told story of the person who has once known the satisfaction of using

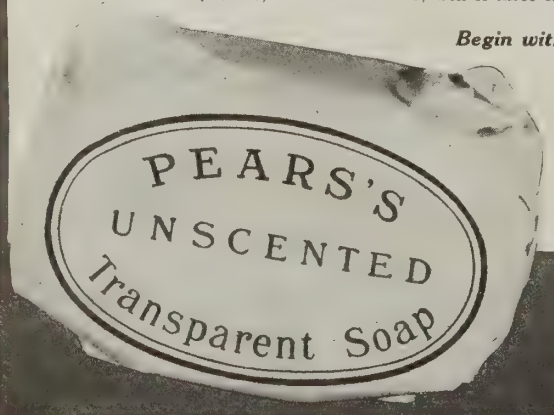
Pears' Soap

Pears' leadership didn't "just happen." Pears' leads because it has all that care, skill and time can put into a toilet soap to make it perfect.

Aged a Year

First of all, Pears' is made of the purest materials blended with all the soap-making wisdom of the largest manufacturers of high-grade toilet soaps in the world. Then every cake is put away to *age* a full year before it is offered for sale. The year-aging rule is never broken. Thus, every drop of moisture is lost and your cake of Pears' comes to you 100% soap.

Pears' (unscented) is 15 cents a cake; box of one dozen, $1.50. Its only odor is the refreshing fragrance of the choice oils of which it is made. Pears' Glycerine Soap (scented) is 20 cents a cake; box of three cakes, 51 cents.



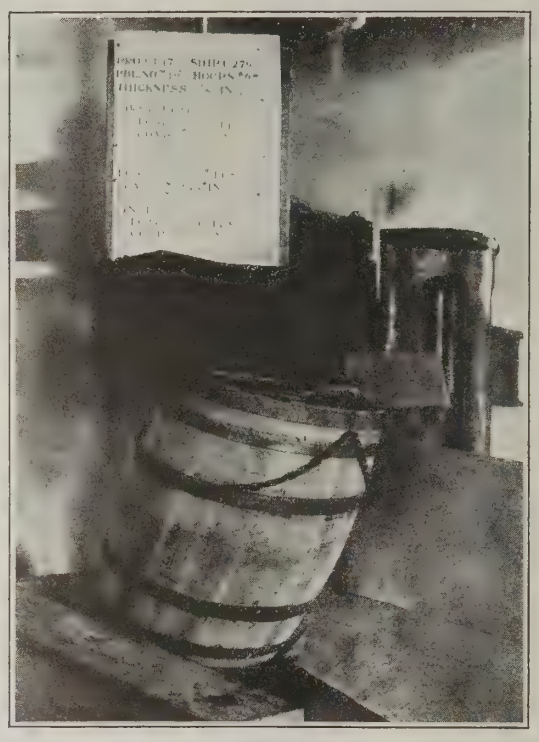
Begin with Pears' today—or are YOU coming back?

Four cents in stamps brings you a Testing Cake of unscented Pears'.

Walter Janvier, U. S. Agent
419 Canal Street, New York

Uncle Sam—Economy Expert—By Forrest Crissey

AT Madison, Wisconsin, is a Government laboratory so alive with the constructive spirit of modern engineering, so intelligently devoted to the practical service of commerce and industry, that its work has won the admiration of Old World specialists engaged in parallel lines of investigation. Its big job is to inoculate America's second largest industry with the thrifty, profit-gathering germ known as the By-Product.



Diagonal Compression Test of Barrel

Perhaps you are unaware that there is a single great industry in the United States which has not yet secured a thoroughly successful culture of this wonderful waste-saving microbe, on which most big lines of manufacture depend for the greater part of their profit. Such, however, is the case; and some time ago the results of this neglect were so serious that Uncle Sam saw he must do something about it himself or witness the swift and wanton depletion of one of his greatest natural resources. So he started into the profession of economy expert, specializing along the line of helping the lumber and timber interests and their customers to stop squandering the splendid fortunes in forests given by Nature to the American people.

The United States Forest Products Laboratory is the largest and most elaborately equipped experimental laboratory in the world for making original investigations in the more economical use of woods. It opened for business June 4, 1910, and, in the words of one of its admirers, "has justified its existence at least once a day ever since." Its field of inquiry is every phase of wood utilization that is of practical commercial importance to-day, or that promises to become so in the immediate future. All its work is done without fee, and it will go to as much pains in teaching an enterprising farmer how to treat his fence posts or silo staves to prolong their service, as to instruct a great timber company in some new means of saving waste. In a word, it will, to the limit of its abilities, give to all reasonable demands the time and attention necessary to satisfy them.

Old Prejudices Removed

It does not sit still and wait for problems to be brought to its doors, however. It has set itself the stint of finding out everything that it can learn about the nature and uses of the woods of the United States and the elements that have a material bearing on their commercial value. Already it has made more than a hundred thousand tests on more than a hundred commercial species of woods, every one of them aimed to answer a practical, sensible question that wood sellers and wood users are asking in order to save waste and prevent wanton sacrifice of this great natural resource. In timber testing alone the laboratory averages five thousand experiments a month.

Another important task this laboratory has performed is that of liberating millions of dollars' worth of woods from the stupid and unfounded decrees of superstition and tradition that have shut them out from certain uses to which they are well adapted. In this field alone the laboratory has undeniably justified its cost many times over, for it has freed to urgent commercial use, through its scientific demonstrations, an annual volume of woods, before neglected and taboo, worth several million dollars.

To-day there are more than a dozen big industrial companies in the United States that have installed large plants for treating their own poles or timbers with preservatives. In almost a literal sense the laboratory has set these great waste-saving concerns up in business. Of course Uncle Sam has contributed nothing to their outfitting in the way of financial capital; but in his capacity as an economy expert he has given them the most important capital of all—the technical knowledge worked out by his force of scientists in the Forest Products Laboratory; the processes that have been tested and proved under the authority of the Federal Government. This part of the work has a very direct relation to the protection of human life through preventing a large proportion of the cave-ins that would occur if the mines throughout the country continued to use only untreated timbers.

Testing Boxes and Cartons

Another notable mission performed by this unique laboratory is that of saving the shippers of merchandise hundreds of thousands of dollars in loss and waste by preventing them from sending their goods in boxes, cartons and packing cases of inferior construction and materials—containers unfit for the service demanded of them.

The breaking of boxes and smashing of packing cases is a science at the great laboratory, and the box maker who attempts to market a new product knows to a moral certainty that some prospective customer will send a small shipment of the containers to be tested by the experts and the special machines at Madison. For all practical purposes this laboratory has standardized the business of box making and put it on a scientific basis. It is impossible to compute, with any reasonable chance of arriving at a fair guess, the annual saving to shippers resulting from the facts established by the box tests at the Forest Products Laboratory; but the sum is surely a big one. Possibly it is several million dollars.

In taking a preliminary look over the varied fields of usefulness preëmpted by the Forest Products Laboratory, however, do not lose sight of the fact that its big job is that of economy expert. It must not only learn how to utilize a far greater proportion of those parts of the forest and of individual trees now wasted but also to make better use of the lumber now produced. By-Product, we all know, is the middle name of every meat-packing concern of any size or importance in America. If the available statistics of the packing industry are to be believed, the burden of profit bearing rests wholly on this secondary product. The main output—just plain Meat—escapes from the packing house without paying its board and leaves By-Product to hold the bag, settle the score and pay dividends.

In the lumber industry this thrifty burden bearer has been conspicuously absent.

Careful investigations established the fact that, in general practice, only about twenty-five per cent of the standing timber of a forest found its way to the commercial lumber pile—the rest being waste.

Lumber in its various forms has not only been forced to carry the whole load but it has been treated with less manufacturing intelligence and victimized by more blundering and abuses in its marketing than probably any other of our important products. Of course, in the end the consumer was the one who had to pay the toll for this criminal waste. While this was bound to be heavy enough to make the consumers of the present day sit up and count their change, it was sure to fall with cumulative weight on the consumer of the second and third generations.

It was a consideration of this situation that moved Mr. Gifford Pinchot and his associates to determine that the second greatest industry in the United States could no longer be allowed to blunder along without a practical, working partnership with By-Product. The clever idea of hooking up the plan for a great Forest Products Laboratory with some state having important lumbering interests was hit on. Coöperation of this kind was thought to be almost certain to bring good results.

The plan was tentatively placed before the state universities of several commonwealths having big lumbering interests, and nearly all of them rose to the bait with cheering zest. The University of Wisconsin was finally selected as the partner of Uncle Sam in this paternal project.

The university furnished the site, built a two-story brick building costing fifty thousand dollars, contracted to provide heat, light and power. Uncle Sam's part of the work is to furnish the equipment and the staff. Considering the fact that of the eighty-five persons regularly on the laboratory pay roll more than fifty are highly trained scientists, and the further fact that about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of equipment is already in use at the laboratory, it will be seen that the Federal Government is carrying its fair share of the load.

This equipment consists of a strange assortment of devices, ranging from huge timber-testing machines to a "baby retort" for distillation purposes. A perfectly good dungeon, or "rotting pit," is one of the star features of the strange place, which also maintains an official cemetery for the burial of posts, poles and timbers of almost every kind.

The Objects of the Laboratory

Perhaps the clearest idea of the full scope of this fascinating work is to be had from the terse, technical outline given by Director Howard F. Weiss, in these words:

"The Forest Products Laboratory is a laboratory of practical research. Its aim is to promote economy and efficiency in the utilization of wood and in the processes by which forest materials are converted into commercial products. In doing this the purpose is:

"To secure authoritative information on the mechanical and physical properties of commercial woods and of the products secured from them.

"To study and develop the fundamental principles underlying the seasoning and kiln-drying of wood, its preservative treatment, its use for the production of fiber products—pulp, paper, fiber board—and its use in the manufacture of alcohol, turpentine, rosin, tar and other chemical products.

"To develop practical ways and means of using wood that, under present conditions, is being wasted.

"To coöperate with consumers of forest products in improving present methods of using them; also, in formulating specifications and grading rules for commercial woods and materials secured from them, and for materials used in the preservative treatment of wood.

"To make the information secured available to the public through publications, correspondence, and other means.

"Anyone is at liberty to correspond with the laboratory about particular problems dealing with the utilization of wood and will receive whatever information is available on the subject. Such information is, of course, furnished free. The staff of the laboratory is also available for consultation work provided the problem under consideration has some bearing of general interest. Our investigations are divided into the following general lines: 1—Timber Tests—strength tests; 2—Timber Physics; 3—Pulp and Paper; 4—Derived Products; and 5—Wood Preservation."

Most of the visitors at the laboratory are manufacturers or their representatives—men who are seeking the solution of serious and practical problems to be worked out on a big commercial scale. It is likely, however, that no delegation ever visited the laboratory and left so large a feeling of satisfaction behind as the thousand Wisconsin farmers who came to see—as many of them later confessed—just how foolishly the state was spending a part of its tax money.

Large numbers of these doubting delegates from the soil came in their own automobiles, and the procession of machines, standing in close formation, occupied the highway for a distance of almost a mile. The reason why these farmers left such a glowing feeling of satisfaction with the force of scientists at the laboratory was that they had come expecting to see a plant devoted to finespun scientific theories, and poorly calculated to accomplish anything practical for anybody—particularly for a farmer—and left feeling that they had discovered about the most useful government institution in existence.

After the inspection was finished one of the farmers put his impression in these words:

Dividends of Usefulness

"I may as well confess that I came here with a well-grounded notion that I should find almost nothing in the work of the laboratory that had any real, practical, money-saving relation to the business of running a farm right now—to-day. Probably I should have been willing to admit that we might come across some things of use to the big lumber companies. We all know there is a lot of waste in the lumber business, and I was willing to concede that, as the supply of timber began to run out and the cost of producing lumber continued to increase, the lumber industry would have to stop running things with quite so high and loose a hand and find out how to cut the corners a little, and that these young men of the Forest Service might be able to show the way out.

"If anybody had told me that an inspection of the laboratory would show me how I might save enough money on the farm, by putting in practice anything worked out here, to pay the proportion of my taxes that goes to the support of this institution, I should have laughed at the suggestion as being absurd. Now I am going home to put into practice several things I have learned here to-day, any of which will save me more than enough to pay all my state tax for the year. If the United States Government or the state of Wisconsin can show me another investment of the public funds that yields a higher return in dollars and cents every day in the year I should like to see it. Why, to-day I have seen shingles that have been so successfully treated with chemicals that it is practically impossible to set fire to them. I have seen treated posts that refuse to rot under conditions that would have reduced those on my farm to a state of complete uselessness; and I have learned a whole lot about how to pick out the right kind of lumber for certain important farm purposes.

"There is quite a lot of standing timber on a part of one of my farms and I am sure the leads I have picked up here to-day from these young men will result in my making a much more intelligent and profitable use of that timber than I should have made if the laboratory had not done the practical work it has shown us to-day. I'm proud of this institution; it's a paying concern and I'm coming again."

On one occasion a group of young men in the timber-testing department found difficulty in keeping their faces straight when a school-teacher on seeing a timber break under the carefully measured strain of a testing machine exclaimed:

"Oh, dear; it's broken! Isn't that too bad?"

Hardly a week passes that does not bring to the laboratory several visitors from foreign countries. Many of these are scientists connected with government schools or institutions where the technical study of wood is carried on with true Old World thoroughness. The alert young investigators of the laboratory learn much from these guests of the wood products of other lands. Perhaps the visiting chemists from

(Continued on Page 78)

Value maintained!

Good shoe leather has never been so scarce. The leather market has never been so upset.

But the Crossett factory doors have been barred tight against the slightest quality compromise.

Crossett Shoes stand today for an individual and definite standard of value. Stout, flawless leather. Strong stitches. Absolute comfort.

You have rarely seen such stylish yet comfortable shoes as those we offer you in this Spring of 1917.

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc., *Makers*, North Abington, Mass.

CROSSETT SHOE

"Makes Life's Walk Easy"

TRADE MARK

Priced $7 to $12

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REX CHAINS For ELEVATING CONVEYING And TRANSMISSION

Rex Traveling Water Screens are used to clear water of all debris, before taking it into the plants of such firms as Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago; Union Electric Co., St. Louis; Illinois Steel Co., Chicago; Edison Illuminating Co., Detroit, etc. Information on request.

Suppose the big conveyor in your plant broke today

What would be your loss? To some plant owners it would mean thousands of dollars' loss, to say nothing of the delay—and in these days delay means distress.

On every elevator, conveyor or drive—large or small—in your plant there is one all-important thing that determines whether it is going to run or fail you, and that thing is the chain that carries the load.

Firms that realize this specify Rex Chain on equipment they order, and find it dependable under all conditions.

A few of the big firms that use Rex Chain are:

Milford Canning Company, Milford, Ill.
International Harvester Company, Chicago
Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee
West Virginia Pulp & Paper Co., Covington, W. Va.
Great Southern Lumber Co., Bogalusa, La.
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company, New York
R. A. Johnston Company, Milwaukee
Buick Motor Company, Flint, Mich.
Paige Motor Car Company, Detroit
Ford Motor Company, Detroit
Presto-Lite Company, Indianapolis
Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Over thirty million feet of Rex Chains are now in use in such industrial plants of this country—enough to reach from New York to San Francisco and back again.

We have a distinctive claim to make if you are interested in chains for these purposes: agricultural machinery, canning machinery, saw mills, lime and cement plants, packing houses, pulp and paper mills, ice houses, tanneries, breweries, oil wells, power plants, sand and gravel plants, mining machinery, glass plants, automobile plants, drilling and trenching machinery, fertilizer plants, steel mills, and on all forms of elevating, conveying, transmission and concrete machinery.

It is our great confidence in our product and the great need for that product in every industrial plant that enable us to make a claim of such breadth.

Write us for our literature. Tell us the use you are considering for Rex Chains. Our Engineering Department has had twenty-five years' experience to draw on when advising you about chains for elevating, conveying and transmission machinery.

REX MIXER

For PERMANENCE in CONCRETE

Rex Mixers have made good on jobs of all kinds and sizes—from laying a piece of sidewalk to building the Catskill Aqueduct. They are furnished in all sizes, from the one shown here (4 cu. ft.) up to the larger mixers and pavers. Catalog G sent on request.

Concrete to be permanent must be properly mixed

Proper mixing means machine mixing with an unfaltering, positive, yet flexible drive—the drive that comes from an unfailing, easy running chain.

Several years ago we decided to manufacture a mixer, every part of which would be of a quality equal to that of its Rex Chain drive. The Rex Mixer is all we aimed to make it.

Throughout, it is of the same high quality as Rex Chain, on which our reputation of twenty-five years had been built. Rex Mixers have the design, capacity and durability that answer the requirements of contractors in every branch of their work. Our engineers embodied in REX the qualities that meet the requirements of the largest possible number of contractors; they have eliminated the weak points common in other mixers.

Some of the Contractors using Rex Mixers:

George A. Fuller Company
Smith, Hauser & MacIsaac, Inc.
Raymond Concrete Pile Co.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R.
Nash-Dowdle Co.

Contractors everywhere acknowledge the superior qualities of Rex Mixers. These firms are constantly using them and will tell you why they meet their requirements.

Rex Mixers are made in sizes of four cubic feet, wet capacity, and up. The Rex has a steel frame, steel truck, cast semi-steel drum, friction clutch, chilled semi-steel rollers and steel housing over the gasoline engine. Every gasoline-driven Rex Mixer is equipped with a Novo Engine.

You can have any capacity. One small Rex Mixer may be the entire equipment of a contractor in a small town. On the big jobs you'll find ten or more mixers, some perhaps of the largest sizes. Get in touch with the nearest Rex distributor. If you do not know who he is in your town, write us now for complete information and interesting booklets about Rex Mixers.

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Rex Chains for elevating, conveying and transmission
Sprocket Wheels—Gears
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Rex Paving Mixers
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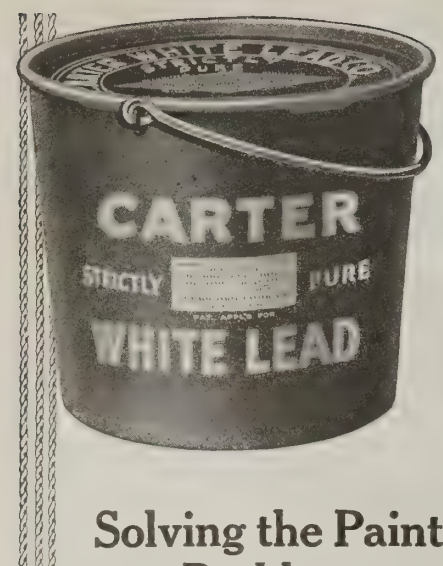
CHAIN BELT COMPANY (Established 1891) 751 Park St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Chain Belt Company, 30 Church Street, New York
W. B. Louer Company, Rex Mixer Representative, Old Colony Building, Chicago



Solving the Paint Problem

All worth while house paints contain *some* white lead. The better kinds are *chiefly* white lead. The best kind is *pure* white lead and linseed oil,

Mixed to Your Order

—any color you desire—by an experienced painter.

You cannot paint your house without using white lead; the more the better; the better the lead the better the paint.

CARTER
The White
WHITE LEAD

is the last word in pure white lead, and a name you should remember; it stands for beauty, durability and economy.

Ask your painter to show you "The Paint Beautiful" Portfolio, showing the latest and most artistic color schemes. Write for our free book, "Pure Paint," a Text Book on House-painting. It contains four color plates from the elaborate Painter's Portfolio.

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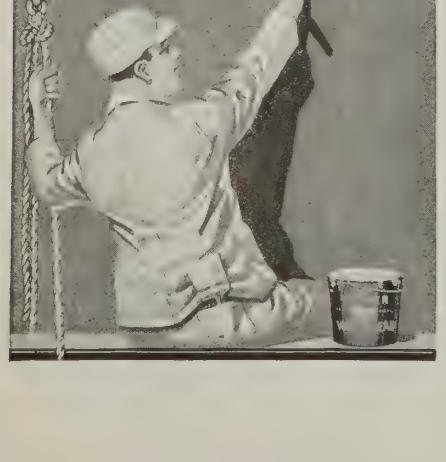

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other countries contribute most, in this informal way, to the scientific resources of the laboratory.

Comparatively few foreigners visit the laboratory with whom correspondence is not later exchanged. On returning to their own countries these visitors generally give talks and addresses before technical or scientific audiences, with the almost universal result that their description of the United States Forest Products Laboratory draws out a large number of letters from their hearers who are stimulated to seek at first hand more specific information. On the other hand the laboratory staff finds an acquaintance with technically trained visitors from other lands a distinct asset, as this personal contact frequently opens the way to extend correspondence of the greatest possible assistance along research lines. In this way, as well as by the force of the big commercial results achieved by the laboratory, it has become in no small sense an international institution.

A glimpse into the chemical researches of this laboratory reveals perhaps the most fascinating, though certainly the least spectacular, line of activity carried on there. This work has a wonderful range and diversity, in spite of the fact that a high percentage of its investigations is along the line of wood-preservation work. It touches Paper and Pulp Making; Derived Products; and even Timber Physics. In a word, chemistry cannot be entirely shut out from any phase of industry and commerce, or from any line of wood-utilization research. Like petroleum, it penetrates everywhere. It must be reckoned with in all that touches the work of waste saving and higher efficiency in the utilization of wood and all the products that come from it.

Consequently the chemical staff of the laboratory is an uncommonly able one.

The way work involving chemical research is planned and put through seems to furnish an especially apt illustration of the general policy of the laboratory as a whole. This is: First, find out what are the really worth while problems in the industries using wood and its products; next, work out in the laboratory what appears to be a practical and satisfactory solution of each problem; and, finally, have the broad practicality of that solution thoroughly tested and proved on a commercial scale by securing the active coöperation of manufacturers who will try it out in their own plants.

Enormous Savings Possible

Almost all successes achieved by the chemists of this laboratory—and they are numerous and important—have been scored by following this sound, constructive plan. Always the aim is to make every move pay in a commercial way at the earliest possible moment. To do this means the exercise of sound judgment in picking the problems in which time, money and scientific effort are to be invested; the careful planning of the research work in the laboratory, making haste slowly and with scientific thoroughness; and, at last, a broad commercial test in as many industrial plants as possible.

When the work reaches the stage of being tried out in private manufacturing plants the experts who have worked on the problem in the laboratory are sent out to see that equipments and conditions are right, and to help in making the methods determined in the laboratory a success in the commercial plants.

There could be no better example of the success of this policy than the progress of the work of wood preservation. It is hardly stepping outside the lines of literal truth to say that this laboratory has put wood preservation on the map and made this most direct form of waste saving known and practiced wherever mine timbers, piles, posts, ties and poles are used. Scores of large concerns have gone into timber treating on a generous scale as a direct result of the activities of this laboratory. They apply the methods worked out and furnished to them by the laboratory. Many of them are mining companies or their subsidiaries; the others are either large users of poles and ties or are in the field for the purpose of securing timber-treating contracts.

It has been conclusively demonstrated that cave-ins, due to the breaking of the supporting tunnel timbers, are far less frequent when those timbers have been subjected to the preservative treatment standardized by the laboratory. Under average conditions untreated timbers in mine tunnels should be renewed at least every third year in order to be safe; timbers treated by the laboratory have been in mines for more than nine years and are still entirely sound. They are examined by representatives of the laboratory at regular intervals, and these experts report that there is every reason to believe that they will not require replacement until they have served at least a dozen years.

In a case of this kind the saving in the cost of timbers is perhaps the smallest part of the economy effected; the reduction of labor and operating expenses and the eliminating of frequent interruptions to production are extremely important elements in this phase of economy. Accidents are the costliest kind of waste that a mine may have, and the clear demonstration that accidents may be greatly reduced by timber treating is a service of the highest order.

Treating Plant for Ties, Mine Timbers and Poles

Of course it should be remembered that wood-preservation work was being carried on by the Forest Service in a systematic and scientific manner before the laboratory was built—in fact, the present director was for some time chief of the Office of Wood Preservation in the Forest Service, when the great laboratory was the unrealized dream of a few ardent young scientists and foresters.

The pioneer work in wood preservation done by the Forest Service previous to 1900 had stimulated a few of the most progressive companies in the industry to install experimental timber-treating plants. As early as 1900 there were some eight or ten of these plants in the United States, but all of them together used only a few million gallons of creosote and a small quantity of zinc chloride—the two preservatives most extensively employed.

Since the establishment of the laboratory, however, the business of treating timber with preservatives has gone forward by leaps and bounds, and to-day there are more than a hundred commercial timber-treating plants that each year use in excess of a hundred million gallons of creosote and nearly thirty million pounds of zinc chloride.

In a commercial way comparatively little has been done in treating timbers with preservatives outside of crossties and telephone and telegraph poles. The railroads of the United States, in 1910, for example, put in about thirty million treated crossties as against a hundred and twenty millions that were untreated. This was for both new track and the replacement of old ties. The cost of these ties was more than seventy-five million dollars.

Naturally the results of this work have been carefully studied and checked by the laboratory and its field experts. The opportunities for comparison were highly favorable. The laboratory makes the impressive statement that its estimates indicate that if all the ties, poles, posts, piling and mine timbers used in 1910 and since then had been treated with preservatives according to the best methods known, the annual saving would have been not less than seventy million dollars. Quite a tidy sum and well worth Uncle Sam's special efforts as an economy expert!

A Mining Man's Lesson

In at least one line the big railroad, telegraph, telephone and mine companies do excellent teamwork with representatives of the United States Government; they pull shoulder to shoulder in making extensive experiments to determine the life of treated and untreated wood material under every condition of exposure naturally met with in ordinary usage. This coöperation between private corporations and the National Government is significant and encouraging. More than forty sets of test material—some of them quite extensive—located in various parts of the country where the conditions of exposure are decidedly different, are inspected at regular intervals by members of the laboratory staff, and the results are carefully recorded, analyzed and published in a form intended to be of the greatest possible service to all having a practical interest in the subject of wood preservation. Scores of important conclusions have already been arrived at by this means; but, as a whole, these observations have shown conclusively that the life of wood used in exposed situations, or in contact with soil or water, may be multiplied by at least three through the intelligent use of preservatives.

The head of a coal company became interested in the possibilities of wood preservation and visited the laboratory at Madison, where he was escorted to the "dungeon," or rotting pit, where treated and untreated woods of almost every commercial kind are subjected to about all the agencies calculated to work swift and sure deterioration that science has thus far been able to devise. Then he was shown the outside "cemetery," where pieces of the same posts and timbers are buried for the purpose of placing a check on the results of the rotting pit. In other words, this curious cemetery secures by natural means the destructive results obtained in the laboratory in a much shorter time by artificial agencies.

After the manager of the coal-mining company had been shown the difference in the deterioration of treated and untreated woods and had listened to crisp and pointed explanations of the various experiments, he declared his intention of establishing a treating plant large enough to take care of all the timbers used in his mines. He was surprised at the small sum required to install the plant. In the work of putting up the plant and getting it started he had the advice and active assistance of an expert detailed from the laboratory. This occurred several years ago, and the records show that the consistent use of this plant has reduced the company's annual consumption of timber one-half, though only a part of the timber used has been treated.

This case is cited because it is thoroughly typical of scores of others, many of them showing still greater economy gains.

If the laboratory confined its application of preservatives to the woods commonly

(Continued on Page 81)

The Maxwell Sedan

$985

THE Maxwell Sedan offers all the advantages and conveniences of two cars—one closed and one open type—with but one investment and one maintenance cost.

It is only a moment's work to raise or lower the windows. When the car is open it is a perfect touring car; when closed, it is as snug and comfortable as the most luxurious electric car or limousine.

This sedan is built on the regular Maxwell chassis, insuring the ease of operation, the sturdiness and the economy in upkeep for which Maxwell cars are famed the world over.

Dealers not now having a demonstrator on hand are advised to order at once. In our opinion, which is based on the attitude and actions of the public, this car is destined to create a tremendous all-year-round demand.

Roadster $620; Touring Car $635; Town Car $915; Cabriolet $865, completely equipped including electric starter and lights. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.
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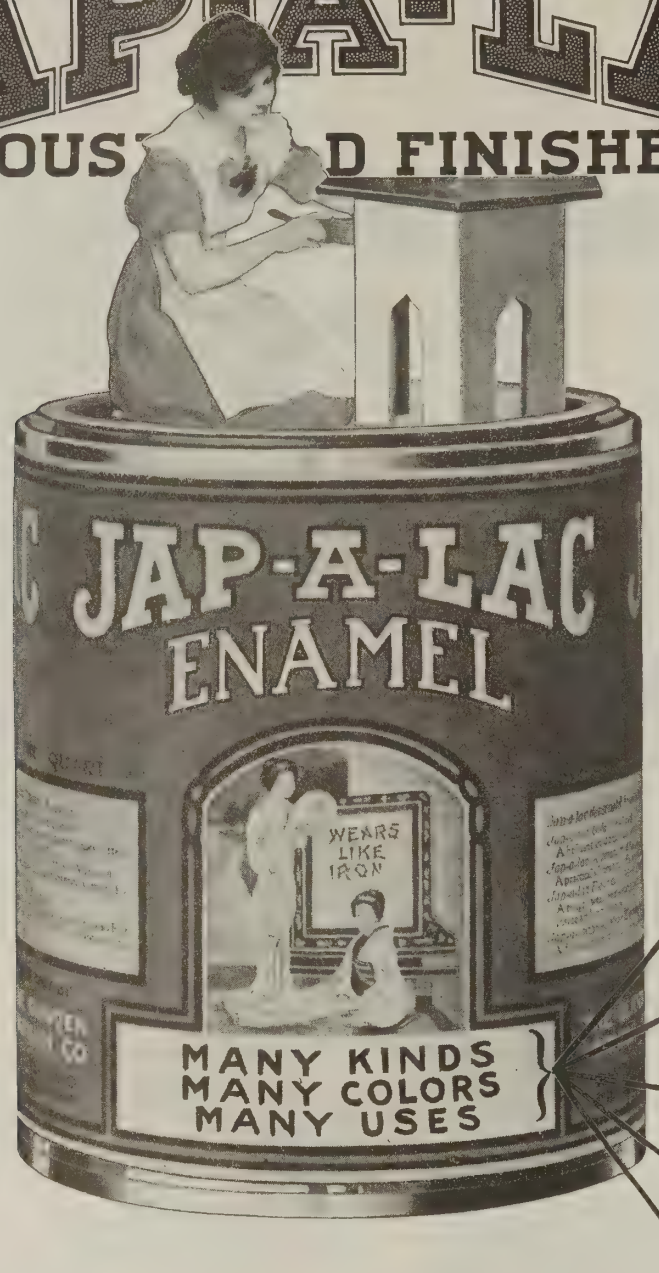
JAP-A-LAC

HOUSEHOLD FINISHES



Why not have clean white enamel in the old bedroom? Put the same finish on chairs and bedstead.

This kind of Jap-a-lac gives new color and durable newness at the same time. Good for floors and woodwork too.

This is the Jap-a-lac Varnish that puts on durable brilliancy without changing the color.

They'll All Come in Handy this Spring

Floors begin to show wear, a chair needs new color, a fresh coat on the baseboards would make them look like new—each month some surfaces, indoors or out, need attention.

Taking these things in hand early is true economy. There's less labor in keeping the home spick and span when floors, furniture and woodwork are not allowed to get run down. Truly here "a stitch in time saves nine."

Jap-a-lac Household Finishes are made for just such up-keep work. There are many kinds. They're all good. Each one does a particular kind of job and does it well.

You can get further assurance of these good wearing qualities from the fact that Jap-a-lac Household Finishes are the most widely used products of their kind. Only true goodness can gain such world-wide use.

Let this list be your spring painting guide.

Jap-a-lac Household Finishes Include—

Jap-a-lac Varnish Stain
Seven attractive, transparent colors; stain and varnish combined.

Jap-a-lac Floor and Interior Varnish
A durable, clear varnish for floors and general interior use.

Jap-a-lac Enamel
Solid enamel finishes. Seven colors. Also flat and gloss whites, and flat and brilliant blacks.

Jap-a-lac Gold Paint
A brilliant gold finish for wood or metal.

Jap-a-lac Aluminum Paint
A practical, silvery finish for wood or metal.

Jap-a-lac Porch and Floor Paint
A weather-resisting paint for both inside and outside use.

Jap-a-lac Screen Enamel
A durable enamel for screens and other metal surfaces. Black and green.

Jap-a-lac Stove Pipe Enamel
A black, heat-resisting enamel, brilliant and lasting.

Jap-a-lac Graining Color
A tough varnish for producing wood grain effects, over Jap-a-lac ground color.

Jap-a-lac Crack and Crevice Filler
A wear-proof filler that does not crack or shrink.

Do the Little Things Yourself—but Call in a Practical Painter for the Big Jobs

If you are building a new home or refinishing the old one in a big way, go to a practical painter and be sure that he uses Glidden Architectural Finishes (Varnishes, Enamels, Stains, etc.).

Jap-a-lac Household Finishes sold by dealers everywhere. Send for color card and interesting, instructive booklet.

Treble the life of your screens. Jap-a-lac Screen Enamel costs less than new screens.

This is a tough weather resisting paint. Ability to stand floor wear makes it suitable for any outside use.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., CLEVELAND, U. S. A.
THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

GLIDDEN

(Continued from Page 78)

used for crossties, poles, piles and mine timbers, its usefulness as an Economy Expert would suffer a severe handicap. Instead, it has recognized the necessity of finding cheaper woods thus far unsanctioned by tradition as suitable for use as crossties, poles and posts that may be made so through the use of preservatives. Extensive experiments along this line have been made with the loblolly pine of the Southeast, the jack pine of the North and the lodgepole pine of the Rocky Mountain States. These varieties have been found entirely suitable for crossties when properly treated with preservatives. The varieties are abundant in their various sections and have heretofore been very cheap, because considered almost commercially useless save in a very restricted way. In the last five years, however, the use of these pines for crossties has doubled.

No matter in what line of investigation they may be engaged, the scientists of Uncle Sam's Forest Products Laboratory invariably keep constantly in mind the possibility and economic advantage of introducing to a broad commercial use woods that have been generally neglected. This persistent and systematic search for efficient substitutes for woods which have been so extensively used in large lines of manufacture that they are becoming scarce and extremely high in price is undoubtedly one of the best things Uncle Sam does as an Economy Expert. That chemistry, by means of a preservative, should be able to impress several cheap and neglected woods into the substitute ranks where the need for them is acute, must be considered as a distinct scientific achievement. It is another interesting proof of the penetrating power of chemistry considered from the viewpoint of commerce.

Saving Wasted Chemicals

In the field of chemistry a most important part of the work of the laboratory is along the line of standardizing wood preservatives—finding those that will do the work at the lowest cost and preventing waste in their use. A wide range of waste products offered by other industries have been tested by the laboratory to determine their possible usefulness as preservatives. Altogether about thirty preservatives have been elaborately tested with regard to their possible effectiveness in checking the growth of fungi, their penetrative properties, their staying powers after they have once permeated the wood, their effect on the strength of the wood, and their corrosive action on steel, iron or other metals commonly used in connection with wood. Many curious and unexpected results have been brought to light by these investigations.

Perhaps the most important one is that much more creosote and zinc chloride are commonly used in the commercial treating plants to-day than is necessary to get the best results. One of the Forest Service experts puts this significant discovery in these terms:

"If the toxic values ascertained as a result of the extensive tests in the laboratory are correct, there is in present practice from ten to twenty times as much coal-tar creosote and one and a half times as much zinc chloride being forced into the wood under treatment as is necessary to prevent decay. Of course it is well in common commercial practice to be on the safe side in the quantity of the preservatives used, to make generous allowance for leaching, evaporation, or any other changes liable to affect the strength of the treatment; but waste on so large a scale is unwarranted, and the laboratory has done a useful work in showing the users of wood preservatives how they can save a high percentage of their chemicals. In many plants this economy alone will mean the saving of many thousands of dollars a year."

Another interesting discovery is that, as a general thing, highly viscous oils do not readily penetrate wood, while the oils of low viscosity sink in easily. Again, it has been conclusively demonstrated that the best results are obtained when both the wood and the preservatives are heated during the treatment.

In removing one of the most serious objections to the use of wood paving blocks the laboratory has performed a distinct public service. Because of its ability to stand up under heavy traffic, the ease with which it may be kept clean, and its comparative noiselessness, wood-block pavement has come into high favor in many of America's large cities. On the other hand, the tendency of the blocks to "bleed" under strong summer heat has been a serious handicap to the popularity of this otherwise highly desirable form of paving. When pedestrians discovered that they could not cross a pavement of this kind, when a hot sun was beating down on it, without carrying away large quantities of tar on the soles of their shoes, they suddenly developed a most decided sentiment against creosoted wood-block paving. The chemists of the laboratory saw that here was a big, live, practical problem which needed solution.

The Vacuum Treatment

They finally hit on a method of treatment that appears to be thoroughly effective in preventing the blocks from bleeding after they have been laid. This treatment consists in drawing a vacuum on the blocks both before and after their treatment with preservatives. A test pavement of blocks treated in this way may be seen in Quincy Street, Chicago, between La Salle Street and Fifth Avenue. The eastern half of the street is laid with blocks treated in the old way, while the western half is paved with blocks subjected to the improved Forest Service method of vacuum treatment. The eastern half, which was not given the double vacuum treatment, bleeds profusely when the sun beats fiercely on it, while, at the same time, the western half, which did receive this treatment, remains clean.

When the investigations of the Forest Service showed that this country suffers an annual loss of about eight million dollars from sap stain in lumber the authorities of the laboratory saw that here was another opportunity for Uncle Sam to demonstrate in a new way his efficiency as a waste saver. This liability of lumber, after it has been cut and piled, to be attacked by a fungus called blue stain was decidedly discouraging to lumbermen.

At first the laboratory reached the conclusion that caustic soda would probably prove to be effective; but rather extensive experiments with this agent on the part of large lumber companies were not satisfactory. Later, however, the persistent experiments with which the laboratory has assailed this stubborn problem have seemed to demonstrate conclusively that sodium fluoride will not only eliminate the sap-stain trouble but that, because of its strong antiseptic qualities, it is well calculated to assist in checking decay during the storage of the lumber. Fortunately this chemical is comparatively cheap. Though the demonstrations thus far made with sodium fluoride have been clearly successful, they have been on a comparatively small scale; and, therefore, the laboratory is not yet ready to give this treatment its unqualified indorsement until it has been tried out in a big way by some of the large lumber producers. This policy obtains in every activity of the institution.

Active coöperation with individual and corporate concerns was part of the policy of the Forest Service before the laboratory was called into being. The men who have been most active in the work of the laboratory started several experiments many years ago on which the laboratory, from almost the day of its opening, has conducted a long series of searching observations with most important results.

One of these experiments was made ten years ago in coöperation with what is now the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Sets of experimental poles were placed in lines running out of Buffalo and Poughkeepsie, New York, and Savannah, Georgia. From the studies made of these poles many valuable conclusions have been reached. One is that the poles last longer when used in the region of their natural habitat than when put out to service in climatic and soil conditions which are strange to them. Another is that fewer badly decayed poles were found in the lines running through swamps than in drier situations. Also, it was discovered that untreated poles, charred or set in crushed stone, showed less decay at the ground line than those set in sand. Perhaps the most important general principles arrived at through these observations are that a preservative, to be really effective, must penetrate several inches into the wood and that plain tar coatings have been found quite inefficient in preventing the decay of poles.

Lifting the ban of prejudice from woods that have been shut out from their natural uses is a big economic task and one that only a scientific institution commanding universal confidence could successfully carry through. Regarding this phase of the laboratory's work, Mr. H. S. Sackett, timber engineer of the Forest Service, says:

"The hickory tree produces wood of two colors—red heartwood and white sapwood. For many years most of the users of hickory products excluded the red heartwood from their specifications, for the reason that they thought it was not so strong and resilient as the white sapwood. This resulted in great waste in the use of the hickory tree, as in many cases the heartwood makes up more than fifty per cent of the entire cubical content. In order to determine whether there was any foundation for this prejudice against red hickory the Forest Service conducted, in coöperation with the vehicle associations, a large series of tests and found that the discrimination was largely unwarranted. The tests showed that when the red hickory was as dense as the white there was practically no difference in their quality and strength. As a result of the tests by the laboratory the Isthmian Canal Commission changed its specifications for pick handles, shovel handles and similar products to include a large amount of the red hickory. Many other large consumers have likewise changed their specifications. This has made an immense saving in the sacrifice of this valuable wood. Red hickory is now permissible in a majority of hickory specifications; ten years ago it was rigidly excluded."

Tests for Hardness

"The laboratory has worked out a method of determining the hardness of various woods by pressing a steel ball into them. This is a far more important form of standardization than at first it might seem to be.

"The rapid extension of telephone and power lines in the West makes the question of a pole supply one of increasing importance. This is particularly true in the Southern Rocky Mountain States, an area quite far removed from the source of supply of standard poles. In this territory there are found large quantities of both green and fire-killed lodgepole pine and Engelmann spruce. Users of poles have been backward in making use of these species because they lacked confidence in their ability to withstand severe strain. With the idea of determining their relative strength the Forest Service conducted a series of tests on both green and fire-killed timber of these species and in conjunction with these tests ran a series on Western red cedar, which is one of the standard poles now in use.

"The result of the tests showed that both the green and fire-killed poles were sufficiently strong for pole purposes, and thus opened up for use a vast quantity of timber before untouched.

"Long-leaved pine and Douglas fir have been practically the only woods used for the crossarms of poles. Tests with short-leaved pine and white cedar show them to possess ample strength for use as crossarms.

"Additional tests of softwoods are now contemplated, and no doubt many other varieties will be shown to be sufficiently strong for use as crossarms. The big value of all this test work is to broaden the markets for users of this class of material and to enable them to utilize, to a large extent, those woods that are found nearest the point where they are needed."

Experiments in California

"It is a rather curious fact that nearly all the hardwoods in the United States are found east of the Rocky Mountains. In the state of California, extending from San Francisco north to Oregon, in a strip about thirty miles wide, is the great forest of redwoods containing billions of feet of this timber. Mixed in with the redwoods are a few hardwoods, such as the tanbark oak, the madrona, the laurel and a few minor species. Of these hardwoods the tanbark oak is the most abundant and important.

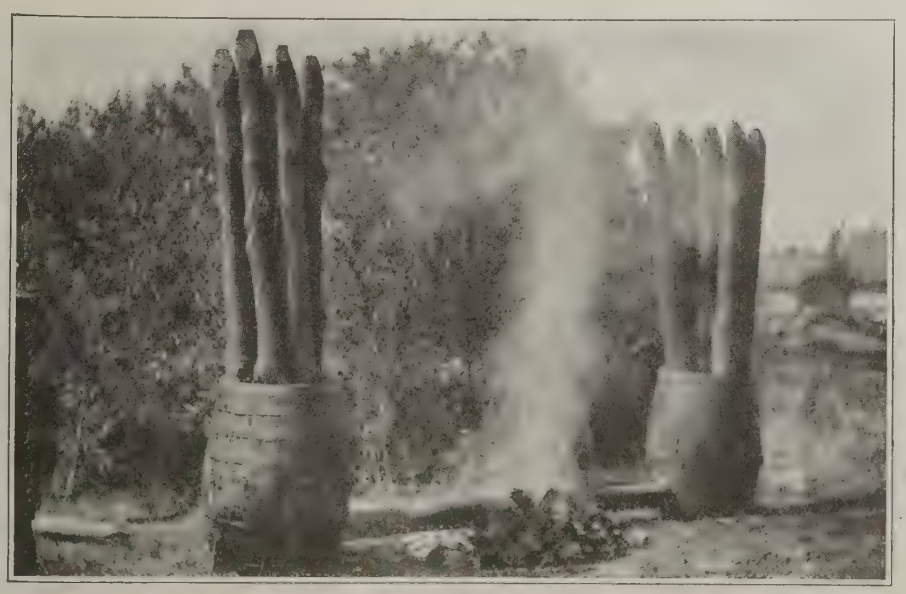
"At present only its bark is used. The barking outfit precedes the redwood logging operations by about a year. The practice is simply to cut down the tanbark oak trees, take off four-foot rings of bark, let the bark dry, and then haul it away, leaving the peeled tree in the woods. In the course of a year there are millions of feet of magnificent tanbark oak logs left in the redwood forests. This tree is of the white-oak family and if given proper treatment by the lumbermen could be very profitably utilized; in fact, it has been demonstrated that if the redwood lumbermen would log the tanbark oak as they do the redwood the lumber secured from it would be worth much more for each tree than they now receive for the bark. As it is now, the tanbark oak is destroyed; for, after the bark has been hauled away and the redwood trees felled, the lumbermen set fire to the woods to remove the débris in order that they may more easily pull out the large redwood logs. In this process of burning, everything goes up in smoke except the redwood logs.

"In order to demonstrate the value of this oak the Forest Service shipped quantities of it to San Francisco, where it was tried out with satisfaction by wagon makers and cooperage concerns. One of the large hotels recently built in San Francisco had its floors laid with this oak. It is estimated that more than four hundred million feet of this beautiful oak have been wantonly burned in the woods.

"It has long been believed that timber cut from trees tapped for turpentine was weaker than timber cut from untapped trees. Users of long-leaved pine have generally specified that only unboxed timber would be acceptable to them. This discrimination has caused a useless waste of about thirty-seven billion board feet of long-leaved pine timber valued at one hundred and eleven million dollars. Tests made by the Forest Service have shown that the chipping process for turpentine has no effect on the strength of the wood, and now the use of boxed timber is becoming general. Here is where the laboratory has done wonderful work as a waste saver.

"The general practice among wood-preserving plants in this country has been to steam the timber before treatment. Laboratory tests have proved that steaming wood under pressure for long periods greatly weakens the timber.

(Concluded on Page 85)

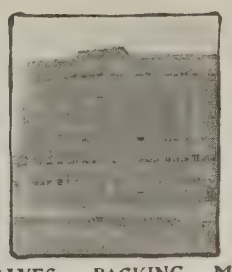


Barrel Outfit for Creosoting Fence Posts

TRADE MARK

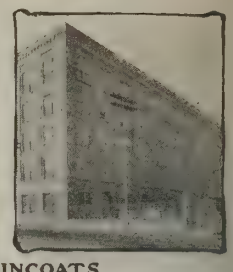
BELTING

TEXTAN SOLES

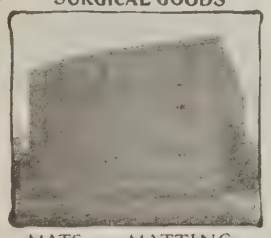

VALVES AND PACKING

MOLDED GOODS

DRUGGISTS SUPPLIES


RAINCOATS

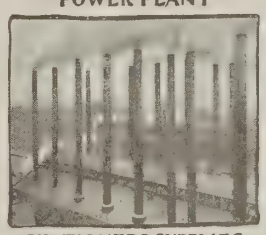
SURGICAL GOODS


MATS AND MATTING

HARD RUBBER GOODS

SPORTING GOODS

POWER PLANT


STATIONERS SUPPLIES

GOODRICH

THE HOUSE OF GOODRICH: ITS CREED

GOODRICH is RUBBER; RUBBER is GOODRICH.

They are ONE the world round in household and mill; in man-packed city, or wherever civilization touches finger-tips with semi-savagery.

A remarkable domination of an industry by a single institution, this supremacy of Goodrich. A striking imprint of a name on a world product from its raw to its finished state.

Goodrich IS Rubber; Rubber IS Goodrich. *Why is it?*

Look to that frieze of buildings which here frames these pages for your quickest, most compelling answer.

Though it lists but a part of the fifty-seven buildings gathered at Akron on the Goodrich site of 101 acres, it does help picture to you the largest and most complete single Rubber Manufactory in the entire world.

WHAT buildings are shown here *suggest* the great size of Goodrich, but they fail to show you the BEEHIVE of *life* and *industry* they house.

They can but *hint* at the 3,772,329 square feet of floor space inside them with a capacity of more than 20,000 employes.

They say *nothing* about 16,000 horse power from Goodrich boilers, and 10,000 horse power from Goodrich dynamos that drive belts, and wheels, and rollers by thousands, and set the great plant aglitter with 20,000 lights.

Still less do they voice the 350 telegrams and 9,000 telephone calls that pour daily into them from the four corners of the world; or speak of the 18,000 pieces of mail handled every week day in Goodrich's own post office.

And least of all do they tell of the more than 4,000 distinct Goodrich products, a meagre general classification of which is listed in our frieze.

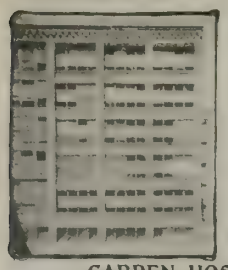
An *excusable* shortcoming, this last, for not even a Goodrich executive officer knows EXACTLY at one time ALL the Goodrich products that go to make up the 160,000,000 pounds of rubber goods Goodrich annually ships to the peoples of the earth.

FAIR LIST PRICES

SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES

SAFETY TREAD TIRES

SOLID TRUCK TIRES


GARDEN HOSE

RAILROAD SUPPLIES

STEAMBOAT SUPPLIES

MINE SUPPLIES

RUBBER HEELS

TRADE MARK

GOODRICH

HUNDREDS of thousands of you know that Goodrich Tires—*Silvertown Cord Tires, Goodrich Black Tread Safety Tires, Goodrich Wireless Truck Tires, Goodrich Motorcycle* and *Bicycle Tires*—literally bear the automobile industry forward on its path of progress: BUT HOW MANY of you know GOODRICH RUBBER BELTS carry rough diamonds out of the mines of South Africa?

You, and thousands of you, know you walk on Goodrich TEXTAN SOLES: BUT HOW MANY of you know that when you step on rubber mats and matting you are TWICE walking on GOODRICH RUBBER?

To live forty-eight years and be merely big, is to be but *fortunate*. The test of a manufacturing institution is *how much* it has written into the advance of the industry, and what benefits it has given to humanity. The factory that scores FIRST in ideas and NEW PRODUCTS is the true LEADER.

FIRST in the development field by seniority, Goodrich has always KEPT FIRST by learning new ways of the earth's great material mystery—RUBBER—to fulfill the needs of mankind, often *anticipating* the needs.

It was no coincidence that Goodrich made the FIRST clincher automobile tire in America, the FIRST *cord* tire, and the FIRST solid rubber tire for automobile trucks, buggies, and carriages. As Goodrich's business is rubber, its organization has always automatically met the NEWEST need of rubber.

BUT of finer significance this: *While Goodrich builded itself, ALWAYS a leap and a bound ahead of the rubber industry, it builded itself into the confidence of people by integrity of manufacture and FAIRNESS of MARKETING.*

Here is a triumph of the Goodrich CREED, the moral marketing force that rounds out Goodrich scientific knowledge, experience, and skill of workmen trained in the Goodrich way.

It is a creed which avows a *covenant* not to market an experiment till practical test proves it worthy of the Goodrich name.

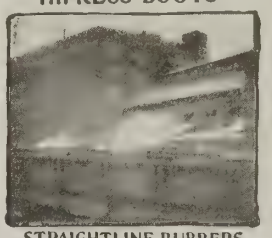
It is a creed content, *willing*, to give the buyer the benefit of Goodrich's huge purchases of raw material, and Goodrich's secrets of rubber compounding.

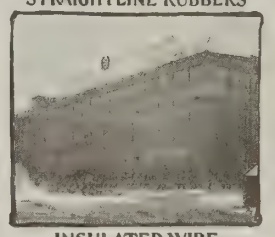
It is a creed which backs up a *Goodrich rubber* band with *the same* jealous watchfulness of the Goodrich reputation as a Goodrich tire.

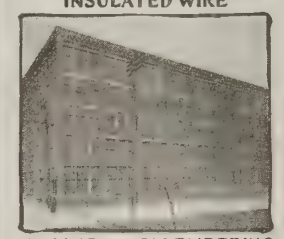
That is ***Why*** Goodrich *is* Rubber—***Honest Rubber***—to the world.

THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

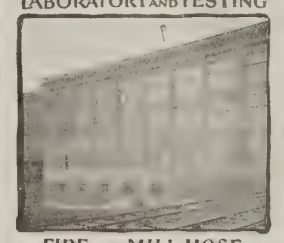
HIPRESS BOOTS

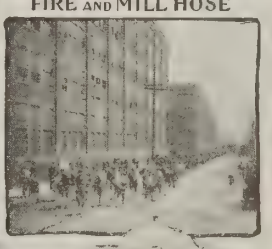

STRAIGHTLINE RUBBERS


INSULATED WIRE


MILLING AND CALENDERING

LABORATORY AND TESTING


FIRE AND MILL HOSE



ADMINISTRATION BICYCLE TIRES MOTORCYCLE TIRES CARRIAGE TIRES INNER TUBES

THE · FRANKLIN · CAR

SOME RESULTS OF SCIENTIFIC LIGHT WEIGHT

THE American public seldom fails in the long run to accord recognition where it is due.

It may take its own time about accepting a sound principle in motor-car construction. But the public mind, once awake, is not easily diverted from the issue and does not readily forget *who started it.*

The common-sense American public was bound to turn against the heavy, rigid, complicated car, and demand *lightness, strength, flexibility* —for these things mean *comfort, safety* and *economy.* They mean interpreting car value in terms of service and of *use.* They mean the car as a man's servant: not the man the servant of the car.

* * *

The heavy car is going out of fashion.

Nearly all makers are talking light weight and implying tire and gas economy—but they are *not quoting figures.*

Light weight as a popular talking point is quite another thing from Scientific Light Weight attained by long experience in perfecting fine materials, gaining lightness, strength, flexibility, *consistently* throughout the car.

Franklin *Direct-Air-Cooling* did away with 177 water-cooling parts.

Franklin *flexible construction* did away with torque rods and reach rods and gave the Franklin the *lightest unsprung weight* ever attained.

The latest reports from Franklin owners give the tire-mileage of 215 Franklin Cars well over *ten thousand miles* to the set of tires. And not five per cent. difference between the Open Cars and the Enclosed Models!

You know some Franklin owner, probably several. Many of them, as you know, have owned and driven other makes of fine cars.

Short of driving a Franklin yourself, there is no surer way to get the *motorist's* side of Franklin Scientific Light Weight than riding with a Franklin owner.

You will see him handle his car with *ease* and *safety.*

You will find him taking the *roads as they come*—not humoring his car over the rough spots.

You will note the *comfort,* the freedom from hammer and bump—result of *light unsprung weight* and driving through full-elliptic springs.

Hold a watch on him—he is making *better time from place to place,* a steady, easy gait, miles on end, and no slowing up for hills or stretches of choppy road.

You will see him step out of the car *fresh and untired* at the end of the day's run.

Franklin Scientific Light Weight gives a road ability the motorist can use without working himself.

Check up his gasoline and tires. You will get some new ideas of motor-car efficiency.

* * *

Now, as an *enlightened motorist,* you are looking for *scientific light weight*—its safety, its comfort, its economy. Where are you going to get it? In a car that has had some of its weight taken off to meet the public demand?

Or in the Franklin: the one motor car that is today, as it always has been—a *consistently* Scientific-Light-Weight Car!

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$1950.00	*Cabriolet*	2485 lbs.	$2750.00	*Town Car*	2610 lbs. $3100.00
Runabout	2160 lbs.	1900.00	*Sedan*	2610 lbs.	2850.00	*Limousine*	2620 lbs. 3100.00
Four-passenger Roadster	2280 lbs.	1950.00	*Brougham*	2575 lbs.	2800.00	*All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse*	

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 81)

Of course this practice is now being abandoned as a result of the laboratory findings.

"It is the general impression that the manufacture of lumber is a comparatively simple problem, consisting mainly in cutting down trees and then running a saw through them. The fact is that lumber is beset by perils in almost every process of its making. One of the most important and precarious operations is the seasoning. In the old days, when the world was not in a hurry, lumber was allowed to season slowly in the open air for a year or two before being used. By that method our grandfathers were able to build houses and barns that withstood the elements for a century or more. To-day we are using lumber in houses almost before it is cold from the saw. In our big mills to-day as soon as the logs are cut into lumber they are rushed to immense dry kilns and there, by artificial means, are dried in a few hours. This is why a modern house is often actually old at fifteen years, so far as the condition of the lumber in it is concerned. To remedy this condition and meet modern high-speed requirements the laboratory has perfected a method of accomplishing Nature's seasoning in a short time. There is hardly a branch of wood using that is not touched by the trouble of poor seasoning."

The Seasoning Problem

"In the vehicle industry to-day the quick curing of high-class wagon stock is a serious problem. A large wagon manufacturer recently sent to the laboratory a number of oak wagon rims that had been dried in his kiln. The manufacturer explained that he was losing a very large percentage of his stock owing to trouble in seasoning. At the same time he sent to the laboratory a quantity of green rims and asked whether these could be cured in a kiln without this waste. They were put into the laboratory's humidity dry kiln and dried perfectly without even a fraction of one per cent of waste—because they were dried from the inside out and not from the outside in!

"One of the most difficult species to season is gum, and its introduction into the world's markets was retarded for many years for the reason that lumbermen could find no quick, effective way of drying it. By keeping persistently at this problem, however, the laboratory and the lumbermen have learned to dry the gum. This means an immense economy.

"The losses in air-drying and kiln-drying lumber range from one to as high as seventy per cent in the upper grades of certain species. The laboratory has demonstrated that this loss may be reduced to one or two per cent, or even entirely eliminated, by the proper control of humidity, circulation and temperature; this is done by a special dry kiln which is being adopted complete or in modified form by a number of large commercial concerns in the United States. This kiln is able, as a rule, to season the lumber intrusted to it with a much lower percentage of loss than Nature's method entails."

Here is a case in point that shows just how the laboratory's kiln works in a commercial way:

The head of a firm using two million feet of hardwood lumber a year decided to check up and learn just what loss was sustained by his company in the holding of a year's supply of lumber in its yards. He found that their losses by checking and "degrading" amounted to seven per cent, or ten thousand dollars. An improved humidity dry kiln of the Forest Service type was installed, blueprints having been obtained from the Forest Service.

The cost of operating this kiln amounted to thirty-five hundred dollars during the course of the year and it effected a net saving of six thousand five hundred and sixty dollars.

The Western larch is a wood in which the loss by air drying of upper grades has been found to be as high as sixty, and even seventy, per cent. The laboratory, in its humidity dry kiln, has reduced this loss to as low as one or two per cent. If this reduction of loss could be applied to the entire cut of Western larch the annual saving would be more than three hundred thousand dollars, so far as the higher grades are concerned.

One of the experts of the Forest Service sums up the situation with respect to the possible saving due to the perfection of this remarkable dry kiln in these words:

"If this process results in a saving over former methods of only three per cent in commercial softwoods cut in the United States, and seven per cent in the hardwoods, this will mean a saving of more than twenty-five million dollars a year on this country's total output of lumber; but it must be remembered that much lumber is used green and to this extent the economy possible through correct seasoning would not apply.

"As nearly as we can estimate it the direct saving made possible by the perfection of kiln drying is not less than fifteen million dollars a year. It may be ten million more than that. If the saving in the cost of transportation were to be considered the total economy would be materially increased."

There is still another extremely important consideration which bears directly on the result of this new seasoning process. This is the removal of a strong commercial prejudice against certain woods of which the Western larch is a good example. As soon as the natural users of lumber of this kind come to realize that they can depend on getting it in good condition the inevitable result will be a material increase in the price that it will command. This will relieve the pressure on other woods. All woods of the interlocking-fiber type—like red gum and tupelo—show an immense loss when air dried or kiln dried by the old methods; but when cured in the experimental humidity dry kiln of the laboratory this loss is reduced to almost nothing. This means far more to the wood users of America than can be expressed in mere statistics. It is a big drive ahead in lifting the ban from tabooed woods!

To the visitor at the laboratory, box-testing is the "big circus." Here hundreds of boxes are wrecked by every sort of strain or smash imaginable. Every year our railroads pay claims amounting to many millions of dollars because goods have not been properly boxed. Until the laboratory took up the problem box making was mere guesswork, while box smashing seemed to be an applied art. As the box bill of the United States is about one hundred and fifty million dollars a year the laboratory determined to find out something definite on this score. What it has learned has revolutionized box and packing case building. A man with a new idea in box making took his product to the laboratory and saw it tested. The results amazed him. He had a portable testing device built and exhibited at a national convention of wholesale grocers. The test was spectacular and drew a crowd. In the crowd was one of the largest food-specialty manufacturers in the country. After securing from the laboratory the scientific records of the tests of this box and of the box he had been using, he placed an order for the new type of box that is believed to have broken all records for its volume. The laboratory had not only taught the box maker the value of his product but had also taught him how to demonstrate it to others! There is no means of measuring definitely how much the investigations of the laboratory are saving the users of boxes and barrels every year, but the sum is a large one.

Alcohol From Sawdust

In the field of Derived Products the investigations of this remarkable laboratory are varied and fascinating. Here is waste saving on a wholesale scale wherever you turn. Official estimates show that about forty million cords of slabs, edgings, trimmings and sawdust are annually wasted. Uncle Sam has done very earnest work as an Economy Expert in this field. Big practical results have been achieved. The laboratory has greatly simplified the reduction of alcohol from sawdust and reduced its cost. It has proved that the distillation of long-leaved pine waste in the South for wood turpentine, tar, pine oil, charcoal and other by-products is entirely practicable. It has developed new methods in the destructive distillation of hardwoods by which much greater yields of methyl or wood alcohol are secured. It has shown the paper makers that the immense volume of waste in yellow-pine slabs, edgings and trimmings is admirably adapted to the making of kraft pulp, the basis of wrapping papers.

About five million cords of this waste is available each year. The pulp and paper industry uses a little more than four million cords of pulp wood a year.

In attempting to provide a substitute for spruce as a pulp wood for the manufacture of "news-print" paper, the laboratory has performed one of its greatest labors. Its experiments in this line have been very extensive, both in the laboratory at Madison, which is equipped with a complete paper-making outfit, and also in the subsidiary laboratory at Wausau, Wisconsin, where it is possible to operate on a commercial scale. This branch laboratory was established in coöperation with the American Pulp and Paper Association.

Spruce has been practically the exclusive pulp wood, for the reason that its fiber is easily secured by grinding, which is altogether cheaper than the chemical method heretofore necessary to separate the fibers of other woods found in the spruce districts. In the earlier experiments it was found that the other woods came from the grinders in the form of wood flour instead of fiber and consequently had no strength when made into paper. On the other hand the added cost of chemical processes has shut these possible substitutes for spruce out of the race.

This has involved a rapid depletion of the spruce forests in the localities where the hundreds of pulp mills have been built. The imminent necessity of moving on to new spruce preserves has not been a pleasant thing for these millowners to consider; and less than a prophet's eye has been required to see the ultimate exhaustion of the spruce supply anywhere near the great centers of news-print paper consumption.

Patiently the laboratory experimented to the end of finding how to separate the fiber of the natural substitutes for spruce by mechanical means. Almost every conceivable form of grinder was used and operated at various speeds and temperatures. What were the results?

Better Methods Coming In

The laboratory has already found how to grind thirteen different woods that make excellent news-print paper and will soon announce several more as entirely available as substitutes for spruce. The woods thus made available for this purpose are far cheaper than spruce—some of them only half as expensive.

Paper from the approved varieties was manufactured in commercial quantities and shipped to daily newspapers in the East and in the Middle West.

Several editions of those newspapers were printed on this substitute stock and gave high satisfaction.

Many other lines of research are going forward at the laboratory that reach far into the future and involve problems immensely fascinating from a scientific viewpoint. The section of timber physics, for example, abounds in these basic investigations that are daily building up a vast and definite store of knowledge concerning the fundamental properties of commercial woods and their products. These results are not yet ready to be divulged.

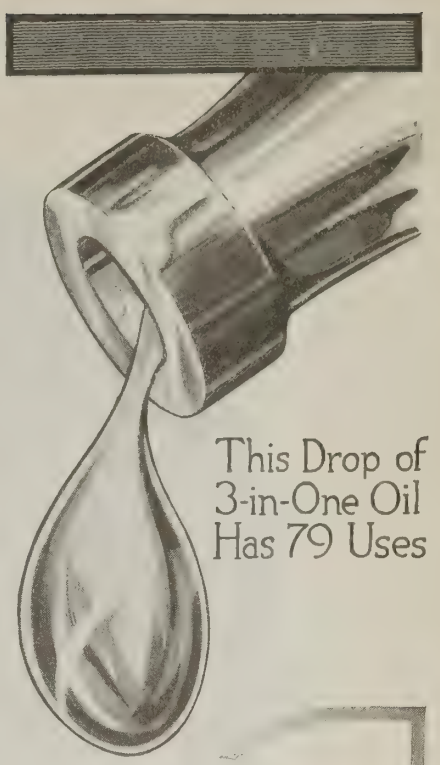
Meantime, however, Uncle Sam is drilling steadily along in his effort to inject By-Product into the lumber and timber industry, and pull the waste of the forest down from about seventy per cent to something within human reason. In tackling this task he recognizes the fact that this industry faces peculiar difficulties, so far as radical economies are concerned. In the words of a Forest Service expert:

"Before you denounce the lumberman as a wanton waster you should consider that his situation is in many respects peculiar. In what other industry, for example, is a man obliged to buy his total supply of raw material for about twenty years in advance? That is practically what he must do in this line in order to insure a paying basis of operation.

"You may show a lumberman that he could make good money by putting in a fifty-thousand-dollar distillation plant to secure by-products. He'll admit it and then explain:

"'I've been at this job for about fifteen years and have practically paid off my bonds and other debts. What comes in after this year will be my profit. I'm tired of debt—tired of this rough, hard, fighting line of work. I want to clean up and get out—and retire.'

"This is an economic situation that cannot be forced; but the splendid work of the laboratory is correcting it in scores of practical ways. Not many years will pass before the lumber business will find itself on an intelligent by-product basis."



This Drop of 3-in-One Oil Has 79 Uses

How Many Ways Do You Use 3-in-One?

Use 3-in-One Oil to *lubricate* all light mechanisms—typewriters, sewing machines, phonograph motors, cash registers, adding machines and other bank and office mechanisms, guns, fishing reels, automatic tools, magnetos, Ford Commutators, bicycles, cream separators. Use

3-in-One Oil

to *clean and polish* all veneered and varnished surfaces—pianos, phonographs, fine furniture, office desks and filing cabinets, hardwood floors, automobile bodies, golf clubs. Use it to polish mirrors, cut glass, automobile windshields. Use it to make dustless dust cloths and polish mops—very economical.

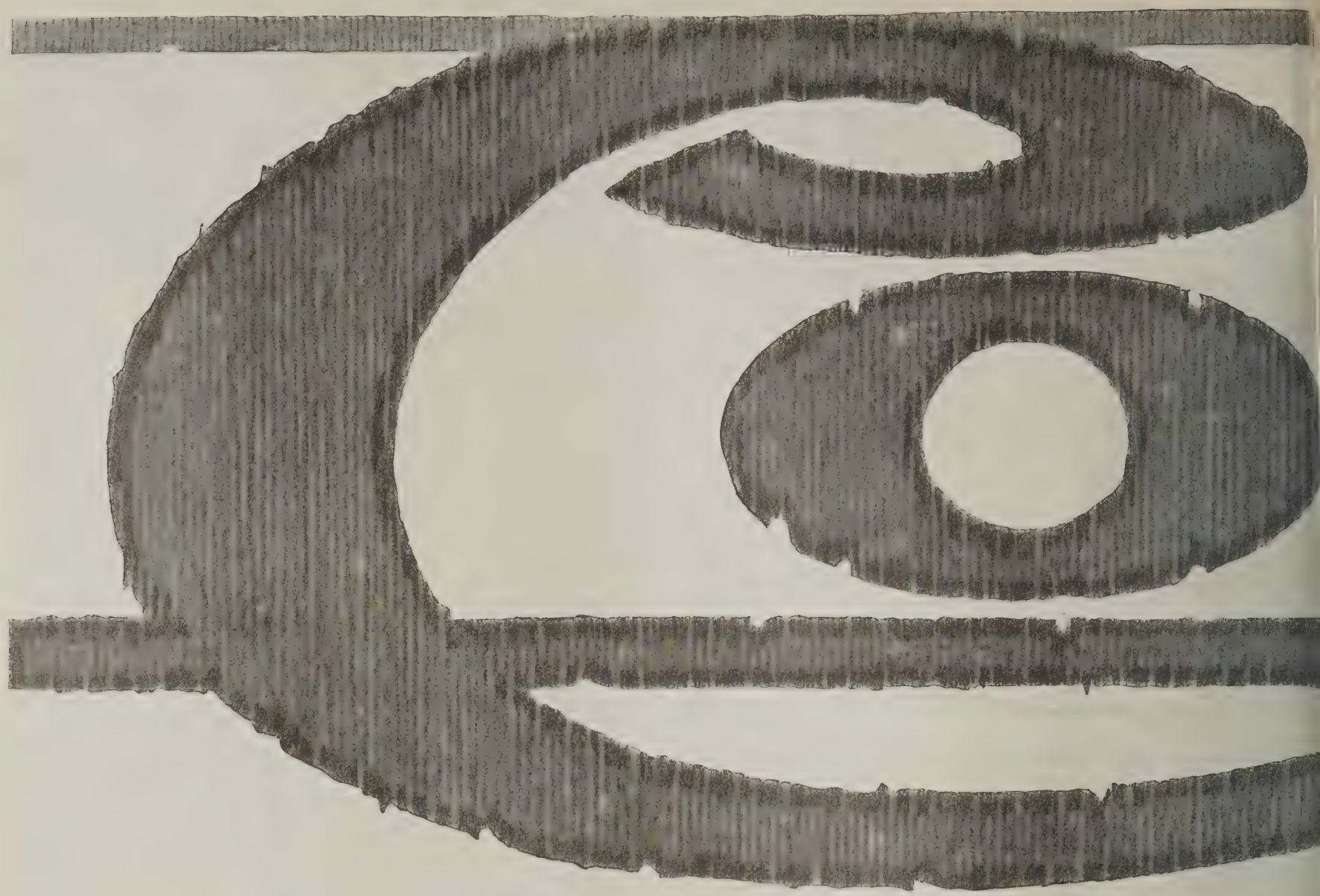
Use 3-in-One to *prevent rust and tarnish* from forming on all metal surfaces—bathroom fixtures, stoves and ranges, metal parts of automobiles. Use it to *stop the squeaking* of automobile springs, door hinges, locks and bolts. Use it on razors, safety and old-style—makes shaving quicker and easier.

3-in-One is sold at all stores—in the Handy Oil Can, 25c, and in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. *Use it!*

FREE

Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses—both sent *free*. Write us a postal.

Three-in-One Oil Company
42 EUG. Broadway New York



$100 More April First

Another $100 will be added to the price of Cole Eight Touring Cars and Roadsters April first.

The sales of these two models have increased so greatly in spite of a similar advance in price which became effective January first that we are already forced to put into their production materials which we did not think we would be called upon to use until July first.

And these new materials we have been obliged to buy at the present higher prices.

Consequently, we are forced to increase the prices of our Touring Cars and Roadsters ninety days ahead of the date originally set.

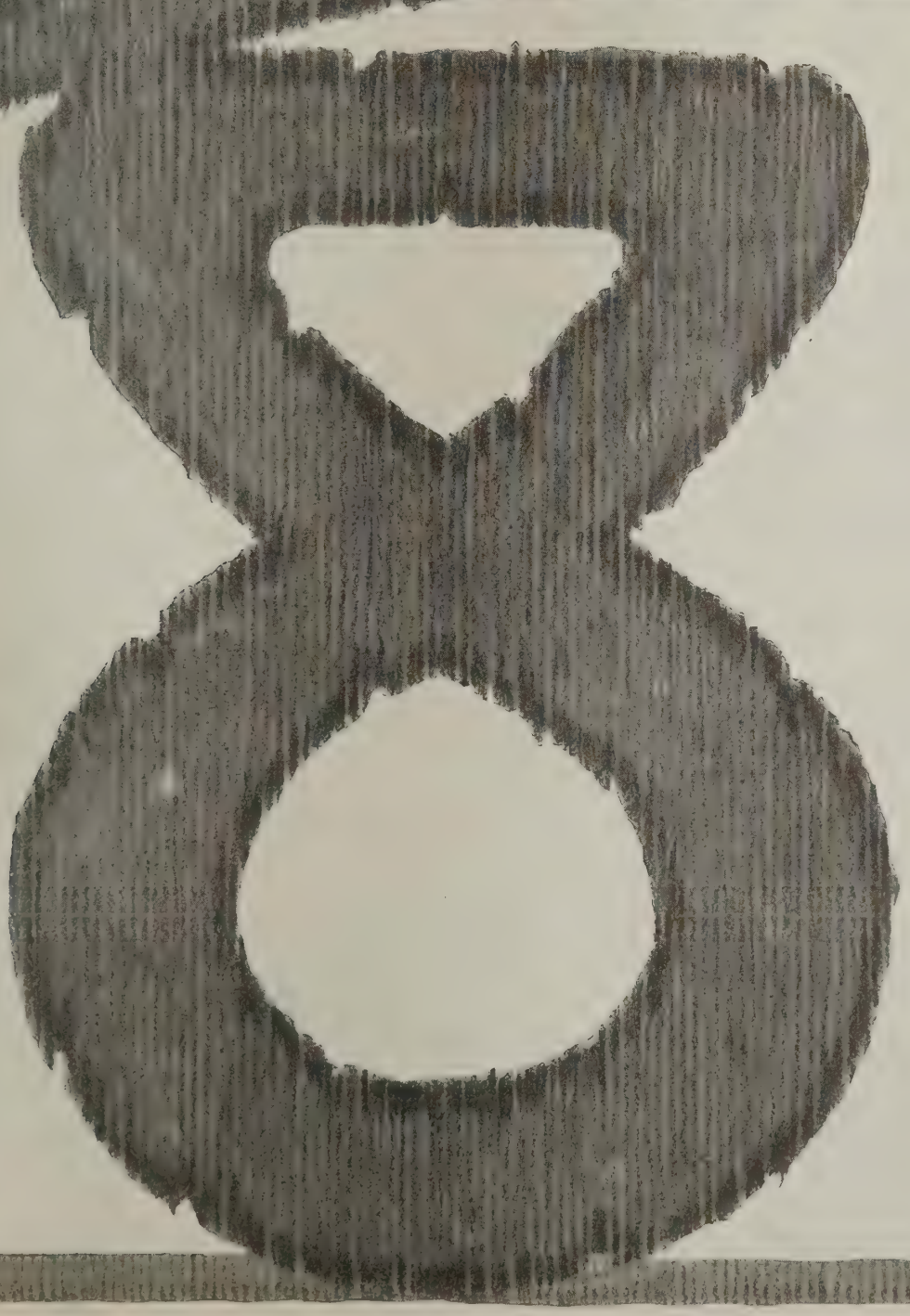
Our contemplated production of 10,000 Cole Eights for 1917 will not be disturbed however.

Cars purchased prior to April first may be had at the present price of $1695.

If our dealer in your locality can supply you, you can save $100 by buying before April first.

Cole Motor Car Company
Indianapolis, U. S. A.

COLE



United States Prices

Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car, . .	**$1695**
Cole Eight Tuxedo Roadster, ...	**$1695**
Cole-Springfield Four-Door Toursedan, . . .	**$2495**
Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan, .	**$2295**
Four Passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé, .	**$2295**

Prices f. o. b. factory

Canadian Prices

Seven Passenger Cole Eight Touring Car, . .	**$2395**
Cole Eight Tuxedo Roadster, ...	**$2395**
Cole-Springfield Four-Door Toursedan, . . .	**$3495**
Seven Passenger Cole-Springfield Toursedan, .	**$3250**
Four Passenger Cole-Springfield Tourcoupé, .	**$3250**

Prices f. o. b. factory, duty paid

Cole Touring Car and Roadster prices are subject to an increase of $100 April first

Though the *service* differs, the *battery* needn't! COLUMBIAS run autos, engines, motorboats; toys or tractors; bells, phones, or signals. COLUMBIAS give dependable service wherever you use them.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario
Fahnestock spring-clip binding posts, no extra charge.

Columbia Batteries

FINANCING WAR

(Concluded from Page 28)

the war has been estimated at more than five hundred million dollars—or, say, one hundred million dollars more than the total face value of the currency issued.

But inflated currency prices inflicted a greater loss upon the public at large. A congressional investigation resulted in the conclusion that while commodity prices, from 1860 to 1865, rose one hundred and sixteen per cent, money wages rose on the average only forty-three per cent. In other words, wages, as measured in purchasing power, very decidedly declined and a heavy loss fell upon those least able to bear it.

Greenbacks, of course, went only a little way in financing the war. Secretary Chase persisted in trying to sell bonds at par, and, on the whole, with rather poor success. Early in 1863 the general situation, military and financial, having taken on a somewhat more promising aspect, a new and very picturesque method of selling bonds was adopted. The Government employed Jay Cooke, an experienced Philadelphia banker, as its general agent for the sale of bonds, paying him a commission of one-half of one per cent on the first ten millions and three-eighths of one per cent thereafter.

Cooke then organized a popular bond-selling campaign, very much like that followed by popular-book subscription houses. He got out attractive pamphlets to advertise the merits of government bonds as investments and to urge the patriotic duty of subscribing for them. He employed twenty-five hundred agents, covering every part of the country; and in many cases these agents went from door to door, after the manner of book agents. As a result of this vigorous campaign, nearly four hundred million six per cent government bonds were sold by the end of the year.

But Jay Cooke was also a big banker, and Congress got full of suspicion. Patriots urged that this method of selling bonds gave opportunity for speculators and bank syndicates to operate nefariously. Secretary Chase, therefore, abandoned it. Yet it had proved so effective, as compared with all other methods then employed, that when he resigned—in June, 1864—his successor promptly returned to it. Of course the outlook then was brighter, and by the end of the following year Cooke and his assistant peddlers had disposed of eight hundred million dollars of government bonds.

Meantime the National Bank Act had come into effect. The act was passed in 1863, but in faulty form, and comparatively little progress was made until its amendment in June, 1864. The idea was to supplant state bank circulation by the circulating notes of national banks, which should be secured by government bonds. This would require the new banks to purchase government bonds and so broaden the market for those securities. The national banks, however, had comparatively little direct effect upon the bond market during the war, because an important part of the number chartered up to the surrender at Appomattox had been in existence as state banks, and already held large amounts of government bonds.

In 1860 the population of the Northern States was little over twenty millions, and their wealth was estimated by the Census Bureau at eleven billion dollars. Their total income has been calculated at about three billion dollars a year. Roughly, this is one-fifth of the present population of the continental United States, one-eighteenth of the wealth and, say, one-thirteenth of the income.

In four years these Northern Stat spent some three billion dollars for w two billion six hundred millions of it rep senting an increase of the national del Their net borrowings averaged about hundred and fifty million dollars a ye An important part of the borrowing—l legal-tender notes—was wastefully don That the United States could now borr yearly ten times as much seems high probable.

The big belligerents in this war ha issued an enormous amount of paper cu rency. The Bank of France, at the begi ning of February, 1917, had outstandi three and a half billion dollars of circulati notes, and the German Reichsbank near two billion dollars—taking the franc an the mark at the normal rate of exchang But these are bank notes, resting upo securities, commercial paper and gold. Th Bank of France at the same date held ov a billion dollars of gold, equal to abou thirty per cent of its note circulation, an the Reichsbank six hundred and thirt millions of gold, equal to about a third of i note circulation.

Of course the banks are by no means i an ideal position, but there is a great diffe ence between bank notes of this sort an notes that a government issues on its genera credit for the purpose of paying its debts.

Circulation of the Bank of England ha increased comparatively little, being abou fifty million dollars greater in February 1917, than three years before.

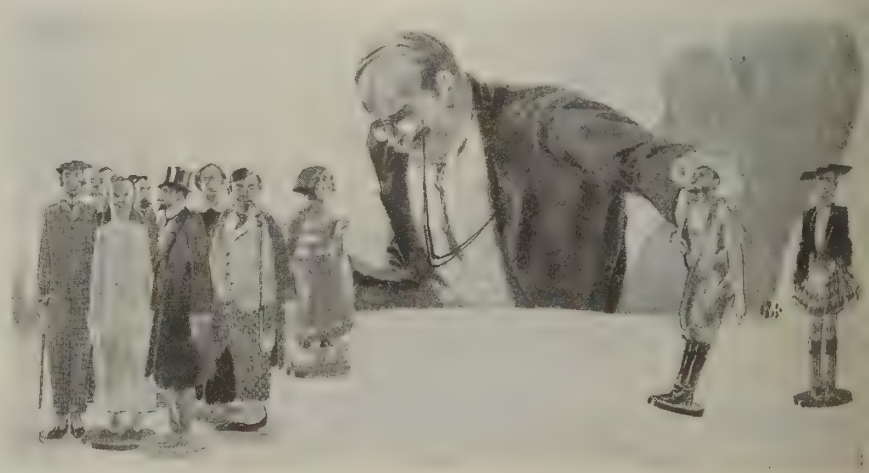
Soon after the beginning of the war th British Government issued legal-tende "currency notes," primarily to meet th banking crisis mentioned above. Thes notes are like the "emergency currency provided for by our Aldrich-Vreelan Law, which our banks resorted to at th same time. They were issued throug the Bank of England, which lent them t other banks against pledges of equa amounts of commercial paper or govern ment securities.

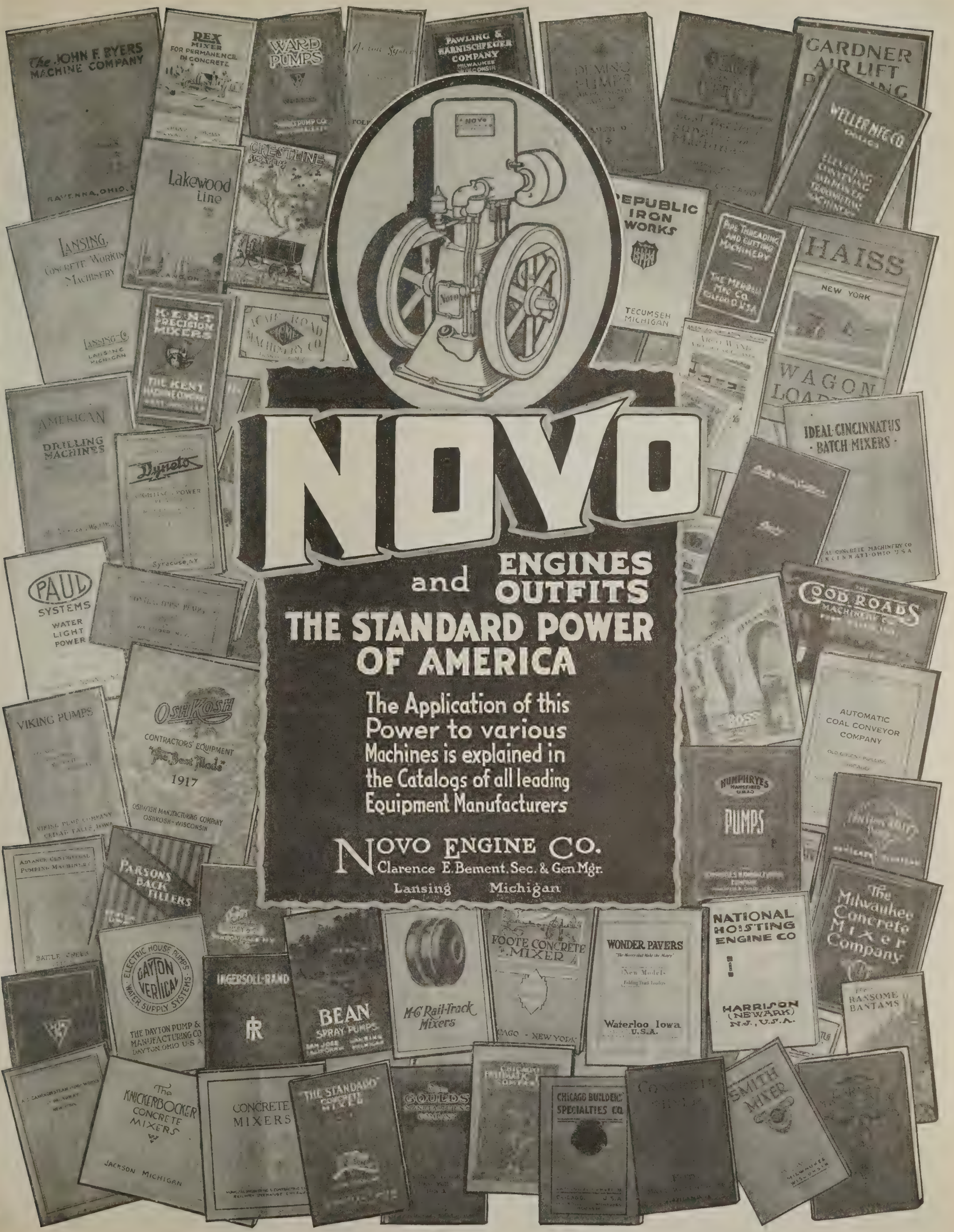
At the last statement six hundred an eighty million dollars of these "currenc notes" were outstanding against which ther was a gold reserve of a hundred and fort million dollars, or slightly over twenty pe cent. These notes are essentially bank note as distinguished from fiat money.

Fortunately the United States now ha a banking system that makes unnecessar any such resort to emergency makeshifts i a panic. The fact that it has such a syste would undoubtedly be a big element o strength in an emergency, for it would in spire confidence.

What confidence means to the bankin and currency situation has been illustrate in this European war. Instead of hoardin gold, the people of Germany, France an England have brought it to the banks, ex changing it for paper money; so that, eve in Germany, cut off from all import the gold reserve of the Central Bank in creased two hundred million dollars in th first seven months of war, aside from th fifty millions which the government con tributed from its celebrated "war chest" at Spandau Castle, where it had been lyin since it was taken from the French indem nity in 1871.

This country's gold stock now amount to two and three-quarter billion dollars which is much more than the stock o England, France and Germany combined Financially the country is as prepared fo war as a country well could be.

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and ENGINES OUTFITS
THE STANDARD POWER OF AMERICA
The Application of this Power to various Machines is explained in the Catalogs of all leading Equipment Manufacturers
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Clarence E. Bement, Sec. & Gen Mgr.
Lansing Michigan
The JOHN F. BYERS MACHINE COMPANY
REX MIXER FOR PERMANENCE IN CONCRETE
WARD PUMPS
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GARDNER AIR LIFT
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COLONEL, when a pie is "like Mother used to make", thar ain't much room for argument. When tobacco is like Mother Nature makes, the debate's just about closed.

Velvet Joe

Velvet Is Bound To Be Mild and Mellow

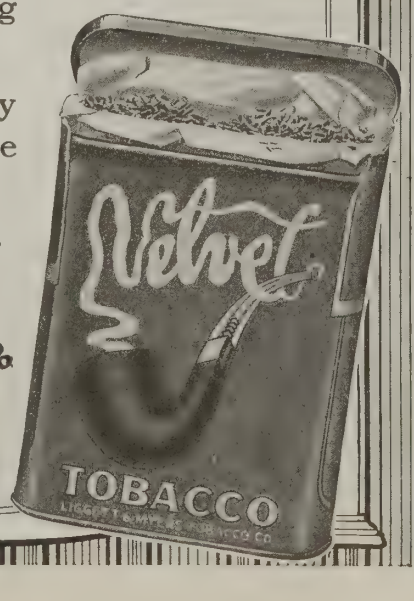
VELVET is *naturally* mild tobacco—Kentucky's best Burley.

VELVET is made of the choicest and ripest selected leaf.

VELVET is mellow—with real aged-in-the-wood mellowness which only long *natural* ageing in the original wooden hogsheads can bring forth.

VELVET is truly Nature's own pipe tobacco.

Prove this for yourself today!



Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

5c Bags; 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

THE DUB

(Continued from Page 18)

whisky and surrendered himself to emotions of revenge. He had primitive impulses and looked fondly at the old-fashioned revolver that hung over the bar. One day he took it down and cleaned it thoroughly. . . .

Life in the Sentinel office proceeded at its newly accelerated pace. Only Miss Lucy seemed to have escaped the fever of revolt.

She continued to dust her shelf of dilapidated volumes with mechanical thoroughness. But her enthusiasms apparently had gone out of her. There was an untraceable rumor that she was growing old.

Miss Allison, on the contrary, had never been so gloriously youthful. There was no gainsaying her enthusiasms. She wrote one inspirational essay after another, smiled dazzlingly upon the staff, and—walked home with Sandringham Wilson.

He could not explain it. He did not mean to walk home with Miss Allison, at least with such regularity. But the matter apparently had been taken out of his hands. He seemed to be at the mercy of some higher force, an invisible and wholly mysterious force that in some way derived its powers from Miss Allison's attitude. This attitude, so far as it could be defined, was one of protracted expectancy.

The city editor observed these matters with a wondering eye and made pointed comment to his chief:

"The poor dub! He could marry the whole property to-morrow—and he doesn't know it!"

The managing editor said only:

"His work is falling off. He hasn't discovered a new animal for weeks."

And then the inevitable happened.

One afternoon, about three o'clock, there drew up in front of the Sentinel office a closed cab, from which a man emerged. He was a large man with intermittent jewelry and a highly decorative goatee. He wore a sketchy black felt hat and a light-tan overcoat that bulged in the region of the breast pocket.

Crossing the sidewalk he began to mount the stairs to the Sentinel office, his progress being marked by an extraordinary eccentricity of movement. He would go up two steps and fall back one. He would look reproachfully at his legs. He would launch a new assault against the stairs. Finally, by clinging to the handrail and counting "one, two, one, two!" he contrived to reach the top.

A door confronted him. He kicked it open. A negro boy, asleep in a chair, met his roving and slightly bloodshot eye. He drew an enormous revolver from the pocket of his overcoat and prodded the boy awake.

"Mr. John Triggs," said he, "calling on the editor."

The negro boy became imbued with astonishing activity. He rose from his chair like a flushed grouse, and uttering excruciating noises soared into the city-room's ken. The next moment the orderly confusion of the Sentinel office was transformed into a scene of spontaneous panic, largely dominated by a picturesque gentleman waving a huge revolver.

Then the door of the editorial department burst open and Mr. Lance Podderfoot appeared with a distraught countenance, his fountain pen still clutched in his hand and his eyeglasses askew upon his nose. As though by some prearranged signal, quiet fell upon the room. Only the telegraph instruments chattered on, like gossip at the grave.

Mr. Triggs slowly raised his weapon and pointed it at Mr. Podderfoot.

"I have come, suh," he said in a voice of studied politeness, "to shoot you. Provided, suh, that you are the editor."

Mr. Podderfoot's thin figure straightened. An expression of incredulous horror overspread his scholarly features. But unconsciously his head came up. He was no coward. Behind him Miss Lucy half rose from her chair, her hands clenched against her breast. At that point a diversion occurred. Miss Allison began to have hysterics. It was as though she had never been to college at all.

Mr. Triggs frowned and made supposedly soothing gestures with his artillery. Miss Allison had hysterics worse than ever. And then the staff became aware of Sandringham Wilson strolling out of his corner, his hands in his pockets, a trustful smile quirking his lips. He walked straight toward the visitor, who turned, in some bewilderment, to face this new complication. Perceiving that he had secured Mr. Triggs' attention, Sandringham Wilson stopped and moved his fascinating ears.

"Shoot me," he said. "I'm the editor!"

"Ha!" said Mr. Triggs, and pulled the trigger.

There was a flash, a roar, and a swirling cloud of smoke! The next instant Mr. Triggs was struggling in the combined embraces of half a dozen persons who had charged at the shot. Mr. Podderfoot himself rushed forward and wrenched the revolver from the gambler's hand. Mr. Podderfoot's negro boy stood about and shrieked.

Then suddenly the whole mad picture became focused upon the figure of Sandringham Wilson. He stood, faintly smiling, his left arm hanging limply at his side, and looked at the maudlin Mr. Triggs.

"Very — interesting — old — goat!" he said, and slipped quietly to the floor.

Miss Allison gave a cry and moved forward; but she was too late. Without a sound, Miss Lucy crossed the room and, flinging herself to her knees, took the fallen man's head in her arms.

"Mine!" she said.

Mrs. Tuthill's boarding house had taken on a new air of importance, a new dignity of demeanor. Pedestrians passing in the street stopped to gaze up at it with gaping curiosity; small boys gathered in throngs before its weather-beaten stoop, to rehearse, in imaginative pantomime, the drama that had distinguished it from other houses. It was many a long year since Kingstown had had such an eminent shooting.

There was, moreover, an element of the miraculous in the fact that John Triggs' bullet had gone slightly astray. Never before had the gambler been known to miss his mark. This enigma was explained eventually by Mr. Triggs himself, who spoke from the confines of the local jail.

"It was his ears," said Mr. Triggs. "He waved 'em at me! Spoilt my aim!"

Meanwhile Sandringham Wilson lay in Mrs. Tuthill's second-floor-front room with an impressively bandaged shoulder and enjoyed to the full his measure of publicity. He had always rather wanted to be a hero.

There were innumerable visitors. Colonel Allison called in person and thanked him for saving Miss Allison's life. It was generally understood that Sandringham Wilson had saved Miss Allison's life. Why else should he have taken upon himself the wrath of Mr. Triggs? Why else should he have invited the leaden messenger of death?

This romantic hypothesis was strengthened by the attitude of Miss Allison herself. She came bearing fruit and flowers, regardless of convention, regardless of the gossips' tongues, determined to ease a hero's bed of pain. Her desire to uplift humanity had been superseded by a thoroughly feminine yearning to do things to a sick man's pillows.

Yet despite these ministrations, despite even his aura of publicity, Sandringham Wilson was not happy. His wounded shoulder was nothing. He could forget it for hours at a time. But he could not forget Miss Lucy's cruelty—she had not come once to see him; she had not so much as thrust her head in at his door.

It was the evening of the third day of his convalescence. The room was dim with twilight. He dozed off and dreamed of Miss Allison's face, lifted with serene expectancy through an eternity of rose-scented misunderstandings. He sat up with a jerk, and moved by an impulse of unreasoning panic reached for the large dinner-bell that Mrs. Tuthill had placed at his bedside. This he rang vigorously.

Mrs. Tuthill came at last, stout and puffing, one large plump hand pressed to her ample bosom.

"Is Miss Lucy in?" he asked with the simplicity that was his nature.

"Upstairs," said Mrs. Tuthill briefly.

"I want to see her," said Sandringham Wilson, looking hard at the ceiling. "I want to talk to her. Ask her to come down, Mrs. Tuthill."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Tuthill. "Anything within reason."

She disappeared, gathering her breath for the ascent. There were ambiguous

(Concluded on Page 93)

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Service in Fire Prevention

FROM the sidewalk, most towns look satisfyingly safe. On every hand we see evidences of it, in regulated traffic, police on duty, adequate street lighting, fire hydrants and fire stations that house modern extinguishing apparatus.

But a balloon view of that town might look different—less safe. And this is the point of vision that fire takes when it looks over a town and figures out a raid. Fire sees the town above the cornice line and plots its course from one inflammable roof to the other.

So it is the community's roof that determines its safety from fire and it is largely the individual's choice of a roofing that determines the fate of his property in a community fire.

All over the country people are using J-M Asbestos in Roofing form. As individuals they realize the danger of the community fire—that every house is a menace to every other house.

Selfishly, if you please, they cover their own roof with J-M Asbestos, but collectively and in effect they do so for the common good—for public safety. There is a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing for every type of building as the list below will show:

For flat roofs, J-M Asbestos Built-Up Roofing; for sloping roofs, J-M Flexstone Asbestos Roofing; for skeleton framing, J-M Corrugated Asbestos Roofing; for homes, J-M Transite Asbestos Shingles.

J-M Asbestos Roofings are examined, approved and labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., under the direction of the National Board of Fire Underwriters

H·W·JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

NEW YORK CITY

Branches in 54 Large Cities

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

One Smith Form-a-Truck every four minutes

Deliveries Guaranteed—Any Quantity—On Time—To Meet Your Requirements

Smith Form-a-Truck production is now at the rate of one every four minutes, made necessary by an unprecedented demand—the result of the faithful fulfilling of every promise. 13,500 Smith Form-a-Trucks are already in service, individual purchases ranging from one attachment to several hundred on a single order.

Every Promise Kept

Careful buyers are choosing Smith Form-a-Trucks on past record of every promise kept—every claim lived up to—prompt deliveries—highly satisfactory service—remarkable efficiency results. This is your basis for selection, proved by the experience of thousands of users.

New Hauling Economy Established

$8 in repairs in three years of service—22,000 miles of operation—average load of 2050 pounds is record of first Smith Form-a-Truck sold. 8c per ton mile, exclusive of driver's wages, is average hauling cost. 13,500 now in use. Twice the load hauled by horses over three times the area is the new efficiency standard.

In Use Everywhere

Smith Form-a-Truck has demonstrated itself adaptable to every line of hauling and delivery.

Choose Your Own Power Plant

From an attachment to be used with Ford cars alone, Smith Form-a-Truck has been developed until now it is readily installed on Maxwell, Dodge Bros., Buick, Chevrolet or Overland cars.

Choose your own power plant. Convert it into a fully guaranteed, permanently constructed one-ton truck in a few hours.

Select your loading platform—9 feet to 12 feet.

Trained Efficiency Experts

Our trained efficiency experts are ready to analyze your hauling and delivery problems—to show you just how many Smith Form-a-Trucks you need to displace your present hauling or delivery equipment—how much money you can save—how you can increase your delivery efficiency and economy. Our dealer organization covers the entire country.

We Have the Materials

Materials for over 30,000 Smith Form-a-Trucks are in our warehouse, ready to be made into one Smith Form-a-Truck every four minutes. Future demands have been anticipated a year in advance. We stand alone in the motor truck industry in having material on hand for this enormous production.

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Ranking among the largest manufacturers in the motor truck industry, we have the financial strength to maintain our production schedule—to maintain the quality standards that have made Smith Form-a-Truck reputation enviable—to enable us to secure materials fully a year in advance—to take care of any future increase in demands.

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We can meet every delivery requirement—every order, large or small—deliver Smith Form-a-Trucks on the date you specify. There can be no delay—no hold up. What we have already done for users almost staggers belief; what we are prepared to do now will dim even past performance.

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I employ _____ horses. My present cost is _____ cents per ton mile.

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Smith Form-a-Truck utilizes proved power plants to do truck service. All the load is carried on the Smith Form-a-Truck. The completed construction is covered by the same guarantee that covers any motor truck you can buy. It is not a converted pleasure car. It is a real engineering development to meet motor truck requirements. And you get the low price made possible by the enormous production of the power plants you use and of the Smith Form-a-Truck itself. You cannot buy motors more adapted to truck service than those you use with Smith Form-a-Truck. You cannot duplicate the service value of Smith Form-a-Truck combined with these power plants in any truck construction at anywhere near the price.

Smith Motor Truck Corporation

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Eastern Branch
1834 Broadway, New York

Pacific Coast Branch
Pico and Hill Streets, Los Angeles

Southern Branch
120 Mariette Street, Atlanta

Kansas City Branch
1808 Grand Avenue

(Concluded from Page 90)

sounds overhead. Sandringham Wilson lay frowning upon his pillows. Occasionally he glanced at the clock on the table beside him. It was almost time for Miss Allison to come with her frank smile and her succoring grapefruits.

He turned suddenly and saw Miss Lucy standing in the doorway.

"Ah!" said he.

At the sound of his voice she came forward swiftly—and then checked herself—and then came forward again.

"Well?" she asked, striving to speak naturally. "Well?"

"I wanted you," he said. "I wanted you most damnably."

She sank down abruptly into a chair.

"I didn't know," she faltered. "You see, I thought . . . there were so many others ——"

"There is only one," said Sandringham Wilson.

Her face became very white in the shadow.

"Yes," she whispered, "only one. There is never more than that. Of course I have understood ——"

He made a gesture of protest, but she went on blindly:

"I have understood for a long time. And when it happened, I knew that you had realized how much you cared. . . . Men do not offer their lives—like that—unless they care."

"Unless they care," echoed Sandringham Wilson.

His hand fell upon hers. "Dear Miss Lucy!" he said.

At that moment footsteps sounded in the hall belowstairs; then came a voice, obviously in response to Mrs. Tuthill's greeting. It was a firm, modern voice; a voice suggestive of world uplift and grapefruits—especially of grapefruits.

Miss Lucy sprang to her feet with a little startled "Oh!" But Sandringham Wilson clung to her desperately.

"Wait!" he cried. "You mustn't go! I've been having dreams . . . grapefruit! Ugh! I did it for you, I tell you. For you. He was aiming straight at you—through Podderfoot. And Podderfoot is so thin! So dangerously thin! He has always reminded me of a stork. You would have been killed. I did it because I cared—for you. No one else. No one else ever—dear Miss Lucy!"

She looked at him through the bright chaos of a universe gone mad. There was tumult in her brain, and a mighty crashing of dark castles before her eyes. Then everything became as clear as crystal, and clean, and right, and good. She knelt down beside the bed, and put her arms about him, and cried very happily, not caring who should see.

And Miss Allison stood in the doorway, with her bag of grapefruits, and resolved to abandon humanity forever to its own devices. Six months later she amended that resolution in part. Which is to say that she married Mr. Podderfoot.

Public opinion is still divided upon the subject of Sandringham Wilson's abilities. His wife, whom he will always call Miss Lucy, considers him a genius. The managing editor of the Sentinel, viewing the paper's increased circulation, is inclined to agree with her. The city editor, on the other hand, has come definitely to the conclusion that the gentleman in question is a dub.

Sandringham Wilson himself is unaware of these divergencies of view. He is completely, preposterously happy. He goes about peering into the souls of his fellow men and drawing animals for the Sentinel.

It is entirely relevant to our story that we should quote a brief poem that he did toward the latter part of his first married year. It ran as follows:

There is a little Pink Frog in my bedroom.
It hopped in the other day from the great
  Swamp behind the Stars
And looked at me with its wise blue eyes—
It has miraculous noises in its throat,
And hands so small it seems ridiculous to
  trust one's heart to them.
I have closed the window of my room
And put a guard upon the door—
For I do not want my little Frog to hop
  away again.

BRINGING OUT BARBARA

(Continued from Page 23)

"No—he never promised to begin carrying out his orders here; but, of course, everybody assumed he would. No manners! . . . Doesn't know how things are done. . . . Hasn't any breeding. . . . The orders will stand, but this thing will kill him socially, of course!"

At the risk of mother's displeasure I made my escape while yet no cocktails were in sight. I had no defense of Randall to make. He had been frightfully rude to me. He must have heard further rumors regarding my relations with Allan. And he had cared rather magnificently—enough to get himself in bad with the high-muck-a-mucks who could have made him. I could not be very angry with him. He was free to get out. I, alas! was bound—by my promise, by my pledge—to "see the thing through."

The walls closed in on me that night, shutting the vistas out. How silly I had been to imagine that I could have my cake and eat it too—play both ends against the middle! Life was not like that. You had to stand for one thing or another. Out on the links that day, looking into Allan's eyes, I had renounced my rebellion—decided to accept present conditions. That, not this, was my true moment of choice. From that moment on I threw my hands up and drifted with the tide. The die was cast.

In the mornings the sea was so blue and it was such fun to have a merman to swim with, and in the afternoons the golf course was so green and it was so stimulating to have a partner to play with, that I swept all the disturbing thoughts into the back of my mind, where they lay in a disordered heap, inviting dust. There was no doubt that having two grown-up men show interest in me had gone to my head a little. None of the other girls of seventeen had anybody so old to bother about.

My nerves were keyed too high. By September I started at every sound. If a door slammed it seemed to slam in the top of my head; the slightest stimulus was sufficient to set in motion the vibrations of my emotional reaction. One night I caught a look in Allan's eyes—those eyes so supremely blue, so heavily fringed; and his hand pressed mine. He whispered the three fateful words, and our lips met. . . . Nothing else was possible; for I was in love with him—madly in love!

Straight from his arms I went to mother, unafraid to break in on her privacy, bold with the boldness of a messenger who brings welcome tidings, to be delivered anywhere, anyhow—even, like this, in the middle of the night.

She was in bed, with her hair strewed all about the pillow. By the shaded bedside light she looked very beautiful, yielding and young. Eager and smiling, I approached and took the hand that lay, slender and very white, against the soft whiteness of the blanket.

"Oh, mother!" I whispered. "It's come!"

I expected she would understand at once; so I was surprised when she returned blankly:

"What do you mean? What has come?"

Embarrassed, but still confident, I let her hand fall and returned shyly:

"Can't you guess? I'm engaged!"

At that she gathered herself up in bed as an animal gathers itself for a spring, and I stepped back in terror.

"What are you talking about?" she demanded in a voice that cut like the lash of a whip.

Only one thing could account for it; she suspected that John Randall was the man. Her tone, her manner, hurt just as much as though he had been.

How could any older woman make any young girl shrink and quiver away from her like that?

I wanted to gather this big thing that had happened to me to my breast and run away with it; but it was too late.

"It's not the man you think," I said painfully. "It's—Allan Denning."

To my amazement, the name did not placate her.

"Nonsense!" she retorted sharply. "I never heard of such nonsense in my life!"

I could not believe my ears.

"I thought you'd be pleased," I said. "I thought you were crazy about him! You've always thrown him in my way."

"To give you social confidence!" she cried. "To bring you to people's attention!

How We "Salt to Taste" With Accuracy

WHEN we first began making Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, we used to season it by hand. But we soon learned, as all cooks learn, that hand seasoning is not always uniform. Hand seasoning would not keep Beech-Nut Peanut Butter up to the Beech-Nut standard of excellence.

Therefore we devised an ingenious machine to crush the nuts and salt them at the same time. This machine does the seasoning with the brains of a chef but with unfailing mechanical *accuracy*. You, yourself, know that you have never tasted any Beech-Nut Peanut Butter that was not salted *just right*.

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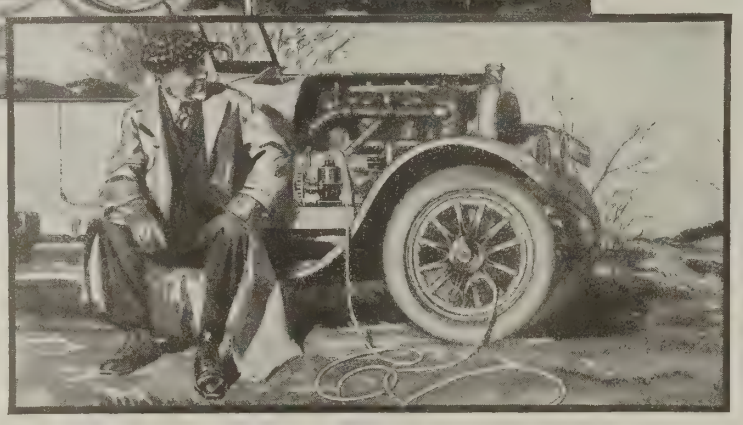

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CASSCO TIRE PUMP
ENGINE DRIVEN

That was what he was for! To insure you a start!"

Something turned to iron inside me at these words. I no longer shrank; I had lost all sensation of timidity.

"You expected me to work him for all he was worth—to squeeze him dry, and then to throw him over!" I summed up. "I see!"

"You won't gain anything," she warned, "by distorting my words. I didn't say anything about working or squeezing. Those graphic expressions are your own. Allan Denning has done just exactly what he wanted to do. And in the end he's amused himself by flirting with you a little. If you make anything more of it than that," she concluded disparagingly, "it's because you know nothing whatever about life; you, a mere schoolgirl—a baby."

"I'm not so much of a baby," I replied slowly, "as you think. And I know a good deal more about life—than I did. If you imagine that you can start things going and then—then—make them stop—by just putting up your hand, like a policeman regulating traffic—why, then, it seems to me it's you who don't know about life—that's all!"

From the silence which followed I saw that my words had begun to carry conviction.

"How far," she asked at length in great agitation, "has this actually gone?"

"I've just told you," I answered. "We're engaged. He's going to speak to father tomorrow."

Her indignation found a new channel.

"We'll see about that!" she declared ominously. "I can't believe it of him! To play upon a young girl's ignorance! To impose upon her lack of knowledge of the world!"

I smiled bitterly.

I had heard such words before. First it had been John Randall and now it was Allan Denning who was imposing upon my inexperience.

"You wouldn't let me have the man I wanted," I cried; "and when I take the one you substitute you're not satisfied, either! You'll never be satisfied, no matter what I do!"

"Now, Barbara," she almost begged, "be reasonable! It never occurred to me that you wouldn't know that Allan Denning is no match for you. He's good-looking and well connected and convenient to have about, and all that; but he hasn't got a cent. And as for marrying him —— Why child, you haven't even begun to look round! Wait till after next winter. What sort of time do you think any girl who was engaged would have when she came out?"

"I needn't come out—now," I suggested, though I recognized the futility of the suggestion.

Mother's face turned to adamant and her eyes to steel.

"Whatever happens," she announced, "you are coming out!"

She said it as though she were registering a vow before heaven.

For her manner of receiving the news of my engagement I had been totally unprepared. I had run to her with it, expecting to be praised—and had been incontinently rebuffed. I was less upset on my own account than on Allan's. How would he take her unflattering estimate of him as a parti? Hard, I was sure. In counseling me to acquiesce in her program for the coming months he had obviously not realized, any more than I, that his name was not to appear upon it. Perhaps he would not feel so convinced now of the advisability of being a sport, playing the game, seeing the thing through.

What was my astonishment, not to say chagrin, when he took my information quite easily, and was all for compromise! You had to be tactful with women like my mother, he said confidentially. They must always be made to think that they were getting their own way, whether they actually were or not. Nothing was to be gained by antagonizing them.

The following was the policy he outlined in council before the concert of Powers: Not a word concerning what had occurred between us was to be breathed until after the close of the New York season. Only we four were to know of it. If at the beginning of March next I should have changed my mind, I was to call the whole thing off. Thus mother's arrangements for the winter would not be in any way jeopardized. To all intents and for all social purposes I was free.

Mother and father expressed themselves as satisfied and took my silence for consent.

As a matter of fact, I scorned trial engagement as I would have scorned trial marriage. Like every other girl of seventeen, I was firmly convinced that I knew my own mind and would never change it. My word was my word—not a mere near-promise, subject to the statute of limitations. The more they said that I was not bound, the more securely bound I felt.

I justified Allan's willingness to make concessions to mother upon the ground of his faith in me. In staking his life's happiness upon his belief in my fidelity, he was paying me the highest tribute in his power. Still, I felt that an open rupture with my parents would have been the more honorable course to pursue. Never before had there been the smallest reservation on my part in my relations with mother. I had argued with her, burst into tears, shown temper, done all sorts of exuberant and childish things; but I had never for one moment allowed her to remain in any doubt as to what I meant. I had carefully refrained from being tactful with her.

Now I was letting her infer one thing while I intended another. Curiously it was a man who had urged upon me this method of dealing with her. And I had always been led to suppose that a man's sense of honor had a finer edge than a girl's!

Of course I had no business to fall under this or any influence that was at odds with that something inside which had always kept me straight. This was what I had got by drifting. I had drifted so far and so fast that I could not make up my mind to turn about and put up a fight. The alternative was just to keep on going wherever the wind and the tide chose to take me.

The weather was so mild that it was October before we returned to Long Island. Once arrived there, we spent our days in the city as before, going back to the country only to dine and to sleep. In preparation for what was to come my wardrobe was being amassed. Mother concentrated upon this task enough energy to have run a dozen Bureaus of Serbian Relief. If I was expected to attend all the types of function for which garments were being provided I thought I should be a rag before the end of the first six weeks.

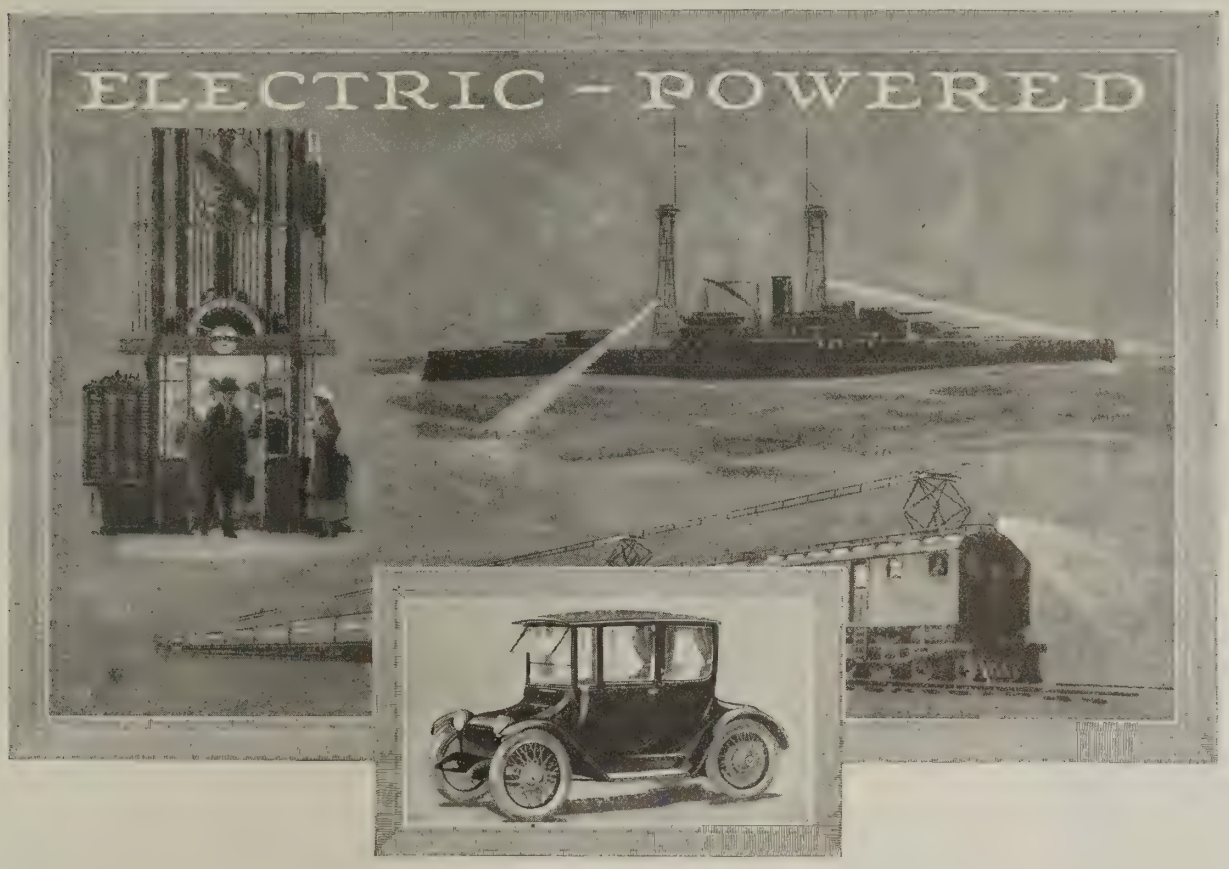
She didn't buy me a variety of dresses, hats and coats, and let it go at that. No; every costume was an equipment by itself, a symphony of nuance—a tone poem. Each afternoon gown, for example, had its accessories of hat, veil, gloves, coat, fur neckpiece and muff, shoes and stockings. Even gloves were not interchangeable. Attention to these details consumed an exorbitant amount of time. I remember we went into nine shops one day before we found enameled hatpins of the exact shade of mauve to harmonize with a certain hat.

There seemed to be no end to what mother could do when she was doing what she wanted. The vitiated air of the shops stimulated her. If at first she didn't succeed she asked nothing better than to try, try again. Yet there were things that tired her. If she walked for half an hour along a country road she became so exhausted that she had to lie down. When her secretary was ill one day, and she was obliged to write her own notes, she could not eat any lunch. Loud or abrupt talking was painful to her—for instance, mine. When I laughed "right out" I often saw a little frown come between her brows, as though I had given her a headache.

Many of her friends shared these idiosyncrasies. There was Mrs. Fiske Wyman, for one, a "confirmed" invalid; yet she had just risen from an almost permanent bed of pain, with an alacrity hardly decent, to go yachting in the Bahamas; while Miss Julia Endeman, who had weighed two hundred undismayed and had never exercised in her life, had recently rolled her hips away by turning over and over fifty times each morning on her bedroom floor, and "gone in" for golf.

Everybody was planning to skate this winter on the Radmore roof—even those whom the blackest ice had not tempted in youth, the natural skating time. Wabbly legs could be strengthened by practice, weak ankles propped; and she who was unable to attain balance by herself might always hire somebody to hold her up. From the dictates of fashion no infirmity excused. Fashion made its puppets dance to any tune. During that autumn, in and out of shops, I estimated that we must have walked a hundred miles. We never left off until the wax ladies in the windows were being covered with sheets and the blinds drawn down.

(Continued on Page 97)



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(Continued from Page 94)

We spent and were spent. What for? That I, too, might be made into a waxen manikin, set in a window for one season for exhibition purposes, and then carried away to make room for fresh goods. There was a career for you!

I was becoming surfeited with clothes. Every girl loves clothes, but she does not love a superfluity of them. I had once eaten all the caramels I wanted, and for years thereafter had not been able to look at a caramel. As a child I had always approached the park by the Seventy-second Street entrance on my way to the Mall. Now I sedulously avoided that approach. Fifty-ninth Street was all right, or Eighty-fifth, or Ninetieth; but Seventy-second I was done with forever.

One disadvantage of owning a costume for each occasion was the anticipation it involved. It was bad enough to have to go to functions at all, without focusing one's attention upon them for hours beforehand. Oh, for my old rough serge, which had served me all day and every day at school for as many seasons as I could get wear out of it!

Sometimes I remembered, with a sense of loss, the things in my experience that had been uncomfortable. I had grumbled as loudly as anybody else, at the time, at having to pile out of bed half asleep on a dark winter morning to close my own windows and stand shivering on a chilly floor; but now I thought that I should have welcomed any hardness to relieve the eternal softness of my life! My bed was soft; my food was soft; the people about me spoke in soft voices; there was no edge to anything, no sparkle, no snap.

My engagement had been so qualified and bereft of the natural attributes of an engagement that it afforded me but little satisfaction. Allan lunched with us occasionally, and that was about all I saw of him. Things would be different in the spring, but I was not so old that spring did not seem to me a long way off. And there was much to come, between now and then.

In preparation for the great event, my coming-out ball on December twentieth, we closed the Long Island house much earlier than usual, and found ourselves just after Thanksgiving, as mother said, "alone" in New York; by which she did not mean, of course, that there was not the usual quota of people in the streets. I was satiated with that ball long before it occurred, for it was the only topic of conversation. I had always supposed living in the future to be a prerogative of youth; but no young person I had ever seen lived so much in the future as mother.

She took precautions against the possibility of everything's not being perfect in every detail by stocking up with commodities, as though the sources of supply were presently to be forever cut off. Even an awning was ordered to be specially made, instead of being hired from a caterer for the evening. She showed me samples of awning cloth and looked reproachful because I had no preference for green and white stripes over red and white, or vice versa. She got another French maid, to supplement Yvonne, so that the two might work in shifts like a night nurse and a day nurse in illness—one being always on hand. A second butler was likewise procured, that coattails, instead of mere livery, might still be in evidence before guests when the butler in chief was out or sleeping.

As it was assumed that, once launched upon my social career, I should keep to my bedroom until noon, yet another housemaid was added to the staff.

As a result of this forethought the servants now outnumbered the family in a ratio of five to one. I ran into them at every turn, stumbled upon them in every corner. It was like living at a fashionable hotel on the Normandy coast while waiting for the season to open—storm-lashed waves; empty casino; band playing to the echoes. Everything ready, and nothing doing. How could one settle down to normal accomplishment with this abnormal fever of anticipation permeating the atmosphere? If mother found me reading she would order me to close the book, for fear my eyelids should become reddened. Painting was out of the question, for painting took time, and I could never count on more than half an hour.

It wasn't an evening's pleasure that was being planned; it was the opening move in a systematic campaign. So far as I could make out, pleasure didn't enter into it. After the first of December mother's activities narrowed down to the desk in her sitting room, where she and a strange woman, who came every morning, pored all day long over sheaves of papers and marked off names in the various lists with little crosses. The strange woman seemed to know exactly who should be invited and who should not. They managed it all between them, without once consulting me. I suggested only one name, with much diffidence—John Randall's—which was received without comment and written down.

Time and much cogitation had brought me to the conclusion that Randall's sudden departure from Newport had been due wholly to delicacy. If he had retired in favor of another man it was because he had believed that I cared for that other. Once convinced of this, his sole consideration had been to remove the embarrassment of his presence as speedily as possible. The fact that in failing to seize his unprecedented opportunity he was jeopardizing his future of worldly success and running the risk of losing a score of orders was a matter of supreme indifference to him, if it occurred to him at all. Poor as dirt, he was, nevertheless, a royal spender. Honor to whom honor is due.

Unfortunately, instead of flashing me the true explanation at once, my woman's wit, or intuition, or whatever it is that constitutes our superiority to man, had been extremely slow upon this occasion in getting to work upon the situation. It had, in fact, remained in a state of suspension during some weeks. In the interim Allan Denning had obtained my promise. I was morally bound by it now, hard and fast, hand and foot. But to Randall's behavior I had at last found the key. Therefore, the invitation.

When we had first moved to the city Allan had begun again to present himself with frequency, but, upon a hint from the authorities, had obediently fallen off in attendance, and had since reappeared with the utmost circumspection only upon rare occasions. I sometimes wondered whether it was not a case of shutting the barn door after the horse had trotted forth. After all, we had afforded ample opportunity for comment that summer, having been almost never apart. Not everybody's sight was as peculiar as that of mother, who went through life believing that only such things existed as she wished to see.

John Randall, for example, had been "on" long before I was.

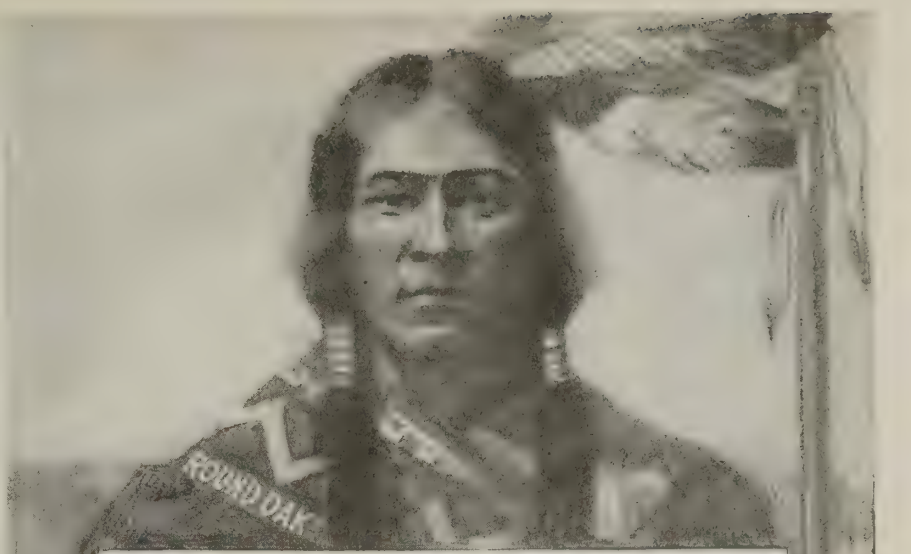
The approach of my eighteenth birthday, which filled me with a shy sense of mystery and wonder, was acclaimed by mother solely as affording a good excuse for a theater party. This occasion was to be a farewell to subdébutantism, consisting of girls only—thirty of them—and those younger ones who were not coming out this year. It was quite in order, mother explained to me, to invite girls of that age without boys. The most fashionable dancing class in the city—that which preceded the Cosmopolitan dances for girls not yet out—excluded the other sex, except for an evening dance at Christmas and an Easter *thé dansant*.

After much deliberation, ten names were selected from the list of this dancing class. Nine out of those bidden accepted, as the girls were only fifteen and had not many engagements as yet. Alas! The very one who declined was the one mother most wanted—the little Bolton girl.

The remaining twenty were asked from the year's Cosmopolitan list. The Cosmopolitan dances, colloquially known as the Mops, were the only official peepholes into the social arena. To be eligible a girl must be sixteen—and much besides. It was excessively easy for some girls to be invited to join and insuperably difficult for others. The dances were subscription affairs, but it was not only money that had to be subscribed. Those who failed to get on the list organized consolation dances of their own, with limited membership, and patronesses, and all the proper accessories, so that the newspaper accounts of them sounded just as good. A few of those who attended the Mops went to these also, if they were particularly enthusiastic about dancing.

Boarding school had deprived me of my three legitimate years of Mops. By means of them I should have gained experience. The next best thing, according to mother, was to tap them—to keep in touch with the members; so that when my sun should be setting, a year from now, I might still have points of contact with those whose luminary was drawing toward its zenith.

The party, when it occurred, came perilously near being a frost, for mother was not accustomed to young people and did not



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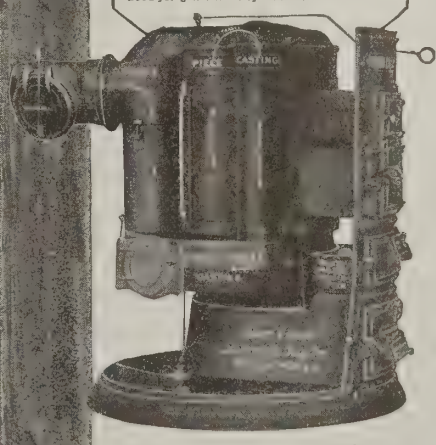

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know how to put them at their ease. The little girls arrived earliest, not having yet acquired the smart habit of keeping other people waiting. From the maturity of eighteen I leaned down toward them with a reminiscent wistfulness for the childhood forfeited during those three years. They were so sweet, several of them, and came into the room shyly, their bodies tenderly curving, some inward, some outward—like flowers blown lightly this way and that in a breeze. Their recently uprolled hair rested unfamiliarly against their heads, creating new outlines; a few of the coils seemed too heavy for the soft necks to bear. What a sin against Nature to mold them—to make them conform; to point out to them what was what and who was who. Youth was receptive enough; it would not take long.

Meantime they were standing about, some with hands folded patiently across their stomachs, others with their satin slippers scrunched inward, wide-eyed, expectant and dumb. This would never do! In desperation I managed to corral the whole group into a corner, tell them little jokes and whisper little confidences until their laughter bubbled up like geysers out of the ground.

Each newcomer heard it as she came in and joined our elastic circle at once; it offset mother's formality and the situation was saved. Soon there was a twittering like that of swallows under eaves. Everybody was natural, as the sexes are apt to be in the absence of each other.

Against mother's advice I had chosen Henry the Eighth instead of the musical comedy she proposed. It was a superb production and the girls were crazy about it. Any puppy will eat meat if you throw it to him, and like it just as well as lollipops.

That was a happy evening for me—a sort of female bachelor dinner, dedicated to pure, spontaneous gayety, before assuming the bonds of wedlock to the social world.

As the twentieth drew nearer, the atmosphere grew more and more oppressive and hushed. I became, day by day, increasingly apprehensive of not carrying out my part in the affair in the right form. The thought of it weighed on me as though it were a presentation at court, or even a ceremony of coronation. I might say or do something that wasn't on the program—I never could tell just what I was going to do or say.

I wasn't used to pomp, and doubted whether I ever could get used to it. It sat uneasily upon me, and hampered my movements in much the same manner as did my delicate clothes. Yet I wanted so earnestly to do my best that I even sent up a little prayer about it, and intended neither triviality nor irreverence thereby.

Personally I did not attach the least importance to this or any function; but mother cared terribly, and that was enough. I had sacrificed much to "play the game," "see the thing through." I wanted the climax to occur in a burst of glory. That much I could do toward the success of the crowning achievement of the life of her who had borne me, whether my ideals were hers or not.

"I wonder," she said reflectively one day when we were out in the motor together, "whether you'll be a success!"

I smiled, and uncomfortably felt her eye on the spot where I'd forgotten my dimple was.

"I'm not going to worry about that," I returned gently. "You're doing the best you can to make me one, mother. It doesn't depend on me."

"Oh, yes, it does, in large measure," she asserted. "I'm just deliberating what tactics to advise. This spring I believed your—er—outspokenness and your blunt manner would offend. Now, from what I've observed at Newport, I'm inclined to think that they take. People are tired of the usual thing, probably, and looking for something different. On the whole, I think I'll have you push your individuality."

The color surged over my face and neck in wave after wave.

"Oh, mother!" I protested. "Don't you see that you're going to kill whatever it is that's me by talking about it? Please—please don't!"

Nevertheless, I was a little relieved to think that I need not behave like an automaton at the ball.

The result of the invitation to Randall was a note from Mrs. Winslow next day asking mother to allow her to take me to the studio for some music that evening. Of course permission was not withheld. With Mrs. Winslow I should have been allowed to go anywhere!

The minute I stepped out of my own house I began to feel the breath of a keener air. Snowflakes, light as thistledown, were falling; I can feel their tiny pricklings of perforated frostiness now on my cheek. In the motor I touched the fur-edged sleeve of Mrs. Winslow's wrap with cautious finger, to make sure that she was real. There was an illusion of fitfulness and shadow about her, and I wanted to dispel it, for my love went out to her there in the night. Daughterless mother and motherless daughter that we were, our natures had hailed each other long since, at the first handclasp.

That evening brought Randall out of the void for me—put a background behind him and earth under his feet.

The studio was a big room in a downtown street, up several flights of stairs. Somebody was singing when we got there. The room was full of people who made no sound. Toward the back I caught sight of Mr. Winship's face, appreciative and intent. It was my first contact, save at public concerts where tickets were to be bought, with a gathering that dared show itself serious. No one was ashamed of being serious here!

Randall was sitting motionless, chin forward, hand on knee. He must have heard us; but he gave no sign. We were spared the variety of "manners" that would have forced intrusion upon us. In the arch of the old-fashioned doorway, her breast rising and falling under her pearls, the folds of her train coiled about her feet, Mrs. Winslow was allowed her fair share of enjoyment, standing unnoticed until the song was at an end. Then Randall sprang toward us with a glad face of welcome, all his boyishness loosed from the spell.

"You!" he said, turning to me when he had greeted Mrs. Winslow. "In my house!"

That was all; but he said it as though some Presence had crossed his threshold, and I trembled, incapable of reply.

Hour after hour they made music for the sheer joy of it. On and on they went, without order, sequence or brevity. During intervals Randall scrambled eggs, we ate, and I met everybody. There was plenty of jollity; and when people laughed, they laughed! They were no more afraid of laughter than of seriousness.

The guests included painters of both sexes, musicians, sculptors, stage folk, two playwrights, several readers for magazines, editors and their wives—people who did things; and people who, like Mr. Winship and Mrs. Winslow, loved to see things done. Some were word artists, who chatted familiarly of subjects that, where I came from, were kept imprisoned between the covers of books. Everything they touched upon they clothed with form and color. They brought dead history to life. They discussed philosophy and metaphysics. It was almost too rich, that meal, after a starvation diet of such long duration.

"You're coming to my ball?" I whispered to Randall as we said good night.

He nodded.

"Really, this time!" I enjoined.

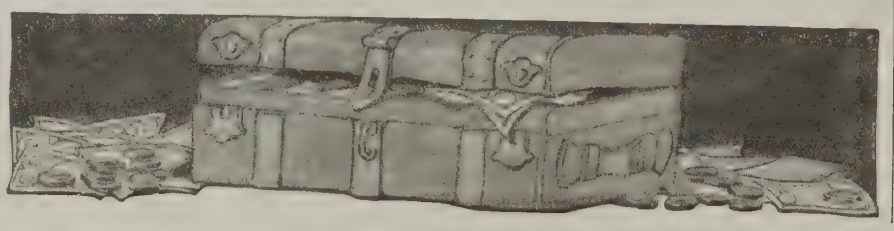
"Yes—really!" he promised with a flitting smile.

It was the only reference that was made by either of us to his late defalcation.

In the interval I tried not to think of him. My intelligence must be of a very limited order, I reflected ruefully, since I seemed incapable of thinking of more than one man at a time.

At Newport, Allan had crowded Randall out; now Randall was crowding Allan out. And this was not as it should be. I was a little annoyed with Allan for his tame acquiescence in the rôle of absentee landlord. He should have been keeping a closer watch on his preserves.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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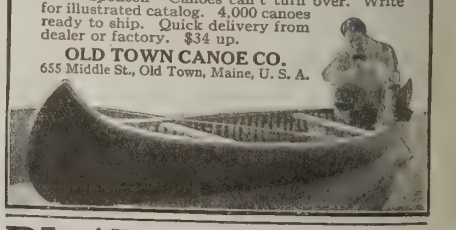

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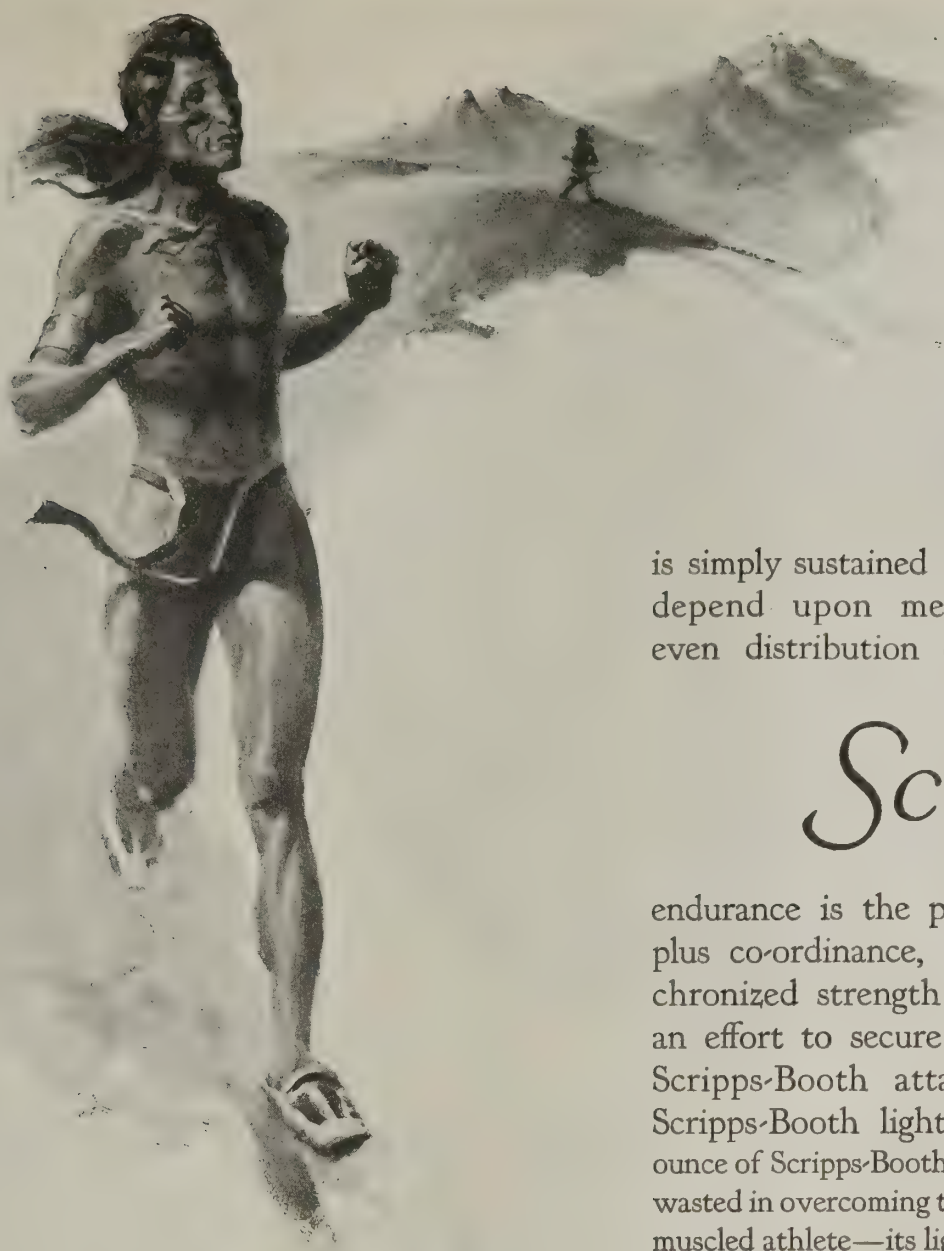

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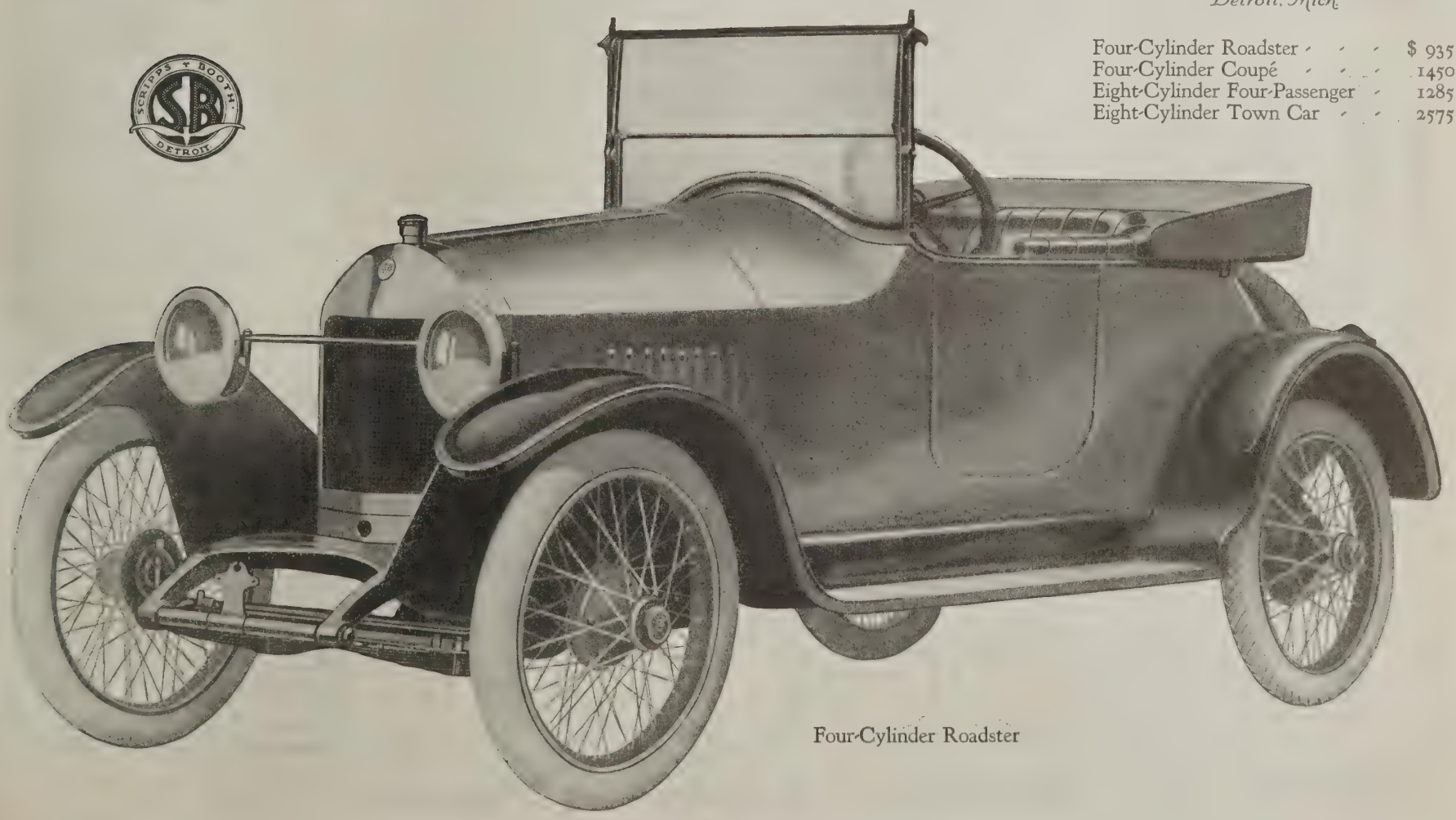
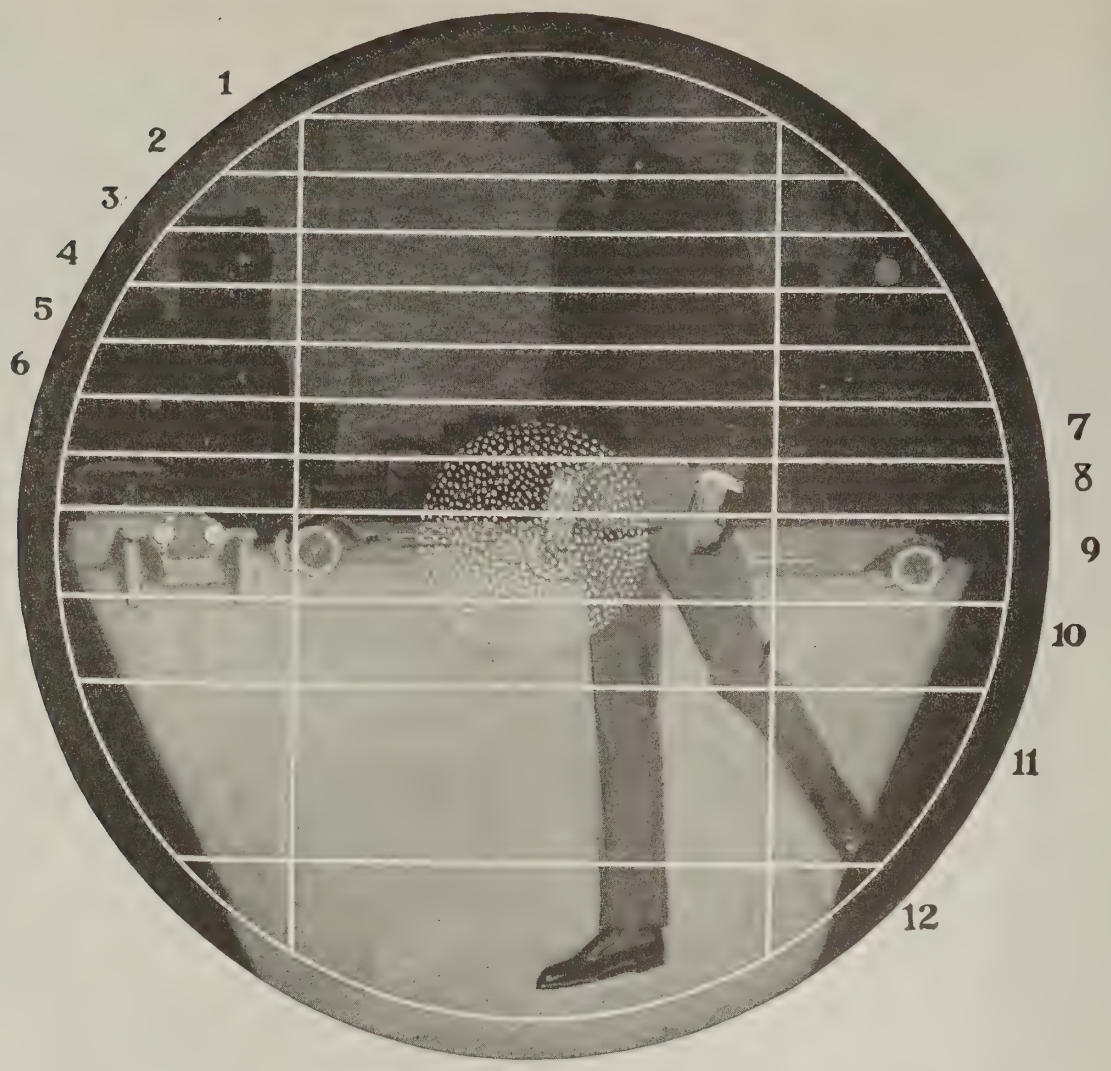


Four-Cylinder Roadster



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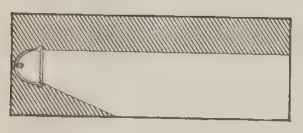

Professor E. H. Freeman of the Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, has made some interesting tests with the New Osgood Lens.

He finds that the New Osgood Lens increases the average apparent candle-power below the axis of reflector over seventy-four per cent, as against a headlight equipped with a plain glass lighting the same width of road.

This is due to the fact that rays which ordinarily are thrown into the air, are here thrown onto the road, as shown by the small illustration heading this column.

Compared with a lens of *ground* glass, he finds that the average candle-power of the beam from the New Osgood Lens is *910% greater* below this horizontal plane.

This is light *control*, by which the light is passed through prisms which direct all rays where they are most needed.

Light control must not be confused with light *diffusion* by which light beams, passing through irregular surfaces, are merely broken up at the expense of lighting distance.

And where there is *light control* there can be no dangerous, law-breaking glare, because all rays are kept within bounds—below waist height, and not in the eyes of other motorists or pedestrians.

JAMES R. CRAVATH, one of America's foremost authorities on illumination, has done a wonderful thing with light for motorists.

He has designed in the New Osgood Lens one which concentrates all of the power of the light on the road, free from glare, and complying with headlight laws—the lens of courtesy and efficiency.

Here is an improved non-glare lens which wonderfully increases the useful driving light. Gives 74% more candle-power toward the road than does a plain lens, due to the fact that light which is ordinarily directed above the horizontal axis of the reflector is thrown *downward* by the New Osgood Lens.

The New Osgood Lens is a one-piece lens consisting of twelve prisms, each of which selects and then delivers its particular beam to its particular, predetermined objective point, while merging with the other eleven beams to form the one shaft of light which so completely illumines *all* the road.

You have a long, bright, broad, direct stream of light of ground-hugging tenacity for the full distance of one-third of a mile. Not more than waist high. Always where you need it as *light*—not where others condemn it as *glare!* No dimming necessary. Read to right and left the official story in detail.

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The New Osgood Lens is made in all sizes for all cars of whatever make. Sizes and prices:

7 to 7¾ inches	. . .	$2.50 a pair
8 to 8½ inches	. . .	3.00 a pair
8¾ to 9½ inches	. . .	3.75 a pair
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Prices quoted on special sizes.
25 cents a pair higher west of Rockies.
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In ordering: Give diameter of old lens; diameter of opening in door frame; model and make of car.

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Dealers: Write for complete data. By official test the New Osgood Lens throws a light for a third of a mile—not more than waist high—74% greater road brightness—no glare! What other lens does all this?

The following results were observed in official tests made with the New Osgood Lens by L. A. Hillman, technical representative of the American Automobile Association.

Date of tests, November 27, 1916, Standard lighting equipment used with New Osgood Lenses.

At 50 feet the spread of concentrated rays was 15 feet. At 75 feet, spread of rays was 18 feet.

At 150 feet, spread of rays was 35½ feet. Height of concentrated rays 24 inches.

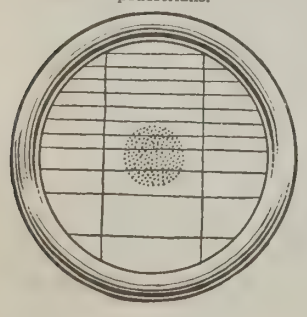
At 250 feet, spread of rays was 60 feet.

At 1,800 feet there was a considerable strength of light, sufficient to cast a shadow. Illumination of road, and to each side, was good at this great distance.

Observers standing before the car in various places and positions could find no glare.

During one of the settings the rays were passed through a film of smoke which showed plainly that the rays of light from the lenses sloped *downward* at a very gradual angle.

The smooth outer surface of the lens was found to be fully as claimed. Note: There is nothing about the New Osgood Lens to catch dust. It is as easily cleaned as a window pane.



OSGOOD LENS

CRAVATH LONG DISTANCE TYPE

DEEP MINING FOR BRAINS

(Concluded from Page 20)

streets incorrect, undercharge or overcharge, items not shown on sales checks, amounts wrong, wagon calls wrong, giving out wrong parcel, omission of name or address on check, transfers not promptly collected, charge-office slow in "will take" purchases, wrong carriers sent through pneumatic tubes—and a host of similar blunders, exasperating to customers and expensive to the store.

A record of mistakes was then installed. In the department handling wrappers and negligée gowns one Annabelle had a persistent habit of altering saleschecks; but when this fault began to be visualized day by day, and grouped in weekly tables for comparison with the mistakes of other salesgirls, Annabelle sat up and took notice.

The error analysis showed something like this:

Saleswomen with bad records for altering checks: Annabelle, of the wrappers; Florodora, of the wash dress goods; Clementine, of the ready-to-wear hats; Maryjane, of the patterns; and Dorothea, of the art embroideries.

Salesmen with bad records for not showing names on transfer checks: Jackson, of the upholstery and draperies; Jones, of the boys' clothing; Olson, of the rugs and carpets; and Steinberg, of the pictures.

Salespersons with unsatisfactory records for not getting charge-takes O.K'd: Sophronia, of the flowers and feathers; and Jixon, of the office furniture.

You may be sure that Sophronia and Jixon, for instance, did not relish being called upstairs together and constituted a special infants' class in the art of getting charge-takes O.K'd; and after this had happened once neither of them ever made the error again.

On the other hand, the groups of employees who made the fewest mistakes were disclosed in similarly tabulated reports, and rewarded with increased salary or bonus, or with special holidays. Commendation cards were issued. The number of errors began to come down just as soon as this work was begun; and now instead of fifteen thousand errors a month there are less than fifteen hundred.

Similar methods were adopted in analyzing the different kinds of work done in the store. It was found that there were more than three hundred so-called jobs in the house, and the duties of each job were analyzed and reduced to typewritten form. This gave a great leverage in the specialized instruction.

Johnny, Bobby, Jacky, Joey and Willy, for instance, were messenger boys. Maudy, Claudy, Petty and Louie were stock-girl helpers. Each group was supposed to do certain things; but before the establishment of development work these duties had never been picked out of the vast conglomerate mass and set apart to be studied. When they began to be studied it was discovered that these boys and girls had been doing many things in a slipshod, indifferent way. Thus, it was found that in certain routine messenger work a time-schedule collection of packages and papers enabled the store to eliminate Johnny altogether and promote him to higher-grade work.

The store also found that all the messengers were of a low-grade type except this boy Johnny. It was amazing to contemplate that, for years, promotions had been made from among these unanalyzed store boys, who had continued to pass on and up through different channels in the store until the organization was dotted with them, some holding important positions.

An example was that of X, a floorwalker. He was thirty-nine years old, and had been walking the floor for sixteen years, for a time at fifteen dollars a week, and then at twenty. He was regarded chiefly as an animated guidepost, had no share in any profits on increased business and no part in any scheme of advancement.

An analysis of X showed that he came to the store as a messenger, became a shoe salesman, and was then made an aisle man. He was never rated in any way on paper, or studied, so far as the records revealed.

His mental status was of a low type. He had little knowledge of current events and practically no conception of the problems of merchandising. He was never called into a conference of the higher executives, and his brain was that of a child in nearly everything that had to do with management. Analytical salesmanship in its varied ramifications was to him *terra incognita*. Yet for sixteen years he had been given supervision over a part of the salesforce!

The floormen are now developed for their responsibilities, the aim being to give them the qualities of keen observers and teachers, capable of grading salespersons intelligently and playing other rôles in the development work. In return they are given a financial interest in the larger profits of the departments they serve.

The reduction of the selling work to definite gradings and standards has brought with it mathematical methods of measuring the efficiency of individuals and groups. It was demonstrated to me how Mary H., of the umbrellas and parasols, might have been considered, under the old way of fixing valuations, to be worth less to the store than any of twelve clerks in her group. The true method shows her to be worth more than any of nineteen!

Delia J. and Alice L. were considered in the old days to be of almost equal value to the store; but when measured by the new arithmetic Alice was found to be forty-one per cent more valuable.

In another department Maud earned in wages round eight dollars a week, and Roberta ten dollars; yet when properly measured Maud was found to be eighty-odd per cent more productive.

These are rather complicated matters, and I refer to them merely to indicate that in mining humanity for brains it is necessary to use one's head and pencil.

A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING

(Continued from Page 10)

than ever, Price decided that it was time to stir things up; to give a few hints that he might be persuaded to consider a new position.

He called on an acquaintance who had formed an aëroplane company. He was received with heartiness and a cigar. The aëroplane man acted as though he considered Price a genius, but he didn't make any suggestions about acquiring the genius; and Price could not bear to get down on this cheap rug—it was so much cheaper than the Iran in his office at Pistoflash—and beg for employment. He pretended that he had merely "dropped in," and awkwardly went away.

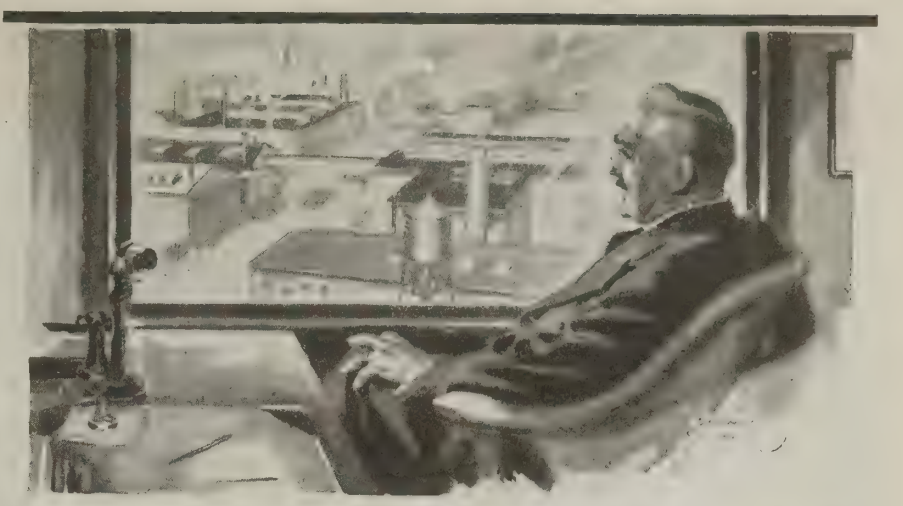
For a month more he could not get himself to ask for work; but this month saw him becoming haggard, and he began to economize, to recall the systematic, frightened saving of the days when he had been a cub salesman, and to try to stretch his inelastic middle-aged dignity to this mean carefulness. He had only twenty-two hundred dollars left now. He had spent about five thousand dollars in a few months; had lent five hundred to the club tattler—a man he had to keep in the belief that he was still prosperous.

He gave up his apartment, sold or stored his furniture, took a two-room suite in a family hotel, and cooked his own breakfasts over an electric stove. He was a rather pathetic, blundering figure—this solid official personage in tailored clothes and a silk shirt—endeavoring to fry an egg and getting the yolk all over his fingers.

He sat in the silence of his room, trying to read library books, and longing for the days at the Magnus Company when, to himself and to Mrs. Arroford and all his young men, he had been busy and secure. When he could no longer stand the seclusion he would go and sit in the lobby of a Broadway hotel, one of the line of intruders and loafers and pompous failures in the big chairs.

He had at last come to a real humility; and he started a campaign to get a job—not a position, but a job. He made out a list of all the motor firms he knew and offered them his services. He even planned to see Magnus.

But he read in a trade paper that Mrs. Nancy Arroford had been made general manager of the Motor Accessories Department of the Magnus Company. The paper commented that she was the first woman to



Builds city of 65,000

There is a busy town in the Middle West that has been described as being literally intoxicated with an all-pervading prosperity.

In a short time its population has increased from 13,000 to 65,000. It boasts of 182 men who have made fortunes from $100,000 to $6,000,000.

This boom—this city and fortune building—is the work of one man. Yet, big as this work is, it is only one phase of this man's gigantic enterprises.

Today, he is master of several industries representing an organization of $175,000,000, employing 36,500 men.

This man started in a humble way as an employé in a lumber mill. At twenty-one he said he had mastered the business and was ready for something else.

A cigar factory required bolstering. He gave it new life.

The town water-works were in a bad way. He put them on a sound basis.

Later he organized a carriage company. Then a motor company. In ten years he was a multi-millionaire and was building fortunes for other men.

He knew the underlying principles of business success

Some men will tell you his success was due to a series of "lucky breaks." Others will say he is one of the men who get all the opportunities.

But the fact is, this man started at scratch—he was born with nothing more than most of us are born with.

It was an unusual mastery of big business laws and principles which gave him his advantage—and this grasp of business principles is within the reach of all who have the determination to learn.

The laws of business success do not vary

This man had to master the laws of business before he could become a success. His text book of business knowledge was the experience of others and the facts of his own daily experience. He was able to crystallize these experiences into working principles.

The knowledge he finally gained in this way was the same knowledge that has stood behind every big business success. It is the same knowledge that, when acquired, needs only the personal qualities of determination and energy, to make success sure for anyone. The difference was in the method of learning. Unlike this man most of us need to have these principles crystallized and set down in writing before we can absorb them.

It is this business knowledge, this crystallized experience of thousands of America's most successful men that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is giving to more than 50,000 business men today.

Based on the actual experience of thousands of successful business men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits to you thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the best thought and practice in modern business. It will give you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business—it will give you a knowledge that could otherwise be obtained *only* by years of bitter experience—if at all.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for this Course and Service along with ambitious young men in their employ. Among the 50,000 subscribers are such men as H. C. Osborn, President, American Multigraph Sales Co.; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co.; Geo. M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mills; William H. Ingersoll, Marketing Manager of the biggest watch company in the world; N. A. Hawkins, General Sales Manager of the Ford Motor Company, and scores of others equally prominent.

In the Standard Oil Co., 242 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation, 450; in the National Cash Register Co., 194; in the General Electric Co., 282; in the Pennsylvania Railroad, 87; and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authorities of the highest standing are represented in the Advisory Council of the Institute. This Advisory Council includes Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York; Judge E. H. Gary, head of the U. S. Steel Corporation; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist, and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of this 135-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," a copy of which we will send you free, will repay you many times over. It will help measure what you know, what you don't know, and what you should know to make success *sure*. This Course and Service will fit you to grasp the opportunities that are bound to come to those who are prepared.

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$7 to $10

The Florsheim dealer is ready to show the season's assortment of styles. His name and booklet on request.

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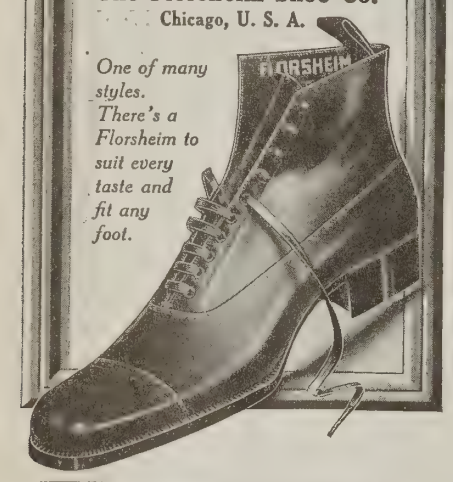

One of many styles. There's a Florsheim to suit every taste and fit any foot.

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hold such a position in the accessories world, but that her record as salesman and her invention of the Magnus Bumper had "so splendidly qualified her for the position that there is no man in the business who does not heartily approve of her appointment and wish her good luck."

So Price could not go to the Magnus Company. He could not contemplate working for a man who had worked for him—especially when that man was a woman! Take orders from a person whom he had taught the very meaning of an office memo.? That was asking too much, he decided; and his remembered affection for Mrs. Arroford was inescapably dulled by envy as he began to bombard the motor firms with written applications for a job. He received a number of chatty replies, but not one single offer.

Where now was the born executive? At last he was considering details—details of cutting down the cost of breakfast by a nickel and of making a collar last two days.

He was in actual want. True, he still had eighteen hundred dollars; but he who has eighteen hundred dollars and no prospect of ever getting any more is as much in need as he who has nothing. So at last he turned back to the Magnus Company, to beg for any sort of chance to start over again.

There was a certain exultation in throwing away all his burden of pride, in attacking the world like a youngster for whom the future may hold anything. He felt twenty instead of fifty when he went swinging, head up, eyes front, not ashamed to be shamed, to face Magnus. . . . And he had a secret excitement in the fact that he would see Mrs. Arroford again. It was three years since he had been near the Magnus office or her.

VII

THERE was a new office boy in the outer office at the Magnus Company, one who knew not Joseph and didn't want to let Joseph go in to see Mister Pharaoh. He stared at Price's spats and piped: "Whacha wanna see 'im 'bout—heh?" But Price's old filing girl was passing through and cried:

"Oh, Mr. Price! It's so long since we've seen you. My, you're looking fine! Eddie, you beat it right in and tell Mr. Magnus that Mr. Price is here."

As Price passed through the inner offices to Magnus' coop, it was through a lane of smiles and handshakes. He was home, and glad to be home; and his old friends were glad to have him. But Magnus himself wasn't so flattering.

"Magnus, I'm on the rocks!" Price felt the luxury of absolute frankness and confession. "I was a damn' fool ever to leave here. I want to come back."

"Well! Well —— Just a moment, Price. Forgot to tell ——"

So, in the rush of his gallant self-exposure, Price had to wait while Magnus telephoned. Chilled, uneasy, he tried to start again; but he could only mumble:

"As I said, I'd be glad to make a connection with the firm again, Magnus."

"Yes, yes; 'course we'd be glad to have you back; but—uh—I don't know just how you'd fit in now, Price. You see, we've completely reorganized the department. The big business now is in direct appeal to car owners—they're getting educated now. You're trained to handle big consignments to manufacturers; but Mrs. Arroford—she's boss now—I told you she was a bright little woman. Hee! Hee! Lord, a small-car owner can't go ten miles in his bus without her coaxing him into some local garage to buy a speedometer, or maybe a whole electric starting-and-lighting system. I don't know how you'd be ——"

Price wanted to say "All right, then. Go to the devil!" But he couldn't afford even this first, most valuable privilege of an executive. He said uncomfortably:

"I'd like to look over the situation."

"Then you go see Nancy Arroford. She's boss now, Price. She's boss! 'Fraid I can't do anything for you; can't go over her head, you know—hee! hee!—though, of course, personally ——"

Price saw that Magnus was looking at him with a fuzzy leer of amusement; but he said nothing. He stalked out and took the elevator to the next floor—to the Motor Accessories offices.

Mrs. Arroford herself came fluttering out to greet him; but it was the flutter of a cordial woman, not of an embarrassed girl.

"So nice to see you! Won't you come right in?" she said.

Her new office was solid and masculine, except for a huge bowl of roses on her flat-top desk and a Canton hourglass chair for visitors. To Price, after a certain hardness of the chair hitched up beside old Magnus' desk, the Canton chair was comforting. As they sat down Mrs. Arroford's secretary poked her head in the doorway and remarked:

"Hubbard wants to see you, Mrs. Arroford."

Mrs. Arroford stared blankly at the secretary; looked worried, fidgety—feminine. Price watched her closely. "She can't make decisions like a man," he concluded. He had wondered whether he would be stirred by her, and he found only a tired, busy everyday woman; pleasant, smartly dressed, and with more character now to her prettiness; but with none of that lingering magic that had, in his memory, seemed to melt about her. And she wasn't even a decisive boss! But Mrs. Arroford's face cleared and she spoke very concisely:

"Tell Hubbard he's to go to Buffalo. Let him fuss, and listen sympathetically, but tell him I can't see him—and sympathize with him about that, too—and get him started off. That's all."

In her voice was shown a perfect understanding with her secretary and a perfect readiness to fight with this invisible Hubbard person; but she dismissed her interest in the problem and turned on Price a smile of real welcome.

"I'm so glad you came in! I think you'll be pleased with your old pupil. We've increased receipts thirty per cent this past year; and we —— But tell me about yourself, first. I heard somebody say you'd retired from Pistoflash to look after a mine of your own. That's awfully exciting! I knew you wouldn't always be working for somebody else."

It was hard, but into the lamp of her enthusiasm Price had to throw a brick:

"No; I'm not working for anybody else—or myself either. I'm broke! Flat! I'm a failure! I'm through pretending. I want a job—from you. Anything from twenty a week up. I haven't admitted to anybody but you and Magnus ——"

"Oh, I am so sorry! But it doesn't really matter. You couldn't be a failure even if you are broke. You'll be back where you belong—soon."

Mothering pity gave color and warmth to her voice. Price hastily decided that business women excelled men in one thing, at least—they could show compassion without seeming weak. He burst out. He confessed that he had made a botch of Pistoflash, and of job-getting since.

"Probably I'm a fool to tell all this when I ought to be making an impression on you; but I've needed somebody—no; needed you!—to buck me up."

"I'm glad you told me. I ——"

She walked over to the window and stared out. When she turned back to him he saw that her eyes were teary; and as she passed his chair she patted his shoulder—just once, shyly and delicately.

"Of course I'll do anything in the world to set you going again," she said quietly. "We've been reorganizing here and I'm not satisfied with my new sales manager. Sooner or later I'll have to let him out. Would you like to try that? It's only five thousand a year, because —— You won't be offended, will you? I'm really sales manager myself—and all the rest of the managers too. And, oh, you'd have to—well, I'm afraid it would almost be taking my orders."

"Dear lady, I'll take them without questioning. I mean it! I ——"

"Don't! I know. I just wanted you to understand the situation. It's —— It will be wonderful to have you here again. We all loved you. . . . I'll let you know in just a day or two about when you can start in. Leave me your address."

Then she waited for Price to go—she who had so often awaited his permission to go! At least, she hadn't been so crude as to rise as a sign that the interview was over!

He thanked her with mingled affection, gratitude and an unavoidable resentment that he should have to come and sponge on her pity.

"I'll make good," he vowed in the elevator; "but it will be a stiff fight. To get myself to take orders from my own secretary—Lord, that's the last slam for a failure! . . . But Nancy—poor, sweet kid! It will be just as hard for her, I suppose."

VIII

THERE were many differences between Mrs. Arroford and the typical man chief. She was at once more impatient and more

(Continued on Page 105)

A Real 10c Cigar for 5 Cents

YOU men who have been accustomed to smoking ten-cent straights and two-for-a-quarter cigars will find my J. R. W. cigar a most delightful smoke.

The rare leaf I use in my cigar is selected for me from the choicest tobacco raised in the Vuelta district in Cuba. In my 40 years experience as a smoker I have never found a cigar with the smooth, mellow, delightful taste of my J. R. W. cigar.

Real Tobacco Value

When you buy my J. R. W. cigar you are paying for straight tobacco goodness—nothing else. My cigar goes direct from me to you.

And besides, J. R. W. cigars are always fresh. No standing on shelves until they lose that smooth, fresh taste. I make only enough to fill immediate orders.

Try Five Free

I don't want you to buy a box of these cigars until you are sure you will like them. Send me your name on your business card or letterhead together with 10c to partially cover packing, postage and revenue and I will send you these cigars to try free.

Smoke five of them. If you like them send me $2.60 for the full box of fifty. Write me today and try this really delightful cigar.

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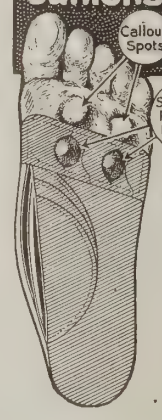

They are almost invariably caused by pressure from a dislocated bone, which makes the skin harden and become sore.

Wizard ADJUSTABLE CALLOUS REMOVER and ARCH BUILDER

by means of soft rubber inserts in pockets, supports the bone in normal position, and the trouble soon disappears. Relief is immediate. No metal. Soft, flexible, featherweight.

If you have any form of foot trouble, write for free book "Orthopraxy of the Foot," a complete treatise on foot troubles.

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Some are Misled

By Seeming Likeness to the

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Don't judge cars, or choose between them, by a half-hour demonstration. Nearly any new car, without competition, seems an excellent performer. But the paramount question covers years to come. And that cannot be settled in that way.

Mark These Great Distinctions

The Super-Six motor, in outer aspects, seems like a hundred light sixes. The cylinder size is common. The type doesn't look unique.

Clever salesmen, unchecked by proofs, often class other sixes with it. Or even depict an advantage.

But remember that Hudson long built the finest light Six produced. And the Super-Six invention, as proved by common, standard tests, increased its efficiency 80 per cent. That's a very wide difference, you know.

Salesmen of V-types—Eights and Twelves—often call them the newer type. But we built both for testing long before the Super-Six. And we quit them only when the Super-Six proved its vast supremacy.

Mark how this invention stopped the trend toward V-types. And returned the sovereignty of Motordom to a light and simple Six.

What of the Future?

The question is, What will five years show? Or perhaps one year, or two? That must be shown by long, hard tests, under a fearful strain.

It has been shown with the Super-Six.

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It was shown by driving 1819 miles in 24 hours—breaking all like records by 52 per cent.

It was shown by driving from coast to coast in by far the record time. Then turning around and breaking the records back.

It was shown by beating—again and again—the costliest racers with a Super-Six. Simply by keeping going.

The Beauty Question

Standing alone, many a car looks handsome. But their beauty pales beside a Super-Six. The latest Hudson models were first molded in wax. Then sculptured by artists to utter perfection. Then built by master craftsmen. Then finished and trimmed and upholstered as cars never were before.

Hudsons are not merely handsome, but right. These styles will endure. That is one reason why Hudsons now outsell any other front-rank car.

Remember These Facts

The Hudson Super-Six, in the past year, has won all the worth-while records. It has shown itself the supreme performer in every sort of feat.

That fact is recorded in a hundred records, many of them official. Let no mere claims outweigh them.

And all those records prove super-endurance. Its speed tests, its hill climbs, its long distance records—all were won by that.

The whole advantage of the Super-Six lies in minimizing friction. Motor wear is almost nothing. That was ever the chief aim in motor car engineering. It is, by all odds, the chief thing to consider.

The Super-Six is a Hudson patent. That's why every ruse and scheme is used to minimize it. To choose that motor means to choose the Hudson. And you'll do that when you know.

Go see our newest models with the shutter on the front.

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Phaeton, 7-passenger, $1650
Cabriolet, 3-passenger, 1950
Touring Sedan . . . 2175

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Limousine 2925
Limousine Landaulet . 3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Most Convenient Garage Door Hanger Made

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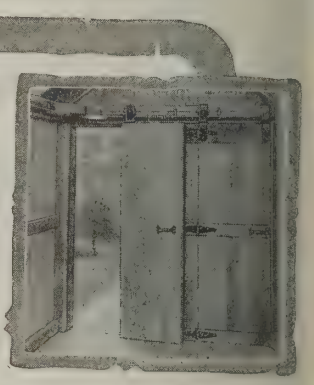
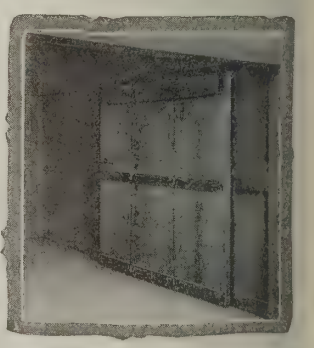
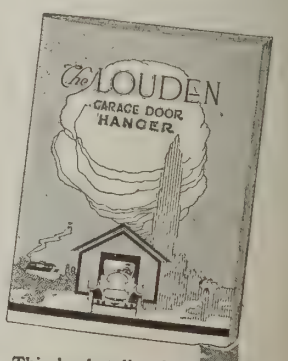


The swinging section of the door is used as an individual entrance and exit door.



When open, the door lies flat against the wall, out of the way.



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No. 2. Three swivel-jointed, roller bearing trolleys.

No. 3. Six durable strap hinges.

No. 4. Two adjustable floor stay rollers to guide the door and hold it in place at the bottom.

No. 5. One wall stay roller to keep the door from binding on the side wall.

No. 6. Two well shaped door handles.

No. 7. Special barbed nails for putting up track.

No. 8. Screws for hinges, handles and stay rollers.

No. 9. One hasp and staple.

No lumber is furnished

Complete directions for building and erecting door accompany each set of hangers.

Dealers Attention!
Hardware dealers, automobile supply dealers and general stores will find a ready and continuous sale for the Louden Garage Door Hanger. It is now extensively used and our national advertising campaign will give a tremendous impetus to the demand for this hanger. Don't miss sales by failing to stock it. Write us today.

It Meets Every Condition Perfectly—Convenience, Safety, Space Economy, Beauty of Design, Ease of Operation, Permanence, Cheapness.

The door is made in three panels, stoutly hinged together, supported by swiveled, roller bearing trolleys which operate on a continuous steel track.

The track extends across the door opening, inside, and along the adjoining wall, curved at the corner. The door slides smoothly around the corner—doesn't cut off an inch of valuable space—and when open lies flat against the side wall, out of the way.

When closed, it fits snug and tight. Everything is inside out of the weather, and free from obstructions of all kinds.

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(Continued from Page 102)

generous; more interested in the fortunes of everyone who worked for her or encountered her. She overworked too frequently; like a girl grind in college, she couldn't put away her work and go jovially off to loaf. She talked too rapidly; she was rather too insistent on the fact that she played no favorites. But for details she had real genius; and her "big decisions" didn't have to be undecided afterward, because they were not flip-a-quarter guesses, intended to bluff a waiting subordinate.

She never hesitated to reprove savagely anybody who came to her with a "Well, my little woman, I will give you my masculine advice" manner; but for the clerks she had a never-exhausted tolerance that made them adore her and give her the loyalty which enables executives to succeed.

In all this she was not so very different from the girl secretary Price had known—merely a little surer; a little more independent. Two things, however, kept warning Price that she was a very different, an enormously larger person now: She had a certain luxury of living; his position of inferiority was crudely but clearly indicated by the fact that she could spend more than he could now. Like most business women, she decidedly retained a love for pretty things—flowers; frocks; charming apartments; a woman's club as elaborate and self-dependent as the most exclusive man's club; her own car; her overnight bag, with silver fittings. But more important than her luxuries, as a hint of how completely she had passed him, was the fact that he had to take her orders.

Price was sincerely trying to accustom himself to the new methods in Magnus' distribution; to organizing data about garages and hardware dealers and small jobbers; to advertising not just for technically trained minds, but for amateur motorists. It was hard for him to skip quickly over a million details and be an authority on them when Mrs. Arroford called on him for information—and it was harder to realize that he mustn't be giving her advice all the time. When he noticed her using an old-fashioned desk calendar instead of a box tickler, when someone was impudent and she was unnecessarily aggressive in her resentment, Price would catch himself giving her suggestions as though she were his secretary.

She listened impatiently. They grew dangerously polite in their conferences. He began to doubt himself, and felt useless. In this frame of mind he couldn't get up the energy necessary for that most demanding of tasks—starting over again.

Oh, he knew it; he blamed himself as savagely as any boss could have done; he sat and watched himself, unable to originate ideas, to put any fire into his salesmen—even to keep decently busy. He descended to the sordidness of pretending to be busy; of rustling papers and looking up abruptly when somebody came into his office. Before even small office girls he played out this shameful game. He could not get his mind to take hold. He glowered through the window at a chimney-potty sky line, and hated it. He did want to get to work; but there was no force in him.

In his nervous idleness he felt himself becoming irritable. He was irritated by Mrs. Arroford's tricks as manager—the tricks she had learned from himself, but which she presented as her own. Because he was ashamed of that irritation it was the harder to go to her for orders; go to that small pretty woman behind a bowl of roses! And always he had the fear—which every delinquent clerk has in the presence of every chief—that some day she would "blow him up."

But she did not blow him up; and for months he wavered between that fear and a slight contempt of her because she allowed him to go on merely marking time, and a bitter contempt of himself for everything.

Suddenly, one evening just before closing time, she sent him a memo.:

"Please see me before you go home."

He ambled into her office rather patronizingly and sat down beside her desk. She called in her secretary.

"Please don't let anyone disturb us," she said. "You can bring my letters in to sign after Mr. Price has gone."

Her voice was very weary. Price felt as though she was turning to his masculine strength. But as she faced him she seemed not a woman to be petted—neither man nor woman, indeed, but merely a brain behind cold eyes.

"Mr. Price, we must come to an understanding now; and let's get it all threshed out at this one conference. What are we going to do? I've tried my best to give you an opportunity and not be bossy, and you haven't responded. Do you realize that you are making it harder than ever for me because I've been doing most of your work? What can we do?"

"You've been doing ——"

"Yes; I certainly have."

"Then, in that case, my dear Mrs. Arroford, I suppose there is nothing further desired from me, except my resignation."

"As you wish—though I really am sorry. I had hoped ——"

"And so I do resign. Now!"

"Oh, please don't be so stiff and dramatic. Can't you see I'm not talking in any unfriendly way? But I can't—oh, I can't, just can't go on carrying any more work. I'm overworking now. I thought you would take some of the burden off my shoulders. Please understand. I'm not talking like a boss, am I? I don't feel like one, but like an exhausted woman. And yet I am the boss and have to take the responsibility. But I can't if my courage goes smash. What am I going to do?"

His stiffness was gone then.

"I know," he said. "I've been rotten! Now I resign again—but this time for your sake."

"No; I won't accept your resignation to-night—not for at least a week. See, oh, please see if you can't think of some way of getting hold of your job, so that you can help me. Good night."

He stood up. He took her hand—a small, tired, relaxed hand—and smiled down at her, not as the naughty boy who has been scolded but as a man does smile at a woman.

"I'll try—dear," he said.

He sat at dinner, alone, for two hours; and suddenly he threw overboard his whole philosophy. He saw that he had been working for himself first; for the firm second—a far-distant second; and for her, who needed him, he had not been working at all. Now he would work for her first; then for the firm; and as for himself—oh, his self had become confused, useless, and he would forget it entirely. Her presence in his plan made it not an impulsive desire for reformation, but warm, thrilling, human. He went to her next morning and said:

"I want to work for you. And please give me the devil whenever I need it."

"I will!" She smiled.

What he had to do was simple enough—he had to work! . . . The same being a solution of many complex problems in life. . . . He had to attend to every detail; have information on which she could depend ready for her; not let his desk get choked with papers; not delay his assistants nor give them snap judgments. But to get himself to do this work required some change in himself. His new determination was a fine, earnest, youthful little determination; but determinations to reform are generally worth about as much as the "never again!" of next morning. He had to change.

So, at fifty and more, he began to make an art of so living that he should again have fire and joy in his work.

It is possible that he recalled the régime to which young Mrs. Arroford, of Mt. Vernon, had once subjected herself. He gave up ease and the precious routine comforts of middle age. He was up at six-thirty; took a cold bath, though every square inch of his sleek skin protested; walked before breakfast, and then cut out most of the breakfast, omitted the waffles and lamb chops—just as later in the day he shook off his lunchtime habits of a cocktail, coffee, cigars, and familiar gossip with the male old women at the club. He lunched when he could with small-garage men, with his salesmen, with men from the factory; and their close-to-the-machine energy enlivened his dull office view of business.

He was too busy now to stop to consider whether he was a born executive or not.

IX

BETWEEN failure and success there is, sometimes, only a thin partition; an inconspicuous difference in system or in not having headaches, in philosophy or in not smoking too much, in will power or in not forgetting to sign letters. Leonard Price knew a great deal about business; and, once he was willing to use that knowledge not to glorify himself but to serve the world—and a woman, it was not very hard to come back.

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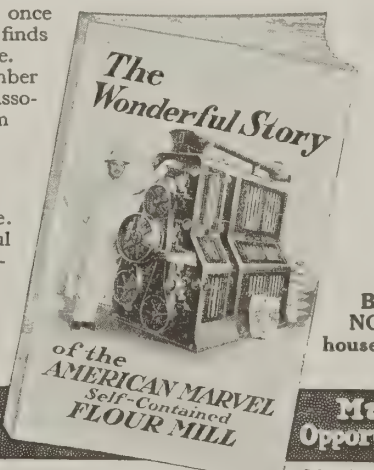

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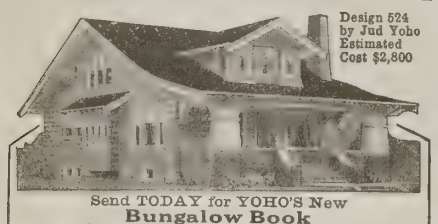

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In a little over a year he was making so much of his position that Mrs. Arroford herself insisted that he ought not to be merely an inferior of hers. They had a two-day conference—Magnus and Mrs. Arroford and Price; and the department was again reorganized, with Price in charge of negotiations with manufacturers and in possession of independence equal to hers.

He had come back; and now he had a far more puzzling problem to study.

x

WHEN she had been his secretary Mrs. Arroford had turned all her femininity into discreet loyalty; when she had been his chief she had turned it into kindness, complicated by a resolve that no one should walk over her. But, now that she was his equal, now that she was day by day his more quickly responsive companion, sharer in his every ambition and enthusiasm, he began to see her as a woman, with vanities and petulance, and a smile that was dearer than laughter; with ridiculous little hands, and mystery not to be deciphered. A woman—but a business woman, iron rigid in system, who laughed with him, but was swift to resent any undue familiarity in the office from him or from any other man!

He seemed never to get nearer to her. If his hand fell on hers as they said good night at the elevator she would respond with a casual grasp, but instantly withdraw her hand and speak with an impersonality that was harder to pass than scorn or hate.

He had to pass it, he told himself. She was necessary to him. When he spent an evening at the club he was equally lonely for her illuminating shop talk and for her woman's gentleness.

But if she was determined to be business-like about everything—very well, he would be businesslike in love-making. He made a plan of which he was just a bit proud. Never, he told himself, had any staid middle-aged lover had the genius to think of being businesslike. He would discount all this romance stuff, as Mrs. Arroford had done, and make a regular campaign of selling the attractions of Mr. Leonard Price.

On a winter afternoon, when the streets were irritating with squalls of dirty snow and the office was a warm refuge, Price sat beside her desk in conference.

"See here," he said prosily; "I know you're tired, but there's one other matter I must bring up and get all threshed out. There's one feature you've been neglecting."

"Go ahead."

"Nancy, you're always evading me when I want to talk about—well, about us ——"

"Heavens! Is that your neglected feature?"

"—— but I'm going to make you take it up systematically. If you're so darn' businesslike, then I'll simply have to be a good salesman for the Price line."

"Very well. What goods are you showing this season?"

"A very nice line of heart and hand—heart tobacco-marred, but very warm."

"I'm afraid we're all stocked up."

"Well, madam, how about heroic male protection?"

"No; we don't deal in male protection—or any windshields at all. We prefer open cars, so that we can drive right into the rain and feel it on our cheeks. Sorry!"

"No lady's car can be sold with just a bare chassis, though—no upholstery or anything. How about something neat in an upholstery that you can simply jump on if you want to—and it won't complain?"

"No; no upholstery, Mr. Price. I've got so used to riding down next to the crank-case of life that I like the heat and smell of it—even the spattering oil. Business has made me afraid of all the upholstery that most women start out riding on, and find themselves sunk in, lost in ——"

"Will you stop evading my attempts to propose to you! I'm so terribly afraid you'll get away from me again. And I do want to give you the chance to rest, to work for you —— Oh, hang it, I say—will you marry me, Nancy?"

"Business has made me so ——"

"Confound business! Nancy, you make me go back to my old belief that women don't belong in business. You business women ruin yourselves for love."

"No! That isn't true! It's you business men that ruin us for it. When we go into offices you expect us to be either flirts or nuns. If we aren't obviously nuns you keep bothering us. So we have to freeze out all the habit of love. No! I'm sorry. I am glad to have you for friend; but—that's all! Ever! You see, we're both being practical and frank, and—decisive."

"Nancy"—he hesitated—"I wish I could kiss you—just once!"

She smiled; but:

"No," she said; and he unhappily ebbed away.

xi

UPON his birthday old Magnus gave a Company dinner at his big house on Riverside Drive. The businesslike Mrs. Arroford was radiant and soft and utterly feminine in a cloud of silver and pearl; and Price stared at her all evening.

"Walk down the Drive with me on your way home," he had the chance to whisper. "There's moonlight on the snow."

"Moonlight?" she said. "Oh, yes; I remember—that's what they used to have on spring evenings when I was a girl."

They came chattering and laughing out of the orange glow of the doorway. They crossed to the river side of the Drive.

A yacht was fleeing up the Hudson, its lights red and yellow and vivid green upon the water, its searchlight shifting over the snowy heights of Weehawken. They stopped to watch it.

"It's so startlingly beautiful by night," she sighed, as they stood there.

He watched her, in her white furs, become hypnotized by the river's shining light; saw her grow tender with that faint sadness which is at the heart of all solemn beauty. Without a word he put his arm about her, felt the warmth and softness of her furs. He was not shy of her now, nor did he plan to seem businesslike. To be close to this dear woman comrade was as natural as that most ancient naturalness of snow and moon and wide, listening sky.

She shivered a little and leaned against him. She said no word. Deliberately he smoothed her cold cheek and kissed her.

"Oh!" was all she said; her hand slowly slipped into his and stayed there.

He had the inspiration to keep silent for a time before he whispered:

"I shouldn't have asked you, before, if I might kiss you."

"No!"

"And I shouldn't have been so practical in making love. Always it's you who are the wise executive! I should simply have been a plain human, and—and made love!"

"Oh, yes; yes! A business woman wants to be just a woman when it comes to love. Oh, we're so old-fashioned, we practical modern women! Like you men! I want moonlight and romance, and a chance to cry a little because I'm happy; and, oh ——"

"And lumbering old me?"

"And gentle old you, my dear!"

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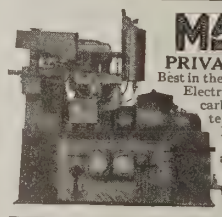

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A FEW DISTINGUISHED PATRONS *of* COMMUNITY PLATE

(By Permission)

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, New York
Hon. Mrs. Beresford, London
Baroness de Meyer, New York
Mrs. James B. Haggin, New York
Countess Cadogan, London
Mrs. F. C. Havemeyer, New York
Mrs. Oliver Harriman, New York
Mrs. Robert Jordan, Boston
Mrs. Honoré Palmer, Chicago
Princess Troubetzkoy, New York
Duchess of Rutland, London
Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, New York

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BREAKFAST ROOM *of the* BARONESS de MEYER
in her Venetian Palace, the Palazzo Balbi-Valier

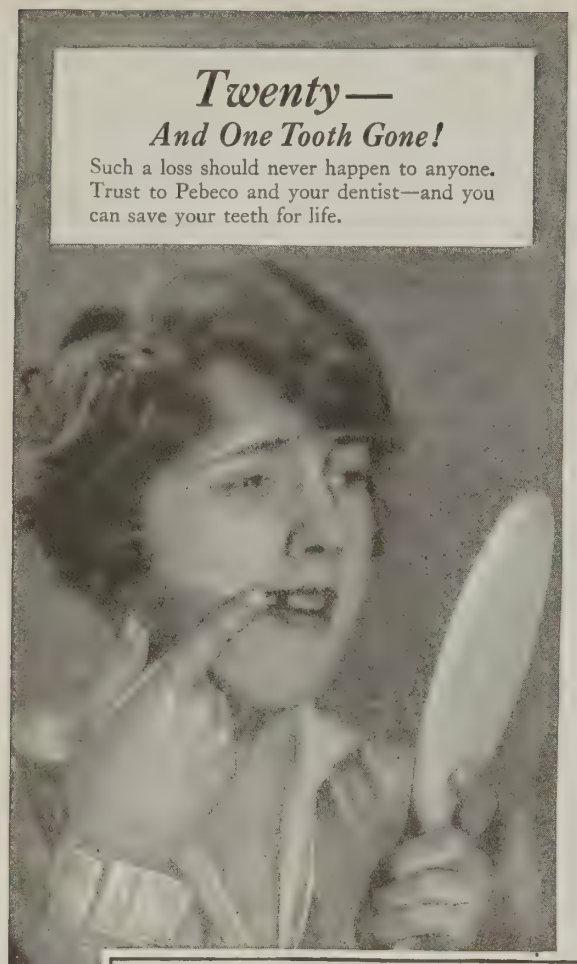
When it comes to silverware, even the staunchest American is an aristocrat at heart. Surely no one could resist the charm and distinction of the Patrician design in Community Plate. A chest containing a complete outfit for the table can be bought at prices ranging from $50.00 to $300.00. Or in individual sets; for instance, teaspoons $5.50 the dozen.

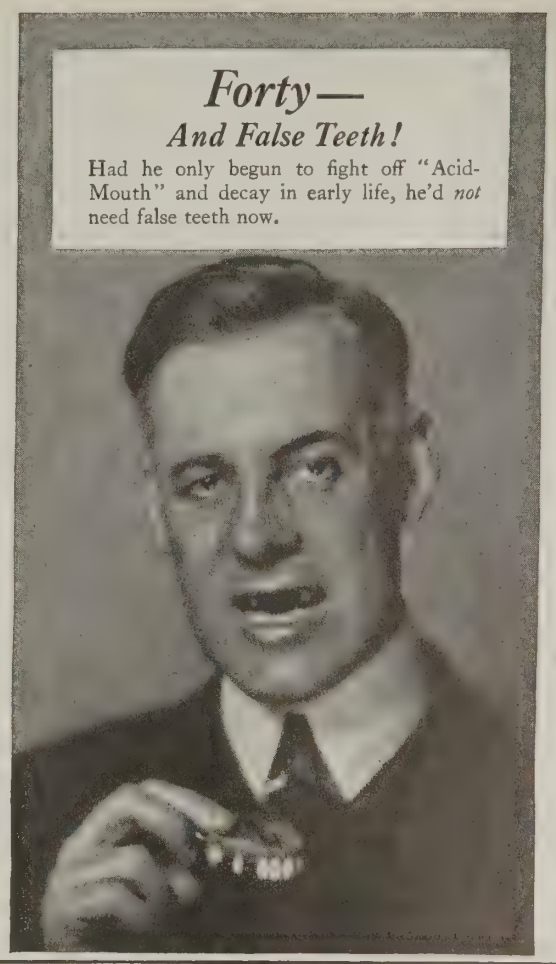
At your service for 50 years

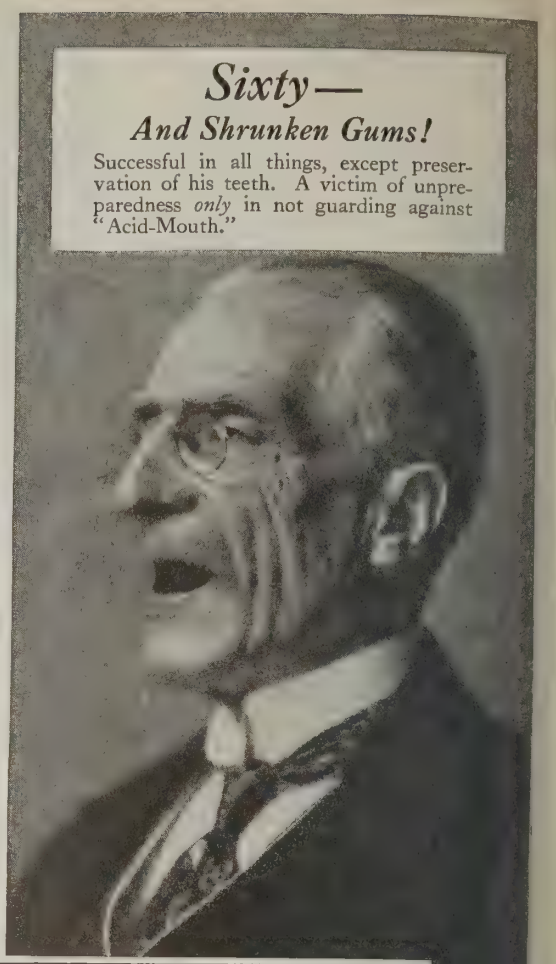
ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

Also makers of other lines of silver plate at lower prices—each worthy to bear the Oneida Community name.

PATRICIAN ORANGE SPOON







Tragedies Pebeco Helps You Avoid

WHY *will* some men and women fail to protect their teeth—fail to *guard* them against decay? It is beyond comprehension.

Millions know that "Acid-Mouth" works like a thief in the night to rob your teeth of goodness. Practically everyone is subject to "Acid-Mouth" and *needs* a preventive.

"Acid-Mouth" is said to weaken and soften the hard exterior of your teeth. Unless checked, it opens the way to germs of decay. The first *you* know about the havoc it is doing is when you discover a cavity—or several. Or when a swift, sharp ache shoots the knowledge to your brain. Use a scientific test in time. That's the one certain way to tell.

Millions now use Pebeco because they know it counteracts "Acid-Mouth." By using Pebeco these millions are doing something to *preserve* their teeth as well as keep them white and clean.

We have prepared a scientific test that detects the presence of "Acid-Mouth." We'll send it to you *free*—accompanied by a ten-day Sample Tube of Pebeco. Just write for both—on a penny postal. We want to show you how to save your teeth.

The use of Pebeco is mighty *pleasant*. Its after-effect is keen, refreshing, invigorating. If "pep" has a *taste*, it's the taste of Pebeco.

If your gums are sore and prone to bleed, apply Pebeco with your *finger-tip*, massaging the gums gently. When your gums are better, use Pebeco on a tooth brush—brushing up and down. Whatever you do, turn to Pebeco in time.

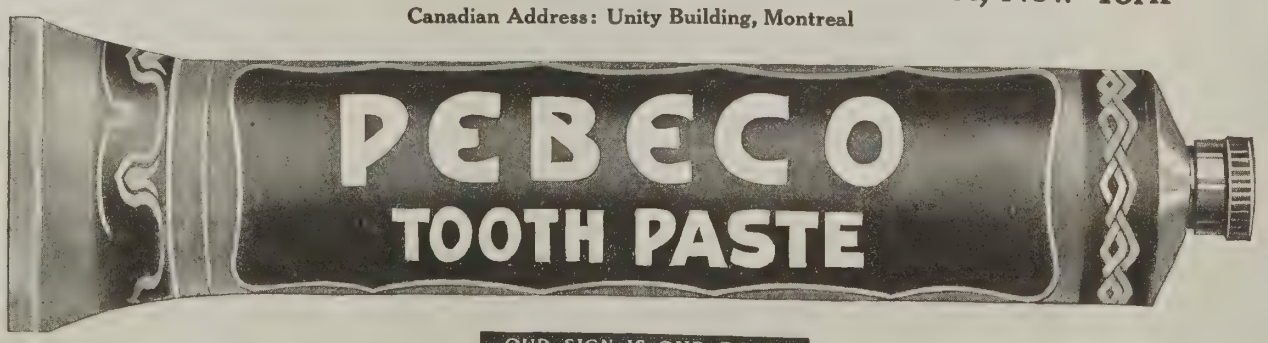
Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

Test Papers enough for a family test to show how many have "Acid-Mouth," and how Pebeco counteracts it. The FREE Sample of Pebeco will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts.

Pebeco is sold everywhere in extra-large size tubes. Write for FREE Sample today.

Pebeco is made by **LEHN & FINK** *Manufacturing Chemists* **122 William Street, New York**

Canadian Address: Unity Building, Montreal



OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND

Lehn & Fink New York Inc.

KENTUCKY TURNS

(Continued from Page 15)

"Jedge," he whispered, "I wish you'd come down to my house for a little spell. I want to tell you somethin'."

IV

THE sun had just gone down behind the distant blue haze of the Coast Range. Kentucky gave Judge Navlett a seat outside the house upon the only chair he possessed. It was a clumsy affair, constructed of odds and ends of old boxes. Kentucky sat upon the wash bench, with his back against the house. Beside him was the water barrel, on one hand; on the other side was the door.

"Maybe you better smoke, Jedge?" he suggested. "This thing I've got to tell you may take a good while; I don't know."

Judge Navlett filled his pipe and handed his pouch to Kentucky. The man hesitated; but there was an avid gleam in his sunken eyes that betrayed him. It had been long since he had tasted tobacco.

"Obleeged to ye, Jedge," he said finally. "But I think I'll not smoke with ye—yet."

Judge Navlett lighted his pipe and looked about him. Beside the water barrel, and close against the miserable hovel, a sickly morning-glory vine strove with adversity. Through all that followed, Judge Navlett's mind kept coming back to that poor, weak vine, struggling for life in the midst of desolation. All about it there was no other green thing indigenous to the country where its ancestors had lived. The yard was torn desert sand; in the encircling clumps of low greasewood brush scraps of soiled paper clung and fluttered drearily. Inside the shack a woman moaned. Kentucky lifted his head and listened. After a while he began speaking in a low, monotonous voice.

"I'll have to begin way back," he said. "If I seem to say too much, Jedge, or if you feel yourse'f gettin' weary, just try to remember that I'm talkin' for my life. You can forgive a man a heap when he's talkin' for his life, I reckin.

"Ever since I was a boy I've wanted a home. Not a grand mansion, you understand, with half a dozen rooms and maybe an organ in the settin' room, but just a place of my own where I could live in peace. From the time I was twelve years old until I was twenty-one I worked in the tobacco fields, savin' money for my home.

"When I was twenty-one I married. Marthy and me bought a little place, payin' down what we could and givin' a mortgage for the balance. For nigh ten years we slaved and starved, payin' off that mortgage. But we didn't mind. We was slavin' and starvin' for our Home. That made it easier to bear.

"Then came the trouble among the tobacco growers. I never did understand the cause of it; but one night the Riders raided us and hoed up our tobacco beds. So then there could be no crop. The mortgage took our little home and all the money we had put in it—all that I had worked for since I was a boy.

"I thought a right smart of that little home, Jedge. . . . There was a morning-glory over the kitchen window; and every evenin' when I came in from work I'd see Marthy smilin' through the blue and green vines, when the sun went behind Ole Turkeytop and made our place all cool and shady an hour or two before it was real sundown. . . .

"We left Kaintucky. The Riders kept pesterin' us. Besides, we hadn't anything left to stay on there for. We crossed the Ohio and took another farm, way up in the Wabash Valley. We worked that place for several years, and we paid in on it every cent we could spare and still keep from starvation. Then they discovered coal on the place. Again the mortgage was foreclosed. I don't know how, but I did know that the man wanted the farm back because there was coal on it.

"That was two year ago. We managed to get hold of a team and wagon. We put a cover on the wagon, took the children and our dog and started West. We didn't know what the West looked like, but we just set out same as you would start out into the dark wonderin' what would happen to you at last. There ain't any call to bother you with everything that happened to us on that trip. But you saw us come in. One horse had died on the way, and the other died the night we made camp on the Lizard's head.

"When my horse died I saw that I was to the end of things at last. I couldn't go back and I couldn't go on. I *must* make a home here or my wife and children would shorely die! So I done the best I knowed. You saw what we done—me and the little woman. We done our best. We hadn't the learnin' of most people and the chances was plumb against us—us not understandin' the country and knowin' nothing at all about minin'. The country was strange and the people was strange; and sometimes, lookin' up, it 'most seemed as though God wa'n't there any more. But we done our best. Ever since we located the Lizard we've slaved. My wife stood it until a few days ago, and then she broke. I've stood a heap in my time; but it was only when I saw my wife layin' there lookin' like a ghost of her old self—it was not till then that I really walked right down into hell. I—I ain't complainin', Jedge; I'm jest tellin' you.

"That day the Ryker gang came and found that something was wrong with my location. Not with my right to the property, you see, but with the way I had described it on the piece of writin' I stuck up on the Lizard. They jumped me."

Kentucky was silent for some time and his eyes were gazing far across the desert, where the moon was beginning to show its rim above the dark outline of the Panamints.

"Ain't it strange?" he said finally. "All my life I was that tender-hearted I couldn't kill a hawg at butcherin' time. I never even shot a crow. Once I walked round a hornets' nest all summer instead of chunkin' a club through it as most fellers would 'a' done. God had made 'em. I figured that they had a right to live, somehow.

"Well, when the Rykers jumped us my wife went clear to the bottom, as you might say. It was the last straw and she couldn't stand no more. You see, we had put just a little more than the last drop of our hearts' blood into the claim when this happened. And when it hit us something inside of us seemed to snap, and we went all to pieces, like. We both knew this was the last time. We couldn't stand another long siege. Something inside of us quit! I wish I could explain it better. I kain't; but maybe you'll understand.

"The Rykers gave us until six o'clock this evenin' to get off the claim. They promised to shoot me if I didn't—just as I told you before. I couldn't go. My wife —— Did you ever have a wife, Jedge?"

Judge Navlett did not move, but his voice came thickly in the moonlight:

"Yes. She died on the Overland Trail. There was no water. That was a long time ago." Again there was a silence.

"When I came back from your office yesterday," went on Kentucky, "I found my dog layin' under the washbench here, shot through the lungs. I done what I could for him; but he died. Just licked my hand once and died. I found where he had dragged himself down through the sand. I follered the trail back to the Lizard shaft. There's where he was shot. The tracks of three men was there.

"Now, Jedge, it's a cur'ous thing—a mighty cur'ous thing; but it wasn't until they killed my dog that I changed. As I done told you, I never was a killer. And I've stood a lot. The Rykers done a lot, from first to last, to destroy my peace o' mind; they robbed us and insulted us all that most mortal flesh an' blood could stand, and I tuck it meek—me lovin' peace thataway. But when they killed my dog it seemed the very last thing that was needed. I reckin I'd have done it, anyway; but that gave me the final shove.

"Last night, after my wife and children was asleep, I went up on the Lizard's head and climbed down in the shaft. I couldn't sleep, you see, and I wanted to get away from my troubles. Ever have that feelin'? But you kain't do it. There's no hole so deep that your troubles don't find you. I guess maybe you've found that out sometime yo'se'f.

"So down in the bottom of my shaft, a hundred feet below the surface, I done figured it all out. And this is the way it come out in my mind:

"If the Rykers was to pry up my window and come into my house and steal my property, I could shoot 'em; and every law of the land would uphold me in the act.

"If they came in the night and tried to rob me of everything, so that my wife and

The Man Who Succeeded Where Herbert Spencer Failed

SEVENTY-THREE years ago, in Derby, England, lived a young man who had a new idea in watch-making.

He was Herbert Spencer, then an inventor, later one of the world's greatest utilitarian philosophers.

His idea was "a rearrangement of the works with a view to greater flatness."

Although his principle—that a practical thin watch could be accomplished only through a rearrangement of the works—was correct, Herbert Spencer failed. "My model," he writes, "proved to have no superiority; indeed it was a bad one."

Another man's ideal

In Cincinnati, Ohio, thirty-three years later, another man conceived the same idea. Like Spencer, he saw that *all* watches were not only too large, but too *thick*.

Herbert Spencer, Philosopher

This man was Dietrich Gruen, a Swiss watch manufacturer who had learned his trade under one Martens, among the most renowned horologists of his time.

He had founded his business in America with the idea of producing a watch of exceptional merit. For its production his thoughts turned naturally to Switzerland, where from time out of mind the finest watches have been produced.

There he gathered together a group of the finest craftsmen and established his first factory for producing watch movements, importing these and fitting them to their cases in America.

The smallest watch then made was what was known as the "18" size. But Dietrich Gruen planned and experimented until he produced the watch known as the "16" size—for many years the popular size watch and the size made today by all manufacturers for railroad use. But even this did not satisfy the ideals of Dietrich Gruen. He started then from the bottom, striving to find a new arrangement of movement parts, which, without weakening any individual wheel or pinion, would *build up* a watch of exceeding thinness.

Then came success!

In 1892 his son Fred, who had been studying horology both in America and Switzerland, took up the problem with his father.

It was not until 1902 that Dietrich Gruen's thin model was brought to the high standard of accuracy and durability which the name Gruen Verithin stands for.

It was an invention of Fred, who today personally supervises the manufacture of Gruen Watches, that made complete success possible. What his invention is, and what it does, is shown by the wheel train illustration below. In the old way the wheels were one above the other, like steps. In *his* way he took the smallest wheel and reversed it, placing this small wheel on a line with the larger wheel, as shown.

This enabled him to make the Gruen Verithin only *half as thick* as the ordinary watch without reducing the strength of parts, and thus retaining the highest accuracy and durability.

The Watch of Herbert Spencer's time — *The Gruen Verithin*

Most beautiful watch in America

To appreciate the exquisite charm of the Gruen Verithin, one must see it.

With cunning fingers the watchmakers of Madre-Biel, Switzerland, adjust and finish the machine-made parts by hand after the original model. In Cincinnati, located on "Time Hill," is the beautiful *American Service Plant and Gold-Case Factory*, where the gold cases are made and the watches receive their final adjustments. Here, too, duplicate parts are kept always on hand.

The demand for these watches during the past seven years being greater than the production, obliges us to limit their sale through about 1,200 jeweler agencies, but those who want a watch for long service, a watch in whose accuracy and beauty they will always take pride, will find among the best jewelers in every locality one or two who are proud to display the Gruen agency sign.

Fixed prices: $27.50 to $200.00. Highest perfection attainable in grades marked "Precision." If your jeweler cannot supply you, write us naming the kind of model you are interested in, and we will arrange for you to see it.

Write for "One Word from a Woman's Lips"

—a booklet on watches and watchmaking every one should read before buying a timepiece. Address, The Gruen Watch Manufacturing Co., 31 E. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, O., *Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874.* Factories: Cincinnati, O., and Madre-Biel, Switzerland. Canadian Branch: Toronto.

How the Gruen Verithin was made possible

DELCO-LIGHT

Closing Salesmen Wanted

One or two high grade *Closing Salesmen* wanted at each distributing point, to work with salesmen—experience in selling to farmers desirable.—Must furnish fidelity bond.

Salary and Commission basis. Apply to nearest office.

Atlanta, Ga., The Domestic Electric Co., 66 West Mitchell St.
Baton Rouge, La., Geo. M. Foos, 203 Third St.
Boston, Mass., Home Electric Light & Power Equipment Co., 53 Canal St.
Cedar Rapids, Ia., W. H. Moulton, 323 S. Third St.
Charlotte, N. C., Home Light & Power Co., 218 W. First St.
Chicago, Ill., Walter Cool, 204 W. Randolph St.
Cincinnati, Ohio, E. L. Uncapher, 229 W. Fourth St.
Cleveland, Ohio, W. F. Gray, 201 Huron Road, S. E.
Columbus, O., J. J. Munsell, 11 E. Rich St.
Davenport, Iowa, J. S. Kimmel, Fourth and Main Sts.
Dayton, O., Jos. Herzstam, 134 E. Third St.
Denver, Colo., Barnett Ranch Lighting & Appliance Co., 1525 Sixteenth St.
Des Moines, Iowa, The Electric Farm Lighting Co., 1212 Locust St.
Detroit, M. L. Lasley, 115½ West Fort St.
Fargo, N. D., B. F. Ashelman, Broadway and Front St.
Houston, Texas, E. A. Cox, 1112 Texas Ave.
Indianapolis, Ind., E. L. Kruse, 60 West New York St.
Kansas City, Mo., R. E. Parsons, 1333 Main St.
Little Rock, Ark., W. P. Galloway, 115 E. Fourth St.
Memphis, H. R. Colby, 245 E. Monroe Ave.
Minneapolis, Minn., G. F. Schonek, 716 Second Ave., South.
New York, N. Y., Domestic Electric Co., Inc., 18 Vesey St.
Norfolk, Va., R. F. Trant, 108 College Place.
Omaha, Neb., C. E. Wagner, 1903 Farnum St.
Peoria, Ill., Domestic Electric Appliance Co., 315 S. Jefferson St.
Philadelphia, J. S. Snyder, 824 N. Broad St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Suburban Electric Co., 209 Seventh St.
Rochester, N. Y., P. E. Illman, 65 South Ave.
St. Louis, Mo., The Del-Home Light Co., 612 Chestnut St.
San Antonio, Tex., Cunningham & Butts, 205 Avenue "C."
Seattle, Wash., Modern Appliance Co., 314 E. Pike St.
San Francisco, Cal., Modern Appliance Co., 630 Mission St.
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Toledo, Ohio, E. H. Walker, 212 N. Erie St.
Wichita, Kans., Arnold & Long, 133 N. Market St.
Calgary, Alberta, B. L. Robinson, 307 Eighth Ave., W.
Toronto, Canada, C. H. Rooke, 168 Bay St.
Winnipeg, Man., Canada, Breen Motor Co., Ltd., cor. Sherbrooke and Broadway.
Buenos Ayres, Argentine, S. A., B. C. Duffie, care American Consulate.
Johannesburg, South Africa, J. W. C. Kittleson, P. O. Box 1094.
Kingston, Jamaica, Jamaica Times, Ltd., 10-12 King St.
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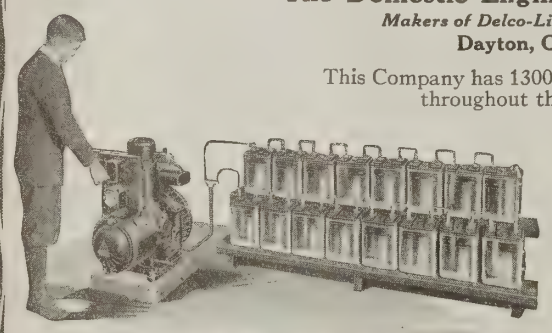
West Indies, except Cuba and Jamaica. L. R. Wood, Chestertown, Maryland.

The Domestic Engineering Company
Makers of Delco-Light products
Dayton, Ohio

This Company has 1300 salesmen at work throughout the world.



Delco-Light is a compact electric light and power plant, for farm, village, and suburban homes—Betters living conditions and pays for itself.

Fill The FITALL With Whatever You Wish

Put in your own brushes, shaving outfit and favorite toilet articles, as many or as few as required. It wastes no space and you've no extra weight. This is the great advantage of the FITALL Kits; you needn't buy or carry useless fittings.

Adjustable self-locking straps hold all articles securely. There are three extra pockets for wash cloth and other conveniences.

FITALLS are equally serviceable for both men and women. Come in flexible leather and specially prepared water-proofed fabrics at $1.00 and up. May also be had fitted.

We also make FITALL Brief Cases of FITALL water-proofed fabrics. They are superior to leather, and sell for $2.50 to $5.00.

Your dealer should have FITALLS—write us if he hasn't. *Descriptive booklet free.*

EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, Ekco Bldg., Chicago
Manufacturers of EKCO Make Leather Goods

Fitall

fambly would die, the law would uphold me in slayin' them. The law would say I done right.

"So I says to myse'f: 'Where is the difference? They're doin' the very same things—only they're usin' the law for a mask, just as a robber would use a black handkerchief. Would it be the same as shootin' a burglar if I killed them?'

"Seemed to me it would. But, anyway, it didn't matter. I was at the end of things. All my life I been lettin' the world walk on me and starve my fambly and take away my property, just because I been lovin' peace.

"But way down there, in the silence of that hole in the ground, I turned. I could seem to hear my wife moanin' and my children cryin' for something to eat. I thought of the long years my wife had followed me over the world, for better or wuss. I thought of all she had suffered. So, suddenlike, something shot through me that was shame and sorrow and hopelessness, and a lot of other things. I clenched my hand and hit the rock wall of my shaft, and said to myse'f: 'By God, I've turned.' The blood ran all over my hands; but it done me good. I felt that the time had come for me to get used to the sight of blood.

"I went up the ladder and carried down all my stock of powder. There was fifty pounds of it.

"When I quit work yesterday I had three holes drilled into the bottom of my shaft. I had been workin' on the fourth and had it nearly done when I quit.

"I took a stick of powder and put a cap in the end of it. But I didn't put in the fuse. I let the stick down into the bottom of the unfinished hole. Then I lowered the drill down on top of the cap—mighty careful and easy; for a cap goes off at a touch sometimes, you know. So there the drill stood, with about ten inches of it stickin' up out of the hole. I set the fifty-pound box of powder beside it—open. On top of it I left an open box of caps.

"When I'd done all that, I laid my singlejack down alongside the drill hole. It looked as though I had just quit work and dropped my hammer beside the drill.

"'Now,' I says to myse'f, 'when they come they'll all come together; for they think I've struck rich ore and they'll be crazy to see it. They'll come down together—shore! And while they're foolin' round down here one of 'em will pick up that old singlejack and tap the head of that drill—shore! It's human nature.' I don't know how the idee came to me; but it did.

"And that's what they must 'a' done. One of 'em tapped the drill sort o' carelessslike, and shot the powder. The whole fifty pounds went along! . . . You saw the rest.

"That's all, Jedge. I killed the Ryker gang. I done it unfair; but it was the only way. They always traveled together. What would 'a' happened to me in a man-to-man fight with three gunmen? And what would 'a' happened to my fambly when I was dead? If it had been only my life I wouldn't 'a' done it. But, Jedge, a man don't study much about polite ways of killin' when he's fightin' for the lives of his wife and babies."

Kentucky fumbled in the breast of his ragged shirt and brought out a piece of rock.

"I did strike rich ore," he said, handing the rock to his silent auditor.

Even in the uncertain moonlight it smiled up with the rich gleam of much free gold. It weighed heavy in the hand.

"And there's three feet of it," went on Kentucky—"right from the grass roots. But it's not in the shaft where the Rykers are. It's way down yonder at the other end of the claim; at the very tip of the Lizard's tail. But it strikes this way—the pay chute does. I opened it up across; but when I saw what it was I raked the sand over it; and nobody knows—nobody but my wife and me.

"That's my case, Jedge. I haven't held back anything—not even about my big strike. I wish you'd give me your verdict to-night—now!"

Both men had risen and now stood facing each other—the Kentuckian standing limply, his shoulders sagging as though under a heavy burden; Judge Navlett with the lump of rock forgotten in his outstretched hand, his rugged old body erect under the stars.

For a long time there was silence. The rising wind caught and rustled the sickly morning-glory vine, clinging to the swaying strings hung on the side of the house. Somehow that poor, pathetic vine would persist in twining itself through Judge Navlett's thoughts. It seemed to carry his mind back over the thousands of weary heartbreaking miles along which the under dogs had journeyed, carrying always the seeds of green things, even as they carried the germs of hope, cherishing them against the time when they should find, somewhere in the earth, a place for the loved things to grow.

"Kentucky," said Judge Navlett in a queer whisper, "if—if I were you I'd —— It's moonlight now, and you could see to do it, easy. If I was you I'd take that amended location right over and post it up on your claim alongside the original which wasn't exactly according to Hoyle. You do that—so this Court decides—and that little technicality will be straightened out. You can get witnesses to sign it tomorrow. I'll record it. It won't cost you a cent. And I've got a few dollars hidden away in the corner of an old sock that I'll split with you until you get going ——"

Kentucky collapsed upon the bench, his wasted body heaving with silent convulsive sobs.

"And," continued the old judge in a controlled, casual voice, "I wouldn't tell a soul what you have told me. It wouldn't do any good. The Ryker notice was posted on the windlass. It's blown into a million flyspecks, and the wind has carried them clear across Old Baldy by now. Just post your amended location and bring me a copy to-morrow."

Inside the house a woman called feebly. Kentucky rose and hurried awkwardly within.

"It's just Jedge Navlett, mother," the listener heard him say. "The jedge is our friend! He's folks, mother—think of it—*folks!* And he says we won't have no more trouble! The Rykers have gone away for good and we can have our home now. . . . Why, mother! There, now! . . . There, there, honey girl! . . . There, there, there!"

Judge Navlett stole quietly away and plowed up through the sand to the Lizard's head. By the side of the wrecked shaft he paused and looked down into the ugly hole.

"You deserved it!" he said grimly. "You deserved it—and you got it!"

Inside his poverty-stricken little office the judge lighted an old candle and set it before him on the rough table that served him as a desk. Calmly and unhurriedly he opened the District Records at the last written page. For some time he sat, leaning back and regarding that last page, abstractedly filling his blackened corncob pipe. Presently, with grim, steady old fingers, he tore the page from the book, twisted it into a spill and touched it to the flame of the candle. His hand was still steady as he applied the flame to the bowl of his old corncob and puffed serenely, meantime watching the sheet burn to a cinder in his fingers.

A sudden gust of wind eddied into the room, putting out the candle. It whirled the charred ashes from the judge's fingers and scattered them out into the night.

For a long time the old man sat on, smoking his pipe in the darkness and watching a pale light, far down on the Lizard. A feeble light it was, reminding one of some lives that struggle with the immensity of a world which to them is all mystery and night.

The wind rose and warred across the desert; but Judge Navlett sat and smoked on. There was no night tempest worrying his soul; for his conscience looked beyond the petty things called Written Law and discerned the clear light beyond.

Teeth Are Not Cleaned

By Ways You Use Today

By Wm. M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

That Film Remains

And, Despite Your Brushing, Teeth Discolor and Decay

This is not to discourage you. It is simply to prove, at our expense, that this film can be ended. You can have white teeth, clean teeth, just as easily as not.

You were taught to brush teeth often—twice a day or more. And no doubt you do it.

But with what result? Has decay been prevented? Do the teeth stay white? Does tartar never form? Or must you periodically visit a dentist for cleaning and repair?

There is one universal answer. The brushing you do removes débris, but it doesn't prevent tooth troubles.

Every dentist knows that, just as you do. He has sought in many ways to remedy the fact. He has tested, probably, a dozen methods which claimed to solve the problem.

All those methods failed. Teeth still discolored, still decayed. There came a time when most dental advice was, "Use any dentifrice you like."

The trouble lies in a slimy film—the film which you feel with your tongue. That is what clings and hardens, especially in crevices.

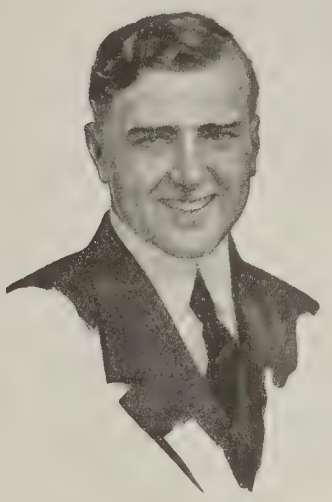
It absorbs stains, and holds them. It catches the food particles which ferment and form acid. It holds that acid in contact with the teeth until it destroys the enamel.

It hardens and forms tartar. Above all, it breeds germs, for the film is albuminous. And, with nine folks in ten, those germs eventually lead to pyorrhea.

That film is the cause of all tooth troubles. It is as stubborn as it is destructive. It has taken fifty years to find a remedy for it. *But it has been found.*

You can prove in one week that Pepsodent ends that film. You can prove it at home just as dentists have proved it.

The purpose of this ad is to ask you to do that. To do it now, at our cost. And thus to learn that there is now a way to keep teeth white, safe and sound.



A Week's Free Test

Will Prove That Teeth Can be Kept Really Clean

We offer here a One-Week tube of Pepsodent. That's a new-day dentifrice on which five governments have already granted patents.

It has now had three years of clinical tests. It has won by those tests supreme endorsement from many high dental authorities.

The time has come when everyone should know it. So we take this means to spread the use as quickly as we can.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. As that film is albuminous, pepsin is the right way to dissolve it. But pepsin alone is inert. It must be activated by an acid, as it is in all digestion. That has been the trouble. Acids in general are harmful to the teeth.

The invention lies in a neutralized acid, made from elements used in tooth construction. This activates pepsin without harming the teeth, as our patents certify.

This discovery has made pepsin available in attacking the film on teeth. It has given us a way to keep teeth free from film. When that is done teeth can't discolor or decay. Tartar cannot form. And germs can't breed around the gums, as now, to lead to pyorrhea.

We urge a one-week test, and we supply the tube. We say one week, because on old film the action isn't instant.

You will find Pepsodent delightful. In a few days you will note results which old methods never brought.

Mark how clean your teeth feel—as though you just came from a vigorous dental cleaning. Note how they whiten. Feel your teeth and note the absence of the film.

You will wish to keep them that way, and you should. Three years have proved that Pepsodent will do it.

Send this coupon for the One-Week Tube. Please don't delay. You know that other methods fail in doing what you want. Let us prove that Pepsodent will do it.

PAT. OFF.

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REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Sold by Druggists in Large Tubes

THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 39, 1104 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

One-Week Tube Free

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Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

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Selling You the Secret of My Success

Why I Left a Prosperous Retail Business to Become a Burroughs Salesman

My evolution from retailer to Burroughs salesman ought to be interesting to every small retailer from Maine to California.

I'm now selling something that I know, by personal experience, is a wonderful help in making a retail business a success—and no store is too small to profit by it.

In my grocery at Newnan, Georgia, I learned how to run a small business on *knowledge* instead of *guesswork*.

I found it paid to analyze charge and cash sales slips, to get facts about my business.

But to get those facts I had to add long columns of figures, and this is something the average retailer cannot find the time to do, and cannot do with sufficient accuracy, by pencil-and-brain methods.

With my Burroughs I found I could get those facts in a small fraction of the day's working hours.

It enabled me to put my business on a systematic basis—to obtain totals of charge sales, cash sales, collections, bank deposits and expenses.

It helped me greatly in taking stock, it was always saving time on odd figuring jobs.

I used it to check each customer's account every month and thus prevented overcharges and undercharges.

It enabled me to present a complete statement of my business in twenty minutes for the mercantile agencies. It stopped profit leaks and gave me the knowledge that is power.

Naturally, I passed the good word along to other retailers—and it did for them what it did for me.

Finally I decided to give up my grocery business, and spend all my time selling Burroughs Machines.

My own experience as a user had given me the best possible preparation.

To carry the message to retailers of what a figuring machine would do for them was an opportunity—not only to sell something that I knew the retailer really needed, but to win his friendship because I was helping him to a more profitable business built on accuracy and knowledge.

From experience I know that a figuring machine is a good investment for any retail business.

It will detect many small losses that otherwise would get by.

For instance, every invoice you pay must be added correctly, or you may lose.

Every cash sale you make, every charge slip you record must be correct, or you may lose.

You must know your income and your outgo, your cash and your credits, your assets and your liabilities, or you may lose. And the easiest way to get these facts is with a Burroughs Machine.

Analysis of figures made me a successful grocer and a Burroughs booster.

Do you wonder that I am urging you to buy a Burroughs?

Paul Manget

Burroughs salesmen are always personally interested in the business success of their customers. They are qualified to tell you which of the 98 Burroughs models will best fit into your business, and to help you make a good profit on the investment.

Your telephone book or your banker will give you the address of the nearest of the 170 offices of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in the United States and Canada.

A Burroughs Figuring Machine helped Paul Manget build a successful retail business. He passed the good word along to other retailers—and it helped them as it had helped him.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

Any retailer can adopt the same business-building methods that formed the basis of Paul Manget's success.

THE THRILL SHOOTER

(Continued from Page 5)

idea about using her in a picture. I took her name and her telephone number because it struck me as a shame that she should be working for a director like Towne. You know his system; everybody knows it. It won't be long before he'll be telling her that she's got the makings of a star, but she needs a love affair to 'develop her latent dramatic instinct' and 'bring out her powers of expression.' Bah! If I had anything she could do I'd give her a job just to keep her out of his hands!"

"Towne has worked that scheme on a lot of girls," said Gabby, "and he always plays the other end of the love sketch. There's nothing to him but his looks and his line of talk, but gee, how the dames do fall for him!"

David was silent for a moment.

"This one won't," said he with an air of conviction. "She sees through him already."

"Fine!" exclaimed Gabby. "If she's that sensible, why not grab her anyway? I wish we knew whether she can drive a car or not. I tell you, Davy, sure as eggs is eggs, Arlington will never go through with the big punch in this next picture. She's not game enough."

"She'll have to go through with it," said David, and his mouth closed like a trap.

"All right, Simon Legree, you crack the whip and see if she does! Confound it, Davy! If it wasn't for your stubbornness you might learn something once in a while!"

It was early dusk when MacWade whisked through the gate of the Mammoth plant and pointed the nose of his two-ton runabout toward Los Angeles. The road, a ribbon of asphalt smooth as glass, twisted upward into the hills, a temptation and, when the motor-cycle policeman lurked in hiding, a snare. David thought well of his car and of his skill as a driver. He carried one passenger, Gabby Trozier, with whom he shared his bachelor bungalow in Hollywood.

"Let her out a little," urged Gabby. "The speed cop has gone to supper."

"No hurry," was the reply. "If we loaf along we may scare up a race."

From the rear came the rapid throb of a motor, and David checked to a modest twenty miles an hour—an invitation and a challenge. Gabby peered over his shoulder and blinked at the approaching lights.

"Coming like a streak, Davy. Give her the gun—step on her!"

The throb swelled to a sudden roar, and MacWade's toe fell heavily on the foot throttle. The big car leaped as a thoroughbred leaps to the spur, but David had delayed an instant too long. A small, striped roadster whizzed alongside, drummed in their ears for a brief space, and then drew swiftly away up the grade, disappearing round a curve with a scornful flirt of its tail light.

"No can do!" grunted MacWade, at the end of a mile. "Too light. Too much speed. What do you suppose he's got under that hood?"

"He!" cried Gabby. "It was a girl—the girl you was chinning with this morning over on Towne's set! Your little blond friend!"

"The deuce it was! Well, she's got quite an engine in that old wreck. I'd like to hook up with her on a ten-mile straightaway ——"

"Oh, forget your confounded car for a minute, Davy! This kid can drive! Do you think Arlington would have tried to pass us with only a foot or so to spare? Not in a million years! This dame could make the stunt stuff loom up big in the next picture. Why not use her to double Arlington?"

The director shook his head obstinately.

"If I begin doubling Eileen now," said he, "there'll be no end to it. She'll insist on a double for everything in the stunt line. No, she'll have to go through."

"You make me sick!" grunted the camera man. "A mule has got you cheated for legs, Davy, but that's the only place he wins from you!"

III

"NOW, little girl, be reasonable! You know I wouldn't ask you to do anything with a real risk in it."

Thus spoke David MacWade, in whipcord riding breeches and pigskin putties, his remarks being addressed to a beauteous blond creature sulking at the wheel of a shiny new six-cylinder roadster. Seated beside the blonde, and obviously bored and unhappy, was the handsome youth known to motion-picture patrons as Gerald Fairfax, MacWade's athletic leading man. Even the extra men addressed him as Jerry—a certificate of character not to be despised. He was bareheaded and wore a soft white shirt with a flowing collar—certain proof that he was about to assist in putting the punch in a MacWade thriller.

The scene was a railroad crossing on a branch line near Los Angeles, and in the distance an express train was waiting, the same having been hired by the day. Behind the director stood Gabby Trozier, fiddling with his camera, on his honest countenance an expression which said "I told you so." On each side of the road were the extra people—a score of them. The fat, swarthy man, known as Sam, appeared in the garb of a locomotive engineer, his face smeared with oil, a bunch of waste in his hand.

"There isn't a bit of danger!" asserted David.

"Not for you!" snapped the beauteous blonde. "But suppose I should go too fast—and bump into that engine?"

"I won't start you until the train is almost in the clear. All you have to do is back your car straight down the road, and keep on backing till I tell you to stop. And be sure to turn your head a little, so it will look as if you are watching the train."

"A little!" shrilled Miss Arlington. "How do you expect me to back this car unless I look behind me?"

"You mustn't do that," said David patiently. "Better rehearse it once—without the train."

Now there are tricks in every trade, but when it comes to making thrillers the trade is in the tricks. Motion-picture actors do not always take their lives in their hands. MacWade was attempting to secure a very common effect, but one which never fails to deliver its thrill. The picture, as thrown on the screen, would show an automobile fighting with an express train for the right of way, racing it to the crossing, and barely slipping across the track a few feet in front of the engine—a fearsome thing to watch in a darkened theater, but ridiculously simple in the making, and practically devoid of danger. The spectator is tricked, and in this case the trick lies in reversing the action as shown on the screen. The scene begins with the automobile standing still in front of the camera. The train, tail first, backs rapidly over the crossing. At a signal from the director the automobile backs away from the camera, and crosses the track as soon as the way is clear. The camera man, grinding slowly and with the reverse motion of the crank, photographs the scene backward on the film—and the trick is done. Reverse the action, and you have a hairbreadth escape from sudden death.

Miss Arlington finally consented to a rehearsal, and crawled cautiously down to the crossing at a snail's pace, showing nothing but her back hair to the camera. Jerry grinned and shook his head, MacWade groaned, and Gabby chuckled in an extremely irritating manner, whereupon the beauteous blonde entered a vigorous protest.

"If you insist on my doing this," said she, "I shall certainly watch the road behind me!"

"That's what comes of a movie queen owning her own car," muttered Sam. "She's afraid she might scratch the paint on it!"

Gabby whistled cheerfully and looked at his watch.

"Forty or fifty scenes yet to come," said he, "shooting light going fast, and she's holding us up on an easy stunt. What do you think she'll do when it comes to the real punch in the picture? Think she'll drive that varnished cozy corner up alongside an engine running forty miles an hour? If you do, you're daffy! How much does it cost to hire a train by the day, Davy?"

"That's right—rub it in!" David was beginning to show exasperation. Tiny beads of moisture appeared on his brow, but he still addressed the blonde in even tones: "Now then, Eileen, we'll try it again. A little faster, please. Jerry can watch the road for you ——"

"I wish he wouldn't speak to me!" scolded Miss Arlington. "It makes me nervous to have anybody talk when I'm driving." Jerry sighed and rolled a cigarette. It had been his fortune to play many love scenes with Eileen; he knew the lady well and detested her most cordially.

After wasting a precious half hour, MacWade announced himself as ready to shoot.

Your floors—are they worthy of your home?

Well-kept floors are an essential part of the beautiful home. They provide the right setting for fine rugs and furniture, and give an air of taste and refinement.

Good varnish is the most beautiful finish a floor can have—rich, lustrous, and sanitary. Its smooth surface repels dust and dirt and is easily kept clean with a moist cloth or mop.

But be sure of *good* varnish. Poor varnish may look nearly as well in the beginning, but it doesn't last; it must be continually replaced.

Murphy Transparent Floor Varnish

"the varnish that lasts longest"

reveals the delicate grain and beauty of the wood and covers it with a strong protective coating that resists moisture, the wear of passing feet, and the friction of heavy furniture.

Besides this, Murphy Varnish has the one greatest virtue of fine varnish—length of life. It lasts, and lasts, and lasts. It saves money because it requires so little care and doesn't have to be replaced frequently.

Your painter or dealer can supply Murphy Transparent Floor Varnish or other Murphy finishes that protect and beautify wood surfaces.

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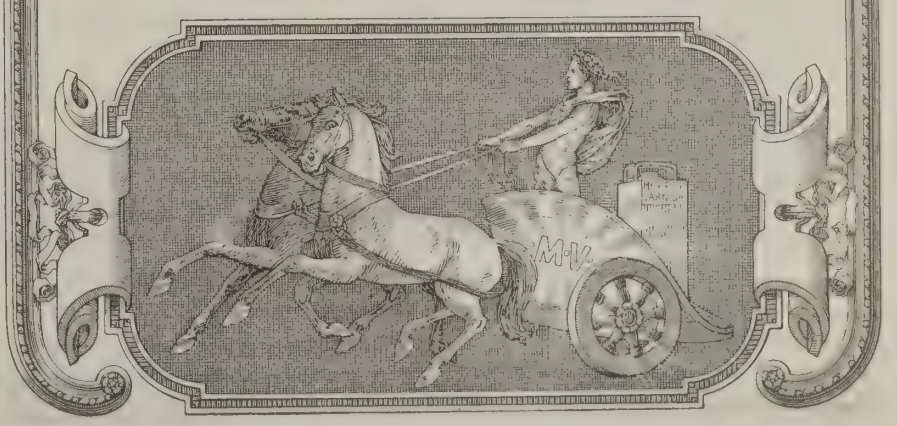

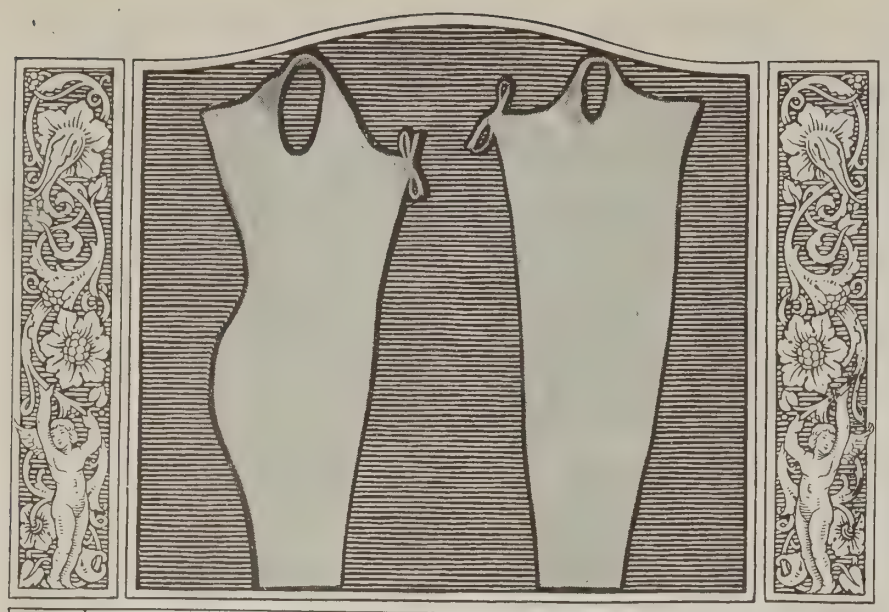

ATHENA Underwear Ordinary Underwear

WOMEN who wear ATHENA Underwear always say to their friends—

"YOU must buy

ATHENA UNDERWEAR"

for Women and Children

(reasons shown in illustration)

ATHENA is the underwear that fits women and children comfortably and perfectly, without being stretched into shape.

Contrast ATHENA Underwear with ordinary underwear, and the result will be as shown in illustration above.

THEN you will realize why women who know ATHENA Underwear always buy ATHENA Underwear and tell their friends to do the same.

All sizes, weights and qualities at the prices you have been accustomed to pay.

Ask for ATHENA Underwear at your local dealer's.

Manufactured by

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PATENTS

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of fine bred poultry for 1917; 67 breeds illustrated and described; information on poultry, how to make hens lay, grow chicks—all facts. Low price on stock and hatching eggs. Incubators and brooders. 25 years in business. This book only 10 cts. Send today.

B. H. GREIDER, Box 12 Rheems, Pa.

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This assortment of seeds comprises a careful selection of Burpee Specialties.

For $1.00 we will mail a complete Collection of Fordhook tested and proved Vegetable Seeds, suitable for a medium size garden, together with booklets "Food Value of Fresh Vegetables" and "Vest Pocket Guide on Vegetable Culture," as follows:

Bean—½ pint Burpee's Stringless Green Pod
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The above assortment of choice Vegetable Seeds carefully packed and sent postpaid to any address on receipt of $1.00.

Burpee's Annual for 1917

The Leading American Seed Catalog is bigger, brighter and better than ever before. We have added twenty-two pages, making in all 204 pages, and, best of all, you will find thirty Burpee's Specialties illustrated in color. Burpee's Annual is mailed free upon request. A post card will bring it. Write for your copy today and mention The Saturday Evening Post.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Burpee Buildings, Philadelphia

The engineer obeyed the flag and did his part, but Miss Arlington backed her car twenty feet, looked behind her, screamed and jammed on both brakes, stopping short of the crossing. MacWade raved up and down the road, the fair Eileen shed real tears, Jerry maintained a disgusted silence, and of those most vitally concerned, the camera man alone remained cool, calm and collected.

"What in the name of crime did you stop for?" demanded David.

"Because y-you started me t-too soon—y-you know you did!" sobbed Miss Arlington.

"Too soon! Why, you couldn't have hit that engine to save your life!"

"Y-you wouldn't c-care if you k-killed me, so long as y-you got a picture of it!"

At this point David abandoned repression and emptied his mind freely. It was a great treat for the extra people, and especially for Sam.

"Never heard the little boss squawk so loud before," said he. "Just shows that no man's goat is safe when a fool woman goes after it!"

"An engine—an engine and seven cars," sputtered the agitated director, fairly skipping in the road; "a mob of extras, everything hired by the day, a lot of scenes to shoot—and you're gumming up the entire parade! You said you could drive a car, and so help me, young woman, you'll drive one if I—if I ——"

In the midst of David's tirade a small, stripped roadster slithered up to the crossing and halted close to the camera. A young girl sat behind the wheel, and when MacWade saw her the words died in his throat. He paused in the middle of a sentence, gulping. The girl stopped her engine and bowed to the dumfounded director.

"Good morning, Mr. MacWade!" said she with a smile.

David mumbled something under his breath and walked slowly over to the side of the car. His eyes were fixed on the girl's face with a peculiarly intent and disconcerting stare; they seemed to see through and beyond her.

"You don't remember me," she began. "Well, no matter. When I saw you last I was atmosphering with Mr. Towne—three-dollar-a-day atmosphere in a seven-dollar evening gown—my hair was up on top of my head, and the orchestra ——"

"Was playing Hearts and Flowers," interrupted David with the brusqueness of one anxious to dispose of unimportant matters. "Your name is Jean Campbell. I remember everything, young lady, everything; but when you drove up here just now, it—it—well, it set me to wondering about a little thing they call Fate. What good angel brought you along this road?"

"It isn't an angel at all," laughed the girl as she patted the wheel of the roadster, "but it behaves like one."

"Do you think you can back a car down that road without looking behind you?"

"Why not? It's a perfectly straight road."

"And a train of cars doesn't frighten you?"

"Not when I see it first."

"Bully for you!" David settled his cap on the back of his head and rammed both hands into his pockets—sure signs that he was once more the thrill shooter on the job. His voice took on a brisk, business-like tone:

"Here's where you break out of the atmosphere class! Just come with me a moment. Miss Campbell, allow me to present Miss Arlington and Mr. Fairfax. Eileen, this young lady will double you in the auto stunts."

Miss Arlington examined the younger woman with a calm and supercilious air, registering disdain.

"Oh, indeed!" she sniffed. "She won't double me in my car!"

"But your car is already registered in two scenes!" protested David.

"That makes no difference to me. This car is my own personal property and no stranger is going to drive it!"

"Oh, I say!" murmured Jerry. "There's no occasion to be nasty, is there?"

"Mind your own business!" Miss Arlington settled down in the cushions and took a firm grip on the steering wheel. David's face turned purple and his neck began to swell. He was on the verge of a final eruption, when the invaluable Trozier took him by the elbow and led him out of earshot.

"Get your noodle to working, Davy! Arlington has only been in a few scenes so far, and they can all be made over. Here's your chance to tell her to take her curling iron and go. This kid is younger, nervier, and has got her cheated a city block for looks. Put her in and let her play the lead!"

"But she's had no experience."

"That's one reason why she'll do just what you tell her to do!"

Again the strangely intent stare came into MacWade's eyes.

"It's Fate, that's what it is!" said he. "Fate! She turns up here just at the right time ——"

"And speaking of time," interrupted the practical camera man, "we're paying for this train by the day, not by the week. Action, Davy! Atta boy!"

Director MacWade removed his hands from his trousers' pockets, shrugged his shoulders once, and strode back to the group.

"Miss Campbell, you will use your own car," he announced crisply. "Jerry, you help her with the make-up, that's a good fellow. Somebody flag that engineer and send him back down the line. Hustle!"

The fair Eileen, finding herself overlooked entirely, began to be a bit nervous.

"I suppose she will have to wear this hat and coat," she pouted. "They were registered in the other scenes."

"So was your car," said David sweetly. "It's out of the picture now, young lady, and—don't let us detain you!"

The sun was dipping toward the Pacific when MacWade made ready for the scene which was to put the big punch into the picture. A platform had been erected on the tender of the engine, projecting some six feet over one side, and it was from this elevated perch that Gabby was to film the punch at close range. A stretch of track had been found, without embankments, culverts or fences, closely paralleled by a paved road.

At one point it was possible for an automobile to leave the paving and swerve in toward the rails. For two hundred yards the ground was practically level and free from obstructions; beyond that was a succession of brush-covered gullies and tiny ravines.

"Now, Miss Campbell," said David, "you've done wonders all day, and I'm proud of you. I tell you this because now I'm going to ask you to do something hard. There's no reverse motion about this stunt—it's the real thing. This is where you put Jerry aboard the runaway engine—the finish of all the pursuit scenes we've been making. You'll have to swing in so close to the track that he can do a jump from the seat of your car to the running board of the engine. I've marked a line for you to follow that will give you a clearance of two feet, and I want you to see how fast you can drive over that smooth patch outside the ties. Don't forget that when you come to the end of it you must make a quick stop, or else a sharp turn to the left and get back on the road. Run over it easy once, just to get the lay of the land, and then you can try it for speed."

As the roadster jolted slowly off the boulevard Jerry Fairfax stole a sidelong glance at the girl.

"Nervous?" he asked.

"Not in the least," was the reply, "but I should think you would be."

"Don't worry about me!" laughed the youngster. "It's all in the day's work. The worst I can get is a fall—and this ground doesn't seem very hard."

"Or very rough. Can't I make it easier for you by keeping the car inside those marks? I shan't need all that clearance."

Jerry stared at her with undisguised amazement and admiration.

"It's bully of you to suggest such a thing!" said he warmly. "Just bully, and I appreciate it, and all that! But please, Miss Campbell, forget my part of the show and keep as far away from the engine as possible. There's a handrail up above the running board, and if I can hook two fingers over it I'll be all right. I'm used to this sort of thing—a fellow has to be if he works for Davy MacWade."

"But I can do it just as well as not!"

"And I insist——" Jerry paused to laugh. "It's rather like Alphonse and Gaston, isn't it?"

On the second trial, which was for speed, the roadster bumped along beside the ties at an honest thirty-five miles an hour.

"I might go even faster," the girl told MacWade, "but it might jolt Mr. Fairfax out of the car."

(Continued on Page 117)

"Hello Huck!"

RECALL that golden day when you first read "Huck Finn"? How your mother said, "For goodness' sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing.

TO-DAY when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

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When Mark Twain first wrote "Huckleberry Finn" this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote "The Innocents Abroad" even Europe laughed at it itself.

But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so true, so lofty, that those who did not know him well were amazed. "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of life more bearable.

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Mark Twain was a steamboat pilot. He was a searcher for gold in the far West. He was a printer. He worked bitterly hard. All this without a glimmer of the great destiny that lay before him.

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The world has asked, Is there an American literature? Mark Twain is the answer. He is the heart, the spirit of America. From his poor and struggling boyhood to his glorious, splendid old age, he remained as simple, as democratic as the plainest of our forefathers.

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The last of the edition is in sight. The price of paper has gone up.

There never again will be any more Mark Twain at the present price. Get the 25 volumes now, while you can.

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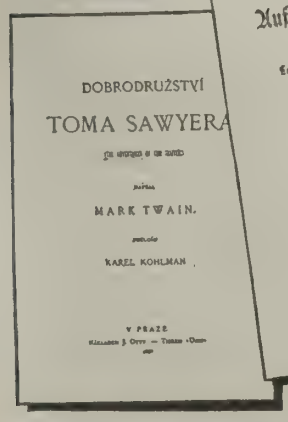

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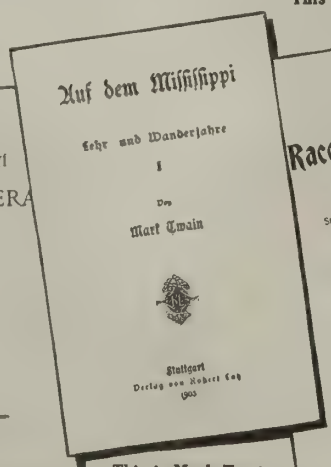

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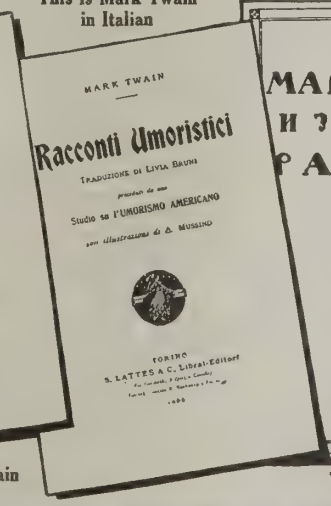

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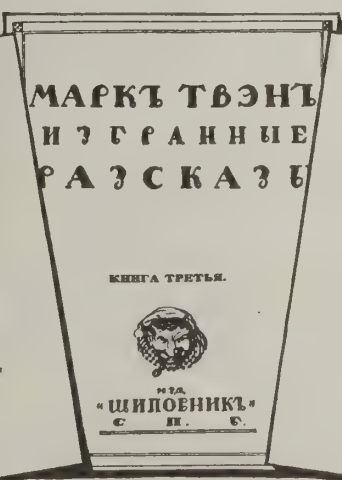

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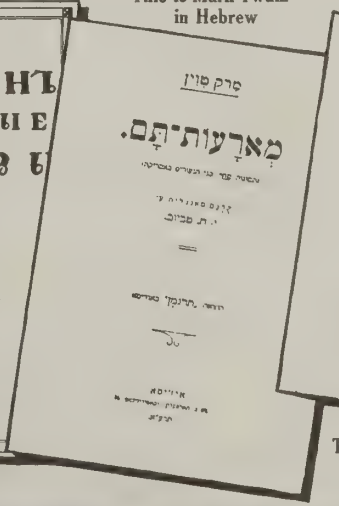

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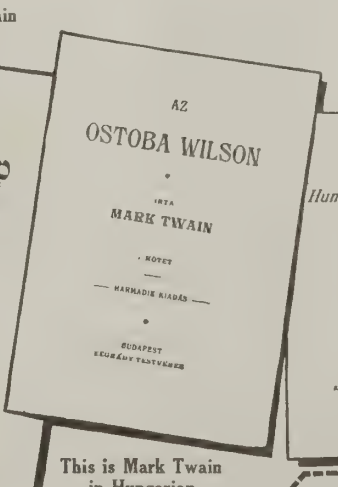

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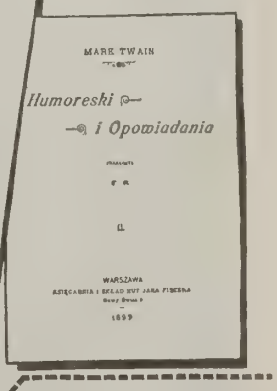

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S.E.P. 3-17-17

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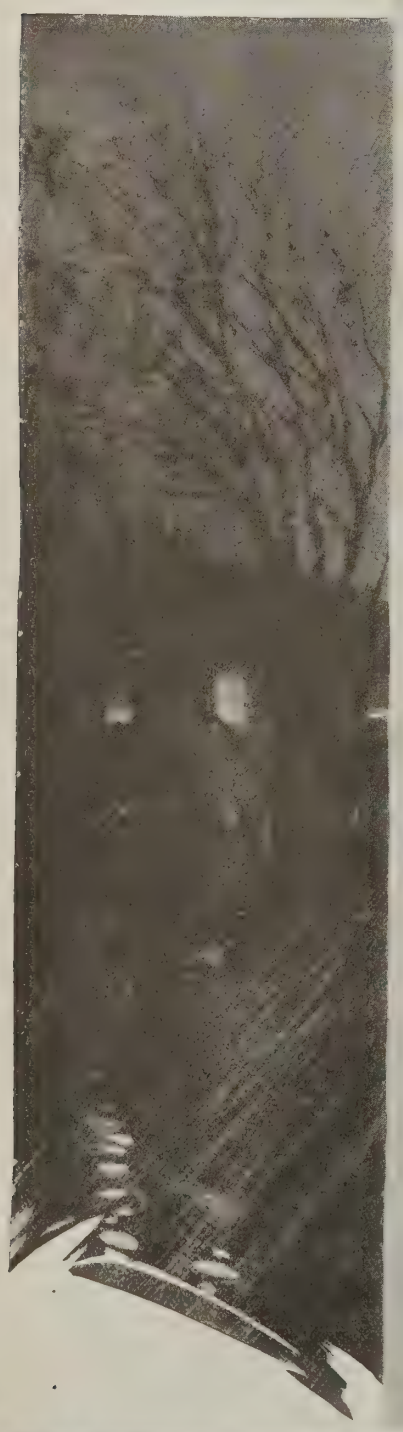

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(Continued from Page 114)

"Thirty-five is a great plenty," was the ry response. "It's about ten more than I xpected. All ready, Jerry? Then let's go!" MacWade hoisted himself into the engine nd took his stand on the platform beside he camera. "Back her up the track for alf a mile," he ordered the engineer, "and hen come down here between thirty and hirty-five miles an hour. If you go any aster I'll rap you over the head with a nonkey wrench. And be sure you keep out of sight when we're shooting! That cab is supposed to be empty."

Side by side the big passenger locomotive and the little automobile rolled down to the point where the scene was to be made. The imperturbable Gabby was grinding long before the roadster swung off the boulevard and crept forward into the focus, perilously close to the great driving wheels.

"Hey! Watch those marks!" bellowed David. "Now, Jerry!"

Fairfax rose, steadying himself with one hand on top of the wind shield.

He glanced up at the handrail, then down at the distance which separated engine and roadster.

"Too close! You're too close!" he yelled.

"Jump!" cried the girl.

"Out! Keep out—please!"

"Not till you jump!"

From the platform behind them came an angry roar.

"Watch those marks! Come on, Jerry! Quick!"

The leading man put his right foot on the seat cushion and sprang high in the air, half turning his body as he did so. One clawing hand found the rail, fastened on it, and just as Jerry drew his feet up on the running board the roadster reached the end of the level stretch, swerved abruptly to the left, crashed into the brush and came to a halt.

"Whee!" squealed Gabby, still grinding, for Jerry was creeping along the running board toward the cab window. "That was some punch, Davy, some punch; and I got all of it, even the car when it pretty near turned over! Ain't that girl a peach?"

"Some punch is right!" said MacWade. "I feel as if it had landed a couple of inches under my heart! She forgot all about her marks. I thought sure she was going to hit the engine! Lord, I'm glad it's over!"

Later he offered his congratulations to his agile leading man, who appeared a trifle pale, even through his make-up.

"Great stuff, boy!" exclaimed David as he eased himself into the cab. "Wonderful stuff—but what the devil made you wait so long? You nearly wrecked her—she had to take that turn on two wheels!"

"I was trying to make her pull out a little," panted Jerry. "I yelled twice, but she wouldn't do it."

"She lost her head and forgot about the marks," said David.

"You think she did? I tell you, she got in close on purpose—to make the jump easier for me. That's class, I guess! Somebody give me a cigarette quick! I'm all in."

When the engine returned, MacWade was the first man on the ground. He found Miss Campbell coolly examining her car.

"It's scratched up a little," said she, "but that doesn't matter much. Did the scene suit you?"

"It did and it didn't," was the stern reply. "Why didn't you keep on your marks?"

"Because I thought it would be easier to make the jump if I kept in closer to the track. Did it spoil the scene?"

"Spoil it! It made it twice as strong; but the next time I set marks for you I want you to keep on 'em, understand? I'm too old to be scared this way. I haven't got my breath back yet. How do you expect I'd finish this picture if anything happened to you?"

"Finish the picture!" The girl's eyes widened. "Am—am I going to be in the rest of it?"

David whistled.

"And you've been in three close-ups and half a dozen stills!" he ejaculated. "Don't you know what that means, young lady?"

She shook her head.

"I—I thought it was just for to-day," she faltered. "You said something about doubling Miss Arlington ——"

"She's doubled, all right," said David. "Doubled the way a runner gets doubled in baseball—doubled out. She's on the bench now, Miss Campbell, and you're in the game, and—and if you stick with me I'll make a trouper of you yet!"

"Are you offering me a place—in your company?"

"Offering it to you! Why, you've got it already! You backed your little car straight into a job as leading woman!"

"Oh!" said the girl. And then again, "Oh! But I've never had any training! You'll be terribly disappointed in me! It—it takes talent ——"

"No," said David, "only obedience and willingness to learn. I won't bother you much with talk about art and dramatic instinct, but from what you've shown today I'll guarantee to teach you to act—and that's more than most of these leading women know. They only make faces at the camera. And now"— he paused to push his cap back over one ear—"if anybody tells me there's nothing in Fate I can call him a liar—and prove it!"

IV

THE General Manager of the Mammoth Film Corporation was a slender, sandy, blunt person, with a memory as reliable as a card-index system and an auger-like eye which he used to bore holes in his fellow man. Directors suffering from an overdose of self-appreciation, and motion-picture stars afflicted with temperament, found the G. M. an extremely cold proposition and left him reasonably chilled themselves. In the picturesque phrase of the big lot, he never gave anybody a cheer. He had a most disconcerting trick of saying the very things which other people feared he might think, and the knack of laying his finger squarely on the main point at issue and holding it there until the matter in hand was settled to his liking. Incidentally, no matter was ever settled until it was settled that way. It was commonly believed that he had eyes in the back of his head, and though his job was a tremendously big one the G. M. was a glutton for detail. He liked to know what was going on, and as a general thing he found out.

It was by appointment that he joined MacWade in one of the projecting rooms to witness the first run of a railroad thriller. During the first reel the G. M. spoke but once, as follows:

"Who's that new girl? Gimme a smoke."

David grinned under cover of the darkness, for everyone on the Mammoth lot knew that the G. M. never borrowed a man's cigarettes unless he was pleased with him or his work. The request for a smoke was almost the only mark of personal esteem bestowed by this singular gentleman, who never by any accident purchased cigarettes for his own use. Once, in a rare burst of confidence, he explained this matter by saying that a man who did not buy the wretched things could not, in fairness, be accused of the cigarette habit.

The G. M. borrowed seven of David's cigarettes before the final reel came to an end. Then the lights went up and the spectators strolled out into the sunlight, Gabby Trozier lingering within earshot of his chief.

"Well, boss?" asked MacWade.

The G. M. almost smiled.

"Good story," said he, "good photography, unusually good acting. Where did you find that girl?"

"That's a queer story," answered David.

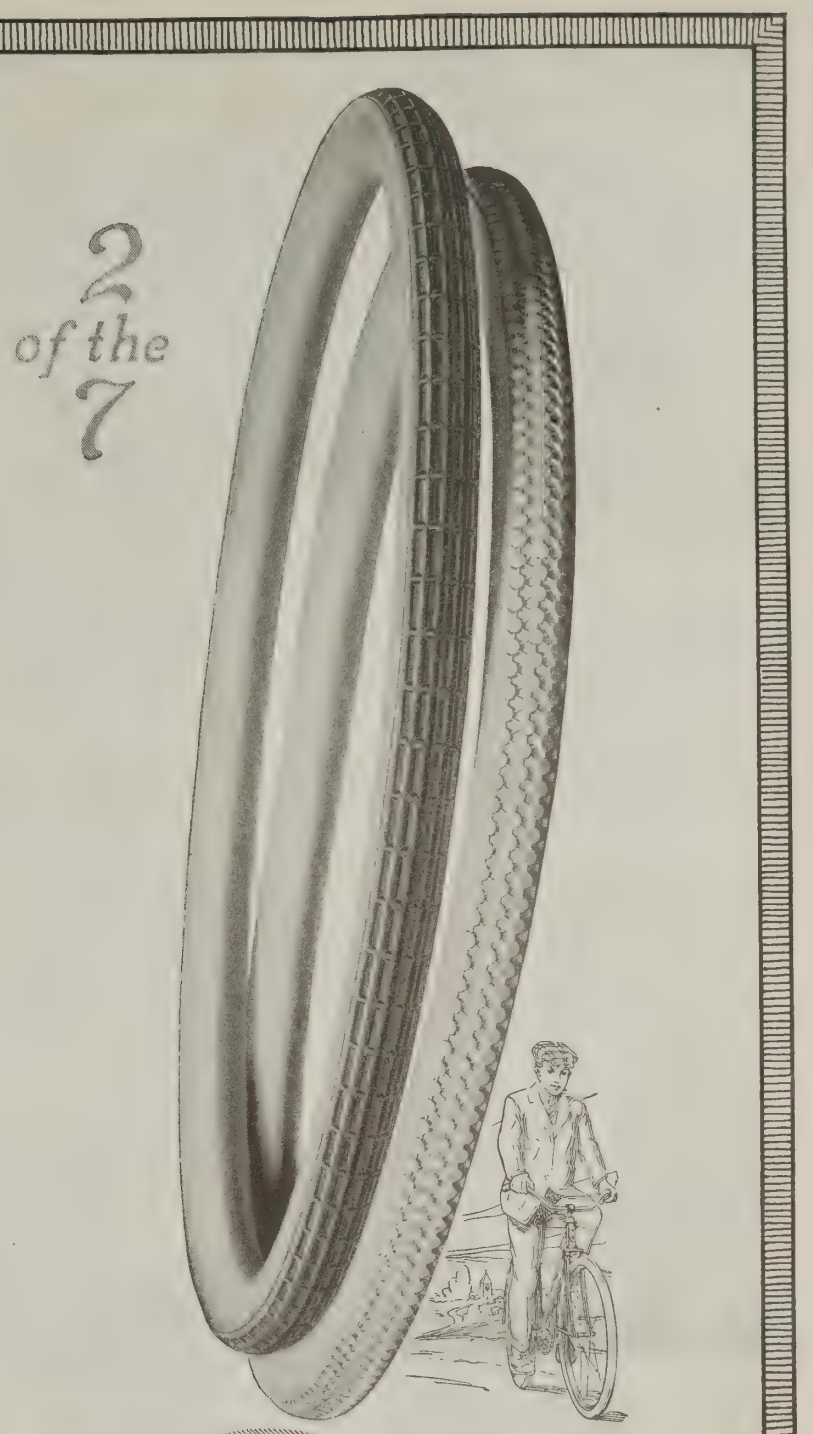
"I like queer stories," said the G. M., "and I have a minute to spare. Shoot!"

"I discovered her," was MacWade's modest beginning. "I spotted her the first day she ever came on the lot. Towne had her working extra, and I got her name and telephone number. I didn't know when I might have something for her—no definite plan, you understand; but—well, it struck me that she didn't belong in Towne's company. Seemed to me that there was—er—er—something fine in her—the germ—the spark—whatever you want to call it, and she had the look of a real trouper. You know how it is—an old-timer can spot a natural born trouper a mile off."

"I can't," grunted the G. M. "Speed the film a little; the introduction drags."

"Right! Now, Arlington was cast for the lead in this railroad picture, and she was to use her own car in the stunts. She'd been giving me a lot of trouble one way and another, and this time she quit cold. There I was, up against it, a special train on my hands, nobody to double her, and the whole parade gummed up tight. It was a tough situation, boss. Then at the last gasp, when I didn't know which way to look or how I was going to put that punch stuff over, down the road came this girl, Jean Campbell—driving her own car, mind you. Well, sir, you could have knocked me down with a feather ——"

"'The time, the place and the girl,'" quoted the G. M. "Proceed."



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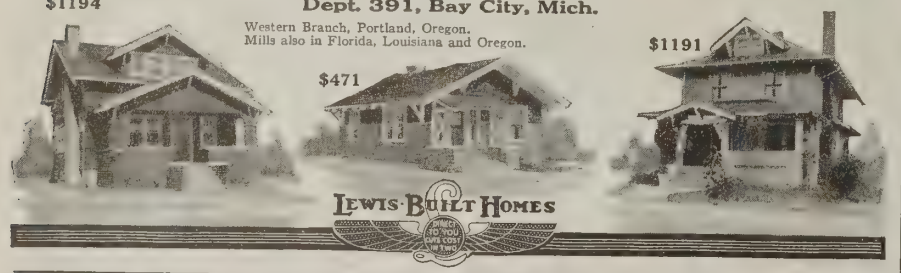

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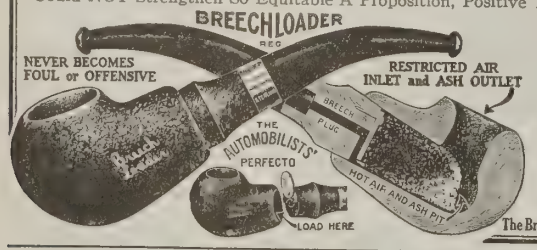

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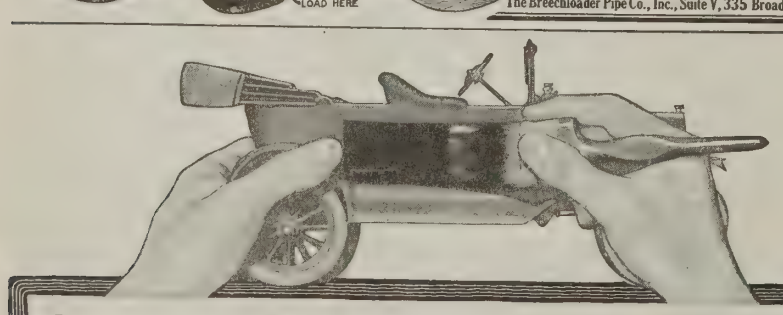

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Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you send $1.00 ($1.25 in Canada) for one quart of Auto Finish Black to THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., 1503 Berea Rd., Cleveland, O.
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"Exactly! The time, the place and the girl! Boss, I don't know yet what to make of her coming along just at that time. You can call it luck, call it coincidence, but to me it was nothing in the world but Fate. There I was, stuck; and there she was, and the car and everything. I ——"

"Too many cut-backs," interrupted the G. M. "Never mind the rest of the scenario—you put her in and she saved the picture. Now, I'm not like you, Mac. I can't spot a trouper a mile off, but I can most generally spot one on the screen. Properly handled, this young woman may develop into a star, and a star is a valuable asset. She puts her personality over, and that's the secret of success. Keep her in your company for the time being, and we'll have the scenario department wrap a couple of stories round her. What's her salary?"

"Forty a week," replied MacWade with a trace of defiance in his tone.

"Too much for a beginner—too much. Better get her tied up with a long-term contract. Send her in to talk to me about it."

"Just a second before you go," said David: "Don't you think it was a remarkable thing—her showing up on that location? How do you figure it?"

The G. M.'s sober countenance split into a dry grin. "Somebody tipped her off to the time and the place," said he. "Yes, and the props too."

MacWade scowled as he watched the G. M. out of sight.

"Gabby, my boy," said he, "beware of commercialism! The boss is commercialized clear to the backbone. There's about as much romance in him as there is in—in a Bismarck herring!"

"An owl," remarked the camera man, "wouldn't get many cheers in a chafing dish, but he's an awfully wise bird just the same. Ever think of that, Davy?"

That night as Gabby was preparing to retire he heard strange noises proceeding from MacWade's bedroom. A series of grunts and gasps drew him to the door of his friend's sleeping chamber, where he paused, transfixed by an amazing spectacle. David, sketchily attired in heliotrope pyjamas, was earnestly endeavoring to bring his fingers and toes together without bending his knees—a form of physical torture much recommended to girthy gentlemen. The plump little director was making hard work of it, hence the gurgling noises.

"Well, what d' you think of that!" exclaimed Gabby. "I thought you were rehearsing a trained seal or something. Why the setting-up drill?"

"Because," gasped MacWade, "I want to get rid of some of this awning effect." He mopped his brow and regarded Trozier anxiously. "I'm too young to be carrying all this weight. Don't you think so?"

Gabby laughed uproariously.

"When did that notion strike you?" he demanded. "And where do you get that bunk about being young?"

"I'm only forty-two," mumbled MacWade, flushing. "You can't call that old."

"Of course not, Davy. You're a mere child! If you ever grow up ——"

"Oh, cut the comedy!"

Gabby sat down on the edge of the bed and began to whistle softly.

"Stay with it, little cutie," he chuckled. "You'll soon be fit to play Romeos, you will! Who is she, Davy?"

MacWade grunted as the shot went home.

"Don't hold out on a pal," urged Gabby. "When a fellow forty-two years of age starts taking off weight and talking about being too young to carry a little suet, there's only one answer. You don't think I'm blind, do you?"

"Humph!"

"Don't you look at me like that, Davy. Don't you do it. I'm your friend. I'm with you and I'm for you. After all, there's nothing new in the situation. Other directors have done it before you."

"Done what?" snapped MacWade.

"Why, fallen in love with the leading lady! It's all right, perfectly natural and human ——"

David walked over and wagged his finger under Gabby's nose.

"That'll be about all for you," said he. "Just about all, young fellow. From now on ——"

"You're not getting over with it," interrupted the camera man critically. "You forget that I'm a tough audience and hard to fool. In the first place, you should have laughed. In the second place, you shouldn't have mentioned romance when you pulled that line about the G. M. this afternoon. You tipped all five cards to me right there. Davy, old boy, I love you like a brother, but you've been kidding yourself ever since that day on location. If you keep on you'll wind up by believing the lies you told the boss to-day."

"Lies? What lies?"

"Oh, about how you picked this girl out of a crowd—discovered her. And that stuff about Fate. Davy, would you be sore at me if I let the sawdust out of your dolly?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you're too good a fellow to go wrong—to let a mistaken notion run away with you. At heart you're just a mushy sentimentalist, and you're in danger of getting your feelings hurt. Davy, old hoss, it wasn't Fate at all. It was me."

"You!"

"Please don't get sore. I'm going to be like a surgeon and hurt you now to help you later."

"Cut, then!" said MacWade.

"Well, you see, I felt reasonably certain that Arlington would gum us up. I knew you'd be too damn bullheaded to provide a double for her. Davy, I frisked your memorandum book and got Miss Campbell's telephone number. I rang her up the night before."

MacWade's jaw dropped.

"I'm sorry," said the other gently, "but that's all there is to your romance thing. It was cut and dried in advance. I told her to pretend that she happened along by accident. It never struck me that you might take another slant at it."

The little director stood still in the middle of the floor, reflecting deeply. At length he reached the sort of conclusion which permitted him to smile. He fell to his back-breaking exercise again; and Gabby, nursing one knee in his hands, watched him narrowly, wondering what would come next.

"Twenty-three—twenty-four—twenty-five!" gasped MacWade. "Wow! You think you're quite a bright young man, don't you? Quite a loud cheer—you've been handing yourself—understudy to Fate—all that sort of thing. Why, you hopeless hash-hound, you, what difference does it make how she happened to turn up that day? The main thing is ——" And there he stuck, breathless.

"Well, Davy, what is it?"

"That I'm going to make a big star of her!"

"Atta boy!" yelled Gabby, leaping to his feet. "And I'm going to help you!"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Van Loan.

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Consider This Certain and Positive Proof of Saxon "Six" Supremacy

Let us dispense with fine phrases and seek facts.

For facts alone form a stable basis upon which to adjudge motor car values.

And further, we believe you are more interested in actions than in adjectives.

First of all turn your attention to the Saxon "Six" motor.

Compare it with the car of less than six cylinders that stands highest in your estimation.

Though that "less-than-six" may be developed to the full limit of its possibilities you still will find lapses between its power impulses.

These lapses you know produce the vibration and friction that are the bane of motor life. And they exert considerable injurious effect upon the parts, too.

Gear-shifting becomes more and more frequently a necessity. Acceleration slows up and pulling power lessens.

Finally we see them revealed in growing repair and replacement bills. And shortly the car has reached the end of its usefulness long before it should.

On the other hand, the Saxon motor, with its six cylinders, develops a continuous flow of power. Vibration has been reduced to a minimum. Uniform torque, the ambition of all motor designers, is attained.

Briefly explained, in the "less-than-six" you find a **less number** of explosions at any given speed, and each explosion **more severe.**

In the "Six" you get far **more** explosions and each **less severe** in its application to the bearings.

Take for example a certain well-known car of less than six cylinders, tested under the same prevailing conditions as Saxon "Six."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benj. Franklin

MARCH 24, 1917 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

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Irvin S. Cobb—Will Irwin—Helen Van Campen—Ethel Train—Donn Byrne

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THE FORTUNE MAKER

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE fire was discovered at six minutes to five o'clock. A girl employed in the mailing department opened the door to what they called the stock room and smoke rolled out, enveloping her. She had the presence of mind to run immediately to one of the fire-alarm boxes with which the place was equipped. The alarm she turned in registered six minutes to five.

This was on the thirteenth of January, a raw, lowering day, pretty dark at that hour. The plant spread over an irregular tract of ground equivalent to three or four ordinary city blocks. About eight thousand hands were employed there. At five o'clock employees were pouring out of it—the day shift in the mechanical departments and many of the office hands quitting work for the day. A lot of them ran to look at the fire, choking up the approaches to it until they were cleared out. This hampered the firemen; but in any case the building would have gone.

It was a ramshackle, two-story frame affair, about thirty feet broad by forty long, which the old wagon company had used for its general offices. It should have been torn down long before; but there had been no time. The huge plant of the Sarum Automobile Company had sprung up round it in only nine years. They were always building something there—often rushing construction by night, under electric light, as well as by day. In the giants' race to get the necessary structures up fast enough they had let the old office building stand. The public street on which it fronted was now only one line in a complicated pattern of runways between immense new shops of concrete and steel, as fireproof as money could make them.

The mailing department, an adjunct of the company's big printing establishment, was housed in this old building. The basement was full of printing materials. A freight elevator ran from the basement to the stock room on the first floor. Smoke had come up the elevator shaft. When the firemen got a look into the basement it was all ablaze.

When She Finished With Poor Little Sol the Boys Were Almost Sorry for Him

The fire was undoubtedly incendiary. No one had any legitimate business in this basement storeroom oftener than two or three times a week. No one who had legitimate business there had been in it that day. There was an outside door—a big, two-leaved affair opening to a stairway that led up to an alley behind the building. It seemed clear that the incendiary had gone into the basement through this outside door.

John Turner, president of the Sarum Automobile Company, had been through part of the plant that afternoon. He had a habit of doing that every now and then—striding through one shop after another, perhaps nodding to a workman here and there, or stopping to speak if he saw any occasion. So he went through several shops that afternoon, returning to his office about twenty minutes to five.

His office was in the second story of the company's main office building—a comparatively new structure directly down the street about the distance of a city block from the old frame mailing department. The presidential suite comprised four rooms. First there was the anteroom, the windows of which looked down the street toward the mailing department. Back of that was a somewhat smaller room called the library, containing letter files, reports, and like matter, which the president might wish to consult. The room behind that, of about the same size as the library, was occupied usually by Whipple, the president's private secretary. It contained a desk also for Wade Waggoner, who was a sort of personal attaché of the president, with no very strictly defined duties. Last of all was the president's own room. These four rooms were flanked by a hall, on the other side of which was a blank wall, which served no purpose except giving access to the rooms of the presidential suite.

The situation in the presidential suite at the time of the fire has been checked up in every detail. It was as follows:

Returning from his round of the shops at about twenty minutes to five, President Turner entered the anteroom and walked straight through the suite to his own room, where a couple of reports and the outgoing mail—important letters to be signed by his own hand—lay on his desk.

He was busy with them when the fire was discovered.

At that time Miss Weston, a stenographer; a youth named Timmons, who was a sort of superior office boy; and a young man named Arthur Weeks, an assistant to the secretary of the company, were in the anteroom. They saw the fire and ran to the windows to look at it. Wade Waggoner was in the library. He heard the exclamations in the anteroom and joined the group at the windows to watch the fire.

Whipple, the president's secretary, had gone downtown on a business errand. There was nobody else in the suite.

The doors between the several rooms were open and Mr. Turner evidently heard the commotion in the anteroom, for he came striding in there, with a pen in his hand, and stood for a moment with the others looking at the fire. He said:

"Glad the old shed's burning up!"—or something like that.

Then he turned on his heel, spoke to Waggoner, and walked back to his own room, Waggoner following, as Mr. Turner had bidden him do. On the way back he said over his shoulder to Waggoner: "Shut the doors!"

Evidently he wanted to shut out the noise in the anteroom that had distracted his attention from the work in hand.

In his own room he seated himself at his desk and rapidly signed the last of the two letters that lay before him. Then he handed Waggoner a wire basket containing all the signed letters, looked at his watch and said, rather impatiently:

"Send Stimson up here right away."

Waggoner understood, as a matter of course, that he was to carry the basket of letters to Miss Weston, the stenographer, in the anteroom, who would fold and mail them. This he did. Stimson had been employed by the company several years in the financial department and recently had been elected treasurer. To reach his office Waggoner had only to pass on through the anteroom, after handing Miss Weston the letters, step into the hall, go directly down the stairs and walk perhaps thirty feet along

the lower hall to the treasurer's office. He acknowledges frankly that he didn't go so directly as he might have done. When he reached the anteroom flames were bursting from the old frame mailing department and the whole tindery structure was burning. It made an exciting spectacle in the dark. He thinks he may have lingered two or even three minutes looking at it.

But between the time Waggoner left the president's room and the time Stimson entered it certainly not more than ten minutes elapsed—probably not more than five or six. Stimson, entering the president's room, found Mr. Turner stone dead at his desk, with a bullet wound through his heart.

This was the time of the great war in Europe. Mr. Turner had been decidedly pro-Ally. He was the aggressive, positive sort of man who wouldn't have halfway opinions on any subject, or any opinions without expressing them boldly and acting on them if occasion came. His sympathies had been with France and England from the first. Then one of the company's young men, for whom Mr. Turner had a great regard, went to England on the company's business, sailing on the Lusitania and going down with her.

The hot-blooded president took that a good deal as though the young man had been deliberately assassinated. It was not in his nature to take it out in talk, either. He was already making military trucks for the Allies, though he declared there was more money in making automobiles for the home market. The Allies were having difficulty then in getting a sufficient supply of time fuses for shrapnel shells. Mr. Turner took that up.

Near the automobile plant was a factory engaged in turning out cheap typewriters, but not making a great success of it. Mr. Turner discovered that this factory, with some rather expensive alterations, could make time fuses. In his headlong way he bought the plant overnight for a quarter of a million dollars, and equipped it to make fuses. It was his reply to the Lusitania.

Then a commission of English and French bankers came over here to borrow five hundred million dollars. Mr. Turner influenced the banks at Sarum to subscribe to the bonds and bought two and a half million dollars of them himself—telling the newspapers about it; in fact, he acted all through as though he wanted the Kaiser to know just what he was doing.

There was a good deal of bitter war feeling then. Newspapers were full of stories of plots by German sympathizers to burn or blow up plants that made munitions for the Allies and to cause strikes in them. Mr. Morgan, the New York banker, had been shot by a crazy man for his part in buying war supplies.

Naturally, then, the immediate theory was that a German sympathizer had assassinated Mr. Turner. That the fire was incendiary seemed quite beyond doubt. That the fire and the assassination were planned together looked highly probable. In these circumstances the murder stirred the whole country; for several days, in fact, it overshadowed all other events. Newspapers in every state printed pages about it. At that time John Turner was a national figure, with a name familiar to newspaper readers everywhere. If such a man had been shot down in his own office for making war munitions it was a national affair.

I was then in the United States Secret Service and I arrived in Sarum the day after the murder. The usual points had been covered by capable detective talent before I got there. However, I hope I knew enough of my trade not to jump at conclusions, and I went at the mystery quite as though there were no plausible theories in sight. The first point was the character of the chief witnesses.

Stimson, the treasurer, who discovered the murder, was plainly a man to bank on—stocky, middle-aged, partly bald, rather phlegmatic, cool, clear-headed, quick to think; certainly not a man to lose his wits for a moment or let his emotions play any tricks on his brain; nor yet a man, when an emergency of that kind exploded in front of him, to take anything for granted. He knew in a moment there'd been murder and every instinct in him bristled against it. While others ran and telephoned and exclaimed, he stayed right there, never budging from the president's room until there had been a thorough examination of the premises.

In the first place, then, there was no firearm and no weapon of any sort in the president's room. There wasn't the least trace of a struggle. Mr. Turner, when Stimson entered, sat upright in his chair, dead. The bullet had pierced his vest, but not his coat, the latter having been thrown or brushed back at the time, as often happens with a man at work over a desk. Microscopic examination showed no trace of powder on the vest, as there would have been if the shot had been fired at close range. Evidently it had been fired across the desk. No one had heard a shot, but there had been the commotion of the fire and three closed doors between the president's room and the persons in the anteroom.

There was a door from the president's room to the hall. For a good while, as far as anybody knew, this door had invariably been locked, Mr. Turner entering and leaving through the other rooms of the suite. A key to this door was found on the key ring in his pocket. But another key was found sticking in the lock on the outside. Where this key came from no one could say. Two keys to the lock had been furnished by the builders. No one about the place had ever seen the second key until it was found sticking in the lock. That the assassin had used it to enter the president's room from the hall seemed clear enough. Where he got the key was a mystery.

There was another difficult point: The hall from which the assassin must have entered was brightly lighted at the time. As I have said, it served no purpose except giving access to the rooms of the presidential suite, its opposite wall being blank; and it contained no object behind which a man could conceal himself. If a stranger, or anyone for that matter, had been standing in this hall when Waggoner went downstairs to summon Stimson, Waggoner would quite certainly have noticed him. This implied that the assassin must have run upstairs, done his work and run down again in the two or three minutes that elapsed between Waggoner's going downstairs and his return with Stimson. But how could he have known the exact minute when the coast would be clear?

That, like the duplicate key, hinted at treachery on the inside. Even with treachery, the feat was difficult enough. How could the traitor have known just the minute when the coast was clear and given the assassin a signal? The fire was discovered at six minutes to five. The murder could hardly have been later than ten minutes after five. In the intervening quarter of an hour the lower hall was unusually busy—clerks going home or running to look at the fire. How could a stranger, or anybody else, have rushed up the stairs and down again without somebody having seen him?

Altogether it was the most improbable assumption I had ever been called upon to accept. But every other assumption was still more improbable. So we had to take the hypothesis that the assassin, lurking below somewhere, somehow knew just the minute when the coast was clear, went upstairs, did the murder and got away.

Now if there was treachery on the inside the most obvious object of suspicion would be the man Wade Waggoner, who had gone downstairs to summon Stimson and who knew that Mr. Turner was then alone in his room.

Waggoner gave his age as forty-one. He was a tall, spare man, somewhat round-shouldered, his head commonly hanging forward a little on his lean neck. His face was thin and sharp, his eyes greenish gray, his complexion a dead ashen hue. His right leg was stiff at the knee; so he walked with a slight limp, usually using a cane.

Several years before this he had been employed as a mechanic in the plant and one day had happened to attract Mr. Turner's attention. Waggoner made what had every appearance of being a candid statement. He said when he attracted Mr. Turner's notice he was in bad health—inclined to tuberculosis he himself thought at the time. He really wasn't fit physically to do the work at which he was engaged—grinding crank shafts. But the company wanted men very badly and he wanted a job very badly; so there he was, doing his best.

Now Mr. Turner, by every account, was a generous, open-handed, impulsive kind of man. There seems no doubt that his compassion was moved by this ailing workman. Waggoner, except when on this very serious subject, was a most amusing fellow to talk to—with a lively, native sense of humor and a talent for mimicry. No doubt Mr. Turner quickly found this amusing trait in him, the result being that Waggoner was transferred from the shop to the president's anteroom, where he had an easy job as a kind of doorman and valet. Mr. Turner evidently liked him and presently made of him a sort of personal, confidential attaché, with no very clearly defined duties. Mr. Turner frequently had him to dinner, took him along as a companion on his trips of business and pleasure, had him elected to the Country Club and the Sarum Club in town—made of him, in short, a social equal; but with some implied reservations, no doubt.

The Wabbling Old Man Wanted to Fight or to Wrestle

At the time of the murder Waggoner received a salary of ten thousand dollars a year—and about managed to keep out of debt, as he expressed it. As it happened, the peculiar relationship between these two men was fully illustrated only three days before the murder. At that time Mr. Turner insured his life in Waggoner's favor for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, payable not in a lump sum but in an annuity as long as Waggoner should live.

This was somewhat unusual, and Mr. Turner's explanation to the life-insurance agent, as repeated by the agent to me, was substantially as follows:

"I am fond of Waggoner. I consider him a dependent on me. I want to make sure that he will be comfortably provided for as long as he lives. Of course, so long as I live there will be no trouble about that, and I might leave him a competence by my will. But he has no business sense. If he had a competence to-day very likely he'd make ducks and drakes of it within a year. No doubt I could leave a sum in trust for him, only the income to be paid him; but wills are sometimes thrown into litigation. Who knows what my estate will be worth when I die, which I'm hoping will be sometime in the next century! It strikes me that the simplest and surest way is just to insure my life in his favor, the benefit to be paid him, if he outlives me, not in a lump sum but in an annuity."

That was entirely reasonable and the companies wrote the insurance without hesitation. This illustrated the relations between the two men. Incidentally it showed that Mr. Turner was in perfect health only a few days before his death. That Waggoner betrayed his benefactor to an assassin seemed quite incredible. He was generally regarded, I found, as an amusing fellow—rather biting and malicious at times with his funny tongue and his mimicry, yet with no real harm in him. None of those who knew Mr. Turner best could suggest personal

enmity as a motive for the assassination. He had been an aggressive, confident, imperious kind of man. There had been business clashes, and all that; but that any enmity thus engendered could have risen to the point of murder was regarded as absurd.

As to the town's general attitude toward him, it was clear that all the more solid, responsible citizens regarded his death as a public calamity, and with good reasons. The common expression was:

"Why, John Turner made Sarum! He put us on the map!"

When he came there, nine years before—with very little capital, it appeared—and took over the bankrupt automobile business of the old Sarum Wagon Company the town had about fifty thousand inhabitants. At the time of the murder it had a hundred and fifty thousand. The great automobile business which Turner built up, and the accessories that sprang into being round it, were the cause. If the assassin had been discovered the day after the murder I believe the business population of the place would have turned out cheerfully to lynch him.

And Mr. Turner gave liberally to local improvements, bearing nearly the whole expense of the handsome Country Club, a fine club building in town, putting up a splendid hotel, and so on. He gave the city a considerable tract for a public park.

The dead man had been a bachelor. Quite naturally Breyfogle and I, and probably some of the other detectives—with the cynicism born of our trade—looked for the trail of a petticoat. But we did not find one. Mr. Turner lived in a large, open-handed, free sort of way. He made money royally, spent it royally, projected his business on a royal scale. The gossip was that formerly he had been somewhat royally inclined in the petticoat line too; but there had never been any open scandal about him.

Whatever basis there might be for the town's gossip of amorous adventures elsewhere, it did not seem worth while to inquire, for of late he appeared to have adopted a decidedly conservative mode of living; in fact, the whole country—or as much of it as took any interest in such affairs—knew he was engaged to marry Mrs. Wyndham, of New York, and the wedding was only three weeks off. The engagement had been announced in the fall, attracting about as much attention because of the lady's social vogue as on account of the gentleman's eminent business position. Even somewhat before that Mr. Turner had begun to lay out a whole new residence district for the wealth that had accumulated in Sarum these last nine years.

The district was called Hillcrest, lying along the gently rolling wooded slopes, some three miles beyond the city limits. His own place was to comprise over a hundred parked acres, with a splendid mansion; the foundations were already going up. Breyfogle and I drove out there one afternoon from a curiosity merely personal and not professional.

Though it was dead of winter, an army of men was still at work, with teams, cutting out small trees and underbrush, and even doing grading, for the season had been mild and there was little frost in the ground. Nobody as yet had got round to stop them. That, by all accounts, would have been John Turner's way—having made up his mind to do it, not to wait for time or tide or seasons, but to rush at it headlong and get it done.

With a very little looking round we could see what the plan was. The foundations of Turner's house suggested a palace. There was to be here a miniature Versailles, springing up out of the cow pastures overnight at the fiat of this imperious American millionaire, even as the other one sprang up at the fiat of the Grand Monarch. Of course there were to be all the palatial accompaniments of pictures, tapestries, servants. In this splendid setting he was to sun himself and take his ease, and display his opulence to the world, in company with a lady who apparently was everything the mistress of such an establishment should be—just turned thirty, beautiful, accomplished, and experienced in all the social graces.

Looking down on the foundations with beady eyes, Breyfogle tipped his derby hat to the back of his bullet head, jammed his pudgy hands into the pockets of his baggy trousers and moralized thus:

"Just a little over forty, in perfect health, handsome, famous, worth forty million dollars and getting richer every minute, duke of a city, engaged to a beautiful woman, building this—then along comes a greasy scoundrel with a five-dollar pistol—biff!—and there's nothing left but just a hundred and seventy-five pounds of mud to be tucked underground. I'm damn' glad I'm homely and broke, and got a lot of bad habits! What's the use, anyhow?"

There was no trail of a petticoat, but another barely possible motive immediately turned up. Mr. Turner had been a good employer, paying high wages, giving short hours where the work was hardest, as at the drop forges, building a clubhouse for the hands, putting up some model cottages, establishing the well-known Turner Fund for

Madeline Seized Her Coat and Made Tracks for the Station

workmen's benefit, and so on; but he did not propose to have any interference in the plant. Men had been discharged for taking part in unionizing movements. With the swift increase of Sarum's industrial population, labor agitators and socialists had come in.

That fall there had been a bitterly contested local election, which turned principally on the office of prosecuting attorney for the county. The socialist candidate—though I believe the word "socialist" was not used on the ticket—was a man named Hiram Dent, whom respectable citizens described by such terms as socialist, anarchist, professional labor agitator, demagogue, blackguard, blatherskite. He had attacked Mr. Turner venomously, saying that he bossed the town, evaded his taxes, seized public alleys and streets that ran through his plant, tyrannized over his employees, and a whole lot more of the same sort. Mr. Turner had undoubtedly resented all this very deeply. Presumably he had exerted himself as best he could to defeat Dent.

Yet Dent had won by a narrow margin, and on taking office the first of January he had charged his opponents with bribing voters. So far as I looked into this thing, it did seem pretty clear that considerable money had been used to bribe voters. A grand jury of Dent's choosing had indicted several men for bribery—among them Walter Hayes, who had been associated with Mr. Turner in the automobile business from the beginning, being treasurer of the company at the time of the election.

Directly after the election Mr. Hayes had resigned from the automobile company to become president of the Arcum Company, which made electric lighting and starting appliances, and some other automobile accessories. Dent's charge was that Walter Hayes had drawn fifty thousand dollars in cash out of two banks the day before election and that this money, or some of it, had been traced to the pockets of bribed voters. It isn't necessary to go into this very extensively, as Dent himself did not charge Mr. Turner with personal responsibility for the bribing.

A theory was advanced that the heat engendered by this election might have furnished a motive for the assassination; but that hardly bore examination. In the first place, everybody knows that American people get up a great excitement now and then over an election, but it doesn't last after the votes are counted. They take the result and go about their business. In the next place, Dent had won. His followers were not disappointed. Some half-cracked, unbalanced fellow might have been wrought up by Dent's denunciation to the point of murder, but this wasn't the work of that lunatic type of assassin.

The war motive seemed the most plausible one. Of course that was the only motive in which the Government was interested. We set out to look for a pro-German, sane or otherwise. I had been four days in Sarum and was as much in the dark as ever when Hiram Dent telephoned me, in my room at the Inn—as the fine hotel Turner had built was named—saying he had something important to communicate to me if I cared to step round to his office and hear him. I had never met the man, but my presence in town was well known by that time. I judged I might as well hear what he had to say; so I went round to his office in the County Building, a new and handsome structure.

He looked oddly out of place in the fine office, for he was a big, shambling, carelessly dressed man, and one of the ugliest I have ever seen—with beetling brows, a straight gash of a mouth, and a nose pinched into a wad in the middle of his face. I hadn't been there two minutes before I understood why conservative citizens hated him. He hated them. He spoke in a high-pitched voice and made the most violent statements with a grin.

"I asked you to come over here," he said, "because I thought you might really want to know who killed John Turner. I was taking a chance that you were square." He laughed over that agreeable statement. "These other detectives are all crooks and grafters. I see they've got the great Breyfogle working on the case. I know the great Breyfogle like a book. He's worked on some labor cases where I was interested on the other side. If he'd been in town on the thirteenth I'd think he shot Turner himself in order to get a fat case. There'd be no use my telling those fellows what I know. They'd just use it to shake down the murderer and then frame up some evidence against a janitor or a teamster.

"I can't do much with it myself, either," Dent went on, with his peculiar style of sociability. "I've got only a little appropriation for detective work and I've used that all up on my bribery investigation. There's no use in my going to the city police force. They're against me, and rotten anyway. Besides, the people who elected me to this office aren't worrying much over who shot our gasoline duke. They've got real troubles to worry over. This murder spoils a lot of my work by knocking the stuffing out of my bribery case, which is more important than fifty John Turners; but, the way I'm situated, I can't do anything about it, so I sent for you.

"Walter Hayes killed John Turner. He was a sort of tail to the Turner kite. Seems, from what I hear, they grew up together; boyhood friends, college chums, and so on. Anyway, Hayes came here with Turner and did all a good, industrious tail could do to help get this vast automobile graft going. He made a lot of money out of it too. But the men split up. A woman came between them. They tell me Turner tried to get the girl Hayes married. Whether he got her or not I don't know. Understand, I'm not insinuating anything against the lady, because I don't know anything. I don't care anything, either. That's one of their little class amusements that's no affair of mine.

"But this wasn't any woman case—at least that was only part of it. If John Turner had lived two weeks longer his testimony would have sent Walter Hayes to the penitentiary. Get that? I've got the testimony right here in my office. But, of course, Turner is dead now and Hayes will swear it off on the dead man. Now that Turner's dead the other big guns up there at the motor company will help Hayes do it. They'll trot out records and vouchers and all sorts of things to prove it. What's the use of their wasting anything on a man that's dead when one that's alive, and worth ten millions or more, and can do a lot of nice favors for them, wants their help?"

Pausing to grin over that proposition, he went on:

"Walter Hayes drew fifty thousand dollars out of two banks here the day before election and charged it on the motor company's books to what they call the president's account, which seems to be an account they charge all their dirty work to. Some of that money can be identified. The numbers on the bills are known. I've got the evidence. And some of that same identical money was used next day to bribe voters with. And John Turner swore before the grand jury he never saw that money or knew anything about it. That left it square up to Walter Hayes to show where the money went and why he drew it on the president's account without the president's authorization.

"And Walter Hayes couldn't show, because he used the money to bribe. I tell you, with the evidence I've got here and John Turner on the witness stand, I'd have sent Walter Hayes to the penitentiary as sure as the sun rises."

He drew his face into a scowl and banged the arm of his chair with a big fist.

"It was as sure as sunrise," he repeated, "and Walter Hayes knew it. Now, mind you, I'm not drawing any lily-white conclusions about John Turner. I'd just as

(Continued on Page 74)

FIRST AID TO AMERICA

How Civilians Must Get Together and Get Behind Strong Leaders

By WILL IRWIN

THIS interview I give anonymously. It is with a man in official position who knows, better perhaps than any other American, the larger situation in Europe, having studied it in many nations and with exceptional facilities for observation. Moreover, he has had wide experience in industry. He understands, as most Americans do not—in their bones—that modern war is a matter of organizing a whole nation back of an army; and he is more interested in civilian organization than in the military or naval aspects of war. Though our Defense Boards and our Preparedness Societies have studied this question in spots, he is the first man I know to offer with authority a general constructive program.

It was a chance remark of Jones'—as I shall call him—dropped at a dinner party which set me on the trail. He said:

"A war of any size in this country would strain our respected old Constitution until it creaked. When it was adopted the convention, realizing that a period of warfare must be a period of dictatorship, provided that the President should be commander in chief of the army and navy in time of war. They did not foresee—almost no one except the Germans foresaw before 1914—that the army and navy might not be of first importance. Modern warfare is about one part army, one part navy, two parts economics, one or two parts moral forces, and one part finance. Further, they made the Constitution very hard to amend—it can't be done in a hurry. We might have a hard time in getting round the laws that would stand in the way of national efficiency. And aside from the law, we are very imperfectly organized to meet this crisis."

All this, heard under that seal of secrecy which general society imposes on any journalist who does not want to be a pariah, caused me to visit Jones and ask him for publication what, in view of his experience, had to be done, and how we might do it.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

X-Ray Machine at the Philadelphia Red Cross Headquarters

The Needs of Wartime Governments

"I HAD better hang out my flag at the beginning," he said. "I am a pacifist, but not a peace-at-any-price pacifist. I believe that war should be the last resort, but that sometimes it is better than the alternative—national extinction or lowering of national respect, for example. The ultimate goal of the world is perpetual peace and disarmament; but we may not reach it for a long time, and meantime we sometimes have to face the possibility of war—as now.

"Democracy is a form of government born of peace, constructed for peace and maintainable only in peace. To carry on war successfully requires a dictatorship of some kind or another. A democracy must submerge itself temporarily in the hands of an able man or an able group of men. No other way has ever been found. Lincoln was virtually a dictator in the Civil War. France, the most democratic nation in the world, is under a system of central committees which makes her government almost as much a dictatorship as that of Germany.

"The actual work of day-by-day government in most modern nations is done by a bureaucracy. This serves very well in time of peace, when government, in the ideals of democracy, is after all not the most necessary function of a nation. The experience of all European countries in this war has shown that the old bureaucracies will not do at all. Not one of the belligerent nations got even partial efficiency until it put in control of the extramilitary activities, so supremely important in this war, the best brains of the country—which means its industrial brains. Germany, well as she was prepared for this war, had to call her industrial brains into government positions in the autumn of 1914; France did the same thing when she formed her War Cabinet; England never began to get out of the muddle until she adopted this idea.

"A bureaucracy tends toward mediocrity. Industry does not. There are two reasons for this: In the first place, the attractions of bureaucratic positions in a democracy are not such as generally to attract first-class talent. The pay is secured, but comparatively small. Outside the army and navy no great prestige attaches in most democracies to government appointments. In the second place, promotion in a bureaucracy must generally be by seniority. It is the only way to prevent corruption and undue 'pull.' The men at the head, then, are there simply because they have been in the service a long time, and because they have made no mistakes. In consequence the aspiration of bureaucracy is to commit no error, and, it follows, to take no initiative or responsibility.

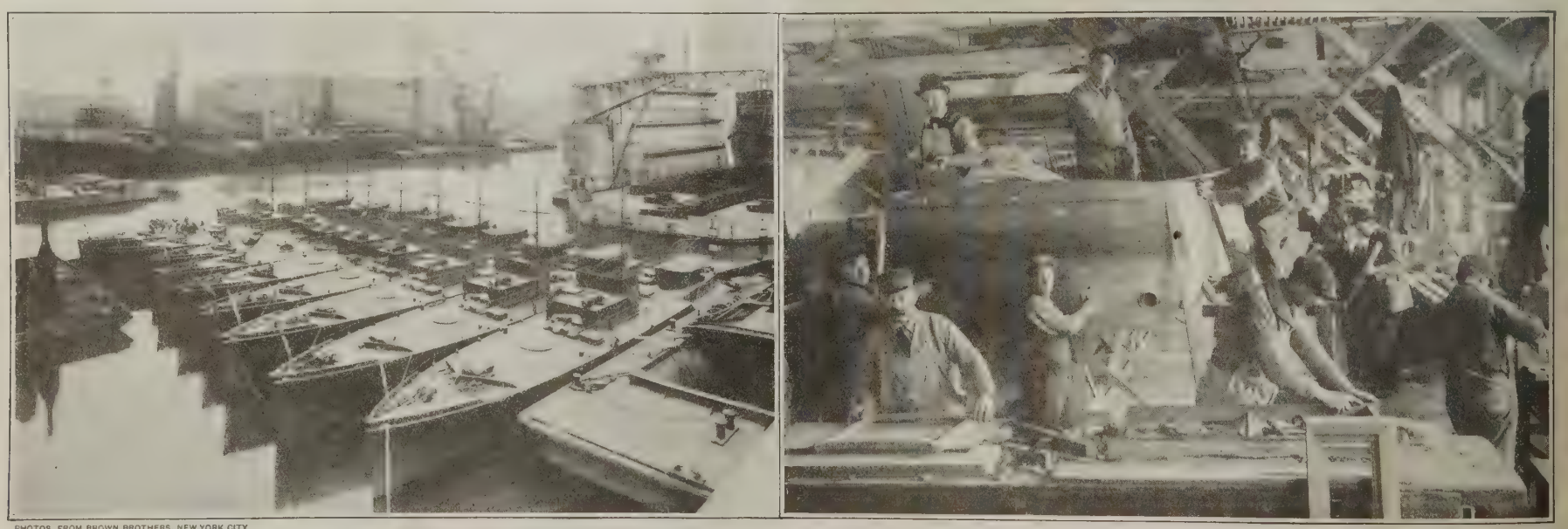
"Industry—I use that term in the broadest sense to include commerce, manufacture and finance—allows full play to the struggle for existence, and tends to get better men in the first place and to shove the ablest men forward. Promotion, there, is not by seniority, but by the hard law of merit. The aspiration of industrial organization is power, initiative and responsibility. A really efficient head of a bureaucracy finds it very difficult to make any subordinate take responsibility or display initiative; whereas the problem of an industrial leader in a live concern is most often to keep his rising, ambitious young heads of departments from taking too much responsibility, displaying too much initiative. Another factor bearing on the inefficiency of bureaucracies in time of war is the undue percentage of lawyers in their personnel. Law produces a qualitative mind. War is a quantitative thing and requires a quantitative mind."

Lessons From England

"IN TIME of peace you cannot draw such men into the government. It is not necessary. In time of war patriotism makes them available. The first difficulty of democracy at war is to transfer the direction from the hands of the bureaucracy to their hands—to make them available.

"How hard this is the experience of England proves. Her management of munitions, railroads, transport, finance, control of the civilian population, are very efficient now; but she was the last of the Western belligerent nations to get that efficiency. The trouble was that in the beginning she took half measures. Realizing dimly this principle, the British drafted some of their best industrial heads into the service of the government. These men made little headway. Everywhere they ran against the immobility of bureaucracies. The two elements could in instinct, mind and method mix no more than oil and water. The bureaucrats spent half their time rendering ineffective the efforts of these men to do the work they knew better than anyone else in England. The bureaucrats were not unpatriotic in this matter. They really believed that their way was the only way to save the nation.

"Things did not go forward under this system. They couldn't. England never got her supply services on a real war footing until Lloyd George went to the Premier and asked for a new Department of Munitions, with an office and a force all its own, and with powers independent of the army and navy. Having a clean slate, he installed a



PHOTOS. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Thousands of Fast Submarine Chasers are Being Built in the United States and Could be Delivered in a Short Time

ersonnel composed of those industrial leaders and specialists who would have been unavailable in time of peace, but ere available now. In short, he put the industrial activities of the country on the only efficient war basis, as rance and Germany had done before.

"Lloyd George is not an industrial expert, but he is pen-minded. He called together the big men in every epartment of industry that touched the war, and asked em to name the most efficient experts they knew in their wn trades. From these he picked his chairmen of departents and committees, who usually picked their own staffs. hen he gave these men their heads. And England began o emerge from the muddle.

"We should have such a department. If we don't prepare its skeleton, ready to clothe the instant war breaks ut, then it will have to come after war—and muddle. nd if this be neglected, any government that attempts war ill fall, regardless of fixity of tenure; for the wrath of nation at war is abnormal and terrible.

"It should stand as a link between the army and navy epartments, with officers of the two arms represented in s councils, but independent. It is enough, in all conscience, or the army and navy to run a modern war. Moreover, rmy and navy officers, especially in this country, have no xperience of industrial organization. How could they? ll this mobilization of a country back of an army is a new hing. The ratio of munitions used in the war to the mount used in any previous war is about a hundred to ne. An army officer handed in at Washington last month n estimate of the supplies eeded for a million five undred thousand men. No ne in this country has any dea how this quantity of upplies could be found; nor hould anyone be expected o know.

"It is not the business of n army officer to know, n any event. He should nerely tell what the army vants and let somebody lse find the ways and neans to get it. That is he business of the Munitions Department—if you vish to name it after the British institution."

A Beginning

"THAT," I broke in, "was the trouble with the early régime in England. When Kitchener made his Sudan campaign, for example, he wired: 'Send fifty locomotives'; and it was only necessary for Parliament to vote the money. The fifty locomotives were already in being. When they had to create industrial machinery to make the fifty locomotives, and a million things more, they were at sea."

"Exactly. Fortunately, we have made a start, as England hadn't at the beginning of the war. Our Council for National Defense is doing a lot of the rough, preliminary work. The canvass of the nation's manufacturers to find just what and how much each can do in time of war is invaluable. It is a good beginning, but no more.

"Understand, in any contingency I can at present foresee, the United States will incur no such strain as England. She has drawn into the army and navy probably one-ninth of the population. We should probably draw in no more than one-fiftieth—two million men. But we are even less prepared than they, even if we have made a few preliminary plans. We think a great deal about shells, because that need of a modern army has been widely advertised. But we shall need a thousand things, from canteens to cannon, from buttons for uniforms to motor trucks, and in enormous quantities.

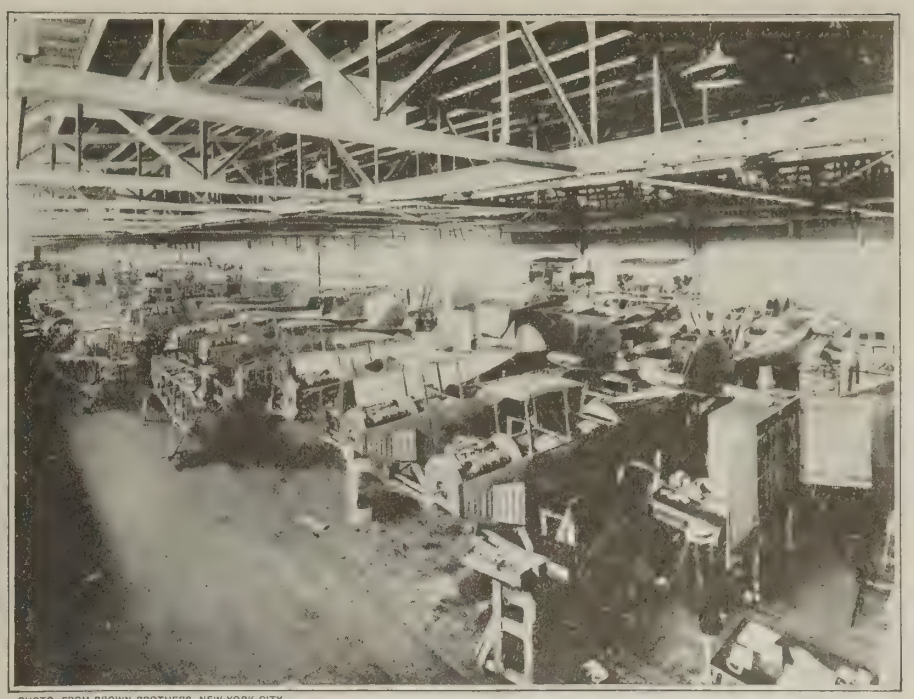


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Bewildering Number of Aëroplanes is Needed to Equip a Modern Army

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Great Numbers of Cars Unloading Their Freight on the Meadows

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

These Shops Can Turn Out Many of the Arms Needed in War

"However, shells and what shoots them, guns and what goes into them, are the first consideration. Let us take the subject of shells: Gauges by which they are tested, and automatic 'jigs' by which they are weighed and passed or thrown out, according to whether they meet the tests, are of prime importance. Most of the other tools necessary for shell making our manufacturers have in sufficient quantities for actual needs. These are tools peculiar to shell manufacture; and they take time to make. It takes time, also, to draw and distribute the designs to the manufacturers who make the separate parts. This is the first thing. It will cost comparatively little; it can be done before we begin open preparation; and it will clear the way. The designs should be sent to the manufacturers listed by the Council for National Defense, so that they and their directing subordinates can acquaint themselves with the job."

Two Methods

"IT'S all very well to talk about handing plans and specifications to these manufacturers," I said; "but how can we make them work?"

"I'll get to that indirectly," said Jones. "Roughly, there are two ways of mobilizing the resources of a country for making munitions and equipments. The first I'll call the British method; and the second, the French.

"The British, under the Defense of the Realm Act—a blanket law that gives the government the right to do almost anything—took control of industrial establishments which could make articles for military and naval use. They put the workmen under government control—half-mobilized them, as it were. Then they said to the manufacturer: 'We'll attend to your workmen, seeing on their behalf that they are not paid too little and on ours that they are not paid too much. Go ahead and manufacture, and we'll pay you a profit of so much per cent—no more, no less.' Of course that fixed percentage isn't clear profit, owing to the war tax. As a general rule, the British try to have each article—a shell, say, a gun carriage, a rifle or a belt—turned out complete in one factory.

"The French applied a different system. They found what parts each shop in France, from a huge automobile factory to a little country blacksmith shop, was capable of making. They furnished these establishments with plans and arranged depots where the parts could be assembled into a complete whole. The government had eminent right to commandeer these shops, but it was not necessary to do that. The Munitions Department simply told the manufacturer where he could find the raw materials, and then said in effect: 'We'll pay you such-and-such a price; we think you can make a fair profit at the figure. If, when the goods are delivered, general experience with the making of this part shows that the price is too low, we may adjust it upward; we reserve the right, in the contrary case, to revise it downward.'

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THE HOLD-OUT

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHA

THREE people, not countin' myself, think I'm the greatest guy in the world. One o' them's my first and last wife, another's Mr. Edwards, and the other's Bill Hagedorn.

It'd be hard to pick three that I'd rather have cordial. If a person is livin' with their wife, it makes it kind o' pleasant to have her like you. Mr. Edwards, o' course, is the man I'm workin' for, so it don't hurt me at all to be his hero. And I'm glad to have Bill added to the list, because it means he'll play the bag better for me this year than he's done yet, and with a little pep on first base we're liable to be bad news to George Stallin's, Wilbert Robinson and John J. McGraw.

But listen: If Mr. Edwards ever got hold o' the truth o' the Hagedorn business, him and I'd be just as clubby as Lord George and the Kaiser. If he didn't drop dead when he found it out, he'd slip me the tinware, contract or no contract, and I wouldn't have the heart to fight it in the courts, because I admit I gave him a raw deal. My only alibi is that I left my feelin's get the best o' me, and that excuse wouldn't be worth a dime with him; they's no excuse that would be, where his pocketbook's concerned, like in this case. He just simply hates money!

The worst of it is that Hagedorn didn't deserve no consideration. I like to see a fella get all that's comin' to him, provided he goes after it in the right way and puts up a real fight. Hagedorn made a hog of himself and was tremblin' all the time he did it. If he was as yellow on the ball field as when he's makin' a play for more dough, I'd take away his uniform and suspend him for life; he wouldn't be no more use to me than a set of adenoids.

He's just as game a ball player, though, as you'll find. The minute he trots out there in the old orchard he's a different guy, afraid o' nothin'. All he's lacked so far is ambish, and I figure he'll show some o' that this year. He'll give me his best out o' gratitude. If he don't, it'll mean his finish on the big time, family or no family.

It's part o' my agreement with Mr. Edwards that I stick on the job all the year round, goin' to the league meetin's with him in winter, helpin' him sign up the boys, and so forth. Well, after we was through last fall, he called me up in the office and begin crabbin' about finances.

"Frank," he says, "we lost $18,000 this season. I pretty near wish I didn't have no ball club."

"You've pretty near got your wish," I says. "If some o' those bushers don't come through next spring, or if we don't swing a couple o' deals between now and then, the clubs that play against us won't even get good practice."

"Bad as we are," he says, "I bet we got the biggest salary list in the big leagues. It looks to me like not only one or two, but several of our men were bein' overpaid."

"Yes, sir," I says; "and on their showin' the last few months some o' them would be overpaid if they drawed a dollar a day."

"Well," he says, "I'm goin' to do some trimmin'. The boys'll kick, I suppose, but I'm dependin' on you to show 'em they deserve cuts."

"That's a nice little job for me," I says. "It's just as easy to convince a ball player that his pay ought to be trimmed as it is to score twelve runs off Alexander."

"I'd just as leave pay good prices for good work," he says, "but I'm not goin' to maintain no pension bureau. These ridic'lous Federal League contracts have all run out, thank heavens, and from now on my ball club'll be run on a sane basis. Look at Lefty Grant!" he says. "He got $7000 and pitched pretty near eleven full games, winnin' three o' them. And look at Hagedorn! A $6000 contract and no more life in him than a wet rag! What do you suppose ailed him?"

"Federalitis," I says. "He was gettin' soft money in the Federal, with no incentive to win and nobody to try and make him hustle."

"A $6000 salary," says Mr. Edwards, "for a man that hit round .220 and played first base like he was bettin' against us! Maybe we'd better just let loose of him."

"If I was you," I says, "I'd see what the recruits is like before gettin' rid o' Hagedorn. I'll admit he's been loafin', but he's a mighty good ball player when he tries."

"Maybe it'll wake him up to cut him," says he. "I'm goin' to send him a contract for $4000."

"Suit yourself," says I. "He'll holler like an Indian, but if he sees you're in earnest I guess he'll come round."

"He lives here in town," says Mr. Edwards. "I'll have the girl call him up sometime and tell him I want to see him."

So we discussed a few others that was gettin' way more than they earned, and the boss says he wouldn't play no favorites, but would cut 'em all from ten to forty per cent. I knew they'd be plenty o' trouble, but I didn't care a whole lot. I figured that if everybody on the pay roll quit the game and went to work it'd strengthen the team.

Well, Hagedorn accepted Mr. Edwards' invitation to call and I was in the office when Bill come in.

"Mr. Hagedorn," says the boss, "Manager Conley and myself's been talkin' things over and we come to the conclusion that several o' you boys was earnin' less than we paid you. What do you think about it?"

"Well," says Hagedorn, "some o' the boys maybe deserve cuts. But I don't see how I come in on it."

"Why not?" says Mr. Edwards. "The unofficial averages gives you a battin' percentage o' .220."

"I can't help what them dam scorers do to me," says Bill. "I never did get fair treatment from the reporters."

"But when you was in the league before," says the boss, "you always hit up round .280, and it's a cinch the scorers didn't cheat you out o' sixty points."

"They'd cheat me out o' my shirt if they had a chance," Bill says. "But even if I did have a bad year with the wood, that ain't no sign I won't do all right next season."

"That's true enough," says Mr. Edwards. "Anybody's liable to have a battin' slump. But Manager Conley and myself wasn't thinkin' about your hittin' alone. We kind o' thought that your work all round was below the standard; that you was sort o' layin' down on the job."

Hagedorn began to whine.

"Mr. Edwards," he says, "you got me entirely wrong. I wouldn't lay down on nobody. I've give you my best every minute, and if I haven't it was because things broke bad for me."

"What things?" I ast him.

"Well," he says, "for one thing, I felt rotten all summer. My legs was bad."

"Well," I says, "you can't expect Mr. Edwards to pay $3000 apiece for bad legs."

"But they're all right now," he says. "I haven't had a bit o' trouble with 'em all fall. And I'm takin' grand care o' myself and next spring I'll be as good as ever."

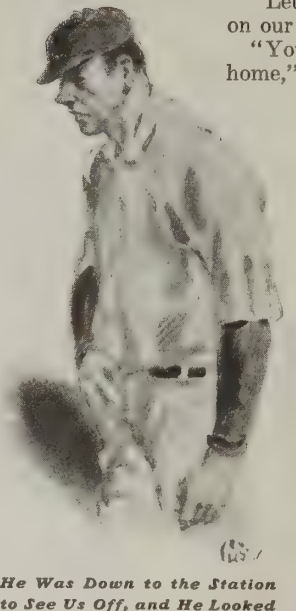
"Why didn't you tell me about your legs?" I ast him. "I'd of let you lay off. You certainly wasn't helpin' us much."

"I'd of told you only I don't like to quit," he says. "And besides, my legs wasn't the whole trouble."

"What else was it?" I says.

"Well," he says, "the Missus was sick and in the hospital, and I had to pay out a lot o' money and it kept me worried."

"When was she sick?" I ast him.



He Was Down to the Station to See Us Off, and He Looked Like He Was Ready to Cry

"Let's see," he says, "it was while we w on our last Eastern trip."

"You never ast me to let you co home," I says.

"No," he says, "I didn't kn nothin' at all about it till we g back."

"That's why you worried, I su pose," says I, "and I guess yo wife's illness in September was wh worried you in June and July."

"She was sick on and off all se son," he says.

"I noticed," says I, "that s done most of her sufferin' in a gran stand seat. Her ailment," I say "was probably brought on watchin' you perform."

"She's full o' nerve," he say "She wouldn't miss a ball game she was dyin'. And besides, her sic ness wasn't all of it."

"Let's hear the whole story once," I says. "The suspense fierce."

"Her folks kept botherin' us says Hagedorn. "They live Louisville, and they're gettin' o and they wanted that she should come down there an stay with 'em."

"Couldn't they come up here?" I ast him.

"No," he says, "they got their own home and their ow friends and everything down there."

"Well," I says, "that'd probably be the square thing f you to do, just pack up and move to Louisville and liv with 'em."

"We'd only be there in the winter," he says.

"No," says I, "I'll fix it so's you can be there all th year round."

"What do you mean?" he says.

"I mean that if you don't want to sign at our figure Louisville'd be the ideal spot for you," says I.

"What's your figures?" he ast.

"I'm willin' to give you $4000," says Mr. Edwards.

Hagedorn swelled up.

"If you think I'll take a $2000 cut, you got me wrong," he says.

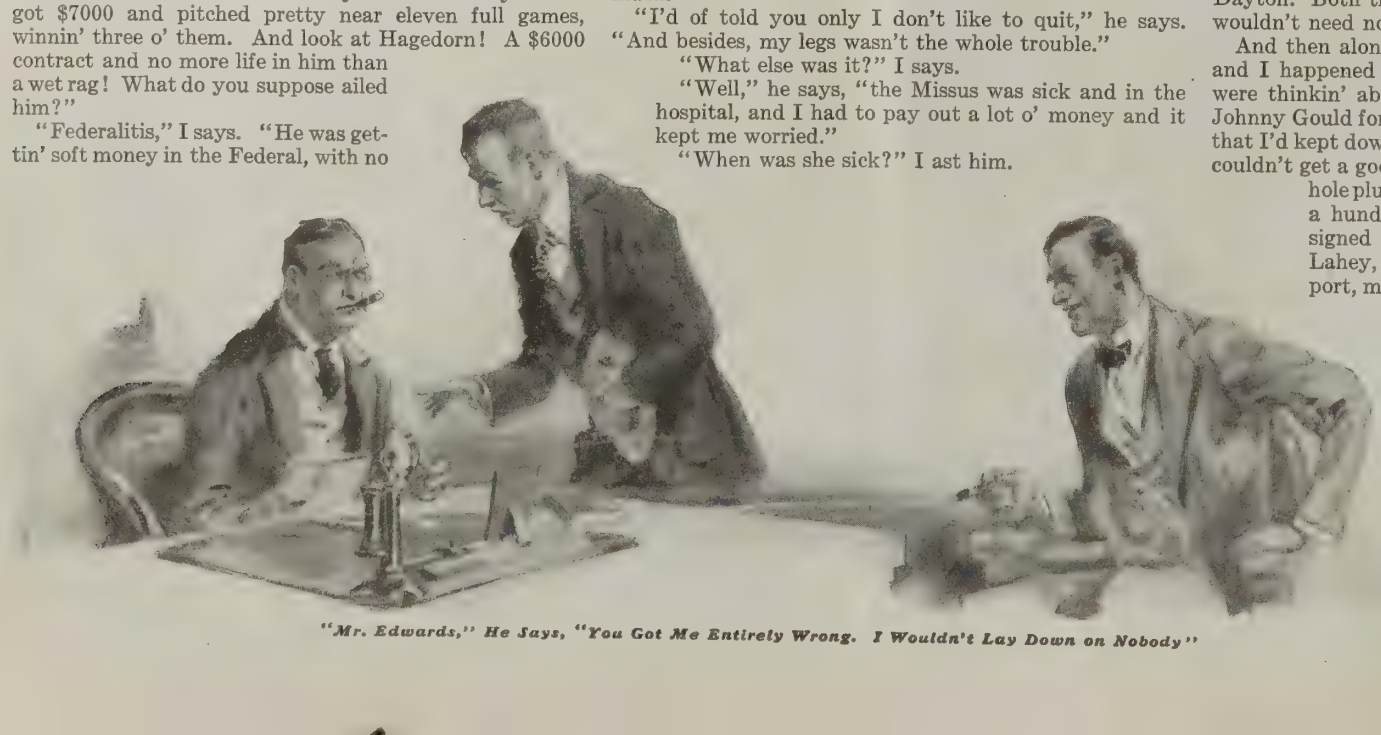
"All right," says I, "and I hope the Kentucky climat agrees with your legs."

We sent Lefty Grant a contract for $5000 and after little crabbin' by mail he signed. Joe Marsh stood for $1000 cut, and Bones McChesney, shaved from $3500 t $3000, refused to sign and got himself sold to Toronto. didn't cry over losin' him; he'd always been fat from hi neck up, and in the last two seasons the epidemic ha spread all over his body.

Now it don't often happen that a seventh-place clu begins lookin' like a pennant contender between Octobe and February. But that's what come off with us. Ou worst weakness last year was at shortstop and third bas and back o' the bat. Well, I talked to a lot of Associatio men durin' the fall, and they told me that I had a secon Schalk in this young Stremmle from Indianapolis. And got swell reports on Berner, the shortstop we drew from Dayton. Both these guys, I was told, were ready. They wouldn't need no more seasonin'.

And then along come the league meetin' in New York and I happened to catch the St. Louis gang when they were thinkin' about somethin' else, and they traded me Johnny Gould for Hype Corliss and Jack Moran, two guys that I'd kept down in the bull pen all summer so's the bugs couldn't get a good look at 'em. There was my third base hole plugged up and the ball club was bound to be a hundred per cent better, provided Hagedorn signed and give us his best work, or that young Lahey, the first sacker we bought from Davenport, made good. I wasn't worryin' much about him, as I figured right along that Hagedorn would take his $4000 when he seen we were in earnest.

O' course he had a little bit the best of us in the argument—that is, he would of had if he'd knew enough. Him and Lahey was the only candidates for first base, and no matter if he played the position in a hammock, he'd be better than an inexperienced kid from the Three Eye. Even if he wasn't never worth a nickel over $4000, here was a



"Mr. Edwards," He Says, "You Got Me Entirely Wrong. I Wouldn't Lay Down on Nobody"

grand chance for him to hold us up. All he had to do was lay quiet at home, and when it come time for us to go South we'd of looked him up and met his demands. But no, he didn't have the nerve or sense to go at it the right way.

Instead o' keepin' us guessin', what does he do but hunt up excuses to come and hang round the office and try and get a hint o' whether we were goin' to stand pat or back down. I was alone the first time he showed.

"Hello, Bill," I says. "Did you bring your fountain pen?"

"What for?" he says.

"To sign that $4000 contract," says I.

"Oh, no," he says, "I wasn't thinkin' nothin' about the contract. I come up to see if they was any mail for me."

"Not now," I says, "but you may be hearin' from the Louisville club in a few days."

"What would they be writin' me about?" he says.

"Maybe they'll hear about you wantin' to move there," I says, "and they'll probably be askin' you if you'd care to take a job with 'em."

"Well," says Bill, "you won't catch me playin' ball with Louisville."

"Who was you thinkin' about playin' with?" I ast him.

"Nobody," he says. "I've decided to quit."

"That's fine, Bill!" I says. "Somebody left you money?"

"No," he says, "but I got some o' my own saved up."

"How much?" I ast him.

"Close to $2000," says Bill.

"Fine work!" says I. "You must of lived pretty simple to save $2000 in seven years."

"I never skimped," says Bill.

"Well," I says, "I don't know how you managed. But it's nice to feel that you won't never have to skimp again. If you can get six per cent for your money, that'll mean $120 a year or $10 a month. That puts you on Easy Street. All you'll have to get alongwithoutisfood, clothes, heat and a place to live."

When They'd Come to Me for the Dope, I'd Rave to 'Em About What a World-Beater Young Lahey Was, and They Ate it Up

He paid us another visit Christmas week, thinkin', maybe, that Mr. Edwards would be runnin' over with holiday spirits.

This was a bum guess. The old man's got more relatives than a perch, and when he was through buyin' presents for all o' them he wouldn't of paid a telephone slug for the release o' Ty Cobb.

"No mail yet," I says to Bill when he come in.

"I wasn't expectin' no mail," he says. "I was just wonderin' if I left a pair o' gloves here last time."

"A pair o' tan gloves?" I says.

"Yes," says Hagedorn.

"I didn't see 'em," I says. "I found some gray ones."

"How is everything?" he says.

"Fine!" says I. "It looks like we're goin' to have a regular ball club."

"Well, I hope you do," Bill says.

"Gould's goin' to help us a lot," says I, "and they tell me Stremmle and Berner's both good enough for anybody's team. And then, o' course, we got young Lahey."

"Who's young Lahey?" ast Bill.

"Can't be you never heard of him," I says. "He's the first sacker from Davenport that everybody was after. They say you can't hardly tell him from Hal Chase when he's in action. And he cracked the marble for about .340 last season."

"Hittin' .340 in the sticks and hittin' it up here is two different things," says Hagedorn.

"Not so different," I says. "A bird that can hit .340 anywhere can hit pretty good."

That's right, too. But the truth was that Lahey's figure had been eighty points shy o' what I credited him with. And from what I'd learned from some o' the Three Eye boys, Lahey was the eighth best first baseman in their league.

"Well," says Hagedorn, "if he makes good, you won't have no use for me."

"No," I says, "but I'd hate to see you go back in the bushes."

"Don't worry!" he says. "I'm goin' to stick right here in town."

"And live on your savin's?" I says.

"No," says Bill. "I'm just about signed up to play with the Acmes in the semi-pro league."

"How much are they givin' you?" I ast him.

"Fifty a game, and they only play Sundays," he says.

"Yes," says I, "and they're doin' well if they play twenty games a season. That nets you $1000, and you'll have somethin' like six days a week to spend it in."

"I can work at somethin' durin' the week," he says. "Maybe sell automobiles or somethin'."

"You could do that in the winter, too," I says, "if you didn't waste so much o' your time comin' for your mail and lookin' for your gloves."

"How's Mr. Edwards?" says Bill.

"Fine and dandy!" I says. "Want to see him?"

"What would I want to see him about?" says Bill.

"You might be able to sell him a car," says I. "He's right in the spendin' mood now. His nieces and nephews and Mr. Wilson's peace note has relieved him o' the few hundreds he had left after last season. I wouldn't be surprised if he'd reconsider cuttin' your contract—maybe give you a bonus just for the devil of it."

While we was talkin' Mr. Edwards come out from his private office.

"Hello, Hagedorn," he says. "Ready to sign?"

"At my own figure," says Bill.

"That's good," says Mr. Edwards. "Conley and myself was afraid you might accept the cut, and we couldn't hardly afford to keep an extra first baseman at $4000 a year."

"It's best all round," I says. "Bill's goin' to make more dough than we could possibly give him; he's goin' to sell cars durin' the week and play semi-pro ball Sundays. And maybe he can master the barber trade and pick up a few extra hundreds Saturday nights. But even if he don't make a nickel, he's got $2000 hoarded up."

"That's fine!" says the boss. "I like to see thrift in a young man. And it always seems like a pity that so many boys squander their earnin's and have to keep on slavin' as ball players till they're thirty years old and past the prime o' life."

For three or four days early in January they was an epidemic o' lockjaw in Washin'ton, and the market come up enough for Mr. Edwards to take a trip to New Orleans. He left me in charge o' things, and my job consisted o' makin' up stories for the newspaper boys and entertainin' Hagedorn about once a week.

Once he dropped in to find out Joe Marsh's address; it'd of been impossible, o' course, to inquire by telephone. Another time he just happened to be passin', and happened to remember that he was carryin' a letter that his wife had ast him to mail, and wanted to know if I had a stamp.

I entertained him every time with dope on Lahey and what a whale of a man he was goin' to make us. But one day he come up loaded with some real facts about the guy I'd been boostin'.

"I thought you told me Lahey hit .340 with Davenport," he says.

"I did tell you that," says I.

"Well," says Bill, "somebody was stringin' you. I seen the Three Eye records the other day and they give Lahey .262."

"That don't mean nothin'," I says. "The scorers probably had it in for him."

"And he made more boots than any first baseman in the league," says Bill.

"That shows he was hustlin'," I says. "The more ground you cover, the more you're liable to kick 'em round. Besides," I says, "he was so perfect that the scorers probably thought he'd ought to make plays that would be impossible for a common first sacker."

"Another thing," says Hagedorn: "I happened to run acrost Jack Wells that played in the league with him, and he tells me Lahey's a left-hand hitter. Well, Gould's a left-hand hitter and so's young Berner, and you already had two left-hand hitters amongst the regulars. Your club's goin' to be balanced like a stew on a wild broncho. McGraw andthem'llleft-hand you to death."

"What do you care!" I says.

"It's nothin' to me," says Bill.

"Well, what do you suppose we better do about it?" I ast him.

"If I was you," he says, "I'd try and get myself a first baseman that hits right-handed."

"It's too late to get anybody," says I. "I guess we're just plain up against it. I wisht you hadn't made up your mind to retire."

"I'd play for you," says Bill, "if you'd meet my price."

"That's up to the old man," I says, "but I know he won't back down. He wouldn't give in to one man when he's stood pat on all the rest o' them."

"It won't be just one man," says Bill.

"What do you mean?" I ast him.

"He'll be lucky if he's got anybody when the showdown comes," says Bill. "The fraternity's give orders that nobody's to sign till you hear from them, and you won't hear from them till the leagues meets its demands."

"That don't affect our club," I says. "We got every man already signed up except yourself."

"Yes," says Hagedorn, "but signed up or not signed up, they won't report till the fraternity tells 'em to."

"You've been playin' long enough to know better'n that," says I. "If you think any ball player's goin' without his prunes to help out some other ball player, you got even less brains than I figured."

"They'll have to strike if the fraternity says so," says Bill. "They're goin' into the Federation o' Labor and be like any other union. And if they don't strike when they're ordered to they'll be canned out o' the fraternity."

"Well," I says, "suppose you was Ty Cobb, draggin' down a measly $16,000 a year, or whatever he's gettin'. Which would you do if the choice come up, go without the $16,000 or go without the fraternity?"

"I'd certainly stick with the fraternity," says Hagedorn. "If I didn't, I'd be a traitor."

"If I make you out a contract for $6000, will you sign it?" I ast him.

"Sure," he says. "I always told you I'd sign for my price."

"Well, Bill," I says, "I won't give you the contract. I'd hate to think I'd made a traitor out o' you."

"I don't want no contract anyway," says Bill. "I'm through. I'm goin' into business."

"What business?" I says.

"Somethin' pretty good," he says. "I and a friend o' mine's goin' in partners in a garage."

"That's a great idear!" says I. "You won't have no competition, and it won't cost nothin' to start, and besides that, it's a game you know more about than any other, unless it's dressmakin'."

"My friend knows all about it," says Bill, "and I can pick it up from him."

"You better stick to pickin' up low throws," I says. "It takes years to learn the mechanism of a car when you don't know nothin' to start, not even what makes the front wheels run. But o' course you won't be the only one in the garage business that has to learn, and so long as it's other people's cars you wreck while you're learnin', why what's the difference!"

"They's good money in a garage," says Bill.

"I know it, and a whole lot of it's mine," I says. "They's good money in any business like that—smugglin' or counterfeitin' or snatchin' purses. But it must be hell on a man's conscience, even worse'n drawin' $6000 per annum for takin' a six months' nap on the old ball field."

The first thing Mr. Edwards ast me when he got back from the South was what was the latest dope on Hagedorn.

"He's surprised me," I says. "I thought he'd give in long before this. But nothin' doin'."

"What will we do about it?" says the boss.

"Mr. Edwards," I says, "you're the man that's payin' me my money, and it's my business to look out for your interests. If Hagedorn had of kept away from here all winter, if we hadn't heard nothin' from him from the day he first turned down the contract, I'd say give him his $6000. But him comin' round here once a week shows that he needs us as much as we need him, and that he'll stand for the cut if he's got to. Besides, he's showed a mighty poor opinion o' me by expectin' me to believe all that junk about him goin' into business, and so on—stuff that was old in the Noah's Ark League. He couldn't earn a dime a day in anything outside o' baseball. If he had a factory that made shells out o' lake water, he'd be bankrupt in a month. Now they's probably four better first basemen than him in the league, but I doubt if more'n one o' them's drawin' $6000. O' course with him on the ball club it looks like we'd be somewheres up in the race, and we ain't got a chance with a busher playin' the position.

"If it was a case o' givin' him his dough or gettin' along without him, I'd rather see him get the money even if it's a holdup. But if I'm any judge of a ball player, he'll come round here on his hands and knees the day before we start for the Springs, and he'll sign at whatever price you offer him."

"It's a shame," says Mr. Edwards, "when everything else looks so good for us, to have to be worryin' about a man like him, that loafed on us all last summer and that I'd get rid of in a minute if I had somebody in his place. I suppose they's no chance o' tradin' for a first baseman at this stage."

"Oh, yes, they's a chance," I says. "I suppose Matty'd let us have Chase if we'd give up our pitchin' staff and half a dozen infielders and $40,000 or $50,000 in cash. Then we'd have Chase and nothin' with him."

"Maybe young Lahey'll surprise us," says the boss.

"It won't hurt us to hope," I says, "but from what I can learn Bill Doyle was mad at you when he recommended him. And besides," I says, "Lahey's a left-hand hitter, and that'd mean five o' them in the game every day. We'd be a set-up for fellas like Schupp and Smith and Tyler. Take Hagedorn, and he can murder a left-hander even when he ain't hittin' his weight against a regular pitcher."

"Well, all we can do is wait," says Mr. Edwards.

"And I don't think it'll be long," I says.

But when the night come for us to start South, Hagedorn was still a hold-out, though he did show one more sign o' weakenin'. He was down to the station to shake hands with the boys and see us off, and he looked like he was ready to cry. I called him off to one side.

"Would you like to be goin' along, Bill?" I ast him.

"Oh, I don't know," he says.

"Why don't you take your medicine and hop aboard?" I says. "Your missus can pack up your stuff and send it after you."

"I'll go if you say the word," he says.

"You're the one that must do the talkin'," says I.

"Why couldn't I go along without signin'?" he says. "Maybe the old man would meet my figure when he seen how hard I'd work to get in shape."

"No," says I; "this ain't no charity excursion we're runnin'. We pay nobody's fare that ain't signed up and a member o' this ball club. If you want to sign at $4000, they's a contract right there in my grip. If you don't, why you can spend the rest o' the winter countin' snowflakes and cursin' the coal trust."

"Well," he says, "I'll freeze to death before I'll be robbed; starve to death, too, before I'll let old Edwards bull me out o' what's comin' to me."

"I'm sorry, Bill," I says. "But anyway, good luck to you."

"Good luck to you too," says Bill. "You'll need it."

"Oh, I don't know," I says. "I got a hunch that it's goin' to be a great year for everybody in baseball."

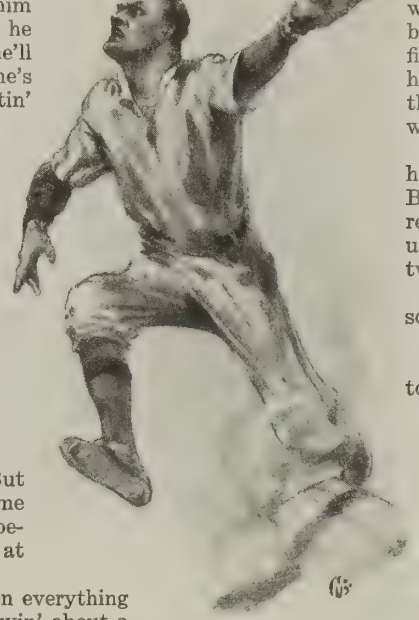
"Well," says Hagedorn, "I know some fellas that'll have a great year."

"Who do you mean, Bill?" I ast him.

"All the left-handers that pitches against your ball club," he says.

About half the baseball reporters on our papers know somethin' about the game. The other half's kids that can write cute stories, but don't know a wild pitch from a hit and run sign. This was the half that went on the spring trip with us. The old heads was sent with the Americans, because they'd made a fight for the pennant last year and the public was strong for 'em.

Well, I took advantage of our gang bein' green and made 'em perjure themself to their papers every day. When they'd come to me for the dope, I'd rave to 'em about what a world-beater young Lahey was, and how he'd burn up the league as soon as I'd learned him a few o' the fine points o' first-base play. If they'd been wise they could of told with one look that Mr. Lahey wouldn't do. But they were just kids and they ate it up. I bet if any o' the fellas that had played with Lahey read what I was sayin' about him in the papers they must of thought I was crazy.



Lahey Found Out Where First Base Was by Trippin' Over It

My idear, o' course, was to worry Hagedorn. I knew he'd be readin' everything he could find about us, and I didn't want him to get the impression that the ball club was goin' to bust up without him.

I thought Mr. Edwards would have sense enough to get this. But no; he fell just as hard as the reporters. And when he joined us after we'd been at the Springs two weeks, he was all smiles.

"Well," he says, "I been readin' some mighty encouragin' news."

"What news?" I says.

"About Lahey," says he. "I told you he might surprise us."

"He's surprised me in one way," I says. "I'm surprised that he ever had the nerve to come on this trainin' trip. I always thought pretty well o' the Three Eye League till I seen him," I says.

"You're jokin'," says Mr. Edwards. "I've read nothin' but good reports of him."

"I'm responsible for the reports," I says, "but I thought you'd guess that I was fakin' for Hagedorn's benefit."

"Well, if you've fooled Hagedorn, he's got company," says Mr. Edwards. "I thought our troubles was all over."

"Our troubles won't never be over if Hagedorn don't give in," I says.

"But Lahey must be some good, the way he was recommended," says the boss.

"Doyle probably seen him just once," I says, "and that must of been the one good day he had. But even at that, Doyle couldn't of never watched him handle his feet and thought he was a ball player."

"Is it just his feet that's the trouble?" ast Mr. Edwards.

"No," I says, "but they'd be plenty without outside help. We've had infield practice about nine times since we been here, and that means he's got nine hundred self-inflicted spike wounds. And they must of kept first base in a different place down to Davenport. Anyway he can't find it here. And when he does happen to stumble onto it, it's always with the wrong foot. Besides that, every time Gould or Berner makes a low peg Lahey loses a tooth. Gould ast him one day why he didn't wear a mask. But you ought to see him field bunts! If experience counts for anything, he'd ought to be the most accurate thrower in the world, from a sittin' posture."

"How about his hittin'?" the boss ast me.

"He's a consistent hitter," I says. "They's a party from Kansas City stoppin' at the hotel. They come out to every practice and always set in the same place, right back o' t plate, behind the grandstand screen. Well, every b Lahey's hit so far has made 'em duck."

"Does he act like he had stage fright?" says the boss.

"Not him!" says I. "Nobody but the gamest guy the world could cut off a few toes every day and come o the next day for more. And nobody without a whole l o' nerve could keep diggin' after low throws when he know that they're goin' to uppercut him in the jaw. No, si You can't scare Charley!"

"Charley!" says Mr. Edwards. "I thought his nam was Mike."

"Gould's nicknamed him Charley," I says, "aft Charley Chaplin."

Well, the boss wasn't what you could call tickled t death with my dope on Lahey, but he cheered up a litt when I told him about Gould and the rest o' them. Goul was goin' even better than when he was with St. Loui He was hustlin' like a colt and hittin' everything the throwed up there. And he kept coachin' young Bern like he'd been hired for that job. He put real pep in th infield, and I knew it was tough for him to keep it up whe Lahey gummed pretty near every play that was pulled.

Berner cinched his job the first day out. He's the kin of a kid that just won't stay on the bench, as lively an full o' fight as little Bush, at Detroit, or Buck Weaver, o Rabbit Maranville. And Stremmle come up to everythin they said about him. Then Joe Marsh seemed to of go over the Federal League and acted five years younger tha he is. And our outfield was workin' hard. O' course thi young Sheppard showin' up so good helped a lot and mad the rest o' them hustle.

I told Mr. Edwards, I says:

"Outside o' first base, I wouldn't trade this ball club fo McGraw's. These boys have got more spirit than an team I ever managed. They're the kind that's liable t upset the whole league. If we only just had a good reliabl man on that bag, I'd almost guarantee to finish one-two three."

"And do you still think Hagedorn's goin' to join us?" the boss ast me.

"I certainly do," I says. "I wouldn't be surprised t get a wire from him any day."

But we went along another week without hearin' fron Bill. Mr. Edwards kept gettin' more and more nervous And I guess I was beginnin' to get nervous too.

About the second day o' the third week down there, letter come to me from Hagedorn's wife. It hit me right i the eye.

Bill, she told me, didn't know she was writin' and woul probably kill her if he found it out. She'd been beggin' an beggin' him all winter to take what we offered, and she' just about had him coaxed when the papers begin printin the swell reports about Lahey. Those reports had took al the zip out o' Bill. Instead o' frightenin' him into signin at our figure, they'd convinced him that he wasn't wantec on our club. And Bill was worse than broke. He was ove three months behind with the rent and the meat bill an so forth, and coal was a hundred dollars a ton, and they wasn't no coal even at that price, and she was afraid he' do somethin' desperate. And she thought if I'd just send Bill a wire and tell him that we'd carry him as an extra man, or if I'd try and trade him somewheres where he coul make some kind of a salary, he'd be so tickled that he' come to us or go wherever we sent him at whatever price he could get. And she begged me to not tell anybody tha she'd wrote.

Mr. Edwards had just left us to run down to Dallas fo a few days. O' course I wouldn't of let him know about the letter anyway. But him bein' away give me the idear o keepin' Bill's comin' a secret. I was goin' to surprise him by havin' Bill blow in unexpected, because it was a cinch the old man'd be back before Bill could get there. So I didn't wire Dallas, but just sent a telegram to Bill, sayin', "If you'll sign for $4000, first-base job is yours. Answer."

The answer come the same night. It said all right, that he'd join us the followin' Thursday.

On Wednesday Mr. Edwards come back to the Springs. And that afternoon Charles C. Lahey give the funniest exhibition I ever seen on a ball field. The whole practice was a joke, because Gould and Berner and Marsh and the rest o' them was laughin' so hard they couldn't do nothin'. But the wind-up come near not bein' a joke. It'd of been a tragedy if Lahey wasn't the awkwardest guy in the world.

We was tryin' the double play, first base to second base and back. I hit a ball pretty close to the bag and it took a nice hop, so they wasn't no chance for Charley to boot it. He pegged down to Berner, and then turned round and started lookin' for his own bag. Berner took the throw and sent it back as fast as I ever seen a ball pegged. Well, sir, Lahey found out where first base was by trippin' over it. But just before he tripped he turned his head to look for the throw. If he hadn't tripped and went sprawlin', that ball would of cracked him right in the temple, and if it had, good night! To show you how much Berner had on it, it hit the grandstand on the short hop and made a noise like somewheres in France.

(Continued on Page 49)

NEVER AGAIN!

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON DINGWALL

IT IS the height of folly, m'sieu, to act the part of a Good Samaritan. That way lie pitfalls and the suspicion of your fellowmen. I know, for I have had experience. When a man of feeling starts out to aid those in distress he will, like as not, end up in suits for damages and with a painted eye. As Madame Patsy aptly phrases it, the Good Samaritan always gets it in the neck.

You have doubtless read in the papers of what befell me? The notoriety is sufficiently galling to a sensitive nature; still, it is as nothing to the misunderstanding that has arisen in my home. As though the derision of a ribald press and the coarse jests of one's friends were not enough, Madame Giraud has seen fit to misinterpret my actions. Yes; she affects to believe that there was more to the affair than the innocent aspect my version gave to it, and the sinister innuendos so plentifully besprinkled throughout the newspaper accounts have found ready lodgment in her heart.

"Because you see a hussy powdering her nose, it's a good excuse for going up and offering to help her, I suppose?" she demanded to-day.

Therefore, m'sieu, I am going to narrate to you the whole terrible episode, in order that you may judge for yourself of the guilt or blamelessness of my intentions. And when you shall have heard all—when I have fully recited every happening—I desire that you shall go straightway to Madame Giraud and tell her exactly what you have heard, as though you had been a spectator of it. Only in that way will harmony be restored in our household. You will do that for me, m'sieu? You will not fail a friend? Ah, I thank you! A thousand times I thank you!

"What Seems to be the Trouble, M'sieu?" I Inquired Politely. "You Appear Agitated"

Eh bien! I had been down the street to purchase a bottle of paregoric for the twins, and was standing on a corner when who should come along but a young lady in a machine. Just as she arrived opposite me an expression of frozen horror mantled her flowerlike face and she leaned back, with all her lithe body taut, to put on the brakes. But the urchin on the crossing, for whose safety she had displayed such poignant concern, remained seemingly indifferent to his danger; in fact, he did not even deign to hurry, but placidly watched the car slide, with locked wheels, and then remarked:

"Don't get scared, lady. I won't hurt your little flivver."

The fair driver gave a gasp of relief and relaxed. And the engine promptly went dead. Yes, m'sieu; the machine bucked a couple of times, sighed, and then came to a stop.

"Damn!" said the charming creature, with the fervor of an ardent spirit, and proceeded reluctantly to alight.

Under the pretense of studying a display of hot-water bottles in a shop window, I delayed to watch. She stepped out into the roadway and walked round to the front of the car in order to crank it.

I now had ample opportunity to observe her. She was truly charming. Have you ever seen a young blue quail, m'sieu? It is an extremely beautiful bird, proud and alert and tender. The young lady reminded me of a blue quail. She was of medium height and plump, but adorably so; her skin was of a delicate freshness; she had long brown lashes, and deep blue eyes that seemed ever to beckon. Her nose was delightfully short and retroussé, and the sheen of her hair was like sunlight on bronze.

Eh bien! The adorable young thing moved slowly to the front of the car, where she paused to powder her nose. Then she glanced up and down the street with a hopeful and expectant air, meantime trifling with the crank.

I could feel that she was keenly alive to my presence. It would have been strange indeed were she not.

Though my duty as a married man and the father of two noble boys prompts me to maintain a studious indifference to feminine charms, I could not be blind to either the lure of her features or the grace of her form. The dress she wore set it off to perfection. It was of blue serge, and yellow China silk with a dragon in it; and on top of her head was a small yellow hat.

She took hold of the crank then, with a daintily gloved hand, and gave a half-hearted turn. Of course there was no response, inasmuch as the lady had completed about an eighth of one revolution.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured with a bewildering pout.

At this opportune moment a gentleman came bowling along in a big touring car.

"How do you do, Mr. Moore?" she exclaimed, bowing eagerly.

To my stupefaction he ignored her. I am positive, m'sieu, that he saw the lady; but for some mysterious reason he chose to pretend that he did not. Instead of responding, he affected to be busy in an inspection of his air pump, and went whirling past without so much as a glance.

The enchanting creature watched him out of sight with a peculiar gleam in her starry eyes. Then she bent down and made a feeble attempt to spin the crank. It was so faint that I was moved to pity. Evidently she was little accustomed to such heavy tasks.

"Pardon me, madame," I said, hastening forward with my best manner. "Could I be of any assistance to you?"

"Yes, you could," she admitted. "Thank you so much!"

Her voice was indescribably soft and appealing. It was more like a coo than human speech. Involuntarily I concealed the bottle of paregoric in an inside pocket of my coat. Somehow it seemed out of place.

"It is a pleasure to be of service," I replied gallantly, and grasped the crank.

Heavens! What a weight it was! The engine was so stiff, my friend, that it required my utmost strength to turn it over. As for spinning the thing, it was out of the question.

"A—new—car, is it—not, madame?" I panted.

"Sometimes it doesn't give so easily as others," she gayly confessed.

I tried again.

"This, unfortunately," I remarked, "is one of the times."

As she did not answer, I resumed the task. I pulled and tugged and heaved; the result was a few slow revolutions of the implement. Then suddenly it gave easily to my hand, and I spun with right good will. M'sieu, I might have spared myself the effort. There was not the faintest pop—not even a gurgle.

"You have no gasoline," I said, straightening my cramped back.

"I bought five gallons just an hour ago!"

Satisfied on this point, I took a deep breath and grappled with the devilish contrivance again. It had limbered up considerably. I whirled and whirled the crank until my arm ached.

"Is your spark right? And the throttle?" I inquired.

She seemed to resent my tone.

"Take a look and see for yourself," she suggested; and I found that both were as they should be.

Several persons now arrived from nowhere in particular and gathered round us. You are a busy nation, m'sieu, but I have noticed there are always people with ample time to watch a breakdown, or a new building in course of construction, or a gentleman in a shop window, whittling rocks with a razor.

They eyed my efforts with a lively interest, nobody saying a word. And I went on cranking. At last I could stand it no longer. My head was reeling.

"Madame," I said, stopping for breath, "did M'sieu Moore—the gentleman who went by a few minutes ago—did he ever have occasion to start this car?"

"Only once. Why?"

And then, in a flash, the explanation of his conduct was revealed to me. The scoundrel had pretended not to see her on purpose.

"It must be so nice to be a man," she cooed. "They're so strong!"

Her words stimulated me to renewed courage. Never shall it be said of Henri Giraud that he was deaf to a woman's plea. Turning sternly on the machine again, I seized the crank in an iron grasp and spun it with the fury of despair.

There was a muffled explosion and the car started forward, knocking me down. The spectators scattered in all directions, but not rapidly enough to prevent the fender from grazing an individual who had been sweeping the pavement with a broom and a pan. I am positive, m'sieu, that it did no more than touch his leg. Yet guess what the unprincipled rascal subsequently did! He entered suit against me for nineteen hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents damages, alleging that my wanton carelessness had been responsible for serious injury to him. Also, a lady, who was present out of curiosity, filed a claim for one thousand dollars, for nervous shock sustained in being a witness of the accident.

Luckily for all concerned, the engine quickly stopped. Yes; a few snorts and it grew silent again, the car bringing up against the curb.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" cried the beautiful owner. "I must have forgotten and left it in gear. You have to be so careful about these things."

While I was dusting my clothes and endeavoring to put as cheerful a countenance on the situation as I could contrive, a person with a notebook moved about among the bystanders, taking names and addresses. He demanded mine and obtained it.

"What," I inquired, "is the purpose of all this?"

"I am acting for the injured party," was the brisk reply; and he went on collecting witnesses.

At the moment I was totally ignorant of the significance of his words, m'sieu, else I would have assuredly taken prompt action to dispossess him of his memoranda. Had I suspected in the slightest degree, I would have fallen upon the fellow in righteous wrath and given him the chastisement his conduct so richly merited, thereby obtaining a measure of recompense for the money it cost me later. However, I did not know; and so I said nothing.

Blissfully unaware of his perfidious intent, my whole concern was for the lovely creature who owned the flivver. She seemed now almost overcome with despair, and drooped like a broken lily.

"I guess we'll have to let the darn thing stay where it is," she said. "This is one of its bad days, and there's no use in fooling with it."

But she did not know Henri Giraud! Opposition and difficulties serve only to whet my fighting spirit. It might humiliate me—it might even lay me prostrate—but no flivver on earth could conquer my invincible determination. I gritted my teeth and advanced upon it once more.

"Do be careful!" she entreated. "I'm so afraid for you."

The tone, the look in her eyes, set my blood to racing. Impervious though I am to such things, there could be no mistaking the note in her voice. I would not go so far as to assert that it was yearning, but certainly it manifested

a warm interest in my welfare. And that is reward enough for a gallant man.

With confidence restored I took hold with both hands and whirled the crank. It kicked with tremendous power and had I not sprung backward in the nick of time must have broken my arm.

"I swan!" ejaculated a young lady in the crowd who was industriously chewing gum. "That's the meanest one I ever did see."

Suggestions as to what I should do now came thick and fast. Apparently the spectators were unanimously of opinion that the flivver belonged to me and that the lady was my wife, though some of the older and more thoughtful seemed frankly puzzled by the courtesy with which I treated her.

In the forefront, clinging tenaciously to his position through every shift of the throng, was a colored boy of about six years of age.

"Boss, I got a idea, sure enough!" he whispered hoarsely.

The chance of a respite was too attractive to be overlooked, for I was rapidly tiring, m'sieu.

"Let us have it, by all means."

"When our ol' Jinnie mule does us this way," he piped, "Pa up and lights a fire under her, and then she goes fine! Maybe that would start her, boss."

"It would be apt to start something," I conceded, and bestowed a nickel on him for his manifest desire to be of assistance.

Then I walked all round the flivver for the twentieth time, the crowd at my elbow. They peered into the engine when I did; they stooped to peep underneath when I did. In the midst of our reconnoitering I heard the blast of a siren, and here came M'sieu Sam Field in his new roadster. He pulled up in front of us.

"Why, Henree," he cried in astonishment, "what're you doing here? Oh, I see! Maybe I'd better move along—what? Naughty! Naughty!"

His arrival, and especially his cynical air, vexed me to a degree.

"Not at all, my friend," I assured him crisply. "Nothing could be more fortunate. A lady has had the misfortune to break down, and you can aid me in getting her off again."

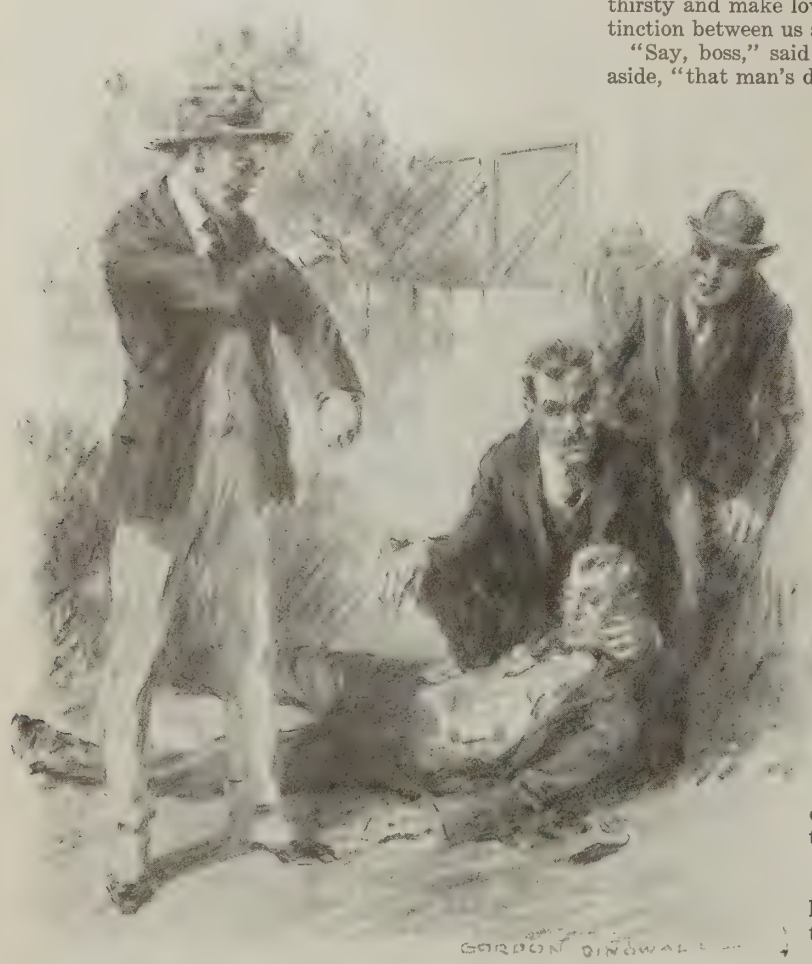
"The original little fixer!" he exclaimed, alighting leisurely. "Always on the job!" Approaching closer, he added in a lower key:

"I got to hand it to you, Ol' Settler! As a poultry fancier ——"

"Enough, m'sieu!" I returned, nettled at the sinister import of his words. "If you desire to help, do so without further joking. Wits have a place in good society, doubtless—but it is the lowest."

Probably the reproof was far over his head, because he did not resent it, but strode to the machine and pushed me aside.

"Got a balky Lizzie, hey? Here," he said in a loud voice and with a killing glance toward madame, "let a man try it."



"Charlie's Knocked Off Work for the Day!" Said the Druggist. "Some Wallop—Believe Me!"

The implication was humiliating, to say the least; but I reflected that I should soon be amply avenged, and accordingly stood aside without protest. M'sieu Field grabbed the crank, braced himself with his feet wide apart, and gave a heave that shook a grunt out of him; but the Lizzie, my friend, did not grunt. It remained passive under his mightiest assault. He took hold again and spun the thing with the velocity of a flywheel. All to no avail; there was not the slightest indication of movement. Perceiving which, M'sieu Sam paused and mopped his brow.

"This one's a female," he announced with conviction.

"A female!" I echoed. "What do you mean, m'sieu?"

"Sure Mike! Didn't you know that? They've males and females in this species. You can tell 'em by their dispositions."

Of course I was aware that he but jested; still, the notion was decidedly diverting.

He now turned and inquired of the drug-store proprietor, who had come out to the sidewalk:

"Got any highlife? No? Then I'll have to take a shot in the arm. This is no job for an invalid."

All the while he was grinning amiably at madame; and madame, I regret to say, m'sieu, was not indifferent to him. Probably she could not help smiling. M'sieu Field's appearance is sufficiently ludicrous, and he can assume a naïveté that disarms suspicion.

Perceiving, with the promptitude of his kind, that the lady was not displeased by these pleasantries, M'sieu Sam instantly took advantage of it. He advanced toward her, hat in hand, and said, with a sort of manly frankness:

"This is mighty hot work, isn't it? What do you say if we go in and get a chocolate ice-cream soda?"

"I'm just dying for one!" she assented. "And I feel so useless standing round here."

"Do you mind if I leave you?" she added, turning to me.

What could I say, m'sieu? She was smiling softly; and, after all, she could accomplish nothing by her presence. Consequently it only remained for me to accept the situation with good grace. So they went, babbling like two old friends just met after a long separation, and I was left alone to wrestle with the flivver.

It was like him. Without any principles of fair play, M'sieu Field was only living up to his character. I might have expected as much; and I could not help murmuring, as they disappeared inside the store:

"*Boire sans soif et faire l'amour à tout temps; il n'y a que ça qui nous distingue des autres bêtes*"—it is an old saying, but it fits the fellow, my friend—"We drink without being thirsty and make love at any time; that is the only distinction between us and the other animals."

"Say, boss," said the colored urchin in a confidential aside, "that man's done gone off wif your wife!"

Nothing would be served by assuring him he was mistaken, so I proceeded about my self-imposed task. It now loomed gigantic. Having baffled my utmost endeavors, the flivver stood supinely against the curb, with a look of quiet stubbornness on its face.

"Won't she start?" inquired a fellow just arrived to swell the crowd of onlookers. Dolt! Simpleton!

"If she would," I rejoined bitterly, "why should I be here, sir, instead of at home with my family? Do you suppose I am engaged in this exercise for pleasure? Your query is ill-timed."

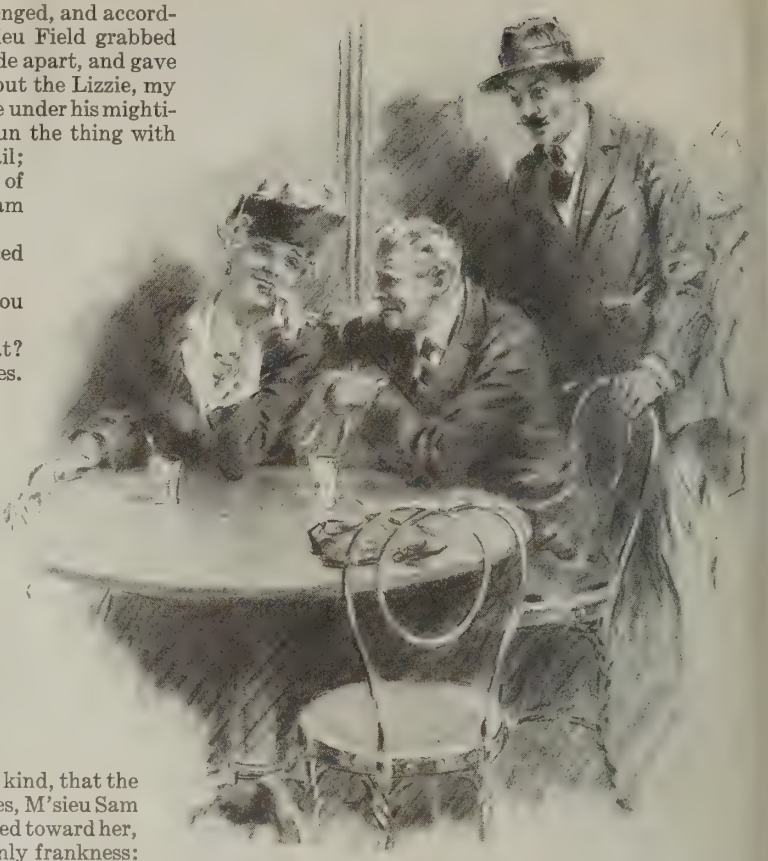
"Well, I was only askin'! So you needn't roar. Why don't you jack up the hind wheels? Sometimes you can coax 'em that way."

It was about the hundredth suggestion that had been advanced, none of which had proved of the least value. Still, there could be no harm in trying. When a man is desperate he will grasp at any chance. Aided by a couple of zealous volunteers, I jacked up the hind wheels.

"Still, she doesn't start," I said.

"Of course not! You can't make her go by just lookin' at her! Give that wheel a spin."

This was more easily said than done. The only method by which it could be accomplished was by standing on



"Are You Aware, Madame, That Your Companion is Married?"

a spoke and imparting a vigorous shove, a feat attended by considerable peril, as I speedily ascertained.

Indeed, had it not been for the friendly arms of the bystanders I must inevitably have been propelled across the sidewalk and possibly through a shop window; for the treacherous Lizzie, m'sieu, did not appreciate our excellent intentions. No sooner did she feel the pressure than she back-fired, and the whir of the wheel hurled me through the air.

"She'll do that now and agin," remarked the fellow who had incited me to it. "Better luck next time. All you got to do is keep your eye peeled and jump when you feel it's coming."

But I was firm.

"There'll be no next time, sir," I told him. "If that is the only way to persuade this accursed contrivance to perform its functions somebody else may try his hand. I have had enough!"

"Shucks! You ain't quittin', are you? You surely don't aim to go home and leave a one-candle-power flivver git the best of you?"

Deaf to his insidious argument, I now bethought me of the duty the fair owner owed in this crisis. I could see her through the window of the drug store, comfortably seated opposite M'sieu Field at a table. The spectacle stung me to rage.

Why should they remain in happy communion while I toiled and perspired in her service?

Abandoning the crowd, I entered the store. So engrossed were both in their conversation that neither noticed my approach until I stood over them. M'sieu Sam was leaning forward in the act of telling a story, and the captivating owner of the flivver held a handkerchief to her mouth, half convulsed with enjoyment.

"Pardon me," I cut in sternly, "but I have an idea."

M'sieu Field broke off his narrative as though thunderstruck.

"Anything gone wrong, Henree?" he inquired anxiously.

"No, my friend. But it has occurred to me that this lady can easily obviate a repetition of this painful experience."

"How?" she inquired.

"If you would use a limousine, madame, instead of the flivver outside, you would be spared the trouble and risk you have run this morning."

It required a minute or two for my idea to sink in, but when it did I could see she was impressed.

"Do you think so?" she asked seriously.

"I am positive of it, madame. M'sieu Sam here will tell you the same. We both own such machines, and our drivers have never been tormented by the maddening obstinacy your car has displayed. Is it not the truth, m'sieu?"

"Surest thing you know, Henree! The only thing that occurs to me is, Which of us shall give Bertine this limousine?"

"Bertine!" I repeated, no little amazed.

"Sam, you're a case!" giggled madame. "Just because I told you my name is no reason you should use it. I'll never tell you another thing!"

Here was a fine state of affairs! Sam! Bertine! And tly had known each other about ten minutes! I leaned fcward and asked, slowly and distinctly:

'Are you aware, madame, that your companion is nrried?"

'I haven't got anything on the rest of you, at that!" ed M'sieu Field with a derisive chuckle.

Madame blushed prettily.

'Now don't get mad!" she pleaded. "What's the matter vh you anyhow, Henree? Sit down and be clubby."

'The car is not yet going."

"Well, let it wait a while."

"Sure!" agreed M'sieu Field heartily. "Let the bunch otside do the worrying."

But I was not to be beguiled.

"If you have no immediate need of me, then, madame," eplied with dignity, "I'll bid you adieu."

"Got to hike home with the paregoric?" guffawed M'sieu Jeld, and his beautiful companion went into a paroxysm.

For some reason the thrust angered me out of all proprtion to its insolence. Why, I cannot explain, since it as an explicit statement of y purpose; but somehow, 'sieu, I resented his dragng my family affairs into e conversation.

"He will have his little ke, madame. *Eh bien!* I ust be going. Perhaps 'sieu Field will come to the scue when you wish to art."

She got halfway out of her air in dismay.

"Oh, please don't leave e all alone!" she begged. You're the only one I can ly on; and if you go I just now I'll be stalled here all ay."

I could not repress a look f triumph at M'sieu Sam. he had urged me to remain; he had plainly stated that ay departure would leave er alone and helpless! It as a stab at him; but so hick was the fellow's hide hat he did not even wince. Jo, my friend; M'sieu Sam rinned good-naturedly and ulled out a cigar.

At this juncture a hulking erson issued from the crowd ngaged in tinkering with the livver and shoved his head nside the doorway.

"Say!" he boomed. "Who wns this roadster out here?"

"I do, Pansy," responded M'sieu Field. "Why?"

"Because we want you o come out and give us a ull. Get me? Hitch on and drag me a little ways. Maybe if I throw her in gear she'll start."

Though abandoning such agreeable company cost him a woeful pang, M'sieu Field could not well refuse; and so he followed him reluctantly into the street.

No sooner had he turned his back than the beautiful Bertine motioned me to the vacant chair.

"I'm so glad he's gone!" she whispered with a sigh of relief. "Now we can talk. Mr. Sam's a dear old man, but ——"

"But when you've said that, you've said everything—eh, madame?"

She did not deny it, and greatly encouraged by so propitious a start I accepted the proffered seat.

"Ah, madame," I went on meaningly, "the young sometimes flatter old people, but they never love them. Is it not so? And then, his figure—his embonpoint!"

"I never thought of it like that. You mean—below his chest? I got you, Henree! Sam's a little too far forward—that's a fact. Sort of Gothic style."

The proprietor now interposed by thrusting his long arm between us to remove the empty glasses. His mien was surly in the extreme. Had he been the lady's accepted lover, my friend, he could not have regarded me with more menace.

"What'll you have?" he growled.

"The same," answered madame. "And don't be so stingy with it next time, Mister Kern."

"There's worse things than bein' stingy, Miz Thomas!" he retorted with a highly significant glance. "If some people was a little bit stingier it'd be better for 'em—better for everybody, ma'am."

And with this dark statement he stalked away to prepare the drinks.

"What does he mean?" I asked.

"Search me!" said madame with a careless shrug. "He always was a sorehead. He's one of those guys who don't know what it is to live and let live. He sure had his nerve too. The idea of him saying that!"

I could see that the druggist's remark had some special application that distressed her, but I was very far from guessing the truth. Had I done so—had I suspected for an instant what his attitude denoted—I would then and there have taken my departure. Yes, my friend; Henri Giraud is no coward, but neither is he foolish enough to place his neck in the noose.

All unsuspecting I moved my chair a trifle nearer that of madame in order that we should not be overheard.

"Now that the ogre has gone we can be cheerful again," I whispered. "Who is this fellow, madame? His face displeases me. I do not like it at all."

"Oh, he's just a friend of the family. Let's talk about something else."

"With all my heart! What shall it be?"

"Was you in earnest when you said that about my getting a limousine? Did you really mean it?"

"Most assuredly I did. You would never be bothered again, I give you my word."

"Oh, I'm So Sorry!" Cried the Beautiful Owner. "I Must Have Forgotten and Left it in Gear"

"Yes; but ——"

"You want one, do you not, madame? Think how much more comfortable you would be."

"Say, are you trying to kid me? Of course I want one! I want a million things. But it isn't what you want in this world; it's what you get."

"Indeed! Explain yourself. I don't understand."

"Usually you get what you don't want. Ain't it so? A woman never gets the kind of man she wants for a husband, for one thing. She may like him, but the sort she picked out in her mind is always a million miles different from the boob she ties to."

Imagine my consternation, m'sieu, on hearing such words fall from sweetly curving lips! I was inexpressibly shocked. However, I held my peace.

"Take poor old Uncle Andy," continued my charming companion. "If ever anybody proved my argument it was Uncle Andy."

"What did Uncle Andy do?" I inquired with no small interest.

"Why, all his life Uncle Andy liked to take it easy. He hated to see many people; and he was terrible fond of going slow—always said to go slow was to be sure. So he up and moved to Boston."

"And what befell him there?"

"Why, when he died," she said, "they went and give him a great big funeral; and the whole procession was pinched on the way to the cemetery for speeding. Yes, sir; it's a fact! Forty miles an hour they were going."

"Extraordinary! Pray proceed, madame."

But before she could impart more of the sad life history of Uncle Andy, the door of the drug shop flew open with a bang and a square-built man of about thirty years strode in. No sooner did he descry the newcomer than the proprietor ran from behind the soda fountain and endeavored to arrest his progress.

"Now, Charlie," he begged—"not here! Go outside! If you start a fight here it'll hurt my business."

"Leave me go, Rance! Turn me loose, I tell you!" the other shouted, making violent efforts to free himself.

Judge of my dismay, m'sieu, on hearing these words! And mingled with it was a vague presentiment of impending trouble. I did not know the person at all; but a threat was revealed in every line of him, and intuition told me that it was directed toward us.

Had I doubted it madame's alarm would have quickly dispelled every delusion. She rose abruptly from her chair, staring at the intruder with terror written on every lineament.

"Charlie!" she exclaimed. "Charlie!"

And then I guessed the awful truth: it was the indignant husband!

Yet I flatter myself, m'sieu, that Henri Giraud did not quail in the crisis. If ever I had need of the sang-froid that is the hallmark of the brave man in danger, it was now. It is true that this Charlie's demeanor was terrifying, but I permitted no qualms to show on the surface. No; he struggled in the firm grasp of the druggist, his eyes bulging and his horny fists clenched, but if he thought to awe Henri Giraud he was very much deluded. I smiled encouragingly at madame, as though to assure her there was no cause for fear, and advanced boldly toward him.

"What seems to be the trouble, m'sieu?" I inquired politely. "You appear agitated."

"I'll show you what the trouble is!" he bellowed. "Leave me go, Rance, so I can soak him one."

Aha! His motive was plain. He had me in mind; there could be no doubt of it.

"You are vexed with me, m'sieu? What is wrong? In what way have I offended you?"

He answered in a furious roar:

"You'll flirt with my wife, will you? I'll show you! I'll learn you whether you can break up my home or not!"

"Flirt with your wife? Break up your home? M'sieu, this is absurd. I have no such intention. I have a home of my own. You have been grossly misinformed. And as for your wife, I never saw the lady until this morning."

"Worse and more of it!" he cried, flinging the druggist from him. And with that he advanced threateningly upon me. It was patent that he planned to deliver a *coup de poing;* and I instantly put myself in a posture of defense. Yes, my friend; it is a source of gratification and pride to me that I did not falter in that supreme moment. It is true that a tremor in my lower limbs apprised me of a desire on their part to cease their functions. But it was not fear, m'sieu—I can see that now very clearly; rather was it an excess of courage, arising from a lively sense of the perils into which my daring spirit was about to hurry me. For I did not give ground an inch. My intrepid spirit prevailed and I set myself for the shock.

M'sieu Charlie covered the space between us in one jump and, emitting a hoarse cry, swung his powerful arm in a wide semicircle, aiming a blow of the fist at my head. But he little knew his antagonist if he calculated on my remaining tamely on the spot to receive it. I leaped back from his onslaught with the agility of an athlete. The stratagem, however, brought me into violent collision with a chair, and I fell prone on the floor.

My enemy let out a cry of triumph.

My predicament was now desperate. But in this emergency I received unexpected succor. The fearless Bertine rushed in between us, and throwing both arms round her angry mate besought him to be calm, to listen to reason, to remember he was a gentleman and cut out the roughhouse.

He would not listen to her pitiful plea. The brutal fellow, maddened by his fancied injuries, tore away the clinging embrace and pushed her from him.

(Concluded on Page 47)

PROTECTING AMERICA FROM ESPIONAGE—By Melville Davisson Post

A NATION of divided powers cannot act with the swiftness and secrecy of a central despotism. A republic is not the equal of an empire as a fighting device. Its scattered authority must be solidified. France is the example.

In order to give their republic the efficiency of the German Empire the whole people were willing, for the period of the war, to centralize the civil authority and to deny themselves the large democratic privileges to which they had been accustomed.

In the face of a war situation the divided authority of a democracy ought to be temporarily put together. In the American Republic this authority must be assembled in the President. We must trust somebody to act with swiftness and secrecy. And we must give him the same authority over the internal affairs of the nation that he has over its naval and military activities.

Looking to this end, the Administration has asked the Congress to enlarge the powers of the President in order to permit him to protect the country against the perils of espionage.

This authority in some of its features seems inconsistent with the ideals and traditional liberties of a republic. But it is the part of no wisdom to be slowly pressed into an unavoidable position by disaster. If we have a war to meet we may as well do in the beginning what we must inevitably do in the end—clothe the Executive with full authority to meet the situation.

The secret agents of the Department of Justice believe the country to be sown over with alien spies. The Department has sufficient information to enable it to make a rough estimate of at least one hundred thousand persons who might, in case of war, prove actively dangerous to the public safety.

Against this menace the Executive must be equipped with authority enough to enable him to use the safeguards that the experience of England and France has shown to be imperative. A modern war, it seems, cannot be fought except under a censorship system, rigid and autocratic. The government not only must have sufficient authority to censor every communication going in or out of the country and through the medium of the post office, but it must be able to say what shall and shall not be published with respect to the national defense.

No authority less than this is sufficient.

Any less authority would merely mean temporizing with a dangerous factor, which must be presently met with decision. France learned this lesson in the Franco-Prussian War. At a critical time a newspaper in Paris printed an article showing that the division of the army under Marshal MacMahon had changed its line of march. The information contained in this article was telegraphed to London and was there printed. It came to the attention of the German ambassador, who at once telegraphed it to the German authorities. It is said that this information enabled Von Moltke to undertake a military maneuver that finally resulted in the surrender of the MacMahon Division.

The French authorities in the present war did not propose to be endangered by this menace. The war correspondent was eliminated and the newspapers were restricted to the publication of authorized statements.

Penalties for Spies

WITH the large liberty of expression to which we are accustomed in this country, we should greatly feel so rigid a censorship; but if it should be deemed necessary for the public safety the President ought to have the authority to enforce it. The Congress has been asked for authority in the following terms:

"Whoever in time of war, in violation of regulations to be prescribed by the President, which he is hereby authorized to make and promulgate, shall collect, record, publish or communicate, or attempt to elicit any information with respect to the movement, numbers, description, condition or disposition of any of the armed forces, ships, aëroplanes or war materials of the United States, or with respect to the plans or conduct, or supposed plans or conduct of any naval or military operations, or with respect to any works or measures undertaken for or connected with or intended for the fortification or defense of any place, or any other information relating to the public defense or calculated to be or which might be useful to the enemy, shall be punished by a fine of not more than ten thousand dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than three years, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

It will be seen that such a law gives the President of the United States authority to control what should be published with respect to war operations, precisely as the French Government has found it necessary to do.

The American Government has also recognized that, with the great number of resident alien spies scattered over the country, there will be an organized effort to influence public sentiment and to embarrass the nation in its foreign policy. The Congress has been asked for authority to deal with this situation as follows:

"Whoever, in time of war, shall by any means or in any manner spread or make reports or statements, or convey any information, with intent to cause disaffection in or to interfere with the operations or success of the military or naval forces of the United States, or shall willfully spread or make false reports or statements, or convey any false information calculated to cause such disaffection or interference, shall be punished by a fine of not more than ten thousand dollars, and by imprisonment for life or any period less than thirty years."

It must be recognized that we are not dealing with antiquated spy methods. Both France and England warn us that it is a prime factor in the German foreign policy to build up internal resistance, through domestic channels, in countries hostile to it. There must be adequate authority in a nation at controversy with the German Empire to deal with internal propaganda designed to embarrass it in its foreign policy.

An Astonishing Prohibition

AT THE very opening of hostilities the English Government found it necessary to establish both a cable and postal censorship in order to deal with correspondence intended for Germany and Austria. This censorship was almost immediately extended to cover correspondence with neutral countries.

It may be proper to point out, as significant to us, that the whole elaborate censorship system of Great Britain was found practically useless so far as it was intended to prevent communications by alien resident enemies acting as spies in England. The system weeded out all the indiscretions of the people, but it was of little service against the resident alien system of espionage. The Home Office practically admitted this significant fact.

"It has not," it said, "except in a few instances, produced material for the detection of espionage."

The reason is apparent.

All spy messages now sent under the resident alien system are made to resemble private and business communications so closely that no censorship would be effective against them unless it practically closed the mails and cables to the whole people.

The American Government must be made to comprehend this important fact.

From one provision of the espionage bill, as introduced in the Senate, it seems evident that the modern system of spy communication is not entirely realized by the authorities. The bill prohibits the sending by post, or otherwise, any letter or other document containing any matter written in any medium that is not visible unless subjected to heat, chemicals, or some other treatment.

This paragraph fills one with astonishment.

To undertake to protect the country against the secret communications of resident alien spies by this provision is like undertaking to protect our coast with the cannon of 1776. No modern espionage system contemplates the antiquated devices against which this provision is directed. Writings in invisible mediums are the spy devices of our grandfathers. They belong with the flintlock and the ox wagon. The writer has already called the attention of the country to modern spy methods, and especially modern spy ciphers, in more than one article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Jules Lanoir, in France, pointed out how these secret communications are always written to resemble the ordinary personal or business letter, or telegram, and the cases of Lody and Ernest, tried in England, disclosed the same fact to the British Government. Lody endeavored to notify the German Government that the British Fleet would leave the Firth of Forth in four days by the following cablegram, which he undertook to send from Edinburgh:

"Must cancel. Johnson very ill last four days. Shall leave shortly."

Lody was pretending to be an American; but he was, in fact, a spy for the German Government. He was directed to travel over England and to keep Germany info about naval movements, especially about the loss of and what provisions the English Government was t for the purpose of making good these naval losses. H directed "not to spy round." He admitted at his trial his "principal instructions" were to remain in Eng until the first engagement had taken place betwee two Powers and advise the German Government abou actual losses of the British Fleet. After that he woul permitted to return to America.

It is significant at this time for us to remember that Hans Lody had married an American woman and been accustomed to conduct tours for a transatl steamship line in America. He said that he tried to a this espionage commission for the German Governm but that he was pressed to do it. He was fitted out the passport of Mr. Charles A. Inglis, an American. Inglis had left this passport with the American Embass Berlin for registration with the German Foreign Offic some Department having that authority. After the p port was sent in by the American Embassy it was n heard of again until it turned up in England in posses of Lody.

It may also be useful to remember that Lody's innoc looking messages were sent to a man named Burchard Stockholm—that is to say, to an individual in a neu country. If he had adhered to this precaution it is p able he would never have been apprehended. It was great hurry to get the information about the British F out of Edinburgh that caused his arrest. When he taken into custody a copy of the Johnson telegram found in his possession, together with full particulars the British military losses in battle and the naval losse the North Sea, and copies of four communications to F chard in Stockholm.

All the communications that were sent out of Engl by resident alien enemies through the German Se Service Headquarters, in Caledonia Road, under naturalized foreigner, Carl Gustav Ernest, were wh innocent on their faces.

If the American Government imagines that it will p vent the transmission of messages by resident alien s by the provisions of the espionage bill, it will be decide misled. The spy communications going out of this coun will likely follow the stencil cipher the writer explai in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of March tenth, they will follow the innocent-appearing communicati explained by Lanoir and brought out in England in cases of Ernest and Lody.

Clever Pictorial Ciphers

IN ADDITION to this, all pictorial ciphers would circu vent such a law. Pictorial ciphers are legion. Gulls ing, in a water sketch of the sea; a tree in leaf or fruit; bricks in a photograph of a house—and, in fact, almost a sort of picture—may be worked into a pictorial ciph Everything connected with the cipher would be perfec visible and so not come within this law. Stencil ciph would evade it; and these ciphers are to-day among t most dangerous of devices employed by spy organizatio Codes after the plan of Heidel's cipher would escape t law. These ciphers are written in two paragraphs. T first paragraph contains the words of the secret messa and the second paragraph, by the relative position a certain letter agreed on, indicates the words in the fi paragraph that make up the secret message. Compl plans and maps of our defenses could be sent through t mails in the form of sketches, which would appear to harmless landscapes, but which could be interpreted by agreed code; as, for example, trees for batteries, clum of bushes for fortifications, and the like.

The American Government is familiar with the fa that its passport regulations have been grossly tak advantage of. The Department of Justice is asking C gress for authority to require applications for passports be under oath, and to authorize the Secretary of State, regulation, to require proof by affidavit of such facts as may deem desirable. It also asks that false statements an application for a passport be considered as perju and that it be made criminal fraudulently to obtain, tra fer or use a passport, and to alter or forge a passp already issued.

It can be seen that in time of war a dangerous reside alien spy, after having obtained the information he requir might be able to go out of the country to some neut port by means of a false or fraudulent passport. It is a

ertain that during the present European war there has een an active traffic in false American passports. English uthorities say that some two hundred passports issued by he United States and Great Britain to their own subjects, hen they were turned in to the German authorities in erlin for registration, were never returned to their owners.

The German explanation in the Inglis case was that the assport had been mislaid. We have seen no statement of he American Government with respect to this matter. The British statement is: "It has come to the notice of the oreign Secretary that some passports belonging to British ubjects leaving Germany have been retained by the erman authorities." Certain English authorities maintain that the German Government deliberately held these assports in order to furnish them to its foreign spies.

The Administration is asking Congress to give the resident full authority over all wireless stations in the nited States, and the right to censor wireless messages nd cablegrams. The Radio Act of August 13, 1912, gave he President, in time of war or public peril or disaster, the ight to close any station for radio communication, and to emove any radio apparatus; and the right to use any tation or apparatus by any Department of the Governent upon compensation to the owners.

It is from wireless stations that resident alien spies will ndertake to communicate with enemy war craft; and ere the American uthorities would nd themselves very nuch in the position f the English Gov-rnment.

Wireless

AT THE opening of hostilities the British Postal Department, under the authority of the Wireless Telegraphy Act, set about to close all private wireless stations. Very great pains were taken along this line and everything in the nature of a wireless station was dismantled.

The military authorities had every reason to fear wireless communication with the enemy. When Russia was at war with Japan an enterprising London newspaper had fitted out a boat with a wireless system and sent it out to follow the movements of the fleets. The thing was so dangerous that the Russian authorities were compelled to seize the vessel and to inform neutral governments that any craft so fitted would be taken over as a prize of war, and newspaper correspondents found on it would be treated as spies.

These wireless stations that the English authorities were endeavoring to locate were often concealed with great ingenuity; hollow trees, abandoned factory chimneys, and so on, were used. In some instances old lofts were found strung with wires; private houses were fitted up. The police discovered that what had the appearance of being a wire mattress on an ordinary bed was a part of a wireless plant. Fixed wireless stations were readily located by a modern device with which an expert is able to get a pretty fair idea of the distance, direction and point of origin of any wireless message he receives.

But portable stations gave the government no end of trouble.

The German military authorities have invented a wireless system that can be carried about, packed into a limited space. This station can be mounted on a truck or motor car. Early in the war the English Government had good reason to believe that a motor car thus fitted out was being used by German agents in order to communicate with enemy submarines in the North Sea. The car was using the coast roads in the east and northeast districts. It was shown that the apparatus, when not in use, could be concealed within the body of the car, which would have no appearance other than that of an ordinary touring car of large size, not to be distinguished from any other on the road.

It was certain that, from some private wireless stations or by means of some portable station, resident spies in England were signaling the German submarines in the North Sea; in fact, the German fleet was kept informed of the limit and position of mine fields, and especially the exact location of buoys on the east coast. The English authorities were certain of this for the reason that when the Germans made their attack on Yarmouth their first shells fell short. This was explained upon the theory that the Germans had taken their range from the position of the buoys in the harbor. It happened that the day before the raid these buoys had been moved a mile farther out to sea.

It was also certain that the success with which German submarines made sudden raids in certain English harbors was entirely due to information signaled out to them by resident spies. It was thought that these signals were principally given by some radio device.

It is worth while to remember that some English authorities considered it a mistake to close all the private wireless stations. They believed that it would have been more advantageous to leave the private stations open, under proper supervision, when in the hands of reliable persons. These private stations would be of great advantage in detecting hostile messages and the messages of concealed enemy stations. This is a point that our authorities may do well to consider. However, the consensus of the best opinion in England was to close every wireless station and to permit the operation of no station that was not directly under government supervision.

The experience of the government since the opening of the European war has caused the Administration to ask for authority to meet spy activities in new and unexpected directions.

Vessels lying in American ports have been found to be a resort for persons acting in the service of belligerent nations. These vessels, being under foreign flags, cannot be effectively policed by American authorities. In the absence of a state of actual hostilities they are entitled to a certain immunity.

In time of war such vessels would undoubtedly become the chief headquarters for spy activities directed against the United States. Neutral vessels, entirely without the knowledge of neutral governments, might be active centers for such organizations. This would be especially true if the line were owned in part by individuals of the nation with which the United States was at war; or the vessel might be secretly purchased from its owners by resident alien spy organizations, or leased, or the like. One can readily see the advantage of such spy headquarters and the embarrassment and difficulty the government would have in dealing with it.

In anticipation of this peril the Administration asked the Congress to make it a crime to allow vessels in our ports to be used as a place of resort for persons conspiring or preparing the means to commit any violations of the laws of the United States. Such authority gives the government not only power to control such spy headquarters in time of war but also to protect its obligations as a neutral nation.

The country has been pretty well informed about the scope of resident alien activities on certain neutral vessels in our harbors, and it requires no imagination to realize how dangerous any neutral vessel might be if the government had not adequate power to prevent its being used as a center for spy activities.

The Administration is justified in the belief that, in case of war, it might be embarrassed by the activity of spies who pretended to be connected with the diplomatic or consular service of a foreign government. It was greatly hampered in dealing with certain officials credited to the German and Austrian Governments during the present war.

Helpless

IT FOUND itself compelled to request the deportation of a number of persons.

In addition to this, very frequently, when resident alien activities were disclosed the individuals arrested pretended to be connected with a foreign embassy, and pretended that their offices were related to a foreign embassy, and that documents seized in their possession could not be held as evidence in the courts of the United States. This put upon the government the necessity of an elaborate inquiry; and, if the pretensions proved to be false or doubtful, or could not be precisely established, the government seemed to be without an adequate remedy against the alien.

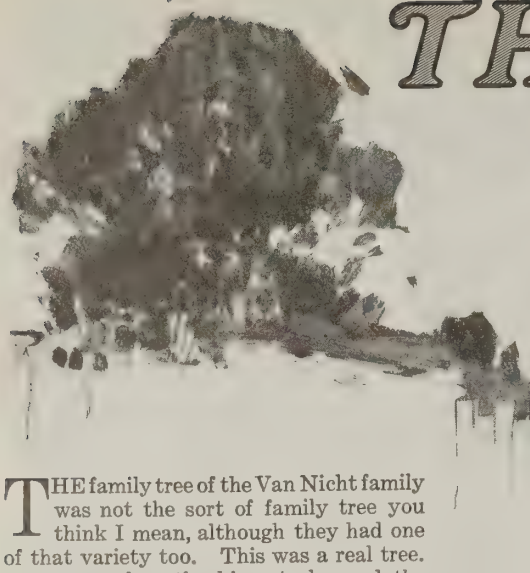
With this situation in view, the Administration has asked the Congress to make it a crime, within the jurisdiction of the United States, for any person falsely to assume or pretend to be a diplomat or consular or other official of a foreign government duly credited to the government

(Concluded on Page 50)

THE FAMILY TREE

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT



THE family tree of the Van Nicht family was not the sort of family tree you think I mean, although they had one of that variety too. This was a real tree. It was an elm—the biggest elm and the broadest and the most majestic elm in the entire state, and in the times of its leafage cast the densest shade of any elm to be found anywhere, probably. For more than one hundred years the Van Nicht family had lived in its shadow. That was the principal trouble with them—they did live in the shadow. I'll come to that later.

Every consequential visitor to Schuylerville was taken to see the Van Nicht elm. It was a necessary detail of his tour about town. Either before or after he had viewed the new ten-story skyscraper of the Seaboard National Bank, and the site for the projected Civic Center, and the monument to Schuyler County's defenders of the Union—1861–'65—with a dropsical bronze figure of a booted and whiskered infantryman on top of the tall column, and the Henrietta Wing Memorial Library, and the rest of it, they took him and they showed him the Van Nicht elm. So doing, it was incumbent upon them to escort him through a street which was beginning to wear that vacillating, uncertain look any street wears while trying to make up its mind whether to keep on being a quiet residential byway in an old-fashioned town or to turn itself into an important thoroughfare of a thriving industrial center. You know the kind of street I aim to picture—with here an impudent young garage showing its shining morning face of red brick in a side yard where there used to be an orchard, and there a new apartment building which has shouldered its way into a line of ancient dwellings and is driving its cast-iron cornices, like rude elbows, into the clapboarded short ribs of its neighbors upon either side.

At the far, upper end of that street, upon the poll of a gentle eminence, uplifted the Van Nicht elm. It was for sundry months of the year a splendid vast umbrella, green in the spring and summer and yellow in the fall; and in the winter presented itself against the sky line as a great skeleton shape, without a blemish upon it, except for a scar in the bark close down to the earth to show where once there might have been a fissure in its mighty bole. No grass, or at least mighty little grass, grew within the circle of its brandishing limbs. It was as though the roots of the tree sucked up all the nourishment that the soil might hold, leaving none for the humble grass to thrive upon.

It was in the winter that the house, which stood almost directly under the tree, was most clearly revealed as a square, ugly domicile of gray stone, a story and a half in height, lidded over by a hip roof of weathered shingles; with a deeply recessed front door, like a pursed and proper mouth, and, above it, a row of queer little longitudinal windows, half hidden below the overhang of the gables and suggesting so many slitted eyes peering out from beneath a lowering brow. You saw, too, the mold that had formed in streaky splotches upon the stonework of the walls and the green rime of age and dampness that had overspread the curled shingles and the peeling paint, turning to minute scales upon the woodwork of the window casings and the door frames. Also you saw one great crooked bough which stretched across the roof like a menacing black arm, forever threatening to descend and crush its rafters in. This was in winter; in summertime the leaves almost completely hid the house, so that one who halted outside the decrepit fence, with its snaggled and broken panels, must needs stoop low to perceive its outlines at all.

The carriage or the automobile bearing the prominent guest and the chairman of the local reception committee would halt at the end of the street.

"That," the chairman would say, pointing up grade, "is the Van Nicht elm. Possibly you've heard about it? Round here we call it the Van Nicht family tree. It is said to be the largest elm in this part of the country. In fact, I doubt whether there are any larger than this one, even up in New England. And that's the famous old Van Nicht homestead there, just back of it.

"It's got a history. When Colonel Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht came here right after the Revolutionary War—he was a colonel in the Revolution, you know—he built the house, placing it just behind the tree. The tree must've grown considerably since then, but the house yonder hasn't changed but mighty little all these years. It's the oldest building in Schuyler County. As a matter of fact, the town, with this house for a starter, sort of grew up down here on the flat lands below. The old colonel raised a family here and died here. So did his son and his grandson. They were rich people once—the richest people in the county at one time.

"Why all the land from here clear down to Ossibaw Street—that's six blocks south—used to be included in the Van Nicht estate. It was a farm then, of course, and by all accounts a fine one. But each generation sold off some of the original grant, until all that's left now is that house, with the tree and about an acre of ground more or less. And I guess it's pretty well covered with mortgages."

This, in substance, was what the guide would tell the distinguished stranger. This, in substance, was what was told to young Olcott on the day after he arrived in Schuylerville to take over the editorial management of the Schuylerville News-Ledger. Mayor T. J. McGlynn was showing him the principal points of interest—so the mayor had put it, when he called that morning with his own car at the Hotel Brainard, where Olcott was stopping, and invited the young man to go for a tour of inspection of the city, as a sort of introductory and preparatory course in local education prior to his assuming his new duties.

While the worthy mayor was uttering his descriptive remarks Olcott bent his head and squinted past the thick shield of limbs and leaves. He saw that the door of the house, which was closed, somehow had the look of about always being closed, and that most of the windows were barred with thick shutters.

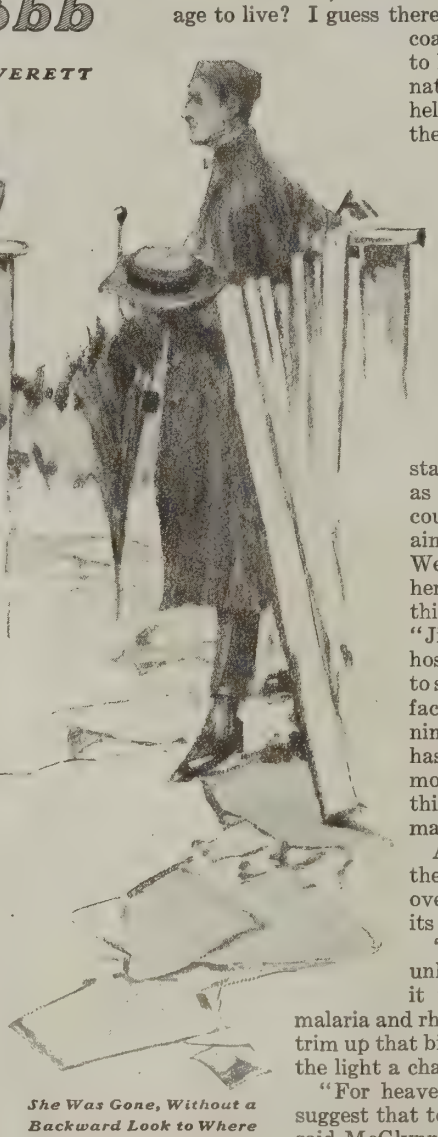
"Appears rather deserted, doesn't it?" said the newcomer, striving to show a proper appreciation of the courtesy that was being visited upon him. "There isn't anyone living there at present, is there?"

"Sure there is," said Mayor McGlynn. "Old Mr. Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, 4th, who's the present head of the family, and his two old-maid sisters, Miss Rachael and Miss Harriet—they all live there together. Miss Rachael is considerably older than Miss Harriet, but they're both regular old maids—guess they always will be. The brother never married, either—couldn't find anybody good enough to share the name, I suppose. Anyhow he's never married. And besides I guess it keeps him pretty busy living up to the job of being the head of the oldest family in this end of the state. That's about all he ever has done."

"Then he isn't in any regular business or any profession?"

"Business!" Mayor McGlynn snorted. "I should say not! All any one of the Van Nichts has ever done since anybody can remember was just to keep on being a Van Nicht and upholding the traditions and the honors of the Van Nichts—and this one is like all his breed. The poorer he gets the more pompous and the more important acting he gets—that's the funny part of it."

"Apparently not a very lucrative calling, judging by the general aspect of the ancestral manor," said Olcott, who was beginning now to be interested. "How do they manage to live?"



She Was Gone, Without a Backward Look to Where He Stood, Puzzled and Decidedly Taken Aback

"Lord knows," said the mayor. "How do the sparrows ma-age to live? I guess there're times when they need a load f coal and a market basket full of victu to help tide 'em over a hard spell, b naturally nobody would dare to offer help them. They're proud as Luci-themselves, and the town is kind proud of 'em. They're institutio with us, as you might say."

McGlynn, who, as Olcott was learn later, was a product of n industrial and new political co ditions in the community, spo with the half-begrudged admi tion which the self-made so oft have for the ancestor-made.

"We ain't got so very many the real aristocrats in this secti any more, what with all this n blood pouring in since our boo started up; and even if they are as po as Job's turkey, these Van Nichts st count for a good deal round here. Mon ain't everything anyway, is it? . . Well, Mr. Olcott, if you've seen enou here, we'll turn round and go see som thing else." He addressed his chauffeu "Jim, suppose you take us by the ne hosiery mills next. I want Mr. Olco to see one of the most prosperous man facturing plants in the state. Emplo nine hundred hands, Mr. Olcott, a hasn't been in operation but a litt more than three years. That's the w this town is humping itself. You didn make any mistake, coming here."

As the car swung about, Olcott ga the Van Nicht place a backward scruti over his shoulder and was impressed b its appearance into saying this:

"It strikes me as having a might unhealthy air about it. I'd say offhan it was a first-rate breeding spot f malaria and rheumatism. I wonder why they don trim up that big old tree and give the sunshine an the light a chance to get in under it."

"For heaven's sake and your own, don't yo suggest that to the old boy when you meet him said McGlynn with a grin. "He'd as soon thin of cutting off his own leg as to touch a leaf on th family tree. It's sacred to him. It represents a the glory of his breed and he venerates it, the same as som people venerate an altar in a church."

"Then you think I will be likely to meet him? I'd lik to—from what you tell me, he must be rather a uniqu personality."

"Yes, he's all of that—unique, I mean. And you' pretty sure to meet him before you've been in town man months. He seems to regard it as his duty to call o certain people, after they've been here a given length o time, and extend to them the freedom of the town that h illustrious great-granddaddy founded. If you're speciall lucky—or specially unlucky—he may even invite you t call on him, although that's an honor that doesn't come t very many, even among the older residents. The Va Nichts are mighty exclusive and it isn't often that anybod sees what the inside of their house looks like—let alone stranger. . . . Say, Jim, after we've seen the hosier mills, run us on out past the County Feeble-Minded an Insane Asylum. Mr. Olcott will enjoy that!"

Within a month's time from this time, Mayor McGlynn prophecy was to come true. On a morning in the earl part of the summer Olcott sat behind his desk in his offic adjoining the city room on the second floor of the News Ledger building, when his office boy announced a gentle man calling to see Mr. Olcott personally.

"See who it is, will you, please, Morgan?" said Olcott t his assistant. Morgan had arrived less than a week before having been sent on by the syndicate which owned a chai of papers, the News-Ledger included, to serve under th new managing editor. The syndicate had a cheery littl way of shuffling the cards at frequent intervals and dealin out fresh executives for the six or eight dailies under it control and ownership.

"I'm busy as the dickens," added Olcott as Morgan go up to obey; "so if it's a pest that's outside, give him th soft answer and steer him off!"

In a minute Morgan was back with a cryptic grin on hi face.

"You'd better see him—he's worth seeing, all right, said Morgan.

"Who is it?" asked Olcott.

"It's somebody right out of a book," answered Morgan; "somebody giving the name of Something Something Van Nicht. I didn't catch all the first name—I was too busy sizing up its proprietor. Says he must see you privately and in person. I gather from his manner that if you don't see him this paper will never be quite the same again. And honestly, Olcott, he's worth seeing."

"I think I know who it is," said Olcott, "and I'll see him. Boy, show the gentleman in!"

"I'll go myself," said Morgan. "This is a thing that ought to be done in style."

Olcott reared back in his chair, waiting. The door opened and Morgan's voice was heard making formal and sonorous announcement: "Mr. Van Nicht." And Olcott, looking over his desk top, saw, framed in the doorway, a figure at once picturesque and pitiable.

The first thing, almost, to catch his eye was a broad black stock collar—the first stock collar Olcott had ever seen worn by a man in daytime. Above it was a long, close-shaven, old face, with a bloodless and unwholesome pallor to it, framed in long, white hair, and surmounted by a broad-brimmed, tall-crowned soft hat which had once been black and now was gangrenous with age. Below it a pair of sloping shoulders merging into a thin, meager body tightly cased in a rusty frock coat, and below the coat skirts in turn a pair of amazingly thin and rickety legs, ending in slender, well-polished boots with high heels. In an instantaneous appraisal of the queer figure Olcott comprehended these details and, in that same flicker of time, noted that the triangle of limp linen showing in the V of the close-buttoned lapels had a fragile, yellowish look like old ivory, that all the outer garments were threadbare and shiny in the seams, and that the stock collar was decayed to a greenish tinge along its edges. Although the weather was warm, the stranger wore a pair of gray cotton gloves.

"Good morning," said Olcott, mechanically putting a ceremonious and formal emphasis into the words and getting on his feet.

"Good morning, sir, to you," returned the visitor in a voice of surprising volume, considering that it issued from so slight a frame. "You are Mr. Olcott?"

"Yes, that's my name." And Olcott took a step forward, extending his hand.

"Mine, sir, is Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, 4th." The speaker paused midway of the floor to remove one glove and to shift it and his cane to the left hand. Advancing, with a slight limp, he gave to Olcott a set of fingers that were dry and chilly and fleshless. Almost it was like clasping the articulated bones of a skeleton's hand.

"I have come personally, sir, to pay my respects and, as one representing the—ah—the old régime of our people, to bid you welcome to our midst."

"Thank you very much," said Olcott, a bit amused inwardly, and a bit impressed also by the air of moldy grandeur which the other diffused. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Van Nicht?"

Before Olcott's Eyes Rose a Vision of a Dried-Up, Bleak-Eyed Old Man Limping From Doorstep to Doorstep

"I shall be able to tarry but a short while." The big voice boomed out of the little dried-up body as the old man took the chair which Olcott had indicated. He took only part of it. He poised himself on the forward edge of its seat, holding his spine very erect and dramatizing his posture with a stiff and stately investiture.

Olcott caught himself telling himself Morgan had been right: This personage was not really flesh and blood, but something out of a book—an embodied bit of fiction. Why even his language had the stilted shaping of the characters in most of these old-timey classical novels.

"He wasn't really born at all," Olcott thought. "Dickens wrote him and then Cruikshank drew him and now here he is, miraculously preserved to posterity. But Charlotte Brontë endowed him with his conversation." What Olcott said—aloud—was something fatuous and commonplace touching on the state of the weather.

"I have yet other motives in presenting myself to-day, in this, your sanctum," stated Mr. Van Nicht. "First of all, I wish to congratulate you upon what to me appears to be a very gratifying stroke of journalistic enterprise which has come to light in the columns of your valued organ since your advent into the community and for which, therefore, I assume you are responsible."

"Well," said Olcott, "we try to get out a reasonably live sheet."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Van Nicht, "but I do not refer to the aspect of your news columns. I am speaking with reference to a feature lately appearing in your Sunday edition, in what I believe is known as your magazine section. I have observed that, beginning two weeks ago, you inaugurated a department devoted to the genealogies of divers of our older and more distinguished American families. As I recall, the subjects of your first two articles were the Adams family, of Massachusetts, and the Lee family, of Virginia. It may interest you to know, sir—I trust indeed that it may please you to know—that I, personally, am most highly pleased that you should seek to inculcate in the minds of our people, through the medium of your columns, a knowledge of those strains of blood to which our nation is particularly indebted for much of its culture, much of its social development, many of its gentler and more graceful influences. It is a most worthy movement indeed, a most commendable undertaking. I repeat, sir, that I congratulate you upon it."

"Thank you," said Olcott. "This coming Sunday we are going to run a yarn about the Gordon family, of Georgia, and after that I believe come the Clays, of Kentucky."

"Quite so, quite so," said Mr. Van Nicht. "The names you have mentioned are names that are permanently embalmed in the written annals of our national life. But may I ask, sir, whether you have taken any steps as yet to incorporate into your series an epitome of the achievements of the family of which I have the honor to be the head—the Van Nicht family?"

"Well, you see," explained Olcott apologetically, "these articles are not written here in the office. They are sent to us in proof sheets as a part of our regular feature service, and we run 'em just as they come to us. Probably—probably"—he hesitated a moment over the job of phrasing tactfully his white lie—"probably a story on your family genealogy will be coming along pretty soon."

"Doubtlessly so, doubtlessly so." The assent was guilelessly emphatic. "In any such symposium, in any such compendium, my family, beyond peradventure, will have its proper place in due season. Nevertheless, foreseeing that in the hands of a stranger the facts and the dates might unintentionally be confused or wrongly set down, I have taken upon myself the obligation of preparing an accurate account of the life and work of my illustrious, heroic and noble ancestor, Colonel Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, together with a more or less elaborate *résumé* of the lives of his descendants up to and including the present generation. This article is now completed. In fact I have it upon my person." Carefully he undid the top button of his coat and reached for an inner breast pocket. "I shall be most pleased to accord you my full permission for its insertion in an early issue of your publication." He spoke with the air of one bestowing a gift of great value.

Olcott's practiced eye appraised the probable length of the manuscript which this volunteer contributor was hauling forth from his bosom and, inside himself, Olcott groaned. There appeared to be a considerable number of sheets of foolscap, all closely written over in a fine, close hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Van Nicht, thank you very much," said Olcott, searching his soul for excuses. "But I'm afraid we aren't able to pay much for this sort of matter. What I mean to say is we are not in a position to invest very heavily in outside offerings. Er—you see most of our specials—in fact practically all of them except those written here in the office by the staff—come to us as part of a regular syndicate arrangement."

Here Mr. Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, 4th, attained the physically impossible. He erected his spine straighter than before and stiffened his body a mite stiffer than it had been.

"Pray do not misunderstand me, sir," he stated solemnly.

"I crave no honorarium for this work. I expect none. I have considered it a duty incumbent upon me to prepare it, and I regard it as a pleasure to tender it to you, gratis."

"But—I'd like to be able to offer a little something anyway——"

"One moment, if you please! Kindly hear me out! With me, sir, this has been a labor of love. Moreover, I should look upon it as an impropriety to accept remuneration for such work. To me it would savor of the mercenary—would be as though I sought to capitalize into dollars and cents the reputation of my own people and my own stock. I trust you get my viewpoint?"

"Oh, yes, indeed"—Olcott was slightly flustered—"very creditable of you, I'm sure. Er—is it very long?"

"No longer than a proper appreciation of the topic demands." The old gentleman spoke with firmness. "Also you may rely absolutely upon the trustworthiness and the accuracy of all the facts, as herein recited. I had access to the papers left by my own revered grandfather, Judge Cecilius Van Nicht, 2d, son and namesake of the founder of our line, locally. I may tell you, too, that in preparing this compilation I was assisted by my sister, Miss Rachael Van Nicht, a lady of wide reading and no small degree of

intellectual attainment, although leading a life much aloof from the world—in fact, almost a cloistered life."

He arose, opened out the sheaf of folded sheets, pressed them flat with a caressing hand and laid them down in front of Olcott. He spoke now with authority, almost in the tone of a superior giving instructions regarding a delicate matter to an underling:

"I feel warranted in the assumption that you will not find it necessary to alter or curtail my statements in any particular. I have had some previous experience in literary endeavors. In all modesty I may say that I am no novice. A signed article from my pen, entitled The Influence of the Holland-Dutch Strain Upon American Public Life, From Peter Stuyvesant to Theodore Roosevelt, was published some years since in the New York Evening Post, afterward becoming the subject of editorial comment in the Springfield Republican, the Hartford Courant and the Boston Transcript. At present I am engaged in a brief history of one of our earlier presidents, the Honorable Martin Van Buren. I have the honor to bid you a very good day, sir."

Olcott ran the story in his next Sunday issue but one. It stretched the full length of two columns and invaded a third. It was tiresome and long-winded. It was as prosy as prosy could be. To make room for it a smartly done special on the commercial awakening of Schuyler County was crowded out. Olcott's judgment told him he did a sinful thing, but he ran it. He went further than that. Into the editorial page he slipped a paragraph directing attention to "Mr. Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht's timely and interesting article, appearing elsewhere in this number."

He had his reward, though, in the comments of sundry ones of his local subscribers. From these comments, made to him by letter and by word of mouth, he sensed something of the attitude of the community toward the Van Nicht family. As he figured, this sentiment was a compound of several things. It appeared to embody a gentle intolerance for the shell of social exclusiveness in which the present bearers of the name had walled themselves up, together with a sympathy for their poverty and their self-imposed state of lonely and neglected aloofness, and still further down, underlying these emotions and tincturing them, an understanding and an admiration for the importance of this old family as an old family—an admiration which was genuine and avowed on the part of some, and just as genuine but more or less reluctantly bestowed on the part of others. It was as Mayor McGlynn had informed Olcott on their first meeting. The Van Nichts were not so much individuals, having a share in the life of this thriving, striving, overgrown town, as they were historical fixtures and traditional assets. Collectively, they constituted something to be proud of and sorry for.

Soon, too, he had further reward. One afternoon a small and grimy boy invaded his room, without knocking, and laid a note upon his desk.

"Old guy downstairs, with long hair and a gimpy leg, handed me this yere and gimme fi' cents to fetch it up here to you," stated the messenger.

The note was from Mr. Van Nicht, as a glance at the superscription told Olcott before he opened the envelope. In formal terms Olcott was thanked for giving the writer's offering such prominence in the pages of his valuable paper and was invited, formally, to call upon the undersigned at his place of residence, in order that undersigned might more fully express to Mr. Olcott his sincere appreciation.

On the whole, Olcott was glad of the opportunity to view the inside of that gloomy old house under the big tree out at the end of Putnam Street. He wanted to see more of Mr. Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, and to see something of the other two dwellers beneath that ancient roof. Olcott had dreams of some day writing a novel; some day when he had the time. Most newspaper men do have such dreams; or else it is a play they are going to write. Meanwhile, pending the coming of that day, he was storing up material for it in his mind. Assuredly the bleached-out, pale, old recluse in the black stock would make copy. Probably his sisters would be types also, and they might make copy too. Olcott answered the note, accepting the invitation for that same evening.

It was a night of crystal-clear moonlight, and Olcott walked up Putnam Street through an alchemistic radiance which was like a path for a Puck to dance along. But the shimmering aisle broke off short, when he had turned in at the broken gate and had come to the edge of the shade of the Van Nicht elm. Under there the shadow lay so thick and dense that, as he groped through it to the small entry porch, finding the way by the feel of his feet upon the irregular, flagged walk, he had the conviction that he might reach out with his hands and gather up folds of the darkness in his arms, like ells of black velvet. The faint glow which came through a curtained front window of the unseen house was like a phosphorescent smear, plastered against a formless background, and only served to make the adjacent darkness darker still. If the moonlight yonder was a fit place for the fairies to trip it, this particular spot, he thought, must be reserved for ghosts to stalk in.

Fumbling with his hands, he searched out the heavy door knocker. Its resounding thump against its heel plate, as he dropped it back in place, made him jump. At once the door opened. Centered in the oblong of dulled light which came from an oil lamp burning upon a table, behind and within, appeared the slender, warped figure of Mr. Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, 4th. With much ceremony the head of the house bowed the guest in past the portals.

Almost the first object to catch Olcott's eye, as he stepped in, was a portrait which, with its heavy frame, filled up a considerable portion of the wall space across the back breadth of the square hallway into which he had entered. Excepting for this picture and the table with the oil lamp upon it and a tall hat-tree, the hall was quite bare.

Plainly pleased that the younger man's attention had been caught by the painted square of canvas, Mr. Van Nicht promptly turned up the wick of the light, and then Olcott, looking closer, saw staring down at him the close-set black eyes and the heavy-jowled, foreign-looking face of an old man, dressed in such garb as we associate with our conceptions of Thomas Jefferson and the elder Adams.

"My famous forbear, sir," stated Olcott's host, with a great weight of vanity in his words, "the original bearer of the name which I, as his great-grandson, have the honor, likewise, of bearing. To me, sir, it has ever been a source of deep regret that there is no likeness extant depicting him in his uniform as a regimental commander in the Continental armies. If any such likeness existed, it was destroyed prior to the colonel's removal to this place, following the close of the struggle for Independence. This portrait was executed in the later years of the original's life—presumably about the year 1798, by order of his son, who was my grandfather. It was the son who enlarged this house, by the addition of a wing at the rear, and to him also we are indebted for the written records of his father's gallant performances on the field of honor, as well as for the accounts of his many worthy achievements in the lines of civic endeavor. Naturally this portrait and those records are our most precious possessions and our greatest heritages.

"The first Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht was by all accounts a great scholar but not a practiced scribe. The second of the name was both. Hence our great debt to him—a debt which I may say is one in which this community itself shares."

"I'm sure of it," said Olcott.

"And now, sir, if you will be so good, kindly step this way," said Mr. Van Nicht. "The light, I fear, is rather indifferent. This house has never been wired for electricity, nor was it ever equipped with gas pipes. I prefer to use lights more in keeping with its antiquity and its general character."

His tone indicated that he did not in the least hold with the vulgarized and common utilities of the present. He led the way diagonally across the hall to a side door and ushered Olcott into what evidently was the chief living room of the house. It was a large, square room, very badly lighted with candles. It was cluttered, as Olcott instantly perceived, with a jumble of dingy-appearing antique furnishings, and it contained two women who, at his appearance, rose from their seats upon either side of the wide and empty fireplace. Simultaneously his nose informed him that this room was heavy with a pent, dampish taint.

He decided that what it mainly needed was air and sunshine, and plenty of both.

"My two sisters," introduced Mr. Van Nicht. "Miss Rachael Van Nicht, Mr. Olcott. Miss Harriet Van Nicht, Mr. Olcott."

Neither of the two ladies offered her hand to him. They bowed primly, and Olcott bowed back and, already feeling almost as uncomfortable as though he had invaded the privacy of a family group of resident shades in their resident vault, he sat down in a musty-smelling armchair near the elder sister.

Considered as such, the conversation which followed was not unqualifiedly a success. The brother bore the burden of it, which meant that at once it took on a stiff and an unnatural and an artificial coloring. It was dead talk, stuffed with big words, and strung with wires. There were semioccasional interpolations by Olcott, who continued to feel most decidedly out of place. Once in a while Miss Rachael Van Nicht slid a brief remark into the grooves which her brother channeled out. Since he was called upon to say so little, Olcott was the better off for an opportunity to study this lady as he sat there.

His first look at her had told him she was of the same warp and texture as her brother; somewhat skimpier in the pattern, but identical in the fabric. Olcott decided though that there was this difference: If the brother had stepped out of Dickens, the sister had escaped from between the hasped lids of an old daguerreotype frame. Her plain frock of some harsh, dead-colored stuff—her best frock, his intuition told him—the big cameo pin at her throat, the homely arrangement of her gray hair, her hands, wasted and withered-looking as they lay on her lap, even her voice, which was lugubriously subdued and flat—all these things helped out the illusion. Of the other sister, sitting two-thirds of the way across the wide room from him, he saw but little and he heard less. The poor light, and the distance and the deep chair in which she had sunk herself, combined to blot her out as a personality and to efface her from the picture. She scarcely uttered a word.

"He Called it A Confession and an Apology, and I Ran it That Way"

(Continued on Page 85)

THE CHECHAKO WIFE

By Helen Van Campen

ILLUSTRATIONS BY P. V. E. IVORY

A WILD winter gale drove great cracking surges through Shelikof Strait, but, with cautious quartering and steadying jib, Tom Brent's launch was plunging and rolling onward. Once the Aleut steersman yelled that they couldn't make it, with an hour still to the Point and the flood tide coming.

"Can do, I tell you, Sascha; the Point ain't an hour, it's dead ahead!" Tom Brent said from where he crouched by the engine. "Sick, Eve? She's a bad one, sweetheart, but this old wagon'll weather worse; stay, hang to the stove and look through the port—ain't there lights to looard of us, dear?"

Eve Brent rose from a huddle of cargo, shudderingly breathed in gasoline exhaust, and, with desperate clutches, she climbed upon the ship stove and stared through a salty port. It was a moonless night, with squally half hours of snow. As the little craft lifted and righted itself with a lurch, the stove door erupted wood ashes, and a leaking hatch sent water into the bilges, whence it streamed about sacks of mail and grub massed on the cabin floor.

Holding her whizzing head, Eve strove to see more than that faint whiteness, shoreward, which was the bleak volcanic Coast Range. Back of it was the Alaskan wilderness, where a few fur seekers traveled prolific trap lines, and a few prospectors, snugged in shacks along remote frozen rivers, slothfully awaited distant June. The launch slewed about and Eve was suddenly dislodged, missing the engine's flywheel by a desperate grab at the mast, as she gasped:

"Yes, light—oh, Tom, is that Niklik at last?"

"Got to be," said Tom, muttering at the engine. "Hold on, hon! We'll catch tide rips from the Point in a minute."

She clung to the mast as they rode tremendous combers into shoal water.

"Turn off the gas for me, hon! If she floods she won't start easy—get the anchors, Sascha—wonder if they see our lantern?"

Tom leaped for the stern hatch, slant-eyed Sascha hustling after him. Chains ground the side of the launch, and a deluge of water poured into the hatch as a wave broke over the bow; and, looking in, Tom called that the boys were coming with the dory. Eve stumbled up into blackness, a-slop to her shivering knees, confused by the voices crying out of the gloom. A boat struck the launch and a warm hand caught her cold fingers. Tom bade her jump in—Bill would look out for her. She went fearfully over the side, exclaiming as she glimpsed oars rising and waves like engulfing snakes running along the gunwales.

"Tom! I'm afraid of it!" she cried; but a big voice said:

"He's comin'; they got to unlash their skiff from the stern. I'm Bill Dixon, Eve—Tom's partner. What you mean by bringin' this weather, when it ought to be an elegant starlit night for the queen of this camp to arrive?"

"I'm scared most into a fit," Eve frankly quavered.

"Now, leddy, it iss yust anoder pull an' you got gravel under your liddle feets," said the other rower. "Ahoy, der beach! Bring der glim, you lubbers! Here we are, an' us got Mis' Brent!"

"Just so I land on solid ground," she said.

"Ketch holt my neck, then; water's too deep for you here," said Bill Dixon's deep tones; and she discovered that his hand came from the water, where he now stood, waves frothing about him.

He carried her easily, past a group with lanterns, out of the whistling wind and into a lighted, warmed brown tent.

"Well, girlie—glad you ain't a percissy!" he exclaimed. "Good-lookin', too, ain't you? Evelyn Brent, from the big Outside!"

"Git the Girl Out o' This," Said McGrath With a Snarl

"I'm not a what?" Grateful to be ashore, though the floor boards heaved under her, Eve laughed.

"Percissies are the picked too late or too sumpin—yella-faced, mean-chinned kind of females. I know you got the makin's of a good fella if you ain't one yet—with them brown eyes. We goin' to be pards too?"

"Of course," said Eve, putting out a hand. "I thought you were a great big man!"

"An' I turn out a runt. Should have stayed in the dark," said Bill, grinning at her with large solid white teeth; he had a laugh like a lively young pony. "Hey, le's git them fool thin shoes off—don't they never sell a woman nothin' fit to wear in wet? But here's fur moccasins—sit still! Head's singin', ain't it?"

"Oh, awful!" sighed Eve, and she lay back in the home-made moosehide chair into which he had thrust her.

Abruptly he observed the sickish hot flush on her round cheeks and, with a grin, lugged her to a blanketed bunk.

"Git your corset loose an' lay still!"

"Oh, this is better," she sighed gratefully when her racked body found the hollow of the moss-filled moosehide bunk. "I don't often give way, Mr. Bill. I keep on, no matter how I feel."

She began to fluff out glinty chestnut hair, while he spread a caribou robe partly over her.

"Sure; an' git up next day with the jumps, an' grouchin'. I got sisters down in Anaconda," said Bill, with his pony laugh. "Well, you're home now, Eve; so take it calmlike an' git to likin' the country."

"I'm going to love it!"

"Not all in a bunch you won't, you —— Hey, fellas, don't all jam in here now. Mis' Brent ain't very skookum after that trip, an' she's layin' down—well, come in long's you're in, an' then git out. Hello, Tommy! She's some girl," said Bill to an inrush of laden grinning men, to whom Tom shouted throw the stuff down anywhere—put that under the other bunk, and this one too—and how about supper in a hustle?

Eve's brown eyes smiled at him. He was a fine big handsome fellow of thirty, with wild whitey hair and daring blue eyes.

"Dugan, he's throwin' a fit for fea' yo' all didn't have the mail, with the suguh roses fo' the big cake," said Bede Moore, the tall young Texan. "Pleased to meet yo', Mis' Brent; an' it's mighty nice to have yo'—that ol' Tawm, he's been sou'-faced since he come back alone—chee'ful 'nough now, ain' he?"

"You vas' a liddle afraid of dose waves, ma'am," said big blond Linus Larsen, timidly advancing a large hand, which he made limp to avoid crushing the one she gave him. "By spring you don't be scare'."

"She never hollered once from leaving Kodiak yesterday morning," said Tom Brent. "And it blew quite a few. Shake hands with Pop Paley, Evie; he's our daddy—thousand years old, ain't you, Pop?"

"No!" said Pop Paley testily. "Sixty-two; yes, an' kin drill as many feet in a day as you could, my boy. Is it your stummick painin', my dear? Hot water for that—fill up that mug, Bill; there's nothing like heat. I suffer awful every time I go South."

"Pop, he was all set to go Outside twenty years ago, an' he got off at Seward sayin' he'd wait till they ran a railroad—didn' yo'?" said Bede, while Eve drank the water, with the friendly circle surveying her.

Bill Dixon anxiously observed her as, flushed, but bound to please Tom's men, she sat up and greeted embarrassed Mikes, Kids, Macs and Henrys. Wind viciously tore at the tent, and the candles, standing in their own grease upon the window sill, flickered uncertainly. The tent frame creaked.

"Where's hersilf? An' is she alive at all afther the hor'ble thrip?" cried a voice, and, fresh-shaved and clean-aproned, Mickey Dugan, the long lanky cook, rushed in. "Congratulations, the bot' of yous. An' whadda you think of this outfit, mem—standin' idle like gooks wid a weddin' supper ready, an' me beatin' the thriangle till me ar-rm is sore! 'Tis gr-rand to see a lady, mem!"

"No; I won't lie quiet and stay alone, with everybody else at my wedding banquet," said Eve to the whispering of Bill Dixon. "I'm lots better—really! Thank you so much, Mr. Dugan. I think they're all just dears!"

Through the October darkness—it was six o'clock now, and the canvas messhouse, its three lamps glowing through white walls, was the only break in the inky night—the two shifts of the Niklik Copper Company went noisily ahead of Eve and Tom. Four canvas structures made the camp, and Tom tried to show them to his wife—that big one was the bunkhouse, then the warehouse, and the mess tent.

"But where is our house?" she inquired.

"You just left it," said Tom.

"That little one-room tent! Why, I thought—I supposed ——"

"Supposed what, dearie? It doesn't leak; it has a fly over it."

"But, Tom, you said we should keep house if I wished. Didn't you?"

"Sure! We'd just put a Yukon stove there instead of that gasoline drum—that's how we make stoves in the North—and have a little tent next, for a cache; and you can cook all you want to."

"In one room! I couldn't," she thought.

They were at the messhouse door, Tom shielding her with himself against the gale. Just below, the waves crashed on the beach. Inside, there was a racket of wooden stools being pulled about, a clatter of granite dishes, cries for Mrs. Brent—no one to sit until she came.

"We could get a woman to come in and clean, Tommy?"

"Why, hon, you're the only woman for seventy miles of coast!"

"Oh, I—I see!" said Eve blankly.

She was not smiling when she reached the table, where Mickey's own blanket-seated chair was set for her. There was a splendor of new bright green-and-white checked

oilcloth on the table. Tom slapped some butter on her granite plate, and Eve looked startled as knives were thrust at the main supply, and experienced diners stood to load their plates profusely before starting the meal. There was fried ptarmigan, moose mulligan, canned sweet potatoes and canned shrimp salad, shredded cabbage and turnips from a Kadiak ranch, mashed potatoes, the wonderful frosted cake, coffee and stewed dried fruit. Eve was abruptly hungry, and she ate, thinking how good it was, and smiling at Linus, the big diamond driller, and at little Bill, seated on Tom's right. Dugan, smoking a brown cigarette, filled cups from a dingy coal-oil can of coffee, steaming on the heater. When all were served he brought his own plate and cup, sat down, and exclaimed: "Did yous bhring a gr-reat lot of magazines an' papies from Outside, mem?"

"Oh, I left all mine on the steamer," said Eve contritely.

"Never throw readin' stuff away in the North. It's a duty to carry it on to the next fella," said Bill.

"I didn't know that."

"A female oughta reason some," said Bill severely, and Eve was hurt by the general snickering; and, she thought hotly, she wasn't going to stand that sort of thing.

She stopped smiling at Bill and devoted herself to Pop Paley, whiskered, polite, and obviously impressed with her. The night shift were already lighting faithful evil-breathed pipes and filing out into the wind. They had all finished before Eve had eaten her ptarmigan breast, and Mickey was crowding dishes on a greasy tray. Bill was showing Tom a notebook; and as old Pop excused himself, and Linus and Bede, with lingering stares at her, withdrew, Tom's voice ascended until she heard:

"We got to offer a bonus for each workin' day—that is, if they notch our production up to a tonnage of a thousand tons or over each month. We'll pay 'em straight overtime, with the bonus. Any chance of a beef over the eight-hour law?"

"Not with this gang; I got rid of the only agitator while you was gone. Law won't bother us."

"We don't get the two-dollar smelting rate at Tacoma unless it's a thousand tons. As to the law ——"

"What law do you mean?" asked Eve uneasily.

"Oh, the last legislature, down at Juneau, made it eight hours for a working day for quartz mines, starting from the face of the tunnel," said Tom, engrossed with the notes. "They had a lot to do—those guys."

"And this is a quartz mine? Copper can be quartz?"

"I'll take you down a coupla stopes an' raises, an' let you sample the ore body," chuckled Bill. "Yup; this is a quartz mine."

"Then you would be paying the bonus for men to break the law?"

"She's a judge's daughter, and she'll arraign us all next," said Tom. "Copper's twenty-six cents, dear, and even with war stopping there's contracts so far ahead that it won't drop much; but when we've the stuff here we want the high prices while they last. Every guy with a little pocket of copper is gophering after it; and we can't get men, for they're leaving jobs to go prospecting, or else they're grabbed 'way below us as they come along on the boats."

"These fellas here are all right, an' they know me an' Tom from the Bering Sea camps. They're willin' to make extry coin," said Bill.

"It's not their ideas; it's my Tom I think about," said Eve tensely; and above her dark blue serge gown her face looked pale and frightened. "You won't break the law? Oh, you mustn't! I couldn't endure that, Tommy, because it's wrong and wicked."

"I got to, dearie. Personally I don't believe there's much over eight hours' hard labor in the average man, and his steam dies away after that; but we'll have to urge 'em on to get that tonnage—it's a three-dollar rate under a thousand tons, and, with the big producers down in Prince William Sound filling the ships and yelling for more ships that don't come, unless we can guarantee a big-enough monthly tonnage we can't ship at all."

"You'll make me miserable!" said Eve with a big sob.

"Don't be talkin' like a chechako—in a new country a guy's gotta do plenty he wouldn't have to in some other place," said Bill earnestly. "Listen; we borried the change for your ticket up from the cook—Mick's always got a cache—an' our case two bits went into the outfit of second-hand stuff we started workin' with; but there's

"Fellas, There's Two of 'Em!" He Cried. "Evelyn Niklik an' William Thomas Brent. Now Then, Peek Careful—Ain't They Swell?"

hiyu plenty money in the hill, little girl. These boys will wait six months for their checks—strangers wouldn't."

"I have some money! Dad left me ——"

Growls from Tom and Bill halted her. The brown eyes were tragic.

"But, Tom—it's wrong, wicked! I have principles to live up to, and here I'm going to keep your books! Why, I—it—oh ——"

"I can't help it, honey. Soon as we get our first smelter payment I'll have money. Lord! Bill and I've worked beach lines and creeks, and panned a hundred rivers, where we froze ourselves and cracked our backs, and quit without a stake—maybe a thousand or so, but no real money. Now we've hit it."

"Squeezed into a tiny place, without even space for one of my wardrobe trunks!" said Eve hysterically. "Half dead from that awful boat, and now told I have to be a criminal!"

"Shucks!" said Bill, unimpressed. "You got room enough for a while. There's some mighty fine smart women here in the North, livin' in little shacks, an' cookin', washin' an' holdin' school for the kids. I thought you had sense."

"Indeed!" said Eve; and to Tom she flamed: "It's wrong, wrong! My principles make the following of a country's laws a vital duty, and personally I would be law-abiding at the sacrifice of everything on earth."

"You mean you think you would," said Tom.

Snowslides streaked the austere whiteness of Mount Niklik, and on the bared lower slopes the green curls of fern thrust upward. On the tundra flat below the mine salmonberries were pinkly flowering, and there were buds among the green of the wild roses. Eve had giant purple violets in fruit cans and pickle jars, and the door of the tent that was both commissary and office stood open. Decorative skunk cabbage of a tropical height, wild celery and hardy sunflowers grew just above high-tide mark. Moose flies and gnats had come, and Eve was charging out head nets from the stores, and cutting up her own less effec[tive] colored chiffon veils for special friends working in the gl[oom]-hole of the mine, where the flies whined and fed all d[ay]— and day lasted twenty-four hours in early June. She k[new] all the twenty-six men now, and had more knowledg[e] of their intimate affairs than was wholly comfortable to sc[ope]. She held what McGrath, from the Interior, called one o[f] her pesky sessions, with those who rowed out to the freigh[ter], returning with certain bottles bought from sailors [and] engine-room men. She had taken Linus Larsen's, [red], with a high color, snatched a r[ock], with which she broke the expen[sive] bottle.

"Oh, Linus! When you k[now] how sick and bad it makes [you] feel!" she cried. "[You] promised me not to— [and] you, Mac, you'd look [bet]ter keeping your mo[ney] to send home—next b[oat]; you'll have a big check [here] when the smelter mo[ney] comes, and I don't wan[t to] see you fooling it a[way] when it should go hom[e]"

"Aw, a guy can tak[e a] noggin of hootch, I gues[s]" muttered McGrath. "[Or] nor no one's got a righ[t to] tell others what's good [for] 'em."

"We have if our bra[ins] are better grade th[an] theirs," said Eve, wh[ose] ears were active. "Lin[us], you sit in the office w[ith] me until supper, whe[n I] can see you start up the [ma]chine to work. Read the Seat[tle] papers."

"I got dose t'oughts of [you], Helga," said Linus, drea[ming] following her inside.

"Poor Linus! But a w[oman] who could bear to leave y[ou] like that is better forgott[en]. You never heard a word fr[om] either of them?"

Linus' big face purpled [as] he answered—never a li[e]. Eve made friendly lit[tle] sounds as she lured him [to] repeat the tale of his trip as a lad into Norway, where t[he] beauteous pasture maidens guarded contented kine.

"Und the prettiest iss Helga, und at last I bring her [to] Fairbanks in Alaska; und on Dome Creek there vass [a] skunk named Doc Daly—a check charmer—bummin' rou[nd] the gamblin' houses, he vass. Me an' my pard makes [a] ground ready for sluicin' that spring, an' Daly he [is] always round tallin' Helga her hoosban' don't understa[nd] her right; an' me vorkin' only for her—only! Oh, M[iss] Brent!"

"Beast! I wish I had come on him, telling her!" cri[ed] Eve passionately. "She was young, Linus—oh, the slim snake he was!"

"Dey took my big poke of dust an' nuggets, an' nine bla[ck] fox pelts, vorth twelve hundred efery skin! She had h[er] like a new rope, Mis' Brent, hangin' 'vay down—und lid[dle] feets like you." He nodded forlornly.

"There is something good in life for you still, Linus—a truer woman somewhere."

"I t'ink not," said Linus, sighing. "Alvays I t'ink Daly—my liddle Helga!"

"He'll have his just deserts some fine day," said E[ve] with smoldering eyes; and she saw herself sentencing Da[ly] the home devastator, and flaying him with scorn.

Soothed by her anger, Linus rustled the papers a[nd] admired her slim fingers rushing over the typewriter ke[ys]. Letters for the mail finished, she took up a pamphlet, rea[d]ing it gravely, and obviously reflecting as she paused [to] reread a passage.

It had been an exciting day for the camp, with a fiftee[n] hundred-ton ore shipment going in ship's boats to the [big] freighter, and the captain, after a good dinner and a wa[lk] up the hill, suddenly winking and declaring he'd exce[ed] orders, and to the dickens with the mines below, waiti[ng] for space! Pile in the rest, if there was any.

Tom was normally mine manager; Bill, blacksmi[th] and meat hunter. When the hand steel was sharpened B[ill] became powder nipper, packing powder and fuse to drill holes, loading them sometimes, and helping to bar do[wn] loose rock later. Between mine work he took rifle and pac[k] board, disappearing into the scrub alder to seek caribou moose for the meat supply. To-day, Bill sacked the han[d] sorted ore at the main tunnel entrance; and Tom, in und[er] shirt and stagged trousers, ran an ore car to the beach a[nd] trimmed cargoes as the heavy sacks were dumped into t[he] boats.

"We'll have a dock this time next year, Irish!" he called
the cook, who was also racing a car beachward. "Act
ke you're in a hurry, Mick!"
"Runnin' from throuble, me b'y!" panted Mickey.
The missus is waitin' to leap down the t'roats of all of us
-night!"
"What for—we ain't done anything," said Tom, count-
g sacks and heaving them aboard.
"Ye shouldn't lift Section Th-hirty of the Tarritorial
aws in a duffel bag which for sure a nate lady would be
eanin'," said the cook. "'Tis the game law, Thomas. I
ity ye! She give me my dhressin' down a bit back."
"What the devil's in Section Thirty? I can't think,"
om wondered.
Finally the ship blew warningly and the thick black
noke from starting boilers paled. The purser hustled in
have Eve bill out the extra two hundred of ore; the mate
elled from the beach that the skipper wanted to get out
efore the stern was caught in the mud; and the men of
Jiklik hurled the last sacks in, then stood, a sweating,
rinning line, sending jestful farewells across the water.

"The first ore out of our mine!" said Tom, darting to the office in search of a lost pipe. "Now where'd I lose that? I left one afire in a coat pocket once. Well, young woman, do you know that self and respected partner, W. Dixon, sort of feel they've put it over at last?"

Linus had gone, and Eve sat dejectedly at the desk, whence she said:

"Of course I'm glad, Tommy. And I want to show you something: Do you know it's illegal, south of latitude sixty-two, to kill moose and caribou after December thirty-first? And that we kill and eat it daily?"

Tom's face lost its happy boyish grin under her cold stare.

"Legal for miners or explorers to kill all they want!"

"Ah—in case of need only, it says! They may take animals for food and clothing, in close season, for—look where I've marked—'need only.' And where a ship comes or a launch can reach isn't a case of need."

"Considering that's the first ship ever anchored off here, and weather's been such seas the launch couldn't make it past the Point—won't you be reasonable, Eve?"

"There's millions of rabbits for meat, and salmon jumping in the water at this minute."

"Oh, sure!" Tom was flushed as, glancing briefly out, he said:

"Those are dry dog salmon, my dear girl; the kings are late this year, and a workingman'd be pure bones on rabbit in a mighty few days—not enough strength in it. And as I'm standin' the boys off for their wages, and the only springs for their bunks so far are our promises, I guess they'll at least get fresh meat—it's pretty near a need."

"A court wouldn't say so."

"Aw, court! By heck, I ain't going to ask any courts to call it anything. I'm going to feed my men and call it a day—using my common sense."

"You never care how I feel!" said Eve, shaking. "Lawless, wrong ——"

Tom dashed out. She felt hurt when her eye searched for him later and found him smoking, and gayly talking with Bill and old Pop, instead of appearing chastened and regretful. In the bunkhouse it was reported that

(Continued on Page 93)

BRINGING OUT BARBARA

The Experiences of a New York Débutante

IV

By ETHEL TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

ON THE morning of December twentieth I partially woke to a sensation of portent. The fear of something vaguely grandiose was sitting astride my chest, filling me with oppression. Some cataclysm was imminent. For a moment I thought it was my wedding day—no less. I did not feel happy about it. Blinking, it was rather a relief to realize presently that it was not so bad as all that. I wasn't going to be married—yet. I was only coming out. This was the day.

I did not go out that morning. I wanted to be on hand and see what was doing. There was much in me still of the little girl whose habit it had been to rush to the front door, every time the bell rang, to discover what shape of parcel was being delivered, or to get the letters the postman brought. First, a vanful of chairs arrived; and next, a melancholy looking motor, suggestive of the undertaker. Flattening my nose against my window, which was my nearest dignified approach now to the outside world, I sighed with relief when it began to disgorge nothing more ominous than potted plants. So many things came during the next two hours that I marveled how anyone could have remembered to order them all. Caterers' wagons were not wanting. In spite of our chef and his staff we had to buy little cakes and what not, just as they do for Sunday-school picnics.

The best part of the day began after lunch, for it rained flowers the whole afternoon. The boxes were opened in the sitting room, so that the secretary could sort the cards and jot down descriptive memoranda for acknowledgments to be written by me later on; then the men brought the flowers to the drawing-room by armfuls. Mother sat in a chair at first and gave orders as to where they were to be put, but, being summoned elsewhere, left me in possession; whereupon I changed the position of every vase, and in less than an hour had that room blooming like an exhibit in a flower show.

I looked over the cards before dinner and found ninety-seven names of people I didn't know. The same people would undoubtedly commemorate the occasion of my marriage in the same way; and of my funeral too—if fate should prove so obliging as to give it precedence of theirs. If people said what they meant in this world, I could imagine any of them, supposing I were to make inquiries and tender my thanks verbally to-night, replying with a bow: "Nothing personal intended, I assure you. Merely a matter of form."

I Did Not Recognize My Own Skull When That Hairdresser Had Done With It

John Randall sent me no flowers. Allan Denning did; but I was in too much of a rush at the moment to pay much heed to them. They and the hairdresser arrived simultaneously; so I thrust them into the last remaining receptacle and let it go at that.

That hairdresser was an anatomist of no mean order. I did not recognize my own skull when he had done with it. Where it was too small it had been given the illusion of expansion, and where it was too big it had seemingly contracted. I undulated up from my neck and I tapered down from my crown; ringlets twined where wisps had been before; coils looked solid that were hollow inside; I stuck out where I ought to stick out, and where I oughtn't I didn't. The backward and upward poise of the structure there were, were personages, too, though many of them did not look it, the years having given them fantastic curves never intended by Nature and unknown to art. Fashion, in regard to concealment of such deficiencies, certainly discriminates in favor of women. A man in a white waistcoat, so far as his outline is concerned, might as well be on the slab at a Turkish bath. From distasteful contemplation of one

lent inches to my height. She was almost tall—that girl who returned my stare into the mirror; and correct, surprisingly—far too correct to be me! "It's faking!" I protested, and picked up a tiny strand of strictly débutante pearls, which had been given me for my birthday.

I let them trickle through my fingers, gleaming like dewdrops in moonlight, and then put them on. Bah! Utterly out of place, the delicate things, against a throat strong, muscular and brown! Raising discontented eyes, I beheld Yvonne, the temptress, with extended powder puff. I shook my head and snapped the clasp to. Saving my coiffure, as to which I had been allowed no say, I was determined to stand on my own merits; to be displayed—like an article put up for auction—"as is." After all, the pearls were as well suited to me as the rest of my surroundings.

In white, with an aura of tulle, I made my way to mother's room and offered myself for inspection. While it lasted my heart was in my mouth. When at length she said solemnly "I've never seen you look so well!" it fell back into place. She was not ashamed of me, then. That would make the ordeal far easier. That it was to be an ordeal I had no manner of doubt. The situation was one I could not possibly dominate as I had dominated the theater party of girls. It was too big for me.

Toward eleven o'clock we took our stand at the drawing-room door. Shortly after, the oldest and most important personages—always the earliest—began to arrive. They came by twos and threes at first, then by tens and dozens. Their glances were critical; their handclasps cold. Within half an hour they had reduced me spiritually to pulp. My spine had become a string; my pretty white dress seemed a rag; and my whole personality a hopeless proposition. It was not that they were intentionally cruel. Safe within the shells of self-importance they had provided themselves with to walk about in they felt no shafts from without, and supposed others equally invulnerable.

Would younger people never begin to come? I wondered. What had these dowagers to do with dancing? Whose entertainment was this, anyway—mother's or mine? It was fully ten minutes since any gloved fingers had touched my own; so I felt free to leave my post beside mother, near the door, and look into the ballroom. There the orchestra's spirited playing still invited in vain. Brocaded trains swept the polished floor; diamonds glittered; feather fans swung deliberately to and fro. What men

particularly offensive bulge, I was recalled by a light step behind; and, turning, I caught my breath at sight of John Randall, likewise in a white waistcoat with a glorious inward curve. The look of merry anticipation in his face was new to me; the eyes that could be so serious were actually snapping to ragtime!

"Try this!" he suggested succinctly, and we took up the rhythm in the middle of a beat.

"I didn't know you danced," I murmured. "How delicious!"

Perhaps I was prejudiced in his favor, but he seemed to me to dance divinely. Closing my eyes I gave myself up to the joy of it. I did not know whether any other couple was on the floor. Suddenly I felt my partner's muscles tighten, his pace falter. Somebody was about to cut in.

I opened my eyes upon Allan, smiling with an air of ownership, hands outstretched. He was within his rights, his act strictly in accord with the dancer's code. With entire propriety he might thus have claimed any girl he knew. I could not do otherwise than suffer him to swing me away. Allan Denning—jealous! Furious though I was at the interruption I was flattered too.

"You might have let me finish it out," I grumbled, "instead of snatching away my cake in the middle of a bite."

"Had to obey orders," he laughed, slowing down as we neared the door. "You shouldn't have bolted just then, you know. No end of people coming in. Young people. Your mother sent me to bring you back."

Then it wasn't jealousy. How flat! He hadn't come of his own accord. He'd been sent. There was nothing to be furious about. I was furious that there wasn't. He was a half-hearted lover, this lover of mine. The momentary tang had gone out of the evening, to return no more.

I had always supposed society to be exclusive; but the last few months had taught me otherwise. Mother had followed, upon this occasion, the generally recognized custom, which prevails among metropolitan hostesses, of inviting to their houses not only the young men they know personally but also those they know about. The Social Secretary had furnished the names, and the majority of those who answered to them had materialized during the evening, been presented, and done what was expected of them—namely, taken me for a turn. Some had overlooked the implied obligation, and were merely making a convenience of the house as offering certain advantages over a public dance hall. For one thing, the champagne was free.

I looked about everywhere for Randall, though I knew I was looking in vain. He had gone. What else was there for him to do when I was snatched away? He did not know any of the other girls. He had only come because I had asked him. This festivity was none of his—nor of mine, for that matter. But it had served its purpose. In half a dance we had found each other as dancing partners. Half a bar would have sufficed. Those who had danced together once could dance together again—and again—and again. We had danced to-night in a ballroom; but a studio would do as well. And, given two pairs of eager feet, a fiddle was as good as a stringed orchestra—every bit.

Once, while I was waltzing with Allan, I forgot Randall altogether; and then suddenly I felt something sharp and hard against my breast. Could it be a button? A waistcoat button? Released upon cessation of the music, I examined his outline with apprehensive eyes. N-no; no actual bulge—as yet. And oh, how handsome he was! Not so half-hearted, either, after a few digressions to the corridor, where the footmen were kept busy filling glass after glass. But I was in no mood for love-making that required artificial stimulus to give it a fillip. I refused his invitation to supper in favor of that of a black-browed count with a limited vocabulary and a curling wiry beard.

At length people grew tired of eating. Napkins were thrown aside; chairs pushed away; the elderly had had enough—they were ready to say good night. According to precedent the dancers returned to the ballroom for more dancing; then the music stopped, as music must; and everybody went home.

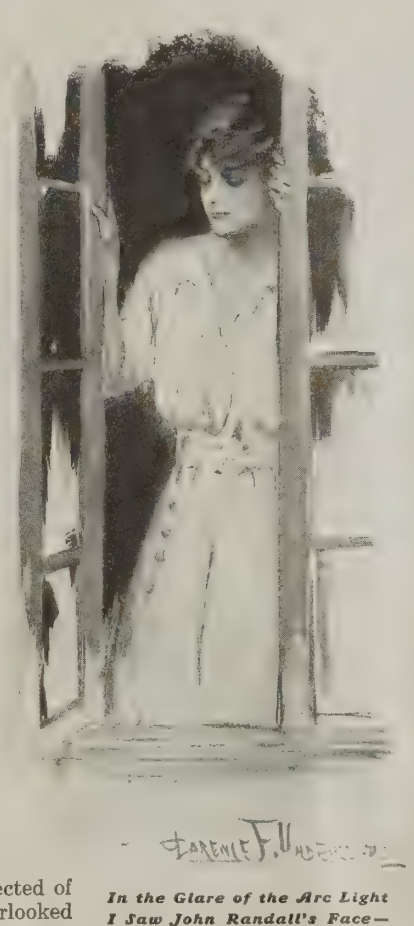
Mother disappeared to give some orders, and I was left in the great glittering drawing-room serving now no purpose, since it was meant for entertaining and there was no one left to entertain. The flowers were all drooping; and as for me, the toes of my slippers were soiled and crumpled, my tulle had wilted, my hair was coming down.

It was over! No need to stand here any longer. The deed was done. I was "out"!

When I passed into the hall the men were waiting there, motionless, to extinguish the lights. Slipping by them I ran upstairs.

There was no doubt of it; by coming out I had acquired merit with mother. From the evening of my début my status was changed. After the manner of a son who has attained his majority, I was now a person of importance in the house. I received more attention than I demanded, and was accorded a larger measure of consideration than I either desired or deserved. Luckily I had a good memory for the lean years behind and thus preserved some measure of equilibrium. They were such a little way behind—those years—just round the turning in the road! My feet had traveled that uphill road alone.

Lately mother had seen fit to resume what, to her, was motherhood; it was like a garment long discarded and left to hang in a remote corner of the closet until such time as occasion should demand that it be brought forth, shaken and aired. The result of such resumption had not displeased her. It lent a new attribute to her personality; added an element of surprise. It supplemented her and admitted of fresh combinations. It was a better fit than she had reason to expect.



In the Glare of the Arc Light I Saw John Randall's Face—Off Guard

A débutante must be heart-free. Therefore, my engagement was in abeyance; it had degenerated into a thing of naught. All summer I had been allowed to be constantly in Allan Denning's company; now I never saw him alone. I submitted because I had offered to submit, but I chafed exceedingly, and thought only of getting over the tiresome months between now and the moment of my release.

Meantime, at least, time was not hanging on my hands. During the remainder of the month of December the coming-out teas and dances were as thick as weddings in June, and I attended them all. On the whole, the teas were preferable to the balls. I was invariably crushed and breathless, it was true. On one occasion mother and I were wedged on a stairway and could not move up or down for three-quarters of an hour—I saw nobody I wanted to see and everybody I didn't—but, though I was as acutely uncomfortable as one of a crowd of trippers jamming an excursion boat, I had as personal a feeling as they of adding to the jollity of the occasion—helping things along.

One tea is pretty much like another. It does not admit of apprehension and excitement for months and even years beforehand. It can be weathered without undue mental strain, with no graver consequences than a good-sized bill at the florist's and a few sandwiches left over at the end of the day.

By the twentieth of the month everybody had come out who was coming. Then occurred the interlude of the holidays, after which the actual season broke. You supped at one ball and you breakfasted at another; if you did not keep going you were not having a good time. I would bolt my eggs and coffee early in the morning with the others, and then, before I got into the motor with my maid, stand for an instant in the street, eyes on the glowing east, despising myself, my rumpled frock, my soiled slippers, so tawdry in the portentous hush of the new day.

Once, to make my peace with it, having arrived at home, I wished Yvonne good night, dumped my finery in the middle of the floor, and, dressed in an old school Tam, a rough skirt and a sweater, went out again alone. I encountered an old Irishman—a night watchman, I judged—with iron-gray hair and majestic presence, who looked at me without surprise and inclined his head gravely, as to a fellow worker in the world. Nothing for weeks had so stirred me as this assumption. My heart blessed him as I passed and my eyes gave the countersign.

There was no sleep for me that night—or, rather, that morning. I had recovered the insight with which I had come back from boarding school, and which I had somehow lost since. My relation to the life I was leading was crystal-clear to me. I was and always should be a rank outsider. I felt no scorn for mother's point of view; but it was not and never could be mine. Sooner or later I must be free of these surroundings. It was no more possible for me to adapt myself to them than for a fish to adapt itself to life out of water.

Things had worked themselves out according to my expectation, with one exception. I had warned myself not to fall in love within the walls. Poor little fool that I d been for my pains! Treasure is treasure, in one place r another; and it was well within the inclosure that I d stumbled upon mine. Well, there was nothing for it bu o gather it up and stagger forth with it upon the highwa

In plain words I was going to get out; but I was go g to carry Allan Denning along with me—when the time l d come. I had learned enough to know that it would be h d to uproot him; that it would be myself who would have o take the initiative. Well, I was equal to the task. Out f dead air into air that was in motion I would sweep hi ; he would draw great drafts of it into his lungs, and af r that he would never want to go back. Together we wo i tackle the road that wound uphill all the way—yes, the very end!

I thrilled at the thought of it; I felt his hand in mi ; all the trivialities that had kept us apart melted i nothing; tears started to my eyes; my lips breathed name. I must see him this very day—and not over t teacups, either; I was done with pretense, so far as he w concerned. He was mine and I was his; and if we w to play the farce out for the benefit of the public we mi be fortified between scenes by a little concentrated livi and loving, to keep our courage up.

I was just going to sit down and write him an urge summons when my tooth began to ache. I had two rows exceedingly serviceable teeth and had never had a toot ache in my life; but this one started as though it mea business. It exacted the strictest attention; I laid my p down and sat, taut and dismayed, hand on cheek. Impo sible to idle in a negligee, boudoir cap and slippers, with red-hot iron in my mouth!

I dressed hastily and rang for a maid to accompany r to Doctor Read's, to seek alleviation; for, though in n real character I might walk abroad safely at sunrise, in n assumed one it was not permissible to go unaccompani in midmorning. No one responded. Neither maid w listening, for it was not in the regulations that I shou bestir myself before noon. Unable to bear another moment delay, I therefore defied custom and outraged conventi in seeking my destination not only unprotected but b means of public conveyances, taking a transfer, along wi other straphangers, and finishing 'cross-town, directly front of the dentist's door.

Not having made an appointment I was obliged to wai Another patient was "in the chair." After the custom teeth when relief is imminent, mine had ceased to thro so insistently. A little apart from the stale magazines litte ing the table lay a fresh, new copy of Gossip. I picked up out of curiosity, because I knew it was without t pale. At the very first paragraph my heart turned to ic I forced myself to read it through—not once, but thre times:

I have it on good authority that our genial friend, Alla Denning, having had pretty poor sport in salmon fishin last summer took to fishing for minnows at Newport and- by Jove!—landed one right in his hand. In the vernacula every millionairess this side of the Mississippi havi turned him down, last spring on Long Island he unearthe little Miss Innocence, who responded to his rather sho worn charms on the sly. He followed up his advantage Newport, and every day there was a twosome on the link It was a pretty romance, until my young lady's parents g onto it. Then there was the devil to pay! If the girl was t be sacrificed let her be sacrificed to some purpose, the shrieked. There might be money enough to catch a duk if sufficient splurge was made about it. Keep Allan for pet round the house! That was all he was good for, an everybody knew it.

Poor Allan! He'd fixed the girl, but the old folks we too many for him. When he found that out he crawle He adhered to his custom of letting himself be walked ov and kicked. For the twentieth time he went way bac and sat down. He's sitting down now, waiting for the fir works to go out. Then, if the duke doesn't materialize, u he'll step again. It's a long chance he's taking, but it's m guess that it's his last one of anchoring himself to a fortun The girl's spunky enough, I'm told. She's utterly inexpe rienced and he's got her cold. If he doesn't do anythin rash he thinks he can count on her to work things roun We shall see!

At the end of the third reading the letters danced befo me. I swayed to a chair and dropped upon it; the pape clutched in my fingers, sank to my knee slowly, as thoug it had been a thing of weight.

The dentist came in suavely, bowing some woman ou He made sympathetic inquiry as to my trouble, for I wa the daughter of a lucrative patient who had all her filling done in gold. Seeing the paper in my hand he murmured hasty apology for having it about; someone had brough it in and left it, he explained; he had had every intentio of destroying it; it was a scurrilous sheet.

"Scurrilous! Scurrilous! Scurrilous!" ground out th horrid buzz saw, to the jangling of my nerves.

"I don't think it'll bother you any more now," soothe Doctor Read, applying a small square of cheesecloth t my mouth as I lay extended, weak, limp and white; h referred to the tooth.

He watched me narrowly as I went out.

"May I take it?" I asked stonily.

"Take what?"

"That paper."

"Certainly; by all means, Miss West."

There was a colored maid in the dressing room when I put on my hat. She handed me my hatpins and said something about the weather in a low, musical voice. I longed to pour my sorrows into that girl's ears. I was so bewildered that I did not know what to do. I had never thought it was in dentists' offices that idols were shattered and whole structures of the imagination came crashing to the ground.

A man was in front of me at the ticket-office window when I reached the Subway. As he took the change that was shoved toward him I noticed what an extraordinary hand he had; so white, so slim, so nervous—a distinguished hand! He swept up the pile, turned away; and in the act of shoving in my nickel I glanced up. To the disgust of the official in the window, I failed to take the ticket he offered, but, instead, touched the man before me on the arm.

"Mr. Randall!" I said hoarsely.

Startled exceedingly, he turned. It had been no greeting that I had uttered. He had recognized in it a cry for help.

Out of cavernous darkness the express came rushing with its gleaming headlights; but we let it go and made our way back to daylight and the street.

"I've got to talk to someone," I appealed. "I've got to have some advice. Look at this."

I showed him the paragraph. As he read it he grew red and white by turns. At last he turned and looked at me, and in that voice of his, which was capable of as many gradations of expression as his face, he said simply:

"I can't advise you—in this matter. It—wouldn't be giving—the other fellow—a square deal."

And this was the man mother had said was not a gentleman—this the man at whom that "other fellow" had looked askance because he didn't remember having seen him "anywhere" before!

"Isn't there anybody else?" he resumed with an effort. "How about Mrs. Winslow? Couldn't you go to her?"

I seized upon the suggestion and clung to it.

"I'm not going with you," he said. "I might —— I'd better not go."

I descended alone into the cavern, boarded one of the rushing trains, and in short order reached Mrs. Winslow's house. My heart sank when I saw her motor standing in front of it. It must be luncheon time. She was lunching out. There she was now, on the step! I would snatch a hurried word with her—make an appointment. Her eyes lighted when they fell on me.

"Well, Barbara!" she said, saw my agitation, and stopped.

Before I could speak she laid her hand on my arm. I could feel the magnetic current of those fingers through her glove and my sleeve.

"Come in," she said quietly, and turned back to the house.

"Oh, no!" I cried in dismay, being by this time well versed in the paramount importance of engagements and hours to the class of society in which Mrs. Winslow moved.

Nothing short of a death in the family would have kept mother from a bridge party; or, in fact, any appointment made weeks ahead and written down on her pad.

For answer Mrs. Winslow drew her arm through mine, while the footman pressed the bell, and the door swung open.

"You'll be late," I protested. "Or you'll miss it altogether."

"What does that matter?" she returned; and I could detect a faint trace of scorn in the beautiful curve of her lips. "Eldredge shall send a telephone message for me. Come upstairs."

No sooner had the door closed upon us two than all the lines of her proud figure seemed to melt. She turned toward me eagerly, and there was such a look in her dark eyes as I had seen in the eyes of Italian women nursing their babies on the curb. I threw myself into her arms headlong and crumpled up upon her breast.

Not until she had kissed and comforted me, called me "darling"—not sentimentally, but naturally—and quieted me in her arms, did she sit down on the sofa, indicate a big chair for me to draw up near her, and ask me what my trouble was. I unfolded the paper, which I still held, and handed it to her open at the paragraph that referred to Allan Denning. She read it, laid the sheet down on her knee, and remained silent.

Confirmed in my apprehensions by the fact that she withheld comment, I broke into an impromptu defense of the subject of the attack. I pleaded his cause from the beginning in a tumult of broken words and disordered phrases. I talked until I was out of breath, and all the time I realized that I convinced neither her nor myself. I broke off in the middle of a sentence; my lips quivered. I knew I was beaten, and I felt bruised.

As I searched her face for fresh courage I was startled by her resemblance to the portrait. The same compelling look, that gripped and lifted you! Oh, the insight that had pinioned that look on canvas! . . . I felt that we were no longer two in that room, but three. . . . Neither his own will power, nor yet doors nor windows, could keep John Randall out!

"I've always felt sure," Mrs. Winslow said, "that something would save you from the catastrophe of marriage with Allan Denning. It's happened to come from outside; but it might just as well have come from within. You're such a straight thinker—about the straightest I've ever met. You would have ended by realizing that there was no ground upon which you and he could stand together. The things you hold essential he can never grasp the meaning of. You can't expect him to, any more than you can expect him to decipher words written in an unknown tongue."

"Then," I faltered, "the opinion—of the person—who wrote that paragraph—is the same as yours?"

"Essentially it is," she answered. "He's very charming to meet and very good-looking, but you can't get away from the fact that he's a poor thing! If he had great virtues you could forgive him for having great faults. He has neither. Why, Barbara! It would take a hundred of him to make one of you! His nature has an altogether different consistency from yours. It's thin and insipid!"

He Murmured a Hasty Apology for Having the Paper About

"But is he really a fortune hunter?" I asked. "Is he so despicable as that?"

"Quite," she affirmed. "When he was staying with us at Westbury in June he was very attentive to my daughter Ruth. However"—sighing—"Ruth knows how to take care of herself."

My cheeks blazed.

"He said he despised her!" I cried.

"Perhaps he did," she returned; "but he proposed marriage to her none the less."

Words half forgotten came back to me: "I stay here because—because that's the kind of thing we plotters and schemers do. If I'd come in contact—years ago—with a few girls like you I'd have been out of that class long ago. Won't you—help me—to get out of it now?"

Was it after this that he had proposed to the Alvord girl, and been rejected? He had not moved over to us for four days. Had he even then been laying the foundation for plotting and scheming in a fresh channel in case of his failure in this? Was that why he had come to see me in the intervals of his pursuit?

"What shall I do?" I cried. "How shall I tell him?"

"In the fewest possible words," she advised. "Avoid anything in the nature of a scene. You could leave it to your mother, of course."

"That would be cowardly," I replied. "After all, it's my business."

"You're no shirker!" she commented.

When I left her the only thing I had omitted to confide to her was the incident of my meeting with John Randall. Throughout our talk his name had not been mentioned.

Mother was annoyed with me, and her indictment held two counts: First, that I had gone out without a maid; and, second, that I had remained away for hours without notifying her. She had had three "days" to take me to, and my remiss behavior was the topic of our conversation all the afternoon.

It did not occur to her to inquire into the cause of my prolonged absence. Poor mother lived in a confusing world, where phenomena happened arbitrarily, without rime or reason—when they happened at all. When her mental sun set it dropped with a thud below the horizon, unhampered by any natural laws. Therefore, she never got below the outer layer of things.

I went to a dance that evening as usual; and no sooner had I entered the ballroom than I was aware of Allan Denning—the whole five feet eleven of him—leaning against a foolish, frivolous wall of white and gold. Blue of eye, bronze of head, square of shoulders, imposing of height and bulk—all these advantages I conceded him; only so complete had been my disillusionment that I didn't care a snap of my finger any more. They meant exactly nothing to me now.

How lately I had thought him out of his element in a ballroom! I remembered curiously that the blue of his eyes had seemed to me like the shadows on snow when the sun was shining. I had associated him with out of doors. I now saw that I had complicated matters which were, in fact, essentially simple. If Allan had belonged out of doors he would have been there! That was his true element—this his natural setting; here he lived and moved and had his being—amid the artificiality, the champagne, the powder and the pearls.

I might as well tell him right then and there, and get it over. The circumstances were conducive to the avoidance of any sort of scene. He saw me and approached.

"I haven't got the hang of this new step yet," he said easily; "but shall we make a stab at it?"

To his amazement I answered, so low that no one else could hear:

"Allan, something has happened—to convince me—that you don't really care for me. It was—a thing I saw in Gossip. I wanted to tell you—right out—as soon as possible. I only saw it this morning. This is my very first chance."

He paused, thunderstruck, and then muttered, incredulous:

"You don't mean to say you place any reliance on that—vile slander!"

"It's been substantiated," I returned quietly, and looked him steadily in the eyes—those eyes that, so far as I was concerned, might just as well have been stones. They dropped before mine.

With an effort he pulled himself together and bent his handsome head.

"Barbara!" he began. "Little girl! Don't let anyone tell you I'm not crazy about you! Come with me somewhere—anywhere—where I can explain."

"What's the use, Allan?" I returned sadly. "It wouldn't do a bit of good. I've made up my mind."

"Not"—he gasped—"not to throw me over?"

"Just that!" was my grave reply. "After talking with Mrs. Barton Winslow."

He blanched to the roots of his hair. Then he noticed a group of men near the door observing us rather narrowly.

"We can't discuss this here," he whispered hurriedly. "If you won't come outside, dance with me, will you? Only once round! People are looking. They can see that something's up."

I stared, trying to understand him. Either he knew me so little as not to take me seriously, or else he was proposing

(Concluded on Page 101)

THE SOUND OF MILLSTONES

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FOR five years now he had been looking through the dingy pawnshop window into Second Avenue, and of that time there had not been one month, one week, one day even, but he had been gnawed by a terrible, relentless apathy.

Outside, the avenue ran past the shop southward in a boiling rapid of life. Overhead the elevated clanged by in a continuous rolling, like drums. The line of street hawkers on the curb opposite, with their push-carts loaded with vegetables, with socks, with bed and bedding; the slatternly women and dingy men who swarmed about them, like flies swarming about refuse; the grimy children stumbling against the legs of passers-by; the stuffy look of old furniture places and delicatessen shops; the garish red and white parasols flaunting above stores—all this left an evil sight in his eyes, as there might be an evil taste in his mouth after drinking polluted water.

About the shop itself there was something of a dark and shameful intimacy that appalled him—its dim light; its booths for the reception of customers of the better class; its heavy, shining safe; its scales for weighing wedding rings and jewelry; and worst of all, its license, signed and countersigned by the city officials, that took away from the store its character of being a business and hinted at its being a base predatory thing, having to pay a manner of blackmail for its very existence.

"I Want to Go Away. I'm Sick of the City. I'm Sick of the Pawnshop"

No matter how he turned, something crossed his sight that shamed him. There in the window were the unredeemed pledges offered for sale; women's dresses, relics of ancient glorious days, pledged with a pang of pride and lost in agony; blankets that someone had bought to keep warm of nights and now must go cold without; threescore wedding rings thrust carelessly on a stick; a violin worn where the chin and cheek had cuddled, so lovingly and often had its owner played it; a heap of children's silver presents thrown together carelessly and blackening with tarnish—none of these things were, to his eyes, the stock of legitimate commerce. They were shreds of souls, flayed and torn off in moments of dark tragedy.

A steady stream of customers flowed in and out of his place. An occasional Italian, a few Poles and Magyars, some of his own race, though these were few. For the most part they were the Russian folks of the vicinity—Little Russians, Esthonians, Courlanders and Finns, whitish haired, heavily built, stolid, with dumb eyes. They brought in their clothes, their tools, their little jewelry; and because Ben Harris was generous with loans, was ready to grant extensions of time, and was not overstrict about interest, they liked him. Their stolid eyes would light up with a touch of appreciation and they would nod heavily and say: "Ben Harris! That's one good Jew. If they were all like him in Russia there would be no trouble; no pogroms; no Black Hundreds. Ben is all right."

But he could no longer feel even the thrill of helping out these people, of being as generous as possible toward them. Apathy was eating at his mind and heart as a disease might eat away the body.

Five years now, since he had come out of school, he had been telling his father he wanted to do something in the country, farming preferably. His father had listened carefully, trying to understand.

"But you can't make a good living in the country," old Aaron Harris had told him. "The farmers complain. There isn't anything. Why not business? Why not? Why not?"

One could understand old Aaron Harris saying that, because he was a good and religious man. Following his creed, he was as strict as a Karaite, and no Sabbath of his adult age had passed without his baring his soul in the synagogue. There, hooded, in his striped robe of white and black, he was a prophet and a great man among his race. And because of that, in Kiev, where he had lived as a young man, he had been almost martyred by his race's enemies. He had been forced to huckster and bargain, to let no opportunity for making a penny go by, in order that he might have some single thing solid beneath him—the solidity of money. For him two things existed—the dark mystery of religion and the stark fact of commerce. For him there was no borderland of subtleties, no obscure human tragedies. He stood up with his strong hooked nose and his long, strong, iron-black beard, and he faced the mystery of the next world and the fact of this boldly and courageously.

"For why?" he asked again about the country. "We're not a farming people. We're a business people."

"Not always," his son answered him.

"But why?" old Aaron persisted. "Look at your brothers, how well they are doing! Stephen with his dentistry business. And look at Sam. He has two barber shops and three bootblack stands and the hat-checking in five hotels. And you—you've this business, and will have it when I'm gone. Fine business too. Good situation."

He couldn't tell the old man he didn't want the shop. The father was proud of the shop, which he had built up against a terrible struggle with poverty. But his mother understood. She had come from one of the rural communities in the Crimea, and there was a strain of Tartar blood in her. One saw that from the marked slant to her eyes and her high cheek bones. To her he would speak of the country.

"Fine horses and fine dogs!" she would breathe in ecstatic memory. "Blue grass and the sun on it, and trees! Ay, and the lapping of the water on the Black Sea. I know! I know!"

After her speaking like that, he would go over to Bryant Park, and the look of the grass and the trees with the birds clamoring in them would awaken a terrible nostalgia in his heart.

Perhaps it was the strain the mother had bequeathed him that awoke in him the burning desire for wide free spaces and clean air. Perhaps it was nothing but the ancient country spirit in him that his people had possessed before the Temple walls had crumbled and the Babylonian king had driven them into narrow ghettos and decaying cities. But whatever it was, sitting in that dim city park, with Second Avenue behind him, grim and sordid, and Third Avenue before him, lethargic and deserted, he could see as on a biograph screen visions no foundation for which had ever entered his life: the free movements of horses and the eager jumping of dogs, grass bending before the wind, and the wind from the sea, salt, stinging, turbulent. The visions would trouble him.

He would return home after an hour of that and his mother would talk to him.

"What is it?" she would ask. "What is it, little dove?"

"I want to go away," he would tell her. "I'm sick of the city. I'm sick of the pawnshop. If I can, I want to work somewhere away."

She would look at him carefully, at his slim, strong figure, heavy about the shoulders and the hips; at his broad, blunt hands covered with swarthy hair. From those she would glance into his face, handsome in its dark heavy way, with its strong nose and strong chin and big black eyes with earnestness in them. She would nod her head with pride.

"No one in the country could work like you," she would say. "You are strong and you want to. There is no one as fitted."

"And I would get on with the people, little mother?" he would ask eagerly.

"Why shouldn't you?" she would answer him evasively, but there would be a quick little shadow of fear in her eyes.

"But the old man!" he would object to himself. He knew how it would hurt the old pawnbroker for his son to leave him, and he shrank from it.

"Yes, the old man!" the mother would say with a touch of pathetic tenderness. There was too much fine loyalty in her to be true to her son at the expense of her husband. No, she would not counsel. If the son were to do anything, he should do it himself.

Yes, the old man was the obstacle, he thought to himself. If it hadn't been for the fear of hurting the old man, he would have been in the country three years ago. But in the intervals of attending customers in the pawnshop, of appraising their pledges, of writing out pawn tickets and drying them in sand, and of handing across the counter greasy and torn green bills, he would think of how he might accomplish his dream. There was always in his mind the memory of the night he had met Hosea Tucker, the Long Island farmer, at the restaurant of the Metropole. The farmer was with Regan, one of the bosses of the district. They had been to school together. Regan called the young pawnbroker over and introduced him. Regan had the habit of promiscuous introductions.

"Ben," he announced, "meet my friend, Mr. Tucker. He's a farmer."

Harris glanced shrewdly at the farmer's face. He was a short, squat man, with a reddish-brown beard, reddish-brown hair, and a sly, uncertain look in his eyes. There was a pretentiousness of dress about him, as though he wished to show how much at home he was in a city restaurant, that jarred on the pawnbroker.

"I've just been telling Regan here," the farmer said a little loudly, "that I don't understand why a lot of you young city fellows don't come out and farm. Why, look at you, as sturdily built as any countryman—and more so, I tell you, more so. Aren't you ashamed to spend your life in a store?"

"I am," Harris answered with a smile.

"Why wouldn't you come out and work on a farm?"

"I would." Harris' smile became a trifle longing.

"If you would, you've come to the right man. I'll call your bluff. Come out and work for me." He banged the table.

"You mightn't want me." Harris' smile became a little sardonic.

"What's wrong with you?" The farmer raised his head and looked at him with a sort of elder's contempt. "I don't see anything wrong with you."

"There's nothing wrong with me," the pawnbroker smiled on, "but I'm a Jew."

"Look you here"—the farmer waved a fat hand: "That doesn't cut any ice with me. I'm not prejudiced about that. No, sir! I'm free from that kind of thing. A man's a man in my eyes. Why, do you know"—he raised his voice—"do you know that I've had rabbis come out and preach in our church? Yes, sir! Rabbis! That's how prejudiced I am."

"Well, maybe I'll take you up on that," Harris told him.

And over and over again as he sat in the seat by the window he pictured to himself what life out there would be like. Would the man keep his promise? Not a trustworthy man, Harris judged, but hardly a man to go back on a boast. Vanity would hold him to his bond. Perhaps some day ——

A phrase out of Isaiah, that fierce, terrible old man, came to him once or twice as he dreamed there. Some prophecy of the fall of Zion, that there would be lacking the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, and there would be lacking the sound of millstones and the light of the candle. How true that had become, he thought with a shade of bitterness. The sound of millstones! And that brought into his mind the vision of corn sprouting green on the blue Asian hills, of its turning little by little into a faint blue and then ripening goldenly. He could hear the whish of the sickle as it was cut, and the thrumming of flails at the threshing; the dull rumble of millstones as it was ground for baking, a loud and harshly harmonious sound that typified the being and end of all agriculture. That was gone. And gone, too, was the mellow golden glint from the tents and houses in the nighttime. The old habits and occupations had gone from his people. No longer were they shepherds in the hills, no longer tillers of the land, no longer owners of fleet horses and sleek kine. Now they tended sordid shops, like this shop of his, this bargaining place for tragedy, and from the hills and valleys of Beulah land they had swarmed into the sordid cañon of Second Avenue. The sound of millstones was silenced and extinct was the lighted candle!

The door of the shop opened with a hollow ping from the bell at the top and an old Italian woman entered. Her hair was white, but she was whiter still in the face, and its lack of color was made more startling by the still bright hues of her faded shawl. She did not lift her feet from the ground, but dragged them across the floor. Harris rose and went to the counter. She pushed a book across to him.

"Three dollars," she said—"three dollars on the book."

He picked the thing up and looked at it, a faded octavo volume, bound cheaply in brown and lettered cheaply in gold. Already the gilt was falling from it, disclosing gray patches in the letters. Lives of the Saints it seemed to be.

"Three dollars?" he said wonderingly. She answered nothing. She seemed to choke silently.

He looked at the flyleaf: "To Beppo Galli, from Father Tom, on his first communion, May 1, 1889." Beppo Galli? Beppo Galli? Who the deuce was Beppo Galli? Suddenly it dawned on him—and his skin pricked with a shiver, as though on a June day a snowing wind had enveloped him strangely—that the Beppo Galli of the book was Beppo Galli the gunman who was to be electrocuted for murder on the morrow. They looked at each other tragically across the counter.

"My boy," she said.

"God!" he breathed.

"Three dollars on the book," she pleaded, still with dignity. "I'll come back for it. Yes, sure. I'll come back. My boy's book."

He couldn't pick the words to say to her. He was hypnotized for the moment by the figure before him, so ghastlily tragic it was.

"I go up to-day," she went on in a trembling monotone. "I bring him something from his mother. A little bottle of wine. A few cakes. Just something from me. Three dollars. I'll come back. I'll come back for the book."

He got a ten-dollar bill from his pocket and thrust it toward her.

"I'll come back for the book. Give me the ticket, the ticket for the book."

He handed the book back.

"I can't," he said. "That's all right."

She began crying softly and speaking as if to herself.

"And from a Jew!" he heard her say. He slipped away to the back of the shop and stayed there until he heard the ping of the bell.

His father came up behind him.

"Not business, Benny," he reproved gently; "that was not business."

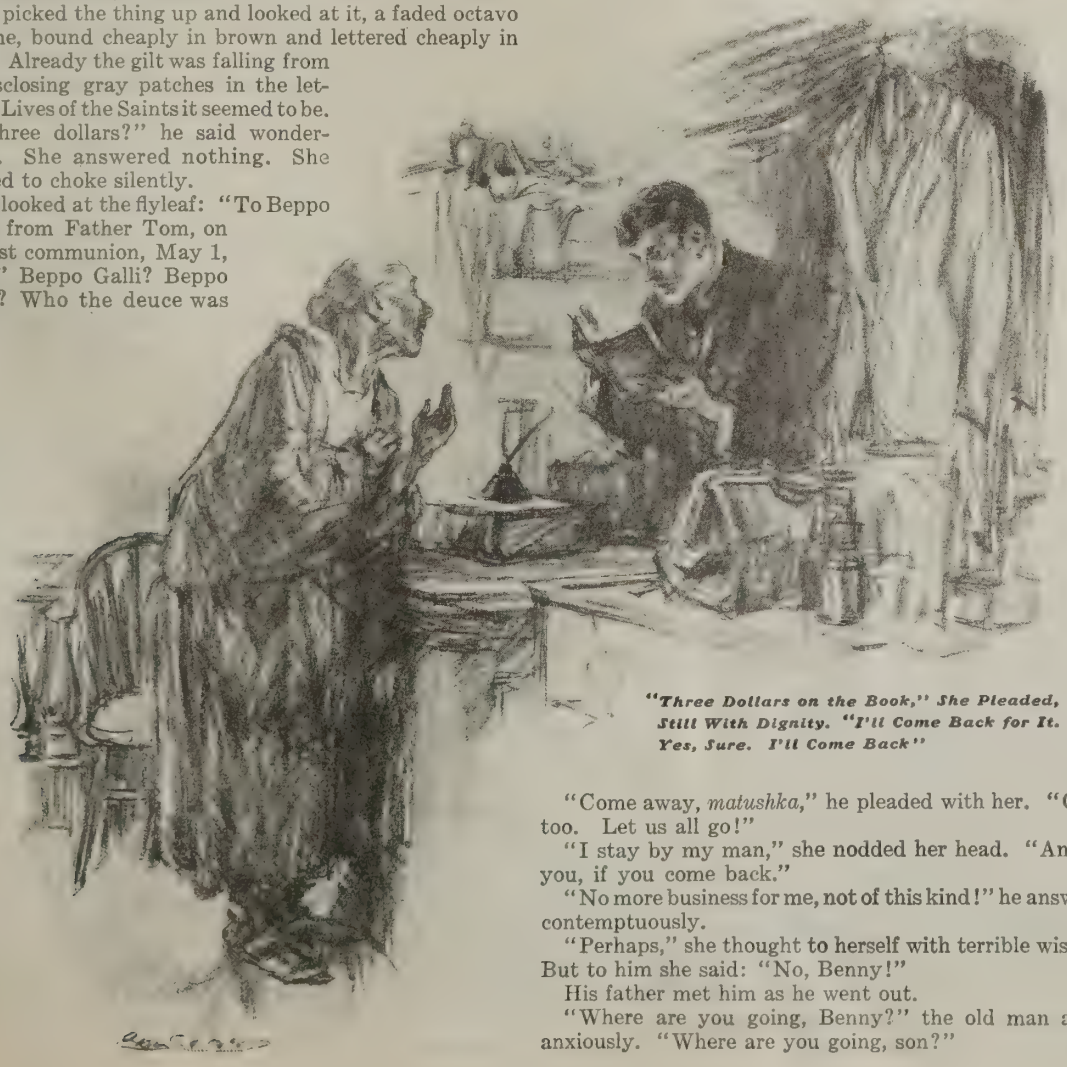
"How not?" the son answered shortly.

"To give her the money, Benny, that was fine. I do it myself. But, Benny, keep the book—you get the money back. That was business."

"That was business, was it?" He went toward the stairs at the back. "Well then, I'm through with business," he uttered savagely.

His mother came to him in his room, when he was packing a bag.

"Going away, *galoupshik*, going away?" she crooned. "The dogs and the horses! The wind amidst the grass!"



"Three Dollars on the Book," She Pleaded, Still With Dignity. "I'll Come Back for It. Yes, Sure. I'll Come Back"

"Come away, *matushka*," he pleaded with her. "Come too. Let us all go!"

"I stay by my man," she nodded her head. "And for you, if you come back."

"No more business for me, not of this kind!" he answered contemptuously.

"Perhaps," she thought to herself with terrible wisdom. But to him she said: "No, Benny!"

His father met him as he went out.

"Where are you going, Benny?" the old man asked anxiously. "Where are you going, son?"

"I am Going to Ask You to Marry Me, Mildred," He Told Her With Simple Directness

He dropped the bag for an instant and threw his arms out exultingly. His voice rang like a bell.

"I am going away, *batushka*," he answered. "My little father, I am going away. I am going to hear the sound of millstones."

II

IF YOU pass along the sea road from New York to Riverhead you cannot miss the old Tucker homestead at Setauket. A little to the left you will find it, a square-built white house, low-eaved, heavy-porched, hemmed about by tall, slim elm trees. Right and left of it the ground rolls like a heavy-swelling sea, rising back of it to a sheer brown earth cliff, beneath which is the Sound, a white pebbly beach and a haze of blue water, with the dun vista of Connecticut beyond it, like a bank of threatening cloud—and always something between them: a cargo boat with a smudge of brown smoke from her stacks; a schooner with her four jibs bellying to the breeze; a sloop, scuppers down; a line of barges like a school of porpoise.

On the square-built colonial porch Hosea Tucker received him. There was something in the man's foxlike eyes and hair that jarred on Harris more in his new surroundings than it had done in the Metropole. He seemed out of place in all this fresh world, so confiding, so natural, so sweet. The old farmer had thrown his head back slyly.

"So you came down for a summer holiday," he said shrewdly. "You came down to put one over on old Hosea."

"I came down, Mr. Tucker, to work," Harris answered succinctly. "I came down for no holiday. I'll work as hard in winter as I'll work now. You offered me a job and here I am. Do you want me?"

"Hosea Tucker never went back on his word," the farmer told him. "If you want work you'll have it. When I say a thing I mean it."

"That suits me," Harris told him.

It suited Tucker, too, after a few days, when he saw how much in earnest young Harris was. He showed him about the big byres, where the dozen cows were that were to be cleaned every day. He taught him how to milk them, and showed him the different breeds—the big, fine-boned Ayreshires, dappled in white and red; the tractable Jerseys, yellow like buttercups; the Holsteins, rugged cattle and great milkers, with their irregular markings; the few Dutch, with their peculiar belts of white. He showed how to harness and drive a team, for part of his work, after helping to gather the garden produce, was to drive in to the station. That and a thousand jobs constituted his day.

"You're wanting to work on a farm," Hosea told him. "Well, it ain't no picnic. What do you think of it?"

"It suits me," was all Harris answered.

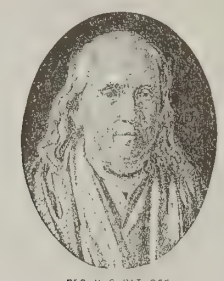
On Second Avenue he had been somewhat of a dude in dress, inclining, with a touch of Oriental grandiosity, to marvelous vests and tight-fitting clothes, and it astonished him how glad he was to put all that aside and clothe himself in a flannel shirt and khaki trousers. He had never believed a human being could be so tired as he was after a day's work about the farm. At nine he was asleep in the low, gabled attic that had been given him, a bare, healthy room, with the salt Sound breezes blowing through it. On Second Avenue he had been in the habit of lying awake at night full of bitterness, but here something was lulling him to sleep with the drowsy cadence of a cradle song.

"The sound of millstones," he would say to himself.

He had come down with a peculiar feeling toward the people he was coming among, the feeling of a sentry who

(Continued on Page 102)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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War Prices

FOOD in the United States is not likely to be much cheaper before harvest. If Germany should shut off exports a decline might be expected; but few unbiased people are building upon such an expectation. If the United States were engaged extensively in war a still further rise in all commodity prices would be probable.

Present prices of food are due much less to shortage of production than to war. Last year's production, though notably less than that of the year before, would not have brought the present prices if it had fallen in normal times. In spite of all economies, voluntary and enforced, war on the European scale seems to involve no decrease in consumption of foodstuffs by the total belligerent populations, and perhaps to involve an absolute increase; while the great expansion of currency and credits forces all prices upward. Pretty nearly every basic commodity, the world over, is now selling at a level that would have been thought impossible a few years ago.

This is where war financing and war economics have been least successful. They have found money and materials on a prodigious scale, but they have not prevented a huge and calamitous price derangement. The trend has been upward from the first; and another great nation buying for war and issuing credits would probably accelerate the movement. It is contended that if every belligerent nation had resorted to taxation in the most drastic possible fashion, thereby meeting a very considerable part of the cost of the war, prices would have been much less affected and the cost of the war would thereby have been notably decreased.

On the economic side, war prices present a problem still to be solved.

Something Else to Buy

A BRITISH committee that is promoting thrift has been taking opinions as to the desirability of dispensing with all retail-shop-window displays—the idea being, of course, to remove all suggestions for spending money except such as come from the natural promptings of cold and hunger. Opinions of London merchants are decidedly unfavorable to the idea, and it does undoubtedly go to an unreasonable extreme.

On the other hand, in times of peace the suggestions to spend outnumber the suggestions to save a hundred to one. Any retail street offers to the eye ten thousand ways of disposing of the money in one's pocket; while if one seeks a way of keeping the money he has to hunt it up.

Recently some well-known men in New York organized a company that proposes to buy government and municipal bonds, deposit them with a trustee, and issue against them savings certificates in denominations as low as ten dollars, which, in coöperation with department stores, cigar shops, drug stores, and so on, will be offered for sale as nearly as possible wherever people go to spend money, so the man or woman with ten spendable dollars will have right at hand the suggestion that it may be safely and conveniently disposed of without exchanging it for merchandise.

The chief objection to the plan is that ten dollars is too high a minimum unit. Probably a combination of savings banks could work out a scheme whereby savings certificates for as little as one dollar could be had in any city as conveniently, say, as a bundle of cigars or a round of drinks—and the fact that they were obtainable could be kept constantly in the public's eye.

True, there would be little or no direct profit to those who issued the certificates or sold them, but the indirect profit, in the long run, might be large.

Food Riots

AT A TIME when the supply of food in the country was sufficient for its consumptive needs, and of various sorts of food there was a fair surplus for export, many poor families in New York, Philadelphia, and even Chicago, were actually going hungry because their income would not procure a fair meal of the simplest, commonest kinds of food. On the East Side in New York potatoes and onions became unattainable luxuries for enraged housewives, who threatened to wreck the City Hall.

That situation was a fault of distribution; and with any sort of adequate organization of food distribution it would never have happened. It is safe to say that if the supplying of potatoes and onions to the East Side had been in the hands of the Oil Trust, or the Steel Trust, there might have been mutterings over high prices; but there would have been no famine and no food riots.

Blaming food speculators only touches the surface. Commission merchants reported that farmers were holding potatoes, for which they were offered ten dollars a barrel, in hope of getting twelve. And when farmers held potatoes at ten dollars a barrel they were simply trying to get even for the years when they sold their potatoes and onions at less than cost of production, or saw them rot because they would not pay marketing charges. In those years producers were victimized by a haphazard distributing system.

Congress and various state and city governments immediately launched investigations, and a good many radical remedies, such as embargoes and commandeering food supplies, were proposed or undertaken. We have long believed that the right and only permanent cure for a bad system of distributing foodstuffs lies in coöperation.

Coöperation by producers has been tried many times, and has always been helpful when it was intelligently managed. Coöperation by consumers has also been tried many times, and has failed much oftener than it has succeeded, though abroad it has scored great successes. But, even without consumers' coöperation, intelligently managed coöperation by producers could so far control the business as to cure its worst faults.

Newspaper Men

THE New York Stock Exchange has solemnly condemned the employment by brokers of newspaper reporters for the purpose of getting tips or advance information of news developments. This is generally regarded as a righteous judgment; and, with it as a text, many fine little homilies have been printed concerning the sacred duty of the reporter to preserve inviolate all the trusts that are reposed in him. He must not betray a confidential source of news; above all, he must not betray his paper. It is generally noted, also, that, with amazingly rare exceptions, the reporter does live up to the exacting code of honor which these homilies prescribe.

All of which reminds us that some years ago the proprietor of a very rich and powerful metropolitan paper sent for a young reporter whose enterprise and ability had attracted his attention. The proprietor said he was about to appoint a new financial editor and had considered the young man very favorably for that responsible position; but inasmuch as the financial editor of his paper would have it always in his power to influence stock-market operations, and would be constantly exposed to temptations to use that power for somebody's gain, he wished a specific pledge that the appointee would have no connection with any broker or operator in stocks, no source of gain or income whatever outside his salary, and would never, on any account, buy or sell stocks. To the man—he added—who would discharge the exacting and difficult duties of the position with sound judgment, unremitting industry and scrupulous fidelity, he would pay fifty dollars a week.

Much is expected of the reporter—among other things, the ability to live mostly on wind, with occasional editorial commendation of his honorable record in resisting temptations to augment his modest wage by connections which the editor would disapprove.

The French Income Tax

IN JULY, 1914, France adopted the sketch, or skeleton, of an income tax. The law has now been amended, reducing the exemption to six hundred dollars and increasing the rates on a graduated scale. Incomes between six hundred and sixteen hundred dollars pay one per cent; those from sixteen to twenty-four hundred pay two per cent—and so on until the maximum rate of ten per cent is reached at thirty thousand dollars.

Compared with the British rate of twenty-five per ce on incomes above ten thousand dollars this is a moder impost; yet the low exemption will bring within the sco of the law a great part of that portion of the populati which is able materially to support the government. T exemption is one-fifth of ours, or less than a fifth in t case of a married man.

British experience shows that a tax which catch incomes above the bread-and-butter line and accretions the value of property may be made the mainstay of a go ernment's fiscal system. Probably France is moving that direction.

Our income tax is only a sketch, or skeleton. It is tr that the mainstay of the fiscal system of the United Stat is the general property tax, which produces much mo public revenue than any other single source. The amou at present is probably a billion and a half dollars, and in great many cases this tax falls more heavily on people small means than a graduated income tax with a very lo exemption would. We do not let off the person of sm means if he is a property owner. Nevertheless, the Gover ment ought to have a return as to all incomes above a tho sand dollars a year. The data would supply the basis f a better fiscal system than we now have.

New Competitors

THE great prosperity this country has enjoyed for tw years was thrown into its lap without effort on its par War gave us virtually a rich monopoly. We have bee selling almost without competition to customers who we obliged to buy on whatever terms they could get. It is doub ful whether our industrial equipment, on the whole, is mo efficient or better organized than it was three years ago.

Meantime industry among our chief competitors ha undergone a revolution for which there is no parallel. Eng land and France, especially, have been compelled to ove haul all their processes of production and distribution in way never before thought of. They are unquestionabl manufacturing and distributing with much greater eff ciency than before the war. Perhaps the most significar item in our exports is the one embracing labor-savin American machinery. Though the drastically reorganize plant is now largely engaged with war trade, it will b available for peace trade.

This, in our opinion, is the outstanding fact. Our tre mendous gold reserve and strong financial position ge erally are advantages, certainly. The rebuilding tha Europe will have to do, possibly with a shortage of capita and even of labor, will give us certain immediate advan tages. But our relative position in international trad after the war will finally turn on whether we can make an market the goods more cheaply than our big competitor can. Probably our domestic position will finally turn in n small degree upon that question.

We ought to be systematically going after the deadwoo in production and distribution. Cursory investigations b the Federal Trade Commission have indicated that ther is plenty of it.

War and Socialism

IT IS clearly the judgment of France and England tha state socialism affords an effective means of carrying o a great war. Both countries have gradually extended stat control over the activities of their subjects until, at pres ent, practically all such activities as directly affect th conduct of the war are pretty completely in the hands o the state. This is so generally accepted that a few week ago, when the British Government took over managemen of all the coal mines in England, the fact attracted onl perfunctory, matter-of-course notice.

Both countries are evidently well satisfied with th experiment; but its acceptability in normal times is a doubtful as ever.

If the problem before the United States was to see hov many tons of steel rails it could turn out in a given tim the country would, no doubt, do well to adopt state social ism. By suppressing all individual preferences, and ruth lessly directing every energy of the nation to one end, i could turn out more rails in a given time than by an other plan. But, in working out the problems that con front a democracy in normal times, comparatively fre play of individual choice and inclination has a considerabl value, even on the strictly economic side. A well-ordere state socialism would probably have "pinched" Alexande Graham Bell for fooling away valuable time in an attemp to transmit sound over a wire.

Even the material needs of a country at war are simpli fied and standardized. Its emotional and intellectual need are simplified and standardized to a greater degree. Lif all round tends to conform to the same pattern. So stat control is tolerable. When the dire pressure of war i removed the struggle for individual choice and expressio will return and the state will contract to something like it former dimensions. There will, no doubt, be higher organi zation of industry than before the war; but it will b voluntary.

UP AND DOWN

By the Author of Down and Up

MANY of us like to skim the last chapter of a book first, so that we may be sure of the "happy ending" before we start. Some canny authors, recognizing this trait of human nature, build their tales hind side foremost, to accommodate their readers. But my present story, though it is told backward, was not so recounted by my design. The Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST asked me to prepare Down and Up, which was printed in the Christmas issue. In January he suggested that I write Up and Down. I have narrated previously how I climbed out of the depths; how, while in the penitentiary, I made my fountain pen a key and unlocked the barred gate to freedom and opportunity. Now I shall tell of my fall from the heights. Down and Up was the story of a hard, successful fight. This is a confession of the more desperate preceding struggle that ended in disgraceful failure.

No man with self-respect bares his shame proudly or flaunts it before his acquaintances. Rather, he would choose to bury his dishonor in oblivion among strangers. I should not have written Down and Up on my own initiative. I published my prison experience because the editor assured me it would encourage disheartened men and women. I have proof that my Christmas article accomplished its purpose. Hundreds of readers have thanked me for the message of inspiration. It was a tonic of hope that saved the life of a cripple who intended to kill himself the day the Old Year died. He told me in a letter that I had restored his grit. So, though now all the world knows I spent three years and a half in the penitentiary, and though there never can be an emollient of forgetfulness to soothe the smart of my memories, I am glad I wrote Down and Up.

The present story has a purpose too. It is much harder to confess utter failure than to admit the grinding discouragements that finally smoothed the way to success. I would prefer to blot out of my recollection this Chapter I, which in chronological order should have preceded the installment of my experience already told. But the editor has shown me that Up and Down is the complement of Down and Up—that it will help men and women to solve some difficult problems of living. Therefore, I make my confession of failure. But I would refuse to tell about it to-day if I were not earning a thousand dollars a month, and if I were not richer in friendships than I ever have been before. That's the happy ending. Now I'll start the story at the beginning. I had been practicing law in a big Western city about four years. Among my few clients was a little manufacturing company, owned jointly by two men. They had an irreconcilable business disagreement. Both were stubborn. Neither would yield. Thus deadlocked, the partners summoned me to their office. Each refused to sell out to the other; but one suggested that I buy his interest. I knew the concern had been profitable; yet I declined. I said I had no money.

A Proposal

THE partner who made the proposal was thoroughly disgusted with his experiences in association with the other member of the firm. He blurted out that he was "sick and tired" of the business. He offered to take a small sum in cash and to accept my notes for the balance of his share in the company. He knew I owned an equity in a store building. He asked only that I secure him as best I could by giving a second mortgage on the property.

As impulsively as he made the offer, I agreed to buy. We drew the contracts on the spot. Within an hour after I arrived at my client's office I was half owner of a shop in which were manufactured patented electrical specialties I knew practically nothing about, except that they had been selling at a good profit for several years. From boyhood I had a natural ineptitude for mechanics. I lacked even elemental training in electrical engineering. I never had been in business of any kind before. Yet, when I went home that night with the bill of sale in my pocket, I felt confident the door of opportunity had opened and that I was well started on the road to wealth.

I never had enjoyed the practice of law; probably because after four years at the bar I was making little more than enough money to live on. I had grown tired of being poor. Therefore, I closed my downtown office with no regrets and moved my desk to the factory.

Very soon I realized why my predecessor in the firm had been so willing to quit a business that was making him two hundred dollars a month. Eager as I was to get rich, and though the company prospered amazingly despite its handicaps, I should have been glad any day in the course of the next few weeks if I could have sold my half share at cost. My partner was the most exasperating man I ever knew. He had invented the specialty we manufactured. The device was crude; but he became obsessed by a delusion that he was the peer of Edison as an electrical wizard. His egotism in this respect would not have been so offensive, however, if he had not considered himself a Solomon. As a corollary he refused to concede the possibility that I had or ever might acquire any ideas worth listening to.

I spent two years in a hell of self-repression, humiliated continually by indignities. I recognized at the outset that I was ignorant of the business. I worked day and night educating myself. I had a cot in a corner of the office, and often slept there after spending eighteen or twenty hours consecutively in the shop and at my desk. I dug out the answers to the problems I encountered. Then, I soon found, I had to play courtier to the ignoramus, self-crowned king, and to feed him morsels of suggestion tactfully for the nutriment of a notion that he had discovered a new principle of business. My idea, when he had swallowed enough of the pabulum to feel that it was his own conception, would be tested triumphantly. Whereupon my partner would start downtown to buy himself a larger-sized hat.

The company was five years old when I purchased fifty per cent of the stock. But the sales were barely two thousand dollars a month. There were no "sales"—to be exact. Certain customers bought the patented device and recommended it to their neighbors. Slowly the number of names on the ledger increased. The inventor considered it a favor to ship goods to buyers. He peddled his wares from house to house originally, I suppose. But, after getting a few "repeat" orders, he sat back in complacence and waited for the world to come to his dinky office and push money under the door. Prior to my advent, his only concession to the merit of advertising was a bulky catalogue full of pictures and effusive encomiums of his great invention. His own name stuck out conspicuously on every page.

I wasn't looking for glory. I worked for results. I laughed to myself—maybe a little wryly—when my partner claimed all the credit for the improvements I suggested to him. But it galled me that the business was cramped by the necessity of letting him incubate and hatch "original" ideas I had learned were common practice in most factories and offices. I never could induce him to test magazine publicity. Nor was I able to dent his conviction that an accurate cost system was a waste of money. While he basked in the rising sun of affluence, I sweated over my study of office and factory methods, and devised indirect means of advertising our product and of ascertaining with certainty our margin of profit.

Nursing the Young Business

PERHAPS it was good for me to have to overcome the obstacles that stupidity and arrogance put in my way. I learned manufacturing and selling from experience. The business grew fast. I watched over its progress affectionately, as if it were a crippled, anæmic child I was curing of its deformity and nurturing to strength with the food it previously had been denied. There wasn't anything brilliant in my work. I made a lot of mistakes. But the concern that had been stunted for five years shot up in stature and became pretty big in twenty months. I was as proud as I should have been of a lusty boy of mine developing toward manhood. I had no children at home then. I loved my business as if it was my own flesh.

That heart affection for the company, engendered in the course of my early months as a manufacturer, many years later made me a thief. I stole finally because I loved my business so much I could not bear to let it starve. But when danger first threatened the company, after I had been a partner a little more than a year and a half, I fought in its defense with only the legitimate weapons of the law.

The business had grown fourfold in twenty months. Sales were about two thousand dollars a week. The self-conceit of my partner swelled until there was no room in his skull for even a small brain. I did not know then that the man was crazy; though later he was adjudged insane and committed to an asylum. The day I learned he had gone to our bank and surreptitiously checked out fifteen thousand dollars of the firm's money I had a receiver appointed at once to take charge of the company. Thereupon, without realizing it at the time, I jumped from the frying pan into the fire; for the receivership led to the formation of a new business association that eventually ruined me.

The receiver appointed by the judge was a big bank. The head of the trust department took charge of the factory and office. He immediately commenced to take an inventory and to audit the books. My partner floundered in court five or six times; then proposed through his attorney that I buy him out and end the litigation by a settlement. He offered to accept half of the inventory value of the tangible assets, plus half of the cash.

"At Your Old Tricks Again, Bill"

As the fellow already had sequestered nearly all our bank deposit, the balance necessary to get rid of him, if I should allow him to keep the money he had, amounted to only about five thousand dollars. I was very eager to make the deal. He would relinquish to me the old company name, which was more valuable than the machinery and stock. But I had no idea how I could get five thousand dollars. I never before had borrowed money. I realized that no bank was likely to loan so large a sum on my personal note, with the knowledge that a bitter competitor was about to contest with me for customers. I knew, too, that I must have more cash for operating purposes. I needed not five thousand dollars, but ten thousand.

I told the receiver my dilemma. By reason of his custody of the business for several weeks he was familiar with the profits that had been made. He knew the tangible assets were worth in excess of twenty thousand dollars. He offered to supply the five thousand I required to buy out my partner, Schmidt, if I would assign to him one-third of the capital stock in the reorganized company. Further, he agreed to secure the concern a bank loan of five thousand dollars with which to pay wages and expenses and to buy raw material.

The prospect of entering into another partnership was distasteful to me; but prolonged costly litigation was the alternative. I assented. I felt my new associate was driving a sharp bargain, but I reasoned that I should still own two-thirds of the company, which was a sixth more than I had in the old firm. True, my share now would be worth, not counting goodwill, only a little more than thirteen thousand dollars, instead of twenty thousand as it had been valued. But I considered freedom from Schmidt cheaply bought for the sum I was giving up.

My new partner was the antithesis of the man to whom I had been bound. He was keen, suave, well educated, and experienced in business. I felt rather proud of the office system I had installed, but he pointed out its many crudities and faults. He continued in his position as head of the trust department at the bank, yet directed all our company money matters through an accountant whom he put in charge of our books. I recognized my comparative ignorance of such work and very gladly resigned responsibility for the company's finances. I divided my energy about equally between shop superintendence and sales activities. I had learned how to handle men and the way to get customers. Office routine seemed to me relatively unimportant. There never had been any necessity before to spend much of my time on the bookkeeping. The profits of the old firm were so large that all we had to do to keep our bank account growing, prior to the receivership, was comprised in the collection of our accounts for goods sold.

Easy Borrowing

Previously to association with my new partner my experience in banking had been confined to drawing checks and making deposits. I no more should have thought of going to a banker for a big loan than I should have entertained the idea that any other stranger would advance me thousands of dollars without collateral security. I had practiced law in a small way, but I did not know that "commercial paper" actually included the unsecured notes of minor business men whose only assets were their little workshops and stores. It was astonishing to me that my accomplished partner secured our first borrowed five thousand dollars without giving a chattel mortgage on our factory. Equipped merely with a certified statement of our assets and liabilities, he discounted a company note, which only I had indorsed personally, at the bank where he was head of the trust department. I attributed the nonchalance with which the loan was made to his high standing in the financial world.

I was well aware that our company was about to enter upon a trade war with my first partner. I felt sure it would be a mistake to wait for competition, and that we should take the initiative ourselves. I prepared a prospectus of the business I believed we could get. I drew a schedule of approximate prices and costs, based on the larger quantities I was convinced might be sold. Then I laid my plans before my banker associate.

"It is to be expected," I declared, "that Schmidt's first move will be to cut prices. He will try to win over the old customers. It won't occur to him that twenty times as much new business can be developed. I propose that we get the credit with the trade for reducing quotations on the specialty. Thirty-five dollars a thousand should satisfy us; but Schmidt undoubtedly will meet and beat our figures, whatever we quote. Therefore, let's outwit him by cutting prices only to forty dollars a thousand now. He'll offer ten per cent better; that's the way his mind works. Then we'll just drop to his figure, and probably he won't slash again for a while.

"Thirty-six dollars a thousand means over one hundred per cent manufacturing profit. We'll make a lot of money if we spend our energies principally on broadening our list of customers. Even if Schmidt gets half of the old business, our sales will be ten times as big as his if we push out and grow in new directions while he's patting himself on the back because he has fifty per cent of the trade he knows about.

"We can buy mailing lists of all the concerns that are likely to handle or use such a specialty as we manufacture. Once we have a large volume of business, we'll make our goods cheaper than Schmidt can turn out his. It won't cost more than a thousand dollars to circularize and quote fifty thousand prospects. I say we should spend the money at once. If you agree with me we can begin sending out printed matter next week. I have the copy all prepared here. Look it over. Check up my cost estimates. I am sure you will second the motion."

A Policy of Expansion

My partner studied overnight the dossier I handed him. Next day he brought me his decision.

"I concur in your program," he told me crisply; "but it will involve our borrowing a great deal of money. Have you any plan for financing this expansion?"

"Why, the bigger the business we do, the more money we'll have!" I exclaimed. "It's always been that way since I bought my interest in the company."

"Yes," he smiled; "but your previous growth was gradual. Now you purpose to double the shipments in a few months. Don't forget, either, that the old firm received fifty dollars a thousand net. We're cutting the profits in two. It will take twice the quantity of output to make the same amount of money. Your theory is right. We should plan to build a large business based on the lower price and many-times-multiplied volume. But we shall have to go into debt pretty heavily to swing it."

I did not see he was right until he took out his pencil and jotted down some remarkably accurate figures on pay rolls, copper and expenses. He showed me, too, that with goods sold on sixty days' credit we should have to carry on our books so much of the anticipated profit that we might be cramped for cash, though highly prosperous. Reluctantly I abandoned my scheme.

"I suppose we'll have to go slowly, then," I surrendered to his figures.

"No," he countered, to my amazement. "The expansion is legitimate. I am in favor of it. I merely inquired whether or not you had any plans to raise the money. I'll agree to find it for us, provided you will let me buy another sixth interest in the business on the same basis as I purchased my present third. That would make me an equal owner with you."

"I don't understand," I responded. "Twenty-five hundred dollars more wouldn't be enough. Besides, that would be mine personally. You make it clear we might need twenty-five thousand."

Again he smiled.

"I hope we shall require twice, three times, that much before we attain our full growth. The more we owe, the more we shall be making."

"You intend to borrow all that money?" I cried.

"Yes. We'll be very desirable customers for our bank. We have a dull sales season once a year; so we can clean up our debts then, which will suit the bank. We'll be borrowing just to carry raw material, goods in process of manufacture, finished stock and accounts receivable. Our investments in additional machinery, tools and fixtures will be comparatively small. Our net worth now is ample security for another five thousand dollars. I am certain we shall have no difficulty in borrowing seventy-five per cent of any total we may have to carry in merchandise and accounts receivable."

Then I changed my mind. I was afraid of taking the risk of big debts. I felt I should be uncomfortable, even though the company were not actually in danger, if we owed twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. I preferred the steady, safe growth to which I had been accustomed for a year and a half. I said so frankly.

My new partner made me feel like a timid schoolboy. He argued me out of my conservatism by proving in black and white that it was foolish. He was right. I acknowledge that now, as I did then. His reasoning was sound. There was no danger in what he proposed, *per se*. But if I had been stubborn that day I never should have gone to prison. I learned a great deal about finance in the course of the next ten years; but I paid dearly for my knowledge. I should be far richer in money and in self-respect to-day if I was still as ignorant of banking practices as I was in 1900. I could not see the future then. I agreed to my partner's program.

Our business increased as a result of my advertising campaign, just as I had counted on its doing. I never have known what amount Schmidt's competition subtracted from the total volume of sales of the specialty we both made; but the company in which I was half owner soon was shipping more than twice as many devices as we had sent out before the receivership. After the initial big bulge in our orders the growth was steady until the final disgraceful wreck.

As our reorganized business expanded in sales, its debts proportionately increased. The first year we made a fine record financially, however. When our dull season came we promptly reduced our working force and kept the manufactured stock and raw materials low. The three-months lull enabled us to collect our large accounts without putting much on our books. We marked time for ninety days in the shop. Before the end of that period of retrenchment we were able to pay all the money we had borrowed. We had a cash balance remaining of about four thousand dollars. As a result, we stood well with our bank.

I give the credit for this showing largely to my partner. He personally managed all our money matters, as treasurer of the company. At the end of our initial fiscal year he prepared a statement of our assets and liabilities, with a record of earnings, that secured a first-grade rating and a one-step-higher standing as a business concern. I was president of the corporation and thoroughly proud of my position in the business world. I entered the second year with optimism.

No personal friendliness had developed between my new partner and myself. He was a cold-blooded man and seemed to be all brain and no heart. We had nothing in common except our joint operations. We never visited each other's homes. I called him "Mister" and he invariably addressed me in the same way. I did not like him at all; but I admired him a great deal—then. And I appreciated the education in finance that I owed to him. He typified to me the successful, dignified business man. I was proud to be his partner.

The Cold-Weather Slump

Each month our expert accountant took a trial balance. We kept a card record of all stock, which was equivalent to an up-to-date inventory every day. Therefore, it was possible to determine once a month approximately what our net earnings had been. My partner was accustomed frequently to come over to the factory after banking hours. He then would study and compare the trial balances and the summaries he made from them. I never have known a man to whom figuring was such a delight. It seemed to me that he always thought with a pencil. He tabulated every idea we discussed. One day he sat down beside my desk with the comparative records of twelve months' operations.

"In December," he said, "our profits were barely six hundred dollars. January dropped to half that. In February we lost two hundred and fifty. Outside those three dull months we made an average of approximately twelve hundred dollars every thirty days. It would be pretty expensive to have such a slump every winter. We should manufacture something in addition to our present line that will sell fastest in cold weather. Then we'd straighten our sales curve instead of swooping down this way. Our shop might as well earn four or five thousand dollars more a year, with practically no extra expense."

It happened that several weeks befor we had been offered just such a device a he referred to. It was new, but looked goo to me. I had shown it to my partner and x- plained its merits. At the time he had o seemed enthusiastic, and I reported to h inventor that there wasn't much likelih o we should be interested in buying his pa n rights. Now, however, my partner o- posed that we make the purchase. It p peared to me that he advocated the adop n of the new line principally in order to b g December, January and February sale t the average level. I thought at the tim n was more interested in getting unif m monthly statements than in accomplish g any other purpose. He liked to figur a well as I enjoyed working out advertis g and selling campaigns.

The innovation proved a successful a ture in our business, though it cost c siderable money for new machinery i tools. And the stock required for m ing the device was entirely dissimilar the material we used in our original l of manufacture. We had to borrow m more heavily the second year than l been necessary previously. But I l grown used to being in debt. Notes had terrors for me any longer. We easily secu the loans we needed. I was entirely satisf with the situation. At the end of our n busy fall season, however, we did not sl down the shop. The demand for our n specialty was heaviest in the winter. worked on at top pressure.

New Lessons in Finance

As a correlative of the changed conditi we were not able that year to pay all debts. In October I was given another l son in finance, covering a branch of borr ing about which I then knew nothing. M partner reminded me that our bank wo expect us to "clean up," as we had done t fall before. A bank, he said, liked to hav borrower demonstrate ability to liquid his debts once a year.

"We can accomplish the desired effec he informed me, "by borrowing twen thousand dollars from a notebroker for thi or four months. I have made arrangemen for such a loan, in fact. It will cost us brokerage fee of only one-fourth of one p cent in addition to ordinary interest. paying up our note at the bank we sh maintain our standing there so well th they will gladly grant us our full discou line again the first of the year."

I remember now what a shock to me was to be reminded that the three-mont notes at the bank, which had been twi renewed for the same term, were expect to be taken up at the third maturit whether we had the money in hand or n I had grown accustomed to the idea th so long as our manufacturing operatio were profitable we need not worry abo our debts. Anxiously I requested my pa ner to elucidate the new method of finan ing that was to tide us over until we cou borrow again at the bank.

"It is very simple," he explained: "W make four of our company notes for fi thousand dollars each. They are to be pa able to the corporation's own order and i dorsed in blank by it. You and I also w indorse personally. The notes will bear s per cent interest. Our broker will buy the at their face, less one-quarter of one p cent brokerage. He will sell them to va ous out-of-town customers of his. Our ba will be none the wiser. Of course when t broker's paper falls due we shall have o regular discount line at the bank again, a will pay the notes as they mature."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "th a broker will lend us twenty thousand d lars for three months and charge only fif dollars more than regular interest for t risk?"

My partner smiled at my unsophistic tion.

"The broker takes practically no risk he declared. "He knows that our busine rating will satisfy his clients. He does n indorse the paper. It all will be out of h hands within a week after he gives us h check. For every day he holds a note h will receive the six per cent interest hi self. He really makes a very handson profit."

Then he told me that millions of dolla were borrowed constantly in this mann by well-rated concerns. I perceived th the brokers were performing an entire legitimate function. I learned afterwa they were men of the very highest standi

(Continued on Page 65)

"It's a meal in itself!"

That is what thousands of people say about *Campbell's Vegetable Soup.* And in truth this popular food-product contains practically every element of a nourishing and satisfying repast.

The strengthening juices of good meat, the tissue-building properties of choice vegetables and sustaining cereals, the pleasing flavor of fresh herbs and delicate spices—they are all temptingly combined in this delicious soup.

And it is all ready for your table in three minutes. It saves you the time and trouble of marketing. It does away with the work of preparing materials and cooking them. It cuts down your fuel-cost.

We use thirty-two separate ingredients in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

The strong full-bodied stock we make from selected beef. And this stock also contains the nutritious marrow of the bones.

We use the best Maine-grown white potatoes and Jersey sweet potatoes, fine big yellow turnips, Chantenay carrots—red and tender all through, "baby" lima beans, small peas, green okra, tomatoes, celery and the juicy "Country Gentleman" corn.

We add rice, barley and "alphabet" macaroni. And we give a final snappy touch with little white leek and sweet red peppers.

You never tasted a dish more appetizing and wholesome.

Good soup is a most important and valuable food. It is a positive necessity if you want to maintain a properly-balanced diet. And it should be eaten once every day at least. Your physician will endorse this statement.

The busiest housewife can follow this rule with no extra labor, no fussing, no delay. Simply keep a supply of these tempting Campbell "kinds" at hand on your pantry shelf, and get the enjoyment of them as regularly as the day comes round.

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

OPTIONS

By Clarence Budington Kellan

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWEL

"There's Just Two Hundred and Thirty-Five Shares Between Us Now, Useless"

USELESS ARBURY sat on the stomach of a large policeman, one knee on each wrist, and his left hand pushing downward vigorously on the officer's face to hold him quiescent, while with his right hand he struggled to unpin the nickel shield of office from the blue coat. Useless was adding to his collection.

It was a collection of which Useless was quite proud, even when he was perfectly sober, which was generally. It consisted of fourteen policemen's badges from as many cities, and of no less than eleven stars bearing such designations as Town Marshal, Village Constable, and the like. Now Useless was putting the crown to his collection by adding to it a badge from his home city. He intended this to be his last; for college was over, a year of travel in Europe was done with, and it was his excellent resolution to settle down and—possibly—to go to work.

Now one cannot place a policeman on his back, sit on him and deprive him of the insignia of his calling without attracting attention—more especially is this so if he chooses for the scene of his activity the shadow of Governor Bagley's bust on Detroit's Campus Martius—even if the hour be one o'clock in the morning. Useless had an audience with astonishing quickness.

Now, as anybody knows, sudden crowds attract guardians of the peace. Useless had scarcely made sure of the recumbent officer's badge when two more of his tribe and nation appeared; and Useless found himself with more on his hands than he could well perform.

When he looked up into those two new officers' faces he rose to his feet.

"Your friend," he said graciously, "is a trifle mussed, but otherwise as good as new. You needn't have troubled yourselves to come. I was ready to get off him, anyhow."

Indignant official hands fell upon him, to which he surrendered himself good-naturedly; and he was propelled to a signal box, the admiring crowd tailing him and waiting jovially to see the patrol wagon arrive.

Useless was not intoxicated in the sense in which old ladies and temperance orators understand that word. He never became so; and it was not frequently that he became as he was this morning—"mildly irritated," as he called it. No; he was not even a good, industrious drunkard. He fell short of success at that, just as he had failed as a student and as a polite traveler. His father had named him Ulysses; a fully appreciative undergraduate body had changed this to the perfectly descriptive Useless, and had loved him as all mankind seemed compelled to love him—though it could not admire.

He had been only a sub on the football team, though it was admitted by critics that he could have been an All-American tackle had he stirred himself. The only point at which he touched success was in becoming humorously riotous on a surprisingly small ration of intoxicating liquor. And, because of this, his name had figured in the public prints of divers cities.

The desk sergeant scowled at the beaming Useless.

"What for?" he asked the patrolman.

"Assaultin' an officer."

"Huh! . . . I've heard of you, Arbury, and that collection of badges of yours."

"Thank you," said Useless. "It's a little thing, but unique."

"No use lockin' you up; but what I'll do to you'll be worse'n lockin' up. Accordin' to accounts, your dad's tired of your cuttin' up, and I'll make him more tired. Call them reporters down."

Next morning at breakfast Lucius Arbury found himself referred to on the front pages of both newspapers. He faced an excellent likeness of his son and read spirited accounts of the night's adventure. Lucius was a man who remembered not the days of his youth; so he smote the table and vowed a vow much to his son's disadvantage. Also, he said to the butler:

"When my son comes down—if he ever does—tell him to be at my office at ten-thirty."

That was all; but when Useless received the message he recognized it as a command it would be exceedingly unwise to disobey. He was prompt—indeed, a little beforehand—at the office, and made his way past office boys and buffers to his father's door.

"You can't go in, Mr. Arbury," said the ultimate guard. "Your father is engaged."

Useless grinned down at the man.

"He told me to be there at ten-thirty; and there I'll be," he said, and walked in.

His father was engaged in conversation with a large bald gentleman, who immediately ceased speaking when Useless entered. His father scowled, and jerked his thumb toward a chair.

"Sit down there and keep quiet," he said; then to the bald gentleman: "Go on! Never mind him. It's just my son, and he doesn't understand business English—barroom English is his limit."

"I'd hate to have this leak out."

"No danger! Go ahead, Porter."

"Well, as I was saying, I've bought about fifty thousand acres of spruce near Hermit Notch, in New Hampshire; bought it quietly. Yesterday I let the contract for building a pulp mill. Cost me about four hundred thousand for mill and machinery. She'll be running in seven months, and there'll be a lovely thing in it. At present prices I'll pay for the mill in a little over a year. But present prices aren't a starter.

"Sulphate pulp is going up to seventy-five dollars a ton before the year's over—maybe higher. I'll manufacture a minimum of seventy-five tons a day, and every ton contracted for at the market."

"How about shipping facilities?"

"Not the best. We're stuck with an arbitrary over a short haul to the main line—about six cents a hundred; but we get a good rate to New York and Boston. Minimum carload twenty-four thousand pounds; so we'll be shipping six or seven cars a day."

"Going to hog it, of course!" said Mr. Arbury with a grin. "I'll take any part of it up to fifty per cent."

"Nix! But you can handle the bond issue if you want to. It'll be a short-time one, though. We'll be taking it up in a year."

"Here's a check for ten thousand dollars. I can't turn you loose without a cent, for I haven't raised you so you could earn a living. That's my fault, and I acknowledge it—so I fine myself ten thousand dollars. It's all you get. You can blow it or you can wake up and use it to earn more for you. It's up to you. But when it's gone don't come back to me. There'll be nothing doing. Don't come back to me at all. I'm through with you. It hurts my pride every time I think of you. You're no good! . . . I never want to see you again unless you can come back here with fifty thousand dollars instead of ten. If you can do that we'll wipe out what's happened and you can come into this business. Now get out!"

Useless took the check and rose to his feet. He made no protest, no plea for lenience. All he said was:

"Honest, dad, I had no idea I was being as rotten as this!"

He went out and cashed his check. Added to the four hundred-odd dollars he already had, the ten one-thousand-dollar bills gave him quite an opulent sensation. At first he considered how to begin his new career—whether it should be by becoming "mildly irritated" again; and decided against that course. As he stood debating, a young woman came out of the bank and prepared to enter a waiting electric; but at sight of him she paused.

"Useless!" she called.

He turned quickly, and a smile, such as only young men whose affections are in a certain seething state can exhibit at sight of the cause of the cardiac disturbance, beamed upon her.

"Hello, Ruth!" he said; and when he was at her side: "I love you more than I did yesterday at this hour. I just felt my pulse to see."

"Shucks!" she said.

"But I've got to withdraw my offer of marriage—temporarily, anyhow."

"What is it?" she asked, instantly concerned. "Have you had a row with your father?"

"No row. He just handed me a check for ten thousand and said good-by forever."

"On account of last night?"

"Everybody reads the papers," he complained.

"Really I oughtn't to be seen talking to such a notorious character. It's very compromising to be seen with a man who gets drunk and tries to kill innocent policemen."

"I'm no booze fighter, Ruth; and you know it."

"If you were I shouldn't be talking to you," she said. "Tell me what your father said."

"Mainly that I was no good, and never to come back until I had turned his ten thousand into fifty thousand. He might as well have told me to turn it into fairy carpets or dodo birds."

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The New Hupmobile

The Year's High Mark For Beauty

This new Hupmobile is a year ahead in beauty. Its equal, we believe, will not appear this season. It sets the year's high mark.

From its earliest days the Hupmobile has held first place for value. Later, against the field of multi-cylinders, it won performance laurels. Now it leads in beauty, too.

But it is more than the year-ahead beauty-car. It brings you all the old-time Hupmobile goodness. It has not gained style at the expense of quality.

That would have been the easy way—to cheapen inner quality for outer beauty. But we did not take that way.

The Way We Pay For Extra Beauty

Instead, we built and equipped new factories. We put almost another million into added buildings and machinery. We cut down the overhead. We increased production to spread the cost of extra beauty.

Perhaps no other car is watched like the Hupmobile. As the world's best four, it is subjected to the severest scrutiny.

Makers of other cars, and other types, watch it. Other owners and dealers watch it. Our own owners, proud of their cars, watch it too; but in a different spirit.

It is always in the lime-light, everywhere. Because it is a four. And because it outperforms not only other fours, but other types, the impulse to criticise is intensified a thousandfold.

A Quality Car Since The First

So, if the Hupmobile is to hold its place, we dare not build it less good. That consideration aside, its quality reputation guards against any temptation we might feel.

Other manufacturers tell us we put too much money into hidden things.

They point out that our motor is worthy of a $3,000 car. That our rear axle, clutch, transmission, etc., are better than expected in a car of our class.

But we prefer to err on the side of quality. We prefer to give too much rather than too little. We cannot lower standards that have stood since the first Hupmobiles were built.

Some men buy a car for its beauty. Some for its quality. But all men want performance. They want their cars to do as well as any on the road; better if possible.

You get all three in the new Hupmobile. It is the year-ahead beauty-car. Comparison will convince you of this. Its quality and its value are recognized the world over. Its performance has been proved in every part of the country.

Four Years' Work In Four Months

The whole nation witnessed its prowess in its Capital-to-Capital Tour. This meant four years of ordinary service in four months. It meant a new trail from Washington to the capital of every state, and back to Washington.

It meant mud and mountain-climbing. Desert heat and zero cold. Snow-drifts and January rains. The Hupmobile "did its bit" on schedule time — in four months, 20,000 miles of the hardest touring this country can offer.

An absorbing story of this Titan of endurance tests is yours for the asking.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

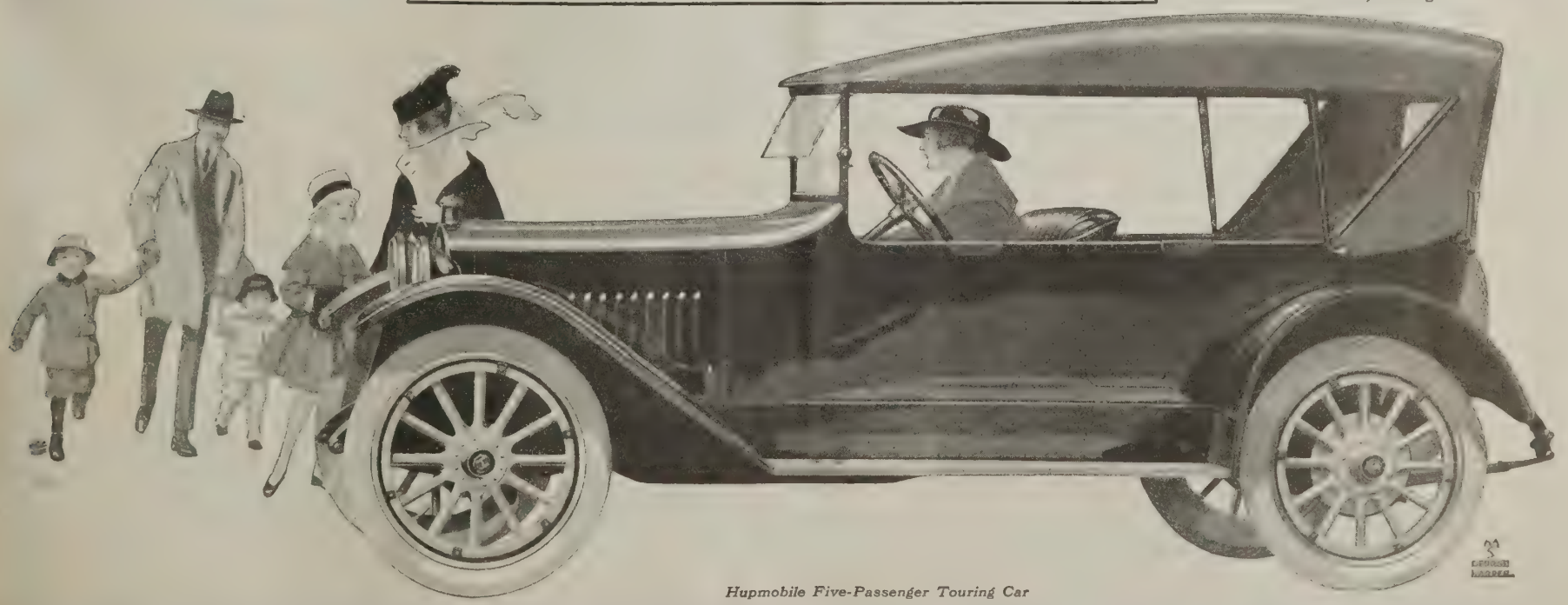
The Mark of Superior H *Motor Car Service*

An Index to the New Style Features

- Bright finish, long grain, French seam upholstery
- Improved cushions and lace type back springs in seats
- Leather-covered molding finish along edges of upholstery
- Neverleek top, black outside, tan inside—waterproof
- Tonneau gipsy quarter curtains, integral with top
- Front and rear edges of top finished with leather-covered molding with aluminum ferrule tips
- Bow spreaders to carry top when folded
- Hupmobile-Bishop door-curtain carriers, folding with curtains—exclusive feature
- Bright leather hand grip-pads on doors
- Large door pockets with special weighted flaps
- Body a new color—Hupmobile blue
- New variable dimming device graduates brilliance of headlights
- Tail lamp operates independently of other lamps
- New soft operating clutch

Six Models

Five-passenger Touring Car; Seven-passenger Touring Car; Year-'Round Touring Car; Roadster; Sedan; Year-'Round Coupé



Hupmobile Five-Passenger Touring Car

A New Barrett Roofing

Manufactured in strips 32¼ inches long by 10 inches wide, with self-spacing cut-outs 4 inches deep by ½ inch wide.

It provides not less than double thickness over every part of the roof except cut-outs, and triple thickness where the wear is heaviest.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles

Here's the latest thing in roofings—Everlastic Multi-Shingles, handsome, durable, economical, fire-resisting.

It is the logical successor to the good old-fashioned shingles that everybody loved.

But ordinary shingles have been going up in price and, in many cases, down in quality and something better had to be found.

Made in Colors

Everlastic Multi-Shingles are made on a heavy, waterproof felt base with genuine crushed slate on the surface, red or green as you prefer, and as these are the natural colors of the slate used, they will never change.

The "4-in-1 Roofing"

We call Everlastic Multi-Shingles "The 4-in-1 Roofing," and obviously this strip form of *four shingles in one* is a great saver of both time and money.

As compared with ordinary shingles, they are easier to lay, far more beautiful to look at, free from cracks and, of great importance, offer real *fire protection.*

Everlastic Multi-Shingles are packed in cartons, each containing sufficient shingles to cover 50 square feet of roof.

Everlastic Tylike-Shingles

These are regular slate-surfaced shingles, made of the same material as the Everlastic Multi-Shingle, size 8 x 12¾ inches. They have been a favorite roofing for many years in all parts of the country.

A charming roof or siding for any building that will long outlast most other kinds of roofing. Easy to lay; will not split or curl; red or green as you prefer.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

The same material as above, but in rolls 32 inches wide and 40 feet 6 inches long. Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing makes a beautiful roof and requires no painting.

Also used for lining valleys, covering ridge-poles, etc., when Everlastic Multi-Shingles or Tylike-Shingles are used.

Everlastic Rubber Roofing

This is our most popular "rubber" roofing and is made of the very best grade of waterproofed felt. Light in weight, easy to handle and, wherever this character of roofing is desired, you cannot make a better selection than Everlastic.

It comes in one-, two- and three-ply weights, each roll containing enough to cover 100 square feet of roof. Nails and cement packed in each roll.

Free Booklet

If your dealer does not carry Everlastic Roofings, write us and we will send you illustrated folder telling more about them and advising you where they can be purchased.

Some Barrett Specialties

Everjet Elastic Paint

The best and most economical paint made for "rubber" and metal roofings, and exposed surfaces of all kinds. It is elastic, adhesive and will not rub, crack or peel.

Elastigum Waterproof Cement

Wherever there is a leak you need Elastigum. It has a hundred different uses. Just the thing for joining and relining gutters and flashings around chimneys. It is easy to apply, is acid-proof, dampproof and *it sticks.*

Carbosota Creosote Oil

You can add many years to the life of all exposed woodwork by using Carbosota Grade-One Creosote Oil. Being in liquid form it is easily applied. No expensive method required.

Creonoid

Creonoid Lice Destroyer and Cow Spray will keep your live stock free from annoyance by insects, flies, lice and vermin. It helps to make healthy horses, contented cows and clean poultry. Use Creonoid in the barn and in poultry-house and you will have more milk and eggs.

Booklets regarding any of these products free upon request.

The Barrett Company

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

TRADE B MARK

(Continued from Page 30)

"Get in," she said, motioning toward the electric. "You and I are going to talk things over."

As they drove out the avenue she had little to say; but presently she slowed the machine down to scarcely perceptible motion, and began.

"You've been making love to me since we were kids," she said; "and I've liked it. . . . Yes, I have. I've always intended to marry you when I got ready, though you've done a lot to make it hard for me to keep on wanting to. But I know you pretty well, Useless, and I know it isn't bad in you that keeps cropping out—it's just boy! Now it's up to you to be a man. If you are one I'll marry you as soon as you prove it. If you can't prove it—why, that's the end of it."

"How'll I prove it, Ruth? Lick Jess Willard or go over Niagara in a barrel, or what?"

"Bring back that fifty thousand dollars to your father."

"Aw, Ruth!" he said boyishly.

"And I'll help you," she added.

"That's better. You've got more brains than dad."

"It's easy to make money if you just get the idea."

"Sure! There was a man in dad's office this morning telling how he was going to clean up something like half a million in a year."

"How? Maybe there's a hint for us in it."

The "us," as she spoke it, sounded very sweet and homelike to Useless. He told her everything he could remember.

"Hum! . . . It wouldn't be fair to use that information in any way that could interfere with Mr. Porter's plans. But isn't there some side issue that we could get some money out of? Let me see! . . . I was at Hermit's Notch for a couple of weeks when I was going to Smith, and drove all round there. There's that dinky little railroad. How will this mill affect that?"

"It will give it about six carloads more freight every day than it had before. That's outgoing freight. There'll be a lot coming in too. And at six cents a hundred pounds that will amount to a lot every year."

"People up there say that railroad never pays a cent of dividends," she said reflectively. "I remember Mr. Whipple happened to say one day that he had a dozen shares he'd be glad to sell mighty cheap."

"I couldn't buy many railroad shares with ten thousand dollars," said Useless.

"No; but if we can figure out where that railroad is going to pay, and pay big, you can get a lot of options on shares with that amount. Pretty nearly all there are, I expect. You'd have to keep it awfully quiet and get them before folks found out anything about these mills."

"Sure!" said he, catching the idea quickly. "And then sell my options to somebody at a nice profit. I see!"

"Useless, if I were you I'd take the first train down there and find out all I could about that railroad and who owns the stock, and how much they'll sell it for. Then, if it looks all right, we can go after it. You could take the flyer this afternoon."

"Whee! But you're some hustler!"

"Because I want you to—to prove you're not what your father thinks you are."

"And if I prove it, Ruth?"

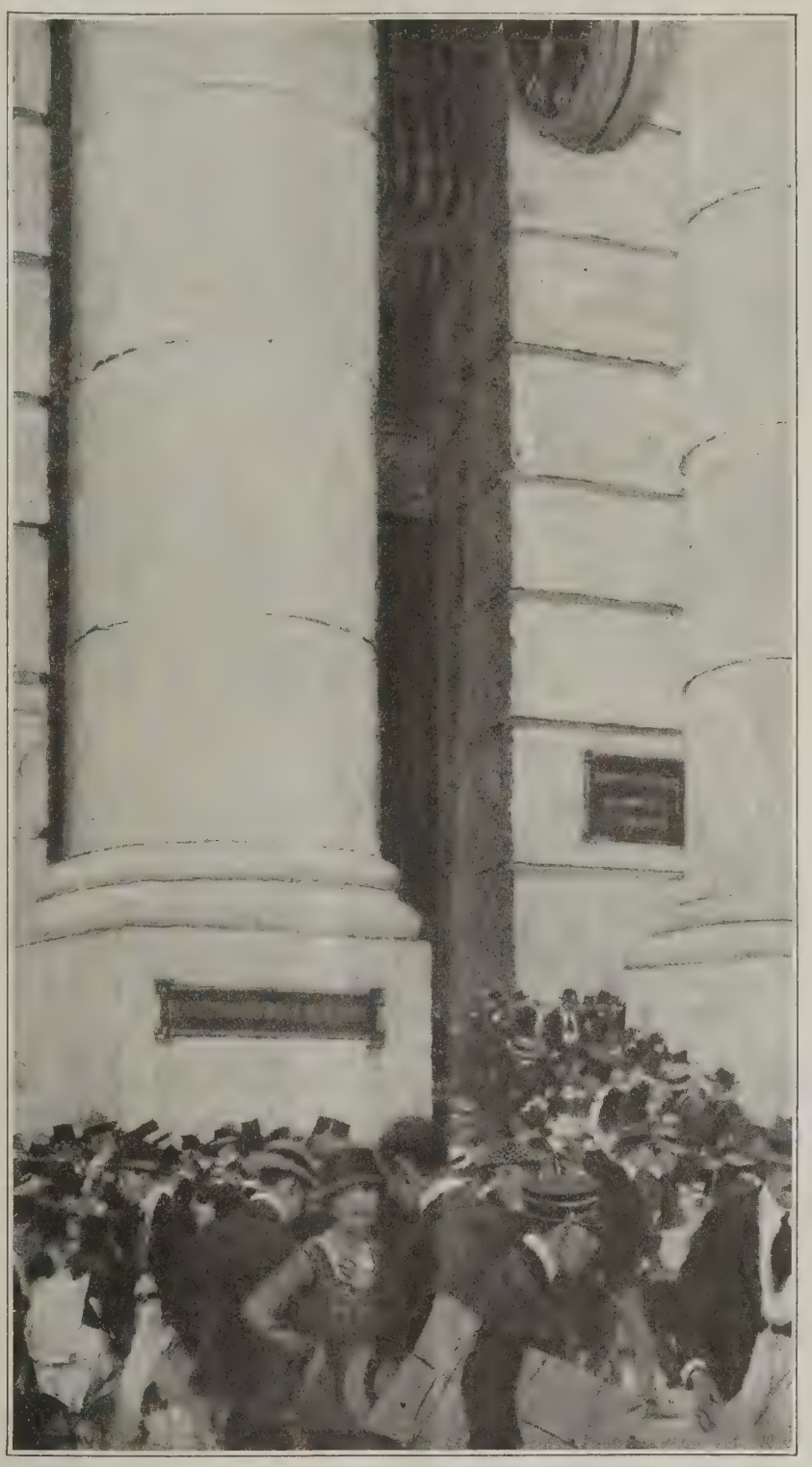
"You call on me the day you have made fifty thousand dollars and I'll tell you exactly what day we'll be married; and—and—here's a kiss to bind the bargain."

The next morning Useless Arbury got off the train at Albany, with his ten one-thousand-dollar bills. That night found him in Hermit's Notch, the northern terminal of the Hermit's Notch and Southern Railroad—a railroad consisting of twenty-odd miles of rails, with stops at five ramshackle stations.

It was an unpromising-looking affair; but even Useless could see that it ran through a richly timbered country, and that those hundreds of millions of feet of spruce and hardwood must come down over those rusty rails, if they came at all. The sight of miles of mountains, made beautiful by close-growing timber, stirred Useless' heart with encouragement.

Useless' first care was to find a room. He did not want to go to the hotel, where too many persons might be inquisitive as to his business; so he made courteous inquiries at the post office and was directed to the house of Mr. Vanner, which turned out to be a very pleasant place indeed, and a fortunate location for Useless—fortunate because he was blessed with that bearing which charms oldish ladies, and so entered into Mrs. Vanner's good graces.

To his surprise his host proved to be none other than the president of the local bank and a man of means and standing in the locality. There are places on the face of the earth where to rent a room or take a boarder is to flaunt oneself as of an inferior social caste. This is not true of Hermit's Notch. There the first families rent their spare rooms as casually and as clear of conscience as your New York landlord rents his apartments for a bagatelle of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Hermit's Notch regards a spare room as an asset and promptly realizes what it can upon it.



"Ruth, I Love You More Than I Did Yesterday at This Hour. I Just Felt My Pulse to See"

Useless made an excellent first impression on the Vanners; but when, in the morning, he walked to the bank with Mr. Vanner and deposited ten one-thousand-dollar bills they were ready to make him one of the family. Mrs. Vanner took him under her wing, and by word and action stood sponsor for him in the village; so that, as it were, he found his place all made for him there, and did not have to labor through long weeks to pierce the New England crust of the inhabitants to a degree where they would admit to him, on question, that it was a pleasant morning.

To get information about the railroad was now the business of the day, and Useless found it not difficult. Indeed, any citizen he met seemed willing—nay, anxious—to talk about that enterprise; and before two days were over Useless was in possession of so much contradictory, conflicting information about the road that his head whirled. That evening he mentioned it casually to Mr. Vanner.

"This is a queer little railroad you have," he said. "Is it owned locally?"

"Queer! I calc'late 'tis queer! Couldn't git along without it now't we got it; but it's all-fired tryin' at times. Owned local, did you say? Perty much so. Built along about twenty year ago as a loggin' road by the Buttons, that opened up this valley. Then they run it through to Hermit's Notch and broad-gauged it; and, jest to git folks int'rested—so they said—they up and sold most of the stock in it to local parties. And when they come to die the rest of the stock got took up here and there—mostly because them that bought thought it was for the public good. Hain't nobody got a majority, and there's more lots of ten or twenty or fifty shares than there is of more. I got a hundred myself that I'd be willin' to let go of cheap."

"Doesn't the road pay?"

"Wait! I'll show you the last report got out by the treasurer."

This was unlooked-for good luck. The report was full and conclusive. It showed approximately what Useless had hoped it would show—namely, that there had not been a dividend declared since the road was built. The capitalization was seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or seventy-five hundred shares of one hundred dollars each. The greatest profit the road had shown was six thousand four hundred and twenty dollars and thirty-one cents.

It amounted to this: that the road was free of debts, of bond issues, and the like; that it paid its own way, and earned a trifle. To Useless' way of thinking, it was in a position to show a satisfactory rate of earnings—if it could get more business; in fact, it appeared to him that every dollar's additional business the road got now would be a dollar added to the profit side of the ledger.

Again he figured over what the coming of the pulp mill would mean to that road. Using reasonable conservatism, he judged it would increase the earnings not less than thirty-five thousand dollars a year, which would mean five per cent dividends. It would do more than that; it would stimulate the valley, add to the passenger traffic—possibly call in new industries. But a railroad capable of paying five per cent dividends on a full capitalization, that could be bought for forty cents on the dollar, looked like a real investment. There are comparatively few nine or ten per cent paying investments of that solid character.

"What is the stock quoted at now, Mr. Vanner?" he asked.

"'Tain't quoted exactly; but most of it could be bought for a lot less'n it cost. I know dummed well I'd jump at the chance of takin' forty dollars a share for mine."

"Do you think others would feel the same way?"

"Some might let it go for less."

"It seems to me it might be made to pay."

"Can't see it."

"Tell you what I'll do, Mr. Vanner: I'll give you a hundred dollars for a three-month option on your stock at forty. Of course this is confidential. It looks to me as if something could be done with this road, and I'd like to try, if I can pick up enough stock to make it worth while."

"'Tain't a fair deal to you, young feller."

"I'll take the chances of that. I wonder if I can get other blocks of stock on similar options?"

Mr. Vanner laughed.

"You bet you can! Understandin' bein' that if you didn't take the stock at the end of three months we could keep the money you paid down?"

"Yes."

"Seems like cheatin' you."

"Well, I'd like to see what I can do. How much stock is owned in town?"

"Maybe a quarter of it—in the township and surroundin' country."

"Can you give me a list of the owners?"

Mr. Vanner could; and the next day Useless, driven by Mr. Vanner, started out to call on them. Vanner introduced him and helped matters along by admitting that he himself had accepted Useless' proposition. When they got home at night Useless held options on twelve hundred and twenty shares, costing him one dollar a share.

"I hate to see you doin' this. You're throwin' your money away," said Mr. Vanner.

LIFT OFF CORNS WITH THE FINGERS!

A Few Drops of FREEZONE Loosen Corns or Calluses So They Lift Off.

GENUINE Freezone is only sold in these small bottles with glass rod applier. Each bottle is packed in a round wood case bearing the name.

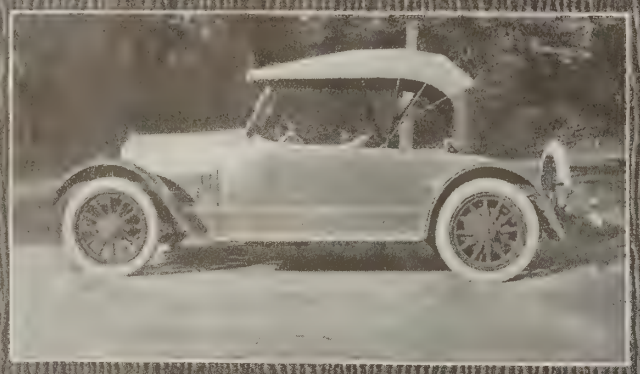
HERE is a mighty simple and easy way to get rid of your corns and calluses. Apply a few drops of Freezone directly upon a tender aching corn or a callus. It dries immediately. The corn-pain is relieved. The corn or callus then begins to dry up and shortly it can be peeled off with fingers.

FREEZONE

doesn't irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or flesh. You feel no pain or soreness while applying Freezone or afterwards. You'll like it immensely. Women who wear high-heeled footwear will appreciate Freezone. Keep a tiny bottle on your dresser and never let your corns ache twice.

FREEZONE CAN BE OBTAINED FROM ANY DRUG STORE IN THE U. S. AND CANADA

The Edward Wesley Company, Cincinnati, Ohio



NEVERLEEK TOPMATERIAL

NEVERLEEK has become the standardized top material. Its quality is beyond question. As an accompaniment and aid to style design, it is the natural selection of those motor car manufacturers who are constantly setting new standards of grace and beauty. 44 makes of high-grade cars are now advertised as "equipped with Neverleek Top."

Ask for Neverleek on *your* new car.

F. S. Carr Company, Boston and Detroit

"Maybe I am; but if I'm not I'll see to it that you make as much money a share on your hundred shares as I do on what I buy. That's fair. You've helped me a lot."

"Blessed if I can see what you're up to!" said Vanner. "But I calc'late you know your own business best."

It looked like smooth sailing. Useless wanted at least fifty-one per cent of the stock, and as much more than that as he could get control of; but fifty-one per cent was essential to the success of his plan. He must have for sale the control of the road, for that would add many thousands of dollars to the value of the investment. Indeed, without control it was more than possible he would lose every dollar he put into the options, and be left flat without a nest egg. To be left flat meant not only losing his chance of regaining his father's confidence, but also losing Ruth. That was what counted. He was fighting for Ruth. He liked to feel that. And nightly he sat down to write her long, hopeful letters, reporting progress.

In a week he found himself with options for twenty-nine hundred and eighty shares. Fifty-one per cent would require thirty-eight hundred and twenty-five shares; so he had eight hundred and forty-five shares yet to acquire before safety was achieved.

It seemed too good to be true. It had been so easy—and he owed it all to Ruth! She had furnished the brains; he had done nothing but carry out her idea. She, without doubt, was a wife well worth serving for—even the seven years required of the Hebrew patriarch.

On Monday Useless went alone to Cairo, the town at the opposite end of the line. The first stockholder he approached there was Titus Goodleather, postmaster.

"Mr. Goodleather," said Useless, after preliminary conversation, "I understand you own twenty shares of the Hermit Notch Railroad."

"You understand wrong," said Titus. "I did own them shares; but I don't. Say, young feller, what's happenin' to that railroad, anyhow? Folks seems to be gittin' int'rested in it. You're the second—which accounts for my not ownin' the stock. Sold it the day before yesterday to a feller from Detroit. Yes, sir. Broker, he says he was; and he give me forty-one dollars a share, cash. Says he was buyin' for a client in Detroit named Arbury, who was figgerin' on livin' here, or somethin', and wanted a few shares in the railroad, jest to keep him int'rested in local matters."

A feller from Detroit named Arbury! Useless sat down suddenly, chilled. There could be but one man named Arbury, from Detroit, who conceivably could have an interest in this railroad; and that was his father. Swiftly Useless reached a true judgment of the facts. Just as Ruth had instantly seen the possibilities in this railroad upon the coming of the pulp mill, so Lucius Arbury had seen them, and as promptly he had set out to get the road. Furthermore, he had set out to get it with millions of dollars, while Useless had but ten thousand. If it came to a race and a fight for the control Useless felt hopelessly handicapped at the start.

Knowing his father's shrewdness as he did, he felt that he might have known Lucius Arbury would let no such opportunity as this slip through his fingers.

From Titus Goodleather, Useless went to a dozen other stockholders, all of whom had parted with their stock. His father's broker had cleaned out Cairo with commendable thoroughness, and now, to Useless' knowledge, had possession of twenty-one hundred and thirty shares.

He hired a man to drive him to Memphis, and there found himself in town with his opponent. One man he called on had, but half an hour before, parted with his stock. This put Useless on his mettle. He hurried as he had never hurried before, jumping to the remotest stockholder on his list—and found himself first on the ground. There he acquired twenty shares. As he rushed to the next man on his list he wondered whether his father's broker was aware of his activities. The event proved he was not. Three more stockholders Useless saw in succession and gathered in seventy shares more. Then he and the broker must have passed each other on the way, for the next man was still counting over the money he had taken for his certificates.

Useless thought a moment. To delay in Memphis was dangerous. He might pick up an odd block of stock; but while he did so the broker might be getting to the next town and gathering in a thousand shares. Therefore, Useless hired another buggy and set out, at the most rapid pace he could persuade his driver to attain, for Moab still lacking seven hundred and fifty-five shares of his objective.

The drive gave Useless a chance to think; and as he considered the situation—that he was opposing his own father in this transaction—he recognized it as an opportunity greater than reason would have permitted him to expect. His father despised him; declared him worthless. Well, he was entered against his father, playing the game against Lucius Arbury; and if he could win, if he could beat his father on his own ground, then the old financier would indeed be compelled to eat his words. And Ruth would be proud of him, for the battle was now in his hands. Hers had been the idea, but the execution must be his. To win would mean the accomplishment of a feat that would make him worthy of Ruth's admiration. That would be better than winning the fifty thousand dollars demanded by his father.

Useless' list of stockholders showed that there were some five hundred shares owned in Moab, all in cats and dogs except one—considerable, for that locality—block of a hundred and twenty-five shares, held by an individual named Septimus Dean. The largest block owned by an individual was a thousand shares, in the hands of a man named Whitter, in Boston. If Useless could get that thousand shares the battle would be over; but to go to Boston would take time.

He stopped, however, at the Moab telegraph office and wired Whitter, asking an immediate reply. Then he hurried out to Septimus Dean's, and there he encountered difficulties for the first time.

"Want my railroad stock, eh? What fur?" Dean asked sharply.

"Because I think something can be made of the road, and I want to get enough stock in my hands to give me a chance to try," Useless said.

"Um! . . . Feel like you do, and I calc'late I'll play your game. Guess I'll hang on and take what profit you make out of it for me."

"If I can't get the stock there'll be no profit for anybody. It's never paid you a cent, and I'm ready to take it off your hands."

"What price?"

"Forty."

"If it's worth forty to you it's worth forty to me," said Septimus cannily; "and, besides, I don't like this here option notion of your'n. If I was to sell, it would be for spot cash—and not for forty, neither."

"For what, then?" asked Useless.

"Fifty," said Septimus.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Useless: "I'll give you fifty-five if you'll let me handle it my way on an option." He looked through the window and saw a buggy stop at the door and a man alight who was not indigenous to that soil. Instinctively he knew it was his father's broker. "That's my final offer," he said. "In a year you'll wish you had taken forty. Now then, Mr. Dean, is it fifty-five on option, or nothing? Quick! I mean business."

The old fellow scrutinized Useless closely, appeared to make up his mind the young man meant what he said, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a go!" he said, and went to fetch his certificate.

When he came back a second visitor was in the hall waiting.

"Sign here!" said Useless, extending the option form; and the name was scrawled on its dotted line.

Useless paid over the money and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Don't mind sayin', young feller, that you're a speedy trader. If you'd 'a' hung on you'd 'a' got it for fifty or less."

Septimus smiled a triumphant smile.

"And," said Useless, answering grin with grin, "I don't mind telling you that if you had held on till you got to see the man who's waiting in the hall you might have got seventy-five—cash!"

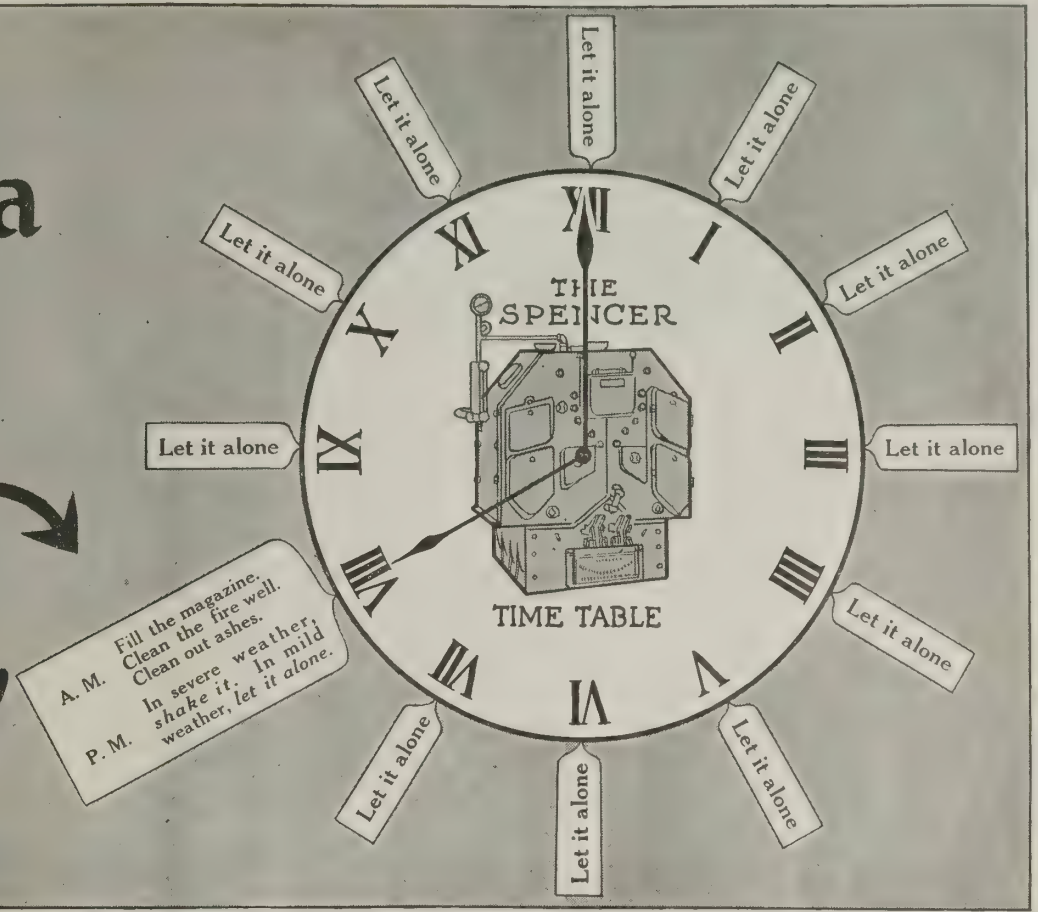
Leaving this thought with the old fellow he went out quickly, before retort could be made. In the hall he passed the broker and nodded genially.

Neither the broker nor Useless let the grass grow under his feet that afternoon. On the balance of the stock they split about even. In all, Useless got three hundred and ten shares; the broker, two hundred and sixty. This left Useless with four

(Continued on Page 37)

How to tend a Spencer Heater →

Let it Alone!



THERE is only one heater built for steam, vapor, or hot water that *runs best when tended least.*

It is the SPENCER SUPER-STANDARD HEATER.

For real Automatic Action is one of the features that makes the Spencer *super-standard*. Because of that, it takes entire care of itself, except for two calls a day. *(See diagram below.)*

In the morning, shake it, clean it, fill the magazine. In the evening, give it a slight shake, with no more coal unless the weather is very cold.

Diagram of the Spencer Coal-Action.

This diagram shows the Magazine which feeds the coal all day, and the Sloping Grates which distribute the coal at even depth, keeping it all afire all the time, with no waste.

Spencer Super-Standard Heaters

Steam-Vapor-Hot Water

"Burn Low-Priced Coal"

Forget it for the rest of the day.

For the Spencer is made to stay alone all day. If tempted to poke it occasionally (as is necessary with all other boilers), *Don't.* A Spencer is like a thoroughbred horse, not to be worried.

Because of that automatic action, you don't need a special fireman. *In a big building*, the janitor or porter is enough, and he can do a full day's work on his other duties. *In a residence*, a few minutes in the morning and at night are all a Spencer needs, whether by man or maid.

The Spencer is so constructed that if the simple instructions we furnish are exactly followed, it will give the highest efficiency with the smallest attention.

But that automatic labor-saving action is *only one* of its super-standard points.

The OTHERS are:

(1.) Saves Greatly in Coal Cost. The Spencer is especially built to burn a very small, low-priced coal, costing normally from one-third to one-half less than the large domestic sizes required for the ordinary heater. It burns this small coal with perfect efficiency, and no more tons than the ordinary heater burns of the usual costly coal.

The low-priced coal usable in a Spencer may be No. 1 Buckwheat or Pea, in the East; Semi-Anthracite or Lignite in the West; Buckwheat and Pea-Coke anywhere.

(2.) Pays for Itself Quickly. The Spencer in a few years pays its own entire cost by its large savings in coal bills.

(3.) Perfectly Even Heat. The exact automatic action produces an unvarying temperature at the degree you want, day or night. No over-heat or shivering chill.

(4.) Adds to Property Value. A Spencer for the above reasons, and because it *doesn't break down*, makes a building better for selling or renting.

Write for the interesting Spencer Booklet describing the construction and giving the pictures.

Take it to your architect and heating contractor for consultation.

THE SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, Scranton, Pa.

300 People's National Bank Building

BRANCHES: New York, 101 Park Ave.; *Chicago*, Railway Exchange; *Philadelphia*, Otis Building; *Boston*, 136 Federal St.; *St. Louis*, Syndicate Trust Building; *Detroit*, Ford Building; *Buffalo*, 1377 Main St.; *Denver*, 230 Fifteenth St.; *Minneapolis*, Plymouth Building; *Des Moines*, Observatory Building.

CANADIAN SALES REPRESENTATIVES: *Winnipeg*, The Waldon Co., Main and Portage Ave.; *Toronto*, The Waldon Co., 68 Adelaide St., East.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

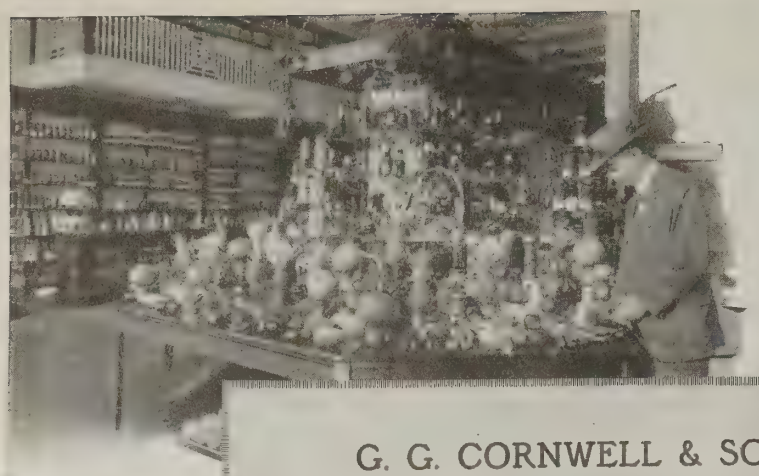
Spencer Heater Co., 300 People's National Bank Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

Send me the Spencer Booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

My heating contractor is _____



G. G. CORNWELL & SON, Inc.
IMPORTING GROCERS
1415-1417 H STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

February 20, 1917

Dear Madam:

The RYZON BAKING BOOKS have just arrived at our store and we have set one aside for you.

Compiled by Marion Harris Neil, and illustrated in colors showing how your home baking should look when perfect, the RYZON BAKING BOOK represents the baking knowledge of ten thousand women and many cooking experts. It contains entirely new and very desirable recipes for home baking

The Waldorf-Astoria, the Hotel Astor, the St. Regis, the Ritz-Carlton, the McAlpin, and Vanderbilt Hotels, Delmonico's and Sherry's Restaurants, The New York Bureau of Hospital Standards and Supplies; Pratt Institute, where domestic science teachers are trained, and many other leading institutions, after careful investigation, have adopted RYZON for their bakeries.

The Good Housekeeping Bureau, Dr. H. W. Wiley, Director, has awarded RYZON the star of highest rating. As to healthfulness, RYZON is in a class by itself. Its different ingredient is monosodium phosphate, a new baking powder product. As your physician will tell you, phosphates are found in nearly all good foods and are essential to human life.

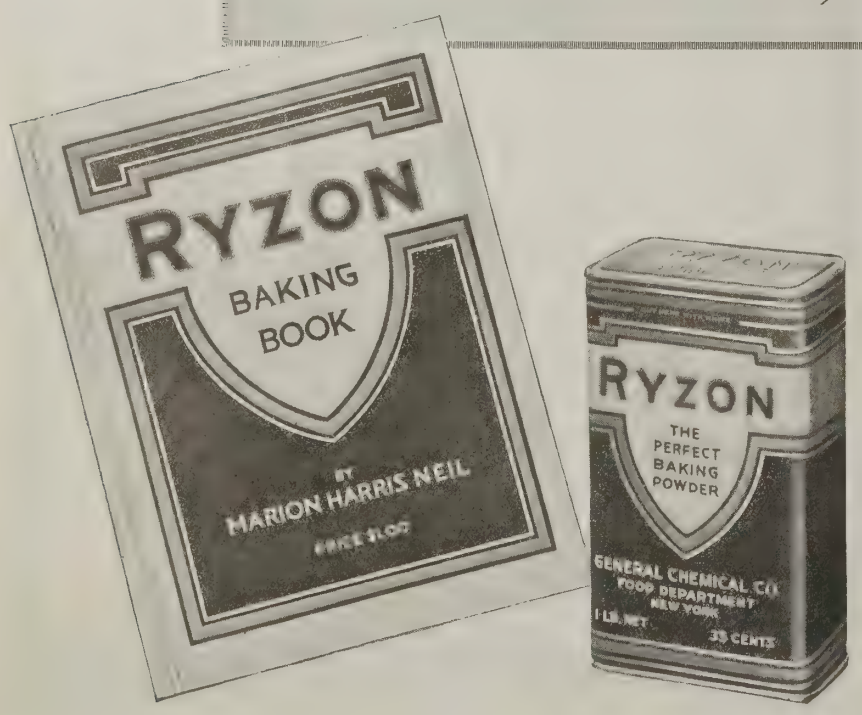
RYZON, The Perfect Baking Powder, and the RYZON BAKING BOOK mean better biscuit--cakes--corn muffins, and no more "bad luck" in home baking.

Here is our offer: include a pound tin of RYZON in your next order, at the regular price of 35c, and we will send you free the RYZON BAKING BOOK, priced at One Dollar--both for 35c. If you are not pleased we will refund your money.

It is recommended that you take advantage of this offer before our supply of RYZON BAKING BOOKS is exhausted, for which attached post card may serve your convenience.

Yours for Better Baking,

G. G. Cornwell & Son, Inc.



A RYZON Letter from the NATIONAL CAPITAL

G. G. Cornwell & Son, a firm of retail grocers in Washington, and well known throughout the country, have sent this letter to their customers. It speaks for itself, and shows how highly these celebrated grocers regard RYZON, The Perfect Baking Powder.

A few of the other well-known Eastern grocery merchants likewise endorsing and selling RYZON are:

New York
Acker, Merrall & Condit Co.
Charles & Co.
Chas. M. Decker & Bro. (New Jersey)
Park & Tilford

Philadelphia
Finley Acker Company
Mitchell, Fletcher & Co., Inc.
Showell-Fryer & Co., Inc.

Boston
Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Co.
Rhodes Bros. Co.

Cleveland
The Chandler & Rudd Co.

Washington
N. W. Burchell
G. G. Cornwell & Son, Inc.
John H. Magruder

Pittsburgh
Kuhn & Brother Co.
Renshaw, Carson & Co.
Geo. K. Stevenson & Co.

Buffalo
Faxon, Williams & Faxon
Jehle's

Baltimore
Acker, Merrall & Condit Co.
Hopper, McGaw & Co.

These, and thousands of other progressive grocers whose aim is to supply their customers with the best foods at the lowest cost, are selling RYZON, The Perfect Baking Powder.

GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.
FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK

"Now I've got the mental punch!"

"Now I can *think*—and *think big!*

"Now I've got the intellectual wallop that knocks the kinks out of business problems!

"Now I'm as keen as a razor and as sharp as a sword!

"Yes, and I give Girards the credit!"

No more dust on this man's thinker. No more fog on his wits. He has cut out the heavy black cigars. Now he smokes the Girard—a full-flavored, soul-satisfying Havana which *never impairs his efficiency or his health.*

The Girard Cigar
Never gets on your nerves

Why don't *you* switch to Girards? Puff for puff you can't beat them for pure pleasure.

The "Broker" actual size, 10c

All the delights of rich, aromatic, shade-grown Havana, mellowed by age and blended with care—and no penalty to pay for your pleasure.

That's why the Girard is *the national Cigar*, sold and smoked the country over, that's why doctors recommend it, that's why you ought to *switch to Girards today!*

The nearest Girard dealer will tell you that this remarkable cigar is all that we claim for it. If your own dealer doesn't sell Girards ask him to get them for you. He can do so with little trouble and no financial risk.

14 sizes
10c and up

Why not pull the switch to Girards today?

Dealers—
a word with you

If you are not handling Girards, there is *a big business waiting for you* in this unusual cigar. Drop us a line today.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

(Continued from Page 34)

hundred and forty-five shares to go; but the Boston thousand would take care of that gloriously—if he got it.

At the telegraph office he found a message awaiting him.

"Stock sold Friday," it said succinctly.

His father had it; and now, to his knowledge, there were held against him thirty-four hundred shares, leaving his father but four hundred and twenty-five to go to secure fifty-one per cent. His father had a twenty-share lead.

There were now seven hundred and twenty shares unaccounted for, and from this on they would be more difficult to find and perhaps more difficult to negotiate for. News of the buying was bound to go abroad, no matter what pledges of secrecy were given; and consequently prices were sure to go up. For this Useless did not care, so long as the owners would continue to give him options. He was willing, if necessary, to pay par or above for the balance that he needed.

It now became a race in which ingenuity was as essential as speed.

On the train from Moab to Hermit's Notch the broker accosted Useless. He seemed displeased with the world.

"You're the fellow that's grabbing this railroad stock, eh?" he said unpleasantly.

"I have a little of it," said Useless.

"Who you acting for?"

"Myself."

"Huh! . . . Didn't catch your name."

"Arbury," said Useless with a placid expression.

"Arbury! . . . Arbury! What Arbury?"

"Common or garden variety," said Useless.

"Did Lucius Arbury send you down here? Are you a relative of his?"

"The Detroit millionaire, you mean? No; he didn't send me. Are you buying for him?"

"Yes; and this is a darned queer coincidence of names," said the broker . . . "How much of this stock have you got corralled?"

"Not so much as I expect to have."

"Huh! Know who you're buckin', young fellow? What Mr. Arbury goes after he gets! Have you got a thousand shares?"

"Maybe."

"I'll give you a profit of two dollars and a half a share over what you paid for it."

"Nothing stirring, friend!"

The next three days netted Useless exactly ninety-five shares; following that he made a thirty-mile drive into the country for ten shares and spent a full day locating five shares more. What success his opponent was meeting with he did not know.

Then, as he was coming down to breakfast, the telephone rang, and Mr. Vanner called Useless to the telephone.

"Good morning!" said a voice that astonished and delighted him more than he could have expressed with three times his vocabulary. "I thought I'd run down to be in at the finish."

"Ruth!" he said; but could think of no word to add to it.

"I angled for an invitation to visit Molly Whipple, and here I am; but don't waste a minute coming to see me. Keep right on the job. Maybe I can help some. Good-by! I'll find a chance to see you when it won't interfere."

He wanted to see Ruth, but he well knew she would think better of him for sticking tight to his task; so, to earn her approval, he stuck, and the day brought him good luck in the shape of a hundred shares, left at death by old Martin Cadger, and hitherto not possible to locate. He found them in the hands of five families of grandchildren, who lived in a little mountain settlement twenty miles away, in the next valley.

Ruth was delighted when he saw her that night. She was very sweet and encouraging, and thought he looked older and tired and anxious—though she did not say so. Only encouragement and praise came from her; and when she sent him home at an hour so early as to make him protest, she said to him:

"There's just two hundred and thirty-five shares between us now, Useless."

It didn't sound sentimental, but it made Useless' heart bound; for it meant that when those shares were in his hand Ruth would keep her promise to set a day for their wedding. Useless felt he was engaged on what might, and must, be the most profitable business deal ever attempted by man.

Daily Useless crossed the trail of his father's broker. Once in a while he met the man, but refused to waste time in talk with him. He had but one thought—and that was to acquire stock. Now he was up before daylight; and many times he did not see his bed at all, until the day came when he was exactly seventy-five shares distant from the necessary control. And that seventy-five shares seemed to have vanished off the earth!

It had been issued originally to one Randolph Easter; but Easter was dead. A surviving daughter remembered the stock, and thought she remembered that it had been pledged as security for the loan of two hundred dollars, which her father had invested in sheep with unfortunate results, owing to a neighbor's dog. As to who made the loan and where the stock had then departed she had not the vaguest recollection.

"It's probably lost or destroyed," he told Ruth miserably.

"Well, we'll locate this!" Ruth said.

"If we could only find out who loaned Easter that two hundred dollars!"

"From what I've seen of this country, there aren't a lot of men who could loan that much! Besides, when men lend money here they like land mortgages. Where did Easter live when he borrowed to buy his sheep?"

"Right where his daughter does now. Never lived anywhere else, I guess."

"Then you get a list of every neighbor who lived within a couple of miles of him, and find out about every one of them."

This took Useless several days, though Mr. Vanner was a great help, especially when it came to appraising the financial ability of the people. Useless found that his father's broker was engaged in much the same work. It was a race, then—a race of legs and brains, with Randolph Easter's stock certificate as the prize.

"Do you know," said Ruth after several futile days of search, "I believe that loan wasn't made by a neighbor—just a neighbor. Those folks back there don't understand pledging collateral. It isn't New Englandish. No, sir; that was fixed up by somebody from a city, who knew something about business. But how would Easter get into contact with a city man? . . . Um! . . . Um! . . . City relatives? We haven't heard of any—especially with money. You go out, Useless, and play round. I want to think."

Presently she called to Mr. Whipple, who sat in his library:

"What could bring a city man back there where Randolph Easter used to live?"

"Trout and bass, partridge, rabbit, deer," recited Mr. Whipple. "Good bass lake and the best trout fishing in the state."

Ruth fairly squealed with joy. She could hardly wait for Useless to come back.

"Drive out with me—quick!" she said—"to Easter's, and find out if he ever took summer boarders or worked for fishing parties—or anything like that."

"I'll find out if he was fond of green cheese if you say so!" Useless declared, and meant it.

The question was asked of Easter's daughter.

"Why," she said, "pa used to have a sort of a shanty down on the lake that he rented out to city fellers; and sometimes he used to row their boats or guide them back to the trout streams."

"Could you —— Did your father keep any kind of account books, or anything, so we could find out who those men were? Didn't he keep track of the money he took in?"

"Never took in enough to count," said his daughter, "but there's an old copy book he used to write things down in. Another feller was here askin' about the same questions you be—he was here two hour ago; and I let him see that book. He drove off like he was crazy!"

"Quick!" said Useless. "Let's see it!" He laid a five-dollar bill in her hand. "Hurry!"

The battered, dog-eared, dirty old copy book was a composite of cashbook and diary. Probably it was the backwoodsman's idea of up-to-date bookkeeping. Such entries as this were frequent:

"Dollar and a half from Homan for rowing boat. Catched eight bass. Homan's going to stay a week."

"What year did your father buy those sheep?" Ruth asked.

"Lemme see. . . . Um! . . . 'Twas the year Brother George got married; and that was 1904. Yes; that's it."

It Is Worth While From the First

You don't have to *use* a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit to profit from it; it starts paying returns in comfort from the minute you put it in your car.

For it provides that complete peace of mind essential to undisturbed motoring enjoyment, in the assurance that you are prepared for whatever may happen to your tires short of complete ruin.

Nothing ever may happen; you may never need the Kit—but it gets in its work just the same. It banishes worry, and eases the mind, just by being along.

The price of the Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit varies according to size; but its cost is trivial alongside the day-in-and-day-out satisfaction of its company.

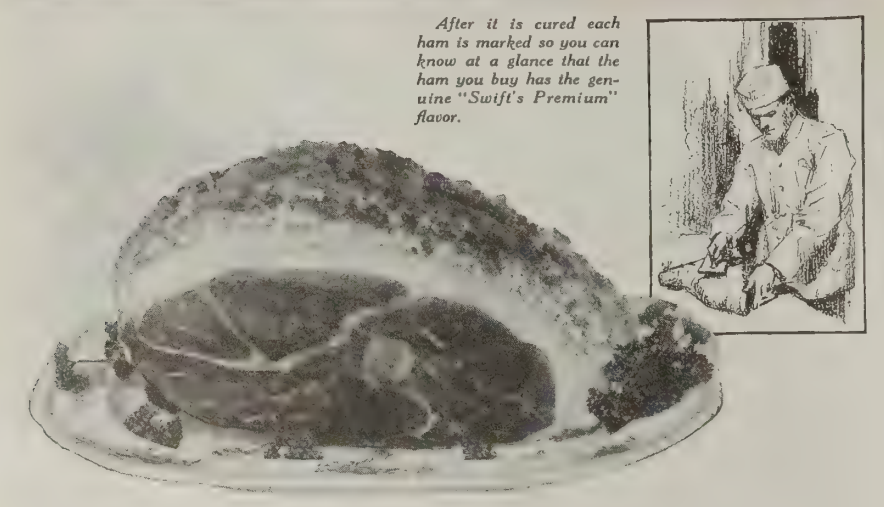
It is a handy package, containing all essential first-aids-to-tires, even to valve parts and a pressure gauge—it is complete and compact.

Your car ought to carry one—from this hour.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON



After it is cured each ham is marked so you can know at a glance that the ham you buy has the genuine "Swift's Premium" flavor.

This is the butt of a "Swift Premium" Ham. Have one baked for dinner and see what a difference the special Swift cure makes.

Serve baked Premium Ham once—and your family will want it often

Bake the butt of a "Swift's Premium" ham for dinner today and see how exceptionally delicate and delicious this ham is. Know what a welcome variety it offers in the meals you plan for your family.

"Swift's Premium" hams are prepared by experts. Each ham selected is of superior quality, is given the famous "Swift's Premium" cure and is smoked over fragrant hickory wood fires.

You can utilize every bit of a "Swift's Premium" ham in a great variety of really delicious dishes, any one of which will delight your family. Try baking the butt, boiling the shank, and broiling or frying the center slices, without parboiling.

If you are not already one of the thousands of women who are buying "Swift's Premium" ham whole—start now. It is the economical way to buy ham. Swift & Company, U. S. A.

"Swift's Premium" Hams & Bacon

YOU cannot find a purer or more delicious Candy than Nut Tootsie Rolls—we admit that. Just eat one. Made clean—kept clean—wrapped dustproof.

The Stern & Saalberg Co., New York

5¢ a Roll

Rapidly Useless thumbed the book to find 1904's entries.

"Why," interrupted Easter's daughter, "that was the year that sick feller lived in pa's shanty all summer. Griswold was his name."

"Griswold's our man, I'll bet a penny!" whispered Ruth. "And your father's broker is after him this minute—with an hour's start of us."

"Here's a picture of him," said Easter's daughter, warmed by the five-dollar bill. "Him and pa was real chummy. Look: he's wrote his name and things on the back."

"Did the other man see this?" asked Ruth.

"No; I jest told him this Griswold lived in Albany—that's all he knows."

"And we've his full name and address. That start he has won't be such a handicap after all. 'Jordan P. Griswold, Attorney at Law, Monadnock Block, Albany.'"

Ruth was dancing with excitement.

"I'll wire him. Bet dad's broker didn't think of that! He figured he had this all to himself and started right out to get it."

"How soon can he get there?"

"Probably he made that eleven-o'clock train. He'd have a wait at the end of the line, and wouldn't get to Albany before seven or eight."

"And we," said Ruth, "are going to hire the best auto we can get and be driven there—to beat the dickens! There! That's how I feel."

At Hermit's Notch Useless telegraphed Griswold:

"Hold Hermit Notch Railroad stock until I get there. On no account make deal!"

Then, instead of hiring a car, Mr. Whipple, with whom Ruth was stopping, bundled them, together with his daughter, into his big eight-cylindered car and scudded away over the mountains toward Albany. It was a five-hours drive; but Mr. Whipple, constantly urged to recklessness by Ruth, cut it down by half an hour, and they arrived at six-forty-five.

"He won't be at his office now," Ruth said. "Look in the telephone directory for his house address. You, honey," she said to Miss Whipple, "run into the hotel and telephone him we're on our way, and we'll break the speed laws getting there."

They were admitted to Mr. Griswold's library, where he came forward to meet them—an old gentleman with the whitest hair, and a beard such as one associates with patriarchal benignity.

"Wires and telephone messages!" he exclaimed. "Why all this flurry about a few shares of stock I had almost forgotten I owned?"

Ruth was scrutinizing the old gentleman with her bright eyes; and, as Useless started to reply, she said:

"Let me tell him, honey!"

Mr. Griswold turned to her and smiled.

"That turns dry business into real pleasure," he said gently. "But I have an appointment—promised—at this moment with a gentleman who telephoned me from some town in Massachusetts. I think he is being admitted now."

"Mr. Griswold," said Ruth, "he wants that stock too; and he mustn't have it! It means everything in the world to me—and to Useless. If you've promised to talk to him, you must; but please—please don't sell your stock until you've come back and listened to me!"

"That's reasonable," he said, smiling kindly. "I promise."

He was gone twenty minutes.

"Now," he said, "go ahead, my dear. The gentleman is waiting for us—though he doesn't know you're here. He's a secretive person. I judge he doesn't care to have me know why he wants my stock; nor does he act as if he cared to pay a great deal for it. Suppose you enlighten me."

Ruth had weighed the old gentleman and found him worthy of her confidence. She believed she could lay all the facts before him and trust in him for honorable treatment and what she called, boyishly, "a square deal." So she held nothing back; but started at the beginning and told him all that had happened.

"So," she ended, "we've got to have your stock, Mr. Griswold! I—I want Useless so much! And I want him to succeed in this. I want him to show his father what he really is—that he is what I know he is. I know him better than anybody else ever will."

"Yes, my dear," said the old gentleman gently.

"We'll leave the whole thing in your hands—price, and things like that. You see, it isn't to make money we want the stock. Honestly, that doesn't matter with us! It's because I want Useless and he wants me; but we can't have each other unless we can start right—and make Mr. Arbury take back every word he said. I want everybody in the world to be as proud of Useless as I am."

"My dear," said Mr. Griswold, "no one ever loved me like that! Whatever happens to this young man, he has had the greatest success a man can have. He must be all you think he is—or you wouldn't think it. I'm just a lonely old man, with all the money I have any use for, and probably I won't be using that long. I don't need or want any more—but I should like to feel that I have earned the regard of a couple of young folks like you. It will be very pleasant to think about. . . . The stock is yours—for two hundred dollars and accrued interest."

Impulsively Ruth rushed upon him, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"You darling! . . . You darling!" she said with tears of joy, and relief in her voice.

"If you hurry," said Mr. Griswold, "you can catch the express for Detroit—and you're anxious to get there. But—I should like an invitation to the wedding." He spoke wistfully.

"There'll be no wedding without you to make it perfect!" Ruth said.

And presently, with the stock safe in their hands, chaperoned by the Whipples, Useless and Ruth boarded the train for Detroit.

Next morning Mr. Whipple and Ruth and Useless entered Lucius Arbury's office; but Mr. Whipple alone asked admission to the financier's private room. The mention of Hermit Notch Railroad stock gained him quick entry.

"So you're the man who's bucked me on that deal?" Arbury snapped.

"No; I'm merely acting for the party. He has secured a clear fifty-one per cent of the stock. You have exactly thirty-six hundred and seventy-five shares. My principal has the rest. He offers it to you. It will give you the whole of the stock of a road that, as you know, promises to be a remarkable investment."

"What does he ask?" Mr. Arbury demanded; he was a man who wasted few words.

"Seventy-five," said Mr. Whipple.

"He's no hog, anyhow," said Arbury. "For a man with his hustle and ingenuity I figured it would cost me more."

"Seventy-five is his price."

"Take it," said Arbury, and pressed a button.

A clerk entered.

"Draw a check for two hundred eighty-six thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars," said Arbury, "to the order of —— To whose order do you wish the check?" he asked.

"Ulysses Arbury," said Mr. Whipple with twinkling eyes.

"What!"

Instead of replying Mr. Whipple stepped to the door and motioned Ruth and Useless to enter.

Arbury gazed at them, scowling, nonplused for once in his life.

"I've turned your ten thousand into a bit better than fifty, dad," Useless said, extending his hand; "and I've come to claim that job. . . . But I didn't do it alone, dad. Ruth furnished the brains; all I did was hustle."

"Do you mean to say you gobbled that railroad—you pair of kids—with ten thousand dollars?"

"With exactly four thousand and fifty dollars, dad. But it was Ruth who planned it."

"Huh!" grunted Arbury. "She did, eh? What's she got to do with it?"

"We're going to be married in four weeks."

"And she pulled off this deal! Well, young fellow, let me tell you something: When you got her you pulled a deal bigger by a heap than the other. . . . I'm satisfied, you bet! Owe you an apology. You are some good! My dear," he said, his heavy voice becoming more gentle, "would it be possible for you to kiss your new dad?"

"A dozen times!" Ruth said, and did it.

Lucius Arbury turned to Whipple, blinking a trifle.

"Some son, eh?" he demanded. "But what a daughter! What a daughter!"

An Important Announcement

By C. W. NASH

President, The Nash Motors Company

NASH Jeffery MOTORS

FOR some twenty-five years now I have been building and selling carriages and motor cars.

During that time I have watched dozens of other men and organizations building motor cars.

I have seen cars come and go. I have watched the standards of motor car building steadily improve and advance.

I believe I can say that I know motor cars—and know them well.

And I say to you now that I have never seen—never known a greater value car than this Jeffery Six.

Now, frankly, I didn't know the Jeffery Six was such a good car when my associates and I took over the Jeffery plant.

As a matter of simple truth I hadn't concerned myself about the car. It was the plant and the organization of mechanics I was vitally interested in.

And after I had eliminated the non-productive labor costs and geared up the organization to high speed volume production at lowest cost, I knew that there wasn't another plant or another army of mechanics in the entire country that was better in any way.

So I put the factory and men out of mind and turned to the car—this Jeffery Six.

And some of the things about that car surprised me. For instance, I found it has more alloy steel than most cars several hundred dollars higher priced.

Nor was it in merely one, two or three features that I have found such high quality—it was in every feature. If there ever was a well built car, a thoroughly quality car, it is this Jeffery Six.

But I didn't stop there. I wanted to know how the motor performed. Many a fine, healthy looking man has a weak heart. And I meant to find out what sort of a heart this car had.

So I rode in it and drove it. Not once but many times. On all kinds of roads. Up hills. In city traffic. Everywhere.

I put the Jeffery Six up against every stress and strain of the road. I tested it as carefully as I would a man I wanted for an important position.

That car convinced me absolutely that it is a car which my associates and I would be proud to sell over our name to our friends.

It has a world of power and speed. And it is amazingly flexible. You can range from two to sixty miles per hour "on high"—never shifting gears. It pulls powerfully, smoothly, silently in the toughest going you can find.

It's what I call an eager car. Step on the accelerator once yourself and you'll know what I mean.

You'll get the same feeling of eager power anxious to be unleashed that I got. You know—without knowing why—that there's a big Niagara of power-energy on reserve in that motor no matter how fast you're driving or how hard the hill.

Yet the Jeffery Six handles easily. You are never conscious of any effort in driving it. And it is particularly free from vibration due to the inherently balanced crank shaft, which is extra heavy. Those big, smooth-working springs make it hard to tell when you're off the smooth road and in the rough.

Now, I've known these things about the Jeffery Six quite a long time. I've been finding out about it ever since last September, when my associates and I bought the Jeffery plant and the Nash organization took control.

And I won't go so far as to say we were entirely satisfied with the car then. Because our engineering staff and I are pretty hard to please.

But the things we have changed in this car are, after all, minor refinements. They make the Jeffery Six a finer car, a better value, but they are not fundamental.

As a matter of fact, I simply did not see how the car could be made better in its fundamental features. And the group of experienced automobile men that came here with me agreed just 100 per cent.

So we'll continue to manufacture this Jeffery Six as it is today. We may develop more refinements later on. For we're not content to stop where we are just because we've got such a wonderful car.

But a big work order for thousands more of the Jeffery Six as it is today, with our added refinements spoken of before, is being put through the factory.

That is the best proof of what we think about this car. It is so good—so unusually good—that we are proud to back it with our name and our money.

I want you to get behind the wheel and learn what I learned.

And I advise you to see your Jeffery dealer right away. Just to make sure that you can have a Jeffery Six this Spring you had better act quick, now It may save you a long wait later.

Jeffery Sixes

Seven Passenger Touring Car,	$1465
Seven Passenger Sedan	1630
Roadster	1435

Jeffery Fours

Seven Passenger Touring Car,	$1095
Seven Passenger Sedan	1260

Jeffery Trucks

Rapid Service Wagon	$ 965
All-Purpose Truck	1465
The Jeffery Quad	2850

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

Manufacturers of Jeffery Cars and Trucks, including the Jeffery Quad

Willys KNIGHT

CARBON

—The Reconstructing Life

You who drive motor cars know how carbon takes the life out of a motor.

Almost from the day you begin to drive a new car, it begins to lose power and smoothness.

The loss from day to day is scarcely noticeable—you unconsciously accustom yourself to it and unwittingly endure it as long as you can.

Then you give up the use of your car and have the carbon removed and the valves ground and reseated.

When you get it back, it is almost as good as new—almost but not quite—and only for a few days.

Then it begins to slip back again and you go through the same thing.

And this is repeated again and again.

After each carbon-cleaning, you notice a wonderful improvement but each time it is a little less effective.

Your motor is never quite as lively as it was for the first few hundred miles—and half the time it is badly carbon-crippled.

Think what it would mean to you if your motor continuously could be kept as lively as it was for the first few hundred miles.

And *think* what it would mean to you if carbon built up the efficiency of your motor instead of tearing it down, steadily *improved* it instead of crippling it.

That is exactly what carbon does for the Willys-Knight motor.

The result is a gain in power and smoothness instead of a loss—a renewal of youth instead of a surrender to age.

Last year we built and sold 12,000 Willys-Knights.

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George Bell's New Teacher

By Helen Van Campen

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

WHEN George Bell bought from a man who was leaving the camp a lot of two-by-fours and one-by-twelves, ship-lap enough to board four rooms inside, galvanized iron roofing, windows and doors, the mother of Rosy Gellini began making a white dress. And out of a catalogue Rosina, helped by all the small Gellinis, selected a veil and a wreath of artificial orange blossoms. Everybody knew when Rosy sent out her order, because she had to ask the company storekeeper to write it, as none of the Gellinis could. Rosy could speak English better than her family, and when her tongue halted, her eyes, wondrously vocal when they observed George Bell, completed conversations.

He had started boarding with the Gellinis when the bunk houses elected him a delegate to Crothers, manager of Blaine Island Copper Company. George said, without fiddling about first, the hot cakes were half raw mornings, and even a chap mucking eight hours to a shift, or, like himself, drilling, hadn't a stomach like a horse—the men wanted something done! Crothers said he was doing it, building the new mess house and kitchen; trouble was the cooks hadn't range space now to turn out good cakes for a hundred and eighty men. But if some wished they might board with the families for a while, and as soon as construction was finished there wouldn't be any kicks as to hot cakes.

After reflection, during which Crothers and George gazed frankly one at the other, George said it was fair enough, and in the sitting room of number five, that night, he told the crowd that Gellini could board eight, Larsson six, and so on. Next morning, with Moran, his chucktender, George sat, wedged at the Gellini table, in a kitchen so limited that some of the boarders were singed by the stove, and all were in peril as Gellini children drippily thrust platters across shoulders. Rosina, the seventeen-year-old daughter, served George, and soon she was giving him the best meat and largest portion of pudding, and with the food, glances. She was the one unmarried girl on Blaine, and her father never had to saw or split a length of firewood. Admirers swarmed there, displaying their strength and thoughtfulness as they stood in the sopping tundra, adding to piles already high. George Bell didn't chop or saw—he said the dagos could do that—and he grandly bought a fourteen-dollar log towed in by natives, and paid them to saw it on the beach and lug it to the house. And the night he won sixty at the stud game in Little Pete's shack—no gambling on company property, but Pete was below tide line, down the beach—he came rather blinky-eyed to breakfast, and Rosy was whimpering over the bacon. Mrs. Hallett had declared that in her new red dress Rosy looked a regular Siwash, and Rosy had bought it because the Mister Ge-orge liked red and said it was the thing for eyes of the so black! George yawningly bade Rosy wear the red at noon, when he laughed and asked old Murphy if it didn't make her rather dark.

"Sure she looks iligant! Leave her be!" said Murphy, scowling; but big George laughed louder and threw out some gold among the slopped dishes.

"Git another one, Rosy, an' have it on me," said he, sliding into his ore-crusted overall jacket and rolling a cigarette with one hand. He used the other hand only to tear off the mucilaged edge of the paper. Rosy was already scornful of persons who smoked mucilage. Nights, when cleaned and shaved, in fresh-washed corduroys and light-gray flannel shirt below a hard-brimmed hat, George appeared, his rubber-booted legs splashing through the slushy snow on the tundra flat, Rosy stopped work. Hidden by a sash curtain, she watched.

A long, long time ago it was since anyone had watched for George Bell. His mother had, as his father followed the rushes to the new camps that were the old camps now—Hope and the Turnagain Arm country, Dawson, Nome, Candle, Fairbanks, Ruby. Both of them were gone, drowned when a glacial lake burst and spread the Nizina River over a camp they had made, while marking a trail into the head of the White. George was fifteen then, and he fared on alone, prospecting, making wages sometimes, panning along the creeks. Hungry often, cold often, shivering but healthy under a ragged reindeer-fawn robe. The big Inside is not a hospitable land, and a poor man cannot live on it. George mushed the insect-ridden hills in summer, and in winter he saved for the summer-grub outfit, and quit jobs as soon as snow melted and the ground could be prospected. There was no reason for him to be steady at anything—nobody cared, and he didn't care. Sometimes when he stayed too long over a bar where it was pleasant, joining with the old-timers in yarning to chechakos, there wouldn't be anything left to outfit with, and he would mush to the nearest creek and rustle a job on a placer claim, sixteen hours a day though hired for twelve! He used to smile, thinking how his mother had planned schools, an engineering course somewhere Outside—then he could return to Alaska and get somewhere.

Prospecting the islands of Prince William Sound, a norther blew his little Columbia-River-style launch into the lee of Blaine Island. George, with the flood tide's help, got the boat high on the beach, and Murphy of the power house, peering down, saw a man was needed and shouted a friendly Hold on!

"Got a bed?" he asked, when they had rigged the boat against the next tide and turned out the water. "Sure, you'll be dead, slapin' in thim wet duds an' wetter blankets. Come on an' dhry in the ingine room, an' I tell you what: in me room in the bunk house is another bed! An'—— Murther, bhoy! Is it young Bell? I couldn't see you in the dar-rk, Garge! You ain't forgot Billy Murphy, an' you an' Kelly Olsen pullin' me from the wather on the Nelchina?"

"Aw, that wasn't anything," said George; but he was warmed by the greeting and the kind looks, and when under the noise of the big belt Murphy had speech with other stationary engineers, they came to shake hands and looked respectfully at the tall young fellow in the ragged overalls and torn old mackinaw. Murphy was the first in the store next morning:

"A shirt, plase, and a big size in overalls, and then that thick blue mackinaw underwear, and socks, and a pair of the nine-and-a-half-dollar red-sole boots, and a slicker and sou'wester?"

Murphy said they would fix the boat up, and winter it or raffle it, for this was no weather to be leaving, when jobs could be rustled.

George disappeared while Murphy slept. To Hallett, the mine shifter, George said he wanted a job—any chance? He lied calmly under queries, claiming to have run a machine down south in the Juneau mines, the Gastineau and Mexican—just come now from the Granite over in Port Wells. Hallett finally put him on as chucktender to a miner who had reported that, if he didn't get one who wouldn't grouch, he'd quit. When Hallett was gone George stood inspection under dim candle light in a wet crosscut, then remarked:

"I won't grouch. But I know mighty little about the hard-rock game. Tip me what's next for to-day—not to-morrow, I'll savvy myself then—and you'll be glad you did! Is it a bet?"

Nels Lindquist laughed. He was a strong-passioned Swede, suspicious usually, to-day suddenly entertained.

"I'll yust try you, und if you hold me back with dose holes o' mine, us got to fight or rassle after! Is dat a bet?"

"Sure!" said George, grinning.

Nels was not a natural boss, but George's mind went ahead, and swiftly he was leveling space for their blocking, and making a set-up for the machine drill. He had to bring the sharpened steel from a blacksmith shop and take away the dulled steel. By afternoon he was skillfully unfastening chuck bolts, putting in new steel, seeing that there was water in holes to make a thin mud and prevent the drill from clogging, and turning the valve on the air hose on and off as they moved.

"I make a miner out of you, big falla," said Nels delightedly. He taught George secrets of the rock. When it fitchered and the steel began to stick, George alertly helped, and in a few days they frequently reversed positions, Nels resting by tending chuck, while George's hand turned the throttle air valve of the machine; and he whistled under the whir and whiz as the rock broke away. Copper was high and the mine was increasing tonnage to satisfy the maw of the flotation process mill, where the ore went rumbling through the spinning Hardinges.

"Here, you are a better miner as me," said Nels before November. "Becose you got dose brains. Maybe I don't git all dose good smokes on shift when I git me a new tender, but four dollar instead three dollar four bits is comin' to you."

When the snows of winter drifted to the bunk-house roofs, and the trails to mine and mill were narrow cuts between ten-foot walls of white, George Bell was a somebody in the camp. He was dubbed Big George because there was a smaller George who was much less of a somebody. A freighter smashed the Blaine dock, and the day a shipment of creosoted piles arrived from Seattle, George asked the construction boss for the job of pile-driver engineer, and got it, and for six weeks, in bitter northeast gales, he drove on the work, cursing men who said they wouldn't stay out there to be frozen and blown to pieces, laughing at them for weaklings. The face of the dock was restored in time to receive important machinery for the mill, and George went back to his machine, spotty about the face from the poisonous flicking of creosote as the driver hit wet piles, but feeling good because he had kept his gang together. And the gang bragged about George.

He adjusted various arguments. Some thought it was time to strike for increase of pay. George said wait until they got the mill half apart and were straining to put extra tonnage through the working end, and had started to send through the dumps rendered shipable since the mill's erection. Then strike, if the company wouldn't come through without that action. When an excitable Serbian dropped a stick of number one into an enemy's cook stove, and the house rose up, but queerly left the owner mostly intact, the island seethed and yells for a rope sounded. And George observed:

"You guys better lay off huntin' Masonovich. I put him in a skiff an' headed him for another island last night. What you want to horn in on a feud between a couple of the blacks for? Put that rope back in the warehouse, you're makin' suckers of yourselves!"

Nels Lindquist told Murphy that a chap like George ought not to tie up with a little dago Rosy, and Murphy nodded gravely. That day George bought the house lumber, receiving Crothers' permission to build on company land, the building reverting to the company when George should permanently leave its employ. Before the five-o'clock whistle shrilled across the channel, and the hills of Hoodoo Island opposite cried back, Rosy had met Nick Pavlov's wife, informing her that the Mister Ge-eorge had sold his claims in the Port Wells district, and he was rich! Two thousand dollars paid on a thing called a bond! He was building the so swell a house, four rooms, a bathroom. Imagine of a bath in which to lave all of yourself at once! At dinner he had said four rooms should be the large enough for the two person, if one was a small? Nick's wife exclaimed and rushed to other wives—four rooms and a bath! Only the five staff-officers' houses were so grand. Mrs. Sam Hallett, who taught the Government school, asked Hallett if George Bell were insane, buying that Rosina a fifty-dollar dress and now such house plans! George sent word by Nels Lindquist that he wouldn't take any supper. He and Murphy were using the high tide to raft the building material to the point; and Nels was to aid, when Murphy had to report for work, in packing lumber to the allotted site.

"Have you rhead the letther?" Murphy asked. He stood on the raft, tying a towline to the little craft in which George was cranking the engine.

"Yes," said George, and he flushed.

"A young lady like that one has cour'ge an' intilligence. Sam Hallett's wife's had this school two tarms now, an' the bachelors of a camp should have some chancet. We ought to pull for a single teacher."

"But Hallett's clerk of the schoolboard, an' Carter's the surveyor's director. Mrs. Gardner's treasurer—all staff folks. She'll get a third term."

The engine coughed noisily, Murphy shoved off with a pike pole, and crouching by the engine George headed for the point. It was a windy, raw March evening with a mist of snow muffling the higher peaks of Blaine. These were a smooth cold white. Spruce timber darkened the lower hills. The camp was close to the beach, a long dock reaching into the water, buildings painted company red were set on each side of a long snow shed running from the dock ore bunkers, past the mill and ending at the entrance to the main tunnel. The glory hole of the mine was a big gray gap in a snowy hillside.

George filled the oil cups, wiped his fingers on some waste, and brought from a mackinaw pocket the profile photograph of a girl whom he had decided was chestnut-haired and dark-blue-eyed. Wavy hair, starting from a careful parting, became a sizable knot at the back of her head. Miss Sarah Sherman had written:

I taught last year in the Hawaiian Islands, the year before in New York City. I am a graduate of Smith, can give domestic science if necessary; American, age twenty-six, patient with stupid children, interested in all of them, and well able to handle a mixed-grade room. Climate and accommodations for living are immaterial. I wish to teach in Alaska.

"A new boar-rd may be elected," said Murphy as they landed the raft. "Keep the letther, Garge. A new boar-rd could hire her, you see. Hallett threw that in a basket, an' the Jap janitor he slipped it to me, thinkin' her pretty."

"I kinda like her eyes," said George, and Murphy smiled secretively.

Until long after night had really come, George and Nels dragged lumber. The site was among spruces, away from the other houses whence lamplight sent beams. There was a light in Rosy's window, and a shadow passing often before it. And abruptly Rosy's voice sounded, asking Nels for the Mister Ge-orge.

"Mamma says we got the hot coffee an' grub, you come!"

"I ain't wishin'anything, thank you, Rosy," said George from the gloom.

Nels had already accepted and was striding toward the kitchen.

"Better go home, it's too wet, snow an' mud mixed here," George advised.

"Pleas' you, me I say it?" said Rosy coquettishly.

"Some other night! An'—uh—uh, Rosy, it's been takin' me too long to get up an' down the hill lately, so I got to go eat in the mess again. Will you tell your maw I won't be to any more meals?"

"What—what you—mean?" stammered Rosy. She gripped his arm. "I do somesing, you mad I tell Nick's wife you rich now? Oh, Mister Ge-eorge!"

They were moving forward, and the Gellinis' open door sent light enough to show her large, affrighted black eyes. Gently George said she hadn't done anything—she was a good, nice, little girl! Heaving and whimpering, she hung to him, begging him not to leave her, what was it? was it her letting old Giovanni kiss her? he was just like the uncle, just ——

"Now, now, kid, I ain't your company, an' as—as to that, you'll find some young Italian guy, an' he'll love you desperate."

"You no love me!" she gasped, panting when he said coldly:

"No, Rosy."

"You buy the so fine house! You say it for the two person, the ——"

George broke from her then, for there was a picture between him and her wild black eyes—the new house, furnished, warmed, himself hustling home as he came off shift, and some one different from Rosy, some one cleverer, finer, better—better than he, too, waiting. As he fled along the windy beach, slipping on coils of kelp, he whispered: "Sarah! Sarah Sherman, American, twenty-six!"

The bunk-house schoolboard ticket won by four votes. Alaskan women have the vote, and of the seventeen who were citizens or wives of men holding first papers, one only registered her preference for George Bell as director; William Murphy, treasurer; Nels Lindquist, clerk. She was Mrs. Hanlon, and George had leaped in and saved Hanlon when the latter was blown off the dock, while working with the pile-driver crew. Mrs. Sam Hallett cut George, and early and often she declared that she had a mind to write to Governor Strong about the disgraceful plot—one hundred and sixty men, because they happened to be bachelors, voting down the respectable element whose children made a school necessary! Because there was one little chance to get married! She declined to deliver certain song books bought with the cash result of a cake and pie sale. Let the new board make pies and cakes, if they could, and sell them!

"I stand like a cache robber with these women," George told Murphy, as on a June night they unwound snakes of paper and excelsior from furniture which caused Murphy to mutter delightedly:

"Intelligence! A lady's taste for thrue bird's-eye maple for the bidroom, rale mahogany for the rist!"

"The swellest part is Sarah marchin' in here when I bring her over, an' discoverin' it was her own stuff she was buyin'," said George. "I know her eyes are mighty blue, Murph, with her pickin' blue patterns in the rugs an' the flossy hangin's that's the silk didos. She says they're to drape on the sides, an' with the net things in the middle. I told her to shoot the whole bank roll to have the house right. Ain't the blue kitchen truck handsome! Little change from a smoky lard bucket an' one fryin' pan on the trail, eh?"

The whole camp knew that Miss Sherman, the incoming teacher, had selected the furniture, because an obliging and curious young officeman had typed the new director's request—George announcing that he preferred to chop down a big tree and make shapes of it to writing a little letter. He asked if, as she was coming, would she buy furnishings for a bride's home, not ordinary cheap camp stuff, but, say, the sort a lady like herself would like, with one leather armchair for a big man! There had been an entertaining reply, with a check for cash left from the money orders, and on the next freighter the goods arrived. Headed by Mrs. Hanlon, the camp's ladies stepped over a consignment of mine timbers, boxes of blasting gelatin, sacks of Danish flint pebbles for the mill and, dodging slingloads of freight, inspected, sniffed at and peered at George's furniture.

"As soon as we're married, she can resign, an' Mrs. Hallett can go to it again. I don't want Sarah botherin' with a bunch of kids," said George, while Murphy spread papers on two chairs, and they sat down to rest and admire. "The doggone families will be takin' kids out of school an' puttin' 'em in again while the pas and mas fix up their scraps, an' the way these women have been glarin' at me this spring, I wish Sarah wouldn't even notice any of the lot."

"Sure, they're all sore, you ownin' a betther house than the staff folks," said Murphy. "Well, me an' Nels an' Joe Donelli have spr-read the war-rnin' for gints to rustle their own schoolma'ams to cour-rt, just as you rustled yours. You may have some battles."

"They better have a place bet on theirselves, if they start," said George ominously. "That goes for staff men too."

The teacher was due on the last boat in August, so Murphy told feminine inquirers. And Mrs. Hallett called a meeting, during which it was determined that, sun, rain or blow, the teacher should be properly greeted by her own sex and instantly given the facts of various matters. Everyone was going to the dock. Meanwhile from Cotter's, in Seward, came a new gray suit for George, with suitable shirts and scarfs, and even kid gloves, and from Blum's, in Valdez, ten pounds of costly Outside chocolates.

It was only the middle of August when a halibut smack anchored at flood tide before the power house, and to a cautiously low query from Murphy, on the walk above, the skipper said the Olympia ought to make Blaine by seven that night. Then he said remember him to George, upanchored, and sped off. With a fresh haircut, a shave so close that his ruddy face was redder than normally, George Bell got shakily into his gray suit and French-cuffed silk shirt. Nels was imposing in a new overcoat from Chicago. Murphy, leaving a substitute in the power plant, arrayed himself in neat drabs. The nights were dark now and rainy, and the lower deck of the dock held three inches of water, topped by fuel oil leaked by a just-departed tanker. When the ship whistled down at Carlson's sawmill, and the searchlight sent questioning white tongues at a certain reef, George was waiting on the edge of the dock.

She was on that slow-moving ship, peering at Blaine. Curse the rain that stopped it from looking its best! His heart pelted and his hands were sweaty-cold. Maybe they had the curtains wrong and the furniture mixed. Oh, she wouldn't mind; she was a good fellow. Her two letters had been licking smart, and funny and kind—hoping the lady had liked the furniture! Bless her—his Sarah, his girl. There wouldn't be any lonely aches any more. The ship rocked the dock as it slid alongside, stern and bow lines went over piles, a single plank—camp style with the boat in a hurry—was put over.

"She ain't very big, George. Ketch holt her hand, y'slob!" hissed Murphy, and George lunged forward, swarmed up the plank, and caught a girl in a paperish raincoat who was crying was it always so, or was this a special? George fearfully asked if she would meet Mr. Murphy, Mr. Lindquist—where in time was he?—of the board! And he was Bell! Then Sarah Sherman screamed heartily, having stepped off into the flood, and in a second George lifted her, and she cried:

"Oh, thank you lots! I'd have been drowned, I think!"

He was carrying her through bewildering piles of massed freight, and lights were infrequent, but by one swinging in the wind he saw that her eyes were darkish blue and that her mouth was upturned and sweet.

"You been sick, girlie?" he asked, mounting the steps to the upper deck. "You look right pale—now I can set you down—right pale, and some tired, ain't you?"

"I haven't been very well, it was so hot below," she said, and he sensed that she was pleased at his concern. "But your things—were they satisfactory? If it's for others I always just go out and do the best I can, but it's hard to buy for another woman. What did she say?"

They left the dock, descending some steps to the beach, the gallant board following with hand baggage. Nels stripped a tarp from George's boat, George lifted the teacher in, and Murphy shoved off, remarking privately:

"You won't find a finer lad in the Northland than George Bell, mom."

"Oh, I was sure I'd like him," she said blithely, and to George, who sat by her while Nels ran the engine:

"I was scared about that dressing table, but that'd be about the first item a girl would give up, with freight so awful, and a man wouldn't realize her sacrifice, and, of course, you wish your wife always looking smart, don't you?"

"Yes," said George, and he held a fold of her coat. "The blue runnin' through was mighty skookum. I'm strong for blue."

"So am I—I've a blue gown on this minute! Oh! Is it safe?"

"All shoal water, that's why it's so rough," he said, thrilling because as the boat rose on a ground swell she had crept nearer him. "Here we are! Mind that rock, Murphy, you'll bust in her bow! The schoolhouse's just back a bit, an' the teacher has to bach in a couple rooms upstairs. We got a fire goin'!"

"This is going to be bully fun," said Sarah Sherman. "I can't see an inch! May I hold to your hand?"

"Dose teacher rooms are not much for an Outside lady," said Nels. "George he's got the nice shack."

"He must have, and I have a real interest in it. You know I bought the furniture," she laughed, and Nels relievedly told Murphy he guessed it was a match. The board went gayly ahead, and they were just at the school door when a lantern showed fifty feet away, and a female voice cried: "Welcome to Alaska, and hurry over to a chicken supper!"

"It's Mrs. Hanlon, an' she's been a-cookin' all day for you," said George. "S'pose you take just a quick look an' then go eat, an' by then the boys'll have your trunks over. Will you?"

In another ten minutes George and the teacher were seated at the Hanlon table, stout Mrs. Hanlon garrulously admiring the guest's V-necked, crêpe-sleeved frock of marine blue, Al Hanlon, worried and nervous in a starched collar, mumbling answers when he must. Roasted chickens, canned shrimp salad, canned spinach and corn, potatoes, ice cream—made with a little iceberg George had towed in earlier—a tremendous cake, and coffee. George could not eat and was winkingly rallied by his hostess. Miss Sherman ate restrainedly and praised the banquet with an honest air. Later she insisted on drying the dishes, and the two men were driven into another room, conversing unhappily until Mrs. Hanlon's loud tones sent:

"Why George Bell's not married, honey! Why, yes, he's got the house! My sakes, he got your picture an' began a buildin' same day!"

The other voice was pitched too low to carry. Then:

"But, honey, George is a lovely provider. Why a girl he throwed down after he knew of you, he staked her to a lovely dress, an' he paid two dollars each for the chickens to-night, an' sent over groceries 'nough for a week, an' he says, 'Now, Lulu, spare no pains, no expense, my girl's goin' to be like a queen!' he says. He engineered the election to get you, him an' the bunk houses, he leads 'em all. An' Mis' Hallett, teacher that was, she was beat!—Naturally the ladies don't like Bell now, but my land—— How? Oh, surely, we all knowed of the furnishin'; they can't keep nothin' in a camp, you know. Oh, give George a chance, dearie! He makes good wages; drawed five an' a half a day when he was pile drivin'!"

"Wages?" The other voice ascended. "Is he a common laborer?"

"He's a miner, Miss Sherman." Mrs. Hanlon sounded huffy. "My mister's a rough carpenter, an' handles freight an' such sometimes. Laborin'—I s'pose it is."

"I—really I beg your pardon, Mrs. Hanlon, only I thought—writing of being a miner, I thought it meant ——"

"Oh, now, honey, that's all right! You figgered him a staff man, but lots of them are ninnies—— How? Why surely it was me askin' you to supper, not merely him, but George's so masterful, he sent them chickens, sayin' his girl ——"

Miss Sherman was heard repeating that Mrs. Hanlon must excuse her. It was the briefest parting, and in the blackness the girl was feeling for the schoolhouse door, when George's large warm hand found hers.

"Sarah—little girl—nev' mind that fool woman, listen!"

They were inside then, stumbling against the little desks, and he righted her while she hissed how dared he humiliate, deceive, yes, plain lie—oh, disgusting, contemptible deceit! Would he leave her instantly? It ought to be enough, making a woman the jest of a camp of—laborers.

"I'll take it all, only gimme a chance for my life," said George unsteadily. "No, you can't git loose. I love you! I'm goin' to be good to you, I got your blue house ready, sweetness—blue like your eyes, them curtains are—you'll resign from the doggone school, this board business can be sloughed off. I love ——"

"You are an impossible vulgarian and I scorn you!" said Sarah Sherman hotly.

In the friendly gloom George raised her, fighting, actually clawing him, until his mouth reached hers. He laughed when she viciously clacked her teeth at him.

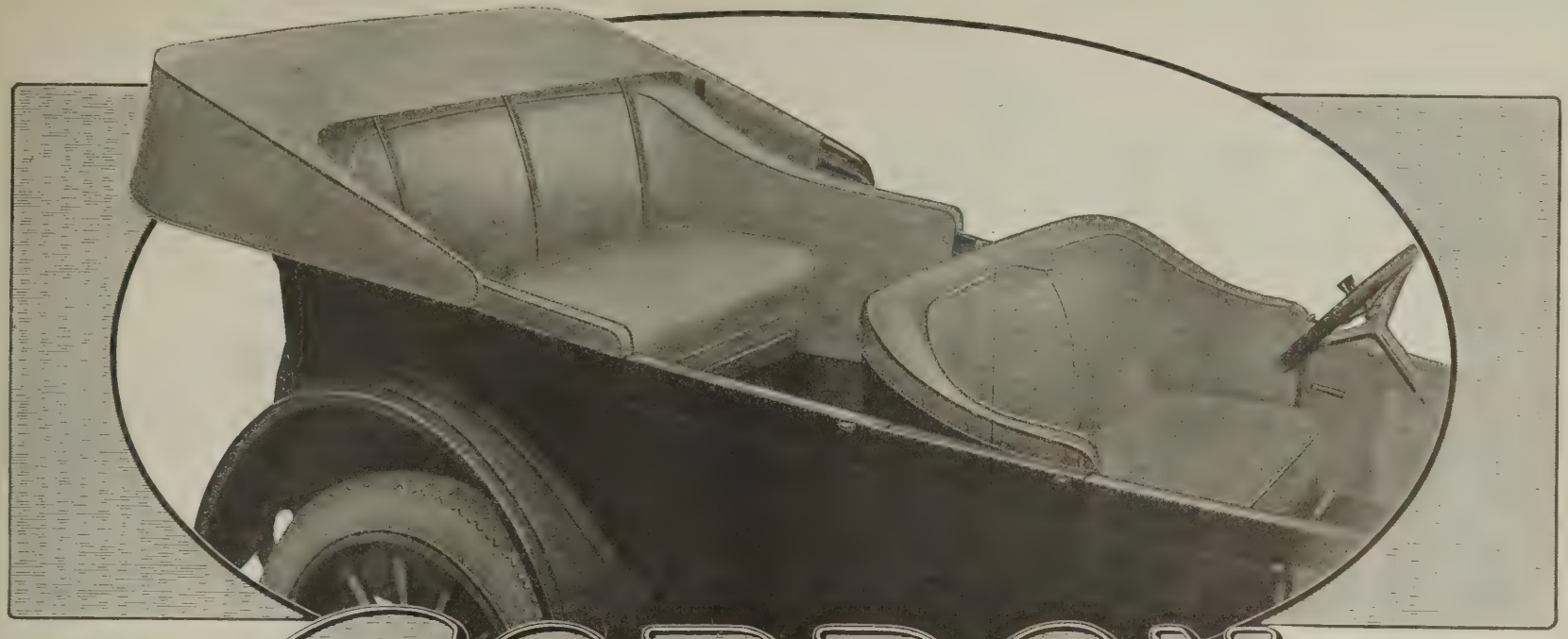
"You'll git loose if you kiss back—not before. That's how us laborin' vulgarians are," he said, and thought his heart would split. Suddenly her lips gave him a remote, impersonal touch, and as he quickly lowered her, she said, in what was certainly her schoolroom voice:

"Come, come, no more nonsense, my good man! Run along, and don't ever come back!"

She kept the job. Presently the mill superintendent, the dock boss and the head bookkeeper, all college men, were calling evenings. Mrs. Hallett had been the first woman to appear, and Sarah walked along the beach to the store with Mrs. Hallett after the visit. It was reported that the teacher accepted no invitations, replied that she would like to, but to go everywhere would take time from her work, and to go to a few places might create ill feeling. She was friendly but not familiar to the mothers of the school children. Mrs. Hallett had allowed children under school age to come with their elders—one reason for Mrs. Hallett's popularity, because the mothers were relieved of a care. Sarah's dictum prevented this, nor were they permitted, as formerly, to entertain themselves by roosting on a tundra bank before the school windows, making faces at their relatives within. Mrs. Al Hanlon called once and was received with kind formality and, leaving, Mrs. Hanlon declared the teacher an upstart! Just mentioned the name of George Bell, poor fellow, and been looked at by that girl as if the latter hadn't heard!

The teacher had been told about Rosy, now the fiancée of young Johnny Riva, but still wistful as she gazed at the beautiful new house that could never be hers. Johnny had tried to rent it, but George Bell sharply said the house was

(Continued on Page 45)



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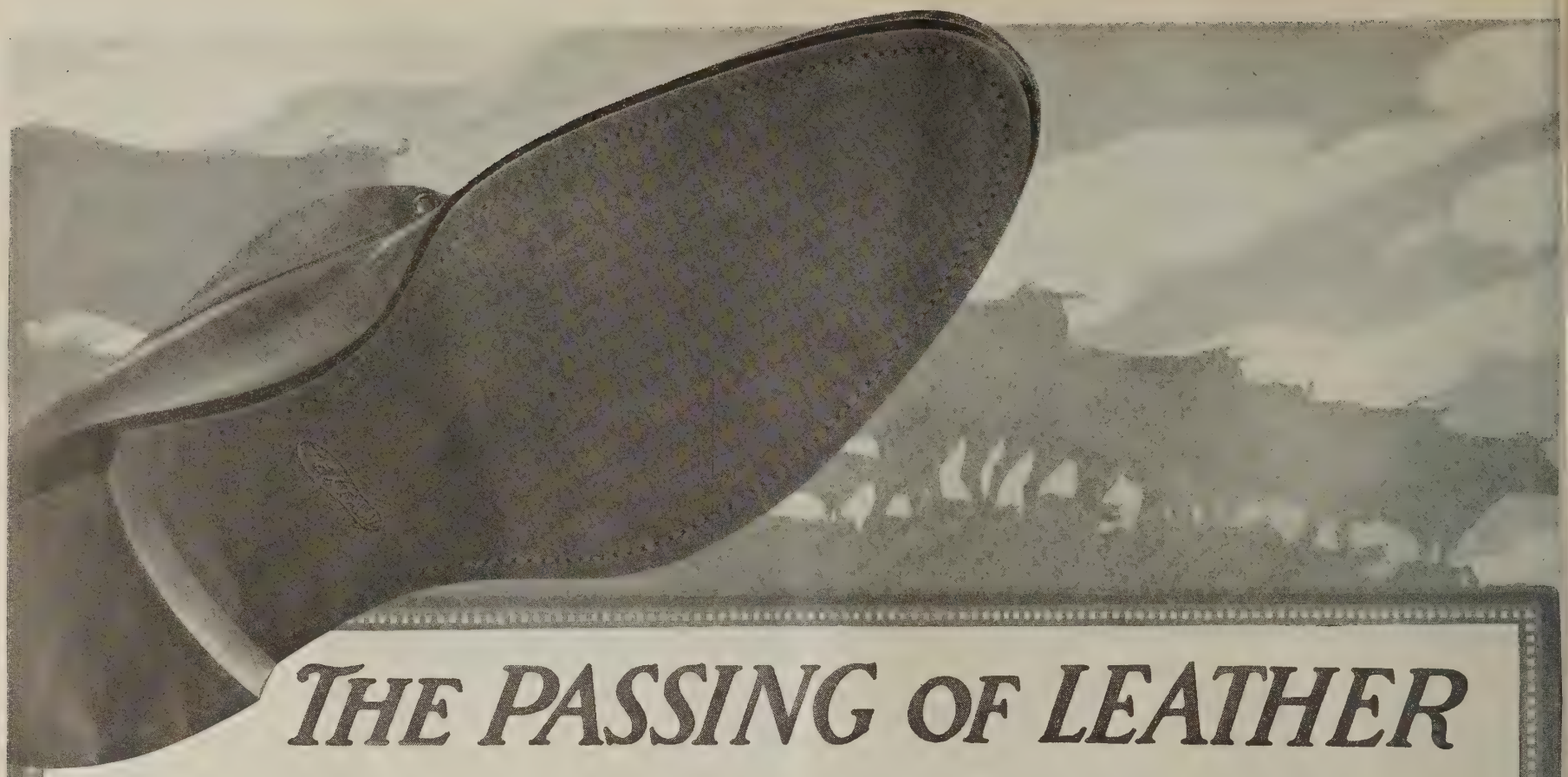
Thoroughly well made of long-wearing fabric. Give just the protection from sun and weather necessary to insure full mileage from every tire you carry. It's good business to save tires; therefore protect yours with Gordon Easy On Covers. See your dealer about "tire insurance" today.

The J. P. Gordon Company
Fourth & Naughten Sts. **Columbus, Ohio**



THE PASSING OF LEATHER

YOU cannot stop Improvement. It goes hand in hand with Time. TEXTAN—the Goodrich Sole for your shoes—is becoming *generally recognized* as the Successor to the leather sole.

The shoe manufacturer knows it, the shoe dealer knows it, and now the People—you, the wife and the kiddies—are finding that TEXTAN is better than leather, any way you look at it.

Because our forefathers walked on leather is no reason why WE should religiously follow their example. THEY rode in lumbering coaches, and illuminated their homes with candles, but that does not deter US from enjoying the luxury of steam and electricity.

The leather sole was a good servant—but it is now outdone.

TEXTAN is NOT rubber, but a Fibre sole and is manufactured to a standard quality; it is flexible to the point where it never has to be "broken in"; it is good-looking enough to go on your Sunday shoes; it is positively water-proof; and, best of all, *it outwears leather.*

You would prefer TEXTAN Soles for *one* of these advantages alone. You might as well enjoy them *all.*

Any shoe dealer has shoes with Textan Soles in stock or can get them for you. Any cobbler can Textan your shoes.

It is the Sole for the Whole Family.

TEXTAN

The GOODRICH Sole

Made only by THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

(Continued from Page 42)

neither for sale nor for rent. He wrote—in his own hand this time, and it was an easy, loopy one that astonished her—offering the residence, rent free, to the teacher, who ignored the note and bought more pans to put under the leaks in her apartments. The board was afraid of her. She did not consult them at all, but merely gave them orders, which she sent in letters left for Murphy at the power plant. She ordered a better trail cut from the school to the creek, and the board hastily obeyed. Must have more desks, more books; disgraceful not to have those on Alaskan bird life and Northern flowers! A phonograph—the fifty-dollar sort—records so the children could sing with them, a large globe, more blackboards, more materials!

"Sure, I'll infarm her nobs we got no appropriation this year excipt for her hundred monthly an' jan'tor sarvice. These extrys are comin' from your poke an' not the Alaska school fund," said Murphy angrily; but George said:

"Money's no good to me now; git what she hollers for. An' when they delay sendin' her warrant from Juneau, tip me off an' we'll slip her the cash!"

"Ah, Garge lad, ain't there a way to square things with her—you in misery, the house goin' to waste?"

"I don't want her anyhow," said George bitterly. "A guy'd need to be a quick jumper, married to her, Murph. She's mean. She cut me with a mess of native brats lookin', an' she laughed an' went on. I scorn her now!"

The women of Blaine were delighted. Good enough for George Bell! The bunk houses were divided. Winter came. Nothing to do off shift but sit round the big stoves and explain how the property ought to be managed, and what ailed the new compensation law, and plan the boats to be built in the spring. On the moonlit clear nights the livelier people climbed the iced hill back of the snowshed and skied wildly past impeding tree tops. The teacher went, using the ski Al Nordstrom had ordered from Outside. Nels Lindquist was always of the party, sourly observing her, wondering how the girl could laugh and slide and catch eager hands. The mill superintendent was forever round her. She wore a clever suit of dull-blue mackinaw, short-skirted and yellow-sashed, and a blue cap on her glinty chestnut hair. Her cheeks were round, and the Outside paleness had fled before a Northern pink. It was during one of the snow-party nights that a note signed S. Sherman was left at George's bunk house, and instead of going to the schoolhouse very soon, as requested, he sat on a snowdrift before the snowshed, awaiting her passing.

"You wish to see me, madam?"

The mill superintendent, who was her escort, stepped aside at her low explanation, and she began:

"Mr. Bell, I have discovered that you have been paying my salary when the boats were late. This must stop!"

"All right," said George.

"It's not that I don't appreciate your action!"

To his silence she said:

"There was absolutely no reason for it!"

"Thought you might need the money—the laborin' classes do sometimes."

"I hardly think I have shown any—any distress!" said the teacher tartly.

"Well, if there's apologizin' to be done, you better do it—not me," said George, and he left her. Her eyes were glittery when to the mill gentleman she said it had just been some school business. Next day she heard, and verified through the company-store's order book, that it was George who had bought the fine coal heater she had demanded. Did the board think her children could study and be efficient, snuffing coal dust from that old stove that no repairing would put in a state to draw properly? The stove had been ordered by cable. The teacher made her own social laws on Blaine, and the fact that females were not supposed to enter the bunk houses did not prevent her from appearing in Number Five that night and requesting a few words with George Bell. They stood on the chilly porch, banked round with snow and hung with somebody's just-washed, stiffening underwear; and when she had flamed upon him, George said:

"I staked you to the stove, an' the music machine, an' books, an' all the truck. What of it? We don't go round in Alaska cryin' an' whinin' when somebody spends a few two-bit pieces! I done it for the kids, not for you—you ain't nothin' to me! You've had your nose in the air at the common laborin' man, an' they tell me your old man's a farmer on Long Island, wherever that is!"

"He has an estate there—farmer indeed!" said the teacher scornfully.

"Let him have it! You might be a graduate of Smith; my mother was the first woman in her state to be admitted to the bar! But she came up here an' did the best she could, an' she never lost her good manners neither!"

"You haven't followed an excellent example then! But I came here to hand you this check for the stove. Take it!"

"Say, that's plenty. I'm the board an' I'll put what I please into that school, an' bein' the board, the teacher better listen when I talk! Do you git me?"

"I know you are a—perfect—bully!" said Sarah furiously. "All over this camp you've sent the story that I felt myself better than workers, when I ——"

"When you're just a workin' woman yourself!"

"Just One Minute, Gentlemen. I Have Here a Cable From Governor Strong at Juneau"

It was a short, unusual winter in the Northland. In March salmonberries had budded above the snow on the Blaine beaches. The wind brought a fresh smell of ferns that were pushing through the tundra. The channel was often smooth, and the sun shone warmly from a rich-blue sky. The peaks were streaked with brown from snow and rock slides. Spring coming, and another election! When the ships, in early April, changed to the six-day summer schedule instead of the winter's ten, the papers they left were not so exciting as the news that Nick Pavlov, John Larsen and Mrs. Jackson were on one ticket; Sam Hallett, Mrs. Gardner, the assayer's wife, and Boyd, a mill shift boss, made another. The Pavlovs wanted a different teacher, because when Anna Pavlov stayed at home the teacher came for her and warned the household that actual illness was the only excuse for absence; helping mamma get ready for a party would not suffice. Mrs. Jackson was a friend of the Gellinis, who still felt Rosy's wrongs had come through teacher. John Larsen had taken George's soap in the bunk-house change room, and later had run into a left hook and a few crisp remarks tossed out while John sat foggily on the slopped floor.

The camp tattled that Harlowe, the mill superintendent, was making it unpleasant for his shifter, who had unwarily been swept into the Hallett fold. Then suddenly, a third ticket: Harlowe; Cabell, a mine shifter; and Crothers, the manager of Blaine! Their slogan was Sarah Sherman for teacher. Cabell and Crothers each had two children in school. Mrs. Crothers began electioneering—Sarah and she were consulting and walking together daily; Mrs. Cabell called at certain homes where she had failed to stop previously; and Harlowe indicated to the mill men that their support would make them popular.

"By jolly, I like for see them Pavlovs beat," fumed Nels Lindquist. "Dose staff guys are all big its now, settlin' dose teacher games. I radder see a new teacher, though Pavlov he don't savvy much, an' a yealous wife she don't leave him get a looker, er, Murphy?"

"The fight's growin' vicious," said Murphy, as the board sat after supper, with legs hanging over the walk before the power plant.

"Election's last Monday in April, ain't it?" asked George. "How many in camp would follow me, Murph?"

"I'll figger," said Murphy, interested. He made a list, whistling dubiously. George censored it.

"I couldn't buck the mill when they've got two tickets now. But I can do this—they say she's goin' to marry Harlowe, an' I'll stop 'em from havin' everything their own way! We three'll be the board again—an' she won't be teacher!"

Crothers, the manager, was angry. Mrs. Crothers was at home, crying. The Cabells and Halletts had definitely quarreled, and the storekeeper was almost a madman from the strain of holding office as election judge. Watchers for all tickets, voters and pickets had swarmed into the store. The polls closed at eight, and countings by the three parties left them undecided. There were thirty voters not heard from. These were the George Bell faction, and earnest whisperings to those either at work or off shift seemed useless. At six o'clock a large fishing smack steamed to the dock, and George Bell, handsome in blue serge and soft gray hat set on the back of his head, walked out there smiling. Thoughtfully he tore the mucilaged edge from a paper, creating a cigarette with his left hand, while his right greeted men who jumped nimbly ashore from the smack.

"Hello, George! What d'you know? Kelly Olsen's comin' on the Daisy B, an' he's got sixty with him, like your letter said!" bawled the little fat captain who led the crowd. There were fifty round George as the Daisy B's

(Concluded on Page 49)

Mallory Hats

"Cravenette"

The *style* of Mallory Hats is as good as their *quality*—and since 1823 their quality has never been questioned. Made and fashioned for American gentlemen, by American hatters—the most skillful in the world. Mallory Hats exclusively have the well-known "Cravenette" feature. Mallory dealers—identified by the Mallory sign—are showing the new Spring styles now at $3., $3.50, $4. & $5.

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.

234 Fifth Avenue, New York Factory: Danbury, Connecticut

NEVER AGAIN!

(Concluded from Page 13)

"Not this time!" he said grimly, a curious calm succeeding his rage. "That's old stuff, and I don't fall for it any more. Hold her, Rance, till I finish with this half portion."

Then he stepped close and stood over me.

"Git up!" he commanded. "Git up and come on outside! I don't want to mess up Rance's place."

But I would not. That he should expect it betrayed a selfishness and ignorance in keeping with his behavior. No; I remained on the floor.

"Are you going to git up and let me finish?" he demanded impatiently.

"Why should I?" was my haughty rejoinder. "I am quite comfortable where I am. Besides, I do not understand."

"That's what I aim to explain to you."

"Possibly; but I can hear the explanation here. What is the meaning of this assault, sir?

"I chance upon a lady whose motor has stalled in the street, and endeavor to aid her. And this is my reward for kindness! Blows and abuse—and indignity for her. Shame upon you, m'sieu!"

"Also, fie, fie!" he said with a sneer. "I suppose you two were fixin' the machine at that table over there—huh? Don't pull anything like that on me! If you wanted to help a lady crank her car, why wasn't you at it, instead of lappin' up drinks with her? I guess that'll hold you—both of you!"

"MISTER Thomas!" cried madame.

"And you shut up," continued her ogre of a husband, "or I'll give you somethin' to blubber about. Do you hear? Fine state of affairs—ain't it?—when a pal has to phone a man to come git his wife! Only for ol' Rance, I might never of knowed!"

He could hardly expect either of us to enthuse over the druggist's loyalty, m'sieu, and I made no pretense of doing so. Instead, happening to descry M'sieu Field going past the store in his roadster, dragging the flivver at the end of a rope, I tried to attract his attention by waving my arm.

"Who's that?" he asked truculently.

"Another Good Samaritan who sought to befriend madame. Perhaps you would like to attack him also, m'sieu!"

"No; because he's decent. He's a gen'l'man! You don't catch him trying to mash a respectable married lady ——"

"No, indeed; you do not!" I said significantly.

"He's out there doing his best to start the car, while you —— Dog-gone! I've talked all I'm agoin' to. Will you come outside, or won't you? I'm sure sorry, Rance, but if he won't I aim to clean him here."

"This," exclaimed madame in a voice whose tragedy I shall never forget, "is what I get for marryin' a bum! It serves me right! Ma warned me!"

I glanced at her. Memories of the maternal adjurations, so unhappily ignored, dimmed her eyes, and she was on the verge of breaking down. Her distress was harrowing to witness. I instantly formed a resolution.

"Do not be uneasy, m'sieu!" I cried, springing briskly to my feet. "I am at your service. We will go outside and settle our little difference. But, that we may avoid the unwelcome attentions of the rabble, I propose we step into the lane at the back. Is the proposition agreeable to you, sir?"

"Why, one place is as good as another, I reckon," he replied, completely taken aback.

Aha! I had scored against him! I could detect it at once in his altered demeanor, m'sieu—in the very tones of his voice. He instantly dropped all bluster. Not for a moment had he anticipated that I would accept his challenge, especially with such cheerful alacrity—an alacrity that seemed to render the issue less certain than he had supposed. And here I would like to observe, my friend, that this has been my observation of fighters: their eagerness for the combat wanes in proportion to their antagonists' zest for it.

Completely restored to poise by the success of my maneuver I now approached the fair cause of it all and said to her, with respectful ardor:

"Have no fear, madame. I will administer a lesson to this bully that he richly deserves. Do not weep, I beg of you. All will be well." Then, bowing to the husband, who remained a puzzled spectator of this tableau, I added coldly, "After you, m'sieu!"

"Uh-uh!"

"And why not, pray? You desired me to go outside!"

"Sure! But we'll go alongside each other. You don't git me from behind like that."

Such were the boor's notions of honor, m'sieu! My blood boiled. It was the one thing needed to fire me for the fray. And in that moment I determined that no false notions of chivalry should hamper me in the struggle; that I would cast away all nice considerations of fair play between combatants and make a whirlwind of the affair which would leave the more desperate of us winner. It was the only possible plan with such a wretch, my friend. It was, as M'sieu Joe Hicks often impressed upon me, the only sure method of bringing home the bacon.

Eh bien! We issued out into the lane—the druggist, my enemy and myself—and I started leisurely to remove my coat. Mark now his treachery, m'sieu—a treachery undoubtedly begotten of fear. The rascal did not give me time to remove it. No; with a profane word, he sprang at me, and the battle was on.

So sudden was his onslaught that he caught me unprepared. Dimly I saw his arms flail the air, and when I attempted to dodge under, something arrested the movement. Simultaneously I became aware of a shock to my whole frame, followed by an excruciating pain in the right eye, which seemed to dim my vision. Indeed, the optic was practically useless to me during the rest of the encounter.

Obviously it was of paramount importance that I should evade further blows, for this Charlie delivered them with a force and malevolence that stunned. Accordingly, when he drew back his arm for another stroke I ducked my head and plunged under his fist, straight at his middle. Do you divine my purpose, m'sieu? It was to butt him in the stomach.

The attempt brought the happiest results. The impact was as violent as I could have wished, and he let out a grunt. Then over he went, with myself on top. Eureka! I had him!

But even as this exultant conviction forced itself upon me and I was essaying to choke him with my hands, the better to insure victory, the tables were reversed. Yes, my friend; the traitorous Charlie did not remain down. No sooner had his back touched the ground than he gave a heave with his knees that precipitated me headlong and, before I could even turn over, he had pounced on me again. Striding my recumbent form, the brutal fellow pressed my face into the dirt with one sinewy hand, while he belabored my body with the other.

"Charlie!" shrieked madame from the doorway. "Shame on you! To pick on a little fellow like that! Let him up! Let him up or I'll go fetch a policeman!"

What response, if any, he would have made to this appeal will never be known, for as luck would have it his attention was diverted by a fortunate accident. In the mêlée the bottle of paregoric had rolled out of my pocket and now lay on the ground near his hand. The moment his eyes beheld this he left off beating me to seize it.

"Look here, fellers!" he shouted to the crowd of spectators who had flocked into the lane at the first sound of our combat. "Paregoric! Just what this li'l rat needs! I'm agoin' to make him swallow the whole bottle."

Instantly acting upon this plan, he pinned my arms down with his legs and prepared to administer the dose.

So! The barbarian would even deprive my adorable boys of the medicine they needed! The thought gave me the strength of Samson. I executed a mighty wrench and hurled him off.

"Ouch!" he wailed in agony. "He bit me! He bit me on the knee!"

Your American crowds, my friend, are ever true sportsmen. Their sympathies run to the dauntless contestant who strives against odds. They now set up whoops of pure delight.

"Hooray!" they yelled. "Go to it, Frenchy! Bite him agin!"

You may well suppose that I was resolved to do so should the opportunity present itself. I shook the hair out of my eyes and made ready.

But he did not come on again with his former enthusiasm. I had taught him a lesson. He had tested Henri Giraud's mettle and had no relish for it.

However, the cries and jeers of the crowd spurred him to renew the attack. He ceased rubbing the leg I had so adroitly nipped, and made another rush.

And then, m'sieu—then I executed a ruse that I had been planning from the outset. Because of his larger dimensions and weight he might be my superior in the *combat de boxe*, but he was sadly deficient to cope with me in other respects; for, united to a higher order of intelligence and keener wits, I possessed a training in acrobatics against which he could not hope to contend. Little did he suspect, as he came rushing blindly upon me, that Henri Giraud had enthralled audiences the world over with feats of agility that deceived the eye, and had more than once earned the plaudits of crowned heads. Yes; he little recked that, even as I pretended to flee, I was meditating a *coup de revers*.

But such was the case. The second he leaped forward I turned my back and ran—yes, ran! A moment, however, and I dropped upon my hands. And then, in full view of the astonished natives, I swung both feet with full strength, catching this Charlie under the chin.

"Charlie's knocked off work for the day all right, all right!" said the druggist, bending over to examine my senseless foe. "Some wallop—believe me!"

I rose and nonchalantly dusted my clothes. The eager populace quickly swarmed round me, patting my back and applauding. Their admiration of my exploit was boundless, and filled me with gratitude and pride.

"Just what d' you call that?" inquired one gentleman. "Gee! It's got an uppercut beat fifty-two ways from the ace."

My satisfaction was doomed to be short-lived, however; for as I was standing there modestly receiving their congratulations I heard a shrill cry close to my ear, and without any warning whatsoever madame fell upon me from behind, scratching and striking with her little fists. The fickle crowd immediately swerved to her cause and cheered uproariously.

This engagement might have gone hard with me, m'sieu—for I hesitated to strike a lady with whom I had recently been on such amicable terms—had not a policeman arrived. He came running up the lane, and close behind him was M'sieu Sam Field.

"What's this?" demanded the officer, dragging the lovely Bertine away, despite her grip on my hair.

I explained as well as I was able, aided by spokesmen among the spectators.

"Is that guy hurt bad, Rance?" he inquired of the druggist.

"I don't reckon so. But he ain't come to yet."

"Best get the ambulance, while I take this bird along to the station," said the policeman; and the druggist entered the store to telephone for it.

"But, officer, I assure you I am guiltless," I protested.

"Tell that to the judge. That's what they all say," was his unfeeling reply.

M'sieu Field now interfered, suave and smiling. Truly, *savoir-faire* is an inestimable quality, my friend.

"Sergeant," he said amiably, "I happen to know that this fight was forced on my friend here. It would hurt his position if you took him along in the ding-a-ling wagon. Now I've got my car out in the street. Why not let me drive you to the station? Or, better still, let me take him home. If any charge is laid against Henree I'll put up bond for his appearance—any amount up to a million."

The officer hesitated, looking from M'sieu Sam to me.

"All right, Mr. Field," he said at last. "If you say you'll bring him into court, it's good enough for me. But take him away before he gets into another scrap."

"Come on," cried M'sieu Sam eagerly, and we started out of the lane. First, however, I regained possession of the bottle of paregoric.

"Say!" called the policeman. "Are there any mules in your family?"

"There are not, m'sieu," I answered, somewhat puzzled by the question.

"Well, beat it before this lady gets loose. You behave now, ma'am! Charlie'll be all right in an hour or two; so cut out the hollerin'."

Eh bien! M'sieu Sam and I hastened joyously into the street.

"Gee! That's some eye you've got, Henree!" he exclaimed. "You'd best put a piece of steak on that, Ol' Settler, or it'll look like a map of Serbia."

"Very well," I assented. "It causes me no pain, but let us do so. Here is a restaurant."

As we were about to enter the place I perceived the flivver madame had driven standing inertly at the curb.

"Did you not, then, succeed in getting it started?"

"Nary a sound out of it! I dragged the cussed thing ten blocks, Henree, and still it wouldn't fire. Must be busted I reckon. Come on! Let's get that beef."

We approached the lady at the lunch counter, who eyed me very dubiously.

"My friend, here," explained M'sieu Field, "wants a steak. And he wants it quick!"

"Sure!" she said, and departed to the back regions.

While we were waiting, numbers of the spectators followed us in and ringed us round. Loud were their praises of my skill and courage, and I received many flattering suggestions. One gentleman urged me to sign up for a contest with M'sieu Jess Willard; but I could not, of course, countenance such a proposal, and pooh-poohed the idea.

We sat there a quarter of an hour, M'sieu Sam growing more impatient each minute, and then the waitress brought the steak. My friend, she had fried it, with potato chips on the side!

"Let's get out of here and go home!" he cried; to which I willingly agreed.

We emerged on to the sidewalk, and there was madame preparing to step into her machine for a fresh trial. Behind her stood M'sieu Charlie, supported by the druggist. He appeared very weak and shaken; but I was relieved to perceive that he would not require the services of the ambulance, even then storming down the street toward us. Neither of them would so much as glance in our direction, and accordingly we walked across to M'sieu Field's roadster.

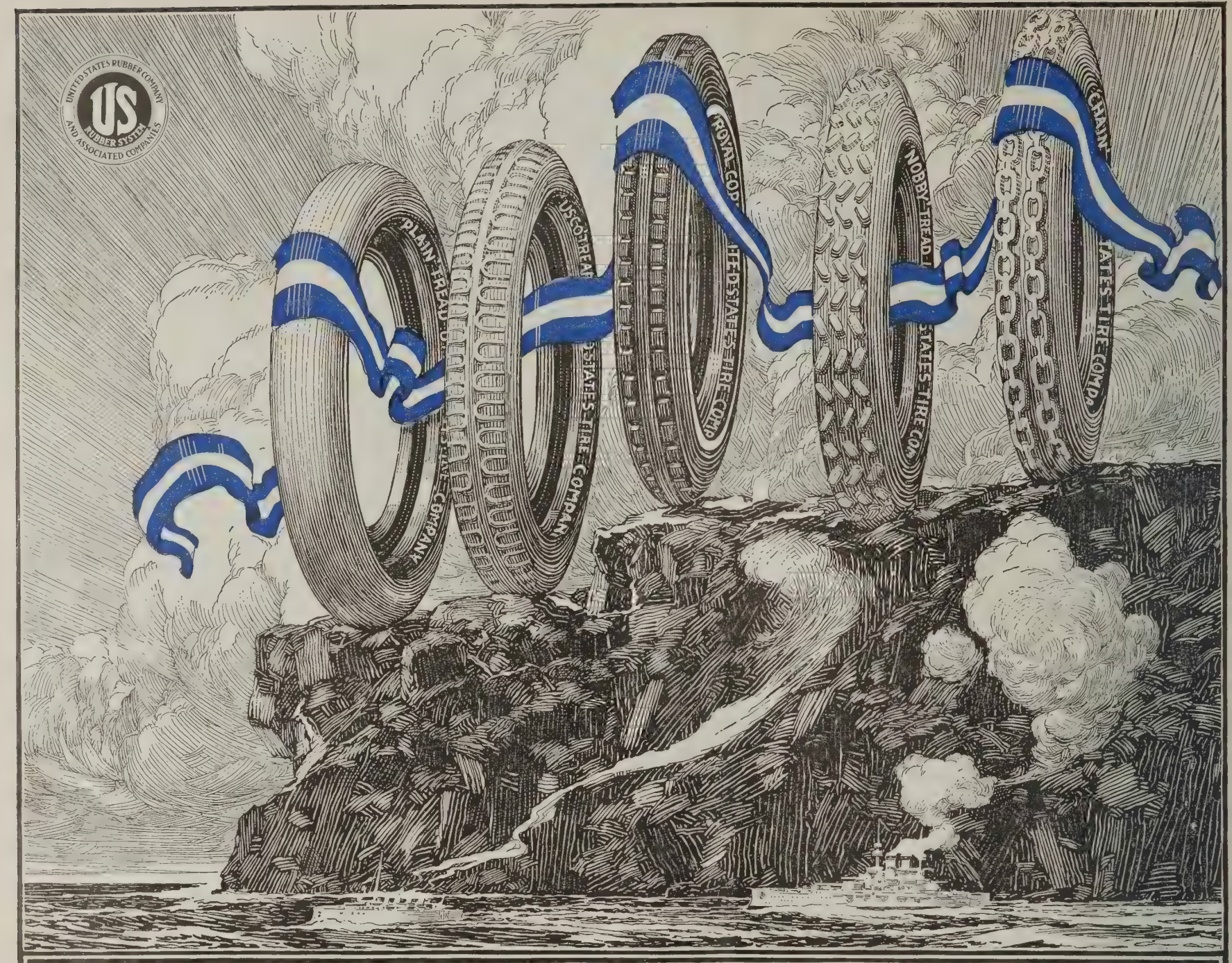
The druggist now undertook to crank madame's car. I watched, with secret elation. He spun and spun; but there was not so much as a pop to reward him.

A jitney came rattling along and pulled up opposite them. The driver surveyed the druggist's efforts a while, and then alighted. He had an exceedingly harsh countenance, and the back of his neck was shaved. "Won't she start?" he demanded gruffly. "Here; lemme try. This is the only way to treat 'em."

And, approaching the stubborn Lizzie, he administered several hearty kicks.

"Now," he said, seizing the crank, "you git agoin'! Hear me? I've had enough trouble with you!"

And the flivver, m'sieu, ran right along.



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The Jack of all trades is a master of none—

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Consider price limitation; consider design and other elements of tire construction;

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—these factors alone make it evident that a "Jack" tire, no matter how versatile it may be, *won't do.*

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If you need tires, go to a man who knows tires thoroughly—the specialist.

Put *your* actual conditions of price and use up to *him.*

United States Tire Dealers carry a complete line of *United States Tires*—the five different types that meet every possible need of price and use.

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That is the way to be sure of the low mileage cost and the high anti-skid efficiency which you want.

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The tremendous and continuous sales increases of United States Tires prove their utter dependability.

The five types

'Nobby' 'Chain'
'Royal Cord'
'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use

GEORGE BELL'S NEW TEACHER

(Concluded from Page 45)

stacks showed above Clam Point's trees, and in fifteen minutes she was tied up, and a black-haired, lawless-eyed young Norwegian was roaring:

"Hello, kid! How goes it?"

"'Tis Kelly Olsen an' a rigular mob, me bhoy," said Murphy, awed.

"You bet, an' they're with me. I'll show her!" said George, and his mouth laughed while his eyes stayed cold. Into the vestibule of the store they went, an orderly file. In one side, out by the other, was the command. The little fat captain grandly dropped his vote into the ballot box and, challenged, said:

"Residence? I'm an Alaskan."

"That don't go! You've no residence on Blaine Island!"

"Put 'em out, Shuey!"

"Why, they can't vote here; don't accept it, Billy!"

"Just one minute, gentlemen," said the voice of George Bell. He was standing on a counter, stacks of blue overalls in upset about his tan-shod feet. "I have here a cable from Governor Strong at Juneau, which states that a residence of one day in Alaskan Territory entitles any citizen, or those holding first papers, to vote at school elections, anywhere in the territory!"

"It's a fake!"

"No, he got the cable last boat; I took it from the mail clerk!" said a voice. "I remember him sayin' we ought to have wireless here."

"Well, by Jove, they've got to prove residence! They may all be sailors," cried Harlowe, and some one shouted:

"Any cables about that?"

"The two boatloads have been camped down at Jack Wilson's bay for thirty hours, my friend," said Kelly Olsen. "My word's good on the mainland! I don't know if it goes here."

"I knew Olsen in Nome!"

"So did I! George's got 'em all on the hip, ain't he?"

"Hand in your votes, boys," said George, as he stepped down. "New teacher due!"

In the general uproar of that evening, coal for the schoolhouse, weighed and sacked earlier and piled on a landing stage, was not delivered. Sarah Sherman had seen it, while on the bank above she conferred with Mrs. Cabell.

She went home and waited, and determined to have coal. She started along the beach, climbed a stairway to the store, arriving as George took his stand among the overalls. She backed out hurriedly and, with a blazing face, rushed to the beach, thinking chaotically. The last humiliation, was it? Maybe his new teacher that his pirate crew would bring was buying more furniture—Outside! But anyway she would have that coal, and no board needed to help. She could take it! In the blue-satin gown, with blue-silk stockings and patent-leather pumps, and a delicious little dull-blue hat wreathed in pink rosebuds; and gloves—all assumed for this special day that Harlowe had sworn to make a triumph—she hauled blindly at a dory. It was a hard pull over the gravel, but she got it in the water and close to the landing stage. Hot flashes stung her. Before all of them he had announced his new teacher! With white-gloved fingers she tugged at a one-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound coal sack which burst as it hit the bottom of the dory. Then another—and more. Coal heaving was easy when you were excitedly strong. Gloves still buttoned, she raged and rowed—not very well; she had a diggy motion, and the twelve-foot oars of a work dory were awkward.

George Bell saw her as she passed the point. The tide was mostly taking her then. He began to run, and in the Fourth-of-July races in many camps he had beaten the swiftest dog mushers, seasoned from winter trails. The schoolhouse was close to the shore of a little bight where Hanlon kept a boat. He could catch her, if the coal didn't put the dory down so much that the leaky side seams sank it.

Through slippery kelp and over upreared driftwood he streaked, plunging into concealed waterholes, when he struck the tundra flat of the point, and bursting through a spruce jungle to the shore again. Hanlon's boat was gone. He heard a wild cry from the water, and he stood staring bewilderedly, for there was no dory in sight. The channel stretched away toward the other islands and the open sea beyond; he would have seen if she had turned back. Abruptly the undulating ground swell came beachward, and far out he glimpsed a head, chestnut hair loose, and a little blue hat departing on the tide.

He ripped off his coat. Strong swimmers cannot stay afloat long in Alaska's freezing waters, and in anguish he thought of her sinking before he caught her. Faintly her voice came:

"Don't you come for me, George Bell! I'm not drowning! The coal sunk the boat on a reef and I'm standing; I'm perfectly all—all—don't you ——"

"Shut up, you little fool!" he bellowed, and drove toward her through the water.

"I'll die before I'm saved by you! I hate ——" A screech ended it, for the swell had swept her off the reef's edge. He could not swim as he could run, for the native-born Alaskan seldom has water warm enough to learn in, and he thrashed the waves like a killer whale. But he neared her, and bullishly he fought the tremendous ebb tide that was sucking her toward the open. A wave that he made broke over her white face; he saw her bright eyes dull as his arm shot out and grabbed her. She was limp as he towed her ashore.

"Open the little mouth, lovey!" Sarah heard. "It's coffee. Drink, baby! Little more—an' some more—swallowin' the salty stuff's had you pretty sick."

It was strong and black and comforting. She was certainly on land, lying on a springy couch. A stove was pleasantly noisy, there was a wolf robe over her, and peering from drowsy eyes she saw blue hangings on a window.

"This isn't my house!" she said weakly.

"Yes, it is!"

She looked again. There were small pools of sea water on the blue-patterned rugs. She pulled out a hand in a coaly white glove and eyed it thoughtfully, then gazed at George Bell, who was whistling as he dripped about, making toast on the Yukon heater. The room had a lived-in air. By the lamps on the table were books and a typewriter.

"I come over nights an' study engineerin'. I'm goin' to take a real technical course later on," he observed, arriving with a plate of buttered toast. "Goin' to try my cookin'?"

Sarah Sherman moved, sat up, and looked at him. George put aside the plate, knelt, and stared hungrily into her eyes. He saw a sudden blush creep over her cheeks; she bent toward him and sobbed:

"You shan't have that new teacher. I won't let you!"

"Just my own teacher!" said George huskily. And she put the coaly-gloved hands about his neck and kissed him impetuously. Still in a tight embrace, she sighed:

"Well, you've got her, dear."

"An' you've got your laborin' man!"

THE HOLD-OUT

(Continued from Page 10)

"That'll do, boys!" I hollered to them. "We'll quit. The express rates on caskets between here and Davenport is somethin' fierce."

I walked back to the hotel with Mr. Edwards. I never seen a guy so blue.

"He's impossible," he says.

"Never mind," says I. "He won't be with us long. One o' these days his luck'll desert him and he'll get killed."

"I think we'd better send for Hagedorn," says the boss.

"Oh, no," I says. "He'll show up before long."

"Yes," says Mr. Edwards; "but he'd ought to be here right now to get used to playin' with Gould and Berner. And I ain't so sure he'll show up, neither."

"I'd like to make you a little bet," I says. "I'd like to bet you five that we hear from him before the end o' the week."

"I'll just take that bet," says Mr. Edwards, "and I'll be glad to pay if I lose."

Well, knowin' him pretty well, I didn't hardly believe that. But I told him the bet was on.

The first train into the Springs from the North is supposed to arrive at nine in the mornin' and it don't hardly ever get in later than 3 P. M. On this Thursday it come at one-thirty. I snuck down alone to meet it, and there was Bill. "Mighty glad to see you, Hagedorn," I says.

"I'm glad to get here," says Bill.

"You don't need to work to-day if you don't want to," says I, "but we want you out there as soon as you feel like it."

"Why, what's happened to this wonderful Lahey?" says Bill.

"Not a thing," I says; "but, as you pointed out, he's a left-hand hitter, and we're overloaded with 'em."

"I suppose you'll play him when they's right-hand pitchin' against us," says Hagedorn.

"No," I says, "I don't believe in switchin' on the infield. Still, you'll have to keep hustlin' to hold him on the bench. He's one o' the most remarkable first sackers in baseball."

"I'm just as good as he is," says Bill.

"You'll have to show me," I says.

"That's just what I'm goin' to do," says Hagedorn.

"And how's everything at home?" I ast him.

"Well, Frank," he says, "it's been a tough winter—the toughest I ever put in. I'm in debt so far that it scares me to think of it."

"Where was that $2000 you had saved?" I says.

"I was just stringin' you about that," says Bill. "I never had a nickel saved. But $2000 is just about what I'm behind."

"Good lord, Bill!" I says to him. "What have you done, bought a limousine?"

"No, sir," he says. "I ain't bought nothin' only clothes and food and not much o' that. But I was way in the hole before, and just this week they've ran up about $200 more on me."

"What for?" I ast him.

"Well, Frank," he says, "the wife presented me with a little boy last Sunday mornin'. If it hadn't been for that, and the way she worried about things, I'd of never been down here to sign for $4000. It was a case of have to, that's all."

I'd left orders for the boys to be out for practice at a quarter to two, and I knew Mr. Edwards would be out there with 'em. I and Bill was pretty near to the hotel by this time, but I stopped him short.

"Bill," I says, "you ain't givin' me no bull like that $2000 fortune, are you?"

"No, Frank," he says, "I'm tellin' you the truth."

"All right, Bill," I says; "I'm takin' your word. They's a northbound local train leavin' here at three bells. You go down and get aboard it and ride to Silver Creek. That's a station about twenty miles up the line. They's a hotel there, and that's about all. You go there and stay till I send for you."

"What's the idear?" he says.

"You'll find out later," I says. "I just tell you now that it's to your interest to do what I say."

"I can't go nowheres," he says. "I've got just forty cents."

"I'll stake you," says I, "and you'll hear from me in three or four days."

"But I want to get out there and see this here Lahey," says Bill. "I want to get busy showin' him up."

"He'll tend to that end of it himself," I says. "But you're on this ball club and I'm manager of it, and if you want to stick on this ball club you'll obey the manager's orders."

So Bill took the local for Silver Creek and I beat it out to the orchard to see that nobody got killed.

I set down with the boss at supper that night.

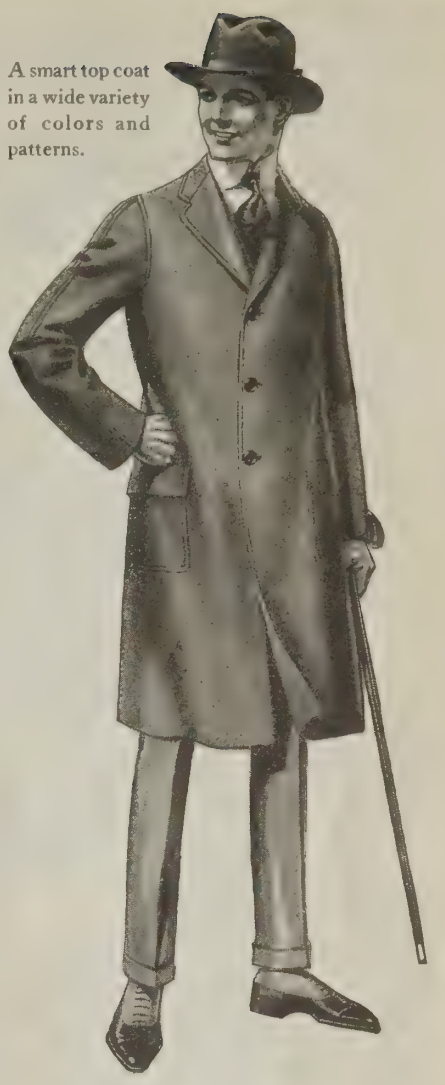
"Mr. Edwards," I says, "I've changed my mind about Hagedorn."

"What do you mean?" he says.

"I mean that I think he's through with us," I says.

"But good lord!" says the boss. "We can't get along without him."

"Well," says I, "we can get him by givin' him $6000."



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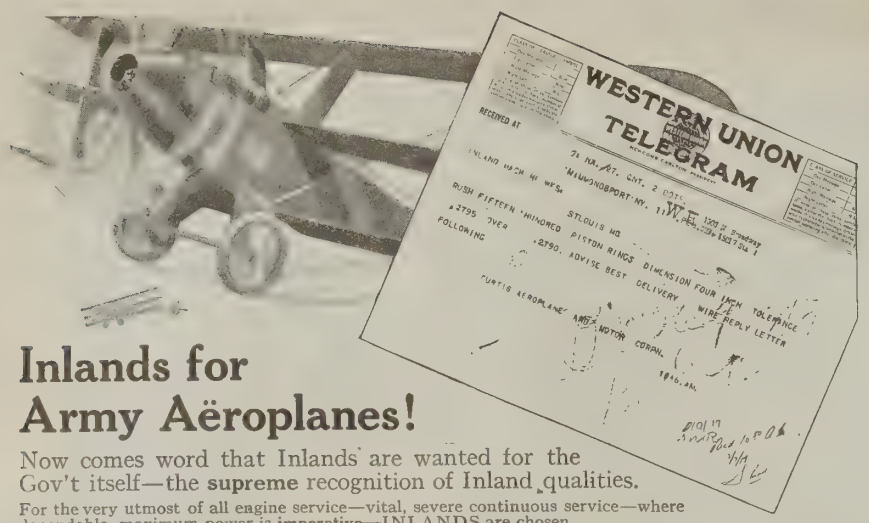

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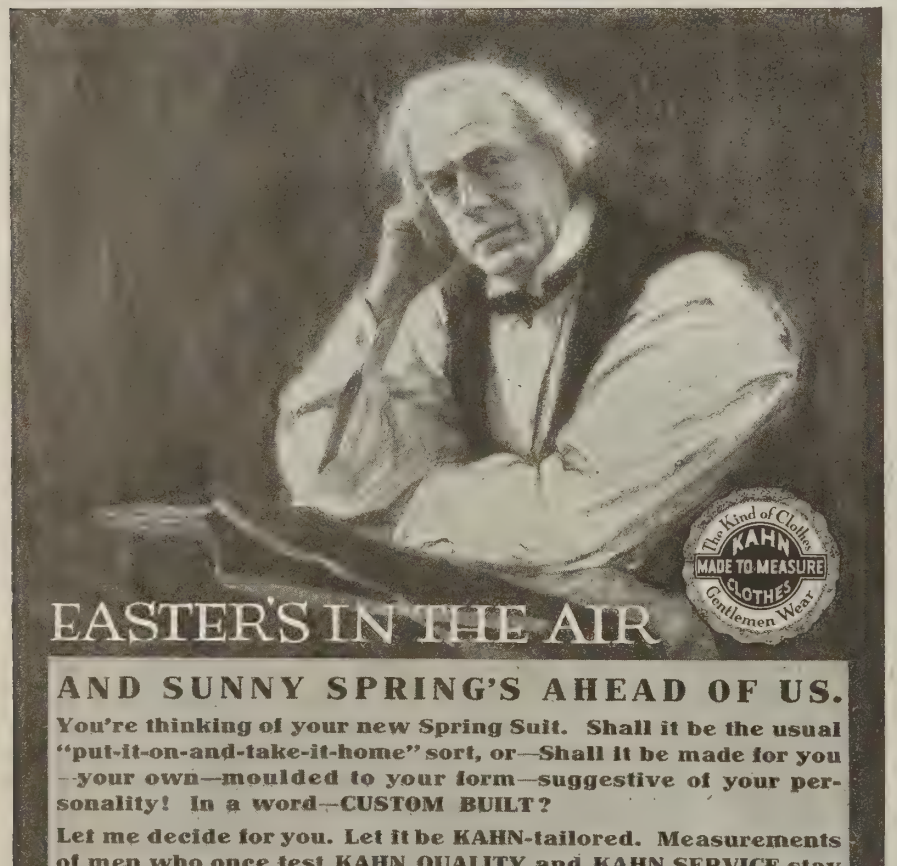

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Mr. Edwards shook like he had a chill.

"Give in to him now!" he says. "When he's tried to hold us up! And I thought you was so sure he'd come round."

"I did think he would," says I, "but I'm sure now that he won't. He's stuck this long, and he'll stick forever. He's gamer'n I figured."

"But I'd rather lose another $18,000 than let him hold us up," says the boss.

"Well," I says, "that's up to you. But you'll lose the $18,000 all right, and maybe then some, if you don't get him. Because without him on first base we'll be the worst ball club in the league."

Mr. Edwards didn't say nothin' more for maybe five minutes. Then he give up.

"I got a lot o' confidence in you, Frank," he says. "I'll go by what you tell me. If you want to you can wire Hagedorn. Tell him we'll meet his terms, and tell him to get here on the first train."

"I think it's the best thing to do," I says. And I went out and pretended to send Bill a wire.

It takes two days and a half to get to the Springs from home. So I called Bill up at Silver Creek and had him blow into camp on the Sunday train. I met him and tipped him off. He fell all over himself thankin' me and says he was goin' to name the boy Frank. And then he made a request.

"Keep this a secret from my missus," he says. "I want her to think that I got wha I was after because I insisted on it. Be cause she kept tellin' me all winter that wouldn't never get it and was a sucker t try."

"Don't worry," I says; "I want it to b kept a secret from certain people myself and I certainly ain't goin' to spill it to n woman."

Mr. Edwards was on the walk in front o the hotel when I and Bill showed up.

"Well, Hagedorn," he says, "you go what you wanted and I hope you'll try and earn it."

"I'll earn it all right, Mr. Edwards," he says, "and I'm mighty grateful to you for comin' acrost."

The boss turned to me.

"How about our little bet?" he says.

"What bet?" says I.

"You bet me five," he says, "that we'd hear from Hagedorn before the week was over. And this is another week."

"So you want me to pay you that five?" I ast him.

"I certainly do," he says.

Well, I give him the five, and afterwards Bill told me he'd make that up to me as soon as he could. But I can't accept it from him. I'd feel like I was takin' candy from a baby, a baby named Frankie Hagedorn.

PROTECTING AMERICA FROM ESPIONAGE

(Concluded from Page 15)

of the United States. And it has asked the Congress to prevent any alien in the United States from acting as agent of any foreign government without first having notified and obtained the consent of the Government of the United States.

This is a step exceedingly important in protecting the country against espionage.

During the entire period of the present war we have been embarrassed by the activities of aliens whose position with respect to belligerent governments has not been entirely clear to us. Many persons appearing to act in an official capacity for foreign governments have carried on various propaganda in the United States. The activities of aliens who appeared to be acting in an official or quasi-official capacity for foreign governments have given us a great deal of trouble. If all such persons were prohibited from acting as the agents of foreign governments, except in cases where the United States was first notified and its consent obtained, the whole matter would be at once so simplified that our government could easily handle it.

Another powerful weapon the Administration is asking the Congress to put into its hand, in this fight against the activities of resident alien spies, is the search warrant. Heretofore there seems to have been no provision for the issuance of a general search warrant in the enforcement of the Federal criminal laws. Such warrants were authorized only in statutes relating to customs and internal revenue, and in certain particular cases, such as introduction of liquor into the Indian country, presence of unmailable matter, and vessels violating the Alaska Fisheries Law.

No plan of general procedure against espionage in the country could be effective without adequate search-warrant authority.

The government must have the right to search localities it has reason to believe may be used as spy headquarters, the domiciles of suspected resident aliens, and the like. If it were unable to act under search warrants the arrest of an individual spy or group in an organization might prove entirely barren of results.

The recent experience of the government with the German liners in our ports has suggested the need of fuller authority on the part of the Federal Government to deal with dangerous situations that may at any time arise. The customs officers have not had sufficient authority to enable them to keep the government informed with respect to the uses made of these vessels. They have not been able to inspect them or to prevent them from being dismantled, injured or used as headquarters for activities at variance with our national policy.

The Congress has been asked to give the government authority to inspect any foreign private vessel within the jurisdiction of the United States for the purpose of detecting any use of such vessel in violation of our statutes or treaties; and, if it sees fit, to take entire charge of such vessels, removing their officers and crews.

In the face of the present international situation there must be no locality in this country that is not open to governmental surveillance. Any place that is exempted, in any degree, would be the very locality selected by spy organizations. The demand of the Administration for this right is amply justified and must be apparent to everybody.

One is astonished at the inadequate authority of the government to protect the country against espionage before the presentation of the measures requested by the Administration.

These measures undertake to cover this deficiency in a number of directions. They prohibit anybody, who does not act with lawful authority, from endeavoring to obtain any information with respect to the national defense. One cannot approach or even fly over any war craft or navy yard, naval station, submarine base, coaling station, fort, battery, torpedo station, dock yard, canal, railroad, arsenal, factory, mine, telegraph, telephone, wireless or signal station building, office, or any other place connected with the national defense, owned by the United States or under the control of the United States; or any place in which any vessel, air craft, arms, munitions or other materials or instruments for use in time of war are being made, prepared, repaired or stored, under any contract or agreement with the United States.

Everybody is prohibited from making any sketch or photograph, writing or note of anything connected with the national defense. Severe penalties are provided for the punishment of anybody who obtains from any source whatever any document, writing, code book, signal book, sketch, photograph, blueprint, plan, model, instrument, appliances or note of anything connected with the national defense.

The greatest care is provided to see that no code or signal book of the United States is permitted to fall into the hands of any person not entitled to have control over it; and anybody who undertakes to turn over to a foreign government any information relating to our national defense can be imprisoned for a period of twenty years.

In addition to this, any person who harbors or conceals anybody whom he knows or has reasonable grounds for believing or suspecting to be a spy may be fined ten thousand dollars and imprisoned in a Federal penitentiary for two years.

The President of the United States is given authority to extend the law to cover any other places he may wish to exclude from public inspection. He may also enlarge the scope of the law, with respect to information relating to the national defense, if he considers it necessary in order to protect the country from espionage.

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The Noncombatant

By IAN HAY

WE WILL call the village St. Gregoire. That is not its real name; because the one thing you must not do in wartime is to call a thing by its real name. To take a hackneyed example, you do not call a spade a spade; you refer to it, officially, as Shovels, General Service, One. This helps to deceive—and ultimately to surprise—the enemy, and as we all know by this time surprise is the essence of successful warfare. On the same principle, if your troops are forced back from their front-line trenches you call it "successfully straightening out an awkward salient."

But this is by the way. Let us get back to St. Gregoire. Hither, mud-splashed, ragged, hollow-cheeked, came that redoubtable battalion, the Seventh, after four months of continuous employment on the firing line. Ypres was a household word to them, Plugstreet was familiar ground; Givenchy they knew intimately; Loos was their washpot—or rather, a collection of washpots; for in winter all the shell craters are full to overflowing. In addition to their prolonged and strenuous labors in the trenches, the Seventh had taken part in a push—a part not altogether unattended with glory, but prolific in casualties. They had not been "pulled out" to rest and refit for over six months, for divisions on the Western Front were not at that period too numerous, the voluntary system being at its last gasp, while the legions of Lord Derby had not yet crystallized out of the ocean of public talk which held them in solution. So the Seventh were bone tired. But they were as hard as a rigorous winter in the open could make them—and they were going back to rest at last. Had not their beloved colonel told them so? And he had added, in a voice not altogether free from emotion, that if ever men deserved a solid rest and a good time "you boys do!"

So the Seventh trudged along the long, straight, nubbly French road well content, speculating with comfortable pessimism as to the character of the billets in which they would find themselves.

Meanwhile, ten miles ahead, the advance party were going round the town in quest of billets. Billet hunting on the Western Front is not quite so desperate an affair as hunting for lodgings at the seaside, because in the last extremity you can always compel the inhabitants to take you in—or at least exert pressure to that end through the *mairie*. But at the best one's course is strewn with obstacles, and fortunate is the adjutant who has to his hand a subaltern capable of finding lodgings for a thousand men without making a mess of it.

The billeting officer on this, as on most occasions, was one Cockerell—affectionately known to the entire battalion as Sparrow—and his qualifications for the post were derived from three well-marked and invaluable characteristics—namely, an imperious disposition, a thick skin, and an attractive *bonhomie* of manner.

Behold him this morning dismounting from his horse in the Place de St. Gregoire. Round him are grouped his satellites—the quartermaster sergeant, four company sergeants, some odd orderlies, and a forlorn little man in a neat drab uniform with light blue facings, the regimental interpreter. The party have descended, with the delicate care of those who essay to perform acrobatic feats in kilts, from bicycles—serviceable but appallingly heavy machines of government manufacture, the property of the "Buzzers," or Signalers, but commandeered for the occasion. The quartermaster sergeant, who is not accustomed to strenuous exercise, mops his brow and glances expectantly round the *place*. His eye comes gently to rest upon a small but hospitable-looking *estaminet*.

Lieutenant Cockerell examines his wrist watch.

"Half past ten!" he announces. "Quartermaster sergeant!"

"Sir-r!" The quartermaster sergeant unglues his longing gaze from the *estaminet* and comes woodenly to attention.

"I am going to see the town major about a billeting area. I will meet you and the party here in twenty minutes!"

Master Cockerell trots off on his mud-splashed steed, followed by the respectful and appreciative salutes of his followers—appreciative, because a less considerate officer would have taken the whole party direct to the town major's office and kept them standing in the street, wasting moments which might have been better employed elsewhere, until it was time to proceed with the morning's work.

"What is your strength?" inquired the town major.

Cockerell told him. The town major whistled.

"That all? Been doing some job of work, haven't you?"

Cockerell nodded, and the town major proceeded to examine a large-scale plan of St. Gregoire, divided up into different-colored plots.

"We are rather full up at present," he said; "but the cemetery area is vacant. The Seventeenth Geordies moved out yesterday. You can have that." He indicated a triangular section with his pencil.

Master Cockerell gave a little deprecatory cough.

"We have come here, sir," he intimated dryly, "for a change of scene!"

The stout town major—all town majors are stout—chuckled.

"Not bad for a Scot!" he conceded. "But it's quite a cheery district, really. You won't have to doss down in the cemetery itself, you know. These two streets here"—he flicked a pencil—"will hold practically all your battalion, at its present strength. There's a capital house in the Avenue Jean Jacques Rousseau, which will do for battalion headquarters. The corporal over there will give you your *billets de logement*."

"Are there any other troops in the area, sir?" asked Cockerell, who, as already indicated, was no child in these matters.

"There ought not to be, of course. But you know what the Heavy Gunners and the A. S. C. are! If you come across any of them fire them out. If they wear too many stars and crowns for you, let me know, and I will perform the feat myself. You fellows need a good rest and no worries, I know. Good morning."

At ten minutes to eleven Cockerell found the quartermaster sergeant and party, wiping their mustaches and visibly refreshed, at the exact spot where he had left them; and the hunt for billets began.

A Company was easily provided for, a derelict tobacco factory being encountered at the head of the first street. Lieutenant Cockerell accordingly detached a sergeant and a corporal from his train and passed on. The wants of B Company were supplied by commandeering a block of four dilapidated houses farther down the street—all in comparatively good repair except the end house, whose roof had been disarranged by a shell during the open fighting in the early days of the war.

This exhausted the possibilities of the first street, and the party debouched into the second, which was long and straggling and composed entirely of small houses.

"Now for a bit of the retail business!" said Master Cockerell resignedly. "Sergeant McNab, what is the strength of C Company?"

"One hunner and thairty-fower o' ther ranks, sir-r," announced Sergeant McNab, consulting a much-thumbed roll book.

"We shall have to put them in twos and threes all down the street," said Cockerell. "Come on; the longer we look at it the less we shall like it. Interpreter!"

The forlorn little man, already described, trotted up and saluted with open hand, French fashion. His name was Baptiste Bombominet—"or words to that effect," as the adjutant put it—and may have been so inscribed upon the regimental roll; but throughout the rank and file Baptiste was affectionately known by the generic title of Alphonso. The previous seven years had been spent by him in the congenial and blameless atmosphere of a ladies' tailor's in the West End of London, where he enjoyed the status and emoluments of chief cutter. Now, called back to his native land by the voice of patriotic obligation, he found himself selected, by virtue of a residence of seven years in England, to act as official interpreter between a Scottish regiment which could not speak English and Flemish

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GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES are in sets of seven, each blade in separate paper envelope, and all in sealed wax paper wrapped package—guaranteed moisture and dust proof—guaranteed sanitary—insist on unbroken package. Beautifully balanced blades, of finest tempered steel, they take and hold a wonderful edge—each blade examined and tested before packing—**seven blades for 35c.**

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establishes official starting, speed and economy records—37 4-10 miles on one gallon of gasoline—from standing start to 25 miles per hour in 11.4 seconds—then without touching carburetor car made 43 miles per hour. These tests made under ordinary conditions demonstrate Stromberg superiority and value to every Ford owner.

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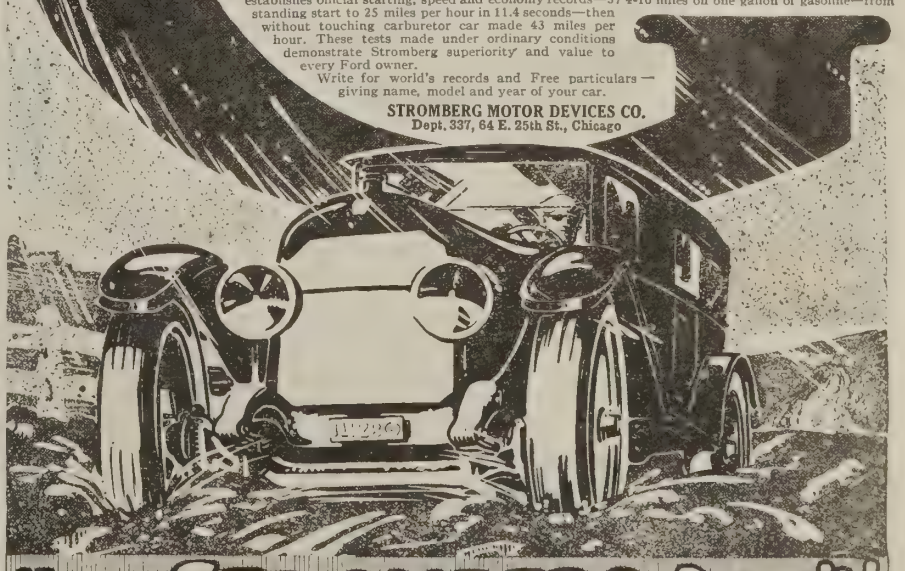

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CARBURETOR

Use fewer eggs in baking by using Royal Baking Powder

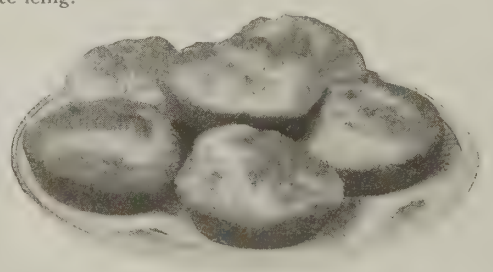
In many recipes requiring several eggs, excellent results may be obtained and considerable saving in cost realized by reducing the number of eggs or leaving them out altogether and using an additional quantity of **Royal Baking Powder,** about a teaspoon, for each egg omitted. The following recipes are given as practical illustrations.

CREAM LAYER CAKE

1 cup sugar
1 cup milk
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 egg
2 tablespoons shortening
1 teaspoon flavoring

The old method called for 3 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Cream the sugar and shortening together, then mix in the egg. After sifting the flour and Royal Baking Powder together two or three times, add it all to the mixture. Gradually add the milk and beat with spoon until you have a smooth pour batter. Add the flavoring. Pour into greased layer cake tins and bake in a moderately hot oven for 20 minutes. This cake is best baked in two layers. Put together with cream filling and spread with white icing.



EGGLESS MUFFINS

2 cups flour
1 cup milk
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt

Makes 18 muffins

The old method for plain muffins called for 2 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk, stirring until all lumps are out; add melted shortening. Beat well and bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven from 20 to 25 minutes.

Booklet of practical recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free on request. Address ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 104 Fulton St., New York.

Royal Baking Powder

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from Grapes

No Alum **No Phosphate**

peasants who could not speak French. No wonder that his pathetic brown eyes always appeared full of tears. However, he followed Cockerell down the street and meekly embarked upon a contest with the lady inhabitants thereof, in which he was hopelessly outmatched from the start.

At the first door a dame of massive proportions but keen business instincts announced her total inability to accommodate *soldats,* but explained that she would be pleased to entertain *officiers* to any number. This is a common gambit. Twenty British privates in your attic, though extraordinarily well-behaved as a class, make a good deal of noise, buy little and leave mud everywhere. On the other hand, two or three officers give no trouble, and can be relied upon to consume and pay for unlimited omelets and bowls of coffee.

That seasoned vessel, Lieutenant Cockerell, turned promptly to the sergeant and corporal of C Company.

"Sergeant McNab," he said, "you and Corporal Downie will billet here." He introduced hostess and guests by an expressive wave of the hand. But shrewd madame was not to be bluffed.

"*Pas de sergents, monsieur le capitaine!*" she exclaimed. "*Officiers!*"

"*Ils sont officiers—sous-officiers,*" explained Cockerell, rather ingeniously, and moved off down the street.

At the next house the owner—a small wizened lady of negligible physique but great staying power—entered upon a duet with Alphonso which soon reduced that very moderate performer to breathlessness. He shrugged his shoulders feebly and cast an appealing glance toward the lieutenant.

"What does she say?" inquired Cockerell.

"She say dis 'ouse no good, sair! She 'ave seven children, and one *malade*—seek."

"Let me see," commanded the practical officer.

He insinuated himself as politely as possible past his reluctant opponent and walked down the narrow passage into the kitchen. Here he turned and inquired:

"Er—*où est la pauvre petite chose?*"

Madame promptly opened a door and displayed a little girl in bed—a very flushed and feverish little girl.

Cockerell grinned sympathetically at the patient, to that young lady's obvious gratification, and turned to the mother.

"*Je suis très triste,*" he said; "*j'ai grande miséricorde. Je ne placerai pas de soldats ici. Bonjour!*"

By this time he was in the street again. He saluted politely and departed, followed by the grateful regard of madame.

No special difficulties were encountered at the next few houses. The ladies at the house door were all polite; many of them were most friendly; but naturally each was anxious to get as few men and as many officers as possible—except the proprietress of an *estaminet,* who offered to accommodate the entire regiment. However, with a little tact here and a little firmness there, Master Cockerell succeeded in distributing C Company among some dozen houses.

One old gentleman, with a black alpaca cap and a six-days' beard, proprietor of a lofty establishment at the corner of the street, proved not only recalcitrant but abusive. With him Cockerell dealt promptly.

"*Çà suffit!*" he announced. "*Montrez-moi votre grenier!*"

The old man, grumbling, led the way up numerous rickety staircases, to the inevitable loft under the tiles. This proved to be a noble apartment, thirty feet long. From wall to wall stretched innumerable strings.

"We can get a whole platoon in here," said Cockerell contentedly. "Tell him, Alphonso. These people," he explained to Sergeant McNab, "always dislike giving up their lofts, because they hang their laundry there in winter. However, the old boy must lump it. After all, we're in this country for his health, not ours; and he gets paid for every man who sleeps here. That fixes C Company. Now for D! The other side of the street this time."

Quarters were found in due course for D Company; after which Cockerell discovered a vacant building lot which would serve for transport lines. An empty garage was marked down for the quartermaster's ration store, and the quartermaster sergeant promptly faded into its recesses with a grateful sigh. An empty shop in the Avenue Jean Jacques Rousseau, conveniently adjacent to battalion headquarters, was appropriated for that gregarious band, the regimental Signalers and Telephone section; while a suitable home for the Anarchists, or Bombers, together with their stock in trade, was found in the basemen of a remote dwelling on the outskirts of th area.

After this, Lieutenant Cockerell, lef alone with Alphonso and the orderly i charge of his horse, heaved a sigh of exhaus tion and transferred his attention from hi notebook to his watch.

"That finishes the rank and file," h said. "I breakfasted at four this morning and the battalion won't arrive for a coupl of hours yet. Alphonso, I am going to hav an omelet somewhere. I shall want yo in half an hour exactly. Don't go wander ing off for the rest of the day, pinching sof billets for yourself and the sergeant majo and your other pals, as you usually do!"

Alphonso saluted guiltily—evidently th astute Cockerell had touched the spot— and was turning away, when suddenly th billeting officer's eye encountered an illegi ble scrawl at the very foot of his list.

"Stop a moment, Alphonso! I have for gotten those condemned machine gunners as usual. *Strafe* them! Come on! Once more into the breach, Alphonso! There is a little side alley down here that we have not tried."

The indefatigable Cockerell turned down the Rue Gambetta, followed by Alphonso, faint but resigned.

"Here is the very place!" announced Cockerell almost at once. "This house, number five. We can put the gunners and their little guns into that stable at the back, and the officer can have a room in the house itself. Ring the bell—for the last time before lunch!"

The door was opened by a pleasant-faced young woman of about thirty, who greeted Cockerell—tartan is always popular with French ladies—with a beaming smile, but shook her head regretfully upon seeing the *billet de logement* in his hand. The inevitable dialectics with Alphonso followed. Presently Alphonso turned to his superior.

"Madame is ver' sorry, sair, but an *officier* is here already."

"Show me the *officier!*" replied the prosaic Cockerell.

The duet was resumed.

"Madame say," announced Alphonso presently, "that the *officier* is not here now; but he will return."

"So will Christmas! Meanwhile I am going to put an Emma Gee* officer in here." Alphonso's desperate attempt to translate the foregoing idiom into French was interrupted by madame's retirement into the house, whither she beckoned Cockerell to follow her. In the front room she produced a frayed sheet of paper, which she proffered with an apologetic smile. The paper said:

"This billet is entirely reserved for the supply officer of this district. It is not to be occupied by troops passing through the town. BY ORDER."

Lieutenant Cockerell whistled softly and vindictively through his teeth.

"Well," he said, "for consummate and concentrated nerve give me the underlings of the Army Service Corps! This pot-bellied blighter not only butts into an area which doesn't belong to him, but actually leaves a chit to warn people off the grass even when he isn't here! He hasn't signed the document, I observe. That means that he is a newly joined subaltern, trying to get mistaken for a brass hat! I'll fix him!"

With great stateliness Lieutenant Cockerell tore the offending screed into four portions, to the audible concern of madame. But the lieutenant smiled reassuringly upon her.

"*Je vous donnerai un autre, vous savez,*" he assured her.

He sat down at the table, tore a leaf from his field-service pocketbook and wrote:

"The supply officer of the district is at liberty to occupy this billet only at such times as it is not required by the troops of the combatant services.

"Signed, F. J. COCKERELL, Lt. & Ass. Adj.,
"7th B. & W. Highes."

"That's a pretty nasty one!" he observed with relish. Then, having pinned the insulting document conspicuously to the mantelpiece, he observed to the mystified lady of the house:

"*Voilà, madame.* I shall see this bloke when he turns up, myself! *Bonjour!*"

And with this dark saying Sparrow Cockerell took his departure.

The battalion, headed by their tatterdemalion pipers, stumped into the town in due course and were met on the outskirts

*Emma Gee, or M. G., stands for machine gun.

(Continued on Page 57)

STETSON HATS

HAVE you ever thought of the desirability of owning a Stetson Derby, a Soft Hat—and possibly a very *light weight* Negligee?

Each of the types illustrated has a very definite use:

The Stetson feature hat—a *Soft Hat* which comes naturally to most men for business and general wear.

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Wherever you find the Stetson wearer you meet a man who appreciates a good hat, who knows the comfort and satisfaction which comes from the use of materials of the highest quality and the touch of the master craftsman.

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JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
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Make this Chart your guide

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The dealer recognizes the make of your car—and the year's model. He runs his finger down the Vacuum Oil Company's Chart (shown above in miniature) until he finds your car's make and model. Then he supplies you with the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car by the Chart. This oil will effectively seal your piston rings against power-waste, gasoline-waste and oil-waste.

Why are thousands of dealers placing such reliance in this Chart?

Experience has taught them that something like 50% of all engine troubles are due to incorrect lubrication.

They realize that scientific lubrication is a problem for specialists. Since the dealer has neither time nor equipment for studying this intricate subject he draws on the experience of a recognized authority.

That is why you find on his walls the large Chart of Recommendations, issued by the Vacuum Oil Company.

If you inquire about the Chart you will find this:

The Vacuum Oil Company for 50 years have specialized in scientific lubrication. Today their world-wide leadership in lubrication matters is unquestioned in scientific circles.

For years their Chart of Recommendations has been recognized as the only standard guide to correct automobile lubrication.

In keeping this Chart up to date, each new model of every automobile is carefully analyzed. This work involves lengthy and painstaking engineering study by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations of this Chart are proven correct by repeated practical tests.

But nothing has given dealers such faith in this Chart as their experience with the oils themselves. For no one knows better than the dealer how difficult it is to secure efficient lubrication—and how much efficient lubrication means.

Write for new 56-page booklet containing complete discussion of your lubrication problems, list of troubles with remedies and complete Charts of Recommendations for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Tractors and Marine Engines.

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not the grade specified for your car, kindly write our nearest branch, giving dealer's name and address.

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Explanation—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1917		1916		1915		1914		1913	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " (8 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 33-34-35)					A	Arc.				
American Six	Arc.	Arc.								
Apperson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A							
Auburn (4 cyl)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Avery			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 5 & C 1 ton)			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Briscoe	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.				
Case	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
" (Mod. 6-40)			A	Arc.						
" (Mod. 6-30)	A	A	A	A						
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc		
Chase (air)			B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Cole			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Cunningham					Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Daniels (8 cyl)	A	A	A							
Dart	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
" (Mod. C)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A		
Delaunay-Belleville					B	A	B	A	B	A
Detroiter	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)					Arc.	Arc.				
Dodge	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	E				
Dort	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
Federal	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Grant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
H. A. L.	A	A	A	A						
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A							
Hollier (8 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Hudson			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Super Six)	A	Arc.	A	A						
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
I.H.C. (air)					B	A	B	A	B	A
" (water) (2 cycle)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (water) (4 cycle)			A	Arc.						
Interstate	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jackson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Jeffery	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A		
" (Chesterfield)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Jordan	Arc.	Arc.								
Kearns			E	E	E	E				
" Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc.
King					A	Arc.	A	A	A	E
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.				
" Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " Com'l	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Mod. 48)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
Knox			B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" (Mod. 35)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Lexington	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Liberty (Detroit)	Arc.	Arc.								
Lippard Stewart	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Mod. M)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Locomobile	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.
Marion Handley	Arc.	Arc.								
" "(Mod. 6-40)	A	Arc.								
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (22-70)					Arc.	Arc.				
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Moline									A	Arc.
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Moon (4 cyl)					Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Murray (8 cyl)	A	A								
National	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A							
Oakland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Oldsmobile			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Overland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Owen Magnetic	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Packard					A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Paige					A	Arc	A	A	A	E
" (6-46)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
" (6-36 & 38)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Pathfinder	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " Com'l	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pullman	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Regal	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.				
Renault			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Richmond	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Riker	E	E								
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E		
Scripps-Booth (air)							B	A		
" " (water)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	E				
" " (8 cyl)	A	A	A							
Selden	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Standard (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Stearns-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
" " (8 cyl)	A	A	B	A						
Sterling (Wisconsin)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Velie (4 cyl)					A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Vim	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A		
Willys Six	Arc.	Arc.								
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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Exception: For *winter lubrication* of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive.

(Continued from Page 54)

by the billeting party, who led the various companies to their appointed place. After inspecting their new quarters and announcing with gloomy satisfaction that they were the worst, dirtiest and most uncomfortable yet encountered, everybody settled down in the best place he could find and proceeded to make himself remarkably snug.

Battalion headquarters and the officers of A Company were billeted in an imposing mansion which actually boasted a bathroom. It is true that there was no water, but this deficiency was soon made good by a string of officers' servants bearing buckets. Beginning with Colonel Kemp, who was preceded by an orderly bearing a small towel and a large loofah, each officer performed a ceremonial ablution; and it was a collection of what Major Wagstaffe, the second in command, termed "bright and bonny young faces" which collected round the mess table at seven o'clock.

It was in every sense a gala meal. First, it was weeks since anyone—except Second Lieutenant McCorquodale, newly joined and addressed, for painfully obvious reasons, as Tiny—had found himself at table in an apartment where it was possible to stand upright. Secondly, the mess president had coaxed glass tumblers out of the ancient *concierge;* and only those who have drunk from army ironware for weeks on end can appreciate the pure joy of escape from the indeterminate metallic flavor which such vessels impart to all beverages. Thirdly, these same tumblers were filled to the brim with inferior but exhilarating champagne, purchased—as they euphemistically put it in the supply column—locally. Lastly, the battalion had several months of hard fighting behind it, probably a full month's rest before it, and the conscience of duty done and recognition earned floating like a halo above it. For the moment memories of Nightmare Wood and the Kidney Bean Redoubt—more especially the latter—were effaced. Even the sorrowful gaps in the ring round the table seemed less noticeable.

The menu, too, was almost pretentious. First came the *hors d'œuvre*—a tin of sardines. This was followed by what the mess corporal described as a savory omelet, but which the second in command condemned as "a regrettable incident."

"It is false economy," he observed dryly to the mess president, "to employ mark-one* eggs as anything but hand grenades."

However, the tide of popular favor turned with the haggis, contributed by Lieutenant Angus McLachlan, from a parcel from home. Even the fact that the mess cook, an inexperienced æsthete from Islington, had endeavored to tone down the naked repulsiveness of the dainty with discreet festoons of tinned macaroni failed to arouse the resentment of a purely Scottish mess. The next course—the beef ration, hacked into the inevitable gobbets and thinly disguised by a sprinkling of curry powder—aroused no enthusiasm; but the unexpected production of a large tin of Devonshire cream, contributed by Captain Bobby Little, relieved the canned peaches of their customary monotony. Last of all came a savory—usually described as the savory—consisting of a raft of toast a person, each raft carrying an abundant cargo of fried potted meat and provided with a passenger in the shape of a recumbent sausage.

A compound of grounds and dishwater, described by the optimistic mess corporal as coffee, next made its appearance, mitigated by a bottle of liqueur and a box of panetelas; and the mess turned itself to more intellectual refreshment. A heavy and long-overdue mail had been found waiting at St. Gregoire. Letters had been devoured long ago. Now each member of the mess leaned back in his chair, straightened his weary legs under the table and settled down, cigar in mouth, to the perusal of the Spectator or the Tattler, according to rank and literary taste.

Colonel Kemp, unfolding a week-old Times, looked over his glasses at his torpid disciples.

"Where is young Sandeman?" he inquired. Young Sandeman was the adjutant.

"He went out to the orderly room, sir, five minutes ago," replied Bobby Little.

"I only want to give him to-morrow's orders. No doubt he'll be back presently. I may as well mention to you fellows that I propose to allow the men three clear days' rest, except for bathing and reclothing. After that we must do company drill, good and hard, so as to polish up the new draft, who are due to-morrow. I am going to start a bombing school too; at least seventy-five per cent of the battalion ought to pass the test before we go back to the line. However, we need not rush things. We should be here in peace for at least a month. We must get up some sports, and I think it would be a sound scheme to have a sing-song one Saturday night. I was just saying, Sandeman"—this to the adjutant, who reëntered the room at that moment—"that it would be a sound ——"

The adjutant laid a pink field-telegraph slip before his superior.

"This has just come in from brigade headquarters, sir," he said. "I have sent for the sergeant major."

The colonel adjusted his glasses and read the dispatch. A deathly sickening silence reigned in the room. Then he looked up.

"I am afraid I was a bit previous," he said quietly. "The Royal Stickybacks have lost the Kidney Bean, and we are detailed to go up and retake it. Great compliment to the regiment, but a trifle mistimed! You young fellows had better go to bed. Parade at four A. M. sharp! Good night! Come along to the orderly room, Sandeman."

The door closed and the mess, grinding the ends of their cigars into their coffee cups, heaved themselves resignedly to their aching feet.

"There ain't," quoted Major Wagstaffe, "no word in the blooming language for it!"

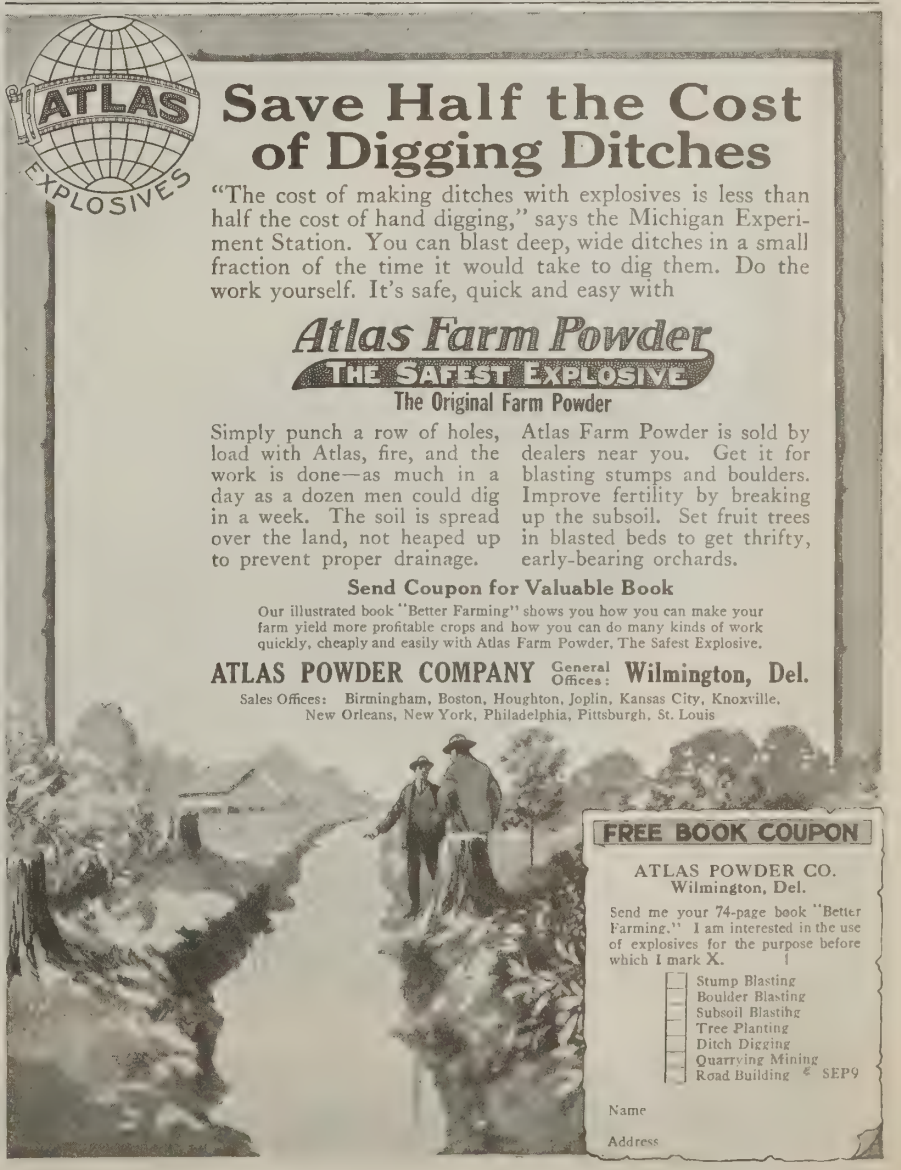
The Kidney Bean Redoubt is the key to a very considerable sector of trenches. It lies just behind a low ridge. The two horns of the bean are drawn back out of sight of the enemy, but the middle swells forward over the skyline and commands an extensive view of the country beyond. Direct observation of artillery fire is possible; consequently an armored observation post has been constructed here, from which gunner officers can direct the fire of their batteries with accuracy and elegance. Lose the Kidney Bean and the boot is on the other leg. The enemy has the upper ground now; he can bring observed artillery fire to bear upon all our tenderest spots behind the line. He can also enfilade our front-line trenches.

Well, as already stated, the Seventeenth Royal Stickybacks had lost the Kidney Bean. They were a battalion of recent formation, stout-hearted fellows all, but new to the refinements of intensive trench warfare. When they took over the sector, they proceeded to leave undone various vital things which the Seventh had always made a point of doing and to do various unnecessary things which the Seventh had never done. The observant Hun promptly recognized that he was faced by a fresh batch of opponents, and, having carefully studied the characteristics of the newcomers, prescribed and administered an exemplary dose of frightfulness. He began by tickling up the Stickybacks with an unpleasant engine called the *Minenwerfer*, which dispatches a large, sausage-shaped projectile, in a series of ridiculous somersaults, high over No Man's Land into the enemy's front-line trench, where it explodes and annihilates everything in that particular bay. Upon these occasions one's only chance of salvation is to make a rapid calculation as to the bay into which the sausage is going to fall and then, to double speedily round a traverse—or, if possible, two traverses—into another. It is an exhilarating pastime, but presents complications when played by a large number of persons in a restricted space, especially when the persons aforesaid are not unanimous as to the ultimate landing place of the projectile.

After a day and a night of these aërial torpedoes, the Hun proceeded to an intensive artillery bombardment. He had long coveted the Kidney Bean, and instinct told him that he would never have a better opportunity of capturing it than now. Accordingly, two hours before dawn, the redoubt was subjected to a sudden, simultaneous and converging fire from all the German artillery for many miles round, the whole being topped up with a rain of those crowning instruments of demoralization—gas shells. At the same time an elaborate curtain of shrapnel and high explosive was let down behind the redoubt, to serve the double purpose of preventing either the sending up of reënforcements or the temporary withdrawal of the garrison.

(Continued on Page 60)

*In the British Army each issue of arms or equipment receives a distinctive mark. Mark one denotes the earliest issue.



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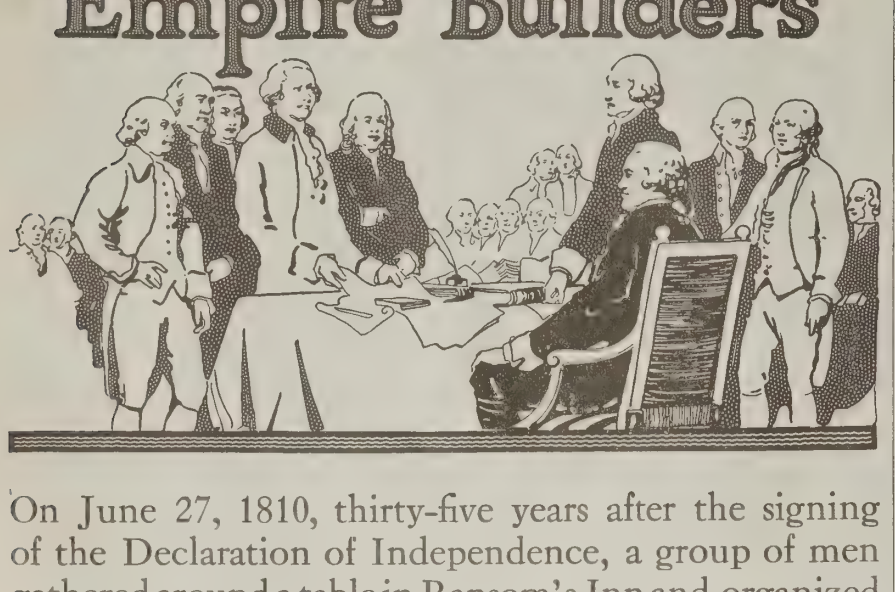

On June 27, 1810, thirty-five years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a group of men gathered around a table in Ransom's Inn and organized the Hartford Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. They were men of the same character and affiliations as the founders of the United States—business men, mayors, governors, members of the legislature and of Congress—and as Jefferson and his associates planned the foundations of the United States of America, so Nathaniel Terry and his associates laid a firm basis for the

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(Continued from Page 57)

At the first streak of dawn the bombardment was switched off, as if by a tap; the curtain fire was redoubled in volume; and a massed attack swept across the disintegrated wire into the shattered and pulverized redoubt. Other attacks were launched on either flank; but these were obvious blinds, intended to prevent a too concentrated defense of the Kidney Bean. The Royal Stickybacks—what was left of them—put up a tough fight; but half of them were lying dead, or buried, or both, before the assault was launched, and the rest were too dazed and stupefied by noise and chlorine gas to withstand—much less to repel—the overwhelming phalanx that was hurled against them. One by one they went down, until the enemy's troops, having swamped the redoubt, gathered themselves up in a fresh wave and surged toward the reserve-line trenches, four hundred yards distant. Here, however, they met a strong counter attack, launched from the brigade reserve, and, after heavy fighting, were bundled back into the redoubt itself. Here the German machine guns had staked out a defensive line, and the German retirement came to a standstill.

Meanwhile a German digging party, many hundred strong, had been working madly in No Man's Land, striving to link up the newly acquired ground with the German lines. By the afternoon the Kidney Bean was not only "reversed and consolidated," but it was actually included in the enemy's front-trench system. Altogether a well planned and admirably executed little operation.

Forty-eight hours later the Kidney Bean redoubt was recaptured, and remains in British hands to this day. Many arms of the service took honorable part in the enterprise—heavy guns, field guns, trench mortars, machine guns; sappers and pioneers; infantry in various capacities. But this narrative is concerned only with the part played by the Seventh.

"Sorry to pull you back from rest, colonel," said the brigadier, when the commander of the Seventh reported; "but the divisional general considers that the only feasible way to hunt the Boche from the Kidney Bean is bomb him out of it. That means trench fighting, pure and simple. I have called you up because you fellows know the ins and outs of the Kidney Bean as no one else does. The brigade who are in the line just now are quite new to the place. Here is an aëroplane photograph of the redoubt, as newly constituted. Tell off your own bombing parties; make your own dispositions; send me a copy of your provisional orders; and I will fit my plan in with yours! The corps commander has promised to back you with every gun, trench mortar, culverin and arquebus in his possession."

In due course battalion orders were issued and approved. They dealt with operations most barbarous, amid localities of the most homelike sound. Number Nine Platoon, for instance—commander, Lieutenant Cockerell—was to proceed in single file, carrying so many grenades per man, up Charing Cross Road, until stopped by the barrier which the enemy were understood to have erected in Trafalgar Square, where a bombing post and at least one machine gun would probably be encountered. At this point they were to wait until Trafalgar Square had been suitably dealt with by a trench mortar. Here followed a paragraph addressed exclusively to the Trench Mortar Officer. After this the bombers of Number Three Platoon would cross the Square and bomb their way up the Strand. Another party would clear Northumberland Avenue, while a Lewis gun raked Whitehall, and so on. Every detail was thought out, down to the composition of the parties which were to clean up afterward—that is, extract the reluctant Boche from various underground fastnesses well known to the extractors. The whole enterprise was then thoroughly rehearsed in some dummy trenches behind the line, until everyone knew his exact part. Such is modern warfare.

Next day the Kidney Bean redoubt was in British hands again. The Hun—what was left of him after an intensive bombardment of twenty-four hours—had betaken himself back over the ridge, via the remnants of his two new communication trenches, to his original front line. The two communication trenches themselves were blocked and sand-bagged and were being heavily supervised by a pair of British machine guns. Fighting in the redoubt itself had almost ceased, though a humorous sergeant, followed by acolytes bearing bombs, was still combing out certain residential districts in the center of the maze. Ever and anon he would stoop down at the entrance of some deep dugout, and bawl:

"Ony mair doon there? Come away, Fritz! I give ye five seconds! Yin—twa—three ——"

Then, with a rush like a bolt of rabbits, two or three close-cropped, grimy Huns would scuttle up from below and project themselves from one of the exits, to be taken in charge by grinning Caledonians, wearing tin hats very much awry, and escorted back through the barrage to the prisoners' base in rear.

All through the day, amidst unremitting shell fire and local counter attack, the Seventh reconsolidated the Kidney Bean; and they were so far successful that when they handed over the work to another battalion at dusk, the parapet was restored, the machine guns were in position, and a number of knife-rest barbed-wire entanglements were lying just behind the trench, ready to be hoisted over the parapet and joined together in a continuous defensive line as soon as it was sufficiently dark.

One by one the members of Number Nine Platoon squelched—for it had rained hard all day—back to the reserve line. They were utterly exhausted and still inclined to feel a little aggrieved at having been pulled out from rest; but they were well content. They had done the state some service, and they knew it; and they knew that the higher powers knew it too. There would be some very flattering reading in divisional orders in a few days' time.

Meanwhile, their most pressing need was for something to eat. To be sure, every man had gone into action that morning carrying his day's rations. But the British soldier, improvident as the grasshopper, carries his day's rations in one place and one place only—his stomach. The Seventh had eaten what they required at their extremely early breakfast; the residue thereof they had abandoned.

About midnight Master Cockerell, in obedience to a most welcome order, led the remnants of his command, faint but triumphant, back from the reserve line to a road junction two miles in the rear, known as Dead Dog Corner. Here the battalion was to rendezvous and march back by easy stages to St. Gregoire. Their task was done.

But at the crossroads Number Nine Platoon found no battalion—only a solitary subaltern with his orderly. This young Casabianca informed Cockerell that he, Second Lieutenant Candlish, had been left behind to bring in stragglers.

"Stragglers?" exclaimed the incensed Cockerell. "Do we look like stragglers?"

"No," replied the youthful Candlish frankly; "you look more like sweeps. However, you had better push on. The battalion isn't far ahead. The order is to march straight back to St. Gregoire and reoccupy former billets."

"What about rations?"

"Rations? The quartermaster was waiting here for us when we rendezvoused, and every man had a full ration and a tot of rum." Number Nine Platoon cleared their parched throats expectantly. "But I fancy he has gone on with the column. However, if you leg it you should catch them up. They can't be more than two miles ahead. So long!"

But the task was hopeless. Number Nine Platoon had been bombing, hacking and digging all day. Several of them were slightly wounded—the serious cases had been taken off long ago by the stretcher bearers—and Cockerell's own head was still dizzy from the fumes of a German gas shell.

He lined up his disreputable paladins in the darkness and spoke:

"Sergeant McNab, how many men are present?"

"Eighteen, sir-r." The platoon had gone into action thirty-four strong.

"How many men are deficient of an emergency ration? I can make a good guess, but you had better find out."

Five minutes later the sergeant reported. Cockerell's guess was correct. The British private has only one point of view about the portable property of the state. To him, as an individual, the sacred emergency ration is an unnecessary encumbrance, and the carrying thereof a fatigue. Consequently, when engaged in battle, one of the first—of many—things which he jettisons is this very ration. When all is over he reports with unctuous solemnity that the provender

in question has been blown out of his haversack by a shell. The quartermaster sergeant writes it off as "lost owing to the exigencies of military service," and indents for another.

Lieutenant Cockerell's haversack contained a packet of meat lozenges and about half a pound of chocolate. These were presented to the sergeant.

"Hand these round as far as they will go, sergeant," said Cockerell. "They'll make a mouthful a man, anyhow. Tell the platoon to lie down for ten minutes; then we'll push off. It's only fifteen miles. We ought to make it by breakfast time!"

Slowly, mechanically, all through the winter night the victors hobbled along. Cockerell led the way, carrying the rifle of a man with a wounded arm. Occasionally he checked his bearings with map and electric torch. Sergeant McNab, who, under a hirsute and attenuated exterior, concealed a constitution of ferro-concrete and the heart of a lion, brought up the rear, uttering fallacious assurances to the faint-hearted as to the shortness of the distance now to be covered, and carrying two rifles.

The customary halts were observed. At ten minutes to four the men flung themselves down for the third time. They had covered about seven miles and were still eight or nine from St. Gregoire. The everlasting constellation of Verey lights still rose and fell upon the eastern horizon behind them, but the guns were silent.

"There might be a heavy battery dug in somewhere about here," mused Cockerell. "I wonder if we could touch them for a few tins of bully beef. Hello! What's that?"

A distant rumble came from the north, and out of the darkness loomed a British motor lorry, lurching and swaying along the rough cobbles of the *pavé*. Some of Cockerell's men were lying dead asleep in the middle of the road, right at the junction. The lorry was going twenty miles an hour.

"Get into the side of the road, you men," shouted Cockerell, "or they'll run over you! You know what these motor transport drivers are!"

With indignant haste, and at the last possible moment, the kilted figures scattered to either side of the narrow causeway. The usual stereotyped and vitriolic remonstrances were hurled after the great hooded vehicle as it lurched past.

And then a most unusual thing happened: The lorry slowed down and finally stopped, a hundred yards away. An officer descended and began to walk back. Cockerell rose to his weary feet and walked to meet him.

The officer wore a major's crown upon the shoulder straps of his sheepskin-lined British Warm, and the badge of the Army Service Corps upon his cap. Cockerell, indignant at the manner in which his platoon had been hustled off the road, saluted stiffly and muttered:

"Good morning, sir!"

"Good morning!" said the major. He was a stout man of nearly fifty, with twinkling blue eyes and a short-clipped mustache. Cockerell judged him to be one of the few remnants of the original British Army.

"I stopped," explained the older man, "to apologize for the scandalous way that fellow drove over you. It was perfectly damnable; but you know what these converted taxi drivers are! This swine forgot for the moment that he had an officer on board and hogged it as usual. He goes under arrest as soon as we get back to billets."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Master Cockerell, entirely thawed. "I'm afraid my chaps were lying all over the road, but they are pretty well down and out at present."

"Where have you come from?" inquired the major, turning a curious eye upon Cockerell's prostrate followers.

Cockerell explained. When he had finished, he added wistfully: "I suppose you have not got an odd tin or two of bully to give away, sir? My fellows are about ——"

For answer the major took the lieutenant by the arm and led him toward the lorry.

"You have come," he announced, "to the very man you want. I am practically a department store. In fact, I am a brigade supply officer. How would a Maconochie ration apiece suit your boys?"

Cockerell, repressing the ecstatic phrases which crowded to his tongue, replied that that was just what the doctor had ordered.

"Where are you bound for?" continued the major.

"St. Gregoire."

"Of course. You were pulled out from there, weren't you? I am going to St. Gregoire myself as soon as I have finished my round. Home to bed, in fact. I haven't had any sleep worth writing home about for four nights. It is no joke tearing about a country full of shell holes, hunting for a brigade that has shifted its ration dump seven times in four days. However, I suppose things will settle down again, now that you fellows have fired Brother Boche out of the Kidney Bean. Pretty fine work too. Tell me: what is your strength, here and now?"

"One officer," said Cockerell soberly, "and eighteen men."

"All that's left of your platoon?"

Cockerell nodded. The stout major began to beat upon the tailboard of the lorry with his stick.

"Sergeant Smurthwaite!" he shouted.

There came a muffled grunt from the recesses of the lorry. Then a round and ruddy face rose like a harvest moon above the tailboard, and a stertorous voice replied respectfully:

"Sir?"

"Let down this tailboard; load this officer's platoon into the lorry; issue them with a Maconochie and a tot of rum apiece; and don't forget to put Smee under arrest for dangerous driving when we get back to billets."

"Very good, sir."

Ten minutes later the survivors of Number Nine Platoon, soaked to the skin, dazed, slightly incredulous, but at peace with all the world, reclined, closely packed, upon the floor of the swaying lorry. Each man held an open tin of Mr. Maconochie's admirable ration between his knees. Perfect silence reigned.

A pleasant aroma of rum mellowed the already vitiated atmosphere.

In front, beside the chastened Mr. Smee, sat the major and Master Cockerell. The latter had just partaken of his share of refreshment and was now endeavoring, with lifeless fingers, to light a cigarette.

The major scrutinized his guest intently. Then he stripped off his British Warm coat—incidentally revealing the fact that he wore upon his tunic the ribbons of both South American Medals and the Distinguished Service Order—and threw it round Cockerell's shoulders.

"I'm sorry, boy!" he said. "I never noticed. You are chilled to the bone. Button this round you!"

Cockerell made a feeble protest, but was cut short.

"Nonsense! There's no sense in taking risks after you've done your job."

Cockrell assented, a little sleepily. His allowance of rum was bringing its usual vulgar but comforting influence to bear upon an exhausted system.

"I see you have been wounded, sir," he observed, noting with a little surprise two gold stripes upon his host's left sleeve—the sleeve of a noncombatant!

"Yes," said the major. "I got the first one at Le Cateau. He was only a little fellow; but the second, which arrived at the second show at Ypres, gave me such a stiff leg that I am only an old crock now. I was second in command of an infantry battalion in those days. In these I am only a peripatetic Lipton. However, I'm lucky to be here at all; I've had twenty-seven years' service. How old are you?"

"Twenty," replied Cockerell. He was too tired to feel as ashamed as he usually did at having to confess to the tenderness of his years.

The major nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said; "I judged that would be about the figure. My son would have been twenty this month, only—he was at Neuve Chapelle. He was very like you in appearance—very. His mother would have been interested to meet you. You might as well take a nap for half an hour. I have two more calls to make, and we shan't get home till nearly seven. Lean against me, old man! I'll see you don't tumble overboard."

So Lieutenant Cockerell, conqueror of the Kidney Bean, fell asleep, his head resting, with scandalous disregard for military etiquette, upon the shoulder of the stout major.

An hour or two later, Number Nine Platoon, distended with concentrated nourishment and painfully straightening its cramped limbs, decanted itself from the lorry into a little *cul-de-sac* opening off the Avenue Jean Jacques Rousseau in St. Gregoire. The name of the *cul-de-sac* was the Rue Gambetta.

Their commander, awake and greatly refreshed, looked round him and realized, with a sudden sense of uneasiness, that he was in familiar surroundings.

The lorry had stopped at the door of Number Five.

"I don't suppose your battalion will get back for some time," said the major. "Tell your sergeant to put your men into the stable behind this house—there's plenty of straw there—and ——"

"Their own billet is just round the corner, sir," replied Cockerell. "They might as well go there, thank you."

"Very good. But come in with me yourself and doze here for a few hours. You can report to your C. O. later in the day, when he arrives. This is my *pied à terre*"—rapping on the door. "You won't find many billets like it. As you see, it stands in this little backwater and is not included in any of the regular billeting areas of the town. The town major has allotted it to me permanently. Pretty decent of him, wasn't it? And Madame Vinot is a dear. Here she is! *Bonjour, Madame Vinot! Avez vous un feu—er—inflammé pour moi dans la chambre?*" Evidently the major's French was on a par with Cockerell's.

But madame understood him, bless her!

"*Mais oui, m'sieur le colonel!*" she exclaimed cheerfully—the rank of major is not recognized by the French civilian population—and threw open the door of the sitting room, with a glance of compassion upon the major's mud-splashed companion, whom she failed to recognize.

A bright fire was burning in the open stove. Immediately above, pinned to the mantelpiece and fluttering in the draft, hung Cockerell's manifesto upon the subject of noncombatants. He could recognize his own handwriting across the room. The major saw it too.

"Hello, what's that hanging up, I wonder!" he exclaimed. "A memorandum for me, I expect; probably from my old friend Dados.* Let us get a little more light!"

He crossed to the window and drew up the blind. Cockerell moved too. When the major turned round his guest was standing by the stove, his face scarlet through its grime.

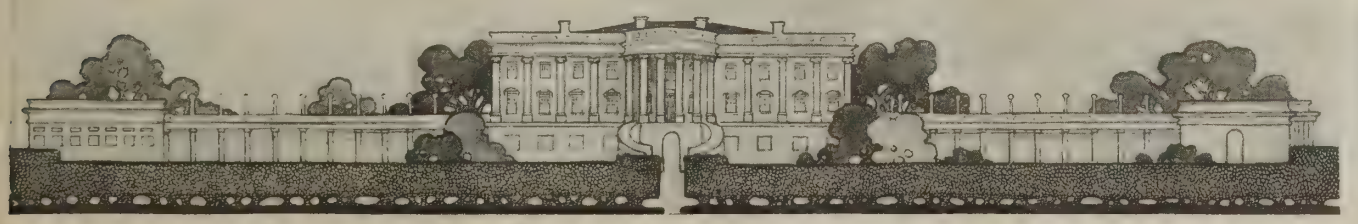
"I'm awfully sorry, sir," said Cockerell, "but that notice—memorandum—of yours has dropped into the fire."

"If it came from Dados," replied the major, "thank you very much!"

"I can't tell you, sir," added Cockerell humbly, "what a fool I feel."

But the apology referred to an entirely different matter.

*D. A. D. O. S.: Deputy Assistant Director of Ordnance Stores.



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Learn the big truth in this slogan by buying a Pro-phy-lac-tic today.

See how perfectly it cleans the *backs* of teeth and *in-between!* You will then begin to understand why the tooth brush that is always sold in the Yellow Box is the world's standard tooth brush.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Made in adult's, youth's and child's sizes; rigid, flexible and De Luxe (transparent) handles.

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Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes

The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces

The tooth brush that really cleans between the teeth

Roosevelt Dam, Arizona

GOODYEAR

AKRON

THE NET OF THE PROPOSITION

AS far back as 1904, we realized the limitations of the fabric tire.

Designed to resist simultaneously pressure from within and punishment from without, its chiefest virtue was at once its sternest foe.

That the unbending strength of its carcass—the strength of hardy fiber gripped and reinforced by tight cross-weave—gravely hampered its efficiency, we knew and strove to remedy.

And the tire which we believe today most closely approximates final perfection—the Goodyear Cord Tire—grew out of this endeavor.

It must not be inferred that the fabric tire was not a good tire. It was a very good tire, and is still.

It was stout and staunch and serviceable; it disencumbered random transportation of its most serious impediment; it localized all distance, and gave the motor car its first seven-league boots.

But in exercising the dual resistance intended by its makers, the fabric tire sacrificed some things.

It fell short of the ultimate in speed, due to the rigidity of its construction; it suffered frequent mishap, from the same cause; it taxed power and fuel unnecessarily, and it grudged complete comfort.

These are minor disadvantages, it is true, and inconsiderable perhaps in view of the fabric tire's immense usefulness, but they are disadvantages none the less.

It was to overcome them—to foster and amplify the fabric tire's virtues while excluding its faults—that the type of construction was contrived then which now has reached its highest development in the Goodyear Cord Tire.

The aim of this construction is the preservation of the fabric tire's strength in combination with an unparalleled resilience—that comfort shall match mileage, that speed shall join with security, that activity shall equal endurance, that economy shall accompany satisfaction.

To this end Goodyear Cord Tires are made strong and supple both—stalwart and spry. Unlike the fabric tire they do not fight the road, but yield and recover under impact, *absorbing* shocks, not resisting them.

They are built up of thousands of tightly-twisted, long-fibre cords, densely strong, established in the tire structure layer upon layer *without interweave*—many layers, of pliant cords.

Each cord and each layer is insulated and upholstered with a springy cushion of pure rubber—each cord and each layer is free to exercise, flex and recover independently of the rest, without contact, without friction.

To the multiplied stoutness of the cords thus is joined the unhampered elasticity of quick rubber, and over all is treaded a fine-grained, wear-resisting, amazingly vigorous stock, in both the big-blocked All-Weather and easy-steering Ribbed tread designs.

More material is used in this peculiar Goodyear construction, more labor is needed, more cost is inevitable—but the result is worth it.

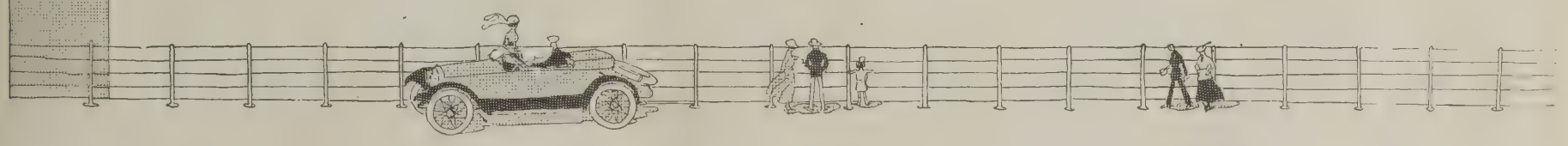
For the result is—a tire so strong that it is ably defended against stone-bruise, puncture or blow-out; so flexible that comfort rides above it wherever it travels; so enduring that under the grind and burn of the race course it seldom falters; so simply and expertly made that in case of accident it can be repaired permanently by any repairman.

A tire that will last you longer, carry you faster, deliver you more mileage from every gallon of gasoline, protect your satisfaction, and redeem your investment.

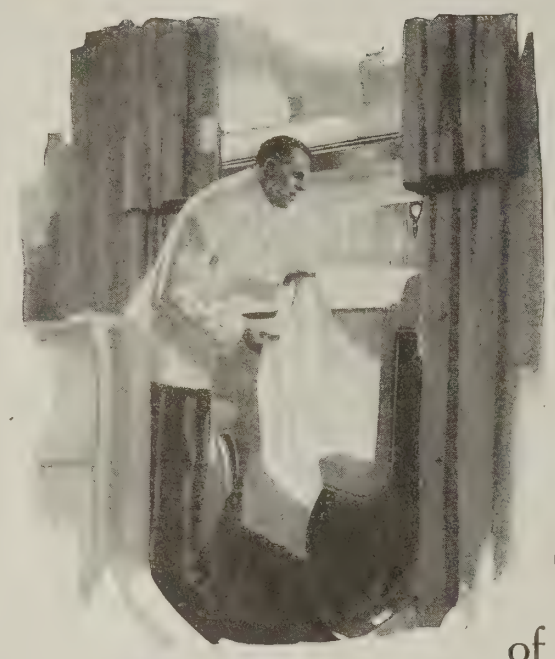
A tire whose quality makes it higher-priced—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio



CORD TIRES



An Advertisement by

THE PULLMAN COMPANY

Coast to Coast. Through the far-reaching service of the Pullman Company it is often possible to arrange a railroad journey so that the night may be spent on the train, thus effecting a saving in hotel accommodations and the hours often unnecessarily used for daytime travel.

The Pullman car includes in its construction not only the asset of increased safety, but every convenience afforded by the most modern hotel that can possibly be adapted to the limitations of car construction. And the service further includes the personal attention of employés trained to anticipate the individual requirements of the traveling public.

In the deserts of the Southwest; in the western mountains; in rural communities throughout the country, everywhere, regardless of local conditions, the traveler today can obtain, wherever he may board a Pullman, the same high standard of service that he would find in a Pullman car leaving the terminal of the great metropolis.

Standardized and extended to serve in equal measure travelers in practically every community, the facilities which the Pullman Company affords for convenience, safety and comfort are equalled by no other similar organization in the world.

UP AND DOWN

(Continued from Page 28)

themselves, and that their customers were banks and capitalists. The brokers brought to active business in one city money, desiring investment, lying idle in another part of the country. They were media through which credit might be interchanged among different communities. But at that time the house which had agreed to fund twenty thousand dollars of our indebtedness for a fee of only fifty dollars seemed to me to be operating on much too small a margin of profits to make any money. As a manufacturer I was always used to figuring safely. I did not believe until I saw the check that the brokers would really make the loan.

We cleaned up at our depository as had been planned. Two months later we started borrowing there again. The vice president, with whom our business was transacted, welcomed us as applicants for discounts. I had overcome my earlier feeling of awe when I approached that officer's desk at the bank. I now was as nonchalant when I shook hands with a banker as when I greeted any other acquaintance. I had no fear of my creditors. I knew I was good for more than my debts. The monthly statements of profits my partner prepared, and which I signed as president of the corporation, were all true for several years. The rating our company had was only what our worth entitled us to; the business was growing. I considered myself a prosperous man—as I was, in fact.

My partner seldom mentioned to me his individual business affairs. But I believed he was very successful in all his multifarious undertakings. He told me one day that he intended to sever his connection with the bank, where he had been head of the trust department. He announced he was about to be elected president of another, smaller bank. It was his desire that our company should transfer its account to the depository of which he expected to become the executive. He told me we should be given the same discount line we had been granted by the other bank and as much more credit as the development of the business warranted.

Of course I assented to the transfer, very much pleased that the new bank would be so intimately acquainted with our concern. In a few weeks my partner resigned his old position and moved into the president's office of the smaller financial institution. In a distant, cold way he was proud of his elevation. I congratulated him warmly on the honor he had attained. But in a little while I came to resent the attitude he now adopted. He acted aloof when he talked to me, as if he were on a much higher plane in the business world than I myself. There had been no friendliness before; but after he became a bank president the relations between my partner and myself were only rigidly courteous.

The Financial End

He knew banking thoroughly and he understood human nature. But he had acquired all his knowledge with his brain; none of it through his heart. His highest ambition was to be recognized as a leader among the city's financiers. He took pride in our manufacturing company because it was making money. But when he visited the factory he seldom set foot in the shop. That was dirty, noisy, and full of uncouth workmen. There was no rhythm, to him, in the punch presses; no songs, but only screeching, in the shifting belts of screw machines and lathes. He irritated me every time he did go through the shop. It was his habit to stalk past a man in overalls haughtily, as if he did not see him. He would tuck the skirts of his long-tailed coat about his legs whenever he walked close to an oily machine that was making dollars for him. Without any sharp provocation, my lack of liking for the man intensified to definite dislike.

We did not see each other often now. He was busy with his ambitions in the financial district, where I did not go once in three months. Weeks would pass between our meetings. I knew he was interested only in our making earnings that he could translate into monthly statements of assets and liabilities, with tabulations of comparative profits. Our sales were increasing steadily. We were shipping a third of a million dollars' worth of goods a year. We had a fine factory, fully equipped. On our books were accounts receivable amounting to over seventy-five thousand dollars. We had a valuable stock of raw material and finished products in our storeroom.

Our indebtedness for borrowed money, however, had grown pretty large. Most of the time we owed about a hundred thousand dollars on our notes. Approximately half of our obligations were carried by the bank of which my partner was president. As treasurer of our corporation he placed our notes with various other banks and brokers. There never had been even the slightest hitch in our securing all the credit we required.

For years I had taken it for granted that I need not worry about money matters. It was my custom to sign and to indorse, and then give to my partner, from time to time as he asked for them, various notes of the company, payable to its own order, with the dates and amounts blank. He requested me to do this, so that he might have a supply of our paper on hand in his private box at the bank, to facilitate our financing. When I made the first of these notes in blank I was a tyro in banking. Later I executed them from habit, as a matter of course. I did not suspect my partner of misappropriating any of the paper. I thought he was rich and the soul of business honor. He managed our finances, and I ran the shop and the sales organization. I was entirely contented with the situation.

Real Troubles Begin

My partner had told me he intended to double the capitalization of the bank he headed. The capital had been five hundred thousand dollars. He wanted to be president of a million-dollar institution. He did not explain to me at the time how he purposed to increase the stock. I was only casually interested in his plans. He was moving in a different world. The principal impression his announcement made on me was an increased idea of his wealth. I believed then that he must be very rich. I knew he controlled a majority of the half-million-dollar stock of the bank. I assumed he purposed to put in a quarter of a million more, to insure for himself at least fifty-one per cent of the increased capital.

Three or four months after my partner first referred to his intention of doubling the stock of the bank he came to the factory late one afternoon. The moment I saw him I knew he was under a tremendous strain. His face was haggard. His eyes dodged my look. He walked into my private office, shut the door, and dropped heavily on a chair.

The man had nerve. In a tone that, at first, was even and firm he started to tell me of the disaster that had struck his ambitions like a lightning bolt.

"We had the stockholders' meeting at the bank to-day," he said. "The increased capitalization was voted. I had made arrangements with certain men, whom I trusted implicitly, to take a big block of the new stock. They agreed to vote it in combination with me. I never guessed they would double-cross me. They did. When the new directors were elected I found a plot had been made to oust me. Another man was chosen president of the bank. I was given a vice presidency as a sop. But I have lost control over there."

For the first time my heart warmed to my associate. I realized what a blow to his pride this was. My hand shot out to him impulsively.

"That was a dirty trick!" I cried. "But never mind, Pard, you can start another bank on your own hook."

He did not take my hand, but flinched as if I had struck at him. He looked ghastly. His eyes were narrow slits, almost hidden by wincing lids. Suddenly he stiffened. He faced me boldly now. Without a doubt it had been his intention until that moment to admit the knavery he was guilty of. But he changed his mind in a second, and took advantage of my expression of sympathy. Instead of confessing what he had done, he continued to deceive me, relying on my complete trust in him.

So I did not learn until long afterward, by his own admission, that he had covertly discounted our company's notes for enormous sums and had misappropriated the proceeds for his individual speculations.

"I must stay on at the bank temporarily," he said, "to protect our manufacturing

(Continued on Page 68)

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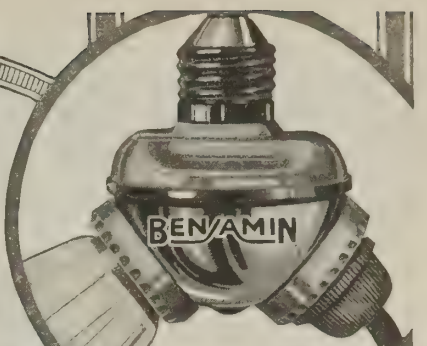
Your Electric Sewing Machine and have a light at the same time by using



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It fits easily into any socket and enables the use of any household electrical device and your light.

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Address nearest office for free booklet "Trouble-Savers."

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Manufacturers also of the famous Benjamin Swivel Attachment Plug (shown in illustration above). Screws into the socket without twisting the cord.

"Don't tell me you never had a chance!"

"Four years ago you and I worked at the same desk. We were *both* discontented. Remember the noon we saw the International Correspondence Schools' advertisement? That woke me up. I realized that to get ahead I needed special training, and decided to let the I. C. S. help me. I wanted you to do the same, but you said, 'Aw, forget it!' I have been climbing ever since; you had the same chance I had, but you turned it down. No, Jim, you can't expect more money until you've trained yourself to handle bigger work."

There are lots of "Jims" in the world—in stores, factories, offices, everywhere. Are *you* one of them? Wake up! Every time you see an I. C. S. coupon your chance is staring you in the face. Don't turn it down.

Right now over one hundred thousand men are preparing themselves for bigger jobs and better pay through I. C. S. courses. ***You*** can join them and get in line for promotion. Mark and mail this coupon, and find out how.

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Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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☐ WINDOW TRIMMER	☐ ARCHITECT
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☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Illustrator
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Designer
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ AGRICULTURE ☐ Spanish
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Poultry Raising ☐ German
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W
WESTINGHOUSE
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Westinghouse

ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING CO.

MEN

Money, machines and methods are three great factors in modern industrial progress, but each is dependent on a greater factor—men.

Machines and methods may increase output, decrease cost and eliminate liability to human error, but for their perfection and successful operation we must have human resourcefulness, ingenuity and experience.

Money—representing the solid financial backing of great enterprises—is available only because of public confidence in human integrity and business ability.

Therefore, man-building is the first duty and it is the greatest achievement of the far-reaching organization known to the world as Westinghouse.

It is your best guaranty that when you buy any electrical product stamped with the name of Westinghouse, you can rely upon it as representing the quality of materials, excellence of design and care in construction that mean efficiency and durability.

George Westinghouse surrounded himself with men capable of visioning the best possibilities of the coming electrical age.

And to this nucleus were attracted other men whose abilities have added greatly to the human resources of an already great institution.

Men who knew how to create organization, increase engineering and financial resources and provide manufacturing equipment.

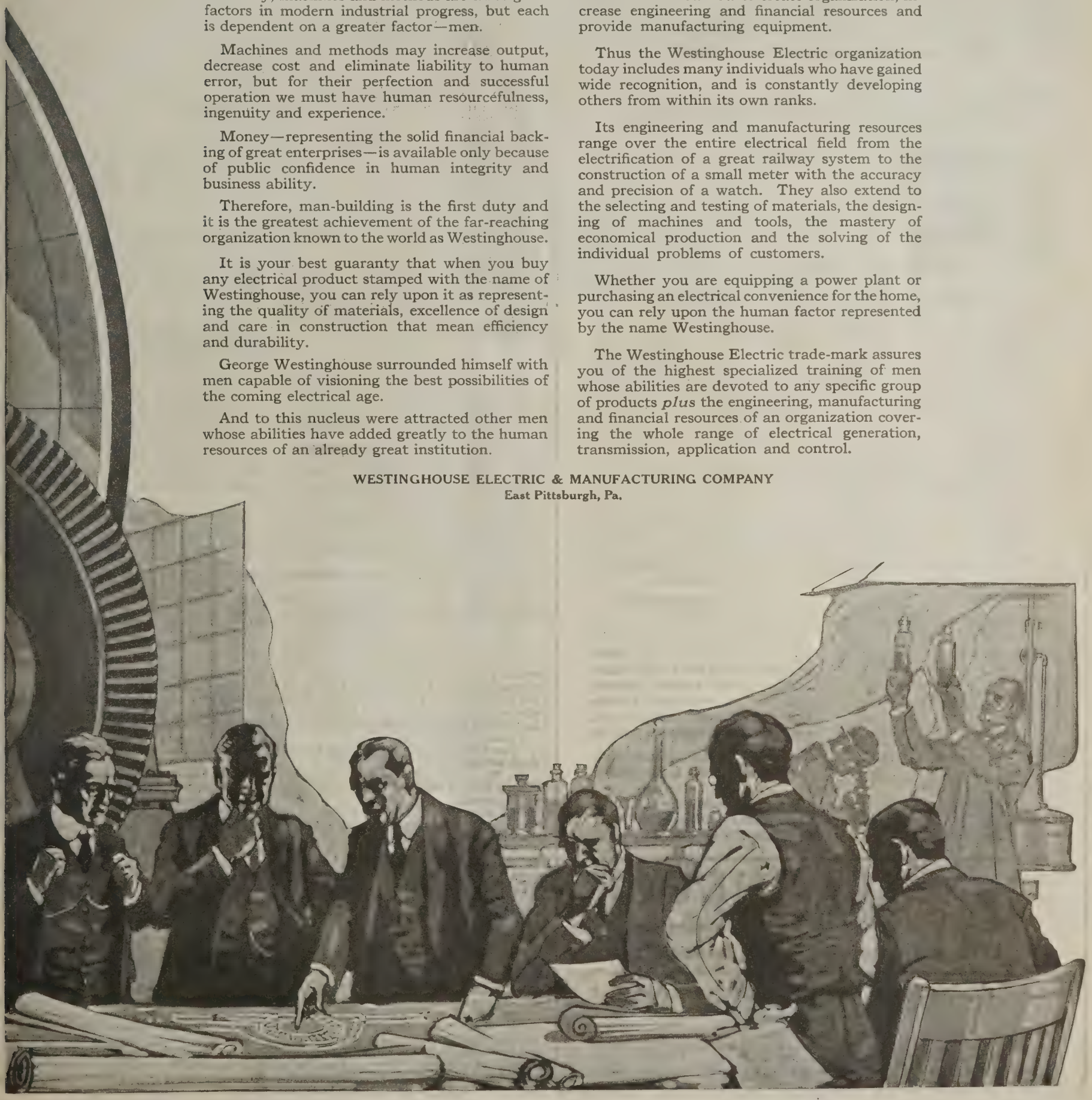
Thus the Westinghouse Electric organization today includes many individuals who have gained wide recognition, and is constantly developing others from within its own ranks.

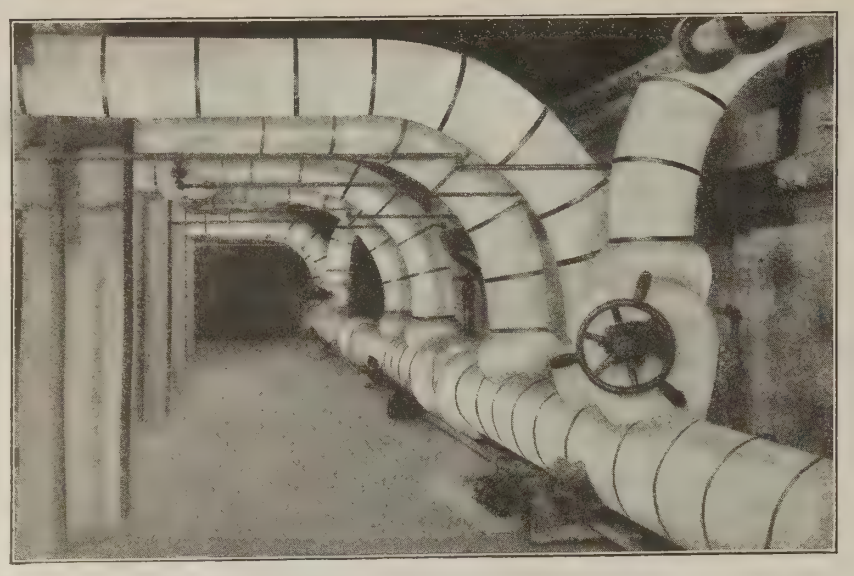
Its engineering and manufacturing resources range over the entire electrical field from the electrification of a great railway system to the construction of a small meter with the accuracy and precision of a watch. They also extend to the selecting and testing of materials, the designing of machines and tools, the mastery of economical production and the solving of the individual problems of customers.

Whether you are equipping a power plant or purchasing an electrical convenience for the home, you can rely upon the human factor represented by the name Westinghouse.

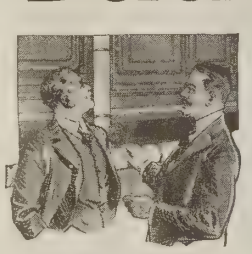
The Westinghouse Electric trade-mark assures you of the highest specialized training of men whose abilities are devoted to any specific group of products *plus* the engineering, manufacturing and financial resources of an organization covering the whole range of electrical generation, transmission, application and control.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.





"Defend your steam"



"I HAVE brought you down here to show you how you must *defend your steam,*" says the Consulting Engineer to his new client, "*for to defend steam is as important as to produce it.*"

The Engineer Explains

The Engineer tells how the giant energy of steam is fought at every degree by lower temperatures that steal its power. How the iron pipes are no protection against this incessant attack — they leak heat as a sieve leaks water.

He explains that, for the steam to get from its birthplace to its destination, those pipes require the very best insulating armor. That insulation is as necessary to *defend* the steam as is the coal to make it, or the metal to pipe it.

"85% Magnesia" Saves Coal

"But there's a big difference," says the Engineer, "among pipe-coverings. Because all are white they may look alike, but in their power to *hold in the heat* the '85% Magnesia' Coverings do the best work and save the most coal.

"Put your hand on that '85% Magnesia.' See how cool it is? That coolness means that at least *seven-eighths of the steam is on its job.*"

Millions of Air Cells

When applied according to the best-established practice, "85% Magnesia" is the most efficient armor known to defend steam against loss. Every inch contains millions of tiny air cells, made by Nature herself. Each cell imprisons "dead air" through which the heat has no chance to escape.

To every 85 parts of Carbonate of Magnesia, is added asbestos as a binder to give structural strength. *No wear-out is possible.* After twenty-five years of service these "85% Magnesia" Coverings have been stripped off and re-applied, as efficient as when new.

"85% Magnesia" is Standard

The matchless efficiency of "85% Magnesia" is why it is the regulation covering in the United States Navy; why all modern locomotives use it; why most Power-plants, Terminals, Skyscrapers, and Hotels are equipped with it.

Where coal economy is imperative, "85% Magnesia" is imperative.

A complete Specification for the scientific application of "85% Magnesia" is sent free upon request to all architects and engineers by the Magnesia Association of America.

"85% MAGNESIA"

The Universal Covering for Pipes and Boilers

MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, 381 FOURTH AVE., N. Y.

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(Continued from Page 65)

company. I can't fight those fellows now. On the other hand, they will do everything they can to placate me. They're afraid I'll expose how they double-crossed me. That would react to their detriment. I accepted the vice presidency this afternoon in order to preserve our present credit line while I make other arrangements. The bank holds our demand notes for thirty thousand dollars. If that paper should be called it would smash us! We must gain time until we can turn ourselves."

Thus he subtly unloaded on me part of the onus of responsibility for deciding what course we should pursue. He took a memorandum slip from his pocket and laid it on my desk. Even in his rascality, then and afterward, he always was the perfect bookkeeper. His masterly skill as an expert accountant fooled me easily for months, until I was trapped. It was to deceive some of the shrewdest financiers in America too. When my partner was tried and convicted, many years later, for obtaining money and credit under false pretenses, he was paid the tribute in court that he was the most ingenious crook the Bankers' Association ever had caught.

"Here's a list of our outstanding bills payable, with their maturities." He swiftly explained the memorandum to me. "You know that as president of the bank I was able to discount our paper in various places outside the city. Most of our former sources of credit are likely to be cut off, now that I no longer have a free hand to dispose of our notes to country correspondents of the bank. I must establish other credit lines as rapidly as possible, to yield us an amount of new money equal to what we owe at present.

"Previously our indebtedness was not a menace. My position at the head of the bank protected us. Now we are in a very different situation. We cannot count on the discount line at the bank; nor shall I be able to scatter notes all over the country, as heretofore. We are in jeopardy. But our fine reputation will save us if we act at once and keep cool."

Getting in Deeper

I was stunned when my high hopes of wealth came toppling down on my head. I groped dazedly toward comprehension.

"How can we go broke?" I cried. "We've been making money every year."

"Could we pay the thirty thousand dollars we owe on our demand notes if they were to be called to-day?" he snarled. "Should a single piece of our paper be protested, the company would have to make an assignment. But we're wasting time talking about what won't happen. We must save our business. Our rating with the commercial agencies will enable me to raise all we need. This is my plan:"

I leaned forward in tense eagerness to understand his purpose.

"To start with," he elucidated, "it is vitally important not to let anybody suspect we're in straits. It won't do to say we are borrowing at new places in order to clean up with our present bank. The officials over there might hear about it, and would guess that I intended to quit as vice president and fight them. They'd call our loans to break me. I'm indorser on all our paper, you realize. If I should be forced into bankruptcy it would ruin me."

I roused with a start.

"Have you lost all your money in this double-cross deal?" I exclaimed.

He flinched again. His eyes wavered. But he made a specious explanation of his predicament.

"Of course not. I am just tied up in some heavy investments I should not have made if I had thought for a second that I'd be ousted from the presidency of the bank. It will take me several months to extricate myself. I'm short of cash at present. And I have hypothecated most of my bank stock as collateral for some big loans."

I slumped in my chair as if a prop had broken behind me.

"You see, we're in a ticklish situation," he continued. "But I mean to put a bold face on the matter and work out. First, I shall apply to our notebroker to float fifty thousand dollars of our paper. I'll exhibit some of the contracts we have from customers and tell him we need more cash to handle increased business. Our statement of assets and liabilities, our business rating and our fine record will secure the money.

"Then I shall go to New York and open a checking account there, ostensibly to facilitate the handling of our Eastern business. I'll deposit half of the proceeds of the notes I sell our broker. I will say when I open the New York account that a little later we shall need more money to finance some large contracts. I'll request that the bank look us up through the commercial agencies and advise us whether or not we can have fifty thousand dollars in about six weeks. No doubt we shall be welcomed. Our standing is very good, and we have been in business long enough to be regarded as firmly established.

"The hundred thousand dollars I expect to get from those two sources will enable us to pay all our present notes as they mature. As soon as the New York credit line is assured I intend to apply to another bank here in the city to discount our paper for fifty thousand dollars additional, and will transfer our local account there from our present bank. Then we'll be safe."

"But that makes one hundred and fifty thousand dollars you intend to borrow!" I reminded. "A hundred thousand will be enough."

"No," he declared. "We'll need considerable elasticity and large cash balances for a while, until we are well known to our new banks. It will pay us to carry fifty thousand dollars or more on deposit in order that we may appear as strong as possible."

I comprehended his plan and knew it was feasible. I realized he meant to work under cover and that he had suggested an intention to bluff a good deal. But it did not occur to me there was anything shady about the methods he purposed to use. His scheme looked like the clever strategy of a fellow who was cornered. I could understand how even a very rich man might become involved and temporarily be short of cash. I had no reason then to suspect that my partner was not wealthy. The program he outlined confirmed my previous impression that he was a wizard of finance. I felt utterly unable to cope with the crisis myself. Unhesitatingly I agreed to his proposals.

Of course I coöperated thereafter as best I could. I certified to the correctness of the assets-and-liabilities statements he prepared. I executed dozens of new blank notes. His plan was carried through without a hitch. He reported the various successful steps and from time to time brought to the office old notes he had taken up. Our bank balances grew bigger than they had ever been before. I breathed easily again. I did not meddle at all in the financing. But one feature of the situation puzzled me. I asked my partner about it. He had reported that all the scattered notes were paid, but for some reason he had not cleaned up at our old bank, though we were borrowers at the new depository for a large discount line. I asked him why he did not close the first account.

"I do not want to break there until I have perfected certain personal plans," he replied vaguely to my question. "So long as they are willing to renew our paper, I think it best to divide our deposits between the two local accounts."

Jolted Awake

Then he hinted at the possibility of his regaining control of the bank at the next stockholders' election. I surmised he was unwilling to confide all his designs to me. I made no more inquiries. I fully expected he would turn the tables on the men who had tricked him and that before long our company would be protected again by his powerful standing as a bank president. I was free now from the worries of finance. My partner managed all our money matters. I only hoped we should soon be relieved of the large burden of interest we were carrying for money borrowed that we did not need.

I was jolted awake from my delusion. When, with my full knowledge and assent, we had piled up debts only a little less than a quarter of a million dollars, my partner brazenly informed me that he had juggled our funds for years, and had used in his own speculations about a hundred thousand dollars of additional money, which he obtained by the secret sale of company notes through various agencies of distribution he had. He had scattered the paper adroitly. Doubtless, if he had been successful in his private ventures I never should have learned of his misuse of our company credit.

He told me because he was in difficulties. He had left the bank and was devoting all his time now to personal enterprises. In finance he was a genius, but he had talent

(Continued on Page 70)

Firestone
TIRES

Your Place in the Firestone Organization

IN the development of Firestone Tire quality you who use them play an important part. Your demands are the inspiration for constant betterments in Firestone service; your pleasure, your purse, your pride have been met in Firestone building.

More toughness, more resiliency, more speed with complete safety; for all these needs Firestone has found the answer until today wherever motorists travel there is a Firestone user whose good will is our best advertisement.

In numbers, as in personnel, they dominate the road.

Spreading the good news of Most Miles per Dollar, they have built the Firestone reputation through that most efficient medium, the satisfied customer.

The Dealer and Branch nearest you co-operate in service.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Whitman's

Do you know the idea behind this Sampler Package?

We originated this package as a "get acquainted" assortment, and put in it candies from ten different standard packages of Whitman's, the "Fussy" Assorted Chocolates, "1842" Bitter Sweets, Chocolate Covered Liquid Cherries, Honey White Nougat, Jordan Almonds, and other famous Whitman's specialties. We thought people would buy a Sampler, and thereafter buy the separate packages that they liked best. They did this, but they also adopted the Sampler as the winning assortment in the whole candy field, with a popularity that is astonishing.

The Sampler is the leader among Whitman's—the National Sweets. Buy it from the nearest Whitman agency (usually the leading drug store). If no agency is convenient, send us $1.00 for a 17 ounce box, prepaid.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip.

Savage for Sureness!

SAVAGE ability to build a product of high merit has not been a thing of mushroom growth. The careful and painstaking designing of its several products to meet each new conclusion of its experimental laboratories is never hurried or hastily decided. The entire organization must be a unit in favor of each detail. That's why the

SAVAGE
AUTOMATIC PISTOL

10 SHOTS QUICK

has incorporated within it every improvement, every outstanding feature that modern methods and years of "know how" bring to efficient manufacture.

The Savage dealer in your vicinity is a man who knows guns. Talk it over with him—or send to us for full details and prices.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY

1432 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, NEW YORK

Makers of the famous Lewis Automatic Machine Gun and of military, high power and small caliber sporting rifles.

(Continued from Page 68)

for any business except banking. He seemed to blight everything else he touched. As he finally confessed, he never had been rich. For twenty years he had operated on "a shoestring." He had pyramided legitimate borrowings when he began his financial career. He would secure a loan for a thousand dollars at five or six per cent; then he would use the money to buy some security yielding the same interest. He made no profit on such "washes," but built up a reputation for capital that he did not have. Less than twenty-five thousand dollars was the most he ever owned. But he made it look like ten times that much money by keeping it active.

His speculative ventures had promised rich returns at the start, but he had sunk all the cash he raised surreptitiously on our company notes. The endless chain of his maturities and fresh issues of paper threatened to break. He dared not try to float any more of the notes without my knowledge, lest I discover and repudiate some illicit transaction. He was tantalized by the surplus money available to our corporation. Exposure threatened him in a few days. He pretended to make a clean breast to me of what he had done. When I had been told, he ignored his dishonest acts and at once began to show me how ruin might be averted.

"It's a bad mess," he said; "but we mustn't lose our heads. This business can be saved. The important thing is to keep the big debt secret until I can sell out my personal investments. We must avoid suspicion and play our cards carefully."

The Crooked Way Out

He implied that the problem was joint. He had glossed over his deceit and lies. The heinousness of what he confessed did not strike me then with full force; though, of course, my previous faith in his integrity had been shattered. Perhaps I was so dumfounded that vindictiveness did not begin to burn in me at once. Somehow I wasn't instantly furious. I sat silent a minute or two and listened to his scheme, while chills crept up my back.

Suddenly I realized he was proposing not merely that I remain passive, and give him a chance to work out of his predicament, but that I coöperate actively in his desperate plans. All my frozen wrath burst out in a second.

"You go to hell!" I exploded.

I amplified my rage. I made a verbal picture of my partner that stripped him to the bone of all his suavity and smugness. He squirmed. He had avoided using plain words in his confession. Neither then nor afterward, when he and I in concert committed almost every imaginable financial crime, did my partner bluntly recognize the truth in speaking of his knavery. He had expected, undoubtedly, that I should be infuriated. He was ready for my declaration now that I would have him arrested. Instantly he countered with a threat:

"If I go to jail you'll be locked up too! Every one of those notes I discounted has your signature on it. You certified, as president, to the correctness of our company statements of assets and liabilities, the foundation of our credit. Those statements did not show all our present actual obligations by two hundred thousand dollars. Do you think anybody will believe you were ignorant of the facts? You'll be charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. That's a penitentiary offense. You'd better not shout to the world what I've told you. You'd be a fool to let this fine business be destroyed. We can save it by coöperating in my plans."

I am not of powerful physique. I never have been especially pugnacious. Yet, before that moment, I should have resented with my fists an insinuation that I was "yellow." But there must have been a saffron streak in me then. I did not leap at my partner and start a rough-and-tumble fight. I sat in my chair and shivered under the cold malice of his steel eyes. I was scared stiff. I make no defense of my moral cowardice. There is no extenuation for me. I was yellow. Later, retribution brought my pusillanimity its deserts. I wore a shameful uniform for three years and a half. But no other punishment has hurt so much as my own self-contempt.

That afternoon, however, I made excuses for myself. I said in my thoughts it was unjust I should lose by no fault of my own the business I had developed through years of devoted work. I loved every machine in the factory. The life of the company was my own blood and spirit. My partner had a plan that seemed feasible. He assured me that in a few months he would be able to dispose of his personal investments and square his defalcation. Surely it would be foolish to let the business be wrecked when there was a good chance to save it! I realized it was unlikely that a jury would credit my denial against my partner's flat accusation of complicity in his frauds. Even if I should be acquitted in court, the business world's verdict would damn my reputation forever. I decided I might as well die for a sheep as for a lamb. I consented to become a party in the criminal schemes proposed to me. I was afraid to refuse.

If I had not been a fatuous fool I should have foreseen that ultimate disaster was only postponed. It was inevitable. But that afternoon I hoped I could extricate myself from the tangle in which I had been enmeshed. My one thought was of getting free as soon as possible. I wasted no time on recriminations. I sullenly demanded of my partner all the details of his scheme. He smiled his relief and took out his lying pencil. With perfect sang-froid he demonstrated the infallibility of his plan. Before we two crooks separated that night we had agreed on an elaborate plot of deception. The very next day we started to put it into effect.

The basis of the fraud we jointly instituted then was an ingeniously false statement of our assets and liabilities, to the truth of which my partner and I both certified. The mercantile agencies accepted our figures without suspicion. We had a fine history of veracity to substantiate our lies. Our ratings were promptly raised. Thus we laid the foundation for the credit we built. We were well known to have been operating prosperously for many years. No one guessed that we had exaggerated our profit showing.

Brokers were eager to buy our notes. Country banks took them gladly. We opened three new checking accounts in the city and borrowed the money to keep attractive balances. We "kited" checks between our local banks and our New York depository. Sometimes we had as much as forty thousand dollars "in the air." The legitimate debts of our company, with the burden fraudulently foisted on the concern by my partner's outside speculations, amounted to approximately a quarter of a million dollars. But we had to borrow a hundred thousand more to keep up appearances.

A Chain of Bogus Deals

After I started to play the crooked game I balked at nothing. It was a tremendously difficult thing to raise the large amounts of money we needed without seeming unduly eager. Lie bred lie as we made explanations of our purposes in applying for loans. My partner and I acted boldly always. We obtained money from a dozen independent sources, none of which suspected we were getting big credits elsewhere by similar misrepresentations of our needs. We would negotiate successfully discounts of from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars for the purchase of raw material to fill a contract with some customer. Then straightway we would exhibit the same contract to another bank or broker, and secure as much more there, for the same ostensible purpose. I learned that a bank is apt to be favorably disposed toward loan applications made by depositors who carry substantial balances. We kept on hand always an elastic fund that enabled us to pay every note as it matured. Our credit actually seemed to be improved by every bogus transaction we carried through.

I knew the amount of attention and work our intricate operations demanded of my partner. I was spending larger and larger portions of succeeding days in systematic lying myself. I had to neglect the factory and the sales department often while I went about preying on financiers. It was not strange to me that my associate had little time to look for purchasers of his private investments. I continually prodded him to hurry the disposition of his properties at sacrifice prices. I knew that we could get permanent relief only when his locked-up capital should be freed.

But none of the enterprises in which he had sunk cash was an earner. On the contrary, all were losing. There was no possibility of selling out such concerns. My partner had been throwing good money after

(Concluded on Page 73)

How Hudson Solved the Gasoline Problem

Now Furnished on the New Light Super-Six

The gasoline saver is one more new invention of the Hudson Super-Six.

It was shown for the first time at the New York Automobile Show in January. Now most all Hudson dealers are showing the new cars equipped with this and ten other important new features. The gasoline saver is the only new feature shown on automobiles at this year's shows.

Overcomes the Poor Gasoline

Hard starting and wasteful gasoline consumption due to cold weather and the low grade gasoline are overcome. Radiator and hood covers are not needed on the new Hudson Super-Sixes even in the coldest weather.

This device has been in use on hundreds of Hudson Super-Sixes during the coldest winter weather. Its effectiveness has been proved. It is as easily operated as the damper on a stove.

Low grade gasoline gives low mileage and is wasteful and harmful to the engine, unless the motor is operated steadily at a high temperature.

Primer Insures Easy Starting

In zero weather, even at 20 below, the new Hudson Super-Six motor starts. The primer is another new feature of the new Super-Six.

On the new cars there are also other worth-while features you should see. There is the new plaited upholstering, more attractive door fasteners, hard rubber handles, an improved body finish and other details you can see. And then we have made many improvements in the building of the car. The car that last year won every worth-while record is a much better automobile now because we have learned to build them better.

We made those records of endurance for acceleration and speed with cars of the earlier production. No one has yet equaled anything we have done with stock Super-Six cars. And yet the cars we turn out today are infinitely better because of the increased skill and experience Hudson workmen have acquired in building the 25,000 cars that were produced last year.

Think What a Year Has Shown

Remember what was claimed for the Super-Six one year ago. Then we had only our own records to show—records proving the Hudson Super-Six the fastest stock car built.

We then had established only the 100-mile and the one-hour records for a fully equipped stock touring car. But since we have won the 24-hour record for a stock chassis, the Transcontinental Run both ways, the fastest stock chassis mile, and have outsold any other high grade car in the world. So if you want a fine car that out-performs any other car that is built your choice must be a Hudson Super-Six.

Buyers Waited for Months

At this time last season orders exceeded our production by 8,000. At no time during the season were there enough Hudsons to go around. From this you can see what the demand will be this year. We are only producing 30,000 cars as against last year's 25,000 because we cannot build more and build them well. That is not a large increase. It shows, however, that if you want a Hudson you cannot afford to postpone buying. Unless you act now you may be like other thousands who will be disappointed this year because they could not get prompt deliveries.

Don't fail to see the gasoline saver.

HUDSON SUPER SIX REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

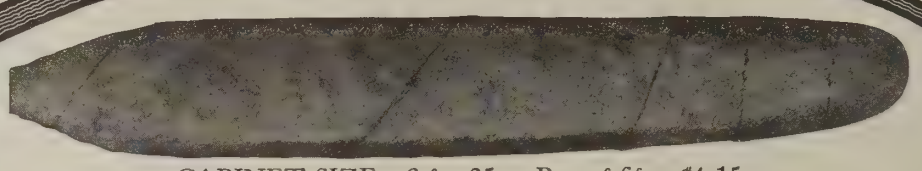
Phaeton, 7-passenger,	$1650	Town Car	$2925	Town Car Landaulet .	$3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger,	1950	(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)		Limousine	2925
Touring Sedan . . .	2175			Limousine Landaulet .	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

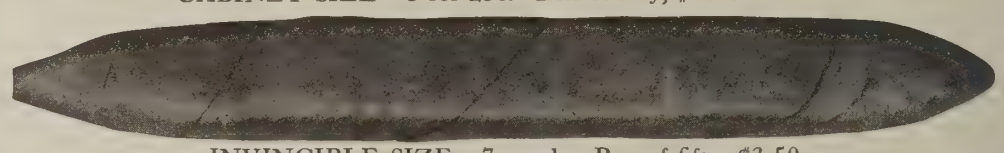
RICORO

the "Self-Made" cigar

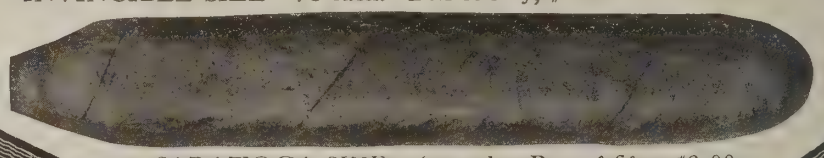
Im-ported from Porto Rico



CABINET SIZE—3 for 25c. Box of fifty, $4.15



INVINCIBLE SIZE—7c each. Box of fifty, $3.50



SARATOGA SIZE—6c each. Box of fifty, $3.00

"Be Sure You're Right—Then Go Ahead"

We knew we were right when we decided to advertise RICORO—the "self-made" cigar—some months ago. We knew we were right because RICORO already had made good *without* advertising—selling a million a week on merit alone. That is why we call it the "self-made" cigar.

But even then we did not know how "right" we were about RICORO. We *expected* great returns from spreading the news about RICORO—but the results have *amazed* us. RICORO sales have jumped to three millions a week—350 cigars a minute. Every fourth man who buys cigars in a United Cigar Store now asks for RICORO.

Do these figures mean anything to you, Mr. Smoker? They ought to. They ought to make you *hurry* to try this great cigar which—because it pays no duty—sells at *half* the prices of other fine *imported* cigars.

MAKE THIS TEST

Buy a box of RICOROS today at any United Cigar Store—or by mail. Smoke ten of them and if you do not agree that this is the greatest cigar value you have ever had at the price, return what is left of the box and get your money back in full. Could anything be fairer?

RICORO is made in Porto Rico and imported from there, but it pays no duty. Therefore, we can sell it at 6, 7 and 10 cents each and up to 2-for-25c, depending upon the size and shape. Select your favorite size and make your own test *at our risk*. DO IT NOW.

THANK YOU.

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

1000 STORES OPERATED IN 300 CITIES—EXECUTIVE OFFICES NEW YORK CITY

MAIL ORDERS: We prefer that every customer visit one of our stores in person and in this way not only secure the exact shade suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our store service.

If no store is convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mail or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

Use order blank on coupon at lower right-hand corner of this advertisement.

CIGARS UNITED

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY (send to nearest city named below):
New York, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago, First National Bank Bldg.
San Francisco, 555 Howard St.

Find enclosed $_____ for which send me, express charges prepaid, RICORO Cigars.
50 CABINET size 50 INVINCIBLE size 50 SARATOGA size.
Mild, Medium or Strong. (Scratch out sizes and colors not wanted.)
It is understood that if after smoking three cigars they are not satisfactory the balance of order may be returned charges collect, for refund of the total amount remitted.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ *Place*_____

(Concluded from Page 70)

bad. When I realized the situation I knew our little company had saddled on it an enormous debt, with no hope of relief. I had committed crimes enough then to make it certain I should be sent to prison if detected.

Now began a frenzied and desperate long struggle to ward off punishment. The skill in crookedness that my fellow criminal and I developed is well-nigh incredible. For years we found ways to meet all the emergencies that arose. We kept his enterprises going, though they were constant drains, in order to utilize them as manufacturers of "accommodation" notes, which we discounted at our various banks and through brokers as genuine bills receivable for merchandise sold. This kind of fictitious commercial paper netted us in excess of ninety thousand dollars at one time, scattered among a dozen sources of credit. We kited checks almost daily to maintain deposit balances at our banks. We assigned our open accounts at discounts for spot cash. We borrowed wherever and whenever we could on our false statements of assets and liabilities. Brokers floated our notes in half the states of the Union.

Caught at Last

Our enormous interest charges, the cost of discounts, the losses we constantly had to meet in carrying my partner's dead horses, mounted until the drain was more than the earnings of our prosperous little manufacturing concern. In desperation we resorted to the forgery of bills of lading and secured heavy advances of cash on fictitious accounts receivable. We would take up these fraudulent obligations at maturity by sending New York or Boston drafts for the amounts. When the credit companies checked up the accounts we had sold them, my partner, the expert bookkeeper, had our falsified records inspection-proof.

Twice an informal audit was made by sending certification blanks to the real concerns we carried on our books for doctored sales. We steamed open the letters that were mailed back to us with certifications of the trifling amounts our customers actually owed. We inserted forged certifications of the fraudulent items. Then the envelopes were resealed and forwarded to our big creditors. There were a thousand and one crises and hairbreadth escapes. We wriggled out of danger every time.

Day after day, week upon week, month in and month out, for year succeeding year, my accomplice and I dodged just out of reach of the clutches of retribution.

Our total debt swelled to three-quarters of a million dollars. At last my partner and I saw we were nearing the end of our rope. Ruin could not be postponed more than a few months. Already there were indications of the disaster. Our banks began to caution us not to let our manufacturing company grow so fast, even if profits were attractive. Then, when the outlook seemed darkest, my partner and I severally had inspirations.

He proposed that we go to our largest creditor and confess the exact situation. He declared that this large creditor was unlikely to have us arrested, because he would lose so much if we were to be smashed. The factory was earning honest profits of more than six thousand dollars a month, not counting the added burden of interest and discounts on our fraudulent excessive borrowings. This one creditor was a capitalist who had loaned us about two hundred thousand dollars. My partner believed that the man would hush up our frauds and buy off other creditors to whom we were paying more than banking interest. The company was worth, in tangible assets, half of its debts if it could be continued as a going concern. Its goodwill was as valuable. It would pay ten per cent on a capitalization equal to all its obligations.

The one idea my partner had now was to escape arrest. I did not believe the big creditor would swallow the truth if we two liars should tell him the real earnings of the business after confessing our deceptions. I felt there was little chance of avoiding retribution in that way. So I proposed the course that my own inspiration suggested as an alternative:

"If the business will pay our creditor ten per cent in case he should liquidate our debts so that the excessive interest charges and losses would be cut off, it will pay that much to anybody else. We are reputed to be very prosperous. Let's sell out for half a million dollars, if possible. That would cancel all our fraudulent debts and leave only the legitimate obligations of the concern. You and I own all the capital stock now. We can use the proceeds of selling it and clean up the company. We could turn the business over to new stockholders on a basis that would make them big dividends. True, we individually should have nothing left; but we'd keep out of jail."

"It's impossible to find a buyer without offering our operations for close investigation that would expose us," he objected.

"An investigation can be avoided," I argued. I knew a great deal about finance now. "I'll pretend I'm buying you out. I'll sell the stock to the public. Plenty of people in our trade will be glad to have it as an investment."

He saw the scheme was feasible, though the odds against success were heavy. We started work at once on our final strategy. A prospectus was prepared in which truth and lies were cunningly mixed. The sale of stock began auspiciously. Checks came in a steady stream. It seemed as if the impossible would happen—that we should escape punishment. But when our prospects appeared brightest the long-cheated law grabbed us. One of our forgeries was discovered—quite by accident. A bank confronted us with the proof of our fraud. After years of dodging we were caught at last. Our elaborate edifice of credit tumbled in a moment, like a house built of cards.

The shame shriveled me. I slunk out of the bank to hide my face while I awaited arrest. When the sheriff brought the warrant to my house I was thankful for the night that cloaked me on my way to jail. I was glad to be locked out of the world's sight. I did not think, then, I ever could look my fellowmen in the face. I made no fight against the inevitable. I felt tired—utterly tired. I told the judge I was exactly fifty per cent guilty of all the crimes that had been committed. I asked him to sentence me at once. I was sent to prison for a term of from four to fourteen years. My partner demanded a trial. He employed the best criminal lawyers. He delayed his conviction two years. Then a jury found him guilty.

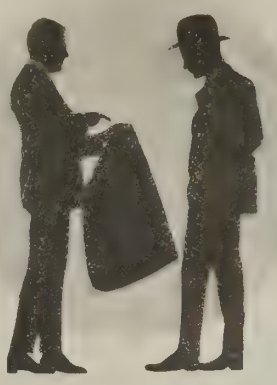
To the Last Penny

I wore the felon's uniform of disgrace three years and a half. I have paid the debt the law claimed from me. Now I am paying the obligations of money I owe. Hundreds of people, even some of my creditors themselves, tell me I am a quixotic fool to attempt to square up. They say I paid at the penitentiary in suffering for my crimes. Those good people are wrong. I have not paid. I did not suffer in prison. There I gained again my self-respect and the respect of other men. Prison was not punishment to me, but opportunity. I still owe the debt of restitution.

I am not quixotic. I shall earn the money to discharge my debts. I have a plan. There were a million chances to one against my success in making myself a writer. I have an easier task now. I am only forty-three, and I am earning a thousand dollars a month. I shall be rich, in money as well as in friends, very soon. Fate did not destroy me utterly and then help me build from the wreckage a new man destined to accomplish only a little success. I have done big bad things. I am granted a tremendously larger chance to make good. I have a big theme of life now. Nothing is impossible to a square man with brains! I shall prove that true.

I am writing a vital book. It is to be a record of accomplishment—not a visionary dream. The royalties from that will help. I divide into halves every check I receive for a story or an article I sell to a magazine; one equal share is paid immediately to my creditors. I deliver addresses from the platform in many cities. Fifty per cent of the receipts from my speaking are applied on my debts. I have abundant proof that all the world is with me! I have millions of partners now. They are just the opposites of the two old ones I had. The new firm is a winner. It will earn the quarter of a million dollars necessary to wipe out my past losses.

This has not been a pleasant story to write. It has been unpleasant to read. All of us are glad the chapter is done. The happy ending is in sight. I am home again. My little family is continually happier. I have an ever-broadening circle of old and new friends. And round the corner there are no clutching fingers, waiting to grip my shoulder. Ahead are opportunities. I am not wasting my strength in futile, hopeless struggles. The battle I fight now is worth while.



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"5130" Blue, $16.50
"6130" Gray, $16.50
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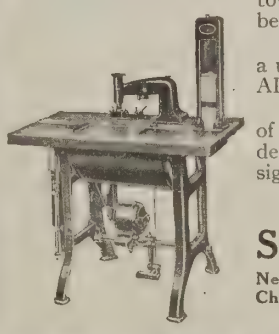
"2½ Days' Addressing Done In 2½ Hours"

Time Saved Here

"We are pleased to advise that we have found the DIREX-ALL all you claim it to be: If we were to address our envelopes for circulars, of which we send out about 2500 to 3000 the end of each month, it would probably take a stenographer two to two and a half days to get them out, whereas with your machine the entire number can be addressed in about two and a half to three hours."

(Signed) F. C. BOWEN,
Barber & Co., Inc.,
Steamship Agents,
17 Battery Place, New York



Doesn't matter whether you're "going it alone" in a one-man office, or are handling big mailings in a large establishment, there's the very size and style of DIREX-ALL machine for your business.

More than a mailing machine—*more* than a listing machine—*more* than a billing machine. Combines the functions of all three, and can be used for miscellaneous other work now done by hand.

Speed, accuracy, convenience, simplicity, versatility. Mailings out on time. Returns back on time.

Read Barber & Company's letter to the left. Hundreds more like it. Some from concerns in your own line of business.

The DIREX-ALL is the addressing machine that prints through a ribbon—the machine that uses one-piece metal plates. Your mailings have the touch of individuality. No parts of the plate to become lost or inter-mixed.

The plates that do the printing also serve as a useful index. A boy can do it all. The DIREX-ALL makes no mistakes.

"Doing the Day's Work *Better*." That's the title of a book you may have for the asking. Pictures and describes the DIREX-ALL for you—the one designed to save your time and money—*guaranteed.*

Write our nearest office today.

Stickney & Montague

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DIREX-ALL
FOR MAILING - LISTING - BILLING.

The heart of an Economy renewable Fuse is the "Drop Out" Renewal Link. It is the only part you have to replace in order to restore a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency.

ECONOMY renewable FUSES

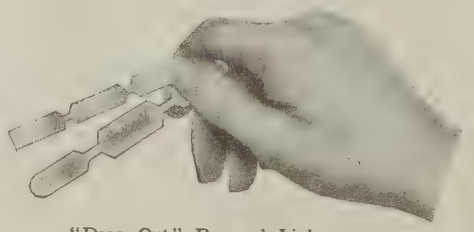
are used over and over again, not discarded as are "one time" fuses that are useless after operation. Saving the costly parts and renewing the inexpensive fusible element of Economy Fuses means **a reduction in annual fuse expense of 80 per cent.**

Safety at a Saving of 80%

Protect your electric light, heat and power circuits with Economy renewable Fuses. Whether you use one or thousands of fuses per year, it will pay you to abandon old-fashioned, wasteful and oftentimes undependable methods of fusing circuits, in favor of Economy Fuses—accurately rated, safe under all conditions of service and effecting a cut of 80% of yearly fuse maintenance expense when used instead of "one time" fuses.

In Your Home

Be sure to use Economy Fuses in your home, not only because they save money, but because they are the best protection obtainable against the fire and accident hazards of overloads, short circuits and effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits.



"Drop Out" Renewal Links are accurately rated, inexpensive, and their use renews an Economy Fuse over and over again. A quantity always on hand represents only a small investment.

Take advantage of this offer:

Send ten cents in stamps for one 3 to 30 ampere, 250 volt, ferrule type, Economy renewable Fuse, with two "Drop Out" Links. (Retail price, one fuse only, 35 cents; in Canada 40 cents.)

Send for the sample today. Ask for Bulletin S.

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
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Also made in Canada at Montreal

Economy Renewable Fuses have been carefully investigated by the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards.

THE FORTUNE MAKER

(Continued from Page 5)

leave believe the whole gang up there was in cahoots on the bribery business; but Walter Hayes undertook to put it across, and when it came to a show-down old friend John just let him hold the bag. That's what I'd just as soon believe as not. Anyway, there's John Turner's testimony. Repeated on the witness stand, it meant stripes for Hayes, and Hayes knew it.

"You can guess whether he'd be sore about that or not. How deep the woman mess went, and what cause for soreness there was in that, I don't pretend to know. Probably you can find out if you want to. I've got an unverified story about Mrs. Hayes going to Turner's house one evening a few days before the murder. You can look into that if you're interested. Now to go back to this bribery business a minute.

"Walter Hayes and a man named McGregor, who was general manager at the motor works, had just bought a controlling interest in the Arcum Company here and were putting a lot of fresh money into it. Well, I've got the goods on the Arcum Company. You see, these pious, new-rich plutocrats had been running the city and county here to suit themselves, on the beautiful theory that they were making the place rich; and the twenty or thirty thousand poor devils whose labor created all the wealth, including the huge graft of the plutocrats, shouldn't have anything to say about it.

"They practically assessed themselves, and when they wanted any public property they just politely took it.

"I promised to make this Arcum Company cough up a great wad of back taxes and tear down part of its plant that's built over a public alley. Now Hayes, you see, was just getting out of the motor company and into the Arcum Company. If he could use the motor company's money to defeat me that would be a fine stroke of business for his Arcum Company. That explains why he was so hot for the bribery and undertook to put it across himself.

"Well, he was caught. Just one thing could save him. If John Turner testified, it was the pen for him. He took his little gun in hand and made sure Friend John didn't testify. There's that business of the duplicate key to Turner's office. Somebody on the inside must have got that. Well, Walter Hayes was right on the inside. The man who fired that shot was very familiar with the place. He had some means of knowing just when Turner would be alone. Inside workings again. More than that, right at John Turner's finger was a push button that rang a bell out in the anteroom. If a stranger had stepped in there from the hall wouldn't John Turner have pushed that button? You bet he would! It was no stranger that stepped in.

"And get this: I can put you in touch any time with four perfectly responsible witnesses who will swear they saw Walter Hayes at the mouth of the alley beside the general office building within a minute or two of the murder. He went down that alley, climbed into his car, which he'd left some distance from the plant, and drove off. Remember, he'd resigned from the motor company then. He had no business there—no business he was talking about, I mean.

"Now there's the truth about John Turner's murder. Check it up. You'll find there ain't a crack in it anywhere."

Well, I asked him some questions, and went away with some thoughts and emotions surging round in my head that I didn't expect to have when I entered his office. It was clear enough that Dent had a violent prejudice against everybody in what he called the plutocratic gang; clear enough, too, that he was given to reckless statements. For all that, it was a decidedly interesting sort of story.

Of course, if Dent's theory of the murder was right, it was not a case for the Government at all and I had nothing to do but go back to Washington. I was interested in the case, however. Breyfogle and I had worked together more or less on it; that being, in fact, the beginning of our long association. I had a great opinion of him. Certainly I paid no attention to Dent's absurd charges against him.

So I told Breyfogle what Dent had told me. Later on, when he was more famous, they said Breyfogle could make an iron dog talk if that dog had seen anything worth knowing. In time Breyfogle got Walter Hayes' statement, from which, supplemented a little here and there from other sources, the following true account is made up.

II

THINKING all these things over last night, I hunted round the house until I got hold of a Bible and found this half-remembered passage in Ecclesiastes: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all." That was our case, as you will see.

This strange adventure, with its monstrous issue, began in the little tailor shop at the rear of the People's Clothing Emporium, in Marthasville, Illinois, the middle of November, 1895.

Marthasville had a population of about two thousand and not enough business to go round comfortably. The population had been substantially the same ever since Civil War times. It was the sort of town that would naturally hold a low opinion of foreigners. But it made an exception in favor of Simon Weil, proprietor of the People's Emporium—a pursey, round-shouldered, dim-eyed, worried-looking little man. The town's best opinion allowed that Simon was a very respectable man.

Twice before Simon's cousin, Sol Rosenbaum, had appeared in Marthasville for a sojourn of several months. These appearances were coincident with periods of such extreme adversity that the cot in the little tailor shop at the rear of the Emporium and such fare as Simon's wife chose to provide were Sol's only means of keeping body and soul together. He was then about thirty, five feet six or seven inches high, and weighed not much over a hundred pounds. His face was mostly nose, with a stubbly little black mustache. The top of his head was just big enough to hold a hat. Among many other bootless enterprises, he had been in the show business; and in this back room of the Emporium he was secretly rehearsing a vaudeville company.

The members of the company were John Turner, Walter Hayes and Wade Carter. The two former were respectively twenty and nineteen years old; the latter was twenty-one. John Turner and Walter Hayes had grown up together. Between them a romantic boys' friendship subsisted, with the romance rather more on Walter's side perhaps than on John's. John was the leader—active, adventurous, daring, with a great stock of confidence in himself. Walter was really timid by nature—always conscious of it and always trying to hide it; so that whatever John suggested Walter promptly seconded with a bold front, though his heart might be quaking in his boots at the time. The boys had gone together to Macfarlane College, a little fresh-water institution that tried, on wholly insufficient means, to provide higher education with a strong church flavor. Together—under John's active leadership—they had been expelled in disgrace.

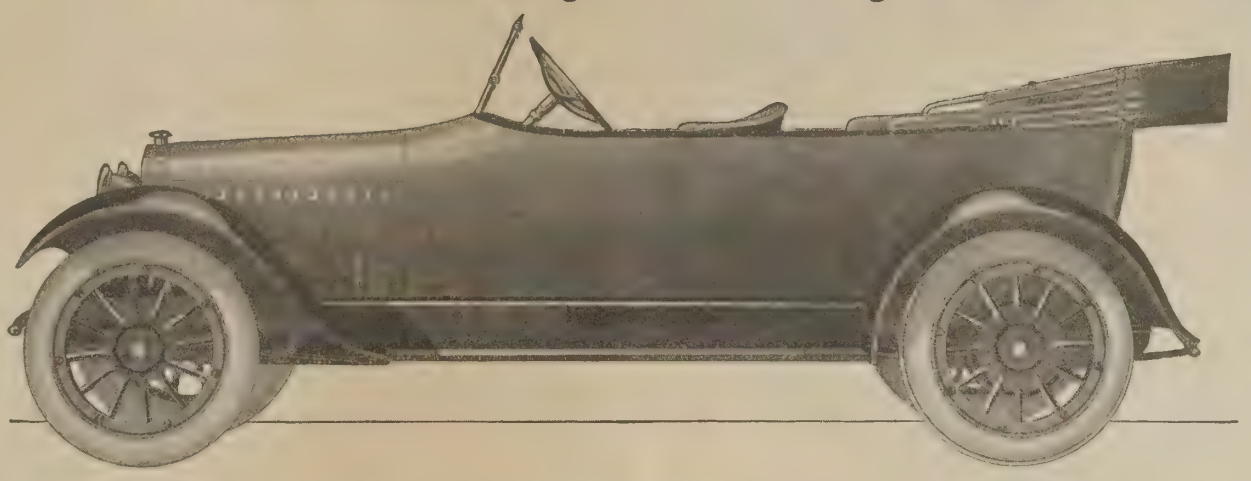
John's father was proprietor of the carriage works, Marthasville's only manufacturing industry, and not much of an industry at that. Stories were still current about the elder Turner's unregenerate youth—drinking, gambling, and so on. Now he was a chief pillar of the church and excessively rigorous in his judgments. He had grown stout, and had a fat, pasty white face, with dark, sharp little eyes twinkling out of the infolding flesh. His only worldly indulgence, except business, was shooting. He held the local record for quail and prairie chicken, and possessed a wonderful, much-ornamented shotgun that he had won at a state tournament. The cost and virtues of this gun were a sort of legend among the boys of Marthasville; but it was kept like a crown jewel, to be exhibited on rare occasions and never used.

It was only three years before that he had given over horsewhipping his rebellious son—judging it hardly safe any more. The two hated each other pretty cordially and frankly. After the expulsion from college John was put to work in the carriage factory on a kind of bread-and-iron regimen. He was now nearly six feet tall, well made, handsome, with brown eyes that were dark almost to blackness, and hair to match.

Walter Hayes was shorter and slighter, but agile. He had an almost girlishly fair

(Continued on Page 76)

Unnecessary to Pay More



Chalmers 5-Passenger 6-30—$1250

"How unnecessary to pay more than $1250 for a high grade 5-passenger touring car!" Those may not be your words, but that surely will be your thought when you examine this 5-passenger 6-30 Chalmers. This is not the first high grade Chalmers car at a surprising price. Chalmers has been building exceptionally good cars at exceptionally low prices for a good many years.

Uncommon—Distinctive—Attractive

No need to caution you not to miss the Chalmers lines and Chalmers curves. They are too uncommon. Too distinctive. Too attractive. In the front, a high, narrow radiator. A hood with a long straight slope. Chalmers unique molded oval fenders. Large, brilliant double-bulb lamps. A body that is handsome and comfortable.

Note the rear seat cushion. It is three inches wider than it needs to be. And the front seat has four inches more room than you require.

The wheelbase is long. That gives length to the body. There is four inches more room in the front compartment than you need, and eight inches surplus leg room in the rear compartment. The seats are unusually wide.

Abundance of Power

The motor, after all, is what interests both men and women. And that is where and why this Chalmers excels. It is the most famous and most used of all Chalmers motors. It has high power capacity. It is never under strain. At 45 and 50 miles an hour it is using only a part of its power.

Speed—Endurance—Economy

Scores of gold, silver and bronze trophies adorn the reception room of the Chalmers factory. They were won for speed, for hill climbing, for endurance and economy.

Just recently, in 1916, Chalmers led its class in the Pike's Peak hill climb, carried off the Giant's Despair climbing classic, set a new record from Chicago to New York, and won many other events.

But these feats are largely taken for granted with a motor so widely used as Chalmers, and with such great power-reserve and power-capacity.

Pay the Sensible Price

You need what Chalmers gives. Beauty plus reliability plus performance. You get those things in the Chalmers at a sensible price. Why go higher? Moreover to go lower may prove poor economy. So pay the sensible price for a sound and sensible car.

Prices

Five-passenger Touring	$1250	Seven-passenger Sedan	$1850
Two " Roadster	1250	Seven " Limousine	2550
Seven " Touring	1350	Seven " Town Car	2550

(All f. o. b. Detroit)

CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

We've Anticipated Your Towel Needs

When you reach for a ScotTissue Towel you instinctively feel that it's the *right* towel for you to use. After you have used a ScotTissue Towel, you fully realize what a completely satisfactory towel it is. Besides its pure-white cleanness and sanitary features, it gives superior service.

After years of exhaustive study and practical experimenting we have produced this perfect towel—the towel that is not merely a substitute for ordinary public fabric towels, but an actual improvement on them. The ScotTissue Towel is a specially manufactured paper texture—a real towel for every towel purpose.

The soft, absorbent ScotTissue texture has thousands of tiny cells to suck up every drop of moisture, leaving your skin dry and comfortable. And the new ScotTissue Cabinet gives you this perfect towel in perfect condition—absolutely clean—and folded ready for use. Every ScotTissue Towel bears the special ScotTissue trade-mark. It's your guarantee of satisfaction.

For all public and semi-public wash-rooms ScotTissue is the logical, practical and most satisfactory Towel Service both for the user and the owner. Heads of stores, office buildings, hotels, theatres, restaurants, factories, offices, schools and institutions should investigate ScotTissue and send for further interesting and valuable information.

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Originators of the Paper Towel

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

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Address nearest office

ScotTissue Towels

(Continued from Page 74)

complexion, with blue eyes and reddish hair, which he wore pompadour. His father was assistant cashier of the First National Bank—a strict, precise, rather dry man. He had put Walter humbly at work in the bank. The two youths, under their deep cloud of reprobation, were profoundly dissatisfied, aseethe with vague rebellion, ready for any sort of enterprise that would get them away from Marthasville.

Wade Carter had come to Marthasville that spring, his father having bought the Weekly Herald, which was a dubious, unstable sort of proposition. John and Walter someway took up with Wade Carter—or Smiley, as he at once came to be called. He was just twenty-one then, spare, lean-necked, with a thin face and gray-green eyes. His ambition was to be an actor, which his father regarded as only the vagary of a lazy youth who would rather do anything than work. So Smiley, in a desultory and unsatisfactory manner, was learning the printer's trade in his father's office—also seething with unrest and rebellion. He really had a droll humor and a notable gift of mimicry. He was always learning little monologues and reciting them. Finally, under his prompting, the three youths played a farce, followed by some vaudeville sketches, in the old town hall, charging ten cents admission.

There were the three restless youths, talking together and incidentally talking with Sol Rosenbaum—greatly interesting to them as a person who could tell many strange adventures. Only a little of what Sol told was true, but it was all exciting. Now Sol himself was aching for any sort of stake that would get him away from Marthasville. He proposed the vaudeville business.

Smiley Carter took it up in heart-thrilling earnest as a means of achieving his ambition for the stage. Probably John and Walter would have been attracted by the mere adventure, but Sol flattered them outrageously—especially John, who was naturally responsive to that stimulant. John's acting, in fact, was mostly a display of vocal and muscular vigor; but Sol declared it was great. He was astute enough to see that John, once won, would pull the others. It wasn't long before he had John convinced that a promising stage career awaited him.

There was the question of capital. Sol said they ought to have a couple of hundred dollars, for even a show as meritorious as this was going to be might encounter a streak of lean before it struck the fat. The boys managed among them to scrape together a hundred and forty dollars.

Getting away was not so difficult. Inspired by Sol, they said they were going to Newcomb, thirty miles distant, to give an amateur stage performance like the one they had given in the town hall. So, with parental scoffs and objections, but no positive outburst, they got themselves on the train, with a big, old trunk, which Sol had borrowed from the basement of the Emporium, containing the properties.

The less said of the show the better. Sol had two or three dog-eared, paper-bound books of monologues, dialogues, stock jokes, and the like, for Smiley Carter, who really had a talent for comic acting. Walter Hayes could do some amateur conjuring tricks. John Turner had a good, untrained barytone voice. He and Walter knew some college gymnasium stunts. All three of them could dance after a fashion.

Oddly enough, the little show succeeded for about three weeks in making expenses. This was altogether due to Smiley Carter. It was he who made the audience laugh and got the applause. Sol had sense enough to see that; so the thing soon took the form of an entertainment by Mr. Carter, with incidental accompaniments by Messrs. Turner and Hayes.

Smiley lighted and expanded under it. For him it had the sweet and heady taste of success. He felt sure now of making his way to the real stage. His thin face was always shining, always expanding in a happy grin. He was tireless for the show, continually patching up new monologues, thinking out new strokes of "business," working the other two into a position where a comic result could be got. He devised droll handbills and composed funny advance notices for the village papers to print in consideration of a handful of tickets; but he never crowed over the other two or indicated that they weren't contributing as much as he. On the mere money side, as a matter of fact, he had supplied seventy-five dollars, to John's forty an Walter's twenty-five.

The show had been out two weeks, head ing southwest and playing in countr towns, when Sol sprung a surprise on hi associates—a wonderful piece of good luck he said. They were barely making expenses he pointed out; they couldn't make an real money unless they had a woman char acter. That's what would attract the men And by most extraordinary fortune th very woman they needed had fallen righ into their hands; so he had engaged he forthwith at only twenty dollars a week t begin with.

The boys took their godsend in glum as tonishment. The notion of having a strang woman along in their jolly little company was highly disconcerting. But Sol was managing the show. Taken by surprise, it didn't occur to them to rebel. So they suffered themselves to be led up to the dingy little hotel parlor and introduced to their good fortune—Miss Madeline Jones by name, though she appeared on the bills as Señorita Juanita.

She said she was eighteen, and probably wasn't over twenty-three or twenty-four. She also said her mother was Spanish and her father owned a large cattle ranch in Texas. The boys guessed afterward that her descent on the maternal side was Mexican and the ranch largely imaginary. She had dark hair and eyes, and an olive complexion—rather handsome after a fashion, but getting stout. She could dance passably in her threadbare comic-opera costume of a Spanish señorita; also, she could make a loud rhythmic noise, which she called singing, to the strumming of a guitar.

So Señorita Juanita was plumped on their hands. It developed very soon that Sol had known her somewhere and had been writing to her in Chicago, inviting her to join the show. That was how she happened to appear so miraculously in Kirkton, where the boys were introduced to her. In fact, Madeline herself let the company know this, in Sol's presence, the very next day. She said he had deceived her grossly as to the character and prospects of the show. She had a temper that went along with her black eyes and was not at all nice in her choice of adjectives. When she finished wiping up the floor with poor, big-nosed, lying little Sol the boys were almost sorry for him.

Madeline's onslaught, in the presence of the boys, reduced Sol to the state of a trampled worm. His little face and figure had never before been particularly expressive of anything. Now they were as eloquent of dejection as a kicked dog is. From that time on Madeline refused to have anything whatever to do with him—talking to Smiley Carter instead whenever there was a bit of business to be discussed; treating Smiley, in fact, as though he were the manager.

Little Sol bore his humiliation four days—always with his abject air of a kicked dog, keeping himself out of sight as much as possible. Then he silently betook himself and his unrequited love to parts unknown, without saying good-by. Incidentally he took all the company's funds except sixteen dollars, which the boys happened to have among them. Madeline was disgusted with them for letting Sol hold all the money, but she stayed on, perforce, hoping the show would make enough to give her her twenty dollars at the end of the week. Sol's defection, however, was practically the end.

By that time Smiley Carter had fallen in love with Madeline Jones and the show business went to smash pretty rapidly—in a dismal fashion John Turner had already got enough of it. The applause was all for Smiley. Really it was Smiley's show; and trailing along as an unimportant accessory to another man's success was not in the least to John's taste. The audiences were cold to him—sometimes jeered him. He was disgusted with the pigs, and wouldn't appear on the stage at all any more except in some gymnastic exercises that exhibited his fine figure and strength.

It may as well be said for Señorita Juanita that she hadn't the slightest notion of involving herself with any one of three raw youngsters who would probably soon be wiring their parents for railroad fare home. Still, if one penniless youngster was in love with her she didn't mind smiling on the others enough to keep his jealousy awake.

Older people talk with foolish derogation of a youth's love affairs. Anybody who has been a youth and in love knows better.

(Continued on Page 78)

The heat in your automobile engine ranges from 200° to 1000°. This terrific heat breaks down all ordinary oil. After only a few hours' use a large volume of sediment is formed.

Engineering tests show that over 50% of ordinary oil is turned into sediment in a fifty-hour run and loses all lubricating value. This means a loss of four to five horse power.

How the U. S. Bureau of Standards tests automobile oils

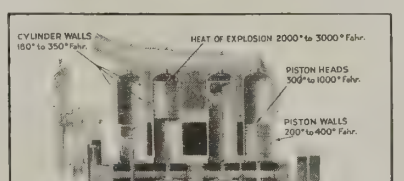
What heat does to automobile oil. How sediment causes friction and wear. What the Faulkner Process means to motorists. 60c to make test will save you over $50 a year

Do you know the greatest weakness of ordinary automobile oils? Do you know the chief cause of wear and expense? Do you know how the U. S. Bureau of Standards tests automobile oils—what test this Bureau considers important?

You will find the answer to these questions in the U. S. Bureau of Standards Technologic Paper No. 73—"Data on the Oxidation of Automobile Cylinder Oils." This publication explains the testing of automobile oils by the sedimentation method and shows the great importance of this test. It sums up as follows:

"The carbonization value of an oil (sediment test) is coming to be recognized as a valuable criterion in testing, and methods for its determination are finding their way into text-books."

Today it is a generally accepted fact that absence of sediment is the best test of a lubricant's efficiency.



Showing Operating Temperatures
These high operating temperatures cause rapid destruction of ordinary automobile oil.

How sediment causes permanent damage

Oil that contains sediment causes metal to metal friction because the sediment takes the place of a large part of the liquid oil. Then the metal surfaces are pressed into each other and the microscopic teeth grab and cut in. That means friction, wear and expense.

The damage caused by sediment cannot be repaired. Eventually the worn parts must be thrown away and new parts purchased and installed.

How to reduce sediment 86%

The illustration at the top of the page shows the sediment test which the U. S. Bureau of Standards has approved. Notice that the left-hand bottle contains fully seven times as much sediment as the other bottle. The first bottle contains ordinary oil after 500 miles of running. The other contains Veedol.

Notice that there is only 5% or 6% sediment in Veedol as against 50% in ordinary oil. This means that by using Veedol you will save friction and wear and greatly reduce your operating expenses.

The Faulkner Process

Veedol is unlike ordinary oil because it is made by the Faulkner Process. This is a new discovery used exclusively by this company, that gives Veedol its remarkable heat-resisting and wear-resisting properties. New equipment for this process costs over $300,000.

Ordinary automobile oil *cannot* be made like Veedol and *cannot* have the same lubricating properties. Veedol resists heat, does not evaporate rapidly, does not carbonize if your motor is in good condition — and finally, reduces sediment 86%.

60c to make test will save you over $50

Five gallons of Veedol will only cost you about 60c more than five gallons of ordinary oil. With five gallons of Veedol you can drive 2000 to 5000 miles, probably two or three times the mileage you get from ordinary oil. Thus you can easily compare costs.

Since sediment is the chief cause of friction, when you eliminate 86% of the sediment you save wear and save expense. Users of Veedol who have kept records say these savings run from $50 to $115 a year.

Make the test as follows: Clean out the crank case of your engine. Fill it with kerosene. Run your motor about *thirty seconds* under its own power. Draw out all kerosene and refill with Veedol. Then make a test run over a familiar road, including steep hills and straight level stretches.

You will find your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill-climbing ability. It will have less vibration and will give greater gasoline mileage. You save friction and cut down expense.

Among the users of Veedol are many large companies that keep a careful record of operating costs, such as the Hudson Motor Car Company, Fifth Ave. Coach Co., the largest bus line in the United States, the Mercer Automobile Co., the Bell Telephone Co. of New York, U. S. Quartermaster's Department, U. S. Navy, Adams Express Company, and the American Express Company.

These users pay more per gallon for Veedol because they save money by using it.

Buy Veedol Today

Over 12,000 dealers sell Veedol. Each dealer has a Veedol Lubrication Chart which specifies the correct grade of Veedol for your car or tractor for both Summer and Winter use. If you cannot get Veedol write for name of dealer who can supply you. Buy a can of Veedol today—begin now to get full efficiency from your car.

A convenient pouring device is supplied with each metal container.

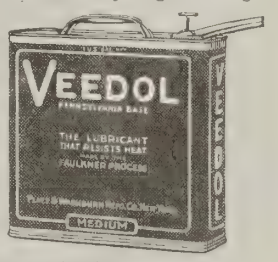
Supplied in—

Sealed Cans
½-gallon, 1-gallon, 5-gallons

Steel Drums
15-gallons, 28-gallons, 53-gallons

Oak Barrels
28-gallons, 50-gallons

Guaranteed when sold in the original package.



Send 10c for 88-page book

Send 10c for our new 88-page book on the construction and lubrication of automobiles, motor boats, tractors and stationary engines. No other book at any price contains as much information on this subject.

PLATT & WASHBURN REFINING COMPANY
1806 Bowling Green Building **New York**

Use Grease of Tested Quality

The Sediment Test shows you how far Veedol excels ordinary oil; Veedol Grease is equally superior to ordinary grease.

There is a Veedol Grease for every purpose:—

1. VEEDOL CUP GREASE.
2. VEEDOL GRAPHITE GREASE—For general lubrication, springs and water pump.
3. VEEDOL TRANS-GEAR COMPOUND—For gears where the housings are *not* tight.
4. VEEDOL TRANS-GEAR OIL—For gears enclosed in *tight* housings.

For washing your car try Keal, the new soap.

(Continued from Page 76)

Often enough it is exactly round twenty-one that the deepest infatuation occurs. So it was with thin-faced, eager, gray-green-eyed Smiley Carter. He had the right intense bilious temperament for it. He went quite daffy over the girl and she made him helplessly, wretchedly jealous. That, also, disgusted John.

More than ever the show fell on Smiley's shoulders, for John would have hardly anything to do with it. There was not only the acting, but the managing, posting up bills, distributing dodgers, seeing the local papers. Walter Hayes helped, yet he was always taking his cue from John. Well, Smiley worked desperately at it in a hell of longing and jealous pangs—gnawing his thumb nail, hardly sleeping, growing visibly hollow-eyed. And Madeline helped him on by coquetting with John or Walter. She was in bad temper all the time, because of her own unpromising plight.

They got to Planters' Grove with six dollars in the bank roll. The town hadn't been billed; so they must lay over a day, which meant they must get two days' expenses out of one night's receipts. That was unpromising enough, the town itself being only a slow place of some fifteen hundred inhabitants. But there was another reason for discouragement. The leading grocer died the day they came to town. The week before a burglar had broken into his house. Rousing, the grocer grappled with him and received two pistol wounds that proved fatal. The whole town was under the stir and pall of the tragedy—not in quite the frame of mind for a dubious vaudeville entertainment.

John Turner and Walter Hayes talked it over very soberly in the shabby hotel that evening—for, in the dismal division that had befallen, Smiley kept pretty much to himself and found it sorry enough company. Walter said they might as well throw up their hands and telegraph home for funds.

"I'll rot first!" said John gloomily. "You know how I got the forty dollars I put in? I sold father's prize shotgun to a traveling man."

He hadn't told that before, and somehow it struck Walter Hayes with awe, as a kind of crime beyond the imagination. Selling Mr. Turner's prize shotgun seemed to him a thing stupendous, fairly superhuman—vaguely belonging in the awful category of Paradise Lost. He realized that John couldn't go back home. And John even then retained an unshakable confidence in himself. It wasn't a great way to St. Louis, he said. They'd beat their way there if they had to, and get good jobs. He stood up tall and straight as he said it, looking so handsome and confident that it seemed a good job must come to him, hat in hand.

Smiley was miserable enough, too, for Madeline had treated him badly that day. He and John and Walter had a dingy double room, with two beds in it and the old property trunk in a corner. Madeline had a room across the hall.

Smiley came into the double room about half past nine, gnawing his thumb nail, his gray-green eyes smoldering, and dropped down on the trunk. As it happened, Walter Hayes had gone down to the hotel office. After a minute—probably with a helpless stirring of jealousy, for Madeline and Walter had been playing cards that afternoon—he said: "Where's Pips?"

"He's across in Madeline's room playing cards with her," said John maliciously.

"That's a lie!" Smiley shot back, his eyes blazing.

"Oh, well, if you want a row, you know ——" said John, standing up.

Walter Hayes came in just then and it was smoothed over. But it left a mark all round.

The next afternoon John and Walter took a long walk, though the day was lowering, with a nasty drizzle, half rain and half snow. Tickets for the evening's performance were on sale at the cigar store near the hotel. They had put off inquiring about the sales—having a presentiment they would get little comfort from the report. Now, however, they stopped at the cigar store to learn their fate. Their forebodings had hardly prepared them for the appalling fact that only four tickets at twenty-five cents each had been sold. Evidently they wouldn't have money enough to pay the hotel bill—say nothing of railroad fare.

The owner of the cigar shop was a lank and sociable person, in his shirt sleeves—a calico shirt without a collar—and the sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, so his red-flannel undershirt showed from the elbows down to his wrists. He said the proprietor of the opera house had just been in looking up the ticket sales and had said he wouldn't open his opera house for the show unless the management paid him some cash before half past seven. The cigar-store man advised the boys to go see the opera-house man. Having two complimentary tickets, he was anxious that the show should be given.

When John and Walter got out on the sloppy sidewalk they had to stop and laugh. Luck was so bad that it was really amusing. They were still laughing when Smiley Carter materialized out of the soggy gloom in front of them—also coming to inquire about the ticket sales. There was no particular reason for it, but the laughter mysteriously grated on him. Walter, with his irrepressible friendliness and a desire to be on good terms, sang out:

"It's grand, Smiley! Only four tickets sold and the opera-house man won't open up for us unless we pay him some money. Run over and slip him a hundred-dollar bill."

And John, with some undigested irritation in his system, was mysteriously moved to remember that Smiley had called him a liar the night before; so he chipped in:

"You're the whole show, anyway, you know."

Then Smiley:

"All you've done so far is sponge on the rest of us. Suppose you dig up!"

So there they were again, scowling and bristling at each other. Again Walter interposed:

"Aw, for Pete's sake, fellows, cut that out! Great Scott! Can't we be friends? We're all broke together, anyway. Come on; let's all go have a bottle of beer!"

It was seldom any of them drank as much as a glass of beer, but that was still a symbol of good fellowship—as well as a bit of bravado against their bad luck. Possibly it would have answered, but John Turner was still cross-grained. It always irked and nettled him to have anybody bristle at him—there was that much belligerence in his composition. So he said:

"I won't drink with a fellow that's called me a liar and not taken it back."

"Not drinking won't keep you from being a liar," Smiley retorted, and turned on his heel and started toward the hotel.

So there was the fighting word again and John Turner started after him. Walter Hayes slipped his hand through John's arm, pleading with him and holding him back. What difference did it make? They knew Smiley was nutty about the girl; let it go.

There was a narrow, smelly barroom in the basement of the hotel, with stairs that led down to it from the street and other stairs at the rear that led up into the yard back of the hotel, where there was a tumble-down livery stable and a long shed, open in front and divided off into stalls, in which farmers hitched their teams in bad weather while doing their marketing. Smiley went down the front steps into the barroom. John yielded somewhat to Walter's brake and even halted at his entreaty, yet finally kept on; so he and Walter went down into the barroom a couple of minutes behind Smiley—and saw something that changed John's intentions.

Near the front door, when Smiley entered, was a farmer—a gaunt old fellow with a long reddish beard, a tousled cap stuck on one side of his head, and a faded brown overcoat that dangled about his frame. He was so drunk he could barely stand. Lurching unsteadily round at the opening of the door, he bumped into Smiley, who gave him an impatient little push and was going on to the bar.

But the farmer clutched out with an unsteady hand, caught the belt of Smiley's ulster, and hung on. So when John and Walter entered they saw the wabbling old man hanging to Smiley's ulster and inquiring incoherently whether he wanted to fight or to wrestle. Wrestling, it appeared, was his strong point. He could throw any man in the county and was anxious to wager any amount on it.

John and Walter stood against the wall, grinning at Smiley's ridiculous position; and Smiley, mad, but realizing the absurdity of a row with the muddled old sot, tried to get away from him. The bartender, in an amazingly dirty white shirt, came from behind the bar and induced the old fellow to let go. The wrestler lurched over to the bar, before which another man stood; but

(Continued on Page 81)

Three Carpenter-Morton Money Saving Products Each One Makes Old Things New

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Some use Warner-Lenz because the laws forbid a glare. And safety argues not to blind the drivers and pedestrians ahead.

But where laws don't reach, and roads are lonely, there are overwhelming reasons for the Warner-Lenz.

Note the turn we picture. What good are ordinary shaft-lights, as shown below, piercing straight ahead?

So it is at every turn and corner. The best way to light those turns is with the Warner-Lenz.

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The Warner-Lenz makes dimmers unnecessary. Everywhere, in country or city, you can use your full-power light.

There is no glare, no dazzle. The light is softened and diffused. Each Warner-Lenz is 176 lenses in one.

The light still reaches 300 to 500 feet ahead. But it also lights almost a full half-circle. It floods the roadside and the road.

Uphill or downhill, straight ahead or turning, all that lies before you is well-lighted. Night-driving becomes like day-driving.

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Already 350,000 Cars

The Warner-Lenz is a new invention—only a few months old. But 16 famous makers already have adopted them as standard equipment for all their 1917 cars. Note the names of those makers. All made exhaustive tests. All compared the Warner-Lenz with every other type. And all are paying for Warner-Lenz seven times the price they have previously paid.

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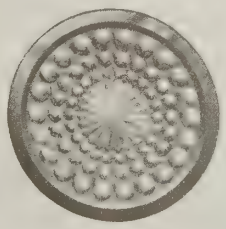
All because the Warner-Lenz means safety. Because it complies with all laws. And because no man who once drives with it will ever again drive without it.

Get Them for Tonight

You are bound to adopt them. But this is to urge that you get them for tonight. Don't use dim lights any longer. Don't use lights which dazzle others. Don't use lights which leave the nearby roadside dark. The Warner-Lenz are lenses only. Simply remove your present lenses and put these in their place.

Go to your accessory dealer or send to us. But remember that Warner-Lenz is the one type which leading engineers are adopting. Let no one convince you that others are as good.



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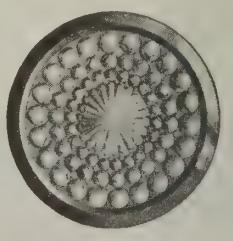

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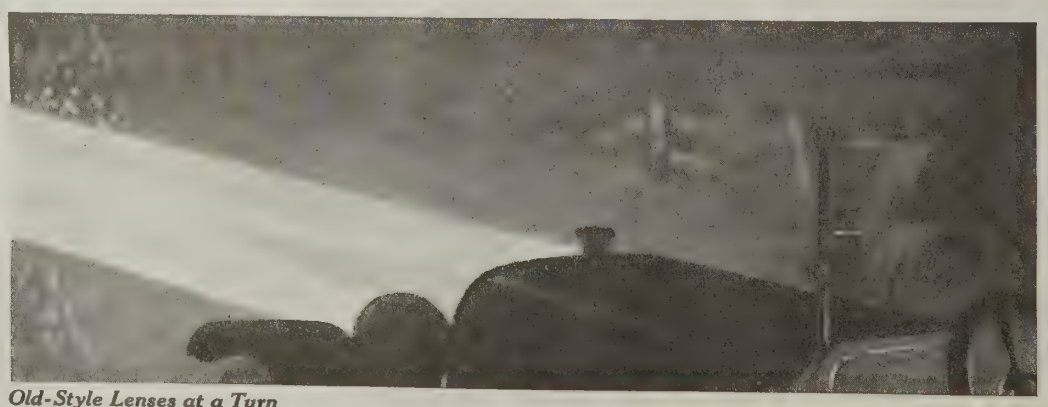

Old-Style Lenses at a Turn

Prices of Warner-Lenz Per Pair

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5 to 9 , inclusive,	$3.50
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West of Rockies 25c per pair extra

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You can get these suits in knit goods or in the famous Keep Kool mesh at most good department stores and haberdashers', but if you have the least difficulty send your size with remittance to the manufacturers at Albany, N. Y., and we will gladly supply you direct, delivery prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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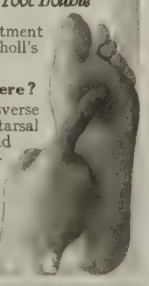

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(Continued from Page 78)

his sodden brain had just grip enough to hold the idea that he had somehow been affronted. He managed to open his vest and take a long yellow wallet from the inner pocket. Then he kept idiotically slapping the bar with the wallet, calling the bartender and the other man there, and Smiley and everybody in general, to witness that he would wager any amount on a wrestling match between himself and Smiley, or anybody else. Meantime the bartender and the other man were coaxing him to go home.

Presently he staggered over to the rear door. Going out, he attempted to put the wallet in his inner overcoat pocket, but his unsteady hand missed its aim and the wallet fell to the floor by the doorsill. Smiley, John and Walter saw it plainly lying there, and all three started toward it, but Smiley had the advantage of distance, seeing which the other two halted. They saw him open the door and give the wallet a kick with his foot, sending it outside. Then he went out after it.

Immediately John and Walter wondered how much money Smiley had found and whether he was going to divide. It did not occur to either of them that he would restore the money to its owner. Neither of them would have thought of doing that if he had picked up the wallet. They were on a far adventure in a strange country and they frankly regarded the wallet as treasure-trove.

They loitered in the barroom a few minutes and then drifted up to the little hotel office, their minds busy with this odd freak of fortune. They sat over in the corner, speculating under their breaths about the contents of the wallet—all the time rather hoping Smiley would appear and offer to share. After half an hour or so they went up to their room, still in the same frame of mind. Smiley was not there, but after they had sat round some time he came in.

Smiley entered the room quickly, his nervous gray-green eyes shining. It occurred to Walter that he had come from Madeline across the hall. He shut the door after him and sat down on the edge of the trunk. Whatever had been in his mind before respecting them was all swept away in the rush of a new drama.

"There won't be any show to-night," he said. "You fellows can have the properties and go on if you like. I'm going to pull out for Chicago on the night train. We may as well split up."

He pulled the wallet out of his ulster pocket and extracted a sheaf of bills from it. The others caught their breaths as they saw how many there were. With fingers that trembled a little in their eagerness Smiley counted out a hundred and fifty dollars, which he handed over to John.

"There's Pips' share and yours," he said.

They could see that only a few bills remained in his hand. He put them back in the wallet, stuck the latter in his ulster pocket, and stood up, apparently about to go out.

It was the old Smiley's tall, spare frame, his lean face and features; but they felt a certain strangeness in him. He seemed suddenly to have grown up and grown away from them. In his deep excitement there was a man's decision. He took a step and halted.

"We've been all right together," he said. "I wish you fellows good luck. Shake hands."

He held out a lean hand to John, who took it blankly; then to Walter, who managed to say:

"Well, good luck, Smiley!"

He strode out, in his dream, leaving them a good deal agape. But Walter Hayes listened and heard a door across the hall open and shut.

"Say," said he, "he's got Madeline to go with him! I'll bet there was a lot more than a hundred and fifty dollars in that pocketbook."

They stared over that a moment and John Turner vaguely resented it—another man walking off with the stellar rôle!

"Well, let him go," he said. "Smiley's a big fool, but he was square enough with us." Then, abruptly: "Look here, Pips, let's dig right out of this. What do we want to hang round for? I remember there's a train East about six o'clock. Let's take it. Smiley can have the props."

"Sure! That'll suit me," said Walter. In fact, he was nervous about the farmer's money. Neither he nor John had supposed the wallet contained more than ten or twenty dollars at most.

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Here is a new decorative wall-coating—more beautiful, more modern, more sanitary than wall-paper. Yet in spite of all this it costs you only about One-Third as much to DRESDENIZE a room as to paper it! An average room of 12 by 10 feet can be decorated with this extraordinary paint at a total cost of about Five dollars. One gallon covers 450 to 600 square feet.

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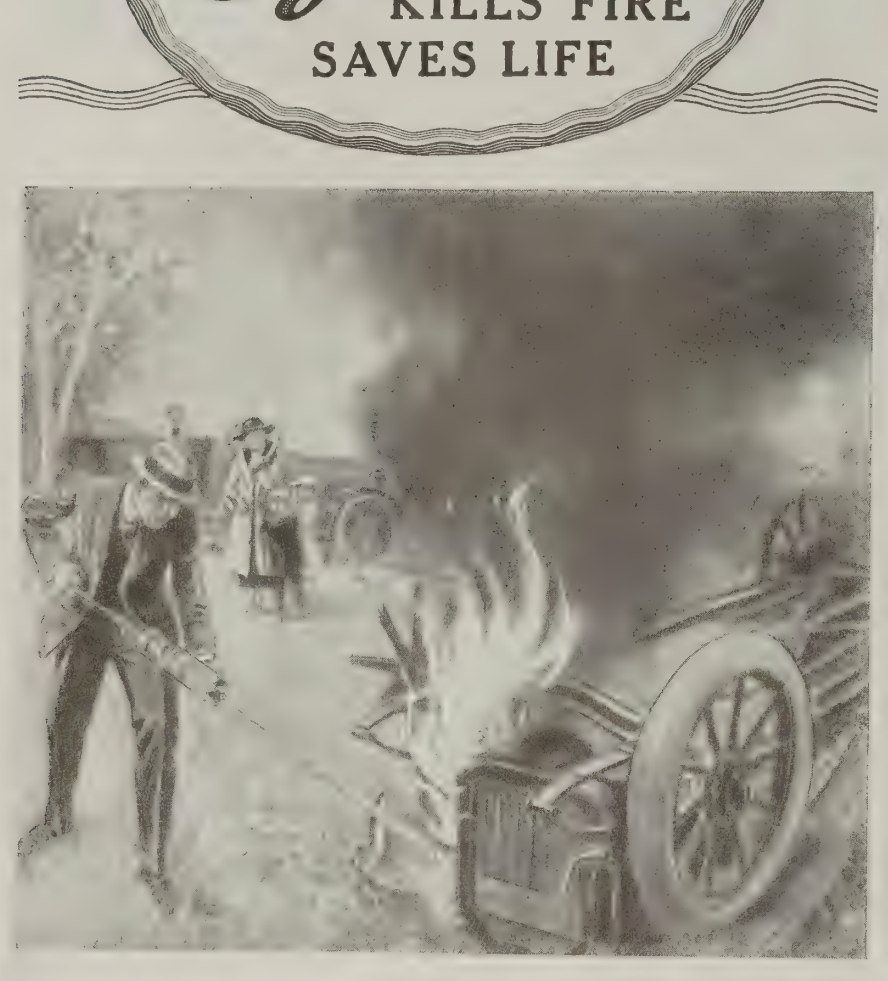

Two Cars Crashed. One Turned Over. Fire!

Three children pinned beneath the wreckage!

I grabbed Pyrene from our car and put out the fire before anybody was burned.

Think what a tragedy there would have been without Pyrene! The fine car burned to a skeleton. The children, imprisoned; held like rats in a trap.

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So the two packed their suitcases forthwith. The train East, they found, went at half past six. They didn't wait for dinner at the hotel, but paid their own bills and trudged out in the snow, suitcases in hand, remembering there was a little lunch room down by the station where they could get a bite to eat. Finishing their sandwiches, apple pie and coffee there, they went over to the platform of the small yellow station, where they strolled up and down in the dark through the soggy snow. The train went to St. Louis and they had decided to go there too.

Huddled in overcoat collars, they were taking a turn up the platform perhaps four or five minutes before train time, when they fairly walked into Madeline Jones.

"Hello!" said Walter. "Not going East, are you?"

"Yes," she said, in a way not to encourage further conversation, and turned her back.

Well, there was one more surprise, which left them staring. They thought of Smiley, of course, and looked round for him in the station and on the platform. In a moment the train was whistling.

They waited until they saw Madeline climb aboard. Then they noticed she had no baggage. This was a local train, with only a smoker and one other coach. They got into the smoker. As the train started Walter Hayes solved it.

"That going to Chicago was a blind," he said. "Smiley's sending her on ahead to St. Louis. He's going to meet her."

But Smiley's case, in fact, was very different.

Picking up the wallet and climbing the steps to the belittered yard back of the hotel, Smiley saw the farmer lurching off toward the shed where his team was hitched; so Smiley walked round the building, into the front hall and upstairs to his room. There he opened the wallet. It contained five hundred dollars, received that day from the sale of hogs.

The sight and feel of the bank notes inflamed his infatuated mind as though his dream were tangibly embodied in them. He went straight across the hall to Madeline and astonished her by talking like a man rather than a moony, miserable boy.

He showed her the money and pleaded with her to go to Chicago. Together they could get an engagement in a real show, he said. Madeline was much impressed by the money. She knew good money when she saw it, but had not encountered a bundle of that size for a long time. She agreed to go readily enough.

He told her about finding the money; but she had no interest whatever in its legal or ethical ownership. The only point in her mind was possession.

She committed herself to nothing beyond merely going back to Chicago; but for poor Smiley even that was deliriously enough, and it cost only a smile and a hand-squeeze to have three hundred dollars of the money put into her keeping. After he gave the hundred and fifty to John and Walter, Smiley had fifty left.

Leaving them he returned to Madeline, eating her up with his eyes. When she sent him away it wanted twenty minutes to the hotel's six-o'clock dinner. In his nervous agitation he went down into the barroom to get himself a glass of beer.

The bartender served him and immediately went over to two men who sat talking at a little table near the wall. Whereupon one of the men left hastily by the front door and the other came back to the bar with the bartender. Hardly aware of them, Smiley finished his beer and turned to go. Both men laid hands upon him.

"You're under arrest!" said the man who had been sitting at the table. "The sheriff will be here in a minute. Keep quiet, now!"

He took a pistol from his hip pocket and held the muzzle of it uncomfortably near Smiley's abdomen, while the bartender, scowling a menace, picked up the heavy beer glass.

Astonished, Smiley thought for a few minutes he had been mistaken for somebody else; yet it seemed pretty clear that both pistol and beer glass would come into play if he tried to break away. Then a word dropped by the bartender made him suspect it was the matter of the farmer's wallet. Still, he kept his nerve, scoffing and calling them blockheads.

Very soon the sheriff arrived hastily—a wiry person in a slouch hat and grizzled beard—accompanied by the man who had gone to summon him. The officer promptly backed Smiley against the bar and searched him, finding the wallet, with fifty dollars in it, in his ulster pocket.

Then Smiley began to explain volubly that he had found the wallet outside the barroom door. Fifty dollars was all it contained when he found it, he said. He still quite misapprehended the situation. The only real point of alarm in his mind was that they might get the three hundred dollars away from Madeline. But the businesslike sheriff was disagreeably unconcerned about his explanations. All he wanted was that Smiley should go along with him at once. This brusque treatment—a good deal as though he were a dog on a leash—suggested to Smiley that he might, after all, have to give up his treasure-trove. He wanted to get word to his companions in some way.

"Hold on a minute now!" he expostulated. "I want to speak to a friend up in the office."

The sheriff had no objection to that—presuming that any friend of Smiley's would be a subject of professional interest to him. So he led his captive up to the office. Still Smiley didn't want to involve his companions if he could help it, and he was hoping to get off with no greater loss than that of the money found in his own pocket. In the hotel office he made talk, casting about for means to communicate with those upstairs, hoping John or Walter would appear.

Of course there was a commotion in the office. The news disseminated itself, as it has a mysterious way of doing in a country town. Men drifted in, joining the group round Smiley and the sheriff. This was a few minutes past six o'clock and Madeline had just come downstairs to go to dinner. She glanced into the shabby little parlor on the opposite side of the hall from the office, then into the office. Smiley, with an anxious eye on the hall door, saw her, caught her glance but without making any sign of recognition, and at once sang out loudly:

"Well, you can lock me up if you want to; but I tell you I found the pocketbook!"

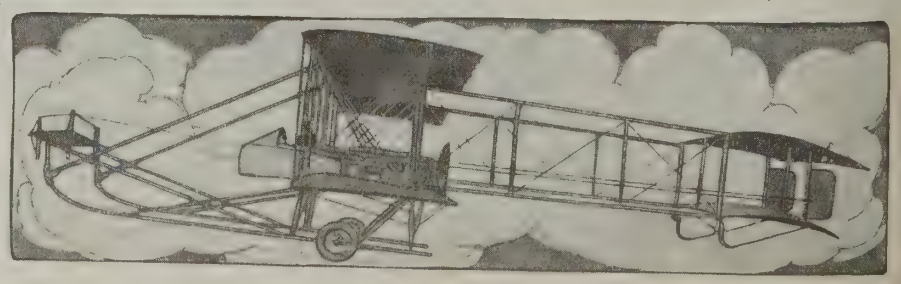
Madeline instantly divined the situation; divined, also, that it was no place for an unprotected young female. She dodged back into the shabby little parlor and waited there until the sheriff, with the crowd trooping after him, led Smiley away. Then she flew upstairs, seized her coat and hat, sped down again and made tracks for the railroad station. She, too, knew about the half-past-six train East. Smiley's three hundred dollars was in her stocking. She hadn't the least notion of involving it or her precious self in his trouble.

Smiley was taken over to the brick jail and locked up, where he awaited word from his companions. It was only the next day he learned that all three of them had gone off together on the half-past-six train. He thought they had deserted him by agreement and his heart turned to a lump of rage and despair that choked him. He imagined John and Walter and Madeline sitting together somewhere and laughing at him.

Smiley shut his teeth, refusing to tell the sheriff and the district attorney anything about himself, sullenly repeating that he'd found the pocketbook and that it contained only fifty dollars. The community was still inflamed against criminals in general by the murder of the grocer.

When John and Walter and Smiley next met strange things had happened.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



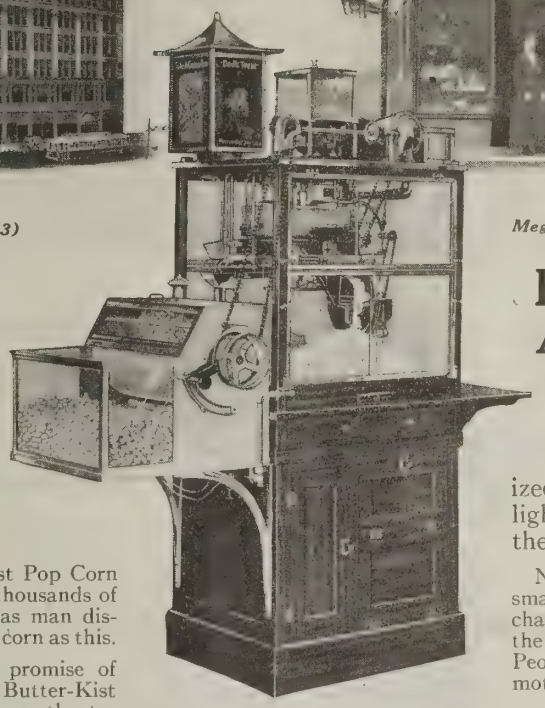
Buy BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn

At Big City Stores Like This

The Fair, Chicago (Population 2,185,283)

At Small Town Stores Like This

Meggenburg's, Manchester, Ia. (Population 2,756)



The Crackling White Pop Corn With the *Toasty Flavor!*

This is the great big difference between Butter-Kist and all other pop corn: Butter-Kist alone has the new-found toasty flavor.

It results from the super-human Butter-Kist Pop Corn machine that is now the center of interest in thousands of stores, theatres, stands, etc. Never before has man discovered a method of making such delicious pop corn as this.

Its coaxing fragrance is but the faintest promise of the tempting treat that you'll find inside the Butter-Kist Bag or Carton. Get one today from the store or theatre in your neighborhood that operates the genuine Butter-Kist machine.

Authorized operators use only pure creamery butter—not cheap fats or lard. They don't have to touch the corn with their hands because this machine does all the work. Pops, removes the unpopped grains and butters each fluffy white tit-bit evenly, *and superheats it to a piping hot toasty taste!*

That's why millions of folks walk blocks to buy Butter-Kist. You'll not be content with ordinary pop corn when you've once tasted this aristocrat of treats.

Look for the Butter-Kist trade-mark on the package. Don't miss the *toasty flavor!*

Extra Profits for Good Alert Dealers—*Write*

The Butter-Kist sales plan and beautiful machine have put the pop corn business on a dignified, organized basis. It is paying the rent, taxes, light and heat for scores of stores, stands, theatres, etc.

No store too large and no town seems too small to yield a large extra business for merchants and managers. You'll be astonished at the way the Butter-Kist machine attracts trade. People stand fascinated by its super-human motion.

Runs itself. Requires no extra help or stock investment. Stands anywhere—occupies only 26 by 32 inches floor space. Earns five times as much per square foot as anything known to trade. Capacity 75 cents to $4 per hour.

Delivered, ready for business, on payment of small sum. Balance can be paid out of Butter-Kist sales.

Amazing signed sales record for men in your line, in towns your size—also photos and full details all contained in our masterly merchandising book called, "The Little Gold Mine." It's FREE!

Get it. Read it! No obligation whatever. Don't lose $2 to $15 daily in Butter-Kist sales by delay. Send today! Use the coupon.

BUTTER-KIST

Pop Corn Machine

Dealers! Read What Owners Say

(Names on Request)

Confectioner writes: Butter-Kist sales average $20 per day. We figure about $4500 net per year. (Lexington, Ky.)

Theatre Manager writes: Profits $5.25 to $8.50 a day from Butter-Kist machine in our lobby. (Utica, N. Y.)

Cigar Store Owner writes: Receipts run $2 to $15 per day even with three competitors nearby. (Frankfort, Ind.)

Grocery Owner writes: Gross receipts from May 25th to Sept. 1st, $555.18. Bought machine for my two boys to run during their vacation. (London, Ohio)

News Stand Owner: We never expected as much business as we get from our three machines. More than satisfied with net results. (San Francisco, Cal.)

Department Store Buyer says: Sold $642.00 worth of Butter-Kist Pop Corn the first month your machine was in operation. (Lowell, Mass.)

Café Manager writes: Net profit first month $251.37 in this town of 3000 inhabitants. Have lost hundreds of dollars by not buying a machine sooner. (Logan, West Va.)

5c and 10c Store Owner: Butter-Kist machine is big advertising attraction. Took in $21.55 the first day. (Sandwich, Ill.)

Druggist Says: Machine has taken in $582.10 in last 86 days. Better returns than anything a druggist has to sell. (Ottawa, Ill.)

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO., 800–816 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
800–816 Van Buren St.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Send free, postpaid, your photobook, "*The Little Gold Mine*", that tells all about the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine, gives figures that prove profits, and easy terms.

Name _____

Business _____

Address _____

Get your mirror to tell you what your friends will not

GO to your mirror now and try to see your skin as others see it. Take your mirror to a window or a strong light, get close to it and really study your skin! Find out just what is keeping your complexion from being attractive.

Once you have done this, and have found out exactly what is the matter with your skin, you have taken the first step toward actually changing your skin and making it more attractive.

For whatever condition you find, *it can be changed!* Conspicuous nose pores, oily skin and shiny nose, a blemished skin, blackheads or a sallow, colorless complexion—you can begin at once to change any of these.

Don't say, "It's useless to try to change the skin itself"

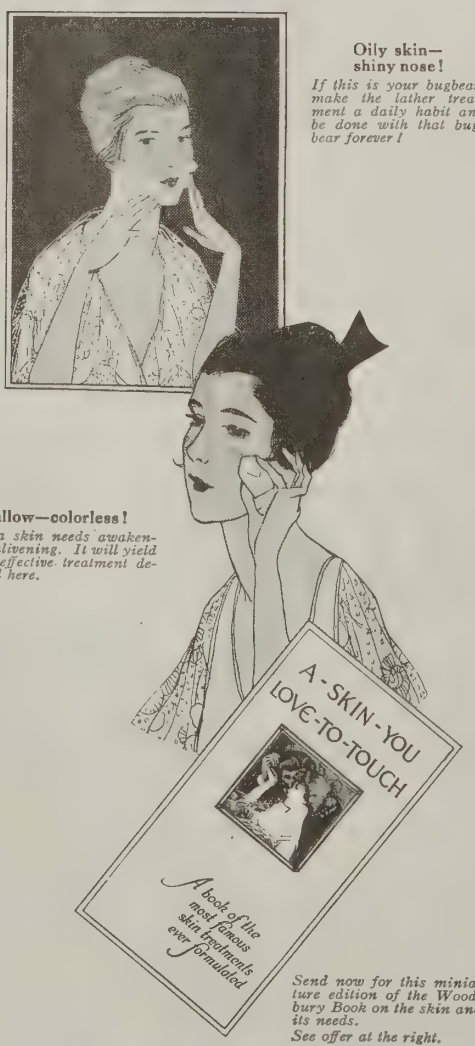
It changes every day in spite of you! As *old* skin dies, new skin forms to take its place. This new skin will be just what *you* make it, and will make or mar your entire complexion accordingly.

By giving this new skin proper external treatment, you can make your complexion just what you would love to have it. Or—by neglecting to give the new skin proper care as it forms every day, you can keep your skin in its present condition and forfeit the charm of "A skin you love to touch."

Which will you do? Will you begin at once to bring to your skin the charm you have longed for? Then start tonight one of the famous Woodbury skin treatments. Two of them are given on this page. Many others are given in the booklet shown. You will be sure to find among these one suited to the needs of *your* skin. Use it persistently, and your complexion *cannot help* taking on, gradually but surely, the greater clearness, freshness and charm of "A skin you love to touch."

Is one of these treatments yours?

If one of the two treatments given here is suited to the needs of *your* skin, you can begin at once—tonight—to bring to your complexion the charm you have longed for. Ask for Woodbury's today wherever you buy your toilet things—at your druggist's or toilet counter. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of either of these treatments. Get a cake today and begin your treatment tonight. You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap for sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.



Oily skin—shiny nose!
If this is your bugbear, make the lather treatment a daily habit and be done with that bugbear forever!

Sallow—colorless!
Such a skin needs awakening, enlivening. It will yield to the effective treatment described here.

Send now for this miniature edition of the Woodbury Book on the skin and its needs. See offer at the right.

So oily and shiny—especially my nose!

First cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

So sluggish and colorless

Dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold to your face. Now take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in warm water and run the cake itself over your skin. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible rub the face briskly with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

Send 4c now for book of famous skin treatments

One of the Woodbury treatments is suited to the needs of *your* skin. We have space to give just two of them on this page, but you can get them all, together with valuable facts about the skin and its needs, which few people know, in a miniature edition of the large Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love To Touch." For 4c we will send you this miniature edition and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any of these famous skin treatments. For 10c we will send the miniature book and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd., 603 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

THE FAMILY TREE

(Continued from Page 18)

As Olcott had expected beforehand, the talk dealt, in the main, with the Van Nicht family, which is another way of saying that it went back of and behind, and far beyond, all that might be current and timely and pertinent to the hour. There was no substance to it, for it dealt with what had no substance. As he stayed on, making brave pretense of being interested, he was aware of an interrupting, vaguely irritating sound at his rear and partly to one side of him. Patently the sound was coming from without. It was like a sustained and steady scratching, and it had to do, he figured, with one of the window openings. He took a glance over his shoulder, but he couldn't make out the cause; the window was too heavily shrouded in faded, thick curtains of a sad, dark-green aspect. The thing got on his nerves, it persisted so. Finally he was moved to mention it.

"I beg your pardon," he said, taking advantage of a pause, "but isn't somebody or something fumbling at the window outside?"

"It is a bough of the family elm," explained Mr. Van Nicht. "One of the lower boughs has grown forward and downward, until it touches the side of the house. When stirred by the breeze it creates the sound which you hear."

Internally Olcott shivered. Now that the explanation had been vouchsafed the noise made him think of ghostly fingers tapping at the glass panes—as though the spirit of the tree craved admittance to the dismal circle of these human creatures who shared with it the tribal glory.

"Don't you find it very annoying?" he asked innocently. "I should think you would prune the limb back." He halted then, realizing that his tongue had slipped. There was a little silence, which became edged and iced with a sudden hostility.

"No human hand has ever touched the tree to denude it of any part of its majestic beauty," stated Mr. Van Nicht with a frigid intonation. "Whilst any of this household survives to protect it, no human hand ever shall."

From the elder sister came a murmur of assent.

The conversation had sagged and languished before; after this it sank to a still lower level and gradually froze to death. After possibly ten minutes more of the longest and bleakest minutes he ever recalled having weathered, Olcott, being mentally chilled through, got up and, making a show of expressing a counterfeit pleasure at having been accorded this opportunity of meeting those present, said really he must be going now.

In their places Miss Rachael Van Nicht and her brother rose, standing stiff as stalagmites, and he knew he was not forgiven. It was the younger sister who showed him out, preceding him silently, as he betook himself from the presence of the remaining two.

Close up, in the better light of the hall, Olcott for the first time perceived that Miss Harriet Van Nicht was not so very old. In fact, she was not old at all. He had assumed somehow that she must be sered and soured and elderly, or at least that she must be middle-aged. With this establishment he could not associate any guise of youth as belonging. But he perceived how wrong he had been. Miss Harriet Van Nicht most assuredly was not old. She could not be past thirty, perhaps she was not more than twenty-five or six. It was the plain and ugly gown she wore, a dun-colored, sleazy, shabby gown, which had given her, when viewed from a distance, the aspect of age—that and the unbecoming way in which she wore her hair slicked back from her forehead and drawn up from round her ears. She had fine eyes, as now he saw, with a plaintive light in them, and finely arched brows and a delicate oval of a face; and she was small and dainty of figure. He could tell that, too, despite the fit of the ungraceful frock.

At the outer door, which she held ajar for his passage, she spoke, and instantly he was moved by a certain wistfulness in her tones.

"It was a pleasure to have you come to see us, Mr. Olcott," she said, and he thought she meant it too. "We see so few visitors, living here as we do. Sometimes I think it might be better for us if we kept more in touch with people who live in the outside world and know something of it."

"Thank you, Miss Van Nicht," said Olcott, warming. "I'm afraid, though, I made a rather unfortunate suggestion about the tree. Really, I'm very sorry."

Her face took on a gravity; almost a condemning expression came into it. And when she answered him it was in a different voice.

"A stranger could not understand how we regard the Van Nicht elm," she said. "No stranger could understand! Good night, Mr. Olcott."

At the last she had made him feel that he was a stranger. And she had not shaken hands with him either, nor had she asked him to call again.

He made his way out, through the black magic of the tree's midnight gloom, into the pure white chemistry of the moonlight; and having reached the open, he looked back. Except for that faint luminous blotch, like smeared phosphorus, showing through the blackness from beyond the giant tree, nothing testified that a habitation of living beings might be tucked away in that drear hiding place. He shrugged his shoulders as though to shake a load off them and, as he swung down the silvered street in the flawless night, his thoughts thawed out. He decided that assuredly two of the Van Nichts must go into the book which some day, when time served, he meant to write.

They belonged in a book—those two poor, pale, sapless creatures, enduring a grinding poverty for the sake of a vain idolatry; those joint inheritors of a worthless and burdensome fetish, deliberately preferring the shadow of a moldy past for the substance of the present day. Why, the thing smacked of the Oriental. It wasn't fit and sane for white people—this Mongolian ancestor-worship which shut the door and drew the blind to every healthy and vigorous impulse and every beneficent impulse. Going along alone, Olcott worked himself into quite a brisk little fury of impatience and disgust.

He had it right—they belonged in a book, those two older Van Nichts, not in real life. And into a book they should go—into his book. But the younger girl, now. It was a pitiable life she must lead, hived up there in that musty old house under that terrific big tree with those two grim and touchy hermits. On her account he resented it. He tried to picture her in some more favorable setting. He succeeded fairly well too. Possibly, though, that was because Olcott had the gift of a brisk imagination. At times, during the days which followed, the vision of Harriet Van Nicht, translated out of her present decayed environment, persisted in his thoughts. He wondered why it did persist.

Nearly a month went by, during which he saw no member of that weird household. One day he encountered upon the street the brother and went up to him and, rather against the latter's inclination, engaged him in small talk. It didn't take long to prove that Mr. Van Nicht had very little small talk in stock; also that his one-time air of distant and punctilious regard for the newspaper man had entirely vanished. Mr. Van Nicht was courteous enough, with an aloof and stand-away courteousness, but he was not cordial. Presently Olcott found himself speaking, from a rather defensive attitude, of his own ancestry. He came of good New England stock—a circumstance which he rarely mentioned in company, but which now, rather to his own surprise, he found himself expounding at some length. Afterward he told himself that he had been merely casting about for a subject which might prove congenial to Mr. Van Nicht and had, by chance, hit on that one.

If such were the case, the expedient failed. It did not in the least serve to establish them upon a common footing. The old gentleman listened, but he refused to warm up; and when he bade Olcott good day and limped off, he left Olcott profoundly impressed with the conviction that Mr. Van Nicht did not propose to suffer any element of familiarity to enter into their acquaintanceship. Feeling abashed, as though he had been rebuked after some subtle fashion for presumption and forwardness, Olcott dropped into the handiest bar and had a drink all by himself—something he rarely did. But this time he felt that the social instinct of his system required a tonic and a bracer.

Over-Sunday Hotels

The traveler's Sunday is comfortable and pleasant at any Hotel Statler.

Before he wakes a morning paper is put under his door—noiselessly—with the compliments of the house.

If he wants to breakfast in his room no extra charge is made for room-service.

If he wants to write letters in his room he doesn't have to ask for stationery—his desk is plentifully supplied. If he wants ice-water he has but to open a faucet.

If he wants to loaf downstairs, comfortable, luxurious lounges, with chairs and sofas built for tired men—and lazy men—await him. There is *good* music at dinner-time. Well-selected libraries are at his disposal—free, of course.

And always there is that courteous, gracious, *interested* personal service that we are proud to call Hotels Statler Service—a complete service, as befits "the complete hotels."

The Largest Hotel in the World

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA, New York, will be a Statler-operated hotel. Now building, opposite Pennsylvania Station. With its 2200 rooms, 2200 baths, it will be larger than any other hotel now in existence or under construction—and will likewise set new high standards of convenience, service and distinction.

Hotel Statler, St. Louis, 650 rooms, 650 baths, (opens this fall)

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO - CLEVELAND - DETROIT

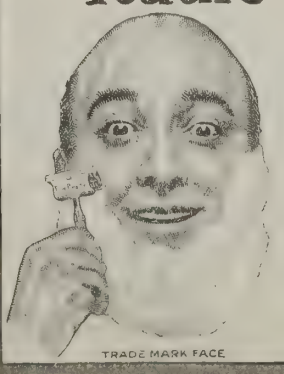
(Now building in St. Louis and New York)

Hair Tested "Radio" Blades

Every "Radio" Blade cuts a hair at a half dozen places along its edge before being wrapped in its moisture proof edge protector.

This is the last of many tests which absolutely assures a keen-cutting edge to every "Radio" Blade—a quick, clean, caressing shave every time to every user.

'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades 6 for 30¢



And "Radio" Steel holds this wonderful edge for many comfortable shaves. The process by which "Radio" Steel is made and tempered is the secret of the wonderful shaving ability of the 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor.

"Radio" Blades fit other frames similar in construction to the 'Ever-Ready.' Try them in your razor But the 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor and "Radio Blades are an unbeatable combination.

The 'Ever-Ready' Outfit complete with Twelve "Radio" Blades for $1.00 on sale everywhere.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Life Insurance Without Agents is a Distinct Public Service"

Postal Life Method Sanctioned by the United States Supreme Court

Timely Talk on a Vital Subject

(Scene: Pullman Smoking Compartment. Judge Kirkland and Lawyer Roberts continuing a conversation begun at dinner.)

Judge: "Well, this business of selling direct-by-mail throughout the country is surely very popular with the public."

Lawyer: "Yes, but some of my clients say that in the interest of local merchants the States ought to find some way to check it."

Judge: "I don't see why they should check it or how they can do it. Selling merchandise is an interstate business. I can sell and you can buy in the best market wherever it is. What can a State do about it?"

Lawyer: "You're probably right, I'll admit. The States can't very well put the 'kibosh' on legitimate interstate business."

Judge: "Certainly not. The States cannot hold up arbitrarily any direct-by-mail transaction, nor can they tax life-insurance premiums thus sent by mail."

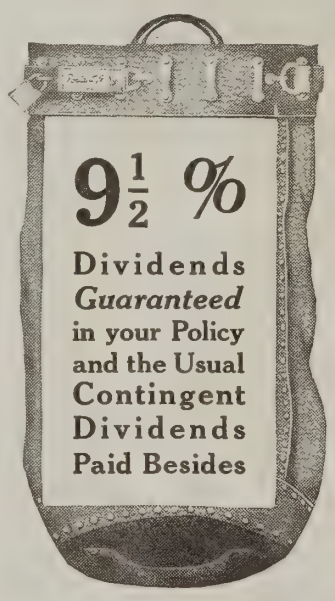
Lawyer: "How's that?"

Judge: "Policies are written for people, 'direct,' all over the country, and have been for years. The United States Supreme Court has decided unanimously that life-insurance premiums on such policies are exempt from State taxes. The usual license-fees and charges also do not apply to the Postal. All this helps policyholders."

Lawyer: "Oh, you refer to the Postal Life?"

Judge: "Yes, that Company hasn't any agents and never has had. The applicant deals direct, personally or by letter. The method is good common sense as well as sanctioned by law."

Lawyer (laughing): "Guess you're right. I wrote the Postal once myself just to find out how the Company did business, but never followed it up."



Judge (laughing): "I go you one better; I not only wrote them, but took out a policy nine or ten years ago and have carried it ever since."

Lawyer: "How's the cost?"

Judge: "Lower than in other companies for the same kind of insurance—legal reserve—and besides that they give me a free medical examination each year just so I can keep in trim."

Lawyer: "That's pretty good. You live in Idaho and deal with a New York company by mail. Did you ever look the Company up?"

Judge: "Only to know that it is chartered and licensed by New York State, whose laws are very strict, but I called on them when I was East last year. They're now in their new building on Fifth Avenue."

Lawyer: "So I heard. Believe I'll write them to figure on a policy for me."

Judge: "Don't think you could do better. Life insurance without agents is a distinct public service. The point is made, and I think it is a good one, that the Company is subject to the United States Postal Authorities. The Postal simplifies the business, saves you money, safeguards your health and will treat you right in every way. I'd take another policy myself if I hadn't passed the age limit."

That tells the story. Thoughtful insurers like Judge Kirkland take policies with the Postal and not only hold on to them but are disposed to take new insurance, while those like the lawyer Roberts, who at first write out of curiosity, at last find they can save money by taking a Postal Policy, and they do it.

Find Out What *You* Can Save

You should take advantage of Postal benefits and economies. Call at the Company's office or simply write and say: "*Mail insurance particulars as mentioned in The Saturday Evening Post for March 24th.*" In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your full name. 2. Your occupation.
3. The exact date of your birth.

You will receive full information based on official reports regularly filed with the New York State Insurance Department. Writing places you under no obligations and no agent will be sent to visit you. The resultant commission-savings go to *you* because you deal *direct*.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
WM. R. MALONE, President
511 Fifth Avenue, Cor. 43rd St., New York

New Postal Life Building

Within the next day or two chance gave him opportunity for still further insight into the estimation in which he was held by other members of the Van Nicht family. This happened shortly before the close of a cool and showery July afternoon. Leaving his desk, he took advantage of a lull in the rain to go for a solitary stroll before dinner. He was briskly traversing a side street, well out of the business district, when suddenly the downpour started afresh. He pulled up the collar of his light raincoat and turned back to hurry to the Hotel Brainard, where he lived. Going in the opposite direction a woman pedestrian, under an umbrella, met him; she was heading right into the slanting sheets of rain. In a side-long glance he recognized the profile of the passer, and instantly he had faced about and was alongside of her, lifting his soaked hat.

"How d'you do, Miss Van Nicht?" he was saying. "I'm afraid you'll make poor headway against this rainstorm. Won't you let me see you safely home?"

It was the younger Miss Van Nicht. Her greeting of him and her smile made him feel that for the moment at least he would not be altogether an unwelcome companion. As he fell in beside her, catching step with her and taking the umbrella out of her hands, he noted with a small throb of pity that her cheap dark skirt was dripping and that the shoes she wore must be insufficient protection, with their thin soles and their worn uppers, against wet weather. He noted sundry other things about her: Seen by daylight she was pretty—undeniably pretty. The dampness had twisted little curls in her primly bestowed hair, and the exertion of her struggle against the storm had put a becoming flush in her cheeks.

"I was out on an errand for my sister," she said. "I thought I could get home between showers, but this one caught me. And my umbrella—I'm afraid it is leaky."

Undeniably it was. Already the palm of Olcott's hand was sopping where water, seeping through open seams along the rusted ribs, had run down the handle. Each new gust, drumming upon the decrepit cloth, threatened to make a total wreck of what was already but little better than the venerable ruin of an umbrella.

"You must permit me to see you home then," he said. He glanced up and down, hoping to see a cab or a taxi. But there was no hireable vehicle in sight and the street cars did not run through this street. "I'm afraid, though, that we'll have to go afoot."

"And I'm afraid that I am taking you out of your way," she said. "You were going in the opposite direction, weren't you, when you met me?"

"I wasn't going anywhere in particular," he lied gallantly; "personally I rather like to take a walk when it's raining."

For a bit after this neither of them spoke, for the wind all at once blew with nearly the intensity of a small hurricane, buffeting thick rain spray into their faces and spattering it up about their feet. She seemed so small—so defenseless almost, bending forward to brace herself against its rude impetuosity. He was mighty glad it was his hand which clasped her arm, guiding and helping her along; mighty glad it was he who held the leaky old umbrella in front of her and with it fended off some part of the rain from her. They had traveled a block or two so, in company, when the summer storm broke off even more abruptly than it had started. There was an especially violent spatter of especially large drops, and then the wind gave one farewell wrench at the umbrella and was gone, tearing on its way.

In another half minute the setting sun was doing its best to shine out through a welter of shredding black clouds. There were wide patches of blue in the sky when they turned into Putnam Street and came within sight of the Van Nicht elm, rising as a great, green balloon at the head of it. By now they were chatting upon the basis—almost—of a seasoned acquaintanceship. Olcott found himself talking about his work. When a young man tells a young woman about his work, and is himself interested as he tells it, it is quite frequently a sign that he is beginning to be interested in something besides his work, whether he realizes it yet or not. And in Miss Van Nicht he was pleased to discern what he took to be a sympathetic understanding, as well as a happy aptness and alertness in the framing of her replies. It hardly seemed possible that this was the second time they had exchanged words. Rather it was as though they had known each other for a considerable period; so he told himself.

But as, side by side, they turned in at the rickety gate of the ancestral dooryard and came under the shadow of the ancestral tree, her manner, her attitude, her voice, all about her seemed to undergo a change. Her pace quickened for these last few steps, and she cast a furtive, almost an apprehensive glance toward the hooded windows of the house.

"I'm afraid I am late—my sister and my brother will be worrying about me," she said a little nervously. "And I am sorry to have put you to all this trouble on my account."

"Trouble, Miss Van Nicht? Why, it was ——"

"I shan't ask you in," she said, breaking in on him. "I know you will want to be getting back to the hotel and putting on dry clothes. Good-by, Mr. Olcott, and thank you very much."

And with that she had left him, and she was hurrying up the porch steps, and she was gone, without a backward look to where he stood, puzzled and decidedly taken aback, in the middle of the seamed flags of the walk.

He was nearly at the gate when he discovered that he had failed to return her umbrella to her; so he went back and knocked at the door. It was the elder sister who answered. She opened the door a scant foot.

"How do you do, sir?" she said austerely.

"I forgot to give your sister her umbrella," explained Olcott.

"So I perceive," she replied, speaking through the slit with a kind of sharp impatience, and she took it from him. "Thank you! We are most grateful to you for your thoughtfulness."

She waited then, as if for him to speak, providing he had anything to say—her posture and her expression meanwhile most forcibly interpreting the attitude in which he must understand that he stood here. It was plain enough to be sensed. She resented—they all resented—his reappearance in any rôle at the threshold of their home. She was profoundly out of temper with him and all that might pertain and appertain to him. So naturally there was nothing for him to say except "Good evening," and he said it.

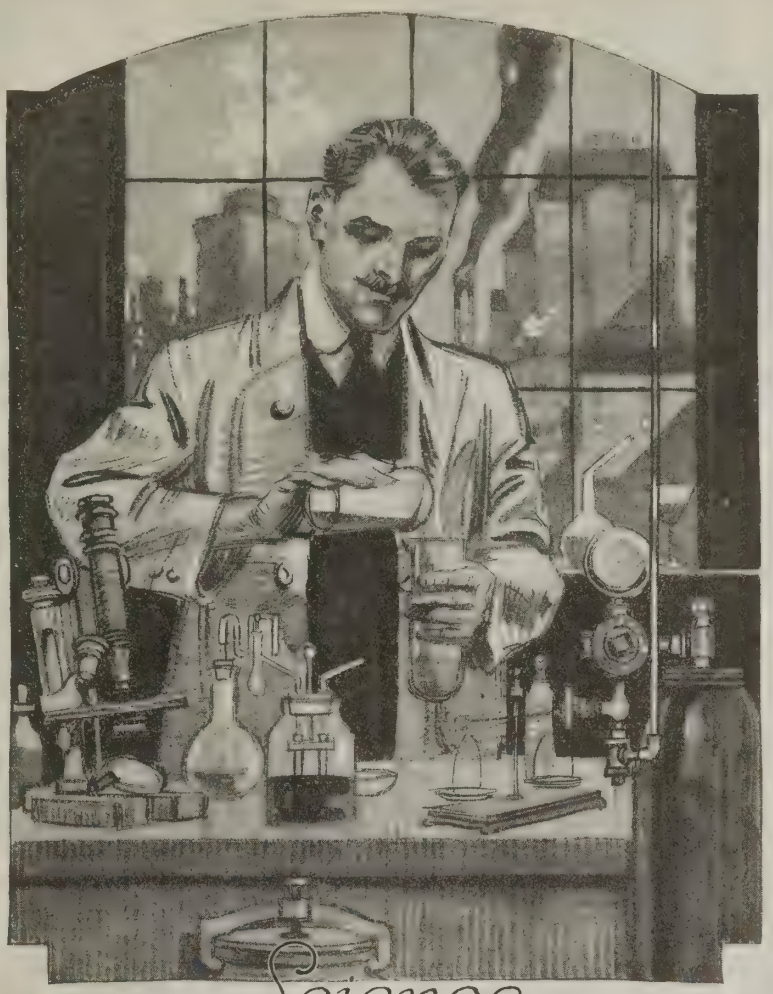
"Good evening," she said, and as he bowed and backed away she closed the door.

Outside the fence he halted and looked about him, then he looked back over the gapped and broken palings. Everywhere else the little world of Putnam Street had a washed, cleansed aspect; everywhere else nearly the sun slid its flattened rays along the refreshed and moistened sod and touched the wayside weeds with pure gold; but none of its beams slanted over the side hill and found a way beneath the interlaced, widespread bulk of the family tree. He saw how forlornly the lower boughs, under their load of rain water, drooped almost to the earth, and how the naked soil round about the vast trunk of it was guttered with muddy, yellow furrows where little torrents had coursed down the slope, and how poisonously vivid was the mold upon the trunk. The triangular scar in its lower bark showed as a livid greenish patch. Still farther back in the shadow the outlines of the old gray house half emerged, revealing dimly a space of streaked walls and the sodden, warped shingles upon one outjutting gable of the peaked roof.

"It's not an honest elm," thought Olcott to himself in a little impotent rage. "It's a cursed devil tree, a upas tree, overshadowing and blighting everything pleasant and wholesome that might grow near it. Bats and owls and snails belong back there—not human beings. There ought to be a vigilance committee formed to chop it down and blast its roots out of the ground with dynamite. Oh, damn!"

In his pocket he had a letter from the presiding deity of the organization that owned the string of papers of which the paper he edited was a part. In that letter he was invited to consider the proposition of surrendering his present berth with the Schuylerville News-Ledger and going off to Europe, as special war correspondent for the syndicate. He had been considering the project for two days now. All of a sudden he made up his mind to accept. While the heat of his petulance and disappointment was still upon him, he went that same evening and wired his acceptance to headquarters. Two days later, with his credentials in his pocket and a weight of sullen resentment against certain animate

(Continued on Page 89)



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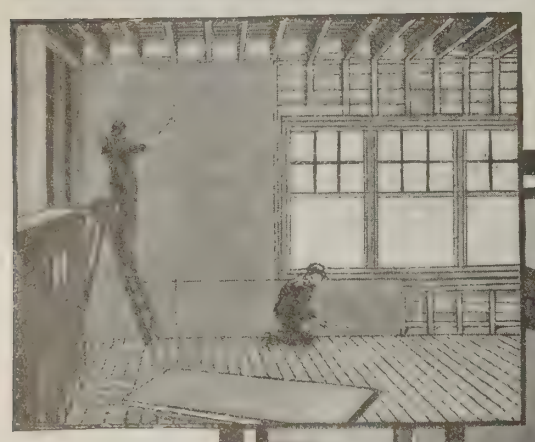

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(Continued from Page 36)

and inanimate objects in his heart, he was aboard a train out of Schuylerville, bound for New York, and thereafter, by steamer, for foreign parts.

He was away, concerned with trenches, gas bombs, field hospitals and the quotable opinions of sundry high and mighty men of warcraft and statecraft, for upwards of a year. It was a most remarkably busy year, and the job in hand claimed jealous sovereignty of his eyes, his legs and his brain, while it lasted.

He came back, having delivered the goods to the satisfaction of his employers, to find himself promoted to a general supervision of the editorial direction of the papers in his syndicate, with a thumping good salary and a roving commission. He willed it that the first week of his incumbency in his new duties should carry him to Schuylerville. In his old office, which looked much the same as it had looked when he occupied it, he found young Morgan, his former assistant, also looking much the same, barring that now Morgan was in full charge and giving orders instead of taking them. Authority nearly always works a change in a man; it had in this case.

"Say, Olcott," said Morgan after the talk between them had ebbed and flowed along a little while, "you remember that old geezer, Van Nicht, don't you? You know, the old boy who wrote the long piece about his family, and you ran it?"

"Certainly I do," said Olcott. "Why—what of him?"

Instead of answering him directly, Morgan put another question:

"And of course you remember the old Van Nicht house, under that big, whopping elm tree, out at the end of Putnam Street, where he used to live with those two freakish sisters of his?"

"Where he used to live? Doesn't he—don't they—live there now?"

"Nope—tree's gone and so is the house."

"Gone? Gone where?"

"Gone out of existence—vamoosed. Here's what happened, and it's a peach of a tale too: One night about six months ago there came up a hard thunderstorm—lots of lightning and gobs of thunder, not to mention rain and wind a plenty. In the midst of it a bolt hit the Van Nicht elm—ker-flewie—and just naturally tore it into flinders. When I saw it myself the next day it was converted from a landmark into the biggest whisk broom in the world. The neighbors were saying that it rained splinters round there for ten minutes after the bolt struck. I guess they didn't exaggerate much at that, because ——"

"Was the house struck too? Was anybody hurt?" Olcott cut in on him.

"No, the house escaped somehow—had a few shingles ripped off the roof, and some of its windows smashed in by flying scraps; that was all. And nobody about the place suffered anything worse than a stunning. But the fright killed the older sister—Miss Rachael. Anyhow, that's what the doctors think. She didn't have a mark on her, but she died in about an hour, without ever speaking. I guess it was just as well, too, that she did. If she had survived the first shock I judge the second one would just about have finished her."

"The second shock? You don't mean the lightning?"

"No, no!" Morgan hastened to explain. "Lightning never plays a return date—never has need to, I take it. I mean the shock of what happened after daylight next morning.

"That was the queerest part of the whole thing—that was what made a really big story out of it. We ran two columns about it ourselves, and the A. P. carried it for more than a column.

"After the storm had died down and it got light enough to see, some of the neighbors were prowling round the place sizing up the damage. Right in the heart of the stump of the elm, which was split wide open—the stump, I mean—they found a funny-looking old copper box buried in what must have been a rotted-out place at one time, maybe ninety or a hundred years ago. But the hollow had grown up, and nobody ever had suspected that the tree wasn't solid as iron all the way through, until the lightning came along and just naturally reached a fiery finger down through all that hardwood and probed the old box out of its cache and, without so much as melting a hinge on it, heaved it up into sight, where the first fellow that happened along afterward would be sure to see it. Well, right off they thought of buried treasure, but being honest they called old Van Nicht out of the house, and in his presence they opened her up—the box I mean—and then, lo and behold, they found out that all these years this town had been worshiping a false god!

"Yes, sir, the great and only original Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht was a rank fake. He was as bogus as a lead nickel. There were papers in the box to prove what nobody, and least of all his own flesh and blood, ever suspected before. He wasn't a hero of the Revolution. He wasn't a colonel under George Washington. He wasn't of Holland-Dutch stock. His name wasn't even Van Nicht. His real name was Jake Nix—that's what it was, Nix—and he was just a plain, everyday Hessian soldier—a mercenary bought up, along with the other Hessians, and sent over here by King George to fight against the cause of liberty, instead of for it.

"As near as we can figure it out, he changed his name after the war ended, before he moved here to live, and then after he died—or anyhow when he was an old man—his son, the second Cecilius Jacob, concocted the fairy tale about his father's distinguished services and all the rest of it. The son was the one, it seems, who capitalized the false reputation of the old man. He lived on it, and all the Van Nichts who came after him lived on it too—only they were innocent of practicing any deception on the community at large, and the second Van Nicht wasn't. It certainly put the laugh on this town, not to mention the local aristocracy, and the D. A. R.'s and the Colonial Dames and the rest of the blue bloods generally, when the news spread that morning.

"Oh, there couldn't be any doubt about it! The proofs were all right there and dozens of reliable witnesses saw them—letters and papers and the record of old Nix's services in the British army. In fact there was only one phase of the affair that has remained unexplained and a mystery. I mean the presence of the papers in the tree. Nobody can figure out why the son didn't destroy them, when he was creating such a swell fiction character out of his revered parent. One theory is that he didn't know of their existence at all—that the old man, for reasons best known to himself, hid them there in that copper box and that then the tree healed up over the hole and sealed the box in, with nobody but him any the wiser, and nobody ever suspecting anything out of the way, but just taking everything for granted. Why, it was exactly as if the old Nix had come out of the grave after lying there for a century or more, to produce the truth and shame his own offspring, and incidentally scare one of his descendants plumb to death."

"What a tragedy!" said Olcott. But his main thought when he said it was not for the dead sister but for the living.

"You said it," affirmed Morgan. "That's exactly what it was—a tragedy, with a good deal of serio-comedy relief to it. Only there wasn't anything very comical about the figure the old man Van Nicht cut when he came walking into this office here about half past ten o'clock that day, with a ragged piece of crêpe tied round his old high hat. Olcott, you never in your life saw a man as badly broken up as he was. All his vanity, all his bumptiousness was gone—he was just a poor, old, shabby, broken-spirited man. I'd already gotten a tip on the story and I'd sent one of my boys out to find him and get his tale, but it seemed he'd told the reporter he preferred to make a personal statement for publication. And so here he was with his statement all carefully written out and he asked me to print it, insisting that it ought to be given as wide circulation as possible. I'll dig it up for you out of the files in a minute and let you see it.

"Yes, sir, he'd sat down alongside his sister's dead body and written it. He called it A Confession and an Apology, and I ran it that way, just as he'd written it. It wasn't very long, but it was mighty pitiful, when you took everything into consideration. He begged the pardon of the public for unwittingly practicing a deceit upon it all through his life—for living a lie, was the way he phrased it—and he signed it 'Jacob Nix, heretofore erroneously known as Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, 4th.' That signature was what especially got me when I read it—it made me feel that the old boy was literally stripping his soul naked before the ridicule of this town and the ridicule of the whole country. A pretty manly, straightforward thing, I called it,

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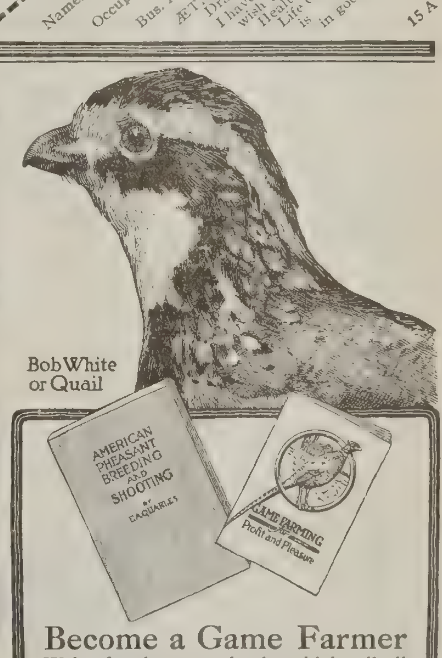

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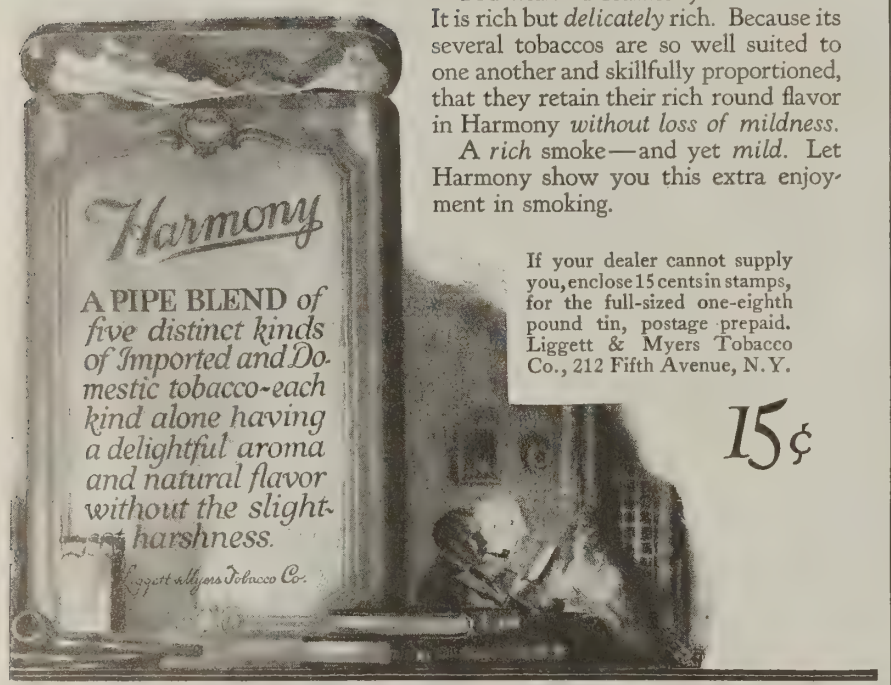

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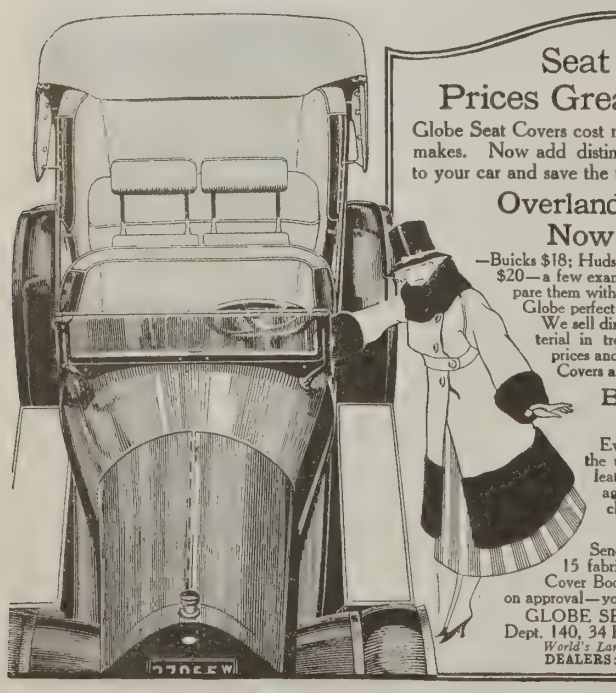

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and I liked him better for having done it than I ever had liked him before.

"Well, I told him I would run the card for him and I did run it, and likewise I toned down the story we carried about the exposure too. I'm fairly well calloused, I guess, but I didn't want to bruise the old man and his sister any more than I could help doing. But, of course, I didn't speak to him about that part of it. I did try, in a clumsy sort of way, to express my sympathy for him. I guess I made a fairly sad hash of it, though. There didn't seem to be any words to fit the situation. Or, if there were, I couldn't think of them for the moment. I remember I mumbled something about letting bygones be bygones and not taking it too much to heart and all that sort of thing.

"He thanked me, and then, as he started to go, he stopped and asked me whether by any chance I knew of any opening—any possible job for a person of his age and limitations. I remember his words: 'It is high time that I was casting about to find honorable employment, no matter how humble. I have been trading with a spurious currency for too long. I have spent my life in the imposition of a monumental deceit upon this long-suffering community. I intend now, sir, to go to work to earn a living with my own hands and upon my own merits. I wish to atone for the rôle I have played.'

"It may have been imagination, but I thought there was a kind of faint hopeful gleam in his eye as he looked at me and said this; and he seemed to flinch a little bit when I broke the news to him that we didn't have any vacancies on the staff at present. I sort of gathered that he rather fancied he had literary gifts. Literary gifts? Can't you just see that poor, forlorn old scout piking round soliciting want ads at twenty cents a line or trying to cover petty assignments on the news end? I told him, though, I'd be on the lookout for something for him, and he thanked me mighty ceremoniously and limped out, leaving me all choked up. Two days later, after the funeral, he telephoned in to ask me not to trouble myself on his account, because he had already established a connection with another concern which he hoped would turn out to be mutually advantageous and personally lucrative; or words to that effect.

"So I did a little private investigating that evening and I found out where the old chap had connected. You see I was interested. A live wire named Garrison, who owned the state rights for selling the World's Great Classics of Prose and Poetry on subscriptions, had landed here about a week before. You know the kind of truck this fellow Garrison was peddling? Forty large, hard, heavy volumes, five dollars down and a dollar a month as long as you live; no blacksmith's fireside complete without the full set; should be in every library; so much for the full calf bindings; so much for the half leather; give your little ones a chance to acquire an education at a trifling cost; come early and avoid the rush of those seeking to take advantage of this unparalleled opportunity; price positively due to advance at the end of a limited period; see also our great clubbing offer in conjunction with Bunkem's Illustrated Magazine—all that sort of guff.

"Well, Garrison had opened up headquarters here. He'd brought some of his agents with him—experts at conning the simple peasantry and the sturdy yeomanry into signing on the dotted line A and paying down the first installment as a binder; but he needed some home talent to fill out his crew, and he had advertised with us for volunteers. Old Van Nicht—Nix, I mean—had heard about it, and he had applied for a job as canvasser, and Garrison had taken him on, not on salary, of course, but agreeing to pay him a commission on all his sales. That was what I found out that night."

Before Olcott's eyes rose a vision of a dried-up, bleak-eyed old man limping from doorstep to doorstep, enduring the rebuffs of fretful housewives and the insolence of annoyed householders—a failure, and a hopeless, predestined failure at that.

"Too bad, wasn't it?" he said.

"What's too bad?" asked Morgan.

"About that poor old man turning book agent at his age, with his lack of experience with the ways of the world."

"Save your pity for somebody that needs it," said Morgan, grinning. "That old boy doesn't. Why, Olcott, he was a hit from the first minute. This fellow Garrison was telling me about him only last week. All that stately dignity, all that Sir Walter Raleigh courtesy stuff, all that faculty for using the biggest possible words in stock, was worth money to the old chap when he put it to use. It impressed the simple-minded rustic and the merry villager. It got him a hearing where one of these gabby young canvassers with a striped vest and a line of patter memorized out of a book would be apt to fail. Why, he's the sensation of the book-agent game in these parts. They sick him on to all the difficult prospects out in the country, and he makes good nine times out of ten. He's got four counties in his territory, with all expenses paid, and last month his commissions—so Garrison told me—amounted to a hundred and forty dollars, and this month he's liable to do even better. What's more, according to Garrison, the old scout likes the work and isn't ashamed of it. So what do you know about that?"

As Morgan paused, Olcott asked the question which from the first of this recital had been shaping itself in the back part of his head:

"The other sister—what became of her?" He tried to put a casual tone into his inquiry.

"You mean Miss Harriet? Well, say, in her case the transformation was almost as great as it was in her brother's. She came right out of her shell, too—in fact, she seemed downright glad of a chance to come out of it and quit being a recluse. She let it be noised about that she was in the market for any work that she could do, and a lot of people who felt sorry for her, including Mayor McGlynn, who's a pretty good chap, interested themselves in her behalf. Right off, the school board appointed her a substitute teacher in one of the lower grammar grades at the Hawthorne School, out here on West Frobisher Street. She didn't lose any time in delivering the goods either. Say, there must have been mighty good blood in that family, once it got a real chance to circulate. The kiddies in her classes all liked her from the start, and the other teachers and the principal liked her, too, and when the fall term begins in October she goes on as a regular.

"On top of that, when she'd got a little color in her cheeks and had frizzed her hair out round her face, and when she'd used up her first month's pay in buying herself some good black clothes, it dawned on the town all of a sudden that she was a mighty good-looking, bright, sweet little woman instead of a dowdy, sour old maid. They say she never had a sweetheart before in her life—that no man ever had looked at her the second time; at least that's the current gossip. Be that as it may, she can't complain on that score any more, even if she is still in mourning for her sister."

"How do you know all this?" demanded Olcott suspiciously. "Are you paying her attentions yourself?"

"Who, me? Lord, man, no! I'm merely an innocent bystander. You see, we live at the same boarding house, take our meals at the same table in fact, and I get a chance to see what's going on. She came there to board—it's Mrs. Gale's house—as soon as she moved out of the historic but mildewed homestead, which was about a month after the night of the storm. The New Diamond Auto Company—that's a concern formed since you left—bought the property and tore down the old house, after blasting the stump of the family tree out of the ground with giant powder; they're putting up their assembling plant on the site. After the mortgage was satisfied and the back taxes had been paid up, there was mighty little left for the two heirs; but about that time Miss Harriet got her job of teaching and she came to Mrs. Gale's to live, and that's where I first met her. Two or three spry young fellows round town are calling on her in the evenings—nearly every night there's some fellow in the parlor, all spruced up and highly perfumed, waiting to see her—not to mention one or two of the unmarried men boarders."

"Morgan," said Olcott briskly, "do me a favor! Take me along with you to dinner to-night at your boarding place, will you?"

"Tired of hotels, eh?" asked Morgan. "Well, Mrs. Gale has good home cooking and I'd be glad to have you come."

"That's it," said Olcott; "I'm tired of hotel life."

"You're on," said Morgan.

"Yes," said Olcott, "I am—but you're not on—at least not yet." But Morgan didn't hear that, because Olcott said it to himself.

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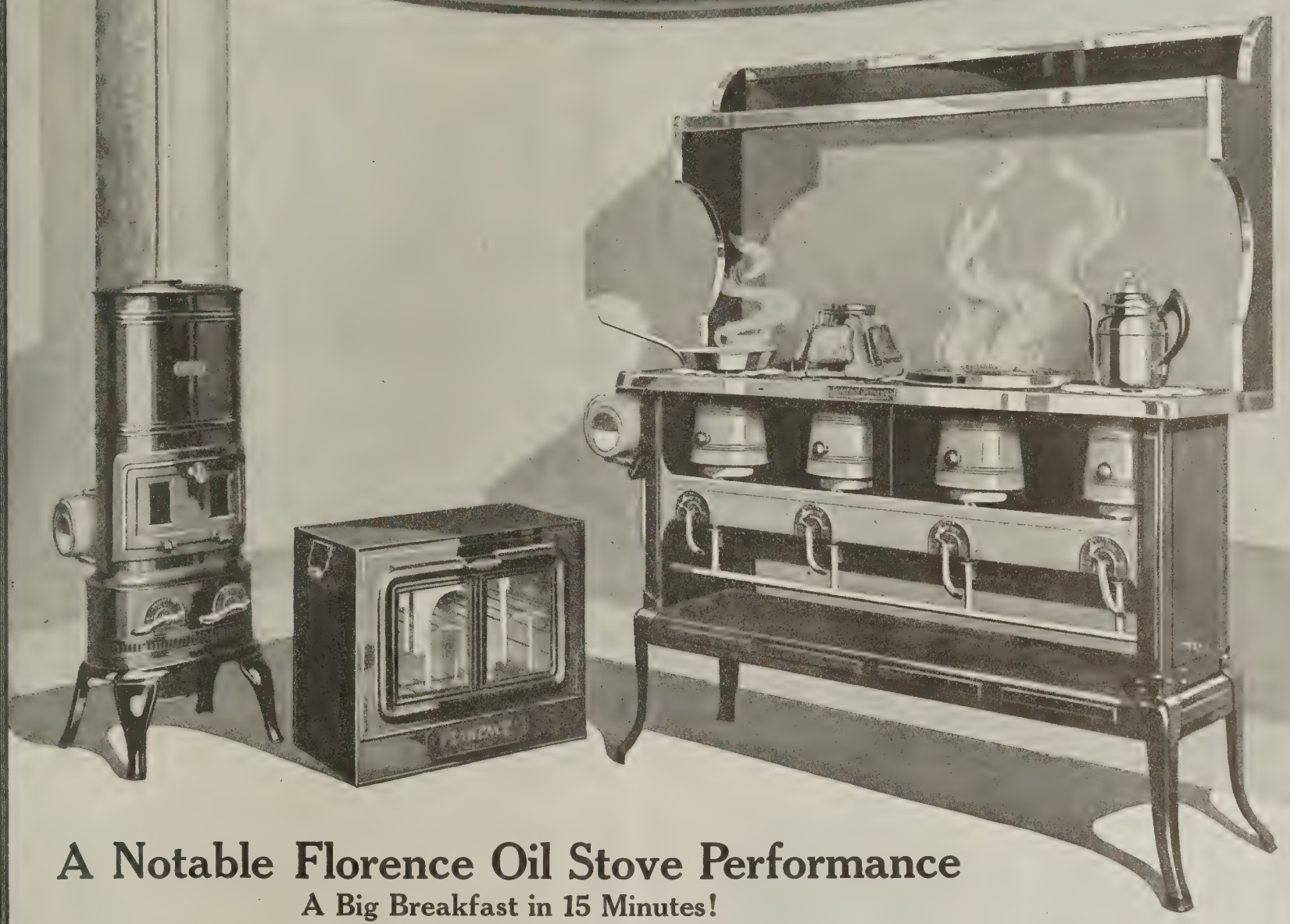

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New Pathé Records for April

STRIKING NUMBERS BY OPERATIC ARTISTS

THIS month's list holds a treat in store for the many lovers of Lucien Muratore's golden tenor voice. For Muratore has sung the spirited "Halte-là" from Carmen. This is coupled with a charming French waltz song. Two striking numbers by distinguished foreign artists are also among the novelties offered. And the limpid voice of the young American coloratura, Grace Hoffman, is heard to great advantage in the favorite "Bell Song" from Lakmé, as well as the florid little Dell 'Acqua "Chanson Provençale."

LUCIEN MURATORE, Tenor, Chicago Opera
Carmen (Bizet) "Halte-là" (Halt there!) Sung in French, Orchestra Acc.
Tu ne sauras jamais! (Millandy) Sung in French, Orchestra Acc.
No. 63003. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price $3.00

GRACE HOFFMAN, American Soprano
Lakmé (Delibes) "Bell Song," Sung in French, Orchestra Acc.
Chanson Provençale (Dell 'Acqua) Sung in French, Orchestra Acc.
No. 52016. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price $1.50

MM. ALBERS, VAGUET and POUMAYRAC, Famous French Artists
Agnus Dei (Bizet) Sung by **M. Albers and M. Vaguet,** Orchestra Accompaniment
Le Crucifix (Fauré) Sung by **M. Albers and M. De Poumayrac,** Orchestra Accompaniment
No. 62028. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price $2.50

A FAVORITE QUARTETTE IN FAVORITE SONGS
A Perfect Day (Carrie Jacobs Bond) **Tempo Male Quartette,** Unaccompanied
Good Night (Dudley Buck) **Tempo Male Quartette,** Unaccompanied
No. 40051. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price $1.00

STANDARD TENOR SELECTIONS
The Maid Of Manaar (Coverly) **John Bardsley, Tenor,** Orchestra Accompaniment
I Loved You More Than I Knew (Ketelby) **John Bardsley, Tenor,** Orchestra Accompaniment
No. 35105. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price 85c

NEWEST PATHÉ INSTRUMENTAL NOVELTIES

We call special attention to the *organ solos* offered this month. Difficult to record as the organ is, we have succeeded in reproducing not only the complete character of the instrument, but its subtle tone shadings. Be sure to hear this record. Interesting orchestra and band numbers and an instrumental trio are also included.

Halleluia (Handel) Organ Solo, **Jean Guillmant**
Nocturne (Goss-Custard) Organ Solo, **Goss-Custard**
No. 35104. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price 85c

Light Cavalry Overture, Part I (Von Suppé) **Pathé Orchestra**
Light Cavalry Overture, Part II (Von Suppé) **Pathé Orchestra**
No. 35101. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price 85c

The Heart's Whisper (Anon) Waltz, **Pathé Military Band**
Lezginka (Anon) Russian Dance, **Pathé Military Band**
No. 35102. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price 85c

Regrets (Wade) Waltz, **Imperial Symphony Orchestra**
Have You Forgotten (Ring) Waltz, **Imperial Symphony Orchestra**
No. 40063. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price $1.00

National Emblem March (Bogley) **H. M. Scots Guards Band**
Cavalleria Rusticana (Mascagni) "Intermezzo," **Pathé Symphony Orchestra**
No. 35098. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price 85c

Simple Aveu (Thomé) Violin, Cello and Harp, **Ackroyd Trio**
Tannhauser (Wagner) "O Star of Eve," Cello Solo, **C. Warwick Evans,** Orchestra Acc.
No. 40064. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price $1.00

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HYMNS
That Sweet Story Of Old (West) **Henry A. Mix, Tenor,** Organ Accompaniment
Why Is Thy Faith, O Child Of God, So Small? (Sherwin) **Henry A. Mix, Tenor,** Organ Acc.
No. 20077. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

A NOVEL WHISTLING RECORD
Le Canari (Polackey) Whistling Duet, **Wills and Lawrence,** Orchestra Accompaniment
Havana (Palert) Waltz, Whistling Solo, **Guido Gialdini**
No. 35103. Size 29 c/m (about 12 in.) Price 85c

TWO NEW HAWAIIAN NOVELTIES
Hawaiian Hula Medley (Hawaiian Fox Trot) **Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Troupe**
He Lei Kaiulani (A Wreath for Princess Kaiulani) Waltz, **Louise and Ferera Hawaiian Troupe**
No. 20102. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

THE MONTH'S POPULAR VOCAL HITS
Keep Your Eye On The Girlie You Love (Gerber, Johnson and Schuster) **Ruth Roye, Soprano,** Orchestra Acc.
Drip, Drip, Drip Went The Waterfall (MacDonald and Carroll) **Joe Remington, Baritone** Orchestra Acc.
No. 20136. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

The Trail To Sunset Valley (Gilbert and Muir) Duet, **Campbell and Burr,** Orchestra Acc.
Inari (Vivian Burnett) (Japanese Song) **Joseph Phillips, Baritone,** Orchestra Acc.
No. 20138. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

Watermelon Moon (Frost) Duet, **Campbell and Burr,** Orchestra Accompaniment
Waiting At The Old Church Door (Tony Jackson) **Henry Burr, Tenor,** Orchestra Acc.
No. 20096. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

On The Road To Paradise (Brennan and Ball) **Joan Roger, Contralto,** Pathé Salon Orchestra Accompaniment
In The Garden Of Romance (Reynolds and Kalman) **Gordon MacHughes, Baritone,** Orchestra Accompaniment
No. 20089. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

NEW DANCE RECORDS THAT ARE STRIKINGLY PATHÉ
Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose (Whiting) Fox Trot, **Mata's Blue and White Marimba Band**
I've Saved All My Love For You, from "Ziegfeld Follies of 1916" (Buck and Stamper) One or Two Step, **Mata's Blue and White Marimba Band**
No. 20117. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

Havanola (Hugo Frey) Fox Trot, **Sherbo's "Castles By The Sea" Orchestra**
They're Wearing 'Em Higher In Hawaii (Goodwin and Mohr) One or Two Step, **Sherbo's "Castles By The Sea" Orchestra**
No. 20139. Size 27 c/m (about 10½ in.) Price 75c

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MUZIO New Metropolitan Star Soprano

DIDUR Basso Metropolitan Opera

OBER Dramatic Contralto Metropolitan

THIBAUD Distinguished French Violinist

DE CISNEROS Popular Mezzo-Soprano

SLEZAK Noted Wagnerian Tenor

CAVALIERI Famous Italian Soprano

THE CHECHAKO WIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

Mrs. Brent had given Tom a very extra special session; and, to Linus' loyal defense that there was a lady of fine principles, McGrath said she made him tired—a chechako woman always began to make over a camp that had done nicely before it ever heard of her. Tom smiled as he offered Eve moose chops at supper, but she declined overtures and angrily pushed the platter across the oilcloth.

"See here, if we was wastin' meat like a Montana elk-teeth hunter, you could land on us, girlie; but when it's all brought to camp and even the bones boiled up—fat tried out for grease too—you better just eat your grub an' be glad old Sureshot kin go git more for you," contended Bill, visiting the brown tent, where Tom and Eve sat silently. "Use your brains!"

Eve suddenly began weeping. Tom rumpled his fuzzy whitish hair, dismally regarding her; but Bill resolutely talked on until Tom exclaimed:

"Quit, can't you? And don't sit there and laugh—it's mighty real to her!"

"What'll I do—cry with her?" demanded Bill. "She's only cryin' 'cause we won't give in to her."

"I am not!" said Eve, conquering her tears to look at him. "But the law ——"

"We're going to get beef as soon as a passenger ship with cold storage will bring it from Seattle," said Tom. "I tried to contract for some on Kadiak, but the brown bears have gone after those herds till there's none to spare. Would you rather go Outside, and come back when we get things better shaped up?"

"No; she wouldn't," said Bill. "Let her stick home in camp an' learn to bend when she's gotta; an' pretty soon we'll build her a shack an' put in a sink, so the plates kin be swabbed off, an' she can set in the window watchin' the big buckets bringin' ore down an aërial tram an' dumpin' right into ships' hatches."

"Us two had to live on candle fish all one winter when the ammunition was gone; and so was everything else! I guess a little meat's coming to most everybody here if they can get it," said Tom.

"I'll never, never eat unlawful meat!" sighed Eve.

She began to use only soaked salted salmon bellies, and to appease the gnawings of appetite tried more sourdough hot cakes, corn-meal mush and rice than formerly, and was soon horrified to feel a constant inner hotness and to view a spotted face. The dried fruit was gone. Another shipment, with vegetables, waited on the dock at the port of Kodiak, far eastward on Kadiak Island; but, though the sun shone brilliantly from azure skies, wolf winds blew from Cook Inlet into the Strait. Eve became hysterical when Tom wanted to try to send the launch through the turbulent flood to get food that his wife could successfully eat. Linus had planted a garden for her, and Mickey cooked young fireweed and fern tops, those succulent greens of the North; but Eve looked hungrily at the fresh steaks and savory roasts that the rest daily gobbled.

"No; I will not 'try a little ptarmigan'—that's out of season too," she pettishly said of a plucked and dressed offering of birds humbly presented by Bill.

She now looked upon Tom as a sorrowing mother at a loved and wayward child. She would labor over mining costs and typewriter until, depressed and headachy, she got up and into rubber boots that would take her dry-footed through the vivid green tundra of the great flat back of the beach. Wild hyacinths were fragrant white spires among the green; and, gathering them, breathing that clean vivifying air with the feel of the whole spacious Northland in it, she relaxed. Resentment left her under the influence of a picture peaceful and vast, and she yearned to be wholly happy in this little camp of a few human creatures, dwelling on the rim of the wilderness.

She thought warmly of Tom and Bill and the men, and always reached home energetic and smiling. It was after one of these trips that she found a can of black paint, and, toiling with Mickey's kindling ax, wrecked milk boxes until she had material enough to make signs for various doors, reading "Throw All Waste in This Box and Make a Neat Camp." She set the boxes in place and waited. Linus, Bede Moore and Pop at once made deposits; but McGrath dug under bunks and swept thoroughly, next strewing papers, discarded rubber boots, overalls and tobacco cans on the beach above high-tide mark.

"Hey! The leddy vants order on dis beach, an' dose goes in der boxes!" shouted Linus, discovering Mac, who retorted:

"You must be the new chief of police! Well, stop me throwin' stuff where I feel like! Does she think us guys are slaves? You stop me, will you?"

He was a black excitable Irishman, and Linus had all the red passion of the Swedes; so they were rocking like two vicious bears when Tom came by. McGrath was whipped before Linus would let go, and Tom had a wrenched wrist from ripping them apart before the Swede could set more marks on Mac. Eve sadly removed signs and boxes, informing McGrath that neatness wouldn't have hurt him.

"Excuse me, but you ain't my boss," he said hotly. "Buttin' in on a workman's rights! Eternal law'n order, world without end—do I come bustin' in when you're runnin' over to the cookhouse for one of them pots o' tea you're f'rever drinkin', tellin' you to lay off it before you git the shakes proper? Oh, I'm married personally; an' she's like you, hittin' the teapot an' runnin' other people's games for 'em!"

"Why, how—how dare ——" Eve stopped; and as he eagerly made ready for verbal battle she astonished him with "You're right, Mac; I do drink too much tea. And I'll take less. You see, I've been rather nervous, all round, with the moose flies and typing things with my head in a black fly net. And they go up my sleeves too."

"You play that old machine too much," said Mac in a calmer tone. "The bugs are fierce; an' you're not a strong woman, or uset to this. Keep to walkin' out an' pickin' the flowers."

They began to like each other; and Eve reformed conscientiously as to tea, and expected Mac at once to gather the refuse and at least drop it where the tide would clean the beach. The old boots lay untouched until Linus mutteringly did the chore, and Mac did not change a single slovenly habit; but he found the first wild roses for her, and said she was to mail all of his first check to his wife, who also meant well, in her way. Snuff in the stores had puzzled Eve, until the Russians and Finns came to have many ounces charged against their wages, wadding the powder under mustached lips as they strode off. To Nils Lindquist, Eve gently said that was such a degrading habit, and wouldn't he promise, like a nice good boy, to stop? Nils mashed a gnat against a shiny red brow, and after reflection resumed his head net, and answered:

"No, ma'am. Her's a free country, here."

Stepan Gagoff listened sullenly while she pleaded; and, evading her without impolite reply, because a bookkeeper pays off and a manager's wife has fearsome possibilities, he ran to his bunk and made up his bed roll, crying to the Serbian Nicks and Mikes that if one but came to Niklik to be beneath another czar, then let them give him a time check that night! Tom had to talk fast and promise unlimited snuff before the agitated Stepan hung his ikon over his bunk and went to work.

"Say, we'll soon be workin' three shifts here—one comin', one goin', and maybe one in the mine!" said Bill; and Tom looked rueful as Eve said:

"These people resist every effort toward civilization."

"By golly, I believe you are a percissy after all! Can't you live-an'-let-live a little?" Bill joked. "Poor Linus is 'most ready to come back to the hot bunkhouse, after gittin' his tent up so's he can live alone an' not have the poker game keepin' him awake—don't dare touch anything after he's cleaned up, for fear Eve'll come visitin' an' see he ain't neat."

"She just gets sick stewing over things that are all right," said Tom.

"She's got the makin's of a good fella—just the makin's," said Bill, winking before he gave his pony laugh. "Sore at me, Eve?"

But Eve would not fight him. It was one of her droopy days, and she refused to go to the messhouse for dinner, requesting Tom to bring some bread and butter.

"That ain't enough, hon; and I'm going to take the launch to-night and get you some eggs and beef, or some darned thing to

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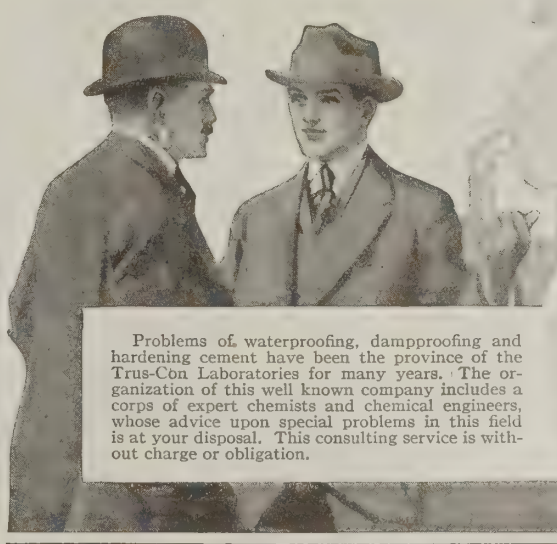

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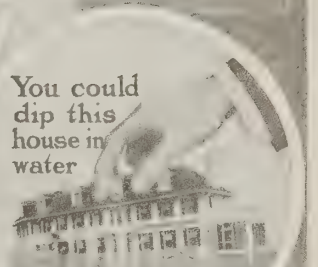

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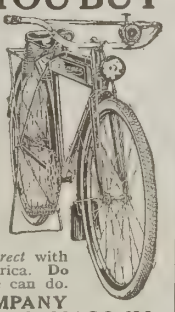

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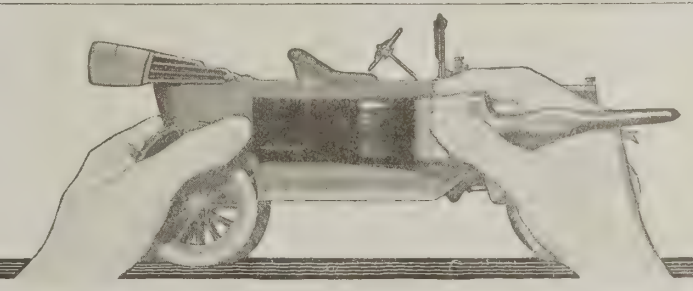

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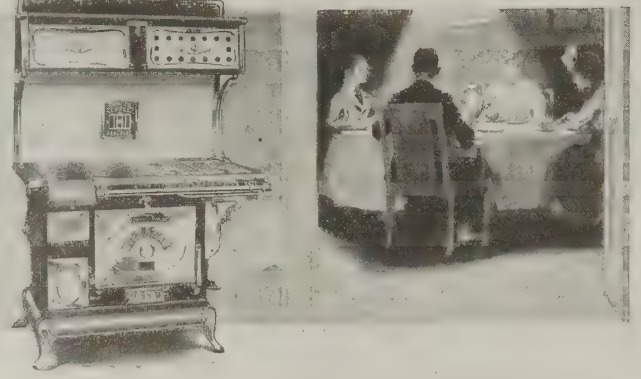

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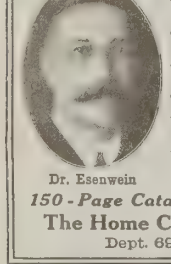

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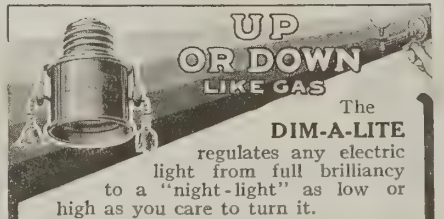

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help you—wind's changing, anyhow; and I believe the summer calm's going to begin."

"Oh, I'm so worried! You're sure the doctor will come back with you?"

"You bet he will, dearie! Doc Baughman's mushed many a hundred miles to a patient; and he's there right now, waiting for the launch so he can get to my little girl," said Tom tenderly. "And Bill's here to take care of you."

"He hates me," said Eve miserably. "They all hate me!"

"Who, Bill? He thinks a heap of you, and so do the boys. They know you don't understand the country. It's a fine land, hon, when you know it; but you're all shot to pieces, baby—pretty soon it'll be all right, and we'll plane the mean places down."

"Hurry! Hurry home, Tommy," Eve whispered, hanging to him. "I've stopped the office work; and it'll be so lonesome. But I can go and see Linus—he's off nights since last change day."

"I'd leave the old sport alone for a day or so, dearie. He didn't show up this morning, and Mac saw a native's bidarka up the beach—Linus must have got some hootch from him; and when that Swede starts drinking we just have to leave him alone, you know, and finish it—thinking about the woman, you see."

The waves smoothed until the screeching of gulls was the biggest sound in the summer stillness. After supper Tom took the mail bag and rowed with a native helper to the launch. The engine coughed uncertainly, then steadied; and Eve sat in the brown tent's doorway, waving as the launch disappeared round the high reef. Westward, toward the Arctic, the mist-hung peaks of Popof Island showed. Across the wide Strait sunlight flowed down austere white hills. The Niklik side was darkened by shadowing Mount Niklik, but the sun gleamed on the water, flashing on thronging king salmon that leaped in the bay, trying to rid their shining skins of parasites. Mickey was rowing a dory through them, taking in a net thickly hung with big fishes.

Eve rose, pulled a parka of reindeer-fawn skins about herself, and moved slowly through crowding gnats along the beach. She waved at Mickey, now rowing ashore, and smiled at a few men of the day shift who were leather-soling rubber boots or pitching rope quoits before the bunkhouse.

"Ain't goin' over to Linus' tent? He won't lay off the hootch till he's got a-plenty, Mis' Brent," called McGrath.

"If I talk to him I hope he will," said Eve; and with languid pace she took the trail, through tall beach grass and wild celery, toward the remote spot where Linus had decided to bunk alone.

"Who in time's shootin' so close to camp? Is he daffy?" exclaimed McGrath as a heavy-caliber rifle shot sounded. "He—— Listen! Come on, boys! Hear that?"

Another shot, and a woman's desperate scream. McGrath darted inside, tumbled out with his rifle, and ran. The cook rolled a stone on the dory's painter; and, snatching an ax from his wood tent, his long legs took the trail.

"Help! Mac! Bede! Help! Help!" Eve screamed; and Mac roared: "We're comin'! Run this way; we'll git you!"

The men plunged into a jungle of salmonberry and alder as she wailed:

"Help! Hurry, Mac! He's killing—he—— Let him go, you fiend! Let him go, I tell you. I—let—give me that knife! I'll make you; I'll make—— Help!"

Her anguished voice rustled into silence; the big lean cook swung his ax and cursed as he passed shorter McGrath and lit in the cleared space before Linus' tent. Eve was clutching a stoutish gray-haired man, who wabbled so that Mickey Dugan thought it was he who had been hit. Panting, she hurled an opened jackknife into the brush; and with a wild look she gasped:

"He's murdered Linus! I—I saw it! Hold him—oh, Mickey!"

"Git the girl out o' this," said McGrath; and with a snarl he pounced upon her captive as Mickey with a reluctant backward look rushed her down the trail.

Linus Larsen, half out of the tent, from which gushed a hot stench of stale whisky and the acrid sharpness of gunpowder, was flat on his face, grunting weakly. Blood from a hole in his head sopped his yellow hair and, propped against Bede Moore's knee, a knife gash in his breast spurted redly.

"Helga! Two year to-day he stole—stole—vife," he moaned. "Daly!"

"He took that guy for Daly," said somebody.

"He's Daly," panted Linus painfully. "Stole vife—poke—nine black—foxes, vorth——" His eyes finished it, and young Bede said gently:

"Linus, ol' kid, us all wants yo' to tell fo' suah is this guy who done fo' yo' Doc Daly, from the Inside? Nod yo' haid, boy, fo' yes."

Linus nodded violently—and died.

"Frisk him for a gat," said McGrath, driving a hand under the wabbly prisoner's dirty tan canvas coat. "Nothin' in the pants? Here's a leather case."

"No, no—mustn't touch," said the wabbly one sleepily. "No, no—naughty!"

"We ought to bump this bird off now an' done with it," said McGrath savagely, and excited young Bede cried that was the stuff!

"Killed Linus; an', befo' that, spoiled his life, an' likely throwed the woman to the lions!" he said with a sob. "I'll yank the rope on him!"

"No, no, no!" said the prisoner, yawning as he reeled forward under the prods of his captors. "Set upon, gentlemen—very, very sleepy now—grub first, though—no grub, three days, I think. Don't pinch like that, dear chap—brutish, rather, your clutch."

McGrath fiercely swore at him, and the prisoner turned a white, fattish whiskery face about, observing:

"Dear, dear, dear—but a poor musher in sad case needs grub, boys—lost pack—glacial flood—wandered—skunk-cabbage roots and ferns, boys—heard blasting, this morning, I fancy it was. Nice reception this, to lost man!"

"No; keep back, Bede, I been thinkin' we won't hold a miners' meetin', though we could, bein' isolated; an' sentence'd go," said McGrath, warning Bede's menacing hands away from the prisoner. "The Floatin' Court ought to be by here, goin' to the westward; an' they got marshals, judge, lawyers an' all aboard, to clean up the winter cases in these coast camps. He kin git his quick if we flag the revenue cutter when she's passin'."

"Good notion, Mac," decided old Pop Paley. "More legal too."

"Say, we'll be legal enough to tickle Mis' Brent," said Mac as he kicked the stranger into the cookhouse. "Sit on that stool an' eat, then, you rat! Though we ought to let you starve! Got some cold chuck, anybody? Huh?"

"Coffee," sighed the captive, resting on the long table. "Hot, black, strong! Larsen died—didn't he, my friend?"

The men stared at each other as he smiled drowsily upon them; and Bill Dixon, summoned from the mine, where he had gone to start the night shift, came in as, answering a demand from Bede, the prisoner said:

"Daly? Oh, yes; that's my name. But about coffee, boys?"

"I remember him from Cleary Creek," Bill said. "It's Daly."

"Well, Mis' Brent herself glommed him. Talk about a game girl!" said McGrath proudly. "We'll suit her book for once, you bet; an', with her ideas an' her witness of it all, he'd have a swell chance not to swing!"

Pop Paley had started a fire, and the savor of boiling coffee made Daly sniff avidly. As he sank his white unhealthy face into a pint cup of hot liquid the roomful discussed the case: was it only manslaughter when the deed was not premeditated?

"Say, fellas; Eve'll have all that dope. She used to type all her pa's briefs, an' she's a sharp on law," said Bill.

"Pretty fine we got a woman like her that goes hungry rather'n be illegal—an' her the witness!" exulted McGrath. "This here's murder; sure it is."

"Now the Floatin' Court might be a month to the west," said old Pop, gazing over his spectacles at the unconcerned Daly. "When Tom comes with the launch we'll send this man to the Kodiak jail."

"Guardin' him meantime—all right!" agreed McGrath; and the rest nodded.

Daly finished his food and sprawled limply on the table, blinking at them while one hand pawed toward the leather case that was in his dirty coat. He fumbled at the spring as, from the door, Mickey cried shrilly:

"Anny man here married? Mis' Brent's baby's goin' to be born!"

Bill started up; then flushed and glared hopelessly about, while McGrath faltered:

(Continued on Page 97)

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(Continued from Page 94)

"But I ain't got no kids, Mickey—rest of the mob's all single. Will I row to the native fish camp an' see if there's a squaw could be got?"

"Natives don't give no help; they just let 'em suffer," said a voice.

"'Tis thir-rty miles there an' back, anny-way," said Mickey, heaving. "She must have help right here, min. Do we want Tom comin' home to no wife because his min did nothin' to aid?"

"I'll do sumpin'," said Bill, pale and stricken. "Can—can she speak? I d'know how it takes them."

Mickey put up a hand for quiet, and stabbing cries came through the canvas walls. The prisoner set fat fingers on Bede Moore's shrinking shoulder and uncertainly stood, blinking at Bill, as he said:

"Go tell her doctor's coming. Put hot water on the stove."

"Doctor—they called him Doc on the creeks; but he never did any doctorin'," Bill said, advancing. "Daly, don't kid this outfit—were you one?"

"Marine surgeon, once; formerly genteel family practice," said Daly affably.

He shrugged out of his coat, disclosing a nearly fresh white undershirt, a sleeve of which he pushed up with a purr of discontent when it refused to pass a bulge of fat. Bill ripped the sleeve, noting that the man's nails were trimmed and clean, though the skin of his hands was scratched, bitten and cracked.

"Little shot of hop will liven doctor," Daly muttered, and drove in a potent needle from the case. "One wears off, doctor takes another. Ah—good! Bring dish pan, string, blanket, hot water—boil scissors full ten minutes. Got oil?"

"He shan't go to her—want her to be shocked insane, seein' him?" shouted McGrath; but Bill exclaimed:

"Shut up! Just so he savvies doctorin'. You, Daly, march! Take his other arm, Mickey—you other guys git what he told you, fixed ready."

Passing out, Daly reached for Mickey's clean apron, hanging from a wooden peg. Bill urged him toward the brown tent, and the good cook, audibly praying to certain friendly saints, stuck a solid arm under Daly's. The latter smiled uninterestedly at the calm Strait, aglitter in the night sun, and at the misty white hills beyond the water. It had been months since he had really thought. Sensations stirred him briefly, and, passing, left him sodden. He had been wildly drunk when he stumbled from a Lapp camp on the Unalaklik mail trail, after stealing the shaman's two best work dogs, his grub and wolf robes.

The kind Eskimos had been sheltering Daly as thanks for setting a boy's broken wrist. He might have had the loot as a gift, but the impulse came, so he stole. The dogs sneaked away while he lay sucking at a dark bottle, also stolen, and he dozed for days in a caribou wallow, staggering on, finally to lose his insecure pack in a creek that was in flood.

Then he lived on green moss berries and a porcupine slain with a club. At last he saw blue water from the rising slopes. He smelled greedily when he crawled downhill and stopped by the Larsen tent; and giving a joyous hail he went in upon a man glooming at his ghosts.

It was only liquor refused that Daly fought for when he snatched Linus' rifle and opened his own knife—he had long forgotten Helga Larsen. He fired as Eve peered into the tent.

"Help's come, Evie—got a doctor, little girl!" Bill called softly as Daly moved confidently to her door. Eve gave a moan of terror as her tortured eyes sought the man who entered.

"Bill! Not you! Go 'way—oh, wretch!" she gasped.

But Daly did not go. He felt a sudden hot uplifting desire to succor and to save, and he said gently:

"I am skilled and careful. Just think hard that in a few hours you will be well and happy! I have helped lots and lots of little babies into life."

Pop Paley had been breakfast cook, to spell a worn Mickey. The dinner potatoes were boiled to soup and the meat scarce boiled at all; but the lanky cook smirked and grinned so mysteriously that no one complained except to joke:

"Hey! Your bannock's all raw in the center!"

"Thin call ut cr-ream puffs," said Mickey, dropping a mess of rice and raisins with a

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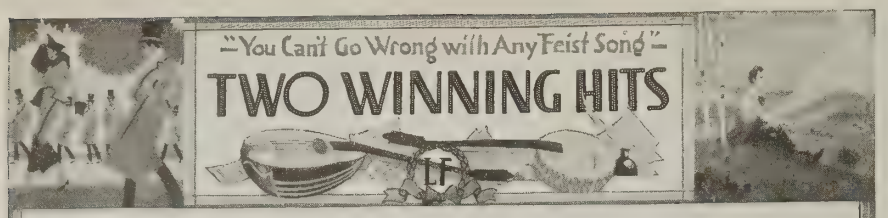

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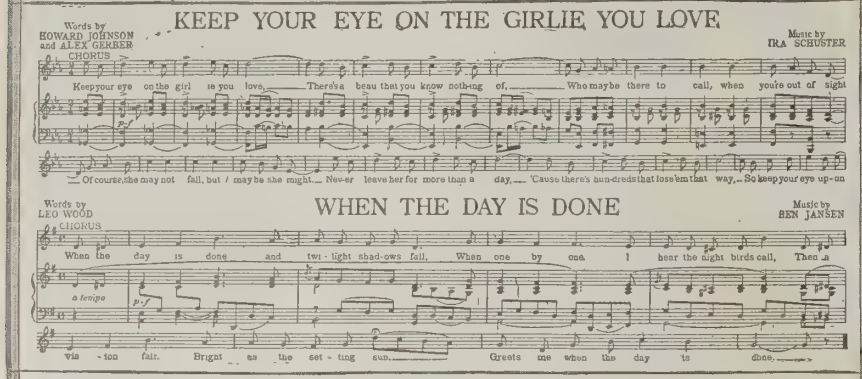

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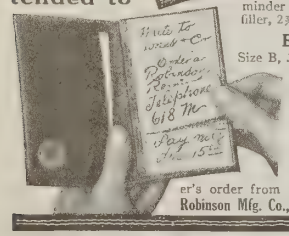

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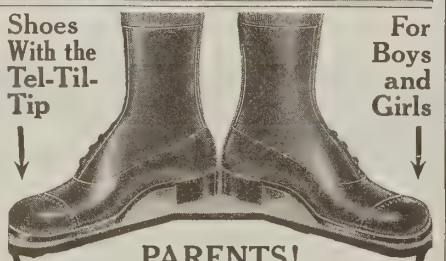

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thud. "Gwan wid you, Glover! I'm up'n the air, an' who cares? Well, hurroo! He's br-ringin' that dish pan at last!"

Bill Dixon came cautiously into the mess tent, holding a great blanket-draped pan before him; and he set it gingerly upon the table.

"Fellas, there's two of 'em!' he cried. "Evelyn Niklik an' William Thomas Brent. Now then, peek careful—ain't they swell?"

Large shy hands put back corners of the light cover and the men, in turn, engrossedly regarded two small crinkly faces and a fuzz of whitey hair.

"Is it twins just the same when both aren't the same sex?" demanded Glover, the timberer. "An' say, is there plenty of canned cream for the extry one?"

"Why, the maw feeds both, you poor rummy!" said Bill. "An' Doc says she got through fine, too, considerin'—she told me when I went in she couldn't 'a' even tried to live without Daly helpin', boys. Her heart quit on him twice, an' he had us dig up the chloroform that was in the assay office, when he saw it was goin' to be bad. Where would this camp 'a' been without that doctor? We would 'a' been no use!"

"Sure, he was a mother an' ministerin' angel, he was—look at the size of the mitt on this divil!" said Mickey; and while he displayed the tiny hand of a snoozing twin he sent a crafty look at faces that had darkened at the prisoner's name.

"It was him committin' murder drove the girl to her trouble before it was due," said McGrath. "Are you weakenin', Dixon? You know the guy's got to swing."

"I'm huntin' lumbuh to make a cross fo' Linus," said Bede Moore.

"Mis' Brent's the witness; there's the strong point," said McGrath. "We know her principles—follow the law! I'm the night guard."

"Oh, I'm with the gang," said Bill cheerfully; but, leaving the tent, he shuffled his feet noisily in the shale, then stopped, listening anxiously to the talk that began when somebody asked if it wouldn't be safest not to pick Dixon for a guard.

Doc Daly was sleeping, with a stolid Finn as keeper. He was imprisoned in Tom's wood tent, adjacent to the one in which Eve lay quietly gazing through an open door at satiny waters, where the salmon jumped. A wedge of wild white swans flew low, scattering the gulls that screeched and swooped above the fish. Her pet blue jay sweetened its song as it flew in to light on a canful of purple iris, brought by Stepan Gagoff, unregenerate user of snuff.

The light breeze held the smell of the sea when it blew from the Strait; but when a warmer breath came from the tundra flat, back of the camp, the roses and wild hyacinths seemed close. She thought of the black night in which she had come to Niklik; of the mine; and the freighter that was due soon; of her garden that she could not visit for a week—the garden that kind Linus had made. Occasionally a snore made her start. A groan always followed; then a long silence.

"Won't you swally the broth, pettie lamb?" purred Mickey, creeping in with a bowl, from which a pleasant beefiness reached her. "Ah, now; don't mind ould Section Thir-rty whin you're wantin' str-rength to care for the angels, mem."

Eve began to weep into her pillow, repeating:

"No, Mickey; no. Just rice and a very little tea—oh, Mickey!"

"What is ut, pettie? Will I git the good docthor? Bless him!"

"No, no," she said miserably. "He—he's guarded, Mickey?"

"Wid a pair of come-alongs on his wrists too. McGrath had thim in his kick, it seems. I'll set the broth here, annyway; there might come a fancy to dhrink ut."

The bright sun shone on the smooth water and the warm breeze came; but as the day went Eve felt herself in a mental night, where thoughts came foggily. To Kodiak; to justice! And the law would take its proper course. Her hands were clammy as she felt for the precious twins, snug in their padded dish pan—the babies that Daly had saved.

"He killed Linus. I saw him!" she told herself feverishly. "I must reason. I know it's right for them to take him."

Mickey consulted with Bill when she failed to eat the lunch he dressed with flowers and the first salmonberries, and Bill gravely besought her to let him stay close that night. Wouldn't she feel better with the dear twins where Uncle Bill could hear their littlest wail?

"No, Bill; I want—I'll be better by myself. I could call if I'm worse, and the guard could bring in the doctor."

"All right," said Bill heavily. "But I'll be up, girlie."

"Oh, no—go to bed, please. Please!" said Eve queerly.

"All right; I will, then. Just don't worry. Think of the twins."

"Yes, I—oh, I'm thinking," said Eve withlocked fingers. "Thinking—thinking!"

She heard Mac take the Finn's place, and shuddered when the former's voice told somebody there was no danger of his going to sleep, even if he hadn't had any the previous night and had drilled rock all day.

"Tom'll be home to-morrow; an' we'll take no chances on him gittin' loose. He'd never git by me," boasted McGrath.

With William Thomas cuddled at her breast, Eve listened to Daly begging tobacco, and Mac replying that murderers could go without!

The flat cars, loaded with sacked ore, rattled downhill to the beach, and she heard the voices of the trammers shouting. Then the supper shots from the hill—eleven o'clock! The rose of the night sun was setting the tents aflame. She knew the trammers were eating in the blacksmith shop by the main tunnel of the mine. The day shift slept. And suddenly she was aware of a sleeper in the wood tent—steady snoring, unlike the infrequent grunts that Daly made when turning over on a hard wood bunk.

She slipped weakly from bed, a small pathetic figure in her white gown. She had to stay on her knees at first, and then painfully drag herself upright. From the door she could see the interior of the wood tent—and McGrath sat on a box, asleep, while the prisoner stared musingly at him. Shakily Eve's hand found a cup and a bottle. Her brown eyes glowed strangely as she wetted a piece of cotton with the chloroform with which last night the doctor had won for her surcease from agony. He had made her hold it to her nose and breathe. When the cup fell, he said, she would be "under."

Only Daly's sharp black eyes spoke when the white form glided behind tired McGrath and a slim hand advanced the cup. Mac breathed louder in a moment; then the raucous intake ceased and he lumped against the canvas wall.

"The key to these things is in his pocket. O woman, are you a saint, or just all heart?"

Eve was fumbling at the cruel steel cuffs that bit the fat wrists, and abruptly she freed him, whispering:

"It's suppertime and no one is on the beach. There are but two boats in camp; my husband's got the skiff with him. Row one and tow the other—and row west toward that small island. Look—see where I'm pointing? Natives there have an overboard engine and this money'll buy it. Good-by! Good-by!"

"Get into bed; you mustn't stand—I'll carry you," said Daly tensely; but Eve panted: "Don't mind me. Fly, doctor, fly!—and thank you for my babies!"

"They'll never head me in the hills; and I'm going to live better, be a better ——"

"Fly, man! He might come out of it! The boats are kept over there—in the lagoon! Good-by!"

He raced through the shale to the lagoon and, standing on the shore, pulled madly at the anchored dory.

"Hold on! Take the little skiff; you can't make time in the dory, alone," said Bill Dixon, back of him; and to Daly's gulp of fright he said: "It's all right, Doc—them twins are why I'm goin' to bust the bottom out of the dory, while you row for it in the skiff. Go to it!"

Eve was a huddle of white in her doorway when the skiff rode the tidal creek flowing from the lagoon and moved swiftly westward on the flood tide of the sun-reddened Strait. She stared until the black shape of the boat was merged in the deeper red of the distance. Once she tried to inch herself toward the bed, but strength was lacking; so she sat there, weak but starry-eyed.

After a long wait she smiled and reached a trembling arm for the bowl of moose broth that Mickey had left upon the bench. Then she drank, and, still smiling, crawled across the tent and slowly got into the bunk. Her hand found the twins, warmly snoozing in their dish pan; and, with a long sigh, she slept.

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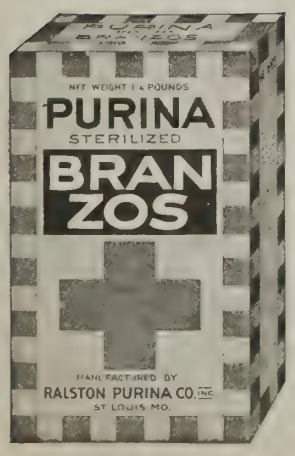

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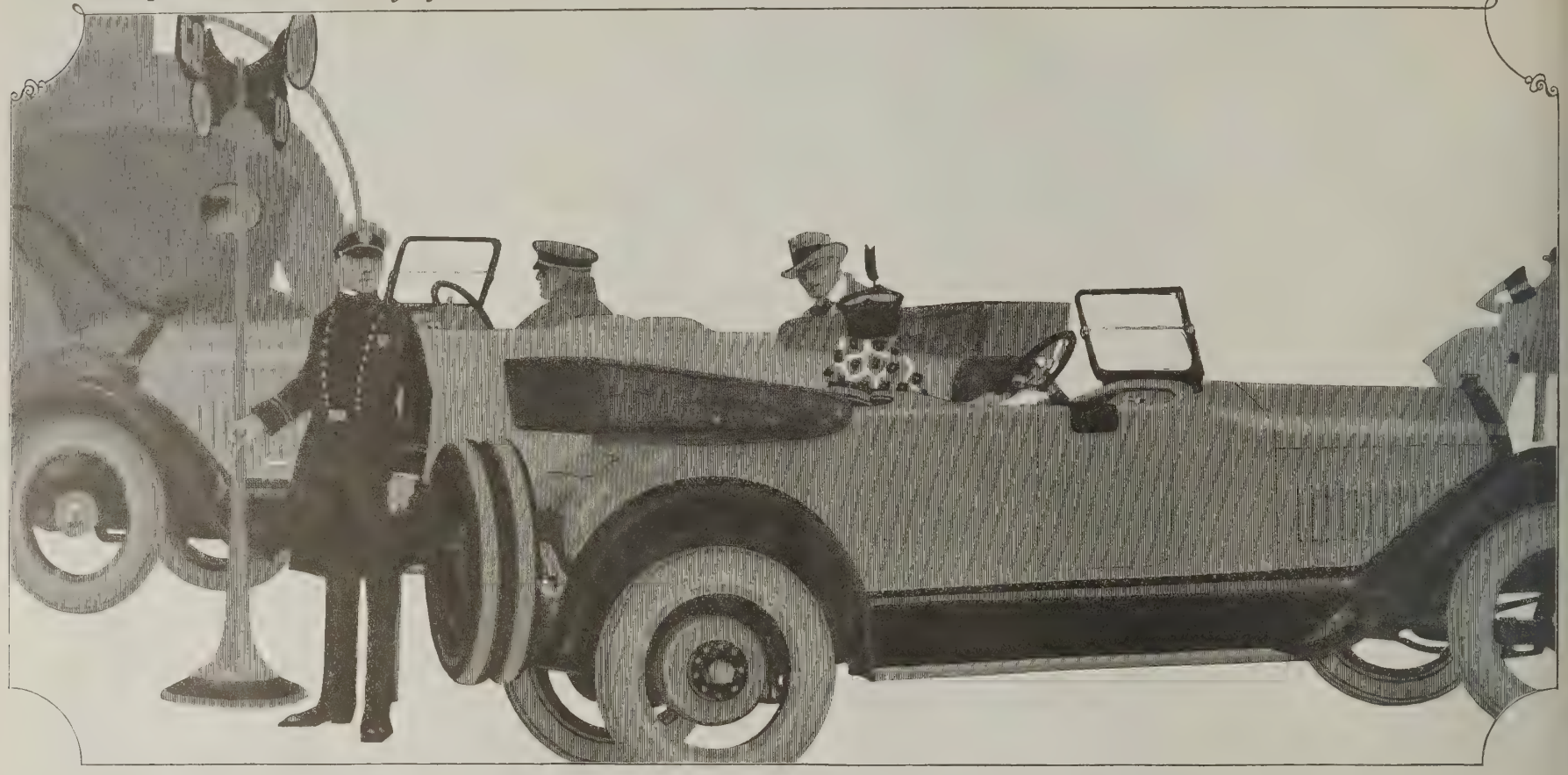

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BRINGING OUT BARBARA

(Concluded from Page 23)

to let slip a crucial opportunity, on the ground that "people were looking!" Oh, how trivial, how incorrigibly trivial he was! How right Mrs. Winslow had been!

"Just one turn!" he urged, more and more uncomfortable.

"Certainly," I said, and let him swing me away.

We had not progressed ten feet before Johnny Hargrave cut in. Thus Allan, no doubt to his intense relief, was most opportunely released from an embarrassing situation.

I received two impassioned notes from him during the course of the next morning, begging me to see him at the house; and these having elicited no reply, he followed them in the afternoon with a third, in which he actually suggested a clandestine interview in the park—which was going pretty far—for Allan.

That evening I went to mother's room to tell her that I had determined to give him up. She had finished dressing, and was walking to and fro before her cheval glass, scrutinizing over her shoulder the details of her costume, while Yvonne stood silently by. When I whispered that I wanted to speak with her alone she sent the latter away; and I announced my decision. Her gratification knew no bounds. Never had I seen her so elated.

"You'll get twice as much out of your social opportunities now!" she exulted.

Then she seemed to forget that I was there and started walking up and down again, but not before the mirror this time. All at once she stopped and hung poised on an arched foot. Her clasped hands, with their rosy nails, supported her delicate chin; below them her breast rose and fell in an accession of pleasurable excitement; triumph was on her lips, and in her eyes were dreams—of dukes.

Poor mother! My heart went out to her, and I longed to protect her—from life. Since our ideals were irreconcilable, it was inevitable that I should disappoint her at every turn—again, and again, and again. Between us lay the intangible forces of the Imponderables, holding us forever apart.

As I passed her on my way out I touched an end of the filmy tulle she had wound about her throat, with lingering fingers full of compunction, tenderness and regret.

I stayed at home that night for the first time in many weeks and seated myself in the upstairs sitting room beside the fire, with a book. But in my unsettled mood the tale I had chosen ran its course too deliberately; and as for the fire, it soon became unbearably hot. I moved away; but the walls of the room seemed closing in on me, giving me a sensation of suffocation. The artificial system of heating worked too well; though the month was February, so carefully had drafts been excluded that one could hardly draw breath. I went to the window and gave it an energetic shove. It flew upward, letting in a vigorous blast that stung my temples deliciously.

Fifth Avenue was still pulsating; busses rumbled, motors hummed; pedestrians went by, walking briskly, their necks muffled in their collars. This was no night for lingering.

Only one man—that slim one there—did not seem to be in any hurry. I watched him until he was out of my field of vision. A moment more and he was within range again, retracing his steps. Directly in front of the house he paused, looking up, and in the glare of the arc light I saw John Randall's face—off guard. What I read in it caused me to dash out of the room headlong and run down the stairs two steps at a time. He had not moved when the heavy grilled door yielded to my hand.

"Come in!" I said peremptorily. He made no motion to obey. "I was going to write you," I said slowly. "It's over—the thing we were talking about."

He came in then; and when I had closed the door behind him he said:

"How awfully hard for you!"

"Not any more!" I answered quickly. "It wasn't—the real thing. I think I felt that subconsciously all the time."

In the sitting room, since the window had remained open in the interval, the air was thoroughly changed.

"Why," I demanded abruptly, "couldn't you have rung the doorbell and asked for me? If I hadn't opened the window just then I should never have known you were there! Oh, John Randall, why will you always stay outside?"

His eyes pricked mine.

"Because I'm an outsider," he retorted; "and I never trespass on private grounds. I only skirt them occasionally."

"I'm an outsider too," I said gravely. "I always suspected it, and now I know it. I don't belong here any more than you do. Some day or other I'm going to discover where it is that I do belong!"

He took a deep breath and his eyes glowed.

"I wanted to hear you say it," he avowed. "I just wanted to hear you say it! They've put you in a mold—and you've come out retaining your own shape. It staggers belief! I couldn't have done it. No one could—but you."

"Do you remember," I asked quietly, "the imitation lobster, that night we met? The wolf in sheep's clothing?"

"Yes," he nodded. "And I remember your comment. 'That's what they're trying to do with me,' you said."

"Do you remember your answer?"

"How can I remember what I said?"

"Well, then, I do. You said: 'Don't let them.' And if I haven't, you're more than half responsible."

As I spoke I could see his reserve—that provoking reserve which had so long deflected our lives out of their true course—breaking up, like ice before spring freshets.

"You'd have done it, anyway," he averred. "You've got a nature that would pull out of anything! And there's no ruthlessness in it, either; that's the beauty of it. How you were able to curb it, to hold it down as you did, to defer in every way to your father and mother, to give their system a fair show instead of taking the bit in your teeth, is a marvel to me! And I'm not the only one, either. You ought to hear what Mrs. Winslow thinks about it! You ought to know what she thinks of you, anyway. She thinks you're the straightest, the cleanest-minded, the safest and the most earnest girl she's ever seen. Besides that, she thinks ——"

"Oh, pooh!" I cut him short. "Mrs. Winslow never said that!"

"Some of it she did," he affirmed, the eyes that had been all steady light suddenly atwinkle. "Anyway, I didn't say she said it—I said she thought it!"

We threw back our heads and laughed.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" I challenged teasingly.

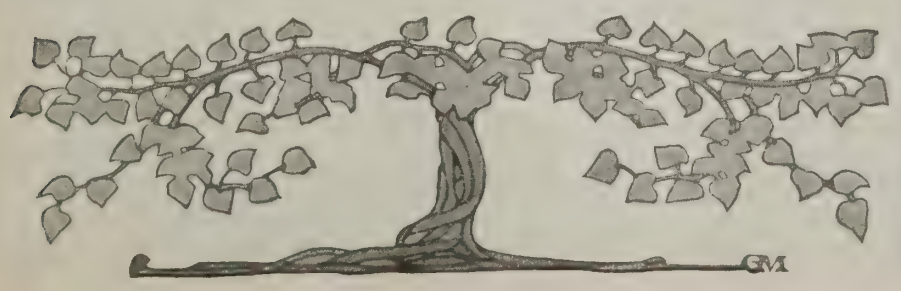
But he stopped laughing and trembled from head to foot.

"It's the money!" he blurted out with a boy's abruptness. "That's what it is, if you want to know."

"But the money's an accident!" I cried, wondering. "An incident! Why do you make it so important? We needn't use the money I'll have for ourselves. We can use it for foundations of some sort—or hospitals. We'll see," I ended contentedly, "what we'll use it for. And meantime we'll be living on yours. You'll have enough to keep me in smocks—if I paint too. Haven't you just made a stupendous success? Haven't you got orders it'll take you two years to fill?"

With one cry he sprang toward me and crushed me in his arms.

(THE END)



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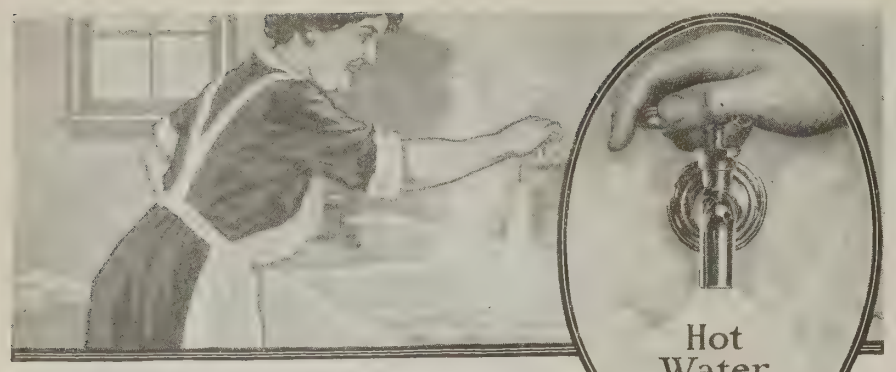

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THE SOUND OF MILLSTONES

(Continued from Page 25)

challenges an unknown man in the dark, bayonet lowered and finger on the trigger, uncertain whether the person be foe or friend; but this was wearing off. Toward Hosea himself, even though the farmer's pretentious sentences still jarred a little on him, he began to feel an affectionate tolerance. With the motherless son and daughter he was getting along well. Frank, a tall lad of twenty-four, with his father's suspicious look, couldn't understand why he came away from the city.

"Can't make it out," he would say to Harris. "Appears to me you got a better time up there—theaters, and hotels, and everything. Moment I can get a little money I'm not going to stay here. Not on your life!"

"I like this better," Harris would laugh.

He was too wise in his generation to attempt to explain things to one who couldn't understand.

"Police aren't after you?" Frank would hint sheepishly.

"Not that I know of," would be the answer.

The daughter, Mildred, a thin anæmic girl, tall as her brother, white in the face, with large blue eyes, overhigh forehead and scant hair, would smile demurely at him as he brought in the milk foaming in its pails night and morning. Between him and her there was little said.

"It must be a great change from the city," she would suggest.

"Thank God it is!" he would say fervently.

The few neighbors round seemed to regard him with tolerant suspicion; old Sam Robideau, for example, eighty years old and tough as oak, a little runt of a man with a short beard; and Captain Martin, half landsman and half sailor.

"I suppose you come down to work on a farm so's you take an examination on that Board of Agriculture?" they would try to sound him.

"I came down to be a farmer," he would tell them brusquely. But they would not believe him.

May had gone and June had come, a glowing, golden month with still a touch of cold in the air. At night now for a half hour or so he would go out to the top of the cliff behind the house and look over the Sound. A soft, velvety dusk would come up a half hour after sundown, and through it he could see distinctly the lights of the traffic on the water. A little after nine the passenger boats would go up to New England from New York—three of them, flashing with yellow light, and looking like three golden argosies off on some mystic voyage. The haze of the Bridgeport lights would reflect itself dimly in the sky, and from somewhere across the water a lighthouse revolved solemnly with a swinging saffron gleam. From beneath him would rise the little chanty of the waves on the beach, a delicate minor of sound that suggested somehow the chink of silver.

A great feeling of happiness and freedom would sweep over him, something that he did not attempt to formulate but was content to feel, something big and comforting and balmy, like the smell of pine trees; and occasionally when he felt so he would think of the days on Second Avenue, and the thought of them would sear him like a burning iron. Thank God all that was behind him, he would say, and never again to be opened! At last he was in the light of the candle and at last hearing the millstones' sound.

He would return to the house, past the little millpond where the bullfrogs croaked unceasingly through the night—a queer, unharmonious sound that he liked, broken only by the whang of some mysterious bird and the soft plud of turtles as they splashed from the bank or from logs into the water, or the rustle of a rabbit through the grass—and at times he would stretch his arms out and come near to sobbing, so great was the happiness in him and so far away was Second Avenue.

He was passing through the kitchen one night on returning from the cliff when he heard voices in the living room.

"Sure can work," Frank was agreeing with someone.

"What did I say?" Hosea asked exultantly.

"Queer how he handles that horse," the son ruminated. "It sure will do things for him it won't do for me; and Bill"—Bill was the Irish terrier, an aggressive, uncertain dog with a great barrel of a chest and a fine muzzle—"Bill has certainly taken a shine to him. Follows him round like he belonged to him. Took a bite out of my leg last time I tried to take him out."

"It appears queer to me," old Sam Robideau broke in with his high falsetto, "him being a pawnbroker, as you say, and a Jew ——"

"That'll be all," Hosea raised his voice. "None of that, Sam. None of that. A man's a man, and when I meet a man I take off my hat to him; I do, sir. That boy is as good as me and you, Sam, and I won't hear anything to the contrary. I'm broad-minded ——"

Harris didn't go in. He crept upstairs to sleep, and somewhere about his heart there was a warm glow, as of a comfortable fire, and the faint note of music, like the chiming of delicate bells.

She was not beautiful, that daughter of Hosea Tucker's, and Harris knew that. She had little mentality; his own mind was too incisive for him not to recognize it. But to him she symbolized the fresh air, the green fields, and the rocks among the trees, even as Ceres typified the growing corn and the fruitfulness of earth, for every ideal must have a human embodiment. Along Second Avenue there had been none of that freshness; there had been sophistication. It was, in the main, innocent; but it existed. And to him it came home, with the force of a climax in a play, that here was a woman who used no coloring on her cheeks but what Nature had given her; who was ignorant of the seductions of dress; who knew nothing of the uses of lip stick, or eyebrow pencil, or enamel for the skin, or paste to gloss the nails. This was woman, he thought, as God made her; not the artificial product of the beauty parlor; the helper of, not the lure to, the male.

It was only natural that alone there for months, and undergoing, as he was, this violent sea-change, surcharged with emotion and vibrant as an electric medium, he should unconsciously have sought some object to cling to. And suddenly he found himself thinking about her nearly all the day. It was refreshing to see her in the morning bustling about the spotless kitchen; to return to the house for meals, to find her waiting there for her father and brother and himself. A little mist of glamour interposed itself between his eyes and her features, until it had refined away the anæmic whiteness of her face, making it only pure; had taken the harshness from the high brow, until he saw there only lack of artifice in dressing her hair; had changed the expression of her eyes, which were as furtive and suspicious as her father's were, into one of modesty and timidity.

Her father had strong ideas about her marrying.

"I have figured it out," he said in that large way of his, "and Mildred is going to marry a man, a man from the feet up. She's not going to marry one of your city dudes. No, sir! If a millionaire came round here to-morrow I'd say to him: 'Get out of here. You're half dead. I don't want you.' I want that girl of mine to marry someone who's a man. He may be a carpenter, a farmhand, a road laborer, but he must be hard-working and a man. I've got no fool ideas."

"I think you're right there," Harris would agree.

"To be sure I'm right," the farmer would tell him.

And he thought of her in a new light after that, as a guerdon to be won for manliness and sincerity, as difficult of attainment and as desirable as the king's daughters, whose hands were for the victors in the tourneys and joustings, for the captains who saved their nations in war, for the knights who slew dragons.

She would thank him for doing little errands, jobs for her, in that low voice of hers, and give him a demure glance from underneath her brows, and he would feel a little thrill at that.

"There's simplicity for you," he would say to himself. "In New York they've lost that."

He was affected, too, when after a hard day's work she would press his supper on him.

"Go ahead and eat," she would tell him. "You've been working all day. You need it."

(Continued on Page 105)

THE TEST OF TESTS

The illustration on this page is from an actual photograph of Signor Ciccolini *actually* singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of his voice, thus adding to the already overwhelming proof that the New Edison Re-Creates the voice or instrumental performance of any and all artists with such literal fidelity, that the original cannot be distinguished from the Re-Creation. Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Anna Case, Giovanni Zenatello, Jacques Urlus, Arthur Middleton, Otto Goritz and Thomas Chalmers are among the other great artists who in a similar way have proved the infallibility of this wonderful new invention.

The NEW EDISON

"the Phonograph with a Soul"

is conceded by the music critics of more than three hundred of America's principal newspapers to be incomparably superior to all other devices for the reproduction of sound. This remarkable new musical invention brings into your home a literally true presentation of the art of the world's great musical artists. After you have heard the New Edison you could scarcely be contented with a talking machine. In your locality there is a merchant licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate this new instrument. You will not be importuned to buy.

Write us for the booklet "What the Critics Say"

Please do not ask an Edison dealer to sell you Edison Re-Creations if you intend to attempt to play them on any other instrument than the New Edison. No other instrument can bring out the true musical quality of Edison Re-Creations. Furthermore, injury to the records is likely to result if you attempt to play them on an ordinary phonograph or talking machine.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Dept. 2353, Orange, N. J.

CICCOLINI, *the Italian Tenor,* a great favorite of Milan and Paris, who has just completed a triumphant tour of America. Signor Ciccolini has already achieved a brilliant career, and seems destined to win the highest laurels in the world of opera.

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LET'S give the pipe its due. All the credit for a good smoke should not go to the tobacco. Men smoked pipes centuries before the modern tobacco tin was dreamed of. They changed their blends too, occasionally—always seeking a tobacco a trifle more suited to their taste.

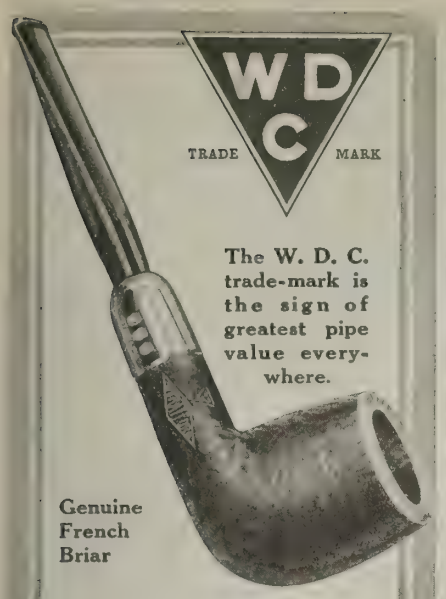
Now you may already be 99% pipe-happy. The purpose of Edgeworth is to give you the additional one per cent that makes complete pipe-smoking satisfaction.

We don't say it will. Neither do we ask you to buy Edgeworth to find out. Gladly will we send you free samples of Edgeworth Tobacco with which to conduct the experiment. We say "gladly" because frequently these samples make regular customers for Edgeworth and increase the sum total of pipe-smoking pleasure.

We say "samples" because Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco is made in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed, and we honestly don't know which you will prefer. Both forms have their enthusiastic devotees.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket size tin, 25c and 50c for larger tins, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00.

Send your name and address on a postcard (include the name of your tobacco dealer, if you have one, please) and we will immediately mail you generous samples of Edgeworth. It is sold in practically all tobacco stores. Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia.



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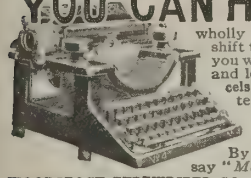

wholly visible (42 key) single shift typewriter, for your own, if you will show it to your friends and let them see wherein it excels other $100 typewriters, and tell them of our most liberal offer ever made on a strictly modern typewriter, and a Woodstock at that. By post card or letter simply say "*Mail Particulars.*"

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 411, CHICAGO, ILL.

Purity Cross Welsh Rarebit

Just heat—then serve on toast or crackers—P-E-R-F-E-C-T-!

Only 20c and 35c AT ALL FINE GROCERS

Or send $1.15 or $2 for ½ doz., delivery paid if you mention grocer. Purity Cross, Inc., Model Kitchen, Route 3 D, Orange, N. J.

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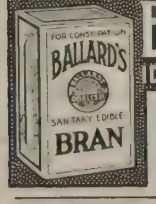

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Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 102)

That was perfectly good farm economics, but he read into it a certain personal tenderness for himself that struck harmony in him, like a delicate touch on harpstrings.

Occasionally, as they grew to know each other better, she would ask him about New York. She had never been there. Hosea Tucker—although twice or oftener in the year he made a visit to New York and investigated Broadway completely and with elaborate detail—would never allow his son or daughter to go up. New York was no place for a young man or woman. That was one of the things he had figured out. But in her there burned a fierce and consuming desire to know the city she read of in the papers—its lights and gayety, its skillfully dressed men and beautiful women, its theaters and its cabarets. She would have thrown away her comfort at home to go to New York and work there endlessly at the most menial occupation, simply to be there and of it. But she had not the courage to gainsay her father and assert herself.

"Tell me something of New York," she would ask with careful distraction. There was that in her, and from her father she got it, which urged her to conceal her feelings, when concealment was unnecessary; a quality of vanity which believed that the world was meddling with her affairs; the inherent strain of deceit.

"You should see Fifth Avenue on Saturday afternoon," he would begin, and then he would tell her of the crowd that swarmed like an army with banners. He would tell her of Second Avenue at night, with its line of hawkers' carts illumined by sputtering naphtha torches, and strange commodities being offered for sale in strange, discordant tongues. Eloquently he would tell her of Broadway, noisy and a-glitter; of the brooding river beside the Drive; of the hooting traffic in the harbor; of the great bridges of stone and steel. He liked telling her of these things, to amuse her and to pass her time, as one might tell a child a fairy story, like the story of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, or of Aladdin and the Potent Lamp, or of the Caliph and the Kalendars of Bagdad.

"Is that so?" she would comment blankly, biting short her sewing thread. That was all.

"She doesn't care for it," he told himself exultantly. "She's content where she is. Thank God, there's one woman who doesn't want excitement and cabarets!"

A certain intimacy was growing up between them, an intimacy of gayety and banter. Once or twice their hands met over the milking pails; once they clasped while he was driving her into Port in the buggy. Each time she blushed, but said nothing.

"Why aren't you married?" he questioned her jokingly.

"Nobody asked me," she smiled at him.

"Supposing I were to?" he smiled back.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, and she laughed gayly. A sudden resolution took him, but he checked it.

From then on, for a few days only, he ceased to joke with her. The thought of marriage appalled him. For that one of the prejudices of his race, high as a walled city and impregnable as a tower of brass, still clung to him in a thin but unbroken thread. If he married this girl of an alien people, he would cut himself loose from his own. His father would call down the lightnings of Sinai to strike him. His mother would hardly dare think of him. To the whole of his family his name would be silent, like the name of one ignobly dead. He must live alone and die alone.

"But is it right?" he asked himself quickly. "Is it right?"

He couldn't decide about that, but of this one thing he was sure—that for himself, at least, it was only proper to drop the ancient prejudice. He had come out here as a man, to do a man's work, and to adopt the customs of the folk with whom he was. If this girl were of his own race, would there be any obstacle? There would be none. Well, then, let the obstacle not exist! It had been, he felt, that offensive defense of his people against the outer races which had narrowed them into the back streets of Europe; that clinging to provincial habit and ethics which had singled them out and drawn attention through the ages. He might be wrong, he granted, but so it appeared to him.

He met her at the gateway of the orchard and spoke to her as she was coming through.

"About that question," he said: "I'm going to ask it of you."

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Royal Typewriters—
the finest—*used by* "The Finest"

NEW YORK'S police force, a corps of 10,000 men, admittedly the finest in the world, is noted for the high standard of efficiency which prevails in its organization.

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FRANKLIN'S DOUBLE SPECTACLES

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KRYPTOK GLASSES

For Near and Far Vision

If you have to remove—or awkwardly peer over—your reading glasses every time you look at distant objects;

If you fuss with two pairs;

Or if you wear the old style bifocals with the conspicuous seam or hump—

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The upper part of KRYPTOKS *(pronounced Crip-tocks)* gives the necessary correction for far vision and the lower part for near vision. You can adjust your vision instantly from printed page to distant view.

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The surfaces of KRYPTOKS are clear, smooth and even. They are entirely free from the unsightly, age-revealing seam or hump of old fashioned bifocals.

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Our booklet, "Eyesight Efficiency," contains important information for everyone who needs glasses for near and far vision. When writing, please give (if possible) name of your oculist, optometrist or optician.

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Bran Means

A Better Day

Try this regime, for health's sake, for one week.

A dish of Pettijohn's—a delicious dish—each morning.

It will bring you bran in its most efficient form.

It will point the way to a perfect day.

It will win you to this natural laxative.

It will introduce a dish so luscious that you'll never wish to miss it.

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Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran.

Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent fine patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

Both sold in packages only.

(1522)

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

"What question?" she asked furtively. He did not notice the furtiveness. He thought it only modesty.

"I am going to ask you to marry me, Mildred," he told her with simple directness.

"You must ask father," she said nervously, and ran into the house.

Hosea was not home yet. He had been to the county fair at Riverhead, with Frank and old Sam Robideau, and might return at any minute. September had come in now, with a touch of cold in the air, and over the ridge of the hills westward the harvest moon was rising like a great gold coin. It seemed to flood the country with a golden light that was like a liquid, and cut the porch of the house into a sharp chiaroscuro of object and shadow. In the woods about the house the katydids were chattering incoherently, a presage of frost. Here and there in the darkest corners could be seen the faint red glow of fireflies, like the sparkle of minute rubies.

Harris moved unconsciously toward the shore of the Sound, passing the little pool from which a misty haze was rising, like some misty emanation from a sacred well. The high elm trees threw shadows before him that seemed like great logs thrown in his way. He came to the brink of the cliff and stopped.

Before him the Sound lay, a great stretch of glasslike water, calm and cold beneath the moon. Beneath him he could hear the lick and swish of the incoming tide and the faint grinding of pebbles.

So the die was cast, he said to himself. There was no going back now—not that he wished to. He was to marry this girl, this wholesome country maiden, fresh as the springtime itself; and there close to the land he would live with her to the end of his days, well-ordered, healthy, happy. Forever the grinding chaos of Second Avenue was put away. Here he would take a wife and live.

"'The voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride'"— he quoted to himself softly—"'the sound of the millstones, and the light of the candle.'"

He looked round at the swelling hills behind him, silvered by the moon, at the tall trees and the fruitful fields. He at last had found Zion.

"Zion!" he murmured to himself, awed by the great name.

And then suddenly the idea exploded within his brain that here was not only his Zion, but the Zion of his people. Not in Africa, not in the Mesopotamian valleys, but here in America, by the land and sea. Not in the gullies of the East Side nor in the sweatshops of Williamsburg, but right here by the kindly earth. Here were fields as fruitful as the olive gardens of Bethlehem; trees as mighty as ever grew by Lebanon hill; fishponds as well stocked as any of Heshbon; grazing land as bounteous as any by Kerith stream. Here might they till their fields and tend their kine. Here might they grow in grace and favor, loving and well beloved.

"Zion!" he shouted aloud in ecstasy. "Zion!"

He would go forth to his people, he said, go forth and preach to them. He would go down into Second Avenue and lead them out. He would take them from the sweatshops and the peddlers' carts. No longer should they dream of a torrid home in Africa or dicker for an Asian valley. No longer should the terrible litany be recited at the Temple's wall. They would come here in peace and good will, leaving aside their ancient prejudices and intensive cult, and mingling with the dwellers in the new land.

"Zion!" his voice rang over water and wood like the trumpet of Jericho. "Zion!"

And she would be with him in his work—she, the white and ruddy one! A great flood of tenderness and love and adoration swept over him. Fair as the moon she was, clear as the sun. As a bundle of myrrh she was to him. Behold, she was fair, his beloved; she was fair; she had dove's eyes. . . .

As he passed through the kitchen he could hear and distinguish the voices in the living room—the booming and inflated tones of the farmer, the shallow baritone of his son, and the mellow, salty voice of old Robideau. The farmer was speaking:

"I'll allow I was wrong in that first trotting contest. I'll allow I was wrong. When I'm wrong I give in. I'm not stubborn or bigoted. Yes, sir, that horse was a surprise to me ——"

Harris strode into the room.

"Well, Ben boy?" Tucker greeted him. "What's on your mind?"

In the center of the room on the table the big green-shaded lamp threw a circle of yellow light and faintly illumined the remainder of the room outside it. The heavy old furniture loomed up in bulky shadows here and there. The sea-beached logs in the great fireplace flared up with sudden spurts of yellow and green and purple. Beside the fire old Robideau sat, leaning on his oak stick with his gnarled brown hands. The farmer sat by the table, with Frank across the way from him. In the shadows Mildred was knitting. She looked up, a little startled when he came in.

"Mr. Tucker," he said boldly, "I want to marry your daughter Mildred."

"Eh?" The farmer looked at him in a puzzled way, as if he had not heard aright.

"I want to marry Mildred."

"You want to marry Mildred!" Tucker repeated with his mouth agape.

"Yes," Harris nodded. "I do."

The farmer got up slowly and looked at him. Suddenly the gaping look passed from his face. The mouth closed and the corners drew back. The eyes narrowed and the false geniality went from them, and an expression came into them like the expression of an untrustworthy dog.

"You want to marry Mildred!" he repeated. "Well, of all the damned impertinence!"

He turned to the old man at the fire and laughed raucously.

"I knew it would come to this," he said. "I knew it! I pick this thing out of the gutter. I take it down here. I give it a home. And now it wants to marry Mildred!"

"You did none of these things," Harris snapped back at him; "and why shouldn't I marry Mildred?"

Tucker's face became purple with passion. His eyes protruded and he beat furiously on the table with his hands.

"Why shouldn't you marry my girl? Is that what you ask?" he thundered. "Do you know who you are and what you are? And you want to marry my daughter? Go back to your own kind, you scut! You and your fleabitten, dirty, cheating tribe come over here and eat the country up. Keep to your filthy pawnshop—that's the place for you."

He paused for a moment, out of breath. His son had risen and stood beside him threateningly. In the shadows the girl still rested immobile. The old man by the fire laughed with a horrible, wheezing cynicism.

"Do you know anything about this?" Tucker asked of his daughter fiercely. "Did he say anything to you?"

"No," she answered frightenedly. "He said nothing."

"Get out of here!" the farmer shouted at him. "Get out of here before I kick you out! I've a mind to get the horsewhip for you. Get out!"

"Go back to your pawnshop," the son snarled at him, and again the old man laughed.

He stood for an instant looking at the four of them with a glance so fierce that it stopped the words in their mouths like a drawn sword, and then turning on his heel slowly, dignifiedly, carelessly, he went through the door out.

A minute it might be he stood in the moonlight, dazed, before starting on the road to the station. The high voices inside still rose passionately. Once more the old man laughed in his grating, grinding way, and it seemed to Harris as he listened to that cynical cacophony that somewhere was the sound of millstones revolving, and that he was only a grain of corn being crushed to powder beneath their ponderous, unrelenting motion.

III

OLD Aaron Harris cannot understand why his son should so suddenly have become reconciled to business. Above all, he cannot understand how Ben, who used to be so lax about the proper valuation of pledges, about the lapsing of tickets, about the four per cent per month interest, should turn so fiercely shrewd in driving bargains and so savagely implacable in his demand for the fulfillment of the bond. No, he can find no explanation for that.

But the folk of the vicinity, the Little Russians, Esthonians, Courlanders and Finns—that whitish-haired, heavily built, stolid people with dumb eyes, who bring in their clothes, their tools, their jewelry to pawn—they have an explanation. "It is the Jew breaking out in him," they say, and their features become distorted with futile rage. "If he were only in Russia now," they snarl—"the Black Hundred. . . ."

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The Hygienic Garter

The Ivory Garter has no pads. Neither will it bind your legs; hence it is the best garter for those suffering from varicose veins. And there is no metal to rust. The Ivory Garter is the modern, hygienic, sanitary garter. Buy it at your haberdasher's.

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Dealers: Order from your jobber or direct. Write for catalog which includes garters for women.

Men's Side Garter

For those who do not like a garter around the leg.

Prices 50 cts. and 25 cts.

Ivory Garter Co., Sole Mfrs.
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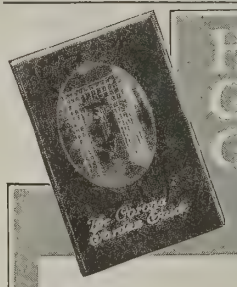

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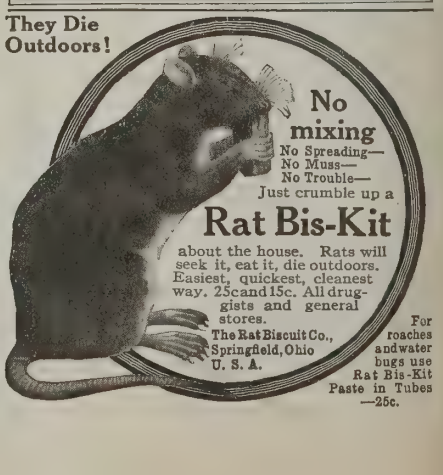

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No Muss—
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Just crumble up a

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For roaches and water bugs use Rat Bis-Kit Paste in Tubes —25c.

"That's From the New York Office"

Even the office boy knows the branch office mail at a glance when a special color of paper is used.

A printer gave this firm the idea, and the printer got it from our portfolio, "The Signal System."

This portfolio shows how, by availing yourself of the 12 colors and white in which Hammermill Bond is made, every form or inter-office communication identifies itself before it is read.

When the color of a form tells you its general character you can plunge right into the message it carries. Your mental attitude is automatically adjusted to the contents of the message. You can concentrate on the message itself immediately.

The reasons for using Hammermill Bond are plain. In the first place, your printer knows the paper and can get it. Its quality is standard. Shopping around for a better bargain is simply wasting time.

The three finishes—Bond, Ripple and Linen—the 12 colors and white, give a wide assortment from which to choose. Hammermill Bond is a strong, durable paper with a fine finish.

Our portfolio, "The Signal System," will be sent you on request. It contains a variety of sample forms showing how the System may be applied. In addition, we have made up a number of specialized portfolios applying to different classes of business, and will send you the portfolio that specializes on your business if you ask for it.

Your printer probably has a complete set of Hammermill Portfolios. If he has not, we want him to have them.

The specimen forms they contain include some that may be a great convenience to you, and which he can supply at little cost.

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Prince Albert's quality gives joy that makes smokers glad they're on the job!

Flashes such flavor and fragrance into your smoke-system so quick and so friendly-*like;* tips you to bang away so heartily that you feel you must hire-a-hall and sing-a-song that'll be heard from Boston-to-Bombay!

We have always preferred to give *quality!* And, me-o-my, how smokers have come across and backed our judgment! Every P. A.-pal has wised up to his personal smoke-satisfaction that the speedier he opens up his smoke-throttle the better he likes Prince Albert! For, its *quality*-flavor and *quality*-fragrance are right there—and P. A. won't bite or won't parch, no matter how fast you push it! That's because our exclusive patented process *cuts out bite and parch!*

Might just as well prove this say-so *now:*—Every puff of Prince Albert has a quality tag tacked to it! Each fire-up goes you one better than the last! P. A. tunes your smokeappetite so cheery you hit a new excuse to fill 'er up again every little once and a while! *Quality puts such go-to-itness into*

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Prince Albert has brought thousands of men to know the happiness of the smoke-pastime! *It will win you* on its downright goodness, due to its quality, if you'll stand-by-for-a-spell and take at 100 per cent what we tell you about P. A., or what smokers all over the civilized world will tell you!

Costs you mighty little to prove our confidence in what Prince Albert certainly can do for your smoke-content. For, the toppy red bag costs but 5c; the tidy red tin, a dime. Or, take a fall out of the handsome pound or half-pound tin humidors—*or*—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

You buy Prince Albert *everywhere*—like you find men in all walks of life smoking it—*everywhere!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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by R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.

FIRST AID TO AMERICA

(Continued from Page 7)

"The French system seems to me the better—at least, for us. It would better suit our way of doing things. Then there are special reasons. The British plan gives the manufacturer no incentive except patriotism, which may or may not be strong enough in him to make him increase output. The French plan does; and since France insists that employees on this work shall not be underpaid or overworked, it has not been any less just to the workmen, so far as I can learn, than the British. The proof of its efficiency is that the French, with only one-third as much shop capacity as the British, were for a long time making more munitions and equipment. Further, in many factories, converted from commercial to military use, not more than two-thirds of the plant, say, serves for making munitions. The remaining third must be idle or partially so under the British 'controlled establishment' plan. Under the French plan the manufacturer—unless he be short of labor—can keep that remaining third running just as well as ever. This helps to maintain the normal industries of the country, a thing very desirable in war.

"The German system resembles the French. They had a great initial advantage in their Krupp Works and other munitions factories—the best and most extensive, before the war, in Europe. These are the assembling factories under the German system. The great munitions makers let out subcontracts, under government supervision, to factories, foundries and shops. Russia was not much of a manufacturing nation before the war. She has been forced to build large munitions factories.

"Now I've worked round to the answer to your question. The Constitution makes the President commander in chief of the army and navy in time of war. If we adopt the French system, or something like it, a Federal statute would have to be passed giving him power to commandeer factories, or at least to make them yield precedence to government work in time of war. Such a statute might be constitutional or it might not. That is according to whether the command of the army and navy is stretched to include authority over supplies for the army and navy. Though armed with such a statute, the President, or a department under him, need not necessarily command. The manufacturers, judging by the experience of Europe, will probably have enough patriotism to go to work gladly. The law would be merely a club to hold over those unpatriotic enough to refuse or to object to the government terms. If we fully adopt the French system, with its adjustment of prices, we can prevent individuals from bringing reproach on us by making huge fortunes out of a national peril."

The Shops Behind the Army

"Under such a law the Department of Munitions should form committees, as the British have done, from the best available technical experts in each main line. Their job would be to treat with the manufacturers, to inform and educate them, to keep them up to the scratch. Enough detail work will be needed! The number of articles needed to equip a modern army is bewildering—not only cannon, rifles, grenades and bombs, but uniforms, caps, boots, belts, aëroplanes and aëroplane parts, motor trucks, gun carriages and caissons, field kitchens, field bakeries, pontoons, 'grub cans,' canteens, duplicate maps, wire, field telephone apparatus, surgical appliances, wireless installation—a thousand things.

"If we follow the French plan our arsenals, prepared for rapid expansion, should be the main assembling depots, with subsidiary depots in various centers. And here is another preliminary job. Most parts of munitions can be made with the machines and machine tools at present in commercial use; but certain munitions parts require machinery and tools never used for any other purpose. I think at this moment of rifles. Woodworking shops can turn out the stocks. Probably factories now making commercial goods can fashion, with a little adjustment, every separate part of the lock and magazine. But special machinery is necessary to bore a rifle barrel. Owing to our manufacture of munitions for use abroad, we have more of this machinery than in 1914. But we have not enough. Moreover, there are certain parts of certain munitions that have never been made in this country. A necessary part of the preliminary work would be to install as much of this special machinery as possible in our arsenals.

"When you think it all over you are bewildered by the detail. Has anyone in this country thought much about the question of repairs? Equipment is forever being damaged, especially in action. Some parts wear out before other parts, which can be saved and used in a new article. Broken and worn-out equipment is all the time going back from the Western battle Front to the great repair shops the French, the Germans and the British have set up behind the lines. Probably they keep three or four rifles going for every man at the front. One rifle comes back with its bore worn out through firing, but with a perfectly good stock. One comes back with its bore in good shape, but with the stock splintered by a bullet. Secondhand rifles are reassembled and tested at these depots and returned as good as new. And the rifle is one of the smallest and simplest things used in modern warfare."

"All that," I said, "presupposes that we must create an army and use it. But what about the present situation?"

The Present Situation

"It is the present situation, in a way," he said. "The first year after this war may be our period of greatest national danger. The European nations will emerge into peace almost bankrupt, loaded down with taxes, overrun with men displaced, in mind for any abnormal occupation, ready for any national adventure that will help them to recoup. Also, they will have veteran armies, fully equipped.

"There is Mexico. It holds heavy investments, at present unproductive. If we don't enter this war in some fashion no sentiment will keep any European nation from enforcing what it believes to be its rights in Mexico, or demanding that we enforce them. There is South America. Germany had her eye on that region before the war. Universal disarmament should be our goal. But we shall carry little weight in a demand for disarmament if we are in the position of asking it because we cannot defend ourselves. We shall need an army at the close of this war much more than we need one now."

"But the present situation ——" I insisted.

"All that is according to what we propose to do. If you ask my opinion on the future, it is unlikely, in case of war, that we shall make a political alliance with the Entente Allies. After all, our objects are different. We shall, no doubt, have to resist pressure from them toward a larger participation in this struggle. It is more likely, judging from the temper of Congress and the country, that we shall simply go in to protect the rights we have laid down in the President's notes. That will mean helping to police the seas and convoy ships, which will call for as large a mosquito fleet as we can get together—fast, armed motor boats, and fast, modern destroyers, rather than heavy ships or submarines. Fortunately we have been building many of these fast boats.

"If we wish to work still more closely with the Allies I should advocate this: The French Army, which is the most expert in Europe, has probably passed its zenith in man power. We might assist and encourage the enlistment of Americans in a special corps to be trained in France, by French officers, and drafted into the French fighting corps as soon as it was available.

"It would take at least a year—probably longer—to raise, to train under modern methods, and to equip an army for service abroad. Very likely the war will not last so long as that. Moreover, when the time came to transport it, the Allies would have great difficulty in finding the ships, in view of the present crisis on the seas. But a force of this kind could be sent across gradually, as it was recruited. Within four or five months after these men arrived, the expert French officers, with intensive modern methods of training, could have these men ready to be scattered among more experienced troops at the Front.

"I advocate France not only because she needs the men but because most Americans sympathize with her more than with any other European nation, and because Americans usually get along well with the French.

ACORN RANGES

Dinner bells are joy bells!

—when a first-class cook has a first-class range!

Biscuits with creamy sides and crisp tops lightly browned!

An inexpensive cut of meat made into a dainty dish that tastes good and looks good and makes you ask, "Why can't we have this oftener?"

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Just one other vegetable, your favorite, cooked your special way.

A simple dessert that will just barely touch the small spot still left after second helpings.

Coffee—a second cup, please!

A simple menu: biscuits, meat, vegetables, dessert, coffee—a simple menu, *but what a dinner!*

And opposite you sits the little lady that did it all, with the cheery smile that betokens pleasure in skill interestingly displayed.

One way to *get* a first-class cook is to get a first-class range.

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—*Macbeth.*

The chief purpose of a kitchen: A Good Place for a Good Range.
—*Acorn.*

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Gas, Coal, Combination and Electric

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The Acorn Baby Grand—gleaming with white, nickel and glass on black—graceful in form and compact—two baking ovens, one broiler oven, warming oven, six top burners. "What a perfectly *beautiful* range!" you'll exclaim.

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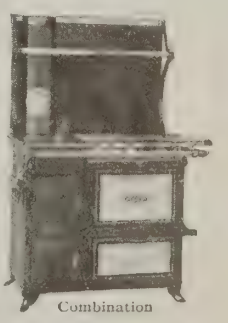

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AIR RIFLES

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Your boy should have this training—with the best and safest gun made for boys, the Daisy Air Rifle. Millions of American men learned their first lessons in concentration, self-control and love of manly, out-door sport from the Daisy. For over 27 years it has been recognized as the favorite rifle of the American boy, and today, in its latest models, keeps pace with the highest art and science of modern rifle design.

The Daisy Pump Gun, in the hands of the upper boy in the picture, is a 50-shot repeater, with the same modern pump action found in the highest type of modern sporting rifle.

The Military Daisy, also a 50-shot repeater, follows the latest military lines, with carrying strap and removable bayonet.

Both guns are finished in blued steel, with turned walnut stock, and sell at all dealers for $3.50

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DAISY LIQUID PISTOL
The fun-making sensation of the year. Shoots water 25 feet; looks like real automatic.
Single Shot 25c 5-Shot Repeater 50c

There is something in common institutions after all. Again, this force, trained by the 'headiest' fighters in the world, would be very valuable in case of trouble after this war. It wouldn't be a bad thing, either"—here Jones smiled—"to have, as nucleus for a new American Army, a body of men accustomed to a democratic system of discipline, which suits the army of a republic—as the present system does not.

"However, that's impinging on military affairs. Our most valuable help to the Allies—everybody is saying that, and I agree—would be financial and industrial support. Let's look into the financial question. We have profited enormously by this war—profited to a degree that is dangerous in view of the envy it will create. The profit on exports for war purposes is large: for every dollar's worth of goods we ship to Europe we have been adding fifty cents to the national wealth.

"We can pledge some of that, if not all of it, to the Entente Allies by what I may call 'banking encouragement.'

"For example, if the Federal Reserve Board, instead of discouraging loans to those nations, as it does now, would rediscount British and French treasury bills up to some proportion of the capital of the member banks, it would open up an immense avenue for easy Allied finance. The money so raised would be used for the purchase of munitions and supplies here. Even if we eventually lost from a third to a half of this money—which is unlikely—we should not lose a dollar from our national wealth, because of that profit on shipments to Europe."

The Parasitic Woman

"Next, in the way of financial and economic coöperation, comes the service we could render in solving the shipping problem. It is little enough, perhaps; but, besides crowding all force on to ship building, we could help in other ways to provide transportation space. Neutral shipping might have to be coerced, which may be arbitrary; but it is war. At present the British have the only available supplies of coal on their side of the water. They have been refusing to coal ships of neutral companies that would not agree to give a certain proportion of their tonnage to supplies for the Allies. However, many ships have taken to coaling for the round trip in American ports—we have the only supply on this side of the Atlantic. With our coöperation this rule could be made absolute.

"The food blockade on Germany has its leaks; and the policy, if debatable, has gone too far to be dropped now. We could do much toward stopping the leaks. Supplies of food are still going into Germany from the native products of adjacent neutral countries, to be indirectly replaced with supplies from the United States. Were we in coöperation, we could export food to such countries only upon an agreement with them not to send equivalent native supplies into Germany.

"If the link with the Allies is made tighter, if the war should come to the point where it began to pinch our resources, some national scheme of curbing the extravagance that has been running riot in the past few years would become immediately necessary.

"You know, I regard war, on the whole, as an evil thing. I cannot go any distance with the militarists. It is tolerable only in those pinches when it must be a choice between war and some greater evil. But it has its partial compensations; and the fallacy of the militarists lies in making the evil seem less than its compensations. Chief of these, perhaps, is the spirit of nobility and self-sacrifice it brings in the civilian population; and second, the development of new and tried leaders among the people. If we are to have war, with its hatreds, its disturbances, its check to all good causes—perhaps with its spilling of our strongest blood—we should at least have the compensations. So far as we can, we should check extravagance in living, dress, travel and amusement, and set the people to saving. It will be good not only for the conduct of the war but for our souls.

"To begin with, there is our useless and extravagant eating and drinking in public places. I have heard it estimated that in New York two hundred thousand dollars a night is spent in restaurant suppers alone. I can easily believe it. At the lowest estimate we must spend a million dollars a day in useless eating—just 'going out to dinner' at public places. It is probably nearer five million dollars. Almost all that money, from the point of view of nourishing the human frame, is wasted. And five million dollars a day would carry on a good-sized war.

"We can't pass sumptuary laws under our Constitution, I suppose. They aren't exactly necessary. But much can be done by national propaganda to limit extravagance in eating, in dress and display. The British tried that. With their energies taxed in every direction, they hadn't time to give the matter much attention or energy. The propaganda went no farther than influencing the newspapers, putting out a poster or so, and encouraging discussion. Even at that, it accomplished a great deal.

"We could give much more energy to this matter by a central bureau in Washington, with subcommittees all over the United States. That is one place where we could use our women to great advantage. We are good advertisers. A few phrases, too, would help turn the trick—the world lives by phrases, and we most of all perhaps. 'The Parasitic Woman'—that turn of expression alone has done a lot, I suppose, to make women of the well-to-do class turn to something useful. We need some phrase that puts the stamp of shame on wasteful eating, dressing and display of jewelry.

"Though we could not bring the law to bear on this, but only educate and direct public opinion, we could restrict extravagance in another way—by banning certain imports, such as wines, spirits and jewels. We admitted forty-four million dollars' worth of diamonds and other precious stones into the United States last year—a useless luxury. Those imports could be stopped. So we might stop the importation of fresh fruit from Europe. Though not exactly a useless luxury, this imported fruit is not necessary to national well-being in view of the fact that we raise enough oranges, lemons, grapes, apples, peaches, prunes, pineapples, and the like, to keep our public in good health.

"Fruit is a bulky commodity. It occupies entirely too much valuable cargo space. In the restriction of imports we might take one thing into account—the industrial state of some of the people we should be trying to help. The French keep things running as best they can, and they manufacture many luxuries. The diamonds come mostly from South Africa; and, though that is a British possession, very little of the money they bring in gets to the central finances of the empire. A special commission might be necessary to adjust these questions.

"This leads up to the food question—interlocks with it, as a matter of fact. Before the year is past, we may have to face some kind of restriction and regulation of food consumption, especially if we have even a nominal declaration of war and ally ourselves, even loosely, with the Entente. The world is short on food, which is the main cause for increased prices here."

Hearty Eaters

"Leaving out Germany and Austria, whose problem is their own and does not affect that of the outside world, the crops in the Western Entente nations have been low rather than high; for lack of fertilizer and labor the Russian supply is cut off; there was a bad harvest last year in North America, and some of the world's grain supply has gone to the bottom in torpedoed ships. Troops at the Front need much greater quantities of animal food than the same men consumed in peacetime. This has lowered the supply of meat, because the world has broken into its breeding stock.

"We may have to do our part in conserving the world's supply. We eat a great deal more than we need. Food experts do their reckoning in terms of assimilable calories. The average person in the United States consumes four thousand calories a day. In rationing the German people some of the specialists reckon that an average ration of nineteen hundred calories a day will keep the population in health. Allowing liberally for our habit of ample fare, and for the robust physique of the American people, we could get along very well on twenty-four hundred calories. Our possible saving, then, is forty per cent. We can't reach that point short of such an emergency as Germany is facing now. That, perhaps, goes without saying.

"As a general rule, control of affairs in war demands intense centralization. There are exceptions, however; in some departments decentralization works better. This

(Continued on Page 113)

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

Prophecy and Fulfillment

Four years ago the advertisement at the right announced fulfillment of a Timken-Detroit axle-building policy. But it didn't stop there—it anticipated a greater fulfillment that has since been realized in the commercial car axle of today.

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That principle is responsible for Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Axles today as it was for their sturdy chain-drive predecessors of 1913.

The 1913 axle was the fulfillment of a Timken-Detroit ideal for which we have been working in co-operation with far-sighted truck builders since the beginning of the industry.

Briefly, that ideal was to build axles strong enough and serviceable enough—*even though they cost the truck builder more money*—to have them stand up to the severe emergency conditions of commercial haulage.

We knew that trucks would be overloaded—that drivers would take the shortest road, no matter how rough—that "empties" would come back at a speed far beyond the builder's intentions.

In 1913 the battle had been won, the necessity of special engineering requirements for commercial car axles was accepted by the industry.

But even then Timken-Detroit engineers were working on something still better, on axles that would, with equal strength, have greater simplicity, fewer parts to get out of order, more efficient, noiseless operation.

Again there were skeptics to be convinced and manufacturing problems to be overcome, but the principle would not be denied, because it meant dollars in the truck owner's pocket.

That battle, too, has been won, and *worm-drive has come into its own.*

According to a competent authority, 61% or more of all motor trucks built in 1917 will be equipped with worm-drive.

But no man can say the limit of perfection has been reached, and some day we may again remind you of Timken-Detroit prophecy and fulfillment.

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Men in all trades are spending every working hour in them. Motorists carry suits in their cars to slip on when emergency demands. As an outing or vacation garment for men and children (yes, and women too) the advantages are enumerable.

HONESTLY and sturdily made to the last stitch, with reinforced strain points, triple-sewed seams, riveted buttons, and highest quality material, **Lee Union-Alls** reduce the high cost of living because they save clothing and laundry bills; besides, they give far more satisfaction than old-fashioned two-piece overalls. **Lee Union-Alls** are made of khaki, heavy blue denim, express stripe, pin check or white twill.

Lee Union-Alls are at first class dealers' everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you send your order direct to any of our factories enclosing money order and stating size and material desired. Sent prepaid to any address in the United States.

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BOYS', 7 to 11 years, .	1.75
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Lee Union-Alls For Children are made "just like Dad's," a complete suit that looks and fits fine and pays its cost many times in the saving of clothing, laundry bills, stockings, etc. Every kiddie wants one—a regular man's suit with six splendid big pockets.

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THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY,

Factories and Branches At: Kansas City, Mo., Kansas City, Kans., Salina, Kans., Waterbury, Conn., South Bend, Ind.

(Continued from Page 110)

seems to be the case with food control. The German system has been a failure. It was run from the central government. Agents were sent to every corner of the empire with hard-and-fast rules. They knew nothing of local character, conditions, tastes and prejudices. They caused friction, resentment, hoarding of food, sullen evasion of the rules. The plan of the Relief Commission has worked better. Though there is central control and supervision, the distribution for each town is in the hands of a local committee, which knows the people and understands their ways. It takes a big staff, though."

I was able to put in my oar at this point, since I have been interested in the Commission for Relief in Belgium from the beginning:

"Fifty-five thousand Belgians, among the ablest people of the kingdom, are volunteers in this work. There are nearly fifty thousand paid employees—like warehousemen and cooks in the public ration stations—or a staff of at least a hundred thousand people. Belgium now has seven million five hundred thousand people within her borders. At that rate, we should need a staff of about one million four hundred thousand!

"Of course that's impossible," I added; "but the condition is impossible too."

If Distilleries Were Closed

"Of course," responded Jones; "but the Belgian experience merely illustrates the value of decentralization in these personal aspects of a nation at war. We could do some of this work, just as we could reduce personal extravagance, by a propaganda organization, the work being done by local committees; in fact, the two campaigns would interlock.

"Here, again, there could be some indirect measures; and more important ones than the limitation of imports too. If I were dictator in this war I should stop all brewing and distilling for beverage purposes, at once. They consume enormous quantities of the grain that Europe needs so badly. The product adds little or nothing to human nutrition—at best, it is a luxury; and the by-product is merely cattle feed—and that can be found in other ways. The effect on national efficiency I need not describe. . . .

"We can't do that directly by Federal statute, I suppose. We could, however, approach it by means of a prohibitive excise tax. If brewing and distilling were stopped we should lose much revenue. We could make that up in other ways. The important thing is to conserve the food supply.

"There is the question of flour milling. Owing to our habits of eating we waste a lot in that industry which Europe utilizes nowadays. We mill up to seventy per cent ——"

"I wish you'd explain that," I interrupted.

"Wheat contains about eighty-two per cent of recoverable human nutriment. If you mill out seventy per cent twelve per cent goes to fodder. However, the less you mill out the better the flour suits our taste. The standard milling in England, since the conservation measures were put into effect, is seventy-six per cent, and the German and Belgian standard runs a little over eighty per cent. Understand, this seventy-six to eighty per cent flour has just as much food value to the pound as our seventy per cent flour. It is solely a matter of taste.

"The German and Belgian standard, besides its economy, has another advantage. On the English standard you can still make what food experts call 'bread de luxe'—such things as Vienna rolls, pleasing to the palate, and, therefore, an encouragement to overeating. On the German and Belgian standard you cannot.

"The by-product of our flour mills goes for cattle feed. Of course, if we begin high-grade milling, if we stop brewing, we shall have to find other ways of feeding cattle in order to keep up the meat supply. There are other ways—for example, utilization of pasturage, so commonly wasted in this wasteful country, and of our surplus corn.

"Since the wheat supply is limited, the European peoples have been mixing other cereals with their wheat flour—what we call 'war bread.' By saving ten per cent in milling and adding fifteen per cent of other cereals, we could save twenty-five per cent of the wheat. Indian corn, which we produce in abundance, makes one of the best mixtures ——"

I added my testimony at this point. In Italy, last year, I ate war bread, made of high-grade milled wheat and corn, for six weeks, and liked it exactly as well as the pure white bread I had been eating in France.

"That is my experience," said Jones. "Rye doesn't make a very good mixture. However, we don't produce much rye in the United States, though we should have a good deal of barley available if we stopped or limited brewing. But corn would be our national mixture. The famous potato flour of the Germans—wheat ground with dried potatoes—has not turned out well. It has a low nutritive value and is nasty stuff. As I have said, it is positive economy not to make war bread too palatable; but one can go to the other extreme. If it is really repulsive it loses some of its nutritive quality, because it doesn't get assimilated. That war bread incidentally has been one cause of German hatred for England. When the average German sits down to a breakfast of this stuff he remembers that it is the British blockade which has forced it upon him, which keeps the fires of hate alight.

"All the European food directors have found that it does not pay to raise the percentage of milling too abruptly. Both millers and bakers have to be educated. The bakery methods that would work with first-quality flour won't go at all for a high-percentage flour mixed with some other cereal. An abrupt lifting of the standard would cause waste by both bakers and housewives in the item of spoiled bread. A campaign of education must go along with any measures we might take.

"Here, again, we run against the Constitution. I doubt that we could accomplish this nationally—and it must be done nationally if at all—by direct Federal measures. But we can approach it, as we can approach the suppression of brewing and distilling, by the excise tax—put a prohibitive tax on the fancy grades of flour, and gradually raise the percentages until, if necessary, we have taxed out of existence all flour not milled on a high percentage and mixed with some other cereal.

"As for meat—that is just as important, in view of the shrinking world supply. The Europeans have experienced more trouble in reducing meat consumption than in regulating cereal consumption. The plan of 'meatless days,' enforced by Germany and other countries, hasn't worked very well. In experience it leads rather toward waste in household consumption than toward economy, though it does reduce consumption in public places. Ordinances forbidding anyone to serve more than one course of meat at a meal and more than two meat meals a day have worked rather better. They do not much affect the poor, don't reduce the nutrition of workingmen, and do bring economy into the big hotels and restaurants, and the large private establishments."

Inspected Meats

"Probably we can't get at this by Federal law, but must depend on the uncertainties of state laws, municipal franchises and propaganda. We can perhaps go farther with laws to prevent the killing of young meat. Veal, lamb and sucking pig, you know, have just about disappeared from the tables of Europe. Most nations have passed laws forbidding the slaughter of animals below a certain age.

"Something can be done by control of cold-storage houses, packing houses, and the like; in fact, if the Government should take charge of these establishments it could make a pretty good try at reducing prices. They are the prime markets for the farmer, and an intake price could be fixed as well as a selling price. The farmer would kick, no doubt; but the consumer would get some of his own from both farmer and middleman."

"To regulate this, with our imperfect social machinery—it's an appalling picture of muddle!" I said.

"Nevertheless," replied Jones, "we do those things pretty efficiently when we set to work. Do you know how well our system of government meat inspection has turned out in this war? Those government and relief buyers of Europe, who are not handicapped by absolute laws, contract for American meat without inspection—solely on the government tests. If you buy, in Chicago, ten thousand bacon sides of a certain grade on the government test, you get exactly what you bargained for. If you buy them in the Argentine Republic, or

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No. 62 of a series

almost any other meat-producing country, you have to inspect the shipment personally or you will get a proportion of bellies and backs. Even after this war, there is bound to be a shortage of meat owing to the slaughter of breeding stock. The breeding stock is the capital of meat production and the young stock is its interest. The world has been breaking into capital.

"The value of animal food to a balanced diet lies in its proteids and assimilable fats. I think the great change in the world's diet during the next ten years will be the substitution of vegetable fats for animal fats. They have exactly as much nutritive value; in fact, the change has begun in Europe."

Dutch Nut Butter

"Take the case of margarine, or vegetable butter. The base is vegetable oil—mostly nut oil. Holland has been driving a thriving trade by purchasing nuts from British sources, making margarine, and shipping the product to England for sale. You know, people have got used to the taste of butter and demand the natural flavor in any substitute. That flavor is obtained without the use of chemicals by the Dutch method. The cream represents the animal fat in milk. Skimming and churning are only crude methods of extracting this fat and making it usable. When the Dutch butter is made the creameries have enormous quantities of skim milk—a by-product for which no very profitable use has been found. They add their vegetable fats to the skim milk, re-treat the mixture and turn out a product with the exact flavor of cow's butter. The only thing about it that could be called an adulterant is a little vegetable coloring matter. It has two advantages over cow's butter—it never gets rancid and it never carries disease.

"The ordinary palate cannot tell it from the real thing. I know a rich man in England who confided a secret to me: Ever since the war began he has been using on his table the highest-grade Dutch vegetable margarine instead of butter. He says that no guest of his has ever perceived that he was not eating good creamery butter. There is no comparison in price. English dealers have told me that they dare not sell margarine as low as they can, because the public would be suspicious of it.

"Our law provides that margarine cannot be sold as butter—it must be properly labeled. That is fair enough; the consumer has the right to know what he is buying. But we might remove the 'queer' on this really valuable food product by renaming it.

"Europe, under the pressure of war, is just beginning to get at some of the most useful vegetable fats. Here's a queer anomaly. One great privation of the blockaded countries is the shortage of soap, to make which takes vegetable fat, at present useful for food. The Belgian chemists knew that Indian corn, imported to dilute the wheat bread, contained three per cent of vegetable oil. By experiment they found, also, they could extract that oil without in the least impairing the food value of the corn! In the grain the oil is practically nonassimilable. Most of the Belgian soap is made now from this corn oil. The corn-oil-soap industry would bring about a great saving in animal fats and more valuable vegetable fats. This instance merely illustrates what we can do with vegetable fats.

"Sugar in sensible quantities is a necessary food; but in larger quantities it is the best-known tickler of the palate and encourager of overeating. It is comparatively bulky; and our supply, being mostly imported, takes much cargo space. In order to save sugar and reduce useless expense the Europeans have here and there prohibited the manufacture of confectionery, cakes and sirups, or certain articles de luxe in this category. Perhaps we could not and would not go so far. There is this to be said, however, concerning food regulations: Even the minor ones have an effect on the public mind; they call attention to the necessity and rouse a patriotic spirit.

"Probably we shall not get down to rationing unless this war goes farther and affects us more than I think possible just now ——"

"However, let's hear about it," I said.

"Well, that takes a great machinery and many agents, as the German and Belgian plans show. We've already discussed that.

"England until lately was repressing sugar consumption by rationing the retail dealer. Each was given a weekly or monthy supply in proportion to his trade in sugar, as shown by his books, before the war. He was not allowed to sell more than a certain quantity to each customer. Nothing in this plan prevents the customer from going from one dealer to another for a double supply; but, in practice, dealers, with their limited supply, tend to refuse these floating customers in order to keep on good terms with their regular customers. It isn't an extreme measure, but it works pretty well.

"The plan of household cards goes farther. If it is determined to control the sale and use of various commodities, like bread, meat, butter, and so on, the controlling authority issues to each householder a card listing the controlled commodities. The retailer must enter on the customer's card the amount of each sale, which is limited to a certain quantity in a week or a month. This quantity is not entered on the card, because food supplies vary from time to time; but it is fixed by proclamation. The card does bear, however, a statement of the number of rations to which the family is entitled. The authorities calculate, for example, on a full ration for a workingman, a three-quarter ration for his wife, a quarter ration for a young child, and so on. Restaurants and hotel supplies are fixed by calculating the number of customers they serve in a typical period."

The German Plan

"The German plan goes a stage farther even than that. Under the system I have just described a householder may buy in one day his supply for a week or a month. In Germany a purchaser must give the dealer, when he makes any food purchase, a coupon good for a fixed and carefully calculated quantity, and for that single day. On certain days coupons are not issued for certain foods—the meatless days, for example. Egg coupons, as all the world knows, are now good only once a fortnight. The retailers must turn in the canceled coupons to the wholesalers, who pass them on, in turn, to the governmental authorities. Wholesalers and retailers can get renewed supplies only on the basis of canceled coupons. To this is added a rigorous system of inspection. It saves more than the food-card plan I have just mentioned; but it is cumbersome and causes much friction.

"Finally there is the Belgian plan, most rigorous and economical of all, but inapplicable to any other country, owing to the peculiar conditions. As the whole imported supply enters Belgium through one organization, it can be controlled all along the line. It passes from central stores to local stores, from which the rations are distributed. Half of the Belgians are objects of charity. A large part of these are fed from public soup kitchens and canteens, where the most rigid and enlightened economy—especially in the use of meats—can be enforced. This plan is possible only in the last stage of national privation.

"We'll never come to that; but we should probably have to attack the food problem efficiently and scientifically within a year after we went to war, because the food supply of Europe will steadily shrink. Since all this is new to us, we should be studying European methods as a measure of preparation.

"That introduces another thing: Our official means of communication with Europe is weak. If we want to get a fact from Italy, say, or to arrange some small matter of agreement, we send word to our ambassador at Rome. Unless the matter is very important he assigns to the job a secretary, who calls on a secretary of equal rank in the Foreign Office. This Italian secretary, in turn, arranges the affair with the proper department and finally reports back to our secretary, who reports to the ambassador, who reports to the State Department, which reports to the proper department of our Government.

"When it is a matter involving consent or sanction of all the Allied governments it takes a process correspondingly slower and more complex. It is a chain. You can haul things out with a chain; but you can't push with it. What we need is a rod. In the event of coöperation with the Entente we must have a new department stationed abroad, headed by some man of cabinet rank, and staffed with experts on all the subjects pertaining to the conduct of this war. In the event of an understanding, our interests become at once their interests. They would be glad to give these experts all the advice and information possible. This is essential to a practical working agreement. It would not take away in the least from the power and prestige of our ambassadors and ministers. They have enough to do, as things stand.

"Well," said Jones, summing it all up, "we've been caught, without much social machinery, in a situation where we are up against the most complex and specialized social machinery—scythes against improved harvesters, or something like that. We've got to build the machinery; and our legal system—state rights, and all that—is rather in the way, I think. You can spin out possibilities all night. There are four million unnaturalized Germans and Austrians in the United States. They might make trouble, as a body; though very likely they wouldn't.

"However, individuals will. We may find it necessary to repress them. Internment of so great a number is impracticable. If they showed a tendency to disturb the peace we should have to limit their movements by ordaining that none of them should travel, without special permission, from the district where he was registered as residing. The European countries, largely as a result of conscription, have perfect birth and residence records. At any moment, and in the smallest town, the police could ascertain the nationality and birth date of all the persons in any given house. Guests at hotels, even, were obliged to give full statistics when they registered."

Beware of Half Measures

"Now I was born in a small American town; and I'll wager that to save myself from being shot as a spy I couldn't prove my birth by any record or document. We'd have to make these enemy aliens register, and we'd have to investigate every corner of the country to assure ourselves—without real means of proof—that they were obeying the law. To get the effect we want we should have to apply the penalties sharply for the first violations. Now the infliction of these penalties would be in the hands of local officials, with local feelings, prejudices and pulls. We simply could not get the sharp universal action necessary to control this situation with the minimum of trouble.

"And one thing more," concluded Jones: "Paradoxical as it may seem, we shall do best for democracy if we make our regulations of all kinds strict rather than easy—if we lean to the side of a rigorous control while the emergency lasts. Every democracy has realized that in time of war there must be some kind of centralization. Some man or group of men must take nearly absolute control of practical measures, because in the speed of events there is no time to govern by a force as slow as public opinion. When the war is over democracy wants to go back again to the fullest practical measure of personal liberty.

"Now any democracy has its enemies from within—the people who want to make themselves an oligarchy of blood or money or position. If we adopt half measures, not noticed as especially galling in the general anxiety and discomfort of war, then people may succeed in keeping them in effect when the war is over. Full measures, strong enough to hurt, produce a reaction; when the war is over the people insist on abolishing them entirely."

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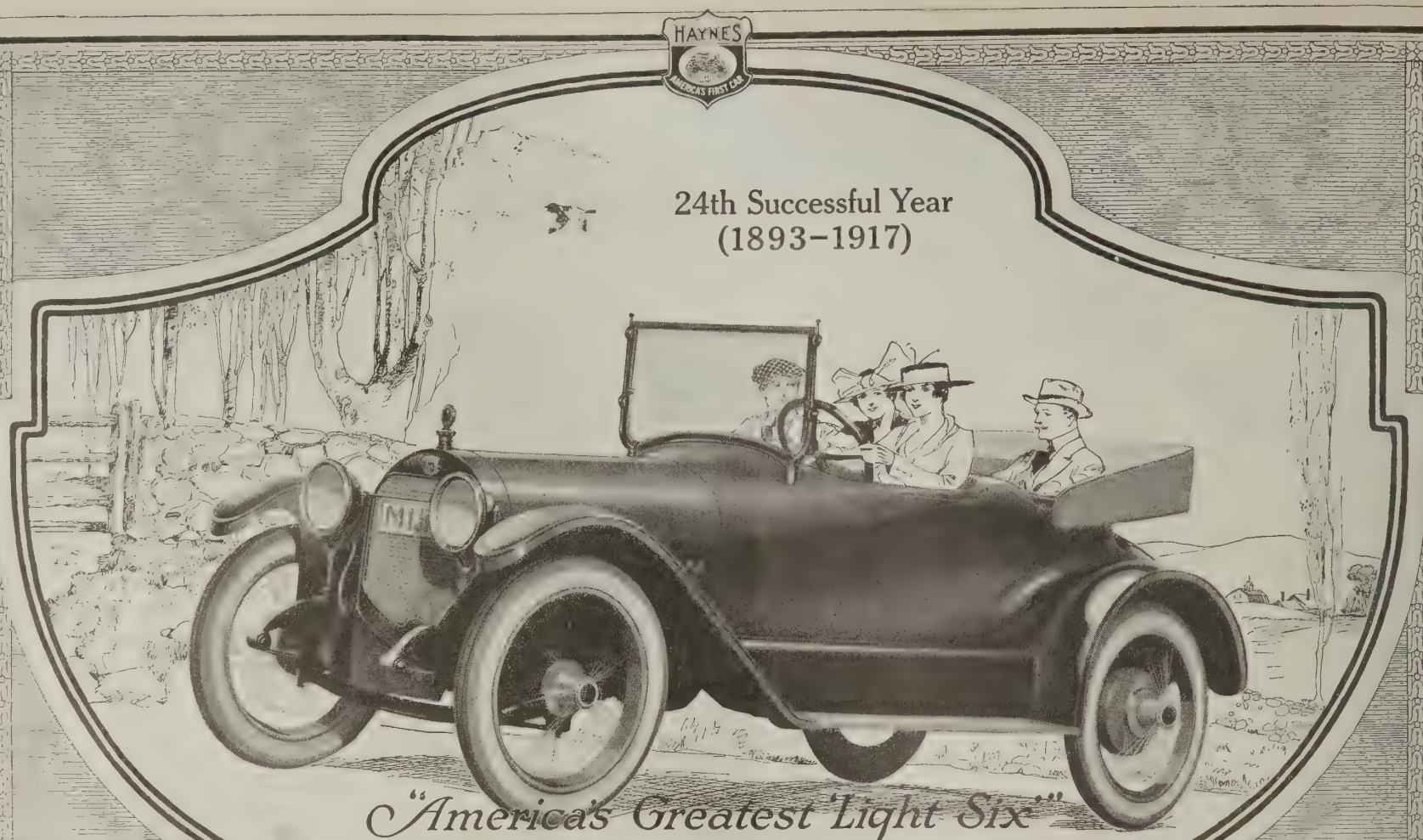

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Mrs Chas E Graves
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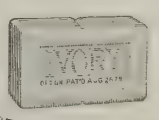

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THE TITHE THAT BINDS

By IRVIN S. COBB

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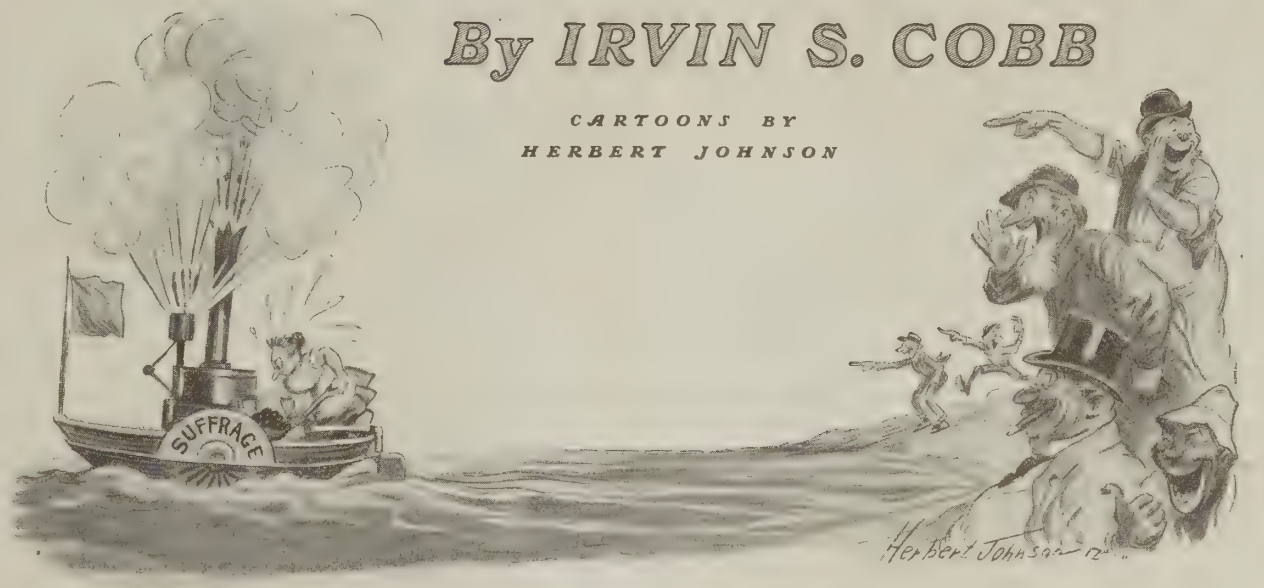


Can You Not Hear Them at Their Scoffvereins?

AN EPOCH is something to which we look forward before it has happened and something upon which we look backward after it has happened, but which, as a general proposition, creates no great amount of excitement while it is in the act of happening. The same is true of an era, except the era occurs on a somewhat more extensive scale than the epoch; at least, that is my understanding. As I figure it, two small epochs constitute one medium-sized era.

Epoch or era, big epoch or little era, I imagine—if only the truth were known—that the attitude of mankind toward the really important transformations and the really significant evolutions has always been thus—a lot of skeptical surmise beforehand, culminating in a perfect ground swell of derisive speculation on the eve of the transpiring of the thing, and subsequently a flood of that sort of hero-worship which changes yesterday's crank into to-day's genius and to-morrow's immortal. But in between these, spacing them off like the intermission in a two-act drama, occurs a period when the event, having been accomplished, is accepted as a matter of course.

We have it on excellent authority that when Fulton undertook to run the first American steamboat up that classic stream upon whose banks the imperial state of New York has since established three of its largest institutions for the care of its incompetents—Sing Sing prison, Matteawan asylum and the Capitol at Albany—the leading citizens of those days gathered along the shore in pleasant anticipation of witnessing the complete discomfiture of the deluded inventor and, haply, of being within sight and hearing when his insane contraption should explode and plaster its creator in small, minute fragments against the seamed face of the towering Palisades. Can you not hear them at their scoffvereins?

"What do you think, Neighbor Van Hoosen—the poor, demented wretch actually believes he can propel a craft against current and tide with the aid of steam! With steam, mind you—the stuff that comes out of the spout of a kettle when the water boils. Of course steam is all very well in its place. It is eminently suited for a cow to use for breathing purposes on a frosty morning, and under favorable conditions you can cook an egg with it; but when it comes to making condensed hot air do the work of oars and sail—well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world, doesn't it, including the lunatics?"

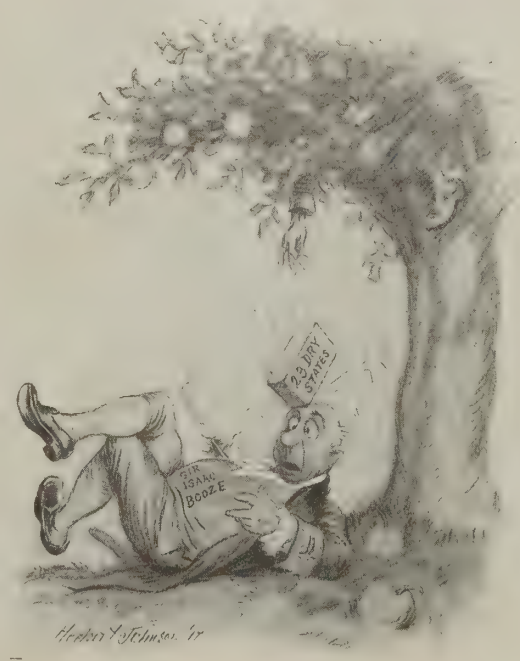
The First Martyr to Rapid Transit

"WATCH now, neighbor, watch closely; he's preparing to try to start. There now, what did I tell you? The thing doesn't move! It's just as I expected; only yesterday I was saying to—— Say, look, the creature is going to try again. Well, well, well, it did move that time, didn't it? See, it's going away from land, and right into the face of the wind too. But there must be a trick about it somewhere. I'm not prepared to believe it—yet."

With their eyes popping at the wonder of it, they followed the progress of that first steamboat journey; probably the second time they still followed it, but with an abating interest. By the end of the week we may safely figure them as having lost interest; doubtlessly before the month was over they scarcely turned their heads to see the Clermont churn by; and after that, upward of a century must pass before definite steps were to be taken to perpetuate the memory and to commemorate the achievement of Robert Fulton.

It will be recalled that on the day Stephenson made his locomotive to travel, as a public demonstration, it struck and killed one of the spectators. Lacking definite information as to the details, I still am ready to believe the victim of the tragedy had stationed himself between the rails in front of the locomotive, choosing that post as the safest possible place, for the purpose of pointing out the utter fallacy of expecting that cumbersome, awkward-looking thing of iron and wood to move an inch unless they hitched coach horses to it and towed it along. He was the first martyr to rapid transit; also he was a sacrifice to a mighty common human attribute.

Benjamin Franklin, devising the Franklin heater, must have been deservedly popular among his frostbitten and chilblained fellow citizens; but Benjamin Franklin, going forth on a stormy evening with a boy's kite and the brass key to the henhouse door and snaring a bottle full of lightning, was undoubtedly charged by some with impiety for daring to trifle with the mysterious forces of creation, and by others was held up as an object of derision—just such an object of derision as were two brothers named Wright, out in Dayton, Ohio, here only a few years ago, when they persisted in frittering away their lives studying the flights of birds and tinkering on a madman's mechanical dream of wings and springs in their woodshed, when they might have been cleaning up their comfortable twelve hundred dollars a year apiece running their bicycle repair shop. Sir Isaac Newton, sitting under his orchard tree waiting for an apple to fall on his high intellectual forehead, so that he could discover the attraction of gravitation, is to posterity a noteworthy figure; but one feels sure at the time folks all over the neighborhood commented acidly upon the fact that he was wasting a lot of valuable hours which he might better employ in helping Mrs. Newton with the housework.



Discovers Laws of Considerable Gravity

When Crises Bloom on Every Sunny Lea

THE greatest tragedy this world has ever known began something less than three years ago; it has been going on ever since and it goes on with ever-increasing hideousness and horror to-day. Beyond question our grandchildren will commiserate us—yes, and envy us too—for having lived in the historic period while civilized warfare, so called, was being conducted on a more elaborate and a more terrible and a more devastating scale than ever before; but how long did it take us, on this side of the ocean, to get used to it and to accept it, with all its slaughter and all its waste and all its misery and its sufferings, as an accepted and, in the main, a monotonous fact? Was it a year? Or was it six months? Or was it six weeks?

Human nature being what it is, now as heretofore, it is to be expected that some persons may take issue with the statement here modestly set forth, that in this country we are either passing into or just emerging out of a most radical and important stage in our national existence. One does not mean that we are being transformed politically. An era, more or less, is nothing to a politician, whereas a crisis is everything, and more especially in a campaign year when the crisis, like the crocus, blooms on every sunny lea. As the present writer sees it, this transmogrification, which even now is in process, has nothing to do with politics except incidentally. But it does bear upon and affect us all, locally and nationally, separately and collectively. It marks—if one may make so bold as to venture an assertion so broad and so sweeping—the vanishment of the United States of America, as most of us have known it, and the ushering in of another and a different United States of America; different in its systems, in most of its internal economies and in a good many of its external aspects.

The old United States is going into the discard; some think it already has gone. We are fond of bragging that our ancestors

The Law Will Continue to be Faithful and True to Moss-Covered Precedent

of two or three or four generations back, the pioneers and the pathfinders, were a hardy race. It is perhaps boastful to say this, but there is truth in it. They were a hardy race; they just naturally had to be to live through the things they did live through. Even so, hardy as they were in most respects, it is a question whether those stalwart forefathers of ours could have endured conditions—and pleasures—which we moderns cheerfully endure.

The founders of this republic defied wild beasts and epidemics, floods and famines, freshets and forest fires. They weathered contagions and plagues. They bested the wilderness and the savage. They got along without plumbing, without decent roads, without means of communication, without conveniences and without comforts as we know comforts and conveniences to-day. Sometime in his life great-grandfather expected to have the smallpox. Either it killed him or it left him with a face like a colander. But would you care to make an estimate as to how long he could keep his health and his nerves if he were translated forward into this year of grace nineteen-seventeen and were called upon to follow the high-pressured daily program of the modern business man or professional man and then to spend his evenings at the opera, the cabaret or the all-night restaurant? Under such conditions, can't you just see the old gentleman's iron constitution rusting round the edges and finally going all to pieces, with a low, clanging sound?

To-day's Hysteria Makes To-morrow's History

IF OUR forbears' lines were cast in simpler grooves and their habits in more primitive settings than ours, it is quite as certain that their institutions—sentimental, political and social—were more enduring and more durable than ours are, even though they did live in that period of an acute and startlingly rapid transformation when this continent was being hewn out from a howling waste and shaped into an ordered and orderly domain. Their standbys lasted them better than ours last us. Consider the items of their political ideals in even so recent a period as the eighth decade of the century last past. Some among us who still fancy ourselves to be on the sunny side of middle age yet can remember when a campaign issue was a reliable and a staple thing, which stood up from campaign to campaign—instead of changing overnight, as has been the case since we became, or fondly fancied we became, a world power, with our national problems complicated not so much by what happens inside the boundaries of our own nation as by what happens outside and beyond them, hundreds or thousands of miles away, in the larger theater of world events.

There was the Mormon question, which was wont to bob up regularly every four years. The Mormon question was directly responsible for the conversion into a political shibboleth of the proverb "Two's company, three's a crowd." I remember they used to print pictures in the paper with a view to proving that the family tree of at least one of the founders of the Church of Latter Day Saints in Utah looked a good deal like a chart of the circulation of the blood. The trouble with the early Mormon was that he lived too soon. A good many millions of his fellow Americans opposed him because of his ideas of what constituted a happy family; they believed his domestic arrangements were entirely too elaborate. He thought a man should be allowed to have all the wives he wanted at one time; whereas, these days, thanks to our liberal and accommodating divorce laws, it is possible for a man to have all the wives he wants, one at a time.

Another permanent standby was the Bloody Shirt. For thirty odd years it was unfurled to the air in every campaign. It was daily bread, and pie on Sundays, to many a full-lunged patriot—the Bloody Shirt was. It continued to wave much longer than it had any right to wave, and this, I take it, was because Americans of a preceding generation were wedded to their political traditions and loath to forsake them. No longer ago than last fall an effort was made to dig up the Bloody Shirt from the graveyard of dead animosities and dead sectionalism where it slumbered; but the resurrectionists made a grievous error. The late unlamented had become a moldy remains. It was not potent to frighten the children any longer. It did not frighten the white children up North nor yet the colored children down South. So they relaid it to its eternal rest.

And then, of course, for a backbone to every campaign argument, there was the dear old, dependable old, tiresome old Tariff. When in doubt the spellbinder, standing there in the forum or on the stump, with one eye on the Starry Flag and the other on the main chance, fell back on the Tariff. He was on safe ground then, safe and very dry. It was a mortal certainty that nobody in the audience knew any more about the Tariff than the speaker did; and anyway, figures always were formidable, if only you quoted enough of them.

The point I have been trying to get at through all this retrospective part is that the day of the dependable and staple political issue is gone, and in its stead we have the era of the made-to-order issue, the here-to-day-and-gone-to-night issue, the will-o'-the-wisp issue which flickers a bit and then dies down and is gone out, leaving not even the ashes of remembrance behind it. Once in a while, indeed, the issues become so shreddy, so gossamer-thin and fairylike in their texture, that the first heat of the campaign burns them up altogether, as was the case in 1916, so that for the voter the main question resolves itself into a matter of drawing fine distinctions as between the personal and temperamental qualifications of the opposing candidates. Their political issues—meaning our grandsires'—blazed like beacons along a coast, with a ready and willing partisanship to feed and fan the flames; ours mainly glow spectrally, like a fox-fire in a swamp. It is the difference between having inflammatory rheumatism as a chronic complaint and a touch of malaria just once in a while.

Even so, we seem to be as prone as were our immediate ancestors to grow terrifically excited over political and sociological problems—even more proneful, perhaps, than they—but I do not believe we stay excited for so long as they did; we do not seem to have the patience to work out the propositions to their reasonably satisfactory or their reasonably unsatisfactory conclusions. We are exhausted before the topic is; we leave it half baked, to knead up a fresh batch of dough. Without in the least desiring to be pessimistic, and being firmly committed to the belief originally advanced by Uncle Joe Cannon that this country is turning to be quite a success, it, nevertheless, appears to one as a self-evident fact that whereas those old fellows—our country's founders—were frequently concerned with making history, we are fairly well content to be making hysteria. To be sure, the molten hysteria of to-day may be transmuted by the alchemistic processes of our national chemistry into the fluxed and molded history of to-morrow; but all the same we seem to have developed a propensity for getting ourselves tremendously and tumultuously worked up over something this week, only to forget it absolutely next week or next month.

A Recent Kite-Flying Experiment

It may be, as some students of our sociology and our ethnology have pointed out, that this tendency is due to the recent considerable infusion of volatile and emotional racial blends—notably the Latin, the Slavic and the Semitic—into the more stolid and less demonstrative strains that formerly made up the bulk of our breed; but, speaking personally and from the heights of a perfectly monumental ignorance, I would not care to hazard a theory as to the cause; the effect speaks for itself. As these savants contend, it may be due to the polyglot amalgam of bloods that we are becoming; it may be the climate; or then again it may be the war in Europe. You may have noticed lately that when we are uncertain about the reasons behind a thing we just fall back on the war in Europe, and let it go at that.

More Luxurious and Less Comfortable

UNDERLYING this top-water emotionalism, though, and extending far below this tendency to be boiling over one minute, simmering gently the next, and in the third coolly and placidly waiting for some new blaze to be kindled beneath the national melting-pot to set us all to bubbling and frothing again, are working certain movements and certain motives which undoubtedly are assuming certain concrete forms. If we watch closely we can see them being forged to definite shape and firmness. The old, loosely organized, easy-fitting, individualistic, baggy-seated Americanism is disappearing, and out of the nimbus of its thinning shadow is emerging an organized, specialized, centralized spirit of nationalism which manifests itself in business, in social lines, in governmental policies, in the tax office, in the counting room, in the club and, of course, in the home. We are making our life over to be more luxurious than ever it used to be, but less comfortable than once it was. It costs the well-to-do citizen more to live than formerly it cost him, and the chances are when he casts up he may decide that life isn't quite so pleasant a thing as it was in those old and less complex days. The joy ride has the thrill to it, but the hay ride was safer.

Furthermore—and this also might properly be diagnosed as a pronounced and characteristic symptom of the new national contagion—there is a disposition, which increases rather than abates, for classifying and grading the people; for grouping them off into definite castes and sets, for marking the cleavage fissures of the social strata with trespass signs, for alignments along the edges of least social resistance. At this time of writing, along the North Atlantic Seaboard, if nowhere else, we have an Upper Class—pronounced with the broad *a*—and a Lower Class—pronounced without it, as distinguished from the not very remote period when most Americans were proud to proclaim themselves as members of the Great Middle Class. It is not so remarkable that there should be one of these groups; but it is remarkable that the other should be. In New York and Boston and Philadelphia, in Richmond and Charleston and Savannah, and in sundry other cities, there have always been persons who freely admitted that they themselves belonged to the Upper Class; the really significant thing about the aspect of the present situation is that one now occasionally happens upon a weird example of the human species who is willing that he or she be assigned to the Lower Class, and having been so assigned, to regard himself or herself thereafter as having been properly

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MRS. HOPE'S HUSBAND

By Gelett Burgess

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WHO was she? Just another of the smart and daringly gowned guests invited by Mrs. Woodling? As she sauntered across the wide drawing-room floor, laughing and trifling so nonchalantly with her escort, her careless scarf artfully trailing off a white shoulder, all eyes followed her. Bored stiff gentlemen awoke; laughing ladies suddenly ceased their chatter; some of the more discerning began to wonder. Who was she? Wasn't she almost too charmingly distinguished for a mere millionaire? But when, fine eyebrows lifted, she held out a graceful, white-gloved hand and exchanged the first bright smiles with her eagerly welcoming hostess—no longer was there any question about it. Indubitably she was the lion of the evening.

But the gentleman who accompanied her, so tall and dark and picturesque, so gracefully erect, with that queer unreadable smile—was he famous too? By the fine intellectuality of his face—yes, possibly. And yet, aristocratic and interesting though he seemed, wasn't he a little ill at ease? That defensive reserve—wasn't it somewhat overdone? Alas!—probably not a celebrity. Feminine eyes were already deserting him. As his bland, bejeweled hostess greeted him with her second-best smile—oh, no; certainly not a celebrity. Only a husband. Glances, disappointed, returned to the lady.

Round the elaborately paneled room, the gilded, mirrored room, frescoed, columned and Louis-Quatorzed, the guest-of-honor's name came out in whispers. "Mrs. Hope," the inquisitive rosy débutante murmured to her lorgnon-peering, white-haired-dowager mamma on the gold settee. "Why, you know—Pauline Hope, the novelist!" Aigrettes nodded, jewels flashed, pink powdered shoulders leaned to crinkling white shirtfronts. "Yes, yes; of course! She wrote that wonderful, romantic—why, what is the name of it, now? . . . Stunning, isn't she?" And before the flutter had subsided Mrs. Woodling, expensive and expansive, had bubbled through the first effervescence of her amenities; proudly she had passed her prize along. "A rare exotic curiosity of my own private collection," she seemed to smile. "Inspect! Admire!"

"Oh, I just loved it, Mrs. Hope!" virginal voices petted her. . . . "Perfectly fascinating!" . . . "So adorably romantic!" . . . "Oh, it must be simply wonderful to write!" How the blue eyes beamed! . . . "I suppose it just drips off your pen, Mrs. Hope, doesn't it?" . . . "Oh, I do wish you'd put me in a book sometime!"

And thus, as one after another flatterer was brought up to talk with Mrs. Hope—or talk at her—and her husband, elbowed aside with careless "Beg pardons," gradually edged off toward the wall—the season's literary favorite graciously accepted her homage.

How smiling she was! How affable! As Pauline Hope, the novelist, she may have winced at times as the inevitable glib inanities gushed for her; but Pauline Hope was not only a novelist, she was a woman. Any shrewd observer—such as her frowning, proud husband, for instance, seeing what only a suffering lover can see—might have suspected that this first full taste of social success was refreshening her very soul. With what zest she was throwing herself into the part of handsome-and-accomplished—with what modest depreciation, too, of her fame!

But if her pose was woman-easy, her husband's obviously was not. High though his chin was held—suspiciously high, even—he withdrew more and more into himself as he withdrew from the ignoring crowd. Almost cynically he watched her, until at last she was captured from the Philistines by a pair of enormous tortoise-shell spectacles and a pointed beard. He smiled as the editor, Peever, the classic stoop-shouldered Peever, claimed her as his lawful prey; for in that crowd even Peever could not hold her long. From the atmosphere of diamonds and dollars she was soon borne away in triumph to a rarer, loftier air, breathed by an inner circle of intellectuals, birds of a still finer feather. These, as ambitious Mrs. Woodling fondly cooed, had all "done something," and here Pauline Hope was henceforth to shine.

Over her bared white shoulder "Follow me, Lester; follow!" her backward questing glance had seemed to call. Oh, yes; she wanted him, no doubt. But what, in the name of all these snobs and toadies, was the use? Well he knew, by this time, what brand of patronage to expect of them. He was sensitive, he was fine-grained—and he was married to a celebrity. He was "Mrs. Hope's Husband!"

In the companies where they had appeared together since her first public recognition he had, so far, endeavored to hold his own with dignity. But now his pride had begun to revolt. This evening, as he was removing his coat upstairs, he had been introduced to a bearded and spectacled professor only to hear: "*Ach!* Mr. Hope! Not de huspant of our so-distinguished friend, Pauline Hope, de novelist—yes?"

He still loved his wife; he was proud of her success. But that he himself should have to pay for it so dearly he had never anticipated. Why should he submit any longer to being treated as a nonentity? Nonentity! Why, wasn't it worse even than that? To-night he couldn't be even simply Lester Hope. Other men, respectable and otherwise, with brains and without, seemed here to be willingly accepted at their face value. He, however, with a professional record of which he was nowise ashamed, was only "Mrs. Hope's Husband!"

Yet, while he was present at such congregations of tuft-hunters, escape seemed impossible. Even as he stifled his pride and brooded, nervously twisting his mustache, watching the universal adulation of his wife, Mrs. Woodling, like a somnambulist, glassy-eyed, obsessed with a fixed idea, was bearing magnificently down upon him, with a large lady in tow. Stoically he waited.

Ah, yes, it came: "Mrs. Poppity, I want you to meet 'Mrs. Hope's Husband!'" The blow accomplished, his hostess, smiling—oh, so sweetly smiling—slipped away.

The round-eyed matron in black satin was as soft and silly as only a huge woman in black satin can be. Fan lifted, gazing at him dreamily, "And what do you do, Mr. Hope?" she breathed. "Ah, something won-derful, I'm sure!" And then, waiting for no answer, her round near-sighted eyes rolled away to the other side of the crowded room, where Pauline reigned.

Lester Hope looked at her, and looked in no kindly mood. Said Lester Hope: "I'm an attorney at law."

"You Were Surrounded by Admirers, and I Could Not, Would Not Force Myself on Your Notice!"

Said Lester Hope: "I'm an Attorney at Law"

Surprised and shocked, the round eyes suddenly returned, as if for explanation of a jest too subtle for her brain; and then, embarrassed, she began to prattle very hurriedly. But when she got down to rheumatism and the weather he finished her off with the excuse that his wife was again beckoning him, and, if Mrs. Poppity would pardon him, he really must —— As he left, her relief apparently was as large as his.

Toward Pauline, however, he did not, could not go. Under the sparkling crystals of a chandelier, surrounded by men, he caught sight of her, flushed and radiant. A shock of musical black hair was being emotionally shaken beside her; she was attended by Poetry—with a broad black-silk ribbon depending from his eyeglasses—as she collogued Drama, fierce in a red mustache, and dry, whiskery Architecture.

Lester watched her pensively. Well, she was happy; she had "done something." Delightedly she was receiving the Right Hand of Fellowship as a newcomer to Fame. There he, too, should be, longed to be, with those choice spirits, the brains of New York. But be with them as a mere appendage he could not. He had no "tag" to his name—except that humiliating one which still rang in his ears like the tin can on a dog's tail—"Mrs. Hope's Husband!"

Wherefore, his pride compelled him to lurk on the ragged edges of intellectuality, the limbo of half-wits.

From the pompous prattle of a lank youth, who would criticize plays—but couldn't write them—and a jolly big broker, with a gold tooth, who had just published an almost-original Life of Napoleon—at his own expense—he turned resignedly to sip the pale graces of Helen Ramsay, a mildly literary friend of a certain age—the age that has known one at college and feels privileged to whisper:

"I say, Lester; we never thought, in those days when you were an editor carrying off all the prizes, that you'd have a wife who'd be more famous than you were—did we?"

Mrs. Woodling, however, was one of those busy hostesses. It was against her principles to let anyone linger long with a congenial soul; wherefore Helen's green earrings and lavender and lace were soon escorted away through the throng to meet a more appropriate guest.

Lester Hope nursed a sardonic smile. It was quite all right, of course. What damned him apparently among these New York ink worshipers was merely that his name was not printed in the papers or between covers. What were the intricate cases he had argued before the Supreme Court compared with her few magazine stories? Could his reputation at the bar hope to compete with the thrill of her elderly lovers, and meek self-sacrifices and mistaken identity? Helen Ramsay, of course, was "famous." She "really must meet" What's-his-name!

"Oh, Mr. Hope!" came a thin feminine voice in his ear. Ten thousand dollars' worth of emeralds confronted him, strung on a skinny neck. An aged head was grinning. "How proud you must be of your wife to-night, Mr. Hope! Such a privilege, I'm sure, for us poor matter-of-fact souls to be associated with Real Brains!"

And it came out, in smirks and simpers and amiable wrinkles, that My Daughter Pearl was also literary, Mr. Hope. She, too, had real brains. It was, oh, it was too bad, Mr. Hope, that he couldn't have heard a paper that My Daughter Pearl had written for our Fortnightly!

Held by her emeralds and her eyes, he was rescued only by Supper; and as the faint odor of sizzling lobster called her joyously away another provocative perfume brought its message to his own nostrils. So, toward the altar of masculine peace he wandered, musing his insignificance, to burn his incense at her shrine whose aromatic sweetness makes all men brothers.

In a remote corner of the billiard room, where a few men almost as disconsolate as he were fingering their watch-chains and yawning sulkily, he sat down to inhale, with his cigarette, a few pungent truths.

Was it possible that he could be envious of the attention his wife was receiving? Conscience indignantly answered "No." To be sure, he had some contempt for the silly fulsomeness of the tribute paid in such places as this to literary achievement; but if Pauline, a little romantic in her illusions, cared for that sort of thing—well, hadn't she honestly earned it? But why—why should he be made the sport of fools? Potentially, at least, he considered himself quite the intellectual equal of any of those whom his wife found so brilliant and "Really worth while, Lester!" Not a whit was he overpowered by the roaring lions of the Woodling salon. What, then, was wrong? Half amused, half contemptuous, he glanced about at the burlesque side show of Mrs. Woodling's intellectual circus.

Across the room cards flipped on a table, and someone said "Hearts!" But the man beside Lester still gazed silently at the portrait of a dead pheasant on the wall. Beyond him other moody gentlemen were lost in their high balls.

He couldn't understand it. Why, he had never been left out of it like this before! He had never failed to be sought and welcomed—much less failed even to be considered. What was wrong?

From where Lester sat he saw, slantwise through the portières, a strip of the flowery red-velvet hall, where violins sobbed plaintively to an accompaniment of babbling voices not at all plaintive, as brilliant couples passed and repassed. Suddenly, for one bright moment he saw—Pauline!—Pauline, in her gold-hued silk, lovely with pearls, smiling up at a handsome blond portrait painter with a Vandyke beard. She looked about a moment, as if for her husband—and was gone!

How vivid she was to-night, gleeful with victory! But as he sat there smoking reflectively his mind drifted off to another world—to those days before Fame had found her. . . . Hadn't she been even more adorable then? . . . That little pink dimity frock! . . . How proudly she had told him: "Only seven cents a yard, Lester!"—and she had made it all herself! . . . Pauline Forr! Romantic, engaging Pauline-of-the-Violets! . . . How rapturously she had seized them from his hand that day! "Oh, Lester! Think of it, Lester! Violets in January!" How she had kissed them.

"Oh, you darling little rascals!"—kissed them; kissed ——

"Damned bore!" grunted the man beside him, lighting still another cigar. "Lord, I despise these confounded affairs!"

The shrugged shoulders of Lester Hope indorsed the sentiment.

"Lots of good-looking women, though. Here, waiter; bring me another Scotch. Say, that Mrs. Hope's rather clever, I expect, ain't she? Pretty, anyway. Meet her?"

"Oh, yes." But Lester Hope's cigarette had accidentally dropped.

"What's her husband like? Know him?"

Lester hesitated:

"Oh, yes—fairly well."

Uncomfortable and alarmed, he had started to rise to make his escape; but the man was holding him with a twinkling alcoholic eye.

"He must feel pretty cheap, I should think, tagging along after her. Here; try one of these cigars." He yawned behind his hand. "Lord! If my wife had beat me out like that, damned if I wouldn't stay at home!"

Twisting his perfecto in his mouth, he began to chuckle.

"Say—reminds me of what a vaudeville-team fellow told me about once. Wife used to do a heavy acrobatic stunt, and practiced seven hours a day; earned two hundred a week. Mr. Husband stood in the wings for twenty minutes twice a day, handing her the 'props.' Then he'd go round to the nearest saloon and brag about 'Our Act!'" Poking Lester in the side with his thumb, he added: "Say, this chap Hope's probably about like that—eh?" He laughed reflectively, unctuously.

As a horrified guest plucked at the joker's sleeve and whispered something which made him sit up and mutter "He *is?*" Lester Hope retreated to the drawing room, blushing hot with shame, but at last thoroughly awakened.

He had his answer now. Why, if he had grown so negative and insignificant that a man could assume from his mere appearance that he was a nobody—well, he must have fallen a good deal below par. Why should he have crawled away and hidden among these Merely Husbands? What the devil had he, Lester Hope, to be ashamed of? Wasn't it manlier, after all, to swagger about "Our Act!" than to sneak off with his tail between his legs? Yes; he was making more of a fool of himself than they were of him. Either he should swallow his infernal pride and be honestly, openly proud of his wife, or else stay decently at home and let the Mrs. Poppitys of this foolish bookish world forget him.

And, before he had left that swarming house that night, that was what Lester Hope had firmly decided to do.

II

"MRS. HOPE'S Husband!" For days, to the confusion of every other idea, the phrase had rung in his ears. "Mrs. Hope's Husband, Attorney at Law," he seemed to read at the top of his office stationery; and at the bottom he had all but written: "Yours truly, Mrs. Hope's Husband." Every book store he passed called out to him: "Mrs. Hope's Husband!" That miserable ghost of his mortified self had worked and walked home with him. Nor did it leave him even there. Once the key was turned and the door of his smart little Georgian house, opening, showed the hall, trim and elegant with its white woodwork and curling stairway, lo, the specter was ready, awaiting him!

That specter, seated mockingly upon the floor, was a huge package wrapped in brown paper. It was the regular fat monthly offering of books from Peever, her publisher, addressed to "Mrs. Pauline Hope." But why the devil not "Mrs. Lester Hope"? he questioned sulkily. On a tray was the usual pile of letters. The envelopes were almost all addressed also to "Mrs. Pauline Hope"; as if, indeed, she were already a widow!

"Her Husband Must Feel Pretty Cheap, I Should Think, Tagging Along After Her"

Depressed, his aristocratic appearance already a little dimmed, he went into the long, low library. Those rows of books and books had often sheltered him in a port of peace. But to-night his own books reproached him.

Sighing, he listlessly took up the evening paper. His eyes, after a while, fell upon the Society Notes. Yes; there it was! At the very end of a list of "those present" at the Woodling reception he read: "Miss Helen Ramsay, Mr. Saul Tremlett, and Mr. L. Hope—the husband of the distinguished novelist." The paper sailed across the room. Surely it was high time for him seriously to consider his problem.

"Mrs. Hope's Husband!" He—Lester Hope! Long he sat and pondered it. He, with his high pride—a mere possession! How had he ever become so negative, he who had so often been called magnetic?

Was it just another of the many comic tragedies of the too-early marriage—one partner going on and the other lagging behind in arrested development? Bang! His fist came down on the table. No! Downtown he was positive enough. Men respected him, admired him; and women had shown him favor. He felt strength in him. He was not one of those timid mortals whom success had never touched. At college, in the polo field and before the bar he had proved it. Yes; in his own way he, too, had won. But he hadn't happened to win in hers.

Spontaneously out of the past a picture came—a day in their first suburban home when she had been so happy that she had been almost afraid it might not last. With what devoted courage she had said:

"Promise me, Lester—let us promise each other that if the time should ever come when our love changes—ever so little—we will be honest with each other!"

Would that time ever come? Was it, perhaps, even now well on the way? Could this new success of hers possibly separate them? And if it did would she be honest? Would she tell him? . . . Like a warning, the ringing, ringing of a bell awakened him from his reverie.

"Hello! Yes. . . . Yes." He had gone across to Pauline's desk and taken up the telephone. "No; she's not at home yet. . . . I don't know. . . . Yes; probably." Then his face clouded and he smiled bitterly. "Yes; this is 'Mrs. Hope's Husband.' . . . Very well, Mrs. Tremlett—when she comes in."

The receiver struck the hook with a whang. Even in his own home he couldn't escape!

Well—his wife, he recalled, was that afternoon reading from her own "Works" at some precious woman's club. There was, as usual, "something on" for the evening—something of Peever's contriving—with people, of course, who had "done something." But Lester Hope had decided not to be there; and he anticipated a rather bad quarter of an hour, breaking the news to Pauline.

After she had come laughing home, however, and with an impulsive kiss had joyously invited him up to her pretty feminine blue-chintz room while she dressed—combing, manicuring, gossiping of her female adorers of the afternoon, her lips saying "Oh, but Lester, those women were too absurd, really!" while her eyes were confessing "How I love their praise!"—he found his excuses for his absence that night accepted, as she gazed at herself in the mirror, with a careless "I'm so sorry, dear, you can't go!"

And at dinner, later, with her pile of letters at her plate, as she took first a spoonful of celery soup and then a taste of buttered flattery from some unknown correspondent—chattering on over her fish of how Helen Ramsay had inquired for him, and—"Heavens, another request for an autograph!"—enthusiastically attacking her roast, seasoned with "Think of advertising me as the most beautiful authoress in the United States!" but, with the olives, only nibbling abstractedly at "Couldn't you really manage to go with me, darling?—or come for me later, dear?" and "Oh, what is this?" as she read another "lovely" review of her book—kindling and glowing, so pleased with life and art, Lester Hope smiled to think with what ironic ease the scenes often pass off that one has most dreaded.

He was working on an important case, he had told her, and she accepted his explanation without suspicion. Wasn't she, in fact, a little too ready to accept it? Didn't she change the subject rather abruptly to the fact that her name was in the new edition of Who's Who? And while she ran on about having her portrait painted by Willyer, and her election to a woman's fashionable club, Lester Hope sat thinking. Why was he so perturbed? After all, wasn't it natural enough and pardonable enough that all this flattery and hero worship should turn her head a little?

But every day he grew more depressed. So far, he had felt only the pinpricks to his pride; but now a steady heartache began to oppress him. More and more her career seemed to be separating them. Undoubtedly if he had spoken of it she would have said that it was only his fault. If he would stay at home nights, or work late at the office, instead of accompanying her, how could she help it? Nevertheless, he noticed that she urged him less and less to go with her.

There were, of course, dinners she gave at home, ordeals which perforce he had to attend. He couldn't always have "business in Boston" or "an important conference in Philadelphia." At his own table he roused himself with an effort to be agreeable to the Peevers and Woodlings, to joke affably with writing persons, from the latest visiting Briton to story-tellers of the Helen Ramsay type. With an occasional guest, such as the handsome portrait painter, Willyer—who, thank God, didn't scribble!—he got on sympathetically; but his hospitable efforts in the rôle of Mrs. Hope's Husband usually exhausted him. The minor celebrities were overpolite, treating him as something between an old family servant and a precocious boy. The higher stars of literature drank his wines; they smoked his cigars; they were assiduous to his pretty wife. But her husband they jovially ignored.

"'You Must Have Been Deprived of Pretty Things When You Were Young.' That's Right, Too; I Was, Wasn't I?"

Down to the library one evening came Pauline in a bewitching new gown—one of the extravagances for which she herself was now paying. Never had he seen her so beautiful, he thought, as when she walked into the room and threw down her tulle scarf. What a change from the slender lines of her budding youth to this regnant lady, blooming to-night in perfect flower! His wife? It seemed impossible!

The jewels on her bare throat sparkled; and as she critically selected her orchids under the Winged Victory, Lester Hope saw as never before what success had done for her. Letting his pen fall, he watched her. No—ah, no longer was she Pauline Forr, the naïve, romantic, talented girl, the wayward darling he had first loved and molded. Could Pauline Forr ever have handled those orchids so calmly? Pauline-of-the-violets! Nor was she any longer that young Mrs. Hope, that fresh suburban Mrs. Hope, so proud of her husband, her home, her position. Oh, no; young Mrs. Hope, before this, would have had her arms about him, petting him, teasing him, pulling that obstinate lock of hair—how he remembered!—so whimsically affectionate!

The orchids were arranged in her corsage; the orchids were rearranged. There was a reconnoitering glance; then:

"Couldn't you possibly come with me, dear, this time?"

He stiffened and shook his head.

"I'd particularly like you to to-night, Lester. It's horrid going alone!" She laid her hand gently on his arm. "Of course I know it may bore you; but ——"

How he wanted to seize that hand, seize her as he used to, and crush her in his arms! But his demon of pride forbade. Instead, he turned to his papers uneasily.

"No," he said dully; "I'm sorry, but I've got some writing to do."

There was a moment's wait; then, with a toss of her head, her expression changed. Chin up, shoulders back, splendid as a countess was Pauline Hope. Oh, there was no changing her pose now; it was quite evident that it would last all the evening—and more than one would ask admiringly: "Who is that over there—that proud-looking creature, with the dark hair?"

As the front door closed after her Lester Hope rose wearily. To-night, for the first time—yes, for the very first time—he wanted to be alone. He looked about. Alone? Why, the whole room seemed fairly filled with her brilliant, eclipsing personality. Didn't everything in it suggest her? She dominated him still.

Out went an electric light, and her writing desk disappeared into the gloom. Shrouded in that shadow, too, her framed photographs of authors and "presentation copies" no longer accused him of his own conspicuous lack of fame. He turned another switch, and another, drowning more evidences of her new public prosperity—those rare editions she was so proud of, her prints, her paintings, and all that made the place so appallingly literary—until at last he was safe in a little yellow oasis of light at his own desk. Safe? Ah, still in the shadows the specter lurked! "What are you going to do with me?" it seemed to say. "I am Mrs. Hope's Husband!"

And yet—it was not as Mrs. Hope's Husband that he had gone so brilliantly through college; it was not Mrs. Hope's Husband who had won with dash and skill on the polo field; and when men talked of the stars of criminal legal practice his successes had never been set down to Mrs. Hope's Husband. Surely there was some personal force in him! No; what people had said was that Lester Hope was magnetic; that he was a good fighter; that he never quit. They said, also, that his force was heightened by his picturesque and distinguished appearance; for, so tall and dark, with his twisted mustache and the little tuft on his chin, with his long sensitive hands, he looked more like a French count than a New York lawyer.

Now, alone in his library, as he paced, absorbed, he showed something of that old vigor; but well he knew that, once Pauline had returned, radiating her new prestige, that positive personality of his would again fade and dwindle.

The dull-blue portières were parted. A maid looked into the room.

"There's a package come for Mrs. Hope, sir," she said. "Could you sign for it? The man's awful particular about it; but he said if she wasn't in Mrs. Hope's Husband would do."

She left without noticing the cheeks of the self-controlled man who had handed her back the receipt book. They were burning as hotly as if she had struck him in the face.

As he opened and shut the drawers of his desk, thinking dispiritedly that he must go to work, he paused, staring at something—something ragged, worn, soiled.

He drew it out. What queer stuttering printed words! What irregular spacing and erratic margins! Hyphens and capital letters strewn in reckless profusion; words crossed out; words written in; careted and blotted—well he knew those pages! Again he seemed to be talking over those early tales of hers with her, arguing their psychology, elaborating their romantic plots. Why, they had sat up talking them over excitedly together, night after night, often until two or three in the morning! Together! Where was that "togetherness," as she used to call it, now?

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WHEN WAR BRIDES MATURE

One of the Vast Munition Plants Suitable for the Purposes of War or Peace

By Edward Hungerford

THE parents of two of our most blossoming war brides of a season or two since met recently on a train coming down to New York from up in New England. Bliffkins was still optimistic; Simpkins, decidedly the reverse. The Russians had just taken advantage of a cancellation clause in a big contract they had given him for army supplies, and he was groaning at the loss of the big order.

"I have my plant built and equipped and keyed up for fifteen million dollars' worth of business a year—and only six millions in sight, now that we've lost that contract. We've got to get some selling force to jam nine million dollars' worth of our product down the throats of the great American public."

Bliffkins laughed.

"In every one of our contracts that we made with those fellows over there we made our selling price big enough to include the entire cost of new plant—land, buildings, machinery; every bit of it. When the job's done they could be burned down and we should not have to charge a cent off our books."

"The cancellation clause in my own contracts prevents me from having any real cash loss," asserted Simpkins, with a big man's zealous regard for his professional reputation. "But that isn't the real damage."

"What is the real damage?"

"Prestige! We've the biggest thing in our town—in our end of the state, for that matter. Jonesboro is proud of us. It prints the picture of our plant on the Chamber of Commerce stationery and it's moved along pretty lively to keep pace with us—a new hotel, two new office buildings, schools, churches; to say nothing of apartment houses by the dozen, and whole miles of new streets and individual houses. Jonesboro has banked on me and on my plant. I've got to keep it up to the notch we've set or the town goes bankrupt.

"Get me? If the town goes broke we might just as well pull up stakes and get out. We shall have lost the most valuable asset any business can have—prestige! That's why I am on my way to New York and to Pittsburgh, to get a sales manager and an efficiency man. We've just got to create a market for nine million dollars' worth of stuff that my factory and machinery are equipped to turn out."

Who's Got the Potash?

SIMPKINS was not long-headed in the first instance. It was the unforeseen cancellation of his contract that caused him suddenly to look ahead to the days that will come after the inevitable ending of the great war in Europe. Other manufacturers have been looking forward almost since the very day that Europe was first set afire. They are the Bliffkinses, perhaps. And still another class of manufacturers, whose business runs far afield from munitions of any sort, have looked forward too. Their businesses have also been growing. And they have felt that after the war there will be a large number of ready-made modern factories for sale—at a great bargain. It will be a day for gaining very low overhead costs.

Not all the buildings that have housed the war brides will be for sale. Oh, no! A good many of their owners, like Simpkins, will find new products to which their buildings, their locations, their classes of help seem best adapted. Some of the explosive plants, as we shall show you in good time, may be turned over to the manufacture of dyestuffs. Other explosive factories, flung widespread on the community plan for the better protection of their workers and the surrounding countryside, will be torn down or abandoned. These plants are like those of Bliffkins, and have had their entire construction costs covered in the munitions contracts. They can be completely erased without loss to their owners.

What of these war brides after the war?

Before we give a direct answer to this question, let us give consideration to one that is closely related to it and must precede.

For what was America most dependent upon the Central Powers before the coming of the war?

Apparently for three things—for potash, which came in great quantities from Germany; for chemicals, which had many drug and manufacturing uses; and for dyestuffs—particularly aniline dyes. And our position in nitrates—ranking even ahead of potash in the making of land fertilizers—has been and still is none too good, to put the matter plainly. The nitrate situation has been very greatly improved. A private concern has built a plant large enough to produce synthetically all the nitrates it needs for its present uses. And that plant must be reckoned as so much clear gain for America.

In the manufacture of steel and of steel products we have no peer. In all the world there is no other Pittsburgh. Our textile industry is firmly established and thoroughly competent, though, as I shall show you in a moment, firmly dependent upon the dye industry. In garments—men's and women's, outer and under—we have stood second to none. American-made shoes and hats go all over the world. So do many of the novelties and the luxuries we have created—to say nothing of manufactured foodstuffs. Yet we have not been industrially or economically independent. We have lacked the potash, the dyestuffs, the nitrates. Without these three things, America—even richer in raw products than in manufactures: cotton, corn, wheat, tobacco, iron, silver, gold, copper—remained to an extent helpless.

A dozen years before the great war began it was being suggested that the Federal Government should give its aid toward the production of potash—a salt which heretofore has been derived almost entirely from the great Stassfurt deposits, in Germany. There is a considerable mineral deposit of this salt in California. But it is believed that this deposit is only enough for the necessities of our cotton and wheat crops for a single year; in fact, it has been said that a lack of potash has been the chief cause for the poor crops of these staples during the last year or two. It is interesting to note that when the European war broke, salesmen who had sold potash to farmers at prices round thirty-five dollars a ton went round and bought back all they could, paying three hundred dollars and upward for it. From that time forward wheat and cotton crops began to suffer.

There is another way, however, in which potash is, at the immediate moment, of far more importance to the United States than for these two great products of its fields. Potash is an ingredient of powder—particularly of the old-fashioned black powder, still used in shrapnel. Moreover, the chief American source from which potash is derived also holds acetone, which, in turn, is the chief solvent in the manufacture of smokeless powder, universally used to-day by all the armies of the world. Without an assurance of potash and acetone in abundance within its own boundaries the United States could ill afford to go to war.

To-day it holds such an assurance, secured through the scientific development of one of the very largest of its war brides. It was sudden necessity that gave to us the very thing for which we had been slowly and rather ineffectually groping for a dozen years or more. The war bride in this case had been given large war contracts for smokeless powder and other modern explosives—among them, cordite. Cordite is a sort of British specialty. English gunners of high and low degree fancy it. The staff heads of the chief of all the Allies indorse it. And when England finally got into the war game she demanded it—asked America whether she could fill a contract for two million pounds of the stuff.

The contract came eventually to the above concern. It began figuring on the contract, with the help of its expert chemists and cost experts.

Acetone for Cordite

"PASS up that English order," advised some of its rivals in the munitions field. "It will cost you no end of trouble. It's the most rigidly tested propellant in all the world. It's got to drive a sixteen-pound shell sixteen hundred and forty-five feet a second or the British Government will reject the whole lot. Twelve feet a second off, and you will have a hundred-thousand-pound batch turned back as waste. Don't touch it! There isn't a cent of money in it."

But, on the other hand, the contract bade fair to become a twenty-five-million-dollar affair—a *dot* well worth the attention of even the most captious of war brides. The company went to experimenting. Not all of its trials were successful. Some were. And it was because of these that the sales manager of the concern went hurrying up to New York to see E. R. Stettinius, of the House of Morgán, the man to whom was intrusted the big job of buying most of the war supplies from America for the British Government.

"We are ready to sign up for the delivery of two million pounds of cordite—two hundred thousand pounds to be tested and approved and on shipboard within six weeks' time, or we forfeit a bond for a quarter of a million dollars," said the sales manager.

Stettinius was not so quick.

"Where are you going to get enough acetone?" he inquired.

That had been the sticking point at which other powder makers had failed; for cordite, unlike the other smokeless powders, is built up not from one but from two explosive ingredients—guncotton and nitroglycerin. And the only practical solvent for these is the curious liquid of pleasant, ethereal odor—acetone. The total production of acetone in the United States before the beginning of the war did not exceed seven million pounds. The single contract the powder company was prepared to sign would call for six hundred thousand pounds of the stuff. And there were British agents, here and there and everywhere across the face of the land, buying acetone for their own munition factories. The price already had jumped from ten cents a pound—the normal figure—to twenty-five, thirty-five, forty cents; and was still going up.

"Mr. Stettinius," said the sales manager of the powder makers, "if we will discover and develop an entirely new method for making acetone, and will draw our supply from a source now unknown and never before available, do we get the contract?"

"It sounds pretty good," was the instant reply.

Then followed conferences; the cable was put at work. It brought back from oversea this astounding counter-proposition:

"We, also, need acetone from this unknown mythical source of yours. Supply us with enough to make twenty-four million pounds of cordite over here and you can make

twenty-four million pounds of cordite over there—on the sole understanding that every last pound of acetone be derived from a source not now available."

Here was a proposition for an American manufacturer to face! He finally had offered the British Government an amount of cordite that would require acetone equal to the entire annual production in the United States. The British Government had replied by the cool suggestion that he double the offering; and it had tacked on a clause which limited the delivery to twelve months' time.

Some salesmen would have turned down the contract then and there. The powder expert did nothing of the sort. He agreed to take it, with all its staggering conditions, and hurried back home to start his concern on the manufacture of acetone—at a rate of which chemists had never before dreamed. It was a real problem. The old-fashioned way of making acetone, the way by which the United States derived its commercial output in ordinary years, was by the dry distillation of acetate of lime, which, in turn, is a product of the dry distillation of wood. But this was the method expressly forbidden by the contract. A second possibility was to erect a plant by a good water power somewhere—for legal reasons at a point like the Canadian side of Niagara Falls—and there manufacture acetone from carbide by a synthetic process patented and perfected by the Germans. But that method was complicated. And there was not enough carbide.

Then someone had suggested vinegar. And after his associates were done with their laughing comments, saying that there were not enough vinegar-making plants in the entire United States to make, combined, the fourteen million pounds necessary for the great cordite contract, it was decided that the powder company should build a vinegar plant that was big enough; and its sales manager returned to Mr. Stettinius and signed the contract.

A Floating Potash Mine

THIS is not the time or the place to attempt to describe in any detail the great vinegar factory that rose on the harbor shore not far from Baltimore. It is enough to say here and now that the ordinary process of making vinegar is to place fermenting fruit juices or alcohol in a wooden generator, four feet by eight and filled with beech shavings. Fresh liquor is fed in from the top; air is let in at the bottom; Nature takes its course and the vinegar is drawn off. This is the ordinary course followed in vinegar and yeast factories.

But the new plant was no place for the ordinary course of things. It was founded upon the extraordinary. It would have taken twenty thousand of the four-by-eight generators to make its output of vinegar—seventy-five million gallons in nine months' time. As it was, it took a city of nine hundred and sixty generating casks—huge affairs, each of them, and arranged like a miniature city in streets. There were innumerable ingenious devices for carrying the raw product to the casks; other carriers to bring the vinegar and to transmute it into the acetone, resembling nothing quite so much as hard rock-sugar candy. The entire plant cost more than three million dollars. It was but a single article in the attire of a typical war bride.

Not that it was all done quite so easily as it is here told; for, like a great many other overnight enterprises, there was quite a broad difference between the theory and the practice. And, because of the difficulties that were inevitable to the operation of a great new plant, there were only about one hundred thousand gallons a day coming out of the great vinegar casks—and one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand gallons a day was needed to save the contracts.

This is where we come to potash. At the very moment when it looked as if the powder concern was about to achieve failure instead of victory, it turned toward kelp, as a fresh source of the needed acetone. And through kelp—which holds potash as well as acetone—it saved the day, not only for itself but apparently for the whole United States. For as soon as it became a commercial necessity to harvest the seaweed for acetone it was both possible and practicable to refine the potash, which is the very thing that is being done to-day.

If you have ever been to San Diego you must have noticed the great field of kelp—acres upon acres of floating seaweed—which rests upon the surface of the Pacific outside the entrance to its harbor. Until now it has been of no commercial use whatsoever, though the Federal Government has been urging its exploitation for many years past. In other countries the beach combers have gathered up the kelp after the passing of the tide, and from it has been refined a very useful and practical potash. But there is little tide at San Diego and so the algæ rarely ever come ashore. It is necessary to go out and cut them.

A dozen inventors have filed a hundred patents or so on self-propelled cutting scows for harvesting the kelp. Not one of them had ever succeeded in making an ideal machine. A kelp-cutting harvester, to be successful, must not only be able to operate satisfactorily against adverse weather conditions but must also cut the algæ—not pull them out by the roots and so prevent their propagation and regrowth. And so one of the great potential assets of the United States remained undeveloped.

The powder company felt that it could crack the difficult nut. It went out to San Diego last summer and quietly built a great refining plant by the side of the harbor at a cost of more than a million dollars. San Diego rubbed its eyes in astonishment. It is not used to the quiet method of doing big things. No advertisements; no stock solicitation; no request for a free site from the Chamber of Commerce; not even a request for a loan from any of the banks—only fifteen hundred men working day and night to make a commercial dream of the years come true. But the dream was coming true. Not only was the plant being built there before its very eyes, a pier twenty-two hundred feet in length thrusting itself out into the harbor, but Captain Norris, who had handled all the big harbor work for years, until he was made port pilot, was working at the kelp with a real cutting scow.

The cutting scow, like the Baltimore vinegar plant, was not an immediate practical success. Yet its success was absolutely essential to the success of the refining plant. And upon the refining plant hung that twenty-five-million-dollar cordite and acetone contract with the British Government. So that when the cutting scow refused to do the work demanded of it the powder company felt that it had the hardest of its problems still to solve.

The House That Jack Built

THE problem was not beyond solution. A shrewd mechanical expert from headquarters had gone to San Diego at the beginning to devise a harvesting craft that would cut the kelp, that makes the potash, that makes the acetone, that makes the cordite. The house that Jack built would have been nowhere without Jack. And so the cordite contract would have been just so much waste paper without a successful harvester in the waters of San Diego Bay. Under such necessity American wit and ingenuity triumphed. They rarely fail in such hours. A successful and practicable harvester was finally developed by the mechanical expert and set at work in the kelp. It is still working there, two others beside it—each cutting about five hundred tons a day. The contract has been kept. American ingenuity still stands above par on the other side of the Atlantic. But, best of all, we have gained a great permanent industry—a fine industry in time of peace, an asset of almost incalculable value in time of war.

The Government experts have said that this bed of kelp can be relied upon to supply potash for the entire commercial and the greater part of the agricultural needs of the United States for many years to come. Other scientists have disagreed with them. Yet it is conceded that the San Diego experiment has proved successful. It is only reasonable to suppose that the present harvesting work will be

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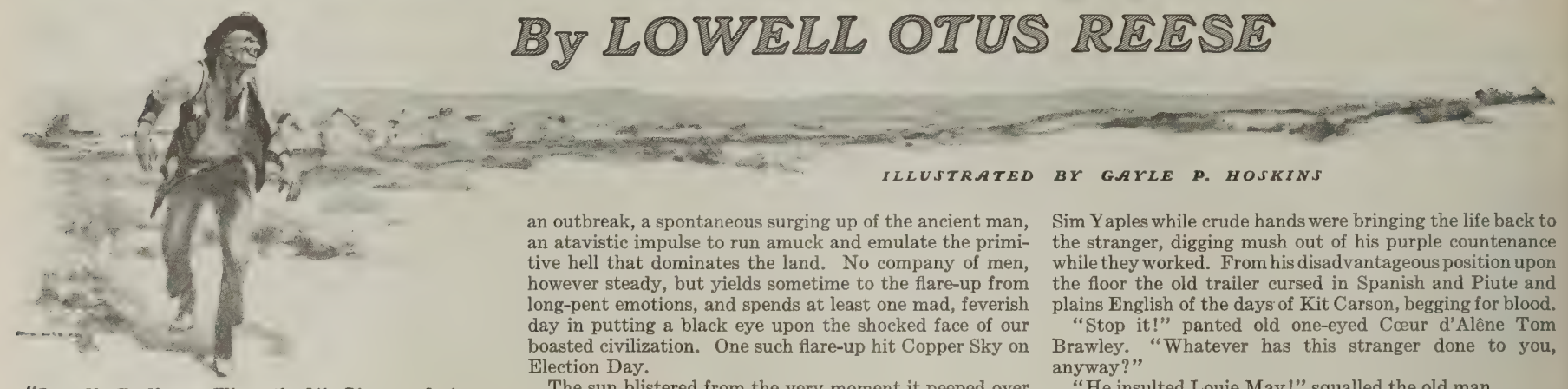
In the Manufacture of Steel and of Steel Products We Have No Peer in All the World

The Constable of Copper Sky

By LOWELL OTUS REESE



ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

"Bury Me To-Morrow Where the Lily Blossoms Spring Underneath the Willows, While the Little Robins Sing"

THIS story properly begins away back in the dim remoteness of the origin of being, when Nature instilled into all sentient creatures the Pride of Preferment. However, since Nature has further endowed us with the urge to go quickly to the heart of things, we jump clear down the ages to the Day of the Big Jag, when Copper Sky celebrated three memorable things—its first election; the dedication of the new calaboose; and the impending wedding of Louie May.

The election signalized Copper Sky's arrival at the dignity of townhood; the new calaboose marked the end of the time when the occasional lawbreaker would be taken haughtily away by some petty official of Cactus Center, to be tried by the court down at that pride-bloated metropolis. Cactus Center was the county seat, and it presumed upon the fact. It had the jump on Copper Sky, and it rubbed it in on that growing town. Wherefore, Copper Sky hated Cactus Center. The county seat saw in Copper Sky a potential rival; so naturally it hated Copper Sky. The antipathy extended to individuals; and woe followed the Copper Sky pilgrim who stepped out of the Straight and Narrow when making a visit to the county seat.

Which leads us to the wedding of Louie May and its relation to the opening of the great epoch of civic independence.

Several years back Aunt Malindy Crow, who owned the Palace Hotel, made a far pilgrimage to Los Angeles. When she came back Louie May came with her. Now so far back as she could remember, Louie May had been an orphan, unnoticed, unloved, and unlovely in the hopeless uniform of the Orphanage. For orphanages, like many individual philanthropists, oftentimes give generously of everything but love.

But in the hearts of Copper Sky Louie May found all the love that her earlier years had missed. As the months went on, not one of the rough men but would have fought to the last breath for her. And in that generous atmosphere Louie May expanded with wonderful rapidity. The awful primness of the tightly pulled hair gave place to little kinkles and curls, and there was a red ribbon. A song came to her lips and stayed there. She reveled in work, and flew from kitchen to dining room, a regular little fury of industry.

So the years went by and Louie May was a young woman. Copper Sky didn't realize it; but Kelley Briles did. About the time that Louie May came to the Palace, Kelley Briles, himself only a boy of nineteen, took a "lay" on a portion of the Happy Chance Claim, up on the breast of old Soledad Butte. A lay, of course, is a lease, given upon a certain portion of a claim for a certain period of time. The man taking the lay gains in exact proportion to the amount of work he can crowd into the life of his lease. Kelley Briles had spent four years in working like a fiend. His ambition began with a possible stock ranch and alfalfa field down in the valley; but it soon expanded and included Louie May.

So Kelley's lease had expired. His last shipments had been made and the returns were stored away in old Judge Navlett's safe—gold, to the amount of twelve thousand dollars. It had been the boy's idea to have this rich witness to his four years of hard work in order to lend an added interest to his wedding day, which was set for the day following election. A boyish whim, certainly; but it might be forgiven, for Kelley was but twenty-three years of age.

II

LIFE on the desert is a hard thing. Sun, wind and the eternal dryness conspire to batter at the doors of fortitude. Labor, under these conditions, tries the soul. Consequently there is bound to come a time when occurs an outbreak, a spontaneous surging up of the ancient man, an atavistic impulse to run amuck and emulate the primitive hell that dominates the land. No company of men, however steady, but yields sometime to the flare-up from long-pent emotions, and spends at least one mad, feverish day in putting a black eye upon the shocked face of our boasted civilization. One such flare-up hit Copper Sky on Election Day.

The sun blistered from the very moment it peeped over the shoulder of Soledad Butte and glared at Copper Sky. The new calaboose, a twelve-foot box built of iron slabs and set in the middle of the Public Square, warmed with the promise of what would happen to the town's malefactors in the future. It was going to be a hot day.

It was going to be more than that. From the moment the citizenry began appearing upon the sand-littered board sidewalks one could see that something was brewing. Substantial ones, whose ordinary lives were most exemplary, teetered slightly when they walked. Old Dad Tolliver went about, apparently sober; but an unusual solemnity sat upon his wrinkled face and he chose each step with meticulous care. Judge Navlett, of course, was entirely above suspicion; but later in the day even Judge Navlett was observed to be smiling happily to himself; and a moist, tender light was in his eyes, half hidden beneath their bushy brows. It was indeed going to be a hot day.

Breakfast was being eaten in the dining room of the Palace Hotel. Halfway down the table sat a stranger with a V-shaped scar on his chin and a splash of white hair in the cowlick above his forehead. He, too, showed signs of the artificial exhilaration that infected the morning atmosphere.

Opposite the stranger little Old Sim Yaples, bald, toothless and wizened, was pursuing a couple of beans about over his plate, trying to coax them upon the end of his knifeblade. His efforts were meeting with a disheartening lack of success, however, because he was unable to ascertain which of the two beans was the real one. The baffling legumes had worn his temper to rags; and besides, Old Sim did not like the stranger across the table.

The old man at last succeeded in his chase and the fugitive bean was on its way to his open jaws, poised upon the knifeblade, where it wabbled precariously. Louie May came in and set a bowl of hot mush before the stranger.

"Hello, sweetheart!"

Old Sim started violently. The bean hopped off his knife and rolled under the table.

The next moment the astonished alien's face was buried in his bowl of hot mush and held there by a skinny old hand that was like a bunch of steel springs. Old Sim's other skinny claw was searching industriously for the stranger's windpipe. Chairs went over backward. Louie May screamed and Aunt Malindy rushed in from the kitchen. Old Sim had discovered the amorous individual's windpipe and was constricting it earnestly, while with his other hand he held his victim's face jammed down in the steaming mush.

It was not at all a pleasant affair. When it was over the dining room was a wreck. Three large men sat upon Sim Yaples while crude hands were bringing the life back to the stranger, digging mush out of his purple countenance while they worked. From his disadvantageous position upon the floor the old trailer cursed in Spanish and Piute and plains English of the days of Kit Carson, begging for blood.

"Stop it!" panted old one-eyed Cœur d'Alêne Tom Brawley. "Whatever has this stranger done to you, anyway?"

"He insulted Louie May!" squalled the old man.

This was indeed different. To the casual transient Louie May was just a dining-room waitress, born to be the natural target for leering pleasantries; to the rough, powder-reeking men of Copper Sky she was Louie May, daughter of the camp, sweet and good; a marvelous flower blooming in the desert, making glad the waste places. For in the wide country men gain a clearer perspective of things; and a waitress with a clean heart appears to them exactly what she is—a brave soul bringing to honest labor the dignity it deserves.

Louie May insulted! A cordial sentiment at once manifested itself, favoring Old Sim's immediate release, to the end that he might resume his pleasant diversion. But the opportune arrival of Old Dad Tolliver saved the issue. Dad, the old bellwether of the camp, pointed out how opprobrium surely would rest upon Copper Sky's first election if a stranger were immolated at the very inception of the great event.

"Besides," said Dad, "the man's drunk. He ain't used to Copper Sky whisky. And you got to allow that when a man's dazed—sort of—the sight of Louie May's sweet face is liable to start him saying things he ain't at all accountable for, not being in his right mind and seeing her kind of suddenlike."

Old Dad's argument prevailed at last, and the gagging unfortunate was borne away and hidden in the back room of Judge Navlett's office, against the coming of the night passenger train. Then Copper Sky quickly forgot him in the superior interest that attached to the opening of the polls.

But one there was who did not fall for Dad's sophistries. Nor did he forget. Sorely disappointed, Old Sim Yaples wandered up and down the town, his shiny old gun in his belt and a hungry look in his dim eyes. All day he spent in this futile search, his moccasined feet padding from one saloon to another. Sim Yaples was a relic of the days of the old plainsmen and he still clung to moccasins, even in the desert, where every cactus thorn promised him a dagger thrust, but seldom made the promise good; for Old Sim's feet seemed to have eyes in the dark.

The new calaboose was used as the voting place. At irregular intervals Old Sim's travels brought him by this place, where a majority of the population was gathered.

"Ain't she a fine one, Sim?" gurgled Scotty Mackinnon when Sim stopped for a moment to regard the new structure.

The old man's sullen gaze regarded the calaboose appraisingly.

"She ain't so big as the one down at Cactus Center," went on Scotty; "but she's a heap more stylish."

Sim nodded his bald head. His eyes fell upon the door fastenings.

"Looksh like shame kind of a lock as the one on Cactus Center Jail," he said.

The Company Followed Sim Into the Street, Leaving the Boy and Girl Weeping Together

"Shame kind of key, too. Wonner why they didn' gezzer differen' lock an' differen' key?"

Scotty didn't know. Old Sim went away, sore as a boil.

Another wrong had been added to the day's list. All the rest of the day that lock and key kept heaping up with the general rage that consumed him; for he had been in the county seat's calaboose and the memory rankled. He was an unrelenting partisan in the intense bitterness that existed between the two towns.

The voting had just begun when he came round again.

"I wish I was constable!" he barked, his bare old gums grinding together in his rage. "I'd go get that feller inshulted Louie May and scalp 'im! And I'd put a differen' lock an' key on ze calaboose. Ole women, tha'sh what Copper Sky ish! Let a stranger wiz a face like a chuckwalla come to town an' inshult Louie May, an' gezzer 'way wiz it! Ole women! Ole copycats! Had to copy lock on Cactus Center's calaboose! 'F I was cons'able it'd be differen'. Besshir life!"

Again the old trailer ambled away in hot fury. Scotty Mackinnon laughed a bibulous laugh. Then he decided to go in and vote.

"Who you goin' vote for for cons'able, Scotty?" asked another inebriate.

Scotty halted and drew himself to an approximate perpendicular.

"Who—me?" he asked gravely. "F'r cons'able? I ——"

Then into his mind crept a regular rogue of an idea. Like an electric flash it swept through his whole being and registered itself upon his grinning face.

"Me—I'm goin' vote f'r Sim Yaples!" he chuckled. "Joke—shee? Sim Yaples f'r cons'able! But keep it dark."

The wealth of the joke beat strongly upon the other's sense of humor.

"I'm gonna do it, too!" he announced firmly.

The two voted and went across to Johnny Eisinger's for a drink.

But the joke was too good to keep. They simply had to tell it. And wherever they told it, once it had penetrated beyond the haze the hot day's potations had wrapped about Copper Sky's intelligence, it exploded with the dazzling effect of a bursting comet. It was a fine joke.

The polls were closed and the counting of the ballots had commenced. Inside the calaboose, Judge Navlett, Dad Tolliver, Long Bill Holliday and several others, weighed down by a sense of the great responsibility, counted and tallied solemnly. On the very second ticket the Judge paused, after enunciating "For Constable," and regarded the ticket closely. Not satisfied, he put on his horn spectacles and looked again. Yes; there could be no doubt. The name of the regular candidate had been scratched; and in its place was scrawled: "Sim Yaples."

Sorely mystified, the old lawyer looked about him and announced the vote. The incredulous judges and clerks demanded to see the ballot. As it went from hand to hand a roar of laughter started. In the street outside, Scotty Mackinnon joined in the mirth; for he knew. It surprised him, though, when the rest of the crowd laughed also, understandingly it seemed. How did they know he had cast that vote for Sim Yaples? Yet it certainly seemed they did; and his foggy mind turned the matter over in amazement.

Another ticket was taken from the box. Again, when Judge Navlett came to "For Constable," he peered, as though unwilling to believe his eyes; and then he read again:

"Sim Yaples."

A third and fourth time this happened. The hilarity gradually began giving place to perplexity. What did it all mean, anyway? Each individual humorist remembered his own vote, cast in jest for Old Sim, but quite overlooked the possibility of other voters' having the same sense of humor. Here and there, as the counting proceeded, was a scattering vote for the regular candidate; but far oftener, when "For Constable" came, Judge Navlett read: "Sim Yaples."

It grew to be monotonous.

Quite ignorant of what was happening at the polls, Sim Yaples still quested about over town, looking for a man with a V-shaped scar on his chin and a patch of white in his cowlick. The old man was singing now. When Old Sim started weeping or singing sad songs, people who knew him kept out of the way. All day he had been drinking; but the fact was hardly perceptible in his gait as he came down the street, walking on his toes and warbling a melancholy song of ancient ribaldry:

"I was young and happy, and my heart was light and gay,
Singing, always singing, through the sunny summer day;
Happy as a lizard in the wavin' chaparral,
Walkin' down through Laramie with Snagtooth Sal."

"Are You Coming—or Will I Have to Crawl in There and Beat You Up Into a Sausage?"

As he came by the calaboose he broke into his lachrymose refrain:

"Sal, Sal,
My heart it broke to-day—
Broke in two forever when they laid you in the clay;
I would give creation to be walkin' with my gal—
Walkin' down through Laramie with Snagtooth Sal."

"Oh, Simeon!"

Still wearing his perplexed look, Judge Navlett beckoned the old trailer up to the door.

"God alone knows how it happened, Simeon," said Judge Navlett; "but you have been elected Constable of Copper Sky!"

There was a dead silence. For the first moment, Old Sim's faded, bloodshot eyes traveled round over the assembled faces, sinister, dangerous. He seemed to sense a joke—and he was in no mood for jokes. His gaze came back to the quiet, grave face of Copper Sky's respected old jurist, still wearing its look of perplexity.

"Here are the implements that go with your office," said the judge.

He handed to Sim a pair of handcuffs and an enormous star, upon which appeared the word "Constable" in huge letters; and finally the shining key of the calaboose.

Old Sim mechanically accepted the articles. Plainly he did not as yet comprehend or believe.

"It's all right, Sim," said Dad Tolliver. "The camp elected you constable by a three-fourths majority. I think it was done as a compliment to you for defending Louie May." Crafty Old Dad!

Old Sim saw and believed at once. Virtue had been recognized at last! He thrust the cuffs and the key into his pocket, and pinned the potential badge upon his shirtfront. He cast a lofty look of proprietorship at the calaboose; and that look seemed to assure the world that he would keep that noble structure full and running over throughout the entire period of his incumbency. Purpose was in his eye as he padded swiftly away through the soft, cooling air, tempered now by the relenting sun. At last Sim knew what it meant when Nature instilled into every breast the Pride of Preferment. He was Constable of Copper Sky! Now let the man with the V-shaped scar on his chin beware!

Dad Tolliver turned to Judge Navlett with a troubled face.

"The boys elected Old Sim as a joke," he said. "They were all drunk. You're a lawyer, Judge; is it going to be legal?"

Judge Navlett looked out over the desert, where the evening was beginning to turn the world to burnt umber and mauve, edged with mysterious black, far out on the edge of the Panamints, where the night was creeping up over the rim of things.

"Well," said the venerable lawyer slowly, "if three-fourths of a community of tough desert men say a thing is legal, it is my opinion that nobody is ever going to risk his precious health trying to argue them out of it."

III

BREAKFAST in the Palace dining room next morning in no way resembled a frolic. Gloom was everywhere. Heads throbbed and furry throats recoiled in disgust from bacon and beans. Mush was a low thing and coffee found favor only because of its admirable virtue. Yesterday had been a great day; but to-day was the Morning After.

Louie May alone flitted about the breakfast room like a solitary sunbeam playing among murky clouds. This was her wedding day. Already the room was decorated for the occasion, and a great bell hung above the table, made of white flowers brought from Los Angeles at much expense. Always the girl watched the door with bright expectancy whenever a step sounded, coming from the street. But for some reason Kelley Briles was late. Disappointment began to threaten the happy light in the girl's eyes, and once or twice her lip quivered.

"Don't you worry, Louie May!" smiled Old Dad Tolliver reassuringly. "Kelley's over at Judge Navlett's office counting that twelve thousand he's going to give you for a wedding present."

Louie May smiled faintly. Then the door opened and Kelley came slowly in. His face was gray-white above the unaccustomed linen collar, and he shook as with a chill.

"Kelley!" cried Louie May.

The boy moved across and took her in his arms.

"I—I hate to tell you, Louie May," he whispered hoarsely; "but I got to. Somebody stole our gold out of Judge Navlett's safe last night!"

"Oh! Poor Kelley!"

Then the young fellow broke down suddenly, and she soothed him as though he had been a child. Over his shoulder her stricken eyes went round the table and stopped where sat Old Sim Yaples, the enormous star upon his breast, mocking her with the futile legend, "Constable."

Old Sim got up and glared round at the assembled miners.

"Where'd you put him?" he demanded harshly. "Where'd you tuck in that poor, lovin' stranger after you took him away from me yesterday?"

(Continued on Page 54)

THE NIGHT OF THE DUB

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON DINGWALL

"Of Course There's Dozens of Good Dinners Cheaper. But We're Doing This Thing Only Once, and We Want to Do it Right"

THIS tale's introduction could be shortened and made simple to a degree by dropping unwieldy verbal portraiture for the apt art of the movies.

For example, on the snow-glare screen might be thrown a "flash," or a "still," of a youth with colorless hair and homemade features, absorbedly busy, conning a seed catalogue. This might be followed by the pulsate caption:

Homer K. Twitty, Commuter; Twenty-four-dollar-a-week Clerk in Brokerage House of Ganz, Ganz & Sons.

After the audience's record holder for slow reading had had ample time to master and commit to memory this announcement, the genius in the box might screen another "still"; this one depicting an aggressive-jawed and portly man of thirty, clad in due servility to next year's most advanced styles, thoughtfully passing a few yards of ticker tape through his gloved fingers. The Iris Fade-Out of this attractive glimpse might be followed—or preceded—by some such lucid explanation as:

Reggie Ganz, New Head of Ganz, Ganz & Sons.

Thus, in four brief stills or flashes, everyone in the darkened auditorium would at once become familiar with the two protagonists' personalities and chief traits, and would be thoroughly prepared for some such later gem of photoplay rhetoric as:

"Whom do you suppose would credit such a lie when you would reveal it to them?"

The screen is mightier than the pen; and it clears—in one glad stride and two captions—the ground over which the typewriter must plunk tediously for six pages. Wherefore ——

Homer K. Twitty was not even a cog in the great minting machine known to fame as Ganz, Ganz & Sons. He was merely one of the numberless drops of oil that kept the cogs duly lubricated. Yet he was a reliable little drop. Between the ages of thirteen and twenty-seven he had mounted dizzily from wastebasket guardian to the aforehinted twenty-four-dollar-a-week clerkship.

Being reliable, he would always have a job of some kind. Being reliable, he would always need one. His special oil dropper was the second of the three employee-jammed outer offices of Ganz, Ganz & Sons. Here, like Theseus in Æneas' vision, he "sat, had sat, and"—presumably—"evermore would sit."

Beyond him, amid roseate clouds, loomed the inner office, the shrine toward which all good clerks' upward steps were bent; the goal of attainment which outer-office workers viewed with dimming hope as the toil years slowly ground their optimism down to hardpan drudgery.

For the rest, Homer K. Twitty was of the type so eagerly sought for by life's stage director to enact such stirring rôles as Second Citizen, or Voice in the Crowd, or Confused Noise Without. He was not a shining light. He was not even a danger signal. He was a dub.

All this in the offices of Ganz, Ganz & Sons, on Wall Street, Manhattan.

But there was compensation, and it lay to westward—twenty-two miles to westward. To reach this Promised Land, Homer daily plodded to ferry or tube, crossed the river, rode in the second car behind the smoker for sixty-seven minutes—except when he chanced to miss the express, in which sad case the trip was eleven minutes longer—and detrained at Pompton Plains.

But it was no dub who stepped importantly down from the train. It was a Wall Street man. Therein lay the compensation, Wall Street being like a successful operation, or a conscience victory, or a stormy scene with the boss—in that the farther away from it one travels, the more important and glow-inspiring it becomes.

Not that Homer had laid claim to greatness. He had simply announced, when first he moved to Pompton Plains, that he was in the brokerage house of Ganz, Ganz & Sons. And Pompton Plains had done the rest. It was passing sweet, after a lubricating day of dubdom, to have fellow commuters beg him to tell the inside reason for some Wall Street antic that had smeared itself on the evening papers' first page. It was even sweeter to be chosen unanimously as arbiter in every petty financial argument. Sweetest it was to be asked:

"Why don't you bring Reggie Ganz out with you, some night, to one of our duck-pin tournaments?"

Reggie Ganz! Homer had stood in the presence of the great man just four times in all his life. Twice, when the head clerk had sent him shivering into the inner office with accounts the boss had asked for; once when Ganz had passed him in the corridor and had made him the proud bearer of a message to the office manager; once when Reggie, shooting through the outer office in a rush for a train, had stumbled over Homer's wastebasket and had courteously asked the basket's quaking proprietor why in hell he didn't have sense enough to keep the aisle clear!

To be just to Homer, he had not bluffed—to any criminal extent—when Pompton Plains had sought to thrust Wall Street renown upon him. To all requests for tips or for the secret reasons for some stock flurry, he always made curt and truthful answer:

"I don't know anything about it."

A reply which convinced his worst enemy that he knew all about it. To the suggestions that he bring Reggie Ganz out to fair Pompton Plains for a session of the Duck Pin Bowling Club, or for some other local orgy, he ever replied, with equal curtness and veracity:

"Ganz is a pretty busy man. I'm afraid he wouldn't be able to spare the time."

Nevertheless, at heart he thrilled with the importance thrust upon him. And, to prevent his fame from ebbing—there was always his wife. Bertha Twitty knew, to a penny, what pay Homer received. She knew he was merely one of a swarm of subsidiary clerks in an immense brokerage house. All this she knew—with her mind. Even as, mentally, the average mother must surely realize that her only son is not a choice blend of d'Artagnan, Socrates and Sir Galahad.

Yet, as a mother drapes the combined mantles of those three worthies over her slack-jawed boy's narrow shoulders, so did Bertha endow her clerkly spouse with all the glories of a fictional Wall Street man. She was a truthful soul, this brown-and-drab little woman. Yet—well, she was a childless wife, who must perforce have an idol. And Homer K. Twitty was the sole available candidate for the pedestal. A poor, blind candidate, perhaps; but the only one in stock.

Social life in the pretty suburb of Pompton Plains waxes gay to an extreme when the summer boarders have departed, and when, like hibernating bears, the commuters must rely upon themselves alone for pabulum. And the bright center, round which revolved the winter gayeties of Homer K. Twitty's set, was the Pompton Plains Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club.

There were but eight members of this exclusive club—all men. But they had injected a jolly feminine atmosphere into the functions—and disarmed wifely remonstrance at lonely home evenings—by adjourning once a month, after the game, to the house of some member, whither the wives of the seven other members had preceded them, and completing the night with a dance and with a supper revel. The fare ranged in variety from Welsh rabbit to stewed oysters and cocoa.

It was Mr. J. B. Threbble, president of the club, who on one such Neronic night broached the plan that leads this story by slow steps from introduction to action.

"Say!" exclaimed Mr. Threbble, a third glass of sparkling lemonade mounting like *aqua vitæ* to his fecund brain and there suddenly begetting an inspiration: "Say, people, what's the matter with our doing this, sometime? What's the matter with our doing this? Listen, now. I got an idea. What's the matter with all of us doing this? What's the matter with our having a real blow-out? Hey?"

Mrs. Spencer Belding, hostess of the evening, bridled at the implied slur upon her delicious hot coconut cake and seltzer lemonade. But Mr. Threbble was too excited to notice. He expounded with growing eagerness:

"Listen! What's the matter with the whole crowd of us going to New York some evening—you girls meet us there when we quit work—and getting dinner at some good restaurant, and then take in a swell show and—and maybe get a bite of supper somewheres afterward, on our way to the train; and then catch the one-ten home? Hey? How about it, everybody?"

Probably when Columbus played his apocryphal trick with the nonauthenticated egg the hypothetical group of scientists gasped in silent amaze for a second, before breaking out in wild acclaim of the unique if asinine stunt. Certainly the assembled members—and their wives—of the Pompton Plains Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club stared in awed bewilderment at the speaker for several consecutive seconds before their ravished vocal powers returned. Then everybody talked at once.

Mr. Threbble's plan was so alluring, and so feasibly simple withal, that his seven fellow members could have kicked themselves for not having thought of it long ago. As for the wives, they were unanimous in their plaudits. Seldom have

sixteen people been so thoroughly unanimous in indorsing anything. After that first check at the magnitude of the scheme there was not one dissenting voice.

At last the tumult and the shouting died and the gathering resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to go into executive session on the topic of ways and means. Here, as was but to be expected, there were a few minor clashes. But the universal optimism wave easily splashed over and through these. And the thing was ordained.

Bit by bit, during this committee meeting, Homer K. Twitty crept out of the ruck and well to the front, passing even the inspired Mr. Threbble himself. For as the theme took on a tinge of high finance—as regarded assessments, dues, the division of the outlay for dinner, theater, supper, and so on—all eyes turned by instinct upon the Wall Street magnate, whose long experience in handling such details as mergers, pools and reorganizations had fitted him above all other members for such a task as this.

Modestly Homer accepted the burden. A few deft if shameless questions gave him a precise knowledge of the sum that might be relied on to capitalize the venture. This total, with the aid of a pencil and an envelope back, was applied to the probable outlay, which was duly and by inches whittled down to meet the subscriptions.

"Here we are," was Homer's final masterly summing up: "Total assessment, sixty-four dollars—that's you men's eight dollars per. Get that amount in your minds. Sixty-four dollars. Total assessment."

He was very much the steel-cold Wall Street financier now. Even Bertha—who had seen him cry, that time he mashed his finger so cruelly in the china-closet door—felt just a little awed.

"Dinner comes next," he went on. "No; carfare from the place we're to meet to the restaurant. That's a nickel each, or eighty cents in all."

Mr. Threbble's lips worked rapidly in calculation; then he nodded assent.

"Dinner, next," proclaimed Homer. "Now I take it we want a real feed. The kind we can date time from, eh? Well, there's lots of good places where they serve a corking dinner for one dollar and twenty-five cents. Of course there's dozens of good dinners cheaper," he hurried on, steam-rollering an objection from prudent Mr. Spencer Belding, the evening's host. "But we're doing this thing only once, and we want to do it right. So let's say one dollar and twenty-five cents per. That's a total of just twenty dollars. Exactly twenty dollars and no cents. And two dollars for the waiter—ten per cent, you know—making twenty-two dollars. I'll pick out a place not too far from the theater," with a conciliating glance at Mr. Belding, "so we can walk there from the restaurant and save eighty cents that way. Now good seats for a good show will cost two dollars per. That makes ——"

"There are plenty of nice vaudeville places," objected Mr. Belding, "where they only charge ——"

"That makes a total of thirty-two dollars for the tickets." Homer frowned him down. "Then, on the way back, we can stop at a restaurant near the theater and get some dandy fried oysters and coffee all round. That'll be thirty cents more apiece; and a nickel each to the waiter—a total of five dollars and sixty cents. Then ——"

"With such a swell dinner, what do we want to load ourselves up with supper for afterward?" protested Mr. Belding.

"Oh, let's go the whole thing!" enthusiastically suggested his wife. "We're doing it only once. And I ——"

"Then," continued the auditor, "five cents apiece—carfare to the ferry. That's eighty cents more. I'm not counting in railroad fares. We men have our own commutation tickets and you girls all have ten-trippers. So the total expense of our grand outing is due to be just exactly—exactly—sixty-one dollars and twenty cents," he ended in triumph; adding, as a bright afterthought: "Which leaves us two dollars and eighty cents in the treasury toward next year's spree, if we decide to make an annual thing of it!"

"Why not rebate the two dollars and eighty cents, pro rata, to the members?" ventured Mr. Belding.

But nobody heard him in the gust of approval over Homer K. Twitty's financial achievement. On the crest of this applause Homer was unanimously chosen treasurer of the expedition, and was further honored by popular assignment to the responsibility of picking out the restaurant and the theater. He felt much as though Reggie Ganz had turned over to him the entire yearly profit of the firm and had bidden him invest it in whatsoever manner his judgment might dictate. It was a fearful responsibility his fellow club members had thrust upon him. But in his own sanely self-confident heart Homer knew himself equal to it.

"Shall we say—shall we say eight weeks from to-night?" he asked. "That'll give us plenty of time. I'll pick out the show and buy the tickets to-morrow. You know, in some of these New York theaters you have to get tickets a thundering long time ahead. Nobody's got any engagement for eight weeks from to-night, have they?" he ended jocularly, as though naming a date in some post-historic period.

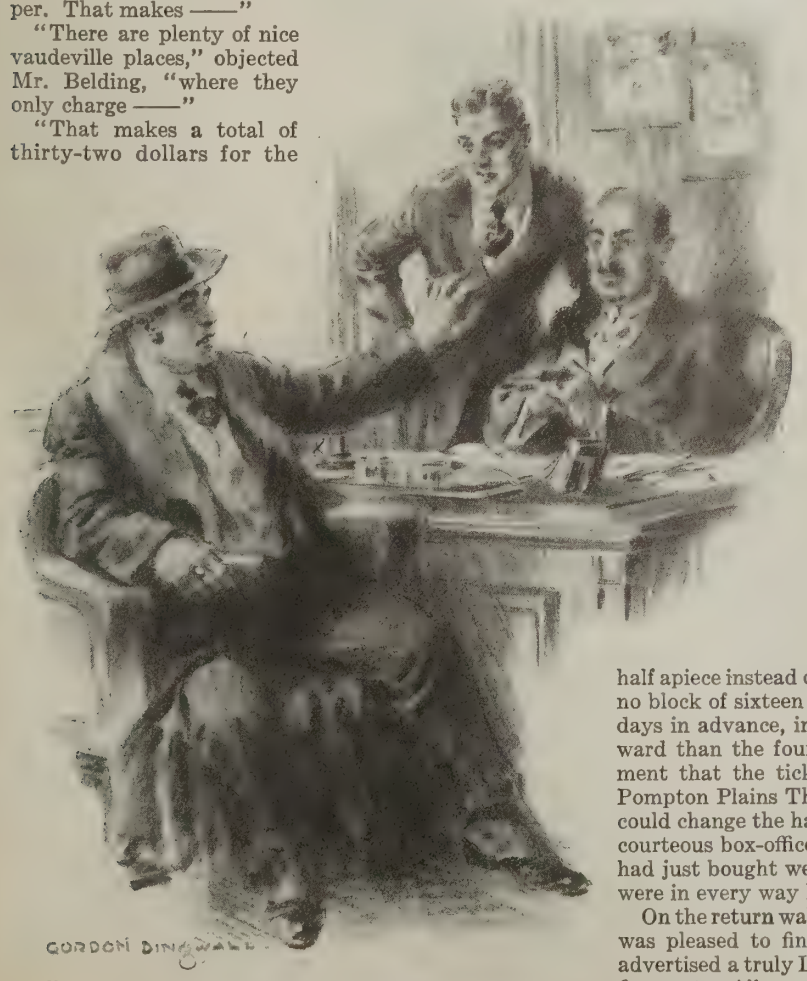
No one had.

All the way to town next morning Homer K. Twitty conned the theatrical proclamations in his newspaper. After an hour's careful perusal and comparison he decided that the show most favorably and also most extensively mentioned in the advertisements was Miss Manhattan. The management not only conceded, in print, that Miss Manhattan was far and away the Brightest, Bulliest, Best Show in New York, but it backed the claim by brief excerpts from the works of competent metropolitan critics, as published in no less than six leading dailies. This seemed to clinch it.

At noon, instead of lunching, Homer took the Subway at Wall Street for Times Square; whence, by the help of a telephone directory, it was no feat at all for a seasoned cosmopolite like himself to locate the desired theater. Five minutes later he was the owner of no less than sixteen ochre pasteboard oblongs entitling the holder to sit in any or all of sixteen contiguous seats in Row N of the theater's orchestra section on the night of January sixteenth.

A little to his annoyance, Homer learned that all seats in the first seven orchestra rows were two dollars and a half apiece instead of the advertised two dollars. Also, that no block of sixteen seats could be procured, even fifty-five days in advance, in any part of the orchestra farther forward than the fourteenth row. Not even a frank statement that the tickets were for the annual frolic of the Pompton Plains Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club could change the harsh verdict. Still, by way of balm, the courteous box-office man assured Homer that the seats he had just bought were in the very middle of the house and were in every way highly desirable.

On the return walk to the Times Square Subway, Homer was pleased to find no less than three restaurants that advertised a truly Lucullan dinner for a dollar and twenty-five cents. All were within comfortable walking distance of the theater. So was at least one quick-lunch emporium.



"Never Mind! Duck Hunters are Usually Good Sportsmen. They'll Understand and Clear Out"

"The Notices All Said 'Stag,'" Snorted Reggie. "If Any of the Boys Have Brought Wives Tagging Along ——"

Homer endured, almost unterrified, the office manager's clever sarcasm as to his ten-minute tardiness in returning from lunch. He had proved worthy of his own self-confidence in arranging the forthcoming revel. And he was just a little proud of himself.

Reggie Ganz, at precisely the moment when his least-considered clerk was listening to the office manager's rebuke, was burrowing both arms into the sleeves of a seven-hundred-dollar fur overcoat, assisted by two reverential hat boys. He had just risen from luncheon. And he had risen conqueror. He had been host. His guests had been four fellow alumni of Harle University, who, with himself, had been appointed as entertainment committee for the forthcoming Harle Alumni Reunion.

Reggie, in undergraduate days, had not been wholly a success at Harle. He had brought thither nothing but money—of which he was inordinately and volubly proud—and a financially shrewd brain, which did not prove a popularity asset. He had seen poorer and less brilliant youths "make" one fraternity after another, to which his cleverness and cash could not win admittance for him. Class offices had also passed him by. He had all but failed of ingress to the Harle Club after graduation.

Ten years had spun along. Reggie had risen fast in the finance world. He had won a score of worth-while successes. Yet the memory of his college mediocrity had always rankled. Those same ten years had softened and materialized and turned rational the idealistic undergraduate standards of his classmates. Men who once had snubbed Reggie Ganz gradually discovered that he was decidedly well worth cultivating. His popularity grew—not only in the world at large but also in the Harle Club, to which he had so barely gained entrance, and in the Harle Alumni Association as well.

Yet the faintly bitter taste of that old memory never quite left him. He longed avidly for a feat that should destroy it. Money gifts of varying hugeness to the university had scarce half-achieved this. But those gifts, together with his business prominence, at last won for him a place on the Entertainment Committee, in whose hands was placed every detail for the mammoth gambol planned by the Association. It was a foothold. And Reggie Ganz proceeded to improve it. To-day, at this first meeting of the committee, he had secured for himself the chairmanship. He had also persuaded his four slightly bored and easy-going and overbusy colleagues to depute to him the bulk of the initiative in organizing the reunion spree.

From the luncheon he drove direct to a theater; summoned the house manager to his presence, and, check book on knee, proceeded to buy out the whole house for the night of January sixteenth. He furthermore arranged for the decoration of the place. And he departed thence with a strong letter of introduction to the company's manager. For Reggie had wonderful ideas as to Harle lines, gags and interpolated song verses, and he yearned to pass along his commands for these, without further delay. One trivial discord alone marked the harmony of his interview with the house manager. That followed on a consultation between the latter and the box-office man. After which the manager said apologetically:

"I thought I was playing safe, Mr. Ganz, in promising you the whole house so far ahead. Six weeks is as long in advance as we generally have any sales at all—except to a few speculators, and we can always fix them if we have time enough. But it seems somebody came here an hour

ago and bought sixteen seats in Row N for the night of January sixteenth. I don't understand it. The man here tells me he doesn't think the buyer was a speculator. He said something about a social club with a queer name, like The Duck Hunters of the Pampas Plains, or ——"

"Never mind!" interrupted Ganz. "Get rid of him. Offer him a bonus on his tickets or change them for some other night. If you can't do that, let him and his fifteen duck shooters come to the show, and I'll buy 'em out or explain why they can't come in. Duck hunters are usually good sportsmen. They'll understand and clear out. Leave that to me if you can't lose them any other way. You go ahead with the rest of the business."

During the fifty-four days that followed, Reggie Ganz toiled and planned and bullied and coaxed and spent money with both hands in a way which, by all rights, should have crowned him the fictional Napoleon of Wall Street if he had lavished half as much cash and effort in the improving of his own brokerage firm. Under his fierce manipulations the amorphous germ known as the Harle Alumni Reunion took on clearly defined and most attractive shape.

The theater decorations were to be a masterpiece of three great decorators' skill. The seating arrangements—minus sixteen—were little short of sublime. A former President of the United States, three Cabinet members, the president and the president emeritus of Harle University were to fill a lower stage box. The storage room under the auditorium was fitted as a bar de luxe.

The chorus of Miss Manhattan was rehearsed, to tears and hysterics, in the Harle Marching Song, which was to close the performance. The first comedian and his feeder were pat with the fifteen Harle gags written by Reggie Ganz. The second comedian had learned and blasphemously relearned the two interpolated Harle verses in his topical song. And—crowning achievement!—the prima donna had been lured, by managerial cooings and Ganz jewel gifts, into substituting for the words of her wonted entrance song an original lyric laudatory of Harle. This song had been written by Reggie Ganz himself. It was the capstone of his lifework. It represented all that was best in lyric poetry, almost as fully as Swinburne and Tennyson, in reverse conditions, might have stood for the last word in financial juggling. The song began somewhat like this:

Come, boys! On this festive night
Let's forget each brawl and quarrel.
Let's unite for dear old Harle!
Come, boys! View in mem'ry's light
Those happy days gone by.

Then followed the refrain—a pretty thing, copies of which were to be placed in every seat, so that the "Come, Boys" could join in, more or less intelligently:

For with joy and with pride
We do stand side by side.
Now and forever
Old Harle sticks together
In bonds of true friendship so tried.

And there was more of the thing—five verses more. One or two of the verses would have sounded just a very little more congruous in a barroom than in a theater. Not that they were an absolute or unforgivable kick in the stomach of decency; but they were, at the very least, what professional entertainers vaguely term "club stuff."

Reggie was justly proud of his song. He had laughed very loudly indeed, no less than four times, while he dictated the final polished copy to his stenographer. He had also prided himself on his delicacy in sending for one of the office's male stenographers for the job. You see, Ganz was always a gentleman.

At any rate, he was a "perfect gentleman"—which amounts to almost the same thing.

A Broadway restaurant's entire second floor had been requisitioned for the supper that was to follow the show. And here again Ganz' genius shone like a day star.

Reggie was draped majestically athwart an angle of the theater's bar de luxe—having looked upon his work and having seen that it was good—half an hour before the scheduled rise of the curtain. A hundred fellow alumni were honoring the bar with their presence and warming up for the performance. In the cavernous foyer above, two or three hundred more Harle men were lounging in loquacious groups, acting as a volunteer reception committee—a committee swelled every minute by newcomers.

"I Heard Your Offer. And I Turned it Down. Now it's Up to You to Listen While I Put My Terms"

Then, into the glassy pool of harmony, plumped the stone.

An usher, dispatched by the house manager, winged a downward flight to the bar and there sought out Reggie Ganz.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ganz!" he broke in on one of Reggie's best-told anecdotes. "Mr. Comyn sent me to ask you whether any women were asked to this party. He understood you to say it was stag."

"Women?" grunted Reggie. "Women? What women? Who?"

"There's eight of them up there in the foyer," reported the usher, "along with eight men. They all have tickets. They were starting to go in; but Mr. Comyn got them to wait while he sent for you. He says ——"

"Women?" snorted Reggie. "Good Lord! The notices all said 'stag.' If any of the boys have brought wives tagging along —— Here! I'll go up there with you and straighten it out. That song of mine and some of the gags would sound sweet to a bunch of women, wouldn't they?" he appealed to one of his lieutenants as he departed.

The foyer—aflame with Harle colors—was nearly full of jostling, babbling alumni. One knot in the center had apparently taken a running start for the gambol, and was blissfully singing an undergraduate air, replete with those fearsome close harmonies technically known as "barber shops." In a far corner, herded in a pathetically out-of-place covey, were eight men in business clothes and eight women whose costumes were irreproachable in subdued neatness. In brief, and to end the killing suspense, that lucky corner held the flower of Pompton Plains' beauty and chivalry; in other words, the Pompton Plains Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club—and wives. Particularly "and wives."

The eight women, as I have hinted, were endued with clothes chosen for serviceable decorum and for church wear—the sort of toilet a self-respecting suburbanette should ever wear to a metropolitan function if she would make certain not to commit the crime of conspicuousness or be mistaken for a Sinning Sister. Yet, in this jocund assemblage, the eight were just now attracting more notice than would a pony ballet at a directors' meeting—a fact whereof they were horribly conscious.

It was the climax of Homer K. Twitty's annoyances—this delay. His vexations had begun nearly two months earlier, when his proud announcement that he had bought seats for Miss Manhattan had been right sourly received by his fifteen prospective fellow revelers. In the first reaction from the dash of enthusiasm that had pledged them to the expedition they had been prepared to cavil at anything. It appeared that none of them wanted to see Miss Manhattan—even those who had never heard of it.

Mrs. Hinkle—a literary lady who wrote Social Whispers for the Pompton Plains Palladium—had been told the piece was immoral; immorality, of course, being in inverse ratio to length of skirt. Mr. Belding had read that its prima donna was the heroine of a fascinatingly shameful divorce case. Others of the circle contributed similar patches to the wet blanket.

Mr. Threbble glumly declared he would greatly have preferred to see the all-star revival of dear old Pinafore. Whereat the entire remaining fourteen at once decided that they, too, would infinitely have preferred to see the all-star revival of dear old Pinafore; in fact, they would rather go to that than to any other show in town. But, of course, it was too late now.

The dollar-twenty-five dinner brought the next serious jar to Homer's nerves. During the soup course Bertha had seen a woman at the next table toying with a Vienna roll. And she noticed that she herself had neither bread nor butter. She called Homer's attention to the deficit. Homer, as master of ceremonies, gravely chided the waiter for negligence, and ordered rolls and butter all round.

Then Mrs. Hinkle was so pleased with her casserole squab that she asked for another helping, as did her husband and Mr. Threbble. The dinner took on a belated gayety, which it sporadically maintained until the bill was presented. Then followed gloom, for an extra charge was made thereon for bread and butter. And the three extra portions of squab were appraised at no less than forty cents each.

Thus the twenty-dollar dinner cost twenty-four dollars and forty cents—completely wiping out the two-eighty nest egg for next year's outing and putting a one-sixty crimp in the five-sixty supper fund. Nor was the waiter at all grateful, or even gracious, at sight of his princely two-dollar tip.

Then came the walk to the theater—a promenade marred by a scurry of rain and by the fact that no one had an umbrella or rubbers. And then, as Homer K. Twitty was marshaling his disgruntled convoy past the theater's door man, came the inexplicable halt and the request to wait.

Cranky, bewildered, volubly complainant, Homer's fifteen convives huddled in their assigned corner, dividing their time between angry questionings of their guide and scared glances at the hilarious throng of men who surged and eddied through the foyer.

(Continued on Page 93)

SUPES AND SUPERMEN

By ROB WAGNER

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE MAJESTIC RELIANCE STUDIO

Old Soldiers Have Lots of Chances to Fight Over the Battles of Long Ago

EVEN for experienced travelers like Dunc and me the surroundin's at the studio were quite strange. It seemed like there was a fête or a festival, or sunthin', goin' on, such gayety and joshin' and cuttin' up as there was. At other times I couldn't think of en'thin' except a great big circus—what with so much canvas, sawdust fillin' the mudholes, folks in all sorts of bright-colored costumes, and fellas sellin' hot dogs, ice-cream cones, and things. It was a gay place, but confusin'. Everybody seemed to be doin' sunthin', or goin' to do sunthin'; but nothin' ever happenin'. To further remind you of the circus, every once in a while, when the wind was right, you got that Barnum & Bailey bouquet from the animal cages at the other end of the lot.

Dunc and I were jest beginnin' to like the place when, with about fifteen other fellas, we were ordered into automobiles and set sail for Bear Valley 'way up in the high mountain. Now when you learn that Bear Valley is where they make all the snow pictures, you will understand how happy Dunc was, who had come out to California to be warm. Though always cold, Dunc is a game boy; and when he discovered this horrible fact he never batted an eye. This was pretty brave, for we had been told that we were cast for a coupla fool inmates of a sanitarium where the patients had to amble about in the snow naked but for a towel.

Tricks of the Trade

THE story was supposed to be a comedy; but the fella who wrote it must 'a' been a cold-blooded devil, for if you'd 'a' seen ten or twelve of us poor wops sittin' round in steamer chairs, in two foot of snow, with nothin' on but bath towels, eatin' icicles and readin' magazines, like we were at Palm Beach, you'd 'a' thought that the human race had gone nutty. But that's what we did; and, furthermore, we pretended to like it—for we were drawin' five a day, and we didn't want the director to think we were short sports.

Now Dunc has a pretty grim sense of humor himself, and he pulled some good stuff in one scene, usin' me as the butt; and the director liked it a whole lot. He told me on the way back that we made a right good team, and he guessed he could use us again in comedy.

It was rather rough for our first job, but the adventure was worth while, and we learned a lot about our new life. Also, we made friends with several of the other fellas that were workin' extra, and they tipped us off to no end of things that were valuable to know.

For instance, a few days later we were lucky enough to be taken on for a great big dramatic story that would be about four weeks makin'. In one of the interior sets the director called out: "Half of you guys beat it, and the rest stay on for a close-up." Old Man Purdy had tipped us that if such a demand was made to beat it; and we did.

"Always make an exit," he had told us; "for if you make an exit you'll have to make an entrance, as they'll need you for other scenes. When people exit from an interior set the continuity demands a picture showin' 'em comin' into the street. But when a scene dissolves out it is ended, and the services of those boobs remainin' for the dissolve are likely to be ended with it. You'll notice that the new ones stick round, hopin' to be in the picture as much as possible; but the old-timers duck. And, above all, side-step the close-ups, for a close-up registers your face; and if it is once registered you are liable to be canned for all subsequent scenes. Suppose, for instance, that you had appeared in a street scene in France as a peasant—it wouldn't do to see the same face, in a few minutes, peerin' out of the Tower of London. No, my lad; it would be a bum director that would have a French peasant sing in the Marseillaise, and then register the same mug singin' God Save the King! If an extra is real keen he can often work in every scene of a five-reeler. So we old wheel horses shy the close-ups."

We soon learned that the extras had an elaborate code and technic of their own. Furthermore, they study their directors in a way that's amazin'! They get to know all their whims, dispositions, fancies and weaknesses—also, where they are strong.

"You can't pull en'thin' on Mills," a character man said to me one day. "That son-of-a-gun can pick a sleeper out of a crowd of two thousand!" I learned the truth of this later, when, at last, I got on regular at his studio. One day a fella came up and asked him for work in a picture that was startin' the followin' Monday.

Mr. Mills and the Cut-Up

"NOT for one foot of film," replied Mr. Mills. "I used you in that battle scene out in Griffith Park last August, and you laughed when they knocked your king off his horse. You thought because you were one of five hundred that I didn't see you. No; you won't do, young man; my work is too hard and serious to fool with any cut-ups like you."

It's men like Mr. Mills, though, that make actors outa extra men; and if a fella has any ambitions higher'n jest checkgrabbin', he's lucky to hook up with directors like him.

In a big scene last summer Mr. Mills wanted to show a crowd watchin' a woman burnin' at the stake. Some directors would 'a' let us rave and tear and sprain our faces

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF THE LASKY COMPANY

Even a Knight Grows Tired of Wearing "Tin Cans" All Day

Dare-Devils are Sometimes Hurt in Spite of Nets

tryin' to record horror. Not so with this director. He first addressed the crowd, and told us what was to happen, and what he expected.

"The fact is," said he, "that all those attendin' a burnin' would not show horror. Some would be fascinated, some pale and starin', a few would be made ill; and always at sech times there would be several women faintin'. Now I put it up to each of you, individually, to show how you would behave in the face of such a grewsome tragedy."

That, of course, put us on our mettle and gave us sunthin' to think about. When he called for a rehearsal I give you my word that, as he stood up on the platform beside the camera, shoutin' directions, he did not miss the expression on one face in all the two hundred before him.

"That's fine, madam; turn your head. It's horrible!—Good, man; jest stare and bite your nails.—Here, you in the yella jerkin, cut out muggin'!—Mr. Ford, take out that man in the blue cape.—Fine, men; fine!—Willie, step out of the picture; you don't seem to understand.—Splendid, Harris!—Hey, you! You in the red cloak: Do you think they are roastin' peanuts?—Mr. Davis, tell those men in the doorway that it is their pay checks that are burnin', and perhaps they will show some interest.

"Great, Miss Harvey! Give her a hand there, boys. Can't you see that she's all in?" And so on.

There's one thing about workin' for Mr. Mills—you feel that you are learnin' sunthin'; and if you do good work it will be noticed. But there are some directors that extra men don't respect, or jest naturally hate; and they look for any chance to make monkeys of 'em. These are the loud-mouthed, profane or bellyachin' kind, that keep bawlin' out the cast, or makin' them so nervous that they can't work. I've seen girls cry themselves into hysterics when one of these mutts got temper'mental. You can't go bawlin' out a lotta fellas that are perfectly willin' to do the right thing, if they know what it is, without gettin' a lotta goats. Many a scene has been crabbed because the extra men were gettin' even with a director that had been abusin' 'em.

Up and Down the Social Scale

SOME fellas jest naturally go to pieces when they get roasted in front of the bunch. I've stood beside men who were shakin' all over, they were that nervous. There are certain directors who realize that actors can't do well when they're all worked up and excited or mad; so they make it a point never to tip off their own nervousness or bad temper. The camera man is the guy that gets it then. I know one director that is apparently the most genial fella in the world, but, all the time he is smilin', under his breath he is growlin' and dam'in' us up hill and down to the camera man.

If directors were interested enough to know what the extras thought of them they'd learn a lot of things; but there are only a few big enough to ever ask us our opinion of a bit of action, or en'thin' else. In some Civil War battle stuff a while back, the director had a young army capt'n assistin' him, so's to have the technic correct; and, because the capt'n acted in a know-it-all way, he thought he was wise to the etiquette of soldiers at all periods. Now in the scene there were some old codgers from the Soldiers' Home, at Sawtelle,

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE LASKY COMPANY

Only Professionals Can Do it Like This

and they saw that the action was wrong in many ways; so one of them timidly went up and told the director that he'd like to make a suggestion. He was dismissed very curtly, without a chance to say a word. If that fool director had listened he would 'a' learned—in time to save a fifteen-hundred-dollar retake—that privates in Civil War times did not salute their officers at all as they do now; that and a lotta other things which his capt'n was too young to know.

The thing that surprised me when I broke into the pictures was that extras had a social caste quite as well defined as the stock actors and the leads. The fella who digs ditches or peddles fish, and occasionally kicks into the pictures in the mob stuff, is not considered an extra man—this is a profession in itself. Extra men carry their little kits jest like piano tuners and doctors—grease paints, wigs, toilet articles, and what not. They go from studio to studio as the shiftin' needs require 'em; and, as they are known everywhere, they always get first call over the floaters that want in because they are in need of a few dollars.

Many extra men specialize on certain stunts or in characters that they are specially fitted for. A fella like "Dress-suit Charlie," for instance, has almost a clairvoyant hunch where they are goin' to do ballroom stuff; and, as he is a doll-baby and a good dancer, he's probably atmosphered in more society pictures than any fella in the country. The "soup and fish," as we call the society stuff, pays five dollars a day. Then, a fella like Old Pop Purdy is in almost perpetual demand for judges and old-man parts. He's specially good in the Si Perkins stuff, because he can take out his teeth.

This reminds me that there is a regular scale in this business.

The cheapest work is mob stuff. Crowds are usually furnished by the employment agencies; and, as no costumes are necessary, they go on jest as they come. The pay is a great big round iron dollar a day, sometimes carfare; and usually lunch, which consists of a sandwich, pickle, wedge o' pie, and a cupa coffee. As I said before, these mob folks are not extra people in our definition. The leads and stock don't think much of us socially; but, like the office boy who had the cat to kick, we've got one group lower'n us.

The cheapest regular extra work is the soldier stuff, payin' two dollars a day. These men are mostly recruited from the fellas that have served their enlistment in the army or deserted it. In the big battle stuff, where they have to hire thousands, the regular soldier extra men are put in charge of squads to drill and handle; and for this work they get five dollars.

"Atmosphere" is the official name of the next group. These are the ones who work in costumes furnished by the studio; and the pay is three a day. Where a fella furnishes his own spangles he hits the pay check for five. Here's where the boy with the dress suit and the girl with the ball gown cut in.

Various Parts, Various Prices

A SMALL "bit" also gets five a day; but a good bit, such as a butler, draws seven and a half. There are some fellas so suited and intended for certain characters that they are always in demand for those parts, and nothin' else. I know one chap who does nothin' but buttle in the homes of the rich, and he's always wantin' to be cast for adventurous parts.

It must be that when God makes a man he sometimes says to himself, "Now this fella will be an umberella mender and this fella I'll make into a butler," and so on; for there are some in this business who couldn't change from what God made 'em up for, with all the clothes and grease paint in the prop. room.

There is an old colored fella, ownin' a bunch o' liveries, who has acted as coachman, footman and manservant in half the pictures in the country. Old Pop Purdy is rarely outa work, though his dream is of the day when he will be taken in stock. The enthusiasm he has for his parts, no matter how small, is almost pathetic. Even when he's jest doin' atmosphere, he's in character—if he has to invent the part.

So well understood are the scales for the different kinds of work that extra people never talk of the characters they're portrayin'. You hear one fella call to another: "What yeh made up for, Bill?" "Three dollars," he replies; "but to-morra I'm workin' in five-dollar stuff, and next week I've got two days at the Eureka doin' seven-fifty."

The highest-priced extras are the rare types and the dare-devils. These latter are the ones who will make bad falls and take hard beatin's, and do about en'thin' they are told to. The Climax has a fella who's a dare-devil and a half; for he told me himself that he was half Indian, half Mex. and half Chink. He's not what you'd call prepossessin' in appearance, but he'd take a high dive into hell

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE MAJESTIC RELIANCE STUDIO

Here's Where the Boy With the Dress Suit and the Girl With the Ball Gown Cut In

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE LASKY COMPANY

Society Stuff is Called Working in "Soup and Fish"

for a ten-dollar bill. He's got long black hair; so he often doubles for women who have to be handled rough.

A funny one happened last spring. Hawkeye was doublin' for a dear little baby doll that had to be thrown out of a window by the villain; and it was necessary that he must have his back to the camera during the whole action, for it was all downstage stuff. He did a back fall that was a perfect wonder, landin' flat up in a bed of flowers, right in front of the camera; but his attitude was such that—— How will I say it? Well, anyway, ladies are not supposed to wear leather garters—and the picture was spoiled, the worst part bein' that a retake was impossible because Hawkeye had to go to the hospital with a sprained back. That poor devil spends about half his time in splints.

A Short Engagement as Uncle Joe

THE other high-priced extras that I spoke of—the rare types—also draw down ten a day; but they are used only on unusual occasions. Once, when we were makin' a congressional picture, the director wanted a type that looked like Joe Cannon. After scourin' the whole town over for a week or more, one of the assistants dug up an old codger on the West Side who was a dead ringer for your Uncle Joe. He had spent his lifetime as a minister in the service of the Lord, but when he was asked to play the part of Joe Cannon he got all swelled up on himself. Perhaps he was flattered to look like anyone so prominent, but most likely he was sufferin' from the same itch that everyone has to act in the movies. If someone tells you that he once knew a fella who was so modest that he didn't want to see himself in the pictures, and if you've got the patience to run down the rumor, you'll find there is no truth in it; for—take it from one who knows—"there ain't no sich animal."

The fall of this dear old fella was complete. He got work for only two days, but those two days were enough to ruin him for life. After his hour of dramatic intoxication he simply couldn't go back to the prosaic job of herdin' human sheep in the straight and narrow path, specially as some of 'em had got lost in the movies. No; a new wine had got into his veins and it was good night flock and everythin'. He was a movie actor now, by heck! And, s'help me, he's been warmin' a bench at the studio ever since. I suppose he's hopin' some day he'll be reëlected to the House.

Anyway, there he sits, day after day, without a chance in the world, while a lot of nice white sheep are gettin' all soiled up jest because their shepherd has deserted 'em.

When this movie bug once gets into the system it's sunthin' awful! There are a lotta corkin' big brawny brutes who've lost their usefulness as gasfitters because they got on once in a mob scene, and are convinced that Hobart Bosworth is holdin' 'em out of a job because of his jealousy and his pull with the management.

"Dan," said Dunc, one night when we were playin' cribbage in that dump we first lived in down on Temple Street, "let's kick into this game seriously and see if we can't land somewhere. A lotta people think that the actin' job is a joke, but I've come to the conclusion that anyone who can add any pleasure and joy to this miserable old world is a high priest. And when you see the number of ex-prize fighters that have deserted real drama and have made good in comedy, it would seem that we ought to do as well as a lotta infightin' welterweights."

So we determined to learn all we could, work like pups, save our money, and see if we couldn't attract some favorable notice. First, we got us complete grease-paint outfits and began to study make-up. Dunc developed some amazin' results. He is no Mary Pickford as to looks—nor am I built like Annette Kellermann; but we got so's we could give some of the professional beauts a battle. At first, my face had about as much mobility as an iron dog; but Dunc would rehearse me by the hour in different expressions, until I got so's I could register about every emotion a fella's likely to have, and a few unlikely ones, such as bein' asked to play the lead in a five-reel feature. Gradually we began to gather a wardrobe—dress suits, Western stuff, and such, hopin' some day to be equipped as well as the best of 'em. During the two years of our accumulations we had a good many ups and downs; but, from the first, one or the other of us had sunthin' to do.

The greatest trouble in this game is holdin' up a decent wage scale. There have been all sorts of organizations and unions, but they usually end up at an employment agency, and then peter out. The low scale is due to the number of idle people who will work for almost nothin' jest to be occupied. Los Angeles is full of folks who have come out here for their health, or to sit in the garden and get warm. Many of them have small incomes, and don't actually have to work; but they want to be occupied, and what could be more fun than to act in the movies! Even rich society people crab our game by offering to work for nothin'; they consider it quite a lark. If a studio wants a buncha well-dressed atmosphere, like as not the assistant director will call up the social secretaries of some of the hotels and tell them to send over a coupla loads of goldfish. The social secretaries will suggest the scheme to a well-dressed bunch of rich ones from the East.

An Expensive Set Threatened

WILL they go? Lord, you couldn't keep 'em out with fly screens! If they knew that perhaps they were holdin' out of a job some poor girl that had gone broke buyin' a wardrobe for jest such chances, maybe they wouldn't go takin' her job away from her.

Some of the cheap studios, knowin' that we can't organize, take advantage of that fact and make us stand even their own losses. When we were new and ignorant at this business we got work in a big picture that was usin' a whole lot of extras. One day we were all dressed for our parts, but the light was bad; and the director, after keepin' us standin' round until three o'clock, came out and said we were dismissed, and to report the next day. Right then there was trouble. A few belligerent lads, led by Dunc, went up to the office and told 'em if we didn't get our pay we would wreck the set—and we meant it.

Furthermore, we gave 'em ten minutes to do it, for we didn't want to get in a jam with the police, and we knew that they couldn't get out to the studio from town in less'n half an hour. That set cost upward of thirty thousand dollars; so they thought it cheaper to pay us than to take any chances.

We were waitin' one day in the yard of a new studio with about thirty other fellas when a chap, named Bernstein, began tellin' us what dubs we were not to organize; and he got into quite an argument with a great big lobster called Squinty. While they were hot at it, the employment director came out and said he wanted twelve men; but all he could pay was a dollar. Nobody made the

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Fifteen Hundred Men Can be Rounded Up in a Few Hours

Tales From a Safe-Deposit Box

The Miracle Peddlers—By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

NOW and then, at the bottom of my box, I run across my five hundred shares of Telair; and there rise up again the man with the seal-lined coat, and the professor with his ivory-headed cane, and the banquet, and the unexpected one hundred per cent cash dividend. And I start smiling and then stop. I stop smiling, for I am back where I was then. I am twenty-two again. I have my first five hundred and seventeen dollars in the bank. I get my fifteen dollars a week. I am back in the world where clerks live—in that dull, flat, dun-colored, God-forsaken country, bounded north, east, south and west by fifteen dollars a week—and in mortal terror that I won't escape from it.

I see that thing in the box, and I am back in that old-time hardware store. It is the second day of January once more—closing time; and I stand there alone before the spot of light at the cashier's desk, in the dim rear of the old store, with my small blue envelope in my hand, and my heart thumping as I start to open it. I didn't open it there, as a matter of fact. I took it to one side, by the wall. I tore the thin end off with fussy fingers. And there it was, just the same as ever—three five-dollar bills. Another year—another endless year—at fifteen dollars a week!

I stood stiff and caught my breath and got my hold upon myself. That was the year we had planned to be married! I stood there for a minute or so. Then I crushed the thing into my pocket, envelope and all, pulled my hat down over my eyes, and started out into the blue wintry street, half-way between tears and murder.

And there, on the sidewalk, in his sharp-pressed clothes and a new and costly silver and gray tie, stood Charlie Seavers, the dressy clerk from up in the retail end of the store, drawing on his gloves.

"Going my way?" he asked.

I jerked my head down in answer.

"Well, how'd they treat you?" he asked, after a block and a half of silence.

I didn't answer him.

"Me too," he continued cheerfully. "Same old thing!"

And we walked on again.

"Take it from me," he started up again, "there's nothing in it. The first chance I get, fare thee well! I've been here six years now, and I know. They never raise you." And he stopped upon the sidewalk.

We stood before the Orgillon, our proudest and most expensive new hotel.

"Come in here a second!" said Charlie. "Please! I want to see a man. Then I'll go on with you."

So we went into the glistening lobby, I wondering who it was Charlie could be going there to see.

"Mr. Kenyon in?" he asked the clerk, and stood in doubt, rearranging his new tie with his thin fingers, when the clerk said no. And then, back behind us, came this round, clear barytone voice; and I turned and saw the man in the seal-lined coat.

He came on ahead—a big man with a brown mustache and a smooth, ruddy, hotel-fed face above the sleek seal collar—holding out his hand and smiling. And behind him, almost a head shorter, a squat, square, bearded figure in a dingy overcoat and a round astrachan cap came poking in with his ivory-headed cane, looking straight down before it on the floor.

"Just in from Boston?" asked Charlie.

"Yes," said the big man.

"How's it look now?" asked Charlie, watching his face closely.

"Couldn't be better."

I stood there—out of it. On the other side stood the man with the black cap, like the twin brother of gloom. Then Charlie introduced me.

"I'm certainly glad to meet you," said Mr. Kenyon. "Any friend of Charlie's stands high with us." And he turned round to his companion.

"Professor Mudge," said he, "I want you to meet these boys—friends of mine. Charlie, here, you've met before."

The man looked up and grunted how-de-do.

"The professor comes up here now and then," Mr. Kenyon explained to me, "to tell our stockholders about his invention."

"You Boys are Coming Up to the Room With Me for a Minute Anyhow"

The professor grunted something or other and turned and poked along to the elevator.

"I'll have to be going," said I.

"Oh, no," said the man in the seal-lined coat heartily, "not on your life. You boys are coming up to the room with me for a minute anyhow." And he ushered us both into the elevator, talking friendly talk.

But not a word out of that other man, that professor, all the way up! He stood there, eyes down, cane set firmly on the floor; stumped off the elevator at the landing and headed for a door.

"Good night," he said without even looking up.

"Aren't you coming in with us, professor?" asked Mr. Kenyon.

"No."

We padded down the soft carpets; the two keys clacked loudly through the silent hall; we padded through into the big, still, stuffy bedroom.

"A real gifted conversationalist, eh?" said Mr. Kenyon, tumbling off the costly coat onto the bed. "The old man? You bet. Social to a fault. Sit down, boys! Here, try one of these!" And he handed out two fat dark cigars. I glanced secretly at the band. It was what I thought—a twenty-five-cent cigar. I had never smoked one in my life before.

"Yeh," said Mr. Kenyon. "That's his one fault—always just the same. Kind and friendly as an old blind dog with a toothache. The original crank!"

"Crazy," stated Charlie, lighting his twenty-five-cent cigar with great care.

"Crazy, yes, maybe!" said Mr. Kenyon. "But not half so crazy as I am to-night."

"What do you mean?" asked Charlie sharply. "Is it going good?"

"I mean I believe it's going through!"

"Whee! Good evening!" said Charlie, getting up and grabbing him and starting out to dance with him.

Mr. Kenyon danced three heavy steps and stopped and took out a cigar from the arsenal in his vest pocket.

"Yep," he said. "I believe it. We've got 'em going."

"Your friend know about it?" he asked Charlie.

"No."

"We think we've got something good—eh, Charlie?" he explained.

"Do we?" asked Charlie, sitting down and rearranging his new tie. "Tell him!"

"Of course," said Mr. Kenyon, "this is more or less personal to you as Charlie's friend. Even our other stockholders don't know all this yet."

"Of course," said I.

"You've probably heard all about that original telephone stock," said he—"how it took them all from the grocery counters and washtubs and made them millionaires."

"Yes."

"Well, that's what we think we've got—and then some. If it goes through!" he said.

"Tell him," said Charlie, lying back in his fat easy-chair till the top of his gray stockings showed under his sharp-pressed trousers, and sending out a whiff of slow blue smoke from his twenty-five-cent cigar. "Tell him just what it is!"

"It's Telair," said Mr. Kenyon to me. "Maybe you've heard of it. Just a little thing your old friend here, the professor, got up to take the wires off the telephone poles. That's all—a new kind of wireless telephone. The thing they are all after nowadays. Only this one of ours works—or we think it does. And, what's more, we think they think it does—the way they're acting."

"Who?" I asked.

"These telephone people."

"Oh," said I.

"Look!" said Mr. Kenyon, explaining it to me. "You get some idea of what we've got by this: Suppose you went to the railroads of this country and said: 'Here. Take up your tracks! You don't need them. We've got something here that lets you travel without tracks.' Would there be something in it?"

"There might be!" said I sarcastically.

"Well, that's about our proposition to these telephone people. We say: 'You come with us and take down your poles and wires. We will fix you up to use the air.' What do you suppose we'd save them? If it works, I mean always," said Mr. Kenyon, "you understand."

"Millions," said I, "I suppose."

"You suppose right," said Mr. Kenyon, "the first time—only not enough. And what we save them isn't all theirs; not so you notice it. Now and then a dollar comes to us from royalties—eh, Charlie?"

"Fare thee well," said Charlie, and shook his head.

"Yes, we're crazy, I guess," said Mr. Kenyon. "I wake up every morning believing it, more and more. Well, boys," he continued, getting up then and dusting the cigar ashes from his vest, "I'm sorry, but I've got to go now. I've got an engagement to dinner."

And we got up too.

"I tell you what you do," he said to Charlie: "You come round to-morrow night and take dinner with me, and bring your friend, too, if he'll come. Certainly I want you," he said with his hand on my shoulder. "And I'll promise you a good dinner, won't I, Charlie?"

"Will you?" said Charlie with a wide smile. "Fare thee well!"

"That's settled," said Mr. Kenyon. "I'll look for you."

"How do you like him?" asked Charlie, when we got outside.

"He seems like a pleasant fellow," said I.

"He's a prince!" said Charlie.

"What is this thing you've got?" I asked him. And he told me more about Telair.

"It's all his company—George Kenyon's, you might say, and the old professor's," he said. "It's the professor's invention—yes. But George Kenyon furnishes the capital. He's the capitalist in the thing."

"Is he very rich?" I asked.

"Is he rich—good evening!" said Charlie. "What would you think?"

"How'd you get acquainted with him?" I asked, wondering.

"Oh, I got to know him," said Charlie mysteriously, "in this new company. Some people I knew got in with him when he first came down from Boston."

So we left each other at the corner and my own mind fell back again from the Hotel Orgillon, and the lights, and the twenty-five-cent cigars, and the millions, and the capitalist in the seal-lined coat, to the dull misery of my own life again—to fifteen dollars a week and the necessity of going home to tell Barbara we weren't going to be married. It kept coming back over me all that next day, every time I saw Charlie Seavers waiting on the customers in the front part of the store.

"Do you suppose," I said to myself, "he's really got into something that will make a lot of money—through getting acquainted with this man, that capitalist? Things do happen that way, of course."

Then, at half past six that night, we started for the Hotel Orgillon again.

"This is the life!" said Charlie, taking me by the arm; and we went in to find Mr. Kenyon, and down for dinner to the Dutch Room in the basement—the last word in the night life of our city.

"What do you see?" asked Mr. Kenyon, studying the menu.

We certainly had a wonderful dinner—for us anyhow—and cocktails and table wine with it. We devoted ourselves to eating it, not talking much; Mr. Kenyon getting redder and Charlie pinker as it went along—and I, too, probably, from the way I felt.

"Where's the old professor?" asked Charlie, when we lighted our cigars. "Still in a deaf and dumb fit?"

"Yeh," said Mr. Kenyon, and stretched in his chair, blowing out his first great chestful of tobacco smoke.

"Did I ever tell you how I first met him?" he inquired. "Oh, nothing much," he went on. "Only you'll laugh afterward! I was up here in Boston, after that last little deal of mine in that Tulsa Oil; and somebody told me about this old crank, out near Lynn, Massachusetts, who had this new idea in this wireless telephone thing. Well," said Mr. Kenyon, examining the end of his cigar, "I went out there and finally I found him—out in that old shanty he had—outside the town on the marshes. When I got there he was alone in that old shed, out there on those sick, smelling, empty marshes—alone, hanging out words on these terrestrial magnetic currents of his, and shooting them out over the Atlantic Ocean, and gathering in the others when they came back from Maine," said Mr. Kenyon, and stopped.

"Dreams! Dreams!" he went on, waving his hand before his face. "You ought to have been there."

"I'd like to have," said Charlie.

"I thought I'd struck the original nut, sitting on the edge of the world. I certainly thought he was crazy, or that I was. And then, when I got there he didn't even want to see me. Said he wouldn't!"

"Good evening! What do you think of that?" said Charlie Seavers to me.

"Why not?" said I.

"He was afraid!"

"Afraid?"

"Yeh, afraid," said Mr. Kenyon, examining his cigar again. "Oh, I tell you—you don't know it, but—we've got something in this thing like nothing else in the world. I'm not talking now about the money there is in it—or isn't," he said to me.

"No?" said I. My voice was just a little thick after that dinner.

"No," said Mr. Kenyon. "In the first place—and I bet you never saw anything like this before—the men that have come into this from the outside didn't have to risk a dollar to get their stock."

"Not risk a dollar!" said I.

"Not a dollar," said Mr. Kenyon, "until the thing is all done, the contracts made and the company on easy street. That's the first thing you notice about it," he went on. "And the second is we only sell just so much to a person—not over one thousand dollars to any one investor."

Charlie nodded seriously.

"Why is that?" said I.

"I'll tell you why," said Mr. Kenyon. "It's all the same answer—the professor! Because all the old man will have in this thing is little people."

"Little people!" said I.

"Small investors—little people," explained Mr. Kenyon.

"Why was that?" I asked again.

"For the simple reason he didn't want the big ones. He got burned once by them. They almost got him," said Mr. Kenyon, "and he was afraid of them. Yes," said Mr. Kenyon, "afraid. And it's simple enough when you know about it. You see, this professor—you saw him—he's one of those strange eccentric characters like these scientific fellows are apt to be—a regular baby, when it comes to business. And when he had got this thing perfected, some big fellows in Boston got ahold of it, and formed a company, and got control of the stock, and they just did miss getting it away from him."

"I see," said I, getting interested.

"So finally when we came down to our agreement—he and I—that made this company, there were two things: In the first place he was to have control of the stock—always—fifty-one per cent, and no big ones—unless you count me," said Mr. Kenyon laughing—"in it, at any price. Nothing but small people. That was his first idea—little people. And the second one was when we got them in we weren't going to sting them either. He'd been burned himself in this company business, he said, and he wasn't going to pass it on."

"How did you fix it finally?" I asked him. And he laughed.

"We fixed me," he said. "I was the thing that was fixed. I had to put up for it all finally—the capital for all the promotion expenses."

"All of it!" said I.

"All of it, yes. All the expenses, till I had sold the machine to somebody and got the contract signed. Oh, it's not so much," said Mr. Kenyon, looking off at a good-looking girl at another table. "A few thousand dollars. Oh, I take that chance, that's all, that I can sell it," he said, his eyes coming back to me again. "If I lose, I lose. If I win, I win big. Oh, don't make any mistake about that. If I win—if I sell it—I get something. I get my money back in the first place. I've got this allotment of the stock to sell to pay for the promotion expenses. And I get a quarter of all the stock for myself.

"Oh, no, I don't get off well at all, if this goes," said Mr. Kenyon. "Oh, nothing much, only about ten times as much as if the old man had handled it in the regular way with big people. If it goes, of course," he said. "Of course you can't tell, ever. No matter what you've got."

"Well, it certainly looks easy for the little people, the small investors," I said—"the way he fixed it."

"How is that, Charlie?" asked Mr. Kenyon.

"Ask me!" said Charlie, looking over at me. "Say, you ought to have been in on it yourself."

"Don't be too sure, my young friend," said Mr. Kenyon. "You don't want to start to count up yet."

"That's all right," said Charlie. His color was pretty high. "It didn't cost me anything, anyway—and won't, not till you make good."

"There's something in that," said I. I could feel my own face burning.

"You're right there is," said Charlie. "You know what I think?" His voice was a trifle mushy. "He could get in now if he wanted to," and he looked over at Kenyon.

"You know better than that, Charlie," said Mr. Kenyon. "You know the allotment here is all gone already."

"I Thought I'd Struck the Original Nut, Sitting on the Edge of the World"

"How about the Boston allotment?" asked Charlie.

"No, I'm afraid not," said Mr. Kenyon; "not there either. But if I do run across anything I'll let him know."

"I guess it wouldn't be much good," I said, "so far as I'm concerned, from the present state of my finances." And I thought of my bank account—my five hundred and seventeen dollars in the bank.

"Finances!" said Charlie. "Say, you ought to see some of the financiers."

And they both laughed pretty loudly.

"Miss Moshier," said Charlie; "and that Cressy, that minister from the Zion Chapel. Financiers!" said Charlie. "Fare thee well!"

"That will do, cut it out!" said Mr. Kenyon, stopping laughing finally. "It's a shame, in the first place, to laugh at them. They're good people—every one of them. But it isn't that altogether, either. Let me tell you something," said Mr. Kenyon, and he fixed his light blue eyes on me, "that maybe you don't know. You can laugh at small people. But when you go back and look over how almost everything big started in this country, you'll find it was the little people that started it—not the big ones. You'll find it started in the beginning with just some such crowd of small people as this is of ours—getting together nights after work. We all started small," he said, "when you come down to it—everybody that amounts to anything.

"Tell you what you do," he said to Charlie, when we got up to go: "Bring round our friend to our next meeting and let him see our crowd himself! And if I do get any wind of any stock in Boston, I'll lay it by for you," he said, shaking hands with me. "You can take it or leave it, just as you want to. It won't be enough to kill anybody, either way."

"Some dinner," said Charlie, outside the hotel.

"Yes," said I.

"It didn't cost him less than four dollars and fifty cents. And did you see him?"

"What?"

"Fifty cents to the waiter!"

"Believe me," said Charlie, "this is the life! And if ever this thing does come through, fare thee well, I'm going to live for a change. Gee, I certainly hope it does!"

He was just a little bit unsteady.

"And I hope he gets you a chance at it. I hope it isn't too late. But if it isn't, if you get a chance at it, good evening. You grab it!"

"Maybe you're right," I said. "Maybe I might take just a little."

"You will," said Charlie, "if you take my advice." It was about a week after that when he and I went up to that place where they held their meetings in an anteroom of the Royal Arcanum Hall. We stumbled up a little late, through the wide, dark, old-fashioned hallway to the fourth story, and went in and sat down in the back.

Mr. Kenyon and the silent professor and another man sat at a small wooden table in the front; and facing them ahead of us, the investors—the "little people" they had talked about that night at dinner. It was cold in there; everybody had on his coat. The third man at the table was talking, facing toward Mr. Kenyon.

"The minister I was telling you about, that Cressy, from that little Zion Chapel," said Charlie. "He's secretary."

"As I understand it, Mr. Chairman," this lean man with thick glasses and a heavy mustache was saying, "this lady would like you to explain just what you do with the money. We're talking about the ten per cent deposit made by the stockholders upon entering the company, I would state for the benefit of the newcomers," he said, looking at us, and sat down.

"I will gladly," said Mr. Kenyon, rising. The gaslight on the wall behind him flashed on a diamond stickpin in his tie. He still had on his seal-lined coat. Back of him there was some kind of charter, framed, upon the wall, with stars and spheres and dark figures in it; some secret society thing.

"I'm very glad to," he said to the tiny woman sitting toward the front.

"Miss Moshier, the one I was talking about, the dressmaker," whispered Charlie Seavers.

"Who's that with her?"

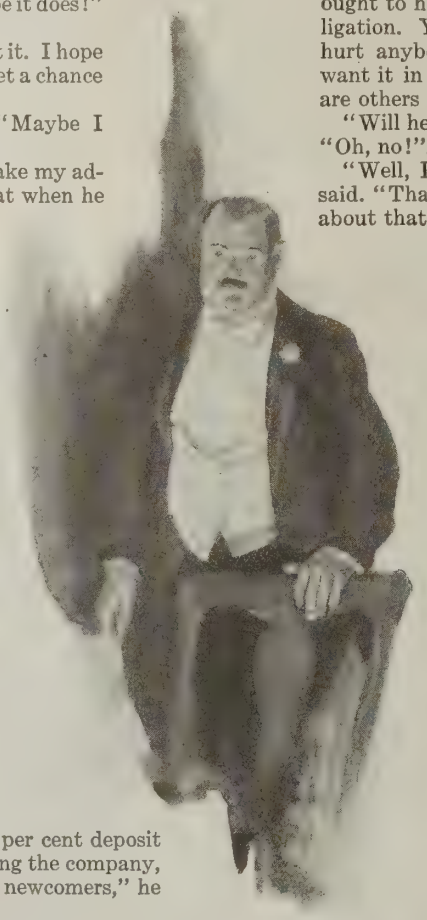
"Which one?"

"That other one—the fat one in black?"

"That's my mother," said Charlie.

"Oh," said I, and listened to Mr. Kenyon.

"It's very simple," said Mr. Kenyon. "It lies in the treasury until the contracts for the company—securing royalties for its inventions—are all complete."



"Go Right Ahead, Folks. I'll be Right Back"

"It is put in, not as an actual investment, as I understand it," said Mr. Cressy, the secretary, "but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the investor."

"Exactly so," said Mr. Kenyon.

"That's all," whispered Charlie to me, "a kind of deposit. Just ten per cent of your subscription."

"But what I mean is," said the dressmaker timidly, half getting to her feet, "just where is the real money? Where is it put?"

"Oh, I see. What bank is it in, you mean?" asked Mr. Cressy.

"Yes," said the little woman.

"In the First National," said Mr. Kenyon.

"Mr. Snaith's bank," explained the minister.

"Yes," answered the dressmaker, in a small voice, sitting back.

"That ought to be safe," said Mr. Cressy, and they smiled, and the little dressmaker moved uncomfortably in her seat.

"And I think, if you will permit me to say so," said Mr. Cressy, getting up again, "we are all to be congratulated, as investors, on having such an ingenious plan arranged for us—to be safeguarded in every way."

And after that Mr. Kenyon talked a little while in his hearty, friendly way.

"I don't want to say much now, friends," he said. "But I think at the next meeting I may have something you will want to hear."

It wasn't a very long meeting. It was cold in there; the dozen or so people in the wooden chairs, sitting huddled up together in their dark coats, were ready to get out. When they got up Mr. Kenyon beckoned to me to come up and see him.

"I've got that for you," he said to me, aside. "That stock!"

"How much was there of it?" I asked a little flatly. I hadn't expected that yet.

"Five hundred shares," he said.

"Five hundred shares!"

"Oh, don't get scared," said Mr. Kenyon, laughing. "It's not a hundred dollars a share. It's just a dollar. I ought to have told you that. And there's no obligation. You can take it or leave it. It won't hurt anybody either way. Only, if you don't want it in a day or two let me know. For there are others that will."

"Will he take it?" said Charlie Seavers for me. "Oh, no!"

"Well, I haven't got the money with me," I said. "That ten per cent deposit—I hadn't known about that before to-night."

"That's all right," said Mr. Kenyon, clapping my shoulder. "Come on now! Come on over!" he said, and then he led me over and introduced me to Mr. Cressy, the secretary.

"They got right after me to-night," said Mr. Kenyon to the minister, laughing, "with their questions. Didn't they?"

"They ought to," said Mr. Cressy. "If you had no more money than the most of us here have you'd be careful." And he laughed back.

"Go as far as you like," said Mr. Kenyon heartily. "You can't go too far for me."

Charlie Seavers took his mother home and I started out with Mr. Cressy.

"Are you coming in? Do you expect to make common cause in our enterprise?" he asked me. "I see. Well, I don't think you'll regret it, if you do. We've looked it up quite thoroughly, and we think we've got a sound thing—a very unusual one in many ways, with the possibility of immense profits. The original telephone stock—the original miracle in this kind, you may call it," said Mr. Cressy—"encourages us, of course, in that belief."

It was two weeks, probably, before that last meeting. Mr. Kenyon was in Boston at the main office, negotiating for his contract, and the professor back in Lynn probably. The only officer of the company I saw was Mr. Cressy, who came and told us about the progress that was made.

"Confidentially, according to my information," he said, "our contracts are now practically complete." And he showed us the letters from Mr. Kenyon.

"If you're going to get aboard," said Charlie Seavers, "it's about time you did it."

And right after that I had a letter from Mr. Kenyon, asking me what I had decided. And I sent on my fifty dollars and my agreement to take the whole five hundred.

"You'd be a fool if you didn't," said Charlie, "knowing what we know from the inside."

So I was there, a full-fledged stockholder, at that last meeting when Mr. Kenyon made his final report. It was still cold in the bare, small meeting room—apparently it always was—cold with the dead cold of a deserted house. Mr. Kenyon was fortunate in his seal-lined coat. The small investors, all out in force, sat before him in their worn black coats, on the little wooden seats, looking colder and dingier and sadder colored than ever. It hadn't struck me so much before. But there they sat—I could see them now—the little people Mr. Kenyon talked about; all permanent inhabitants of the world of side streets and double houses where the clerks lived; the residents of that flat, dismal, God-forsaken country bounded by fifteen dollars a week, which I myself was anxious to escape from.

But no one was really dismal or uncomfortable that night when Mr. Kenyon announced the closing of the contract for Professor Mudge's invention. They smiled at one another and moved about on the cold seats, with pleasure and anticipation, as Mr. Kenyon told them what he had done and made his estimates of the returns upon our Telair stock. I can't pretend to remember it all now. But starting first in the tens of thousands certainly as the equipment could be made, it ran straight up into millions, following the well-known history of telephone stock.

They sat fascinated by the thing—the millions. We all did, and especially one man—a retail butcher, Charlie Seavers said he was. I remember his face particularly—his fat, soft, sagging face, and his eyes that stuck out, as if he were strangling, while Mr. Kenyon made his estimates and Mr. Cressy rose up to confirm the contract with the documents which had been sent to him as secretary.

"Those who wish to examine them," he said, "should come forward after the formal meeting."

"And now friends," Mr. Cressy reminded us, after putting a vote of thanks to Mr. Kenyon, "it remains for us to do our part. Within a few days from now, according to our signed agreements, we must complete our contributions—the outstanding nine-tenths of our payments. After that," he said humorously, "all we need to do for the remainder of our lives is to lie nestled in the lap of luxury and reach out periodically for our dividends. But seriously," said Mr. Cressy, when the stir and smiling had subsided, "we must remember that all payments must now be made in three days."

"And before you go," said Mr. Kenyon, rising in his warm, princely coat, "just a word, folks. I don't know how you feel about this thing, but I feel good. And I think we've done a big stroke of work. And what's more, I think we ought to celebrate it! Now it looks to me, friends, this way. Three days from now your money'll all be in this company, according to your agreement, and I'll have got mine back by my contract. By Thursday I'll have the money and you'll have the experience, friends, as the man said," remarked Mr. Kenyon jocosely, and everybody laughed. "So, as far as I can see, there's only one thing to do. I've got to pay for this celebration myself. And so, folks, I ask you—all of you, all the regular paid-up stockholders in Telair—to come round and be my guests at dinner at the Hotel Orgillon on Thursday night, and we'll have a little jollification meeting."

There was quite a sensation naturally at this; and then, after another vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Cressy, the small stockholders of Telair, in their dull-black wraps, filed up and shook hands with the big stockholder in the seal-lined overcoat, and went out down the wide, dark, dingy stairs, talking louder than ever before.

I went along out with Charlie Seavers and his mother.

"What do you think about it now?" Charlie asked me. "Do we win? Fare thee well! Three years from now we'll all be riding round in big, red buzzwagons—mother here especially."

His mother, the heavy woman in the black straight cape, disregarded him, stepping painfully down the stairs. She looked a good deal less frivolous than Charlie. And then we got on the street car together, a group of us who went the same way. It was middle evening, the time between the going to and coming from the theaters, when the trolley cars usually go droning up the grade, bearing a lounging conductor, drowsing in back, and a passenger or two inside. We had our car practically to ourselves. We were all excited by the news and more than usually talkative, Mr. Cressy leading the conversation.

"It certainly looks good, it certainly does," he said in a round, oratorical voice that filled the car.

"Oh, I hope so," said the little dressmaker excitedly. She was a surprisingly little thing, when you got a look at her, almost a dwarf, with a queer face, puckered and worn by forty years of staring down at a needle.

"We all hope so, Miss Moshier," said Mr. Cressy heartily.

"It's time some of us had some luck," remarked Charlie's mother, who seemed a rather serious person.

The butcher sat by himself in the corner, with his heavy hands in his lap, looking off, without noticing us.

"You're right in that, too, Mrs. Seavers," said Mr. Cressy.

The car droned on as we thought about it.

(Continued on Page 41)

THE FORTUNE MAKER

III

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

JOLTING along in their local train to St. Louis, John Turner and Walter Hayes speculated somewhat about Smiley Carter and Madeline Jones. But their own prospects were more absorbing. In the excitement of reaching St. Louis they fairly forgot their late companions.

Walter Hayes, who could run a typewriter, write shorthand a little and knew a bit about office work from his experience in the bank at Marthasville, was the first to get a job. There was a lean period of several months—for the country was then in the grip of hard times—when his small salary supported both of them. John was of no use at office work or any routine job, but he presently discovered a decided talent for salesmanship. Newspaper and magazine files contain many sketches of his life. From them one may learn that for some time he was engaged in selling carriages in St. Louis.

But along in the last years of the old century pretty much everybody became aware of a new contrivance—namely, a pleasure vehicle propelled by mechanical power contained within itself. John Turner was fascinated by this new contrivance. He found work of an intermittent and precarious sort for a time, demonstrating and selling it.

With that, we can skip over to the year 1903; the place, Fort Wayne, Indiana. John was employed there selling automobiles, but not very prosperously. He had got Walter Hayes into the establishment of his employer as a bookkeeper and general office man.

Edward P. Underhill was this employer's name. He'd had an agency for the sale of farm implements near Fort Wayne and made some money by it; but, like John, he was fascinated by the new self-propelling vehicle. So now he was running an automobile agency in the city. He was probably forty-five, lank and rather round-shouldered, with a drooping red mustache, and a nose like a large, freckled, bent knuckle—a bone-dry sort of man, excessively earnest, without humor, a fire of endeavor always in his blue eyes.

He had gradually evolved a lecture about his automobiles, beginning with the wheels and proceeding in great detail to the chassis, the engine, transmission, speedometer, body, top, windshield. For proper delivery this lecture required about an hour; and he insisted, as far as possible, upon delivering it properly—gravely pointing and demonstrating with his lank, freckled, big-knuckled hands, leading the prospective purchaser round the car from point to point as he explained in a loud, monotonous voice.

"You and I Ought to Send Him to the Senate. Just Making Automobiles Will Cease to Amuse Him After a While"

If, while he was talking about the carburetor, the listener cut in with a question about upholstery, he would say patiently "I'll be coming to that in a minute," and go on with the carburetor. He was immensely proud of this lecture, considering it the most conclusive and exhaustive presentation of a machine that was to be had anywhere—besides showing that he knew all about the contrivance. His earnest blue eyes would light up with proselyting zeal as he explained some fine technical point.

The lecture was certainly exhaustive. Listener after listener got restless under it; interrupted; insisted on answers to questions that were quite out of order; left in vexation. Sometimes Mr. Underhill himself lost patience at the listener's gross lack of appreciation.

"Of course, if you don't want to know what you are buying ——" he would say reprovingly; or even: "If I'm willing to spend my time explaining this machine you can afford to listen, can't you?"

He considered his intimate acquaintance with the mechanism of an automobile a great asset, and was impatient of the vulgar view that regarded mere sales as the chief point. Thus he was in a state of chronic irritation, which didn't at all help his sales or his relations with manufacturers or the banks. Under these conditions his agency was in an excessively poor way; with more liabilities, in fact, than assets. It handled two makes of cars; but the Crittenden, made in Detroit, was its chief reliance. The Crittenden Company, however, was dissatisfied with the connection and looking for a new one. These untoward conditions might have discouraged a much abler man than Mr. Underhill; but he had more confidence in himself than other people had and a bulldog tenacity that carried him along. He looked upon John and Walter as mere youngsters, reserving whatever confidences he had for Hemphill, the other and older salesman.

"The shebang is busted, Pips; they'll be closing it up one of these days," John observed to his friend; for Walter talked freely enough to him about conditions that his job of bookkeeper made him acquainted with.

This was on Saturday afternoon, and they were sitting alone in the office, which was divided from the salesroom by a partition of stained pine and ground glass.

"Looks like the want-ad column for us again," Walter replied good-naturedly.

"No," said John. "I've been thinking it over. Let's you and I buy the agency."

He was twenty-eight then, stalwart, handsome, dark-eyed, dark-skinned, with a solid jaw and chin. He dressed well, whether he could afford it or not, because, as he explained, he couldn't afford not to. Since the show days he had grown perhaps ten pounds heavier—gradually, just as he had come by the more overweening confidence in himself from having long measured his wits and will against others in selling things. He looked as though he might have a million dollars, and acted that way, throwing out the suggestion about buying the agency quite as though it were a thing anybody should consider seriously.

Walter Hayes stared at him a moment with a slightly incredulous smile; then laughed, asking:

"Where'd we get the money?" as though it were a joke.

Outwardly he had not changed much—eight years older, of course, with the fresh coloring of his cheeks a bit faded and dusted over. He had stopped wearing his reddish hair in a pompadour—now he combed it down sedately, or tried to; but a wisp of it bristled up over his forehead. He was as amiable and loyally attached to John as ever; but he had developed a knack of grinding industry and a sort of conservatism. He carried the whole office work easily and had a couple of hundred dollars in the savings bank, though Underhill paid him only eighteen dollars a week. That and John's wardrobe were about all the tangible results the pair could show for the years since they took the local train for St. Louis.

"Don't need any money," John replied promptly. "It oughtn't to take anything but nerve. I've got plenty of that."

Leaning against the end of the desk with his arms crossed, now and then puffing at a brier pipe and looking down at Walter, who was curled in the big swivel chair, he explained:

"This lobster, Underhill, is all through—except that he don't know it. He ought to be lecturing to farmers' clubs on alfalfa culture instead of trying to sell cars. He's got a note coming due at the bank on the thirteenth. He can't pay it and they've already renewed it for him half a dozen times. The Crittenden people are sore at him. He's broke, and getting worse all the time instead of better. If we go at him right we can shake him up and get him to sell out to us. That means we'll assume his debts."

"But where'd we get the money to run the agency with if he did turn it over to us?" Walter insisted, showing his white teeth in a laugh, for John's nerve amused him. "We've got to pay for the cars when they're shipped to us, you know; then we don't get any money until we sell 'em. Who'd back us?"

John smoked and meditated a moment.

"We'd make the Crittenden people sell us cars on time," he replied confidently. "What they want is to sell cars. Why, if a rooster like Underhill can run this agency a year on wind we can run it a century."

"But Underhill had capital and credit when he began," Walter objected.

"What's credit but just selling something?" John replied. "It's just selling yourself; persuading the man with the goods to invest in you, just as you'd persuade somebody else to invest in a car. If I'm good enough to make a farmer buy a Crittenden car I ought to be good enough to make the Crittenden Company buy you and me. We're a blame sight better buy than their cars are." He thought it over a moment further and announced: "Sure! We can put it across! We'll take a hack at it, anyway."

So it was decided. They talked it over and determined to await a favorable opportunity for approaching Mr. Underhill.

"Why, it's a good-enough gamble for us any way you put it," John observed. "We don't stand to lose anything except our jobs; and when Underhill blows up we'll lose them anyway." He could be completely plausible about propositions that might sound completely ridiculous to another.

The opportunity came two or three days later, when there was nobody but Mr. Underhill and Walter in the office. In the morning's mail Walter had noticed an envelope with the return card of the bank in the corner and had peeked sufficiently to feel sure the envelope contained a notice on a printed form about the note that fell due on the thirteenth. Mr. Underhill sat at the desk with his round shoulders humped over, looking down very gravely at the notice and thoughtfully pulling at his long red mustache. Walter slipped out to John in the otherwise empty salesroom and said under his breath: "He's got the notice to pay up on the thirteenth. Might as well hit him now."

John glanced about the salesroom, but Hemphill, the older salesman, was out and the coast was clear; so he nodded assent and led the way back into the office, Walter following.

"We'd like to buy this agency from you, Mr. Underhill," he said at once, standing at the end of the desk and smiling.

He liked to stand and look down at a man. Walter, also smiling, hung a little in the background and nervously stuck his hands in his pockets.

Astonished, Mr. Underhill merely gaped up at the speaker with his earnest, rather boiled-looking, prominent blue eyes.

"Of course it's practically gone up, anyway," John went on in a soothing tone, a good deal like a surgeon proposing a major operation. "It can't last long as it is, you know."

"What the devil do you know about my affairs?" Mr. Underhill blurted out afflictedly.

"Well, you know what the debts are and how much there is to pay them with," John replied with the most amiably reasonable air. "For one thing, there's that note at the bank."

"My bookkeeper has been blabbing to you!" Mr. Underhill cried, turning a red and accusing face to Walter.

"Well, of course, Mr. Underhill, we're both working for you and are interested to see how the business is going," Walter explained amiably. "Naturally we've talked about the business, because it's on our minds."

"My knowing about a note that is coming due wouldn't make any difference, Mr. Underhill. It would come due just the same," John put in propitiatingly. "You see, if you come right down to brass tacks, your liabilities are more than your assets. Of course it's the figures that count—not what I know about them."

"My books don't show it," the proprietor retorted with an unhappy feeling of the ground's slipping under his feet.

"Of course that old paper you took over from the implement business really isn't any good," Walter observed, still smiling.

"You know the Crittenden people are looking round for another connection," John reminded him. "If they take their cars away there won't be anything at all left but just a hole. You see, Mr. Underhill, selling cars isn't really your line. You know too much about them. You ought to be making them. If the bank knew the Crittenden people were looking for another connection, or the Crittenden people knew how you stood at the bank—you see, just a touch anywhere would blow the whole thing up. It's sure to blow up soon, anyway, leaving you 'way in the hole. By selling out to us now you could get out with a clean slate."

"How much capital you got to buy with?" Mr. Underhill demanded.

"Oh, if we had capital we wouldn't buy this agency, Mr. Underhill!" John replied. "We'd start a new one. You couldn't sell to anybody with capital, because nobody who had capital would throw it into a hole. If I had capital I'd go get the Crittenden cars to-morrow on my own hook. We're willing to assume the liabilities exactly because we haven't any capital, and without capital that's the only way we can get a look-in at the game."

"The Crittenden Company won't sell you cars," Mr. Underhill declared.

"Sure they will!" John replied with a confidence he didn't quite feel. "You see, we'll have the agency then. I can show 'em that we're going to sell their cars. That's what they want—to get the cars sold. They'll take a chance."

Well, they hammered away at him, saving his feelings as much as possible—jollying him while they kept the anvil hot. Finally he agreed to let them have the agency if they would assume the liabilities and get the Crittenden line of cars.

Then John went up to see the Crittenden people—to be rebuffed at first. But, as he told Walter, he hung on like a dog at a gopher's hole, haunting their doorstep and fairly sleeping with them, until finally his salesmanship won. The company had a rule against selling cars to an agency on credit and they wouldn't break the rule; but they slipped round it by indorsing the new agency's note.

So the modest sign, E. P. Underhill, came down, and a gorgeous blue-and-gold one, John Turner & Company, went up in its place. For a time the new concern ran exclusively on its nerve and powers of persuasion; but, as John calculated, what the Crittenden Company wanted was somebody who could sell its cars. When Turner & Company demonstrated their ability to do that the manufacturers became very friendly to them.

Meanwhile Walter Hayes had plenty to do. He was only a dub salesman, as the senior partner frankly told him; but his working hours became anywhere from twelve to fourteen a day. He ran the office end, dealt with the newspapers for advertising and with the banks. He was liked and trusted. The banks particularly quite took to him—with his precision, accuracy, punctuality, and his quick understanding of the elements of credit. He had the business sense and was always smiling; always obliging when he had a chance to be.

Within a year the new agency was out of debt; but it wasn't possible to keep out of debt. John Turner was irrepressibly expansive; never quite round one sharp corner before he was rushing at another; always wanting more advertising, bigger electric signs, spending money freely among possible customers. Often Walter objected that they didn't have the money.

"All the more reason we ought to hop in and get it," John replied; "the more bait, the more fish."

He defended his lavishness as sound business policy, which in the long run it was; yet, having the means, he would have done it anyway. It was his nature to operate on a broad scale. It wasn't very long before about everybody in that region knew John Turner was selling automobiles.

Besides the Crittenden line of cars, Underhill had another line—the Luxfer. This was a high-priced car that hadn't caught on very much and John Turner was indifferent about it. The company made conservative objections to keeping on with the moneyless new agency and John let them go.

But along toward the end of the first year they took another car—the Sarum—which was then not much over a year old. It was made by the Sarum Wagon Company, an old and very respectable concern that had got a strain of new blood and decided to branch out into the expanding department of the vehicular field. The old company spent a lot of money launching its automobiles, but the car wasn't very successful. There were faults in the engine that let distributors in for a good deal of complaint and trouble generally.

Sarum was then a good, solid, conservative sort of town, of about fifty thousand inhabitants, with half a dozen quite well-established manufacturing concerns that nobody in particular outside their own lines of trade knew anything about. The wagon company was the biggest of them. It was only a night's ride from Fort Wayne; and in the course of the agency's second year John Turner ran up there a good many times, talking to them about the trouble in their engine, and so on. By that time John wouldn't be round anywhere very much without making acquaintances

He Would Exactly as Lief Call the Boss a Blockhead as Anybody Else

and finding out about how things were. He had reached a stage where he impressed himself on those with whom he came in contact.

The real head of the Sarum Wagon Company was Judson Weatherly, who had married the daughter of one of the old stockholders and gradually, in effect, absorbed the management. He was about forty-five then, a wiry, restless, undersized man, always carelessly dressed, with a bushy brown mustache and big, round, gold-bowed spectacles. He was always in action, never still, giving an effect of bursting energy. He was selling cars at a great rate, dealing in figures larger than the town had ever known, building a big addition to the wagon factory; and Sarum was talking of him with bated breath as a business genius.

Before anybody woke up to the situation he had reduced the respectable old wagon company to a mere tangled wreck. He had sold plenty of cars, but accurate accounting showed they cost the company more than they sold for. He had appointed irresponsible agents, taken their notes for cars that had not been shipped, and discounted the notes at the banks. He had issued notes of the company and falsified the books to conceal that fact. What he had done to the fine old wagon company, in short, was about what a curious youngster of three years might do to a clock if left in undisturbed possession of it long enough.

The appointment of a receiver for the wagon company was quite an earthquake for Sarum. The eight banks were loaded up with extremely doubtful paper and the whole business community sat goggle-eyed and aghast. The receiver proposed to cut off the unprofitable automobile business at once and save what he could out of the wreckage.

In short, it was the Underhill situation over again—only on a far bigger scale and in a much worse snarl; and in all the welter Judson Weatherly was bobbing round, with the same fatuous energy as of old, dabbing at his bushy mustache and peering through his gold-bowed spectacles as though he was running over with vastly important affairs.

"He's just a farmer," said John Turner boldly, meaning it as a term of contempt. "He's set on a wire spring, like a jack-in-the-box. Because he's always bobbing and wiggling, people thought he was doing something important. The trouble with him is, somebody lent him a dime-novel magazine story about how the big fellows in Wall Street put it over everybody. He thought he was acting like them."

John made this contemptuous statement at a meeting in the directors' room of the First National Bank. There was Frank Detweiler, president of the First National, sitting at the end of the table, with one lean leg hooked over the arm of his chair as he listened to John. He looked all a shock of iron-gray hair, with a grizzled mustache and eyeglasses. He kept turning a pencil round in his fingers and sticking the end of it through his mustache as though it was a sort of comb. His bank was in for a hundred and forty thousand dollars of Weatherly's paper of different kinds.

Then there was William Bush, of the Sarum State Bank—a short, dumpy man with a red, wrinkled, leathery, fierce-looking face, set off with a strong hooked nose. He sat bolt upright and glared in unspeakable indignation at everything in general.

Next him was Lyman George, of the Merchants' National Bank, who wore a neatly trimmed and pointed brown beard, and had fine, curly brown hair, parted in the middle; but the hair was a wig. He nodded sagely from time to time and stroked his beard, but hardly spoke; in fact, during the whole day and a half since the failure he had been scared so stiff he could hardly speak. His bank was in for ninety thousand dollars and he had a disagreeable suspicion that the directors were going to discharge him, for he owned only a small amount of the bank's stock.

Then there was Isaac Baum, of the Citizens' Bank, who was fat and bald, and wore a thick red beard. He had a wide mouth, and grinned at the others from time to time rather as though he expected somebody to announce that the whole thing was only a poor practical joke.

There was Macdonald, of the Manufacturers' Bank, a big, flat-chested, hollow-eyed old Scotchman, who didn't want to talk or think of anything but the quickest way to get Weatherly into the penitentiary. Now and then he interrupted the talk to tell some other instance of Weatherly's having lied to him, his voice rising, thumping the table with his fist.

There was Peter Tree, of the Savings Bank, a benevolent-looking old gentleman with a handful of white chin whiskers and kind blue eyes. Whenever some fresh instance of Weatherly's financiering was touched upon, he repeated that he couldn't understand how Weatherly could have done it—remarking two or three times over that he'd known him from a boy, and looking round the table with a slight, amazed smile.

There was Wollenstein, a notebroker from Chicago, who had sold a lot of Weatherly paper to banks over the country. He spoke with a slight lisp, but always

to the point, and smiled a crooked smile with one side of his mouth only. This catastrophe was more a thing in the course of the day's work to him than it was to the others. Altogether, the men in the room represented nearly a million and a half dollars of debts of the Sarum Wagon Company. Whether the real assets would amount to half that was a question.

John Turner was there on his nerve, taking Walter Hayes with him. He had been in Sarum and knew the failure was going to happen the day before it was announced. Since knowing it he'd hardly had his clothes off. He proposed to get the automobile end of the business and carry it on. There were the creditors, all at sea and aghast over the prospect of a big loss—as to which bank directors and stockholders were sure to ask many unpleasant questions. The whole town was stirred up and the bankers were nervous lest depositors should start runs on their institutions.

John could talk automobile by that time and he did talk it. He went all over the Sarum concern's business; showed how Weatherly had lost the money; insisted that it could all be got back again and nobody need lose a dollar if only the automobile part of the business was run properly. The name was pretty well advertised; there was an established selling organization. Make the cars right, and loss would turn to profit.

Of course that was a big temptation to men who, if the automobile business was closed up, would certainly have to pocket a big loss. John saw that Detweiler and Wollenstein were the ablest men in the lot, and he stuck to them like a burr. Without having John's magnetic salesmanship, Walter Hayes could talk plausibly about the financial details. As usual, he was liked and trusted.

Ten men in the room—creditors and representatives of creditors—were upset by the failure; their nerves were shaken, their minds uncertain, not knowing what to do; some of them half bewildered—all afraid to face a big loss. And there was handsome John, in magnificent form, talking to them with absolute confidence—never the slightest doubt or hesitation—asserting positively that they needn't lose a dollar, but, on the contrary, might make a profit. Chance had given him a great opportunity and he rose to it. When it came to the automobile business he reeled off figures and made predictions that caused the audience to gasp; but always with that absolute assurance.

Well, the great bluff went through. The Sarum Motor Company was organized to carry on the automobile business. After allowing what the wagon end of the old concern might be worth, the creditors took preferred stock in the new company for their claims. Finally all of them, except Lyman George and Andrew Macdonald, subscribed something to the new issue of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of preferred stock, which was to give the company its working capital.

John Turner and Walter Hayes went back to Fort Wayne, where a couple of bankers and three or four other men with money had a good opinion of them, and got some additional subscriptions to this hundred and fifty thousand of preferred stock; so virtually the whole amount was taken.

The day before the failure John Turner & Company, of Fort Wayne, might perhaps have been able to scrape together twenty thousand dollars from their automobile agency. Now they were in control of an automobile manufacturing concern that made quite a showing—if one didn't look behind the curtain. The common stock in the new company represented nothing but prospects. John took forty-five per cent of it, Walter twelve per cent, and the remaining forty-three per cent was given as a bonus to those who took the preferred stock.

If one were to retain an impressive idea of the new concern he must not look behind the curtain. There was an unfinished plant; an unsatisfactory car; a business that had got a big black eye from the failure; a lot of agents, many of whom were quite disgusted; and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the bank.

John Turner and Walter Hayes knew enough about the automobile business even then to know that a hundred and fifty thousand dollars wouldn't carry them very far in the way they meant to go. Completing the plant would take the better part of that, and John wanted two hundred thousand dollars the first year just for advertising.

This is not a narrative of the Sarum Motor Company, but of John Turner. The shifts they made those first two years, the impossible corners they actually turned, the times when the whole venture hung on a hair—hanging on a hair being, in fact, its chronic state—need no detailed recital. Before the second year was out the banks were worse loaded up with the new concern's paper than ever they had been with the old—so loaded up that they fairly had to stand by it.

In dire junctures there were such expedients as shipping out carloads of unfinished motors and getting credit at the bank on the bills of lading; then running the cars back to the shop to be completed. Walter Hayes developed a resourcefulness in the matter of kiting checks that rather astonished him. All these things John himself related later and laughed over.

Arthur McGregor—known to everybody as Sandy—had been put in as superintendent of the factory some months before Weatherly blew up, though fatuous Weatherly would never let him have his way, preferring the highly theoretical Frenchman who had devised the bad engine.

Sandy was a rolypoly, bewhiskered, bespectacled person who looked comically like the caricatures of a German professor. He dressed carelessly and spoke with a burry accent. He not so much walked through the plant as plowed through it, always with his fists doubled and swinging at his sides in short, jerky little motions, as though he was pumping himself up. His whiskers fairly bristled with energy and his peering eyes behind the spectacles saw everything. If anything didn't please him he spoke burrs and nettles; but he would exactly as lief call the boss a blockhead as anybody else—which was another reason why Weatherly had ignored his advice.

He and John had struck up an acquaintance before the smash and talked engine exhaustively. As soon as the new concern came in Sandy was made a vice president and general superintendent, and given a handful of the new common stock. He couldn't talk so beautifully about his engine as the Frenchman could, but the engine worked far better.

In those two years John Turner, Walter Hayes and Sandy McGregor ate and slept when there was nothing else to do. The financing and accounting were as strenuous as anything else about the place. Night after night Walter Hayes dozed in the car that took him away from the plant at any time up to midnight and laid the foundations of the gray patches on his temples.

But it went. When two years were up wise people began more or less to drop the habit of talking about the Sarum Motor Company as a mere temporary phenomenon, founded on a shoestring and foredoomed to early disappearance. There were some debts still; but real money was pouring into the banks through the pass books of the Sarum Motor Company at a rate that was commented on in bank parlors in awed tones. Bank presidents were ceasing to shudder when they saw Walter Hayes smiling at them from the threshold of their private offices, indeed they were beginning to smile back in warm expansiveness.

It was just at the end of the second year that John Turner, instead of rushing down to the First National to see President Detweiler, had his secretary telephone that gentleman an invitation to come out to the plant at half past two, because there was a matter of importance to be discussed, and Mr. Turner couldn't well get away. Sagacious Frank Detweiler went to the plant, realizing as he did so that John Turner had arrived.

Two or three days after that Walter Hayes accompanied Sandy McGregor through the shops; for he, too, liked to keep in touch with the manufacturing department. They presently entered a shop that had been fixed up for temporary use—one of those makeshifts that were always happening as the business outgrew its housings and spread over the neighborhood like a cucumber vine on too small a trellis.

This shop had windows in one end only, insufficient for lighting it; so it was artificially lighted from long glass tubes of gas on the ceiling—the sort often used in composing rooms, giving a strong but ghastly light with a greenish tinge. The shop was filled with massive lathes for cutting and grinding crankshafts. A workman took a step to pick up a rough shape of forged steel from the heap beside his lathe, and Walter happened to notice that he limped, as though one leg was stiff.

Walter loitered a moment, for he liked to see the cascade of fire as the steel met the swiftly turning wheel. The workman started his lathe. Then, aware of someone standing near, he glanced up, lifting a thin pale face that looked corpselike in the grewsome light.

It was Smiley Carter. Recognition came to Walter—not in a flash, but with a kind of swift dawning. For a moment the two men stared at each other, with mutual recognition. Then Smiley bent his face over his work again.

Walter was amazed. In the pale, lame workman he felt indefinitely a poignant tragedy. Yet he walked on without speaking. It would be difficult to say just why. Of course in twelve busy years Smiley had drifted far into the background of his consciousness. Perhaps he hadn't once thought of the man for five years. That show business had become vastly remote. Then, he was taken wholly by surprise and there was a certain reticence—an instinctive shrinking back from a painful contact; and this was not

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He Took the Country Club in Hand, Contributing Nearly All the Money for the Spacious New Building

IBERIA

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

TO BE sure, the Gaul has said in his wisdom: "When in doubt, search for the woman." In the depths of his soul and the depths of his literature he has searched for her, and discovered her; and, all things considered, the result has proved a very bad thing for the Gaul. Unfortunately it has also established the woman in the light of the great universal alibi—where she belongs.

To blame Miss Helen Merrihew with nicety of judgment, consider first her birthright and her patronymic. She had a broker for a father, a college president for an uncle, an ambassador and a governor for grandfathers, a dozen minor celebrities for cousins-german. She herself had known newspaper blarney as early as that glorious day when skirts were lowered in maiden dignity to her shoe tops, and now that fashion had sent them back again still faster than they came, her photograph adorned the Sunday supplements six times a year, which indicated that she was socially prominent without being vulgarly rich.

So that quite rationally Miss Merrihew expected that her suitors, like her distinguished kin, would be successful to the point of public recognition and acclaim. She tended to discourage those who hadn't some one quality of greatness, and so far she had got away with it with perfect accuracy. But there came a night when she committed the grievous error of looking under her lashes at Ernest Benham after his voice had begun to falter. She completely lost her head in the moonlight, and when she found it again it was resting comfortably against the shoulder of Ernest Benham, who was the son of nobody, the heir to nothing, and had a none-too-easy job in a national bank.

"You'd Rather Have These—These Comparatively Trivial Things Than Have a Chance of Really Big Accomplishments?"

In the morning, after she had blushed at herself in several mirrors and reflected upon her duty to posterity, she sent for Benham; and when he duly arrived in season for tea, she proceeded to advise him solely for his ultimate good. She really wasn't more than two-thirds in love with him, and she honestly thought him to be at best a lovable sort of slacker; so that her ultimatum was kindly, but easy to understand. In effect she told Benham to go and get a reputation.

He took it with characteristic calm, but his smile was grewsome.

"In other words," he said, speaking thickly, "you weren't sincere! You didn't feel it as I did! You thought I was only spooning! It was just—casual to you! Oh—Helen!"

Miss Merrihew was suitably affronted and distressed, but she curbed her sympathies and her resentment and followed the tradition of centuries by displaying that motherliness which at once serves as attack, defense and strict neutrality.

"No—no!" she said with the utmost gentleness. "That isn't it at all. But we're so terribly young, Ernest, and we simply can't afford to make any mistakes, can we? We can't do anything we'd be sorry for afterward. And—I do care a lot for you, too, only we've got to be sure we'd be happy together, haven't we?"

"Well, I'm sure," insisted Benham doggedly. "I'm sure enough for both of us!"

"But I've just told you, dear—I mean Ernest—that we are young, and you haven't ——"

"The point," said Benham, with unfathomable injury betraying itself in his eyes, "is that you're not certain I'd make you happy. All right! That's easy. What do you want me to do?"

Very explicitly she told him. Incoherently and illogically, but with shattering clarity of purpose, she conveyed her meaning. She was accustomed to temper her affections with honor and admiration, and to behold her convictions upheld by the world at large. She wasn't averse to marrying a poor man, if he were famous or en route to fame; and she wouldn't marry an obscure man anyway. She required triumphant success, or the promise of it; glory, or the assurance of it; she was the last of an uncommon family, and she could ally herself with none but an uncommon man. This opinion, she said in closing, was shared in its entirety by the arbiter of her domestic destiny, her father. In fact they had collaborated on it. It was practically immaterial to them what the candidate's field of endeavor might be; he must show the fundamentals of superiority in that field. And Benham, she said, was indolent and lacking in ambition. There was even some doubt as to his ability to support her. They wanted him to dismiss, for a time, any hope of matrimony and to earn his right to sue.

Benham laughed spasmodically and met her eyes.

"That's fair enough," he conceded. "Well—I'm not scared. I'll satisfy you and your father or break my neck trying! You've been awfully frank, Helen. I'm glad of that. It hurts, but I'm glad. You see I'm not so very conceited. I don't ever expect to be good for much front-page news. I'm not cut out for a genius, either. So my only chance seems to be pretty evident, doesn't it? What's the figure Mr.—your father sets?"

Miss Merrihew colored, but since she had laid herself open to the *riposte*, she conquered her emotions and quoted six figures.

"And that's final?"

"I'm afraid it's final, Ernest."

Benham stood up, approached her and bent low.

"Then," he said, quivering, "I won't make it any harder for us! I won't bother you again until I've done something! And the next time I come to you ——"

As she sat there, crushed and stunned, listening to his footfalls in the hallway, Miss Merrihew was subtly aware that neither the haughtiest plutocrat in the social register nor the wisest savant in the world could have kissed her more alarmingly or more superbly. It was at that moment, too, that she first became curious to know whether her father, whose dogmatism was notable, had ever been seriously in love.

Now in the biography of every normal young man whose ancestors have neglected to accumulate a fortune there must be inserted sooner or later a frenzied chapter, in which he realizes that nothing else can remotely approach the importance of growing rich overnight. And even although such chapters, at least in the temperate zones, are generally descriptive of the months of May and June and have their origin most frequently in the solitude which follows a rendezvous by moonlight, they are not by any means peculiar to lovers. All young men have their periods of golden yearning. Nevertheless, it was Miss Merrihew who egged Benham on to folly, and on these grounds she must stand indicted.

For it so happened that Benham, during the eight long years since he had left his native village in Ohio and sought his fortune in Manhattan, had privately cherished a dream of plutocratic splendor to be thrust upon him. He had scanned with envy those tabular statistics which show that for every dollar invested in some industrial security in 1885, the lucky speculator has received four thousand dollars net to date. He knew, as every man knows, of investors—no less clever than himself—who had bought Beth Steel at 60. He knew of wily fellows who had swept the boards with General Motors. From time to time he had resolved that at the nearest opportunity he, too, would venture down among the kings of finance, to become that one exception out of every hundred neophytes and win his fortune in a rising market. But thus far he had never risked a penny in the Street, and he might never have soiled his record if it hadn't been for Miss Merrihew's strange standards. She was innocent but responsible. She touched the spark of her desires to the dynamite which was Benham's hidden nature, and his common sense exploded in a jiffy.

As a bulwark between Benham and starvation, there was a fund of six or seven thousand dollars, and six or seven thousand dollars was ninety-three or ninety-four thousand too little. Furthermore, as far as Helen Merrihew was concerned, there was no great utility in any assets less than the stated minimum of one slim figure and five plump ones.

What analysis could be simpler? Benham drew a single check and was committed to that popular indoor sport which demonstrates, anew each week day, the charming optimism and inefficiency of a gentleman named Hoyle. And it was hardly the lunch hour before Benham had made a thousand dollars, and he added five hundred more by two o'clock.

"Well!" said Benham joyously to himself. "What makes me sore is why I didn't get into this game earlier!" He forthwith ordered violets for the lady of his alibi and gloated inconceivably.

In subsequent sessions he took a five-point profit in the rails and six in coppers. A mere acquaintance volunteered a red-hot tip on Zinc, and Zinc obligingly responded by giving an imitation of an express elevator going up. Benham had eighteen thousand to his credit and began to entertain contempt for cold-blooded silurians who purchased bonds. He participated in the spectacular drive on Alcohol and had the incredible good fortune to sell short at the week's high and to cover at the week's low. Rothschild and Jay Gould and Russell Sage all say it can't be done, but Benham did it aptly and nonchalantly. In six weeks he was master of sixty thousand dollars, and he sent two eagles' worth of roses to Helen Merrihew. At this delightful juncture the gods of hazard perceived him from on high and noted his budding arrogance, and one said sternly to the other:

"This Benham boy seems to think he's got our number. Let's show him up. Kick him, one of you fellows!"

Whereupon Benham bought the rails again and won, and was smiling beatifically when the cashier of his bank summoned him for an interview. There were no preliminaries, formal or informal.

"Sit down, Ernest," invited the officer. "I'm afraid we're going to have a quarrel. I hear you've been speculating. How about it?"

"Why not?" Benham was ingenuously proud of himself.

"Well, we're naturally inquisitive to know why you didn't file your declaration."

"What declaration?"

The cashier frowned a little.

"You're not trying to dodge, are you?"

"Not exactly. If I am, I don't know what I'm dodging. I simply don't know what you're talking about."

"Is that the truth?"

"What!" said Benham, starting.

"Do you mean to say that when you opened your account you weren't given a blank to sign—a blank that stipulated that if you were connected with any bank or had access to any trust funds, you had the permission ——"

"I certainly did not," said Benham flatly.

"I—that's so remarkable, Ernest, that—— However, we'll drop it for the time being. Here's the situation: you're cutting such a swath that we heard about it indirectly, and that means you've been making the fur fly. It can't go on. Your intelligence ought to tell you why it can't. You're a very young man, you're in a confidential relationship toward us and ——"

"It can't go on?" Benham was incredulous.

"Not possibly. We can't allow it. We've found out by experience that it isn't safe for us, and it isn't safe for our youngsters, to have 'em ——"

"But if I want to go on?"

The cashier's gesture was dramatically adequate.

"It's impossible! You can't stay in this bank and operate on the Street. That's flat."

"In that case," said Benham politely, "when would it be most convenient for you to have my resignation go into effect—Saturday?"

"Ernest! Don't be a fool!"

"Fool!" retorted Benham. "At thirty-five hundred a year? Why, I'm two decades ahead of you now!"

"But listen! Your prospects ——"

"Now if there's to be any quarrel," said Benham with all deference, "you'll have to stage it. It's a matter of plain business to me. And if you're as positive as I am—if you're as stubborn as I am, we'll say—I don't see but what we'll just have to part company. I'm sorry—I liked it here. But money's money."

"Hold your horses for a second!" persisted the cashier seductively. "Now at Christmas we'll very likely distribute a fifty-per-cent bonus, Ernest. And you may be elected assistant in another season, too. You know that—it's what you've been working for. Well, it's in sight. Don't you go off halfcocked. I know you've been lucky, but it won't last—it never does. You save what you've made, put it in mortgage bonds and stay here. Think it over at any rate!"

"Inside of a week," prophesied Benham, "Anaconda'll go to par. I'm buying a thousand to-night. You can figure out for yourself what my salary'll look like alongside of a four-point rise. Or that bonus compared to six points."

The cashier inclined forward and loaded his voice with all the impressiveness it could carry.

"Ernest," he said. "I'm not trying to bulldoze you. This isn't any bluff—it's straight talk. I was instructed to notify you and I'm doing it. Don't you be an idiot! Stay out of the market and do your work decently, and you'll be a big man in the banking world some day! And don't make any snap decisions. Because I tell you absolutely that if, after I've given you this notice, you don't see fit to take it, you're out of banking for good. You can't stay here, and no other reputable bank would take you without our recommendation. So ——"

"To save arguing about it," said Benham, "we'll date my resignation to-day. You needn't pay me any more salary, but I'll come in as long as I can help the next man to grasp my job. You've been mighty nice about it, but if I've got to choose between this place and my future, I'll have to say good-by."

"Ernest," said the cashier soberly. "I'm sorry. We like you and we want to keep you. I want you. We've got along without friction, and you have the making of an executive some day. Think just once more! You take, say, a week!"

"No, I don't believe I'm open to argument."

The older man sighed in pity and shook his head.

"Well, there's no alternative then."

"None at all!"

"And I suppose I'll have to accept your resignation, if you'll be kind enough to have it typed."

"Thank you for being so white about it," said Benham, rising. "And if you'll let me know who's going to succeed me, I'll be glad to coach him." He went out buoyantly; half an hour afterward he had bought Anaconda at 95, and everyone from the check desk to the president's sanctum knew that he was gone to uphold his independence and to display the courage of his information.

What he had long contemplated was no more visionary than, under the circumstances, it was logical. A month ago he had realized that he might do worse than to seek an alliance with some conservative brokerage house and to pursue the career for which he was temperamentally fitted. He would push his capital up to the sum at which Miss Merrihew's hauteur could be underwritten; he would become a specialist in seasoned securities; he would cease to gamble and take instead his profits in commissions. The attitude of the cashier, then, was a source of relief to Benham; it gave him freedom and saved unpleasantness. It was distinctly better for him to free-lance for a while, and after that he could attach himself where he would. Anybody of prudence would be glad to get him.

With the same pen he signed his resignation and ordered his florist to deliver daily a dozen Beauties to Miss Merrihew until otherwise advised.

Then Anaconda slipped to 89, and Benham took his loss with equanimity in order to flirt with sudden death, as exemplified by the common shares of United States Steel. Following that, he lost appreciably in one or two of the more mercurial war brides, learned to avoid wheat, cotton and linseed oil, failed to diagnose the fluctuations of Reichsmarks, and while he was unswervingly persuaded that another movement would reverse the scale and make him Crœsus, he was whirled to the brink of ruin on the tail of a mighty hurricane that one day swept the curb. He was anxious now to associate himself with any institution which would pay him thirty-five hundred a year, or even less, but to his horror he discovered that his friend the cashier had been fatally correct. He began to hunt systematically for a berth, but money had tightened, and nobody wanted him at a living wage.

Desperately he turned again to fight the market, but he was fighting against the sheer economics of the world, and he lost consistently. His last thousand dollars splintered into fragments; and he became a nervous hanger-on in board rooms, eager for his eighths. Then he bought odd lots, fewer and fewer, and became a detriment to the atmosphere of prosperity. Three months after he had quitted the bank his brokers hinted that, much to their regret, his account was technically undesirable. A fortnight later he was bluntly requested not to haunt the premises of a reputable dealer in outside stocks. He had ceased to be careful of his appearance, and he discouraged other customers. With his last fifty dollars in his pocket and the certainty of success still flickering in his heart, he asked Jimmy Rafferty, who kept a cigar store near Exchange Place, for the address of a bucketshop he had heard about—Skeel's bucketshop—and Rafferty reluctantly told him.

And it wasn't until then that Benham countermanded the order to the florist. He had to.

Mr. Skeel flourished—which is to say he acquired profit without yet having been arrested—in a grim suite of offices in a dingy court, in the gloomiest of all the sun-fearing streets below the dead line. To reach these offices, if you set out from Rafferty's cigar store, you plunged first into a dismal alleyway moldy with dead men's hopes. You swung south, then west and south again, sacrificing something of your pride at every turn, and came eventually to a pair of ornamental iron gates which had deserved their share of architectural magniloquence at about the time that the electric telegraph was a national novelty.

Passing through these gates, you trod on yielding flags, cracked and uneven; you faced a decaying bulk of dirt-gray stone, with warped iron staircases clinging to its sides, not as escapes in case of fire, but as the only means of access to the upper floors.

Her Ultimatum Was Kindly, But Easy to Understand. She Told Benham to Go and Get a Reputation

You avoided the ruins of a central fountain and took to the dark embrasure which was the main entrance to the court. You strode along a dim and lofty corridor, walled with marble of a suggestively greenish tint and smelling faintly of dry-rot, and paused at the farthest door—William W. Skeel and Company, Stocks and Bonds.

At this point, unless your sense of shame was quite burnt out of you, you pulled your hat over your eyes. And then, no matter how abruptly or how silently you crossed the threshold, you found Skeel looking at you.

It was unbelievably quiet in Skeel's, primarily because his customers, for the major part, had long since lost their spontaneity. They were the victims of a devastating fever; they were immune to passions. And even those who came by preference to Skeel's were quiet there, presumably because repression was their policy of insurance. The ticker droned in the corner, the board boys chalked quotations as they came, and Skeel himself, sitting complacently aloof behind his fumed-oak desk, smiled tacit encouragement to his broken clientèle and checked again the paltry margins they had given him. He glanced up as Benham entered.

"Well?" said Mr. Skeel, noncommittal as always.

"Is this the proprietor?" asked Benham under his breath.

"Yes. Anything I can do for you?"

"Why—yes, possibly."

"Look here, brother," said Skeel, eying him, "who sent you here?"

Benham flinched at the familiarity.

"Why, nobody in particular—I heard about you somewhere ——"

"Uh-huh. I get you. Now, where've you been trading?"

"I—what difference does that make?" Benham's very jaws were red.

"Take your time, brother. I don't take new accounts unless they've got some references—no broker does. Where'd you come from?"

"Why—as a matter of fact—Jimmy Rafferty sent me."

"Oh! Know Jim, do you?"

"I've bought a lot of cigars from him."

"That's it!" Mr. Skeel nodded approval. "This your first offense or ——"

"No." Benham laughed shortly. "Rafferty told me you didn't insist on wide margins."

"Oh! Got into you, did they?"

"In a way, yes."

"So. Well—what's on your mind?"

"Nickel."

"Um-hum. Long or short?"

"Long."

"How much?"

"That depends."

"Of course. But how much money?"

"Say—fifty," offered Benham.

Mr. Skeel grimaced and spoke almost without moving his lips.

"Twenty-five shares, brother?"

Benham gasped.

"You'll take two points!"

"For you, yes. You're a friend of Jim Rafferty's. At the market?"

"Why—I think so. The bull movement's about due, don't you think?"

"Right. Cash, please!" He accepted the bills and stuffed them into his pocket. "Oh, Sam, twenty-five Nickel at the market!"

"Twenty-five Nickel!" echoed a worried-looking order clerk far in the murky background of the cage. "Twenty-five Nickel at the market!"

Benham coughed in deprecation.

"Pardon me—I'm not used to—but how does this work? If you actually buy and sell on margins like that ——"

"Lay off that stuff!" Mr. Skeel was peremptory and belligerent. "Don't you get yourself in dutch, brother—take it from me! I want to tell you we do buy and sell."

That, of course, was a downright lie.

"I want to tell you I was a partner in a wire house for ten years." That was a verity. "You ask Jim Rafferty whether this is on the level or not!"

"Nickel—twenty-five at forty-seven and a quarter!" shouted the clerk from the recesses of the cage.

Benham nodded and swallowed hard. The room, unclean and unwholesome, disgusted him; the customers filled him with nausea. Mainly they were the offscourings of the street, the diseased and maimed of the financial district; here and there was a well-dressed, rat-eyed suspect. Benham gagged at the sight of them, and yet ——

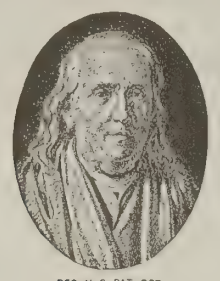
"Well, I'm here—I might as well sit down," he said to Skeel, attempting to appear jocose.

The proprietor, displaying scant interest, waved him to a seat. The ticker droned, a flashily clad tout read the tape huskily, the board boy chalked away without cessation:

"Erie a half . . . five-eighths. . . . Steel six . . . eight hundred at an eighth . . . a thousand at a quarter . . . an eighth . . . a half for the Boat, a quarter for the Ship. . . . Annie three-quarters. . . . Steel a quarter. . . . Wax seven-eighths. . . . Mex Pete par and a half. . . . Nickel forty-six and a half."

(Continued on Page 78)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 31, 1917

President and Congress

THE handful of senators who wrecked the whole legislative program at the close of the Sixty-fourth Congress, with the country in the shadow of war, should never again be vested with public power, because in a crisis they cannot be trusted to subordinate themselves to the overwhelming majority of both houses and the exigent needs of the nation.

No question of keeping the country out of war was before them. Anybody but a hopeless blockhead, no matter whether his tendencies were pacific or militant, could then see that whether the country got into war depended upon events and forces far beyond the control of the Senate. The question before them was whether the nation, exposed to an imminent risk of war, should stand in a ridiculous and humiliating position—one hand temporarily bound down with senatorial red tape and a band of senatorial obstructionists sitting on its head. They answered that question in the affirmative.

For years the executive branch of the Federal Government has been gaining upon the legislative in actual power, and Congress has echoed with complaints of that fact. The scene at the close of the Sixty-fourth Congress points to the reason. The President, by and large, is a far more trustworthy representative of the nation than Congress is, partly because the latter is always more or less at the mercy of factious minorities and petty politicians working for selfish ends.

From the beginning of the submarine controversy President Wilson faithfully represented the nation. It said so last November. It is saying so now. The nation is behind him, and the means he needs to carry out its purpose will be given to him in spite of temporary, conceited obstruction. One of those means, as he promptly pointed out, is cloture in the Senate.

Irresponsible Egotists

IT TAKES a situation like that of the first four days of March to throw the inherent incompetence of Congress into pitiless relief. The country was at the verge of war, and several measures of the greatest importance awaited action. Any body of men that actually represented the people of the United States, and was inspired by an intelligent sense of responsibility to the nation, would have found some basis upon which individual differences could compromise and the exigent business of the nation be dispatched.

What actually threatened during those four days was a temporary dictatorship by a few irresponsible, factious, lightweight egotists in the Senate. Under the absurd rules of that body it was possible for a handful of members to assert their petulant wills in effective opposition to the will of an overwhelming majority of both Houses, and in defiance of plain national needs and wishes. Two or three men could kill any bill.

That was not a representative system of government. It is not democracy. A flabby-minded household periodically terrorized and bullied by a spoiled child would be a fair analogy.

In fair weather that might answer after a fashion. In this situation it was impossible. Congress had to be a more representative and responsible body, and to that end the Senate adopted cloture during the early days of its special session. The exhibition during the closing days of the Sixty-fourth Congress showed indubitably that, with the United States at war, cloture in the Senate was among the first necessities of national defense.

The fairly dictatorial power over legislation that every senator formerly possessed in a crisis could not be trusted to ninety-odd individuals, some of whom would undoubtedly abuse it.

Fighting the Submarine

AT THE beginning of February, England had been under a war régime for thirty months; and for at least two years law and public opinion had been operating vigorously to induce thrift. Taxes had been increased a hundred and fifty per cent, which in itself was no negligible inducement to thrift. Importation of many luxuries had been forbidden. The liquor traffic had been very drastically curtailed. The government had taken extensive control of food supplies to prevent waste. It seemed that England was living about as economically as it could. The fact that it had five billion dollars to invest in a new war loan pointed decidedly to that conclusion.

Yet at the menace of a more active submarine campaign England promptly discovered many things that it could get along without. Going over the imported food supply of the preceding year, it struck off a million tons. The supply of newsprint paper, already severely reduced, was further cut in half. Many hundreds of thousands of tons of such basic materials as iron ore and timber were lopped off. By these restrictions upon imports there was released for the carrying of essentials a quantity of tonnage equal to about four times the submarine wastage in the first month of unrestricted warfare. And every ton thus saved for the carriage of essentials meant so many dollars saved toward the next war loan or for after-the-war reconstruction.

The British blockade taught Germany what a nation can do without when it is necessary to do so. The German submarine has returned the compliment. Probably it will make England a more formidable antagonist than it was before. It must develop far greater destructiveness than it showed in the first weeks in order to win.

To be Expected

WHEN the Kaiser proposed a peace conference, on the bluntly stated assumption that Germany had virtually won the war, and the proposal was rejected, well-informed opinion in England was nearly unanimous that Germany would resume unrestricted submarine warfare. President Wilson had said flatly that unrestricted submarine operations would cause the United States to break diplomatic relations with Germany; and if Germany then sank merchant ships without warning, involving loss of American lives, war was the only rational probability.

A blind man could see that. Germany saw it, of course, and at least ten days before announcing resumption of unrestricted submarine operation began making active preparations for war with the United States—very naturally looking to Mexico as a possible ally who might be useful to her by harassing us.

It is silly to affect surprise at this action on the part of a nation that saw nothing in Belgium except the easiest road to France. The moment a cancellation of the Sussex pledge became probable the United States and Germany faced toward war; and Germany, as a matter of course, began looking for the best places to strike.

We ought to know by this time that Germany fights no toy wars and sentiment has no place in the calculations of her General Staff. At war with the United States, she would exert every means at her command to injure us in every possible way, and she would not be lacking in ingenuity to devise means of injury.

If there is any spot in Latin America, or elsewhere on the globe, where she could stir up trouble for us she would be at it. Anybody who imagines that war with Germany is a sort of young ladies' boarding-school pillow fight is imagining ill for the United States.

Sea Power

SINCE the Battle of Trafalgar, England's supremacy at sea has not been challenged. For a hundred years the British Navy has been the mightiest weapon that any modern nation has possessed. It is doubtful that even the Rome of Augustus could assert so decisive a superiority over any probable hostile combination.

On the whole, no invincible weapon was ever used with greater moderation. The period of British naval supremacy has been the period of evergrowing freedom of the seas. Trade of other nations multiplied undisturbed. England adopted the most liberal navigation policy ever known, throwing open even the home coastwise trade to all vessels without restriction.

England's material interests required moderation; and the fact that moderation best served her own material interests was the surest guaranty of a continuation of that policy. Years ago her ablest men saw that she had already made all the conquests which would be profitable to her, and that what she most wanted was an orderly, peaceful world in which to enjoy and develop her possessions. Her situation inclined her to a liberal, peaceful program; and it was highly probable that she would have the wisdom to see it.

For a hundred years British naval supremacy put no obstacle in the way of the United States. We came to accept it with no more misgiving than over the geological possibility that an earthquake may happen in the Mississippi Valley. But if Germany could starve England this naval supremacy would undoubtedly end, and sea power would shift to the hands of a new nation, formed on concepts of conquest, ambitious for territorial expansion. Germany rejected proposals for reduction of armaments, preferring the system that kept the Continent of Europe armed to the last available man, each nation watching its neighbors, finger on trigger, and straining its resources to muster more battalions.

Sea power in Germany's hands would at once extend that system of competitive armaments over the world. Very few events of a political nature could give the United States greater ground for apprehension than a transfer of naval supremacy from England to Germany.

No Apologies

IN THE present situation the United States has nothing to apologize for; its course during thirty months of European war was right. It was right in rejecting conscription; right in maintaining that compulsory army service should not be adopted here, save under the pressure of evident necessity. It wanted nothing in the Balkans. It had no part in the web of clashing ambitions and mutual jealousies out of which the European War arose. It was right in going to the utmost tolerable lengths to keep out of that essentially mad, anarchic conflict.

It detested such German crimes as the violation of Belgium and the sinking of the Lusitania; but it was right in resisting the emotional clamor that would have made it play the rôle of an armed avenger, when it still might hope not only to gain endurable conditions for itself without war but to save the neutral position that would enable it to advance the ideal of world peace.

Without war it did for many months gain tolerable recognition of its neutral rights at sea; and as a neutral it formulated the idea of a league of nations to maintain peace, which must finally take the place of Europe's international anarchy.

The United States took a risk—the risk of finally being dragged into war ill prepared. But it took the risk in the interest of the highest political ideal—the ideal of a peaceful, ordered, law-governed world.

It has nothing to apologize for.

War and Business

A GLANCE at stock and money market records for February will show that when diplomatic relations with Germany were broken the United States had had thirty months of most important preparation for war. Industrially and financially it had been put on a war basis. What would have taken many months to accomplish if an immediate threat of war had arisen in 1913 was already done.

It was generally assumed that if war came business would go on quite undisturbed, save as its momentum was still further increased. But one difference, important to many individuals, was often overlooked.

In selling stuff to the Allies America had made enormous profits. No such profits would be permitted to pass to individual pockets if the United States itself were at war. Taxation would certainly take at least half of them. Congress had already imposed an "excess-profits" tax of eight per cent; but that was only an indication of the extent to which it would reach after war profits if the country was at war.

Nothing could be sillier than the charge that munition makers were dragging the country into war. They were already getting all the gains of war, with none of the burdens. It must have been a very dull munitions concern which did not know that it could make—or keep—more money by selling to the Allies with the United States at peace than it could by selling to both the Allies and the United States with this country at war, and the English example of a sixty per cent levy on war profits before the eyes of Congress. So far as governmental ingenuity can possibly prevent it, no individual or corporation should profit by war.

This, however, involved a difference to individuals and not to the general business situation. Looking at the latter, and considering how greatly a threat of war arising in time of world peace would have demoralized trade, one sees that a very important preparation has taken place.

A PROPER CHINA WAR LORD

By Samuel G. Blythe

IT WAS two degrees below zero outside the train in China on the second night before Christmas last year—the train, or what they call a train, between Pukow and Tientsin. Inside my car it was not more than seven degrees below, I should say—perhaps ten; but probably not more than seven. I was refrigerating my way to Peking; and it appears, from the testimony of old China hands, I had hit on an entirely unprecedented and astonishing period of frost—unusual, you know, and all that; but apparent.

There was a large bundle of wraps, shawls, furs and mufflers opposite me; and concealed within it was Wiggin—Wiggin, who, also, was refrigerating his way toward Peking. Wiggin is an Englishman, and he assured me that they never, never have such weather at 'ome. There had been another Englishman in the compartment; but he, through some connivance with the conductor, had gone off to the other sleeping car, where, by the skillful utilization of some silver—Mex.—he had secured a two-berth compartment for himself. He was an exclusive person, this other Englishman, at the start, but not so blamed exclusive at the finish, as it turned out. We three were the only foreigners on the train, which had two first-class coaches and a whole string of second and third class, all jammed to the roof with coolies and other Chinese specimens. For our part, in the first-class coaches, we had a rather comprehensive gathering of presumably first-class Chinese; anywhere from eight to ten to the compartment. It was a merry little Christmas train.

Our compartment was a four-berthed affair, two lowers and two uppers. The seats were covered with leather, and the leather was rimed with frost. Also, they were so ingeniously contrived that the part that served as a back to the seat served also as the upper berth when elevated, after the manner of foreign sleepers; but with this improvement: There was a hump in the middle of the back that made it quite impossible for any person over three feet tall to sit even approximately erect. This, as Wiggin pointed out, was undeniably of advantage, for it forced us to bend forward, and thus conserve our natural warmth, which would have radiated from us had we remained upright.

We had tried the restaurant car; but a restaurant car on the Pukow and Tientsin Railroad is no sitting room for white folks, at best, and on a very cold night, when it is packed with Chinese, swathed in ancient fur-lined silk robes, scoffing tea and soup, and practicing other native and catarrhal rites and pastimes, it becomes practically uninhabitable from the Anglo-Saxon point of view.

Chang Hsun is Afraid of Nobody in China, and Everybody in China is Afraid of Him

The Chinese for Nitchevo

SO WIGGIN and I remained gelidly in our compartment. We had emptied our duffel bags and had drawn them up over our legs, and had variously disposed all our other clothes and wraps. Wiggin futilely endeavored to lay a Gladstone bag on himself in a heat-giving manner, and I varied a detailed count of the places where the wind came in, when it reached forty-seven, with a mental catalogue of all the homothermous animals I could recall, coupled with the wish that I was the warmest-blooded of the lot for the time being.

Then the China boy came in. He was a thin China boy, and his natural yellow was changed by the cold to a sort of sickly bluish white. He looked like cold skimmed and watered milk.

"Master go bed now," he said definitely.

"Will it be any colder in bed than it is sitting up?" I asked.

He looked at me in that why-you-poor-fool way Orientals have of regarding the Westerner and intoned unemotionally:

"Maskee that; master go bed now."

Now maskee is the Chinese for nitchevo, and nitchevo is the Russian for skataganai, and skataganai is the Japanese for Forget it! And when a China boy says Maskee he means finish, so far as discussion is concerned. So we unswathed ourselves and went out into the corridor to find out whether there was a place on that train colder than our room. We didn't think it possible; but there was.

Making up a compartment on a Chinese train is an entirely simple and uncomplex procedure. It took that China boy four minutes to fix ours. He threw up the backs of the seats, hitched them to the suspensory rods, laid a thin sheet over each of the leather-covered shelves we had been sitting on, put another thin sheet over that, and a blanket, provided a cylindrical, leather-covered block of wood for a pillow, and said:

"You go bed now."

So we went to bed. Inasmuch as the seat on which we were expected to sleep was tightly built into the wall at both ends and sides, there was no way to tuck in blankets or sheets. They lay slippery on the frosty surface of the leather; but Wiggin and I had had experience on Chinese trains before, and we knew the trick of folding the blanket into a sleeping bag and crawling into it. Wiggin's preparations were even more sketchy than mine. He took off his shoes, and so did I; but I rather ostentatiously removed my collar, which was nothing but swank pidgin.

Now that was about half past eight of this second night before Christmas; and after we had piled our overcoats and our rugs and all the rest of it on ourselves we shivered off to sleep. At every station vast numbers of Chinese stopped before our door and held long and squeaky conversations about their ancestors, I suppose, or some other important topic; and I discovered that Wiggin was possessed of a most beautiful and condemnatory vocabulary as relating to Chinese who disturbed his slumbers. That man could call the Chinese out of their names in more ways than any white man I ever met, and I have heard persons who have made a study of the art. Wiggin had a natural gift for it. He knew all the English dialects, from Whitechapel to Hyde Park; and, as he had lived in India, Egypt and Hong-Kong, he had a smattering of the expletives of other tongues used for telling natives about their personal characteristics and shortcomings. Not that any great result was attained, but that the artistry of it was perfect.

The night wore gelidly along. At one period—about midnight, I fancy—I was engrossed by a dream that related to the refrigerating rooms on the ship coming across the Pacific. I made a tour of the ship with the captain and inspected the ice plant, where the long rows of meat hung frostily. I was dreaming that I had been suspended on one of those hooks in the meat room, and that some Johnnie was prodding me with a stick to find out whether I was properly frozen. Then there came a glow of light and I opened my eyes. The prodding was no dream. There were four extremely unpleasant soldiers in the room, wearing pigtails, dirty, greasy, smelly, and quite unsociable. One of them was poking me with the muzzle of a rifle.

Wiggin was in the same case. One of them was poking him too. I made shift to inquire what it was all about, but got no intelligible information. My prodder addressed me vehemently, but not with a clarity of diction that gave me any light on the proceedings.

"What do these blighters want?" Wiggin asked me.

"You may search me!" I replied. "Unless it is a holdup!"

"Do you mean robbers?" asked Wiggin.

"Yes."

"Well," he said, "I hope they won't steal my overcoat."

There seemed to be no nourishment in getting up; so we stayed in bed. Meantime there was a constant tramping back and forth in the corridor. Our door was open and we could see soldier after soldier clumping by.

"Possibly they are giving a review of the troops in our honor," I suggested, "and want us to be awake to see it."

Wiggin thought that over for quite a time. Finally he said he didn't think that was it.

"You see," he explained, "it isn't likely they knew we were coming; and besides, it's after midnight, old top, and even in this bally country they don't have military reviews at night. It cawn't be that!"

Beds for Topside Men

THE soldiers came through the corridor in unceasing number, each stopping at our door and glaring at us. Our four personal attendants talked to us. One spoke. Then another. Then all together. It seemed apparent that they had something to communicate to us. One put a dirty hand on Wiggin.

"I say!" shouted Wiggin. "We cawn't allow this, you know. Let's chuck the blighters out."

So we chucked them out. It was quite a job, but we had the advantage of a surprise attack on them and rushed them through the doorway. Then we slammed the door shut, locked it, and took stock. We didn't know what had happened, but were sure something had. The soldiers gathered in convention outside and held an excited debate, banging on the door from time to time, eliciting from Wiggin a line of colloquial reprobation that was eloquent, excoriating and extremely personal.

Presently the door opened violently. The conductor was there; and he had a key. Our China boy, chattery with cold and fear, was behind him.

"What," we demanded, "is the meaning of this outrage?"

There was considerable more to our demand in the way of supporting, amplifying and illuminating adjectival trimming; but that was the gist of it.

"Thank you!" the conductor replied, that being the extent of his mastery of the rugged English tongue.

"Pigtail soldiers!" gibbered the China boy. "Hsuchowfu—Chang Hsun—pigtail soldiers—have got—sleep here!"

A light dawned.

"You mean," I asked the China boy, while the conductor stood by and said numerous thank-you's, "that these gentlemen desire to share our compartment with us?" Only I didn't say it that way, albeit that was the sense of it. What I did say was: "They wanchee bed?"

"Shih!" the boy replied, "Shih—wanchee bed—topside man wanchee bed—can do?"

"Finish!" yelled Wiggin, who had been listening intently. "Finish! No can do! Go to hell!" And he slammed the door shut.

"This must be Hsuchowfu," said Wiggin; "and some of those Chang Hsun soldiers—probably a general—want to sleep in here. Not while I am standing!"

"All right," I told him, "if you feel that way about it we'll hold the first-line trenches until they turn the gas on us."

The train stayed at Hsuchowfu—for it was Hsuchowfu—for half an hour. During that period one Englishman and one American maintained the status quo of that compartment against a fat old Chinese general who expostulated that there were two vacant beds in the room; against a

thin old Chinese general who was most vehement in demanding entrance; against a conductor who exploded intermittently with "Thank you!—Thank you!—Thank you!"; and against a file of villainous pig-tailed soldiers.

Of course they could have taken the room at any moment if they had turned the soldiers in; but I think Wiggin bluffed them by the vehemence and variety of his conversation. I was merely the chorus. It was my part to shout "Finish—no can do!" at regular intervals. Wiggin did the solo work; and presently the fat old Chinese general and the thin old Chinese general moved away, with their pig-tailed soldiers, apparently of the opinion that we were both crazy, and bad joss.

There was racket at each succeeding station until daylight, and several attempts to get into the room; but we had the door tied by that time with our neckties.

In the morning the China boy came in.

"Very bad!" he said. "Very bad—all time ride train—soldiers—no proper tickets have got—Chang Hsun men—very bad!" He spoke appreciatively of his own efforts in our behalf. "Me keep them out," he said. "White men have got—finish—very big white man—good boy! You give cumshaw—good boy!"

"What about this Chang Hsun person?" I asked Wiggin. "And what about his pig-tailed soldiers?"

"Terrible old rotter!" Wiggin replied. "Sits down here at Hsuchowfu like a feudal lord and absolutely controls this part of the country. Tells everybody to go to the devil! Most interesting man in China, and most powerful. All afraid of him. Richer than Rothschild. Has the whole outfit terrorized. Does what he bally well pleases, and keeps an army of forty thousand of the most frightful villains to back him up. Runs the Tuchun—military governor, you know—and all the local officials. Don't give a snap of his fingers for any Peking authority. Remarkable blighter in his way. All China kotows to him."

At this point the other Englishman, who had sought seclusion in the smaller compartment, came in. He had a most woeful tale. It appeared from his disjointed conversation that at an early hour in the morning a file of soldiers entered his compartment—the same constituting an enormous outrage to the English flag—and deposited on him a fat old Chinese general and a thin old Chinese general by force of arms; and he sat in the corridor the rest of the chilly night. He announced feelingly that, as the English were at the moment engaged in preserving the liberties of the world, it ill became the Chinese thus to trample on the indubitable rights of an individual Englishman who himself would be fighting were it not that his services were required in maintaining the supremacy of British trade in the Far East! And it was his purpose to report the incident to Sir John Jordan, the British Minister at Peking, as soon as he arrived.

A Swashbuckler of Parts

I never heard whether he did or not; and indeed, we paid scant attention to him, for that day before Christmas was the coldest in North China since records were kept, and we were fully occupied in trying to keep the semblance of life from being frozen out of us.

However, we arrived; and after I had thawed out I took thought of Chang Hsun and his pig-tailed soldiers, and made inquiries concerning this fearsome person. Wiggin was right. Of all the four hundred million Chinese the bully boy with the glass eye is Chang Hsun. He is afraid of nobody in China, and everybody in China is afraid of him. The Chinese speak of him as "Old" Chang; but he really isn't old. He is about fifty-two or fifty-three; and he is the cock of the Chinese walk, the proper topside man, the Number One of China. He is a swashbuckler of parts—is Chang—with a vast sense of humor, and a vaster contempt for any authority save his own. If there is any person in this world who does as he pleases, that person is Chang. And, in China, what pleases Chang most graciously pleases everyone else—even the President and the government; for Chang has them all buffaloed, as we might say in the States.

Chang Hsun maintains his seat at Hsuchowfu, which is a city in the Province of Kiangsi, on the Pukow and Tientsin Railroad. There, also, he maintains his pig-tailed army; and the maintenance of that army proves my statement that Chang has a vast sense of humor; for the government pays the army—or, rather, pays Chang for the army—and Chang does what paying he sees fit to do. And, because of the army and with it, Chang defies the government if he feels like it, and lives and acts with all the freedom and authority of a feudal lord.

I heard many stories about Chang, illustrating his unique and engaging personality, his power, and his assumed and maintained authority. But the one that seems to me best to show not only his engaging sense of humor but his absolute dictatorship in his own territory is the story of his dealings with the Pukow and Tientsin Railroad, which, as Chang uses it, is a personal perquisite, and conducted for his own conveniences and the conveniences of his friends and followers, quite regardless of the fact that the government owns and tries to operate the road as a public utility.

Like a Private Railroad

That means nothing to Chang. He is overlord of Kiangsi and his seat is at Hsuchowfu. Therefore, as the railroad runs through Kiangsi and the trains stop at Hsuchowfu the desires and necessities of Chang Hsun are paramount to any little detail of public advantage. The logic of it is plain. There is the railroad. There, also, is Chang Hsun. Now, as is well known, railways, an invention introduced by foreign devils, are notably superior to Peking carts or donkeys, or chairs, or junks for conveying people from one point to another with celerity. It may not be within the philosophy of Chang to admit that railways have done anything to further the progress of China; but, having been introduced, it is entirely without his philosophy not to use this particular railway as most suits his imperial whim.

Chang's people move about from place to place. This railway may, on occasion, expedite these journeyings. Shall it be said that he, Chang Hsun, overlord of Kiangsi, is so lost to a sense of his dominion that a railway penetrating and crossing his territory shall have the power to extort money from his people as payment, or toll, for their use of its trains? It shall not; nor shall it be said that there is any other authority than Chang Hsun to confer on his people the medium for passage, and the wherewithal therefor.

Chang Hsun scorns the Administration of the Chinese Government Railways. He scorns the officials of the Chinese Government Railways. He scorns everybody connected therewith in any capacity whatsoever, including the Peking Government itself; and when a subject of the imperial Chang desires to ride on the railway the imperial Chang hands that subject a pass. He has set up in Hsuchowfu a printing press, which is used for the sole purpose of printing tickets good on the Pukow and Tientsin Railroad; and those tickets are extremely good, because back of them is not the issuing power of the government but the persuasive power of Chang Hsun's forty thousand pig-tailed soldiers. He prints his own tickets, and issues them liberally. It is said that if it were not for the Chang Hsun passes and tickets used on this railway—if all who travel by virtue of the imperial favor of Chang Hsun paid fares—the Pukow and Tientsin Railroad would show a profit instead of a deficit each year.

Chang Hsun has no railway position whatsoever. What he has is his army and a discriminating sense of his own importance and power, and the abilities of his soldiers. Likely as not, he is the only non-official person in the universe who prints and issues his own tickets for a government railway. Those generals who tried to board Wiggin and myself at Hsuchowfu were traveling on Chang Hsun tickets—"no proper tickets," as the China boy said, but perfectly good none the less. Chang Hsun sees to that.

Combined with Chang's pass bureau and ticket dispensary was a most liberal pass policy on the part of the government officials; and the result was that the government trains carried very few first-class passengers who paid for their rides. They had about as many free riders as the Congressional Limited between New York and Chicago used to have in the liberal days before the Hepburn Law was passed. So, last year, the Minister of Communications decided that this thing must stop. He issued an order that all this pass business would cease on January 1, 1917.

When that order came to the imperial attention of Chang Hsun he sent word to Peking that he was not concerned in the restrictions which the Minister of Communications was seeking to impose on others. But, as for himself—Chang Hsun—he would be bound by no such order; would pay no attention to it; would continue to issue passes and tickets as he saw fit. And, in case the Minister of Communications had not noticed it, Chang Hsun begged to call his attention to the fact that he, Chang Hsun, had extended his scope as pass provider and was, at his pleasure, issuing transportation for the Peking-Mukden Line, and the Shanghai-Nanking Line, and various other lines. Having all these things in mind, would the Minister of Communications, and the Chinese Government, kindly inform Chang Hsun what they intended to do about it?

Well, the Minister of Communications secluded himself for a period of hard thinking; and when he had thought it all over he issued a further and supplementary order, saying that the original order, which suspended these privileges and stopped this practice on January 1, 1917, would not be operative and in effect for a month, pending negotiations with Chang Hsun for compromise. Think that over! An official government order held up because one man said he would not obey it! A powerful citizen, that!

Chang Hsun was originally a mafoo, or outrider, in the entourage of the court, an uneducated man of the status of a groom; but when, after the Boxer troubles in 1900, the Empress Dowager fled to the far places in China, Chang Hsun stood by. He was one of the few loyal and devoted servants who followed the Empress Dowager in her wanderings. He came back to Peking with her and was made an officer in the Green Banner Army, which was a royal division. Yuan Shi Kai, also a royalist in those days, and an officer in the Royal Army, became President, and Chang Hsun, who had risen to high rank in the Imperial Army, retained his position under the Republic.

He is illiterate, not being able to read or write, and has no military education. The official biography speaks of him as "an old-type military officer"; which is the fact. Chang Hsun has no theories or practices about warfare save these: The object of war is to kill your enemies, loot captured cities, and distribute captured women to the victorious soldiers. That is as far as he goes in military science. If so be it seems expedient to torture prisoners before killing them, he knows how torture should be applied. "Though barbarously severe," says an official Chinese biography of him, "he won universal admiration by the manner in which he preserved discipline among his forces, and peace and order in the neighborhood in which he encamped."

The Uncut Pigtails

He does that. He certainly preserves order. In Kiangsi the Chinese saying is: "You can sleep with your door open in Kiangsi." You can; for the people of Kiangsi know very well what will happen to them if Chang's troops are turned loose on them. His soldiers unhesitatingly obey his command, and he holds his officers in a thoroughly Changesque manner. Chang is a poker player of parts. He draws such government money as may be for the support of his army and the payment thereof, inasmuch as it is a part of the Chinese military establishment; and he pays the soldiers such part of that as he sees fit. Then the officers win the money from the soldiers; for all the Chinese are gamblers, and Chang's troops are persistent gamesters. When the officers have the money Chang wins it—and more—from the officers; and has them constantly in his debt, holding them to his flag in this manner, as well as by the force of his personality.

Also, though Chang's soldiers are not good soldiers in a military sense, and he himself isn't much of a general, as his strategy in the first revolution, at Nanking, proved, the soldiers know that, when they go out, the loot is theirs; and they remain loyal in the hope of future loot.

Chang Hsun would not obey the order that came with the beginning of the Republic to cut off queues. He refused to cut off his own queue, and he refused to allow his soldiers to cut off their queues. Hence his soldiers are known as the pig-tailed soldiers, for most of the other soldiers are short-haired now. This was another defiance of the government; not unique with Chang Hsun—for many of the Manchus refused to cut off their queues—but giving an evidence of the arrogance and the power of the man.

Being a humorist Chang Hsun made a joke about the matter when he was asked why he did not cut off the queues of his soldiers.

"It would not be wise," he said; "for each army needs its distinctive characteristic. I retain the queues on my soldiers so that they may be instantly known as my soldiers, and instantly detected in any wrongdoing. If a pig-tailed soldier is observed in any wrong or immoral act, that soldier is marked as a Chang Hsun man, and can be reported to me who will mete out proper punishment, inasmuch as my soldiers are constantly exhorted by me to be virtuous, upright and moral—not only in their warfare but in their private lives."

Fancy that line of talk about forty thousand villains like those in Chang Hsun's army! And imagine what would happen to any person who had the temerity to report one of them to Chang Hsun, who cares nothing about what they do, provided they remain loyal to him and recognize no other authority!

Chang's Summary Methods

The fear of Chang Hsun and his army is not only governmental. The people are afraid of him too. When the Bank of Communications, at the time of the silver panic in Peking, got into difficulties, and there was great popular clamor against the bank and its officials, the government announced that Chang Hsun was a principal stockholder and a director. That was all that was necessary. The people who were for mobbing and looting the bank refrained. They knew it would be most unwise for them to take any such steps against an institution in which Chang Hsun was an owner and director; for, if they did, that imperious person would come up to Peking, or go elsewhere when a branch bank was attacked, and turn loose his pig-tailed soldiers to avenge this personal insult. And the people further knew exactly what it would mean to have those pig-tailed cutthroats turned loose. So they let the Bank of Communications alone. They clamored, but they did not mob or loot.

By 1911, the time of the first revolution, Chang had progressed so far in the favor of the monarchy that he was in command of the imperial forces in Nanking and had permission to wear the Yellow Jacket. The Viceroy, the Tartar general, and Chang, at Nanking were in a frightful way at that time. They heard that the Cantonese, who were in the Revolutionary Army, had supernatural powers as soldiers; that they could run up hills and surmount mountains without effort; and that they flew, as if on wings, over the most massive city wall. Naturally it was a great task to fight soldiers with those attributes; and the fight the defenders of Nanking made wasn't much. Chang being a poor general, did not take advantage of his opportunities on Purple Mountain, outside Nanking, and was thoroughly whipped there by the rebels.

A surrender was arranged, and Chang was to appear, with his forces, outside Nanking on the morning of a day certain. He did not appear. Instead, he and the Viceroy and the Tartar general were hoisted over the wall of Nanking in baskets and with a large number of Chang's troops, who went out through the gates, escaped across the Yang-tse River to Pukow, which is directly opposite Nanking and is the terminus of the Pukow and Tientsin Railroad.

Chang seized all the rolling stock of the road, established his troops in this movable camp, and awaited developments. The dread Cantonese came across the river. Chang moved on. The Cantonese came along. Chang proceeded discreetly up the road. Finally peace was declared; but Chang did not release the rolling stock of the road, which he had almost entirely in his control. He held it and kept his troops quartered in the cars. Naturally the government wanted to open the road. Chang was obdurate.

It seems that the rebels had taken Chang's favorite concubine in the capture of Nanking, and Chang wanted her back. The rebels, it was said, took the concubine to Shanghai and sold her at auction. Chang would not release the rolling stock of the road or permit its operation until the lady was brought back to him. So they hunted her up and brought her back; and Chang allowed the road to open for business.

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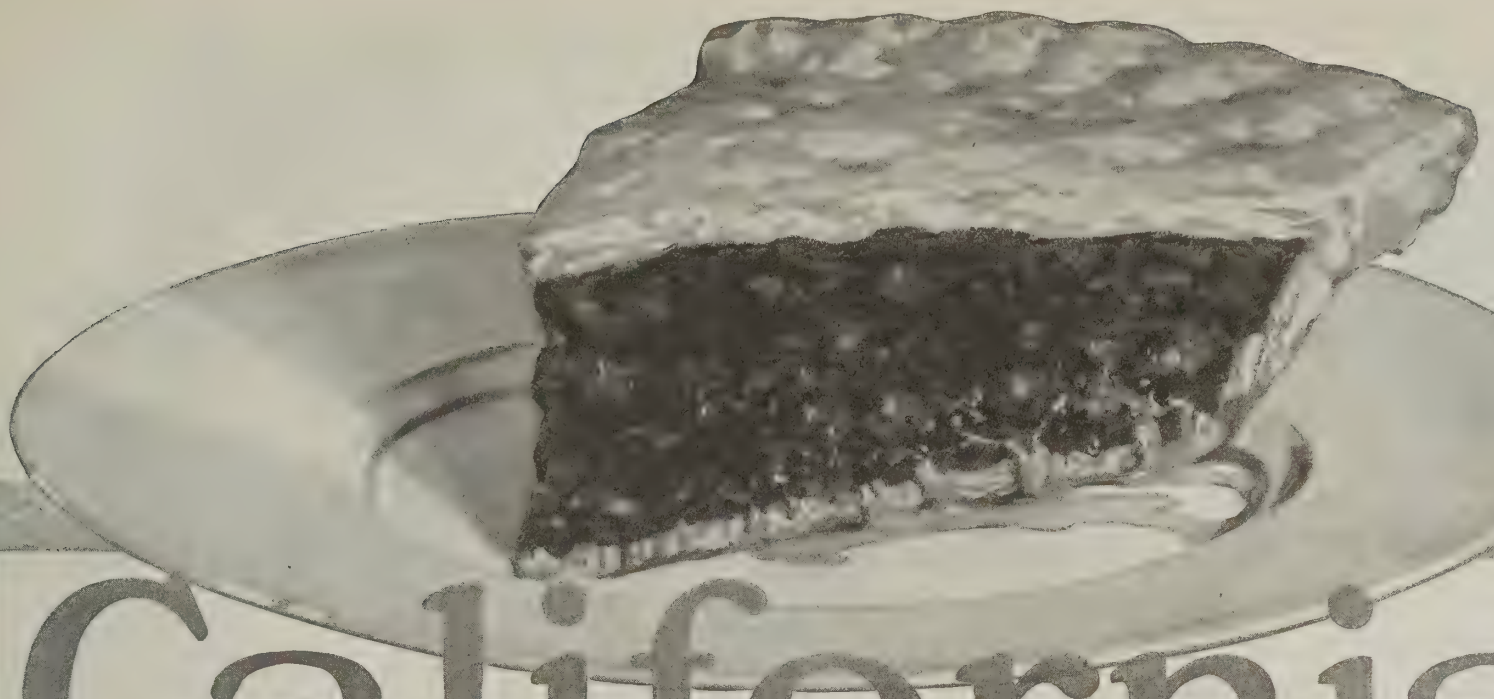

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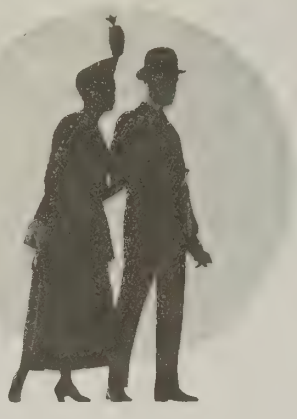

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(Concluded from Page 28)

The joy of the revolutionaries was great over whipping the formidable Chang Hsun; and they built a monument on Purple Mountain, commemorating the victory, elaborately inscribed with patriotic sentiments setting forth the details of the glorious event. Two years later, in the 1913 revolution, Chang Hsun fought again on Purple Mountain; and this time he won, defeating the revolutionaries. The battle waged where it had two years previous, but, by orders of Chang Hsun both before the fighting and after he had taken the mountain, the monument was left undisturbed. His soldiers camped round the shaft that told how, two years before, their leader had had the tar whaled out of him, and had gone down to defeat forever. And yet they say the Chinese have no sense of humor!

When he entered Nanking and took command there was a squabble, in which some of his soldiers killed some Japanese soldiers. Chang Hsun contended that his men did not know the others were Japanese; but that did not satisfy the Japanese, and they made protests over the occurrence to Yuan Shi Kai, then President. Chang Hsun was ordered to make a formal apology to the Japanese consul general at Nanking, but delayed until the Japanese became insistent. Then he sallied out one day, with full military escort, and marched to the residence of the Japanese consul general. He went in, made his apologies, and came out.

The Japanese thought they had humiliated him and had caused him to lose face among the Chinese; but they had not. After Chang Hsun left the Japanese consulate he marched to the house of the consul general for each foreign country, in Nanking, and made formal calls; and then gave it out to the people that he, as the ever-victorious conqueror of Nanking, had been paying his imperial respects to these officials of friendly governments. And he had the laugh on the Japanese.

The Life of a Feudal Lord

At heart Chang is a monarchist, of course; for whatever good he has done for himself began under the Manchus. He also considers himself a statesman; and from time to time he sends lengthy communications, or mandates, prepared by his very capable secretary, to Parliament, admonishing that body to be circumspect and patriotic, and generally setting forth a course of procedure. He called two military conferences to admonish the government. As for himself, aside from his admonitory capacity, he remains genially in the middle of the road, politically. His position is that he does not recognize either or any political faction in China. He—Chang Hsun the All Powerful—suffers them to exist!

Chang lives like a feudal lord in Hsuchowfu. The ancient etiquette is observed. All kotow to him. He likes company, entertains lavishly, and is generally agreeable. He is willing to do anything for a friend. Thus far, he has sent in the names of twenty-three men, recommending each for the premiership. It was discovered that these men were Chang's guests; and, in order to please them, he recommended them for high place. He is liberal in this way: He will give away any amount of money belonging to other people. As for himself and his personal fortune, he, beginning not so long ago, has managed to accumulate about twenty million dollars.

Chang, though illiterate, tries to talk in the tralatitious manner of the educated Chinese. His conversation abounds in simile and metaphor; but he bases his figures on nonpoetical subjects. In discussing the revolutionists once, he said: "They are like cabbages with their roots in the air. They are trying to climb a ladder to which there is no top." And so on.

In 1915, when the Japanese demands were up in Peking, Chang came to the Capital. The Diplomatic Corps kept rather shy of him; but one day he was at the American Legation, talking with Doctor Tenney, and noticed that General Barry, then in the city, was reviewing the American troops which constitute the Legation Guard. Chang said he would go over and review the troops also, as he was a great general of a friendly power. There was nothing for it—they took him over; and Chang and General Barry reviewed the troops.

"If you need any help in your country," Chang said to General Barry, "call on me at any time. I'll come over and help you finish anything you start."

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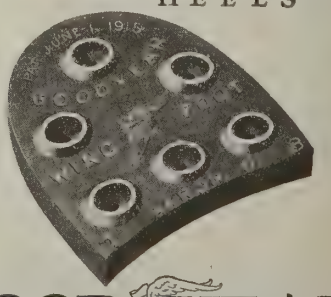

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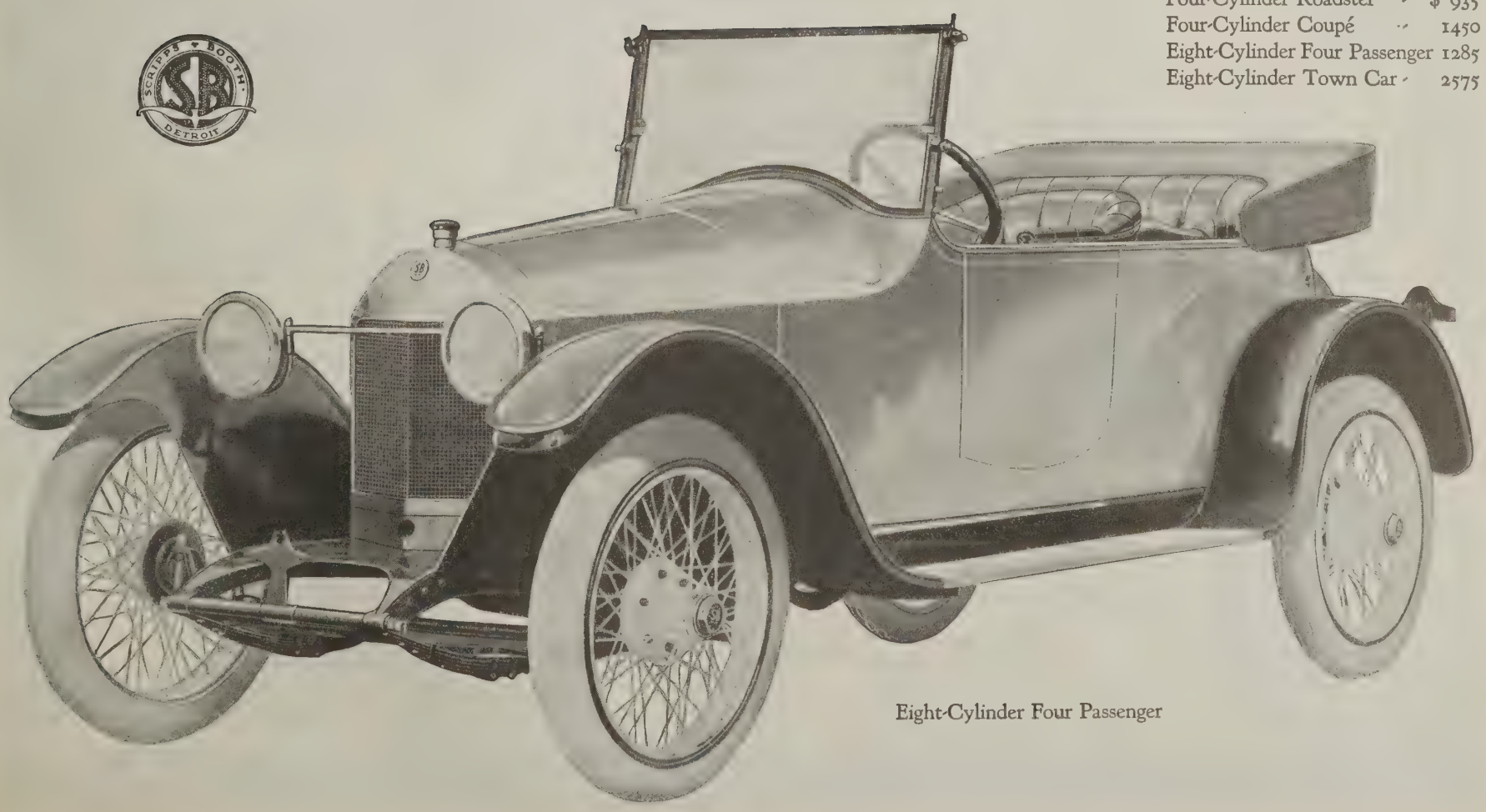

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SUPES AND SUPERMEN

(Continued from Page 17)

slightest move for a long time; then Squinty stood up and, lookin' straight at Bernstein, said:

"I'll work for a dollar."

Well, it's jest as well that he did his lookin' then, for two seconds later his lamps were trimmed and his face was otherwise all mussed up. When Squinty could finally distinguish between light and darkness he made a very ashamed exit. The director stood there grinnin' while this was goin' on; and when calm returned he said:

"I don't blame you fellas for that. I wouldn't work for a dollar either. I was sent out to hire you guys for a dollar if I could get you; but, seein' I can't, I'll have to give you two."

The picture we were drawn for was a modern small-town street scene, and there was to be some sort of a row on the hotel balcony. Six were told off to go up and start roughin' it up—Bernstein bein' one of 'em. Now I've done a bit o' travelin' and have seen some pretty rotten things pulled, but this here balcony stunt was the rawest ever. Imagine hirin' a painter to paint your house and then you goin' out and pullin' the ladder from under him, and thinkin' it was a joke! Well, that's about what they did in this scene. The balcony was fixed with a breakaway, and when the boys were warmed up to the struggle some one pulled the support out and down come the whole works. It made a corkin' picture, no doubt; but some of the fellas were badly hurt—one of 'em quite seriously. For the fall stuff the studios usually employ dare-devils at ten dollars a day who know how to fall from en'thin'. These guys were jest cheap; and to save those few dollars they pulled that miserable trick.

If you remember, this was the bunch that refused to work for one dollar—still feelin' very 1776 after beatin' up Squinty. Bernstein started the survival of the fittest by lightin' into the director; and, as he seemed to be the guilty one, the rest of us jest stood round to see that he got a fair wallop at the bird. In a minute the whole place was in an uproar and Bernstein made his get-away in the confusion.

Every now and then I read in the papers that Americans are softies and have lost their "militant spirit"; but there seems to be lots of punch in certain fellas out in this part of the world. Anyway, you couldn't convince the big directors that we can't raise the grandest army of roughbucks in the world.

Mr. Meade Hits the Pavement

Another time, in a Mexican story, a bunch of us were sittin' round waitin' to go on, when a camera kid I knew came up to me and said:

"Dan, I jest heard the lead talkin' to the director, and they are framin' one I think you ought to know about. The scheme is to have you all sittin' round the entrance of the adobe house, and Meade will roll off the roof right into the middle of the bunch, usin' you for cushions to break his fall. The director suggested that he might incidentally break your necks; but Meade said he'd fix it to have nothin' but Mexicans.

When I heard this I went and dug up the *patrón* who bosses the Mexicans and tipped him off that this curly-haired brute was goin' to use his countrymen as shock absorbers for a pretty fall. I couldn't understand what he called out; but jest as Meade got to rollin' nicely those boys opened up the prettiest hole you ever saw, and Mr. Gansevoort Meade hit the adobe pavement with such realism that it loosened up about a thousand dollars' worth of bridgework. And the joke of it was he couldn't say en'thin' about it—if he'd had the breath, which he hadn't—without tippin' his hand. Anyway, he had that bump comin'.

The Mexicans are the queerest bunch that work extra. They are employed by a *patrón* and consequently take orders from him only. A director can shout his fool head off, even in bad and violent Spanish, but they won't do a thing until their *patrón* tells 'em to. They work best in the battle stuff, for they are naturally better actors and more dramatic than Americans. The lowest-browed dub in the bunch has some artistic sense and will take a fearful drubbing for art's sake.

Strangely enough, they fight with much more enthusiasm just before lunch. The studio lunches are banquets to fellas who've grown up strong on chili beans. I once heard a director tell a *patrón* to tell his men that he was goin' to pay 'em five dollars for their day's work; but he expected 'em to earn it. Say, you ought to've seen those black devils fight! They'd liked to have killed one another.

So long as I have told you those rummy anecdotes, I'm goin' to get another off my chest and then turn to pleasanter subjects.

We were workin' in a picture one day at the beach, where the hero had to climb up a cliff by a rope, with four or five of us followin' him up. When Edgar was near the top, and the rest of us were danglin' below him like a rope of pearls, we heard someone up above call out to cut the rope. This cheerful direction was given without any warning, for naturally none of us would 'a' gone aloft if we had known that the rope was to be cut. You can imagine what a splash we made as we all pitched down, one on topa the other. They no doubt got some "swell film"; but a pinhead director could get a "swell murder" if he actually had a fella kill his mother in front of the camera. This was the first time that I'd been caught in any of these cheap stunts, and my spirit was sorer than my old bruised hulk.

The Squirrel Hunt

The first thing that occurred to me when I untangled myself from that squirmin' mess of men was to get my hands on the gent who said to cut the rope. I looked up to the top of the cliff, where the other camera was located, and, seein' the director peekin' over, I started up after him. It's jest as well he beat it when he saw me comin', for I was not very amiable at that moment, and there's no tellin' what a fella's likely to do when he's het up.

There're at least two, and sometimes as many as four, sides to every question; and I don't want you to think that all directors treat their extras like these few I've mentioned. Then, too, there are no end of extra people who are entitled to little consideration. Checkgrabbers, who stall every minute they can, are a fearful expense and a darn nuisance. At some studios it got so that a fella would go to the office and get his ticket; then, at the first opportunity, beat it off the lot, but turn up in the evenin' to get his ticket cashed. Nowadays you get your card, go to the costume department and get it punched for the spangles and props; then, when you return the stuff, get it punched again; and then finally you must get it signed by the assistant director—who knows whether you've been workin' or not—before you can get it cashed at the office. Even with such precautions, many of these dubs find ways of beating the companies.

This trick is easiest to pull where there are many people engaged, and the scene is spread over a lotta country. In a big Babylonian ten-reeler we were makin' last spring there were so many people in the picture that they stalled by hundreds. In one very excitin' night scene, where everybody was supposed to be in the picture, I saw at least forty Babylonian warriors playin' cards and smokin' cigarettes on the walls of Babylon while the Persians were thunderin' at the gates. No wonder they got in. A bunch of these fellas were caught and had to give up their tickets; but, at that, there was a pile o' money lost.

Checkgrabbers who sneak off into the brush to smoke or sleep durin' the big outdoor scenes are called squirrels. Most companies have horsemen for no other purpose than to jest ride round and stir them out. In a Civil War picture last month some powder monkeys went out to plant dynamite under an army wagon, and, for some reason, they decided to overturn it first. When they did so, out rolled five squirrels!

The rottenest thing about the checkgrabbers is that they crab the game for all of us. No matter how honest and ambitious a fella is, he is open to the same suspicion as these guys.

The greatest pests in the game are the cheap skates who try to "make paper" with the directors by flatterin' 'em. They stand round within hearin' distance of the director and tell everybody what a wonderful fella Mister So-and-So is. Then they are always buttin' round askin' the boss whether their make-up is satisfactory.

Some directors love this kind of cheap flattery and are always trailin' a bunch

WING FOOT

LAWN HOSE

A little domain of your own—your flower garden! How your hope centers in each tiny seed as you wait for it to sprout, to bud, to flower. And then the scarlet cluster in the vase. And then the joy, "I have created it!"

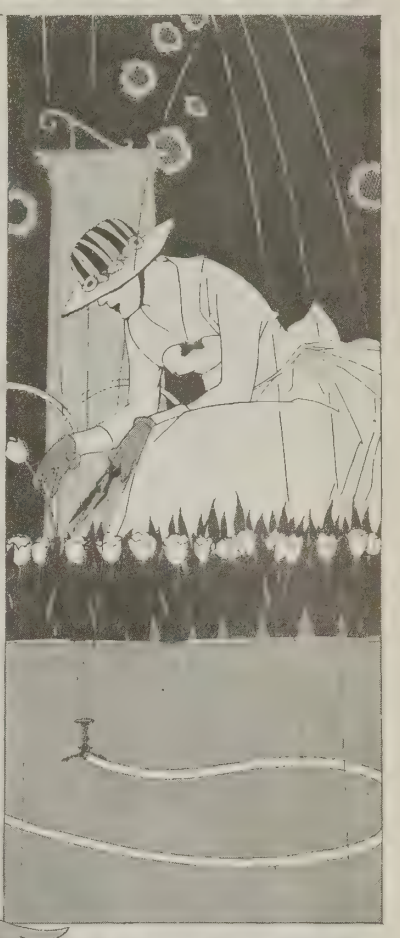
Freshening the garden plot is such a pleasant task when Goodyear Wingfoot is your lawn hose.

Free from tugging and untangling, for Goodyear Wingfoot is kinkless lawn hose. Free from cracks and leaks, for Goodyear Wingfoot is burst-proof lawn hose.

And then the inbuilt goodness in every foot of Wingfoot Lawn Hose—rubber goodness, structure goodness, wearing goodness, Goodyear goodness.

Be sure it's Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose you buy. It is guaranteed for two whole lawn hose seasons.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co
Akron, Ohio



GOODYEAR
AKRON

Deeply imbedded grit *and* ALL clinging hairs, threads, lint, etc.—

—In addition to ALL surface dirt—are removed by

THE HOOVER *electric* SUCTION SWEEPER

We *guarantee* this because THE HOOVER has a soft-hair brush driven at *fast speed by the electric motor. (An exclusive feature.)* Air suction lifts rug or carpet ¼ inch above floor. The "pit-pat" of the whirling brush gently vibrates the *suspended* carpeting. ALL deep-down, ground-in GRIT is *shaken to the top.*

The soft-hair bristles pick up ALL stubborn-clinging threads, lint, hairs, etc.

Powerful suction draws off this dislodged dirt. Carpetings are *guaranteed* to be THOROUGHLY CLEANED. Their life is LENGTHENED. Crushed nap is raised. Long lost colorings are restored.

Leading carpet manufacturers advise use of THE HOOVER

Write for **"How to Choose a Vacuum Cleaner."** There are BIG DIFFERENCES in vacuum cleaners. This book explains them all in a quick, understandable manner. Also describes the *4 sizes* of the Hoover—for home and business buildings. Mailed free with name of nearest Hoover dealer. *Write!*

The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co., Box 21, New Berlin, Ohio

NEW shoes to buy! Where? What kind? Crossett dealers suggest comfortable Crossett shoes. Sleek leather. Sturdy soles.

Crossett never made better shoes. With present upset leather conditions that is a remarkable achievement.

The shoe below has black vamp and dark tan top. See this handsome model.

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc.,
Makers
North Abington, Mass.

CROSSETT SHOE

"Makes Life's Walk Easy"
TRADE MARK

Priced $7 to $12

Stock No. 185

How To Get Pure Paint Mixed To Your Order

Select Your Color

Specify Carter Pure White Lead and pure linseed oil. Leave the rest to your painter.

A skilled workman will match any color you choose, spread a brushful for your approval, then mix the paint to suit any condition of surface or atmosphere.

You may depend upon it that pure paint mixed from

CARTER
Strictly Pure
WHITE LEAD
"The Lead With the Spread"

and pure linseed oil will protect your house from wind and weather, expanding in summer's heat and shrinking in winter's cold without a crack or break.

Ask your painter to show you "The Paint Beautiful," a portfolio of the latest color schemes for city and suburban homes. Write for our free book, "Pure Paint," a text book on house painting, and "1917 Fashions in House Paint."

Carter White Lead Company
121st and So. Peoria Streets, CHICAGO

of worshipin' favorites round with 'em. There are others who are bored to death with these sticky slobs and think up all sorts of picturesque ways to hand it to 'em. A favorite one with Goodhue was to start a fella runnin' out of the picture and forgettin' to tell him to stop.

One day a man named Haney got Goodhue's goat so hard that he grew pretty peevish; and I figured that he was framin' sunthin' excitin' for Mr. Haney. Sure enough, when we were about through Goodhue calls him over and says:

"Haney, I want you to load on your minin' kit; and, startin' by this tree, I want you to walk straight out of the picture. And don't turn round for en'thin', because I'm goin' to try a long-distance slow dissolve. I want to get one of those lonesome effects of a chap headed for the settin' sun."

In less than a minute Haney had grown six inches and a half round the chest. To be picked for the final dissolve! This was fame that came to but few.

We all stood round watchin' to see how the camera man would work his shutter; but when Haney had gone beyond hearin' distance Goodhue, with his fingers to his lips, ordered the cameras struck and motioned us all to our machines. By this time Haney had gone about a mile, and he never so much as turned his head. Take a chance of spoilin' such a picture? Never!

This comedy was enacted up in the San Fernando Valley, where the distances are perfectly magnificent. To'rd the west, as far as the eye could see, stretched a limitless waste. After we had been ridin' for about ten minutes Goodhue ordered the machines to stop.

"Boys," said he, "I never saw such a sunset; let's wait for a minute and drink it in."

It certainly was grand! And 'way, 'way off yonder we could jest barely see a little black spot on the horizon, which grew less and less, and finally disappeared. It was Haney dissolvin' into the settin' sun.

If you read the movie magazines you've discovered by this time how all the leads broke into the pictures. They love to tell of the way they struggled against fearful odds and then arrived by their own superb powers; or else how the director went over backward the first time he saw 'em, and, as soon as he recovered, got 'em to sign a contract for a measly three hundred dollars a week that they had a fierce time breakin'. They also assure you that, if you are as handsome, intelligent and persistent as they are, you can also make the grade to film fame. As competition with their physical splendors and splendid brains is too hopelessly discouragin', about all that's left for most of us is persistence.

How to Break In

As very few of the supermen arrive via the extra job, their stories are more interestin' than helpful. So I'm goin' to tell you how the ninety-and-nine break in.

First of all, it is absolutely necessary to appear in person. You'll never get a job by writin' for it, or thinkin', because you've mailed your certificate from the Correspondence School of Expression, that they'll send for you. If you've had any experience state it, and make your statement strong; leave a photo of your fair young face; and then be sure to live on a telephone. Now if you have a good, strong wife who's willin' to work, perhaps you can stick round for eight or ten years waitin' for the director to send for you, as he said he would; but if you want to get action before you are good for only old-man parts you'd better keep makin' the grand tour of the studios.

It's a pretty tiresome job, for they are far apart; but after a while you'll begin to get tips where work is likely to be had. If you hang to it long enough—and this will depend upon your wife's ability to keep you in that station of life which will assure a good front and enough fuel so's you can make the rounds—perhaps some purple day you will be called.

If you once start out after this movie job you can't work elsewhere; for the very day you're off the job is the day they want you. That's where a good, strong wife can tide a fella over. I knew one chap that waited at a certain studio continuously for six weeks; then one day he tried his luck at another, and while he was gone the director came out and asked for him. One of his friends called the lad up that night and told him about it, so he hotfooted right over the next mornin'; but the director gave him a bawlin' out for not bein' round when he was wanted.

A pull works in this business the same as in any other. Great men often have lowly acquaintances; and a bell-hop who gets very friendly with the director who lives in his hotel will stand a lot better chance of landin' a job than a fella without any friends on the inside.

Extras are hired by the assistant directors; or, as some studios make a separate job of this, by the "talent man" or "employin' director." In order to hold their jobs these fellas have to show good judgment in their choices; but, after all, they are jest as human as the rest of us, and often will fix it so's some fella they like can make a few dollars.

The extras that come from the stage seem to make the grade easier than the others—not because they have more talent, but because they have more crust. They think a lot better of themselves than ordinary folks and have a way of stickin' round until they impress the talent man that they are the goods. There isn't a doubt that there is a lot of fine, smolderin' talent lyin' round on the benches outside the office, but the owners haven't got the front to go with it; and, b'lieve me, this is no game for modest violets.

Failures Who Hate Successes

As Los Angeles is the terminus—that's a softer word than finish—of many a road company, the town is full to overflowin' of "artists" who are "restin'." But no real artist wants to "rest"; so he offers his services to the studios, and if there is a ghost of a show he will get it while the ordinary humans are readin' special articles on How to Break In.

Dunc and I landed because of astrology or omens, or sunthin'. We fortunately began in comedy; and Dunc, bein' a real comedian, pulled some bully gags that cinched our jobs for a while, at least. He worked them all with me, our physical contrasts bein' funny to start with.

I don't much blame the police for forbiddin' our pictures where they have the power of censorship, for our portrayal of these dignified guardians of the law was not such as to command the respect that they think is their due. I've found that there are three classes of people who can't take a joke—school-teachers, ministers and the police. These professions seem to put a crimp in a fella's sense of humor.

I was remarkin' this to Dunc the other night, and he agreed; but said I ought to include extra men.

"It's my observation, Dan," said he, "that the bum actor is the most serious and egotistical ass in our social cosmos. Nine-tenths of the dubs we work with think they are really good, and that the fellas at the top are a bunch of prunes who have landed in the headlines because of some drag. Jest go down to the Rampau Bar some night and hear 'em rave.

"'Griffith?' says one. 'Why, I knew Griff when he didn't have a bean to his name! Met him down in Menfis one time, tryin' to beat a hand-out; and I slipped him a dollar. Now he doesn't even know me!'

"'Walthall an actor?' pipes up another. 'Ah, ya make me sick! He was nothin' but a punk super when I was playin' opposite Edna May!'

"'Arbuckle funny?' comes from 'way down the bar. 'He's jest as funny as an ulcerated tooth! You know why he holds his job, don't you? Well, the big boss don't dare to fire 'im. Why? Well, this is jest between us; but they say that Arbuckle knows where the girl is buried.' And so on.

"It's queer," Dunc continued, "how all the leadin' men of the good old days are now workin' extra. To hear 'em talk, you'd think Mansfield would 'a' been carryin' a spear if it hadn't been for their splendid support. No, Dan; these guys are anatomically shy a funny bone. And vain! S'help me, I b'lieve an extra man's dream of heaven would be to drive through town in a pink automobile with his name painted on the side!"

Of course Dunc puts it a bit strong, even if there is some truth in what he says. I myself think the extras are funniest when they begin to tell you of the scenarios they've written. They always cast themselves for the lead, but they never send their scripts in. Why would they? The studios, they always say, would only steal the ideas and send them back. That has been the

(Continued on Page 37)

Styleplus Clothes $17

Trade Mark Registered

The price remains the same!

The Great War has sent prices for practically everything soaring upward. But the price of Styleplus remains the same! In the midst of this era of rising prices we have achieved the *almost impossible*—**men can still be well-dressed for $17!**

You can continue to enjoy the splendid Style and Wear of Styleplus at the same easy-to-pay price of $17! The same snap and style in the fabrics—all-wool or wool-and-silk. The same hand tailoring! The same skill in fashioning the models. The same sturdy understructure to the clothes, all carefully water-shrunk. The same wide variety in fabrics and styles. The same honest ***guarantee,*** giving you complete confidence in your purchase.

At the outbreak of the war we foresaw present conditions and contracted at the prices then prevailing for huge deliveries of cloth this season, effecting vast savings. The demand for Styleplus has doubled, we doubled our output and thereby greatly reduced our manufacturing costs.

The great scale of our manufacturing, concentrated on this one-price suit, has enabled us scientifically to organize our shrinking plant, our cutting rooms, our tailoring department, and our selling and distribution and thus make further great savings hitherto thought impossible. In addition, both we and our loyal merchants are contenting ourselves with a minimum of profit to keep the price the same—$17.

Visit the Styleplus store today and see for yourself what a remarkable achievement this is! Buy one of the new spring Styleplus suits and walk out well-dressed and dollars to the good.

Style plus
+ all-wool fabrics
+ perfect fit
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One of the leading stores in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus window display. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there is not a Styleplus store in your town, ask your favorite dealer to order a Styleplus suit for you.

Write us for free copy of "The Styleplus Book."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., INC.

Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

Styleplus Clothes $17

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The same price the nation over."

(Price in Cuba $23)

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC UTILITIES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

"What Makes It Go, Grandma?"

Swiftly moves the needle, leaving a straight, unbroken trail of stitches, while Grandma sits at ease, with nothing to do but guide its course.

What makes the machine go? A simple little device, the Westinghouse Sew-Motor, that changes any ordinary sewing-machine into an electric machine.

How different from the old-fashioned way of sewing! No treadle to work up and down till one's legs are stiff and one's back aches. No more fatiguing toil to make the doctor say "You'll have to stop running a sewing-machine."

The Westinghouse Sew-Motor has brought a new joy into Grandma's life, just as it will into the lives of thousands of other women, old and young. To many it means that they can again enjoy the pleasure and economy of doing their own sewing. To many others it means relief from the tax on health and strength they have been paying for running a machine.

The Sew-Motor is the latest Westinghouse appliance to be added to the list of household lamp-socket utilities, such as the electric iron and the vacuum-cleaner.

It has a number of distinct Westinghouse advantages. A few are mentioned here:

It never has to be removed from the machine, as any modern machine can be closed with it attached.

It permits sitting in a natural position at the machine. To regulate the speed the foot rests on the treadle, not the controller.

It runs *at any speed* from 1 to 1000 stitches per minute.

It has belt-drive—not friction-drive—insuring steady, quiet operation. With belt-drive there are no parts to slip or wear out.

Sold by electrical dealers, light and power companies, department and hardware stores. Price $15. It must be a Westinghouse or it isn't a Sew-Motor. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Continued from Page 34)

experience of so many—to hear them tell it—that they guard their secrets jealously; unless you should ask them—then you are in for a bad two hours. It's a shame that these great dramas are doomed never to dram; but that's always the way with genius!

You might not think from lookin' at some of them that they would worry Francis X. very much; but that's because you've never seen their pictures. Where they get 'em is a secret of the dark room, for it is hard to b'lieve that science could be so inaccurate. Yet they will flash carbon prints on you that would make a marshmallow taste like a quinine capsule.

The reason that the still men all go crazy is due to the pesterin' that these fellas give 'em. After a moving picture is shot, the still man always sets up his camera to take a picture, which will be used for advertisin' purposes; and if a fella can crowd into a good close-up alongside of the star, he'll beg a print off the still man, which he will carry until it is worn out, showin' everyone how important he was in that story. And if they can some day get the poor man to shoot a still of 'em all alone, they have got photographic proof that they were playin' at least second lead. Oh, but best of all, if they can nail a few inches of film showin' 'em in a close-up, their immortality is fixed. What manicure girl wouldn't be impressed to see her cutie in a close-up with Wallie Reid?

But, after all, I don't b'lieve that the stock actors and leads are very different from the extra man in these respects. I hear 'em all pullin' pretty much the same patter. We've got the largest If I Had That Fella's Chance Club in the world.

It isn't everybody who knows his limitations as well as Dunc, and it isn't everybody who will listen to another's estimate of himself as patient as I do.

"Dan," said he to me one day, "you're not built like the Apollonaris Belverdere; nor have you a face like Lillian Russell, but you make a good heavy; and when you wore the tin cans in that Joan of Arc picture you were the grandest knight in the bunch! And in comedy you are sure funny! But that's God's fault—not yours. So, don't, I beg of you, ever spill this stuff about not havin' a chance to show your art. If you're goin' to be an actor, try and be original."

That's my number; but I knew it before Dunc called it. I am perfectly resigned to stay within my limits—some day I'll enlarge my limits; but that's another matter—and I'm happier for it. At least, I don't suffer the shootin' pains of egosipelas; that dread disease which claims so many of my brother artists. No; Dunc and I decided that our physical and educational limitations forbid us ever settin' the world on fire. But that reminds me that we come pretty darn' near doin' it once, anyway.

Fighting Enough for All

Late in the summer of '15 we went up into the Great Tejunga to make some battle pictures, and we sure did have the battle of our lives.

It was fearful rotten judgment that ordered a battle picture in such a place before the rains had come. Here was another place where the director could 'a' learned a pile from the extras, for among them were hundreds who knew the mountains well, and they freely predicted the trouble we were in for. But, as unconcerned as though we were pullin' studio stuff, the powder monkeys were ordered to plant powder bombs all over the bloomin' landscape.

After the battle started, because of the dense smoke from the bombs, the director did not notice that the brush was afire in several places until it had got a fierce start. When he saw what he had done he ordered the picture stopped and for us to turn in and fight fire.

Even on an apparently calm day there is likely to be strong air drainage up those cañons, and in less than ten minutes the fire got started up the alley and all the devils from Cork to Connaught couldn't 'a' stopped it.

When the director saw how futile our efforts were he told off some of the men to round up the scattered members of the company, and the camera men were ordered to kick in and get some good fire stuff. But the opportunity to get this wonderful film was denied us, for we'd no more'n got started when four rangers rode up; and, polite as en'thin', one of 'em said he hated to put us to any trouble, but that our Uncle Samuel gave him authority to impress all able-bodied men into his service to fight fire.

The director argued about the expense of his two hundred men, and how he simply had to get back to the studio; but the ranger was cold-eyed and firm, and the young cannon he toted in his belt was no prop.

So off we went in squads of fifty under the leadership of rangers to see whether we could stop what we had started. By this time it looked as though the whole world was on fire; for miles the woods were burnin' with a roar that was downright terrifyin'. Pretty soon we were joined by other rangers, comin' from different directions, and the way they went about their business was inspirin'. If you'd 'a' seen that fire and the handful of men who set out to stop it you'd 'a' thought there wasn't a chance in the world. But fire fightin' was their business and they didn't seem a bit discouraged. The rangers knew exactly what to do, and went off with only a word from the head ranger.

The Madness of Mr. Meade

The thing that tickled me was the way the ranger handed it to Meade, our leadin' man. Meade was mad and indignant over the whole thing. He didn't think the work was his social equal; and he didn't want to soil his ridin' panties and pretty putties. He beefed so much about his troubles that the hard-hearted ranger jest naturally picked him out for the hot stuff. The way that poor milk-fed boy swat and swore kept the rest of us good-humored all night.

I learned later that the studio had a fierce time squarin' itself with the Forest Service for havin' started the fire. Nowadays we're not allowed to pull any of that stuff without the presence of a ranger to show us where to head in.

A mighty good feature of this studio is the Suggestion Department; for, besides payin' a fella for any notions he might have it calls the attention of the management to your work. I made fifteen dollars one month and twenty-five another by suggestin' some new gags for the comedy stuff.

It's curious that studios have personalities, jest like cities. Dunc and I beat it round for two years from one to the other, and no two of them was alike. One of the first places I worked in was well organized, efficient and apparently clean; but for some reason the women didn't care for it. I made a pretty good guess at the answer when I got acquainted with the manager. Falstaff looked like a Saint Francis by comparison. Some studios are laid out like small fairgrounds, with parks, walks and gardens all round; then there are others that look like the pictures of model towns—fine concrete buildings, all in rows; automatic sprinklers, and clocks to punch. These latter are the cannin' factories; efficient as the devil, but about as inspirin' as a boiler shop.

Perhaps the most excitin' studios are those thrown up by some new rich fellas that are breakin' into the pictures for the first time. Every gambler that ever made any money out of a film success right away thinks he is a producer, and, after roundin' up a million dollars or less from his stock-jobbin' bunch, lands in Los Angeles, leases ten acres, wishes together a big ramshackle studio, and starts takin' pictures. The pickin's for the actors and directors are fine while they last; but unfortunately—or fortunately for the public—the company goes fluey about the third release.

Dunc and I worked for six weeks at one of these mushroom studios in a big American war drama; and it was a riot. The directors were mostly dubs and the extras put it all over 'em. You may wonder how a fella who was editin' a trade paper last week or a well-bred 'rah-'rah boy right outa papa's office in New York could jump in and start takin' pictures—even bad ones! Well, it's the camera man that does it. They, of course, must know the technic of a picture, and they have to quietly coach the director, or the result would be an awful mess. Whenever you see a new director standin' close up to the camera man and talkin' as though he was givin' him instructions, you can make a fair bet that he is askin' the boy who turns the crank what he thinks of the action.

I'm afraid I was responsible for the cannin' of one director at this studio. He was a vain devil—ignorant and abusive, and thought he had to show everyone in the

"I got in easily enough—

marched through the gate like one of the invited guests—thanks to my MICHAELS-STERN Suit—and incidentally, 'yours truly' was the only newspaper man who *got in.*"

"Getting in" and "getting on" are fifty per cent *personality* and fifty per cent *clothes.*

If *you* have the *personality*—any MICHAELS-STERN dealer can supply the *clothes*—$15.00 to $35.00.

Your 1917 Spring and Summer Style Calendar is ready. Send for it.

Michaels Stern & Co.

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-made Clothing

Tractor service means work. Everything going into the tractor must stand on its own feet—extra supplies are scarce and delays are costly. Tractor makers are using SPLITDORF mica cored plugs because they know *they* will stand the gaff—that they're practically indestructible having no porcelain to crack and put them out of commission. They are also oil and leak-proof and easily cleaned.

$1 each, wherever motor accessories are sold.

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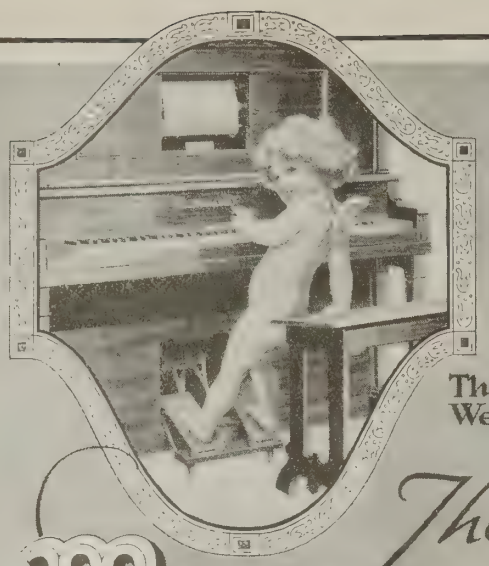

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Built into four standard pianos at four prices:

The Baldwin Manualo **The Ellington Manualo**
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Wherever you live you can try the Manualo. Write to nearest address for our book, "The A B C of the Manualo", and details of the special offer that Manualo dealers are now making.

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Gentlemen's Clothes

There are those in my Profession—(and Tailoring Clothes for Gentlemen IS a Profession)—who boast the BEST AND THE CHEAPEST—in one breath.

A little black ink, a little white space—and anyone can strut in print. Yet I can say of KAHN Made-to-Measure CLOTHES, with sincerity and conviction, that they fulfil the printed promise. From collar to cuff, from hip to heel, they breathe the spirit of genuineness—and of right intent.

They are Gentlemen's Clothes, made to your measure, on the KAHN QUALITY platform. The positive proofs are close by. Seek the KAHN representative in your town.

"THE-JUDGE-ON-THE-BENCH"

KAHN TAILORING CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS

cast how to do the least thing. The trouble came because about forty of us who were workin' in a big scene couldn't help laughin' in the presence of death. After all, it's human nature to cry at weddin's and laugh at funerals; so there was no particular reason for him to get so miffed.

The king had been eatin' too many tarts or sunthin', and was lyin' in a great canopied bed, sufferin' from royal cramps; and, while thus indulgin', he was supposed to cash in—with all the chamberlains and chambermaids of the royal apartments standin' round registerin' royal grief.

Well, the king gent didn't seem to be pullin' his demise as the director thought a king would, and he became angry and abusive. "Don't you know how to die, you great big fish? Well, I'll show you!" he screamed, and rushed over as though he intended to punch the head of our beloved monarch; but instead of that, he jumped into bed, shoes and all, kicked the king out on the far side, and then gave his ideas of the croakin' of a king.

His Highness looked so pathetically absurd standin' there takin' lessons in deathcraft from such a mad and excited near-corpse that we all burst out laughin'. This made the director so furious that he jumped out from under his royal tent and bawled us out most scandalously. He ripsnorted round until his buttons were all over the place.

When he had us all properly squelched he started the scene all over again, and the poor old king did his gol-darnedest to die accordin' to the script. When he got to the final spasm and began to roll his eyes I thought of how funny the director looked in bed with his boots on, and I let out a little snort. Someone else giggled, and we were all howlin' again.

The director jest turned white and began to rave, stompin' round like he was in a padded cell. Then he pulled a line of profanity that no woman should have heard; so I drilled up to him and told him that he'd have to cut out that talk; that it wasn't nice. Then he turned loose on me.

Jest at that moment the general manager, hearin' the noise, came along; and, seein' the director's rage, called him aside and says: "I'm afraid, Mr. Weldon, that you are temper'mentally unfit to handle men. I'll ask Mr. Davis, your assistant, to finish the scene, and you come with me until you are feelin' calmer." We heard next day that he was fired.

After our first start on this business Dunc and I decided to move along slowly on legitimate lines rather than to go after the swollen wages of the dare-devils.

When Dare-Devils are Hurt

Some of the dare-devils are in the garage most of the time; but, of course, the company has 'em all insured. If a fella is hurt doin' ten-dollar stuff he gets ten dollars a day for two weeks; after that he draws sixty-five per cent of the wages he was workin' at for fifty-two weeks—if he's in the hospital that long. Then they stand suit for damages or settle. If a chap's killed no doubt the studio will buy him a handsome satin-lined wooden overcoat; but as yet few have attained that raiment.

Here's a funny one: A fella, whose name I've forgotten, was notorious for his dare-deviltry, and curiously had never once been to the hospital; but one beautiful summer day he was quietly drivin' his girl to the beach when he was run into by a speedin' flivver—and darned if he wasn't killed, though the girl didn't get a scratch!

You mustn't get the idea that all the dangerous stuff is done by professionals. Some of these poor extra devils get so hard up that they become desperate and will offer to do en'thin' for a few dollars; and they are usually the ones that are hurt. I've seen no end of 'em jump into the ocean when they couldn't swim a stroke. They'd take a chance o' drownin' before they'd lose that three dollars.

I remember one wild-eyed fella who offered to do a fall from an aëroplane for five dollars. "Fact is," said he, "there are two things I can do before I starve: One is to risk my life for a picture, and the other is to steal. As my life doesn't seem to be worth a damn, I think I'll take the risk. Besides, the finish would be finer!"

Whenever we do water stuff some of us find out those who can't swim, and then arrange to have good swimmers go in close by, so they can help 'em to a landin'.

The cowboys are another type of dare-devil; but, as their risks are rare, they either work on regular salary or as ordinary extras, gettin' extra pay for any dangerous ridin' or falls they have to make.

They are the hardest-workin' and most conscientious extras in the game. They tend mostly to their own business, but will do any darned thing the management asks them. They've got no highfalutin' notions that manual labor will ruin their art. They are also the happiest bunch on the lot, doin' a pile of skylarkin'.

Cowboys are used in all parts requirin' good horsemanship—cavalry, Cossacks, and even polo players; and, of course, doublin' with the leads in all dangerous ridin'.

Some time ago, when the studios had cowboys on regular salary, they got from thirty to forty dollars a month, and found; but those were the days when everyone was makin' Westerns. Europe bein' the biggest buyer of this class of pictures, there has been a big slump in Westerns since the war. Nowadays the cowboys are free-lancin' it, jest like the others.

If a Western picture is bulletined at a studio now it's very amusin' to see how the ordinary extras will try to break in. They'll tear downtown, rent a pair of chaps and a big hat, turn up at the studio chewin' tobacco or rollin' brown-paper cigarettes; and then stand round bow-legged, hopin' that they look like regular cowboys.

"If your face was your fortune, Dan," said Dunc one day, "you'd be in the hands of a receiver. But, at that, you need your old pam to stick grease paint on, so you'd better shy the dare-devil stuff. And as neither of us has ridden en'thin' but the brake beams, I guess we'd better not imitate the cowboys."

No, siree! We two old battle-axes stuck strictly to our knittin'; and we were goin' to arrive if my good health and Dunc's brains were worth en'thin' to us.

Days That Could Not Last

The copy books also say that excellence will tell; and in this great big seethin' bunch it ought to be easy to hear it if it tells ever so little. When I saw that most extras were jest checkgrabbers, and when I'd sneak up on about forty, loafin' and smokin' in the scene docks, I thought to myself there was a good chance even for a couple fellas like Dunc and me.

Once in a while a guy breaks into the extra game that has education, culture, and all the trimmin's that go to make a success. If they get a chance they do well too. But they don't get many chances, for the directors know the type well. The trouble is booze. They are not dependable, and this business requires that quality above all others. I met one, an Eastern college fella who'd been in the shippin' business in Boston, but had gone to the devil with liquor. He'd come all the way to California to work outdoors, thinkin' the state was goin' dry.

Mr. Mills, the big director of our studio, took me aside the other day and gave me some valuable tips. He says I've got a fine picture sense and could work into the technical department if I had more of an education. Well, a lot of people have got an education when they were much older than thirty-three. When I see the care and trouble that the Research Department goes to in order to get accurate sets, I realize that a fella'd have to be mighty well informed to hook up with them.

If you are observin' you can learn no end of things right on the lot. Think of havin' the whole world come to you—foreign lands, streets, houses, animals and people, absolutely true in every detail! I've gone from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand—all in one day.

And, to prove that the copy books are right, my perseverance has landed me in stock at thirty-five a week. This is all the more notable, for of late the studios have been cuttin' down their stock. At present most of 'em are employin' only a few leads and character people, and hire a whole new crew for each picture.

That's why workin' extra has become so respectable of late. We used to look with awe—if not admiration—up to the stock actor; but nowadays the ranks are so full of 'em, who are glad enough to work for even a few days, that to work extra no longer means social inferiority.

No doubt the present arrangement is good business, but it's pretty tough on the actors. But, alas, those gorgeous get-rich-quick days couldn't last forever.

Sew-E-Z
Hamilton-Beach, Racine

Labor Saving Home Motor

This Little Home Labor-Saver

Will sew for you without foot pumping—Will keep you cool on hot, sultry days of summer—Will grind and sharpen your carving knives—Will clean and polish your silverware and perform many other household duties—**Will work a week for you free.**

Simply place Sew-E-Z Motor on your sewing machine next to the hand wheel—no screws or bolts are needed. The little self-starter starts and stops it instantly—the slightest touch of your foot makes it sew fast or slow. Always starts right, never breaks the thread. Makes sewing easy—relieves all strain—saves your health.

The Fan attachment instantly changes this Home Labor Saver into a handsome, high class fan that will make brighter and happier hours in your home during the hot, sultry days of summer.

The Grinder and Sharpener keeps your carving knives sharp and ready for use. The Polisher and Buffer keeps your silver bright and shining and gives it that pleasing lustre that adds beauty and cheerfulness to your dining room.

One Week's Service Free

Sewing — Grinding — Polishing — Fanning

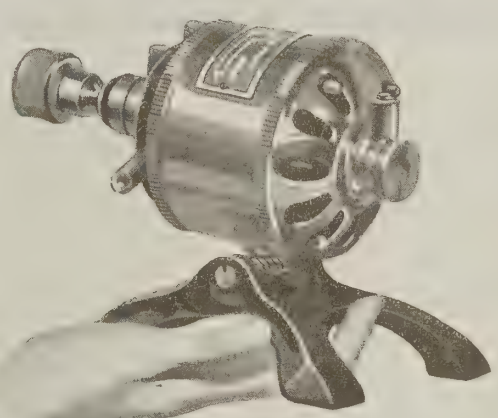
No Cost — No Obligation — simply phone your dealer "Send my wife this all-around electric motor." Do this today — right now.

At the end of a week your dealer will take Sew-E-Z back if you do not want to keep it.

Six thousand dealers are ready to place this wonderful little motor on trial in homes everywhere. Have your dealer deliver YOURS today.

Hamilton-Beach Mfg. Co.

1005 Mate Street **Racine, Wisconsin**

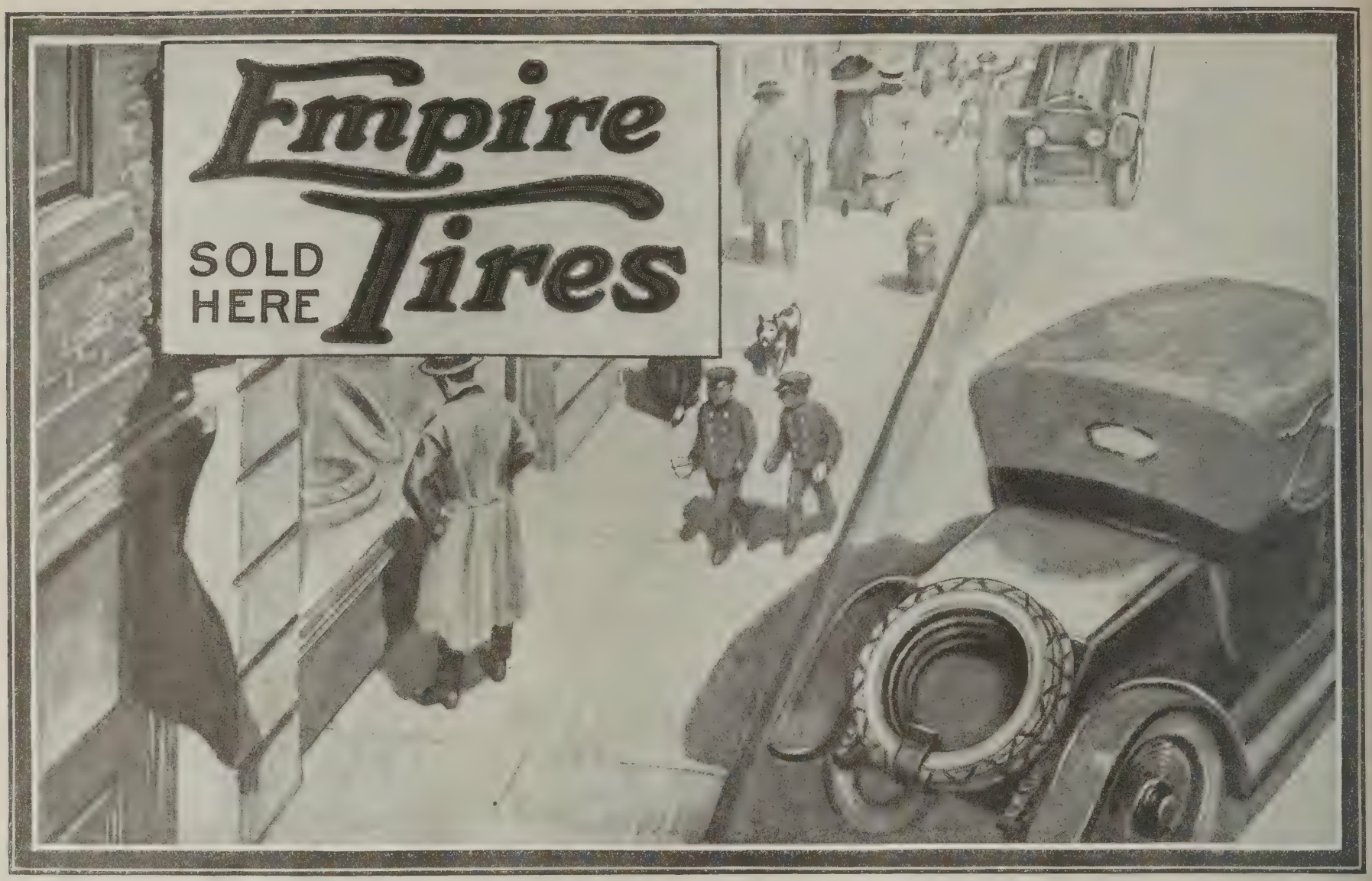


I use it to run my sewing machine

Then I use it as an electric fan

Then I use it to sharpen all my cutlery

Then I use it for cleaning my silver



Under this sign we are selling extra miles

For 30 years the Empire Rubber and Tire Company of Trenton, N. J., have been known for their ability to build extra long life into rubber goods of all kinds.

The Peerless Red Tube was their first tire product. For ten years the Peerless has been known as the longest-wearing tube on the market.

Then came the first red casing—the famous Empire Red—the tire you see on the finest cars.

And the same high-grade materials, the same individual skill, the same careful, honest workmanship go into every Empire tire product—gray as well as red.

This means that every Empire product lives up to the reputation that was made by Peerless Tubes and Empire Reds—a reputation for extra miles and lower cost per mile.

For besides their ability to put extra miles into rubber, the Empire Company have now shown that they can put extra miles in fabric.

Their new exclusive "equal-tension" process gets rid of the weak spots that cause 53% of the blow-outs.

Come to the Empire store and let us tell you about it. Let us show you what this extra mileage is, and what it means in dollars and cents to you.

The Empire Tire Dealer

TALES FROM A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX

(Continued from Page 20)

"I had been wondering," said Mr. Cressy then, looking up, smiling suddenly, "if it would do to propose an idea that has just come to me."

"Go on," said Charlie's mother bluntly. "What is it?" And Charlie winked at me.

"I had been wondering, "said Mr. Cressy, "suppose we should get this money—suppose we should secure the limit of our wishes from this enterprise—how would each begin to enjoy it? It would be interesting to know what each one of us has dreamed. For that's what someone has said—Emerson, I think—we are what we dream.

"Come," he said when no one spoke, "I will challenge you—I will confess first. I will tell you frankly how it is with me. For me it would be my first desire to travel. I would see the Holy Land particularly. It would not alone be pleasure and education for me," he said in a lower voice, "but an avocation as well—I might hope, if all went well. A reinvestment, if you like, of my means in a close and familiar knowledge of Palestine.

"I have had in mind for a considerable time a course of lectures on this important subject, approaching it from an entirely new angle, which I think would fill a long-felt need upon the lecture platform."

He stopped for a moment, silent.

"And now," he went on gayly, "I have confessed. What would you do with your money, Miss Moshier, if it should come to you? Would you travel too?" he asked her when she didn't speak.

"Yes," Miss Moshier answered faintly from behind Charlie's mother.

"Where?"

"I think I'd go to Paris first," said the little dressmaker, and smiled quickly. And Mr. Cressy laughed.

"A pretty gay choice, Miss Moshier," he said, and shook his finger at her. "Pretty gay."

"That's it, I guess," said Miss Moshier, and laughed a little nervously. "That's just why."

"Anyway," she said, and adjusted the little ribbon at her neck, "you asked me and I told you."

"I don't blame you a bit," said Mr. Cressy. "I wouldn't mind seeing the capitals of Europe myself, Paris among them. And you," he asked Charlie's mother—"where would you go? Or would you travel?"

"Well, I don't know," said Charlie's mother doubtfully. "I always thought I would like to see Niagara."

"We wouldn't stop there," said Charlie, "not if I was aboard. We'd keep going."

"In the big red car," I said, getting humorous, "and a new suit of clothes for every day."

"You've mentioned it," said Charlie.

"And you," asked Mr. Cressy of me playfully—"what would you do?"

"I don't believe I'd travel," I said. For I had got started now. "No, I'll just stay at home and get married!"

"Well spoken!" said Mr. Cressy. And then they all laughed at me.

The butcher didn't say anything and nobody urged him. He sat by himself, staring ahead. And then the rest of us kept still, a little ashamed of letting ourselves loose. And the car droned up the hill in our silence.

I got off where Mr. Cressy did, and we walked a ways together.

"I certainly do hope," he said soberly, "it will come out as we wish—or some way approximating it," he added quickly. "For the entire thing seems too hopeful now to be all true. But, if it should not fulfill all our expectations, I certainly pray it does not entirely fail. These are all people of small means," said the minister of Zion's Chapel. "I am familiar with the circumstances of nearly all of them and know it will be a real disaster if it should actually fail—for many of them.

"Take Miss Moshier, for example! It might go hard with her if this enterprise did not eventuate—if it should actually fail. The money she put into this was a considerable part of her savings; what she had destined, I had always understood, as a fund to insure her entrance to an old ladies' home, when the time comes for that. And that would be soon," said the chapel minister. "She is now quite well along in years. And no longer in active demand as a dressmaker."

"And that man who sat by himself—that butcher?" I said, for I wondered especially about him.

"Much of his profits, I believe," said Mr. Cressy, "would go to meet his debts, at first at least. Indeed I have never understood how he secured the money for investment at all. For he is not a successful man. In fact," said Mr. Cressy, stopping before his house, "very few of those in this company are successful—as the world goes.

"No," he said, "I thought of it as we were speaking in the car to-night—of what we'd planned. In some ways it was almost pathetic."

I saw the shine of the street light on the shoulders of his black overcoat as he turned up the outside step to the double tenement house where he lived.

"Well," I said to myself, leaving him, "if it should go wrong it would be bad enough for me; but my end of it would be a pretty small part of the trouble."

That was one thing I had learned anyhow by this time—that there were plenty besides me exiled to that bare country of fifteen dollars a week.

"But I guess it will go now all right," I told myself. And I sent on my four hundred and fifty dollars the next day according to my agreement.

It was the second day after that meeting that I was in the bank, making my weekly deposit to my bank account—now practically empty; and I saw John Snaith from his place in the front window beckoning me.

"Well, how is it going with you at the store?" he asked me.

"Not very well," I said, and told him about my disappointment at the beginning of the year—about my fifteen dollars a week salary.

"That so?" said John Snaith slowly. "Too bad."

He waited, turning his unlighted cigar in his mouth.

"A thing came in here the other day," he said to me, "that made me think of you. It was a chance for a small business. It was an agency for a line of hardware specialties. I thought at the time of you."

"Yes!" I said, looking up quickly.

"They're getting through with the man they have, and they want somebody else that knows the trade. Most of the goods they send on consignment."

"Yes!" I said, my blood rising in my face.

"There ought to be a good thing in it. A good living in it in a year or two for a hustling boy. He might even get married some day on it," he said, while my face flushed crimson.

"Of course," he added, "you'd have to have something to put up for the renting of offices and things like that."

My excitement stopped again—cold.

"Let's see," he said: "how much did you have saved up the first of the year?"

"Five hundred dollars," I said automatically.

"Humph, well," he said; "with that to start with and what I might let you have—it might be done."

I leaned forward.

"I haven't got it any longer," I choked out.

"Haven't got it!"

"I put it all—I bought stock with it," I stammered.

"What stock?"

"American Telair," I said. "A new company. I don't know as you ever heard of it."

He looked at me.

"Well, yes, I've heard of it," he said slowly. "So you're in that!"

"Yes," said I, holding my breath.

"Well," he said at last. "That ends it, I guess, so far as this business is concerned."

My heart bumped down on my boot soles as I heard him.

"And I should say offhand," he continued, "as far as your five hundred dollars go too!"

"Ends it," I said when I got my voice. "What do you mean? Do you know anything against the company?"

"I know enough," said John Snaith. "I'd ought to. It's been peddled round enough. And I know this George Kenyon some, all I need to."

"Is he—is he crooked?" I managed to ask.

(Continued on Page 43)

"We saved the car and a ten-mile walk in our flimsy masquerade costumes—Thanks to the J-M."

Bought to save insurance—used to save the car

THE saving of 15 per cent. in insurance premiums is often sufficient to cover the cost of the extinguisher. But even without this feature, the purchase would prove a sound investment by the positive protection it gives—and by the sense of added security.

Fires choose their own time and place, often the worst possible for you—but you're adequately prepared if you equip your car with a

Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher

—the *only* one-quart extinguisher discharged either by pumping or by air pressure previously pumped up. Deadly to all incipient fires, whether from gasoline, oil, grease, kerosene or electrical arcs.

The J-M Fire Extinguisher is approved and labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

J-M Extinguisher Fluid—non-deteriorating and harmless to the skin, fabric or machinery—is the only liquid recommended and guaranteed for re-charging.

To the Trade: Ask the nearest J-M Branch for details—generous discounts, uniform and rigidly maintained regardless of size of order, coupled with a sales policy designed for your protection.

Price, in nickel or brass finish, $8.00, including bracket

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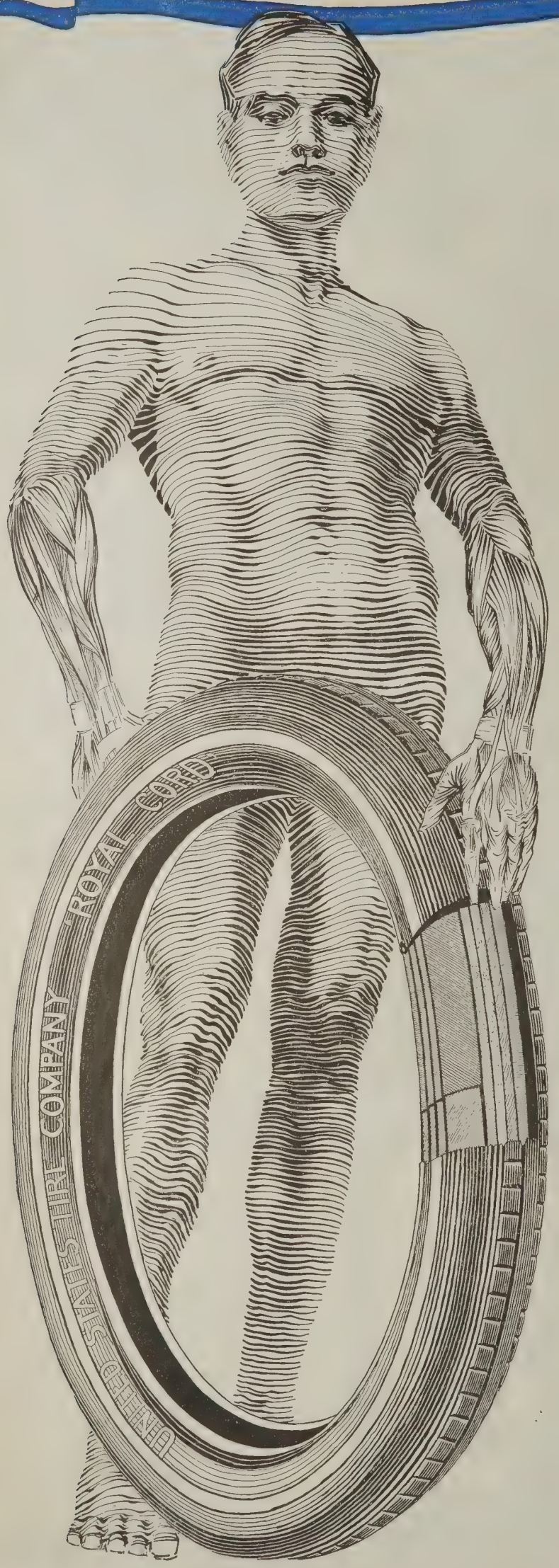


Muscles of the 'Royal Cord' Tire

"Follow nature and you can't fail."

'Royal Cord' Tires are built on natural lines—on lines analogous to the human anatomy.

And following nature so closely, we know that we have built right.

* * * * *

The muscles of a cord tire are its layers of cords.

The muscles or cords of the *'Royal Cord' Tire* are built in layers into the anatomy of the tire just as muscles are placed in layers in the human anatomy.

Study, for example, the muscular structure of a human forearm. *(See illustration.)*

Note how the muscles are laid, not lengthwise—but diagonally in opposite directions.

Note also that the muscular structure is not made up of merely two layers of muscles, but of several.

* * * * *

Cord tire construction is of two kinds:

1—two layers of heavy cords laid diagonally in opposite directions;

2—many layers of many powerful little cords, the layers running alternately in opposite directions.

It is self-evident which of these two forms of cord tire construction follows the laws of nature.

* * * * *

The 'Royal Cord' Tire is made up of many layers of many powerful little cords, the layers running alternately in opposite directions.

And that is the principle upon which nature builds the muscular structure of man.

Having that natural construction, the *'Royal Cord' Tire* must necessarily have the same muscular resistance to stress and strain from all directions, which is the physical attribute of a man with well-developed muscles.

* * * * *

The 'Royal Cord' Tire being built on nature's lines,

—gives lowest mileage cost;

—gives marvellous resilience and flexibility;

—gives that service which has demonstrated its supremacy among cord tires.

United States Tires Are Good Tires

The five types—'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Royal Cord' 'Usco' 'Plain'

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use

(Continued from Page 41)

"Well," said John Snaith carefully, "he isn't in jail yet. But he's certainly shaved pretty close to the law sometimes. He has certainly done a lot of business round here on the strength of a seal-lined coat and a diamond scarfpin. And if any of his stocks have come out right so far, I haven't heard of it."

"But that professor," I said, more and more excited, "is he—is he crooked too? He is an inventor, isn't he—really?"

"Well, yes," said John Snaith; "so far as I know he's all right. Just somebody George Kenyon got ahold of somewhere and got under his thumb."

"Well, they have got this invention," I kept on arguing.

"Yes, I guess that part's right too."

"And they've got a contract to turn it over to the telephone company. I saw it," I said, getting back a little courage.

"So I heard," said John Snaith.

"And they'll pay big royalties."

"Will they?"

"Well, what is the matter with it then?" I cried. "This company will have to carry out its contract. And they've got all the money in the world, haven't they?"

"You didn't look to see when they begin paying under the contract, did you?" asked John Snaith, his cigar tilting up.

"No," I said. "I don't know as I did."

"Well, the next time you do that. And if you find anything definite, come round! I'll take this stock off your hands." And he started to turn away from me to his old desk.

"Look here," I said desperately, trying to keep his attention. "What do you mean? What do you know about this anyway?"

"Nothing in particular, except it's an old game," said John Snaith. "Peddling stock round that's going to be another telephone. Putting another miracle on the market, as everybody's been doing since the telephone started."

"But the contract," I said again. "Why would that big company make it, if they didn't want it?"

"Why wouldn't they," asked John Snaith, "if they don't have to pay for it until they use it?

"No," said John Snaith, starting to turn round for good, "I do know something about the thing. I looked it up once for someone. They've got another one of those half-baked miracles to sell—it won't quite work. A kind of half a big idea. These companies can afford to buy them and keep them until the other half comes along—if it ever does. And all there is to it," said Mr. Snaith, "is that George Kenyon came along, and ran across this thing, and saw what he could do with it—peddling it out to small people who had no experience."

"Well, it might be good then sometime," I said with a last flush of hope.

"Oh, yes," said John Snaith, turning back still further toward his desk, "maybe it will—about 1945. But that won't help us much just now—buying out this business we want."

He stopped talking then and looked at me. I suppose he saw the misery in my face.

"Who's in it with you anyway?" he said to me in a more human voice. "Who'd George get in this time?"

So I told him those I knew.

"Got your stock?" he said.

"Yes."

"Want to make it over to me?"

"Yes, sir," I said, like a miserable schoolboy.

"All right," he said. "Bring it over! I'll see what I can do." And he wheeled back to his old black-walnut desk. "But keep this to yourself," he said over his shoulder.

"Yes, sir," I said humbly, and went out.

The evening after that was the banquet at the Hotel Orgillon, upstairs at eight o'clock. At seven-forty-five the stockholders of the American Telair Company began arriving in the private reception room for their celebration.

Mr. Kenyon, in a flowered waistcoat and an evening dress suit, smooth as the skin upon an apple, came up and met me warmly when I came. And Charlie Seavers followed after him, in a brand new evening suit with a deep-set slender waistline, perfect in every detail.

"Some party," said Charlie, removing an imaginary thread from my coat collar with his thin fingers.

And I went around and shook hands with the rest of them, all arrayed for the occasion. The professor and Mr. Cressy had on frock coats, the rest of the men their sack suits. The women were in black mostly, with high necks. Miss Moshier, the little dressmaker, alone had paid tribute to the event and the Hotel Orgillon with a V cut down below the collar line—in a stiff, old-fashioned, garnet silk. She had a black ribbon round her thin neck, and her face looked still more old and puckered over it.

We stood round the walls for a while, and Mr. Kenyon finally got us in to dinner—the waiters watching critically. I took out Miss Moshier myself, her head reaching up to between my elbow and my shoulder, her hand shaking a little on my arm as we went in. I didn't pay much attention to her. I was thinking of myself mostly and of my lost five hundred dollars and my lost opportunity—since the day before—and about that sleek rascal that was carrying out the farce that we were playing. I wouldn't have come if John Snaith had not told me to. I was too absent-minded and anxious to pay much attention to my partner. But I did hear her gasp when the doors opened into the white dining room. She looked round at everything in silence, like a little, old, hungry child at a baker's window.

"It is certainly elegant," remarked Charlie Seavers' mother across me. "Isn't it, Miss Moshier?"

"It's wonderful," said the little dressmaker, and stopped, watching the centerpiece of big roses on the table.

"This is the way we shall dine every evening when the dividends begin to come in," remarked Mr. Cressy to us, spreading his napkin.

I forgot my own troubles a little, listening to them, wondering what would happen.

"This is certainly the life," called Charlie Seavers to me from across the table, sitting slim and immaculate with a white camellia in his lapel.

And they brought in the oysters—the cocktails standing untroubled by the plates mostly. Then unexpectedly a waiter came and whispered to Mr. Kenyon at the head of the table and he went out.

"Go right ahead, folks," he said. "I'll be right back."

But he wasn't. He stayed there quite a while.

"Shall we go on?" asked Mr. Cressy of the professor, who sat at the right of Mr. Kenyon's empty chair, as noisy as the Skeleton in Armor. And when the professor didn't know, they sent out the waiter to find out.

"First-class food," I heard the butcher say. "They buy everything A Number One here." He had waked up quite a little.

Then the waiter came back and said that Mr. Kenyon said to go ahead and he would be in later.

He did come—that next course. But it was almost half an hour afterward, with the waiting.

I looked up and sat up. For with him came in John Snaith, in his old pepper-and-salt sack suit! The waiter made a place for him at the head of the table opposite the professor.

"Why this is a surprise," whispered Mr. Cressy to Charlie Seavers' mother. "John Snaith!"

"Who?" she asked.

"Mr. Snaith, the banker!"

"Good evening, Mr. Snaith," said Mr. Cressy, catching his eye and getting up. "This is indeed a good omen. I hope it means you are one of us. I hope so, for anything John Snaith's name is in must necessarily spell success from its inception." And he laughed a little loudly.

"You don't know me, neighbor," said John Snaith. "When I come to publish the secret history of my investments you'll think different." And he sat down.

We talked mostly among ourselves after that. They didn't say much, I noticed, at the head of the table, even Mr. Kenyon. And the old professor, of course, sat across from John Snaith, still as absent-minded as ever.

Mr. Kenyon didn't laugh at all now. He sat and ate and drank heavily and directed the waiters. I sat and waited anxiously, the only one with any real suspicion about the thing.

Then, finally, after the dessert, John Snaith got up on his feet.

"I'm not much on public speaking anyway," he said in a dry, level voice. "And already I have disturbed your fine dinner to-night by taking Mr. Kenyon away from you. So I won't say any more than I have to. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Kenyon and I were unavoidably detained, talking over a matter interesting to

(Concluded on Page 45)

"I'M AS GOOD AS YOU ARE!" IN

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

The difference between Failure and Success is often self-confidence. "I'm as good as you are!" is the spirit of America, and "Go ahead, and look the part!" finds fulfillment in a Stein-Bloch Suit.

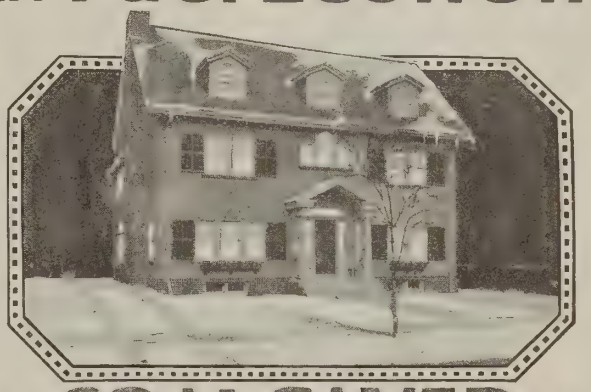
When you say STEIN-BLOCH,
you've said STYLE.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

TAILOR SHOPS AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Healthful Heat
with Fuel Economy

11% Annual Dividends



In Fuel Saving

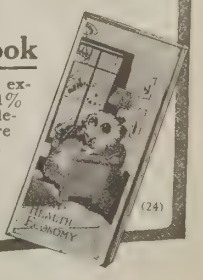
JEWEL COAL SAVER FURNACE

The only sort of heating system that supplies a self-diffusing, fresh, and normally-humid heat is the warm air system. That is why physicians and health authorities such as Dr. W. A. Evans, of Chicago, endorse warm air heating as the healthful system.

The Jewel Coal-Saver Furnace has been perfected, at the world's greatest stove plant, in order that the most healthful heat might be at the same time the most economical. This has been accomplished by the invention of the Jewel Triple Economizing Features. Over 62,000 homes in the United States are today heated by Jewel Furnaces.

Let us send you Free our Eye-Opening Book

This book tells things about home heating that you ought to know and explains the features of the Jewel Coal-Saver Furnace that makes it pay 11% Annual Dividends in fuel saved. Write for the book at once. Our service department gives aid in the planning of home-heating systems. We manufacture furnaces of all sizes and types, including the pipeless or one-register furnace.



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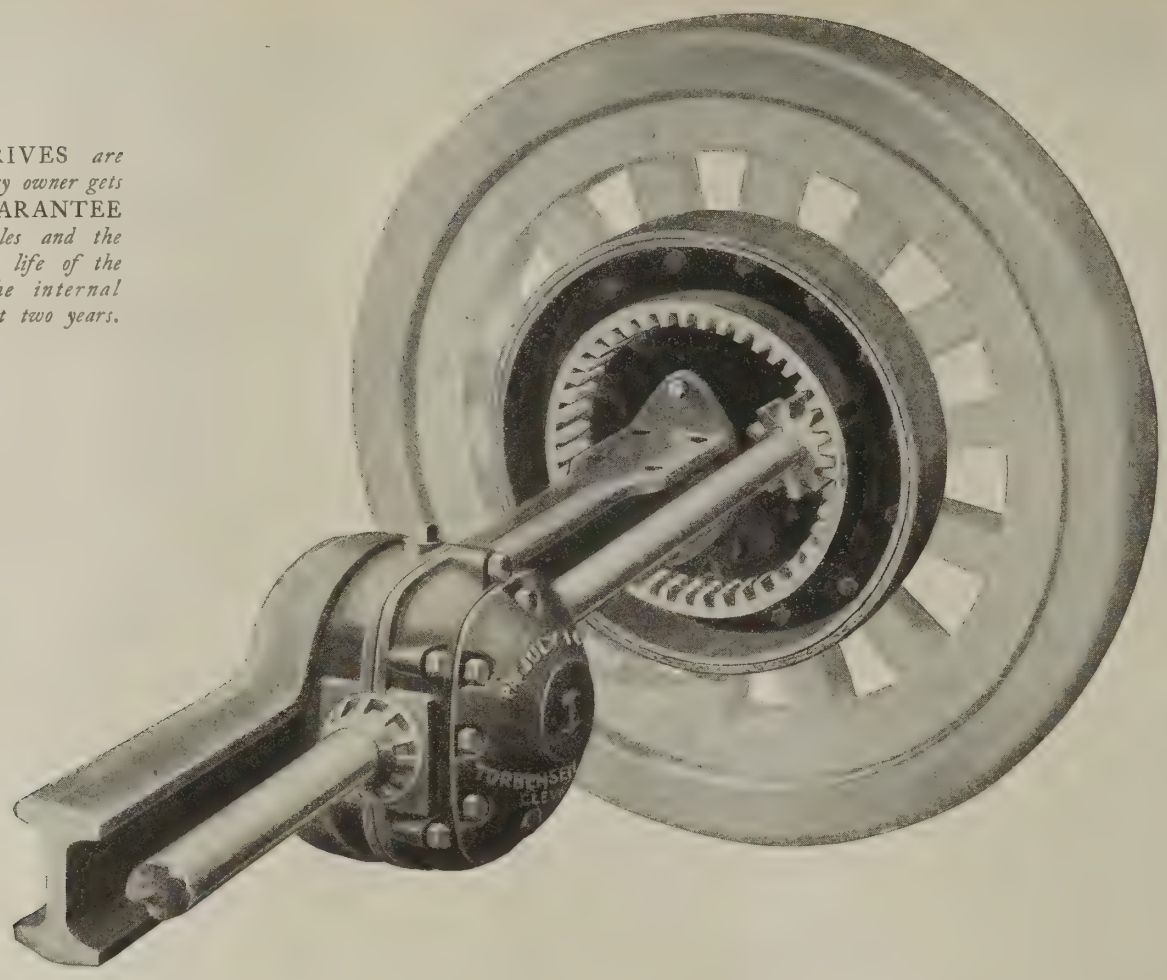
Address Detroit for the Heating Book

(24)

TORBENSEN DRIVES *are made to* LAST. *Every owner gets a* GOLD BOND GUARANTEE *that the I-beam axles and the spindles will live the life of the truck; and that the internal gears will last at least two years.*



It is the rear axle *DRIVE* that makes a truck a *truck!*

FOUR-FIFTHS of the whole truck load hammers the rear axle constantly.

Every road shock, every side-sway, multiplies this tremendous weight—tries *that* rear axle to the limit.

Pleasure-car axles *can't* stand such treatment. That is why *old-time* trucks, with *pleasure-car* axles, were failures. It was up to the *rear axle* and it *fell down.*

So the truck business lagged behind in development till a rear axle was designed which took into account *all* the rending forces that trucks must meet.

TORBENSEN Rear Axle Drives are *truck* drives. A dead *I-Beam* carries *all* the load. It naturally has great overload capacity.

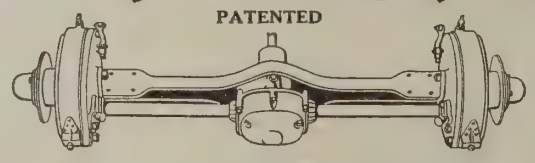
A differential and a jack shaft transmit *all* the power and apply it near the *rim* of the wheel. They carry *no* load whatever.

These two units, held rigidly as a single mechanism in practically perfect permanent alignment, form the TORBENSEN Drive.

This is *how* TORBENSEN solved the truck problem. This is *why* TORBENSEN became the largest builder of internal-gear truck axles. This is *why*—in the last two years—the internal gear truck axle has seen a development proportionately greater than that of any other type of drive. This is *why* TORBENSEN is now the world's largest producer of truck axles of any kind.

TORBENSEN-DRIVE

PATENTED



Internal Gear Axle

THE *Torbensen Axle Co.*, CLEVELAND.

The Torbensen Axle Company is the largest builder of Truck Axles in the World

(Concluded from Page 43)

everybody here, about the finances of your company."

"A financial conference!" said Mr. Cressy, nodding deeply.

"You see your company's money is all on deposit in my bank," explained John Snaith. "That's one reason I come into it, besides stock!"

And I saw Mr. Kenyon give one long black look at me, under his eyelids.

"Well, to come to the point," the old man went along, "the upshot of it all is that Mr. Kenyon's asked me to announce to you the payment of the first dividend of your company."

"A dividend!" called Charlie Seavers quickly. "How much?"

Everybody sat straight, listening, as the speaker stopped.

"Good! Good!" said Mr. Cressy, thumping the table with his spoonhandle.

"He has decided," went on John Snaith, "to declare at once a dividend of one hundred per cent, from the assets now in the bank."

"One hundred per cent!" said someone. And we all sat motionless, even Mr. Cressy, the spokesman for the investors. I looked at the head of the table, at the professor. He sat up, his mouth opened, and I thought for a moment he was stricken into speech. But then he looked right down again, as if after all it didn't matter.

"Yes," said the speaker, "we talked it over and we looked at it from all sides, and Mr. Kenyon came to the conclusion that the stock which he would hold in this company would be sufficient for his work of forming it for the present. So he made the proposal that the company turn the money in the treasury back to its contributors—all he had in his hands as treasurer. And so he spoke for this dividend of one hundred per cent."

The little dressmaker beside me leaned forward, her eyes shining, half the wrinkles and puckers smoothed out of her face.

"Already!" I heard her whisper.

"His idea being," said John Snaith, "that under the circumstances he can postpone the payments to himself until the royalties of the company begin to come in. They'll pay him when they do and meet your other expenses, if there are any expenses. And meanwhile he'll see to paying the expenses as they come—the way he has up to now."

"Why, this ——" cried Mr. Cressy, starting up restlessly, and sitting back again as John Snaith went on speaking:

"It seemed to us that there was no time better for a thing like that than now—just this banquet, this celebration we're having now—so he and I worked out this scheme, if you approve of it. It's this: Mr. Kenyon offers to postpone his contract for cash settlement for his promotion of the company and, as treasurer, he will sign over to me a check for the entire amount of the dividends, for which he has funds now lying in my bank.

"Have I got that right, Mr. Kenyon?" asked John Snaith.

"Yes," said Mr. Kenyon in a voice so thick I scarcely understood it. He looked very red and hot. A great blotch of cigar ashes lay unnoticed on his flowered waistcoat.

"Why, this ——" started Mr. Cressy again, and stopped once more.

"I want to get it right," said John Snaith, "exactly. And that's it, I think. Mr. Kenyon will make out his check to me and I will give my personal check to each of you, if you will each one state the amount of stock you own. That is, if this is satisfactory to you."

"Satisfactory!" said Charlie Seavers to the tablecloth. "John Snaith's check! Good evening!"

"This, you understand," John Snaith was saying, "is Mr. Kenyon's own idea, his choice of several ideas. And in addition," said John Snaith, "he takes pleasure in tendering you this banquet!"

"Why this, Mister Chairman, is generosity itself!" said Mr. Cressy, standing up and looking toward Mr. Kenyon at the head of the table. Mr. Kenyon sat perfectly still where he was, sunk down deep in his chair. But his red face suddenly became a deep maroon.

"Exactly so," said John Snaith, checking Mr. Cressy.

"But, of course," he went along, "you've got to vote it first; you've got to go through the formalities."

Then we sat there while the necessary motions had been gone through at the head of the table. And after that Mr. Cressy sat and directed matters actively, while John Snaith figured out the thing and wrote the names of the stockholders on his checks.

Mr. Kenyon sat silent, slumped down, smoking, except that one time when he signed his name.

All we other men sat speechless, watching the proceeding as it went on. The butcher in particular, I saw once or twice, never moved, his prominent eyes fixed on that one fixed spot—of John Snaith signing checks. But the women's attention wavered now and then.

"Did you notice this table linen?" Charlie Seavers' mother asked Miss Moshier across me. I had seen her fingering it. "It's wonderful."

"It's all wonderful," said Miss Moshier, looking at the roses in the centerpiece. And once or twice she reached out and rearranged them with her quick dressmaker's fingers, delicately, as if they were frail living things.

It took quite a little time, but after a while we had our checks, each one of us. I shall never forget the first feeling of mine in my hand. After that awhile, I saw John Snaith looking down at me and knew he wanted me to meet him outside. The others still lingered at the table. As John Snaith got up and strolled out, Mr. Cressy was starting to say a little something about the first dividend of the Telair as an augury for the future.

I followed Mr. Snaith to the next room.

"By thunder!" he said, stopping just a minute by the door. "I believe he's giving George a vote of thanks." And his cigar stood still in the corner of his mouth as he watched them. A grim grin twitched at the upper corner of his gray whisker. "Come on," he said then. "Don't let's disturb them. Let them enjoy themselves as long as they can. They don't banquet every night."

We could hear Mr. Cressy's voice thanking Mr. Kenyon as we started down the elevator.

"I don't know, Mr. Snaith," I said awkwardly, "what to say."

"Never mind saying anything," he answered me.

As we came into the lobby he stopped and spoke to a man there. I looked for a minute before I saw who it was. It was a police officer I knew by sight, dressed in citizen's clothes. John Snaith spoke a few words to him, and he went on out of the hotel ahead of us. And after a little while we followed.

"I don't know," said John Snaith reflectively, "whether I did the right thing. I don't know but what I am compounding a felony."

"A felony!" I said after him.

"Yes," he answered me, "in that other thing—that Tulsa Oil business he had before this one."

"Oh," I said, understanding the presence of the police officer.

"But I figured finally," he said, "the best thing, after all, would be to get at what you knew was there—at what you could lay your hands on for you and your partners," said John Snaith, looking up at me, his sharp eyes twinkling, "in this Telair. What do you think?"

I started to say something, I don't know what. But John Snaith didn't pay much attention.

"Always the same," he went on again, "year after year. But I never do get used to them."

And I waited for him to go on.

"I always hate to see them—these devilish miracle peddlers round town, hunting boys and old maids."

I walked along with him—silent.

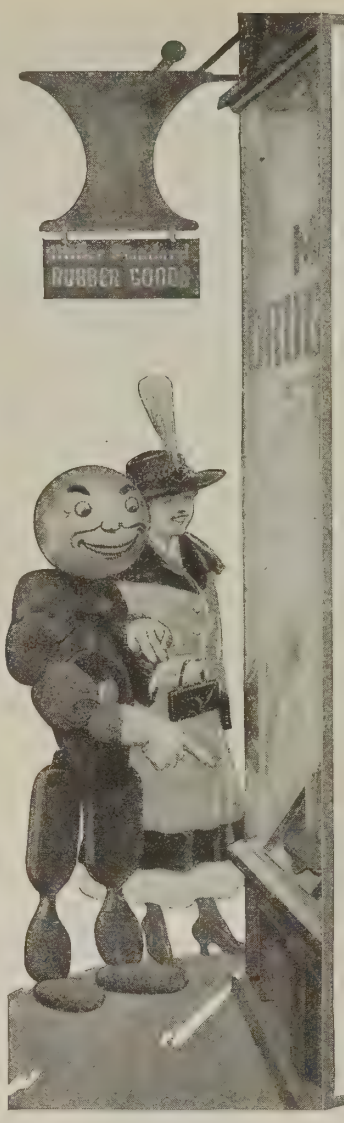
"What I got you out for," said John Snaith as his street car came along, "was to ask you to step round to the bank in the morning.

"Maybe," he added, "we can do something yet about that thing I was talking to you about—that agency for you."

And Mr. Snaith went out into the street for his car.

I stood there a minute after he was gone and looked up at the light of the window in the side of the hotel, where Mr. Kenyon and the little people, my fellow investors in Telair, were still lingering at their banquet. Then I put my hand in my vest pocket again and felt the rough edge of John Snaith's check; and I walked on home with it, whistling.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Turner. The third will appear in an early issue.



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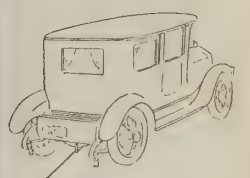
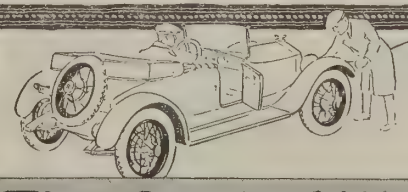
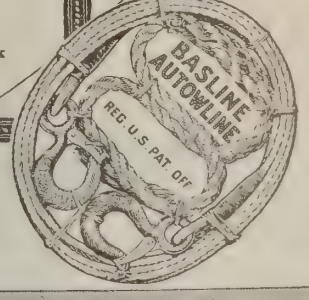
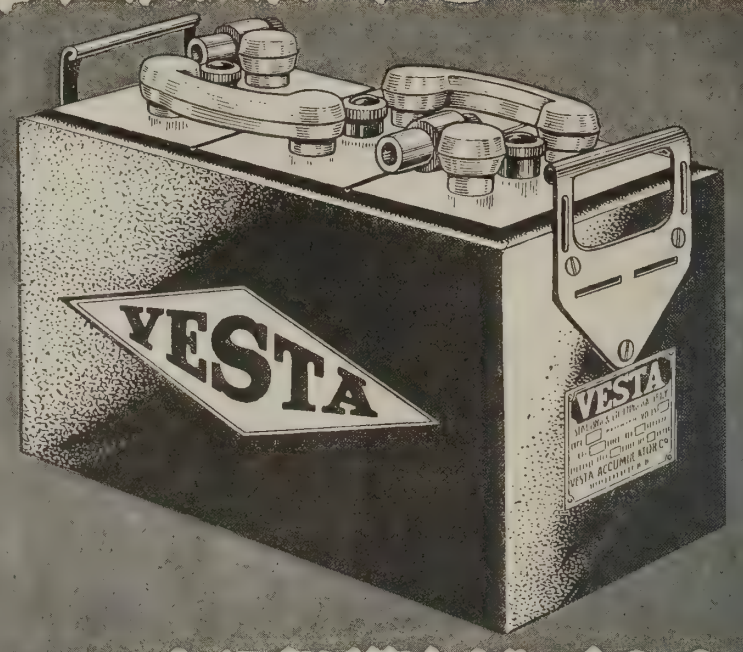






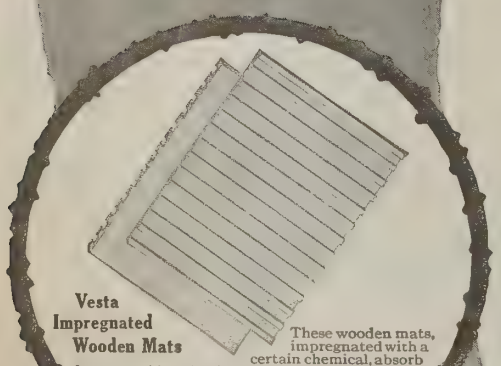
The *Original* Wire Rope Towline

Batteries are Different!



Vesta Indestructible Isolator

This apparently simple device positively locks the plates apart and prevents the short circuits caused by the plates touching each other, in ordinary batteries. It adds life to every Vesta Storage Battery. The battery acid has no effect whatever on the Indestructible Isolator.



Vesta Impregnated Wooden Mats

These wooden mats, impregnated with a certain chemical, absorb battery acids as freely as ordinary mats and form a perfect path for the current. Yet they absolutely prevent the passage of metallic lead through them (commonly called "treeing") thus eliminating another prevalent cause of deterioration.

Why VESTA is the Most Wonderful Battery in the World

Three great Vesta triumphs—the most important starting battery improvements in the last twenty years—make Vesta the most wonderful starting and lighting battery in the world.

These three exclusive, patented Vesta discoveries give the Vesta *double life*. They prevent the various forms of short circuits, the most common cause of battery troubles. They endow the Vesta with greater efficiency, service, economy and satisfaction. Thus is the Vesta different from all other batteries.

The Three Great Triumphs

Vesta scored the first great triumph with *Vesta Indestructible Isolator*, an ingenious device, which locks the plates apart and prevents short circuits.

Next Vesta announced a second remarkable feature—*Vesta Impregnated Wooden Mats*, which prevent "treeing" and its disastrous consequences.

Now comes Vesta's third great discovery—the use of *Titanium*, a rare mineral which greatly prolongs the life of the battery. *Titanium* enters into the lead plates, hardening them and giving them longer life. It also remains in the battery solution, precipitating minerals and impurities in solution and adding vastly to the efficiency of the battery.

No Other Battery Can Use Them

These three remarkable improvements are found only in the Vesta. They are all covered by U. S. Basic Patents belonging solely to the Vesta Accumulator Company, one of the oldest automobile battery concerns in the United States. Yet with all these improvements, which mean *double value and greater economy*, Vesta costs no more.

MOTORISTS: Before you buy a new battery or turn in your old one, write for our booklet explaining Vesta superiority.
SERVICE MEN: Write for our Service Station Plan.

VESTA ACCUMULATOR COMPANY, 2100 Indiana Ave., Chicago

REAL SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE

VESTA
DOUBLE LIFE
STORAGE BATTERY

THE TITHE THAT BINDS

(Continued from Page 4)

placed. Perhaps, though, this is as it should be. When a grown-up human being of white blood, native born, living under a democratic form of government in a country dedicated to the principle that all men are created free and equal, accepts without an argument the dictum which sets him apart as a member of the Lower Classes, it probably constitutes good and sufficient evidence that finally he has landed exactly where he belongs. By his acquiescence he has helped to make his own nest. He should be happy lying in it. And if he be satisfied it ill becomes any among the rest of us to seek to make him discontented with his humble lot; he might turn disrespectful toward his betters. Let us, therefore, pay no attention to the slight disturbances in yon cemeteries caused by Thomas Jefferson, Andy Jackson and Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, turning over in their respective graves.

Only here the other day appeared a squib in the papers touching on a new activity upon the part of sundry persons residing within the sacred and hallowed precincts of Upper Classdom. It came to light first in New York; mostly, such things are spawned close to the congenial Manhattan shore. It was deemed worthy of being given wider circulation by the press associations, and so in one shape or another was carried by the daily press generally. Publication of it did not start a riot; did not raise a guffaw; did not seem to warrant any general outburst of editorial comment. Apparently it was taken much as a matter of course, as a proper part of the day's news. In case you missed it, reader, it is reproduced in its form as a press dispatch. It was quite short. It was written seriously, without intent to be facetious. It was as follows:

"A society magazine, to be called the Chronicle, exclusively for society, with its contributions confined to society and its subscription list to society people, with a society woman as its managing editor, will make its first appearance. It will carry no advertisements and no illustrations. The intention is to make it a bit of a 'highbrow' publication. . . . The price will be $1 a copy."

Just take that home with you, Mr. Average Citizen, and try it on your concertina. But do not undertake to purchase a copy of the publication when it has been printed. That, for you, would be both improper and impious.

A Salon for Americanization

A little earlier in the year word was given forth to a palpitant planet that the wife of The Richest Young Man in America—if we capitalize these words when we speak them why shouldn't we do likewise when we write them?—had inaugurated a series of at-homes with the benign design of fostering "Americanization," whatever that may mean. One gathered that the scope of the plan included, among other things, the opening of a salon where the very wealthy from the palaces might meet with the very otherwise from the tenements, each group to gather helpful views from the other, meeting much as creatures from two far-distant planets might convene together, with intent on the part of either delegation to study the customs, the habits and the peculiarities of the dwellers in a separate and distinct world. One also gathered from the newspaper accounts of the experimental gathering that the attendance was confined almost exclusively to members of the so-called gentler sex. Certainly the husbands of the ladies from the tenement districts were not present in noticeable numbers. The salon to which they naturally would give their patronage on their afternoons off—as who could blame them!—would be a salon that was spelled with more than one *o*.

In these matters the principal point to be pondered by one who pauses occasionally to wonder whither we are drifting is not that the excessively wealthy should take themselves thus seriously, but that so many of the rest of us should be willing to take them with the same amount of seriousness. Heretofore the unduly rich had the ability to amuse everybody except themselves. They constituted our national free vaudeville, our outside ballyhoo. They were volunteer entertainers who worked for nothing and footed all the bills, never apparently getting very much joy out of the job for personal consumption, but providing unlimited entertainment to the multitude. We expected them to furnish us with what a dentist so often finds in a patient's set of teeth—plenty of shiny gold fillings in front, but behind an expanse of exposed nerve and a decayed spot here and there.

It is perhaps a sign of the times, as we get farther and farther away from the days of our earlier simplicity, that we should acquire more and constantly more of a respectfully worshipful regard for the human custodians of money in bulk. To some this may be a good sign, to others a bad one. One assumes that if one were a socialist one might draw a great lesson from the circumstance. Being no socialist, but merely an innocent bystander, one does not presume to make any deductions in the premises. But how can we blame wealth for being so arrogant when there is so much of reverence for it to feed itself fat upon?

The Sanest Idea of the Century

The chief fact offered in support of the claim that the older Americanism is passing into eclipse and that a newer one is coming forth into the sunshine of the current day is to be found in the instinct which expresses itself, in so many directions, for organization. It is an instinct which has a card index for its dam and a tabulating machine for its sire. It is starting at opposite extremes of life and working toward the center, starting from the bottom and working upward, starting from the top and working downward. At the bottom there is, for a conspicuous example, the Boy Scout movement. At the top there is the steadily widening movement to fix the adult's status by sumptuary statute and enactment, by legislative paternalism, by taxing him for the things he accomplishes and penalizing him for the things he fails to accomplish; by jamming the square peg into the round hole and making the peg to stay there, whether it wants to or not.

An overwhelming majority of us agree that a finer institution for the growing youth than the Boy Scout movement was never devised. How can anyone consider the proven results without indorsing that view? When I was a small boy most of the things which a small boy's constant craving for adventure and excitement led him to undertake were held to be wrong; anyway, most of them were forbidden him. He did them by stealth and by the practice of deceit, with the sure prospect of punishment ahead of him if he were caught—unless he could lie his way out of his predicament. His restlessness found a vent, therefore, in the doing of mischievous acts, and very frequently harmful and hurtful and cruel acts, because there is nothing in Nature quite so thoughtlessly and innocently cruel as the small boy in his natural uncurbed state.

The founders of the Boy Scout movement caught at the instinct of the boy to play at being something else than what he is, and at his aptitude for imitation of his elders, and at his love for pomp and show—caught all these threads up and wove them together in a fabric of sanity. They capitalized his yearning to wear a uniform and to march in ranks and, best of all, they showed him he could have a good time—a better time than his father at his age ever had—and yet could perform manly and decent and healthful deeds while having his fun. You can't beat a scheme like that one; it is doubtful whether you can greatly improve upon it. Personally, I am inclined to believe it to be the very finest and sanest idea that this century has to date produced.

Incidentally, Boy Scoutdom is implanting in the boy's mind, at the very seedtime of his life, the germs of discipline, the willingness to take orders and the ability to give them. It is educating him for authority and for an appreciation of the needs of organization; it is drilling into him an understanding of what duty means when it is systematized, and what responsibility means when it is focused, and what initiative means when it is controlled and directed toward a good end.

On top of this, at the next upward stage in the scale of juvenile age, it would appear that we are shortly to have compulsory military training for the youth who stands at the lower edge of manhood. And that—quoting the Colonel—is, in the opinion of a

(Continued on Page 50)

Supreme Ham for Easter Breakfast

EASTER MORNING! The scurrying pitpat of little feet. The search for "what the rabbit brought." The promising rattle of kitchen things—and then—*incense!* Upstairs comes a whiff that means more to hungry folks than Arabia's precious spices—the tantalizing aroma of *ham a-frying.*

Supreme Ham—the gods could ask no more! Dress double-quick and down to breakfast. There it splutters on the platter—thick, juicy slices—with Supreme Eggs all white and gold. They are sizzling, too. A sure-enough feast!

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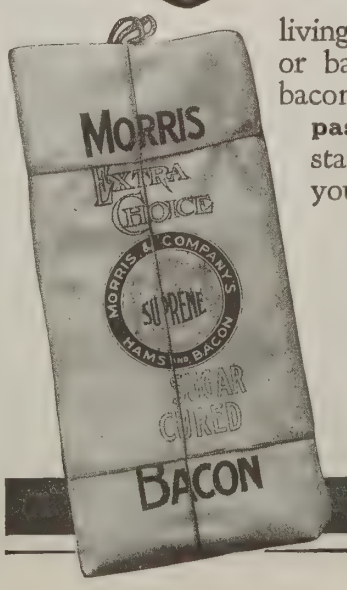

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There is now an Overland or Willys-Knight for every class of buyer.

Body types—all brand new—include

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—and a luxurious limousine.

Every one of these beautiful cars is a better car—better in appearance, in performance and in riding comfort.

One of them is the car of your dream under the evening lamp.

See these cars now. Get a car yourself this spring.

In convenience, in health, in pleasure, no investment will repay you and all your family so richly.

Spring is at hand with all its wealth of outdoors. Drive your own car.

Go to the Willys-Overland dealer—pick it out—ride in it—drive it—now.

Every indication is that there will not be enough cars this spring.

Light Four		Big Four		Light Six		Willys-Knight	
Touring	$665	Touring	$850	Touring	$985	Four Touring	$1285
Roadster	$650	Roadster	$835	Roadster	$970	Four Coupé	$1605
Country Club	$750	Coupé	$1250	Coupé	$1385	Four Sedan	$1950
		Sedan	$1450	Sedan	$1585	Four Limousine	$1950
						Eight Touring	$1950

All prices f. o. b. Toledo and subject to change without notice

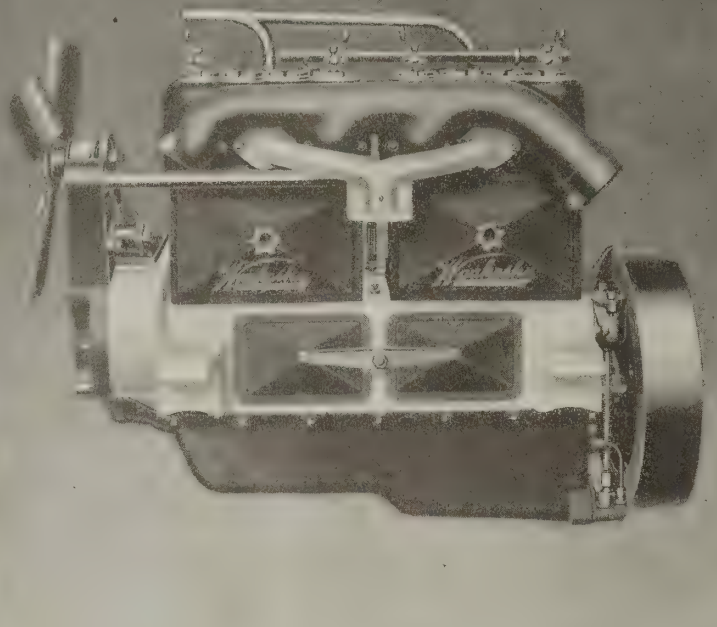
The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars

"Made in U. S. A."

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.



In purchasing a high grade watch--

you would not attempt to pass judgment upon practicability of design and the intricate details of its mechanism; you would rely wholly upon the maker's name and reputation as your assurance of quality. Likewise, you will make no mistake in the selection of a power plant for truck or tractor when you place similar confidence in

Waukesha
TRADE MARK REG.

Four-Cylinder Motors
for
Trucks and Tractors

The business policies, the ideals and the integrity of the makers are a guarantee that every detail of each motor is up to the Waukesha standard of quality and efficiency. For the protection of your truck or tractor investment—

"Demand a Waukesha Motor in the Truck or Tractor You Buy"

Who uses Waukesha Motors? "A Guide to Truck and Tractor Buying" will tell you. Write for it. Truck and Tractor Manufacturers write for catalog.

WAUKESHA MOTOR CO.
206 FACTORY STREET
WAUKESHA, WIS.

32

World's Largest Builders of Truck and Tractor Motors Exclusively

(Continued from Page 47)

large number of us, a perfectly bully and an absolutely corking idea—not alone because out of it may come the salvation and the preservation of the nation in time of actual warfare, by virtue of the creation of a potential army, millions strong, whose members should be better citizens for being soldiers and better soldiers for being citizens, but also because it should make for bodily and mental betterment, for the disciplining of the mass into a people having a knowledge of the value of laws, for schooling the individual to obey those laws, and finally, for molding all classes of men into a purer democracy by giving to them the feeling of companionship and the realization that individual intelligence and individual effort, rightfully directed, hold out promise of advancement to every man enrolled in the ranks, regardless of his wealth or his position.

Nevertheless, in both of these forces—in the Boy Scout movement and in the demand for universal military training—may be seen quite plainly the inevitable outcomes of the impulses for the focalizing of authority in a few hands, and the centralizing of moral and physical elements.

At the top of the economic ladder, and near the top, the trend toward organization at the moment mainly displays itself in the governmental effort to curb the money-getting impulse of the well-to-do individual by taxing him right out of his union suit. A few years back he squawked with poignant distress at the prospect of being required to pay over to his Uncle Sam one per cent of his income, above a certain figure, seeing that already he was being mulcted by precinct, by school district, by poll assessment, by town and county and by state; and in addition was contributing to the upkeep of the national institution through the medium of the indirect forms of taxation—import charges, and such like—disguised in various forms, but all of them taking nicks out of every dollar that he could sequestrate from the channels of trade into his own pocket.

Moreover, in those times he had not thoroughly accustomed himself to the high cost of living, which, as may have been noted, soars ever higher but never gets any lower. But he has learned his lesson; he has been chastened and subdued. On his last year's income, with scarcely a murmur of protest, he paid an income tax of two per cent above the specified sum, instead of one as theretofore, and on top of that paid also a supertax on his special profits, if haply he had collected any special profits from any traceable source. What burdens this year may bind upon his shoulders Providence and Congress alone know, and Congress is not sufficiently in the confidence of Providence to permit of an approximate forecast at this time.

Is Life Worth the H. C. of L.?

Having revised our plan of living, next we must needs revise some of our wise saws and some of our dependable proverbs, because it is quite apparent the axioms of yore do not express the situation: Take care of the pennies and Uncle Sam will take the dollars. Many a nickel makes a fat tax return. No taxation without confiscation. What goes up is bound to stay up. Is life worth the H. C. of L.? Ten mills make one cent, ten cents make one dime, ten dimes make one dollar—that was the old style of computation of our coinage. To follow that formula now would be in the nature of decimalpractice. Ten mills still make one cent and ten cents continue to make one dime, it is true, and once upon a time a dime was a handy coin. It would buy something and it was useful for tipping purposes. Now a dime is not even a tip: it's an insult. And a dollar looks like thirty cents—which may sound slangy, but is not so intended. The congregation will kindly rise and sing the new national hymn: Blest Be the Tithe That Binds!

All joking aside, isn't it likewise true that the new system of living makes the average American readier than he once was to intrust the correction of popular evils and privileged abuses to special commissions, to legislative investigators, to charitable societies, to reform propagandas, and most of all to specially ordained boards which are the offshoots of the central government and are, therefore, answerable to the parent body rather than to the citizens at large? Aren't we, more and more each day, losing the faculty to reason out as individuals the causes behind unpopular or unjust conditions, and along with that faculty losing also the instinct to seek out the remedy at popular meetings and to enforce it at the polls? One merely rises to a point of order and asks the questions, leaving it for wiser minds to answer them.

National prohibition, in some form or other, appears to be headed this way out of the South and the West. Universal suffrage for women, either by a sweeping national enactment or by separate but harmonious concert of all the states, is a reasonably certain outcome of the present country-wide agitation. The taking-over of all or nearly all the great public utilities by the Washington Government is not an impossible contingency for the future. It not only is not impossible, but it is reasonably probable. So the genius for centralization grows stronger and greedier for dominance day by day. Some visionaries even dream of the day when we may have a blanket divorce law to cover the entire land, instead of the present patchwork creation pieced up by the separate states; but, of course, before that comes to pass we may look for most spirited protest from the already large and rapidly increasing group who are advocates of the proposition that marriage is not a contract, but an option.

Nero's Favorite Indoor Sport

For some centuries past there has been an inclination in divers quarters to blame the late Emperor Nero for the procedures employed by him in solving his matrimonial problems. Considering the limitations which bound him, and taking into consideration our own views upon this subject, are we not just a trifle unfair to the memory of the deceased? Nero had his good points as well as his bad ones. He was the Original Tired Business Man; by all accounts he was the idol of the Old Line Republicans of Rome, and a steadfast conservative. Like many another married man before and since, he had certain relatives by marriage whom he could spare, and in this situation he showed that he had the courage of his convictions—he just naturally up and spared 'em. Sparing them was Nero's favorite indoor sport. His method was untidy, perhaps—indeed, it may have verged upon the mussy—but it was the only way he understood for restoring comparative peace to the fireside. He "done the best he knowed how." And we of this age, who by virtue of the most accommodating and elastic divorce laws imaginable have been enabled to trade in our marital misfits and our domestic cast-offs at the secondhand matrimonial parlor in Reno or at the official ladies' exchange in Sioux Falls—we blame Nero for adopting the expedient of the moment. I repeat, is this quite fair?

But one digresses. Let us get back to our subject, which was the state of the nation.

In the present condition some strange paradoxes are to be discerned. While woman battles for the right to vote and for a fuller power of expression generally, there has never been a time when custom, which is the mightiest of laws, granted her so much liberty in certain directions. And similarly, while men passively accept legal enactments plainly devised with a view to curbing the individual faculty for exercising the individual will, elsewhere—and notably in the social and the conversational and the sartorial realms—they are free to gambol with an abandon undreamed of by the generation behind them. A good many of the states, by local option laws or by prohibition—which is so called because it isn't—undertake to deny to their citizens indulgence in intoxicating and stimulating compounds; meanwhile in the larger cities, at least, respectable men and women may in public or in private drink alcoholic beverages and use tobacco without invoking any adverse criticism whatsoever. A few years ago we marveled sometimes that so many women seemed to take so naturally to the cigarette-smoking habit. We should have known better than to have marveled thus. A little thought upon the subject should have told us that the impulse was very possibly hereditary. There are a great horde of us whose grandmothers knew a lot about stoking a cob-pipe.

These days men and women may openly and without impropriety discuss subjects relating to sex and the sex ramifications which their immediate forbears hardly dared to think of privately. In almost any mixed assemblage one may hear things said which our fathers and mothers fifty years ago could not have heard without blushing clear down to their toenails; and yet one

dares to assert that as a race we are just as clean-minded and have just as much regard for chastity among women and honor among men as those of the preceding generation ever had.

In the garments worn by women more latitude is allowed than formerly, if less of longitude. If you doubt the truth of this, consult the official forecasts on next summer's styles. Man also is permitted to indulge his sartorial idiosyncrasies without antagonizing public opinion to any noticeable extent. Man, very often, is fearfully and wonderfully made up. Recently I happened upon the following gem in a department—devoted to masculine fashions—of a publication having a wide metropolitan circulation:

"Time was when all the grace of a D'Artagnan could not carry off the gawky, lubberly bathing suit of the period. One might as well have tried to look a hero in a nightshirt or preach temperance with a red nose.

"To-day a man may be as well turned out for the swim as for the street, and cut just as personable a figure from cap to sandals.

"To be sure, dandiacal overdressing has no place on the beach, and the gulf between fashion and foppery is very like that which sunders 'gourmet' from 'gourmand'—there's a difference in the end.

"The swimming cap, illustrated here, is navy-blue worsted or merino, with a winged foot, the familiar emblem of the N. Y. A. C., embroidered on the front in the red-and-white club colors.

"Knitted caps, unlike rubber, do not keep the hair from getting wet, but they do keep it out of the eyes and fend off sunburn from the thinly thatched poll.

"From the French-Italian Riviera comes a swimmer's rubber mask—with cut-outs for eyes and nose—which is supposed to guard the face from turning red as a brandied cherry or brown as a burned loaf. The idea is so fantastic that it sends one into gales of Gargantuan mirth."

Are we or are we not being permitted to go the limit, brethren, in the matter of the clothes we wear?

So then, while legally we are curbing ourselves and permitting ourselves to be curbed by our legislators—which comes to the same thing—socially we are broadening. But as the old, comfortable, disorderly, slack-ended system of living and governing and being governed fades away and on its site is erected the newer, stiffer, harder, highly taxed, highly specialized structure, those among us who love old ideals and would cling to them may be comforted by a certain fact, and that fact is this: Amid the swirl and swing of customs and of rules, one institution yet rears itself, immutable and unchangeable, like a granite peak above a restless sea. I started to say like a lighthouse on an uncharted shore, but upon second thought decided to withdraw the comparison as unsuitable, since the main function of a lighthouse, as I understand it, is to cast light from time to time.

The thing which refuses to change—the one bulwark of our civilization which declines to conform itself to modern needs and modern conditions and modern transformations—is the method of administering and interpreting the civil and the criminal laws. The surgeon who dared practice his profession by the ethics and the standards of a hundred years ago, or even of fifty years ago, would be prosecuted, most likely, for malpractice; the business man who endeavored to carry on his business as his grandfather before him carried it on would go briskly into bankruptcy; the editor who ran his newspaper the way they ran newspapers when Horace Greeley and George D. Prentice were alive wouldn't run it any longer than it took for the sheriff to catch up with him; but the lawyer hobbles along in his rusty shackles, clanking the leg-irons of ancient precedent, and violently opposing the introduction of labor-saving, time-conserving improvements into his trade, because such steps would distress Coke, and possibly give pain to Littleton, and mayhap cause Blackstone peevishly to toss about beneath his tombstone. Counsel for the other side still may browbeat the citizen on the witness stand as though the latter were a malefactor at the bar, doing it with the full approval of His Honor upon the bench, not because there is any fairness in it, but because such always has been the rule in courts of law. Because of a steadfast devotion, among the lawyers and the judges, to traditions and to texts and to precepts which in other callings would have been outgrown and cast aside years and years ago, litigation means vexation and justice stands blindfolded with procrastination on her one hand and delay on her other. A misplaced comma in the indictment invalidates the just conviction of the criminal and saves him from the punishment he merits. The mote is more important to be plucked away than the beam, and those august gentlemen in silken robes, sitting in the high places of the high temple, gag at the gnat and swallow the camel without visible strain. That bumpy, torpid appearance, so often observed, is the result of having swallowed many camels. Verily, as has been said before, we live in times of change, and no man knows what the morrow may bring forth; but of this much we may be sure: That, disdaining all the filtration devices of progress, the law will continue to be true to the moss-covered precedent, the iron-bound precedent, the old oak-headed precedent that hangs in the well.

Sense and Nonsense

Not Altogether Wasted

MARGARET ILLINGTON, the actress, was a protégée of Mark Twain during the latter years of his life, and when on the road used to correspond with him regularly. In one letter she told him she was not feeling well, and he wrote back promptly, advising her to try a new style of magnetic health belt that had just been placed on the market.

Miss Illington took the advice. After using the device for a few days she wrote him as follows:

"I bought one of those belts, but it did not help me a bit."

By wire back came this answer:

"It helped me. I own stock in the company.
"SAMUEL L. CLEMENS."

One of Those Fixed Feasts

WILL HOGG, of Texas, says that down in Houston, one Monday morning, a negro boy in his employ came to him with a request.

"Boss," said the darky, "I'd lak to git off nex' Friday fur the day."

"What for?" inquired Hogg.

"Got to go to a fun'el."

"Whose funeral is it?"

"My uncle's."

"When did your uncle die?"

"Lawd, boss, he ain't daid yit!"

"Then how do you know his funeral is going to take place on Friday?"

"'Ca'se dey's gwine hang him Thursday!"

Absolutely Unjustified

WILTON LACKAYE says that one day, while he was playing an engagement in Chicago, he took a stroll along South Clark Street and came to a district of secondhand-clothing shops. Every other show window was filled with garments bearing seductively worded legends purporting to represent that these offerings had been cast back upon the makers' hands through no fault of their own, but rather because of the captiousness of the original purchaser.

The words "Misfit," "Not Claimed," "Tailor's Sample," and so on, recurred time and time again.

But in one window originality in the gentle art of advertising phraseology had scored a triumph. Behind the glass dangled a pair of trousers of a most startling cut and an even more startling pattern. The colors fairly leaped through the window to smite the passer-by in the eye. To the garment was affixed a card bearing this statement:

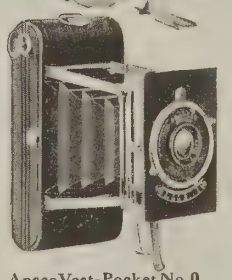
"These Pants Were Uncalled-For."

A Little Ahead of Time

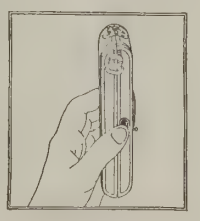
EDITORS get many interesting manuscripts from amateurs; but the prize came the other day to Douglas Doty, of the Century. It was a one-act play, and the scene—the author wrote—

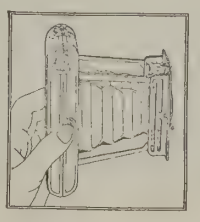
"Takes place on Christmas Eve, 500 B. C."

The Sign of the Ansco Dealer


Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 0

Equipped with single achromatic lens, $7; with focusing device, Actus shutter and Modico Anastigmat lens, F7.5, $15; Extraspeed Bionic shutter and Ansco Anastigmat Lens, F6.3, $25.


Press the buttons and the camera front springs out—ready to "snap."



Pictures that tell a story reward the user of the always-ready Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 0—the only camera that literally *jumps* into action when you press the buttons that open it.

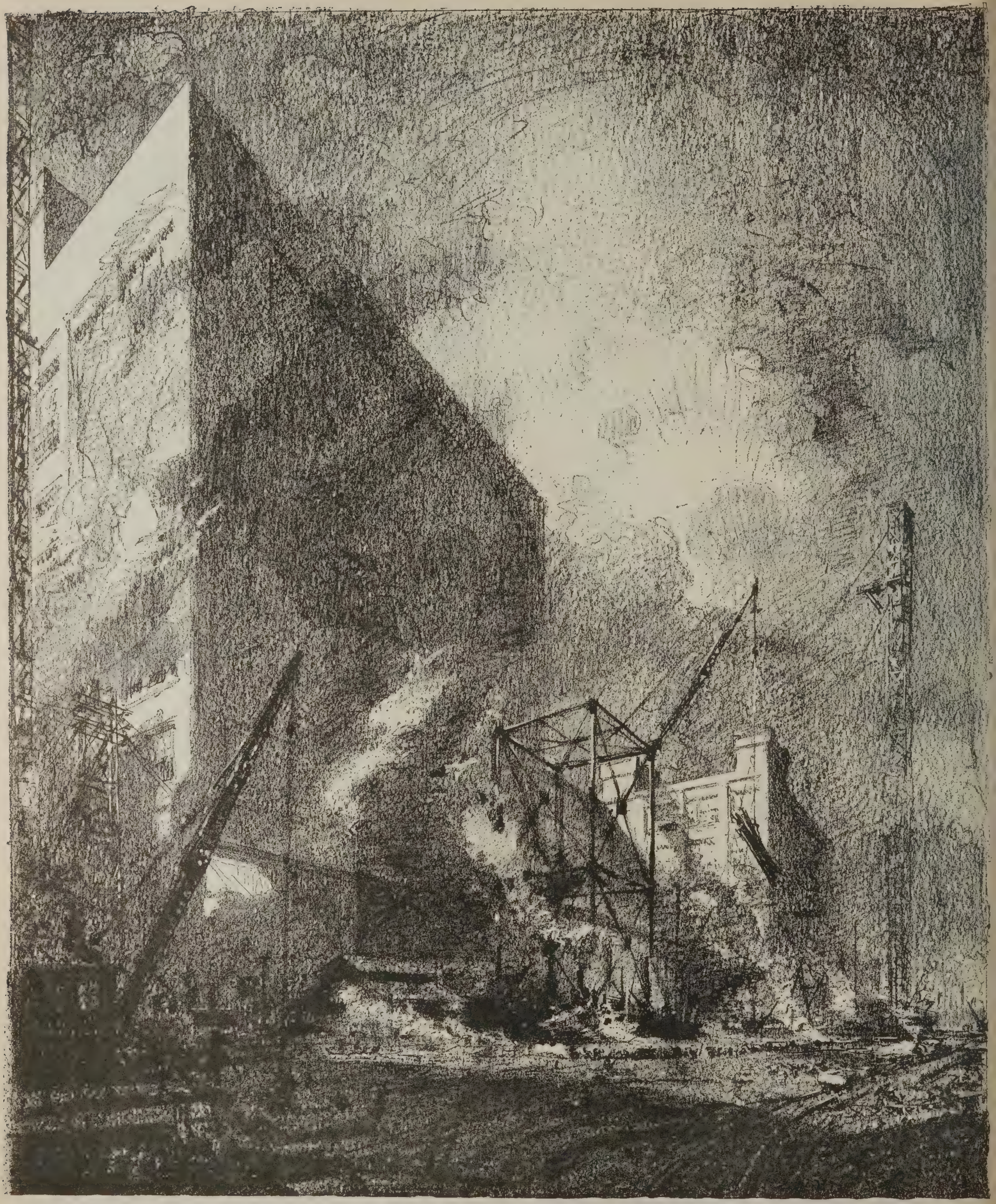
The anastigmat model, equipped with a focusing device, essential for high-speed pictures at short range, is the only camera of its kind in the world for taking 1⅝ x 2½-inch pictures. No anastigmat lens is worth its price unless it *is* used with a focusing device.

Other members of the Ansco Vest-Pocket family range in price from $7.50, for the fixed-focus V-P. No. 1, to $55.00 for the superb Ansco V-P. Speedex.

The pictures they take are so clear and sharp they can be enlarged to many times their size.

Fifty-eight styles of cameras—some at $2—are described in the Ansco catalog, free from the Ansco dealer or from us.

ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK



"It Was Builded of Belief—This Home of Neōlin"

"It Was Builded of Belief— This Home of Neōlin"

SHEER and stark it rises, the new home of Neōlin, a cathedral of industry, a body of brick and cement and steel if you will—and yet far more than this.

It was builded of Belief.

Without that no thousands would stir its power or turn its wheels. No millions could gain what it can give.

Without that today there could not be Neōlin.

So this is a text upon Belief, as it is the story of Neōlin.

We believe in Neōlin.

* * *

When today we look back upon our first conception of what was to be Neōlin, we sometimes smile a little to ourselves—and we wonder, too.

For Neōlin has been to us a Great Adventure and, like other great adventures, had in it more than a tinge of the audacious.

Think of the conception: A shoe-sole to supplant leather—leather which for centuries had been the measure of the world's sole-wear value!

Yet, was a better-than-leather sole substance quite impossible? Were wear and pliancy, waterproofness and tread-sureness things to be despaired of in a shoe-sole?

Belief called Science in. And Science, from her laboratory, answered by creating a new material which proved that leather *could* be surpassed. And that substance was Neōlin.

That invention, not unnaturally, meant much to us. And yet, what problems its coming raised! Here was what well might be the shoe-sole of the future.

Yet here, too, was that whose very possibilities necessitated a factory greatly planned, the production of literal armies of machines, the conscription of vast financial resources.

And these things were to be balanced against—what?

—Against acceptance by manufacturers to whom leather was at once a criterion and a custom.

—Against acceptance by a public slow to move but through the path of habit.

Yet, we believed in Neōlin Soles.

And Belief answered.

So became possible the investment of two millions of dollars in this great Neōlin structure and that which is housed within it.

So 400,000 feet of floor space spanned out into a jungled might of machinery—invented to fashion this new material.

So thousands of skilled operatives came, that Neōlin would be what we visioned: wear-hard, yet flexible; waterproof, yet grip-sure and modern looking.

So, in a quick, few months arose this new, industrial palace of Aladdin—the equal of the great Goodyear plant itself as it was three years ago. Capable of producing *now* 75,000 pairs of Neōlin Soles daily. And which, by July 1st, will make each day 100,000 pairs.

May we not admit a pardonable pride in Neōlin as we view in concrete what yesterday was but the "stuff of dreams"?

May we not view the stern perspectives of this building as a monument to our belief in an Idea?

May we not feel humanly gratified that the millions who wear Neōlin Soles are proving their virtues each walking day?

They believe in Neōlin.

You, too, will believe in Neōlin.

* * *

Neōlin Soles are modern, synthetic shoe-soles. Their wear is remarkable. While loyal and enduring in lasting qualities, they are distinctly modern looking.

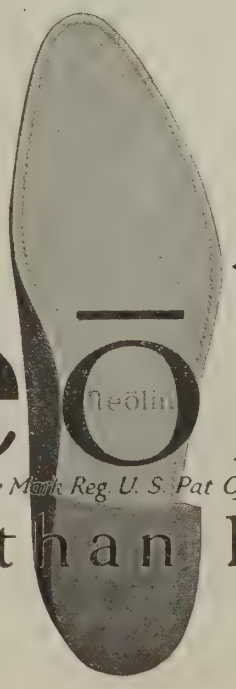
They are flexible, and easy to the feet. They are waterproof. They are step-sure and grip-ground. They need no breaking in. They will not scratch floors or furniture. They are always the same on any price of shoe.

In black, white, tan. In grown-ups' and children's sizes.

To avoid imitations, *mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory—Neōlin

—the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio



Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat Off

Better than Leather

FIRST and LAST WORD in CHICAGO'S TAVERN SERVICE

An interesting glimpse of Chicago's history is afforded by these contrasting pictures.

Both famous inns embody hospitality. The one, all the quaint simplicity of an early day; the other, 20th century hospitality in its finest interpretation.

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

Service ideals have progressed until, in this great home for travelers, is found every comfort combined with elegance; all the extras of modern equipment with the "Golden Rule" in service.

Hotel La Salle is centrally located in a neighborhood famous in past tradition and present progress.

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO

Ernest J. Stevens, *Vice-Pres. and Mgr.*

The only hotel in Chicago maintaining Floor Clerks and Individual Service on every floor

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

HOTEL LA SALLE

THE CONSTABLE OF COPPER SKY

(Continued from Page 11)

And now the other faces went white.

"In the back room of Judge Navlett's office, Sim," admitted Dad Tolliver remorsefully. "We never once remembered that Kelley's pile was locked in the safe in the next room! We—we ——"

"Why don't you go on and admit it all?" sneered the old trailer. "You were all drunk—that's what was the matter with you!"

Sim left the table and the company followed him into the street, leaving the boy and girl weeping together beneath the white bell that was to have hung above their wedding feast.

An excited crowd surged about Judge Navlett's office. Inside the building, interest centered upon the battered old safe, which stood open, with papers littering the floor all about it.

"We've just sent a man to the telegraph office," said Judge Navlett. "We're telegraphing all over the country, giving the description of the man; for undoubtedly it was he. I—I'm afraid Copper Sky was very lax yesterday; very lax indeed."

The old man caressed his aching head with a trembling hand.

Suddenly the messenger dashed back into the room.

"I didn't send the messages after all, Judge!" he panted. "They have caught our man already, and he's in the calaboose down at Cactus Center. There can't be any mistake—V-shaped scar on his chin; patch of white ——"

"How about the money?" yelled a dozen voices at once. "Did he have the money with him?"

"No; they didn't get the money," said the messenger. "I asked 'em that; but the operator said he hadn't time to tell us more right now. Said we'd find it all in the Cactus Center Times when the train comes in to-day."

"Ain't it like Cactus Center?" sneered an indignant voice. "No time! It was a jab at Copper Sky; they wanted us to know they didn't consider our anxiety worth their notice."

About noon the train came in. And the county seat's newspaper, a crazy sheet that was the pride of Cactus Center and an object of jealous loathing on the part of Copper Sky, was torn open feverishly in Johnny Eisinger's place, where the crowd was now assembled. Dad Tolliver read from it, standing upon a chair so that all might benefit impartially.

"About midnight," he read, "a man got into a fight with the bartender in the Sandstorm Saloon.

"Our efficient constable, Red Ochiltree, promptly arrested the stranger and put him in jail, where he now awaits trial on the charges of disorderly conduct, drunkenness, assault with intent to kill, and resisting an officer.

"However, he is likely to face a more serious charge later on. Early this morning a wire came from Copper Sky stating that twelve thousand dollars in gold had been stolen from that little village; and the description it gave of the suspected thief tallied exactly with that of the stranger who was arrested in the Sandstorm.

"A heavy gun and a wicked knife were taken from the person of the suspect; but no money. However, the officials are confident that at the forthcoming trial they will be able to wring from the prisoner the whereabouts of the concealed treasure—always supposing that Copper Sky really had that much and really lost it."

An excited buzz of conversation followed the reading of the article; but it hushed suddenly when Old Dad held up his hand.

"Listen!" said the old man. "Here's another article. It's headed: Copper Sky's Big Jag."

And then he read a facetious screed that turned Copper Sky's milk of human kindness to wormwood and gall, and planted a barbed arrow a foot deep in Old Sim Yaples' writhing soul.

"Yesterday," the article read, "Copper Sky held an election. It was a weird affair! When the citizens of that funny little bunch of shacks sobered up this morning they found that for constable they had elected the Village Drunk; and that somebody had stolen everything they owned, from the bartender's bungstarter to the key of the new calaboose ——"

Sim Yaples did not wait to hear the end of the humorous screed. He stumbled from the saloon door and headed straight toward Cactus Center. An old Indian trailer again, all the emotions of the last two days had crystallized into a fierce thirst for blood. He passed the new calaboose and turned his face aside. Half loping, he slipped like a coyote into the brush that encircled the town, walking on his toes and crooning wickedly to himself:

"Bury me to-morrow where the lily blossoms spring
Underneath the willows, while the little robins sing.
You will yearn to see me—but ah, nevermore you shall—
Walkin' down through Laramie with Snagtooth Sal."

IV

THE county seat's jail, unlike the proud structure in Copper Sky, stood down in the darkest portion of town and in an isolated spot a block from the main thoroughfare. A sort of pariah it seemed, from which all the other buildings drew in their skirts and held virtuously aloof. The human element apparently shared the sentiment; for no one moved in the vicinity of the squat, square building with the heavy barred door. A block away, sure of his prisoner, locked in that massive structure, Red Ochiltree, Constable of Cactus Center, slept noisily and with abandon. It was the uncertain hour halfway between midnight and the break of day.

Old Sim Yaples slid out of the shadows and stood contemplating the unhandsome front of the jail. For an hour he had been haunting the dark places about town; but, of course, everybody was asleep and he saw no one. Gradually the black vindictiveness cleared from his brain and it suddenly came to him that there remained to him

(Continued on Page 56)

From His Disadvantageous Position Upon the Floor the Old Trailer Cursed in Spanish and Piute and Plains English of the Days of Kit Carson

The Maxwell Cabriolet

$865

FOR professional men and salesmen; for social events as well as general business occasions, the Maxwell Cabriolet provides warm and comfortable transportation.

Especially in unpleasant weather, when protection is desired against cold, rain, snow and wind, this closed car is most useful.

And in favorable weather the glass windows can be dropped into the doors and the top folded back, resulting in a very attractive, open roadster body.

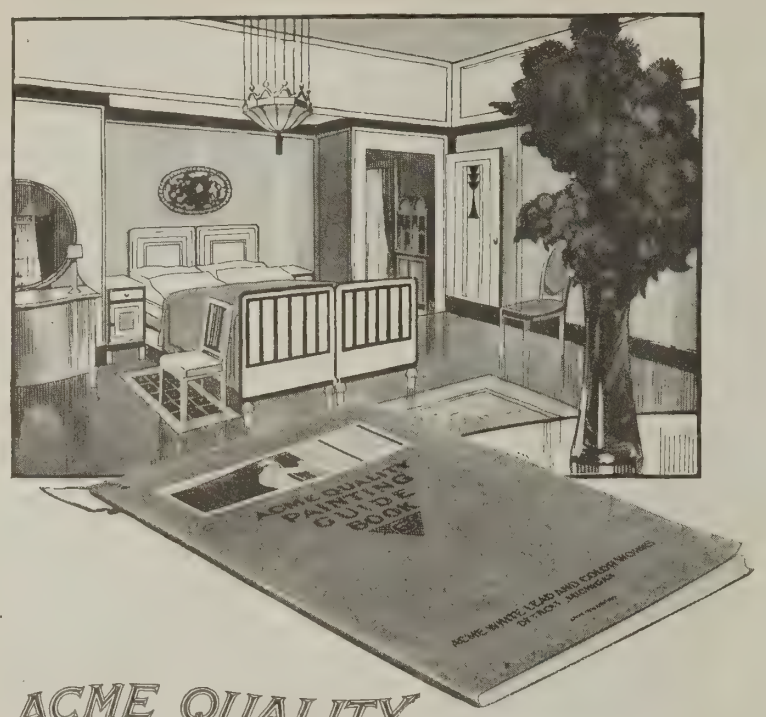
Thus the Maxwell Cabriolet possesses the advantage of two bodies—combined, of course, with the features of economy, comfort and endurance for which the Maxwell chassis has always stood.

Dealers are urged to provide themselves immediately with an adequate number of these cars in order to participate in the large and growing demand for them.

Roadster $620; Touring Car $635; Town Car $915; Sedan $985, completely equipped including electric starter and lights. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.
Canadian prices: Roadster $870; Touring Car $890, f. o. b. Windsor, Ont.

Maxwell

Motor Company, Inc. · Detroit, Mich.



ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES

JUST a touch here and there—and bedrooms, halls, walls—all places are transformed. Acme Quality Paints are always dependable—always the best for the purpose for which they are recommended.

The "Acme Quality Painting Guide Book" and our smaller booklet, "Home Decorating," instruct you in the correct paints, colors and quantities to use for every painting purpose. Both books are *free* on request. If your dealer cannot supply them, write to us.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q Detroit, Michigan

Boston	St. Louis	Toledo	Fort Worth	Lincoln	Portland
Chicago	Pittsburg	Nashville	Dallas	Salt Lake City	San Francisco
Minneapolis	Cincinnati	Birmingham	Topeka	Spokane	Los Angeles

Have an Acme Quality Shelf

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

(Continued from Page 54)

a still pleasanter way to rip the skin off Cactus Center and spill its warm blood all over the place.

A long time the old man stood there motionless, uncanny as a yellow-faced ghost, listening and watching. Then he stole up to the jail door and inserted his key into the lock. He twisted it and grinned with satisfaction when the sullen click told that the lock had responded. He put his shoulder to the door and shoved it ajar. Then he melted back into the darkness.

At the first rasp of the key the prisoner had sprung to his feet, every nerve quivering. The effects of his spree, begun so inauspiciously in Copper Sky and winding up so disastrously in Cactus Center, were wearing off, and he was feeling shaken and nervous. All night he had been busy trying the walls, but without a ray of hope to reward his industry; then ——

A click of the lock! The iron door swung open. But no one appeared. At first the man thought he must have dreamed it; but no, across the desert he could see a thin crescent of a moon and the song of a Mexican whippoorwill came to him quite distinctly. A block or two away a freight engine snorted and steamed up and down, and occasionally cars bumped noisily together, sounding loud in the stillness of the night. A slow breeze came in and invited him out.

He advanced stealthily. The door was indeed open! But why? He had no friends here—no acquaintances, even. Had some Good Samaritan opened the door out of pity? His mind was blurred. No matter; the door was open and he yearned to get out.

But with the same instinct that leads a wild thing to fear a mystery the man approached the door, fearing a trap. Then he grinned to himself. A trap! Wasn't he already trapped as badly as he possibly could be? He slipped through the doorway and ran swiftly from the place. With the feeling of the sand beneath his feet, his incredulity vanished. He was free! But the mystery remained.

Like a part of the night itself, the man doubled in and out of the shadows and made for the brush at the outer edge of town. Here he turned and worked cautiously over to the railroad track. The freight train had finished its switching and was made up for the journey onward toward the north. As the man reached the edge of the right of way the engine clanked past him. Twenty or thirty box cars rattled after; and then came a series of jolts and the train came to a standstill, with the engine beside the water tank up the track.

The man waiting in the edge of the brush moved swiftly to a pile of old ties, and, stooping, lifted aside a couple of the timbers. From under them he pulled a heavy object. It was indeed heavy, for he grunted when he swung it up on his shoulder and moved nearer to an empty box car, whose dark open doorway yawned opposite him. After looking carefully up and down, he boosted his burden in through the open doorway. It met the floor with a rich, subdued chinking sound. Another stealthy look up and down and the man followed his burden into the dark interior.

From his own position out in the brush Old Sim Yaples made a short detour and crawled under the train a few car lengths to the rear. Stealing carefully forward on the other side, he noted with satisfaction that on that side the door of the ex-prisoner's car was locked hard and fast. He went on past the car and crawled back. As he did this there was a clang and a rattle of chains up at the tank, and a splash of escaped water as the dripping spout was flung back. A moment later the long train was again in motion, headed toward Copper Sky.

Old Sim gazed earnestly at the blackness of the open doorway as it passed him. Nothing moved. As the rear end of the car went by he caught the ladder and swung himself up between the two cars. It was a most uncomfortable position, but the old man clung.

The long train gathered momentum and went swaying and bumping across the wide desert, through the wilderness of greasewood and yucca palms, the disreputable bald head of Old Sim Yaples peering round the corner of the mysterious car, swaying and bumping with the train, but never for a moment losing sight of the blackness of the open doorway ahead.

Once inside the car, the outlaw had fallen immediately asleep. He had been subjected to a long nervous strain; and now that he felt reasonably safe, he relaxed. He woke when the train jolted to a standstill and wondered what station it was.

"Hey! Come out of there!"

A particularly disagreeable voice it was. Rage and disgust filled the soul of the tired man, hidden back in the darkness of the car. A brakeman, of course! He had heard them before. Moreover, they had thrown coal at him and cursed him, even as this voice was beginning to curse; and he wished the whole tribe of brakemen might be in the deepest part of the sea for all eternity.

"You can't fool me—I saw you go in there!" went on the cracked voice. "Are you coming—or will I have to crawl in there and beat you up into a sausage?"

Again the voice trailed off into weird profanity; and the man rose, with a heartfelt objurgation. He had no gun, of course; they had taken that from him at the jail.

"I'm coming!" he growled sullenly.

He heaved up his pack and set it in the car's doorway. Below him was a small figure, seen indistinctly in the darkness. His first impulse was to jump straight at the figure and bear it to the earth, trusting to his ability to bring things to a successful issue in a man-to-man affair.

In the same instant, however, he foresaw more serious trouble; for how did he know there wasn't another brakeman, or even two of them, upon the car directly above his head? He jumped down from the car; his hat fell off; a patch of white showed faintly in the uncertain light ——

Whump!

The heavy old revolver landed squarely and scientifically upon the patch of white hair. The man went to the ground like a sack of spuds. Old Sim snapped the cuffs upon his wrists and hurriedly dragged him back into the brush. The train was already in motion. The old man dashed after it and dragged the heavy buckskin bag from the car floor, exulting when he felt the weight of it. Then he took off his hat and mopped his bald head.

Far up the track the tail light of the caboose rocked away toward Tehachapi Pass. Over the town the first streaks of the new day were shooting upward from the east. Sim Yaples was back in Copper Sky—and no man had seen him go or come.

Copper Sky at first thought it was a lynching. Gunshots and bloodcurdling yells sounded from the direction of the Public Square. The first excited arrivals discovered Old Sim Yaples sitting upon a buckskin bag before the door of the new calaboose, a bottle in one hand and a barking gun in the other. Between yells he sang; and now it sounded like a pæan of victory:

"Plant a little stone above the little mound of sod;
Write: 'Here lies a lovin' and a busted heart, begod!
Nevermore you'll see him walkin' proudly with his gal—
Walkin' down through Laramie with Snagtooth Sal.'"

Glaring through the grating above the little old villain's head was a rage-convulsed face, a V-shaped scar on its chin and a patch of white hair above the forehead, stained a new red.

Old Sim was too busy to explain. Nor would he allow anyone to touch the buckskin bag. With great difficulty he hoisted it to his shoulder and staggered away to the Palace Hotel dining room, where the smell of breakfast was in the air. Here he called loudly for Kelley Briles and Louie May. When the two young people came in he dropped the chinking buckskin bag heavily upon the table, under the white bell of wilting flowers.

"There she ish!" he announced with terrible dignity. "Present; complimentsh of Cons'able of Copper Sky! Gobblesh you, my chillern!"

Out of the swirl of excited memories which marked that day, Copper Sky never forgot that Louie May kissed Old Sim resoundingly. And Old Sim lifted up his voice and wept; for truly he was a disreputable old pagan, and he knew it. And, knowing this, he was touched and grateful when the gods brought him an unexpected gift from Paradise.

Such news travels swiftly. Within an hour the citizens of Cactus Center were in a turmoil. Following closely upon the shock of finding their jail forced, and their noted

prisoner gone, came an insulting wire from Copper Sky. It was a long message, addressed to the county seat through the Cactus Center Times; and it read:

"Early this morning Sim Yaples, once an old Indian trailer and now the highly efficient Constable of Copper Sky, brought in the robber who, night before last, broke open the safe of Judge Navlett and escaped with twelve thousand dollars in gold belonging to Mr. Kelley Briles, of this city. Constable Yaples not only captured the robber but secured every dollar of the missing gold as well.

"A laughable feature of the whole affair is the fact that our neighboring village of Cactus Center thought it had the robber! Such is the curse of rum!

"The robber will be tried before Judge Navlett, a jurist who is known all over California for his scrupulous honesty and judicial balance. Judge Navlett was elected Justice of the Peace at the recent election. Copper Sky feels proud of its Justice, and of its new constable, who has signalized his election by making such an important arrest."

When Cactus Center read this scandalous insult it had a fit. Then it had another one. Threatening recklessly, Red Ochiltree buckled on his revolver and ran for the northbound passenger train. Cactus Center watched him go and sent its prayers along. The honor of the county seat was in Red's hands.

When the northbound passenger train pulled into Copper Sky a howling mob saw Kelley Briles and his radiant bride aboard, to begin their wedding journey to San Francisco. The air was thick with rice and old shoes and the acrid smoke of many glad guns. In the express car the happy couple's fortune reposed safely under the key of the express company's strong box. In the excitement it was only after the train had disappeared into the greasewood that it was seen that Red Ochiltree had come on the smoker. He walked up to Old Sim Yaples, stuttering with rage.

"See here, Yaples!" he said. "The county seat sent me up here to find out something: What's this we hear about that Copper Sky robber?"

"Danged if I know!" said Old Sim, cutting off a chunk of tobacco and pinching it between his toothless gums. "What is it you hear, anyway?"

"Is—is it true that you've got him?"

"Of course!" Old Sim assured him readily. "Got all the money back too! Didn't you know that Copper Sky never fails to get what she goes after?"

Ochiltree did not speak for some moments. He was struggling for control of himself.

"Where did you get him?" he demanded finally.

Old Sim spat afar.

"That's the puzzle!" he agreed. "Where did we get him?"

Choking with fury, Ochiltree made a spasmodic movement toward the old trailer. His twitching hand dropped toward his revolver; then, caught by a hint of prudence, it twitched away again.

"Our jail was broken open!" he declared hoarsely. "Our prisoner was gone." His eyes dropped to Old Sim's feet. "And in the sand we found a moccasin track! It looks—it looks ——"

He hesitated. Old Sim ceased chewing and his red-rimmed lashless lids narrowed. His mummylike head was thrust slightly forward and his pale eyes regarded Ochiltree with the unwinking intentness of a waiting rattlesnake.

"Well," he suggested softly, "how does it look?"

Ochiltree came to himself and glanced about. An ominous silence had fallen upon the crowd of Copper Sky men.

"It—it looks—funny!" he concluded.

Old Sim chewed again and grinned like a tickled mummy.

"It sure does!" he again agreed cheerfully. "I'm laughin' myself sick over it."

Again Red Ochiltree looked about the circle of stern-faced Copper Sky warriors. The local freight, which had been sidetracked to allow the passage of the express, now pulled out on the main line and started bumping toward the south. Ochiltree turned and swung aboard the tail of the caboose. There really seemed nothing else for him to do. As he disappeared down the track he shook his fist in purple-faced fury at the grinning group of men.

"We'll remember this!" he yelled.

"You bet you will!" squalled Old Sim. "We won't ever let you forget it!"

And, adjusting his enormous badge of office cockily upon his chest, the old pagan padded away up the street, singing happily to himself:

"Sal, Sal,
My heart it broke to-day—
Broke in two forever when they laid you in the clay;
I would give creation to be walkin' with my gal—
Walkin' down through Laramie with Snagtooth Sal."

Telling the Truth About Merchandise

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

I WAS a good reporter. Up and down State Street, which is newspaper row in D——, I was credited with a good news sense and a happy, human way of writing. For this and sundry other things that are of interest only to those who race with home editions, I was paid forty dollars a week by The Courier, with vague promises of a raise when things straightened out—a time that seemed to promise a very hazy, not to say indefinite, future. But all this was but preliminary to an early June morning when Sam Clark, city editor of the Courier and a very good friend, called me from out of the depths of a pile of morning clips to tell me that Jackson Snow wanted me in the Holy of Holies.

Twelve years before, Snow had purchased the Courier with a large mortgage and forty-five thousand dollars in cash, realized from the sale of his half interest in the Snow Tanneries to his brother Charles. He had brought up the circulation from a scant sixty-five thousand to well over the one hundred thousand mark on a strict diet of facts.

Blunt, quick, he lived in an atmosphere of continual movement. Of his employees he had demanded but two things—the truth and enthusiasm. He was a power in D——, and I am going to be forever grateful for the opportunity he offered me that morning.

"Bought control of the Mammoth Store," he barked at me after I had seated myself in the tall straight-back chair that at all times stood in front of the walnut desk. "Start in Friday, as advertising manager—sixty-five dollars a week!"

"I never wrote a line of advertising in my life," I began.

"Just what I want. I don't want any advertising, I want ideas and truth and a lot of the Missouri attitude. You know, Mack, I have watched Cranston, Miller and half a dozen others grow wealthy on a capital of exaggeration and fraud. I picked out the Mammoth because it was no better and no worse than any of the rest. I am going to see if facts are as much appreciated in the mercantile business as in the newspaper world, and I pick you for the man to make the try. Look at the store as a story, muckrake it, laugh at it, fight it, but give us the truth."

Of course I took the job. But Friday, instead of finding me seated behind the wheel in the advertising office, found me parading the notion and glove aisles as Mr. McKenzie, the new floorwalker. I had decided on this method of making my initial appearance, because a preliminary scouting trip convinced me that, no matter how much I might yearn for truth and the higher realms of mercantile honor, if I didn't know the difference between percale and dress nets I was going to be nothing but a good deal of a Scotch ornament in my new office.

Notebook after notebook was crammed with interviews with clerks, porters, window

(Continued on Page 60)

Success Dresses the Part

Success isn't a matter of chance.

Heads of big businesses, bankers, physicians and lawyers who lead in their profession are men who worked hard while they were at the bottom—that's how they got to the top.

One of the earmarks of success—one of the things that always goes hand in hand with success is the careful way these successful men *"Dress the Part."*

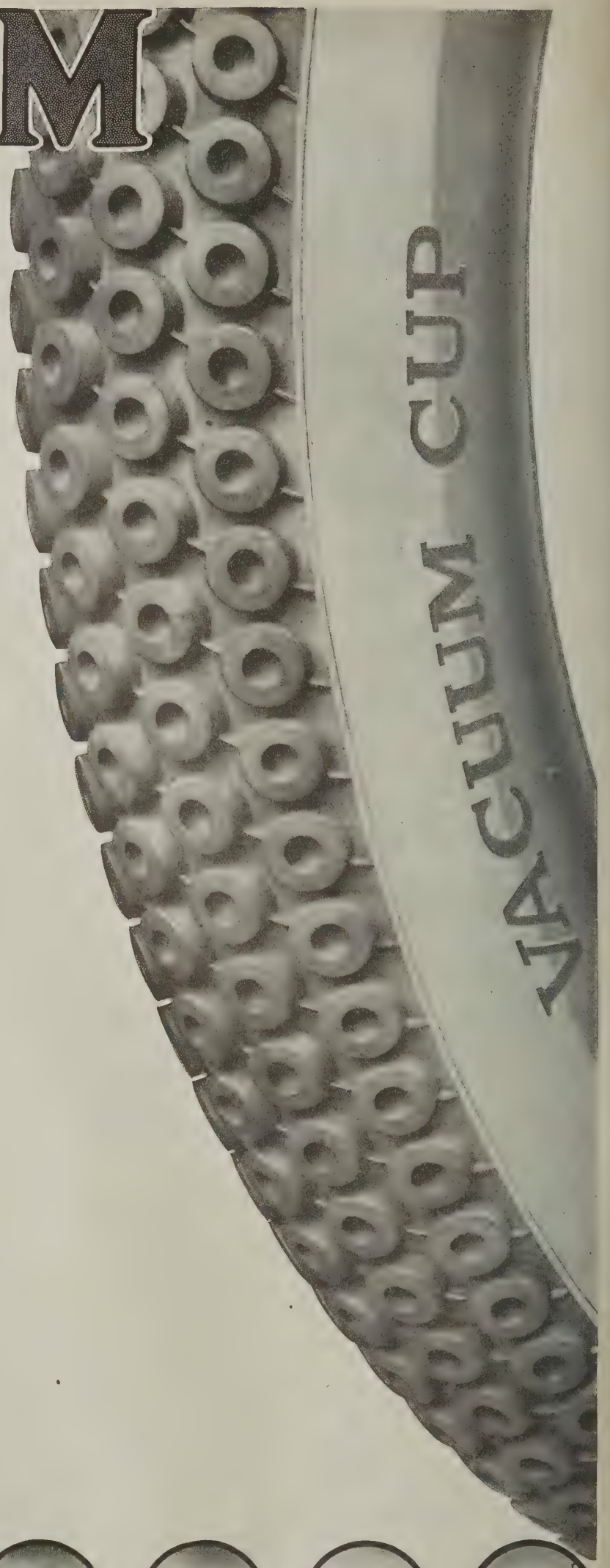
If you are one of the big successes you probably know and wear

ADLER-ROCHESTER Clothes

If you are on the way to success make the journey in clothes that will help you *"Dress the Part"*—ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES.

Send to-day to L. ADLER, BROS. & CO., *Rochester, N. Y., for a copy of the* ADLER-ROCHESTER STYLE BOOK *for Spring, 1917. It illustrates clothes that will be worn this year by successful men.*

VACUUM



How can Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Quality Tires be sold at prices of just ordinary tires?

Why are Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Quality Tires not found as standard equipment on new cars?

THE second question effectively answers the first. So keenly competitive has price making become in the automobile industry that every dollar counts.

The automobile manufacturer therefore cannot be expected to offer Vacuum Cup Tires as regular equipment because the Pennsylvania Rubber Company make no special large contract price inducements. To the contrary, their policy is to give *actual user buyers* the full benefit of all price concessions.

Vacuum Cup Tires are made to typify the ideals of their makers—to give users at all times the highest possible quality and the longest, safest, lowest-cost service.

For practically the same price you would pay for ordinary tires sold on a 3,500 mile basis, you can now buy Vacuum Cup Tires with a *guaranteed* service—per warranty tag attached to each casing—of

6,000 Miles

How the cups operate to prevent skidding with no resistance to forward speed.

1. Contact 2. Pressure 3. Seal 4. Suction 5. Grip 6. Edge release 7. Disengagement

CUP TIRES

A RECKLESS chauffeur, that, you say. *No.*

Ought to lose his license. *No.*

Just blind luck that his tires held the pavement. Just a foot and— *Nonsense!*

Careless driving just the same. Yes—*but only careless in the sense that the driver and those he pilots need have no care as to their safety.*

The massive cup-shaped projections on the tires of that car are *Vacuum Cups* and *cannot skid*—they're *guaranteed* on wet, slippery pavements. The cups *hold* the pavement with a *suction grip.*

Retards the speed? Not a bit. The forward rolling of the wheel automatically releases each cup by gently raising it edgewise and releasing the vacuum hold.

The non-skid efficacy of the Vacuum Cup Tread is absolutely complete. It reduces to actual practice through the heavy thick-lipped Vacuum Cups the suction principle of skid-prevention. If they do not convince you, they are returnable at full purchase price, after reasonable trial.

Moving Picture of Actual Vacuum Cup Non-skid Test

Pittsburgh, Nov. 20, 1916.

Pennsylvania Rubber Company,
Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

Gentlemen:

Our driver, J. W. Porter, reports that on November 20, 1916, rain had made the streets dangerous. With Vacuum Cup Tires on all wheels and three passengers in the limousine, Porter drove his car around a sharp corner made by two intersecting streets just back of the Pittsburgh Athletic Club at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour. Porter and the occupants state there was not the least sign of skidding as the cups held the car as firmly to the wet pavement as if the street had been dry.

A moving picture of this test was taken and it conclusively demonstrates our statements even though they may seem somewhat unusual to those who do not know and appreciate Vacuum Cup Tires the way we do.

Yours very truly,
PITTSBURGH TAXICAB COMPANY
John W. Weibley, President

Direct reproduction of moving picture of Pittsburgh taxicab rounding wet, slippery corner at 25 miles an hour.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY
Jeannette, Pa.

Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada

Why Not be *Honest* With Your Feet?

WHY expect them to serve you faithfully when you cramp them into narrow, pinching shoes which cause corns—bunions—flat-foot—ingrown nails—callouses, etc.?

Treat your feet *right*, and they'll treat you right. Put them into comfortable Educator Shoes, built by scientists to give the feet the comfort they need, and your foot-troubles will be relieved or abolished.

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Get the *whole family* Educators—*today*. They all deserve a chance to have happy feet.

But to be *certain* you're getting *Educators*, you must be sure to look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole. It guarantees the correct orthopaedic Educator shape that "lets the feet grow as they should."

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

is an interesting booklet full of startling information about the feet. Vital facts by orthopaedic experts. Send for a copy today.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
14 High Street Boston, Mass.

Makers also of All-America and Signet Shoes for Men; Mayfairs for Women

Rice & Hutchins
EDUCATOR SHOE

(Continued from Page 57)

trimmers, the educational director. Night after night went by while I probed the daily sales slips of the past year that Snow obtained for me. I compared them with each day's advertising. I talked with customers who stopped in my aisles, I chatted with salesmen who sold merchandise to the house—even an idle stenographer reading the daily record of marriage licenses furnished an idea that was later to increase the yearly sales by over ten thousand dollars.

At this time the Mammoth Store was doing a business of approximately five million dollars a year and was paying dividends of nine per cent. It was big business—a big story. I left the advertising department strictly alone and studied Mammoth advertising only incidentally, for I wasn't to write advertising, the Mammoth variety at any rate.

After I analyzed my notes I discovered many interesting facts. For instance, I found that merchandise offered at decided reductions did not sell nearly so well when advertised in the morning papers as when offered in the evening dailies. I learned that advertising in the evening newspapers, on the contrary, did not sell the new and more expensive merchandise, such as imported wraps, gowns, lingerie and period furniture, nearly so well as advertising in the morning papers.

It was also evident that men, in buying their own apparel and furnishings, select noisier and more conspicuous things for themselves than would their wives or sisters, and that they make sixty-five per cent of their purchases on Saturday.

When Two Quarts are Not Two

In the Mammoth Store the average woman will refuse to buy five-dollar hats at fifty cents, but she will buy the same hats in great numbers when marked at $3.89. Moreover, the lowliest clerk is the greatest single factor in a store's success. And it isn't cleverness or easy speech that makes a good salesman. Faith and belief in the merchandise offered sell more merchandise than any amount of blarney.

The day after I handed in my resignation as floor walker, accompanied by two carpenters I advanced on my new position to find the entire staff assembled to greet me—Miss M——, who wrote the women's wear copy; Hawkins, who cared for men's clothing and furnishings as well as the furniture department; Miss W——, a prim young woman who handled proofs; and Milton, an office boy who might have stepped out of a comic supplement. All were of the old régime and viewed with frosty skepticism the advent of the literary floorwalker.

Polite greetings turned to protests, however, when both carpenters promptly started to rip out the partitions that gave each a little private office in which to sit and woo the muse. Protests turned to open revolt when a big horseshoe city desk went into the center of the room. I placed my chair in the center and asked the rest to bring their chairs and group about the outer side. The advertising office of the Mammoth Store had given way to the editorial rooms of the Mammoth Store News.

Heretofore all advertising copy had been written from yellow slips supplied by the different buyers and, as the majority of buyers were gifted with a purchasing rather than a literary sense, it was often hard to dig beneath the tons of adjectives, the mildest of which were "wonderful" and "great." When a member of the advertising department wanted an ad, he or she formerly reached for the nearest telephone and called for it, much after the fashion of ringing for ice water in a hotel. But who ever heard of a newspaper ordering news? The yellow slips were promptly discarded and we started out to hunt and search for the kind of advertising we wanted.

An assignment card came into existence. Miss M——, instead of sitting quietly at her desk all day, found that promptly upon her arrival in the morning she was to see Mr. Morse, the cloak buyer, and get a good story about the new fall suits; Hawkins was assigned to cover the men's suit sale and to bring in a top head yarn, and so on down the list. With the first day's assignments out of the way, the head of the receiving room was called in to help me put in force my first beat.

Now, on every well-regulated newspaper there are a half dozen men who cover news beats—places such as police stations, courts, Federal offices, hotels and other places where news is regular and liable to break at any time. I gave the receiving chief the beat in his department.

"Every time a shipment of new goods reaches the house I want you to fill out a small slip and tell me just what it is and what buyer ordered it," I told him.

I figured this would make it possible for me to know the new things that were arriving daily, without waiting five or six days for some buyer to remember that he might just as well advertise them. I wasn't going to let any other store scoop the Mammoth news by advertising some desirable new article first. Before I had sent the staff out for their first stories that morning I had fixed half past twelve as home-edition time, when all copy must be in for the day.

Hawkins arrived first with a story of men's twenty-five-dollar suits to be sold at $18.75.

"Of course there is no doubt that these suits are really twenty-five-dollar values?" I queried.

"Well, I'll tell you," confided Hawkins: "Goldman bought them as a factory close-out—mostly all small sizes. Sure! They would sell at twenty-five dollars if all the sizes and models were represented."

"How about the other sizes?" I asked.

"Oh, he filled those out with suits from his regular twenty-dollar line."

"Then rewrite your story and say so!"

A few days later a letter from a down-state mail-order customer gave me a chance to introduce my old friend Truth to the housewares section. In the letter the woman, who was an old and desirable customer, complained that a two-quart saucepan which she had purchased at a recent sale was short measure and that as a consequence a new recipe which she was trying failed very miserably.

Without a word to the buyer, a sample of every household utensil offered in that sale was quietly brought to the advertising office and the entire staff spent a busy hour testing the various pieces with certified measures. It was discovered that twelve out of nineteen pieces held nearly three-quarters of a cup less than the advertised two quarts.

Then a little call was made on the buyer, who cheerfully acknowledged that the measures did run a trifle short, but the manufacturer had sold them at a special price as a consequence. He didn't think there was anything wrong in calling them two-quart measures. "They looked it, didn't they?" Later a quiet talk in the executive office changed his views.

However, all these little things that were gradually changing the advertising policy of the store left their sting. Buyer after buyer went to the executive office and demanded that the old order be returned. They declared that the business would never stand the strain against the free-and-easy statements and advertising of competing stores. With the exception of perhaps a dozen of the eighty-seven buyers, all were convinced that the store was undergoing a moral dose of sulphur and molasses that was going to leave the patient weaker than ever.

Opposition finally crystallized at one of the weekly buyers' meetings about one month after the inauguration of the new policies. The word had been passed about that Filkens, the shoe buyer, was going to make it interesting. And he did.

The Fate of Filkens' Ultimatum

There was a hush of anticipation as Filkens stood up after the routine of the meeting had been disposed of and asked permission of Mr. Critchfield to say a few words. Filkens came loaded for bear. In one hand he had a copy of a recent advertisement in which the advertising department had deleted the comparative prices four and five dollars and merely had said that the shoes were good value at $2.89.

He produced letters from several large shoe manufacturers, who apparently had been asked to tell what the shoes would cost the manufacturer on to-day's soaring leather market. All agreed that the shoes could not be manufactured for less than from $3.50 to $3.85, making the retail value from five dollars to six dollars.

Everyone present felt that at last the literary floorwalker had come a very large and annoying cropper. Filkens then called upon the advertising department to run the advertisement the next day with the comparative prices he had first quoted. It amounted to an ultimatum.

I was totally unprepared, but I remembered why the first figures had been deleted. It was not because the values were high but because the styles were several years old and we felt certain that any woman who wanted a pair of shoes and had five dollars in cash to spend would never purchase the shoes in question, even if the leather was worth twice ten dollars. I stood up.

"Men," I said, "I won't argue with Filkens, but if he will send for a pair of the shoes to be advertised and a pair that he carries in stock and sells regularly at five dollars, I will give you a little demonstration of just why those prices were deleted."

Mr. Filkens would send and did.

With the shoes placed on a table, with the buyers grouped about, a clerk from a nearby department was called in.

"Here are two pairs of shoes," I told her. "Now if you had five dollars and needed a pair of shoes, which pair of shoes would you select if both pairs were priced at five dollars?"

It took but a few moments for the girl to select the pair that sold regularly for five dollars. Four successive clerks likewise preferred the regular five-dollar shoes.

Truth Better Than Fiction

I had never made a speech in my life, but the time had come, so I stood up again.

"The advertising department is under fire," I began. "The truth of our advertising has been questioned. It has been charged with bearing inflated claims and with misrepresenting merchandise. How much truth there has been in the charge doesn't concern us now. 'Let the dead Past bury its dead.' We will not underwrite the honesty of the whole store, but if the judgment of the department manager is so warped by his enthusiasm and desire for sales that he cannot tell the truth about his merchandise, it is beyond the province of the advertising department to change him. That was the duty of his parents and his Sunday-school teacher, and if they have been remiss it is an oversight that we do not quite feel it our duty to correct."

I was well under way and my Scotch blood sent a flood of words to my tongue.

"The reason this point is made is that the advertising department has, in the past, depended in the main for its information upon the statements made by department managers and, although in the majority of cases it has received authentic information, in some instances it has received downright lies. I say 'lies' with a thorough understanding of the meaning of the word. You can't gild a misstatement of facts by calling it advertising enthusiasm. When a woman, whose confidence in the Mammoth Store has been carefully nurtured through years of honest dealing, is misled into buying merchandise that is not up to the Mammoth standard, she does not hesitate to state in plain terms that our advertising lies and that the store lies.

"We will not underwrite the honesty of this store, but we will underwrite the honesty of all advertising that goes out under the signature of the Mammoth Store. Regardless of whether the advertising has pep, originality or pulling power, it will have the truth. And here is the way we are going to guarantee the truth of the advertising: The burden of proof as to comparative values will lie with the department manager, and no comparative values will be used unless definite proof is made to the advertising department that the comparative prices are genuine.

"Hereafter the advertising department will promptly sever diplomatic relations with the department that tries by any means to put through a fraudulent value. And the severance of diplomatic relations means that the department so cut off must establish beyond question its honesty of purpose before it can again be carried in the advertising columns of the Mammoth Store.

"In a nutshell, from now on we are going to look at this store as the customer looks at it and not as we want the customer to look at it. I want your coöperation. I know you are doubtful of my method, because you feel that it gives competition an unfair advantage.

"Coöperate all you can, give our brand of advertising a chance for six months, and if in that time business has not shown a substantial increase you may have my resignation. What do you say?"

Corbin, the linen buyer, and one of the few men who really believed in the new order of things, started the ball with a

(Concluded on Page 62)

GRATON & KNIGHT

Standardized Series LEATHER BELTING

Tanned by us for belting use

"Let's scrap our belting specification," said the Master Mechanic

The Purchasing Agent was startled. "Why?" he asked.

"It doesn't protect us," replied the M. M. "We buy lots of belting for First Quality that proves to be mixed with seconds and shoulder. We can't test every roll—and you know mighty well there's nobody in this shop wise enough to detect skillfully mixed belting."

"What'll we do?" inquired the P. A.

"I'd advise that we adopt the Graton & Knight Standardized Series as our own belting standards. They're the largest belt makers in the world—been 66 years developing and classifying their Series of Brands, until it covers every possible belt need. And the individual Brands run absolutely uniform—I've used enough to know that."

"How does it work?"—the Purchasing Agent was interested.

"You simply get a set of the Graton & Knight Standardized Belts as recommended for our needs, with the official description of each. Then when you need a belt, you select the brand that's right for the job—get bids on that or equal. Thus you make *actual service* the basis for comparison—not just a written specification."

"I'll go you, Joe," cried the P. A. "If there's one thing I've always wanted to standardize, it is our belting—but I haven't known how to go about it. I'll have the Graton & Knight salesman come and tell us how to do it. Be sure you're there, Joe."

* * *

Are YOU buying belts on discount—or on performance?

Do you KNOW when your specification is met—or do you take a chance?

The only way to be sure of belting is to have a simple, safe and trustworthy set of real belting standards to go by. Graton & Knight Standardized Series furnishes this.

Write today for the Graton & Knight Belting Book—or have the nearest Graton & Knight representative call on you.

The Graton & Knight Mfg. Company

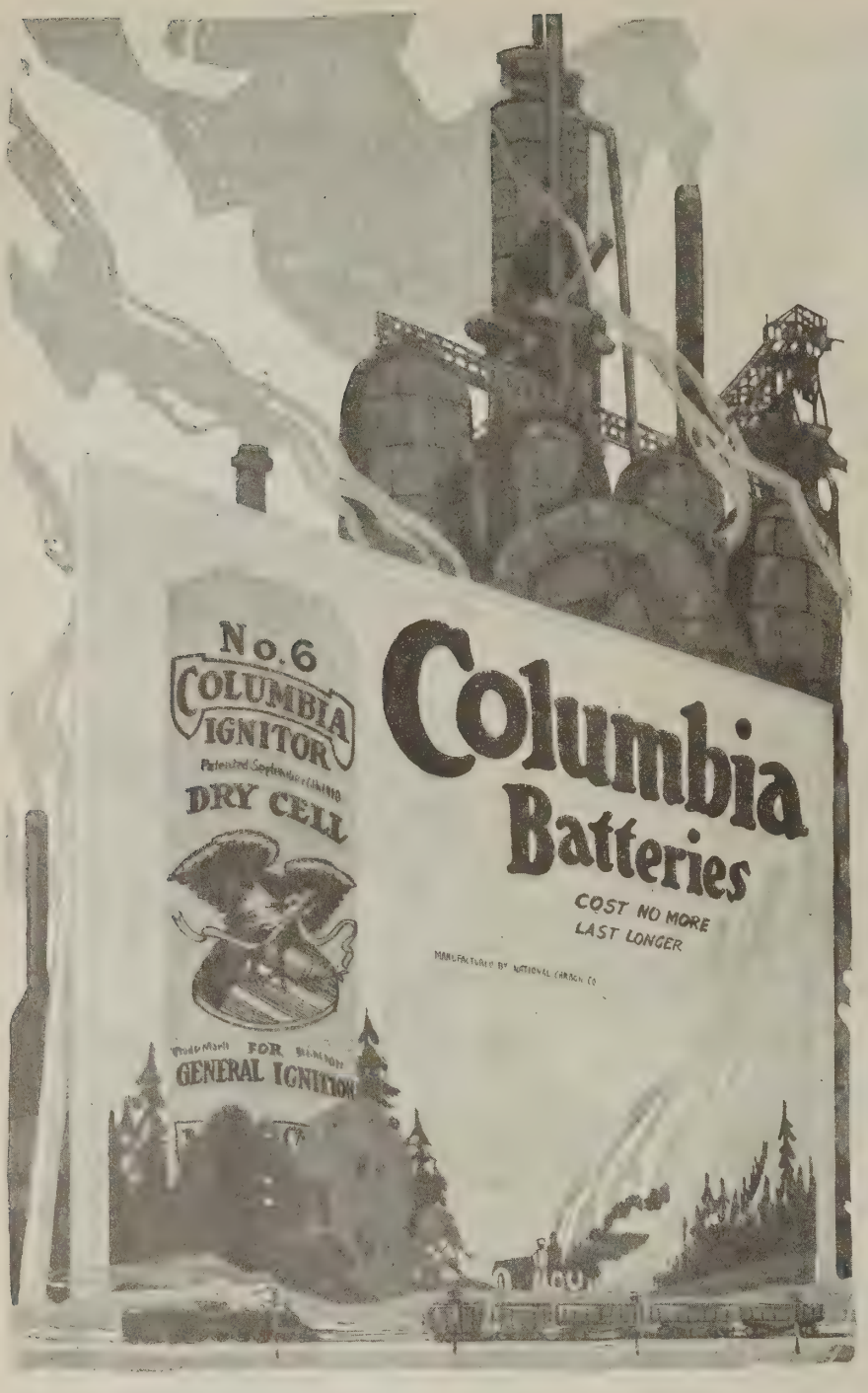
Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting, Leather Packing, Leather Sundries and Specialties, Counters and Soles

Worcester, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities

GRATON & KNIGHT

The illustration shows a 16-inch Graton & Knight Nigger Head Drive Bird & Son, East Walpole, Mass.



What you want from your dry cells is *uniformity* of service—alike today, tomorrow, always! Buy Columbias *by name* and you'll get the same fresh, lively battery *every time*.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada, Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

Fahnestock spring-clip binding posts, no extra charge.

Columbia Batteries

(Concluded from Page 60)

mighty "Yes," and the majority of the others followed suit in a straggling chorus.

The next step meant another change that would have aroused fresh antagonism if the hands-off policy, with its attendant watchful waiting, had not been inaugurated. During the first weeks of the Mammoth Store News no attempt had been made to change the form of advertising, beyond the elimination of all exaggeration. Now the little green notebook came out to help. No longer were new pieces of Chippendale advertised in the sensational evening paper, no longer did news of fifteen-cent percales at nine cents a yard go into the staid, conservative morning paper. And the furniture and wash-goods sections both felt the results immediately.

Miss M——, instead of writing "Women's Coats at $27.50" as a heading for a coat advertisement, wrote "Your New Coat Must Be Trimmed With Fur!" Instead of the humdrum description of models and colors her introduction was a breezy story that told of the increasing tendency of the great designers, Lanvrin, Jenny and the rest, to use fur in every possible way. Then followed a short, easily assimilated description of several models, and in many cases the price was the last thing mentioned. It was news.

The women of D—— liked to know the new ideas that were being applied to the things they wore. They liked to have them told in a human-interest way. It was advertising, but advertising that carried information every woman wanted, regardless of whether or not she needed a suit or a new coat at the particular time. Of course in season-end and special sales the price reductions and choice values to be obtained were featured.

Hawkins carried the men's-wear section and wrote short, snappy paragraphs about the scarcity of woolen dyes, the necessity of being sure of the clothes that were bought, with the entire idea tied up to the dependability of Mammoth clothes.

Big figures were eliminated, black type was taboo, the pictures carried an interest of their own, aside from their value as an illustration of the article they were advertising. The Mammoth Store advertising became a quiet, easy page that was interesting and readable. It stood out, like a pink shirt at a minister's conference, against the shouting pages of competing houses.

One day the general manager, passing through the store, overheard a customer ask a clerk for the veilings advertised at forty-nine cents a yard.

"Just a moment until I ask the head of stock," said the girl.

The woman got the veiling, but it brought home to the general manager the necessity of bringing the advertising closer to the people who sold the merchandise over the counter. For if this clerk did not know what was being offered in her own department, she certainly would not be able to tell a customer anything about the merchandise that was being offered in other departments. If she had read the advertisement that appeared that day she would have been able not only to supply the veiling immediately, but to suggest that the millinery section on the third floor was offering some new hats, at special prices for that particular day, that would match the veiling very nicely.

Errors and Rewards

The problem was solved after this fashion: Several days later notices were posted in the employees' locker and rest rooms that, beginning the next day, the Mammoth Store would offer one dollar reward to any employee of the store who found any exaggeration or mistake of any kind in the daily advertising—mistakes not only as to prices and spelling but as to typographical errors as well. If taffeta silk was advertised as being thirty-five inches wide, and the clerk knew it to be but thirty-four inches, she had but to fill out a slip and hand a claim to the advertising department for verification, in order to collect her dollar. Red tape was eliminated as much as possible and the reward was paid the same day if possible.

If the error was one of English or typography the advertising department was charged with the dollar. If the mistake was not caught by the buyer when reading proofs, his department was charged with the loss. During the first year five hundred and seventy-six dollars was paid in rewards, but it brought one-thousand-per-cent returns in better-informed salespeople—no longer did clerks inquire about specials in their departments. Mary Jones knew not only what veilings were being advertised but all about the sale of blue-enameled kitchen utensils on the seventh floor. Buyers were more careful in correcting proofs. Mistakes in daily advertising for the first month alone dropped from sixty-seven to thirty-four.

The next step added a new division to the advertising department as the result of the episode of the stenographer and the marriage licenses. The credit department of the Mammoth Store, though highly efficient, was inclined to be very conservative, with the result that it showed a very gratifying absence of losses, and also a very slow growth of new accounts. During the past year eight hundred new accounts had been added to the sixteen thousand active accounts on the books.

Under the new methods a stenographer, instead of idly reading over the marriage licenses each morning, now clips the list from the paper and has the credit department quietly investigate each particular case. If the investigation shows the people to be reliable, the groom to be receives a letter from the Mammoth Store informing him that an account has been opened in his name in the Mammoth Store and inviting him to make use of it at all times.

Later the idea was enlarged to cover such new arrivals in D—— as were noted from time to time in the columns of the newspapers. About three out of four of the persons in whose names accounts had been opened made use of them. During the first eighteen months they purchased merchandise to the extent of eleven thousand dollars. This device made the credit department the best booster in the business.

It Pays to Tell the Truth

Though Friday had always been considered a good day by the retailers of D—— no effort had ever been made to encourage local women to associate Friday with bargains as they associated Monday with washing. Why Friday, rather than any other day of the week, should be considered a day for bargains we couldn't discover, but a survey made in representative sections of D—— disclosed the fact that ninety out of one hundred and seventy women picked Friday, forty of them chose Saturday, nineteen selected Monday, while the rest of them were scattered in their choice among the other days of the week.

"Why not cultivate this inclination?" I asked the buyers at the next weekly meeting.

Out of the discussion that arose Friday bargains were born. Each buyer must contribute two items of merchandise priced close to cost. Only seasonable, dependable merchandise was to be offered for sale. The advertising department described each item tersely and in vigorous word pictures. The articles were set about a large cut that ran through the advertisement. Cuts and headlines were all timely. The presidential election, the arrival of the Deutschland, Thanksgiving, and other timely bits of news furnished ideas that were coupled up with Friday specials.

The first Friday bargain day totaled nineteen thousand dollars as against eleven thousand dollars made on the same Friday of the preceding year. The next week totaled twenty-three thousand dollars. Since then there have been several weeks in which sales exceeded thirty-five thousand dollars, but none ran under twenty thousand dollars. Other merchants, quick to realize the value of capitalizing this quirk of feminine psychology, after it had been pointed out to them, came into the fold with Friday items, Friday specials and many other such inviting headlines. The Friday papers took on an aspect totally foreign to their usual appearance.

As the six months drew to a close other ideas were inaugurated. The Mammoth Store News had become a real news page in every sense of the word. The yearly meeting was held shortly before the expiration of the six months. Jackson Snow handed out miniature balance sheets, showing an increase of one million, one hundred thousand dollars for the year, seven hundred thousand dollars of which were obtained during the last six months of the year. Jackson Snow was right—it pays to tell the truth.

KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES

ON THE LINEAGE *of a suit* OF CLOTHES

The production of Kirschbaum Clothes involves a process of sifting and gleaning, going straight back to their genesis in raw wool.

And in all the story from *title page* to *finis* not a blot—not a hidden chapter—not a page that is not illumined with a record of prowess and abiding care by spinner, weaver, designer or tailor!

The fabrics are woven of selected stock—and never once does the nimble shuttle shoot a strand of cotton across the warp of the cloth—nothing but *pure wool,* a-tingle with life and color.

The tailoring is done in our famous modern, sun-flooded clothing shops at the Sign of the Cherry Tree.

—where competence and painstaking direct every pair of shears, every flashing needle

—where, from the time the designer's chalk first touches the cloth until the silken label is attached, a wealth of clothes-making artistry is lavished upon each single and individual garment.

Here you have the authentic lineage of Kirschbaum Clothes now being shown for Spring and Summer 1917 by a merchant—usually the one in the ascendant—in almost every American city and town of retail importance.

A copy of our new book illustrating the authentic styles for Spring and Summer, and containing suggestions on the choice of clothes by "The Spectator," will be mailed you upon a postal request.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK

Black Cat
Reinforced Hosiery

From original drawing by W. B. King

For Correct Attire

SUBSTANTIAL citizens of OUR TOWN believe in wearing the best. That is why you see so many with Black Cat Hose; distinguishable by even, well-woven surface; snug, elastic fit; clear, permanent dyes.

Black Cat provides for both sexes of all ages. It protects the infant's toddling steps—sees boys and girls through the play period, and for grown-ups comes in sheer, pure silk, fine of weave, comfortable and correct.

Back of the style and beauty of Black Cat Hosiery is always the watchword *DURABILITY*—the reinforcements of heel, sole, toe and top that give long life and lasting satisfaction.

Dealers who buy and sell on a basis of *VALUE* carry a full line of Black Cat Hosiery for men, women and children.

BLACK CAT TEXTILES COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear for Men Is Made and Marketed by Black Cat Textiles Company

MRS. HOPE'S HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 7)

He laid the manuscript gently down. . . . Pauline! . . . Pauline! . . . How he had worked with her! Heart and brain, how he had fought for her! . . . He couldn't help it; damn it, the tears would come. . . . Once he had inspired her—once he had taught her; that was all over. For a while his education and his man's experience had led her; but her technique had soon caught up with her creative talent. Yes; she had caught up with him, too, and passed him on the road. And now apparently she needed him no longer.

Well, even if he had lost her, or was apparently fast losing her, didn't that word "husband" mean at least that he had won her once? Lost! Why lost? Hadn't he lost cases before, in the lower courts, only to win them at last doggedly on appeal? Why, then, shouldn't he demand a retrial in this case, the greatest case of his life, and try to win her back again? But how? His mind began to seek back and forth furiously on the scent, as it often did downtown when he seemed to be beaten. How? How? Was a second romance ever possible between married lovers? Was it? Was it? It seemed absurd; yet the thought stimulated him.

How? How the devil—how? Gazing at the rows and rows of books that lined the walls, wandering, wondering, through "If only" and "There must be some way!" his fancy quested until—he had no idea how long he had been sitting there, scowling, chewing his cigar—he came briskly to himself, apostrophizing the shadowy Winged Victory with the savage exclamation: "Why not?"

Others had done it; why not he? Didn't they still come continually, come by dozens sometimes, those confounded letters, those friendly letters, foolish letters, fulsome, flattering, from unknown correspondents? How interestedly they had both read them at first, discussing the writers, analyzing the characters they revealed! How proud she still was of them too! He smiled. . . . Pauline at her desk, opening her letters complacently, sucking the last drop of praise from every one! . . .

Yes; and she would read his too. Perhaps, though, she might not answer it. A frown. But why not compel her to answer it? A smile of pride. He had invention—many had called him clever; couldn't he play on her curiosity, her passion for romance? After all, Pauline was still a woman, and he was still a man. What were men's wits for, anyway, but to conquer women? And his wits were supposed to be trained in practical psychology; why not prove them? And at least one sharp weapon was left to him; its name was Mystery.

By the Winged Victory of Samothrace, he'd do it! At that moment any woman would say and most men think that Lester Hope was handsome. There was a new strength in the gesture with which he tossed back his black hair. Had Pauline come in upon him at that moment —— But she did not come in.

Of course the letter would have to be typewritten to conceal his identity. A mere detail—that, of course, could be done next day at the office. Let's see: he would give for his address a new post-office box; and he would sign it—what? Long he studied before he chose—"John Irons." Long, long he reflected, more absorbed than ever he had been in a criminal case, smoking on, smoking on, before he had, lawyerwise, decided, with a new smile, upon Pauline's vulnerable point and where the line of least resistance to his flattery lay.

And so, crossing to the bookshelves to turn the pages of her novel thoughtfully, back to his desk with it, lost in his plan, scribbling furiously—walking the floor—sitting down finally to copy all carefully, deliberately, Lester Hope did not realize, until at midnight he heard the front door opening, that for two whole hours he had forgotten he was Mrs. Hope's Husband.

III

IT IS a fact, though some unmarried women may not know it, that trimming a mustache is one of the few small vanities a self-respecting man permits himself to practice before the mirror consciously, seriously and unashamed. Lester Hope, with puckered brow, was trimming his mustache. A knock—a knock at his wife's door. Eight-thirty-five. Ah, her breakfast—and her mail! Smiling, but a little excited, he laid down his scissors. The new trial had begun. Anxiously he awaited Pauline's opening for the defense.

It was not long, however, before her gay soprano—"Lester! Oh, Lester!" brought him strolling into her room, to find her ambushed in laces and ribbons in her four-poster, propped up luxuriously among the pillows. She was drinking her chocolate. Smiling consciously, he waited. Many, many were the witnesses he had cross-examined, and well he knew their carefully careless look. But this time that look was on his own face.

"Say, Lester," she began; "remember what fun we had about all the people who congratulated us on our engagement? Remember Quivin, Les?"

"Why, yes. Heard from Quivin?"

"No. But just think of his saying to you, that time: 'Well, I hope you'll get along well with her!' But that showed that Quivin didn't get along any too well with *his* wife, didn't it? And that snippy Nell Tremlett too!"

"Oh—heard from Nell?"

She shook her head with impatience.

"Don't you know, though, Nell said: 'Well, you'll find it very different, Pauline, after you're married!'—and that told her story. Why, your cousin Ned—no, I haven't heard from Ned, Lester; don't be so nervous!—he was the only one who was apparently happily married. 'Good for you, Les; it's the only way to live!' he said—remember?"

Watching her sharply, he nodded.

"Yes, of course; what of it?"

"Why, only this: each one of them was unconsciously expressing his subconscious mind," said Pauline decidedly. "According to modern psychology one's dominant traits must inevitably come out in one's talk or one's writing. A penurious person—isn't he always talking about money? And a vain person, of people's looks?"

"Yes, my dear." Lester smiled at his cigarette. "Also, the earth is round and slightly flattened at ——"

But his eyes were suddenly attracted by the yellow sheet with which she was now gesticulating. That squarish yellow sheet he had chosen purposely that he might recognize it at a glance.

"See here," she said; "I'd like your opinion of this. I think it's rather clever, myself. It's from one of my latest admirers." Bridling, she turned it over and looked at the signature. "'John Irons'—whoever he is. Listen to this though: Tiny, small, delicate, wee, darling, diminutive, little—and so on. Look at that long list of words, will you? All taken, if you please, from one chapter of my novel. See? Friend Irons infers, from the tendency shown in that unconscious way, that I am fond of little things—toys, carvings and miniatures, and bibelots. Well—that's true enough. Why, he's deduced my whole character, in fact, from my vocabulary!"

Now, as she reread the letter, he wondered for a moment whether he had made any mistake that might have betrayed him. She was chuckling.

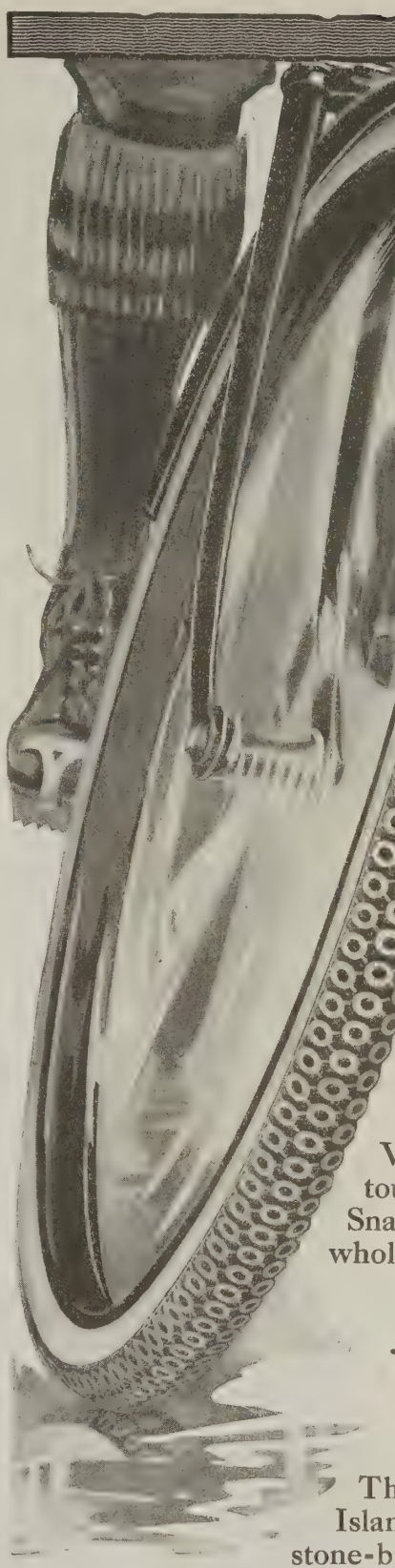
"'Dusky gold!'" she laughed. "Dusky gold! Yes, I remember I was rather pleased at that. 'Opalescent, sheen, velvety-bloom, smoky-red, virginal, gossamer, floaty, filmy, diaphanous'—look!—a whole procession of decorative words like that, marching right down the page. See? And here's what John says in conclusion. Are you listening, Lester? 'An almost pathetic love of beauty; you must have been deprived of pretty things when you were young.' That's right, too; I was, wasn't I? 'Disliking discords in life and art.' H'm! 'Fond of admiration.' Well, who isn't!"

Lester walked to the window to hide his face from her. "What an ass!"

"Oh, I don't know, Les." Her tone now was thoughtful. "'Loyal; though seeming to forget.' I don't see where he got that! But isn't it remarkable?"

"Sounds like the Baconian cipher, to me—picking out words to fit, like that. Why, you could prove almost anything that way!"

"But he happens to prove just exactly the things that are true! Why, he might have known me for years! Of course he's rather complimentary too. He says—where is that?—oh: 'You must be the most charming woman in the world!' You needn't shrug your shoulders, Lester; perhaps I am! But wait a minute." And she



No Fear of Skidding or Spilling

when riding over wet, slippery pavements if your wheel is equipped with Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Bicycle Tires.

The rider familiar with the skid-preventing power of the famous Vacuum Cups knows he doesn't have to slow up because the pavements are wet and treacherous.

And when he buys Vacuum Cups he gets more than tires—they are our *bond* that they are the highest quality, longest-lasting tires made.

That red tread of three rows of Vacuum Cups gives the finishing touches to any high grade bicycle. Snap and class are added to the whole outfit by

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP TIRES

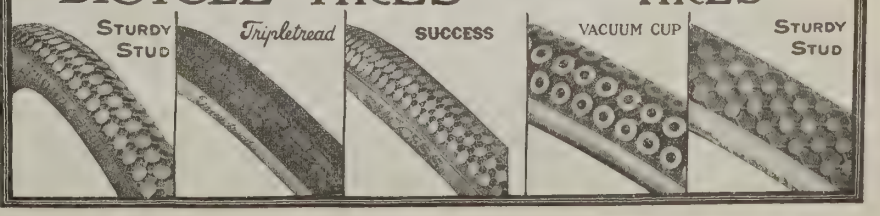
The heavy, tough 15½ oz. Sea Island fabric won't let punctures, stone-bruises, or joy-killers like that come in and spoil your riding pleasure. You just spin along for an entire season without the least bit of trouble.

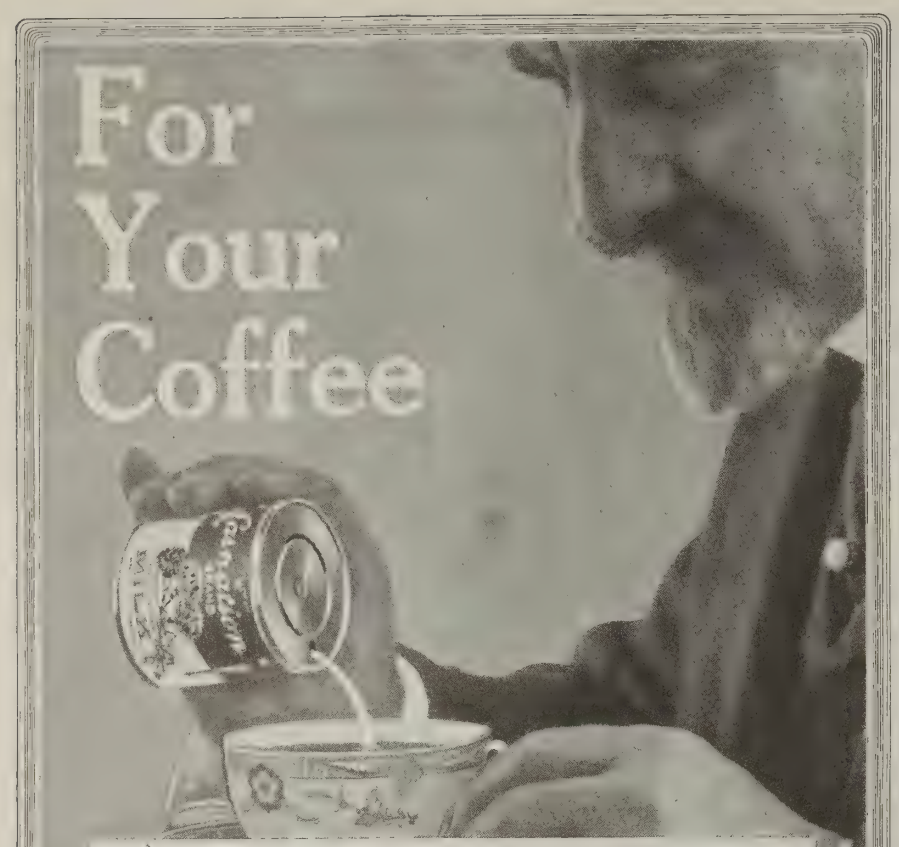
That's why Vacuum Cup Tires are the *only* tires with thousands of bicycle riders who have given 'em a whirl on their wheels.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY,
Jeannette, Pa.

Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada

Also Makers and Guarantors of
★THREE★STAR★ LINE OF BICYCLE TIRES
MOTORCYCLE TIRES





USE Carnation Milk

IT blends so thoroughly that it adds a rich, golden color and smooth flavor. Any cup of coffee is improved by its richness.

Carnation Milk is just pure, rich, cows' milk with part of the water removed by evaporation and sterilized to preserve its wholesomeness.

Simply add pure water to reduce the richness as desired. Use it also for your cooking, baking, seasoning vegetables, making desserts, ice cream, candies—for every milk purpose.

Order a few cans today from your grocer. Let your family enjoy its *purity, convenience* and economy. Know that the milk in your home is *safe.*

Write us for "The Story of Carnation Milk," our illustrated booklet, telling the tale of Carnation Milk purity—also contains 100 choice, tested recipes for cooking and making desserts. Address Carnation Milk Products Co., 332 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, U. S. A.

Remember—Your Grocer Has It.

Carnation Milk

The answer to the Pure Milk Question

continued more slowly: "Hopes he 'may develop the acquaintance by some more direct means.'" Her embarrassed laugh did not conceal a serious interest. "What d'you suppose he intends by that? Meet him round the corner—or what? Would you answer him, Les?"

Lester yawned artistically. "Oh, if you feel like it. Lord! I don't know!"

"I don't know—either." As she spoke, abstractedly she kept folding and unfolding the yellow sheet. "I think sometimes you can really tell more about a person from a letter than—why, Lester, if I wanted to get a line on you, d'you know what I'd do? I'd just go away—visit mother or something—and make you write to me. I really believe I'd find out more about you than by living with you for six months!"

And though she drifted off into a description of last night's reception, her husband suspected—beneath her gossip of Mrs. Poppity's latest blunder, and how Smithers wished to dedicate his book of poems "To P. H."—a strong undercurrent of John Irons in her mind, which she seemed to be taking some pains to conceal. That forenoon Lester Hope walked downtown to his office not a little elated.

For three afternoons, each day a little less elated, he walked downtown, only to be disappointed. But on the fourth day when he stopped at the post office, and looked in as usual through the little glass door, behold—a pale-blue envelope! It was addressed to "John Irons, Esq., P. O. Box 1711"—in Pauline's handwriting.

Gingerly he took it out, feeling somewhat as if he were robbing the mail, and tore open the blue envelope. The sensation was, he thought, a bit too like eavesdropping on Pauline to be comfortable. Of course it was for him—that letter; but, at the same time, it wasn't exactly for her husband, was it?

Well, never mind; at a shelf-desk by the big, dirty window, hustled by the crowd, he found himself reading:

"*My dear Mr. John Irons:* I'm so glad to have found at least one careful student of my book. Really, you quite remind one of those patient, laborious old prisoners in medieval dungeons who spent their days counting the number of 'the's' and 'and's' in the Bible. It was almost a pity, though, for you to have wasted so much time on my novel that might have been spent—mightn't it?—at a dollar a palm, with the gypsies."

Pauline went on, in an almost gleeful strain, to fear that she wasn't half so nice as John Irons had made out; and that, really, if she were honest—which, of course, she wasn't—she ought to insert a lot of brittle, magenta, sharp-pointed words into her next novel, just to make his pet theories consistent. In conclusion—the note was short—she wondered Who he was.

There was altogether a dancing note of cordiality and frankness in it that rather surprised him; and a little something about it, also, that he—didn't—quite—like. Just why, he found it hard to decide. What, then, had he anticipated? Wasn't it in just this way, inducing just this charmingly amenable mood, that he had expected to re-win her love? All he knew was that some Imp of the Perverse had touched him with a faint regret that he had succeeded so well. Didn't she, he thought, come almost too easily? The sudden revelation of her as she appeared secretly with a stranger was almost uncomfortable, even though that stranger was himself.

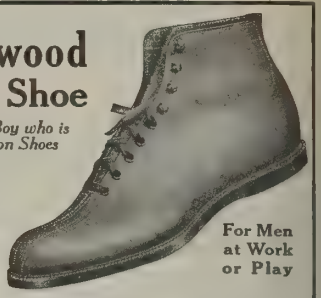
At the office he found, after some search, the last letter he had received from his wife when, two months before, she had gone to visit her mother. It told of the weather; it told of the theaters; it told of the state of her health. Quite a contrast, it seemed to him—her letter to Mrs. Hope's Husband and that flirtatious note to John Irons; but he shook off the thought. After all, since he was John Irons, why not rejoice with John? This was the only way he knew to win her; and win her he must. On with the masquerade! Jumping again into his new mental costume, he sat down to write his reply:

"So you wonder who I am? You will never, never suspect me." He stopped and gazed at his typewriter. Then the keys snapped savagely: "I am far too unimportant, and I am too proud to confess my name. I am not in your set, nor even in the brilliant circle of your acquaintance. We have met, it is true; but I have every reason to believe that you have forgotten me. But, my dear Mrs. Hope, though I have

(Continued on Page 69)

Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes



For Men at Work or Play

Real smoke-tanned leather, *unlined.* Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak-tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable. Spring heel, with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

The best shoe for golf, baseball, tramping, shooting, as well as all-around service.

Eastwood Play Shoe does not become hard after wetting. Cleans easily with soap and water. Stands all kinds of wear and still looks good. Very economical—Wears longer than the ordinary shoe. No waxed threads or tacks to hurt the feet or wear out stockings.

Youths' Sizes, 8 to 11, $3.50. 11½ to 13½	$4.00
Boys' Sizes 1 to 2, $4.50. 2½ to 5	$5.00
Men's Sizes, no heels, 5½ to 11, $6. With heels	$7.00
Men's Golf Shoes—Hob Nails or Rubber Sole	$7.50
Women's Sizes, 2½ to 7, with Flat, Broad Heel	$6.00
For Golf, Rubber Sole and Heel	$7.50

Prices include delivery

Spring Booklet on request

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 303 Main Street Rochester, N. Y.

The Home of Good Shoemaking

Lost

yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

HORACE MANN.

How many golden hours of spare time are you losing each day? Two? One? Even half of one?

We will buy them—every hour—and pay you cash.

Whatever your present occupation, you can surely find some time each day to ask your friends and acquaintances for their new or renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman.* Your monthly profits on the orders you can easily get should be at least

$25.00

Doesn't the proposition look good? It will cost you only a cent for a postal card to investigate! Send us an inquiry, without assuming any obligation whatever, in tonight's mail. Address the

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The Curtis Publishing Company
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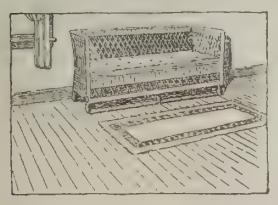
takes fewer gallons and wears longer

Lead and Zinc Paint

Guaranteed 100% pure paint. Therefore it resists time and weather—wears longer. It goes further than ordinary paints—costs less.

Velour Finish

A washable oil paint for walls, ceilings and all interior woodwork. Dries with a soft, velvety finish. Easy to apply. 18 attractive tints.



Marble Floor Finish Varnish

Preserves the natural beauty of wood floors; waterproofs and restores linoleum. Will not show heel marks and resists the wear and tear of dancing. Not affected by leaky radiators.

Read the DEVOE Guarantee Formula on the can. It will tell you why you have fewer gallons to *buy* and fewer gallons to *spread*—when you PAINT DEVOE PAINT.

Pure White Lead, Pure White Zinc and Pure Linseed Oil go further and wear longer than barytes, whiting, silica, china clay or any other so-called "extenders."

That's why the DEVOE dealer in your town makes you this offer:

"Paint half your house DEVOE; paint the other half whatever you like. If DEVOE does not wear a year or two years or three years longer—longer and better—we will give you enough to paint again."

DEVOE

The oldest manufacturing concern in the United States. Founded in New York in 1754.

F. W. DEVOE & C. T. RAYNOLDS CO. New York

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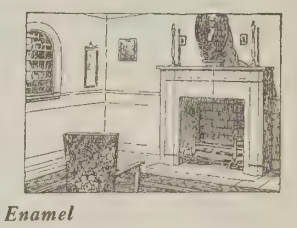
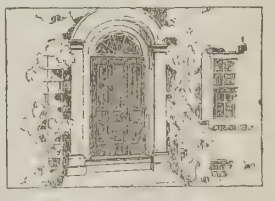


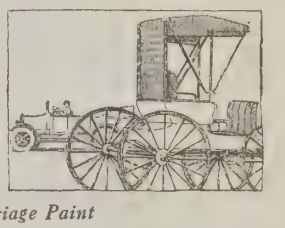
Holland Enamel

For all interior and exterior surfaces where a white porcelain-like finish is desired; not affected by sun or rain. Will not chip or crack. *Stays* white. Can be scrubbed with soap and hot water.



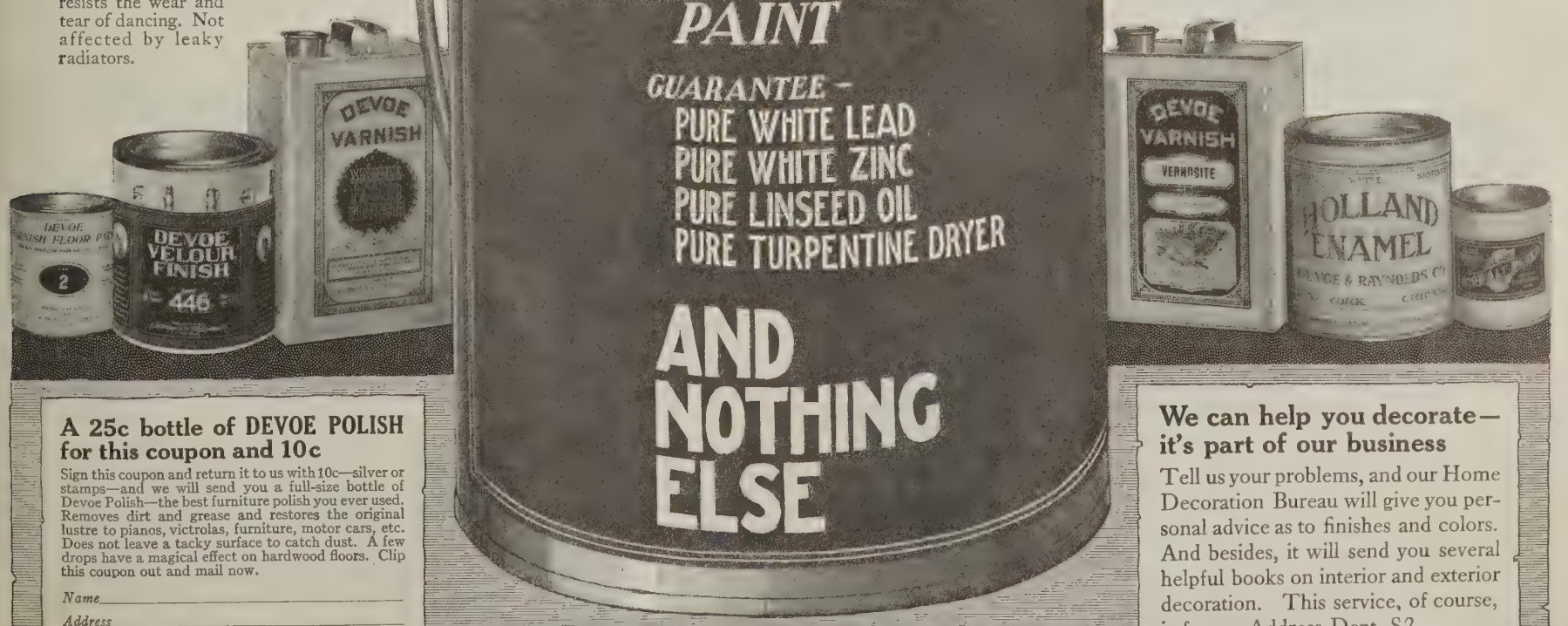
Vernosite—The Long-Life Spar Varnish

Will not blister or turn white. Will protect all exposed work—yachts, front doors and stables.



Gloss Carriage Paint

For carriages, automobiles, porch furniture, go-carts, etc. Gives a durable, high-gloss surface that withstands hard usage. In 10 colors.



A 25c bottle of DEVOE POLISH for this coupon and 10c

Sign this coupon and return it to us with 10c—silver or stamps—and we will send you a full-size bottle of Devoe Polish—the best furniture polish you ever used. Removes dirt and grease and restores the original lustre to pianos, victrolas, furniture, motor cars, etc. Does not leave a tacky surface to catch dust. A few drops have a magical effect on hardwood floors. Clip this coupon out and mail now.

*Name*_____

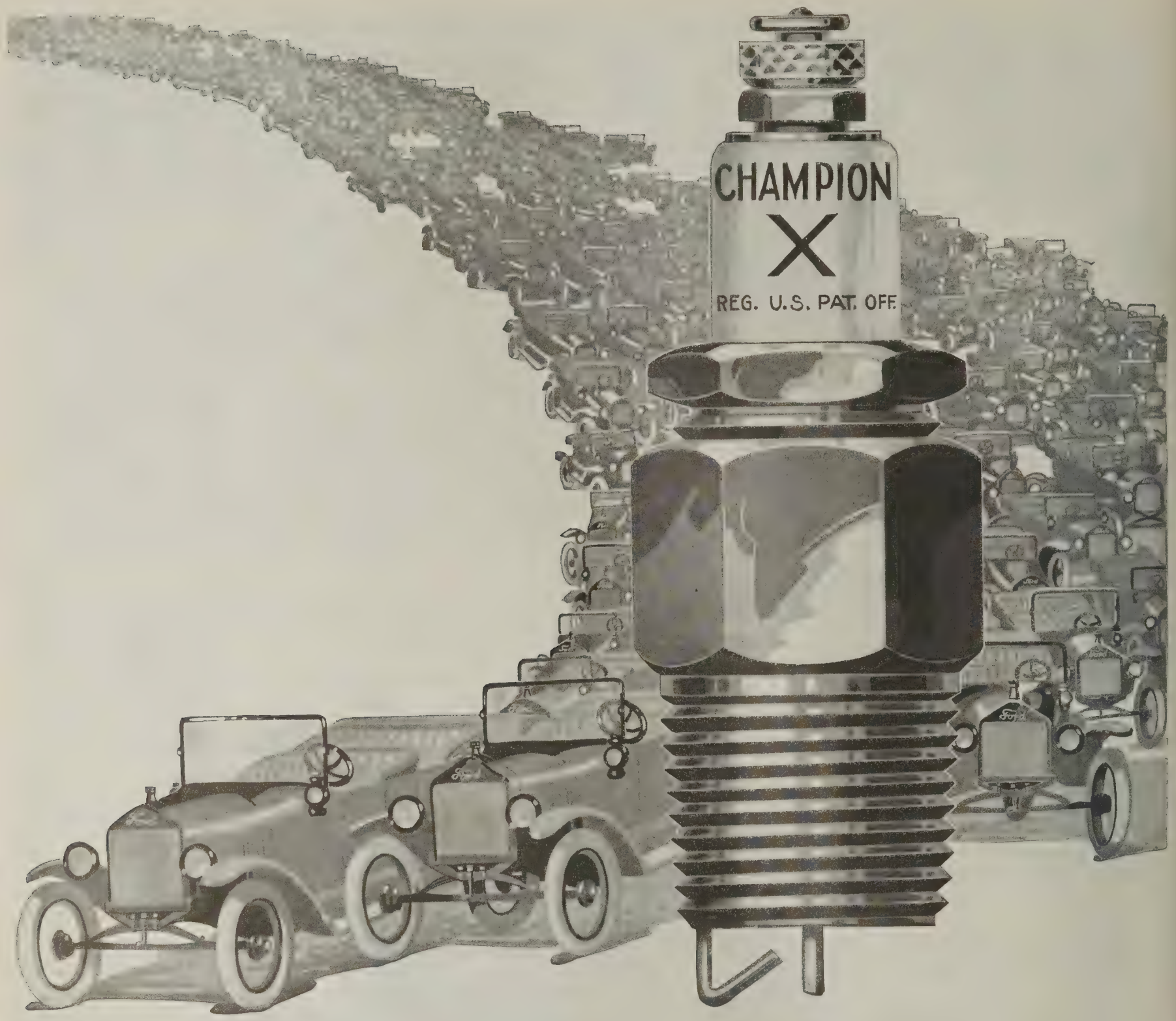
*Address*_____

*Name of my dealer*_____

We can help you decorate—it's part of our business

Tell us your problems, and our Home Decoration Bureau will give you personal advice as to finishes and colors. And besides, it will send you several helpful books on interior and exterior decoration. This service, of course, is free. Address Dept. S2.

PAINT DEVOE PAINT



Champion Toledo

Dependable Spark Plugs

The gigantic Ford production is factory equipped with Champion X—they have been standard equipment *since 1911* on over one million three hundred thousand Ford cars.

Champion X plays an important part in the efficient performance of the famous Ford motor.

Champions are scientifically built—and elaborately tested.

They show it by their sterling performance.

Dealers *everywhere* sell Champions—not only for Fords but for *any type of motor*.

There is a Champion specially designed and built for *your* car. Ask for it, and beware of substitutes. Be *sure* the name "Champion" is *on the porcelain*, not merely on the box.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

(Continued from Page 66)

only just summoned courage to write to you, I have long, long admired you. And yet, bright star as I see you, don't think me dazzled or afraid. I know your faults as well as your virtues. You have no greater friend or severer critic—and remember that I am watching you all the time, in the dark!"

He continued in as spirited and daring a vein as he thought he might without frightening her away. Experience had taught him that when a woman is to be won she must be won quickly, while the game is new and exciting.

That night they had pork chops for dinner. Pauline asked whether the coal had been ordered and the milk bill paid. She spent most of the evening in deciding which photograph, from a set of proofs, would be most effective in advertising a holiday edition of her novel.

Her next letter, because of two sly little words, amused him:

"Aren't you forcing this a little?" came her mild protest. "As a reader of character I admit you are rather good, though, I fear, superficial. I have an idea, however, that I might perhaps do as well myself; but I haven't enough data, as yet, in your vocabulary to be able to deduce your character and decide whether or not I care to continue the correspondence."

"As yet!" Business forgotten, the telephone unanswered, in his office he thoughtfully rubbed his chin and smiled at those two words; then frowned. "I haven't enough data—as yet!" Why, couched though it was, woman-fashion, in the guise of a rebuke, wasn't it virtually an invitation to continue? Yes; she was distinctly encouraging. The battle was on.

And daily, as it raged—for they now wrote daily—there was at home apparently never anything more between them than a dinner table or the upstairs hall! Friends, partners, mates, roast beef and the Evening Tribune—plus invisible clandestine romance!

With every surreptitious glance he stole at her as she read or wrote or sang, he wondered what name to give to the domestic drama—Comedy or Tragedy?

Never before, possibly, had his office typewriting machine transcribed such jaunty messages as during these weeks when, evening after evening, he lighted the electric lamp and sat down alone to write to Pauline. Those stiff old wires and springs, habituated to "Yours of the eighteenth at hand" and "The party of the first part," must have felt an unaccustomed thrill as they jumped and rattled to the elastic words: "If I could be near you, and see you and hear you, I'd probably fear you too much to confess what now I'm implying—at least I am trying, and also relying on you, too, to guess!"

So, shrewdly he eschewed the sentimental note. At lovers' fond perjuries, they say, Jove laughs; but Minerva—yes, and all Olympus—will abet a courtship where grace and humor woo.

Hard work enough it was, too, with his wife drifting, drifting away, to force himself to the blithe pristine note of his early sweethearting; but he succeeded. He was sure of that when she responded a little more promptly than before, and quite in his own vein. How long, oh, how long it had been since his wife had written verses to him!

So nibble, nibble, nibble—and his fish was almost on the hook. His romantic bait had been just the thing for her fancy. At home Pauline had casually mentioned the John Irons letters occasionally, as they came, with a touch of amusement.

"Want to see it, Lester?" she would say carelessly as she skirmished through the magazines for a February number containing her picture.

He displayed only the lukewarm interest of a sleepy spouse:

"Oh, I guess not now—thanks; I'd like to finish this article I'm reading."

Show him her letters, would she? It was a harmless Platonic game, then—a family affair! He had no idea of carrying on a mere practical joke; his object was serious—to re-win her love, no less. So now if he were to land her, so to speak, it was time for a quick jerk on the line. He decided to try to write her so warm, so private a letter that, though she might accept it from an unknown admirer, she would not quite care, or even dare, to show it to her husband.

For this, a new touch of romance. And if there are still those who think a typewritten letter cannot breathe romance, they should have watched Pauline Hope—as, through her half-opened door, Lester himself one morning shamelessly watched her—studying his ardent lines.

"Always I shall think of you as once I saw you—in golden silk and pearls," he had written. "You were surrounded by admirers, and I could not, would not force myself on your notice; though I watched you all the evening! But to-day I saw you almost more radiant on the street—with your husband. Yes; and I was, for a moment, very near you—I might have touched your hand! And I knew, then, that I loved you! You wore no flowers, I am sure; and yet when you passed I swear I smelt violets!"

Ah! Love unadorned is common enough; but robed in mystery—mystery and mischief! Little wonder the situation caught her novelist's fancy. Yet, tapping away at the prosaic keys of his typewriter, it never occurred to Lester Hope to wonder which, after all, was the more romantic figure—his picturesque John Irons of fiction, following her dramatically in secret, or Mrs. Hope's Husband of fact, in blue worsted, in shirtsleeves and green eyeshade, alone in his office after his clerks had gone, only the one desk lamp lighted, trying mercilessly to divide himself in twain and pit one against the other in the fight for Pauline.

It was the pile of unopened letters that lay on her flowery-fragrant breakfast table next morning that gave him his real result; among them he spied no square yellow envelope. Yet a square yellow envelope certainly had been on the tray when the mail was brought up to her—he had assured himself of that when the maid passed him on the stairs.

Pauline rose, and Pauline dressed. Down the curly staircase, clad all in white, she came a-singing. A joyous kiss she threw—at Willyer's portrait of herself in the library. She scolded the dog, petted the cat, ordered veal cutlets for luncheon, talking gayly all the time.

The creaming and sugaring of her oatmeal, however, seemed to require more concentration.

In silence she took a few dainty spoonfuls. Then, thoughtfully:

"Lester, d'you recall when I wore that yellow silk evening gown of mine last? At the Woodlings', wasn't it? You were there that night, at that first reception she gave for me, weren't you?"

"Why, yes," he said. "What about it?"

"Oh, nothing!" She looked up, caught his eye, suddenly looked down again. "I was just wondering if—if I'd dare to wear it there again—that's all." A pause. "Say, Lester; d'you remember who was there that night? Now, don't be sarcastic—I mean, was there anyone there—well, that we knew, but hadn't seen for a long time, for instance? Nobody of any importance, of course. Almost a stranger, you might say."

He appeared not to notice any hidden motive in her query; and, with the stupidity of a doting, unsuspicious husband, he answered only:

"No. Why?"

"Oh, I was only trying to think of—of whom to invite to ——"

Pauline dwindled off, and for a time there were no sounds but the delicate click of her spoon against the plate and the rustling of his newspaper.

"Say, Les; you know when we were walking downtown yesterday morning? You don't recall seeing anyone particular, do you? Anyone you knew?"

"Nobody but the postman."

"That's funny!" Pauline murmured.

Yes; it was rather funny, thought Lester; but he didn't say so.

Over the top of his newspaper he watched guardedly as she tasted her porridge, waiting for her to mention John Irons. Never a word more did Pauline say.

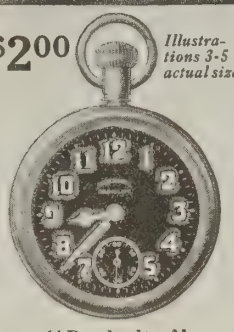
But, when it came to it, why should she? Happy as their married life had been, it was not established upon the theory of a private ownership of one by the other. They were both tacitly free to give or withhold their confidence. But one significant thing he did notice—that Pauline's farewell kiss was just a bit more clinging than usual. Wasn't her conscience troubling her a little? he wondered.

And by just that extra amount of fervor in the demonstration, he suspected, Lester Hope had fallen and John Irons had risen in the scales of her affection.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

How Radium is used in Ingersolls

$2.00 Illustrations 3-5 actual size



"Radiolite"

$4.00

Waterbury "Radiolite"

$3.50

Midget "Radiolite"

$2.25

"Radiolite" Two-in-One

$4.00

"Radiolite" Strap Watch

YOU see at the top of this advertisement a photograph of the Ingersoll "Radiolite" watch as it looks in the dark. Its hands and figures glow brightly, the figures being made of a new self-luminous substance and the hands layered with the same substance.

What does "self-luminous" mean?

"Self-luminous" means that the light comes from *within.* Merely phosphorescent substances borrow their luminosity from outside light, i. e., they glow for a few hours (at most) after exposure to outside light. But "Radiolite" supplies its own illumination. There's *radium* in it.

Millions of little batteries

Every particle of radium is like a little battery, in that it sends out energy in every direction. This radium—in infinitesimal quantities—is imprisoned within the crystals of another substance, made of twelve different minerals. And the radium makes this other substance glow, just as electricity makes the filament of an electric light glow.

This crystalline substance is the most responsive of all substances to the action of radium. So this microscopic amount of radium keeps it glowing with a brilliancy that remains undimmed for at least ten years—probably much longer.

Ingersoll

RADIOLITE WATCHES

There are five models of Ingersoll "Radiolite" watches. There is one for every person and for every purpose. In the country or city, motoring or walking at night; boating or camping; in the darkened theatre; or in the bedroom at home, people find them useful. Nearly one-third of the Ingersolls now sold are "Radiolites."

All these Ingersolls also come with plain dial; and there are other plain dial models, from $1.50 to $6.00. At all dealers; or if the dealer has not the model you want, it will be sent on receipt of price by any one of our three branches named below.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

New York Chicago San Francisco

"White House Model"
Price, $495

—easy to play

Gulbransen-Dickinson Co.
Player Pianos

Nationally Priced

Throughout the United States, Gulbransen-Dickinson Co. Player Pianos are priced uniformly, as follows:

"White House" Model	$495
"Country Seat" Model	445
"Town House" Model	395
"Suburban" Model	375
"Duolectra" (Electro-manual Reproducing Piano)	700

These are *the known values* in Player Pianos. They form a reliable *price standard.*

Most Players are *locally* priced. In six towns they often sell at six different prices.

You may judge locally priced Players by the Gulbransen-Dickinson Co. price standard. Ask yourself, "Is the So-and-So Player worth more than the Gulbransen-Dickinson Co. Player?" Or, "Is it worth as much?"

Therefore, get acquainted with Gulbransen-Dickinson Co.'s nationally priced Players *first.* They probably are on sale in your town.

See them—hear them—play them yourself—before examining locally priced Players. Then you will be able to judge.

Send us your name and address (a letter isn't necessary) and we will mail you without charge our Art Catalog, name of nearest Distributor, and—if your card is received before our limited supply is gone—a copy of Charles Klauber's work on "How to Judge a Player Piano."

Gulbransen-Dickinson Co.
3234–60 W. Chicago Ave., CHICAGO

NOTE—We are perhaps the largest makers of complete Player Pianos in the world. G.-D. Co. Players are built under the famous Gulbransen patents; *also* under the active direction of A. G. Gulbransen himself (pronounced Gul-bran-sen).

REMINDER

Please tear this out now as a reminder to write your name and address (on the margin below if you wish) and mail it to GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON CO., 3234–60 W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, for Art Catalog, etc.

THE FORTUNE MAKER

(Continued from Page 23)

without respect for Smiley, either, as one may show respect for suffering that he cannot alleviate by passing it, rather than idly staring at it.

But that afternoon, being in the president's room, he spoke of it at the first opportunity.

"Smiley Carter's out there in the shop, grinding crankshafts," he said.

"Smiley Carter! The devil!" John exclaimed, surprised in his turn. He pondered a moment, with a faint amusement. "Wonder where he's been! Guess I'll look him up sometime."

Of course to him, too, Smiley was remote; in fact, he forgot him for three days. Then, going through the shops, he, too, came on his old companion. Instantly he stepped up and held out his hand, saying:

"Why, hello, Smiley! How are you?"

Smiley took the extended hand, looking into his employer's handsome, smiling face with a dumb kind of questioning.

"My name's Waggoner here," he said.

IV

ONE day, late in November of 1907, three men sat in the office of the president of the Sarum Motor Company. This was the old office that the wagon company had used, on the top floor of the frame building which afterward burned. It was by no means so spacious or handsome as John Turner's later quarters; still, it was of good size, with windows on two sides. John sat behind the big desk, which commanded the room.

He was only thirty-two then, not quite so heavy as he became later, but a powerful figure, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a round, full column of a neck. Latterly his clothes had been made by the most expensive tailor he could find in Chicago; and to one with an eye for such things they looked it—quiet and rich, with never a sag or pull or wrinkle in them where a wrinkle should not have been; fitting perfectly, with just enough unusualness to tell an expert what sort of shop they came from. He was always a dandy—just to the point of being perfectly right without throwing it in the beholder's face.

Success had ripened his ever-sturdy self-confidence. Nowadays he spoke usually in a low, even voice, and hardly ever made a motion that was not necessary. A gesture of any sort was rare with him. Once in a while, especially if he was getting a bit bored, he would thrust his thumbs into his vest pockets or twist his watch chain round his forefinger or pick up a blotter and softly tap the desk with the edge of it. When he rubbed the side of his nose with his finger it was a sign of nervous disturbance.

By that time those who came much in contact with him had learned all the signs. John rather liked to have the signs known. It pleased him when a man cut his talk short because the president rubbed his nose. Just now he sat squarely upright in his chair, with his two hands resting on the edge of the desk, perfectly still, his rather heavy-lidded eyes never moving.

Walter Hayes sat over in a big chair by the window, humped forward, his elbows on the arms of the chair, his hands in front of his chin—one of them balled into a fist, the other clasping it. He had grown a little mustache, reddish like his hair and trimmed close, showing the red, bent line of his lips under it. The lips were slightly apart now and his blue eyes were fixed on the third man.

The third man wore a mechanic's blouse and overalls, stained and patched. His thin face had no color; the skin was ashen and dead-looking. He sat on the edge of the chair as though embarrassed, his hands on his knees. His brows were puckered and one side of his mouth twitched slightly as he peered at John Turner—pathetically like a wistful dog that half expects a kick. He spoke with a slight hoarseness, now and then coughing slightly behind his hand or moistening his lips with his tongue.

"When they arrested me back there in Planters' Grove I didn't think it was anything serious," he was saying. "When I found out you and the girl had left I supposed, of course, you'd ditched me. I was stuck on that girl, you know. I didn't care much what happened to me. I wouldn't tell 'em where I'd come from or anything else. I told 'em to go to hell!"

He moistened his lips and moved his feet a trifle.

"They appointed an old stiff named Eckert to defend me. He didn't do anything for me at all—just threw the hook into me. You remember, maybe, a man had been shot by a burglar—a grocer there. The town was raw over that. They all wanted to soak somebody and I was the goat. This stiff, Eckert, was a friend of the grocer. He wanted to soak me too."

He glanced round the office, so obviously the seat of power, and at Walter Hayes, so obviously prosperous. When his eyes came back to the figure behind the desk he grinned faintly.

"Hardly looks now as though we three had been gay little partners taking potluck together only a dozen years ago! Probably you fellows have had more variety and excitement in your lives since then; so it's sort of faded out of your recollection. They fixed it up for me so recollecting was the best thing I had to do.

"I didn't realize what I was up against back there until it was too late to do anything. I was nutty about the girl. I thought you and she had ditched me. Naturally it jolted me. I just crawled back in my shell; wouldn't open my head except to stick to my story about finding the pocketbook, which was true. It's beautiful to have the truth on your side, and the police and the court and everybody else against you. That's simply lovely! Try it sometime if you want a sensation. I thought the most they could do to me was to prove that I'd found a pocketbook with some money in it, and kept it. That didn't look very serious. I was too sore to care much—until it was too late to do anything.

"You remember that farmer was stewed to the gills. He could just keep on his pins when he dropped the pocketbook and went out the back door into the yard behind the hotel. His horses were hitched in a shed out there and he was going to get 'em. Of course I followed him out the back door—to pick up the pocketbook. Well, he staggered out to the shed there and must have bumped his head against a plank or something. It cut a gash over his eye and sort of stunned him.

"By and by a hostler found him reeling round there with his face all bloody, and the drunken fool said somebody had hit him. Well, then they found his pocketbook was gone. Of course the bartender had seen me follow him out after he'd flourished his wallet round. So they said I'd hit him and taken the pocketbook away from him. This old stiff, Eckert, who pretended to defend me, didn't really do anything at all. Of course he thought I was guilty and was sore over the grocer being croaked."

Smiley glanced over at Walter and back at John, wetting his lips, a bitter gleam in his gray-green eyes; but he continued quietly enough:

"So the charge against me was highway robbery. Ten years in the stir—that's the little prize package they handed Smiley Carter at twenty-one years of age! The kind judge observed that only my youth prevented him from soaking me harder. I've always thought that was nice of him, considering I was innocent."

Walter Hayes looked round at John.

"But why didn't you let us know?" John asked, forgetting the circumstances.

"You neglected to leave an address," Smiley replied dryly. "I thought you'd ditched me—with the girl, anyway. I just turned into a dumb brute. I had so much hate and despair on my hands that I couldn't attend to anything else. For quite a spell the only nice, soothing thing I could think of was to get out somehow and lay hands on Eckert and that judge, and take 'em apart without undue haste. If I could have taken all the things apart that I wanted to those days I suppose there wouldn't have been much left of the world but a sort of muddy puddle. I admit there's nothing to be gained by feeling that way."

He paused a moment, sighed and coughed slightly.

"Well, I might have got out in about six years with good time off. A penitentiary is a great little place to jolly a man along with something good coming in about six years and all hands giving him the boot meanwhile. Probably you've read enough about it without my going into details. There was a plot to escape. Anything looked good enough to me by that time. I went into it. A guard had his head smashed.

(Continued on Page 73)

Women Need This Great Cooking Convenience

You women have long needed the remarkable Cooking conveniences afforded by this great 3-fuel Universal Combination Range. Just think of it! This range burns *gas* for speed and convenience—and *coal* for incomparable baking results—and is so arranged that *both* gas and coal (or wood) can be used together or separately! Yet it is so simple and so safe that a child can operate it!

Automatic Fuel Control. A Twist of the Wrist Changes from Gas to Coal and Vice Versa.

Universal Combination Range

"A Twist of the Wrist" Changes From Coal to Gas

No cumbersome parts to shift—no oven racks to move—no makeshift folding contraptions to manipulate.

To use gas for the oven just turn the key (see illustration) and the oven is ready *for gas*. A reverse turn and it is again ready for coal. And absolutely

No Parts to Change

Really gives you two stoves in one at one price. Saves kitchen space, worry, time and inconvenience.

Keeps Your Kitchen Cool in Summer and Warm in Winter

Eliminates extra work—saves fuel—helps make good cooks better—has every needed facility and convenience.

Compact—complete—trouble-proof—fully patented. The crowning achievement of 50 years of leadership, yet moderately priced.

Has four coal lids and four gas burners all on top; a full size 18-inch oven fitted with gas burner; a spring-balanced oven door and oven thermometer, sanitary features, etc.

Handsomely trimmed in rust-proof silver nickel. Finished in baked-in, sanitary blue or black porcelain enamel, if desired. No blackening—easy to clean with soap and water.

Sold for cash or on easy payments by leading merchants everywhere. Guaranteed by them and by us. See it demonstrated!

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—fully illustrating and fully describing this range. A book of remarkable interest—one that every woman eager to lessen her kitchen labors and cooking expense should READ. It's *FREE*. With book goes name of your Cribben & Sexton dealer who'll give demonstration. Write TODAY.

CRIBBEN & SEXTON COMPANY, 502–702 No. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

DENVER MINNEAPOLIS PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO

DEALERS— If we are not already represented in your territory, write at once for agency and full details of the liveliest selling proposition ever offered! Don't wait until somebody beats you to it. Phone, write or wire us TODAY! Our offer is exceptional.

· UNIVERSAL ·

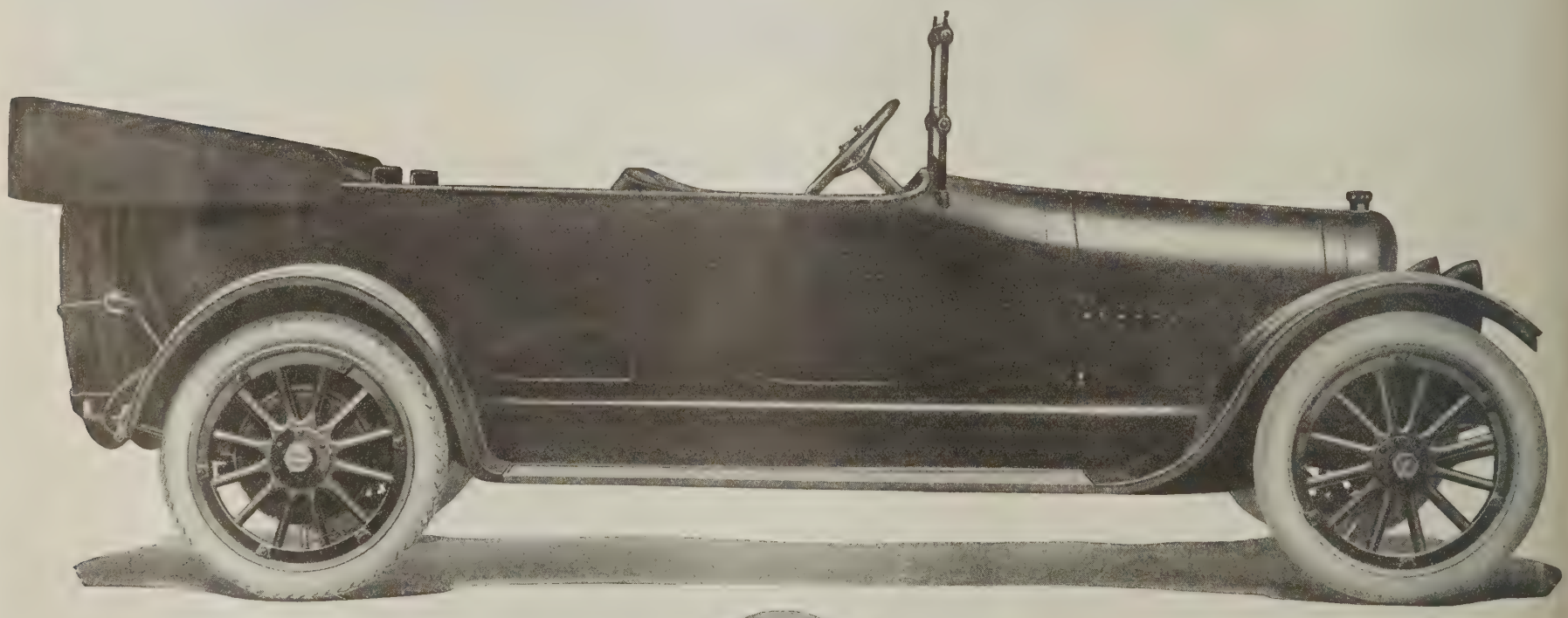
STOVES · RANGES · FURNACES

The Quality Line

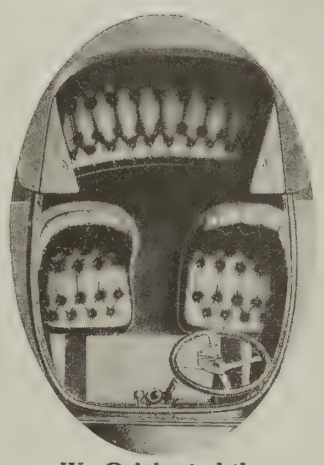
The thing that folks call power

PERFORMANCE

is a dominant characteristic of this Apperson Eight. Giant hills are its daily bread. Agile as a cat on the getaway, it rises to sixty an hour or better with the ease and grace of an aëroplane. Strolling along in traffic, at 1½ to 2 miles an hour on high, gear-shifting becomes almost a forgotten art. Friend alike to smooth thoroughfare and rough-hewn highway, *find* the car that will outperform this Apperson Roadaplane.



To *do* things a car must *have* things. The V-type motor, the perfectly poised crank-shaft, the accurate balancing of pistons and connecting rods, the light weight (3000 pounds), the long, hammock-swung rear springs—these all contribute to the amazing performance of the Apperson, and to its remarkable riding comfort, comparable only with the aëroplane. A big, beautiful car—130-inch wheelbase; seven, five and four passenger (Chummy Roadster) bodies, $2000. The Apperson Six, $1690 to $1750.



We Originated the "Chummy" Roadster Body

Dealers: Performance is the first thing your customer wants to know about. The Apperson *has* and *does* the things he wants to buy. There is an additional advantage in handling the Apperson in the fact that you can furnish him with either an Eight or a Six to meet his personal preference. Write for the details of our dealer agreement.

APPERSON BROTHERS AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, KOKOMO, IND., U. S. A.

APPERSON

Radium! Has a new job!

Now it's to serve as a *light*—a *pilot* light!

Not a light for illuminating, but a soft, mellow glow to enable you to locate objects in the dark—your keyhole, button on your door-bell, electric switch buttons in your hall, bedroom, bathroom, nursery or library; suspended lights you now "paw the air" to find; medicine bottles, night drinking glass or carafe; push button of your flashlight—even the time on your alarm clock!

MARVELITE
is made with real Radium

mixed with zinc sulphide and other ingredients. The glow is gentle, inconspicuous, entirely unannoying to the eyes of a sleeper, yet distinct enough to be plainly visible in blackest darkness, doing away with "fumbling around." The Schlesinger Radium Company, owning and operating the largest Radium-ore mines in America, with the most extensive research laboratories, have worked two years and made over three hundred experiments to perfect a *genuinely* "radio-luminous" material in a form and at a cost practical for *general* use. The final successful result is

MARVELITE
pressed into small buttons.

These buttons, containing real Radium, will glow with full strength hundreds of years—the light that never fails! Wholly distinct from the old-style phosphorescents; equally distinct from more recent products using distortions of the word Radium. MARVELITE buttons are *genuinely* "radio-luminous" in the full sense of the words, and will photograph objects through opaque paper—"radiographs" that absolutely prove the presence of real Radium.

MARVELITE
buttons mailed anywhere

in the United States at the prices below. Be sure to order by set number.

No. 1. COMPLETE UTILITY SET including three large-size buttons, with special screw attachment for switch plates; five medium-size general purpose buttons suitable for any surface; one extra brilliant button for outside keyholes; one set of eleven very small dots and pair of hand-bars for alarm clocks. Adhesive. Complete, $5.

No. 2. SPECIAL SWITCH-PLATE SET of two large-size buttons with special equipment for screwing them into switch-plates permanently in one minute's time. $1.

No. 3. SPECIAL UTILITY SET of three medium-size buttons suitable for any purpose and any surface, with tube of adhesive. $1.

No. 4. SPECIAL ALARM CLOCK SET of eleven very small buttons and two hand-bars; applicable to any ordinary alarm clock and rendering its time readable in the blackest darkness. $1.

No. 5. KEYHOLE BUTTON, extra brilliant, with tube of adhesive. $1.

Every button absolutely guaranteed to contain real Radium as the sole source of its luminosity; radiograph tests invited.

Order today. Be the first in your neighborhood to have this wonderful new convenience.

(MANUFACTURERS' inquiries invited. We supply discs, stars, pointers, figures, letters, any size, with suggestions for attaching. Taylor barometers, Ainsworth surveying instruments, U. S. Navy and Signal Corps already among regular users of MARVELITE. Send your catalog for suggestions.)

COLD LIGHT MFG. CO.

Sole Commercial Subsidiary of

THE SCHLESINGER RADIUM CO.
800 Chamber of Commerce
DENVER, COLORADO

Registered Trade Mark

(Continued from Page 70)

One of the men got shot. I got an iron bar over my kneecap that's made me lame ever since. And I served my full ten years. I got out two years ago." He hesitated a moment and added with a faint grin: "Well, you can see where I am now."

"Anything against you in the two years, Smiley?" John Turner asked plumply.

"Sure!" Smiley replied promptly. "Why wouldn't there? They'll always have something against you if you're down. An old duffer was robbed in New Orleans. It's no more true I did it than it's true I slugged the farmer. But I'm not banking very much on the truth myself. I tramped it up here. They'd taught me something of a trade in the penitentiary. I heard this shop was grabbing men from anywhere it could get 'em; so I landed a job here. Of course I heard the name John Turner as president of the concern, but I had no idea it was you."

He peered hard at John a moment, the side of his face twitching; then he said quite simply:

"I'd be obliged for an easier job. The one I've got is all right enough," he added, coughing—"only the work's too heavy for me. They've got my goat right enough."

John Turner put his thumbs in his vest pockets.

"Hard luck, old man!" he said. "Got any money?"

"No," said Smiley. "I've only been paid once and had to go to a doctor."

From one vest pocket John extracted a roll of bills. He glanced at them to see about how much there was; then held them out.

"Get yourself a good suit of clothes and come here at half past ten to-morrow morning. I will give you an easier job," he said.

That is how the man known as Waggoner came to be in John's anteroom—at first only as a sort of more or less superfluous doortender, messenger and valet.

It wasn't very long—in that more genial atmosphere—before he began, so to speak, to thaw and get the paralyzing chill out of his blood. He soon got used to good clothes, good fare, a comfortable lodging—more than all, to a sense of security and of some importance in the world. His looks improved and he took on some flesh. Gradually he recovered his knack of mimicry and a good deal of his droll humor. He could tell a story that was sure to bring a laugh.

Gradually, too, he moved closer to John personally. John had a kind of sentimental proprietorship in him; found him a relief from business; at length had him to dinner now and then, or took him on the trips that grew more frequent as the business expanded and John's weight in the world increased. He came to be looked upon as a kind of unofficial representative of the president in various personal ways, which naturally brought him considerable deference. Though he never had any official or formally recognized position in the organization, he had, in fact, decidedly more influence with the president than John was aware of, for it was always exerted indirectly. Smiley became an adept in the art of flattery.

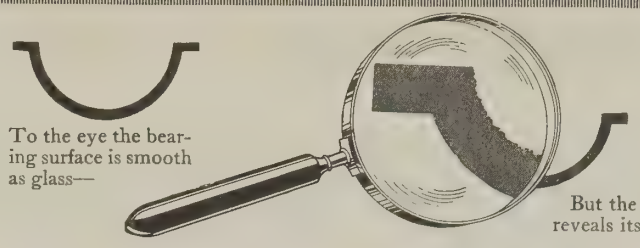
Soon after Smiley's discovery another person began to play a more important part in John's life than John was really aware of. That was Callahan. When the Sarum Motor Company was formed Callahan had just been made foreman of one of the shops—a burly man in the middle thirties, with a great, broad, red, snub-nosed face. His ears were so tight to his head that they seemed embedded in the flesh round them, and there was a bold twinkle in his blue eyes. His hands and feet were huge. He had pushed his way up from the most unpromising beginnings; never learned to speak grammatically or quite lost a touch of brogue.

A workman sued the company for damages, alleging he had been assaulted and nearly killed by Foreman Callahan. The case looked rather bad. The man had broken the rules against smoking on the premises, it being his second offense; whereupon the foreman had taken him in hand with such vigor that he was in the hospital several days.

John frowned when Superintendent McGregor reported the facts to him.

"We can't have a bruiser like that round here," he said. "I guess we'd better fire him."

"He's a first-rate foreman—Callahan is," Sandy replied, being loath to lose a first-rate foreman. "None better in the plant. I hate to let him go."



WORN BEARINGS
What do they mean?

THE repair man says: "That knock? Worn bearings." Tightening will temporarily remedy the trouble. Refitting or renewing is the only permanent remedy. But it is more important to know what will help prevent this expensive operation.

To the eye, the surface of a bearing is smooth. But under the microscope it has a very different appearance. You see a succession of little hills and valleys.

Now, imagine the engine in motion.

What happens?

Surfaces are in motion. Unless protected by a correct film of lubricating oil, the microscopic hills of metal meet and rub. The engine-power overcomes this resistance, but tiny particles of metal grind off.

By degrees the snug fit becomes a loose fit. Noise follows. To correct this condition now, the bearings must be refitted or renewed.

The only protection against undue wear of bearings is the thin film of oil.

This thin film of oil must be highly elastic. It must fill-in the valleys. It must cushion the peaks and withstand pressure. It must stand up under the heat of service. These requirements call for oil of the very highest quality and of the correct body and character.

Gargoyle Mobiloils meet these requirements with scientific exactness. Used as specified in the Chart of Recommendations they effectively cushion the bearing surfaces, and meet the most severe demands of service and heat.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils
A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not the grade specified for your car, kindly write our nearest branch, giving dealer's name and address.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches:

Detroit	Chicago	Minneapolis
Boston	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh
New York	Indianapolis	Des Moines
Kansas City, Kan.		

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation: —The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

Model of	1917		1916		1915		1914		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " (8 cyl)	....	....	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 33-34-35)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Apperson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Auburn (4-cyl)	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Avery	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
"(Mod. 5 & C 1 ton)	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Briscoe	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" (8 cyl)	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Case	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
" (Mod. 6-40)	....	....	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (Mod. 6-30)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A
Cole	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Cunningham	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
(8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Dart	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
" (Mod. C)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
Delaunay-Belleville	....	....	....	....	B	A	B	A	B	A
Detroiter	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Dodge	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	E	....	....	....	....
Dort	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Federal	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Grant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
H. A. L.	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Hudson	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Super Six)	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jeffery	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
" (6 cyl)	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" Com'l.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kearns	....	....	E	E	E	E	....	....	....	....
" Com'l.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
King	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	A	E
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" Com'l.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " Com'l.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Mod. 48)	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Lexington	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Lippard Stewart	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Mod. M)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Locomobile	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (22-70)	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Moline	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Moon (4 cyl)	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
National	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Oakland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Oldsmobile	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Overland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" Com'l.	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Paige	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	A	E
" (6-46)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (6-36 & 38)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pathfinder	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " Com'l.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	....	....	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.
Regal	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Renault	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Richmond	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Riker	E	E	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	....	....
Selden	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	B	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
Sterling (Wisconsin)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Velie (4-cyl)	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.
" (6-cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	....	....
Willys Six	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

Electric Vehicles: For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year 'round. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" the year 'round.

Exception: For *winter lubrication* of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive.

HOW do you know the breeze is off the sea?

"Your Nose Knows"

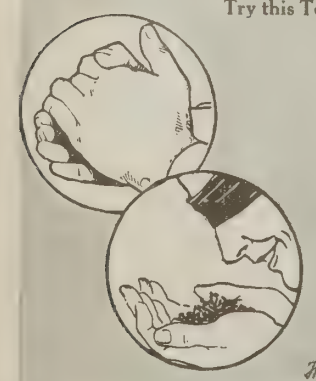
By the bracing fragrance in the air. How it quickens you! Puts zip into your step! Makes you want to do things! Fragrance is Nature's most intimate appeal. You follow it without question. Follow your unerring sense of *pure fragrance* in the choice of your tobacco and smoking will delight and satisfy you wholly. "Your Nose Knows."

Pure fragrance will always lead you to

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

Made as it is from the sunshine tips of the best tobacco leaf grown in the Blue Grass Region of Old Kentucky, ripened, mellowed and carefully blended, Tuxedo has a *pure fragrance* all its own. "Your Nose Knows."

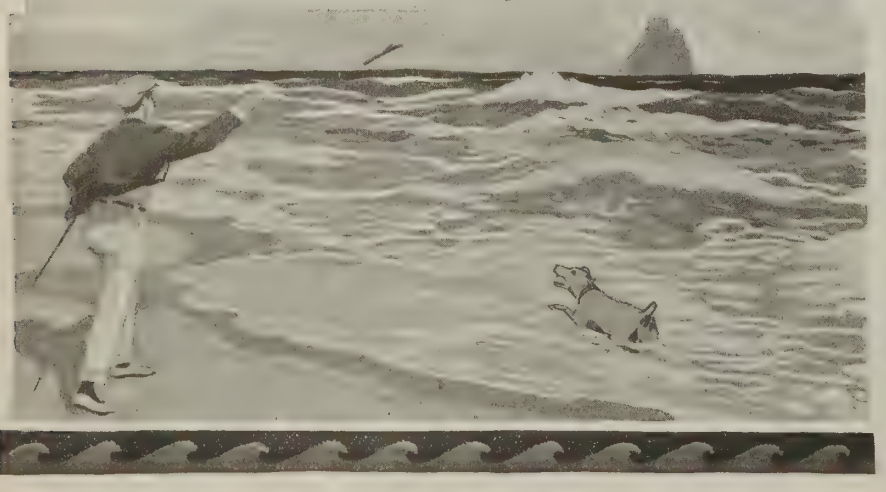


Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

5 cent BAGS—10 cent TINS
HALF and FULL POUND GLASS HUMIDORS



So John had the culprit up before him.

"What did you beat that man up for?" he demanded, frowning at the big red face.

"Lord, Mr. Turner, I never beat him up at all!" Callahan replied with injured innocence. "I'd warned him about smoking before; so when I caught him at it again I just give him a bit of a shove with me hand and a mite of a push with me foot."

He said it so candidly and unabashed that John, looking at the huge hands and feet, laughed in spite of himself. That was the beginning of his particularly noticing Callahan.

The foreman was not reticent with his big hands and feet. He believed in the simplest, most direct methods. If a workman broke the rules he couldn't see the sense in resorting to official red tape in the form of complaints, reprimands, fines, and so on, when it was much easier and more effective to give the man a cuff. In fact, rules were almost never broken in his whereabouts. Later on he chased a couple of state factory inspectors out of his shop for interfering with the work.

"Lord, Mr. Turner," he said, when called to account, "I'm taking orders from you about what's to be done in the shop—not from them guys!" Which also tickled John.

Partially civilizing Callahan was something of a task, but worth while; for he was tremendously effective. On the whole, he got on with the men well, and wherever he touched the job it speeded up. He never understood scruples of any kind further than to have a hearty contempt for them. He thought John Turner a great man and knew how to show it. There was a kind of implication that if John wanted him to blow up the plant, or go out and knock somebody's head off, he would do it instantly; and that secretly pleased John. He liked having that great chunk of raw force devoted to him—maybe something the way Indian potentates like elephants in their train. It fed the Cæsar in John's disposition.

So Callahan had a brand of flattery that was acceptable and he profited by it. Presently the office of general manager was created for him, and there was a feeling about the place that in actual power he was beginning to outweigh Sandy McGregor.

His salary as general manager was twenty thousand a year at first—finally fifty thousand. John helped him to get some of the common stock and made him a director of the company. He bought good clothes and built a good house for his family, but worked as remorselessly as ever and was not a great deal changed, except by the tailor.

When he had become a millionaire the recreation he enjoyed most consisted of taking his seven-passenger limousine—the finest product of the plant—gathering up a load of his old, unprosperous cronies and driving them round to the best saloons, buying them all the liquor they could hold, drinking himself moderately, though liquor never noticeably affected him. He seemed impervious to it and was just as competent after an evening in the barrooms as at any other time. Usually, however, he drank little or not at all.

Such was great, raw, red-faced Callahan, one of those who had so much to do with the fatal day. Mrs. Martindale came in a year, or thereabouts, after Smiley and Callahan.

The Sarum Motor Company was making a net profit of fifty thousand dollars a month then and growing magically. Every quarter the records of three months before were outstripped. John was beginning to get a deep sense of the power of his money. No doubt it would have been different with him if his lines had been cast in New York or Chicago—or even in Detroit, where automobile millionaires soon lost their novelty; but in Sarum he cast an enormous shadow, visible to everybody, and it reacted upon him.

The town—of fifty thousand or so when he went there—had factories and fortunes before he arrived; but by the end of the third year he projected so far above them there was no comparison at all, and from that it went on increasingly. He grew in a geometric ratio, while the other fortunes advanced only by plain arithmetic. His ever-expanding automobile plant, with its incessant demand for new hands, was drawing in population by the hundreds and thousands. Real-estate booms, cottage-building booms and retail-trade booms naturally followed from that, as new dwellings, stores, moving-picture palaces, and what not, sprang up to supply the workmen and their families. In one way or another pretty nearly everybody in town got his dipperful of the flood; quite a little flock of lucky beneficiaries were added to the town's Who's Who. This went on increasingly as the motor company grew.

There were all sorts of less direct benefits. The motor company's prodigal advertising made Sarum a word as familiar as salt or potatoes from coast to coast. Other factories came in—notably the Arcum concern, which made electric lights and starters for automobiles, and in which John Turner, Walter Hayes and Sandy McGregor took interests, though it remained separate from the motor company. This became the biggest of the manufactories that followed in John's wake; but there were half a dozen others, any of which would have caused Sarum to swell up with pride in the old days.

Naturally the motor company, or more especially John Turner, was looked upon as the creator of this amazing prosperity. In a general way, whatever he or the company wanted was given as a matter of course. As the plant spread over the neighborhood it spilled across public streets and alleys. A mere note from John or from the company's attorney, addressed to the mayor and asking for a section of street or alley, was all that was necessary. In several cases even this polite formality was forgotten. The company—and John—honestly thought the city should give it whatever it wanted; for wasn't it visibly making the city's fortunes? John, with reason, considered himself a far better agency for the city's good than the collection of mediocre gentlemen down at the City Hall who constituted the formal government.

As to money, John Turner was at the opposite pole from the miser. He wished it to spend on the grand scale. Like some others in his class, there was a strain of the blood of the Cæsars in him. Dominion appealed to him powerfully.

For one instance, he delighted in building as the most visible sign of his power. He wanted his plant to be the very best. Of building in other ways, the Sarum Inn was the first exploit—set back from Superior Street, with a little plaza in front of it that was a mere waste of money from the commercial point of view, yet which gave the inn a distinction that was worth more than the money to John. It was a handsome building, decidedly larger and finer than the city could then support, and it was run in corresponding style. Presently it became a brilliant focal point in the city's social life, with dinners large and small, dances, and the five-o'clock tea, which soon became a kind of social obligation.

At that time John wasn't at all a man for what is called society—rather flouted it, on the contrary. He was genial; always wanted a friendly company about him and was always having it. But some of his associations were not of a kind that a society editor with instincts proper for the job would have approved. Whenever the feminine gender was employed in connection with his name it was for the purpose of stories—which gentlemen repeated with a laugh and ladies with elevated eyebrows—of the sort not deemed suitable for young ears.

Much of this story-telling was mere gossip, though John wouldn't in the least have minded furnishing authentic bases for it, and it is not to be denied that authentic bases were discoverable. However, there was never any open scandal about him, or any gossip that most men and a good many women would have deemed particularly dishonorable in a young and rich bachelor.

There was quite a flutter when he bought the Dinsmore house, one of the best residences on Maple Street, in which neighborhood most of the best ones stood. It was a broad-fronted, two-story dwelling, rough brick for the first story and shingled above in a more or less Queen Anne style. It seemed roomier than a bachelor could need and there was a stir of excited speculation. But, in fact, John bought it without the least matrimonial intention, and Sarum society presently accepted that fact—with some disappointment, maybe, but with a renewal of hopes too. Of course—gossip as anybody might—it couldn't close its eyes to the matrimonial possibilities involved in a handsome bachelor, well on the sunny side of forty, with an income of three or four hundred thousand dollars a year, which was growing every minute.

In plain fact John was king in Sarum, in so far as he cared to be. The town pretty much stood with its hat off to him. His luck, his amazing success, his open hand, his

(Continued on Page 77)

KisselKar
EVERY INCH A CAR

KISSEL LEADERSHIP

THE story of *Kissel* and the *KisselKar* teems with facts of alert foresight, prompt initiative, brilliant progress and dominant leadership.

Either pacing competition or abreast of it in each vital advance of engineering and design, Kissel has occupied for eleven years a limelight prominence in the motor car industry.

The ALL-YEAR Car—an idea that admittedly towers above every other accomplishment in the history of automobile body building—is but the climax of a series of notable Kissel achievements.

Kissel ***introduced*** three-quarter elliptic springs—bringing to the motor car a new standard of riding comfort.

Kissel ***introduced*** the salon body with a corridor between the front seats.

Kissel ***introduced*** double external brakes—doing away with the danger, noise, wear and tear of internal brake mechanism.

Kissel ***introduced*** concealed lights to illuminate the instrument board at night.

Kissel ***introduced*** the arched frame over the front axle—permitting for the first time a low hanging body without sacrificing ample road clearance.

Kissel ***introduced*** the now generally adopted and efficient system of both foot and emergency brakes on the rear wheels.

Kissel ***introduced*** the merger of all electric wires on one central control board—making possible the instant location of trouble.

Kissel ***introduced*** two and three door touring bodies.

The one man top—a European patent—was brought to America by Kissel and appeared on KisselKars a year in advance of its appearance on any other domestic car.

Kissel was *first* to offer in a *medium-priced car* the full floating rear axle, electric self-starting and lighting, and the substitution of oil lubrication for grease cups.

It was at the Kissel factory—on a KisselKar—that the now universally employed vacuum gasoline feed system was developed and perfected by the inventor, Webb Jay.

Kissel was among the first builders of six cylinder engines and the first to market Sixes at a popular price.

The ALL-YEAR Car

The ALL-YEAR Car—a beautiful and complete closed coach that can be readily converted into a wide-open *roofless* touring car—has lifted Kissel from eminence to PRE-EMINENCE by actually changing the motoring habits of a nation.

Thus Kissel has been *first* in those things that figure most prominently in the safety, simplicity, appearance and comfort of the modern motor car.

Couple these facts with the further fact that the Kissel Motor Car Company has enjoyed a clean record of unbroken success since its inception—and you have every reason to let your next car be a KisselKar.

For the ALL-YEAR Car booklet and late literature write

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., HARTFORD, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.

Don't Live with Germs

Nearly all sickness is caused by them. They lurk in dark places. They breed in close rooms. When spring comes, the first step toward a clean home is complete fumigation. It is easy and quick and certain.

Fumigate Now

After the shut-in months of winter, fumigate every room. Leave the rugs in, the bedding, the furnishings—everything except the plants. Let this germicidal gas penetrate every crevice and reach every refuge for germs.

Don't be content with mere scrubbing. The danger is not the dirt. A room isn't clean, and it isn't safe, until freed of invisible germs.

After Sickness

After any contagious sickness, fumigate!

You would not think of omitting this after scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria or tuberculosis. But remember that colds, influenza and grippe are contagious, too. And you never know what they will lead to.

The wise way is to fumigate any room that has sheltered any disease which infects.

Before You Move

Don't occupy a home which others have lived in before it is fumigated. You don't know what disease germs are lurking there.

Ask the landlord if the rooms have been fumigated. If not, insist that it be done. Fumigation is easy and quick and cheap.

It is folly to risk any sort of contagion that's so easily prevented.

Wherever You Go

Wherever you go urge this fumigation. Urge it in theatres, in churches, in street cars. Pullman sleepers are fumigated regularly. Every enclosed gathering place calls for like precautions.

The time is coming when public opinion will force frequent fumigation. Help that time along. Urge and advocate it for your own protection. Patronize the fumigated places.

BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc., **Chicago and New York**

Get B&B Fumigators

Ask your druggist for B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators. They accord with U. S. Government recommendations, which means twice the usual strength. Do not risk half-measures.

B&B Fumigators are convenient. Simply touch a match. They come in several sizes—fifty cents will thoroughly fumigate the average room. They harm nothing but plants. Do not be content with any inferior kind. Write for our interesting treatise on proper fumigation—free on request.

Other B&B Products

This concern has a world-wide fame for the B&B Double-Sure products. These include

B&B Absorbent Cotton
B&B Bandages and Gauze
B&B Adhesive Plaster
B&B First Aid Outfits

All made under ideal conditions. All put up in protective packages. For safety's sake, in all these lines, ask for B&B.

(Continued from Page 74)

attractive appearance, his genial manner, his air of command—dropped down in conservative old Sarum—made him a kind of embodied fairy story. He looked his part of Fortune's favorite. That local society should regret his regal negligence was most natural. It stood visibly ready to smile upon him. But it was Mrs. Martindale who brought him in.

He had known her, in a way, from the beginning. It was impossible to cut any sort of figure in Sarum without knowing Mrs. Martindale. She saw to that. Her father was Colonel Prouty, who had spent most of his life since the Civil War holding various state and Federal offices, and who still survived, in vigorous though rheumatic old age, on his reminiscences and his war pension. His daughter had married Percy Martindale, son of a Universalist minister who had really counted for much in the intellectual and spiritual life of the town for many years and had managed by economy and a judicious investment in real estate to accumulate a modest little competence, which Percy inherited.

Those in Sarum who knew would tell you there was nothing the matter with Percy Martindale, except that he was lazy, without ambition. He had served three terms in Congress. The knowing ones would tell you, too, that his wife got him the nomination, wrote his speeches, carried on his official correspondence, trotted round to the departments on errands for his constituents, and saw that governmental garden seeds were properly franked to the voters back home; in fact, did pretty much everything except sit at his desk in the House.

The inert load, however, proved too heavy even for her tireless hands and brains. He was defeated after the third term and settled down to his law office in Sarum, where the only dependable source of income consisted of his fees as a master in chancery, the appointment having been procured by his wife. But the minister's real estate was developing rather greater rental values and the pair just managed to live presentably.

Percy Martindale was now thirty-eight—quite fat and getting fatter; a bit wheezy too; with soft, light-brown hair, wearing very thin on the crown of his head and neatly parted in the middle. He was smooth-shaven, florid, sleepy-looking, inclined to doze over his paper after dinner. Yet he was always a perfect gentleman—thoroughly dependable for filling in at a dinner table, dancing puffily with homely girls and neglected matrons, handing a teacup, fetching an ice, and doing numberless other small chores of that character. He would have been a very good husband, in short, for one who could have afforded such a luxury, which Elmira hardly could.

Mrs. Martindale was forty, tall, angular, sallow-skinned, with a long thin nose that jutted out from her face as though minded to part company with it. She was not in the least handsome, though her dark eyes were fine if one could overlook their environment. She dressed badly and was so awkward that sensitive people held their breaths when she attempted to dance, the general impression being that she might fall apart at any moment. But her energy was inexhaustible and she possessed a wonderfully efficient mind. She worked three years for Percy's first nomination to Congress—from the day their engagement was announced, having, in fact, had Washington in view at that time.

Probably hardly one of all those who were its objects knew how clever and comprehensive and tireless the campaign had been. If Percy could, so to speak, have just kept awake and stepped in tune to the music, she would very likely have marched him to the Senate. But she was too intelligent not to perceive in time what Percy's fatal limitations were. It wasn't that he was a dead weight. One might push that. But he had no real consistency. Rushing him was a good deal like pushing atmosphere.

When Percy relapsed to law she was more or less an engine running wild. She went into many things; was on scores of committees, first and last, for scores of objects; belonged to no end of clubs, societies, associations for improving purposes. One could not be long in her neighborhood and have one's head at all above the average height without touching at some point or other the complicated web of her activities.

What Mrs. Martindale first particularly wanted of John Turner was a one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farm in the neighborhood of Sarum, to which boys from city tenements could be sent to learn farming. It seemed to involve only a matter of twenty-five thousand dollars. She got it. Then, without his knowing anything about that part of it, she got news of the benefaction on the front pages of the newspapers, which were well pleased over an impeccable opportunity to say something nice about so lavish an advertiser. Her own name nowhere appeared, or any suggestion that it wasn't entirely John's own scheme. He pretended to be annoyed; but wasn't really. Of course this heralded and applauded Turner Farm could be no starveling affair; so he put in another twenty-five thousand to assure its proper support.

"A mighty clever woman that! She stung me right!" John Turner commented, laughing.

He repeated this judgment in about the same terms to Mrs. Martindale, and she candidly joined in the laugh.

She knew how to take him. Like Smiley, she was a relief and a diversion for him. With her restless passion for managing things, John Turner was a fascinating subject. Presently Mr. Turner's name began to appear occasionally among society happenings. There would be a distinguished little dinner at his house, or something more pretentious at the Inn—but only now and then, with sufficient rarity to be quite an event when it did occur. Presently he took the Country Club in hand, contributing nearly all the money for the spacious new building and the better golf course. It was really her doing—brought about by astute, flattering insinuation, until when the thing was done John rather thought he had originated it.

So with the Hillsdale project—a residence district for workmen, with model cottages, some flower beds, and a library that got extensive complimentary notices in the metropolitan press. It was rather understood among the wise and observant that Mrs. Martindale possessed the password to these social and philanthropic favors, and anyone who wanted to get in had better be nice to her; but she was much too clever to let this idea obtrude on John.

He was still too busy for very extensive indulgences in society or philanthropy, being mostly absorbed in the motor company; and the business was growing by tens of millions. Time came when a thirty-minute conference between John Turner, Walter Hayes and Sandy McGregor—or, more and more, Callahan instead of Sandy—determined an expenditure of a million dollars. Or when a wire or a long-distance telephone message from John was all the warrant necessary for laying out a couple of hundred thousand.

Two persons who were so much in John's orbit as Smiley Carter and Mrs. Martindale would naturally meet. Affinity drew them together. Both, so to speak, had a capital stake in John Turner. Both were clever enough, though the woman's mind was much the abler. Both were constrained by ill luck to mere behind-the-scenes rôles. The hearts of both were lemon yellow with disappointment. They drew together. Presently Smiley was dropping in at Mrs. Martindale's with a frequency that might perhaps have inspired gossip if gossip concerning two homely, middle-aged persons—the one angular, the other with a stiff leg—hadn't seemed obviously absurd.

"You and I ought to send him to the Senate," said Mrs. Martindale one day, her dark eyes gravely studying Smiley's lean face.

"He wouldn't care for it," Smiley replied.

"But he can be made to care," she answered. "I know him! Just making automobiles will cease to amuse him after a while. He ought to have something else to do."

They had fallen into a way of discussing John between themselves with that candor—as a kind of joint property.

This was the beginning of the famous Turner Fund. The main idea was that a certain proportion of the profits of the motor company should go into a trust fund, in the management of which representatives of the workmen should have a share—carefully restricted to a minority, however. From this fund pensions were to be paid to hands who reached a certain age after having been in the company's employ a given number of years, and to those who might be disabled and the dependents of those killed through accident.

The more novel feature was that, after a given term of service, a workman could draw out his share of the fund, based on the wages he had received. There were

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FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED

has found favor with Father Time, for he has seen thousands of tons of modern metals crumble into dust while the old-fashioned, hand-made wrought iron, from which Byers pipe is manufactured, has survived for centuries.

Byers, by years of unremitting effort, has made this rust and stress-defying pipe available, at a moderate cost, to the home builder, the business man, investor, manufacturer, engineer, railroad man, and all who buy pipe for durability.

Byers is the only pipe which has the Name and Year of Manufacture rolled into the metal for easy identification and as a check on its life. It is the most lasting pipe for plumbing, heating, gas, steam and fluids of any kind.

Write for booklet "The Selection of Pipe" and other information about Byers Pipe.

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ESTABLISHED 1864

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Look for the Name and Year rolled in every length

"You gave me courage to go into business for myself"

"For years I had wanted to," writes a man from the Middle West, "but I did not dare. The first three lessons gave me the courage." That is what he got from the

Course in Personal Efficiency

Taught by Mail, Prepared by Harrington Emerson

So deep in our lives are the foundations of this new Efficiency idea applied to the individual, that each man gets what he needs most from it. One man gets courage, one gets health, one gets time, one gets wealth. For Efficiency means the shortest, quickest, easiest way to reach *your* goal. And Harrington Emerson, who has taught Efficiency to so many corporations, has adapted it to you in 24 powerful, complete, condensed lessons.

The corporation has capital, plant, men; you have brains, time, energy. Through these lessons you will learn to make the most of your brains, time, and energy with the least effort.

These principles are not casual ideas of Mr. Emerson's. They are the scientific principles he has developed in forty years of study. He has applied them in over 200 factories, railroads and other organizations. They are studied by other Efficiency Engineers in America, England, France, Germany and other countries who have learned them from Emerson. His big organization in New York—(he has 40 assistants) has taught Efficiency to steel mills and railroads, factories and publishers. Hundreds and hundreds of the biggest people have endorsed this course—have studied it and applied it to their daily affairs We have a book of over 300 reproductions of letters which we will gladly send to you, if you wish it.

20,000 Students Enrolled

Efficiency for the individual has swept through the world. 20,000 students have already rushed to enroll for this course. From California comes one who is saving thousands on a government job—from Iowa one whom the course has put on the right path to success—from New York an editor who got back his health—a writer who does twice as much work in less time—the Secretary and Treasurer of the biggest bond house in the Northwest saved an hour and a half a day from the first lesson.

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Review of Reviews Company
30 Irving Place New York

First Lesson FREE

Send only two 2-cent stamps for postage

If you want to do less work and get more for it—send this coupon and learn to be efficient. If you are trying to get ahead and the way seems closed, send this coupon and open a new way. If you need more money and see no way to get it—send the coupon. If you are overworked and tired, send this coupon and learn through Efficiency to throw off the burden of useless drudgery. Whoever, whatever, wherever you are you need Efficiency.

Because this thing is too big to explain in any advertisement, we will, until the public is familiar with the idea, give the first lesson absolutely free of charge.

Send the coupon today for the whole story and the first lesson free.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO., 30 Irving Place, New York

Send me particulars about your course in Efficiency and Story of Emerson, also the first lesson free, and your book in 14 chapters "A Short Cut to Success." I enclose two 2c stamps for postage. This puts me under no obligation.

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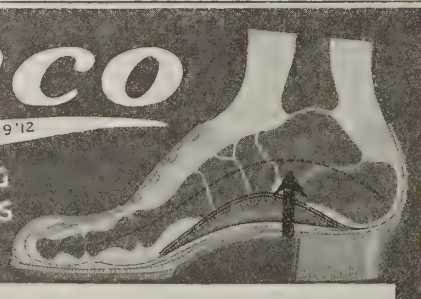


Before the Arches Fall, Heed the Demands of Tired, Tortured Feet

Every step you take, the entire weight of the body bears on one foot. If your arch is weak, the strain will, in time, break the arch down and you will be "flat-footed." Any one who has suffered from fallen arches knows the agony, similar to toothache, and less easily relieved.

Lynco Arch supports relieve the strain and pain, preventing flat-foot and also correct the trouble after the arch has fallen, gradually building it up to its normal position.

Lynco Supports are scientifically moulded, sponge-rubber cushions, leather-covered (no metal), light in weight and self-conforming. Eminent surgeons endorse them because they perform the functions which the fallen arch cannot.

Sold by shoe dealers in most cities, or mailed prepaid on receipt of $3.00 a pair. Give size of shoe and state whether for man, woman or child, or enclose diagram made by standing on paper and pencil-marking around stockinged foot.

LYNN RUBBER MFG. CO., 584 Washington Street, Lynn, Mass.

calculations showing that pretty much everybody would finally have a little fortune. One argument was that it avoided the temptations to extravagance which attended higher wages. It was shown by statistics that the cost of living rose as wages rose, but by this arrangement workmen would be able to circumvent that tendency.

It took many months to bring it about—months of clever, laughing suggestions by Mrs. Martindale, all adroitly flattering; of humorous words dropped in here and there by Smiley. The plate was set before John; and then, without the least obtrusiveness, without any show of persistence, with never a chance of boring, the two directed his attention to it—just a smile and a nod in that direction, and then talking about something else.

Mrs. Martindale would mention an instance of poverty among workmen. Smiley would happen to recall a magazine article he had read on the subject of workmen's pensions. What should a man who was deriving great wealth from the labor of many hands really do? It was an interesting subject, wasn't it? Perhaps it might be one of the greatest subjects in our democracy, with demagogues ranting and socialists stirring up discontent. If a man could devise a plan which would prevent strikes now—what did Mr. Turner think about that subject?

When it was finally done John Turner hardly knew that it wasn't quite his own scheme, big and forceful and able as he was.

Mrs. Martindale had learned a great deal about the art of publicity during her active political experience. The Turner Fund was projected on a large scale, with enough millions of dollars in the calculations to make it good newspaper material in any case. Nothing of the opportunity was wasted. The whole nation had Turner Fund at its breakfast next morning—with a prolonged infantry fire of editorial comment and magazine treatment following the grand broadside.

This celebrated fund might be called a turning point in John's life—or, better said, a milestone; for though he went far and came to places much different from those he had originally intended, there was really no sharp deflection—just an ever-bending road.

Before this fund was announced he would have been called a young, eminently successful, plain American citizen. Very likely he would have described himself that way. But success had been pouring down on him. For several years every circumstance of his life had fed his naturally vigorous self-confidence, stimulated his pride, hardened his inclination to command. Mrs. Martindale had always managed to let him know—with a laugh and a jest, in such ways that a modest person need not feel bound to deny it—that she considered him a man apart, a genius.

John had paid millions of dollars for advertising by that time and thought he knew something about affecting the public mind by printed words. He rather supposed everybody who could read already knew there was such a concern as the Sarum Motor Company and that a man named John Turner was its president. Yet the results of Mrs. Martindale's ingenious publicity campaign for the Turner Fund really astonished him. It seemed that he had been discovered only now. He had an odd feeling that the whole United States suddenly stood up and looked at him.

Immediately his mail grew ponderous with all sorts of begging letters. Invitations to speak at all manner of banquets in all parts of the country rained down on him. His portrait began to sprout magically on newspaper and magazine pages. Soon the President invited him to Washington to consult about some labor legislation.

For a very little while John affected to treat all this with humorous derogation—mere newspaper buncombe, which he pretended to wave aside with a smile or with some slight annoyance. But this modest attitude didn't last long. Of course everybody praised his fund. An impression that the nation is standing up and applauding must have its reaction on almost any mind. Flattery on that scale is not easily resisted, and John was naturally susceptible to flattery.

It wasn't long before he accepted the fact of being a national figure with due seriousness. Little touches showed it.

For example, if bluff Sandy McGregor flatly contradicted him—as not infrequently happened—close observers who knew the lay of the land might easily surmise an impatient presumption in John's mind that Sandy was a blockhead. Small jests at his expense—current enough in the free and easy give-and-take of American talk—which would formerly have brought an appreciative or indulgent laugh, were now sometimes received with distinct coldness, or even with a slight frown. He liked to have his opinions treated with respect, whether he knew anything about the subject or not. If some young men about the place took off their hats in addressing him, that was not displeasing.

Meantime Mrs. Martindale had that satisfaction which comes from successfully employing the creative faculty. The national figure was pretty much her handiwork, assisted by Smiley Carter. It might seem that the homely woman, with her long, angular and rather leathery face, denied by Fate the principal rôle to which her brains entitled her and relegated to working mostly out of sight of the gallery, got little enough out of it. That would overlook her passion for managing—her restless will to direct. For a woman of her turn of mind, there was nothing else in that part of the country so well worth managing as John Turner. It meant holding the switch on the big dynamo.

Then another large factor emerged and threatened to overcome her. The Turner Fund was announced in September, 1912. In the next month John met Mary Ward.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IBERIA

(Continued from Page 25)

Benham's blood froze. Surely there was a mistake! Nickel couldn't go off three-quarters of a point between sales! He stiffened to ask the question and felt a hand on his arm.

"Brother," said Mr. Skeel softly. "This is a hi-sterical market. Let's say two points more!"

"But—you said ——"

"Too active—too active! Too much excitement. Let's say two points more!"

The tout intoned monotonously: "Paper seven-eighths . . . . Reading a half . . . three hundred at five-eighths . . . . Steel an eighth . . . . Cuba Cane a half . . . . Ray right. . . . Nickel an eighth."

"You picked a cripple, brother," said Mr. Skeel humorously. "Let's say ——"

"Wait—wait a minute!"

"Speak up then—and put up."

"Listen!"

"I'm deaf to-day, brother. Suppose you slip me fifty more!"

"Listen, I ——"

"Are you coming across or not?"

"Hold on just a minute! I ——"

"Are you?"

"No, but if you'll wait ——"

Mr. Skeel's voice swelled authoritatively: "Sell twenty-five Nickel at the market, Sam!"

"Nickel—twenty-five at the market!" echoed the clerk, far back in the cage.

And shortly, while Benham was sitting dazed, the proprietor dropped to the chair beside him and affected equal woe.

"We got out at forty-five and three-quarters," he mourned contentedly. "Six and a quarter commission, that leaves you six and a quarter. It's such chicken feed—mind taking it in cash?"

The recurrence of a familiar word beating against his eardrums sent Benham's attention to the board, and what he saw there drove him frantic.

"L-look!" he choked, plucking at Skeel's arm. "Look at that! I knew! I t-tell you, I knew! It was coming back—it had to come back! It's the big bull market! If you'd waited—if you'd just waited ——"

"Steel a hundred and nine," shrilled the tout excitedly. "A thousand at a quarter . . . a half . . . five-eighths . . . . Ida a half. . . . Nickel forty-six . . . a half . . . forty-seven . . . five hundred at an eighth."

"You robber!" howled Benham, wide-eyed, leaping to his feet. "You crook! You ——"

Mr. Skeel got to his feet and pointed to the door.

(Continued on Page 81)

What Women Say About Shoes

WITH Easter at hand and Spring almost here, women everywhere are thinking about shoes.

They are asking each other questions:

Are prices going still higher?

Is the rising cost, the shortage of leather, actual and necessary—or is some one taking advantage of conditions?

What is the practical, sensible thing for a woman to do?

Right along, in these pages, The Regal Company has been giving the inside facts about leather and shoes.

So far as we can learn no other manufacturer has thought it worth while to take the public into his confidence.

We do so because we see Regal as an institution, responsible to the public and to more than two million loyal customers.

This business started 24 years ago, in a small way—but with a big idea. It now has three great factories, fifty of its own stores in the metropolitan centers and a thousand dealers (special Regal representatives) in other towns and cities.

Why shouldn't we tell the *truth* about shoes?

Now this is the way we see it.

Kid-skins can't come in from India, nor calf-skins from Russia. There are not enough ships. The United States practically has no ships.

Leather is getting scarce. It will be higher before it is lower. Shoe prices had to go up.

But—

There can be no question or doubt that advantage has been taken of the scarcity. There were instances the past season where prices were boosted sky-high!

Regal Shoes wherever you found them were uniformly good value.

Then why didn't women go to the Regal Stores? They *did*, by the *thousands*. Some women didn't—because they had never been in a Regal Store.

The tendency of women to stick to habit or routine in buying is what gives the price-booster his opportunity!

The sensible, practical woman wakes up and looks around.

She will find the best values in a National, Standard shoe like Regal—where the *Maker* is responsible to *her* and the price is a known quantity.

This is our advice for Spring:

Find a good, stylish, reliable, *known* Make of shoe at a moderate price, say $5 to $8.

Then buy *two* pairs.

And get Regal Shoes if you can.

You want style and good looks, you want honest leather and fine workmanship: you want a "glovey" shoe that will *wear* and keep its shape (not less than $5, or more than $10)—that's the Regal range.

If you can't get Regal Shoes in your town write for our Style Book and foot-measuring chart. We can serve you by mail.

REGAL SHOES

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

The Newest Wonder of Motordom—the

Multi-Powered Car

Won National Approval in 30 Days

Since last month's announcement of "A Power Miracle" the demand for this new wonder car has grown in an astounding way. East, West, North and South all wanted it at once. Notwithstanding, our enlarged factories are making immediate deliveries. The Multi-Powered Car is hailed as a revolution in light car performance. By new motor construction its power is *multiplied*.

In 30 days the Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car has become the king of light automobiles. Its success has been immediate.

This is exclusively Crow-Elkhart motor design—no other motor embodies the same engineering ideals.

A new kind of power is created by a new kind of construction.

Motoring is transformed into travel smooth as silk.

Without the slightest evidence of vibration, without speed-effect, if you wish, you sweep along at 50 miles an hour. Acceleration is spontaneous—from a standing start to 40 miles an hour in 20 seconds. The liquid power-flow seems the same at all speeds—just expands at your gentle foot press. In traffic you lull down to 3 miles an hour on high gear.

The wonderful wide range of power and flexibility is as great as your need will ever be—greater than ordinary driving requires. This is the miraculous effect of multiplied power in the Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car. It gives the brute energy of a far heavier motor with a supreme refinement of power—silken smoothness that seems the same at 20 to 30, 30 to 40, 40 to 50 and 50 to 60 miles an hour.

Such dominant smoothness enables the utmost economy—20 to 26 miles on a gallon of gasoline. It reduces all car strain. It brings new multiplied power advantages in a moderate priced car—creates a new standard at $795.

Engineer Martin E. Crow has crowned the success of his 9-Year Chassis and its many up-to-the-instant advancements. No other established car under $1000 in price has a similar improvement.

Write for Complete Description

Get a full account of the wonderful performance of the Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car. Read the secret of its miraculous power! Know its dominant features. Then see the beautiful coach work and custom service—Ten Color Options and Three Upholstery Options—which top this amazing value. You'll realize *how* this Multi-Powered Car won national approval in 30 days.

Only Two More Weeks at $795

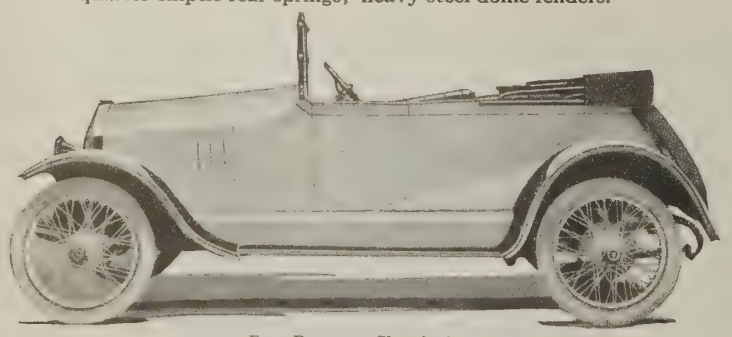
At midnight, April 14th, the Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car (Touring and Roadster) advances in price to $845, wire wheels $50 extra. You save a goodly amount by placing your order at once. Here is the ultimate in motor car construction—still within your grasp at a price so low it cannot be continued.

CROW-ELKHART MOTOR CO., Dept. 19, ELKHART, INDIANA

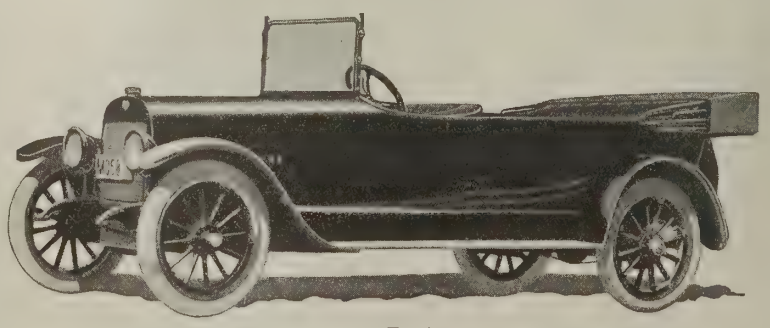
Canadian Crow Motor Company, Limited, Mt. Brydges, Ont.

Dealers: Still a few open opportunities. You should wire. No equal chance in next two years.

Features: The Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car is the largest car in America at the price—with extra tonneau space and wide 49-inch rear seat; 114-inch wheelbase; light weight, 2040 pounds (touring); chrome nickel steel gears in rear axle; full floating rear axle; underslung three-quarter elliptic rear springs; heavy steel dome fenders.



Four-Passenger Cloverleaf Roadster, $825; with Wire Wheels, $845



Touring Model, $795

Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car $795

(Continued from Page 78)

"Out!" he threatened. "Get out before I have you put out! Get! And stay out! Hear me? Don't you come in here again! See?"

Benham's blood boiled over; he raised his hand and then, all at once, he slumped. He laughed coldly and took an uncertain step forward. His collar strangled him and he eased it with a jerk.

"I w-will, my Christian friend," he said, in an ungovernable fit of palsy. "I will—and—th-thank you for your d-damned kind advice. I'm through!" And as he stumbled through the doorway he heard the joyous monotone of the gaudy turfman at the ticker: "Paper a half. . . . Steel a hundred and ten. . . . Nickel forty-nine . . . they're off!"

To Benham, descending from the mid-afternoon local at Iberia, the hideous stone station, the damaged hacks at the edge of the platform, the cobbled street, the frayed and dusty park with its fencing of painted gas pipe, the opposite row of false-fronted shops—all these familiar sights appeared as blots upon an ugly landscape, but how they thrilled him! For Iberia might be humble and it might be garish, it was certainly funny and provincial—but it was home!

He was unable now, as he had been unable before, to explain how the homing instinct had seized and mastered him. Suddenly, as he had paced the streets of the greater city, struggling to steady himself against the forces that threatened to destroy his mental adjustment, a vision of Iberia had risen clearly out of the blackness of his thoughts—Iberia, placid and unassuming, restful and mercifully ugly and unashamed. He had recalled that a scant half mile from the town hall there were open fields, and trees uncatalogued, and flowers growing wild, and spontaneously his eyes had ached to behold such scenes, and his lungs had ached for uncontaminated air. He had recollected schoolmates; impulsive, joyous companions whom he had loved—one of them was a girl—and he had craved to substitute them for the picaresque associates of his recent travail. He had halted incontinently and proved a sum in simple mathematics. New York had thrown him solidly, and Benham, as he at length continued his slow march uptown, had inwardly cried "Down!" and set his whim in resolute concrete. He would go home!

Hence, with the residue of his personal belongings in one suit case—diplomatically new—with two hundred precious dollars—O wily pawnbroker!—in his pocket and a natty suit on his back, with his bridges burned and a remarkable letter to Miss Merrihew in the mail, he descended at Iberia, not in the downcast mood of a defeated prodigal, but in the consciousness that here, where rumor had vastly overrated him, he could find temporary solace and refreshment. He could relax and ventilate the halls of his too highly carboned fancy. He could build up a new perspective, fix a new horizon, and undertake a new crusade against the fates. And he had really come—without arraigning Helen Merrihew as his accessory.

For a moment, as he withstood the clamorous solicitation of the hackmen, his reversion to the environment was so complete that a former address trembled on his lips; but his grin of self-enjoyment perished at the realization that Iberia was indeed his home—but only geographically. His relatives had, during the interval of years, vanished forever. Benham sighed and from compassion chose the least immaculate of the drivers.

"Mansion House," he said. "No trunk—only this."

Behind the desk at the hotel there was an alert young man, who exclaimed with pleasure and fairly bounded over the desk to greet him. It was an old high-school chum, and Benham could have fallen on his neck with ecstasy. Iberia remembered! The clerk, jealous of his prerogative as a friend of the native son who had tamed New York, appointed himself immediate and personal escort; the room was straightway freshened; the Courier-News was notified instanter. When Benham went in to dinner he encountered a pair of his quondam cronies dining together; and from their delicately respectful heartiness he perceived that Iberia had been classifying the absentee as a second Morgan. It was generally understood that he had resigned his recent post in order to engage in capitalistic ventures; it was commonly said that he had cleaned up a hundred thousand in munition stocks. Benham didn't know who had fathered these rumors, but he was grateful for them.

Later, as he strolled down Main Street, he found himself hailed by a score of local dignitaries as a general of finance, a boy of whom the city had just cause to boast. Was he remembered? Was he? Iberia was proud of him. Iberia understood that he was making money hand over fist—little birds had said so. Iberia had expected it of him. Iberia had told Iberia so! When he went to bed, Benham's tear ducts were troubling him, and in the darkness he said fiercely to himself that Iberia must never know the doleful truth. If necessary, he would squander his entire resources in a day and disappear permanently, but Iberia must never know the truth! Yesterday he had been morally depressed and spiritually exhausted; to-night he was exultant and on guard. They thought he had made good, did they? Well, he wouldn't disappoint them.

"Watch me!" whispered Benham, luxuriating in undeserved praise. "I'll show 'em! A millionaire for a day! Watch me!" And, for the first time since the break in Reichsmarks, fell contentedly asleep.

"In two years," bragged Horatio Dunning, youngest but most astute of realty experts, "we'll have a city government, Ernest. We'll have the finest ball team in any town of its size in the United States. We'll have a per-capita wealth that'll beat Detroit a mile and make Brookline, Mass., look feeble. We've signed contracts to donate free manufacturing sites to eleven new factories employing a total of two thousand hands. I tell you, they can't stop us! And all we need is to have the coming generation stay with us, and not hustle off East the way you did."

"But don't forget," said Benham, "that when I was in school the outlook wasn't so bright."

"It's so bright right this minute," proclaimed Dunning, "that I'll make a blind bet that out of our class in high there are five men in this town to-day who make more money than you do!"

"That's not much of a bet," granted Benham, "when a steel plant can pay for itself in a year. But what astonishes me most is that with all this prosperity you've still got such rotten little banks."

"What?"

Benham nodded.

"Look at 'em! Here's a town of twenty-odd-thousand population, dizzy with war orders, and there's the First National, and the Farmers' Loan and Trust, and the State Street Trust and Deposit, and the Iberia Savings, and the McClellan County Loan and Savings, and Smith and Harper's—six of 'em, and not one with decent capital or half enough deposits or a modern directorate. Of course I'm especially interested in banking, but ——"

"What's the matter with the directors?" asked Dunning, who helped to guide the destinies of the First National. He was smiling quizzically.

"Why, the only reason for letting a bank director live," said Benham, "is because he keeps on bringing in new depositors. Out this way you're still working along the old lines—you hand out directors' jobs as social favors. Take the State Street; from the gossip I've heard, they'd actually rather have depositors who keep hundred-dollar balances and come round in touring-cars than tradespeople who don't always wear clean collars but have a couple of thousand on tap all the time. That isn't business! The State Street's a social climber. And, besides, every bank I've seen so far is nothing but a hothouse of nepotism—they're all alike. They're jokes. Believe me, Horace, one good, husky up-to-date outfit could put five out of your six banks into the discard inside of eighteen months! Why, I got out of a New York bank simply because it was too slow!"

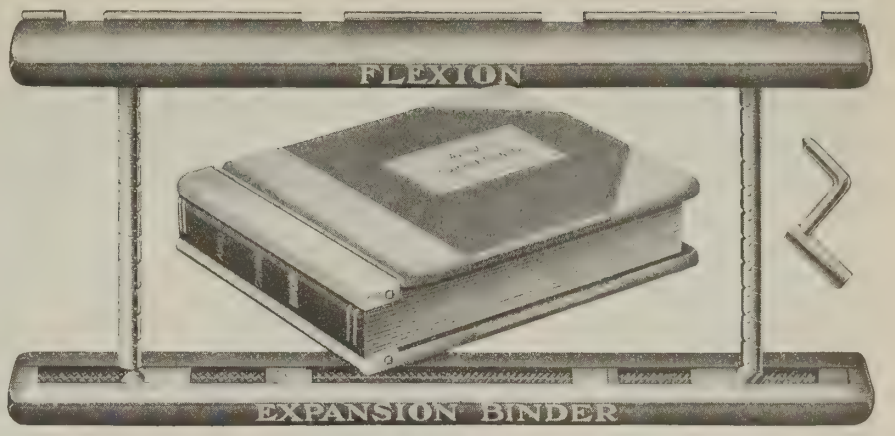
Dunning half closed his eyes and smiled more broadly.

"Well, I suppose you know what you're talking about. Besides ——"

"Do I? Answer me this: Do you know how many manufacturers in Iberia borrow in Canton?"

"Why, not many."

"Oh, but they do! At least a dozen of 'em do. Why? Because there isn't a bank in Iberia that has enough capital to make even one big commercial loan. Look at the Farmers'—capitalized at fifty thousand!



25 Points of Superiority and Efficiency

The ADCO Flexion Expansion Binder

The first new idea in loose leaf Binders in 20 years. All unsightly, awkward, external posts eliminated—no sharp edges—lies flat—and cannot mar the desk—simple in operation—no complicated mechanism—infinitely superior to the old style.

Over twenty years ago the heavy three-piece-back ledger and sectional post binders were placed upon the market and from that time to the present, they have given universal satisfaction because they were the most perfect and complete binders ever introduced. The Adco-Flexion Loose Leaf Binder, which we are now introducing, is such a definite and radical improvement over the heavy three-piece-back ledger, that it ***will rapidly replace all other styles*** in every live, wide awake establishment. It has so many new features, so many points of excellence, that it has only to be seen to be appreciated. No aggressive up-to-date office can afford to retain the old style. The "Adco-Flexion" eliminates every objectionable feature, is simpler, less cumbersome, more adjustable and better than the old style.

Mechanically Perfect

The mechanism of the "Adco-Flexion" embodies entirely new principles in steel construction with ***small minimum*** and ***large maximum expansion.*** The chain posts, a novelidea, are entirely hidden—are adapted to limitless contraction and expansion and have high tensile strength. The "Adco-Flexion" has very few parts—nothing to get out of order. Practically indestructible. Fully covered by patents.

No Marring of Desks or Furniture

One of the great objections to the old style Sectional Post Binder is the ***posts*** which protrude and which are continually scratching and marring the desks. This is entirely done away with in the "Adco-Flexion" as all posts are eliminated. Metal Back is rounded, heavily nickeled and highly polished, presenting a smooth and beautiful appearance.

Bookkeepers Made Happy

The "Adco-Flexion" is not as heavy and cumbersome as the old time binder. We have often sympathized with bookkeepers in having to struggle with those old style devices—compelling them to do manual work in addition to using their brains. The "Adco-Flexion" does away with all such work—it's light, attractive, nothing to catch and tear your clothes—opens flat and can be stacked one on top of the other.

More Economical—A Reduction in Expense

The "Adco-Flexion" will outlast any two binders ever built. Being capable of endless expansion, there is no expense for new backs; leaves are inserted more easily; the adjustment is automatically taken care of—it holds a few or 1000 leaves, saves office furniture, saves vault space—an economical adjunct. Ten minutes of investigation means a big saving for you.

We will gladly arrange for a practical demonstration of the mechanical workings of the Adco-Flexion Expansion Binder right in your own office. Its superiority will be proven—you will be convinced that it should be a part of your office equipment—Requests are being received by the hundreds, so act promptly—USE THE COUPON.

Ask Your Dealer

ACCOUNTING DEVICES CO.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

25

1—Binds a few leaves or 1,000 leaves.
2—Holds leaves securely and in best alignment.
3—Has non-projecting chain-posts, 5/16" or 3/8" dia.
4—Requires no sections to increase capacity.
5—Expanding mechanism all within small steel tubes, no parts in covers.
6—Chain posts are flexible, same diameter entire length, no smaller part as in telescoping posts.
7—Has no leather back to wear off or become loosened.
8—Enables greater finger space for easy insertion or removal of leaves.
9—Lighter and more easily carried about.
10—Smaller, less clumsy and saves vault space.
11—Can be made to fit any size of leaf.
12—Any center to center can be duplicated.
13—Binds a few or many leaves, saving heavy expense of changing backs to secure additional capacity.
14—Adco-Flexion Expansion Binder has less minimum and greater maximum capacity than others.
15—Stacks level on desk.
16—Saves your office furniture, all surfaces are rounded.
17—Leaves, with any hinge treatment lie flat.
18—Has stability of flat back Ledger Binder.
19—Has easy rotation of Round Back Ledger Binder.
20—Adco Hinges are most substantial and uniform in appearance.
21—Heavy pressure on binding edge of leaves does not cause the hinge to bulge outward and raise covers.
22—Leaves cannot enter Chain-posts and are easily moved along.
23—Capacity grows with the business.
24—A Peer among binders for quality.
25—Economical, practical, efficient, a money saver.

USE THE COUPON

ACCOUNTING DEVICES CO., Chicago

We are interested in your Adco-Flexion Expansion Binder and would like to see how it operates. Without any obligation on our part, send one for practical demonstration.

Firm Name _____

Address _____

Go along as you please on

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

Stop—start!—wind in and out the maze of traffic—quickly—sure-footedly.

Slipping is the biggest danger in your daily life. When your brain says, "slow down" or "step lively" there must be no foot-treachery.

Good news, friends! The same Cat's Paws that ease your steps make walking safe. That Foster Friction Plug is the reason.

Cat's Paws contain no dirt-carrying holes, and they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Do you have weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to policemen, motormen, conductors, floor walkers and all who are on their feet a great deal. 75c attached of your dealer—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c. and outline of your heel.

50 cts. attached—White, Tan & Gray. For Men, Women and Children.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street . . Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

¶ A new and reliable dainty confection with old reliable Beech-Nut perfection

Beech-Nut Mints

5¢

Tasteful Confections that Melt on Your Tongue — They're Great for the Fishing Trip.

Also Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Wintergreens, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

They can't legally loan more than five thousand to any one client. What's that in these times? And why should a man wander round town, picking up five thousand here, and three there, and two some place else, when he can hop over to Canton and borrow twenty-five or thirty at a clip? Why on earth hasn't there been a consolidation?"

"They're all too cocky," said Dunning. "No doubt about it—it ought to be done. But that gang would cut off their noses out of spite!"

"That's because they aren't organized on a sound basis. Why, I remember when Smith and Harper's opened, don't you? They'd both made some money out of rolling mills, and they wanted to get into a bank, because they thought it was a fine, genteel, aristocratic thing to do. And when nobody would let 'em into the game, they set up for themselves out of plain pique. It was childishness, that's all. I've seen their statements, and they aren't clearing four per cent on their investments—and I don't believe the others are, either. They ought to be telescoped."

"Right!" maintained his friend. "I've had that hunch myself! But it won't be done unless somebody comes in from the outside and sells everybody on the proposition, and then engineers it to a finish. I've sounded various people once or twice, and they balked like so many steers, but if a disinterested party who had a standing, and no quarrels with anyone—well, a man about like you, Ernest—took hold of it, he could make a killing!"

Benham's pulse pounded, but he smiled indulgently.

"I could hardly tackle a scheme like that, Horatius."

"Well, why not?" Dunning began to show signs of eagerness. "This is as good a time as any to talk things over—and I've been wanting to pick a bone with you for years. Ernest, you're one man who ought to have stayed in Iberia. We need you—we need you like thunder. New York doesn't—she's got thousands of you. But towns like this go to make up the spinal column of the whole country. There are opportunities right under your feet—Lord, how many there are! You've got a lot of friends here; friends that won't judge you by cash; friends that'll boost you because they like you and have faith in you. And from your experience, you could help Iberia! You've got new ideas. And you've made your mark once, so you'd get a flying start. Everybody in town thinks you're a howling wonder! Why don't you locate here, instead of losing your hair in New York? Suppose we put over a merger such as you've suggested; it would double the importance of the town! It would be a big inducement to new manufacturing interests! It's a thing I've had under my hat for a coon's age, but I couldn't swing it alone. Now you come along, foot-loose and technically equipped to break into the game. It would be good for you too."

"Well—not financially," said Benham, endeavoring to be indifferent.

"I'm not so sure about that! You see, I agree with you on the consolidation. I've done some gumshoe work myself in that line, only, as I said, there's been too much politics. The men in control were too proud to admit they weren't gaining, and too stupid to expand, and too snobbish to get together. But we do need a big bank here, and it looks to me as though you're right on the front steps. Now the combined capital of the four we've got, omitting the savings banks, is—let's see—two hundred and twenty-five thousand."

"The merger shouldn't have less than half a million at least," observed Benham.

"Well, that isn't extravagant—plenty of people would invest if they were sure of safe management. It could get deposits of close to two million, if we assume that borrowers won't go to Canton if they can get accommodation here. And that's simply the beginning! With more factories coming in——"

"When do they come, Horace?"

"From three to ten months. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'm on my toes on this proposition, because I've always been strong for it—I'll have a dinner for the four presidents to-night, and you can talk to 'em! Let's launch something!"

"But you're traveling too fast! Where do I fit in?"

Dunning thought diligently.

"Offhand, Ernest, I should say that Kelly of the First National will be the biggest obstacle. But if he'd consent to be chairman of the board, and Saunders of the Farmers' is president, I don't see any reason under the sun why you shouldn't be first vice president—that is, if you can convince the four of 'em that you can handle the situation. Then it would be only a question of time before you got 'em on the hip and took command. Personally I'm so sure that you can knock 'em clear off their feet, with your New York prestige, that if I were you I'd insist on getting at least a tenth of the present stock to be contributed pro rata by the other holders, and a salary of at least fifteen thousand, with an agreement for more if you show results. That's little enough for you, but look at the future of it! And they ought to fall for it, because I doubt if any of 'em is making a nickel over four per cent, as you guessed. And I'll subscribe fifteen thousand for the additional issue myself! You camp in Iberia, Ernest, and you and I'll own this town when we're forty!"

Benham leaned back in his chair and pondered.

"Naturally," added his friend, "that doesn't seem a whole lot to you just now, Ernest. As far as I know, it may be less than you stand to make in New York in another year, but you'd be happy, and you'd be helpful, and instead of being an atom in a metropolis you'd be a mighty substantial citizen here. Money goes a long way in these parts."

"'Better be first . . . in a little Iberian village ——'"

"Right!" cried Dunning. "You've hit it! Shall I call up Kelly and Saunders and the other two, and see if I can make a date for to-night? It can't do any harm!"

"Er—now, Horace ——"

"Vice president of the combined banks of Iberia, Ernest? I tell you, if you'll stand by me—I've got some selfish motives in this, too—I'll back you to the limit!"

Benham gulped and controlled himself relentlessly.

"All right," he said, with insouciance which nearly got away from him. "Maybe they can make it worth while. As a matter of fact, old man, I'm sort of tired of Broadway. Life in New York's pretty swift, and I'm worn out. This would be a sort of rest—if the price is right. Go ahead and speak to Kelly!"

In the excess of his joy that night he came very near to telegraphing Miss Merrihew, but an overwhelming caution restrained him. She hadn't replied to his letter and, furthermore, he didn't like to think that it was she who had sent him out to exile in Iberia. The little dinner at the Mansion House had been successful, far more successful than either Benham or Dunning had anticipated. The banking system of Iberia had for a decade stultified itself, and Kelly of the First National, Saunders of the Farmers' Loan, and Smith and Harper were continuing in business only because of their egoism and their heavy investments. Hopelessly inimical to each other, they welcomed Benham with open arms. They had known him as a boy, they had known his parents and his grandparents. His suggestions were constructive, and his energy and integrity were beyond suspicion. He had Dunning behind him, and Dunning was a man to watch.

The moment was auspicious and Benham was in the nick of time.

Each of the four presidents promised to call a special meeting of his directorate and swore to sponsor consolidation; and informally a committee was chosen on the spot to prepare the tentative plans for unity. It was understood that Benham was to play a leading part in the management; that five per cent of the total issued stock was to be presented to him as an inducement to forfeit the fleshpots of New York, and that his salary for the first year was to be exactly a third of Dunning's estimate. But the prospects were roseate, there were to be guaranties for successive years, and Benham didn't dare to breathe until the four directors' and stockholders' meetings had unanimously approved the comprehensive merger. Then he thanked his lucky stars, and set his teeth, and made ready to finance himself for the immediate present. Iberia had given him an opening and trusted him. He'd show them!

There would still be several months before the legalities could be completed; in the meantime how was he to live? Iberia was growing visibly; what did Iberia lack of profitable conveniences? Benham sat down for an evening with a pencil; he corralled a transient fantasy or two; he spent

(Continued on Page 85)

YES, *a* MONOPOLY *in* HUDSON SUPER-SIX

BUT NOTE HOW WE EMPLOY IT

It is true, as some say, that the Super-Six motor constitutes a Hudson monopoly. We control it by patents. One must buy a Hudson to get it. But note how far the Super-Six undersells many cars which it out-performs.

We must expect that every possible argument will be used against the Super-Six.

The arguments used a year ago have all been disproved and abandoned. Over 28,000 Super-Six owners have proved every suspicion baseless.

Now some say, "We also have an improved Six." Some argue Eights and Twelves. And some reflect on the Super-Six monopoly.

Mark the Hudson Value

But remember that Hudson has won by performance the pinnacle place in Motordom.

The Super-Six motor has added 80 per cent to the car's efficiency.

It has proved an endurance which is yet beyond measure—probably a doubled endurance.

Against all other types, however costly, it has won all the worth-while stock-car records.

And a year has been spent to make this car, in every detail, worthy of its front-rank place.

Yet note how many rivals—all without the Super-Six motor—sell above the Hudson price. Every buyer of the Hudson Super-Six gets a value of performance which can't be matched.

Why Another Type?

Then why consider another type of motor in buying a high-grade car?

Not because of performance. The records of the Super-Six prove it supreme in that.

Not because of endurance. The Super-Six excelled—as high as 52 per cent—in the feats which prove that.

Not because of smoothness. The whole Super-Six supremacy comes through minimized vibration.

Not because of anything. If any other motor type were better, don't you know that Hudson would adopt it? Rival types are not controlled by patents.

The Friction Question

The only question is, what motor best reduces friction? For that is the aim of all.

It is motor friction that wastes power, that limits performance and that causes wear.

Friction was the limitation of the old-type Six. Friction caused the trend toward Eights and Twelves. And the solution of this problem is what stopped that trend. The Super-Six invention, by reducing friction almost to nil, gave the crown to a new-type Six.

It isn't speed, or power, or hill-climbing ability which makes the Super-Six supreme. It is endurance, due to lack of friction. That is what won those records. If that is important the Super-Six is important.

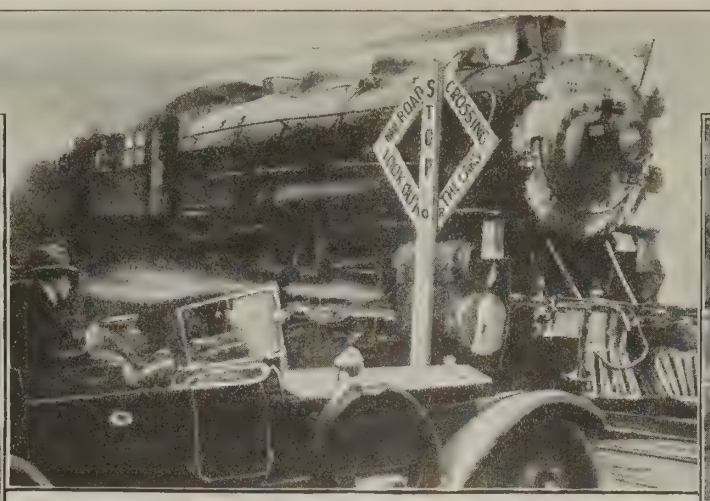
A New Gasoline Saver

The latest Hudsons have a new gasoline saver which adds greatly to their economy. They have bodies which show our final attainment in beauty, finish and luxury.

To own a Hudson Super-Six means to rule the road. And this car, in any crowd, looks the monarch that it is.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1650	Limousine	$2925	Town Car	$2925
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1950	*Prices f. o. b. Detroit*		Town Car Landaulet	3025
Touring Sedan	2175			Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO. DETROIT, MICHIGAN



In an emergency

In traffic *On hills*

If your brakes grab or slip-

Learn how leading car makers guard against it

Your life depends on the efficiency of your brake lining. Grabbing or slipping brakes menace your safety.

In traffic, in an emergency, on hills, your brakes *must* work promptly and smoothly.

Realizing the importance of good brake lining, leading car and axle manufacturers select for their cars and axles the brake lining that won't grab or slip—Thermoid Brake Lining.

Some of the cars that use Thermoid Brake Lining are:

Pierce-Arrow	*Briscoe*	*Auburn*
Peerless	*Pathfinder*	*Service Truck*
Marmon	*Cadillac*	*Metz*
Haynes	*Cole*	*Hudson*
Studebaker	*Premier*	*Lexington-Howard*
Kissel	*Chalmers*	*Rauch & Lang*
Autocar	*White*	*Apperson*

Lippard-Stewart Motor Truck

Some of the axles that use Thermoid Brake Lining are:

Timken-Detroit	*Russell*
Columbia	*Empire*
Peru	*Hess*
Sheldon	*Celfor*
Torbensen	*American*

Why *experts* select Thermoid Brake Lining

These car makers and their engineers select Thermoid Brake Lining because they find by scientific tests that it gives consistently efficient SERVICE. They find its "co-efficient of friction" is ideal for a brake lining.

This means its entire construction is such that brakes equipped with Thermoid Brake Lining cannot grab or slip, no matter how thin Thermoid becomes throughout long usage.

A grabbing or slipping brake lining is a constant source of danger to the motorist.

Three tests that prove Thermoid Brake Lining's worth

Thermoid Brake Lining proves its superiority in passing all three drastic tests by which brake lining efficiency is determined.

Coefficient of Friction Test—Whether brakes act promptly and smoothly depends on the wearing surface of the brake lining—i. e., its coefficient of friction. Thermoid Brake Lining's coefficient of friction is found by test to be ideal—not too low to slip; not too high to over-grip.

Absorption Test—Tests show that Thermoid Brake Lining does not absorb water, gasoline or oil. Loosely woven linings do, which causes them to swell and grab. This moisture-proof feature means Thermoid is efficient in wet weather or dry.

Durability Test—Tests show that Thermoid Brake Lining wears longer than ordinary lining. Also, it wears down uniformly.

Scientific construction of Thermoid Brake Lining

The reason Thermoid Brake Lining has the ideal coefficient of friction, is impervious to moisture, and is durable, lies in its scientific construction. In its process of manufacture it has three exclusive features:

1. It has 40% more material by actual weight.

This means longer service—best service. Thermoid is 40% heavier than any woven brake lining not hydraulically compressed. That is why it is better fitted to stand the responsibilities placed on it.

2. It is Grapnalized

Thermoid brake lining is impregnated throughout with Grapnal. This exclusive process makes it impervious to gasoline, oil, water, dust, etc. No other brake lining is Grapnalized, or can be. That is why ordinary brake lining goes to pieces rapidly.

3. It is hydraulically compressed

Powerful hydraulic presses compress Thermoid into a solid mass. This makes it far tougher and stronger than loosely woven linings not hydraulically compressed. It makes the wearing surface ideal for braking; it can't grab and it can't slip. The "coefficient of friction" is just right.

Specify Thermoid

When you reline your brakes, specify the brake lining the experts specify—Thermoid. Jobbers, garages, and dealers will be glad to supply you.

Remember your life depends on the efficiency of your brakes, and the efficiency of your brakes depends on your brake lining. Be sure *your* brakes are lined with Thermoid Brake Lining. The cost is a little more—and well worth it.

Our guarantee—

Thermoid will make good or WE WILL

Thermoid Rubber Co.

Factory and Main Offices **TRENTON, N. J.**

Branches

New York Chicago San Francisco Indianapolis
Detroit Los Angeles Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Boston London Paris

Thermoid
100%
BRAKE LINING
WON'T GRAB OR SLIP

Makers of Thermoid Tires and Thermoid Garden Hose

(Continued from Page 82)

two days journeying to and from the railroad station; on the third day he went to Dunning.

"Horatio," he said, "I can't sit round like a bump on a log for three months waiting for the skies to fall. I want to keep busy. So here's a mortal thought: We're going to form a young corporation, you and I. You put up three thousand dollars and I'll put up the scheme, and we'll split. There's about two hundred per cent a year in it."

"The overture listens great," said Dunning. "What's the rest of it?"

"Cheap taxi service," said Benham. "Twenty trains in two days—ten a day—that's all I met—took on over two hundred passengers and left three hundred. About one-tenth of the aggregate—mostly drummers—either came in one of those mossy hacks, or went away in one. There's only two or three cars at the station, and they're all frowsy and make funny noises. Nobody wants to ride in a hearse. We can buy six flivvers and get more if the volume of business warrants it. And I'll amuse myself superintending the thing as long as I have the time. You see, I hate to loaf, Horace. I've got to keep moving. This is picayune, but I always believe in picking up a dollar when I see one loose."

"You're on!" said Dunning. "We've needed it for an age. Only you'll have to watch the lid. I'm too busy to give it much attention."

"I'll take care of it," promised Benham. "That's why I want you to provide the cash. I'd go in even with you on that, too, but if I'm to handle the details . . . And I thought we'd begin as a partnership and incorporate on the wing. We can get a couple of inclosed cars for instant delivery and have 'em running next week, if you say so."

"Go as far as you like," said Dunning. "I knew you'd wake us up. Want my check now?"

"Gratefully received," said Benham, stowing it away.

And a week later a brisk service was in operation, and Benham, who had dreamed of royalty in New York, beamed at the certainty of velvet in Iberia. With the cars in commission and a tiny office in charge of the most dependable of the superseded hackmen, Benham cast about him again for more sinecures.

"Why, Hod," he said in amazement to his friend, "Iberia's been shooting ahead so fast that it hasn't had time to do anything properly. I was hunting for a better garage for the taxis. Do you know that in a town with swarms of high-grade mechanics working in the factories, there isn't a satisfactory garage anywhere? There isn't storage room or service. There isn't a place where you can buy unadulterated gas. They rook you on repairs and steal your tools in the bargain! And, by gosh, there's only two or three motor agencies! You could make one Iberia transportation company a fifty-thousand-dollar affair, build a three-story brick garage, give good service and repair work, take on a line of accessories and cars—one small car, one selling at about a thousand dollars, and one big one—and coin money! There're twelve hundred motors owned within a radius of five miles from the town hall and ——"

"If you and I are in it," stated Dunning, "we can raise fifty thousand dollars by dusk. Well, if you can show me the figures, I'm with you!"

And before the banking merger required Benham's undivided zeal, he had involved himself in a sanitary market, a string of model tenements, a motion-picture theater, and a campaign to construct a new and modern hotel to replace the antiquated Mansion House. In each of these enterprises he posed as the tireless and foresighted promoter, who contributes mentality instead of currency and, in each of them, he received the promoter's reward.

He plotted out the general scheme and the details, he visited the local capitalists and, by the appearance of great willingness to subscribe himself, he obtained fat pledges of subscription and never had to confirm his own; and for his pains he owned stock which cost him nothing but the loss of a few hours' sleep. He had small but welcome cash bonuses, he held titles and held claim to pleasant perquisites. The fear of discovery had virtually abandoned him; it mattered little whether or not the story of his New York disaster ever reached Iberia. He was a man to be pointed out on Main Street; he and Dunning were gradually coming to be regarded as a duumvirate foreordained to dominate Iberia; and the Courier-News adulated him openly, because it was no secret that he and Dunning intended, when the planets were in happy company, to buy the Courier-News.

And when he could spare the time from his so catholic activities, and the girl who had been his boyhood sweetheart returned from a protracted visit to the East, he arrayed himself as faultlessly as could be and went to call on her. Her name was Rosamond, and she lived in a pretty colonial house which, when he had seen it last, had roses all about it. And as he went up the walk, he was reminded, with a queerly bitter pleasure, of the fact that eight years ago, when he had said good-by on the veranda, she had given him a photograph of herself, and he had kissed it, and then kissed the original of it and vowed to write to her regularly and at length. And as he rang the bell, he was thinking of Miss Merrihew and wondering what she would say if psychically she knew his errand. Wasn't she the one who had made it possible?

Rosamond's mother, who had encountered him and congratulated him, and flattered him a dozen times on Main Street, and heroically refrained from rehearsing to him any of the anecdotes appertaining to his juvenescence, greeted him with fervent hospitality and left him tactfully. There was silence, faint rustlings of dainty fabrics; and Rosamond herself advanced to meet him.

Benham gasped at the numbing revelation. His boyhood sweetheart, who had been a delicious tomboy, a madcap sprite of witching color and ineffable, unquenchable spirit, had grown up too! Undeniably lovely she was, but the fire had gone out of her. Her manners were superlatively finished; her poise was that of a cosmopolite. As Benham wrestled for an appropriate sentence, he was conscious of having heard that Rosamond's father had been devoted to steel; that he, Benham, had been advised—he should have borne the tale in mind—that Rosamond had had a year or so at one of those exclusive palaces of education on the lower Hudson, that she knew Narragansett and Sulphur Springs as well as Benham knew Fifth Avenue. Yet he was staggered and nonplused and showed it by his awkwardness.

"Why Ernest!" She was shaking his hand, and Benham, congealed by the manifest reserve behind her friendliness, was tongue-tied. "I'm ever so glad to see you again! It's years, isn't it?"

"Eight," said Benham too loudly.

"Do sit down and tell me all about it! I haven't heard a word about anyone else since I got home! You're living here, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Benham, staring. "I've come home."

The unfamiliar Rosamond sank to a divan and shone brilliantly at him.

"I'm so glad," she said, "you came now instead of waiting. Another month or two, and you wouldn't have found us here. It's quite romantic, isn't it?"

"It surely is—but what's this about a month or two?"

"Why," said Rosamond, "it's our last season in the old house, Ernest. We're planning a real house up on the Heights. And we'll probably live in New York until it's built."

"Really?"

"Oh, we had to do it," said Rosamond cheerfully. "Nobody who is anybody lives in this section any more. It's quite plebeian. Of course I wish we could go to New York to settle ——"

"You do!" said Benham.

"Why, of course! Iberia's a horrid little dump!"

"It has changed," conceded Benham thoughtfully.

He was wishing that he had let his sentimental keepsakes rest in peace.

"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly. It always was horrid."

"It doesn't seem to me that we used to think so ten years ago."

"Why, I'm sure we did. Didn't you get away as soon as you could?"

"I!" said Benham aghast. "Yes, but that was different."

"How?"

He couldn't tell her that, when he had parted from her, his intention was to gather together the enormous sum of a thousand dollars and then to marry her as speedily as the license bureau would permit. That is, his intuitions shouted to him that she didn't care to be thrown back very far into the past.

Nu-Ex Fire-Killer

Instant Inspection

Opening on Side (gauge) shows exact quantity of our powerful fire-killing liquid Nuexolene. Nuexolene will not harm finest clothing, rarest woodwork, tenderest skin.

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Automatic Action

Simple as **A B C.** Point the nozzle—turn the valve—shoots a straight, steady stream more than 30 feet. No pumping to destroy your aim.

You Know It Will Always Work

Now comes a fire extinguisher that you *know* will *always* work—the one extinguisher whose readiness you can inspect at a glance. For the Nu-Ex Fire-Killer is the *only* extinguisher with indicators (gauges). And these can never lie.

But these patented features are not the only superior advantages of the Nu-Ex. For the Nu-Ex is simplest in operation, easiest of control, surest of aim.

Note These Important Features

Visible gauge tells quantity of contents.
Visible gauge tells quantity of air pressure.
Simplest action. Turn the valve, point the nozzle—out goes the fire.
Requires no pumping (pumping destroys the aim).
Shoots a straight, steady stream more than 30 feet.
Nuexolene liquid is fatal to fire but harmless to all else.
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Send for our free book, "*Banishing the Fire Peril.*" It tells you in detail all about fire prevention and the Nu-Ex Fire-Killer. Surely the safety of your home, your garage, your store is worth it. Tomorrow may be too late. Fill in the coupon, mail it to us now.

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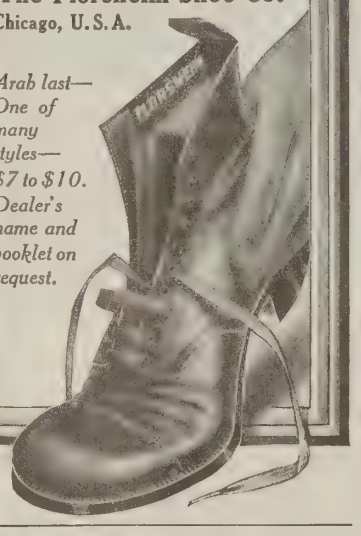

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"I've reformed," he said lamely. "I've seen the light."

"We heard that you were doing marvelously well in New York, Ernest. I can't comprehend how you'd ever like Iberia after that."

"The people have been mighty good to me here."

"I know, but even the best people aren't—what you might call eligible."

"Aren't they?" He was suddenly fascinated by the sparkle of a blue-white solitaire on the significant finger of her left hand.

"Why, yes," said Rosamond, detecting him. "A Yale man, Stuart Ellison, one of the Ellisons of Pittsburgh, you know. We've been engaged since March."

Benham murmured his felicitations and was inordinately restless. The pressure of memory weighed upon him and, although there was certainly no objection to prevent her from marrying anyone she liked, he would have been tremendously soothed if he could have found her a living verification of his sweetest of retrospections.

"Shall you live in Pittsburgh?" he queried.

"Oh, no," said Rosamond, not concealing her chagrin. "We'll probably live with father in the new house for a while. Stuart's going into business with father. What can't be cured! Ernest, come back to earth!"

Benham jumped and smiled in apology.

"I was just thinking," he said, "about that new house of yours. It's too bad it isn't finished now. I'd like to see you in it."

"Why?" she puzzled.

"Because," said Benham, "you're quite right, Rosamond. You belong in a house like that."

"This old hulk is growing seedy, isn't it?" she acquiesced, ignorant that in a few careless words she had destroyed for Benham the most fragile of his illusions and changed the orthography of the town for him. His pilgrimage to her had been frankly ardent, but wholly without guile. He hadn't expected to fall in love with her again. He had hoped that by reflecting the sunshine of the days gone by she could measurably brighten for him the æsthetic ugliness of Iberia. And she had merely added an initial letter to it. The letter S.

On countless occasions he had determined to write to Miss Merrihew, but invariably he was deterred by two considerations: One was that he had failed to reach her arbitrary standard of success; the other was that she had never responded to his wretched letter. And by degrees his former mood recurred; he said to himself that if, within a reasonable period, he achieved his norm of progress, he would go to her—and if not, he would have no justification and no chance to extenuate himself. He had never been taken off probation.

Then, in the growing rush of business, he ceased to think of her as an ambition crystallized, and focused his vitality upon the means to wealth. He worked slavishly, he made social sorties chiefly because of their commercial value, he glowed to his increasing power and repute. The bank consolidation became an actuality; and when the cards were laid upon the table, Kelly withdrew of his own accord and Saunders likewise, and Benham was promptly elected president—the youngest president in the state, perhaps the least deserving, unquestionably the most determined.

He was twenty-eight, but he looked to be over thirty and was pleased to be accused of thirty-five. And after the first intoxication had passed, he acted his part very well.

Now the original theory of Benham and Dunning had been founded upon a very evident demand for such a bank. Erected on a basis of necessity, it couldn't lack prosperity and growth. And this contingency, joined to Benham's additional triumphs as a merchandiser and a public carrier and a salesman, lifted him so swiftly to preëminence that Iberia rather stampeded in his favor. The chamber of commerce dined him, the merchants' association engrossed for him a vote of thanks, every minor association hastened to put itself on record and bestow its membership. And through it all, Benham still kept his modesty inviolate, because he couldn't expunge from the minutes of his metropolitan career that double default and the concomitant disgrace. To celebrate the exodus from the old colonial house, and to expose her fiancé for the delectation of Iberian society, Rosamond gave a week-end party in June. And to Benham, who was by this time her sole indigenous lion, she held out the tempting bait of wonderful and beauteous girls from out of town.

"There's one friend of mine," she said, "you'll be mad about. And you ought to be married pretty soon anyway, or you'll get gray on your temples and nobody'll love you. So you come early in the afternoon and get acquainted. Will you?"

Benham consented laughingly, but when the day arrived he was invited to such an important and remarkable civic meeting that, when he was finally able to reach his wardrobe, it was the dinner clothes that he selected. He arrived at seven and found himself marooned in a houseful of strangers, until Rosamond, perceiving him, took him in tow and led him to a group of young people in the living room. She gave the premonitory cough which paralyzes conversation.

"Helen," she said. "Miss Merrihew, Mr. Ernest Benham. Miss Keyes. . . . Miss Lockwood ——"

Benham was rooted to the pivotal point of a room which was revolving drunkenly about him. He heard none of the surnames which Rosamond had recited; he didn't know that he had dismissed the lordly fiancé with the curtest of bows. There in Rosamond's living room, in Iberia, a thousand miles from New York—there was the girl from whom, for love of whom, he had deserted Broadway between two nights. Her tremulous smile was a greater scourge to his vanity, a greater spur to his imagination, than he had yet endured; in all the universe he was perceptive only that she was there and that she was smiling at him. Miraculously the group had moved apart, and Benham and Miss Merrihew were side by side. And then she spoke:

"It's rather a long time—between letters, Ernest."

"You didn't answer mine," he said hoarsely. "How did you get out here?"

"Why, Rosamond and I went to school together. I didn't know you lived here! And I did answer your letter."

"You did!"

"Surely. Couldn't you trust me for that?"

"But I never got it!"

"I'm sorry, Ernest. I wrote it. But after I ——"

"What did you say?"

"Ernest," said Rosamond in his ear, "I don't blame you, but you've simply got to come over here and be nice to Stuart. You'll let him go for half a second, won't you, Helen? I don't get engaged every day in the week, you know!"

The worst of it was that dinner was announced almost instantly, and Benham, to his unutterable torture, was four places removed from Miss Merrihew. He discovered that the girl he was expected to be mad about was a frosty damsel from Buffalo, and he was so thoroughly shaken and confused that he was frostier than she was. The dinner dragged interminably to a close; dancing was mentioned with violent enthusiasm; Benham made one efficient dash for Miss Merrihew, captured her and dragged her with him.

They wandered out to the rose garden, redolent with this year's perfumes and not less fragrant in Benham's retrospection. They paused at a silvery latticework, shadowed with luscious blooms, and stood there motionless.

"Well, I'll be ——!" said Benham brusquely. "Helen, do you know what day it is?"

"I've never forgotten," she confessed softly. "Just a year, isn't it? Ernest, why did you run away?"

"What else was there to do? I'd fallen down so hard—there wasn't any doubt about it. When did you write to me?"

She turned slightly from him, and he was fearful.

"After I wrote, I didn't send my letter—there didn't seem to be any use. What are you doing in Iberia, Ernest?"

"I? Why, I'm head of a toy bank and a few other little things. I've given up New York. And you may care to know that I've given up the idea of being a millionaire too!"

"That wasn't it, Ernest! Aren't you doing something to be proud of?"

Benham considered and suddenly laughed outright.

"That's funny!" he said. "I hadn't thought of it! Why, they're going to get city government next fall, and there's some talk of running me for alderman!"

"And—you'd—you prefer this sort of life to making your fortune in New York? You'd rather have these—these comparatively trivial things than—than have a chance of really big accomplishments?"

Benham's heart expanded to Iberia, which had received him, and welcomed him, and taken him to herself.

"You bet I would!" he said fervently.

Miss Merrihew faced him, and in the darkness he could see that her eyes were shining.

"Oh, Ernest!" she said. She put a hand on each of his shoulders and looked up into his face. "Oh, Ernest!" she said with a funny little catch in her voice. "I bet I would too!"

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"Get Out Before I Have You Put Out! Hear Me?"

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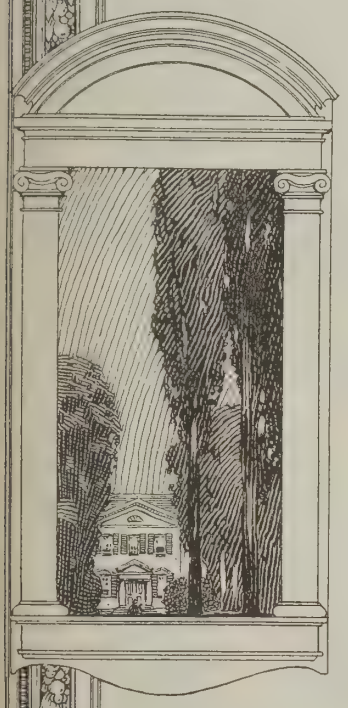

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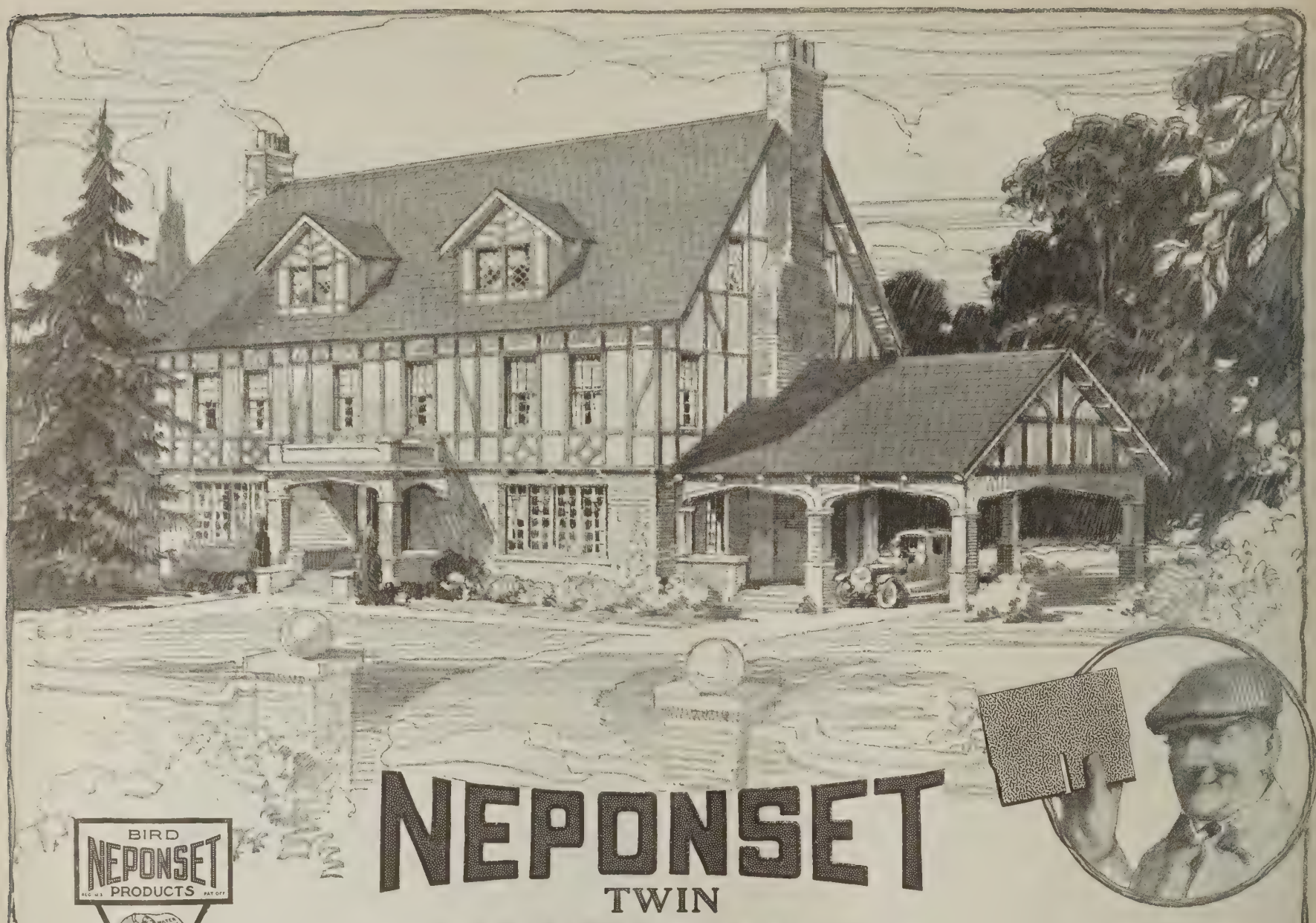

BIRD
NEPONSET
PRODUCTS

Look for this Trade Mark

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

(Patent applied for)

"The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century"

Combine Extreme Beauty With Extraordinary Wear

Can you imagine a more handsome roof than this? Picture a roofing of Neponset Twin Shingles on *your* home.

The colors, form, size, and slate-surface of Neponset Twin Shingles make as handsome a roof as it is possible to find. They have the look of slate, laid in substantial looking large slabs. Their soft green and red colors harmonize with any surroundings or architectural plan. Read condensed paragraphs below.

Fire-resistance On a Neponset Twin Shingle roof sparks and flying embers burn out harmless. Most conflagrations spread from roof to roof. These shingles are a very great protection. They are approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Wear Tough felt, saturated with the best waterproofing material known (everlasting asphalt), then coated and recoated with crushed rock and asphalt, pressed and jammed into one thick, solid sheet. Similar materials in our famous Paroid Roofing are still giving good service on roofs laid 18 years ago when Paroid was new.

Cost Notwithstanding their great beauty and durability, Neponset Twin Shingles belong in the class of economical roofings. Their uniform shape and double width halve cost of laying, because two shingles are really laid at a time; and also lessen cracks and nail holes.

Five layers, six processes build up Neponset Twin Shingles into one thick, solid, inseparable mass, impervious to rain, sun, frost—undecaying and not affected by sparks or embers. Always remember "five layers, six processes."

There are three types of Neponset Shingles, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

For factories, warehouses, barns, etc., similar material is furnished in rolls. It is Neponset PAROID Roofing—a roofing that for service has been unchallenged for 18 years. There are three types of Neponset Roll Roofing, meeting every requirement and pocket-book.

See the Neponset Dealer in your town. He can supply you with just the product you need—made and guaranteed by us.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET
"Repairing and Building"

It tells about Neponset Twin Shingles and the other Neponset Building Products—NEPONSET Built-up Roof for industrial plants; NEPONSET Waterproof Building Papers; NEPONSET Wall Board for cottages, attics and ceilings in place of laths and plaster.

Lumber and Hardware Dealers Sell Neponset Products

BIRD & SON Established 1795 **265 Neponset Street, East Walpole, Mass.** New York Chicago Washington Canadian Office and Plant Hamilton, Ontario

Manufacturers of Neponset Floor Covering — sold by department and furniture stores everywhere. Also manufacturers of Special Waterproof Papers, Special Paper Boxes and Fibre Shipping Cases.

WHEN WAR BRIDES MATURE

(Continued from Page 9)

extended and, even if the government estimates have been too high, that the potash produced there will compare well with that which has been imported in other years. The situation depends, of course, very largely upon the rapidity with which the kelp will grow again after cutting. But in any event we have more than enough potash in hand in San Diego Bay, as well as a practicable method of gathering and refining it, to make us independent of any other nation in the manufacture of powder.

Whenever one of our gifted young prophets feels called upon to write of the war of the future he brings Thomas A. Edison into his narrative. Edison at the critical time in the telling of the story steps forward with some marvelous device that holds the superior forces of the enemy in check, and sends them scurrying home, baffled and defeated. The fictionist does not have to go far into the realms of fancy to produce such a situation. It is entirely conceivable that a man who spent eight years in making the phonograph correctly aspirate the letter *h*—who made that great invention practical, as well as the electric light, the storage battery and the motion-picture machine—could be relied upon to be of incalculable aid to the nation in a time of stress. And it is significant that, during the critical days of February last, when war with Germany seemed only a few hours off, Mr. Edison retired to a secluded laboratory, on a mountain top not a hundred miles distant from New York, to give his entire time and thought and skill to working out his own ingenious plans for the naval offense and defense of the United States.

The Edison enterprises are hardly to be classed as war brides. Yet the stern necessity that shut them off from the importation of raw materials from Germany—particularly carbolic acid—drove their head toward meeting the critical situation, and meeting it without a moment of delay. He had become one of the largest individual users of carbolic acid in the United States. And, because there was none of this product coming oversea, he found himself in danger of being compelled to close his great factory.

That would hardly have been the Edison method of meeting a situation. It was his method to set to work at once to devise a plan for making carbolic acid synthetically, and having once devised the plan to set gangs of men at work, twenty-four hours a day, building a plant to make the acid. This was the method he followed. Within eighteen days after he had begun the construction of his new factory it was turning out carbolic. Within four weeks its output exceeded a ton a day; now it turns out seven times that quantity, and supplies not himself alone but an outside and clamoring commercial market.

Difficulties Overcome

The new plant was hardly at work, however, before Edison found himself confronted with a new difficulty. To make carbolic acid he found that he must have a continuous supply of benzol. The enormous demands of the European war were making the supply of this chemical uncertain. The inventor faced this new problem as he has faced every other problem—with a grin. He locked himself in his laboratory, sleeping nights upon one of its benches. When he emerged it was with complete plans for two benzol-absorbing plants, to be located at steel works in Western Pennsylvania and down in Alabama. Within sixty days each was turning out benzol for him, and the carbolic-acid plant stood assured of its raw materials.

"You Americans are up against an impossible problem," a distinguished German chemist told me only a few weeks ago. "You are trying to produce in two or three years what it has taken the brains and capital of Germany sixty years to produce and to perfect. Take your dyes: I understand that there is a concern in the United States which finally has produced a Victoria blue—which is a sort of basic blue. It charges eighteen dollars a pound for the product. Germany shipped it over here, paid a high duty, and put it on the American market for forty-two cents a pound."

"And when the war is over will she offer it to us for forty-two cents a pound?" I ventured. He smiled.

"I hardly think so," said he. "Commercial Germany, as well as military Germany, has learned many things during the present war. She hardly will be willing to let Americans have a dyestuff at forty-two cents a pound when they have been content to pay eighteen dollars for it. She will take a good profit, because she will need the money. But, even at that, she will undersell the American manufacturer of dyestuffs."

"The tariff?" I ventured once again.

He laughed, openly this time.

"You know the tariff history of your country in regard to dyestuffs," he said.

Indeed I do know a little of the tariff history of our country as it affects dyestuffs. Half a century ago—even less than that—the dye industry of our Hudson Valley was a growing and seemingly prosperous thing. It was apace with the dye industry of Germany. The possibilities of the aniline dye—the coal-tar product—seemingly so much wider, so much more efficient, so much more economical than the vegetable dyes, were just becoming recognized by chemists.

The Rise of American Dyes

In the long run the dye industry in the Hudson Valley, and elsewhere in the United States as well, ceased to flourish. It withered up and all but disappeared. A variety of reasons were given for its failure. The most logical one was the tariff. The "textile crowd" had seen to it that, while the tariff was kept high on woolens and other cloths, it was brought down to practically nothing on dyestuffs. In the mind of the textile manufacturer these were raw products. He brought congressmen to the same turn of mind. He showed them that, in an average year, dyestuff importations would not exceed nine or ten million dollars—a mere nothing as our importations go in some other lines. If he himself realized that the dye was the very keystone of the whole textile situation he said nothing at all of that.

Germany took no exception to this analysis. She merely kept enlarging her great dye works, perfecting and enlarging the use of the synthetic colors she brought out from the coal tar of the gas works of every one of her cities and towns; kept flooding America with dyes that were both cheap and good.

It was more than two years ago when the man who sells you shirts drew you to one side.

"You'd better stock up," he told you confidently. "They're running out of imported dyes; and no one knows what is to come after that."

He voiced an alarm that had been handed down to him by the jobber, and which, in turn, had come to the jobber from the manufacturer. The situation did, indeed, look serious. American dyes were both few and poor. They were not always to be depended upon. At the best, it looked as if we were in for several seasons of black and white, with none too large an emphasis upon the black; for sulphur black, practically indispensable in the dying of cotton, was an imported product; they were laboring to establish the popularity of the white sock and stocking.

It even looked as if the suspiciously pink cherry at the bottom of a nationally famous drink was threatened. And drugs, derived from the great coal-tar base, were threatened in the same way as the dyes. Those folk who had taken to dieting, and who were substituting saccharine for sugar, found that the new sweetener had doubled in price—almost overnight it seemed. Saccharine, as well as most of the other synthetic drugs derived from coal tar, was sold in bottles bearing the labels of American manufacturers; but the basic material from which the Yankee drug shops made their manufactured products came from Germany, almost invariably.

From the strictly commercial viewpoint, however, the dyestuff situation was the most critical. The industry, as we already know, was practically dead. A few dyes—most of them vegetable and of unstable quality—were being manufactured in the United States. The largest of all the plants in this country could not have been included in a list of fifteen, possibly twenty, of the world's largest dye manufactories. It began to look as though the textile mills

An Advertisement written and illustrated by Jim Henry, Mennen Salesman

Maybe you are an exception

Last year I wrote advertisements to a certain lot of men.

I wanted to reach those who *weren't satisfied* with their shave conditions; who were looking for something *better* in the way of soap and who were willing to try a new one.

More than a million of these men became users of Mennen's Shaving Cream.

This year I want to talk to an entirely different lot. I want to hear from men who *are* satisfied; who think the soap they are now using can't possibly be improved on.

I believe I can show you that Mennen's means a better shave than you have ever known. I may not be able to. Certainly I'm prejudiced. But there is a very simple way to find out.

If you are willing to risk a dime, I will undertake to provide you with enough Mennen's Shaving Cream for thirty full shaves.

When it gets to you, if you will try it and compare it; if you will squeeze out a half an inch, and with hard, soft, cold or hot water (it doesn't make any difference) work that half inch of cream into a lather—following directions *exactly*

If you don't find it a *better* lather, a *creamier* lather; if it doesn't soften your beard *quicker* (without any rubbing-in); if it doesn't make your shave *easier;* if it doesn't make your face feel better (both during and afterwards); if it dries before you are finished; if it takes more than a half inch of cream to do the whole job—

Then I'll agree that you're an exception; and the cream that is now making a million men thank Mennen, is not for you.

But until you *do* make this simple little test, I contend that you have no right to think you've got the best there is for you.

If this sounds like a reasonable proposition—there's a small coupon at the bottom of this page, to make it easy.

P.S.—And in addition to Mennen's Shaving Cream, let me also send a sample of Mennen's "Talcum for Men," it's skin color and don't show.

Jim Henry.

(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN'S

SHAVING CREAM

JIM HENRY, House of Mennen, 1433 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim:—

Frankly I don't believe you've got anything better in the way of shaving soap than the kind I'm now using. But I'm willing to risk a dime to find out.

Send me a sample big enough for thirty shaves.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

P. S.—Also send me free that sample of Mennen's "Talcum for Men."

Character In Cravats

THAT subtle something that is so apparent to the eye, and yet so difficult to describe—cravat character—makes its presence felt in Cheney Cravats in a highly satisfactory degree. Satisfactory to the man who wears them and to the shop that sells them. The genuine are identified by the quality-mark "Cheney Silks" in the neckband.

Cheney Cravats

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability.
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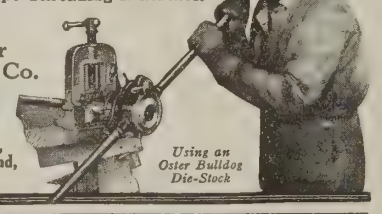
MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, oldest U.S. firm having Main Office at Washington, D. C. Also New York and Chicago. Est'd 1861. Best References.
Trade-Marks Registered. *BOOKLET and Information FREE.*

THE ANYWEIGHT Water Ballast Lawn Roller assures lawn beauty. Use light on soft sod—heavy and heavier as summer dryness affects lawns, walks, tennis courts, etc. Fill with water—Anyweight in a minute.
Hand, Pony or combination styles—one or two leak- and dent-proof steel sections—Spring bead rounded edges; won't tear the turf.
Non-rusting water entrances—adjustable tension handle counterpoises and faceplate scraper. Roller bearings throughout; runs easy.
Catalogue FREE. Book, "Lawns and Lawn-making," 10c stamps.
Wilder-Strong Implement Co.
Box A, Monroe, Michigan

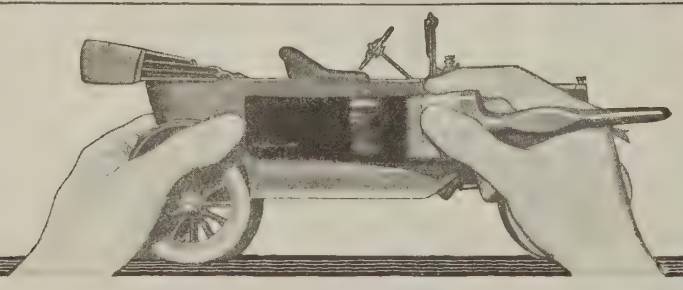
OSTER PIPE-THREADING TOOLS

Send for a free catalog—it will help you to understand why every nation in the civilized world buys Oster U.S.-made Die-Stocks and Pipe-Threading Machines.



The Oster Mfg. Co.
2079 East 61st St., Cleveland, Ohio

Using an Oster Bulldog Die-Stock



Paint Your Ford for $1.00

Think of it—only one coat of Glidden Auto Finish and you have a new looking car.
You can easily do it yourself and in less than 48 hours you'll be driving again.
You'll have a rich, brilliant finish that will give you lasting satisfaction.
Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you, send $1.00 (Canadian Imperial Quart $1.25) for 1 quart of Auto Finish Black to—THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., 1505 Berea Rd., Cleveland, Ohio. Canadian Address, Toronto, Ontario.

Note to Dealers—Send at once for our Marketing Book of Glidden Auto Finishes.

GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES

would have to shut down before the war was well advanced.

As a matter of fact, not one of them shut down. American ingenuity and American enterprise rose to the supreme test. To-day the largest of our dye factories is the fifth largest in the world, and there is in all Germany hardly one superior to it in equipment and technic. Equipped to turn out four million pounds of dyestuffs in 1914, it turned out three times that amount in 1916, and will even exceed this figure in the present year. This particular war bride is to-day an extremely prosperous lady. She deserves to be. For fifteen years she had a hard time of it—a steady monetary loss, if you please. Even before that time—as far back as 1883, when the specific duty of fifty cents a pound was arbitrarily removed by Congress—it had been a struggle.

My friend the German chemist shakes his head and blandly tells me that we Americans cannot see beyond the dollar in hand; that we are unwilling to shoulder a loss this year, and the next, and the one that comes after, for the inevitable profit of the future and the soundness of our institutions. It is a favorite criticism by Europeans. Yet for fifteen years preceding 1914, the concern of which I have just spoken lost at least one hundred thousand dollars a year in its endeavor to maintain the organization of one of the very few aniline-dye plants in the United States. It certainly had not lacked vision.

Three months after the war began it was turning out large amounts of direct black, direct blue, acid black, and a few of the most important colors, from a commercial point of view at least. To-day its color list runs the entire spectrum. But by its work and the work of its fellows the textile industry in America has been saved. Of course it has not been entirely a one-plant affair. One small dye-manufacturing concern, which has been in existence for a little less than six years, has suddenly become one of the great dye industries of the world. From a comparatively small workshop with fifty or sixty workmen, two chemists and two engineers, it has blossomed into a real manufacturing enterprise with sixty-nine buildings, covering some forty-two acres. To-day it employs a thousand workmen, thirty-eight chemists and twenty-six technical engineers.

Nor is this all. It is known to-day that a large part of Germany's object in equipping herself with gigantic dyestuff factories was because of her forehanded knowledge that in time of war they could be devoted to the manufacture of high explosives. All this was part of her scheme of industrial preparedness. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. This one does. The gigantic new factories that America has built during the past three years for the manufacture of high explosives are quickly and easily adaptable to the making of dyestuffs, as well as other commercial chemicals. Buildings, machinery and workmen can easily be turned from the creation of great destructive agencies to ones that are helpful and constructive for man.

Tariff After the War

We hold the raw materials. If you have been accustomed to ride out through Western Pennsylvania in past years you could hardly have failed to notice the long rows of coke ovens, gleaming brightly through the night and throwing their radiance out against the countryside. To-day the greater part of those ovens are dark and cold. They were wasteful, inefficient. To-day the soft coal from the Pittsburgh district is hauled to Chicago, to Cleveland, even into metropolitan Pittsburgh itself. It is still burned for coke—one of the most valuable of all fuels for the manufacturer. But the gases that used to make a pretty picture for the nocturnal traveler upon the railroad now light hundreds of little homes and little shops, factories and street corners. And the coal-tar by-product, in past years cast on one side, has become one of the commercial treasures of America.

"How about this infant industry after the war?" you ask.

And I reply in but four words:

"How about the tariff?"

On that issue will hang the fate of the newest of our great industries; for dye making has already ceased to be an infant industry. Potentially, at least, through the possibilities of the conversion of explosive factories, it is to-day a giant. As such probably it will have to battle for its life at the end of the war. One manufacturer told me he would face an instant loss of a quarter of a million dollars if peace was declared to-morrow. But loss does not necessarily mean defeat. And the dye industry is prepared to battle in the halls of Congress before the hearings of the new Tariff Commission, in each of the great open arenas of public appeal.

It will have the backing and coöperation of the allied chemical industries that have sprung up with it during the past two years. Edison has done more than merely manufacture carbolic acid. Nearly two years ago he conceived the idea of helping out the textile and rubber industries of this country by making mirbane, aniline oil and aniline salt—all of them in great demand and previously imported from Germany. As usual, he quickly exhausted all the literature on the subject and then built his plant. By working his men night and day—as he himself works—he finished the factory in forty-five days. Among the products of this new plant was one for which he had a vital and immediate use. A small quantity, however, sufficed him. The rest of it he turned over to furriers, as the chief ingredient in their peculiar types of dyes. To-day the fur trade of the country admits quite freely that it was Edison who saved its scalp in the winter of 1915–16—to say nothing of the present winter.

Leatherless Shoes

All the manufacturers of explosives have sought markets for their by-products. One concern, using a million pounds of cotton a day at a single plant, has turned the residue after they have made their smokeless powder, into druggists' sundries—toilet cases, combs, hairbrushes, and the like—and into a substitute for leather. This last, in view of the tremendous demands of the Allies upon the nation's limited and steadily lessening supply of real leather, is of the greatest importance. At first it was most suitable for upholstery, particularly the upholstery of automobiles. Sixty per cent of the cars in use in the United States to-day are upholstered in imitation leather. If they were not, there would have been a panic in the shoe trade two years ago.

But the manufacturers of artificial leather have not been content to stop their product at what are apparently its primary possibilities. They are already experimenting in the manufacture of shoes. To-day they can make a very good shoe, with the exception of the small pieces over the toes and just above the heel at the back of the foot—the two points where a leather shoe is subjected to hardest wear and greatest test. Eventually they will gain these points. The tire makers have evolved from some of their by-products a leatherless sole. The leatherless shoe—good-looking, durable, economical—is almost at our door.

The war brides of America have done a great military service for the allied nations of Europe. They may yet prove the military salvation of our own beloved United States. Yet even if they are not called upon to meet this supreme test, it can be said in future years that they opened a new industrial era for this nation. It will not be remembered that the United States, in 1917, found herself possessed of the greatest powder mills the world has ever known; that she held, in Eastern Pennsylvania, a steel plant whose capacity for making armor and huge steel guns is at least fifty per cent greater than the world-famed Krupp Works, at Essen; that her facilities for the manufacture of rifles and the other munitions of war were almost unlimited; but it will be said that in 1917 she found she had turned, from being merely a shopkeeper, a farmer, a miner, a machinist and a blacksmith, into being a great practical chemist.

Practical chemistry is the new factor in our industrial life. The war bride has given it to us. With the practical chemist come to his own in our commercial life, we are at last industrially independent. We have achieved the very greatest of all the steps toward industrial preparedness.

Irresistible Footwear Fashions!

Model No. 465—The "Lucerne." The white costume demands white footwear. This dainty pump is everything that a white pump should be—simple, yet smart, and perfect-fitting. Fashioned of white kid.

Model No. 466—The "Misipi." Visions of moonlight evenings, vine-shaded verandas and dainty summer frocks must have inspired this patent beauty. An exceedingly graceful model.

Model No. 476—The "Ionia." Grey Shoes are still wonderfully popular—not surprising when the designer can still achieve such an unusually charming boot as this. The curve at the instep is a new touch.

Model No. 479—The "Thelma." Every spring, with daffodils and "dark blue suits," come Tan Shoes. And every year they grow more charming—as this boot of tan kid with ivory top will testify.

Model No. 480—The "Saranac." Heel, quarter and top of grey ooze and vamp of glaze kid—a combination, the charm of which you'll have to see to appreciate.

These and many other equally charming models are ready at the Red Cross dealer's in your town—each one with the wonderful "bends with your foot" comfort. Go see them. Try them on. Red Cross Shoes are sold everywhere at popular prices, depending on styles and materials, each model the standard of value at its price.

Write for Footwear Style Guide

Sent without charge. It illustrates and describes the correct models in all materials. With it we will send you the name of your nearest Red Cross dealer, or tell you how to order direct.

THE KROHN-FECHHEIMER CO.
514–560 Dandridge Street
Cincinnati, Ohio

№ 479

№ 480

№ 466

Red Cross Shoe

"Bends with your foot" Trade mark

Look for this trade mark on the sole

WHEN YOU TRAVEL RIDE IN A— Pullman

Four Passenger Roadster

A roomy car for four passengers—divided front seats with lots of space in the rear, wonderful riding ease, typical Pullman pulling power—the smartest model offered in its class for 1917.

$860. F.O.B. Factory

DON'T buy the picture. Efficient buying means comparative buying. Purchase your car that way. For your own protection compare the "dozen reasons why" on this page with the specifications of any car on the market selling under $2000.

Then 'phone the dealer in your town and have him show you just what we mean by Pullman performance—what the wonderful Pullman motor can do in the way of hill climbing, what perfect carburetion and ignition mean in the shape of consistent pulling ability. The proof of the Pullman is in its performance.

Get behind the steering wheel of any Pullman Four yourself. Feel the luxury of the big, roomy body, with its ample leg space, genuine leather plaited upholstery and extra deep cushions. Feel the comfort of riding over 50½ inch full cantilever springs—generally offered only in high priced cars.

Add to this certainty of performance the greatest collection of standardized, expensive accessories ever furnished a car in the eight hundred dollar class, and you have the utmost value possible.

The finish of every Pullman model is superb, made perfect by eleven operations of sand blasting, coating, painting and varnishing. The lines are the latest and smartest, the hit of the big national shows this year. Fourteen years' experience stands behind the Pullman warranty, vouched for by thousands of satisfied owners.

Write for our literature.

A DOZEN REASONS WHY

- 114 inch wheel base.
- 50½ inch full cantilever rear springs.
- Four cylinder, L-head motor, 32 h. p. by actual brake test.
- Two-unit starting and lighting equipment.
- Stromberg carburetor, new type float feed.
- Genuine full floating rear axle.
- Thermo-siphon cooling system.
- Equalized brakes with Raybestos brake lining.
- Seventeen gallon gas tank in rear, Carter vacuum feed.
- Genuine honeycomb radiator—extra large tank.
- 31 x 4 inch, red wall, Firestone non-skid tires on all four wheels.
- True stream line, custom-made body, Pullman green and black, with real leather plaited upholstery and extra deep cushions.

Five Passenger Touring $860. F.O.B. Factory

Five Passenger Four	$860	Convertible Sedan De Luxe . .	$1275
Four Passenger Roadster .	860	With C-H Magnetic Gear Shift	1400

Pullman Motor Car Corporation

YORK, PA.

Established 1903

THE NIGHT OF THE DUB

(Continued from Page 14)

Homer could make nothing of the mystery. He was returning from his third fumingly fruitless interview with the ticket taker when he saw a heavy-set man in evening dress bear threateningly down upon the marooned fifteen. Even as he recognized Reggie Ganz he heard the boss' hectoring voice demanding of poor little Mrs. Threbble, whom Ganz had instinctively singled out as the smallest and meekest and shabbiest member of the party:

"Now then, what are you ladies doing here? This theater is engaged for the night by the Harle University Alumni Association; and ——"

"You'll have to ask Mr. Twitty about all that," spoke up Mr. Belding right sourly, as Mrs. Threbble visibly shrank into herself at the experience of hearing herself addressed by a strange man. "He's supposed to be managing this affair. He ——"

"Managing what affair?" railed Ganz, on whom the phrase "Managing this affair" had much the same effect as might a rival's battle crow on a pugnacious gamecock. "Managing what affair? Who?"

"Homer K. Twitty," ventured Mr. Threbble conciliatingly. "And we are the Thursday ——"

"Twitty?" growlingly repeated Ganz. "Twitty?"

The name sounded familiar. And as he glared about in search of its bearer he discovered that unhappy creature at his elbow. At once Reggie understood why the name had had an accustomed ring. And now that something tangible had appeared out of the muddle, the great man's brow cleared.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Twitty!" he bullied. "What's the meaning of all this? Speak up!"

"Why, Mr. Ganz," faltered Homer, involuntarily cringing from long habit at the crack of the driver's lash, "I—we—that is ——"

"Mr. Ganz?" cheerily exclaimed Mr. Threbble, catching eagerly at the name. "Not Mr. Reginald Ganz, of Ganz, Ganz & Sons? Good! That's mighty good news! We've heard so much about you from your friend, Mr. Twitty, here, that we almost feel as if we ——"

"Twitty!" boomed Reggie, unhearing and heedless of the audible flutter of relief and admiration from the group at mention of the puissant Wall Street name. "You people will have to get out of here. Your seats were sold to you by error. We have taken over the whole house. I'll personally make good to you on the price if the management won't. Hand them over! There are forty men waiting a chance to buy them in."

He stretched out his ample white-gloved hand with the gesture of a victor who receives the conquered city's keys. The glower was gone from his rubicund face. This last obstacle was to prove no obstacle at all. Providence mercifully had put the missing tickets into the shaky fingers of one of his own slaves. Being nearsighted—except in the eyes—he did not remark that Homer K. Twitty's face had flared beet-red and was now yellow-gray. Neither did he trouble to observe that Homer K. Twitty's slightly recedent chin had crept forward below a suddenly compressed mouth.

For the first time Homer K. Twitty, invertebrate Wall Street clerk, and Homer K. Twitty, Pompton Plains finance captain, had met. The meeting was a clash, compared with which the fabled battle of Jekyll with Hyde was a listless slapping bout.

Reggie Ganz was the boss. The Big Boss, at that. The Big Boss of Ganz, Ganz & Sons. In which capacity he stood second only to God in the control of his employee's destiny. The Big Boss had just given Homer an order—an imperative order. The whole ignoble army of wage mendicants know, to a man, that disobedience to an order of the Big Boss is the automatic death sentence of the job.

Behind Homer, in this foyer corner, were assembled his social universe, his home, his personal future. He had heard the multiple wordless gasp that had greeted Reggie Ganz' sharp command — the command whose voice and wording were those of master to servant. Assuredly not those of a magnate to his equal and business chum. Homer's beloved edifice of neighborhood prestige was tottering above its shaken foundation stones. At any minute now it was due to collapse into unrebuildable ruin.

Worse, far, far worse, his adoring wife was looking on with widely incredulous eyes—he could feel their scared gaze—while her hero was kicked from his pedestal and was rolled ki-yi-ing into the gutter. Homer might henceforth dodge the new contempt of his old admirers; but he must live for the rest of his days with his pitifully disillusioned wife.

In that single brief instant he mentally drew up the debit and credit sheets, balanced them, and noted the result. And, acting on what he read there, he coldly proceeded to commit job suicide. Not that the act did not scarify him to the inmost soul; but he did it on the principle that makes a fire-trapped hotel guest shoot himself rather than burn to death.

"Hand them over!" repeated Reggie. "I have no more time to waste."

"Mr. Ganz," answered Homer K. Twitty, marveling at the steadfastness of his own dead voice. "I make allowances for your bad temper. It has let you forget that I'm a friend of yours. But you can't ride over me like this. I bought these sixteen tickets for the Pompton Plains Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club—and wives. I paid good money for them. They entitle us to see this show. These ladies have come all the way to town to see it. And they're going to see it. If that fellow who takes tickets won't let us in I'll call a cop to make him do it. Get me?"

Balaam, of old, is credited with some momentary surprise when his saddle ass undertook to argue with his master in human voice. But it is doubtful that the ancient prophet's amazement excelled Reggie Ganz' at this unbelievable language from an outer-office clerkling. For nearly a second it struck Ganz speechless. Reggie improved this tiny interval of silence in trying to stare his revolting serf out of countenance. But Homer K. Twitty's desperation-glazed eyes met his boss' scowl without a flicker of dread. His job was lost. He knew that. And, being without hope, he was very naturally without fear, since neither of those two counterbalancing traits can exist for a moment without the other. Vaguely Homer wondered at his own stark bravery.

"Get me?" he repeated hoarsely. "I bought these tickets. They entitle me to sixteen seats in Row N. And I'm going to use 'em!" He yearned morbidly to add "You big stiff!" But he refrained, through notions of delicacy toward the palpitatingly listening women of the party.

From the corner of his bloodshot eyes he noted the tense eagerness of the fifteen delayed revelers as they listened to this verbal combat between the two Wall Street giants. Already his sacrifice was almost worth while.

Twice Reggie opened his mouth to speak, but only gobbled. He, too, was aware of the regard—the grinning regard—of friends. His hard-won prestige seemed at stake. And something told him that mental prowess, not mere bullying, must be his cue.

As Hercules held Antæus high in air, that the giant might be deprived of the Earth's reviving force, so Reggie now proceeded to detach Homer K. Twitty from the dowdy women before whom the little man was showing off. His hand almost lovingly on the rebel's shoulder, he drew Homer out of earshot of the rest.

"Look here, Twitty," he began in a bluffly friendly manner: "you'll do me a big favor by letting me have those seats. Hand them over, like a good chap. I'll pay you for them, of course. And I'm sorry to inconvenience your party. But ——"

"You needn't be sorry," said Homer doggedly, "because you're not going to inconvenience us at all. I'll see to that. We're going right in."

He made as though to turn back to his friends. But Reggie detained him—resisting with difficulty an impulse to grab his collar and shake him.

"Hold on!" pursued Reggie. "These ladies with you—I suppose they would hardly care to hear some of the jokes and one of the songs that are to be pulled off here to-night? The stuff is pretty raw, in spots. Not quite the sort of thing to bring respectable women to, you see."

Homer's heart slumped to his kneecaps. This was the ultimate blow—the climax of the evening's failure. After fighting his party's way into the contested seats, the ladies were to be insulted by jokes and songs for which they would everlastingly blame him! He was responsible for the choice of the show. Well, let them blame him! Let them! He wasn't going to back down now.

"That's up to you, Mr. Ganz," he heard himself say. "If you choose to subject decent ladies to an indecent show—you and the rest of Harle University—I can't stop you. We're going in."

Reggie had a vivid mind picture of the attitude the better element of the alumni would take toward those cherished gags and verses if the spiced quips were delivered in the presence of several patently good women. It would not redound to his own personal credit or skill at management.

"Wait!" he begged, again detaining the peripatetic Homer. "One moment, please. I ——"

"And while I'm waiting," flashed Homer, "please take your hand off my shoulder. I hate to be pawed."

"Twitty," said Ganz coldly, "I think you forget yourself."

"Maybe I do," growled Homer. "Let it go at that. What was it you wanted to say to me? Speak up. I'm in a hurry."

Whereat Reggie Ganz took the next to lowest step an employer can take.

"Twitty," he cooed persuasively, "just oblige me in this, like a good sportsman, and I'll see you don't suffer for it next pay day."

"Good-by!" was Homer's brusque retort to this lure.

And Ganz proceeded forthwith to the lowest step of all.

"If you can't see your way to obliging me in this, Twitty," he said somewhat deep in his throat, "next pay day may be your last with Ganz, Ganz & Sons."

"Is that so?" sneered Homer, white-mad. "Is that so? Well, Mr. Reggie Ganz, of Ganz, Ganz & Sons, your—your face don't fit you!"

Yes; it was bitter repartee. As bitter as it was scintillant. But the bully had brought it on himself by his dirty threat. Homer, at heart, was dazzled and dumfounded by his own suddenly discovered genius for brilliant retort. Not wishing to spoil the effect by anticlimax, he snapped "Good-by!" once more and turned toward his staring friends.

A little to his astonishment, Ganz did not smite him to earth; nor did the lightnings of heaven punish his boss-blasphemy. Instead, Reggie choked back a whole mouthful of words and barred Homer's return route.

"One minute now, Twitty," he urged. "I don't blame you for being hot under the collar. I was a bit caloric myself. And I'm sorry I spoke as I did. But surely, between two business men, there must be some easy way of settling this. Let's talk it over sanely and see whether we can't get together."

"Get together!" The catchword brought back to Homer a scene—reported by Reggie's discharged stenographer to a clerk who went to the same Christian Endeavor Branch with her, and repeated, in turn, by the clerk to Twitty and several others—a scene wherein Reggie Ganz had used that same phrase in the same wheedling tone to a man whose stock he wanted for the control of the C. G. & X. Line. And, with the recollection, a sublime idea popped full-grown into Homer K. Twitty's blazing mind.

"Get together!" he rasped as nearly as possible in the tone of an admired Wall Street demigod. "Get together, hey? Now you're talking! What's your proposition? Make it brief."

Reggie should have been past all faculty of wonder by this time. Yet he stood gazing open-eyed at the worm transformed to a dragon.

"Well," he began uneasily, "since you've cornered me, I don't mind giving you double money for that set of seats."

"Double money!" scoffed Homer. "Forget it! Look-a-here, Brother Ganz; when you wanted to get control of the C. G. & X. for your principals you paid through the nose for the blocks of stock you had to buy in. And you've got to do it now! See? I own sixteen shares of Theater, Preferred. Here are my sixteen stock certificates. See? Now you've got to have those shares if you're going to control this performance. See? You've got to have 'em! And you offer me a measly 'double money'!"

"But listen, man alive! I ——"

"I've been listening!" harangued the inspired Homer. "I heard your offer. And I turned it down. Now it's up to you to

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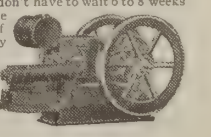

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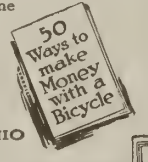

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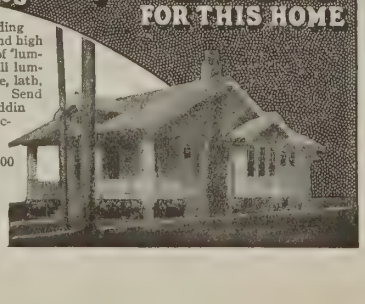

The Aladdin Company
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listen while I put my terms. Get that, Mr. Ganz?"

"Well?" replied Ganz. "State your fool terms, then. What are they?"

"I—I don't know yet," confessed Homer, trying to think and talk at the same time. "Wait a minute."

"I've no time to wait!" snarlingly protested Ganz. "The curtain goes up in ten min——"

"I've got 'em!" proclaimed Homer. "I've got 'em! Now listen! You'll have the manager, here, phone and reserve four boxes—boxes, you understand—for to-night's Pinafore performance—boxes that hold four people each—right close to the stage. That's the first thing. Then you'll send for four taxicabs to take us there."

"And, of course, you'll want supper afterward?" suggested Reggie in elephantine sarcasm.

"I—I hadn't thought of that!" exclaimed Homer. "But you can bet we will! Thanks! Supper for sixteen, after the show. And taxicabs to take us there and afterward to the ferry. Four of 'em! And no measly hand-out supper, either! A swell feed! At—at ——"

Homer racked his fevered memory for the name of some impossibly fashionable supper resort. The Waldorf-Astoria occurred to him. But he was not certain a regular hotel's restaurant would be open so late as eleven o'clock, and he did not want to risk Ganz' contempt by asking.

"Delmonico's!" he said suddenly, falling back on a name he had heard from babyhood. "A supper at Delmonico's. Not less than two dollars a head, either."

"Is that all?" patiently queried Reggie.

"Not quite," answered Homer, emboldened by the other's unwonted meekness. "You spoke pretty raw to me just now before my wife. I want you to come back to our crowd with me now and be introduced to her, and say you're an old friend of mine. That's all!"

For perhaps half a minute Reggie Ganz stared inscrutably at the bargainer. His own eyes were dull, but not with stupidity. It was the look that always stole over them when he was sizing up an opponent. With all the criticisms of his many and various faults, Ganz' almost uncanny power of reading human nature had never been questioned. Presently he said:

"Taxis to theater; from theater to Del's; then to the ferry. Four four-seat boxes for Pinafore. Supper at Del's. Introduction to Mrs. Twitty. That's all? You're sure?"

"That's all!"

"You're on!"

Homer fought to keep his face impassive. His was a once-in-a-lifetime victory.

"Now that's settled," resumed Ganz. "Just hand over those sixteen seats, will you? I've paid a gilt-edged price and I want them."

"No," refused Homer, recalling another anecdote of the Street; "I guess I'll hold them as collateral. You see, something might slip up or you might forget part of your contract. And then we'd all come back here and use 'em. You can put other folks in our places till then if you're a mind to. But I'll just hold on to the seats."

"Huh!" barked Reggie. "How do I know you'll keep your share of the bargain, then? Why should I trust you when you won't trust me?"

"Because you've got to, I guess," said Homer simply. "Come on, now, and meet the wife. Then you can send for those taxicabs and phone to Delmonico's, and have the manager, here, phone to reserve the four boxes."

Homer K. Twitty next morning accorded a groan and a bleary succession of blinks to the whole-souled clangor of his alarm clock. It was cruelly hard to get up and go to work after such a night. Such a night! From the moment Reggie Ganz—game loser!—had bowed before Bertha and said how glad he was to meet the wife of his dear old friend—from that moment until the four taxis deposited the returning revelers at the ferry, barely in time to catch the one-ten A. M. train, the evening had been one of inconceivable radiance. Never in all the annals of Pompton Plains—to say nothing of the comradely annals of the Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club—had there been such an Occasion.

Homer's very sweetest memory of it all was a little speech Mr. Threbble had made just before the party broke up. After a whispered consultation with the other men Threbble had cleared his voice and said—Homer remembered every golden word:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I know I am speaking for you all when I tender a vote of thanks to our fellow member, Mr. Homer K. Twitty, for the happy time he has given us to-night. Without Mr. Twitty's financial genius, ladies and gentlemen—and without his close friendship with Mr. Ganz—such a night as this night would have been impossible. And at no extra cost! I think I am betraying no confidence," Mr. Threbble had concluded roguishly, "when I tell you that, on my resignation next month, the name of the next president of the Pompton Plains Thursday Night Duck Pin Bowling Club will be that of our distinguished fellow townsman, Mr. Homer K. Twitty!"

And everybody had rapped applaudingly on the table. Great was Homer K. Twitty! But now next morning had come. Last night had been the Night of the Dub. To-day was the Day of the Boss.

Homer was of two minds about going to the office at all. More dignified it would be to drop out of his job without going in person to be fired. But highly needful it was to clear his desk of the belongings he could ill spare. As he drearily shaved at the bathroom window he heard a rug beater in the adjoining yard enlivening his castigating labors with song. And the burden of the thump-punctuated ditty was "Last Night Was the End of the World!"

Reggie Ganz fared officeward that morning with a reluctance as great as Homer's, but from a wholly different cause. Ganz merely disliked the thought of banishing a glorious dream by a day of work. His head ached, and his mouth was dry and furry and full-flavored. But in his heart was a great peace. In his ears still tinkled the sweet echoes of a thousand-voiced banquet chorus whose words set forth in no uncertain terms the statement that he, Reggie Ganz, of Ganz, Ganz & Sons, was "A-jolly-good-fellow-which-nobody-can-deny."

Also, his song had been sung and resung, not only at the theater but afterward at the banquet. A dozen fellow alumni had chucklingly jotted down its words at his dictation. More than one prominent man, during the meal, had been spirituously moved to declare that no one but Reggie Ganz was a fit candidate for next president of the alumni body. Reggie's happily aching head was fairly abuzz with adulation. His thick shoulders were sore from slaps of good-fellowship.

Up the steps of the Ganz Building he made his way. And at the outer entrance he all but collided with a pasty-faced man who was emerging with an enormous paper-girt bundle under his arm. Homer K. Twitty had sought to take time by the forelock by clearing out his desk and departing before the Big Boss' arrival.

Despite this, now, as last night, he had nothing to hope or to fear from his employer. And he met Reggie's dreamily happy eye with the profound calm of a Yogi. Starvation might lie waiting round the corner. At the very best, temporary joblessness was his certain fate. But at any rate, this particular Big Boss could no longer hurt or help him.

"Hello there!" hailed Reggie, stopping short.

"Hello!" was Homer's gruff reply; and he added: "I'm in a hurry."

"Have a good time?" went on Reggie.

"Yep. Fine! Did you?"

"Did I?" repeated Ganz. "It was One of Those Nights! Where are you going?"

"To leave this stuff at a Subway package stand and then look for a job."

"A job, eh?" queried Reggie. "What's the matter with the one you had? Couldn't you get on with the Boss?"

"Nope!" said Homer in like vein. "We quarreled over a stock deal. And I quit—to keep from getting fired. So long!"

"I don't blame you," sympathized Reggie. "Rotten place to work—the outer office. But, queerly enough, I've been thinking I could find something to do in the inner office for a chap who has brains and sand enough to hold up his own boss for his own terms. Want to come in and take a look at the new job?"

"Th-thank you, sir!" bleated Homer K. Twitty, panic-fear rushing back into his soul along with the surge of golden hope. "Oh, thank you! And—I'm sorry I spoke so rude to you last night."

But, by grace of one remaining shred of self-control, he said it all to himself, and not aloud—gallantly mustering up strength to vocalize the two stranglingly careless words: "You're on!"

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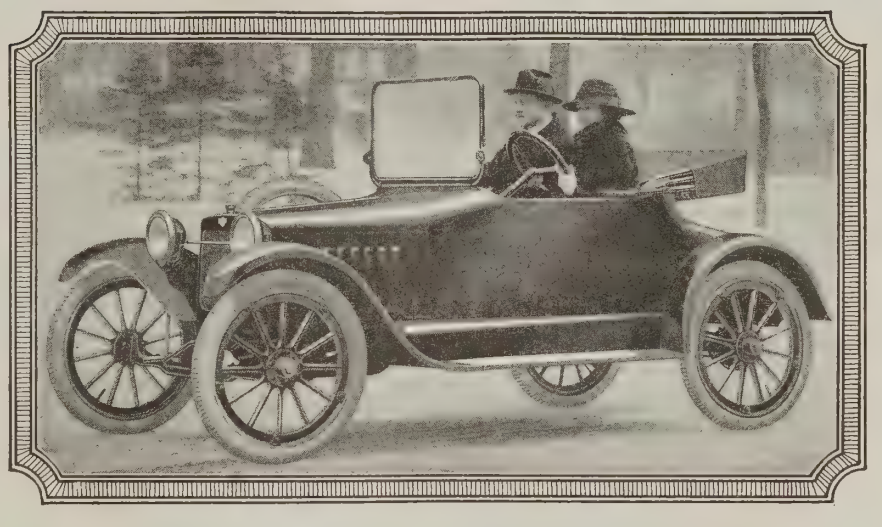

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"It might be of interest to you to know of a recent trip I made from Chicago to South Bend, and return. I had no idea that it was possible to tour with such ease and comfort and unmarred pleasure as it is with Saxon Roadster. The car worked simply beautifully, and I made the trip in 6 hours running time, averaging 28 miles per gallon of gasoline. I have had considerable experience with motor cars, and I believe that Saxon Roadster is an ideal car for women to drive, for it handles extremely easily and but rarely needs the slightest service attention."—CARRIE CUNNINGHAM, Chicago, Ill.

30 to 32 miles per gallon

"My gasoline bill is so low it is almost a joke. Recently I drove from Omaha—a distance of 108 miles—and I used only 5 gallons of gasoline. This is nothing extraordinary, for my average—as well as that of other Saxon owners I know—is from 30 to 32 miles per gallon of gasoline. Though owners of other cars may do considerable complaining because of the high cost of gasoline, Saxon Roadster owners cannot grumble. Saxon economy and service are certainly something to be proud of."—H. J. KELLY, Surprise, Nebr.

Costs less than $1 a week

"I wish to put myself on record as to the advantages of using a Saxon Roadster. I have made so many successful trips in this car, at such low cost, that I feel that I can not too highly recommend this car for the use of other ministers. I drive my car every day—looking after a large pastorate—besides attending weddings, etc., and my actual running expense is less than $1.00 a week. For a minister, or for any man who wants lots of service with rare trouble and little expense, I know of no car better than a Saxon Roadster."—REV. F. Z. BURKETTER, Greensburg, Ind.

"I wish to congratulate you on the great car you build in Saxon Roadster. After running mine over 5,000 miles, it does not show the least sign of wear, and is mechanically perfect. When it comes to all around service there is no car at anywhere near its price that can match it. My Saxon Roadster is good for 5,000 more miles and then some."—DOUGLAS SHAPE, New York City, N. Y.

Motor never heats or knocks

"I am the owner of a 1916 Saxon Roadster, and without doubt it is the best car I have ever owned. I have had several different makes, but my Saxon Roadster is by long odds the most satisfactory of them all. I made a trip of 100 miles the other day, and thought that I must need water, but on examination found the radiator practically full. My motor never heats or knocks, and I can climb any hill around here on high. In these parts a familiar slogan is—'You can't beat a Saxon.'"—GEO. McCRILLIS, Windsor, Vt.

Salesman enthusiastic over Saxon

"Early this spring I purchased a Saxon Roadster with full equipment, including electric starting and lighting system. I wanted to cover the southern and central parts of Minnesota and the eastern part of South Dakota with a line of merchandise, and I wanted to accomplish it as expeditiously and economically as possible. After considering all methods of transportation, and all kinds of cars, I finally came to the conclusion that Saxon Roadster was the best car from the standpoint of motor service, as well as the cheapest car to drive. What I believed then has been proved to me. As you probably know, the roads in this part of the country in the spring time are in a terribly bad condition, but my sturdy Roadster went right thru every obstacle, and I kept to schedule time without one delay. My starter has never failed to work, and I have never been towed in. I have absolutely nothing but the highest praise for Saxon Roadster."—GEO. F. COOKE, Minneapolis, Minn.

Saxon never gives trouble

"It is with real pleasure that I can inform you that my 1915 Saxon Roadster which I purchased just one year ago—has given me the best of service and satisfaction. I am averaging from 30 to 32 miles per gallon of gasoline, and I have driven the car more than 4,000 miles, over all kinds of roads and under all conditions of travel, and it has never given me any trouble. For the prospective buyer who is seeking a low price car that will give absolute satisfaction, I can truthfully recommend the Saxon Roadster."—L. E. KEPLER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Averages 35 miles to gallon

"For complete service satisfaction my Saxon Roadster sets a standard. Recently I went from Bridgeport to Brockton, Mass., a distance of 175 miles, in 9 hours, averaging 35 miles to the gallon of gasoline. This is really a noteworthy performance when you consider that I carried a passenger and a heavy load in the car. Incidentally, there were a great many hills in this distance, but I experienced no trouble in making them 'on high'."—S. L. LOUNDS, Boston, Mass.

Shifts gears only 4 times in 200 miles

"I want to tell you about a recent run we made from Louisville to Frankfort to Winchester and return—the complete trip without a puncture or mishap of any kind, not once stopping for trouble, changing gears only four times in over 200 miles, then only at dangerous turns in the road. When one considers that the country here is very mountainous, one could not ask for any better performance."—J. GUY NEWIN, Louisville, Ky.

Saxon Roadster, $495; Saxon "Six," $865; "Six" Sedan, $1250; f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian prices: "Six" Touring car, $1175; "Six" Sedan, $1675; "Four" Roadster, $665. Price of special export models, "Six," $915; "Four," $495; f. o. b. Detroit.

(990)

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Premier

The Aluminum Six with Magnetic Gear Shift

$1895 f. o. b. Factory

From Everywhere—the Same Consistent Story of Performance

George Morris of New York says: "C. F. Stoddard, mechanical expert of Knabe Piano Company, started his stock Premier touring car at bottom of Fort George Hill at two miles an hour and finished at twenty-eight in high. Demonstration wonderful."

Jim Levy of Chicago says: "In a fifteen-minute demonstration through traffic Premier completely overthrows any experienced driver's conception of what a good car ought to do."

Jack Leavitt of San Francisco says: "Jones Street hill, 28 per cent grade, one block long, climbed in second gear with five passengers. Premier's acceleration in excess of anything we have tried."

Frank Brown of Boston says: "Made sensational demonstration on Corey Hill covered with ice. With seven passengers Premier started from Beacon Street at ten miles, finished at thirty-five at top. Can climb Commonwealth Avenue hill in high at four miles an hour."

Harry Lance of Cleveland says: "Drove Premier No. 122 on January 24th from Cleveland to Detroit in six hours forty minutes, averaging twelve miles to the gallon, making own road through three to four feet of snow, pulling around scores of cars waiting for horses to pull them out."

G. T. Overholt of Pittsburgh says: "Started bottom of Turtle Creek Hill, eleven per cent grade, one mile long, at fifteen miles an hour, finished at fifty-eight. Can pick up from two miles to fifty in two city blocks. Premier's rear end stays on road better than any car I have ever driven."

Charles Schiear of Cincinnati says: "Premier topped Clifton Hill in high at thirty-five miles per hour from five-mile start. I don't think there has ever been a six that showed such ample power on Cincinnati's hills."

E. C. Eads of Kansas City says: "Premier climbed Hospital Hill in high at forty-three miles an hour. Took Reservoir Hill at a running start and finished at forty-five miles."

Gordon W. Kenney of Dallas says: "Premier's demonstrating performances never have been equalled under same conditions. Drove Premier from Fort Worth to Dallas, thirty-six miles, over soft roads, in fifty minutes flat."

M. Zilbermann of New Orleans says: "Have demonstrated Premier eight hours through traffic in high. Dr. Samuel, in Premier, is getting seventeen miles per gallon."

H. W. Pierce of Butte says: "Without changing factory carburetor adjustment Premier has out-demonstrated all cars on backbone of Rocky Mountains over a mile above sea level. Have sold 128 per cent of cars contracted for. C-H magnetic gear shift tremendous advantage on mountains."

F. T. Gannon of Buffalo says: "Premier climbs all hills in our section in high with ease. In six thousand miles average fourteen and nine-tenths miles per gallon and three tires have original air with only one puncture in fourth. We don't know what trouble is in Premier cars."

By the way, have you seen that little booklet of ours, "Premiering"? It is said to be the snappiest, most interesting thing of its kind that has appeared for many a day. A line from you will bring it post haste.

Meanwhile, ask for a test ride in Premier to-day.

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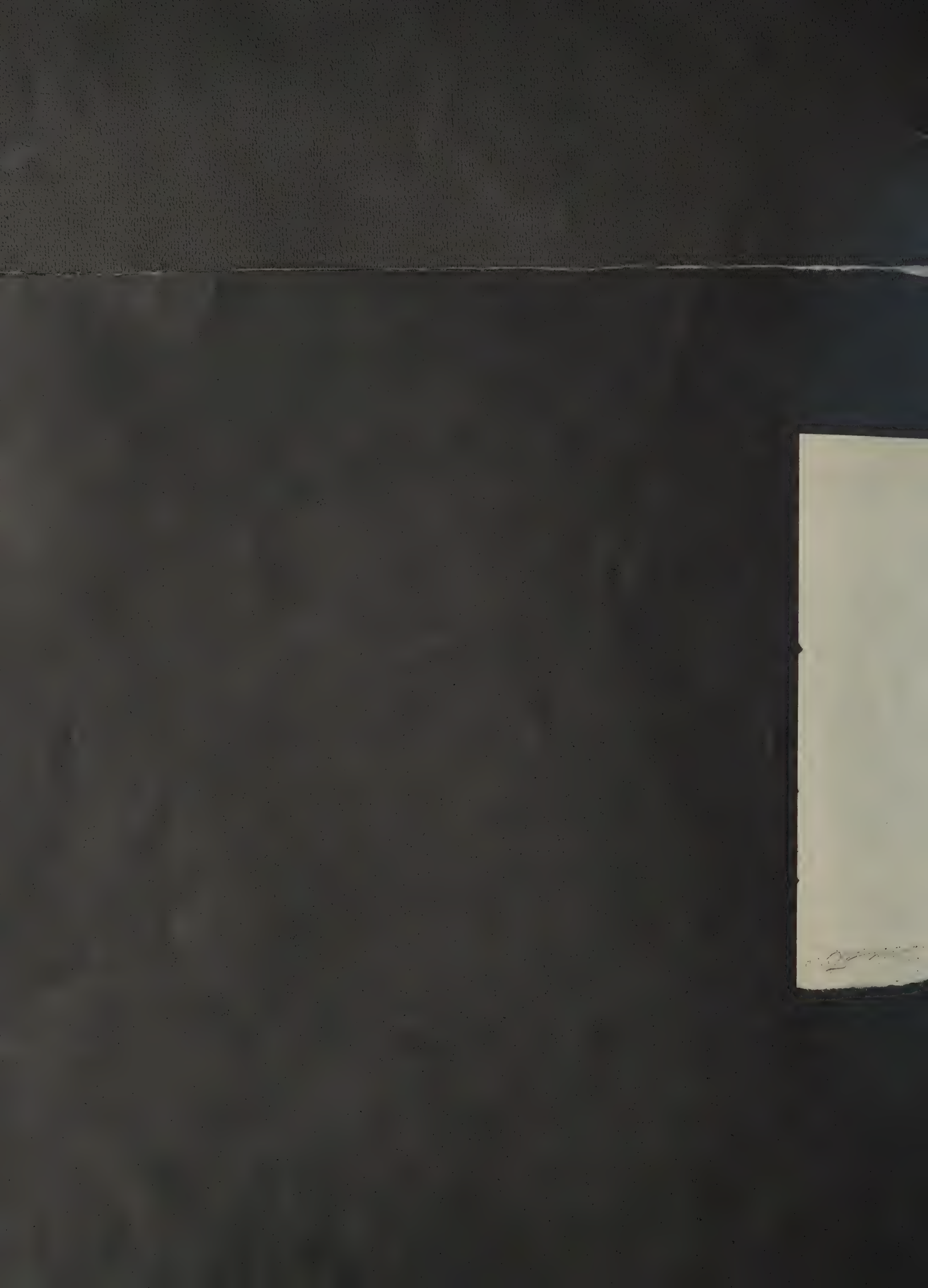

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